

THE TRIBUNE

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WEATHER REPORT

for 24 hours ending at noon July 14: Temperature at 7 a. m. 70. Temperature at noon 79. Highest yesterday 80. Lowest yesterday 54. Precipitation None. Highest wind velocity 14-NW.

Forecast

for North Dakota: Generally fair to night and Sunday; not much change in temperature; Monday probably fair.

Lowest Temperatures

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.

ORRIS W. ROBERTS, Meteorologist.

Few persons have courage to appear as good as they really are.—Hare.

COMMANDER OF THE AIR.

The Germans are counting upon two factors to win this war. They see a France bled white because it can put no more men into the trenches and they see the Allies starved into submission by the submarine.

It becomes increasingly our job to administer the final blow to German hopes. The problem is how best and quickest to do so.

We are proposing to help France by sending troops and to help all the allies by sending food. But that means ships to circumvent the submarine campaign and it takes time to build ships.

In this war, at present, time is working in favor of the Germans. The longer it takes us to produce ships, the longer it takes us to send over men and munitions and food, and the more time there is for the submarine to finish the war against us.

The aviation authorities of the United States, Great Britain and France seem to agree that the manner in which we can bring our wealth, our manufacturing capacity, our man-power and our will to help, to the point where it will be most immediately effective, is to build a vast number of airplanes. This can be done quickly.

The men to operate them can be easily secured and trained in a short time. The shipping needed for their transportation to Europe is considerably less than that required for any other military force of like effectiveness.

Once landed on French soil our air navies could take up the triple task of driving the Germans out of the air, blinding their artillery and bombing their railroads and bridges clear back to the Rhine and beyond.

A German army which could not see the enemy's surprise movements, could not regulate its artillery or bring up reserves, which was cut off from retreat back over the Rhine, would quickly be an army subject to panic fears, to impairment of morale.

It would be an army subject to smashing offensives without knowing how adequately to respond. It would be faced by famine. Its guns might soon be silenced for lack of shells.

Quick victory for the allied cause can come only from command of the air. We can give that command if the administration, congress and the airplane makers will get together upon a common platform and strike now with the full force of American energy and inventive genius.

MOVED NORTH.

The "negro question" is no longer wholly one of the South, but has moved into the North. Conditions which caused the riots at East St. Louis are bound to arise in many cities north of Mason and Dixon's line.

Cincinnati reports some 15,000 negro arrivals, in the last few months, and such cities as Cleveland and Detroit have from 5,000 to 7,000.

The southern negro has been "educated" to go where prosperity is thickest. In northern cities he is crowded into sections that are the very worst, morally and from a sanitary standpoint. And the white man will not stand for losing his job to the "cheap nigger."

How is this northern negro question going to be settled?

A SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

O, Thou who knowest both the end and the beginning of all things, harken unto the plea of Thy son who is chosen to battle for all that is holy and inspiring to humanity!

Unto Thy keeping is commended all that is mine of youth, of hope, of love, of life, as offering for that peace and fraternity among men for which Thy Holy Son was crucified.

Make steadfast my courage. Strengthen my inspiration. Glorify me with the faith in Thy goodness that moveth mountains and triumphs o'er the King of Terrors at his worst.

Help me, O captain of the divine hosts: to keep unswayed by hate or mad blood lust the sword I raise against my erring, misled, maddened brother-man. Make all my blows true blows for truth and right.

Mercy, Supreme Judge of All, for him I slay! Pity and love for his wife, his child, his mother, as, dying by his hand, I would ask Thy love and pity for mine own dear ones.

O Thou who notes the sparrow's fall! O note me, should I fall! Send to me then, above the scream of shell and roaring horrors of the fight, the glorious promise Christ has given: Be Thou with me in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and I will fear no evil. Thy rod and Thy staff shall comfort me for all that I must lay aside.

Arm my soul with Thy justice and mercy. Gird me up with that faith in The Father which endureth firm and full, come what may!

I am ready. In the name of Him who suffered all, gave all and sitteth at Thy right hand.

THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY.

In America it has been, significantly, the Goddess of Liberty, and not the god, who has been trying to enlighten the world by pointing a torch of light into the sky.

The woman of the hour in war work gives this feminine gender of liberty a new meaning and validity.

