

"There Are No Alps to the Napoleon"



We have learned many things about the Alps since Napoleon crossed them with his army. The Alps are but an obstacle to be overcome. All the obstacles in our path are figuratively ranges of mountains to be crossed.

The crossing of the Alps was a marvelous accomplishment for Napoleon. Today, with modern inventions, an army can go through those mountains with ease. An army might fly over them in airplanes.

Napoleon had no airplanes—he had no motors to haul his cannon. No trucks to carry his baggage. Horses and his soldiers dragged all his cannon and all his freight over those high, bleak passes. In the illustration which we present today the Alps seem small compared to the man on horseback in the foreground. In fact, they were no smaller in comparison to Napoleon than to any other man—physically. They were smaller in spirit only. Napoleon had the spirit that dwarfed these formidable peaks.

As it was true of Napoleon it would have been true of any other man with the same indomitable spirit.

Murray was speaking of them. Every day all of us find before us our Alps. Alps that we must climb if we are to achieve our goal. It is well to remember that the Alps that face us every day are not always mountain ranges.

spirit. Our muscles are weak. If we use only our muscles we will dig always in the ditches. It is when we realize that in our minds, in our spirit, is the real strength, that we move forward to accomplish them.

Few persons, too, have the courage to be as good as they really are.

Study the illustration today and realize that not Napoleon alone faced the Alps, but that all of us, every day are confronted with obstacles that seem as formidable.

If we get discouraged, think of Napoleon and the Alps.

W. John Murray, who is one of the great preachers in New York City, has said: "There are no Alps to the Napoleon." Note he said "the Napoleon." The world is filled with Napoleons. Rev.

All our obstacles are Alps to us. If we are to cross them we must have the spirit to carry us over.

Few persons realize the strength of the spirit. Few realize that all strength is in

Bear in mind that it is in the courage of the spirit we do things.

Say with Robert Browning: "One fight more, God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world."

Labor Government Wolf in Sheep's Clothing, Says Lloyd George

By DAVID LLOYD GEORGE. Ex-Premier of Great Britain. London, Aug. 16.—(By Cable)—If foreign countries are watching Great Britain this year to see how a socialist experiment works in a great empire—then they have looked in vain. The socialist experiment has not yet begun. Britain has experienced seven months' rule of a socialist government but not a day, yet, of socialism.

To apprehend the practical difference between the two experiences, one has only to re-peruse Mr. Snowden's famous resolution in the last parliament, authoritatively defining, in clear terms, the policy of his party and to compare it with what has actually happened after the propounders of that policy have been in office. It is worth while reproducing that motion in full.

"That in view of the failure of the capitalistic system to adequately utilize and organize natural resources and productive power, or to provide a necessary standard of life for vast numbers of the population, and believing that the cause of this failure lies in the private ownership and control of the means of production and distribution, this house declares that legislative effort should be directed to gradual supersession of the capitalistic system by an industrial and social order based on public ownership and the democratic control of the instruments of production and distribution."

Capital Sleeps Peacefully. This was moved a year ago. It then received the official support of the whole socialist party. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald wound up the debate upon it in a strong and unequivocal speech. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has now been prime minister for seven months. Mr. Snowden has, for that period, been chancellor of the exchequer. The party which voted so solidly for that socialist pronouncement has been in office for the term of an ordinary parliamentary session. How fares it with the "capitalistic system," which was denounced as the root of all evils?

No gardener has ever shown more tender care for any root than the socialist government has for capitalism. Every effort to injure it has been strenuously avoided. There has not been much done to strengthen or foster capital, but that failure has been so obviously owing to inefficiency or sheer timidity and not to hatred of the evil thing! Speeches delivered by the socialist ministers in parliament and outside at assemblies and deputations of financiers and business men have breathed the very essence of sympathy for property, credit and individual enterprise. Everything that has been done to put the bourgeoisie comfortably to sleep.

Under liberal pressure, they consented at last to the use of state credit to enable householders to purchase their own houses at a reasonable price. What more assured method is there of spreading the roots of that pernicious capitalistic

system than to create thousands of new capitalists throughout the land?

