

THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE

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ORDERLY MARKETING

With the greatest crop of grain in many years in the Northwest there will be an unusual supply to be absorbed by the market as soon as the threshing machines begin to roll out the grain in great quantities and cars transport it to marketing centers.

The railroad strike probably will cause difficulty in transporting wheat to the market, as the railroads would be taxed to handle the enormous crop in normal times.

Experts declare there is a prospect of a shortage of wheat in the world market.

Delay in marketing will be enforced in many cases. An effort to prevent an immediate over-supply should be encouraged by those who are in position to threaten and market their wheat immediately.

THE FARMER WHO STACKS HIS GRAIN, selling only enough to meet his immediate needs, who spreads out the period of shipment of grain, may not only help himself but help his neighbors to more nearly realize a fair compensation for his labors.

THE RADIO SLUMP

Critics are predicting that the radio craze is about to fizzle out. They are wrong.

Unquestionably, interest in radio is going through a decided slump. It is a natural reaction. The novelty is wearing off. Radio is becoming commonplace.

In autumn, the manufacturers predict, radio will come back stronger than ever.

In the trade is wise, it will triple its efforts to provide novelty and "class" in the broadcasted music.

Manufacturers of radio equipment think that the slump in wireless enthusiasm is due to summer. Their theory is that people want to be outdoors now in the evenings as much as possible.

An old hand-bill comes to light in the east, advertising one of the early radio-demonstrations at the city hall in Lawrence, Mass., May 28, 1877. The hand-bill reads:

"The miracle telephone! Wonderful discovery of the aged Professor A. Graham Bell, assisted by Mr. Frederic A. Gower, will give an exhibition of his wonderful and miraculous discovery, The Telephone, before the people of Lawrence, when Boston and Lawrence will be connected via the Western Union Telegraph, and vocal and instrumental music and conversation will be transmitted a distance of 27 miles and received by the audience in the city hall. Prof. Bell will give an explanatory lecture with this marvelous exhibition."

There's a curious coincidence between "vocal and instrumental music and conversation" over the telephone wire in 1877, and similar service by radio in 1922.

The telephone, considered a marvel, swept popular fancy overnight. Then it had a slump. People began to call it "a scientific toy." Many of them predicted that the telephone craze would die out quickly, just as similar predictions are being made now about radio.

But the telephone hasn't died out. Neither will radio. It is as much in its infancy as Bell's phone was in 1877. And its future is as promising.

How long does it take to become a success? Henry Ford is at the top of the ladder and building additional plants. Nineteen years ago he had only 96 employes and was making only 195 cars a year. Now he has 75,000 employes and makes 1,300,000 cars a year.

Plenty of others who were barely struggling along in 1903 are still

BONANZA

Leslie P. Wheaton, 55 years old, has worked like a horse all his life. He is known as "the best ditch digger in northern Maine." His home at Presque Isle is a shack made out of tar-paper and old packing boxes. Fate shoots her dice. Wheaton inherits \$50,000. His hard days are over.

This is the sort of windfall we all hope for. It is good to read that occasionally the dream comes true. That is what keeps most of us going—hope.

RUBBER

Marshall M. Vance, American consul in Ceylon, writes that the city of Colombo is experimenting with rubber roads.

The rubber is used as a surface dressing, applied like a coat of asphalt. Then gravel is steam-rolled into it.

Tests so far indicate that rubber makes the best road and in the long run is not the costliest pavement. It might be different over here, but it is an experiment that will interest all autoists. Art of road paving is in its infancy.

HORSESHOE PITCHING

Horseshoe pitching now has 1,000,000 players, says B. G. Leighton, head of this sport's national association.

This is the increasing popularity of golf indicates a gradual drift away from baseball.

And back of that is a national psychological wave, a general desire to get actual exercise out of sport instead of sitting comfortably in a grandstand and watching others exercise. It is an important and valuable change.

PRACTICAL

A four-year course in training students to be hotel managers will be started by Cornell University.

We need similar schools for every industry. Few men who go into business for themselves make a success of it because it takes them a lifetime to learn what a school could teach in a few years.

