"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."

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

"Lincoln, Webster, Clay, Sumner — what a galaxy of names in American history! They all believed and asserted and advocated in the midst of war that it was the right — the constitutional right — and the patriotic duty of American citizens, after the declaration of war and while the war was in progress, to discuss the issues of the war and to criticize the policies employed in its prosecution and to work for the election of representatives opposed to prolonging war."

ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE,
before the 65th Congress, October 6th, 1917.

To ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE, U. S. Senator, brave Leader of the American Forces for Democracy and Peace, in the Year of the Great War, 1917, this Number of FOUR LIGHTS is gratefully dedicated.

THE RETINUE.
BY KATHARINE LEE BATES.

Archduke Francis Ferdinand, Austrian Heir-Apparent,
Rideth through the Shadow Land, not a lone knight errant,
But captain of a mighty train, millions upon millions,
Armies of the battle-slain, hordes of dim civilians;

German ghosts who see their works with tortured eyes, the sorry Spectres of scared tyrants, Turks hunted by their quarry,
Liars, plotters red of hand—like waves of poisonous gases
Sweeping through the Shadow Land the host of horror passes;

Spirits bright as broken blades drawn for truth and honor,
Sons of Belgium, pallid maids, martyrs who have won her Love eternal, bleeding breasts of the French defiance,
Russians on enraptured quests, Freedom's proud alliance.

Through that hollow hush of doom, vast, unvisioned regions, Led by Kitchener of Khartoum, march the English legions: Kilt and shamrock, maple-leaf, dreaming Hindoo faces, Brows of glory, eyes of grief, arms of lost embraces.

Like a moaning tide of woe, midst those pale battalions From the Danube and the Po, Arabs and Australians, Pours a ghastly multitude that breaks the heart of pity, Wreckage of some shell-bestrewed waste that was a city;

Flocking from the murderous seas, from the famished lowland, From the blazing villages of Serbia and Poland, Woman phantoms, baby wraiths, trampled by war's blindness, Horses, dogs, that put their faiths in human lovingkindness,

Tamburlaine, Napoleon, envious Alexander Peer in wonder at the wan, tragical commander, Archduke Francis Ferdinand—when shall his train be ended?— Of all the lords of Shadow Land most royally attended!

(Reprinted from the "Atlantic Monthly.")
Hymn of Hate.

TO THE TUNE OF "GOD SAVE THE KING!"

"London Mob Sets Pacifist's Church Afire After
Hurting Him From the Pulpit.

"Wild scenes, including an attempt to burn down
the building, marked the pacifist meeting today at
the Brotherhood Church, Kingsland Road. The meeting
was to have been addressed by Bertrand Russell on
'International Relations.'

"Half an hour before the meeting was to begin a
large crowd, which included a number of soldiers, as-
sembled in the vicinity of the church. . . . One of the
men who had taken possession of the pulpit called for
the National Anthem, which was immediately begun,
but before the first verse ended a flame shot up beside
the pulpit, caught the carpets at the bottoms of the pul-
pit and inside of a minute some of the rails at the back
of it caught fire. The fire evidently was caused by
petrol."


SOLDERLY SIMPLICITY.

"Don't try to drive the bayonet right through your
adversary. Just a little jab will do. . . . Jab your man
in the guts or the throat. The blade comes out easy
then and your man doesn't go to a hospital. He just
crumpled up dead."

Major Barlow at Camp Detens.

ACADEMIC PRECISION.

"Chancellor Day took a fling at pacifists at the
opening exercises of Syracuse University. He told the
students that before the pacifist meetings begin, the
academicians went on quite well. Let them go where
they can fight for Germany. God bless them and help
them to be shot as soon as possible."

New York Call.

BROADMINDED.

"Good Germans! Yes, there are a million of them
now in Europe. The only good German is a dead Ger-
man. The only way to make them good is to take shot
and shell."

Some Seattle Patriots.

FROM A CLERGYMAN'S SON.

"My purpose tonight is to make every woman, man
and child want to fight."

Wesley Frost.

FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS' SAKE.

"We've got to make these men dirty fighters.
We've got to make them dirty in mind and action.
They've got to be dirty in their facial expression. In
every aspect they've got to be dirty. They've got
to have the vicious look that shows a purpose to kill,
kill, kill. We've got to put the spirit of 'kill' into these
men and in that way put the spirit of Christ into the
Germans."

Major Barlow at Aye'r.

THE PICKET.

Men tell us women
Not to ask for suffrage now
But to hinder the pursuit of war.
Well, for my part,
I would rather have a vote than a war any day.

MARY ALDEN HOPKINS.

Hymn of Love.

The Warden of Maidstone Prison, speaking of three
hundred or more English Conscientious Objectors in
his custody, said: "I always speak of that section of
the factory where they work as 'body ground.'"

In this country we do not yet know the number of
our "heroes of conscience," nor have we much evidence
of the government's intention beyond the fact of a
Draft law discriminating obviously in favor of one type
of objector, and offering to that one a boon no more
liberal than non-combattant service under fire.