Molly Pitcher served a gun in the American Revolution against autocracy. Now the American woman is serving the guns in the world revolution against autocracy.

She is making bread bullets, and bullets of lead and steel. In munitions factories she makes guns, in implement factories, hoes, and she uses, at least, the latter.

Did the light from the torch of the Goddess of Liberty beacon freedom to the world? The light of the new goddesses, from forge as well as from hearthstone, keeps this beacon alight.

No less truly than the Russian woman's regiment, the women of America are regimented into a force that will do woman's half in winning the war, in addition to being as ever the angels of mercy of war.

Muzzling of the German press indicates the Kaiser disagrees with Lord Northcliffe's idea that it's "important for the nation to know the worst."

General Pershing decides upon "Sammy" as the "official" name of the American soldier in Europe. All right! "Sam" for short.

That beautiful ballad, "On Again, Off Again," should be translated into Chinese so that Hsuan Tung can sing it.

If war deprives you of choice cuts or tidbits, remember that abstinence makes the heart grow fonder.

SLOPE DELEGATES ENDORSE LEAGUE LABOR AGREEMENT

Manager D. C. Coates Announces Unanimous Approval of 100 Representatives

One hundred delegates representing the Slope country in convention here Friday afternoon unanimously endorsed the Nonpartisan League's proposed contract with the Agricultural Workers' union, by which the latter is to supply farm labor for North Dakota under union regulations, announced D. C. Coates, league manager, at the close of the meeting.

FIRE CAUSES BIG LOSS

\$1500 Stallion Perishes in Burning Flaxton Barn



THE HILLMAN by E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Author of "THE DOUBLE TRAITOR" and "THE MASTER MURDERER"

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—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—In a talk with him she is disturbed by his rigid moral principles and finds that his wealth has created a desire for any other life than the simple one he is leading. She tells him her name and that she is the friend of the prince of Seyre, a rich and disreputable neighbor.

CHAPTER V.

Once more that long, winding stretch of mountain road lay empty under the moonlight. Up the long slope, where three months before he had ridden to find himself confronted with the adventure of his life, John Strangeway jogged homeward in his high dogcart.

The mare, scenting her stable, broke into a quick trot as they topped the long rise. Suddenly she felt a hand tighten upon her reins. She looked inquiringly around, and then stood patiently awaiting her master's bidding.

It seemed to John as if he had passed from the partial abstraction of the last few hours into absolute and entire forgetfulness of the present. He could see the motorcar drawn up by the side of the road, could hear the fretful voice of the mule, and the soft, pleasant words of greeting from the woman who had seemed from the first as if she were very far removed indeed from any of the small annoyances of their accident.

"I have broken down. Can you help?" He set his teeth. The pangs of the recollection was a torture to him. Word by word he lived again through that brief interview. He saw her descend from the car, felt the touch of her hand on his arm, saw the flash of her brown eyes as she drew close to him with that pleasant little air of familiarity, shared by no other woman he had ever known.

Then the little scene faded away, and he remembered the tedious present. He had spent two dull days at the house of a neighboring land owner playing cricket in the daytime, dancing at night with women in whom he was unable to feel the slightest interest always with that faraway feeling in his heart, struggling hour by hour with that curious restlessness which seemed to have taken a permanent place in his disposition. He was on his way home to Peak Hall. He knew exactly the welcome which was awaiting him. He knew exactly the news he would receive. He raised his whip and cracked it viciously in the air.

Stephen was waiting for him, as he had expected, in the dining room. The elder Strangeway was seated in his accustomed chair, smoking his pipe and reading the paper. The table was laid for a meal, which Jennings was preparing to serve.

"Back again, John?" his brother remarked, looking at him fixedly over his newspaper.

John picked up one or two letters, glanced them over, and flung them down upon the table. He had examined every envelope for the last few months with the same expectancy, and thrown each one down with the same throbb of disappointment.

"As you see."

"Had a good time?"

"Not very. Have they finished the barley fields, Stephen?"

"All in at eight o'clock."

There was a brief silence. Then Stephen knocked the ashes from his pipe and rose to his feet.

"John," he asked, "why did you pull up on the road there?"

There was no immediate answer. The slightest of frowns formed itself upon the younger man's face.

"How did you know that I pulled up?"

"I was sitting with the window open, listening for you. I came outside to see what had happened, and I saw your lights standing still."

