

"preparedness" foments war has in mind the substantial fact that England feared Germany's preparedness on land and Germany feared England's navy. Both were "prepared" and each got what it prepared for. There would be no reason to prepare for war without having it. So that "preparedness" found its logical conclusion. It always will. The two nations "prepared" so thoroughly they were afraid of each other's growing preparedness.

If the brilliant English thinker is thoroughly at home on any subject, it is war. He conceives a fine distinction between "preparedness" and national defense. He has, as all democrats have, a thorough hatred of the military. He knows that militarism and democracy are antithetic; that in no stage of civilization do they complement one another.

Wars virtually would be impossible if the peoples of various nations knew the successive steps by which their diplomats—usually representatives of grasping economic interests—attempt "manifest destinies" in commerce under the guise of needful expansion. Wars usually are the final expression of lustful greed. —Kansas City Post.

ONE PCINT OF VIEW

(One of many letters received by The Commoner.)

When the European war broke out I was in Europe. One day while taking a car ride toward the city, I noticed a middle-aged man in the street car sitting alone and crying. I went to him and saw that his shoes were muddy. He appeared to be a farmer. Inquiring what ailed him, he said that he had walked a long way and that he was tired and on his way to join his regiment. He said that he was not crying about himself, although he felt certain that he was led to slaughter and that he would never return home. He said that he was crying because he left two children, four and six years old, and that he felt that he would never see them again.

I thought often about this man. Other soldiers, in company with others, were in high spirits. He was alone. He had walked a long way through the beautiful mountains and he had time to think. He could not understand in his simple mind that there should be anything in the wide world which should tear him away from his two young children, who needed him so much and whom he loved so much. Up in the mountains where he had worked so hard and where peace reigned, he received the summons to be led to slaughter, to die while in his prime of life and in the best of health. He had to say good-bye to his children because other people forced him to do it. And in his simple-mindedness he could not see why such a thing should happen, and as he could not understand it he was stunned by the magnitude of such an injustice and cruelty.

And when thinking about this man and about his children, and about the crime which is committed on them, it became clearer to me that the man was eternally right. He may be dead now and his two children may have lost their best friend. He was not a man of riches, nor a man of power and not a man of education. But through him were expressed the most gigantic ideas of all ideas, namely, love and truth. And all deductions I can make from all other agencies which have spoken during this war, no matter how exalted, how rich or how powerful and wise, all their deductions crumbled to nothingness when compared with the utterances of this simple man from the mountains, through whose

mouth spoke the fundamental ideas on which the whole world is built, the ideas in pursuance of which there never can follow any evil: truth, love and justice. It further occurred to me that, in the end, justice will prevail.

Who of those who are exalted, rich, powerful and wise will stand by these ideas?

Our country has the solemn duty to do all in its power to stop this war.

Bed Fellows

Reprinted in Senator Hitchcock's newspaper we find noteworthy opinions by Richard L. Metcalfe on two candidacies in the coming democratic primaries. Of Mr. Neville, the candidate of the liquor faction of his party: "There is every reason to believe that as governor he will be free from control by special interests." Of Arthur Mullen, anti-Bryan candidate for national committeeman: "There has not been a political campaign for years in which 'Art' Mullen has not been an important factor. He has taken off his coat and plunged into the work of putting into office democrat after democrat, and when he makes an effort to carry an election, as a general thing he succeeds." Mr. Metcalfe predicts Mullen's election.

We have no question to raise as to Mr. Metcalfe's statements of fact. We are only interested in the fact that here Mr. Metcalfe, erstwhile the progressive-anti-liquor machine democrat, is now aligned with the candidates of the group which he has long opposed. In common with nearly everybody else, we are ignorant of the character of the young man put forward for governor by the liquor democrats, for the simple reason that he has not heretofore been heard of in the state. But Mr. Metcalfe knows whose candidate he is. As to Arthur Mullen, whose election as national committeeman Mr. Metcalfe seeks, Mr. Metcalfe knows that he has been the commander from the lobbies of the liquor legislators in the last three Nebraska legislatures. Mr. Metcalfe knows that Mr. Mullen managed the fight against the initiative and referendum in the legislature of 1911, a measure to which the democratic party was committed, but which the liquor interests opposed. Mr. Mullen has indeed helped many a democrat into office. But can Mr. Metcalfe point to many of Mr. Mullen's proteges whose loyalty, as proved by official conduct, was not to the saloons first and the democratic party afterward? Mr. Metcalfe can not be unaware of the company he is in.

This is one of the strangest of cases of strange alignments in politics. It could be explained satisfactorily if Mr. Metcalfe were to announce frankly that his views have changed and that now he has no objection to government by liquor machine. But he does not do that. He pronounces himself actually a prohibitionist. Yet he joins the army which has for six years kept Nebraska in a state of subjection to the liquor forces. Mr. Metcalfe is now personally estranged from the Bryans, the leaders of the anti-liquor faction of his party; but to say that this explains his attitude is to say that he places personalities above principles, that he is a progressive democrat when Bryan gives him a job and a reactionary democrat when Bryan takes away his job. This is not uncommon among public men; but it is too serious a conclusion to draw without very complete evidence. All one can say at present is that politics is making strange bedfellows for "Met."—Nebraska State Journal.

FASLE PATRIOTISM

False gods, false words, false hearts!

The shouting of the captains crying "patriotism" are heard in the land today. Their clamor is unceasing. Like hunters urging the pack on to be ripped to death by the bear, they cry on the people.

Europe harkened to the preaching of this "patriotism." The women now stumble anguished in a vale of tears. The children cry for fathers and brothers who will never return. The young maids mourn sweethearts; the young wives, husbands. All is desolation—desolated hearths and hearts.

As for the old men, they are children. They say it has always been so. They say they, too, fought in their youth and looked upon blood and bones and saved the country. They say these things must be, as they shake their doddering old heads. Men must protect the country! The old men have learned the preachers' texts.

Aye, true; countries endangered must be protected. Countries invaded must be defended.

But that protection of threatened hearths, which is the only true "pat-

riotism," does not call for aggression.

This other, this lip "patriotism," is a sinister thing. It blinds the people. It is uttered for that purpose. It makes of the people a tool for the selfish captains who preach "patriotism." It makes them look upon their neighbors wolfishly. It plays upon passions.

Then, when the captains demand, the people rush to war. The captains have selfish interests. The people serve those ends.

Death and ruin come after.—Kansas City Post.

Wilson Has a Ford Joke

Finding three Fords and an automobile parked in front of the White house when he started for a motor ride the other afternoon inspired President Wilson to tell this one:

"A man who owned a Ford was about to die. His last request was that the machine be buried with him. When asked to explain he said:

"Well, that little, old car has pulled me out of many a deep hole, and it may pull me out of this one." —Washington correspondence of the Louisville Courier-Journal.

A WAR TIME BOOK BARGAIN

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