

THE TRIBUNE

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WEATHER REPORT for 24 hours ending at noon July 10: Temperature at 7 a. m. 69. Temperature at noon 80. Highest yesterday 81. Lowest yesterday 65. Lowest last night 62. Precipitation None. High est wind velocity 24-SE.

Forecast For North Dakota: Unsettled and cooler tonight; Wednesday generally fair with cooler in east portion.

Table with 2 columns: Location and Temperature. Locations include Fargo, Williston, Grand Forks, Pierre, St. Paul, Winnipeg, Helena, Chicago, Swift Current, Kansas City, San Francisco.

Knowledge is the knowing that we cannot know.—Emerson.

BISMARCK'S DUTY.

Fort Lincoln is to be mobilization point of the two national guard regiments. Probably 4,000 men will be stationed at the post until prepared to enter permanent training quarters in the south.

The war department has not divulged its plans for Fort Lincoln, but it is reasonable to suppose that throughout the period of the war this post will be utilized.

Bismarck should make the stay of the troops a pleasant one, co-operating in every possible way with the military authorities. The post is ideally located and probably next spring thousands of more troops will be in training there.

Men who are reasonably sure of being conscripted should join the First or Second regiments.

This gives them an opportunity of serving side by side with friends and citizens of the same state. There is need for many recruits to bring the two regiments up to war strength.

THAT LARGE ELGIN LIE

That federal grand jury at Chicago indicts nobody for gambling in food-stuffs and its final report indicates fatty degeneration of backbone and general anemia, as do most official food investigations, but it makes announcements that should touch housewives all over the country, in making a definition of Elgin butter.

Once a week, a few traders, in butter go from Chicago to Elgin, Ill., and trade an average of 51 tubs of butter. It takes about 15 minutes, but it establishes butter grades all over the country. The housewife at Coshocton, O., for instance, pays a fancy price for "Elgin" butter that has been made right in Coshocton county but the price of which has been fixed by Chicago dealers in their weekly visit to Elgin, and, of course, the prices of all butters depend upon the price of "Elgin."

If the housewives of America should gather around a faro lay-out, they might be arrested and they would surely lose social standing, but they stand for the shell game put up by a little gang of Chicago gamblers in butter. "Elgin" is one of the trade lies that ought to be nailed.

THE NEGRO IN THE CITY.

The race riot in East St. Louis has made every American citizen realize the fact that we have in the negro one of the most serious social problems by which this country is confronted. There are 10,000,000 negroes in the United States and they are rapidly increasing. They increased something like 1,000,000 during the past ten years. The wildest guesses imaginable have been made as to the future of the negro race. Some people think that they will ultimately die out. As a matter of fact, during the past 60 years, they have increased nearly threefold.

The increase of the negro is but little below that of older civilized nations; England's increase being but 12 per cent for the last decade. The increase in the negro population was

something over 11 per cent during the past ten years.

It is fortunate that systematic efforts are being made to bring the negro from the south to the large industrial centers in the north. The negro is probably much better fitted for work on the farm than he is for work in the city.

The last census reports of the United States government brought out the fact that negro farms in the south have increased 20 per cent, while negro population increased only 10 per cent throughout the entire country.

The real friends of the negro will try to persuade him to move onto the farm, for here he will have more independence than he will ever secure in the industrial cities or even in the smaller towns.

There are exceptional negroes who will make good almost anywhere, but it is to be remembered that we are dealing with the one-tenth of the population of the United States which for many generations to come, will in many respects be inferior to the white race.

Those who are constantly preaching equality of every sort of the negro race, are not the real friends of the negro. While the negro should have equality of opportunity, it by no means follows that he is born with the same endowment or capabilities as the white man.

JUST SIT STEADY.

In many parts of the world many men, who ardently desire to see the overthrow of the German military autocracy, must often despair of that hoped-for consummation. They must often say to themselves that German efficiency and German organization have made German defeat impossible.

They must often sit down and figure how Germany for three years has resisted the attacks of England, France Italy and Russia four of the greatest nations in the world. They learn of ammunition and supplies still going forward in a steady stream to German armies which are still being replenished by fresh drafts from youths who are becoming men. They read of the slaughter attendant upon every mile gained from the Teuton armies. And they wonder whether or it is impossible to defeat the most brutal force that has ever let loose upon an anguished world.