If we know little of the number or ultimate fate of
our young men who are accepting prison as the pre-
gferred alternative to the shell-fire of violated con-
science, we at least know something of the spirit of
some who have already tasted the first-fruits of sacri-
fice. Outcasts that they are, they seem to be gallantly
shouting, "Yes, I will." —by one.

"Of wounds and sore defeat
I made my battle-stay."

A hymn of love, these messages, which come to us
through the prison lines. Read brief but significant words from The Tombs, New York: "All is fine. D. E. has just come. He is
in 'the same boat.'" Comradeship lifting the burden!
A New Jersey Conscientious Objector said: "Since
being here, more than ever I can't see why all the fel-
loves who really feel as I do don't take this position.
It's a dead easy.

Another, under indictment for failing to register
June 5th—an act which violated his conscience, since
he considered it the first step in compliance with a law
his principles completely refused—recently asked for
two weeks' postponement of his case because his wife
was expecting a baby, their first. The father admits
that, if he is convicted, it will be hard to miss the first
year of this daughter's life. Otherwise he faces the
eventuality with a fearlessness of whose beauty he is
himself quite unaware.

It is not the courage of these young men only that
amazes; their sweetness, their faith in the efficacy of
fealty to truth as they see it wounds with its poignancy.

Oh, no, by a long shot! I am more determined now after spending thirty-three days in jail to stick to my conscience than
ever I was before. The longer they keep me here the
better I like it, as I get a chance to convert someone
else to Socialism almost every day. I am feeling fine,
have a good disposition and appetite, and also sleep
pretty sound. The next thing you'll know is I'll be
writing poems!"

"Of wounds and sore defeat
I made my battle-stay."

Revolution and Peace.

Russia seems to have made this momentous change
of base in purpose—if not in complete realization, at
least in outline. No other country has done so. With
a political system that could not be used by democracy,
she had to break the cramping mold. A country like
the United States, with the forms of political democ-
ready for use should be able to accomplish the
democratic revolution in strictly constitutional ways,
in line with her own genius. England and France may
do the same.

But here, as in Germany, is the war an obstacle to
those very developments which yet are so necessary to
war's ending. This is the vicious circle in which the
war revolves as yet. Though the Russian leaven is
visibly working in Germany, the Russian break-away
has not alone been able to force the issue. Nor yet
alone in Germany is revolution a condition of peace.

Revolution—a radical change of orientation—must
accomplish itself in all of the countries involved.

In the factories where the great majority of the
brothers work at the battle-front, there is a feeling
that workers are "in the same boat." Each day new
voices of righteous anger are heard, and the days
when the workers of Europe, so long divided by social
class and political creed, can look back to a time
when there was 'in the same boat' with an enemy have
passed.

One hundred or more English Conscientious Ob-
jectors have been or are now in the clutches of the
British Home Office. But even more, over a hundred
men work as 'holy ground.'

"I made my battle-stay."

Another, under indictment for failing to register
June 5th—an act which violated his conscience, since
he considered it the first step in compliance with a law
his principles completely refused—recently asked for
two weeks' postponement of his case because his wife
was expecting a baby, their first. The father admits
that, if he is convicted, it will be hard to miss the first
year of this daughter's life. Otherwise he faces the
eventuality with a fearlessness of whose beauty he is
himself quite unaware.

It is not the courage of these young men only that
amazes; their sweetness, their faith in the efficacy of
fealty to truth as they see it wounds with its poignancy.
Scene: A Fifth Avenue Tea-Shop.

Time: The Present.

PERSONS:

Mrs. Stuyvesant, Mrs. Rittenhouse, The Maid.

Mrs. Stuy.: War drawing to a close? Peace? Well, for heaven's sake! Isn't that just my luck!

Mrs. Ritt.: Why, what do you mean? War brides—

Mrs. Stuy.: Not exactly—my husband runs that end. I've always believed woman's place was in the home! (I've no use for all that suffrage stuff!) Though he did get me the most adorable furs out of last year's shrapnel!

Mrs. Ritt.: Lucky thing! John's all gone into racing cars, and the horrid things blew up or something—but only the chauffeurs got killed.

Mrs. Stuy. (reminiscently): Yes, I surely did read the papers last winter! If it hadn't been for that Christmas Peace note I'd have got those pearls, too—you know, that pendant thing at Tiffany's?

Mrs. Ritt.: Yes! And you didn't? What a shame!

Mrs. Stuy.: No, those Peace notes shook the market too heavily.

Mrs. Ritt.: You poor thing! People are so unthinking!

Mrs. Stuy.: Yes, they don't seem to realize much. And now this German situation—what in the world all those German sailors had to behave so for! Nothing but a lot of wicked cranks. I wake up in the night, and wonder what good my knitting will be!

Mrs. Ritt.: Oh, I don't think it's as bad as that! Do you, really? John's just gone into yarns, and he says we women just must make the country realize how important the Red Cross is!

Mrs. Stuy.: Well, they certainly had the fussiest woman down in Maine at the Red Cross station! She tried to make me rip out half my sock—said it would hurt their feet—and I gave you my word I'd never worked so hard on anything in my life!

