"Then he showed four lights when he wished them to set full sail and follow in his wake."

From "First Voyage 'Round the World by Magellan."

**AN ADVENTURE IN INTERNATIONALISM**

**FOUR LIGHTS** will attempt to voice the young, uncompromising woman's peace movement in America, whose aims are daring and immediate—to stop the war in Europe, to federate the nations for organized peace at the close of the war, and meanwhile to guard democracy from the subtle dangers of militarism.

America, deceived into establishing an enormous military machine which must not only destroy her own liberties but endanger the liberties of other peoples, America, busily forging weapons to menace the spirit of freedom struggling to life in exhausted Europe at the close of the war—that is the picture which above all has made us fighters for peace. That America, the hope of liberty, should become its destroyer! Rather do we burn to pledge our country for World Union as the only hope of both peace and democracy.

**ADVICE TO WASHINGTON SHOPPERS.**

In spite of the $615,000,000 naval appropriation last year, Secretary Daniels is asking for a little matter of twelve millions more for four battle cruisers and three scout cruisers. I do not like Secretary Daniels thus to go shopping with our money—yours and mine and poor, bloodthirsty little Marjorie's. I should like him to buy friendship for us instead. It would cost less and last longer.

In ten years of peace-time usage the best battleship that can be built becomes obsolete, useless, a pile of junk. Under conditions of war it might last an hour, this expensive engine of murder. Now, suppose, instead of these costly luxuries, Mr. Daniels sent abroad two thousand men and women of our finest types to talk and write and sing and picturize P-E-A-C-E?

Suppose we paid them each $5,000 a year? Ten million dollars for something that would go on in ever-widening circles of constructive thought while a single 'battle cruiser' was eating up coal and blowing its head off in gun practice! Since war is wrought by the pressure of a few minds upon the fear and ignorance of the many, why not spend our millions in flooding with the light of reason the minds of this driven humanity? Why not help them to see that the bravery of refusal is finer than the blindness of obedience? That the people's dooryards are more sacred than the nation's boundary-lines?

**ZOË BECKLEY.**

**OUR HIRELING POLICE FORCE.**

Certain red-blooded gentlemen on the eastern coast of the United States are reported as blushing with shame at the ignominy of being protected by a hireling army. "Military service," they say, "should be universal." One might just as well blush at "the humiliation" of being protected by a hireling police force. Who am I, for instance, that I should retire to a comfortable bed at night while some poor fellow paces up and down the block exposed to the rigors of the weather, suffering not only rheumatism and chills but running the hazard of injury and death at the hands of desperate criminals? Why should he be shot to save me?

Whenever I see a blue-coat I should bow my head in bitter self-reproach. Where is our boasted democracy? We will never be worthy the name of republic till we have recognized the duty of every able-bodied man to take his turn in the protection of the city! Not till they have personally swung the billy will our youth sense the duty they owe their municipal government! "Disciplined initiative" will go far toward curing such evils as night carousing and general loose living. Why not give us universal service on "the force" to build a sturdier manhood?

If I were a consistent agitator for universal service, I should speak thus. But I leave such logic to the red-blooded gentlemen.

**PAULINE K. ANGELL.**
1916 STYLES IN HEROES.

"Lord Howard de Walden, who is serving at the Front as a major in the Westminster Dragoons, has an income estimated at $3,500 a day. His Lordship is exceedingly skilful with sword and gun and once achieved the unique feat of shooting a pleasant and a bare at practicality the same moment." (London "Answers.")

"When the bullets were flying thickest in Dublin, Sheehy Sleifenog, Irish patriot and pacifist, heard that a British captain was lying bleeding to death in the street because no one dared to go to his rescue. With a druggist whom he persuaded to go with him, he risked his life under a hail of bullets, carried the captain out of danger and bound up his wounds." (N. Y. Evening Post.)

THE WOMEN'S TERMS.

"We will not bring more children into the world until we are assured that they will never be fed for cannon!"

