

But a home with Harold! hand- some, joyous, loving Harold—the very thought made Dorothea's fluttering heart give a glad leap, quickened her homeward flight. She was crossing the bridge, lightly as the winged thing Father Fabian had called her—when she caught a sound in the pine thicket beside her—"Dorothea"—someone was calling in a strange whisper—"Dorothea, wait—wait—I must speak to you."

"Harold!" she gasped—for it was her brother who stood there half hidden in the shadows—"Harold, oh dear, dear Harold"—she paused suddenly in her glad greeting, silenced by a strange fright. For this pale, wild-eyed, white-lipped man covering in the shadow was not the Harold she had known. "Hush," he said hoarsely, fixing his arms about her and drawing her back from the road. "For God's sake, hush, Dorothea. No one must see me—no one must know I am here."

"No one must know you are here?" she repeated in bewilderment.

"I am in trouble," he went on in a shaking voice, "desperate trouble, Dorothea. Tomorrow—tomorrow it will be all known. I must escape somewhere tonight."

"Escape, Harold!" she was looking at him in terror now; surely he was fevered—crazed. "Oh, you are ill, dear; you don't know what you are saying—come home and let me take care of you."

"My God, no—Dorothea—no, you don't understand. The police will be on my track in twenty-four hours."

"The police? Harold!" she found voice to echo.

"Yes, yes—I have been reckless, mad enough to borrow, to use, to spend money not—my own. I lost my heart, my head to a girl, the sweetest, loveliest girl in all the world. I had to keep up with others around her, men with money to spare, spend. Flowers, carriages, opera—all that sort of thing. Oh, you can't understand, Dorothea—in your poor, little, narrow life, you cannot understand!"

"Tell me, Harold," she clung to him, her soft eyes widening with growing horror—"tell me all, dear, tell me all."

"It's the old, old story—love, madness—ruin, Dorothea," he went on bitterly. "Little by little—oh, it seemed too little to count at first I took the money, thinking to put it back the next day, the next week, the next month, until the sum grew and grew. I had to alter my books, falsify my accounts. They, the firm, do not suspect me as yet—they have trusted me entirely, but to-morrow, to-morrow there is to be a yearly reckoning, an expert accountant who will discover all. I will be shamed, disgraced. And Muriel! oh God, Muriel! the girl I love, who loved me, will be lost, lost to me forever. Dorothea! I took this," he showed the gleam of a deadly thing in his breast pocket—"and thought to end it here, in these woods, where you would all find me and be pitiful—but the sight of the bridge—the brook where you fell, and never told—brought back all the dear past, and I dared not, I dared not send my sin-stained soul before its God. And I saw you coming, my dear little sister, your whom I could trust always," his voice broke in a hoarse sob.

"Always, always, Harold," she echoed. Ah, she was understanding now, his little broken-winged Dorothea—understanding with all her woman's mind, and heart, and soul.

Past, present, future, were illumined by the glow of sacrificial fire flaming up in Dorothea's breast.

Ah! the gates of Life and Love might close upon her—but there was hope for Harold yet.

"How much more was it that—that you lost, Harold?" she asked.

"That I stole, you mean," he corrected harshly. "That's what the law will call it, Dorothea. Enough to put me in jail to-morrow, if I am not off to-night."

"How much?" she persisted gently.

"More—more than a thousand dollars Harold—more?"

"Not any more," he answered grimly, but nearly as much. A thousand dollars would secure everything. Set me right with the world—save me. A thousand dollars! My God! I would sell my soul for a thousand dollars to-night. But there is no place I can turn for it, either on earth or in hell."

"Oh, Harold, hush—hush; do not say such wicked, wicked words. For it is here for you Harold. Godmother has left it to me. Here is the thousand dollars that will save you, give you back your honor, your name—life, love—here, Harold, in your little sister's hand. Take it, Harold, only dear old Father Fabian knows that I got the letter an hour ago. We will never tell, Harold, never tell." And again—Dorothea never told. There was no one to question, for the legacy had been sent by Madame Meredith's lawyer from a distant town.

