

"Gentlemen, I can see no point authorizing annexations. Kindly come to the point." The President looks from left to right expectantly. "We must have the coal of the Saar Valley," scream the French. The President frowns. "I am going for a drive in the Elysees now; perhaps tomorrow the point will be clearer."

As he quits the hot room the delegates sit aghast; then the storm breaks. They determine upon private calls, but the President is out; when M. Clemenceau goes round at 8 p. m. the President is at the Opera. On his return Mr. Lloyd George is waiting. "The French," he begins—The President smiles: "I have sent you a copy of the Fourteen Points, dear Mr. George," he responds, "but now I must go to bed—a demand."

"On the morrow, M. Clemenceau is tempestuous. 'Lafayette'—But again the President interrupts. The French insist, President Wilson once more strides out, and on the third day it is the same. On the fourth day, Mr. George calls with Mr. Balfour and Lord Robert Cecil. "We must save our political faces at home," they explain. The elections were fought on indemnities; we must tie the Germans down to good, so that they cannot compete with us." The President pulls out his Fourteen Points—and his watch.

"You agreed to make peace on these principles. I have nothing more to say. If you have changed your minds, I have not. I will go to the play today if you do not wish to talk on the Points. Now what shall I do?" Mr. George mutters something in Welsh, and then in strides M. Clemenceau, followed by General Foch. M. Clemenceau is witty, eloquent, fiery, indignant. He shoots off Lafayette. He stalks about the room. The Boche must be annihilated for good. Then Foch takes up the argument. Nothing short of the left bank of the Rhine. And in the East we must have a buffer State running from the Baltic to the Adriatic, like Napoleon's Confederation of the Rhine.

The President rings a bell. "Tell Colonel House to come in," he says to the equestrian, and in five minutes the Colonel appears. "There seems," observes the President, "to be a mistake. These gentlemen want to entangle us in European tribal affairs. Will you please wire for the George Washington and tell Pershing to get ready to withdraw all troops within a month. I am going home."

"You cannot do that," M. Clemenceau throws in heatedly. "I beg your pardon," observes the President dryly. "But, Sir, you cannot leave us. Lafayette—"

"That is for you to decide. America entered the War to try to make a just and constructive peace. Now, as you clearly want the old kind of peace of hate and annexations, I cannot pledge America to support you. I had better leave you to fix it up yourselves. You see, I can do no good. I dare not go back with a Napoleonic peace in my pocket, that is all."

"Then you are a pro-German!" interjects a French minister, pale with emotion. The President leans across to Colonel House. "Is Brandeis there?"

In a moment Brandeis appears. "There will be no further financial considerations until this order is rescinded," observes the President slowly. "But please make arrangements to feed Russia."

The President rises. "Gentlemen, I shall today send envoys to make a separate peace with our enemies, since we do not seem able to agree. I cannot spend the whole summer here, talking. At the sitting this afternoon, please arrange to give me a definite answer; whether we make peace on the agreed Fourteen Points or whether we don't. My daughter is waiting to take me out. Good morning!"

But the sitting that day is postponed. Instead the "Big Two" sit in secret from 8 to 7 p. m. and from 8 to midnight. A line of compromises is discussed. The Fourteen Points are read out aloud, Foch quitting the room. Finally Mr. George undertakes to act as mediator. He finds the President in bed, reading the New Republic.

"We cannot agree," he says; "I cannot induce the French to give way. They insist on their pound of flesh. They think you had better visit the devastated regions to get a truer orientation. I cannot desert them. I am pledged by the Elections. I got my Government on the cry of an eye for an eye. What am I to do?"

The President winks, smiles and positively wins again. "In July, Mr. George, you made a speech and you said the Germans could have peace any day on my points. Am I to understand that was bluff, or do you insinuate that I was playing the joker?"

Mr. George starts. "But we are politicians. You don't mean to say you hold me to my public speeches. Why—"

"I make no criticism, my dear George. I merely ask you whether you suggest that I too don't mean what I say. I have the right to know that."

Mr. George here becomes painfully serious.

"Look here, let us chuck this and see what is to be done. If you refuse to make the sort of peace we want—"

"I shall go home," the President replies quietly.