Forced Into Line. They had one lapse. For this their leaders were not to blame. On a Friday afternoon, they voted for a private bill, the object of which was to syndicalize the mines of this island. They could not help it. This bill was not introduced by the government. It was not moved in government time. But having been put, introduced and pressed to second reading by its promoters, the socialist ministers were forced to support it. They did it so reluctantly that it was clear they did not enjoy the process. For months they had done their best to keep their hands clean. They had their trust upon them by their own indiscreet friends, who were tired of the long "dry" spell. It was too much of a temptation. They drank it. Let us admit that in public it was licked with a wry face, as if they were slipping no longer. But if they had refused, they would have forfeited the confidence of the bootlegging fraternity behind them. I refer, of course, to the political and economic bootleggers. The secret drinking of socialist liquors still goes on—behind the scenes—and on an unprecedented scale, and they are all—leaders and followers—looking forward to the day, not far distant, when they cannot only openly revel in their favorite indulgence but force their co-conspirators on the British public.

What accounts for their public abstinence? The fact that any attempt under present parliamentary conditions to carry out socialist experiments would bring their government to a premature grave. Nothing else. They are governing, not only with the liberal eye fixed vigilantly upon them, but with the liberal revolver leveled at their heads. If the liberal leader pulls the trigger, this government is dead. And it knows it. That is one reason why the socialist prime minister hates the liberals with a savage ill-will that he cannot conceal. His supporters are in the minority in the house of commons. Without the liberal vote his government could not live one parliamentary day. Hence this temporary abandonment of the wild ways of socialism and this quiet walk in the older and safer paths of liberalism.

Socialists Loom Ahead. The socialist experiment has not yet commenced. When will it begin? This depends upon the extent to which the nation is deceived by the present show of moderation and also upon the success which the government achieves in its present role. It cannot be more than a temporary expedient to get through an awkward pass. It would be a slander on the integrity and honor of the socialist leaders to assume that all their 30 years' virulence against capital and private property was a pretense to give the favor of the violent and that they meant nothing of it. To quote Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, it is a case of "one step down for me" and, at the first step in very slippery and the stepping stone is by no means firmly fixed, he goes very slowly. But the moment the socialist leaders think the

deception of the country is complete, if at that time the government has scored a political success, either in home or foreign affairs, they will dissolve this parliament, in the hope of securing another more to their purpose. If the next gives them a socialist majority then we shall see for the first time what socialism means in action. When impatient socialists—and there are many and they are growing in number—press the government now to carry out their real program and to redeem their electoral pledges, the prime minister can at all times plead the parliamentary situation in defense of his caution. He simply tells them to wait until he is ready. "Do you want an election now or later on, after we have established ourselves?" That interrogatory always quells the disaffected. But if he returns from the next general election with a majority of his own he can no longer set up that plea for inaction. Whether he wished it or not, he would be forced to introduce socialist measures. Britain would then, for the first time, be faced with five years of real socialism.

I wonder how many there are who realize how near we may be to that state of things. A small percentage of change in the present electorate will have that inevitable result. At the last election, the socialists fell short of first place by less than 1,500,000 votes, that is, 7 per cent of the electorate. Over 4,000,000 voters did not go to the polls at all at that election. Colossal efforts are being made by labor agencies to secure the support of the apathetic next time. A few votes captured from amongst the liberal and conservative working men and their wives, added to 30 per cent of the unpolled, would give socialism a sweeping victory at the next election. Then the mask of sweet reason and moderation will be torn off and there will appear the stern face of the relentless enemy which has pursued private enterprise and individual property for fully a generation and at last tracked it down.

Comparison of Leaders. Socialism is approaching skillfully, under cover, to a grand attack on the existing order of society. There are honest men in the press helping the maneuver without having the least idea what they are doing.

Judged as a bourgeois government, how have they done? Very unevenly. Some have done quite well, some very badly and some have done both. In judging any government, one must bear in mind that, in general, 9,999 decisions out of 10,000 are taken and given by the permanent civil service. The remaining one is often recommended by them and generally is taken after their advice has been heard. The influence of the ministers is felt in the spirit in which the law is administered, in the drive given to the administration in the encouragement of new ideas and in the 10,000th big thing, which emanates from the brain of the head of the department. In these respects, this government has, so far, not displayed a very notable improvement on its

predecessors. There may be one or two exceptions. In the foreign office, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is a change for the better in comparison with Lord Curzon. He could not possibly be otherwise. There is, after all, only one Lord Curzon. Mr. Phillimore Snowden has not only done well, but he has shown much personality. The same observation applies to Mr. J. H. Thomas. Mr. Wheatley is still in doubt. He is an able parliamentarian and one or two of his speeches I have heard have been simply first rate. But his reputation will depend on the success of his housing schemes—and that is still in great doubt.