To save the merchandising and management is harder than mastering astronomy or analytical trigonometry. It looks easy until you try it—as every apprentice finds when he is learning his trade.

EDITORIAL REVIEW

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

SHAKESPEARE'S SUMMERS

The richness and radiance of Shakespeare suggest his summer, and it is certain that his summers warmed his genius. He was born on May 5 (allowing for the change from old to new style) and therefore summer received him into her arms. He must often have recalled a summer of his school days, that of 1575, in which Queen Elizabeth visited the Earl of Leicester at Kenilworth Castle. From Stratford, only 20 miles away, the boy may have been taken by his father to see some of the moonlight pageants; and some critics see in the vision of Oberon, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," a reference to the Queen as the "fair vestal throned by the west." It is clear that Shakespeare's wonderful flower and bird lore, so rustically accurate, came to him in his young Stratford summers.

Shakespeare was but two-and-twenty when he came to London, then a Gothic city whose summer days and nights were pure and glorious, its river pellucid, its winds free and fragrant. He wishes to see London as Shakespeare saw it on a summer morning should look at Vischer's panoramic view taken in the very year of Shakespeare's death. We are standing, probably on a roof top in Bankside, a spot now sacred to Shakespeare's memory. In the foreground are two curious octagonal buildings labeled "The Globe" and "The Swan Theatre." Beyond these are the backs of houses fringing the Surrey side, and over these we see the broad bosom of the river which mirrored the London of Elizabeth and James.—John O'London's Weekly.

"MORAL ISSUES"

When is a moral issue not a moral issue? Mrs. Margot Asquith, who has put her feet on the desks of more prime ministers than any living woman, and Gene Stratton Porter, who has done more for sugar-and-spice-and-everything-nice than anybody except President Harding, are at issue on the morality of cigarette smoking for women. Mrs. Porter, in McCall's magazine, urges a government on "independent literature," which, she implies, is making girls smoke cigarettes and go about half-dressed; by describing "people who lead such lives." Mrs. Asquith, asked from coast to coast what she thinks of knee-length skirts and ladies-size cigarettes, replies irritably, "What on earth difference does it make?"

Mrs. Porter, on the other hand, sees moral character issues all about her. She can name a half-dozen magazines that shock her "almost to paralysis." They should be suppressed, she believes, to protect the innocent girls from contamination.

Of course one man's moral issue is another man's subject of complete indifference. Cigarette smoking among women probably heightens the blood pressure and irritates the nervous system, but, after all, it is not much more a moral issue than over-eating, which also heightens the blood pressure, or under-eating, which also irritates the nervous system. A reading of Mrs. Asquith's memoirs would doubtless heighten Mrs. Porter's blood pressure, and certainly Mrs. Asquith's nervous system would not stand more than a very small dose of "Laddie." These "moral issues," how they succeed one another.—Hartford Times.

TODAY'S WORD

Today's word is—MUNDANE. It's pronounced—mun-dane, with accent on the first syllable. It means—of or pertaining to the world; worldly. It comes from—Latin, "mundus," the world.

It's used like this—"The star Antares, 400,000,000 miles in diameter, is the largest of heavenly bodies yet measured by mundane astronomers."

A THOUGHT

But I say unto you, Swear not at all.—Matthew 5:34. Profaneness is a brutal vice; he who indulges in it is no gentleman.—Chapin.



Tom Sims Says

Strikes are always helpful. If it wasn't for them what would we blame high prices on?

Flapper clothes don't always show the wearer's age. A man's bills usually haunt him, when the ghost walks.

It takes a lot of brass to start an amateur brass band. Some people read movie subtitles with their cut-out-a-wide open.

The average man's idea of interior decoration is a square meal. Despite Russian relief plans, there is no relief from Russia.

This may be an awful country; but Madagascar, law compels everyone to work at least 180 days a year. Doctors say more blondes than brunettes have hay fever. May be why they are dizzy blondes.

No wonder Germany is broke. She is trying to sell cotton stockings in this country. These Wall Street men going back to the farm had better hide when hog-killing time comes.

These are 27,000,000 horses and mules left in this country, not 400,000 reformers. This American trying to swim the English channel may be some tourist coming home broke.

