

THE TRIBUNE

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WEATHER REPORT for 24 hours ending at noon July 11: Temperature at 7:00 a. m. 61. Temperature at noon 69.

Forecast. For North Dakota: Fair tonight and Thursday; cooler in east portion and warmer in extreme west portion tonight.

BY A SMALL MARGIN.

At this writing, figures on the First Congressional district election are incomplete, but enough is known to indicate that in any event the victory will not be a sweeping one.

The result is a rebuke to the lukewarm patriotism of the socialists at the head of the league. It may mean that the members of the league, sturdy, honest farmers of the state, are preparing for a house-cleaning and the elevation of new leaders that represent a more vital Americanism.

As the Tribune anticipated several days ago, there seems little doubt at this writing of Baer's election, but victory is not nearly as emphatic as the friends of the league had hoped or desired.

The candidacy of George Bangs reduced Burnett's vote in his own bailiwick. Democrats worked hand and glove with the league for the election of Baer because the former Beach postmaster is of the faith.

Postmaster Wilkinson of Fargo was out openly for Baer, as well as District Attorney Hildreth. These gentlemen traded Bangs for Baer just as surely as they sacrificed the entire state ticket at the last election in the interests of Wilson.

William Lemke's half-hearted support of Hughes and supposed working agreement with McArthur-Wilkinson-Hildreth, et al., in the national election has its counterpart in the First District contest.

The recent decision of the supreme court throws a cloud over the election. Governor Frazier, acting upon the advice of Attorney General Langer fixed the date of election so as to invalidate any action taken by the republican convention at Grand Forks.

Members of the supreme court elected on the Nonpartisan ticket condemn the political trickery practiced to shut Mr. Burnett out of the republican column and prevent other candidates from withdrawing.

falls to say. He shows you that he has a kind of reserve power, which the chap who shouts and blusters does not possess. He gives you the feeling that he knows what he is talking about and that his quiet-voiced statements have back of them a certain authority which every man is bound to respect.

This kind of a man is worth having in any meeting, in a political gathering, in a conference where war programs are being discussed, in the pulpit—indeed, anywhere else where real brain power and ability are required.

DON'T QUIT.

You have met him, and you've envied him. He has a town house and a country house and a cohort of servants that oscillates between city and country opening the one home and closing the other.

He has, indeed, brought you a grapefruit or so from his southern grove, or perhaps you have been his guest on a motor trip. He's not a bad sort; he's willing to pay a price for friendship; but he's fat and his wife is fat. They eat and sleep and between times seek distraction from—nothing.

He's retired. Yes, sir, you've envied that man and your wife has envied that man's wife. And it's not the intention of these few words to jolly you into satisfaction with a way of life less easy, less varied than his.

Life for that man, retired at 45 because at 35 he bought the right stock, has reached its end. There never was an end in this world of endless possibilities worth reaching for the mere purpose of stopping at. You to whom each day must needs be a beginning are richer than the man you envy. Don't quit.

RUMANIA'S FATE.

"Death in all forms is sweeping over the country—sword, flame and invasion, hunger and sickness. Lands have been torn from us, hopes have been destroyed, towns and villages devastated. Our only remaining resource is choked up with the carcasses of those who flew before the foe's brutality. Our hospitals are over-full, our food is scarce. I want stares us in the face. We are cut off from everything and everybody and our own resources are coming to an end. I love my struggling people. I am one with their ideal. I weep with their sorrows, suffer with their pains. Do not leave my hands empty when mothers and children, soldiers and wounded cry to me in their fearful misery. When a country is small its queen becomes its mother. She must not rest. She must not despair. When many tremble, she must show no fear. In all my sadness this remains to me: The link that arises between those who sorrow. I, too have had to leave my home and all that was mine. Therefore, does my heart so well understand their grief."

This perfect picture of German work, this tear-stained description of the plight of Rumania and its queen is from the queen herself. Remember, too, that she is by birth a princess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha and the wife of a king who is of the Hohenzollern blood.

When German princes and princesses revolt against German war-work, there is small wonder that the rest of the civilized world stands aghast at what the kaiser and his minions have brought upon an agonized earth.

TEACHING HUMILITY.

In all the world there has been no more arrogant type of mind than that of the Prussian, and especially the Prussian militarist and the Prussian bureaucrat. It is the Prussian who has touted all over the globe the doctrine of "Deutschland ueber alles." It is the Prussian who has believed in the doctrine that might makes right; that the German is the "blood beast," the "superman," of whom Prussian philosophers prated as the future lord and master of the earth and the seven seas. It is the Prussian who tossed into the discard, as merely futile and outworn, the doctrines of the Christian religion.

