

THE TRIBUNE

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WEATHER REPORT for 24 hours ending at noon July 13: Temperature at 7 a. m. 55. Temperature at noon 74. Highest yesterday 84. Lowest yesterday 52. Lowest last night 52. Precipitation None. Highest wind velocity 18-NW.

Forecast for North Dakota: Generally fair tonight and Saturday; not much change in temperature. Temperatures: Fargo 58, Williston 48, Grand Forks 54, Pierre 60, St. Paul 60, Winnepeg 60, Helena 60, Chicago 62, Swift Current 59, Kansas City 72, San Francisco 50.

ORRIS W. ROBERTS, Meteorologist. It takes a great man to make a good listener—Helps. We must eat to live, not live to eat—Fielding.

BRUTE POWER.

In order to bolster up the waning morale of the folk back home, a German military critic tells Germany the American soldiers have nothing like the finesse in execution and the quickness of decision that marks German troops. He adds America's military contribution will be the mechanical application of brute power.

If this war to crush Prussian militarism were not such a terribly serious thing, one would feel like smiling. All of us know the Prussian type—heavy-handed, ponderous, slow-thinking, slow-moving, very methodical, digging down into the minutest details.

It is Prussian brute force that has shackled the conscience of the American people and steered them to the point where they are determined to see this war through at whatever cost.

The American admires power—when applied to the arts of civilization. He harnesses it to do the work of the world, not to tear down and murder.

A BILLION BUSHELS. The American farmer did not wait to be called for service. He volunteered.

He has already shown he can win the war if the nation is able to maintain a delivery service which will distribute the eatables he produces.

The six big crops—wheat, corn, oats, rye, barley and potatoes—will show a billion bushels increase over last year's production, according to official government figures.

Corn, the great native American food staple, as is fitting, leads in patriotism, with the greatest crop in history, and several other new top levels may be established.

Tobacco will break all records, and if reports from the front are any gauge of tobacco's place in the soldier's recreation diet, this is as good news to the "Tommys" and "Sammys" as the capture of another first line trench.

Never has the world seen soldiers in such close array as the serried ranks of wheat stalk and corn stalk troops mustered today up hill and down dale and across the broad plains of the land nature has thus herself enlisted to keep free and to propagate freedom.

These crops are the fertility of American soil. They speak for the material world. "A world made safe for democracy" is the motto of the

American mind. It speaks for the spiritual world. Americans had not known, until the test came, how rich they were in either of these respects.

The war has already done more permanently to increase the yield per acre of America's fields than 10 years of education by the national and state departments of agriculture and 10 years of propaganda by the fertilizer companies.

The bread bullets are pouring into the arsenal. We shall not run short of ammunition.

In the dispute between young Mrs. Gould and her mother as to whether the mother is dead or alive, our bets are down on the mother.

KEEPING UP.

When they let him out of Massachusetts state prison the other day he felt the light and heat of the sun on his shaven head for the first time in 30 years. He blinked his eyes, naturally. More than that—his brain blinked.

He asked to be taken to the navy yard. He rode there on an electric car. There were no electric cars when he was "sent up."

At the navy yard he watched them repair several government super-dreadnoughts. Dreadnoughts had not been dreamed of when he last sat on his front porch with his coat off in the cool of the evening and read his newspaper.

Subways and aeroplanes, skyscrapers—the list of the commonplaces of this day which were brain-stunning novelties to him is endless. He sat in silence. Then he tried to smile, but failed.

What he said was short: "I don't feel that I am alive." Returned to life for the first time in 30 years, he felt less alive than at any time in 30 years of living death. All he knew anything about, any more, was death—the death of prison.

He couldn't come back. They had to take him back—back to the state penitentiary.

What happened to him in 30 years may happen to other men in 30 days. The man who stands still for a month or a year is behind, and must come back. He may have been a scratch man when he started, but the handicap is likely to prove too much for him.

Don't fall behind. It is hard to come back. It is bitter to be taken back—back to the rear seats of the world theatre. It is better to keep up.

SAVE IT.

If you were getting paid in details every Saturday night, you'd not go down in your bullets for football—would you?

Not in war time, anyhow. Well, dollars buy bullets. Your pay envelope is full of bullets.

There's only one direction in which to shoot bullets now—at the German despotism.

Every bullet in America is needed at the front. You know that, surely. Then don't shoot any bullets in any other direction.

Make every dollar count in the war! That means no wasting of dollars. And no wasting of pennies, either, for dollars are made of pennies.

