

David Lloyd George.

By Herbert W. Horwill (The Nation).

London, May 10. David Lloyd George has now reached the pinnacle of his career. The next few months will show whether that edifice built upon the rock or upon the sand. Meanwhile his supremacy is undisputed. Not only is he the head of a far larger party majority than has any British statesman of his time, but at one of the most crises in the history of the world the responsibility for the future of the British Empire rests upon his shoulders. How can we explain the rise of a poor village lad to so commanding an eminence? In many respects he is the British analogue of Theodore Roosevelt. There seem to be no limits to his energy or capacity for work. The man who, when preparing his Insurance Bill, labored fifteen hours a day for a seven-day week is at any rate exempt from the charge of being a slacker. He has a passion for the limelight, and unquestioning confidence that, whatever is to be done, he is the man to do it. He has a combative temperament, linked with a quick decision that never leaves him shivering on the brink of any Rubicon. Again and again he has shown his courage, from the time when he stood up for a group of Welsh peasants against the exactions of a domineering parson to the days when he confronted the national mania in his opposition to the Boer War. Though this quality was most conspicuous in the earlier part of his career, it has not deserted him, for it was exhibited as notably as ever when he cheerfully took the risks involved in the coup d'état by which he supplanted Mr. Asquith.

He possesses another valuable asset in his popular sympathies, which spring from personal experience of the hard lot of the struggling masses. He is a consummate demagogue—I use the word here in no disparaging sense—in his ability to appeal to the emotions of the multitude and to touch that chord of popular sentiment upon which the speaker of public school and university training can rarely play with effect. In his finest speeches he is exalted by the rhapsody of the hour. He turns every public platform on which he appears into an Eisteddfod. He is an unrivalled master of the art of vivid metaphor. Instances might be culled from almost every important utterance he has delivered. It may suffice to quote one example from his 1910 campaign against the Lords: "The brilliance of the sunshine of their lives blinds them to the squalor around them." Such things stir the blood, and arouse the dulled audience to an enthusiasm that would never be awakened by the most cogent argument.

The presumption of "a little Welsh solicitor" in essaying so great a task. New point is given to the taunt when we find him attempting to establish a new world-order by a series of astute deals, and endeavoring to reconcile the age-long contentions of races and nationalities by the expedients with which a shrewd country lawyer appeases litigants in some petty village squabble.

To Henri Barbusse, Alfred Mercereau and Their Friends!

By Hugo von Hofmannsthal.

A few weeks ago we reprinted the splendid appeal by Henri Barbusse to the Intellectual Fighters of All Countries. Now we reprint Frederick Franklin Schrader's translation of a special response made by Hugo von Hofmannsthal. Your words, long expected, have been heard, and they are strong, and have come at the right time. We read their import with eager interest, and in their sincerity they are like the clasp of a manly hand. That your hearts were torn with compassion like a secret gangrene while you were in the thick of the strife, that your spirit soared above the roar of the battle, that you avowed the truth and spurned the lie—we were longing to speak similar words but loath to do so under the restraint imposed upon the vanquished. At intervals there came to us expressions from those of your people whom we had learned to venerate for the treasures of their minds; but they were hardly distinguishable; and after so many disappointments we found ourselves confronted by an additional source of discord. We forgot that you, too, required time for composure until those could address us whose lips were to speak from the fulness of the heart in words resonant with sorrowful experiences and painful sufferings. Be it confessed; during these terrible four years our anxiety for the fate of our country was never dissociated from sympathy for your people, and we brought to the conception of maternal Europe—the relentless scoffing of the writers for the Chauvinistic daily press notwithstanding—the same devoted spirit of loyalty to which we confess this day. Though singular in number, there were not a few of us, feeling ourselves the living limbs of the same body that was fighting and bleeding to death. Be it confessed; a single regret was ever gnawing at our conscience—regret at having contributed too little to the reciprocal relationship of nations. The efforts we put forth to enjoy the fruits of your genius, to make the product of three glorious French centuries our own, to grasp the indissoluble bonds of the intellect, were selfish ones. They too little served our nation. Within our most exclusive spiritual domain we proved ourselves recreant. This avowal of our faults has everything to discourage us; but in hailing us you have given us new courage; in telling us that our work means something to you, you have revived our spirits. We know you are weary of words which, more destructive than weapons, have segregated us into groups almost destitute of human impulses, and that, like ourselves, you are feeling the need of a new medium of communication, a new language among nations. With too little care and understanding the world has judged the differences in languages; our lonely, introspective, monologic, more than intimate tongue, has remained a stranger to you; your incomparable organ of the high-est intellectual intimacy has been loved by us with a shallow love, scorned with a shallow prejudice. This is the great dilemma: languages are the bearers of life; they are the true spiritual bodies of nations; but employed without veneration, without a certain diffidence impossible of incultation into the minds of the low, they are debased to become

CLASS RULE.

