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THE STATE'S OLDEST NEWSPAPER (Established 1873)

A NEW WEIGHING MACHINE

A weighing machine, so delicately adjusted that it immediately detects the withdrawal of a single steel rivet from a 25,000-ton steamship!

This is the latest achievement by Uncle Sam's Bureau of Standards. It is described in scientific circles as "the most precise work of its kind in many years."

Man is getting the art of measurement down finely when, in comparing a couple of one-pound weights, he can detect a difference of a millionth.

Yet in that most important form of measurement—determining relative values of human energy expended on different things—we are making very little progress.

Discover how to measure human energy and the relative values of what it produces, and you have the key to the just distribution of wealth.

Burglars have started their spring cleaning early.

INCOMES

Speaking of overhead and excess baggage: The Census Bureau adds up and reports that the value of all American farm products raised in 1919 was \$21,425,623,614.

The income of all Americans combined in the same year was \$65,900,000,000, or over three times the farmers' income.

The farmer, for actually producing everything that feeds and clothes us, got only a third of the pie!

Out of each \$3 farmer gets \$1, city man, \$2.

Next to home, the worst place to spend the summer is away.

CENSUS OF PIGS

Mail carriers early in May will take a census of pigs to find out how many there are in America. The two-legged kind will not be included.

The postman will find about 57,000,000 head of swine on the farms.

Along with these are some 36,000,000 sheep, 19,000,000 horses, 5,400,000 mules, 24,000,000 milk cows and 41,000,000 other cattle.

Civilization advances, but animals still are doing an infinite service for us. Treat them kindly, remembering that in relation to animal life we are parasites.

Put confidence in everybody and you soon won't have any.

PETRIFIED TREES

Petrified trunk of a fern tree, 20 feet long, is dug out of a coal mine in Alberta, Canada.

The find recalls that sub-tropical climate once existed north of the United States.

Climate does change, though this particular instance took millions of years, according to scientists.

We live just long enough to get a glimpse of our infinitesimal unimportance in eternity. Earth will cover up all traces of everything we build.

Just as many millions of years lie ahead, as in the past. No more, no less. Time has no beginning, no end. It is a delusion of man's brain.

The main kick against work seems to be that it takes up so much time.

BOTH CLAIM TITLE

New York and London carry on a newspaper argument, each claiming it is the world's largest city.

Greater London, in a radius of 19 miles from Charing Cross, has a population of 7,476,168. This is 344,500 less than live within 19 miles of City Hall, New York.

Some people never get it through their heads that the size of a town has nothing to do with its value and real importance. The log cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born is more valuable to civilization than the whole structure of Greater New York.

Our radio kick is, the farmers will know how things are selling in town.

MOVIES IN GERMANY

German moving picture industry during the last year has increased its capitalization from 98,751,000 marks to 319,718,000 marks.

This looks as if Germany is getting ready to flood the world with films.

A check-up, though, will show that the increase

has not kept pace with currency depreciation, and that the working capital really has shrunk, measured in American dollars. Price hoax.

GAMBLING

More than 1,000,000 shares of stock are sold in two hours on the New York stock exchange.

The wave of speculation is a gambling bet that the country is headed toward better business conditions.

It is a manifestation of the return of public courage, absolutely necessary for business revival.

In the last analysis, Woodrow Wilson was right when he said that the hard times of 1914 were largely psychological.

Fear is the regulator of general business. For that matter, of nearly everything else.

HEALTH

The death rate is much higher among the wealthy than the poor, says an officer of the Prudential Insurance Company.

He blames overweight, improper digestion, rich food and excessive smoking.

Nature tends to balance things up. Too much luxury and soft living, the shadows of wealth, destroy health. Luxury, desired by all, is like ripe fruit—close to decay.

As in all things, strive for a happy medium.

EDITORIAL REVIEW

Comments reproduced in this column may or may not express the opinion of The Tribune. They are presented here in order that our readers may have both sides of important issues which are being discussed in the press of the day.

TALK ACROSS THE PACIFIC

It may be somewhat of a surprise to some unobservant persons to know that Uncle Sam has a wireless telephone service that, with the aid of super high-power sending stations, makes it possible for his workers to talk from Cavite, in the Philippines to San Francisco on an uninterrupted circuit. Secretary Denby, however, casually announces that this long-distance radio service, on which more than 2,000 words daily are flashed across the Pacific, has been in operation for a year.

