

The Bismarck Tribune

An Independent Newspaper
THE STATE'S OLDEST NEWSPAPER
(Established 1873)

Published by the Bismarck Tribune Company,
Bismarck, N. D., and entered at the postoffice at
Bismarck as second class mail matter.
George D. Mann, President and Publisher

Subscription Rates Payable in Advance
Daily by carrier, per year, \$7.25
Daily by mail, per year, (in Bismarck) 7.25
Daily by mail, per year,
(in state outside Bismarck) 5.00
Daily by mail, outside of North Dakota, 6.00
Member Audit Bureau of Circulation

Member of The Associated Press
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to
the use for republication of all news dispatches
credited to it or not otherwise credited in this pa-
per, and also the local news of spontaneous origin
published herein. All rights of republication of an
other matter herein are also reserved.

(Official City, State and County Newspaper)

Europe in the Air

John M. Satterfield, president of a savings bank in Buffalo, N. Y., and formerly a major in the A. E. F. air service, has returned home from an inspection of airports and landing stations in Paris, Essen, Berlin and London. Mr. Satterfield is chairman of the aviation committee of the Buffalo Chamber of Commerce and designer of the Buffalo Airport, the largest in the United States.

Major Satterfield says that air transport in Europe has reached proportions which in America find it difficult to understand, and is now a normal and desirable means of travel and transport of merchandise. The flights of Lindbergh and Chamberlin, he believes, have focused the attention of Americans upon commercial aviation and he predicts that great good will come of their efforts.

Major Satterfield is merely reflecting the personal opinion of most people when he says that the Lindbergh and Chamberlin flights will focus attention on development of air facilities. We believe that these flights have already accomplished their purpose. The world is now sold on the aviation issue. Uncle Sam is almost ready to go up for a ride himself. After a desultory and spasmodic development, aviation in this country is about to enter a more encouraging and productive stage in its evolution.

We can learn much from other countries in this regard, for instance, for, as Major Satterfield says, "The thing which impressed me most was the German development and activity in aviation. The Germans are operating more lines, flying more miles and doing more business than any other nation." If the United States would catch up with this notable aerial parade it had better start moving.

Governor General Wood

It is greatly to be hoped that the state of Major General Leonard Wood's health will not prevent him from returning to Manila to take up again his duties as governor general of the Philippine Islands, for his record there has been of such sterling worth that it would be a shame to lose his services at such a vital point in the development of the islands.

President Coolidge wants General Wood to return to his post and the country wants that too. Mr. Coolidge praised General Wood's administration in his message to congress last December, transmitting the report made by Carmi I. Thompson, who investigated the Philippine conditions for the president.

During the term of his administration, of the islands so far General Wood has run into the greatest of difficulties and into problems that have proven almost insurmountable. He has had the stiffest and the most unfair opposition. He has been criticized in quarters where he should have been able to find support. His policies and his methods of administration have been attacked, but despite all those setbacks he has accomplished wonders in the Philippine Islands. His results have been arrived at fairly and have been in accord with the finest principles. Despite his difficult, and at times almost untenable position, he has succeeded in winning the respect and admiration of all the real Filipinos, those who have the progress and prosperity of the islands at heart.

Those who seek to exploit the islands for their own gain or cause hate the very ground he walks on, but the majority of the Filipinos and most of the Americans will be very glad if General Wood's health will permit his resuming his duties at Manila.

Agriculture's Worst Parasite

To the majority of farmers, bankers are ogres seeking whom they may devour. Suggesting that the farmer and the banker could sit down and talk over the farmer's problem with the hope that the farmer could derive any good from such conference is therefore a standing joke, but the truth of the matter is that the banker asks no more of the farmer than he does of any other class of business man or manufacturer or individual.

Industry, as the director of the agricultural commission of the American Bankers' association points out, suffers because of inefficient firms. These big numbers stick to old methods of production and place goods on the market, even at a loss, to compete with the more efficient institutions. The solution of the problem for industry is the weeding out of the inefficient.

