Four Lights

"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

To Which Class Do You Belong?

AMERICA.

"Two Spaniards leaped from the trenches—not ten yards away; as they turned to run, I closed in and fired twice missing the first and killing the second—I got him with my revolver: in the back!"

"The only way successfully to oppose the might which is the servant of wrong, is by means of the might which is the servant of right."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

ENGLAND.

In an interview given to the United Press:

"Germany elected to make it a finish fight with England. The British soldier was ridiculed, held in contempt. Now we intend to see that Germany has her way. The fight must be to the finish—to a knockout.

"The whole world, including neutrals of the highest purpose and humanitarians with the best motives, must know that there can be no outside interference at this stage."

LLOYD GEORGE.

GERMANY.

To his navy after the battle of Jutland:

"I, standing here today as your supreme War Lord, thank you from the bottom of my heart. As the representative of the Fatherland, I thank you and in the name of my army I bring you its greeting because you have done your duty unselfishly and with the one thought—the enemy must be beaten."

THE KAISER.

FRANCE.

"We must have a victorious peace—completely victorious, a peace signed only after annihilation of the enemy when he is crying for mercy. I know the intense pride of the German. He will yield only when he recognizes that he is fighting a superior foe. To the victor belongs the spoils."

REAR-ADMIRAL DEGOUY.

TOTAL: 1 Hate. I Like to Kill.

1 I Believe in Knockout Blows.

MOLLY-CODDLES

AMERICA.

"Peace cannot be had without concession and sacrifice. There can be no sense of safety and equality among the nations if great preponderating armies are henceforth to continue here and there be built up and maintained. The statesman of the world must plan for peace and nations adjust their policy to it as they have planned for war and made ready for pitiless contest and rivalry."

PRESIDENT WILSON.

ENGLAND.

In a letter to President Wilson:

"I remember always that Europe has common tasks to fulfill; that a war among European nations is in essence a civil war; that the ill which we think of our enemies is equally think of us; and that it is difficult in time of war for a belligerent to see facts truly.

"Above all, I see that none of the issues in the war are as important as peace; that harm done by a peace which does not concede all that we desire is as nothing in comparison with the harm done by a continuance."

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

GERMANY.

Writes in April 1916:

"A Peace which, like war, left crippled peoples behind it, would only mean a truce. And we do not desire a peace that is a truce, but a truce which will give rise to a firm and noble peace, to Europe’s Easter. We all, who are not blinded by irrational rage, whose numbers grow every day in multitude and with whom in both camps, man for man, the dead agree."

MAXIMILIAN HARDEN.

FRANCE.

"As for me, I say openly not alone is the ideal of one nation a too narrow thing; even the ideal of a reconciled Europe, of a united Occident would be a too narrow thing. The hour has struck for mankind to begin its march toward the ideal simply of humanity: to begin it with conscious fervor, to suffer no exclusion . . . . all of humanity must be his goal."

ROMAIN ROLAND.

TOTAL: 1 respect. I love.

1 I believe in world union.
COMFORT TO THE ENEMY
By FREDa KIRCHWET

Who are the patriots?
Who are the traitors?
Who are standing for the highest ideals of America?
Who are foiblely knocking under the overweening ambitions of Prussian Junkerdom?

There are those who in this time of crisis call themselves patriots, while they shout for war and for all the bludgeoning of the spirit that goes with war; and who decry as traitors and cowards men and women who brave public opinion to fight for peace.

They say we must defend our democratic institutions and our national ideals; and they urge upon us a system of compulsion and a regime of militarizing which would do more to wreck our institutions and shatter our ideals than could any defeat at arms.

They say we must defy the Prussian spirit, the spirit of force, the spirit that cries, "Deutschland über alles"; and they introduce the Prussian system into our schools, and preach that only force can prevail, and teach our children to say, "my country right or wrong."

They would crush militarism by embracing it; combat it abroad only to saddle it upon their own country.

They are the real traitors.
They are those who truly seek to defend the institutions of our country against the onslaught of German militarism are the men and women who cry: There shall be no war; no conscription; no compulsory military training; no false patriotism. Who say: The Prussians are the men and women who cry: There shall be no war; no conscription; no compulsory military training; no false patriotism.

Reprinted from the author's novel book "Meine Mutter" by the courtesy of the Century Co.

DIE MUTTER
(A True Story)

MADELEINE D'OTTO

The sky was a shining blue. The air was still. The warmth of summer brooded over the land. But no bird's song broke the stillness. No bees fluttered over flowers. The earth lay tawny and bare. In deep brown furrows of the earth, hundreds of restless men lay or stood.

The land was vibrant with living silence. But now and then a gigantic smashing roar broke the tense stillness. Then in some spots the ground spit forth masses of dirt, a soldier's helmet, a rattered rag of uniform, and bits of a human body.