This is not alone an indication of the advance that has been made in wireless telephony. It also serves to show that you never can tell what is going on around you. Science makes rapid strides these days, and it is pleasant to know that, in some respects at least, our government is keeping abreast of the times.—Buffalo News.

THEATRICAL ATTRACTIONS FROM GRUDGING LADLES

While the current theatrical season has been a bad one pretty much all over the country and retrenchment seems to be the order of the day, nevertheless there is occasion for some concern in the report emanating from Chicago about a proposed merger of theatrical interests involving \$100,000,000, in which Erlanger and the Shuberts are said to be negotiating with other prominent producers and theater owners to join.

The object, it is set forth, would be to prevent the needless building of new theaters for the "legitimate," the overlapping of existing ones, and exhibitions in a city of more than one show of the same type. It even goes so far as to limit to one the number of first-class houses in smaller cities.

This would be a body blow at dramatic art. The chances of bookings for the independent producers would be of the slightest. The trouble with our commercial theater is that it is so utterly and damnably commercial. It is anything but a theater of ideas. What has served, will serve—that is the rule of an institution living largely by formula. Whatsoever is new, quickening and vital has to fight its way slowly into recognition now.

Under such a syndicate as that said to be contemplated the effort would be well nigh hopeless.—Newark News.

TWO YOUNG MEN

The crown prince of Japan and the prince of Wales are young men destined for great parts in world affairs. They are now qualifying for their work.

Last year the former took his first look around in the Occidental world. He was everywhere most cordially received, and returned home informed and refreshed by what he had seen and heard. His vision, necessarily, was considerably enlarged.

The latter is now taking his first look around in the Oriental world. In a few days he will land in Japan and be the guest of the country for a month. The arrangements for his entertainment are elaborate, and insure him both a delightful and profitable visit. That he will return home informed and refreshed by his travels is certain.

The young Japanese is likely to have his opportunity first, and at no distant time. The health of the emperor of Japan is precarious. When he goes, his son will step into his shoes.

The young Englishman's opportunity will come later. King George is in his prime, and the condition of world matters and the British empire's relation to developing events should serve to prolong his life. But when the son's opportunity comes the fruits of his travels should show in his improvement of it.

The war has produced a new world, which in many things must be ordered in new ways. Young men for action; and here are two young men who when they get into action and into their stride will be prominent and important in the world picture.—Washington Star.

WHICH IS TOSSING WHICH?



Continued From Our Last Issue.

"He had done. He showed me the letter. Well, you know, old man, every fox knows what foxes, like; and I smelt a dear brother solicitor's smell in that letter. Asking him to make a home possible for her to return to so they might resume their life together. "I handed it back. I said, 'H'm' again. I said, 'H'm you remember, old man, there was that remark—that remark that perhaps the girl might have a claim on you. Remember that, don't you?' "By jove, I thought for a minute he was going to flare up and let me have it. But he laughed as if I was a fool and said, 'Oh, good Lord, man, that's utterly ridiculous. Man alive, with all my faults, by wife knows me.' "CHAPTER III. On a day a month later—in May—Haggood said: "Now I'll tell you. Old Sabre—by jove, it's his frightful. He's crashed. "Look here, it's in two parts, this sudden development. Two parts—morning and afternoon yesterday and bit today. And of all extraordinary places to happen at—Brighton. "Yes, Brighton. I was down there for a Saturday to Monday with my Missus. Monday morning we were sunning on the pier, she and I. "Well, all of a sudden she began, 'Oh, what a frightfully interesting face that man's got!' "I looked across. Old Sabre! "I went over to him. His face was like a shout on a sunny morning. Yes, he was pleased. I like to think how jolly pleased the old chap was. "I got old Sabre on to a secluded bench and started in on him. What on earth was he doing down at Brighton and how were things? "He said 'Things? Things are happening with me, Haggood. Not to me—with me. I had to get away from them for a bit. I'm going back tomorrow. Effie was right—with her baby. She was glad I should go—glad for me, I mean. Top of her own misery, Haggood, she's miserable at what she says she's let me in for. She's always crying about it. She's torn between knowing my house is the only place where she can have her baby, between that and seeing what her coming into the place has caused. She spends her time trying to do any little thing she can to make me comfortable. It's pathetic, you know. Jumped at this sudden idea of mine of getting away for a couple of days. Fussed over me packing up and all that, you know. Look, just to show you how she hunts about for anything to do for me—said my old straw hat was much too shabby for Brighton and would I get her some stuff, oxalic acid and let her clean it up for me. As a matter of fact she made such a shocking mess of the hat that I hardly liked to wear it. Couldn't hurt her feelings, though. Chucked it into the sea when I got here and bought this one. Make a funny story for her when I get back about how it blew off. That's the sort of life we lead together, Haggood. Give you another example. Just when I had brought her the stuff for my hat. Met me with, 'Had I lost anything?' Said I was to guess. Guessed at last that I was to guess, I said, 'It was. She's found it lying about and took me to show where she'd put it for safety—in the back of the clock in my room. Said I was always to look there for any little valuables I might miss and wanted me to know how she'd liked to be careful of my things like that. Fussed over me, d'you see? "That's the sort of life we lead to-

