THE TRIBUNE

Entered at the Postoffice, Bismarck, N. D., as Second Class Matter.

ISSUED EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY

SUBSCRIPTION RATES PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

Daily, by mail or carrier, per month	$ .50
Daily, by mail, one year in North Dakota	4.00
Daily, by mail in North Dakota, three months	1.25
Daily, by mail outside of North Dakota, one year	6.00
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Weekly, by mail, per year	1.50

G. LOGAN PAYNE COMPANY
Special Foreign Representative
NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. Bldg.; CHICAGO, Marquette Bldg.; BOSTON, 8 Winter St.; DETROIT, Kresge Bldg.; MINNEAPOLIS, 810 Lumber Exchange.

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation

THE STATE'S OLDEST NEWSPAPER (Established 1872)

WEATHER REPORT.

for 24 hours ending at noon, July 16:

Temperature at 7:00 a. m.	55
Temperature at noon	—
Highest yesterday	78
Lowest yesterday	54
Precipitation	None
Highest wind velocity	12—NE

Forecast.

For North Dakota: Fair tonight and Tuesday; warmer tonight and in east and central portions Tuesday.

	Lowest Temperatures
Fargo	54
Williston	54
Grand Forks	52
Pierre	54
St. Paul	64
Winnipeg	54
Helena	62
Chicago	64
Swift Current	58
Kansas City	62
San Francisco	52

ORRIS W. ROBERTS, Meteorologist.

If a man is worth knowing at all he is worth knowing well.—Smith.

GERMAN CRISIS.

Germany's crisis may be real or feigned. The fact that the official censor lets the news percolate into neutral territory raises a presumption of doubt. At this writing the upheaval in Germany, if there is one, cannot be measured. Let us hope that the German people are becoming aroused to the situation and to the utter hopelessness of victory under the present autocratic regime.

The reichstag is merely a hall of echoes. Cabinet members are responsible only to the crown and the bundesrath, membership in which is hereditary or by royal appointment, voices faithfully the will of the Prussian military machine.

Franchise is not exercised directly, but through electors and the voting classes are so divided as to keep the power well within the nobility or rich. Germany's scheme of government is medieval in its structure. That is one reason why the Allies are not taking the stand of the reichstag seriously.

Germany has made great strides in science and economics, but in politics the nation is far behind governments of other world powers. The universities have taught a damnable philosoph which has made it possible for the Prussian autocracy to build up a power that today is sapping the life-blood of a great people.

Not enough is known of the situation in Germany to tell whether the people are aroused or whether Prussia is merely setting another peace trap.

WHERE THE CURSE LIES.

The president asked to have the food bill become a law not later than July 1. The senate has been dawdling with it for weeks. It has finally agreed to come to a vote upon it July 21. When the bill will get out of conference and become a law, no man knows.

We hear much about the importance of arousing the country to the fact that it is at war. The country is awake. The calm and orderly way in which it registered for selective service, generously subscribed for Liberty bonds, and promptly furnished money and service through the Red Cross, demonstrate that the great mass of our people are all right.

Senators and representatives have so long been playing to the galleries, making speeches to send out to constituents, imagining that their continuance in office depended upon furnishing "pork" to their constituents, loading bills up with administrative details that took the real executve and administrative functions out of the hands of the president and his subordinates, that when war came, congress continued to, and still is, playing the same old game. It is going more to disgust the average man with democracy and to reconcile him to autocratic methods than all other things together.

The food bill affects every home in the land. Each day's delay is enabling the food hogs to wring millions out of the pockets of the poor. Passage of it insures our ability to furnish necessary food to our allies. Failure to pass the bill deprives the producer of his just reward and increases the burden of the consumer.

The feeling against the senate is particularly bitter. If the well groomed men in our upper house had worked with half the zeal and devotion that our women are doing in the Red Cross, this bill long ago would have been in the president's hands. Instead of that, we have a lot of senators who seem to be thinking only of how this bill is going to affect their individual political fortunes.

They may find vigilance committees, instead of admiring delegations, to welcome their return home.

FIGHTING WITH FEET.

Walter Forse, a well named 19-year-old patriot, couldn't enter the U. S. marines at Binghamton, N. Y. He had only nine fingers.

Unconvinced that a finger more or less made much difference in smashing boches over the head with a rifle butt, and certain he could pulll a trigger with his toe if necessary, Forse took his case right to headquarters.

He walked from Binghamton to Washington, thi ssign on his back:

"Walking from Binghamton to Wasington to join the U. S. marines. It's worth it."

