

THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE

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THE STATES' OLDEST NEWS-PAPER (Established 1873)

GOOD-BYE, ROMANCE!

The Arabian desert is the latest victim of "the age of machinery," the steam-roller that crushes romance wherever it invades.

From the land of the caliphs comes a printed circular, announcing that motor-buses now are running regularly between Bagdad and Aleppo.

Desert bandits, who raid camel caravans? The shrewd general manager of the motor line has taken care of them.

Who wants to take a trip through the desert under such conditions, no chance of danger, no thrills?

A tourist to the Philippine Islands writes that he penetrated the jungles of Mindanao to see the head-hunters in their natural state.

Alas and alack, he found the head-hunters selling picture post-cards of their trophies. The young bucks have stopped carrying their enemies' heads on poles.

Even Stefansson, invading the land of perpetual ice, found that one of his greatest problems was agreeing on the wage to be paid his two Eskimo guides.

It is not so many years since romance and adventure a-plenty awaited the average American only a few hundred miles from his cabin in the forest clearing.

Something is lacking in life now, and that something is the natural setting for romance. Industry has killed it. The popular craving for departed romance probably explains the phenomenal sale of such books as "Outline of History," "The Story of Mankind" and "Outline of Science."

LIARS Andre Tridon, famous psychiatrist, testifies at a trial that it is impossible for anyone to tell "the absolute truth" because no two people see the same thing in exactly the same light.

Young James Marchesani, arrested for throwing stones at a house in West Hoboken, N. J., must serve an hour a day in jail for 90 days.

DEBT "Mortgage the future," seems to be the policy of most people. Cities, also. So far this year, about \$850,000,000 of municipal bonds have been floated.

RUSSIA Reports pouring into Moscow from all over Russia indicate that the harvest will be the biggest in years.

Tom Sims Says

Maybe these are dog days because they are such dog-gone days.

The man who wrote the song, "Bubbles," died recently, but not because of it.

The long skirt is coming shortly.

One might say the strikers who threw mud at the guards thought they were mud guards.

Demsey wants a safety match.

Working like a horse is much better than loafing like a jackass.

When the ball season is over farmers will get their hands back.

It isn't what you think about as much as what you think about what you think about.

If the good die young, the bad die younger.

Funny things happen. One day last week all of Hollywood's married people stayed married.

Straw hats are always cheap at the wrong time of the year.

In Michigan, 30 girls in pajamas put out a fire. And now no house in the town is safe.

A mosquito makes the busy ant look like a loafer.

The man who wrote "Keep the home fires burning" was not a wife operator.

One night in the park we heard a couple of coo-coo birds.

Waxahachie, Texas, had a big fire. It doesn't matter, but the name sounds like a clog dance.

It never takes any nerve to join the majority.

Always hunt the bright side. If the trains stop they can't ship any canned beans.

Ken Williams is showing Babe Ruth that being a hero is never a permanent job.

Hotel dining room motto: "Only the brave observe the fare."

In a New Jersey marriage lottery names were drawn from a fryin' pan. Out of the fryin' into the fire.

Son goes to college to get ahead while dad uses his at home.

We had forgotten this was canning season until we heard about the sugar combine.

ADVENTURE OF THE TWINS

By Olive Barton Roberts

Nancy had been changed into a doll-baby.

Nick had been changed into a wooden soldier.

Plap-doodle, the purple fairy, had done it with the Fairy Queen's wand.

They decided to roll, so they rolled and rolled—and plump! First thing they knew, they fell off.

Down they fell! Down and down and down until they landed with a splash in a tub full of soda.

"By the Great Hoop Spoon!" cried someone. "What's this? Or who's this?"

By and by a hand fished Nancy out and dried her off.

Then Nick was hauled out and dried off, too!

It was Mr. Rubadub of Scrub-Up-Land.

"Don't you know us, Mr. Rubadub?" squeaked Nancy, trying to smile.

Suddenly Mr. Rubadub saw the Green Shoes.