Unfortunately, in agriculture, the inefficient farmers can hang on forever because they can produce under any and all adverse circumstances enough to keep soul and body together. They, and not the corn-borer or the boll weevil or the wheat rust, are agriculture's worst parasite, and until they are exterminated, farming can never be good business.

The Movie Salaries

The first economy move in the motion picture industry, which is predicted ultimately to have a far-reaching effect, has come in the form of a 10 per cent cut in all salaries which now exceed \$50 a week, announced by one of the biggest film companies in the business. It is announced that the salary cut is only one of many economies that will be effected.

According to an official of this company "a serious condition has arisen in the motion picture industry and we might as well face the facts. These are that the net income from the pictures is not sufficient because costs have mounted too high. The industry as a whole has been spending too much for what it has been getting, and as far as the company is concerned we can go on this way no longer."

Any pattern of the movies can testify to the fact that much money has been wasted in the production of pictures. If every one of the stars, for in-

stance, only get half the salary that their press agents claim that they do they are vastly overpaid. The general wage scale for the better actors is much too high anyway, when one compares the work they accomplish in the world, compared, for instance, to a college professor. It is here that the first and most drastic cut in the salaries might be effected.

The next place the moving picture industry can save money is by the determination to omit as many "spectacles" from the picture as possible. In many pictures there is a vast waste represented in brief scenes that barely have time to register with any but the very keenest minds in the audiences.

The Billion Dollar Educational Bill

There has of late been much ballyhooing over America's billion dollar industries—the several railroads, steel companies, oil companies and other giant corporations with assets over the billion mark. One of the biggest industries of the whole country, however, has been overlooked in this enumeration. This is the industry of education.

Were the assets of all the college and university endowments added, the figure would reach into the tens of billions. Harvard has \$69,000,000; Columbia, \$59,000,000; Yale, \$41,000,000; Chicago, \$35,000,000; Leland Stanford, Mass. Tech and Duke close to \$28,000,000 each; Cornell, Johns Hopkins and Rochester are in the \$20,000,000 class; Carnegie Tech, McGill, Northwestern, Texas, Toronto, Rice and Princeton struggle along with a paltry \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000, and even the sorriest of jerkwater institutions gets over the \$1,000,000 mark or perishes.

Gifts are made no longer by the thousands, but by the millions.

George Baker has just added \$1,000,000 to the original \$5,000,000 he gave to the Harvard business school, and that is representative of the scale on which the endowments pile up. Thus it is not surprising to read that Princeton has just received \$250,000 for a mere theatre and that Yale will spend \$500,000 on a new baseball stand.

The major industry of the United States now seems to be not oil, or automobiles, or steel, or rails, but education.

More Mud Slingers at Work

It is to wonder what the people of the year 2362 A. D. will make of the exploits of Byrd over the North Pole and Lindbergh over the Atlantic.

The year 2362 is 435 years hence; 435 years before 1927 Christopher Columbus was making his voyage and getting his name into history. Of Columbus's mysterious past there has been much speculation. Obscure as have been his antecedents, his deed remained glorious until now, when a French biographer, Marius Andre, comes forward with the charge that Columbus was no navigator, that he was no sailor, no captain, no hero, no conqueror—nothing but a fraud, a profiteer, a slave dealer, a liar of no mean ability, a discoverer whose major achievements were in his imagination.

All this finding is in style with the newer trends of historical research—to tear down any glamour that any man has acquired through the centuries. Defenders of Columbus will of course rush forward to clean the smudge from the shield of their idol, but it is really unnecessary. The accomplishment of the man, which cannot be effaced by any bismirching of character, makes his position secure.

Editorial Comment

A Plea For Real Farm Relief

(Minneapolis Journal)

Delegates representing thirteen national farm organizations have been telling President Coolidge that cheaper production, rather than greater, is agriculture's chief need.

These delegates seem to have made a much more accurate diagnosis of present agricultural ills than any offered by prescribing political doctors. They ask for government help, not in the form of price-fixing or subsidy or increased credit, but in the form of an extension of research work by the department of agriculture. They think the government should do everything in its power to find sound short-cuts leading to cheaper production costs, so that the farmers, either as individuals or in groups, will not have to waste years finding them for themselves through the slow process of trial and error.

