

cauldron is boiling all the time and on the appointed day comes the bursting of the crater, the crash and roar and flame, the river of molten rock flowing over the land, overwhelming all in its path, leaving terror, death and destruction in its wake.

Such is war, and if all of us had seen at close quarters, as I have seen, the misery that war brings with it, we would not be surprised that those who took part in the last great struggle pray that they may never take part in war again. In the next war (if we cannot do something now to prevent war) the nations will kill, maim, wound, destroy, ruthlessly—and it will not make any difference whether the victims are soldiers or civilians. It is folly to suppose that “rules” for the conduct of war will be observed, as in an athletic contest, or that there can ever be “humane warfare.” The end of war is slaughter, and from that slaughter civilians are not immune. Let me say this, that if your country were at war, every one of you, men and women, would be conscripted for war, and your wealth also. Whether you actively fought or did not fight, you would be just as responsible for all its horrors as would your soldiers and leaders. You cannot escape, you cannot shelter yourselves by being civilians, for in modern warfare no weapon will be ignored than can weaken the morale of the other side. The weakening of the morale of enemy civilians will be just as important as the destroying of armies.

Nations now are using all the arts they ever knew and all the science they have mastered to destroy, wholesale, and they will continue to do so as long as we *will* have war. In future it will be no use whatever to say that we must not use poison gas, we *must* not spread disease germs, we *must* not kill civilians, we must not have submarine warfare, we must not destroy hospital ships, we must not bomb hospitals, we must not drop bombs on undefended towns. All these things *will* be done, and the people who live in the remote parts of countries will be killed just as horribly and cruelly as those in the war zone,—and more frightfully, because they will have no protection.

Let me give you one picture of war, a memory I carry from the battle of Amiens. That battle was a great victory. It was perhaps the greatest triumph we had. Our troops went into it fit and healthy, high-spirited and well-trained. We had plenty of artillery, we had plenty of tanks. The Germans were completely surprised and thoroughly beaten. At the end of the day I was asked to go back to a casualty clearing station. I was told that something was wrong. I went back. And there I saw the aftermath of victory. Something was indeed wrong. The extraordinary secrecy of the movement had somehow hampered the Army medical services. I saw ambulance after ambulance full of wounded men, some shrieking, some groaning, some dying, some dead, some just suffering in patience, waiting to get to the hospital gate. Inside the doors of the building used as a hospital, its windows boarded up tight so that no light would reveal its position to enemy aircraft, the fumes of acetylene gas from the lamps, the terrible smell of gas gangrene from some of the wounds, the sickening odor of ether, the white faces of the worn-out nurses, the blood-stained hands of the doctors, who had to work as fast as butchers—only to save and not to kill—made a scene of horror that I can never forget. And the next time war comes that is what we will see in our now peaceful cities, and the doctors and the wooden operating tables will be our doctors and our office tables, and the blood will be the blood of our wives and our children.

You say that is impossible,—that it could not happen. It may be impossible today, but it will happen tomorrow, unless the viewpoint of humanity is changed. I do not need to remind you of our nearness to scientific developments which will make our very inmost cities as vulnerable as was the city of Rheims when it came under the fire of German guns.

Let me give you another picture, a picture of actual results of the war that ended in 1918, the war “that was to end war.” 11,000,000 dead! If they were buried side by side, the graveyard would extend from New York to San Francisco, from Gibraltar to Moscow. 9,000,000 war