

THE TRIBUNE

Entered at the Postoffice, Bismarck, N. D., as Second Class Matter. ISSUED EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY...

WEATHER REPORT for 24 hours ending at noon July 12: Temperature at 7 a. m. 54, at noon 78, highest yesterday 82, lowest yesterday 57, lowest last night 52, precipitation .03, highest wind velocity 24-NW.

Forecast For North Dakota: Partly cloudy tonight and Friday; probably showers in east portion tonight. Lowest Temperatures: Fargo 52, Williston 58, Grand Forks 49, Pierre 58, St. Paul 58, Winnipeg 50, Helena 58, Chicago 58, Swift Current 54, Kansas City 64, San Francisco 50.

Perfect love holds the secret of the world's perfect liberty—Holland.

PRINT IT IN ENGLISH. Former President Roosevelt gave this sound advice in his Fourth of July speech: "We have but one flag. We should have but one language."

"We have but one flag. We should have but one language. German newspapers should be compelled to print in English whatever they print in German."

"The German press has been used frequently by the enemy. It will be remembered that after diplomatic relations were severed that it was the German newspapers published in the United States which carried the notices to German residents to depart for Mexico."

"No nation has been as tolerant as the United States. German is the enemy's language and if the German agents used the foreign language newspapers after diplomatic relations were severed, it is reasonable to believe they will continue to use them wherever and whenever it can be done without fear of detection."

Roosevelt is not going too far when he suggests that to English equivalent be printed for every line of German in the foreign language newspapers of the nation.

With strong drink tabaxed, some use must be found for the country's mint crop.

SOLDIER INSURANCE. In the old days, when our country called men to the flag, they rallied to the colors, not knowing what would become of their dear ones, if death took them on the field of battle. Months or years after their death congress might or might not provide for their dependents by granting a pension. This not only led to uncertainty and hardship for the families of men who laid down their lives for their country, but to huge pension scandals.

The present administration wisely proposes to avoid the pension burden and, at the same time, render real justice to every man it calls into war service. In brief, the plan is for the government to go into the life and accident insurance business to protect its armed forces, just as it went into the marine insurance business to protect American-ships which hazarded the submarine-infested seas.

As tentatively worked out, every soldier and sailor will automatically be insured for \$4,000 without cost to himself. A scale of indemnities is also to be worked out, to cover various injuries a man may receive during wartime. Such insurance will take care of the man if he is wounded and survives, and will make some provision for his family if he is wounded and dies.

It is an enlightened plan. It is humane. It is just. When selective conscription is set in motion, many young men will be called into the armies who are at present protected in their states by workmen's compensation laws. It would be manifestly unfair for the government to take them into a service in which the hazards are far greater and then refuse to give them the

protection their own state had given them.

But there is an even more important element to be considered and that is the morale both of the men called into service and of the families left behind. Every fighting man will feel more like fighting when he knows there is no danger of his relatives being left destitute. It is easier to battle for a country which has given concrete evidence of its solicitude for its soldiers and sailors.

The administration should have no trouble with congress when it presents a finished plan and shows how little it will cost compared with any other scheme that could be devised. Congress will be responsive because it will hear from millions of American homes.

The slogan should be: "An insurance policy for every American soldier and sailor!"

It will be a great day when we write it "ex-Kaiser Wilhelm"—and a better day for Germany, as well.

THE MOVIE FALL. Which would you rather do—fall several times a day at \$1,242.75 per fall, or get bumped by a street car at \$100 a bump?

In other words, would you rather be Charlie Chapline or a bundle-laden father of a family whose foot slipped while he was trying to get home for the evening meal in time to spend an hour afterward in his war garden?

The British movie artist, who has become rich by capitalizing the falling sickness, has just signed a new contract for eight pictures at \$1,075,000. That's \$134,375 a picture. On the liberal estimate of 100 takes to each picture he receives a thousand and some odd hundred dollars for every time he sits down on a chair that isn't there and pretends to be hurt, when, as a matter of fact, every small boy knows he enjoys it.

Street railway damage payments, excluding deaths and serious injuries, average less than \$100.

Of course, there's one thing about it. Federal income tax experts have not yet reported whether Charlie really receives the million in question. But then—the hundred dollars the court awards the man bumped by a street car may not be real money, either, if the company appeals.

They're hunting for a war slogan. How about "So it now!"

MATERIAL VS. SPIRITUAL. An issue between autocracy and democracy is, finally, a spiritual combat.

Autocracy demands the sacrifice of everything material necessity. The end sought, noble or base, becomes God, and it becomes legitimate to destroy a hospital ship, a passenger ship, or women and children, or anything else precious or sacred. Such things become legitimate because autocracy is law unto itself. Autocracy must be merciless and shameless, else it undermines itself. It must rely upon material things, because it asks of its tools sacrifice of all spiritual sentiment. German autocracy could cheerfully and consistently decorate the commander who murdered the women and children of the Lusitania, for the reason that he executed the law of necessity, and necessity knows no law save that of autocracy. The end justifies the means. Might is right. This is materialism, without equivocation and stripped of all degrees of ambiguity.