"I had a fancy to stop for a moment," John said; "nothing more."

few other hours had played strange havoc with John's thoughts and his whole outlook upon life. The coming of harvest, the care of his people, his sports, his cricket, the early days upon the grouse moors, had all suddenly lost their interest for him. Life had become a task. The echo of her half-mocking, half-challenging words was always in his ears.

He sat with his head resting upon his hands, looking steadfastly across the valley below. Almost at his feet lay the little church with its graveyard, the long line of stacks and barns, the laborers' cottages, the bailiff's house, the whole little colony around which his life seemed centered. The summer moonlight lay upon the ground almost like snow. He could see the sheaves of wheat standing up in the most distant of the cornfields. Beyond was the dark gorge toward which he had looked so many nights at this hour.

Across the veldt there came a blaze of streaming light, a serpentine trail, a faintly heard whistle—the Scottish express on its way southward toward London. His eyes followed it out of sight. He found himself thinking of the passengers who would wake the next morning in London. He felt himself suddenly acutely conscious of his isolation. Was there not something almost monastic in the seclusion which had become a passion with Stephen, and which had his grip, too, upon him—a waste of life, a burying of talents!

He rose to his feet. The half-formed purpose of weeks held him now, definite and secure. He knew that this pilgrimage of his to the hilltop, his rapt contemplation of the little panoramas which had become so dear to him, was in a sense valedictory.

After all, two more months passed before the end came, and it came then without a moment's warning. It was a little past midday when John drove slowly through the streets of Market Ketton in his high dogcart, exchanging salutations right and left with the tradespeople, with farmers brought into town by the market, with acquaintances of all sorts and conditions. More than one young woman from the shop windows or the pavements ventured to smile at him, and the few greetings he received from the wives and daughters of his neighbors were as gracious as they could possibly be made. John almost smiled once, in the act of raising his hat, as he realized how completely the whole charm of the world, for him, seemed to lie in one woman's eyes.

At the crossways, where he should have turned to the left, he paused while a motorcar passed. It contained a woman, who was talking to her host. She was not in the least like Louise, and yet instinctively he knew that she was of the same world. The perfection of her white-serge costume, her hat so smartly worn, the half-insolent smile, the little gesture with which she raised her hand—something about her unlocked the floodgates.

Market Ketton had seemed well enough a few minutes ago. John had felt a healthy appetite for his midday meal, and a certain interest concerning a deal in barley upon which he was about to engage. And now another world had him in its grip. He flicked the mare with his whip, threw away from the inn, and galloped up to the station, keeping pace with the train whose whistle he had heard. Standing outside was a local horse dealer of his acquaintance.

"Take the mare back for me to Peak Hall, will you, Jenkins, or send one of your lads?" he begged. "I want to catch this train."

The man assented with pleasure—it paid to do a kindness for a Strangeway. John passed through the ticket



"You Aren't Letting Your Thoughts Dwell Upon That Woman?"

John was silent for a moment. A bewildering thought had taken hold of him. Supposing she were to be there? Stephen, watching him, read his thoughts, and for a moment lost control of himself.

"Were you thinking about that woman?" he asked sternly.

"What woman?"

"The woman whom we sheltered here, the woman whose shameful picture is on the cover of that book."

John swung round on his heel.

"Stop that, Stephen!" he said menacingly.

"Why should I?" the older man retorted. "Take up that paper, if you want to read a sketch of the life of Louise Maurel. See the play she made her name in—'La Gioconda!'"

"What about it?"

Stephen held the paper out to his brother. John read a few lines and dashed it into a corner of the room.

"There's this much about it, John," Stephen continued. "The woman played that part night after night—played it to the life, mind you. She made her reputation in it. That's the woman we unknowingly let sleep beneath this roof! The barn is the place for her and her sort!"

John's clenched fists were held firmly to his sides. His eyes were blazing.

HONOR FRANCE, ON HER JULY FOURTH

On July 4, 1776, a handful of American colonists declared themselves free and independent and prepared to fight to make their words good. They finally achieved their liberty—thanks to the help of French troops and French naval vessels.

The shots fired in that war for freedom were heard around the world. Everywhere men were set thinking. Everywhere men wondered whether kings really ruled by divine right.

