

I mean to say, the demands of the war, your responsibilities and the demands of the war react upon the comforts and industry of these people. They are living under conditions of war; and every farm and every house in France is a billeting station for troops. When our lads come out of the trenches they are so exhausted they come staggering away. They go back to be reinforced and recruited, and on every farm house you see a notice, showing where the different regiments are to go. The whole farm is taken possession of, so many in the house, so many in the barn, so many in the stable, etc., and the farmers have to provide the straw. What profits do they get? War profits,—one cent per man per night, that is all, straw included. And that has been going on for four years. When one company is marching out, another company is marching in, and one of the rooms there are very few rooms in the houses—one of the rooms is taken by the officers where they eat and sleep and transact their company business. What about the farmers, the men and women of the farms? Oh, leave the men out of the question, they are not there, many of them, myriads of them never will be there any more. Only the women are carrying on. What are the women saying, don't they complain? No, women of America, if you knew what war was you would never ask: "Do they complain?" They say: "It is war, it is war, it is war," and they bear it all, and you know, those women of France would rather have, after all, your clean-faced, clean-hearted American and British boys billeted upon their farms for their protection than they would have the alternative, the nearer approach of the dreaded enemy with all his foulness and vileness and wrong. "It is war, it is war;" thank God America, war has never touched you in that sense; and the women of France they are wonderful, but they are carrying on.

May I say in passing, I won't keep you very much longer, may I say that the women of England are wonderful also? Would it surprise you if I told you that there are working in France 10,000 British women, I don't mean as Red Cross workers, but working as navvies, 10,000, with pick and shovel, behind the lines, University girls, high-school girls, girls from homes where they were loved as tenderly as your daughters are; they have gone out to work. Why? Oh, because of our man power, America, because of our man power. They have gone out, 10,000 of them, each one to release a British soldier from behind the lines, so that through their sacrifice we may have 10,000 more British men in the line, to hold the line until the men of America are ready to stand beside them.

When I came out of Glasgow down the Clyde I saw thousands of British women shipbuilding beside the men, women of Britain building ships besides the men of Britain, to carry some of your surplus food to the children and our soldier lads and to bring your soldier lads also to stand beside them in the line. Women are running our businesses in England, our branch managers of banks are women, our cashiers in many banks of the country are women, our railway porters are women. If you traveled in England to-day it would be a woman who would come to take your grip and to handle your baggage and lift your trunk and to do all those things, if you are woman enough to let her.

Do you know,—I will close with this,—that the women of England saved the world in 1915? I leave it to you: I was in the line in 1915 and my trenches on one occasion were so bombarded, they were beaten down to the ground during the day and all night my lads tried to rebuild them to save their lives, and again the bombardment continued. Men were maimed, blown out of existence, casualties, casualties, casualties, repeated