Smiled On By Fortune. They complain that they inherited trouble. May be, but they also inherited the means to deal with it. They inherited the results of war, but they also inherited victory. They inherited heavy debt, but they also inherited restored national credit and a large financial surplus. They inherited unemployment—they also inherited the most perfect machinery in the world for dealing with it. They inherited trouble in Europe, but they also inherited the advantage which comes from the complete failure of militarism in France and the equally complete fiasco of isolation in America. They came straight in from the defeat of Poincaré, the cooperation of America and the acceptance of the Dawes report. So far the luck has been with them. Their test as a government will come when the luck turns, as it does for every government.

As for the Russian treaty, their best hope is in its failure. If commissions set up under its terms come to agreement the government will be obliged to come to parliament for the loan of perhaps \$50,000,000 of British money to be spent by the communist government of Russia. Some of it must be devoted to the purchase of British goods. But a good deal of it must be handed over in hard cash to the bolshevik government, to be spent—squandered—by them. That is the difference between a loan and the financing of British purchases under the trades facilities act. I cannot see this parliament agreeing to such a transaction.

Violet Picnic Date Aug. 22. Table Rock, Neb., Aug. 16.—Representatives of the various locals of the Farmers' union in Pawnee county recently met at the Violet schoolhouse to plan for the annual county Farmers' union picnic, which will be held on Friday, August 22, at Will Albers grove, one mile west and one-half mile north of Violet.

Violet picnic has grown from a small affair to be one of the largest celebrations in this part of the state.

Ford has saved America from a social crisis. To keep a man contented you must keep him amused and busy; and when alcohol was taken from a nation, the Flivver was needed to replace it. The cheap automobile has more than enough to amuse and busy a man and his whole family—Samuel M. Vaulcain, president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

The Little House :-

As It Was In the Beginning, Is Now and Apparently Ever Will Be

By H. G. WELLS. (Author of "The Outline of History.") London, Aug. 16.—What a very odd spectacle the British parliament face to face with the housing problem! On the strength of that issue alone I should imagine that any really civilized judgment would condemn the poor old institution at once and set about a revolutionary search for a better constructed instrument of government.

There is a shortage of housing accommodation in Great Britain the picturesque, creeper-clad country cottage is too often a cramped, devious, insanitary fraud and most of the industrial population lives in slums worse than the corresponding slums in America and little better than those on the continent of Europe. You cannot get a house or flat in which a civilized family can live for much less than a hundred pounds a year rent and most of those available at that price are stereotyped and dull-looking and sometimes detestably ugly. Below that level comes a descending series of inconvenient, unsound, and unpleasant lodgements for the mass of the population. The labor ministry of health has been making large encouraging gestures of help, it has projected big and complicated bargains with the building trades and the building trades-unions that may—if all goes well—provide at an immense cost on a quasi-charity basis at the public expense, a sufficiency of houses for the poorer sort of people of 50 years hence according to the ideas of comfort and decency prevailing 50 years ago. The government and the local authorities are to pay about half the cost of building a multitude of houses, the assistance being given on the sole condition that they fall below a certain standard of size

and comfort, and the industrial employer will be able to pay low wages in proportion to the cheapness attained. In other words the labor government is doing a deal with the building trade in the interests of the low grade employer and is putting British industry "on the rates." They are returning by a circuitous route to the condition of things in England before the New Poor Law, when farmers grew rich by employing labor in receipt of outdoor relief, at otherwise impossibly low wages. The most striking thing about these housing proposals is the tacit acceptance by all parties in parliament that the population of the coming years must be put away each family in a little separate house of its own. If anything was needed to prove that the socialism of the labor party was merely skin deep and its creative intentions an electioneering bid, it would be this. If one thing is clearer than another in the outlook of the modern community it is the impossibility of the small separate house. It is a cage of needless toil for women; it is a place of deprivation and hardship for children. The whole drift of things is in favor of the highly organized block building containing a great number of houses. In this there can be electric light, radiators, and supply of hot and cold water, efficient sanitary accommodation, group wash-houses, adequate cupboards and convenient shopping facilities, all provided at a less cost than is needed for the same number of scattered low-grade homes, each under its separate roof with lamps to clean, fires to light, water to boil and every possible demand for feminine dexterity and servitude. In their dreams people think of Mr. Wheatley's projected houses as little flower-girdled cot-

tages, each with a bright little garlyard and a drying-ground and an uncontrolled multitude of children playing in the sun; in reality we shall get rows and rows of mean little boxes on the outskirts of our towns, jammed together into slums, each fouling the air with a separate chimney and remote from every modern amenity.

