

THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE

Entered at the Postoffice, Bismarck, N. D., as Second Class Matter.

BISMARCK TRIBUNE CO. Publishers

Foreign Representatives G. LOGAN PAYNE COMPANY
CHICAGO Marquette Bldg. DETROIT Kresge Bldg.
NEW YORK PAYNE, BURNS AND SMITH Fifth Ave. Bldg.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use or republication of all news dispatches credited to it or otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein.

All rights of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

SUBSCRIPTION RATES PAYABLE IN ADVANCE
Daily by carrier, per year \$7.20
Daily by mail, per year (in Bismarck) 7.20
Daily by mail, per year (in state outside Bismarck) 5.00
Daily by mail, outside of North Dakota 6.00

THE STATE'S OLDEST NEWSPAPER (Established 1873)

SMALLEST MAN
The smallest matured man in the world is Peppino Magro. In the big circus the barker points him out as Baron Paucchi, his show-business name.

Magro is 29 years old, but he is only 27 inches tall and weighs only 36 pounds.

Born in Sicily, at the age of 15 he went through the great Messina earthquake. They dug him out from under a pile of bricks and plaster that would have killed any normal man.

His "small" size saved him. Handicaps frequently are blessings at critical moments.

The man who is afraid of the water because he can't swim is not apt to be drowned. It is the accomplished swimmer, lured by overconfidence, who takes the dangerous chances.

We know a one-armed man who views his handicap so philosophically that in his bluest moments he cheers up and says: "O well, one thing, I can never get my right arm cut off."

Peppino Magro, world's smallest man, has about as great a handicap as any one living. And yet his very handicap is his means of livelihood, a sort of blessing in disguise. In September he will become an American citizen, and in applying for naturalization papers he gave his occupation as "exhibiting myself."

Few of us would care to trade places with him and be only 27 inches tall. Many of us consider a shortage of a few inches in our height a misfortune or even an outright handicap.

Peppino, however, takes life jovially. His latest observation—comparing himself with the world about him—is that he will fight Dempsey if Jack will train down to his weight. Let's keep Peppino in mind and not take our troubles too seriously.

It would be, to most of us, a handicap to be the world's smallest man, Peppino Magro. And we would consider it a similar handicap to be Antonin, the French giant, 7 feet 4 inches tall in his bare feet.

In a world of midgets, Peppino would be on equal footing with all. So would Antonin, in a world of giants.

Handicaps, physically, are handicaps only by comparison with the average of humanity.

It is so with intellect, to some extent. The extremes—genius and sub-normal mentality—simultaneously are of this world and yet not of it. Possibly life is happier when we are normal, just average people. Brilliance, like inferiority, is born into misery that the rank and file escape.

In a world of monkeys, better to be a monkey than a superman.

RED MEN

The American Indians have stopped "becoming extinct." There are about 341,000 of them in the United States now, an increase of 13,500 in 10 years. And their death rate has been declining in the last decade.

Now and then you read about Indians who have become extremely rich by oil royalties. Others are plodding along like the rest of us, the business system gradually getting them in its clutches. Indians own 35 million dollars worth of livestock, including over a million sheep, a quarter of a million head of cattle and about the same number of horses and mules.

Forty-four thousand Indian families live in permanent houses. Indian farmers number 41,000. Uncle Sam estimates that Indian property is worth a billion dollars, or around \$3000 apiece.

Not a very romantic situation, you'll reflect as you read these figures about the condition of the Indians. A Red Man tilling irrigated soil, dickering in oil leases, shipping steers to the Chicago market or engaged in the wool industry seems rather out of place in popular imagination.

Most of us prefer the open-country life of the Indians in the old days before the white men hunted down the majority of them and cooped the rest in reservations.

In a great many ways the old-time Indians, lived an ideal existence, close to nature. Would you trade places with them?

Well, it's too late. They are rapidly becoming "civilized," and are even adopting our religion—48,000 Indians are Protestants and 59,000 Catholics.

WEATHER

Holland has been sweltering in the hottest weather it has had since 1887. The heat wave struck other European countries at about the same time.

Only a few months ago many scientists were predicting that 1923 would be "a year without a summer." It certainly looked that way during the cold, late spring.

But summer is on the job, as usual. It is typical of conditions and situations generally in our nervously apprehensive world. We are constantly fearing a calamity or crisis that never arrives.

