

ties, its far-reaching communication system, its clever and efficient people, experts, advisors, diplomats, its great Library of 240,000 books, its wealth of knowledge, its reports and surveys, everything in order and available, and the personnel in every department, down to the last filing clerk, filled with a sincere desire to serve . . . It was a sight to make the angels weep. It was so beautiful, so efficient, and yet so tragic!

It was like a magnificent house, furnished with exquisite taste and fitted with every device known to man for his comfort, pleasure and safety, air-conditioned and insulated, beautifully designed lighting system, with all modern improvements for cooking and cleaning, elevators from every room, nothing over-looked or forgotten—except one thing. There was no electricity.

The League lacked power and I am not now referring to an armed force to carry out its will, I mean the compelling constraining power which comes into men's hearts when they love their neighbors as themselves, and know that what concerns one concerns all. Dr. Wellington Koo struck this note when he said to the Assembly, in pleading for sanctions to be put against Japan:

"Perhaps you think it does not matter what is happening in China, which is far away from the homes of many of you. I tell you, cruel, unprovoked aggression is like blood poison, and the human family is like the human body. If there is poison in the foot, the hand is not safe."

The sterility of the League smote my heart with a sense of helplessness, as these words fell on the Assembly. Listening to them were representatives of at least three-quarters of the world's population and every one of us wanted peace. Surely some way must be found to release all this potential good will.

I knew there was a way and I have no doubt many people in that Assembly knew it too. Before going to