Staunton, Va., has more women voters than men. Maybe the men can't get away from home to vote. A cat may have nine lives; but wildcat still seem to have ninety.

National horseshoe pitching tournament will be held in Des Moines and merchants are stocking up on chewing tobacco. Most of the rich act poor and most of the poor act rich.

Wonder if you can cuss around a girl in knickerbockers? If you didn't already know, it golfers address the ball; and when they get the wrong address it goes astray.

Forgetting the past is all right but don't forget the future. In Boston, they cure lisp by whistling. Bet the dogs are running themselves to death.

Mars is leaving the earth at the rate of 40,000 miles an hour. One good look was enough. Adventure of the Twins

ADVENTURE OF THE TWINS

By Olive Barton Roberts

Along the Milky Way came Flap-Doodle, the fairy, singing, and pretty soon he espied the little Chinese house Nancy and Nick had built.

"Hi!" said Flap-Doodle, folding back his ears that he'd been flying with, and squinting his eyes. "I'll have to take a look at such an interesting place. If I like it, I'll stay here."

"I have the Fairy Queen's wand I stole, and I'll turn the people inside of the house into lead or something heavy. Then they'll fall down out of te sky and I can have the house."

"Tap, tap, tap," he went with his wand on the front door. Instantly Nancy opened the door, a graceful courtesy, as she did so. She looked so sweet and so strange in her new costume, that Flap-Doodle didn't know her from Adam's turkey.

"Wouldn't he have been surprised, though, if he had known she was the same little girl he had turned into a baby-doll a short time before?"

"Howdy!" said he. "May I come in? I've lost my way and I thought maybe you had a room?"

"Certainly!" said Nancy with another bow. "Come right in, sir, and I'll tell my brother, Nick Oo Ting. My name is Nan Soy. Won't you have some tea?"

"Don't care if I do," answered Flap-Doodle, standing his wand, or rather the Fairy Queen's wand, in a corner. Just then Nick came in and they all sat down and crossed their legs in Chinese fashion.

Nancy and Nick looked at each other and nodded. At last they were about to get the Fairy Queen's wand they had come so far to find!

Flap-Doodle never suspected a thing, mind you, and picking up his chop-sticks started to eat rice pudding with all his might.

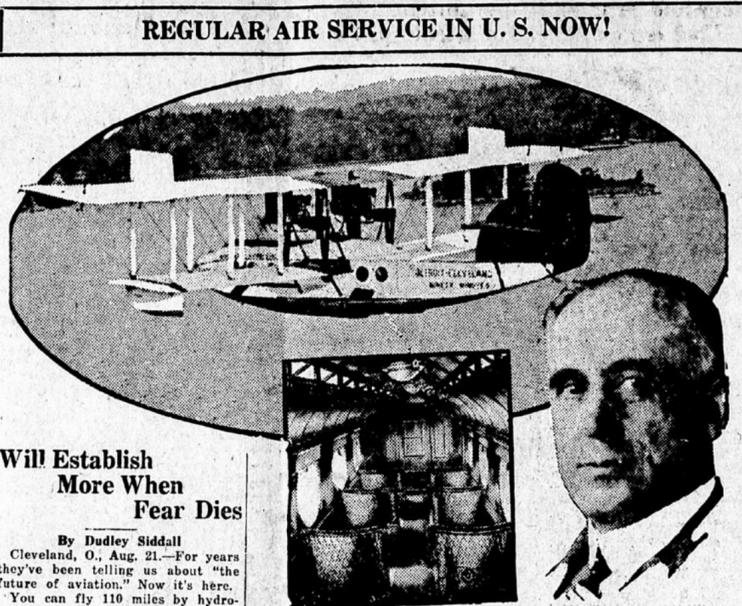
(To Be Continued.) (Copyright, 1922, NEA Service.)

REGULAR AIR SERVICE IN U. S. NOW!

Will Establish More When Fear Dies

By Dudley Suddall

Cleveland, O., Aug. 21.—For years they've been telling us about "the future of aviation." Now it's here.