Most of our troubles are imaginary—nightmares of fear.

PRICES

Retail prices in Germany double in one month. If we had a similar situation you can imagine the time you'd have, forcing your income to keep pace with mounting prices. It wouldn't.

We haven't toured Germany lately, but we'll wager that the price situation is THE THING to the average German, rather than revenge, indemnity or the occupation of the Ruhr.

DANGER

Women, if you live 35 years you have in a sense passed the danger mark. From about 15 to 35, in recent years, the death rate has been higher among women than men. But after 35 the mortality rate of men is higher than women's in every year.

Men's dissipation and folly begin to collect their tolls at about the age of 35. Wild oats yield a sure crop.

EDITORIAL REVIEW

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

THE PROFESSIONAL MAN'S LIVING PROBLEM

A young professional man, in a letter recently published in this column, expressed a desire for an expert budget for a man in his class. Income ranges from \$3,000 to \$4,000 a year, showing "how he can save enough in 100 years to bury himself decently when he dies." This young man at the age of 32, with an income that has not averaged \$3,500 a year, is wondering if it "pays to educate oneself, to marry, to attempt to establish and maintain a comfortable American home, to rear children, to be an active member of one's society, working for better conditions and relations among one's fellow men."

Brushing aside for the moment financial considerations, we declare unqualifiedly that such a life does pay—pays the man himself, pays society and the country richly, even though the man dies without a dollar's worth of property to will to his family, except an insurance policy. The lives of tens of thousands of professional men whose useful careers are made possible only by closest economies and continuous self-denial, amply demonstrate this fact. The influence of the family whose life is intellectual and refined, who keep abreast of the best thought of the times, who live always on a narrow cash margin, and who stand for respectability and honor and righteous principles, is all important in the best American life.

The four leading professions—numbers and in influence—are those followed by the lawyer, the doctor, the clergyman and the teacher. In almost all of these professions, in recent years, all things considered, have been underpaid as a whole—badly underpaid, all things considered, as ever was common labor or the trades. Now that wages have advanced beyond all precedent, it is timely, as our correspondent suggests, to give consideration in an era of high living costs to professional men who live on fees and salaries, and who are popularly regarded as highly prosperous because their positions require them to maintain at least the outward semblance of material ease even when sorely pinched for lack of funds. The public judges the professions by their leaders, and thinks them all fortunate—financially. But the landlord, the grocer and the butcher know better.

Take the lawyers first—not in the big cities, but in the towns of from 30,000 down to the little county seats of two, three or four thousand population, where their number totals largest, and what will one find? Two or three of a dozen, possibly half a dozen out of 30, with an income in excess of their fair market value, and there, one whose accumulations compare favorably with those of successful business men in their communities. No wonder so many of them seek to supplement their inadequate incomes by following to their utter ruin the investments of well-to-do people. Teaching is notoriously the poorest paid of the professions—so scandalously underpaid in many public schools that the State has been compelled to establish by law minimum salaries, small enough in all respects to insure the collector of fees. Teaching is notoriously the poorest paid of the professions—so scandalously underpaid in many public schools that the State has been compelled to establish by law minimum salaries, small enough in all respects to insure the collector of fees.

Only the medical profession has within the last decade advanced to a business basis. The dreadful "flu" years put their feet on the economic map, but at heavy costs to tens of thousands of bereaved families all over the land, many of whom gave up the savings of years to provide medical attendance and save the lives of loved ones during long periods of illness. Now the profession is well organized. Its fees for service have been greatly increased everywhere, and the outward signs of its prosperity are visible in improved homes, sound investments and many luxuries the physician of 20 years ago never dreamed of possessing.

What shall the lawyer, the teacher, and the clergyman do in the grip of present living costs? It is easy to say unite in demands for larger fees and salaries, but that will not suffice for this week's or this month's needs. With multitudes of men in their three professions barely "getting by" on their present incomes, and in many cases dipping into the small savings of former years, it is little less than insulting for "the high priests of thrift and economy" to present to the masses the task of a "business man's paper to show them the way. But we may in all sincerity give them full credit for the nobility of their service to mankind and declare again what we said in the beginning, that they are among the most useful of men, that their lives are of the greatest importance to the welfare of society and of the state, and that we are glad to do what we can to promote their financial interests by trying to arouse public sentiment in their behalf. It must not be forgotten that muscle and mechanical skill never did and never can take the place of intellect and education as an asset of civilization and enlightenment—Chicago Journal of Commerce.