Get the saving habit. Salt your money away—not in a sock or a hole in the ground, but in a place where it can work.

Nobody buries bullets. Bullets are only good when they are put in guns. Put your money where it can shoot. Put it in a bank. Give it a chance. Don't handle any of it loosely. Save it!

We are at war and war is no funny business. You have no more right to be reckless and careless with your money than anybody else has. This is Everyman's war and it's up to little old Mr. Everyman to buckle down and do his best.

Save your money!

Illinois man admits he doesn't know the name of the girl he married. Maybe the girl's name is Aphasia.

Bumper crops for America! Another bump for the kaiser!

Let this be the open season for German spies.

BASEBALL TONIGHT.

The Capitol baseball team, composed of state house employees, and the Engineers, representing the county, city and state engineering staffs located at Bismarck, will meet in a baseball battle royal at the Athletic club diamond at 6:30 this evening. No admission will be charged. Holders of season tickets issued by the Athletic club, and it is predicted the game will be worth seeing.

BACK FROM WELLS.

P. W. Thomas, assistant state engineer, and V. H. Sprague, of the state engineering staff, have returned from Wells county, where they were engaged in inspecting county bridges. Mr. Sprague will not take charge of the inspection of school lands for sale; the state engineer's office being required to classify such lands and report as to mineral content with the

A POST-MORTEM.



KAISER GIVES HIS PEOPLE MERE SOP

Merely Restores Franchise Provision Offered in His Easter Proclamation

Berlin July 13.—Emperor William has directed the following decree to be presented to the state ministry: "Upon the report of my state minister made to me in obedience to my decree of April 7 of the current year, I herewith decide to order a supplement to the same, that the draft of the bill dealing with the alteration of the electoral law for the house of deputies which is to be submitted to the diet of the monarchy for decision is to be drawn upon the basis of equal franchise. The bill is to be submitted in any case early enough that the next election may take place according to the new franchise. I charge you to make all necessary arrangements for this purpose. Signed: Wilhelm. Countersigned: Bethmann Hollweg."

Word was received several days ago that the German emperor had issued a degree for franchise reform, but hitherto the text of the order, which affects only Prussia, has not been available. It bears out advice received from Copenhagen last night that the results of the German political crisis thus far are comparatively small. The introduction of the decree of "equal franchise" merely restores a provision, which, according to Berlin gossip, was contained in the original draft of the emperor's Easter manifesto and was eliminated at the last moment in consequence of reactionary intrigue.

It was also pointed out that the imperial announcement has not prescribed immediate institution of a reform, inasmuch as the next election may not take place until after the war, and there is not a word of the introduction of parliamentarism in the emperor's manifesto.

PURITY DELEGATES.

Governor Frazier today issued commissions as delegates to the tenth international purity congress to Mrs. Kate Selby Wilder, Fargo; Judge C. A. Pollock, Fargo; Rev. W. J. Hutcheson, Bismarck; O. S. Aaker, Minnawaukan; Rev. P. J. Henness, Michigan; and Mrs. William J. Clapp, of Fargo.

HOME FROM LAKES.

Tax Commissioner H. H. Steele returned today from a vacation with his family at Big Pine Lake, Minn.

M'CLUSKY HERE FOR DOUBLE-HEADER NEXT SUNDAY-LEITH QUIT

McClusky, capital of Sheridan county, will try the mettle of the Bismarck Champs in a double-header on the local grounds Sunday afternoon. McClusky comes in lieu of Leith, which kicked out at the last moment. The fans will lose nothing in the exchange as McClusky has made baseball history and comes Sunday with the expectation of writing another interesting page.

The Bismarck team is in first-class shape again, and it is prepared to put up a classy scrap Sunday. With good baseball weather, the double offering is expected to attract a record



THE HILLMAN

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM Author of "THE DOUBLE TRAITOR" "THE MASTER MUMMER," ETC.

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 Strangewey.

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

CHAPTER III.—Next morning she discovers that John, the younger brother, has recently come into a large fortune, in company with him she explores the farm.

CHAPTER IV.

The churchyard gate was opened and closed noisily. They both glanced up. Stephen Strangewey was coming slowly toward them along the flinty path. Louise, suddenly herself again, rose briskly to her feet. Stephen had apparently lost none of his doorness of the previous night. As he looked toward Louise, there was no mistaking the slow dislike in his steely eyes.

"Your chauffeur, madam, has just returned," he announced. "He sent word that he will be ready to start at one o'clock."