Lloyd George, prime minister of England, usually has a way of saying things that go directly to the heart of a matter. So it is well to quote him in this connection:

"We are pounding a sense of inferiority into every pore of the German military mind. As long as the Prussians have an idea of superiority in their minds Europe will not be a decent place for people to live in peace. It will be easier after this. The Prussian has many virtues, but a sense of humility has never been among them. The Prussian is now being taught the virtue of humility with a fierce and relentless lash."

The British premier indicates part of what our job is to be. We must help teach humility to the Prussian. He must learn that he is not cock of the walk and owner of the bit. He must learn by painful and bitter experience that it is easier to start a war than to win it, and that he who disturbs the world's peace must pay the price in blood and tears and gold

That Christmas Dinner-Will He Eat in Paris?



before he is allowed to say: "Hold, enough. He must learn that Americans, Britons, Frenchmen, Italians, Russians are not inferior peoples, but his equals. If, indeed, they are not vastly his superiors."

His contempt for democracies must be shot out of him. His jealousy of his neighbors must be whipped out of him.

Only when these things have been accomplished will the Prussian be a good neighbor, capable of doing his part in the world's work without disturbing or attacking others who wish to follow their lawful pursuits in peace and with a will.

BRAZIL COMES IN.

The German bureaucrats may be able to explain to their people why it is that Greece has at last broken off relations with the Teuton powers, but they will have a big job on their hands when they try to tell why the great, rich and powerful South American republic of Brazil has aligned itself with the United States in the world war.

The agents of the kaiser can very glibly tell the people that the action of Greece is an enforced action; that the decree breaking off relations with Germany was written, as much by British and French bayonets as by Greek pens. And there will be some truth in the assertion.

But when it comes to Brazil, no explanations can be made that will not rebound to the hurt of the national pride and the national feeling of the Germans.

Brazil has come into this war because she realizes it is the last stand of the democracies against the autocracies; because she instinctively feels that her safety lies in taking decisive action together with the other great republics of the world; because she has had a taste of German intrigue in her southern states and she just exactly what German statescraft and official faith and honor are.

Her entrance into the war is no small thing. Leaving out of account that she has the biggest population in South America and so has great potential man-power for war purposes, there remains the fact that she has a rather good and well trained navy which can be of great service in assisting to patrol the South Atlantic against incursions of German raiders and German submarines. Add to this her seizure of 150,000 tons of German ships in her harbors and Brazilian assistance on the seas assumes important proportions. But there is even more to be taken into consideration. Brazil is one of the great food reservoirs of the world. The fact that she is in the war now means that she will do all in her power to feed the allied nations of Europe and this is one of the most important jobs of all.

Considered in all its aspects, then, it was a sad day for the Hohenzollern family when the greatest of South American republics joined hands with the greatest of North American republics in the holy crusade to wipe kaiserism and militarism off the face of the suffering earth.



THE HILLMAN

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

CHAPTER II

Louise, with a heavy, silver-plated candlestick in her hand, stood upon the uneven floor of the bedroom to which she had been conducted, looking up at the oak-framed family tree which hung above the broad chimney-piece. She examined the coat of arms emblazoned in the corner, and peered curiously at the last neatly printed addition, which indicated Stephen and John Strangeway as the sole survivors of a dimming line. When at last she turned away, she found the name upon her lips.

"Strangeway!" she murmured. "John Strangeway! It is really curious how that name brings with it a sense of familiarity. It is so unusual, too. And what an unusual-looking person! Do you think, Allice, that you ever saw anyone so superbly handsome?"

The maid's little grimace was expressive. "Never, madam," she replied. "And yet to think of it—a gentleman, a person of intelligence, who lives here all day, outside the world, with just a terrible old man servant, the only domestic in the house! Nearly all the cooking is done at the ballist's, a quarter of a mile away."

Louise nodded thoughtfully. "It is very strange," she admitted. "I should like to understand it. Perhaps," she added, half to herself, "some day I shall."

She passed across the room, and on her way paused before an old chandelier, before which were suspended two silver candlesticks containing lighted wax candles. She looked steadfastly at her own reflection. A little smile parted her lips. In the bedroom of this quaint farmhouse she was looking upon a face and a figure which the illustrated papers and the enterprise of the modern photographer had combined to make familiar to the world—the figure of a girl, it seemed, notwithstanding her twenty-seven years. Her soft, white blouse was open at the throat, displaying a beautifully rounded throat. Her eyes dwelt upon the oval face, with its strong, yet mobile features; its lips a little full, perhaps, but soft and sensitive; at the masses of brown hair drawn low over her ears.

This was herself, then. How would she seem to these two men downstairs, she asked herself—the dour, grim master of the house, and her more youthful rescuer, whose coming had somehow touched her fancy? They saw so little of her sex. They seemed, in a sense, to be in league against it. Would they find out that they were entertaining an angel unaware?