gether, Haggood—together; but the life I'm caught up in, the things that are happening with me, that I'm right in the middle of, that I felt I had to get away from for a bit—astounding, Haggood, astounding, amazing. "Haggood, if I kept forty women in different parts of London and made no secret of it, nothing would be said. People would know I was rather a shameless lot, my little ways would be an open secret, but nothing would be said. I should be received everywhere. But I'm thought to have brought one woman into my house and I'm banned. I'm unspokeable. "Do you see, Haggood. Do you see? The conventions are all right, moral, sound, excellent, admirable, but to save their own face there's a blind side to them, a shut-eye side. Keep that side of them and you're all right. They'll let you alone. They'll pretend they don't see you. But come out and stand in front of them and they'll devour you. They'll smash and grind and devour you, Haggood. They're devouring me. "That's where they've got me in their jaws, Haggood; and where they've got Effie in their jaws is just precisely again on a blind, shut-eye side. They're rightly bascd, by them, but to save their face, again, they're indomitably blind and deaf to 'o hideous cruelties in their application. They mean well. They cause the most frightful suffering, the most

frightful tragedies, but they won't look at them, they won't think of them, they won't speak of them: they mean well. "Old Sabre put his head in his hands. He might have been praying. "With that he went back to all that stuff I told you he told me when I was down with him last month. He said, his face all pink under his skin, he said, 'Haggood, I've got the secret. I've got the key to the riddle that's been puzzling me all my life. Light, more light. Here it is: God is—love. Not this, that, or the other that the intelligence revolts at, and puts aside, and goes away, and goes on hungering, hungering and unsatisfied; nothing like that; but just this: plain for a child, clear as daylight for grown intelligence: God is—love. Listen to this, Haggood: 'He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him; for God is love.' Ecstasy, Haggood, ecstasy!"

"When I saw him again was about three o'clock, and I walked right into the middle of the development that has pretty well let the roof down on him.

"He was in the lobby. No one else there. Only a man who'd just been speaking to him and who left him and went out as I came in.

"Sabre had two papers in his hands. He was staring at them and you'd ha' thought from his face he was staring at a ghost. They were divorce papers that have to be served personally. Divorce papers. His wife had instituted divorce proceedings against him. Naming the girl, Effie.

"Yes, you can whistle. He was knocked out. I got him up to his room. It was pretty awful. He sat on the bed with the papers in his hand, gibbering. Just gibbering. Was his wife mad? Was she crazy? He was guilty of a beastly thing like that? A wife, hideous, sordid intrigue with a girl employed in his own house? Effie! His wife to believe that? An unspokeable, beastly thing like that? He tried to show me with his finger the words on the paper. His finger

shaking all over the thing. 'Haggood, Haggood, do you see this vile, obscene word here? I guilty of that? My wife, Mabel, think me capable of that? Adulterer! Adulterer! My God, my God, adulterer! The word makes me sick. The very word is like poison in my mouth. And I am to swallow it. It is to be me, my name, my title, my brand. Adulterer! Adulterer!' "I tell you, old man. . . . I tell you

"I managed to get him talking about the practical side of it. That is I managed to make him listen while I talked.

"Next morning—that's this morning, you understand—he was a little more normal, able to realize things a bit, I mean: in a panic fever to be off and state at the Registrar's that he was going to defend the action; but normal enough for me to see it was all right for him to go straight on home immediately after and tell the girl what she had to do and all that. I told him, by the way, that it would pretty well have to come out now, ultimately who the child's father was; the girl would practically have to give that up in the end to clear him. You know, I told him that in the cab going along down. He ground his teeth over it. It was horrible to hear him. He said he'd kill the chap if he could ever discover him; ground his teeth and said he'd kill him, now—after this.