Dancing! McKenzie Roof Garden—Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. 10c dances. Coolest spot in Bismarck.

BREAKERS AHEAD?



LETTER FROM SYDNEY CARTON TO JOHN ALDEN PRESCOTT. DEAR JACK: Glad to get your letter. I'm awfully sorry for you, old chap.

You are certainly getting your share of trouble. My advice to you, now that you know that Leslie is getting every possible car that could be given her and that I'm given with much better method than you could give it, is to settle down to your work. Do not stay in the sick room too much. It will keep you from thinking about yourself, and help you to lay up a few dollars for Leslie's benefit when the recovers, if you turn to your work with a will.

Oh, yes, I know that it rather hurts your pride to think that Leslie's father is putting up thousands of dollars to pay for your wife's illness, but it would hurt your heart worse if you had to depend upon your own resources to reimburse the nurses and specialist who are caring for Leslie now.

Leslie's father, of course, would not see his daughter want for the slightest thing to make her comfortable and I consider that you are very fortunate in falling in love with a girl whose father has as much money as Leslie's has.

By the way, I have had a letter from Paula Perier. (Hate to inject P. P. into your life just at present.) I thought you might be interested to know that she is going out to Hollywood to go into pictures. You remember she always did photograph prettily well and I think she will strike her lot out there.

She has said nothing to me about the child since that first wire saying one had been born. I haven't the slightest idea whether it is alive or dead.

Life's a queer thing, isn't it, Jack? Here is Leslie who, if what you told me is correct, is slowly going because her child, born in expectation and wedlock, was taken away from her, and poor little Paula, who probably did not want her child, to whom it was a shame and disgrace, is saddled with it.

idence of babies has got my goat. Yours, SYD.



The thing seems to be spreading. Mexico will have a presidential election next spring also.

"What," asks a Los Angeles professor, "can the modern girl do?" Prof, you'd be surprised.

England and France couldn't get much madder at each other if they were baseball umpires.

In Paris, nine bakers were arrested and fined some dough.

Seattle man of 76 has married again; the spirit of 76.

What the United States needs is summer only every other day.

South Sea Island rivals end it by eating the girl. We have seen them want to do it here.

Trouble with living in a big house is you are more liable to move to a sanitarium.

"What's in your telephone?" asks an advertiser. Two million wrong numbers and a boiler shop.

If we ever learn how scarce hen's teeth are we can tell you how scarce peace is in Europe.

What's in a name? Mr. Grinsavage of Sioux City, Ia., has just been arrested for cruelty.

More bedtime stories by radio. Presidential candidates will use it for delivering speeches.

"Flapperitis," says a Chicago doctor, "is a disease." But it doesn't keep them at home.

What tickles a boy more than passing the school during vacation?

When a woman gets all her bills paid she thinks the neighbors are not her kind of folks.

This is the month you are dirty again before you get cleaned up.

Hair nets last much longer if worn with perfect gentleness.

Unscrambling eggs and reading monograms are about the same.

Take a bottle of iodine to the woods to be used after opening pickles or sardines.

Cold cream helps sunburn, but it doesn't help enough.

You can eliminate superfluous hair with lasting results by trying to bite a wildcat.

Silk stockings will seldom run unless you do.

It is getting warm enough to pose for soap advertisements.

People in just about every walk of life are rising now.

The hardest building to find in a strange town is the library.

A calamity is when a lady man gets stung in the seat of the pants so he can't sit down.

A small town is where they say "Yes, we have no pajamas." The speed of a swallow is about 65 miles an hour.

THE YELLOW SEVEN The Bronze Jar

NEA Service, Inc. 1923 By Edmund Snell.

BEGIN HERE TODAY Peter Pennington, known as "Chinese Pennington," because of his slant eyes, is detailed by the government to run to earth The Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits. He suspects Chai-Hung, influential Chinese, of being leader of the gang. Pennington is in love with Monica Viney, sister of Captain John Hewitt, Commissioner of Police at Jerselton, British North Borneo. Monica receives a Siamese kitten for her present and names it Peter after Pennington.