She thought with a gratified smile of her incognito. It was a real trial of her strength, this! When she turned away from the mirror the smile still lingered upon her lips, a soft light of anticipation was shining in her eyes. John met her at the foot of the stairs. She noticed with some surprise that he was wearing the dinner jacket and black tie of civilization. "Will you come this way, please?" he begged. "Supper is quite ready."

He held open the door of one of the rooms on the other side of the hall, and she passed into a low dining room, dimly lit with shaded lamps. The elder brother rose from his chair as they entered, although his salutation was even grimmer than his first welcome. He was wearing a dress-coat of old-fashioned cut, and a black stock, and he remained standing, without an smile or word of greeting, until she had taken her seat. Behind his chair stood a very ancient manservant in gray pepper-and-salt suit, with a white tie, whose expression, at the entrance of this unexpected guest, seemed rigidly to reflect the inhospitable attitude of his master.

The table was laid with all manner of cold dishes, supplemented by other upon the sideboard. There were pots of jam and honey, a silver teapot an silver spoons and forks of quaint design, strangely cut glass, and a great Dresden bowl filled with flowers. "I am afraid," John remarked, "that you are not used to dining at this hour. My brother and I are old-fashioned in our customs. If we had had a little longer notice—"

"Perhaps you are right, brother," he admitted. "This lady did not seek our company, but it may interest her to know that she is the first woman who has crossed the threshold of Peak Hall for a matter of six years."

Louise looked from one to the other half incredulously. "Do you really mean it? Is that literally true?" she asked John. "Absolutely," the young man assured her; "but please remember that you are none the less heartily welcome here. We have few women neighbors and intercourse with them seems to have slipped out of our lives. Tell me how far have you come today, and where did you hope to sleep tonight?"

Louise hesitated for a moment. For some reason or other, the question seemed to bring with it some disturbing thought. "I was motoring from Edinburgh. As regards tonight, I had not made up my mind. I rather hoped to reach Kendal. My journey is not at all an interesting matter to talk about," she went on. "Tell me about your life here. It sounds most delightfully pastoral. Do you live here all the year round?"

"My brother," John told her, "has not been farther away than the nearest market town for nearly twenty years." Her eyes grew round with astonishment. "But you go to London sometimes?" "I was there eight years ago. Since then I have not been further away than Carlisle or Kendal. I go into camp near Kendal for three weeks every year—territorial training, you know."

"But how do you pass your time? What do you do with yourself?" she asked. "Farm," he answered. "Farming is our daily occupation. Then for amusement we hunt, shoot and fish. The seasons pass before we know it."

She looked appraisingly at John Strangeway. Notwithstanding his sun-tanned cheeks and the splendid vigor of his form, there was nothing in the least agricultural about his manner or his appearance. There was humor as well as intelligence in his clear, gray eyes. She opined that the books which lined one side of the room were at once his property and his hobby. "It is a very healthy life, no doubt," she said; "but somehow it seems incomprehensible to think of a man like yourself living always in such an out-of-the-way corner."

John's lips were open to reply, but Stephen once more intervened. "Life means a different thing to each of us, madam," he said sternly. "There are many barns with the lust for cities and the crowded places in their hearts, born with the desire to mingle with their fellows, to absorb the conventional ideas and virtues, to become one of the multitude. It has been different with us Strangeways."

Jennings, at a sign from his master, removed the tea equipage, evidently produced in honor of their visitor. Three tall-stemmed glasses were placed upon the table, and a decanter of port reverently produced. Louise had fallen for a moment or two into a fit of abstraction. Her eyes were fixed upon the opposite wall, from which, out of their faded frames, a row of grim-looking men and women, startlingly like her two hosts, seemed to frown down upon her.

"Is that your father?" she asked, moving her head toward one of the portraits. "My grandfather, John Strangeway," Stephen told her. "Was he one of the wanderers?" "He left Cumberland only twice during his life. He was master of bounds, magistrate, colonel in the yeomanry of that period, and three times refused to stand for parliament."

"John Strangeway!" Louise repeated softly to herself. "I was looking at your family tree upstairs," she went on. "It is curious how both my maid and myself were struck with a sense of familiarity about the name, as if we had heard or read something about it quite lately."

Her words were almost carelessly spoken, but she was conscious of the somewhat ominous silence which ensued. She glanced up wonderingly and intercepted a rapid look passing between the two men. More puzzled than ever, she turned toward John as if for an explanation. He had risen somewhat abruptly to his feet, and his hand was upon the back of her chair. "Will it be disagreeable to you if my brother smokes a pipe?" he asked. "I tried to have our little drawing room prepared for you, but the fire has not been lit for so long that the room, I am afraid, is quite impossible."

