

quiet again) let me out, but nothing could be done to prevent this suffering: we could only repeat that in a couple of days they would be back in their dear, bright, comfortable little ward, and in no danger of contracting these terrible throats.

February 11th.

Erminia received P'olio Santo (extreme unction) today. She asked herself for it, and rallied after; but Dr. M—— said to me, after giving her a hypodermic of *caffeine*, "Nous sommes à la fin."

Orders came to carry the patients back at 5 o'clock; the ward was ready, and the procession thereto began at once. We had to traverse two large male wards; but there were nice covered chairs for wheeling those who were unable to walk, and Erminia was carried in her bed by six male infermieri. She bore it wonderfully, oxygen and brandy helping her. By 7 o'clock everyone was back in her old place; so happy, and interested in the dazzling whiteness of the little Sala.

February 17th.

We have produced an article on the nursing question, Donna Maria and I, and it will come out in the March number of *L'Ora Presente*, a new little paper on philanthro-clerical lines. We merely treat of the matter in general, the need of more intelligent nurses, and the facility which most Italian women possess for learning, also the need of opening a new profession to educated girls who at present clog the teacher market.

Erminia has rallied again, and is almost in her usual state—occasional crises of palpitation, gradually increasing protrusion of the eye, and, perhaps, greater emaciation. The doctors are surprised at her vitality.

The move to that terrible ward seems to have had a beneficent effect on the hysterical patients. There have been no more epidemic scenes. The poor peasant woman went home yesterday—rest and good food, and a little "bromuro" having cured her. Agata has learnt to control herself, not liking the word "isteria" over her bed; and Marietta has her attacks always at longer intervals, and of shorter duration—Suor. M—— can often stop them altogether if she gives her, in time, "bromuro," and in a way dominates her. The girl is now able to occupy herself a little, does crochet, and moves about the ward talking to the other patients, or even goes, at permitted hours, to Suor. M——'s garden. She has gained in weight also, and her mother was delighted at finding her looking fatter, for leanness is the negative of beauty here.

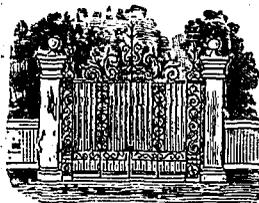
February 28th.

Dined at Donna Maria's to meet a Neapolitan philanthropist. Barone—— is director of a large charitable institution, for educating poor children, mainly orphans. He wishes to introduce nursing as a suitable career for those of his girls who have aptitude that way. He told me he had just had a new *locale* given him by Government, and thought he could get sufficient funds from public and private sources to start a scuola infermiera therein, and he asked if I would be disposed to accept direction of the same, if he succeeded in starting it. The scheme does not sound very satisfactory, but it is important as proof that the idea of developing nursing into a profession *is in the air*. We laughed over this *rencontre des esprits forts* and its reminder that it was not Christopher Columbus who discovered America. He happened to reach it first, but many others knew it was there. Who will be the Columbus of "nursing as a fine art" here I wonder? Many seem on its track—and one rejoices thereat.

E. VERE.

## Outside the Gates.

### WOMEN.



We observe with satisfaction that the various societies formed with the object of obtaining women's suffrage are drawing closer together. It is only by having no politics, and no aim but the determination to obtain that voice in national affairs, which is undoubtedly their birthright, that women may hope to obtain recognition by the State. We, therefore, welcome the intelligence that the women's societies are amalgamating, and sinking minor and unimportant difference in one common aim. It is a step in the right direction that the "Central Committee of the National Society for Women's Suffrage" is about to become the "Central and East of England Society for Women's Suffrage."

The ladies who composed the historical Committee of the Board and Managers of the World's Fair at Chicago, have prepared a volume entitled "Women's Work in the Columbian Exposition." It is said to contain very instructive information.

We have regretted, on several recent occasions, to notice the attitude assumed, by a woman of such marked ability as Mrs. Sidney Webb, with reference to the eligibility of her sex for certain positions, an attitude which in our opinion is as untenable as it is distasteful to the majority of thinking women. Mrs. Sidney Webb, for instance, holds that "women should not be in Parliament, or rule the Queen's Navee, or mount guard outside the Horse Guards, or plead before judge and jury, or even serve on a jury." On School Boards she considers them in place, because School Boards are concerned with the physical, mental, and moral education of children between the ages of three and thirteen, and, Mrs. Webb asks, "What on earth does a man know about that?" If he knows nothing, then surely it is imperative that women should be admitted to the bar, and permitted to serve on juries, for children are certainly placed in the dock before the age of thirteen, and, we believe we are right in saying, have been tried for murder before that age. Again, if a man does not understand a child between the age of three and thirteen, it is only reasonable to ask how, and when, he acquires his knowledge of men and women. In our opinion it is impossible, and inadvisable, to lay down arbitrary limitations for either sex. There are geniuses, as there are fools, in both, and to say to a woman who is capable of greater things "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther," is unjust and wrong. Water will not rise above its own level, and a woman will not successfully fill a position for which she is unsuited, but, if she is prohibited from occupying that position, when she is capable of filling it with distinction, simply on the ground of sex disability, then we unhesitatingly say that finite beings come very near to blasphemy in saying, in effect, to the omnipotent Creator, that woman shall not use the gifts with which He has seen fit to endow her. If Mrs. Sidney Webb does not think she

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