It was. Forse, the temptation to misspell whose name is almost irresistible, is now a marine.

Have we not learned that the condition of his feet is the greatest physical test of a land soldier? Forse's feet are all right, and the marines fight on land, as well as at sea.

What's become of the old-fashioned war expert who said that Russia was out of the fight?

I. W. W. THREAT.

The Industrial Workers of the World say that, if necessary, they'll see to it that there's no wheat crop in this country this year.

The rich can get food whatever happens. If it costs $10 a loaf for bread, the rich will easily get their bread. So the threat of the I. W. W. is against the poor, against the common man, woman and child of America.

Evidently the Industrial Workers of the World are intent on helping Germany win. They are assisting the most autocratic government on earth to extend its rule over the world.

We suggest that the Industrial Workers of the World migrate to Germany and do their fighting in the open on their own side.

After seeing 7,000 Austro-Germans on the run to the Russian rear as prisoners, Gen. Scott wires from Petrograd that "the Russians will fight." Here's one more war cablegram that we can swallow without a mouthful of salt.

Think of Emma Goldman and her Berkman lying in jail for two years, with opportunities for publicly raising the devil on every bush! It is sure real punishment for sincere anarchists.

At San Francisco, John Lampas gave the Red Cross his touring car, his watch and his $521 bank deposits, and then enlisted in the United States army, saying, "That's all I have and I'm glad to give it."

Schumann-Heink says she's prouder of her talent as a cook than of her talent as a singer. All right, Ernestine! Just give us your talent as a singer for one season and you can do the cooking all the rest of the time.

Chapin & Gore, the big whiskey makers, are to quit business. It is one of the most favorable times to quit the whiskey business we ever knew of.

Editorial gents who think they have hot opinions will please note that "The Masses" has been fired from the mails becauses its "general tone" was objectionable to the postoffice department.

Slackers are committing crimes to be jailed and escape conscription. They're fulfilling the formula for cowards.

Why should the German crown prince be so excited about a second-hand crown? They'll not be wearing them next season.

A billion of bushels increase in the food crop, with the home gardens not counted! Another notification to German autocracy that we're serious.

Gen. Chang has handed over Peking to Gen. Wang. We nominate Gen. Bang for president of today's Chinese republic, if any.

Two weeks is enough for it, and the Austrian cabinet wants to resign. A job in the Austrian cabinet must be full of joy, we don't think.

The kaiser must take care of his dear son first—even if they have had family scraps now and then.

Hit 'em again, Kerensky!

Kerensky the Wonderful!

THE HILLMAN

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

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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 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—In a talk with him she is disturbed by his rigid moral principles and finds that his wealth has created no 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—Three months later, unable to rid himself of the memory of the actress and in spite of his brother's protests, John goes to London.

CHAPTER VI.

The great French dramatist, dark, pale-faced and corpulent, stood upon the extreme edge of the stage, brandishing his manuscript in his hand. He banged the palm of his left hand with the rolled-up manuscript and looked at them all furiously.

"The only success I care for," he thundered, "is an artistic success!"

"With Miss Maurel playing your leading part, M. Graillot," the actor-manager declared, "not to speak of a company carefully selected to the best of my judgment, I think you may venture to anticipate even that."

The dramatist bowed hurriedly to Louise.

"You recall to me a fact," he said gallantly, "which almost reconciles me to this diabolical travesty of some of my lines. Proceed, then—proceed! I will be as patient as possible."

The stage manager shouted out some directions from his box. A gentleman in faultless morning clothes, who seemed to have been thoroughly enjoying the interlude, suddenly adopted the puppetlike walk of a footman. Other actors, who had been whispering together in the wings, came back to their places. Louise advanced alone, a little languidly, to the front of the stage. At the first sound of her voice M. Graillot, nodding his head vigorously, was soothed.

Her speech was a long one. It appeared that she had been arraigned before a company of her relatives, assembled to comment upon her misdeeds. She wound up with a passionate appeal to her husband, Mr. Miles Faraday, who had made an unexpected appearance. M. Graillot's face, as she concluded, was wreathed in smiles.

"Ah!" he cried. "You have lifted us all up! Now I feel once more the inspiration. Mademoiselle, I kiss your hand," he went on. "It is you who still redeem my play. You bring back the spirit of it to me. In you I see the embodiment of my Therese."