Harold was saved to life, love, to Muriel—whom he had married with, in a year.

And Dorothea has kept her wings. Paler, sweeter, purer-eyed than ever she moves in her shadowed way, that had been broken by one brief hour of golden light—blessing, cheering helping all around her; filling the altar vases, trimming the altar tapers, keeping in full glow the sanctuary light. No class so perfect in catholicism as that which dear, lame Miss Dorothea teaches, no little white-robed first communicants have such angelic fervor as those she leads with broken wings.

Only Father Fabian wisely, tenderly guiding their upward flight, knows and understands all.—Mary T. Waggonman, in Sursum Corda.

CROSS CURRENTS AT VERSAILLES

The Germans have come to Versailles, but at this time, opinion is about equally divided as to whether the convention, if signed, will assure to humanity the blessings of peace: the preponderance of opinion is in the unfavorable sense. Those who assume that the convention will be signed and that peace will ensue go upon the assumption that, through chances known to diplomacy, the attitude of Germany has already been learned, and that the statesmen assembled at Paris, though they may have had many difficulties to overcome, have dealt with all of them with a view to both the immediate and ultimate results. Those who hold to the contrary believe that there was the possibility of real peace in adherence to the letter of President Wilson's fourteen points and to the spirit of his speeches; in every deviation from the terms laid down by the League of Nations proposals, there is hidden away a temptation, a resort to which peace can at all times be preserved. The fact remains that those who came here thinking the world would be started off on an assured footing of peace are very downhearted. One hears plenty of talk of new possibilities of war, but rarely, any more, anything about lasting peace. It may be not without interest to note certain features of the existing situation, as indications of what these Europeans have in mind.

To begin with France: one might have thought that the French would be satisfied with the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine. Far from it. Encouraged by the success of the propaganda carried on during so many years with that object in view, they have now embarked upon a new design. They want the left bank of the Rhine as the eastern boundary of France. They go back to the authority of their kings. Their thoughts range from the Roman to the Napoleonic Empire. They actually had possession of the left bank as far north as the Duet boundary in the time of the Revolution, and now they propose to get it all again. They had then possession of Spire, Mayence, Coblenz, Bonn, Cologne, Crevelt, Cleves. When they were in that situation they felt that the ancient boundary had been restored, that Gaul was as the Romans found and left it. The Treaty of Paris and the Treaty of Vienna robbed them of their birthright. They want it back. They do not know when it will come, they are willing to wait, but this is the time they choose for beginning the agitation. If they could have induced the Peace Conference to give it they would have been very happy. Since that was not to be, they will prepare for the next peace conference, and in the meantime they count upon the influence of a long occupation of the coveted territory by French armies, and the enforced absence of German military effort in the region.

The realization of such a project would serve to isolate Luxembourg from Germany. It would be convenient, therefore, for Luxembourg to be French too. That is why, when it was suggested that Luxembourg might now be added to Belgium, the French people, essentially French, started an agitation for Luxembourg republic. The calculation is that if the propitious moment should come it would be easier to arrange for the incorporation into France of a friendly Luxembourg State than to detach the territory from Belgium and add it to France. As to how all this will come about, the French people, generally supposed to be the most peace-loving people in the world, are more interested in the new national ideal than in the subject, as it is undoubtedly the most profusely documented, is "La France sur le Rhin," by Franz Funck-Brentano, a most distinguished writer on modern history, which carries a sympathetic preface by Marie Curie of the *Academie Française*, who is devoting his own pen to the same cause in the pages of the *Echo de Paris*, generally supposed to be the accredited organ of the army. M. Funck-Brentano dedicates the book to the memory of his two sons and his son-in-law, killed in this War. Book, preface and dedication taken together constitute a rather startling indication of the spirit in which France approaches the one which in thought, a few months ago, was to witness the reign of peace.