Louise, inspired to battle by the almost provocative hostility of her elder host, smiled sweetly upon him. "You can't imagine how sorry I am to hear it," she said. "I don't know when, in the whole course of my life, I have met with such a delightful adventure or spent such a perfect morning."

Stephen looked at her with level, disapproving eyes—at her slender form in its perfectly fitting tailored gown; at her patent shoes, so obviously unsuitable for her surroundings, and at the faint vision of silk stockings.

"If I might say so without appearing inhospitable," he remarked, with faint sarcasm, "this would seem to be the fitting moment for your departure. A closer examination of our rough life up here might alter your views. If I do not have the pleasure of seeing you again, permit me to wish you farewell."

He turned and walked away. Louise watched him with very real interest. "Do you know," she said to John, "there is something about your brother a little like the prophets in the Old Testament, in the way he sees only one issue and clings to it. Are you, too, of his way of thinking?"

"Up to a certain point, I believe I am," he confessed. "Do you never feel cramped—in your mind, I mean?—feel that you want to push your way through the clouds into some other life?"

"I feel nearer the clouds here," he answered simply. "They were leaving the churchyard now. She paused abruptly, pointing to a single grave in a part of the churchyard which seemed detached from the rest.

"Whose grave is that?" he inquired. He hesitated. "It is the grave of a young girl," he told her quietly. "She was the daughter of one of our shepherds. She went into service at Carlisle, and returned here with a child. They are both buried here."

"Because of that her grave is apart from the others?"

"I Placed It There as a Woman's Protest Against the Injustice of That Isolation."

Louise's footsteps slackened. "You men," she sighed, "are all alike! You judge only by what happens. You never look inside. That is why your justice is so different from a woman's. I do not wish to argue with you; but what I so passionately object to is the sweeping judgment you make—the sheep on one side and the goats on the other. That is how man judges; God looks further. Every case is different. The law by which one should be judged may be poor justice for another."

She glanced at him almost appealingly, but there was no sign of yielding in his face.

"Laws," he reminded her, "are made for the benefit of the whole human race. Sometimes an individual may suffer for the benefit of others. That is inevitable."

"And so let the subject pass," she concluded; "but it saddens me to think that one of the great sorrows of the world should be there like a monument to spoil the wonder of this morning. Now I am going to ask you a question. Are you the John Strangewey who has recently had a fortune left to him?"

He nodded. "You read about it in the newspapers, I suppose," he said. "Part of the story isn't true. It was stated that I had never seen my Australian uncle, but as a matter of fact, he has been over here three or four times. It was he who paid for my education at Harrow and Oxford."

"What did your brother say to that?" "He opposed it," John confessed, "and he hated my uncle. He detests the thought of any one of us going out of sight of our own hills. My uncle had the wander fever."

"And you?" she asked suddenly. "I have none of it," he asserted. "A very faint smile played about her lips. "Perhaps not before," she murmured; "but now?"

"Do you mean because I have inherited the money? Why should I go out like a Don Quixote and search for vague adventures?"

"Because you are a man!" she answered swiftly. "You have a brain and a soul too big for your life here. You eat and drink, and physically you flourish, but part of you sleeps because it is shut away from the world of real things. Don't you sometimes feel it in your very heart that life, as we were meant to live it, can only be lived among your fellow men?"

He looked over his shoulder, at the little cluster of farm buildings and cottages, and the gray stone church. "It seems to me," he declared simply, "that the man who tries to live more than one life falls in both. There is a little cycle of life here, among our thirty or forty souls, which revolves around my brother and myself. A passer-by may glance upward from the road at our little hamlet, and wonder what can ever happen in such an out-of-the-way corner. I think the answer is just what I have told you. Love and marriage, birth and death happen. These things make life."

Her curiosity now had become merged in an immense interest. She laid her fingers lightly upon his arm. "You speak for your people," she said. "That is well. But you yourself?"

"I am one of them," he answered—a necessary part of them. "How you deceive yourself! The time will come, before very long, when you will come out into the world; and the sooner the better, I think, Mr. John Strangewey, or you will grow like your brother here among your granite hills."

He moved a little uneasily. All the time she was watching him. It seemed to her that she could read the thoughts which were stirring in his brain. "You would like to say, wouldn't you," she went on, "that this is a useful and an upright life? So it may be, but it is not wide enough or great enough. Some day you will feel the desire to climb. Promise me, will you, that when you feel the impulse you won't use all that obstinate will power of yours to crush it? You will destroy the best part of yourself, if you do. You will give it a chance? Promise!"