Democracy is an appeal to the spiritual. It requires loyalty to ideals that promote high aspirations. It requires suppression of selfishness and the jealousies of private interests. The individual is not debased, but it is required of him that he be better and stronger than ever before for the good of all. The purposes of democracy are peace, progress, equality, justice, fraternity and the greatest possible opportunity for happiness. Appealing to such ideals of men, democracy has its laws that are not abrogated by immediate necessity. It knows mercy. It kills to save. It recognizes that, after all, in spite of every variety of color and race, all men are brothers, and that all men have the unalienable right to pursuit of happiness. It makes war with its justification based on the spiritual, not with the indiscriminate of rabid autocracy. The Stars and Stripes represents something holy, as well as virile. It represents not only the power of a great people, but the beneficence of an Almighty God, who gave the opportunity for foundation and growth of such ideals as universal brotherhood.

"The glory of the coming of the Lord!" For that America is in the war on the side of democracy, and, spiritually, man has always moved forward, forward! He will not fall back twenty centuries now. The barbarism of this war will result in stronger democracies and more widespread Christianity. It is a cause in which to offer all that we have.

Bruloff is putting the rush in Russia. Berlin papers, please copy. THAT IS WHAT THIS WAR MEANS. EVERY ONE MUST MAKE NEEDED SACRIFICE. EVERY ONE MUST GIVE ALL NEEDED HELP.

Athletics, too, have profited by the war. There's the new sport of water baseball in America and six foot over the trenches in Europe.

On the Trail



STATE HOUSE NOTES

DEPUTIES NAMED—The state railway commission has named James J. Miller of Elgin and H. T. LaPlante of New Leipzig deputy warehouse inspectors.

MORE RAIN—State Meteorologist Roberts reports .41 inch of rain at Fessenden last night, .30 at Larimore, .27 at Amana, .22 at Devils Lake and .20 at Grand Forks.

CONDUCTING HEARINGS—The state railway commission left yesterday for Elgin, Bowman, Bucyrus and Cogswell, where a series of hearings on various matters will be conducted.

MEET WITH BOARD—L. D. Richardson of Fargo, general manager of the North Dakota Independent Telephone company; F. L. Shuman of Bismarck, district manager, and other prominent telephone men conferred with the state railway commission yesterday.

CHANCE FOR CLERK—A clerkship at the Bismarck Indian school is now vacant. The post pays \$720 per annum, with room, heat and light. Examinations are open to either men or women, and information concerning the same may be obtained at the Bismarck postoffice. Examinations will be held July 19 for typists and July 20 for first grade clerical positions in all branches of the general field service.

TO EQUALIZE COUNTY—The Burlington county board of equalization will meet at the court house July 23 when it must undertake the not altogether pleasant duty of increasing the assessed valuation of all Burlington territory 20 per cent, to comply with a law passed at the last session of legislature increasing the tax burden on farm lands and city lots and reducing the taxation on improvements on land, bank stock and similar luxuries.

THIS IS YOUR WAR. (An appeal issued by the Military Training Camps' association.) Our government did not declare war on Germany. It declared that a state of war existed, because Germany was already committing acts of war on us.

Germany was sinking American ships and drowning American citizens, and declared her intention of so continuing to do. Germany was paying agents to burn and destroy American factories.

Germany was trying to incite Mexico and Japan to fight us. Germany was filling our country—even our government offices—with spies and hostile agitators who "set criminal intrigues everywhere afoot."

If we are beaten, what have we a right to expect? What Germany has already inflicted on conquered peoples: Men driven into slavery. Women driven into slavery, worse than slavery. Huge indemnities that shall cripple all industry. The loss of personal freedom. In Germany the people exist for the sake of the military class.

In America the army exists for the sake of the people. The kaiser declared: "Nothing more henceforth may be settled in the world without the intervention of Germany and the German emperor." Wilson says: "We must make the world safe for democracy."



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—On a trip through the English Cumberland country the breakdown of her automobile forces Louise Maurel, a famous London actress, to spend the night at the farm home of John and Stephen Strangeway.

CHAPTER II—At dinner Louise discovers that the brothers are woman-hating recluses.

CHAPTER III—Louise awoke the next morning filled with a curious sense of buoyant expectancy. The sunshine was pouring into the room, brightening up its most somber corners. It lay across the quilt of her bed, and seemed to bring out the perfume of lavender from the pillow on which her head reposed.

Alone, hearing her mistress stir, hastened at once to her bedside. "It is half-past nine, madam, and your breakfast is here. The old imbecile from the kitchen has just brought it up."