From The Public.

Certain friends of labor are laying up trouble for themselves and for those whom they would serve by talking about laboring class rule. Organized labor has reached a point where its power attracts attention. Its demand for the right of collective bargaining and representation in industry is receiving thoughtful consideration, and the net result is likely to be a great advance in the industrial world. But when to the claim that labor should have the right to administer its own affairs is added the demand that it should dictate the affairs of society as a whole, a grave mistake is made. The world has passed the class

GERMANY'S OIL REQUIREMENTS.

Mark L. Regus, Director of the Oil Division of the United States Fuel Administration, recently told of Germany's requirements in the way of oil.

Germany imported from this country 79,481,322 gallons of illuminating oil in 1914, and some 25,000,000 gallons in the preceding year. Lubricating oils were also imported in substantial quantities during the three years preceding the war. In 1912, 24,308,176 gallons were taken from this country; in 1913 the amount was 26,418,269 gallons, and in 1914, 22,596,497 gallons. These figures are, however, small as compared with what the gasoline needs will be during the next twelve months. In the past the Germans were able to draw heavily from the Rumanian and Russian wells, but these are not now in a position to produce on a large scale. When the Germans threatened an invasion of Rumania, the American engineers with the British expedition dynamited the wells. Later they were partially repaired by the Germans, but when they were forced to evacuate the territory the wells were again dynamited and production as a result has been seriously curtailed. A big part of Germany's needed oil supply must come from the United States.

Prohibition's Daily Toll.

From The New York World.

Republican leaders in Congress who began the session with many proclamations of their purpose to reduce taxation evidently forgot something. On examining the situation they discover that even the semi-luxury taxes which were to go by the board instantly cannot be spared. What slipped the minds of the gentlemen was Prohibition. In the fiscal year 1918 the National Government collected \$443,000,000 of revenue on the manufacture and sale of liquor. If the wartime act goes into effect on July 1 receipts from this source will be ended, and in any case they will cease next January. When we recall the fact that in 1890 the total net ordinary receipts of the Treasury were only \$567,000,000, it will be seen that, even in the billion-dollar financing of war, items of \$443,000,000 cannot be sacrificed without leaving a shortage somewhere. Income, excess-profit and other war taxation has been carried to the limit in existing schedules. To supply the deficiency caused by Prohibition the vexatious luxury taxes must be retained, and it would not be surprising if other levies upon articles of common use were presently found to be necessary. For many years to come, therefore, the people who pay the new taxes will have almost daily reminders that they are footing the bill that Prohibition presented to them as heedlessly as it deprived others of personal rights, employment and property.

Home Brews That Kick.

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg, A. B., M. A., M. D., in The New York Tribune.

There is potentially as much of a devil in every berry of the grape and each fruit of a cereal as there is in the cunning wretcher wine itself. Good wine needs no bush. You can brew it in a tea kettle or a soup boiler beyond the madding revenue and secret service officers. Wine may take away reason, engender insanity, lead thousands to extravagance, and, at the last, it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder, yet human nature is fallible and will continue to fall for it. A concoction popularly known as "home brew" is probably the most common of the locally brewed drinks, and persons who have tried this beverage claim that when properly prepared it compares very favorably with the best of ales. The method of manufacturing "home brew" is very simple, and no expensive equipment is necessary, the chief thing needed being a washboiler or a large kettle that will hold from eight to sixteen gallons of liquid. In this receptacle are placed the required number of gallons of water, the malt and the hops. This mixture is allowed to steep for hours, or until the goodness of the malt and hops steep out, after which brown sugar or molasses is added. It is then thoroughly mixed and strained into a common heavy beer keg. Through the bung hole is poured a small quantity of yeast. The mixture is allowed to "work" for several hours, after which the bung hole is carefully plugged. In a couple of days the beer is ready for use. There are, of course, persons who have a thirst for something stronger. Various methods of home distilling are in vogue

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