"Withdraw your troops?"

"Certainly."

"And your financial aid—food, etc.?"

"Unquestionably."

"Leave us in the lurch?"

"No. Leave you to fix up what you can. I shall always be ready to discuss an arrangement on principle, you know. Ambassador Reading knows that."

"But you don't really mean this?"

"I do. I swear it on the truth of Lincoln."

"Good God! Who is that?"

"The man who said, 'You cannot fool all the people all the time.' Now, good-night!"

On the sixth day another sitting takes place. President Wilson makes a speech.

"We made war on a vicious system, not on a people. Peace must give the new German democracy opportunity. There must be no annexations. We do not think a capitalist peace right. Nor can we be bound to any map-drawing on the lines of Tilsit. Open Covenants are essential. A Magna Charta of Rights must be laid down. All must come into the League or there can be no League, but only a grouping of powers. The Blockade must be removed—it is not gentlemanly. Have I the right to propose—"

Uproar. No one can be heard. Forty different languages clash in epithets. An Italian sits on Czechoslovak top hat. M. Clemenceau breaks the bell. Finally the sitting is declared at an end. As they file out, all the people are buying newspapers. In great headlines they read: "The American troops left the zone of occupation early this morning."

The next day a still greater sensation is recorded. The papers announce the "retirement of the Tiger," Cabinet crisis.

At 9 a. m. Mr. George is awaiting the President at breakfast.

"Well!"

"Well?"

"Do you play golf, George?"

"Heavens, man, don't fool! Old Clem has quit. What shall we do?"

"Wait for the next Government. Meanwhile I'll ask you on at golf for a day."

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Within a week, the League was formed, and held its first sitting exactly six weeks after the President's arrival in France. A month later the President sailed for America. It was a peace of conciliation and construction. The Germans undertook to pay a \$5,000,000,000 indemnity. Alsace-Lorraine went to France, but there were no annexations. Only Posen was to be incorporated in New Poland. By general assent, President Wilson had achieved the greatest victory known in history. De Valera called for three cheers for Lloyd George in Dublin and—got them. The world's Peace celebrations lasted a whole week.

Questioned on his return as to how he did it, the president replied: "I showed them the principles and refused to talk of the Points."

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

When asked what would have happened had he not stuck to his Points, he retorted grimly: "I should have been given the lemon, and I should have left Europe in chaos and turmoil, and instead of a League of Nations, why Europe would have had another peace of Tilsit and the War would have been in vain. But thank God, the George Washington is a trusty ship."

But President Wilson deserted his principles. He had exhausted his powers in the creation of fine words and forthwith forgot that the world was waiting for something that would give these words life. He has destroyed his own reputation, but he has done something infinitely more damaging. He has destroyed the faith of humanity in the spoken word. This is the great tragedy of the War.—The Statesman.

HON. JOSEPH TUMULTY

AN INTERESTING SKETCH OF PRESIDENT'S SECRETARY

A bit of doggerel about Tumulty. Secretary to the President, circulated in Washington not long since. It ran in a frolicsome but realistic manner:

Who's got to listen to the bores
Who ooze in through the White House
doors,
And hear all of the kicks and roars?
Tumulty.

Who's got to open all the mail
And answer letters without fail,
And send regrets out by the bale?
Tumulty.

Who's always got to be polite
From early morn till late at night,
And never lose his temper quite?
Tumulty.

Who's got to read the proofs on all
Of Woodrow's speeches, great and small,
And bear the brunt of every equal?
Tumulty.

One of Mr. Tumulty's jobs is to see the newspaper men, keep them in good humor, and yet impress upon them the inherent dignity of the Government of the United States, a good part of which, at those daily conferences, he has the honor to represent. An air of formality is preserved by the Secretary throughout the interview, and the newspaper scribbles, we are informed by N. O. Messenger, writing in The National Tribune (Washington), are equally formal, as long as the formal interview lasts:

It is "Mr. Secretary" this and "Mr. Secretary" that, all quite proper and according to Hoyle. But when the interview is over it is "Joe." And likewise with him it is "Jim" and "Gus" and "Jack," and so on. Which is as it should be, and is a very clear indication of the relations existing between the representatives of the press and the man who is their intermediary with the Executive. For it shows the existence of a solid tie of mutual affection and trust among them which binds the official relations closer. There is no use denying that "Joe" puts over many a thing that "Mr. Secretary" would find treated in a way lacking the power of the personal equation.