"Well, he got through his business about twelve—Then a thing happened. Can't think now what it meant. We were waiting for a cab near the Law Courts. A cab was just pulling in when a man came up and touched Sabre and said, 'Mr. Sabre.' Sabre said, 'Yes' and the chap said very civilly, 'Might I speak to you a minute, sir?'"

"Suddenly someone shoved past me and there was old Sabre getting into the cab with this chap who had come up to him. I said, 'Hallo! Hallo, are you off?'"

"He turned round on me a face gray as ashes, absolutely dead gray. I'd never seen such a color in a man's face. He said 'Yes, I'm off,' and sort of fell over his stick into the cab. The man, who was already in, fidgeted him on to the seat and said, 'Fighting-ton to the driver who was at the door, shutting it. I said, through the window, 'Sabre! Old man, are you ill?'"

"He put his head towards me and said in the most extraordinary voice, speaking between his clenched teeth as though he was keeping himself from yelling out, he said, 'If you love me, Haggood, get right away out of it from me and let me alone. This man happens to live at Tidborough. I know him. We're going down together.' "I said, 'Sabre—'"

"He clenched his teeth so they were all bare with his lips contracting. He said, 'Let me alone. Let me alone. Let me alone.' "I tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going down there tomorrow. I'm frightened about him."

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)



Conan Doyle says they stay married forever in heaven. Some people wouldn't call that heaven.

Reading the new tariff is like trying to scramble eggs.

May 14 is Mother's ay. Payday is Father's Day.

After a man buys his first lot he feels as if he owned the earth.

Compliments don't last long unless you return them.

About the most popular person on earth is a near-sighted chaperone.

Too much money goes to a man's head and a woman's back.

Side-stepping never gets you to the front.

People who go too far have a hard time staging a comeback.

Flappers dress for speed and comfort.

Genoa man once proved the world was round; but the Genoa conference is trying to prove it is square.

Senate favors the bonus; but the doubtboys haven't the dough yet.

Perhaps we could cut our navy down to three days a week.

From the pictures it must be the Atlantic City bored walk.

If we ever make peace with Germany again let's do it C. O. D.

They say liquor traffic on the Canadian border is heavy. Wonder if it is going or coming?

Will Hays has stopped the A-buckle pictures, so some people think he has earned his big salary.

A loaf a day keeps the coal supply away.

From his reputation as a killer, Gen. Semenov's name must be pronounced See-men-off.

The modern wise men of the yeast are home brewers.

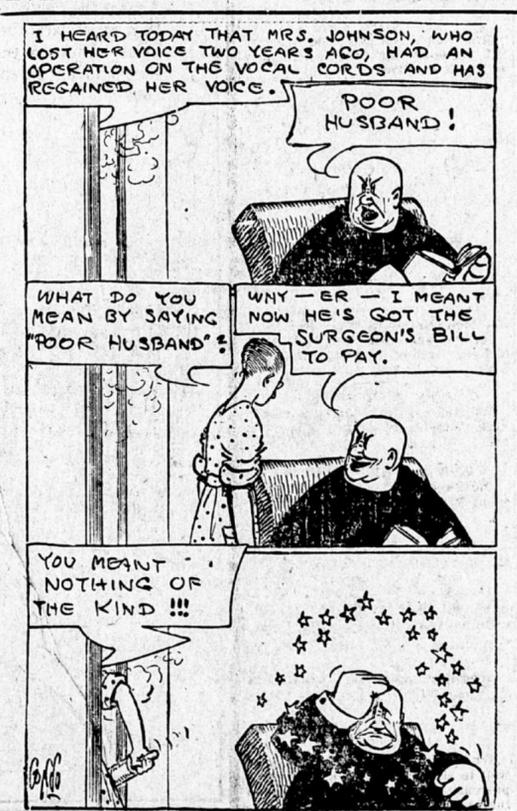
After their argument, Mr. Tumulvy, author of "Wilson as I Knew Him," has decided that he didn't know him so well.

Some married people are happy; cheat make their home with the parents of the bride.

Wives are still so high we have to go without some necessities.

Normal adult can hold his breath from 40 to 45 seconds.

EVERETT TRUE BY CONDO



I HEARD TODAY THAT MRS. JOHNSON, WHO LOST HER VOICE TWO YEARS AGO, HAD AN OPERATION ON THE VOCAL CORDS AND HAS REGAINED HER VOICE.

POOR HUSBAND!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY SAYING "POOR HUSBAND"?

WHY—ER—I MEANT NOW HE'S GOT THE SURGEON'S BILL TO PAY.

YOU MEANT NOTHING OF THE KIND!!!