

LATER, I returned to the ward and through the interpretation of the orderly (an Italian blue-jacket from off the "Sardinia") gathered a little information which reduced itself to the time-worn truism that "Man must eat when man is hungry—that hungry man is angry man—that empty man blames full man—and why should poor man starve when wealth is produced by poor man's labours?—if wife and children eat grass like beasts of the field—husbands and fathers become *wild* beasts, and one day they spring at the throat of the oppressor and fertilise the land with blood—and so eat and live."

On the homeward journey from Greece, I spent a few hours in Milan. It was a gorgeous day, and, in spite of warning, I determined to get a bird's eye view of the city from the highest pinnacle of the Temple, so I climbed and climbed, and crossed blazing roofs, and climbed and climbed again, until I came to the last narrow stairway leading to the turreted pinnacle of the magnificent cathedral, from whence one can look down on the City of the Plain and realise how infinitesimal is the human unit (almost imperceptible there below), and yet how boundless is the creative force that could raise such an edifice on high.

As I climbed up the last few steps, I was startled to see upon them great drops of fresh red blood, and when at last I stepped out on to the narrow balcony it was to find that I was not alone. A man with his arms crossed on the parapet stood very silently, gazing "beyond the world's most purple dim." His pale profile interested me not a little, and as I passed him in the narrow space he caught sight of the red cross on my cape, and raising his hat, said eagerly, in fair English, "Madam has worked in the war, Italy also sent volunteers, and we are the poorer; some are dead we shall have need of." I also crossed my arms on the parapet and told him of the Foreign Legion, and questioned him of Italy and the people; so we talked rapidly for some time.

As I turned to leave, he flung out his thin hands, palms upward to the sun, and cried in a loud voice, "See! what a beautiful world, what a golden day! How warm and good is the sun, yet the people hunger and thirst—and are toil-worn and weary." And flashing round upon me, he said, "You would know of Italy and her people—the people starve and rot—they must have food, or"—and he coughed violently and leaned over the parapet and spat—*red*.

LATER, as I went down the stairs and recrossed the burning roofs, and so down into the cool and scented dimness of the cathedral nave, I pondered

on these things, and felt angry with the hardness and glitter and the magnificence of the place; and with the gorgeous vestments of the good priest, and I conjured a vision before the altar, of the simple Christ in his shining white raiment, blessing and multiplying the loaves and fishes from homely baskets, so that the people might "eat and be satisfied."

THE revolutionary movement in Italy, and the ferocity which has dyed the stones of its cities red is no surprise. Hunger, Rex et Imperator, is an inexorable monarch.

It is certainly one of life's little ironies that this flash of revolution in Italy should be a protest against the burden of iniquitous taxation thrust upon the people in order to maintain the fighting forces of a first-class Power; and that these unhappy victims of extortion should also be the first victims of arms, extracted from them at the cost of so much suffering.

The jails are glutted with prisoners.

E. G. F.

WOMEN.

THE Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) has modelled the statue of the Queen which is to occupy a place over the western porch of Manchester Cathedral. A prominent citizen has generously provided the funds required for the actual work, and the statue, which represents Her Majesty as wearing her crown and holding in either hand the orb and sceptre, is particularly graceful and commanding.

The Central Bureau for the employment of women is now an established fact. It is, as we have previously stated, located at 60, Chancery Lane, and it has, under the management of its capable and energetic hon. secretary, Miss Margaret Bateson, every prospect of a useful career before it. The Bureau has been established in order to bring into connection with each other those institutions and societies for the employment and training of women which exist throughout the British Empire, and in every way to further the interests of women.

Lady Henry Somerset has been re-elected president of the British Women's Temperance Association, a fact at which all who are acquainted with her exceptional qualifications for the position, and her whole hearted devotion to the interests of the Association will rejoice. Her address as President of the Association was a memorable one. "No woman," says a contemporary, referring to Lady Henry's utterances with regard to her recent propositions to Lord George Hamilton "ever gave a more ample apology for an error, or showed more charity to her opponents than Lady Henry did on this occasion. One felt that she had learned great lessons, and fought great battles, in

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