Lord Cecil Sees The League of Nations as the World's Future Hope—
A Visit to Lovely Geneva, Switzerland

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The One Way to Peace

away our late president's life has at least not forgotten

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The League of Nations was, in the actuality, a

He was President Wilson who held strongly that the head

lun, it would be hard to imagine a more anglicized group

The atmosphere of Geneva, free from international strife, has certain healing qualities which automatically render passions less violent and disputes less passionate.

It is good to know that the ideal for which President Wilson strove is now firmly established in the world. Fifty-four nation

Making peace between all the races of the world is an impor

The League maintains a splendid library, of international law, and also a sort of business office where all the treaties are regis

The specially trained men who are working for the League have discovered that all of us have a stake in it. Their aim is to make war obsolete.

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Geneva, causing a flurry of excitement among officials who were getting rather tired and bored by promises that have been going on for a long time. Nevertheless, we hope he would ask to borrow the League as a background for his next picture, but he didn't. Maybe you'll change your mind. He showed more than a lively interest in international affairs and admired our library very much."  

Sic semper the cinema!

A striking fact is the number of every transaction made by the League. The regulation check book is—just imagining ought to work and one and a half feet high. Every time a person leaves a stub, and the used volume, then reduced to a semblance of an even number, is hidden away in one of the book shelves.

Although the United States is not a member of the League, several Americans are actively working in the International Secretariat, a sort of world welfare bureau which spends its time straightening out difference, large and small. Francis Huntington Gibe, one of these Americans with whom we talked, is in charge of social and political responsibility which kept him fairly well occupied. He had been away from the League headquarters for a while, and he talked to us about the events of the "quiet" weeks just passed: the visit of the King and Queen of Roumania, international conference on immigration, and the tenth session of the commissioner in Vienna, second session of the health committee, and a long list of other events, all too small in proportion to the "convention city" in America jealous.

Kindly and courteous as ever, Lord Robert Cecil, President of the League of Nations, had run over from London to look after his beloved child, and especially to attend another session of the commission on armaments.

Lord Cecil's devotion to the cause of international peace and good will will always leave its mark, and recently won him the $25,000 award of the Woodrow Wilson Memorial Foundation.

He talked to him at the Beau Rivage, the hotel fronting on the lake which he usually stops. His bald head shone with perspiration that evening. He spoke pleasantly, but warily, as befits a statesman of ideals and ambition, and rubbed his hands as he talked. We'll, I imagine he indicated, and the glow of hope in his eyes bore out his words, that the year of grace, 1924, had advanced his favor in Geneva so far on the pathway to world success.

"Although the sessions of this committee are not open to the public, the press, and it is not a small matter about what we're doing. We're trying to draft a new set of rules about the trade in arms, especially in Europe, which pleased the country. It seems ridiculous that the traffic in opium should be regulated while that in arms is not.

I told him I had heard people over at the League say that the coming visits of the French and British Prime Ministers in January would be ever paid by executives of such importance. (Mussolini had been invited also, but did not come, apparently thinking that his day was about over.)

Lord Cecil smiled broadly and expressed his belief in the future of the League. "We're making excellent progress," he said. "People are beginning to realize that the League of Nations lies the only way to peace."

I asked him if he would care to make any statement to the American people, and he smiled again in a very canny but friendly way. "No. I think it would be better to talk to the American people during presidential election year!"

Afterwards, our journey progressed over the aged continent and crossed the Atlantic, bound together by train, airplane, wireless, and a thousand floods of communication today, are never found in the old days. Different money, languages, customs, I thought, "the only way to peace lies in understanding. There are many misunderstandings among their countries; the people must feel a sympathy and broadmindedness desire to cooperate with other nations."

Under the burden of housing so many international responsibilities, the old capitals have become a real city. The gendarmes, gorgeous creatures in comic operas uniform with epauletts of red tape, are quietly working to make and break, and wondering how to cope with it—there are now a forty thousand biplane traffic on the roads, splendoured persons dash about in motor cars, it is both fashionable and delightful to stroll along the quais, of the Winged Lion, the most famous statue, the great gray castle on the island—and something stronger—through the clean outdoor cafes on the lake; but the most popular form of transportation is probably the way of the democratic bicycle.

What is a cosmopolitan procession on wheels passes along before one's eyes, a procession of men in green aprons which are their particular badge of servitude on the streets. It is frequently seen in glasses and bulging brief cases; youthful daredevils who pull their caps over their eyes and race each other, one player being a slippery, scally, the while; the proverbial "apple-cheeked" schoolgirls, riding sedately to class; naive lovers and couples who will ride far and wide to be close together as possible; the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker; delivering bundles on their way home uniform.

And at night, how gala this revue becomes: Japanese lanterns in gay colors give a soft light, and flashing cheerful messages through the dark—very likely code signals have been arranged; if Gilliame's firemen were ever to start, he would have ten minutes to escort Louise to the corner drug store for a hot fudge sundae; Henri and Hans have organized a secret society of people, with a mandate to put on the Castle of the Watchtower, "Hansome Harry in Honolulu." Who knows, even affairs of state, of diplomacy or duplicity may be set aside for the moment. The agent gliders three past the park with a lavender light affixed to his iron steel as a signal to his colleagues that he is about to come down at an understanding with that tricky ambassador from Baravia. Or, Count Bunchen's secret flan, far away from us, that at last the American heirs is willing to be asked.

On Sunday evenings galaxies of lighting wings of the International Secretariat, the outlines of the bridges, and jubilant revelers on the far side of the Rhone drench the night with clusters of cascades of light. The brightly passing boats on the lake drifts music, the lustreous argoll of the, the throaty swell of the cellos, the sentimental sobbing of the violins. Yet, everyone in Geneva ought to feel at peace with the world.