Louise made no movement. Her eyes were fixed upon a certain shadowy corner of the wings. Overwrought as she had seemed, with the emotional excitement of her long speech, there was now a new and curious expression upon her face. She was looking at a tall, hesitating figure that stood just off the stage. She forgot the existence of the famous dramatist who hung upon her words. Her feet no longer trod the dusty boards of the theater. She was almost painfully conscious of the perfume of apple blossom.

"You!" she exclaimed, stretching out her hands. "Why do you not come and speak to me? I am here!"

John came out upon the stage. The French dramatist, with his hands behind his back, made swift mental notes of an interesting situation. He saw the coming of a man who stood like a giant among them, sunburnt, buoyant with health, his eyes bright with the wonder of his unexpected surroundings; a man in whose presence everyone else seemed to represent an effete and pallid type of humanity.

Those first few sentences, spoken in the midst of a curious little crowd of strangers, seemed to John, when he thought of his long waiting, almost piteously inadequate. Louise, recognizing the difficulty of the situation, swiftly recovered her composure. She was both tactful and gracious.

"Mr. Faraday," she said appealingly, "Mr. Strangewey comes from the country—he is, in fact, the most complete countryman I have ever met in my life. He comes from Cumberland, and he once—well, very nearly saved my life. He knows nothing about theaters, and he hasn't the least idea of the importance of a rehearsal. You won't mind if we put him somewhere out of the way till we have finished, will you?"

"After such an introduction," Faraday said in a tone of resignation, "Mr Strangewey would be welcome at any time."

"There's a dear man!" Louise exclaimed. "Let me introduce him quickly. Mr. John Strangewey—Mr. Miles Faraday, M. Graillot, Miss Sophy Gerard, my particular little friend. The prince of Seyre you already know, although you may not recognize him trying to balance himself on that absurd stool."

John bowed in various directions, and Faraday, taking him good-naturedly by the arm, led him to a garden seat at the back of the stage.

"There!" he said. "You are one of the most privileged persons in London. You shall hear the finish of our rehearsal. There isn't a press man in London I'd have near the place."

Twenty-four hours away from his silent hills, John looked out with puzzled eyes from his dusty seat among ropes and pulleys and leaning fragments of scenery. What he saw and heard seemed to him, for the most part, a meaningless tangle of gestures and phrases. The men and women in fashionable clothes, moving about before that gloomy space of empty auditorium, looked more like marionettes than creatures of flesh and blood, drawn this way and that at the bidding of the stout, masterful Frenchman, who was continually muttering exclamations and banging the manuscript upon his hand. It seemed like a dream picture, with unreal men and women moving about aimlessly, saying strange words.

Then there came a moment which brought a tingle into his blood, which plunged his senses into hot confusion. He rose to his feet. It was a play which they were rehearsing, of course! It was a damnable thing to see Louise taken into that cold and obviously unreal embrace, but it was only a play. It was part of her work.

John resumed his seat and folded his arms. With the embrace had fallen an imaginary curtain, and the rehearsal was over. They were all crowded together, talking, in the center of the stage. The prince, who had stepped across the footlights, made his way to where John was sitting.

"So you have deserted Cumberland for a time?" he courteously inquired.

"I came up last night," John replied.

"London, at this season of the year," the prince observed, "is scarcely at its best."

John smiled.

"I am afraid," he said, "that I am not critical. It is eight years since I was here last. I have not been out of Cumberland during the whole of that time."

The prince, after a moment's incredulous stare, laughed softly to himself.

"You are a very wonderful person, Mr. Strangewey," he declared. "I have heard of your good fortune. If I can be of any service to you during your stay in town," he added politely, "please command me."

"You are very kind," John replied gratefully.

Louise broke away from the little group and came across toward them.

"Free at last!" she exclaimed. "Now let us go out and have some tea."

They made their way down the little passage and out into the sudden blaze of the sunlit streets. Louise led John to a small car which was waiting in the rear.

"The Carlton," she told the man, as he arranged the rugs. "And now," she added, turning to John, "why have you come to London? How long are you going to stay? What are you going to do? And—most important of all—in what spirit have you come?"

John breathed a little sigh of contentment. "I came to see you," he confessed bluntly.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, looking at him with a little smile. "How downright you are!"

"The truth—" he began.

"Has to be handled very carefully," she said, interrupting him. "The truth is either beautiful or crude, and the people who meddle with such a wonderful thing need a great deal of tact. You have come to see me, you say. Very well, then, I will be just as frank. I have been hoping that you would come!"

"You can't imagine how good it is to hear you say that," he declared.