Louise looked approvingly at the breakfast tray, with the home-made bread and deep-yellow butter, the brown eggs and clear honey. The smell of the coffee was aromatic. She breathed a little sigh of content.

"How delicious everything looks!" she exclaimed. "The home-made things are well enough in their way, madam," Alaine agreed, "but I have never known a household so strange and disagreeable. That Mr. Jennings, who calls himself the butler—he is a person unspicable, a savage!"

Louise's eyes twinkled. "I don't think they are fond of women in this household, Alaine," she remarked. "Tell me, have you seen Charles?"

"Charles has gone to the nearest blacksmith's forge to get something made for the car, madam," Alaine replied. "He asked me to say that he was afraid he would not be ready to start before midday."

"That does not matter," Louise declared, gazing eagerly out of the casement window. Immediately below was a grass-grown orchard which stretched upward, at a precipitous angle, toward a belt of freshly plowed field; beyond, a little chain of rocky hills, sheer over-head. The trees were pink and white with blossom; the petals lay about upon the ground like drifted snowflakes. Here and there yellow jonquils were growing among the long grass. A waft of perfume stole into the room through the window which she had opened.

"Fill my bath quickly, Alaine," Louise ordered. "I must go out. I want to see whether it is really as beautiful as it looks."

Alaine dressed her mistress in silence. Then, suddenly, a little exclamation escaped her. She swung round toward her mistress, and for once there was animation in her face. "But, madam," she exclaimed, "I have remembered! The name Strangeway. Yesterday morning you read it out while you took your coffee. You spoke of the good fortune of some farmer in the north of England to whom some relative in Australia had left a great fortune—hundreds and thousands of pounds. The name was

Strangeway, the same as that. I remember it now." She pointed once more to the family tree. Louise sat for a moment with parted lips. "You are quite right, Alaine. I remember it all perfectly now. I wonder whether it could possibly be either of these two men?"

Alaine shook her head doubtfully. "It would be unbelievable, madam," she decided. "Could any sane human creature live here, with no company but the sheep and the cows, if they had money—money to live in the cities, to buy pleasures, to be happy? Unbelievable, madam!"

you were always in blossom? Does your mind always taste as if God had breathed the elixir of life into it?" He turned around to follow the sweep of her eyes. Something of the same glow seemed to rest for a moment upon his face.

"It is good," he said, "to find what you love so much appreciated by someone else."

They stood together in a silence almost curiously protracted. Then the plowman passed again with his team of horses and John called out some instructions to him. She followed him down to earth.

"Tell me, Mr. Strangeway," she inquired, "where are your farm buildings?"

"Come and I will show you," he answered, opening the gate to let her through. "Keep close to the hedge un-



They Stood Together in a Silence Almost Curiously Protracted.

til we come to the end of the plow; and then—but no, I won't anticipate. This way!"

They reached the end of the plowed field and, passing through a gate, turned abruptly to the left and began to climb a narrow path which bordered the boundary wall, and which became steeper every moment. As they ascended, the orchard and the long, low house on the other side seemed to lie almost at their feet. The road and the open moorland beyond, stretching to the encircling hills, came more clearly into sight with every backward glance. Louise paused at last, breathless.

"Is it the home of the fairies you are taking me to?" she asked. "If you have discovered that, no wonder you find us ordinary women outside your lives!"

He laughed. "There are no fairies where we are going," he assured her. "They were on a roughly made road now, which turned abruptly to the right a few yards ahead, skirting the side of a deep gorge. They took a few steps further, and Louise stopped short with a cry of wonder."

Around the abrupt corner an entirely new perspective was revealed—a little hamlet built on a shoulder of the mountain, and on the right, a steep descent, a wide and sunny valley. It was like a city world of its own, hidden in the bosom of the hills. There was a long line of farm buildings, built of gray stone and roofed with red tiles; there were fifteen or twenty stacks; a quaint, whitewashed house of considerable size, almost covered on the southward side with creepers; a row of cottages, and a gray-walled inclosure—stretching with its white tombstones to the very brink of the descent—in the midst of which was an ancient church, in ruins at the farther end, partly rebuilt with the stones of the hillside.

Louise looked around her, silent with wonder. "It isn't real, is it?" she asked, clinging for a moment to John Strangeway's arm.

"Why not? You asked where the land was that we tilled. Now look down. Hold my arm if you feel giddy." She followed the wave of his arm, and the valley sheer below them and the lower hills on both sides, were parceled out into fields, inclosed with stone walls, reminding her from the height at which they stood, of nothing so much as the quilt upon her bed.

Her eyes swept this strange tract of country backward and forward. She saw the men like specks in the fields, the cows grazing in the pasture like toy animals. Then she turned and looked at the neat row of stacks and the square of farm buildings.