THE "WOLVERINE," ONE OF THE SHIPS OF THE D. & C. LINES ON HER RUN FROM CLEVELAND TO DETROIT (ABOVE), BELOW THE INTERIOR OF THE CABIN OF THE "WOLVERINE"; AND C. F. REDDEN, PRESIDENT OF THE AEROMARINE AIRWAYS, INC.

MANDAN NEWS

Hold Funeral For Mrs. Swanson Today

Mrs. N. H. Swanson, 73 years old, died at her home in Mandan, N. D., Friday night.

Must Beat Fear

Fear! That's the thing Aeromarine Airways has to beat before it can make air travel a commercial success.

"We can beat it," said C. F. Redden, New York, president of Aeromarine Airways, Inc. "We have beaten it in our lesser unscheduled operations between New York and Atlantic City; between Key West and Havana; between Miami and Bimini; between Miami and Palm Beach; and elsewhere. But it costs an awful lot of money. And it's going to cost more before we succeed. Nevertheless, when we finally saw one of our seven lines show a profit on a season's business, we determined that the time had come to enlarge upon all previous air travel services. This D. & C. line is the result. Here you see aerial travel lifted out of pleasure thrill for wealthy vacationists and made into a service designed primarily for business men to whom time is money."

There's only one way to beat fear—safety. No expense has been spared to make Aeromarine's big fliers safe. In three years they have carried thousands of passengers hundreds of thousands of miles without one single injury to a passenger.

The fare is \$40 each way by plane, against \$7.50 first-class by train. Ten passengers can be carried on each flier.

But when the public is educated to forget fear, and begins patronizing the service voluntarily, fares will come down to around \$25 the round trip.

What's it like to fly? Well, you're scared when you enter the commodious "stowaway" cabin and seat yourself in one of the roomy upholstered chairs for the first time.

But the fear vanishes a minute after the plane takes off. After that there's no more "sensation" than riding in a Pullman. Not as much, for there are no jolts, no dust, no sense of speed. Mostly the planes keep between 25 and 300 feet above the water, but at a thousand-foot elevation nobody suffers from height dizziness.

When I returned from my first flight, I boasted about it, as if I'd done something big. All first trippers, they tell me, are like that. But later—

My second flight was a good deal of a bore. The thrills were gone. I read newspapers all the way across on my third trip, much as do ferry boat commuters.

"Out of the thousands of passengers we have carried," says President Redden. "I've never heard of one to suffer any physical discomfort after getting into the air."

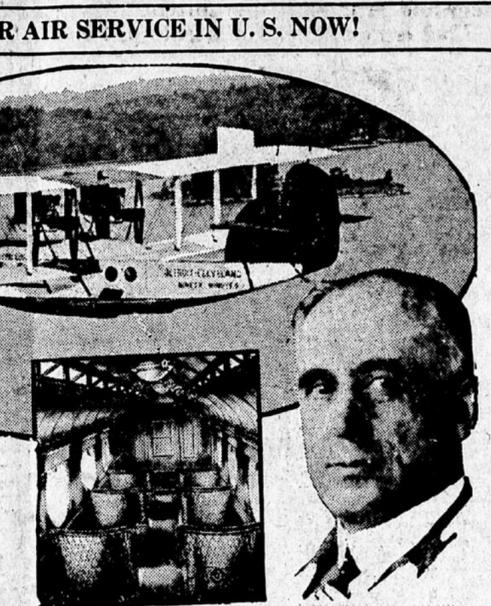
Cotton in Ears

The only drawback is the roar of the motors, for the passengers always prefer to keep the windows open except during rainstorms. Cotton in the ears is the only special equipment needed. Straw hats don't blow off, nor do the passenger's clothes require the application of a porter's brush at the end of the journey. You're not strapped in, wrapped up, or even required to stay in your chair if you first get the "conductor's" permission to change your seat or get a glass of water. Hand baggage is carried free.

The crew consists of a pilot and two mechanics. The ship is driven by two 400-horsepower Liberty motors. After every 100 hours' work they are overhauled, and they're practically junked after five or six overhauls.

Experiments are now being made by the Detroit News radio broadcasting station to furnish radio concerts to the passengers as they fly across Lake Erie.