It was after such a blast that a great winged object came speeding from the north. It skimmed low over the trenches and dipped, and circled and passed above the English line. Like a great eagle it seemed about to rush to earth, snatch its prey, and then be off. But as it hung suspended, another whirring monster came.

"Meine Mutter."

A sob choked the young Englishman. Tenderly he gathered the lifeless form in his strong arms. Then he rose and walked unheeding across the open field of battle. But no angry bullets pelted after him. The men in the trenches saw and understood. Behind the lines the boy lay his burden down. Taking paper and pencil from his pocket and placing the letter and portrait in a carefully directed envelope. Then walking hurriedly to his machine be prepared for battle. Soon he was skimming low over the trenches. Leaning out, he dropped his missile. The cannons roared, the gunners yelled, and the battle raged.

"Meine Mutter."

A deep gash in the head showed where a blow fell. The body lay torn and bare. In deep brown furrows of the earth, hundreds of restless men lay or stood.

The Prussians are accused of a desire to spread by espionage laws framed....

The Prussians are accused of a desire to spread by espionage laws framed....

Our Proposed Military Bills are not only Prussian but Obsolete
H. G. Wells visited the Allied battle front in September, 1916. This is what he says:

"The unspecialized common soldier, the infantry man who has stood, marched and moved in the face of public opposition, is the most valuable national asset that any democracy can maintain."

But as the British infantryman was being accosted by the German machine gunner, he would have been much better off if he had been a man of the old army class.
at all. I'd give my life to have him back. I didn't think of him or you when I shot at his machine. He was an enemy spying out our men. I couldn't let him get back to tell his news. It meant death to our men. It was a plucky deed. We were covered up with brush. He had to come quite low to see us and he came bravely. He nearly escaped me. He handled his machine magnificently. I thought how I should like to fly with him. But he was the enemy and had to be destroyed. I fired. It was over in a second. Just a blow on the head as the machine crashed to earth. His face shows no suffering, only excitement. His eyes are bright and fearless. I know you must have loved him. My mother died when I was quite a little boy. But I know what she would have felt if I had been killed. War isn't fair to women. God! how I wish it were over. It is a nightmare. I feel if I just touched your boy, he'd wake and we'd be friends. I know his body must be dear to you. I will take care of it and mark his grave with a little cross. After the war you may want to take him home.

"For the first time, I'm almost glad my mother isn't living. She could not have borne what I have done. My own heart is heavy. I felt it was my duty. Yet now I see your son lifeless before me and hold your picture in my hand, it all seems wrong. The world is dark. O Mother, be my mother just a little, too, and tell me what to do. —HUGH."

Slowly great tears rolled down the woman's cheeks. What was this monster that was smashing men? Her boy and this other, they were the same. No hate was in their hearts. They suffered—the whole world suffered. Her country went in hunger. The babies in the near-by cottages grew weak for want of milk. She mustn't tell that to the English lad. His heart would break. Why must such suffering be? Was she to blame? There was the English lad without a mother. She had not thought of him and others like him. Her home, her sons, her Fatherland, these had been sufficient. But each life hangs on every other. Motherhood is universal.

Suddenly she knew what to write. What she must say to that grief-stricken English boy. Quickly her hand penned the words:

"Dear Lad: There is nothing to forgive. I see you as you are—your troubled goodness. I feel you coming to me like a little boy astounded at having done ill when you meant well. You seem my son. I am glad your hands cared for my other boy. I had rather you than any other touched his earthly body. He was my youngest. I think you saw his fineness. I know the torture of your heart since you have slain him. To women brotherhood is a reality. For all men are our sons. That makes war a monster that brother must slay brother. Yet perhaps women more than men have been to blame for this world war. We did not think of the world's children, our children. The baby hands that clutched our breasts were so sweet, we forgot the hundred other baby hands stretched out to us. But the Earth does not forget, she mothers all. And now my heart aches with repentance. I long to take you in my arms and lay your head upon my breast to make you feel through me your kinship with all the earth. Help me, son, I need you. Spread the dream of oneness and love throughout the world. When the war is over come to me. I am waiting for you.—DEINE MUTTER."

FOUR LIGHTS hails the Russian Revolution with mad glad joy. It pledges itself uncompromisingly to the cause of democracy. It recognizes that nations must be democratized before a federated world can be achieved.

FOUR LIGHTS will fight for the education of the people in the art of self-government. It believes in a compulsory physical and intellectual training that will fit the young of the country to be Soldiers of Life. It believes in bands, flags and gay uniforms for its Soldiers of Life. It believes that the members of such an army by their joy, their strength, their individual initiative can overcome and annihilate the present day armies whose members are taught to be Soldiers of Death.