"I am trying hard to realize that you are a farmer and that this is your life," she said. He swung open the wooden gate of the churchyard, by which they were standing. There was a row of graves on either side of the prim path.

"Suppose," he suggested, "you tell me about yourself now—about your own life."

"My life, and the world in which I live, seem far away just now," she said quietly. "I think that it is doing me good to have a rest from them. Talk to me about yourself, please."

He smiled. He was just a little disappointed. "We shall very soon reach the end of all that I have to tell you," he remarked. "Still, if there is anything you would like to know—"

"Who were these men and women who have lived and died here?" she interrupted, with a little wave of her hand toward the graves. "All our own people," he told her. She studied the names upon the tombstones, spelling them out slowly. "The married people," he went on, "are buried on the south side; the single ones and children are nearer the wall. Tell me," he asked, after a moment's hesitation, "are you married or single?"

"I am single," she answered. "I gave a little start. The abruptness of the question, the keen, steady

fast gaze of his compelling eyes, seemed for a moment to paralyze both her nerves and her voice. It was as if someone had suddenly drawn away one of the stones from the foundation of her life. She found herself repeating the words on the tombstone facing her:

"And of Elizabeth, for sixty-one years the faithful wife and helpmate of Ezra Cummings, mother of his children, and his partner in the life everlasting."

Her knees began to shake. There was a momentary darkness before her eyes. She felt for the tombstones and sat down.

(To be continued.)

WITH THE EDITORS

SENATOR GRONNA'S BEWILDERMENT

(New York Sun.) Senator Asle J. Gronna of North Dakota addressed the people of Spring Grove, Minn., last week, and said to them that:

Undoubtedly the people of the United States are anxious, and justly so, to know the real causes which led to this war. Mr. Gronna, whose pacific disposition belies the truculence indicated by his physiognomy, is one of the senators who voted against our recognition of the war waged against us by Germany, and he has not been able to find any excuse for the defense of our country and our lives on which we have entered. He supports the theory that American rights are not really rights, but privileges enjoyed by toleration of the imperial German government. He speaks, for example, of "the ruthless submarine warfare in sinking American ships and destroying American lives although it was done in the prohibited German war zone."

The qualification Mr. Gronna imposes in the phrase "although it was done in the prohibited German war zone," implies his acceptance of the Prussian theory that the liberties and freedom of all nations are subject to amendment and restriction at the will of Berlin; and he would hold, if he were consistent, that the proclaimed will of the kaiser is the supreme law of the civilized world.

This being Senator Gronna's belief, it is easy to understand why he finds it difficult to comprehend the causes that forced a nation anxious to live in peace into the war. But Senator Gronna is one of a small minority of Americans. The vast, the overwhelming majority know why we are at war, and regret only one detail of our participation in the struggle. That detail is the lamentable fact that for more than two years we refrained from declaring our independence of Prussia, and submitted to the dictates of an autocracy which designed our destruction and plotted the overthrow of our sovereignty and our institutions.

MENOKEN. S. K. Hood shipped two carloads of sheep to Minneapolis Thursday. Marcus Agnew shipped a car of cattle at the same time.

F. C. Croll of Fargo is here auditing the books of the Farmers Elevator company.

W. L. Rose, an attorney, and his son, Stewart, of Fullerton, Neb., visited Wednesday at the Harris home here. They are on their way to Montana by automobile.

Fay Salter is ill at the home of his father, J. H. Salter, north of this place.

Melvin Hagen of Bismarck motored to Menoken Tuesday.

Mrs. B. D. Spaulding of Marshalltown, Ia., is spending the summer here with her daughter, Mrs. S. K. Hood.

Mrs. C. D. King, accompanied by her children, left Friday for Hebron, N. D., for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Murray.

Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Boyd of Boyd township entertained their friends July 4 with a musicale. Refreshments were served by the Misses Boyd.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Dralle, Lyman Harris and George Harris, motored to Bismarck, Friday.

The Farmers Co-operative association of Menoken, after paying all expenses, declared eight per cent stock dividends, five per cent sinking fund, and voted to pay all patrons of the elevator 14 cents a bushel in addition to the price received for their grain when it was marketed.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Lee left Saturday by automobile to visit relatives at LaMoure, N. D.

Lucis Bernh. is visiting for a time at Stewartdale, N. D.

C. D. King is spending a few days in Bismarck.

Rev. E. B. Johnson is holding religious meetings at Moffit, N. D., this week. He plans to return to hold services in the Menoken hall next Sunday.

Miss Mary Salter spent several days at her home here this week.

MOVED We are now in our new location, ready to do business at 422 Broadway, one door west of gas office. KLEIN Tailor and Cleaner

FOR SALE Eight lots on Sixth street—corner of Avenue F. West and south frontage. \$150 each; easy terms. BISMARCK REALTY CO. Bismarck Bank Bldg.