

The Bismarck Tribune

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STORMS OF THE SOUL

The human heart is a strange, incomprehensible thing. Feed it on misunderstanding and loneliness and it is apt to explode in an apparently meaningless fashion.

In Canton, O., lived a middle-aged, respectable business man, married and the possessor of a comfortable home.

The young woman and the middle-aged man became acquainted. Just what happened is not clear; a letter written by the young woman intimates that the man forced his attentions on her.

So, one evening, she took a revolver, went to the man's house, rang his bell, and shot him to death when he opened the door.

She escaped. For a week she continued to live quietly at home with her husband, going about her daily tasks as though nothing had happened.

As they drew near the jail he remarked, "Well, it won't be long now." Whereupon she drew out her revolver and shot herself to death.

From this bare outline of the facts, the whole thing is incomprehensible. Why did the girl commit the murder?

Why is all of this worth re-telling at this length? Simply because it demonstrates, once more, a truth that we are apt to forget; that misery and loneliness and misunderstanding can twist the human soul out of logical, common-sense paths and make it burst out in strange, destructive explosions.

PROSPERITY IN INSURANCE

Life insurance is many things that are good. Evangelist Ham elevated it to a place beside religion in a recent sermon here and showed by analogy of the Bible that it was practiced long ago and as a text of the prophet that it has the sanction of Biblical authority.

It was predicted that, by the fall of 1929, the total of American life insurance will aggregate the staggering amount of \$100,000,000,000. This after 87 years of existence of American life insurance.

It is hard to think normally in such tremendous figures as these, but that they demonstrate prosperity in the nation is not a conclusion confused by their vastness.

HATRED FOR THE JOB

In Wildwood, N. J., there lives a rather unusual man—Evan Petersen, 80 years of age.

Petersen is, or has been, a fisherman. All his life he has worked with dories, nets, oysters and such appurtenances of the trade.

He announced that he had bought a shack on a plot of ground deep in the recesses of Death Valley, California, and said he was going to spend the rest of his days there in complete idleness.

This is a complete break with all the old tradition, and for that very reason it is refreshing to read about. The ancient Jerse fisherman apparently refused to kid himself; and in that respect he differs materially from most of us.

Probably very few of us are altogether satisfied with our jobs. The accountant nourishes a secret desire to be a locomotive engineer; the mechanic would like to be a traveling salesman; the shoe salesman wishes he were an aviator; the motorman dreams of a cozy desk job in a snug office.

But we don't like to admit, even to ourselves, that we are dissatisfied. So we have invented a long rigmareole about the "nobility of work," "service," and so on. We pretend that we could not be happy if we could live without our jobs.

The plain fact of the matter is that work is all too often the very thing that keeps life from being rich and satisfying. The man whose job is all-sufficing is the luckiest of mortals.

We know that living could be a great adventure, that the world could be made to yield soul-filling experiences and exquisite moments of satisfaction and joy, if it were not for the fact that we are too busy to go after such things.

So the fisherman, Petersen, isn't so unlike the rest of us, after all. Given a chance to chuck his job, he chucks it with a whole-souled vim, and lies himself to the empty desert for the leisure and contemplation that a lifetime of hard work had denied him.

A FAMOUS VICTORY IN CHICAGO
A 17-year-old Chicago negro broke a small window in a restaurant. Three policemen came to question him about it.

Before the affair ended 200 policemen had laid siege to the place, nine of them had been wounded and the barricaded negro youth had been shot to death.

The exact moral of this little tale is a bit obscure. When 200 policemen are called out for a four-hour gun battle, in which a 17-year-old boy is killed and nine officers are wounded, because of a broken restaurant window; when all of this happens in a city where gang murders are daily occurrences, where a gang of plug-uglies convicted of coniving at murder on election day are let off with fines, where beer-runners, gambling kings, vice lords and such like gentry seem able to go unmolested from year to year—well, something is a little bit out of proportion, somewhere.