As for Secretary Tumulty's job in general, says the writer, the doggerel quoted above might tell the whole story. But it omits the underlying significance of his position and its influence upon affairs. The account continues:

Moreover, probably you would like to know something about the man. So the writer will introduce you to a middle sized, well-set-up, youngish-looking Irishman, with a smooth face wearing mostly a pleasant smile. While he is Irish through and through," he doesn't suggest the popular conception that the hair-sandy complexioned, belligerent son of Erin. He has light hair, very silky and fine in texture, and the clear skin with a touch of color that he got from some rosy-cheeked maternal ancestor back in the Blessed Isle. An sure, there is never a touch nor suspicion of the bregue which he imitates with inimitable effect some Irish story teller.

He is not belligerent in the sense of over-egerness to "start something," but all hell can't hold him when he is once in a fight until it is ended, and ended right. Hamlet told about him in his maxims, which Mr. Tumulty practices:

Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honor's at the stake.

That's Joe—and more power to him!

Surely there must be something in that old fable about kissing the Blar-

ney stone. Haven't you met people who you thought had done so? And if it is true, one of Tumulty's ancestors at no very great distance back in the line must have kissed it—given it a good smack—be sure he has the way with him. This is not to be interpreted wrongly or as meaning that he is in any manner deceptive. Not that; he just has the knack of being gracious. And he means it; it is no affectation with him. It comes from a naturally kindly heart, and while his nature can be as hard as granite in matters where firmness is required, his heart is as tender as a woman's. He has a great compassion for humanity. He really feels deeply for the masses; more than deeply for the under dogs. He is for the betterment of mankind's environment. But don't pick him up for a "softy," or something will drop on your toes and hurt.

He likes company and is full of wit—native Irish and acquired. He sees the funny side of things, and that quality has served him in good stead in his present office, since it aids him in recognizing the pretensions and the false parade under pretentiousness. The unduly puffed-up kind of find the air let out of them after a session with him. He is quick to think and to act. In dealing with him, people who seek to reach their objective by a round-about way find him coming across lots and arriving at their true object, before they think he is "on to them."

If one has business with him, it would be well to bear in mind a few essentials of conduct.

First, be sure to "come into court with clean hands." That is to say, be sure the object is a right one.

Secondly, state it succinctly and without circumlocution.

Thirdly, avoid logging in adventitious circumstances; and if it is a worthy object it doesn't need any propping up, trimming or fining.

Fourthly, if he says he will do it, let him do it his own way and don't gum up the cards. And if he says it can't be done, better drop it. By following this, you can go along about your other business, sure that attention will be given the affair. But just pause a minute and bear in mind that, while the thing was the most important consideration to you, he is probably a thousand others bearing with him with equal weight of importance. And there are only twenty-four hours in the day.

Before departing from an admiration upon Mr. Tumulty as an Irish man it might be well to touch upon what might be called a collateral issue of his racial descent—his Catholicism. Joseph P. Tumulty is a Catholic and a Catholic in good standing. To a minister of the Protestant Church in an up-State New York City who had darkly hinted to President Wilson that his secretary might be withholding from the executive notice affairs in which the Catholic Church was interested, President Wilson wrote as follows:

"I am glad to have an opportunity to correct a very grave injustice to my secretary, Mr. Tumulty. You are very much mistaken if you suppose that he withholds from me letters and protests like this of yours. While there are many letters he does not bring to me, because they can be sent by other means, he is very sensitive to such things, particularly careful to lay before me everything of this sort and to discuss it with me with the utmost frankness, and I must say, dispassionately. I must beg you to believe that matters of this sort are handled at my office with entire fairness and disinterestedness, for I personally know that to be the case."

"I grieve me very much that unfounded suppositions should arise and that many things should be imagined to be true, which are far from being true, and I beg that you will reconsider your judgment entirely."