"Nancy and Nick!" he cried in amazement. "Well I'll be—I don't know what I'll be. What's happened?"

So the Twins told him all about it. "You wait here," said Mr. Rubadub. "I'll fix it. Ting-a-ling-a-ling!"

And he telephoned to Mr. Sprinkle-Blow, the Weatherman, to come and get him with his magic umbrella.

Pretty soon Mr. Sprinkle-Blow arrived and heard the whole story.

"My, my! That's awful!" he exclaimed. "But never mind! I know where Flap-Doodle is. I saw him flying to the Moon with his big ears."

"He's there now annoying the Man-in-the-Moon. Jump on, Rubadub! We'll go and get him and make him change these poor Twins back to themselves again."

Both fairy gentlemen hopped on the Weatherman's magic umbrella and flew up to the sky.

(To Be Continued.) (Copyright, 1922, NEA, Service.)

EVERETT TRUE BY CONDO

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: AGAINST THE BACKGROUND OF HISTORY WE SEE THIS...

ONE MOMENT!! I SEE YOU'RE GOING TO READ YOUR SPEECH SO I WISH TO GET OUT BEFORE YOU ADMINISTER THE ANAESTHETIC!!! THAT EMBALMED STUFF MAY READ WELL IN THE NEWS-PAPERS, BUT IT'S NO SPEECH!!! IF YOU CAN'T THINK ON YOUR FEET STAY OUT OF THE ORATOR GAME!!!

Who had shot and killed this ne'er-do-well?

ROBERT ABLETT, within two minutes after his arrival at The Red House, the country estate of his wealthy bachelor brother,

MARK ABLETT? Robert's body was on the floor of the locked office, Mark was missing and, in the opinion of Inspector Birch, it was clear that Mark, who had looked forward with annoyance at the return of his brother from Australia, had shot Robert and then disappeared.

But there were mysterious circumstances. The shot was fired a few moments before

ANTONY GILLINGHAM, gentleman adventurer and friend of BILL BEVERLEY, one of Mark's guests, had entered the hall where he found

MATT CAYLEY, Mark's constant companion, pounding on the door and demanding admittance. The two men entered the room through a window and found the body.

Antony and Bill had decided that Cayley knows more of the crime than he will disclose. They discover a secret passage from a bowling green to the house and, in Cayley's absence try to find an opening to fit in the library.

GO ON WITH THE STORY "We shall have to take every blessed cog, certain that we haven't missed anything."

"Antony's pipe was now going satiskatorily, and he got up and walked leisurely to the end of the wall opposite the door.

"Well, let's have a look," he said, "and see if they are so very frightful. Hallo, here's your 'Badminton'! You often read that, you say?"

"Yes, I read anything."

"Well, I like books of travel, don't you?"

"They're pretty dull as a rule."

"Well, anyhow, some people like them very much," said Antony reproachfully. He moved on to the next row of shelves.

"The Drama. The Restoration dramatists. You can have most of them. Still, as you love them, Shaw, Wilde, Robertson, I like reading plays, Bill. There are not many people who do, but those who do are usually very keen. Let us pass on."

He went to the next shelf, and then gave a sudden whistle. "Hallo, hallo!"

"What's the matter?" said Bill rather peevishly.

"Stand back, Bill. We are getting amongst it. Sermons, as I live, in the Moon. Jump on, Rubadub! We'll go and get him and make him change these poor Twins back to themselves again."

Both fairy gentlemen hopped on the Weatherman's magic umbrella and flew up to the sky.

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A THOUGHT

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee; because he trusteth in Thee.—Isaiah 26:3.

Confidence is a thing not to be produced by compulsion. Men cannot be forced into trust.—Daniel Webster.

Holders of Ferry Coupon Books of the Red Trail Ferry Co. may have them redeemed at par by mailing them to R. B. O'Rourke, Mandan, No. Dak., before September 1st, 1922.