It so happens that a little over 100 years ago men all over the world were in like case. Napoleon, like the Kaiser, represented to them the acme of all that was evil and at that Napoleon never made war upon helpless women and children, never deported civilians into slavery, never assassinated the Cavell and the Fryatts of his time. But Napoleon did stand for organization, for efficiency, for military service, for tremendous employment of artillery, for sudden and terrifying marches of his devoted legions.

For years and years he kept Europe in a turmoil. For years men were poured into the cauldron of war never to appear again. For years endless blood and treasure were spent in the endeavor to topple the emperor from his seat of power. Nations entered the lists against him and then, losing their stomach for the fight, withdrew.

Only England remained steadfast. And in the end through stubborn courage and the faith of England, Napoleon was defeated and sent an exile to the island of St. Helena. England fought with her allies, often alone, matched man for man and dollar for dollar with Napoleon. It was a war of attrition in which the holder of the biggest pile of dollars and the biggest supply of men was bound to win.

So in this war, when we despair, when we wonder if there is ever to be any end to it, let us resolve to hold fast and to sit steady. The allied democracies of the world hold the better and ultimately the winning hands. Since America's accession to the cause—men, money, food and supplies far outmatch those of the Teuton alliance. And victory for liberty is bound to result.

It is going to be a real hot summer weather or no weather.

The battle cry of the I. W. W. now seems to be, "I work for Wilhelm."

The East St. Louis riots weren't dark enough to keep T. R. out of the limelight.

Copenhagen dispatches state Berlin's municipal soup kitchens are well supplied—with patrons.

Having putted up Goethals' department, Mr. Wilson will do a little unprying in his own cabinet, in the matter of coal prices.

Those militant Washington suffragists don't like being in jail without their night gowns, hey? It's a fine pointer for the capital police. Grab their lingerie.

By order of the king, London was decorated with the Stars and Stripes, July 4th. Alas! George Washington and George III weren't there to shoot off their fire crackers in ca-hoots.

The Great American Home!



Berlin announces strong offensives by the Russians in Galicia. When Berlin does this, you can bet that the neat little scheme for a separate peace was fizzled.

In their efforts to block war legislation, those egots of the U. S. Senate have overlooked a debate on "Why do girls go wrong?" but they'll get it to before snow flies.

I. W. W. slackers are sentenced to a year at hard labor by Judge Landis. The sentence could only be made more ruthless by imposing a weekly bath.

And now the president of China is a fugitive. When we consider the kings and presidents of these times we begin to believe that pushing a lead pencil over a nice white copy paper is some sinecure.

WITH THE EDITORS

DOWN WITH THE SILK HAT!

Many a masculine hear will thrill with emotion for the flag of revolt against the barbarous hat raised in St. Paul by Mr. Louis W. Hill, on the occasion of the visit of the Belgian mission.

Under the orders given out, Mr. Hill purchased a bevy of silk hats for the plain clothes men who watched over the visitors, but with an exalted courage beyond compare he refused to wear one himself in the broad light of day. Rather than permit his cranium to be cribbed, caged and confined in such a siltken case, he dropped out of the official proceedings and watched them from afar in the comfort of a soft Alpine head covering.

Under such leadership other men may now gain courage to refuse the hated "plug" hat on all occasions, no matter how official.

The masculine skull has been fretted by many curious and abominable "cadies" in the history of the world—caps, hats, bonnets, bowlers, helmets, hoods and whatnot. Even now the men in the trenches wear inverted steel bowls to protect them from flying shrapnel. But it is doubtful whether in the whole history of the hat a more barbarous instrument of torture has ever been imposed upon masculinity by custom than the "stovepipe," with its silken coat that must be so carefully kept smooth, and its severe cylindrical outline like nothing in nature or art.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Sealed bids for the construction of a lateral sewer on Broadway from Fourteenth street to Fifteenth street, and on Fifteenth street from Broadway to Avenue B in Sewer Improvement District No. Four, City of Bismarck, North Dakota, will be received by the Board of City Commissioners of said city until eight o'clock p. m., July 23, 1917. Certified check for five hundred (\$500) dollars, president of the City Commission, must accompany each bid. Each bid must also be accompanied by a bidder's bond in a sum equal to the full amount bid. Plans and specifications are on file with the City Auditor and the City Engineer. The City Commission reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

