

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

How ceaseless is the whirligig of time! When we went to press a month ago, all was well with our King, since which time His Majesty has been seriously ill with bronchitis, but happily is now convalescent and enjoying fresh air and exercise, and, let us hope, he will soon be in our midst again.

The return of the Prince of Wales and Prince George after their 18,000 miles' trip to South America, where they have combined the nation's business with pleasure, deserves the nation's gratitude, and it is theirs.

The truth is that the world does not expect princes to be endowed with genius, and hesitates to recognise it when they possess it. The Heir to the British Throne is a case in point. He does not only enjoy the *esprit* and keen vision of his grandfather, King Edward VII., but the powerful intellect of the great Queen Victoria, who with simple directness arrived so much more accurately at truth than the majority of her Ministers of State. The fact remains that the Prince of Wales is a brilliantly clever man, and as such must be estimated.

Alas! another splendid personality, patriotic, courageous and of amazing charm, Don Alfonso of Spain, has, for the time being, been deprived of his birthright, his throne and country, by a wave of Republicanism, and, with wife and family, is now in exile. What the future holds for them who can say? But England—the England of our home people, not of the Communist foreigner—will welcome them with sympathy, as it has welcomed many injured people in the past. Especially may Queen Victoria—an English Princess—rely upon our sympathy and support.

On April 5th many distinguished writers from many countries gathered on the island of Skyros (Greece) for the unveiling of a statue of Rupert Brooke, which stands on the very spot where the poet is buried overlooking the sea. M. Venizelos placed at its base a wreath of flowers plucked from Byron's grave.

On the base of the statue of Pentelic marble, presented by the Hellenic Government, are inscribed the words—
"To Rupert Brooke, the young English poet, who was a noble friend of Greece and of immortal poetry."

The unveiling of this statue is an act of homage to him from poets in every part of the world, but particularly from poets and intellectuals in Greece.

. . . Les beaux lacs ténébreux où le cygne se plaît,
Les feuillages obscurs qu'illuminent les roses,
Le grand faste automnal et ses brouillards moroses,
Étaient chers à tes yeux, ô frère de Shelley!

Dans tes strophes l'aurore à la nuit se mêlait,
Le plaisir t'apportait la mort dans ses mains closes;
Tu voyais, par delà mille métamorphoses,
Le soleil dont le nôtre est un tremblant reflet.

Alfred Drouin.

The Emperor of Japan has conferred on Miss K. A. S. Tristram, one of the C.M.S. missionaries, the Ranji Hosho Medal, the blue ribbon medal for distinguished service.

Miss Tristram is the daughter of the late Canon Tristram of Durham, and one of the pioneer missionaries in Japan. When she went out to Osaka in 1888, the Christian religion was proscribed in Japan, and the edict removing the ban was not issued until the early 'nineties.

Alexandra Rose Day this year will be held on Wednesday, June 10.

Roman ladies encouraged by the driving power of the great Mussolini, are turning the malaria stricken Campagna into a healthy, habitable and productive land. Rome's Campagna extends for more than 100 miles round the capital and malaria once held this fertile land in its grip, but the conquest that is being won over the plague is reducing its ravages to a minimum.

Those who knew the Campagna ten years ago would hardly recognise it to-day, remarks the Rome correspondent of the British United Press. The outlying districts near Rome, on the main railway line to the north, have grown from semi-malarious hamlets into important agricultural centres.

Formerly all the milk consumed in Rome came from Lombardy, travelling from 300 to 400 miles by train. Now, at Maccarese, some 25 miles from the capital, up-to-date dairies have sprung up, and these supply a good deal of the capital's milk. Every year the Campagna is sending more milk to Rome, and it is estimated that in a few years the whole of the milk supply will come from the Campagna.

What Italy owes to the genius of Mussolini is miraculous.



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
PRINCE OF PROGRESS.

Mlle. CHAPTAL FOR LONDON.

As we go to press, we learn that Mlle. Chaptal, President of the International Council of Nurses, will visit London at an early date, and that the President of the National Council of Great Britain is organising a little dinner in her honour to meet the officers of our Council, who are naturally anxious to have the pleasure of making her acquaintance, and when she will no doubt tell us something of her plans for the forthcoming Quinquennial and Congress to be held in Paris in 1933.

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