"Cordially and sincerely yours,"

"WOODROW WILSON."

Any one who is thrown in contact with Mr. Tumulty will very quickly come to appreciate his very great devotion to the President. They say that it was the same away back in New Jersey, when he was private secretary to Governor Wilson. Only now it's worse—rather more of it. To be sure he has more to be devoted to, because President Wilson is many times greater in every way than Governor Wilson. As the President's ideals have grown, his work expanded. Joseph Tumulty's devotion to the greater man has increased proportionately as his admiring has grown. Some people think that Mr. Tumulty maintains a kind of blind idolatry of his chief. I don't think so. Rather does he hold him in friendship according to Woodrow Wilson's own definition of friendship, so aptly and gracefully expressed in the President's own incomparable diction. Here is what Woodrow Wilson says about friendship:

"Friendship is of royal lineage. It is of the same kind and breeding as loyalty and self-forgetting devotion and proceeds upon a higher principle even than they."

"For loyalty may be blind and friendship must be; devotion may sacrifice principle of right choice while friendship must guard with an excellent and watchful care. You must not in your friend's interest whether it pleases him or not."

"The object of love is to serve, not to win."

And that is Tumulty's doctrine, and the whole life since he has been in his post as Secretary to President Wilson has been one of service. Speaking of service, we are introduced to the tribute paid to Tumulty in this respect by Col. George Harvey, who

certainly can not be called a blindly devoted follower of the President. Colonel Harvey wrote: "The man who has rendered by far the greatest service to Mr. Wilson is Mr. Tumulty." And then he went on to mention Tumulty's combined tact, diplomacy, astuteness, and personal devotion. The writer continues:

"A while back I spoke of his kind-heartedness, which extends to high and low, but always keenest to the lowly. Here is a little story: There was a poor old laborer, sickly and debilitated, who was hired to sweep the paths and clear the White House lawns of leaves and trash. He was under the Engineer's Branch of the War Department, which has charge of public grounds, and his superior officer, a Captain, laid him off for some small dereliction. The old man got \$1.40 a day, on which he tried to support a family. He appealed to Mr. Tumulty, and the latter wrote the Captain in the old man's behalf. The Captain promptly discharged him for 'going over his head.'"

Then Joe did get mad. What he said about that Captain would have swung the tail off an army mule. He went to the Major, over the Captain's head for fair this time, and the Major promptly made good by reinstating the old man. But that wasn't enough. Joe demanded that all the laborers in that class should be given a day off on Christmas. The worthy Major was aghast at that; there was nothing in the Rules and Regulations providing for such a thing.

"But the President has ordered it," said Joe, looking at the Major with those Irish blue eyes of his in the most innocent manner. Now, the President hadn't ordered it, and the Major knew he hadn't, and Joe knew that the Major knew, but Joe never batted an eyelid. "Very well," said the Major, "they get the day off." Still Joe wasn't satisfied. Why wouldn't the Major ask the Appropriations Committee to give those laborers an increase over the \$1.40 a day? The Major couldn't think of it unless the President recommended it.

"But the President does recommend it, strongly," said Joe, still registering blue-eyed innocence. Again that look of understanding in the Major's eyes—a wise old Major he. The increase would be urged.

"Major," said Joe thoughtfully, "I see that you and I are going to get along finely together. But you tell that Captain of yours to keep away from me."

Secretary Tumulty has been called "the official news center of the country." That is decidedly a misnomer in so far as it might indicate that he promulgates general news of an official nature. On the contrary, he is exceedingly particular to communicate to the newspaper men only news that comes within his especial bailiwick. He never touches upon affairs being handled by the Cabinet officials until they reach the stage of consideration by the President. But don't get the idea that Mr. Tumulty is an official megaphone, shouting out news like the leader of a shouting chorus at a football game. Except when he has an official announcement to make or a "hand-out" of some official communication, the newswriter must "gather" his inspiration from inference or from what Tumulty does not say more than what he says outright. The main benefit to be derived from attending the daily White House conferences between the newspaper correspondents and Mr. Tumulty is to get the White House "atmosphere" about public affairs. You have to absorb it, soak it in, rather than obtain it by word of mouth. Another important consideration is to keep from going wrong on public affairs. You may get an impression at the Capitol or elsewhere and find that an entirely different view point obtains at the White House.