If the D. & C. venture works out to show a gain, President Redden says that similar regularly scheduled service will be inaugurated between other water-connected cities by Aeromarine Airways. Probabilities are that Boston and New York; Chi-



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STAMMERING

By Dr. R. H. Bishop

There are few minor ailments so embarrassing as stammering. It is not a physical defect but largely a mental hazard, and so can be cured by will-power.

To have a speech free from defects there must be perfect harmony between speech and voice apparatus, perfect mind control and deep breathing from diaphragm.

The sufferers from speech defect who would overcome the affliction must start as a child learning to talk. It must, after training, articulate without conscious effort, just as a person swallow food with an involuntary action.

Training the muscles of speech through the sense of touch at the points at which they meet when articulating monotone; breath control from the diaphragm; exercises in short phrases to eliminate rapid, continuous speech and to prevent talking when the breath is exhausted; retaining perfect perfection in speech by reading aloud and conversation.

The correction of speech, deep breathing plays a major role. Exercises should be taken in this manner: Stand erect in the ordinary position of "attention," chest high and active while taking breath, expand at the waist and diaphragmic muscles. Hold the breath while counting twenty. Then increase by gradual degrees to forty. The sensation of tightness and fullness in the throat will pass away.

The length of time it takes to cure stammering depends on the responsiveness of the abnormal speech conditions, and the sufferer's patience, and determination.

FOR BATHING

Fashionable bathing suits, some of them, have over-dresses of jersey which may be worn to the beach and discarded later when swimming. They are short and comfortable.

ALPACA

Silk alpaca is a new fabric utilized to advantage in the new coat dresses for fall. Fur bands and trimmings find it an excellent background.

There are at least 1,250,000 square miles of coal fields in the world.

EVERETT TRUE BY CONDO

PLAYING "HOME, SWEET HOME" WITH ONE FINGER.



PLAYING "A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN TONIGHT" WITH ONE FOOT.



The RED HOUSE MYSTERY

By A. A. MILNE

(Continued From Our Last Issue)

"Cayley asked us to bring a letter along." Bill explained to Betty Calladine. "Here you are."

"You will tell him, won't you, how dreadfully sorry I am about what has happened? It seems so hopeless to say anything; so hopeless even to believe it, if it is true what we've heard."

Bill repeated the outline of the events of yesterday.

"Yes. And Mr. Ablett hasn't been found yet?"

"She shook her head, in distress. 'It still seems to have happened to somebody else; somebody we didn't know at all.' Then, with a sudden grave smile which included both of them, 'But you must come and have some tea.'"

"It's awfully decent of you," said Bill awkwardly, "but we—"

"You will, won't you?" she said to Antony.

"Thank you very much."

Mrs. Norbury was delighted to see them, as she always was to see any man in her house who came up to the necessary standard of eligibility. When her life work was completed, and summed up in those beautiful words, "A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Angela, daughter of the late John Norbury," then she would utter a grateful Nunc dimittis and depart in peace—to a better world, if Heaven insisted, but preferably to her new son-in-law's more dignified establishment.

But it was not as "eligible" that the visitors from the Red House were received with such eagerness today, and even if her special satisfaction for "possible" was there, it was instinctive rather than reasoned. All that she wanted at this moment was news—news of Mark. For she was bringing it off at last; and, if the engagement columns of the "Morning Post" were preceded, as in the case of its obituary columns, by a preliminary bulletin, the announcement of yesterday would have cried triumphantly to the world, or to such part of the world as wanted to know, "A marriage has very nearly been arranged by Mrs. Norbury, and will certainly take place, between Angela, only daughter of the late John Norbury, and Mark Ablett of the Red House."

The girl was often amused by her mother's ways; sometimes ashamed of them; sometimes disressed by them. The Mark Ablett affair had seemed to her particularly distressing, for Mark was so obviously in league with her mother against her. It was a pleasure to turn to Cayley, that hopeless ineligible.

But alas! Cayley had misunderstood her. She could not imagine Cayley in love—until she saw it, and tried too late, to stop it. That was four days ago. She had not seen him since, and now here was this letter. She dreaded opening it. It was a relief to feel that at least she had an excuse for not doing so while her guests were in the house.

