

I heard an incredible thing to-day from little Harry Lancaster. You know that Brighton is a great place for wounded soldiers—in fact their blue uniform has given a new colour to the promenade there. Well, it seems that among the gilt-edged visitors to Brighton lately was one man who thought it a great mistake that in a town such as Brighton, where people go to be happy, wounded men should be allowed! This is a positive fact. Harry, I am glad to say, was there to answer him fittingly. And what an attitude to the war it displays, and how far some people, in this the ending of the second year, still are from appreciating what is really happening and how grateful we ought to be to these same promenade kill-joys! By the way, I wonder what are the feelings of the conscientious objector as he gazes upon these poor but cheery one-legged and one-armed and blinded soldiers. I do not envy him his exclusion from any community with them.—Yours,

R.

CCXXIII

Mrs. Haven to Mrs. Lastways

MY DEAR JOAN,—What do you think? Ellen, the silly girl, has engaged herself to a prisoner in Holland to whom she has been writing. I think women have gone mad. The very idea of a soldier seems to turn their heads, and this is a