When you come away from one of those conferences you may feel pretty sure that although you may not have learned a great deal of a specifically affirmative and positive character, yet you "have got your bonnet on straight" and will not go wrong in interpretation of the White House attitude.

If Joseph P. Tumulty will not tell you all you want to know, he will not mislead you nor tell you what is not so. He tells you many things in confidence, for your guidance, not for publication. It is needless to say that his confidence is strictly preserved. The man who would violate it might as well turn in his union card and never come back any more. No doubt there are times when the White House puts out tentative suggestions, by way of feelers, so to speak, to sound out public sentiment; to see how an idea will "take" with the public. That is all right; it gives an idea of what the Administration is thinking about, at any rate.

The duties of the Secretary to the President are mainly, of course, to act as a buffer between the President and the wave after wave of more or less important public and private business which break upon the White House. Much of this vast volume can be diverted to the proper channels, the Departments, and never need reach the President. Yet, the humblest appeal, if it has merit, and if it should in directly at the President, will reach him in case no other disposition of it is possible. So also must the Secretary to the President ward off the callers whose business can just as well, or more appropriately, be handled in other quarters.

By this time, perhaps the reader is inquiring: "Who is this man Tumulty? Where did he come from and how did he get there?" 'Tis an interesting story, especially as Mr. Messenger tells it:

He was born in Jersey City, N. J., May 3, 1879. His "people" were well-to-do folk, his father a veteran of the Civil War in the Union Army. The son was to be trained as a lawyer, with a side squint at politics. He was graduated from St. Peter's College in Jersey City in 1899 and immediately started in to read law. By 1902 he was ready to hang out his shingle and practise for eight years. Now comes the squint at politics. He ran for the legislature and was elected, serving from 1907 to 1910, when Woodrow Wilson, Governor of New Jersey, appointed him private secretary and retained him in this confidential capacity when he came to Washington as President of the United States. And here is how Mr. Wilson came "to take him on."

Fred Kissam, known far and wide in Jersey, was in charge of the Democratic Speakers' Bureau in the State campaign of 1910. Kissam was working tooth and nail for the election of Woodrow Wilson as Governor over Vivian M. Lewis. One Friday Kissam received a telephone message from Wilbur Beerscott, former sheriff of Monmouth County, asking him to get a speaker for a meeting to be held at Lakewood that very night. "Get me a good speaker," Beerscott urged. "Wilson is going to speak, but he will be here late and we must have a good speaker to hold the crowd until he comes. Don't send me any dubs."

Kissam had scheduled Joe Tumulty at West Hoboken that night. Joe was going strong on the stump. He was handing out the language the boys could understand, and he kept his crowds in good humor with his dialect stories. He was full of fire and "pep" and had never let an audience get away from him until he was through and started the exit procession himself.

So down came Joe, and Kissam met him at the station and took him to the hall where all the chivalry and beauty of Lakewood was assembled to hear Mr. Wilson. Likewise "the gang was all there." Joe mounted the platform, gave the crowd the once over, beamed that Irish smile upon them, which met with instant response, and then started in to give the Republican Party "unsifted hell." He warmed up as he went along and was in full stride, carrying the crowd along with him with cheers and laughter, when Mr. Wilson came to the door. Just as he stepped across the threshold Joe had loosed away at the Republicans with a high-explosive shell of great velocity which exploded with a crash that attracted the attention of Mr. Wilson, who paused in the operation of shucking his overcoat and listened for several minutes before proceeding to enter the hall.

"Who is that young man?" inquired Mr. Wilson.

"That's Joe Tumulty, from Hudson County," replied State Chairman Nugent, who had come down with Mr. Wilson from Tom's River. Mr. Wilson made a few other inquiries about him. "Umm," he said. "Bring him around to the hotel after the meeting. I want to talk to him."

After the "speaking" was over Nugent took Joe around to the Laurel House and introduced him. They talked until way into the night.