The fruit of that thought was made visible to all the world when on July 14, 1789, the French people stormed, captured and tore down the bastille, the hideous prison fortress into which those who made themselves obnoxious to the king were thrown for long months and even years of captivity.

The bastille represented to the French a tyranny they had long endured. Its every cell had been bathed with the tears of innocent men and women, many of whom had never emerged from its gloomy walls alive. Its every floor could tell tales of brutality, of cruelty, of hideous deeds done in the dark.

The work, begun then, led to the scaffold Louis XVI of the proud house whose arrogant saying was: "The state? I am the state."

The revolution set in motion by the fall of the Bastille set the whole world by the ears. Its echoes were heard for decades. Out of it came the fearful times of "the terror," the wonderful epoch of Napoleon, the restoration of the little kings, the fall of Napoleon III in 1870, when France, too, seemed to have fallen.

But after the German conquerors had taken their toll of French indemnity money, the wheel of the revolution had come full circle, the work was ended, and the real republic was at last established with its great motto of "Liberty, equality, fraternity."

Today is France's Fourth of July. Having just celebrated our own Independence day, what more fitting than that we Americans give honor to "French liberty?"

American celebration of this day, Bastille day, is a visible and beautiful and touching evidence of the amity that has existed between the two great sister republics. It gives us a chance to show our love for generous France—the chivalrous nation that has been in the forefront of civilization, ever ready to do battle for liberty, for ideas, for truth.

In war times we must not only enlist our men and our money, but also our emotions. And no country in the world can possibly have the straight appeal to the American heart that France inspires—France with whom we have ever been on terms of peace and friendship; France which for three terrible years has taught all the peoples of the earth how to bleed to death, if need be, for the sacred cause of human liberty; France, which has borne the battering blows of the Huns without whimpering and without dream of surrender; France which has been ready to die, but never to quit.

Saturday Evening Letter By Justice J. E. Robinson

(By Justice J. E. Robinson.) Yesterday I went to the Valley City chautauqua and made a short address to over 2,000 people. They applauded when I told them of the pet Baer in Fargo, whom they are going to send as a mascot to congress. I have great faith in that Baer.

It was with reluctance that I left my post of duty at the capitol, but I excused myself because I have made extra time by working on holidays and have not been absent or tardy during the business hours of any day. This week all our judges have been present and at work, but not always promptly on time. Last week one judge was absent six days and one for three days. I do not think that either one would thank me for giving his name. It is a good sign when judges begin to feel that their absence from duty is cause for shame. Of course the shame should extend

to all public servants who draw their salary and leave their work to others. The duty of the governor is to see that the laws are faithfully executed and to keep tab on all the other state officers, just the same as if they were in his employ. Now what if the governor were hired as the head of a great business industry, like the Ford Manufacturing company, would it do for him and all the other heads of departments to run off and leave their work at any time? Sure enough it would quickly lead to bankruptcy. No private or corporate business was ever successfully run in the way that public business is run, without any supervision, control or accounting. That is one of the strongest reasons for opposing governmental control and operation of public utilities. Indeed we cannot fairly hope for any real progress in state affairs until we come to realize that public business must be done on business principles.

FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF AMERICANS



Gen. La Fayette

Gen. La Fayette's historic service to America when this country was struggling for its independence makes him the first Frenchman in the hearts of Americans and the one who, on France's own birthday, Americans will remember first. Out of his devoted and unselfish services to the cause of liberty in America has grown the bond between the two nations that has made them everlasting companions among nations.

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HOT WEATHER

BY BERTON BRALEY.

I wish I were a polar bear, up north where heat waves solar bear. Less heavily on animals and Esquimaux and such. I'd take my ursine family and in an ice cave, clammy. And chillily we'd linger and enjoy it very much.

Or if I were a whale, away through waters blue I'd sail away (Or swim, if you prefer it, but the other made a rime) To waters flowing frigidly, where I could freeze up rigidly. And have a cool vacation and a very pleasant time.

I'd give a pink begonia to bathe in pure ammonia. ("Begonia—ammonia"—no other rimes would do) For though it suffocated me while it refrigerated me. I'd be completely heatless till the arctic bath was through.

Oh strip me of my covering while all this heat is hovering. And fill me full of liquid air, no matter what the price. I'm stuck to by my underwear and constantly I wonder where. A man can find a sailor who could make a suit of ice.