She held out her hand with a little impulsive gesture. He took it in his own, and held it steadfastly. "I will remember," he promised.

Along the narrow streak of road, from the southward, they both watched the rapid approach of a large motor-car. There were two servants upon the front seat and one passenger—a man—inside. It swung into the level stretch beneath them, a fantasy of gray and silver in the reflected sunshine.

Louise had been leaning forward, her head supported upon her hands. As the car slackened speed, she rose very slowly to her feet. "The chariot of deliverance!" she murmured.

"It is the prince of Seyre," John remarked, gazing down with a slight frown upon his forehead. She nodded. They had started the descent and she was walking in very leisurely fashion.

"The prince is a great friend of mine," she said. "I had promised to spend last night, or at any rate, some portion of the evening, at Raynham castle on my way to London."

He summoned up courage to ask her the question which had been on his lips more than once. "As your stay with us is so nearly over, won't you abandon your incognito?"

"In the absence of your brother," she answered. "I will risk it. My name is Louise Maurel."

"Louise Maurel, the actress?" he repeated wonderingly. "I am she," Louise confessed. "Would your brother," she added, with a little grimace, "feel that he had given me a night's lodging under false pretenses?"

John made no immediate reply. The world had turned topsyturvy with him. Louise Maurel, and a great friend of the prince of Seyre! He walked on mechanically until she turned and looked at him. "Well?"

"Why?" she asked, a little startled at his candor. "I am sorry, first of all, that you are a friend of the prince of Seyre."

"And again, why?" "Because of his reputation in these parts."

"What does that mean?" she asked. "I am not a scandal-monger," John replied dryly. "I speak only of what I know. His estates near here are systematically neglected. He is the worst landlord in the country, and the most unscrupulous. His tenants, both here and in Westmoreland, have to work themselves to death to provide him with the means of living a disreputable life."

"Are you not forgetting that the prince of Seyre is a friend of mine?" she asked stiffly. "I forget nothing," he answered. "You see, up here we have not learned the art of evading the truth."

She shrugged her shoulders. "So much for the prince of Seyre then. And now, why your dislike of my profession?"

"That is another matter," he confessed. "You come from a world of which I know nothing. All I can say is that I would rather think of you as something different."

She laughed at his somber face and patted his arm lightly. "Big man, isn't he?" she said, "when you come down from your frozen heights to look for the flowers, I shall try to make you see things differently."

(To be continued.)

"WITH THE EDITORS" (Emmons County Record.)

The other evening the Bismarck Tribune called attention to near seditious utterances translated from a Dickinson newspaper, printed in the German language. For several months we have heard rumors of pretty rough stuff being printed in foreign language newspapers, either to carry favor with that class of readers or to satisfy the rabid pro-German feelings of the publishers. We have had reason to believe that much of the unrest apparent among those who cannot talk the English language, or read it, has come from such newspapers. One reason why the Record is more than anxious during the war to have a little German matter each week is to attempt to counteract the evil effects of just such conditions. Most of our foreign-speaking population are upright, honest, hard working people and only misinformation and lack of a chance to keep up with conditions as is possible for English-reading people causes them to appear somewhat out of sympathy with their government. Experience is showing us, however, that most of those who are dependent on this country for a chance to make a living and rear a family aren't being led very far astray by German-inspired articles in German language newspapers.

FOOD EMBARGO TIGHTENS GRIP (Continued from page one)

over them with the threat of the mailed fist if they do not help feed her. And at the same time she threatens, she tempts with unheard-of prices for what she wants.

As soon as Uncle Sam's embargo gets into good working order there not only will not be any surplus food in the neutral countries; there will actually be such a food scarcity that they will all have to go on a ration basis.

For America and her allies are not going to permit the people of the neutral nations to eat three square meals a day, at the Allies' expense unless these nations earn this right by joining them in the war against German autocracy.

It is not considered at all unlikely in diplomatic circles here that America's embargo policy will force the neutrals, one by one, into the war against Germany.

It is argued that the neutral statesmen will very soon see that this is literally a world war, in which every nation must choose one side or the other and bear its full share of the burden or be crushed between the two great contending forces.

There is not one of the neutrals that is anywhere near self-sustaining from the standpoint of food. They are all absolutely dependent on the Allies for the shipping to bring it to them.

The situation of such neutrals as Holland, Denmark, Sweden and Norway is, to say the least, unenviable. What the future may have in store for them no man can even guess.

But then, so far as that goes, the same may be said of the belligerent nations.

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