Mrs. Norbury recognized at once that Antony was likely to be the more sympathetic listener; and when tea was over, and Bill and Angela had been dispatched to the garden, dear Mr. Gillingham found himself on the sofa beside her, listening to many things which were of even greater interest to him than she could possibly have hoped.

"It is terrible, terrible," she said. "And to suggest that dear Mr. Ablett—"

Antony made suitable noises.

"You've seen Mr. Ablett for yourself. A kinder, more warmhearted man—"

Antony explained that he had not seen Mr. Ablett.

"Of course, yes, I was forgetting. But, believe me, Mr. Gillingham, you can trust a woman's intuition in these matters."

Antony said that he was sure of this.

"Think of my feelings as a mother."

Antony was thinking of Miss Norbury's feelings as a daughter, and wondering if she guessed that her affairs were now being discussed with a stranger. Mark engaged, or about to be engaged? Had that been the point on the event for yesterday? What, for instance, would Mrs. Norbury have thought of brother Robert, that family skeleton? Was this another reason for wanting brother Robert out of the way?

"I never liked him, never!"

"Never liked—?" said Antony, bewildered.

"That cousin of his—Mr. Cayley."

"How did Miss Norbury get on with him?" Antony asked cautiously.

"There was nothing in that at all," said Miss Norbury's mother, emphatically. "Nothing. I would say so to anybody."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I never meant—"

"Nothing. I can say that for dear Angela, with perfect confidence. Whether he made advances—" She broke off with a shrug of her plump shoulders.

Antony waited eagerly. "Naturally they met. Possibly he might have—I don't know. But my duty as a mother was clear, Mr. Gillingham."

Mr. Gillingham made an encouraging noise.

"I told him quite frankly that—how shall I put it?—that he was trespassing. Tactfully, of course. But frankly."

"You mean," said Antony, trying to speak calmly, "that you told him that—er—Mr. Ablett and your daughter—?"

Mrs. Norbury nodded several times.

"Exactly, Mr. Gillingham. I had my duty as a mother."

"There must have been a certain awkwardness about the next meeting," suggested Antony.



"Naturally, he has not been here since. No doubt they would have been bound to meet up at the Red House sooner or later."

"Oh, this was only quite lately?"

"Last week, Mr. Gillingham. I spoke just in time."

"Ah!" said Antony, under his breath. He had been waiting for it. He would have liked now to have gone away, so that he might have thought over the new situation by himself. But Mrs. Norbury was still talking.

"Girls are so foolish, Mr. Gillingham," she was saying. "It is fortunate that they have mothers to guide them. It was so obvious to me from the beginning that dear Mr. Ablett was just the husband for my little girl. You never knew him."

Antony said again that he had not seen Mr. Ablett.

"Such a gentleman. So nice-looking, in his artistic way. A regular Velasquez—I should say Van Dyck. Angela would have it that she could never marry a man with a beard. As if that mattered, when—"

She broke off, and Antony finished her sentence for her.

"The Red House is certainly charming," he said.

"Charming. Quite charming."

"She gave a deep sigh. Antony was about to snatch the opportunity of leaving, when Mrs. Norbury began again.

"And then there's this scapegrace brother of his. He was perfectly frank with me, Mr. Gillingham. He told me that I was quite certain I could make no difference to my daughter's feelings. ... After all, the brother was in Australia."

"When was this? Yesterday?"

Antony felt that, if Mark had only mentioned it after his brother's announcement of a personal call at the Red House, this perfect frankness had a good deal of wisdom behind it.

"It couldn't have been yesterday, Mr. Gillingham. Yesterday—" she shuddered, and shook her head.

"I thought perhaps he had been down here in the morning."

"Oh, no! There is such a thing, Mr. Gillingham, as being too devoted a lover. Not in the morning, no. We both agreed that dear Angela—Oh, no! No; the day before yesterday, when he happened to drop in about tea-time."

It occurred to Antony that Mrs. Norbury had come a long way from her opening statement that Mark and Miss Norbury were practically engaged. She was now admitting that dear Angela was not to be rushed, that dear Angela had, indeed, no heart for the match at all.

"The day before yesterday. As it happened, dear Angela was out driving to Middleton. He hardly had time for a cup of tea, so that even if she had been in—"