In Italy new professions for women outline themselves, such as running the tramways or sweeping the streets. The lady conductor in her grey cape and her cap which gives her the air of a soldier has now become a popular silhouette, women are serving as barbers, a flood of employees, correspondents and accountants in petticoats, have peacefully invaded the offices deserted by men.

The first women's body to organize in Italy was the Army of Mercy.

Others who could not endure the fatigue and the sight of suffering, have gone to work in the "posts of comfort" at which such a great number of soldiers have been aided; the cross roads where pass the thousands going from one part to another of the Peninsula, soldiers starting for the front, soldiers who go on leave, the wounded being transferred from one hospital to another.

Jumping down from the train, all dusty and thirsty, or dragging sometimes an injured leg, the soldier finds himself received with a pleasant smile, with a gentle look and finds according to his wish, the good coffee boiling hot, or the "foaming" ice which is refreshing even to look at; and even a kind word, in a woman's voice which recalls to him other dear voices and gives to him courage."

And with these kindly works go a swift and endless clicking of needles throughout the country, like a light and continuous accompaniment to the terrific majesty of the music of cannon. Where has not worked on stockings in these years? Where is the modest country that has not had its little place in the parish with a committee on wool? Where is the circle of women either organized for diversion or study that does not boast of its large output, of its great work for the army in the way of giving warm
The warmth of the heart has been woven stitch by stitch?

The business of giving information, a work of practical utility, was undertaken by many. In every city two of men and women have their ready hour by hour to write letters, give explanations, collect and distribute schedules and rates; an anxious crowd collected continually about the offices, where a thousand letters are to be written, a thousand replies flow in; one must follow for months the traces of someone who has disappeared, with the attention and skill of a Sherlock Holmes turned to do a kindly deed.

But, added to these are occupations peculiarly feminine which give bread to the multitudes, such as the work of sewing clothes. The operator runs her sewing machine (and in case the woman does not have one the government holds three score ready somewhere in her locality) the doublets of cloth, the shirts pile up in the poor room, the sewer thinks of her husband, thinks of her son who are out there as well as those with him and the hand which guides the stuff under the needle seems to caress it in an unconscious feeling of tenderness and meanwhile he who is out there is fighting is relieved a little in spirit at reading the letters from his wife, in finding she has work, that is not badly paid, that the babies have bread and he blesses this work of kindness which renders less hard their need.

Not small wages, so large that the economist begins to be concerned about them, when they consider the lean years after the war, are these the operators in the munition factories receive. The quicker ones are paid about five lire a day; others more intelligent and stronger sometimes receive as much as ten lire a day.