THE RED HOUSE MYSTERY

Who had shot and killed this ne'er-do-well? ROBERT ABLETT, within two minutes after his arrival at The Red House, the country estate of his wealthy bachelor brother, MARK ABLETT?

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DENVER PLENTY OF SCENERY; PLENTY OF AIR; BUT THE OLD GET-RICH-QUICK DAYS ARE GONE

By W. H. Porterfield

On the western periphery of that great circle which frames the mighty valley of the Mississippi sits Denver, "Queen City of the Plains"—a mile above and more than 1500 miles distant from the nearest scene of the great mountain metropolis of all time.

"Beautiful for situation," the snow-capped Rockies at her back and a thousand miles of fertile plain stretching eastward from her feet, Denver is rightly the goal of him who longs to breathe deeply, see far, renew his youth and lie down at night under the pines.

Born in that romantic decade immediately following the discovery of California gold, when every prospector's pan and pick were carried by a potential millionaire, and where wealth untold might be just underneath the roadside rock, Denver became the Mecca in those days of the 60's and 70's for adventurers of every kind and sort without regard to sex, creed, color or apparel.

Those were the days when anything seemed possible and almost anything likely.

Millionaires of days were the penniless laborers or adventurers of yesterday, but many who went up like rockets, came down like sticks.

Among the spectacular early Denverites, the name of Horace Austin Warner Tabor looms large.

Tabor was a Vermont Yankee, stowaway trader, wanderer on the face of the earth by choice. He came to Denver when he was 29 and Denver was one year old, viz., '59, but soon after hiked to Leadville, another mile nearer the sky, where he prospected and played seven-up, and generally enjoyed himself in the well-earned obscurity of a wild mining camp, 11,000 feet in the air.

Then Tabor struck a vein of silver big enough to sink a battleship, and his troubles began a wild career of speculation and found he just couldn't lose. Ten years later he was mayor of Leadville and worth \$10,000,000. He gave Leadville \$500,000 to operate a house which has since burned down. I believe—and scattered his dough in every direction, finally becoming lieutenant governor of Colorado. In February of '85 he got the appointment of U. S. senator, which he held for a month, till the regularly elected H. M. Teller got on the job.

Being senator seemed too much for Tabor. It is said he spent \$1000 for a flock of wonderful nightgowns. Anyhow, he lost all his money faster than he made it, and died broke in '90, while his widow, her mind clouded, is a hopeless invalid, dependent upon public charity!

They don't all go up so fast or come down so suddenly as "Senator" Tabor, but the early story of mining regions is pretty much the same—a little group of big-hearted, free-spirited, ostentatious multi-millionaires and a vast horde of folks dreaming of a rich strike.

No kind of previous metal mining tends to make homes upon an area of Colorado land so precious as asset but gold, silver, lead and copper, she would today be another—even if more beautiful—"Mother Lode" of Nevada, a region of tin cans and buried hopes.

But Colorado has something else far greater than all her mines, although they produce \$60,000,000 annually in precious and semi-precious metals. She has something far less romantic than a frontier gold camp or even a vein of silver and lead—but something infinitely greater and more valuable—the Platte river. You wouldn't think much of the Platte if you first saw it merely as a stream of water, for as Horace Greely said of some of the Colorado rivers, "it was decided that \$2,000 of the construction of a hotel construction of new barns for the live stock exhibits."

It was agreed that each group should appoint two men who would solicit subscriptions from the citizens and business men. Since money is considered scarce just at present it was decided that the subscriptions should be made payable within sixty days.

Build Hotel for Strikebreakers

Extensive preparations for the housing of strike breakers are being made at the local yards. Carpenters arrived in Mandan Saturday and Sunday and are already engaged in the construction of a hotel sufficiently large to house a force of 52 shophen and carmen.

The number of strike breakers has been increased to 50 men, it is reported. The railroad company has been slowly increasing the number of strikebreakers until the shops are manned almost to normal strength, according to reports.