"Do let me stay here with you," she begged, "and I hope that both of you will let me stay here with you." "John wheeled up an easy chair for her. Stephen, stiff and upright, sat on the other side of the hearth. He took the tobacco jar and pipe that his brother had brought him, and slowly lit the bowl. "With your permission, then, madam," he said, as he struck a match. Louise smiled graciously. Some instinct prompted her to stifle her own craving for a cigarette and keep her little gold case hidden in her pocket. All the time her eyes were wandering round the room. Suddenly she rose and, moving round the table, stood once more facing the row of gloomy-looking portraits.

"So that is your grandfather?" she remarked to John, who had followed her. "Is your father not here?" He shook his head. "My father's portrait was never painted."

"Tell the truth, John," Stephen enjoined, rising in his place and setting down his pipe. "We Strangeways were hillfolk and farmers by descent and destiny, for more than four hundred years. Our place is here upon the land, almost among the clouds, and those of us who have realized it have led the lives of God's messengers to lead. There have been some of our race who have been tempted into the lowlands

and the cities. Not one of them brought honor upon our name. Their pictures are not here. They are not worthy to be here." Stephen set down the candlesticks and returned to his place. Louise, with her hands clasped behind her back, glanced toward John, who still stood by her side.

"Tell me," she asked him, "have none of your people who went out into the world done well for themselves?" "Scarcely one," he admitted. "Not one," Stephen interrupted. "Madam," he went on turning toward Louise, "I'm very welcome to you this evening should have seemed inhospitable, let me tell you this: Every Strangeway who has left our county, and trodden the downward path of failure, has done so at the instance of one of our sex. That is why those of us who inherit the family spirit look askance upon all strange women. That is why no woman is ever welcome within this house."

Louise resumed her seat in the easy chair. "I am so sorry," she murmured, looking down at her slipper. "I could not help breaking down here, could I?" "Nor could my brother fail to offer you the hospitality of this roof," Stephen admitted. "The incident was unfortunate but inevitable. It is a matter for regret that we have so little to offer you in the way of entertainment."

He rose to his feet. The door had opened. Jennings was standing there with a candlestick upon a massive silver salver. Behind him was Allice. "You are doubtless fatigued by your journey, madam," Stephen concluded. Louise made a little grimace, but she rose at once to her feet. She understood quite well that she was being sent to bed, and she shivered a little when she looked at the hour—barely ten o'clock. Yet it was all in keeping. From the doorway she looked back into the room, in which nothing seemed to have been touched for centuries. She stood upon the threshold to bid her final good-night, fully conscious of the complete anachronism of her presence there.

Her smile for Stephen was respectful and full of dignity. As she glanced toward John, however, something flashed in her eyes and quivered at the corners of her lips, something which escaped her control, something which made him grip for a moment the back of the chair against which he stood. Then, between the old manservant, who insisted upon carrying her candle to her room, and her maid, who walked behind, she crossed the white stone hall and stepped slowly up the broad flight of stairs.

(To be continued.)

Those of Us Who Inherit the Family Spirit Look Askance Upon All Strange Women.

The big chautauqua will be here July 16, 17 and 18. Don't forget the dates.

The W. C. T. U. met at the home of Mrs. Edwardson Saturday afternoon and the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Gorder; vice president, Mrs. Pearson; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Gabel; recording secretary, Mrs. Shelby; treasurer, Mrs. Lane.

Mrs. Sisco has returned from Brad-dock, where she spent some time taking care of her daughter, Mrs. Barton, and her small grandson.

The Presbyterian Ladies Aid met at G. Swenson's, Friday afternoon. They elected the following officers: President, Mrs. Davis; vice president, Mrs. Sisco; secretary, Miss Leta Sisco; and treasurer, Mrs. Barton.

The Ladies Aid and W. C. T. U. together will serve refreshments Tuesday and Wednesday, July 17 and 18.

Mrs. Gabel and children left Tuesday for Davenport, Ia., where they will visit relatives for several weeks.

Mrs. Carlson, Carl Carlson's mother, has come to spend the summer with her son and his family.

There will be church services morning and evening next Sunday.

SADDLE THIEF CAUGHT Long Chase for W. Miller Ends at Saco, Mont.

Stanley, N. D., July 1.—After an exciting chase, Sheriff H. J. Slaughter captured at Saco, Mont., and returned to this city for trial, W. Miller, who is charged with stealing a saddle at Doneybrook, a most serious offense in this open range country.

DAIRY CO. MAKES GOOD Co-operative Organization at Maple Ridge Thriving

Turtle Lake, N. D., July 11.—The Maple Ridge Co-operative Dairy company, which opened its new cheese factory at Maple Ridge on June 25, is now running more than 14,000 pounds of milk daily, and the success of the enterprise seems assured.