In Italy there are other signs. For instance, there is the business

depend upon Germany. Lord Robert Cecil has gone home to London from Paris with the message that Europe is bankrupt. Bankrupts are not rated high in Manchester as business clients, and for England, business is life, not by way of preference but as of necessity. When, therefore, they protest in Paris that economic and financial conditions are in a parlous state in France, that France has borrowed outside for War-expenditures there is now no expectation of getting from Germany, that the interior borrowings have resulted in paper issues by the Bank of France so much in excess of bullion security as greatly to depress the currency, that the annual budget must be, for a while, a sum equal to two-thirds of the whole earnings of the people, Manchester's attitude is what a Manchester house's attitude would be towards any insolvent seeking for an extension of credit. The idea of saving one such customer by deliberately reducing the purchasing capacity of another does not enter the Manchester man's head. A peace which will start the wheels in Birmingham, the spindles in Oldham and the looms in Bradford, is his idea of a "clean peace." Such a peace may not be popular in Paris, but it was well enough regarded in Hull to elect a 10,000 Government majority and return an opponent of Lloyd George. That gentleman is peculiarly susceptible to the influence of such arguments, however exalted may be his admiration for Clemenceau.

Thus variously minded, France, Italy, England and Japan are about to pledge their several faiths to Mr. Wilson that they will, if and when unanimous, preserve the peace of the world, and more especially of that part of it which is to consist of a series of weak States to be gently interposed between the upper millstone of Germany and the nether millstone of Russia. If they should happen not to be unanimous, well, the provisions are not very clear, and one guess might be as good as another. Meantime, the Russian position invites separate consideration, even though it has a bearing upon the problems of each of the other contestants.—J. C. Walsh, Staff Correspondent of America at the Peace Conference.

about Fiume. Trieste was the port of Austria, Fiume was the port of Hungary, the Imperial Government which recently ceased to function gave the benefit of its favor to Trieste. The excellent Austrian mercantile fleet operating in the Adriatic and the Aegean had its headquarters there. It was the *entrepot* for central Europe. Fiume could serve the same purpose, and the Hungarians wanted apart in their territory. A famous English steamship line, eager for emigrant and other business, thought well of the Hungarian patriotic ideal, and not being welcome to the home of its rivals in Trieste, acquired extensive harbor facilities at Fiume. As a prize of war Trieste falls to Italy, which foresees a return to the era of glory when Venice, before the days of railways and modern docks, was the meeting point of trade between Europe and the East. Italy wants Fiume too for the excellent reason that Fiume might rival and even outstrip Trieste. If Italy had both she could expand both, or expand Trieste and stagnate Fiume. If the new Serb kingdom were to get Fiume, two things would happen. Italy's trade prestige would suffer. Italy's trade importance would be so considerably increased, and her political importance with it, that Italy might have to say goodbye to her ambitious projects for domination and exploitation in the Balkans. On the other hand, one can see that the English steamship company might not look with too friendly eyes upon a condition in which the fate of Fiume was wholly in the hands of an Italian Government disposed to favor Trieste and to build up business for an Italian merchant fleet. With this prospect of Italian and British rivalry for the carrying trade of Europe and the East (and West) via the Adriatic, the present outbreak of anger against England in the Italian press is not incompensable.

Again, for all the fine homilies that are spoken in Paris about a Latin union, the tendency in Italy is to draw away from France. There is rivalry between them in the Mediterranean. Italy desires to increase in industrial effort and must have coal to do so. France has none to spare, English coal comes in at too high a price. The Tedeschi (Austrians) between whom and the Italians there was mutual hate, are now out of Italian hands, and they or their German neighbors have cheap coal to sell and much business to do with Italy, whereas there is much less to be looked for between Italy and France. In addition, the Italians know, or believe, which comes to the same thing, that the French manifest towards them a contempt whose wounds strike deep. They do not expect from the French any help against the Croats, Serbs and Slovenes, towards whom their hatred has now been directed. The temper of Italy, and her outlook upon the future, may be inferred from a plan of which I have heard here in Paris. If Fiume does not go to Italy, the Italians will sign the treaty nevertheless, but a volunteer expedition will some day take possession of the port and, in presence of the accomplished fact, Italy will assume the responsibility of caring for the Italian population of the city. Italian diplomacy, which is very clear-sighted, will have arranged for the permanence of this accidental deliverance. Is it any wonder that engineers are looking carefully over other sites which might be suitable for English ships and for the development of Serbo-Croatian trade with Austria and Hungary? Naturally, the support Italy must have in such a crisis would be arranged for outside the Powers now meeting in Paris.