The reported remark of the foreman of the carpenters that the hotel which is under construction "will be plenty warm enough for 'em when winter comes" appears to be of particular significance. Similar "hotels" have been built in railroad yards at Billings, Laurel and Jamestown. The next work will be done at Dickinson.

Quickly Regrow Your Bobbed Hair

Women who wish to stimulate the growth of their hair should try Van Es' Liqueur of Hair, which is so successfully growing hair. Strong, vigorous hair surely follows a healthy condition of the scalp and a good circulation of blood to the hair roots. Ask us for Van Es, which comes in a patent applicator bottle. Easy to apply. If used as directed it will cause your hair to grow 8 to 10 inches each year.

Finney's Drug Store Bismarck, N. D.

NEWS BRIEFS

Chicago.—The Illinois chamber of commerce began "a campaign" for funds for use in prosecution of persons responsible for the Herrin massacre.

Fort Madison, Ia.—Charles Johnson, 50, a striking car repairer, shot and killed himself, leaving a wife that he was despondent over his idleness and domestic troubles.

Rockford, Ill.—Miss Carrie Anderson, 48, was trampled to death by a team of horses whose bridles she was holding while her brother hitched them to a wagon.

Oklahoma City.—Edwin De Barr, vice president of the University of Oklahoma, was reprimanded by the board of regents for his political activities and alleged connections with the Ku Klux Klan in violation of university regulations.

Paris.—Professor Howard Crosby, Butler of Princeton university died. He was a noted authority on archeology.

Leavenworth, Kan.—Mrs. Margaret Anderson, 63, who walked from Sioux Falls, S. D., to Washington to ask President Harding to pardon her son, was rewarded when Joseph Anderson, 19, was freed.

Yellowstone Park, Wyo.—A new gateway, bigger than Old Faithful, developed. It will be named "Sem-Centennial" in observance of the fiftieth anniversary this year of the establishment of the park.

TODAY'S WORD

Today's word is—VERVE. It's pronounced—vurv. It means—vividly of imagination, especially such as animates a poet, artist or musician, in composing or performing; enthusiasm; spirit.

It was borrowed into English directly from the same French word, "verve," with the same meaning in the two languages.

It's used like this—"Literature of the old-fashioned 'dime novel' school, long looked down on, is beginning to be recognized today as having been distinguished by its verve and continuity of interest."

CHAPTER XII

In the twenty hours or so at his disposal, Inspector Birch had been busy.

The discovery of Mark was dragging the pond might not help toward this, but it would certainly give the impression in court tomorrow that Inspector Birch was handling the case with zeal.

He was feeling well-satisfied with himself, therefore, as he walked to the pond, where his men were waiting for him, and quite in the mood for a little pleasant talk with Mr. Gillingham and his friend, Mr. Beverley. He gave them a cheerful "Good afternoon," and added with a smile, "Coming to help us?"

"I wish you luck. But I don't think you'll find much at the pond. It's rather out of the way, isn't it, for anybody running away."

"That's just what I told Mr. Cayley, when he called my attention to the pond. However, we shan't do any harm by looking. It's the unexpected that's the most likely in this sort of case."

"You're quite right, Inspector Well, we mustn't keep you. Good afternoon," and Antony smiled pleasantly at him.

"Good afternoon, sir."

"Good afternoon," said Bill. Antony stood looking after the inspector as he strode off, silent for so long that Bill shook him by the arm at last, and asked him rather crossly what was the matter.

Antony shook his head slowly from side to side.

"I don't know; really I don't know. It's too devilish what I keep thinking. He can't be as cold-blooded as that."

"Who?"

"Without answering, Antony led the way back to the garden-seat on which they had been sitting. He sat there with his head in his hands.

"Oh, I hope they find something," he murmured. "Oh, I hope they do."

"In the pond?"

"Yes."

"But what?"

"Anything, Bill, anything." Bill was annoyed.

"I say Tony, this won't do. You really must be so damn mysterious. What's happened to you suddenly?"

(Continued in Our Next Issue)