These farm organizations should have the help for which they ask, and in full measure. Obviously, if the profit margin on the farm is too narrow and crop prices cannot be forced higher, the remedy lies in forcing lower the cost of producing those crops.

The farmer is not worse off than he was fifteen years ago. The average American farmer probably would not trade his present condition for his 1912 condition.

But there is no gainsaying the fact that the average farmer's present condition does not show an improvement over his 1912 condition that comes anywhere near matching the gain made in the same period by employe and employer alike in most industrial lines.

How did industry make that remarkable gain, which agriculture in general so far has been unable to match, though in individual instances it has been matched time and again?

Industry did it chiefly by systematically lowering its production costs. In only rare instances has the tariff permitted higher prices at home and lower prices abroad. On the contrary, as in the case of the automobile industry, keen domestic competition has been progressively lowering prices at home. Yet high wages and high profits continue. Why? Because a continual improving of methods enables each man employed and each dollar invested to produce more and more in the way of finished product.

Fifteen years ago the average automobile maker probably believed that the only way he could increase his profit margin was by raising his prices. Today politicians are telling the average farmer that the only way he can increase his profits is by raising his prices through some sort of legislative magic.

That thirteen farm organizations are now convinced that the soundest means of widening agricultural profit margins is the same means already successfully utilized by industry, is good news.

Individually, and in groups, a great many farmers have already gone some distance in this direction. Furnished with proper guidance, maybe the rest can. Or maybe they cannot. But on the chance that they can, they should be furnished with such guidance. The request of these thirteen farm organizations that the department of agriculture concentrate on research work specifically designed to lower costs rather than to increase output, is sound and reasonable.

Getting Together at Last



Saint and Sinner

By Anne Austin

Faith and Chris both started to go, Chris. Cherry isn't going back to you. I don't know whether she is right or wrong, but she is my sister and I'm going to stand by her. And if I were you, I would not contest the divorce.

"I'll see her damned before I'll let her have a divorce!" Chris cracked his hands so that the knuckles cracked. "If there's any divorce in this happy little family, I'll get it."

"Oh, don't talk like a movie villain!" Cherry's hard, amused little laugh rang out, like metal striking upon metal. "Do you think I've been sending my time cutting out paper dolls since the trial? I know all about you and Lola Gonzales. She had a hit, home, does it?" He demanded triumphantly, as Chris flushed more darkly and tried to speak. "I've got more evidence for two or three divorces, if I felt like stocking up on them! Just start moving and see who finishes it!"

Chris was itching to go about her slender white throat. Then, as she still stood facing him defiantly, safe in the shelter of Faith's arms, an amused smile on her inconspicuously child-like mouth, he turned and charged across the room, flung himself against the front door, and was gone.

For the thousandth time Faith reflected that, for all her love for Cherry, she really understood her not at all. She herself had been sickened through the scene they had just gone through. Cherry was laughing, cruelly, cold-bloodedly. Her eyes avoided Cherry's as she asked, in a flat voice, "Why did you let him kiss you?" And then she knew that Cherry was laughing no longer. Her answer came on a tearing, shuddering sob: "If you hadn't been here—I might have—gone—with him! Oh, Faith, I hate myself! Why can't I be good like you?"

TOMORROW: Cherry's greed.

JUST PLAIN DUMB

"What sort of a chap is Jack, dear?" "Well, when we were together last night, the lights went out and he spent the rest of the evening repairing the fuse."—Pink Un.

OUT OUR WAY



By Williams

Ex-Buck PRIVATE goes back to FRANCE

Editor's Note: This is chapter 75 of the series of articles written by an ex-soldier who is revisiting France as a correspondent for the Tribune.

CHAPTER LXXV

Strange tales of the war are many and may be found on every hand, yet the strangest of all may never be printed because the true tales and the most impressive, the weirdest, perhaps, and the most powerful come only in moments when unusual heroes, modestly, and without vainglory, narrate that, which to them, is but a simple experience, scarcely worthy of the narration.