HIS HOURS OF HORROR
A 19-year-old college boy had been an admirer of a Michigan school-teacher. The teacher was found clubbed to death on a lonely road, and the boy was held on suspicion.

They made him stand beside the young woman's corpse and look on her wounds as they questioned him. They made him hold her lifeless hand while they kept asking him, "Why did you do it?"

Who now is going to repay this innocent college lad for the hours of horror that the police inflicted on him?

Editorial Comment

AN END OF PRIVACY
(New York Times)
First the telephone and the cable; then the wireless. Then the telephone and the motion picture, and television coming right after them.

There was so many parties on the line that nobody ever knewed the signals so everybody listened in on the phone all the time.

Who HASN'T DONE IT?
(Baltimore Sun)
There comes a time every week when a person is completely fagged out. Nothing like getting a good night's rest. That means going to bed early.

Well, there is very little use going to bed before 10 o'clock, as the telephone is sure to ring. So you find a book after dinner and begin to read.

To the bathroom, where the water is found to be nice and hot. A bath simply cannot be passed over. And it is so pleasant to lie there and soak.

Having heard from both party leaders we are prone to admit that facts are stubborn and statistics are pliable.—Atlanta Constitution.

Probably the time will come when a president will exact from every appointee a pledge not to write recollections.—Montana Record-Herald.

A fool and his still are soon parted.—Los Angeles Express.

The Fundamentalists!



BARBS

Great opportunities are open to habitual golfers these days to write Broadway stage hits.

Vincent Massey, Canadian minister, says that personal contact is the best aid to peace. And, for that matter, Mr. Massey, to war, too.

Grover Whalen, New York's official welcome, is said to be slated for the job of police commissioner. The theory may be that the killer of Ar-

old Rothstein is waiting to be sure he'll be cordially received before he surrenders.

Oh, well, if you must, do your shopping early on Christmas Eve.

A man down in New York swallowed 10 razor blades the other day. Another sacrifice to science.

Did you ever hear of a successful restaurant proprietor writing a book or play? Yet they have wonderful imaginations.

This date in AMERICAN HISTORY

- DECEMBER 21
1620—Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, Mass.
1837—Congress passed another "gag" law to stifle debate on slavery.
1862—Confederate railroads in east-ern Tennessee destroyed by Federals.

NEA Fiction High Lighted by NEA Service Inc. RUTH DEWEY GROVES AUTHOR OF 'WHEN A GIRL LOVES LOVE FOR TWO'.

THIS HAS HAPPENED
Fate introduces JERRY RAY to ALESTER CARSTAIRS when he crosses into the camp, she is sharing with her roommate. She likes the girl, but Dan is not interested. Alester showers her with attention.

JERRY'S sentence was not completed. She had been on the verge of telling Alester that she could not understand his desire to have his future wife associate with a woman like Leontine Lebaudy, when suddenly she remembered that she knew nothing against Leontine—except that she ran a roadhouse with an unsavory reputation.

DAN was leaving his seat for a smoke in the lobby when the boy reached him. He bent his head to take the message and then, much to the envy of a man in the second row who had overheard it, he started back, cursing himself every step of the way for being such a fool, a driving fool, a perfect fool, a blankety blank fool—in fact all the kinds of fools there are.

one morning and ran her fingers gently over the tiny purple blooms. "Once upon a time," she said softly, "I'd have thought it wonderful to have flowers sent to me each morning."

She was still in a state of battling with herself when Saturday night arrived. She put on her bridesmaid dress with a heavy heart. One of the girls was out and Jerry was substituting.

Jerry was waiting for him in her bridesmaid costume that was not so chastely modest as to conceal the dimple in her shoulder or the round swell of her proudly carried bosom—a bosom that at the moment was rising and falling in a most revealing manner.

outstretched hands, unmindful of the meaning he could put upon her welcome. Dan was not concealed, which was unfortunate. Otherwise he'd have known that she was overjoyed to see him.

"I'm a fool," he said again as he hurried backstage before Jerry had taken her last curtain. He saw her come off, laughing and bowing. "She must like applause," he said to himself, with intentional criticism.

