

THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE

Entered at the Postoffice, Bismarck, N. D., as Second Class Matter. GEORGE D. MANN - Editor Foreign Representatives G. LOGAN PAYNE COMPANY CHICAGO - DETROIT Marquette Bldg. Kresge Bldg. PAYNE, BURNS AND SMITH NEW YORK - Fifth Ave. Bldg. MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

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THE STATES OLDEST NEWS-PAPER (Established 1873)

A GREAT EDITOR GONE

The passing of Lord Northcliffe, known the world over for the fearlessness, success and excellence of his many publications, marks the ending of another remarkable career in what some writers have designated as "personal journalism." He ranked with Dana, Greeley, James Gordon Bennett, Joseph Medill and others known as the greatest editors; indeed, he is ranked by many as the most potent figure in the history of journalism.

Lord Northcliffe's personality dominated his newspapers. They reflected his opinions and more often a reader of one of his publications thought more frequently of Northcliffe in reading The London Times than of the newspaper as an institution.

Northcliffe was loved and hated, and probably did not care. For many years before the war he wielded a strong influence on national life in Great Britain. He was often called "the cabinet maker" and many a powerful politician and statesman fell before his terrific attacks which rained for him the sobriquet of "The Thunderer." He refused to accept an official position; he always kept free of entangling alliances and it is said he never failed to criticize a friend as strongly as a foe if he believed the criticism was due.

It was during the war that Northcliffe rose to his greatest achievements. When British soldiers were fighting in Flanders and the government was exercising a wide-spread censorship to keep news from the enemy—and from his own people—Lord Northcliffe learned that the British commander in France was calling for high explosive shells to meet the German attacks and the British war office was sending shrapnel. He braved the censorship, all officialdom, even public indignation, to tell the truth. His newspapers were burned in the street; he was attacked in parliament. But he was right. The truth could not be denied. The situation was corrected and the British soldiers were given an equal chance with the Germans. He demanded a small compact war cabinet which resulted in the elevation of Lloyd George to power; he declared that conscription must be adopted. And because he was right he won. He accepted his first official position when he agreed to head a mission to the United States, and later was created a Viscount by the officialdom which had denounced him.

An interesting part of Lord Northcliffe's career was his relation to Lloyd George. Responsible for Lloyd George's elevation to power, a consistent supporter during the war and regarded as a personal friend, he disagreed with the premier's policies after the war on all important questions save the Irish issue. His papers have been and are now the deadly opponents of Lloyd George.

Northcliffe is not the first and only editor who has been publicly derided because he had the courage of his convictions; nor is his case the first in which the same people who denounced an editor later, acclaimed his foresight. But he is probably the most noted exponent of that phase of journalism in which it is the man and not the institution which speaks through the columns of a newspaper. He will be long remembered because of his success as a publisher—he is said to have become the owner of 60 periodicals having a circulation of 20,000,000 copies—but his name will live longer for the great influence of his mighty word in public affairs.

CONTAGIOUS Eskimos in northeastern Siberia have discovered the Magic Process how to distill alcohol. They drink it as fast as they can make it, and the whole country is in drunken chaos, according to returned travelers.

A newspaper man, crossing to Alaska, reports that Eskimo children are dying from lack of attention, and the older natives "drinking, fighting and killing each other in their orgies."

Thus the white man's "civilization" continues spreading.

THE SMALLEST STORE The smallest store in the world is closed for alterations because its proprietor has gained five pounds in weight, which makes it virtually impossible for him to turn around without exhaling his breath.

This smallest store is Milton Lubin's jewelry shop, just off Times Square, New York City.

On the inside it is a triangle, with a frontage of five feet, and three and a half feet deep.

Milt says the only place he can hang his coat is on the ceiling.

"I have to be in constant training to be slim enough to work here," says Milt. "It is very uncomfortable after a full meal, take constant exercise and diet carefully."

Lately, however, Milt's weight has soared nearly to 100 pounds. Carpenters had to be called in with thinner boards.

It amazes you to learn that the world's smallest store does a business of \$250,000 a year—thin watches, diamonds and other precious stones.

Milt has an assistant. But they have to work in relays, for if the two of them are on the job at the same time there is no room for a customer.