Mrs. Ritt.: The idea! I hope you didn't!

Mrs. Stuy.: I should say not! I told her I couldn't help the shape of their feet! Probably all horsey anyway—nothing but a lot of dirty ignorant foreigners from the looks of them! You know, I had a thousand-dollar bet on with Andy that I'd finish a pair before the Horse Show!

Mrs. Ritt.: What a lovely idea! And I'm sure John would back you up. He's told me again and again when I get discouraged over the way my socks look—you know, those knots—that it doesn't matter a rap so long as we women knit!

Mrs. Stuy.: Well, I'm glad somebody appreciates the way I'm working.—Do you suppose she's ever going to bring that chocolate? I hate to lose all this time! (Draws out her knitting.)

Mrs. Ritt.: What a duck of a bag! Ruby clasps! Looks so adorable against that ugly gray wool! My clasps are simple. (Draws out her bag): But they're plain gold, see?

Mrs. Stuy.: Well, I had mine on account of a pretty poem I heard a girl recite one day last winter at the Ritz,—awfully sad, too, in its way—how a young soldier poured out his life-blood!

Mrs. Ritt.: Oh, I see! So the clasps are ruby! What a pretty fancy!

Mrs. Stuy.: Thanks, Angela, I thought so myself. Ah, here's the girl at last! (Maid enters, carrying a tray.)

Mrs. Ritt.: At last! I wonder if she's knitting, too?

Mrs. Stuy.: John says we must be democratic about all this—you know, speak to anybody at all. You ask her!

Mrs. Ritt.: My dear! Are you knitting for the soldiers?

The Maid (stolidly): Two chocolates—two pâtes "Premiers au Feu!"

Mrs. Stuy.: How attractively gotten up! I wish the Marines could see them! So inspiring!

Mrs. Ritt.: My husband cares so much about this great war for democracy we are in, my good girl, that he wants every woman, however low and humble her station, to knit! You can buy his yarns at any store in New York—Rittenhouse is the best.

The Maid (pauses a long moment; then, quite clearly): Thank you for the thought! Has he arranged with his representative in Congress to make speeches on knitting?

Mrs. Stuy. (uncertainly): What?

Mrs. Ritt.: I'm not sure— I— Do you think that would be a good idea?

The Maid: I think so. Good advertising, you know, and he could frank them.

Mrs. Ritt.: Frank them? The Maid. Send them free.

Mrs. Ritt. (meditatively): That would help his business, I should think.

The Maid: And that's what Congress is for!

Mrs. Stuy.: I'm very glad you're so interested, my good girl. But now about yourself—how many socks have you knit?

The Maid: I haven't knit any!

Mrs. Ritt. (graciously): My husband says knitting is the privilege of all women, whatever their walk!

The Maid: I haven't knit any!

Mrs. Stuy.: Haven't knit any! Good heavens! But—but—you're not Pro-German, are you?

The Maid: "Pro-German"—what's that?

Mrs. Ritt.: Well, anybody that wants the war to stop is Pro-German!

Mrs. Ritt.: Why, anybody that doesn't want the war to go on is Pro-German!

The Maid: Why?

Mrs. Stuy.: Why— why— what would become of all this knitting if the war was to stop? (Holds up her sock, vaguely.)

Mrs. Ritt.: My husband says this war is to make the world safe for—

The Maid: His business?

Mrs. Stuy. (abruptly): Girl, stop talking! This pâte is burnt!

Mrs. Ritt.: Why, so is mine! Some German spy, I feel sure!

The Maid (imperturbably): But they were "Premiers au feu," madam, doesn't that explain it?

Mrs. Ritt. (a great light breaking): She's laughing at us! Are you a German?

The Maid (proudly): I'm German and French and Russian and Arab and Turk and Serbian and American and Czech and—

Mrs. Ritt.: I'm going to speak to the Manager!

Mrs. Stuy.: Wait till I finish this row, Angela. It's only ten days to the Horse-Show!

The Maid (gently): You don't need to speak to the Manager. He fired me ten minutes ago!

Mrs. Stuy. (under her breath): Because she talks so much! I don't wonder!

Mrs. Ritt.: Why do you talk so much?

The Maid (slowly): Well, I think it was because John went to camp this morning, and I thought you might help me to understand what he was fighting for!

Mrs. Ritt. (kindly): And you understand now? (To Mrs. Stuy.): Poor girl, a little off her head—but harmless, I do believe!

The Maid: Yes, you've helped me a lot! I wish John could hear you! Don't you ever speak at recruiting-meetings?

Mrs. Ritt. (flattered): Why, I hadn't thought of myself as a speaker—but, perhaps—

Mrs. Stuy. (cheerfully, but a bit bored): Well, now, run along like a good girl, and bring us some nice pâtes—"Premiers au Feu!" wasn't it?

The Maid (going): I'm fired. But Effie will bring them—you'll like Effie—she's doing her bit. She knits all the time.

Curtain.

T. D. M.

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