"Mind," she went on, "I have been hoping it for more reasons than one. You have come to realize, I hope, that it is your duty to try to see a little more of life than you possibly can, leading a patriarchal existence among your flocks and herds."

They were silent for several moments.

"I thought you would come," Louise said at last; "and I am glad, but even in these first few minutes I want to say something to you. If you wish to really understand the people you meet here and the life they lead, don't be like your brother—too quick to judge. Do not hug your prejudices too tightly. You will come across many problems, many situations which will seem strange to you. Do not make up your mind about anything in a hurry."

"I will remember that," he promised. "You must remember, though, that I don't expect ever to become a convert. I believe I am a countryman, bred and born. Still, there are some things that I want to understand, if I can, and, more than anything else—I want to see you!"

She faced his direct speech this time with more deliberation.

"Tell me exactly why."

"If I could tell you that," he replied simply, "I should be able to answer for myself the riddle which has kept me awake at night for weeks and months, which has puzzled me more than anything else in life has ever done."

"You really have thought of me, then?"

"Didn't you always know that I should?"

"Perhaps," she admitted. "Anyhow, I always felt that we should meet again, that you would come to London. The problem is," she added, smiling, "what to do with you now you are here."

"I haven't come to be a nuisance," he assured her. "I just want a little help from you. I want to understand because it is your world. I want to feel myself nearer to you. I want—"

She gripped his arms suddenly. She knew well enough that she had deliberately provoked his words, but there was a look in her face almost of fear.

"Don't let us be too serious all at once," she begged quickly. "If you have one fault, my dear big friend from the country," she went on, with

"I Want to Feel Myself Nearer to You. I Want—"

a swiftly assumed gayety, "it is that you are too serious for your years. Sophy and I between us must try to cure you of that! You see, we have arrived."

He handed her out, followed her across the pavement, and found himself plunged into what seemed to him to be an absolute vortex of human beings, all dressed in very much the same fashion, all laughing and talking together very much in the same note, all criticizing every fresh group of arrivals with very much the same eyes and manner. The palm court was crowded with little parties seated at the various round tables, partaking languidly of the most indolent meal of the day. Even the broad passageway was full of men and women, standing about and talking or looking for tables. One could scarcely hear the music of the orchestra for the babel of voices.

The prince of Seyre beckoned to them from the steps. He seemed to have been awaiting their arrival there—a cold, immaculate, and, considering his lack of height, a curiously distinguished-looking figure.

"I have a table inside," he told them as they approached. "It is better for conversation. The rest of the place is like a bear garden. I am not sure if they will dance here today, but if they do, they will come also into the restaurant."

"Wise man!" Louise declared. "I, too, hate the babel outside."

"We are faced," said the prince, as he took up the menu, "with our daily problem. What can I order for you?"

"A cup of chocolate," Louise replied.

"And Miss Sophy?"

"Tea, please."

John, too, preferred tea; the prince ordered absinthe.

"A polyglot meal, isn't it, Mr. Strangewey?" said Louise, as the order was executed; "not in the least what that wonderful old butler of yours would understand by tea. Sophy, put your hat on straight if you want to make a good impression on Mr. Strangewey. I am hoping that you two will be great friends."

Sophy turned toward John with a little grimace.

"Louise is so tactless!" she said. "I am sure any idea you might have had of liking me will have gone already. Has it, Mr. Strangewey?"

"On the contrary," he replied, a little stiffly, but without hesitation, "I was thinking that Miss Maurel could scarcely have set me a more pleasant task."

The girl looked reproachfully across at her friend.

"You told me he came from the wilds and was quite unsophisticated!" she exclaimed.

"The truth," John assured them, looking with dismay at his little china cup, "comes very easily to us. We are brought up on it in Cumberland."

"Don't chatter too much, child," Louise said benignly. "I want to hear some more of Mr. Strangewey's impressions. This is—well, if not quite a fashionable crowd, yet very nearly so. What do you think of it—the women, for instance?"

"Well, to me," John confessed candidly, "they all look like dolls or manikins. Their dresses and their hats overshadow their faces. They seem all the time to be wanting to show, not themselves, but what they have on."

They all laughed. Even the prince's lips were parted by the flicker of a smile. Sophy leaned across the table with a sigh.

"Louise," she pleaded, "you will lend him to me sometimes, won't you? You won't keep him altogether to yourself? There are such a lot of places to take him to!"

"I was never greedy," Louise remarked, with an air of self-satisfaction. "If you succeed in making a favorable impression upon him, I promise you your share."

"Tell us some more of your impressions, Mr. Strangewey," Sophy begged.

