

"papa's" shoulders to see; old and young, rich and poor, mingled happily. A French woman, leaning on a cane, complained of her ankles—then laughed, and said, "I should not think of them. I am happy enough now to forget my pain . . . We are grateful to your Chamberlain, and to the King of Italy. Did you know he refused to sign the order for mobilization? Yes! Mussolini ordered it, but Victor Emmanuel said no—he would not send Italian soldiers to fight against their good friends—he would abdicate first. So you see, sometimes it is good to have a king."

A half hour grew into an hour, and still the crowds gathered. Still more crowds came in quickly from side streets, policemen on motorcycles cleared a narrow path, and in a flash an open car sped by heavily guarded on all sides. Everyone waved and a few cheered. Daladier smiled and bowed and in a flash was gone.

The French woman said: "Now I can think about my ankles. Maybe this is a great moment in the history of Europe. Anyway, I can say my prayers now and go to bed. The last few nights have not been good for sleeping, even for a tired old woman, who lost everything in the last war."

I shall always be glad I saw the League of Nations, that gleaming white palace, built by many nations, and made beautiful by their arts and crafts. I feel I was privileged to see the actual working of that great experiment to bring peace by discussion and arbitration—that great experiment which almost succeeded.

If the first act of aggression, Japan's invasion of Manchuria, had come earlier, when the dread of war was fresher in men's minds, and if the United States had been there in full power, the history of the League might have been entirely different, and the history of mankind, too.

In 1938, the beautiful white palace, with all its facili-