At present a large part of the population of East London lives in small houses of two stories, or two stories and a basement. Idiotic foreign visitors surveying this from train windows remark on the Englishman's superb individualism so that every man's house is his castle. In the east end no man's house is his castle, every floor and every room is a separate household and sometimes these households entertain lodgers. This state of affairs the new labor legislation will extend and perpetuate. Yet plans have been made that show beyond dispute that the whole population of industrial London could be rehoused in fine and handsome apartment buildings, with night and day life, roof gardens, and nearly by all the light and air conveniences to be found in a Kensington flat at hardly greater cost than would be needed to choke all the ways out of London with a corresponding spread of Wheatley hovels, and so great an amount of space could be saved by doing so that half that area of London could be made into a playground and garden.

But even to entertain schemes of that sort requires imagination, and the new labor government has shown itself the least imaginative of governments. It has excreted or suppressed all its creative elements. It is a class government and it embodies the subdued mind of the common

diagnosin' a case right and givin' proper assistance in bringin' about permanent recovery."

"But suppose the dancers leave the floor and nobody but Bob is left, how is he going to step on all those corners and bunions?" we asked.

"O, there's always plenty of 'em who can't resist dancin' to the kind of political jazz music that Bob's orchestra provides," grinned Colonel Chugwolloper. "What's smashed bunions and flattened corns alongside the lure of the dance and the knowledge that old Doc La Follette allus has plenty of remedy fr' 'em?"

"Do you endorse La Follette's platform because it is as good or better than the one you offered the democrats at New York?" we inquired. "It ain't no better 'n' stand on," replied the colonel. "Howsumever, it's just as good 't' git in on, an' it's the chief end an' aim o' his platform."

"But you say La Follette has no hope of gettin' in," we protested. Colonel Chugwolloper gave a snort of derision.

"You're thinkin' o' gittin' inter the presidency, while Bob is thinkin' o' gittin' in on a 'bun' market for corn an' bunion medicine."

His appearance: Short of stature, but neither slight nor rotund. Quite bald, except for a fringe of hair which is becoming gray. Blue eyes that focus keenly on objects of interest and become bluer with animation.

His habits and interests: Jollity predominates, aided and abetted by a memory for funny stories which keeps his store of jokes well supplied. Talks in a rather jerky fashion and at times quite rapidly. Smokes many cigarettes of a moderate priced brand, using an amber cigarette holder at times. Plays golf and bridge and enjoys reading, especially when the author is Stevenson.

An idiosyncrasy: Wears French calf, black low shoes the year around, deigning not to protect his ankles with spats, even though there be snow drifts.

His first job: Draftsman for Fisher & Lawrie, Omaha architects, in 1888.

His identity: Clarke G. Powell, commissioner of the Omaha Chamber of Commerce.

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"Money Devil" Is Working as Usual, Shouts Col. Chugwolloper Angrily

By WILL M. MAUPIN. It had been so long since our eyes had rested upon our old friend, Colonel Chugwolloper that we entertained a growing fear for his safety. We had not laid eyes on him since

known nothin' about, an' givin' patriots like me and Bill Green and Dominie Beebe an' Frank Harrison a chance for to make a livin' otherwise."

"Do you believe that La Follette is



The kind of a man that girls go for.

a brief interview following his return from the New York convention. It will be remembered that Colonel Chugwolloper went down to New York with a platform, only to be ingloriously thrown out.

Yesterday we saw Colonel Chugwolloper standing on the corner of Sixteenth at Farnam, but not in time to enable us to dodge him. Before we could make our escape the colonel had grabbed us by both hands, pulled us out of the line of traffic, backed us up again the building and began: "Up! treatment accorded me at the dimocratic convention has convinced me that it ain't 't' party of the people no more. Not only was my comprehensive platform thrown out, but I was fairly kicked out."

Naturally we expressed regrets that such treatment had been accorded our old friend.

"I ain't askin' for no sympathy," retorted Colonel Chugwolloper. "What I am askin' for is justice for th' common people, two of whom you an' me is in."

We tried to thank the colonel for his efforts in our behalf, but he sharply interrupted us.

"I hope you ain't been deceived by this money devil schem' o' boostin' market prices for th' purpose o' makin' th' farmers fertit all they have been a sufferin' from," interrupted the colonel.