"You want to laugh at me," John protested good-humoredly.

"On the contrary," the prince assured him, as he fitted a cigarette into a long amber tube, "they want to laugh with you. You ought to realize your value as a companion in these days. You are the only person who can see the truth. Eyes and tastes blurred with custom perceive so little. You are quite right when you say that these women are like manikins; that their bodies and faces are lost; but one does not notice it until it is pointed out."

"We will revert," Louise decided, "to a more primitive life. You and I will inaugurate a missionary enterprise, Mr. Strangewey. We will judge the world afresh. We will reclothe and rehabilitate it."

The prince flicked the ash from the end of his cigarette.

"Morally as well as sartorially?" he asked.

There was a moment's rather queer silence. The music rose above the hubbub of voices and died away again. Louise rose to her feet. The prince, with a skillful maneuver, made his way to her side as they left the restaurant.

"Tomorrow afternoon, I think you said?" he repeated quietly. "You will be in town then?"

"Yes, I think so."

"You have changed your mind, then, about—"

"M. Graillot will not listen to my leaving London," she interrupted rapidly. "He declares that it is too near the production of the play. My own part may be perfect, but he needs me for the sake of the others. He puts it like a Frenchman, of course."

They had reached the outer door, which was being held open for them by a bowing commissionnaire. John and Sophy were waiting upon the pavement. The prince drew a little back.

"I understand," he murmured.

(To be continued.)

U. C. T. NOTES

HATS OFF TO OLSON—

Knights of the grip doff their hats to William Olson of Valley City. William's official job is that of deputy state fire marshal. He has, however, a side line, according to Oakes newspaper reports, which is a hummer. This is the sale of stock in the Fargo Equity packing plant, which is understood to pay the salesman a neat commission. Mr. Olson's official duties take him into every town in the state, and he is said to be doing well.

WANT BETTER SERVICE—

Badger grip knights have petitioned the state secretary of the United Commercial Travelers to use his best efforts to get them better train service to points in the Ashland territory. Ashland is a big center for commercial travelers in northern Wisconsin, and its Commercial club is co-operating with the salesmen in an effort to get them what they want.

HONORARY MEMBERSHIP—

A movement is on foot to vote B. B. Lenhart an honorary membership in Bismarck council, U. C. T., for very special services rendered.

HE WAS THERE—

Chris Fossum slipped in a day ahead of time to attend some Thursday eevning doings not long ago. He laid low all afternoon to make certain of not meeting A. B., the boss, and then when he showed up at the party there was old Alphabetical, as big as life and twice as natural.

THAT NEW FLIVVER—

E. Howard Light of the Minneapolis Paper company has a new flivver. He made his first trip over the Pingree-Wilton line this week and took "Old Pete" Daily, the Griggs-Cooper man, with him.

BISMARCK GROWING—

Bismarck council, U. C. T., is fast becoming one of the largest in this jurisdiction. Minneapolis leads with 1,377. Then in order named come St. Paul, 1083; Duluth, 543; Fargo, 344; Minot, 229; Grand Forks, 209; Owatonna, 192; Mankato, 184; Winona, 172; Crookston, 161, and Bismarck, 131. Bismarck leads Albert Lea, Red Wing, St. Cloud, Pipestone, Stillwater, Bemidji, Devils Lake, Fergus Falls, Brainerd and Jamestown.

GOOD DEVELOPMENT—

In spite of war and weather and high water, the national organization of the United Commercial Travelers continues to grow, showing a present membership of 77,120, as compared with 74,597 a year ago.

HAIL, HAIL!—

The Sixth Floor Gang is IN.

TO REOPEN BROWN—

The Hotel Brown at Flasher, closed for repairs, is being renovated and soon will be reopened, much to the joy of the traveling fraternity making that city.

EVERETT TRUE—

C. P. Ingmundson of Jamestown, the Everett True of the twisting trails, announces that all things considered horseshoes are about the cheapest commodity on the market today. He doesn't recommend 'em as a steady diet, however.

RUNS A HAY WIRE—

Proving that the truth is stranger than fiction, when his "rambler" broke down on the country road near LaMoure, J. F. McCann, well known knight of the grip, replaced with a section of barbwire appropriated from a convenient fence, one of the rods supporting his engine. The little old car rambled right along into town, and Mr. McGann discovered that the hammock support reduced the engine's vibrations about 100 per cent. So much superior is the barbwire to the original support that the commercial traveler has bought a bale, and now wherever Henry goes, repairs are always available.