For this speech a distinguished German woman is now under police surveillance—forbidden to speak in public— forbidden to send letters outside the country. A silly masculine government evidently hopes thus to crush an idea which has circled the earth since the beginning of the Great War. Born first in the hearts of French women, echoed in England and Russia, it has grown and spread until the day of a Mother's Strike seems almost at hand.

One day the women of the world will state their terms: "Give us peace, then we will give you sons." And may that day dawn soon!

ALLA NAZIMOVA,

ALSO DUELLING.

"Our country, right or wrong," said Stephen Decatur in 1777. Mr. Decatur was also an ardent believer in duels and lost his life in one to a brother naval officer in 1804.

BEHIND THE RECRUITING POSTER.

Learned Professor, lecturing half a century from now: "Then in January, 1917, five privates of Battery 2nd, 1777, in England and Russia, the United States, a nation without prisons are interested in the physical welfare of our children and our men!"

THE POSTER.

"The women of the world will state their terms: "Give us peace, then we will give you sons."

And may that day dawn soon!

ALVA NAZIMOVA,

Bounded on the north, south, east, and west.

In Flatland twodimensional people live in two-dimensional space. They know north, South, East, and West, but not Upward or Downward. Their effectual prisoners are made of lines they can neither see over nor pass through. Just as Spacelanders can't believe in "ghosts" who walk through solid walls, Flatlandiers can't believe that anything has power to step out covertly over a line.

Long ago we drew "imaginary" lines over our globe. Very recently—for nations are humanity's latest phase of group development—we put deep primal lines over latitudes and longitudes, believing that lines can separate the nations of earth. Since then too many of us have lived in a spiritual Flatland, recollecting those one or two crooked lines as hostages, enemies, or, at best, remote and unlike peoples.

The United States, a nation without a name, has been for over a century working outwardly an illuminating experiment in group relationship. It has shown that sovereign states, passionately in love on states' rights, loosely held together, separated by numerically little Flatlandish lines, can nevertheless conceive those lines as highly imaginary. Railways cross them, unannoyed by state tariffs. Ohio is not fortified against Kentucky; armed Missourians do not patrol the Iowan border; a Pennsylvania needs no passports for Oregon; and New York readily exchanges California surpluses for lacks.

All this while its vision is turned within! But when the United States looks north to Canada, south to Mexico, East and West to the oceans, it becomes Flatlandierishly intent upon making larger group development and exchange as bitterly difficult as possible. Learning slowly within our own foolish little boundaries the a b c of decent trust based on common needs, we call the lesson learned.

Nonetheless, in every Flatland nation, men and women have risen who know North, South, East, and West, and also Upward and Downward. With chlorine as disturbing to your nationalistic Flatlanders as the witches to Salem, they say boundary lines of nations are as imaginary as the equatorial line, that on the other side are neighbors and friends instead of strangers and enemies. Under the oppressive name of Internationalists they have been shot, hanged, imprisoned, and disgraced.

But fast increasing numbers of them look on to-day at Nationalists conserving their boundary lines by destroying men. Internationalists are not conservatives; they are destructionists. Incidentally they are not averse to saving millions of people alive. But they are planning earnestly to destroy geogra-

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"The assumption that virility or courage will disappear if not practised in the form of war implies an unproven and apparently false biological assumption."

JACQUES LOEB.
Head of Department of Experimental Biology, Rockefeller Institute.
FOUR LIGHTS will not owe any of its lustre to the jewel of consistency. Each fortnightly issue will express the internationalist hopes of a new Board of three volunteer editors who assume full responsibility for its contents. If you do not like this number, be sure to get the next!

ANNE HERENDEEN
EDNA KENTON
ZOE BECKLEY
Editors of this Issue.

Published by the Woman's Peace Party of New York City, 70 Fifth Ave., who are glad to have contents reprinted, with due acknowledgement. Additional copies, 5 Cents.

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