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."

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"While three men hold together
The Kingdoms are less by three."

SWINBURNE.

Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota, according to a press dispatch, was much outraged in the Senate recently by the proposal made by Senator Hardwick of Georgia, to put an additional tax on big incomes sufficient to pay a $50 monthly bonus to every American conscript forced to fight in Europe. "The American soldier is not of such a mercenary disposition as this amendment would seem to indicate," Senator Nelson was quoted as saying, and denouncing the measure as "humiliating to our brave boys" who were caught in the conscription net, and as shouting at the plucky Georgia Senator: "Our boys are not as cheap as some statesmen!" True. It would do some of our statesmen good to know just the precise cheap valuation that "our boys" place on them, and while there is no reason to think it would disturb either their sleep or their appetites, it might take a little wind out of their rhetorical sails, and to some extent relieve the Congressional Record and the country. And now will the Minnesota statesman kindly explain to a waiting world how he is able to bear the "humiliating and belittling" experience of taking $7,500 from the public exchequer for "serving his country" in the peaceful halls of Congress for a few months each year? How his proud spirit must chafe under the necessity of being placed in such a "mercenary" light!

Senator George Chamberlain of Oregon, chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, father of a bill for universal military training and compulsory service in the United States,—and last but not least, congressional generalissimo of the Navy League,—this prismatic statesman from Oregon, reflecting all the rays of the militarist rainbow, made a very significant admission in the Senate the other day when upbraiding Senator Hardwick for introducing a bill to prevent the War Department's sending any drafted man for oversea duty without his consent: "The course mapped out by the distinguished Senator from Georgia, if followed out, would leave us without any army in this country. We would not have any army to prosecute the war."

Who was it said, "It is in no sense a conscription of the unwilling," and "The Kaiser plunged the German people into war without their consent"?

As a further rebuke to the anti-conscriptionists, the Oregon senator affirmed: "It will be observed that men have opposed the Draft only in those States where their senators or representatives have opposed it in Congress. Without a single exception, as I now bear in mind, this has been the case."

We can but wonder whether these patent misstatements of fact in the halls of Congress are made under the Congressional "frank," or under "military necessity." Perhaps both.
"The War Beautiful."

"War is like love or like religion. In that it creates in men an ecstasy, a physical and spiritual exaltation that enables them to achieve and endure far more than they ever previously in times of peace were able to endure and achieve."

CLEVELAND MOFFETT.
October McClure's.

"Never let your men remember that they are charging dummies," said an English major to a pupil today. "Make them think they're Germans. It can be done even without the use of dummies. Watch me."

"The major sent for a little Cockney sergeant. 'Now,' he said, 'this stick of mine with a knob on the end is a German. Show these Americans how you would go after him.' Remember, he said, 'this is a German;' and then he would add suddenly now and again, 'Look out, my lad—he's coming at you!'"

"And by and by the insinuation began to take effect. His thrusts grew fiercer and fiercer. He was trembling with rage as he played the battle game. As he finally flung himself upon the stick and knocked it out of the major's hands, the officer called a halt."

REPUBLIC BROWN.
New York Tribune correspondent accredited to Pershing's Army.

You Have Said It, Mr. Root.

"We have been talking in this country of free lives and liberty and justice, of freedom and opportunity, of American institutions, of the mission of democracy, about the ideas of our fathers, and we have been talking from the teeth outward."

ELIHU ROOT.

WANTED—An Embargo on Democracy

"In travelling about your country,—of course my view is so far only a superficial one—but it does not seem to me that you have a surplus of democracy here—certainly not enough to warrant exporting any of it."

MRS. SHELY SKEFFINGTON.

"If I were to buy a revolver costing several pounds, in order to shoot my friend with a view to stealing sixpence from the teeth outward."

"Europe's Warning." (Written before the discovery of Democracy.)

You have spared this misery. You are still surrounded by those you love. Do not gamble with your good fortune. Keep Wilson in Washington.

(Literature used in the Democratic Campaign of 1916.)

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, whose militant activities in the United States since the bursting of the European cataclysm, and especially since this government's entrance into it, is said to have caused one "patriotic" magazine to carry his picture in its cover design as "The Battle Him of the Republic," is quoted recently as explaining his patriotic part in the Spanish-American imbroglio of 1898: "I wanted in the coming years to be able to show that I was in that war, and not have to explain to them why I was not there!"

Even so. And while our valiant Colonel is in this reminiscential mood, perhaps he will kindly explain to the American public why he was not in the charge up San Juan Hill, which captured the main Spanish position on July 2, 1898, although a press report went all over the country to the effect he had led that charge.

Perhaps he will explain why, seeing that he was not within a third of a mile of the hill when the charge was made—upon his own subsequent admission—be brought to Washington in 1902, Vereschagin, the Russian painter of war scenes, stationed him at Fort Myer on the Potomac, for three weeks, while he com­mitted to canvas the salient details of this San Juan Hill fable—of Roosevelt on horse-back leading the charge!

We do not like to take liberties with fellow editors, but we fear the editors of the Metropolitan Magazine have been misled by the wide range of Col. Roose­velt's war talk, and have neglected to investigate the extremely curt limits of his military operations.

She Did Her Bit.