Early in August, 1918, Harry Howlett of Monrovia, Calif., was a member of the University of Virginia ambulance section, No. 516 B, brigaded with the French. On duty in that memorable struggle for Juvigny and Tenny-Born, he was driving up one night about 10 miles when a gas shell burst within a few yards of his car.

In the instant of the explosion Howlett was blinded. He stopped his car automatically and it was several minutes before the full realization of his misfortune impressed his clouded perception.

He refused, at first, to believe. But when he opened his pain-steeped lids time after time and there was no reward except a solid darkness, he confessed his plight.

Of course, the ambulance had to be returned to the field headquarters, two kilometers to the rear. The way lay over a shell-torn road difficult

enough to negotiate in broad daylight with unimpaired vision. Patiently Howlett waited a problem. But he was a soldier. He made it. And here's how he did it:

Dropping from his seat he felt his way on his hands and knees for 50 yards or so to locate the shell holes. Then he crawled back to the car and drove it slowly over the distance he had covered. Down again for another investigative crawl and back to drive another 50 yards or so, on a route bit by bit... until he gained his goal.

Only a Buck
Howlett was blind for two weeks. Gradually, then, he recovered his sight. He was never personally cited for this act of bravery. Few knew of it.

But his section, working with the Alpine Chasseurs for more than a year, contributed so many sterling deeds that the French war department permitted each driver to paint the croix de guerre on his ambulance.

In addition, permission was given to wear the silver crozier shoulder insignia of the blue and a rare honor. But the American colonel in charge of the section, with offices in Paris, vetoed the permission. Tradition held that this silver insignia could only be worn by officers.

Howlett, now at the head of a travel bureau in Paris which will conduct many members of the American Legion on pilgrimage to the battlefields in September, was only a buck private.

TOMORROW: Cantigny.

At the Bismarck Public Library

The following books for children are read at the public library today:
Book for Little Children
Burgess. Goops and How to Be Them.
Cox. Indian Child Life.
Denig. Old Mother Goose Nursery Rhyme Book.
O'Brien. Six Nursery Rhymes.

Butler. Jibby Jones.
Gale. Circus Animals.
Graham. Wind in the Willows.
Nash. Polly's Secret.

Hutchinson. Golden Pouch.
Fair Tales.
Craik. Adventures of a Brownie.
Garriss. Little Mr. Thumbelinger.
Musset. Mr. Wind and Madame Rain.

Tappan. Golden Goose.
O'Brien. Book of Wild Flowers for Young People.
Kellogg. Insect Stories.
Johnson. When Mother Lets Us Keep Pets.
Bache. When Mother Lets Us Make Cakes.

Music and Art.
Bryant. Children's Book of Celebrated Bridges.
Whitcomb. Young People's Story of Music.

Books of Poetry.
Field. Poems of Childhood.
Poems Teachers Ask For.
Stevenson. Poems Book of Verse for Young Folks.

Teasdale. Rainbow Gold.
Thompson. Silver Pennies.
Dalketh. Little Plays.
Johnston. Book of Plays for Little Actors.
Lummas. Plays for School Children.

Mackay. Patriotic Plays and Pageants for Young People.
Books of Travel.
Hall. When I was a Boy in Norway.

Ribbany. Christ Story for Boys and Girls.
Books of Biography.
Bolton. Lives of Poor Boys Who Became Famous.

Chapman. Girlhood Stories of Famous Women.
Humphrey. Women in American History.
Lang. Book of Princes and Princesses.

Parkman. Heroines of Service.
Williams. Little Brother Francis of Assisi.
History.
Hall. Our Ancestors in Europe.
Coffman. Story of America.
Wade. Trail Blazers.

Old Masters
There is a jewel which no Indian mines
Can give, no chemist art can counterfeit.
It makes men rich in greatest poverty;
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold.
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain:
Seldom it comes, to few from Heaven sent.
That much in little, all in naught—
Content.
—Unknown author: Risposta.

Justajingle
He peeked right through the telescope
To get a view of Mars.
It slipped and socked him on the head
And all he saw was stars.

FLAPPER FANNY SAYS:
Some girls love to dance and
Some girls love to sing and
Some girls love to read and
Some girls love to write and
Some girls love to play and
Some girls love to work and
Some girls love to love and
Some girls love to live.