As pointedly as possible we called the colonel's attention to the fact that all the grain and livestock we had for sale could be put into a gnat's eye without making it wink.

"The money devil is workin' as usual," declared the colonel. "I fountained ag'in in it alongside a Jerry Simpson an' a Bill Pfeffer, an' Cyclone Davis, an' Jay Burroughs, an' I ain't a gonn' to surrender now. You don't reckon for a minute, do ye, that we are a gonn' to stand for anything that's liable to keep us from makin' a livin' by tellin' th' common people how abused they are an' takin' 'em a collection from 'em so we can keep on sellin' 'em 'n' 'n' Well, I reckon not," concluded the colonel with fine scorn.

"We take it that after your treatment in New York you are now a La Follette supporter," we ventured to remark.

"You bet me your life!" retorted Colonel Chugwolloper. "There's the best little o' money devil that ever happened. He's been just wise enough to chase the money devil around in a circle, knowin' that if he ever chased it inter a hole little o' Bob wouldn't have nothin' to write about for personal purposes. Just think how many fellows would have to go to work for a livin' if it hadn't been for Bob's diggin' up a lot o' woe's that nobody

honest in his political methods?" we asked.

"Honest? Batin' Bob honest? Say, o' man, there ain't no one honest in public life but Bob, an' I'd tell you who he is if I wasn't so durned modest. There ain't nothin' snessey about him. You just watch the people beginnin' to feel good, an' then see Bob git inter the dance an' begin steppin' on toes. It ain't no time a-tall until he's got so many corners an' bunions hurtin' that the people fertit everything else, an' then Bob an' the rest of us can begin peddin' our corn an' bunion remedies ag'in. He's the fellow that keeps up the demand for political corn an' bunion medicine, without which more'n one of us would be compelled 't' do somethin' fer a livin' that's worth while."

"What do you think would happen to the country in case of La Follette's election?" we asked.

"He don't want to be elected," was Colonel Chugwolloper's startling reply. "You see, the market fr' foot remedies was gittin' purty slow, so Bob started dancin' among the people. First gittin' his medicine factory 't' workin' overtime. By the time 'lection day comes 'round he'll have enough bunions up feet in the country 't' keep us field agents busy peddin' his remedies for a couple o' years. Peddin' political patent nostrums is a durned sight more profitable than

wages earner. Whatever is, it accepts, from court costumes to slums. Its idea of life is the life of the back street in which it has always lived and it wants more back streets and cheaper back streets to live in, with an occasional treat in the garden of Buckingham palace. In dealing with housing, just as in dealing with mines or with transport it shows itself incapable of any breadth or power of initiative.

Women Ineffective.

One of the most remarkable aspects of this housing legislation is the ineffectiveness of the women in it. When women were struggling for the vote, the world was given to understand that their success would be an end to "man-made laws" and "man-made" ways of living. There was to be an astonishing release of the sensible, practical feminine mind. Well, here is a question that concerns women primarily—a very large proportion of the girls and women of today, before their lives are over, will have to live either in the slums that the labor government is falling to reorganize or in the rows and clumps of boxes of brick or timber that are to be spread out over the outskirts of every center of population. There was nothing to prevent the distinguished women of the labor party from giving these men who are framing up these schemes to build pauper houses and endow the building trade at the public expense, a lead towards better things. These houses of the Wheatley project mean an effectual subjugation of great multitudes of women to dingy drudgery for scores of years to come, they mean the growth of a new generation of children with miserable standards of comfort and freedom. But so far, we have no guidance from intelligent women at all, but only speeches from such notables as Dr. Marion Phillips sustaining the slums of Mr. Wheatley.

Generally the women of the country seem not to be awake to the manner in which this business concerns them.

True State of Affairs.

Only one exception occurs to me at the present moment in the widespread indifference of intelligent and influential women to the comfort and outlook of the mass of their sex and that is Mrs. Leonard Eyles, the novelist. Her book, "The Woman in the Little House," is a most intelligent, sympathetic and illuminating account of what it means to live in just such little houses as Mr. Wheatley and his friends, the employers and employees of the building trade, are competing to stereotype. She describes not slum life but the life of an ordinary working man's wife in London, without exaggeration and without extenuation. It is a picture of extreme dinginess and meanness relieved only by the pluck and devotion and hopefulness and cheerful humor that enables these people to hang on and hope for better things.

"You're thinkin' o' gittin' inter the presidency, while Bob is thinkin' o' gittin' in on a 'bun' market for corn an' bunion medicine."

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