"You ought to be dressing," he said to Jerry with a disapproving glance at her costume. She had been wearing a light robe but now it had fallen off her shoulders.

HEALTH DIET ADVICE
By Dr. Frank McCoy
Why The Diet Way To Health
QUESTIONS IN REGARD TO HEALTH & DIET WILL BE ANSWERED BY DR. MCCOY WHO CAN BE REACHED IN CASE OF THE FOLLOWING:
MANY SAVE THESE HEALTH ARTICLES

You may note that the topics of these health articles vary from day to day. One article may be on a specific food, the next on a specific disease, the third on diet in general, the fourth on the workings of the mind, the fifth on some part of the anatomy, the sixth on psychology, the seventh on the week's menus, etc. My aim in diversifying the subjects is to make this health column as helpful and instructive as possible by covering from time to time every important disease and all of the essential points of diet, psychology and hygiene.

A series of these articles embodies a course in simplified health instruction which, if you received it in the form of lectures or printed treatises, might cost you several hundred dollars.

I do not wish medical subjects to be surrounded by an air of mystery. Whenever possible I have used the simplest language in these articles. Latin and Greek terms are either omitted or explained, my hope being that anyone who understands the English language will be able to comprehend the causes and treatment of the more common ailments.

My readers are not advised to attempt to diagnose their own diseases, since this can only be done by a physician with years of training and experience.

Many of my readers have cut out my health articles appearing in the newspapers and pasted them in scrap-books for reference. This is a very good plan, for these readers have at their disposal information which has resulted from my actual contact with thousands of patients.

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Remember, I have no remedies to sell and no axe to grind. Sometimes

Dr. McCoy will gladly answer personal questions on health and diet, addressed to him, care of the Tribune.

I am happy to know that these messages are read daily by about nine and a half million people on the North American continent.

I would like my readers to feel that this is their column and if it helps to spread a better understanding of how to preserve health and avoid the pitfalls of disease, it shall have served its purpose.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Muscular Weakness
Question: Mrs. U. H. writes: "My husband is a middle aged man and is losing the use of the muscles of his arms and hands. The right hand started first and is now quite stiff. It is about one and a half years since it started. What is causing this, and what would you advise?"

Piercing the Ears
Question: Mrs. J. asks: "Please give me your opinion as to the best way of piercing my ears for earrings."

Too Much Acidity
Question: R. F. H. asks: "What is the cause of extreme acidity, which will be relieved for a time and always return. Most evident at night several hours after eating. Always feel as if I had been eating lemons or something acid. The taste of acid is pronounced even in my mouth."

Red Blistches
Question: T. K. writes: "My chest and neck are covered with red blotches. Have no pain and never feel better, but am troubled with constipation. Why do I have this trouble at my age, sixty-three?"

Rooms in the Sheridan House are being remodeled and redecorated by E. H. Bly, proprietor, in preparation for the coming of the Dakota legislators.

Mrs. F. E. Holley is writing a book on the "History of the Northwest."

The Missouri river is now frozen solid, and teams can cross safely. Jack B. Camphoff was the first to cross.

Rev. Wright received a broken arm when his horses ran away, throwing him from the buggy.

A meeting of the Sixth District Medical society was held in the office of Dr. F. R. Smyth.

W. S. Casselman is in a Brainerd, Minn., hospital suffering from a badly sprained knee.

Floyd Couch of Fillmore, N. Y., is visiting his father, W. B. Couch.

Burge Buehler, who teaches at Langdon, has returned to the city to spend the holidays with his parents, Rev. and Mrs. George Buehler.

Miss Julia Weber is a patient at the St. Alexius hospital. She is seriously ill with influenza.

Cricket fights in China are usually staged in a wood tub, horsehair brushes being used to tickle the cricket feelings to put them in fighting mood. No victory is considered won or lost as a beaten warrior sign or chirps, but once defeated, a cricket gets no "return" bouts.

(To Be Continued)