TO THE POLICYHOLDERS OF THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA. Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the policyholders of the Prudential Insurance Company of America will be held at the Home Office of said Company in the City of Newark, New Jersey, on Monday, the third day of December, 1917, at twelve o'clock noon, for the purpose of selecting sixteen persons to be voted for by the policyholder's Trustee as members of the Board of Directors at the annual election of Directors of the Company to be held on the fourteenth day of January, 1918. At such meeting every policyholder of the Corporation who is of the age of twenty-one years or upwards and whose policy has been in force for at least one year last past shall be entitled to cast one vote in person or by proxy.

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

see how I can introduce you to my brother as 'Louise from fairyland.' She evaded the point. 'Tell me about your brother. Is he as tall as you, and is he younger or older?' 'He is nearly twenty years older,' her companion replied. 'He is about my height, but he stoops more than I do, and his hair is gray. I am afraid that you may find him a little peculiar.'

Her escort paused and swung open a white gate on their left-hand side. Before them was an ascent which seemed to her, in the dim light, to be absolutely precipitous. 'It isn't so bad as it looks,' he assured her, 'and I am afraid it's the only way up. The house is at the bend there, barely fifty yards away. You can see a light through the trees.'

He stooped down toward her. She linked her fingers together through his left arm and, leaning a little heavily upon him, began the ascent. He was conscious of some subtle fragrance from her clothes, a perfume strangely different from the odor of the ghost-like flowers that bordered the steep path up which they were climbing. Her arms, slight, warm things though they were, and great though his own strength, felt suddenly like a yoke. At every step he seemed to feel their weight more insistent—a weight not physical, solely due to this rush of unexpected emotions.

She looked around her almost in wonder as her companion paused with his hand upon a little iron gate. From behind that jagged stretch of hills in the distance the moon had now appeared. Before her was a garden, austere-looking with its prim flowerbeds, the trees all bent in the same direction, fashioned after one pattern by the winds. Beyond was the house—a long, low building, part of it covered with some kind of creeper.

As they stepped across the last few yards of lawn, the black, oak door which they were approaching suddenly opened. A tall, elderly man stood looking inquiringly out. He shaded his eyes with his hands. 'Is that you, brother?' he asked doubtfully.

John Strangewey ushered his companion into the square, oak-paneled hall, hung with many trophies of the chase, a few oil-paintings, here and there some sporting prints. It was lighted only with a single lamp which stood upon a round, polished table in the center of the white-flagged floor.

'This lady's motor-car has broken down, Stephen,' John explained, turning a little nervously toward his brother. 'I found them in the road, just at the bottom of the hill. She and her servants will spend the night here. I have explained that there is no village or inn for a good many miles.'

Louise turned graciously toward the elder man, who was standing grimly apart. Even in those few seconds, her quick sensibilities warned her of the hostility which lurked behind the tightly closed lips and steel-gray eyes. His bow was stiff and uncordial, and he made no movement to offer his hand. 'We are not used to welcoming ladies at Peak Hall, madam,' he said. 'I am afraid that you will find us somewhat unprepared for guests.'

'I did for nothing more than a roof,' Louise assured him. John threw his hat and whip upon the round table and stood in the center of the stone floor. She caught a glance which flashed between the two men—of appeal from the one, of icy resentment from the other.

'We can at least add to the roof a bed and some supper—and a welcome,' John declared. 'Is that not so, Stephen?'

The older man turned deliberately away. It was as if he had not heard his brother's words. 'I will go and find Jennings,' he said. 'He must be told about the servants.'

Louise watched the disappearing figure until it was out of sight. Then she looked up into the face of the younger man, who was standing by her side. 'I am sorry,' she murmured apologetically. 'I am afraid that your

and soft, with eyebrows more clearly defined than is usual among Englishwomen; and that she moved without seeming to walk.