NOW GO WITH THE STORY Pennington held a roving commission. The extraordinary accident of birth that had condemned him to go through life with two diagonal slits for eyes had been mainly responsible for the unusual career he had selected. When occasion demanded, he assumed the guise of a half-caste trader, of a Chinese shop-keeper, a coolie, or even a mandarin. And in his jungle wanderings, the natives who had dubbed him "the who sees in the dark" had endowed him also with sundry other powers.

As far as was humanly possible, Pennington worked alone, and the Commissioner of Police was never surprised when he disappeared for weeks at a time, not returned his head about his extraordinary youth until he turned up again. It was shortly after his interview with Chinese Pennington, however, that certain incidents occurred that gave food for reflection. On visiting the shop of Lien-Yin—the agent of the notorious Chai-Hung—Hewitt found the Chinese trader and none of the neighboring traders appeared able to supply him with the information he sought as to the whereabouts of Lien-Yin himself.

Hewitt returned to the bungalow in search of Pennington, only to learn that he had gone out about an hour before, and had left no message. The Commissioner swore softly to himself and sent the boy for Monica. It occurred to him that his sister might be of help. At any rate, she was probably the last person who had seen Pennington.

The Chinese returned with a message that Monica was suffering from a severe headache and that he was not to wait lunch for her.

The Chinese servant shuffled in and placed a small tray on the table before him. The Commissioner reached out for the glass, looking down all the while at the man's bare toes.

"What did you buy at the shop of Lien-Yin this morning?" he demanded with sudden fierceness.

"The Chinaman started violently. 'Nothing, tuan,' he stammered, evidently taking the modern girl's part. Hewitt's brows convulsed.

"What were you doing there—if you bought nothing?"

The creature opened his mouth, but no sound came. He stood before the Englishman, twisting his fingers together, glancing from one subject to another as if in search of inspiration.

"The shop of Lien-Yin is closed," he announced suddenly.

The Commissioner sprang to his feet. He crossed to the rail and called to an orderly on duty outside.

"What are you going to do, my friend," he said grimly.

The servant's eyes dilated with terror and he shrank back against the wall, both hands outstretched in front of him.

"But, why, tuan?"

"But, why, tuan?" He has seen a certain man who was in Lien-Yin's shop when you went. He paused to observe the effect of this feat of imagination. "He heard you warn Lien-Yin that my men were coming to take him."

The features of the swarthy face hardened as the Chinaman's eyes fell upon the figure of the orderly who lurked inquiringly on the threshold.

"It is a lie, tuan," the servant protested sullenly, "because there was nobody in the shop when I went."

Hewitt turned abruptly to conceal the smile that played at the corners of his mouth.

"Take him away," he commanded, "and don't let him out of your sight."

It was on the evening of the fourth day that Pennington's departure that the new boy engaged in place of the one who was under arrest came in with the announcement that a deputation was waiting in the garden.

The Commissioner and Mrs. Viney were at dinner. Hewitt looked up. "Who are they?"

The boy shook his head. "There are six of them, tuan, and they have come a long distance." The Commissioner shrugged his shoulders.

He passed a hand through his hair and vanished through the open doorway.

The night was unusually dark and a cool breeze met him as he reached the open veranda. A broad rectangle of light, coming from the house, fell upon the soft earth at the foot of the steps, and, just beyond it, he saw the forms of six men, their white garments contrasting weirdly with the intense blackness without. A short, uniformed figure, in a round hat and bare feet, came smartly to attention as he approached.

"What, what is it?" inquired Hewitt.

Before the native non-commissioned officer could reply, a tall Chinaman pushed to the top of the steps and stood before the Commissioner.

"Greetings, tuan," he began, speaking rapidly in Malay, "I am Lien-Yin, the agent of the great Chai-Hung—who is dead."

Chai-Hung, paid to do his bidding. It is to further carry out his wishes that I have come to you tonight. There is a boat leaving for Singapore tomorrow, tuan, and it is desired that the remains of my late master should be conveyed in it to the tomb of his ancestors.

The Commissioner gasped. "The remains of Chai-Hung?" he echoed.

"Where are they?"

"There, tuan." He pointed a long finger-nail toward the garden, indicating the case Hewitt had already seen.

