

the weekly organ of English Statistical Socialism. Their invariable prelude, "An Irish correspondent writes," had conferred upon him a sort of anonymous fame. I expected him to mention this incident of the Peace Conference, but, of course, he had never witnessed it, and was intent, instead, upon an exotic booklet of such limited circulation that, as I glanced at the back of the title-page, I saw the note: Edition limited to three copies, one reserved to the author, the others, lettered J. and P. respectively. I understood that the Philosopher had issued his imaginary book solely for the edification of his two disciples. The booklet was a sort of literary sensitive-plant, which shrank when touched by unappreciative hands. So, lest it should once again fade into the nothingness in which it had so long existed, I handed it to its trembling possessor, asking him to give me some proof of all the good things he promised of the writer. The latter only once in my hearing had been provoked into animated speech, and that when *Das ewig Weibliche* had drawn conversation to its own fleshly level. I was, therefore, not a little taken aback when the following lines were read:—

DIMINUTIVES ULULANS.

(To JOHN DILLON.)

Wailing, diminished by me, be still:
Oh, why not spare us that resentful groan,
Of sorrows political waxing shrill,
O you of politicians most alone!
John, do you thus reproach us and make moan
Because on Sinn Fein chariots we did fly
And a vote recorded that is yet unknown,
Calling your atoms out to be an I?
Should I have let you in Westminster lie,
Disintegrate another thirty years?—
Then use the vote to teach you how to die
And pass again beyond the reach of cheers.
Some day you may be glad I dragged you thence,
Perhaps forgive our vast impotence.

"Surely that was not written by the Philosopher?" I cried; he could not speak with that political conviction, preferring Café Royalism to Irish democracy. Had I been mistaken, was this Francis the Silent the avatar glimpsed in a vision so finely described by the Sage? The thought brought me back with a shock to his book on my lap, and I found that my candle of vision had never been lighted. I had merely dropped asleep from the sheer monotony of concentration upon the white lozenge, and had had a Sinn Fein nightmare. On looking into Mr. Padric Gregory's anthology of "Modern Anglo-Irish Verse" I subsequently discovered the original poem, of which the revised version had been revealed to me. No doubt there is a basis in fact for some of the other fragments of my dream.

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THE TRAITOR

"One moment till I've smoked this cigarette,"
He said—his back against the barrack wall.
With folded arms and still eyes strangely set,
He puffed it slowly in the sight of all.

Their hands upon their rifle stocks, they saw
The glowing tip and the grey smoke ascend;
And as he flicked the ash away with awe
They looked on him who once had been their friend.

His eyes gleamed dark above the cigarette
Till absently he flung the stump aside,
But if with fear, defiance or regret,
They never knew who watched him as he died.
WILFRID WILSON GIBSON, in the *New Witness*.

In every relation of life our happiness is at the mercy of somebody. Husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, parents and children, co-workers in office or shop all hold one another's peace and happiness to some extent in the hollow of their hands. In the midst of our triumphs, our joy or success, a small taunt, a sarcastic, wounding speech, transforms our cup of honey into gall.

That a citizen of the Irish Republic may register as such has been decided by Director Conboy, of New York City, in the cases of Paul J. Hayes, Sean O'Heir, Laurence O'Neill, and Patrick J. Fitzgerald, who, in their applications for registration, described themselves as citizens or subjects of the Irish Republic.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

Further evidence of Mrs. Rolleston's skill in removing superfluous hairs permanently by electrolysis is represented in the following:—

Wellington,

January 24, 1918.

Mrs. Rolleston,
256 Lambton Quay.

Dear Madam,—I have pleasure in advising you that the treatment I had from you for the destruction of superfluous hair by electrolysis has been a thorough success.

As you know, the growth was a very strong one, and it seemed at one time as though I could not possibly get rid of it. On more than one occasion I felt disheartened and almost decided to give up the treatment; but I am now very thankful that I persevered, as I feel well rewarded.

I would like to thank you for your kind care and attention, and in conclusion would say that I can heartily recommend any sufferer to place her case in your hands.

I am, yours faithfully,

C.L.

MRS. ROLLESTON,

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