Only one customer can get into the store at a time. Fat men have tried to enter, then decided to do business from the side-walk.

The rent for this little cubby-hole is \$6,000 a year! It is said to be the highest rent in the world, in proportion to space occupied.

Also, it is a monumental illustration of the price men pay for swarming in cities.

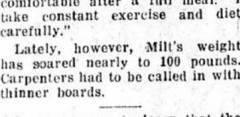
Maybe Milton Lubin is making a lot of money out of his store. We don't know. But we do know that, to any one loving the natural life of the great outdoors, it would take a good many millions to compensate for the physical discomforts of working in such a small cage.

Still, with city congestion steadily becoming worse, it is entirely plausible that this smallest store in the world is a prophetic sample of what metropolitan life will be for most people in a few more generations.

DANGER AGES The danger ages for girls are 16 and 17, says Maude E. Miner, secretary of an association that checks up on such things.

A good many of our modern problems are due to unfair economic conditions that compel boys and girls to go to work too soon. Every girl should remain at home until she is 18. And no boy should have to quit school until at least 20. The industrial system, however, tries to get them shortly after they learn to walk. Civilization shortens youth.

Tom Sims Says



Is your wife back from your vacation yet?

A serious shortage of reformed reformers is reported.

The man who talks too much never does it well.

Very few girls are as bad as they are painted; but lots are as white as they are powdered.

The man with the least credit takes the least care of it.

Now they claim Sermon didn't say "War is hell," but that doesn't change what war is.

The bigger the auto a family has, the larger they are at a party.

Wealth is a burden in Russia. It takes a ton of rubles to buy a stick of candy.

Grounds for divorce are usually battle grounds.

Home-made people seldom grow wild.

Funny things happen. One day last week a millionaire's son was out of trouble.

Going south is fine; but a cashier who did it was caught.

It is only natural for the frog to jump against everything to find even more against him.

The latest boy wonder is "How long before school?"

According to the flapper, it is better to have bobbed hair than to be lonely.

Easy-going men often find it hard to keep going.

It is hard to love thy neighbor when he loves thy lawn mower.

The man who says what he thinks never talks much.

Staying on your toes is much better than getting on your ear.

When you see an overcoat maker happy, he has been reading about the coal shortage.

Butterflies often sting.

Vancouver judge rules poker is not a game of chance; but it depends upon whom you're playing with.

He who fights and runs away is bound to get licked some other day.

Some political planks are gang planks.

ADVENTURE OF THE TWINS By Olive Barton Roberts Nancy and Nick were in a hard fix on the Tinky-Winkle Star.

Flap-Doodle, the fairy fairy who had stolen the Fairy Queen's wand, had changed Nancy into a baby-doll and Nick into a wooden soldier.

Flap-Doodle flew away to the moon, swinging his stick and singing, "Triddy, yoo dum, doodle um day!" as unconcerned as you please.

Nancy fortunately still had in her pocket a bit of the language charm the Magical Mushroom had given her. So she could still talk.

"Nick!" she said cautiously lest she be overheard. "We have our green shoes yet, and what they serve out of this."

"Nick!" rolled his eyes, or tried to roll them. "And suppose you land with a jump! I've got to break into a million pieces. I've got a good idea. Let's roll. We'll get somewhere." So they rolled out of Flap-Doodle's front door and down the road. But to their surprise they didn't meet a single Tinky-Winkler. They didn't know that Flap-Doodle had changed all the Tinky-Winklers into wooden Indians and things.

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Also they forgot the mischievous fairy had turned down the sauce edge of the Tinky-Winkle Star so that everything that went near fell off.

Down the road they rolled and on and on and the first thing they knew they'd rolled right over the edge of the star and were falling through space past clouds and moon and stars and everything.

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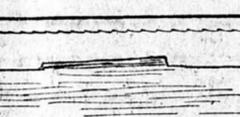
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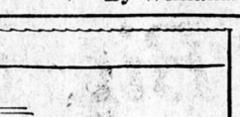
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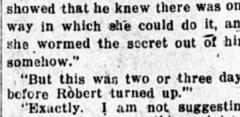
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