She did her bit for her country, Mrs. Giuseppe Pisano, a shrunk, wasted old woman of thirty-nine. When she was seventeen, and young, her little Antonio was called by her dreams, and he came, and was accepted. And when she was thirty-nine, and old, fearfully old, her little Antonio was called by the draft; and he went, and was accepted. And reading in the newspapers what a great hero he had become, she shut the doors. With shy pride he told his little madre that he was one of those who should shoot mighty men.

To save his country.

(His father, in his way, worked for his country. Giuseppe lighted the street lamps at twilight.)

Mrs. Giuseppe Pisano, gladdened by her boy's brave tiding, spoke some strange words in an unAmerican tongue, and took to her bed.

Where, in her boundless happiness, she screamed wild, insane words in a tongue unAmerican.

And she died, insane to the last, offering up her life for her country.

JESSUP.
N. Y. Coll.

Treason!

"President Wilson's proposal to reduce armaments and impose international arbitration by force through a society of nations is a dream. An international army to enforce the verdicts of the court of arbitration? In which country would it be located without being influenced by local politics and prejudices? The moon is the only place possible.

"All the other inconveniences and objections could be avoided by suppressing conscription, with the proviso that it could only be re-established without a new law approved by the people, which in normal conditions would be improbable, indeed, morally impossible."

Finally, the whole world in addition to the suppression of obligatory military service should proclaim the principle that no head of a state, Emperor, or King, or President of a republic, should have the right to declare war without first consulting the people, preferably through a referendum or at least through the Parlia­ment.

"Conscription is one of the burdens of a free people, both as regarding financial expenses and personal liberty, besides being an inevitable war breeder."

"Perhaps even England, the United States, and Canada would have refused conscription if the people had been consulted through a referendum..."

CARDINAL GASPARRI, Papal Secretary, (New York Times.)
The Interrupted Pacifist Meeting at Hartford.

Herewith we publish the experience with the militant authorities of one of our editors as a speaker at the Hartford Local Branch of the People’s Council on September 16th. The newspaper accounts of her arrest on the charge of “breaking the peace” and the penalty therefore—30 days in jail and a fine of $50—led us to believe this issue was indefinitely held up. She returned, however, two days later, safe and sound, determined that the grossly exaggerated newspaper reports should not go unchallenged.

As the Hartford Local Branch had reported smooth sailing for the meeting so far as the local authorities were concerned, I did not anticipate what happened in the least degree, and went to the meeting with a perfectly unruffled mind. The newspaper statement that I “fingered my feather boa nervously and cast furtive glances in the direction of the detectives” during my remarks, are examples—and pardonable examples—of repertorial imaginings, since I positively know that there were any detectives in the hall.

When I first saw the plain-clothes gentleman stand up, I thought he had risen to ask me a question. His first words to me were, “If you don’t stop, I will take you over to the Police Station”—but tho’ I instantly complied with his condition—he decided to place me under arrest anyway, and I accompanied him willingly and cheerfully to his office across the street. The statements appearing in certain New York papers, that I “was seized” by the officers, “dragged from the platform,” and “spirited out a back-door” to escape the vengeance of the “patriotic” mob assembled in front of the hall, I can hardly attribute to the pardonable exercise of imagination on the part of ignorant or “advised” reporters.

I should have to characterize these willful mis-statements of fact by a harsher name, if I labeled them at all, but I prefer to leave them to other and more disinterested judgment. While the tone of the officers who placed me under arrest was gruff and discourteous in the hall at the beginning, not one of them touched me, nor did any man in the audience “shake his fist in my face.” I talked to my captors in a vein of good-humored and unabashed raillery, congratulating them on their valor and the valiant faith of “those higher up” who had instigated my arrest, who were afraid their “just and righteous cause” couldn’t stand the feeble verbal attacks of a mild-looking little woman like me!

I confess to some surprise at the almost instant change in the attitude of the officers which became most friendly. The two chiefs said apologetically, “I hope you won’t take this as personal at all from us, as we are acting under orders”; one of them said, “I was brought up to respect women”; and another actually asked me if I “objected to their cigars”!

This was consideration so far beyond anything I had been accustomed to in recent years while pursuing my free, unmolested way in theatres, concert halls, and street-cars, where I had frequently nearly strangled on tobacco smoke that I hadn’t the heart to deprive my kindly captors of their nicotine solace. I charitably exonerated them from any blame for my present plight, telling them I knew they were not any freer than the rest of us under the new militarist methods which our government had decided to borrow from Germany for the conduct of this war. After that, I chatted amicably with the detectives, and had almost forgotten my position as “a prisoner before the bar of justice,” when my friends returned with the Hartford citizen who had volunteered as bondsman. Thereupon I was released from police custody and told I must answer in court next morning to the charge of “breach of the public peace.”

So far as the physical aspects of my arrest went, it didn’t seem at all like “being persecuted for pacifism’s sake,” and I didn’t feel any more like a “martyr” than I did like a criminal or a “traitor,”—tho’ credit for this must be given where it belongs, to the kindly ministrations of Hartford pacifists, with no thanks to the militarist authorities who ordered the arrest.

My crown of martyrdom faded entirely when the case came to trial, for the trial judge after listening to the witnesses for the prosecution—of whom there was a motley and considerable array—with what appeared to me, tho’ I may have been biased, a bored and disgusted expression, promptly dismissed the case, telling the prosecuting attorney he had failed to sustain his charge, and the accused that they were released. The verdict was obtained on the testimony of the witnesses for the prosecution alone, the attorney for the defence not finding it necessary to call a single one of his.

ANNIE RILEY HALE.