IN NEW YORK

New York, July 1.—For the newly arrived immigrant, America begins with a lovely, rolling slice of green.

From the liner on which they have arrived, these immigrants see the wooded hills that roll gracefully back of Staten Island. Here it is that most of the big ships come to anchor in the early hours of the dawn.

Quiet, church spires peep over a hill-top, just above the suburban cottages appear in sheltered valleys, and perfectly curved lines of green mark the shore line—all of which the new arrivals are surprised to eyes expecting to look out on the great city of which so many tales have been told.

Manhattan is still a vague blur and only on a clear day can the Statue of Liberty be seen. Many minutes pass before the skyline rises as the monster that is to swallow their future lives.

The storage deck is ablaze with the color of summer blossoms, gay shawls and smocks.

Swinging in the customs tug about the stern of a liner the other morning I saw the faces of the women with faces browned by many suns, earth worn, tired women, tired women of fighting stubborn soil.

But that at which I wondered was the color of their costumes—a splash of pinks and greens and yellows. And I sighed, for soon they would take on the toneless dress of those ashore. Soon they would join the herd of conventional dress.

I have often wondered what an immigrant feels when he is plunged suddenly into the Battery station. From the pastoral green of the shore line he is thrust into one of Manhattan's most hectic spots. Here crowded and subway meet, one to plunge roaringly under the river, the other to rattle over a circle of rails.

Confusion is everywhere, even for the natives. People are rushing to the ferries and long lines of vehicles await the boat; trucks rattle to the docks and taxis hurry about. The Wall Street building just ahead and the skyscrapers rise in a solid, monstrous block. The newcomers stand blinking and staring. . . . a certain terror in their eyes. . . . confusion has seized them. . . . here is the city at its worst.

GILBERT SWAN.

BARBS
CHERCHER LA FEMME!
Twelve women were graduated as mechanics from an eastern school. The cotter pin, it seems, has replaced the needle. The trades are becoming so crowded with the ladies that a man never knows whether he's marrying a carpenter or a hairdresser. The score of women plumbers in New York, the trades are becoming so crowded the next thing they'll be taking up probably will be digging. . . . With Heaven sent. . . . Some day a young man is going to leave college with the intention of doing house work. She'll be a heroine.

A means of bleaching out red noses has been discovered. Don't tell us there's been drinking going on!

When may one call a child dull? asks a newspaper headline. The answer is: when in presence of the neighbor only.

George Washington, sponsored aeronautics, the historians now reveal. Surely, he sent a whole British army up in the air.

When you buy on time be sure to pay that way.

Sombody steps up to predict the end of the world in August. Girls and boys, could a better time have been chosen? (Copyright, 1927, NRA Service, Inc.)

A Thought
Be strong and of good courage; dread not, nor be dismayed.—Chronicles xxi: 12.

Few persons have courage enough to appear as good as they really are.—J. C. and A. W. Hale.

Some girls love to dance and
Some girls love to sing and
Some girls love to read and
Some girls love to write and
Some girls love to play and
Some girls love to work and
Some girls love to love and
Some girls love to live.

WE HOPE WE GET TO HEAVEN
CUZ WE'VE HAD A LITTLE TASTE.

WE HOPE WE GET TO HEAVEN
CUZ WE'VE HAD A LITTLE TASTE.

WE HOPE WE GET TO HEAVEN
CUZ WE'VE HAD A LITTLE TASTE.

WE HOPE WE GET TO HEAVEN
CUZ WE'VE HAD A LITTLE TASTE.

WE HOPE WE GET TO HEAVEN
CUZ WE'VE HAD A LITTLE TASTE.

WE HOPE WE GET TO HEAVEN
CUZ WE'VE HAD A LITTLE TASTE.

WE HOPE WE GET TO HEAVEN
CUZ WE'VE HAD A LITTLE TASTE.

WE HOPE WE GET TO HEAVEN
CUZ WE'VE HAD A LITTLE TASTE.

WE HOPE WE GET TO HEAVEN
CUZ WE'VE HAD A LITTLE TASTE.