From Manchester also, or perhaps rather from London, comes the first note of declared antagonism to the Japanese. It seems, has made hay in the East, while the rain of blood was falling in the West, and China is at her mercy. Japan's grip must be broken. China must be preserved. With some gift of imagination and a knowledge of history one can see in this the germ of one of those high moral issues which, as experience proves, are evolved from hard logic, expressed with lyric feeling, related with increasing vehemence, become, in every man's mind, the inspiration of the peoples and end in war. For preference it is better that such wars should be waged by others, a result of British diplomacy has been able in most instances to procure. But war anyhow and the definite removal of the obstacles. That Americans have been arrested by the Japanese in Seoul and that Americans and Japanese are at grips in Tien-Tsin are facts which have a bearing on the case, although as far as America is concerned, the foremost ones in Paris are more interested in the plans for a big American navy and a great American merchant marine with consequent irritation in England. As for the Japanese, the feeling is that they are in the Peace Conference but not of it. They listen admiringly, observe keenly and speak just enough to serve as a reminder of their presence, and of their remoteness.

The third sign of trouble comes from Manchester. France may say what she will about the left bank of the Rhine, the Saar coalfields and the need of relieving her own financial necessities by a perennial drain upon the resources of Germany. Manchester has a higher respect for France than in the Fashoda days, or even in 1870, but the factories of England, without whose operation the teeming population cannot be sustained, require the re-opening of the trade with Germany and of the trade with Russia, which seems to

necessary ills with Christian patience and work on to that reconstruction that will come in God's own time through the power of religion.—Boston Pilot.

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CHURCH POINTS THE WAY

Reconstruction is the potent watchword of the day. There is indeed great need of readjusting ourselves to new and startling conditions. Industry has been transformed by the needs of war. Millions of men have been taken from their places in national life and transported overseas. Thousands are now returning. Some are maimed or shattered in health. All these men must be readjusted to become self-supporting and contented. The emergency workers who were drafted to make actual the huge manufacturing output of war times have their claims. Even from an industrial point of view the problem is stupendous.

One marked resultant of the forces that have shaken the nation is uncertainty. Humanity is still suffering from shellshock. On one side there is exaggerated anxiety, and, on the other, unwarranted confidence. Death and wounds have left their marks everywhere on our people. Prophecy of disorder and preachers of impossible social theories declaim on every street corner, and find ready hearers in the disturbed state of the public mind.

To re-establish sound thinking and clear vision, to accomplish successfully these manifold readjustments, great courage, perseverance and, in a way, optimism are demanded. In a way the problem is not less serious than that of war from which we are emerging. But even with all the steadfast qualities that characterize the American people, something more is needed. Reconstruction is really a psychological task.

It is often remarked that in times of peace and settled conditions certain elements of the population dispirited with religion or at least are satisfied with some vague sentiment like the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. In periods of stress and danger the unstable character of this nebulous religiosity becomes manifest.

The Church amply meets the extraordinary calls from stricken human nature. The Catholic chaplains and Knights of Columbus workers tell of the wonderful strength and courage that prayer and the Sacraments brought to our soldiers on the fields of modern war and in the trenches. The Church in the person of her priests was with our Catholic soldiers in every extremity.

Likewise it is to the Church that society must look today when faced by great problems of readjustment. She is the great force for reconstruction to be relied upon in every difficulty. The advocates of social millenniums are attempting to establish a solution of human difficulties and injustices. The task is vain and impossible. The life after death is the key and the explanation of this existence. Men and women learn that there is no earthly millennium, and that in the truth that Christ has revealed, and the grace that His Church holds out to mankind, is the never-failing foundation of human hope.

The Church enables men and women to make this life successful, enables them to bear the trials that must come with fitting fortitude and reliance on God. Divine grace gives mankind the persevering strength to triumph over discouragement, accept

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