Kissam had looked Tumulty to speak at Long Branch Saturday night, but Saturday morning he received a telephone message from Mr. Wilson telling him to cancel all of Joe's engagements. He wanted Joe to go along with him. And Joe has been going along with him ever since. He finished the campaign with him, and his knowledge of affairs and of political conditions in the legislature was of inestimable value to the candidate. When Mr. Wilson was elected Governor he asked Joe to come with him as private secretary.

So this capable young lawyer and rising politician abandoned his personal career and entered into the service of the man who was destined, though no one knew it, to become later the foremost figure in world affairs. If Joe had remained in Jersey he probably would have been either in the Governor's chair or in the United States Senate. But in all those years he has, to the writer's personal knowledge, submerged his personal interests to loyal service for the man whom he fairly idolizes. And, if he should have to go back and begin politics all over again at the bottom of the ladder, he would not begrudge the time spent in Woodrow Wilson's service.

Mr. Tumulty first came into contact with politicians of national note when he accompanied Mr. Wilson to Sen. Gire, N. J., in the interim between his first nomination and election. There he met every "big gun" in the Democratic party, and there he first came into touch with the newspaper men representing the largest dailies in the country. He had the capacity to broaden as his duties broadened, to expand to the enlarged requirements upon him. He met every specification of the new plans.

By the time President Wilson was ready to "open up for business" at the White House, Mr. Tumulty had built up a solid friendship with important men in public life and had established friendly relations with the newspaper press to a remarkable degree. Other private secretaries of Presidents have made friends in office, but Joe came there with a large retinue already established.

During his term of service in Washington, he has suffered three great personal losses in the death of friends he made in those early days. Thomas J. Pence, one of the best-beloved newspaper men of Washing-

ton, who took charge of the publicity bureau in the first campaign and afterward became secretary of the Democratic National Committee, was the first to go. Then, United States Senator Hughes—"Billy" Hughes—the second of the trio, responded to the call. After him, Senator Ollie James, of Kentucky, had to go. These three men had been inseparable companions with Joe and each other. Their memories will live long years from now in Washington. And, meanwhile, "Joe" will be the same old Joe to his friends who remain, and continue to be the very efficient public servant that he is.—Literary Digest, Jan. 17.

TOUCHING INCIDENT OF WAR

There is a wonderful passage in that gripping story of the War written by Henry Barbusse. An airman, according one Sunday morning above the trench lines in France, was puzzled to notice the simultaneous collection of big masses of men on both sides.

They gathered at the same hour. They grouped themselves in the same formations. They seemed to be going through the same motions. Could it be that, by some strange chance, both armies were preparing an attack simultaneously?

The airman planned downwards until he could hear sounds that came from the two mighty hosts. The sounds were identical. Then, with a shock of surprise, the aviator realized what he was watching. "The two armies were hearing Mass!"

"They had interrupted the mutual slaughter," says M. Barbusse, "to address the same prayers in the same words at the same moment to the same God."

Commenting on this passage in a Socialist paper, H. N. Bradford, an eminent English non-Catholic writer, says: "To imagine that scene is to sum up the paradox of human nature in its follies and its grandeur."

It is also to realize the universality and sublimity of the Catholic religion. The Catholic Church alone is able to solve the antinomies of human existence. She alone has a satisfactory doctrine regarding war. She alone can reconcile its justice with its horrors. She alone can give courage to bear its sufferings.—The Tablet.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

Almonte, Ontario.

Dear Friends,—I came to Canada to seek vocations for the Chinese Missions which are greatly in need of priests. In my parish alone there are three cities and a thousand villages to be evangelized and only two priests. Since I arrived in Canada a number of youths have expressed their desire to study for the Chinese mission but there are no funds to educate them. I appeal to your charity to assist in founding courses for the education of these and others who desire to become missionaries in China. Five thousand dollars will found a bureau. The interest on this amount will support a student when he is ordered and goes off to the mission another will be taken in and so on forever. All imbued with the Catholic spirit of propagating the Faith to the ends of the earth will, I am sure, contribute generously to this fund.

Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary

J. M. FRASER.

I propose the following burse for subscription.

SACRED HEART BUR