'I suppose I am tall,' he admitted, as they started off along the road. 'One doesn't notice it around here. My name is John Strangewey, and our house is just behind that clump of trees there, on the top of the hill. We will do our best to make you comfortable,' he added a little doubtfully; 'but there are only my brother and myself, and we have no women servants in the house.'

'A roof of any sort will be a luxury,' she assured him. 'I only hope that we shall not be a trouble to you in any way.'

'And your name, please?' he asked. She was a little amazed at his directness, but she answered him without hesitation. 'My name,' she told him, 'is Louise.'

He leaned down toward her, a little puzzled. 'Louise. But your surname?' She laughed softly. It occurred to him that nothing like her laugh had ever been heard on that gray-walled stretch of mountain road. 'Never mind! I am traveling incognito. Who I am, or where I am going—well, what does that matter to anybody? Perhaps I do not know myself. You can imagine, if you like, that we came from the heart of your hills, and that tomorrow they will open again and welcome us back.'

'I don't think there are any motor-cars in fairyland,' he objected. 'We represent a new edition of fairy lore,' she told him. 'Modern romance, you know, includes motor-cars and even French made.'

Saddest Story Ever Told—The Hayner That Never Reach Home

'I will just try to found out to one thing I talk to no at I cand found out about law. I send to the Hayner Distilling Co. after some wine and I got sour whiskey. It has being in the dapoet seen the 2 21st last mont. I send my address to them, in my nawn in the send of to my mester's nawn. I send a latter to day copy and esk for al of the cand send back a order to the station mether, but no answer get to anybody, and I lank to no of the railroad is sponsable for this expres to my husbon coming up. My husbon is working in New York sity en would not com up to this state before September some them, an I should lake to no of the copenny has make a law for themselves and don't lat the postfiser to no this law,' reads what Secretary J. H. Calderhead characterized "the saddest story ever told," as he dropped the letter on his desk today.

The letter comes from a woman, who describes herself as "an old customer who bane change may old name." She says it "seems fony of one person if any of this postfiser he not no the law an he sponsable to no, bekans this one has no m for and old costamer to him en a true felow."

"I am very much afraid," said Secretary Calderhead, "that the good lady is doomed to remain dry. The consignment undoubtedly came in before the bone dry law took effect July 1, but it evidently could not be delivered because it came in her husband's name, and it is certain that no railway company would undertake to make the delivery now. It is doubly certain that this commission isn't going to order the delivery made."

SUMMONS. State of North Dakota, county of Burleigh. In district court, Sixth judicial district.

James D. McDonald, Plaintiff vs. Henry L. Notmeyer, Cornelia Notmeyer, Nathan Lamb, John H. Richards, Ferris Jacobs, Jr., and all other persons unknown claiming any estate or interest in or lien or incumbrance upon the property described in the complaint.

Defendants. The State of North Dakota to the Above Named Defendants: You are hereby summoned to answer the complaint in this action, which was filed in the office of the clerk of the district court of Burleigh county, North Dakota, on the 2nd day of June, 1917, and to serve a copy of your answer to said complaint upon the subscribers at their offices in the city of Bismarck, Burleigh county, North Dakota, within thirty days after the service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of service; and in case of your failure to appear or answer, judgment will be taken against you by default for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated at Bismarck, North Dakota, June 2, 1917. NEWTON, DULLAM & YOUNG, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Bismarck, North Dakota.

Notice. To the Above Named Defendants: You will please take notice that the above entitled action relates to the following described real property situated in the county of Burleigh and state of North Dakota, to-wit: The north half (N 1/2) of the north half (N 1/2) of section twenty-two (22), township one hundred thirty-eight (138) north, of range eighty (80) west of the fifth principal meridian; and that the purpose of this action is to quiet in plaintiff the title to said real property; and that no personal claim is made against any of the defendants.

NEWTON, DULLAM & YOUNG, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Bismarck, North Dakota.

FOR SALE—Dodge automobile. Cost new \$900; for quick sale will sell for \$300 cash. J. H. Hollman, Phone 452.

Marie Shotwell

Marie Shotwell