The Commissioner drummed on the woodwork of the table with the tips of his fingers. He found it difficult to reconcile the enormous figure of the Chinese bandit when alive—with the ridiculous box that was supposed to contain all that was left of him when dead!

"How do you mean—there?" he demanded presently. "What does that case contain?"

"It contains a bronze jar," said Lien-Yin calmly, "and in the jar are the ashes of Chai-Hung."

Hewitt sprang to his feet and began pacing the veranda.

"What nonsense is this?" he jerked out over his shoulder. "Since when have you commenced burning your dead?"

For the first time Lien-Yin smiled. His evil, pock-marked face puckered up into innumerable wrinkles, and he groined in the depths of a voluminous sleeve. He produced a yellow document, wound on a roll of black wood with tassels of red silk at either end.

"These are the last wishes of the great Chai-Hung," he said. "State them briefly," he commanded Hewitt.

"That, because I have lived both in the West and in the East and have seen customs that are bad and some that are good, I would wish my body to be disposed of in a manner that I believe to be good. That, in the event of my death in any place outside of China, my body shall be burnt and the ashes placed in an urn made by my people and suitably inscribed, and shall be transported with as little delay as possible to the home of my ancestors."

"I see," broke in the Commissioner, taking the scroll from his hand. "You wish to burn your body up in the morning, Lien-Yin, for my decision. In the meantime both this and the package must remain here. Do you understand?"

The Chinaman appeared to hesitate.

"They are the ashes of the dead," he reminded the Commissioner.

"Precisely," agreed Hewitt. "But you forget, Mr. Lien-Yin, that I still hold a warrant for the arrest of Chai-Hung—dead or alive!"

He struck the thing on the top of the safe in his office.

Captain John Hewitt had long ago given up collecting curios, and yet this great bronze jar fascinated him. If indeed the ashes of the great Chai-Hung reposed within, his own troubles were at an end, Pennington was free to return to his country, and the whole of the scattered white community of the island were at liberty to retire tranquilly to rest. Moreover, it seemed as if within the funeral urn of Chai-Hung lay the key to Monica's happiness.

He rose presently and lifting the jar from its perch, turned it round and round in his hands. The thing was a masterpiece of Oriental craftsmanship, and the lettering that he had believed to be painted on the bronze surface—was inlaid, a process which he had seen in the museum of patient toil to accomplish. And yet Chai-Hung had only been dead for a matter of days! He found himself wondering what the inscription might be, and wishing that Chinese Pennington, who could have speedily enlightened him, were present.

He was about to open the jar when some other time but this to be away. For some reason or other, he began to feel dissatisfied with the way in which the trophy had come into his possession. It was a perfectly natural sequence of events, "after" all, and perhaps it was that which worried him most.

Hewitt flicked the ash from his cigar. Turning abruptly, he saw Monica standing in the doorway. She was wearing the same kimono as when Pennington had surprised them at the office, and the Siamese kitten was tucked snugly under one arm. It seemed to the Commissioner that she was unusually pale and there were dark lines under her eyes that he had not noticed before.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

INCORPORATIONS

Articles of incorporation filed with the Secretary of State follow:

Tappen Intermediate Credit Co., Tappen; loans; capital stock \$10,000; incorporators, D. D. McKee, E. H. Koshler, E. Klaiter Jr., all of Tappen.

Trustee Holding Company, Bottineau; capital stock \$100,000; general finance; incorporators, F. W. Cathro, W. H. McIntosh, R. R. Smith, Bottineau.

The Divide County Credit Company, Gresham; capital stock \$10,000; incorporators, E. M. Rossau, R. F. Rossau, J. C. Rossau, Crosby, C. C. Rossau, V. M. Rossau, Minneapolis.

Manvel Elevator Company, Manvel; capital stock \$25,000; incorporators, J. P. Poupore, Grand Forks; Geo. Udenby and C. E. Colosky, Manvel.

C. H. Reimers and Sons, Carleton; merchandise; capital stock, \$25,000; incorporators, C. H. Reimers, D. H. Reimers, E. T. Reimers, Carrington.

How exactly did Chai-Hung die? "He was poisoned, tuan. I cannot tell you the manner of his death, because I was not there. You will understand that I was the agent of

DAILY PHOTO SERVICE BISMARCK, NORTH DAKOTA. Mail all over the Northwest for Daily MAIL US YOUR FILMS