

Sept. 1st, Sunday.

I went to see Marietta after church, where there were about a dozen people, and where I heard a short address which came as a stimulating message. It was solely about working *in the spirit of religion*, and not in its letter—how heavy things became light, and work was happiness, if we felt we were doing what God meant especially for each of us, our tiny humble portion of service working into the great harmonious whole—ending with the trumpet words of David, "I will not fear though the earth be moved . . . the God of Jacob is my refuge."

I found Marietta still in bed, but apyretic. She was depressed, poor girl, but I was able to tell her how typhoid had suited me some years ago (as I had been taken such good care of that the convalescence was really a fine resting time), and I promised to get the committee to help her to have change of air; that she, too, should recover and be stronger than before. Happily her illness has not frightened her out of her desire to be a nurse; one always fears such a possibility, having heard so many objections on the score of the danger of infection made to Hospital nursing.

Naples, Sept. 2nd.

Arrived at 7.10 a.m. Many *facchini* surrounded me: language quite unintelligible: boxes at length consigned to me, and packed with self dressing-bag and umbrellas into a tiny carriage (horse decent). I was half asleep, I think, for I should not otherwise have been so idiotic as to put my umbrellas in the hood of the carriage. They disappeared quite silently, consequently! And somehow I felt no surprise: the people are *too* poor here; visibly.

I found Pssa. di S— up, of course (for she had asked me to go first to her); a cordial "welcome to Naples" greeting me, and the offer of a bath. Over coffee we talked about the nursing plans; it sounds likely to be more difficult than I had hoped. Wisely, I think, she had not told me much by letter: once on the spot, one can feel one's way more courageously, knowing too much beforehand about difficulties might make one decline to meet them. I have been thinking that Mme. H.—was inspired to say—was it only the night before last?—in that lovely starlit garden, "if only I could teach people not to anticipate trouble or pain: it is always bearable or unbearable at the moment, and if unbearable, one dies; but most people suffer constantly, hideously by anticipation. One should not do so."

After breakfast the Principessa sent me to my new home; the wonderful convent turned into a girls' school. I have a small apartment to myself—four rooms. I declined the offer of a future "probationer" as attendant and companion; for the rooms lead into each other, and companionship which is merely physical is too dear at any price. I have no fear of solitude; and there are great gates outside which are closed at night-fall, and will prevent thieves breaking through the slighter door which shuts me in my little domain. It seems perfectly simple and unconventional (in the ordinary sense of the word) the whole institution; but wonderfully clean, and *immense*. Garden, cloisters, halls, church, everything on a huge scale.

The Directress was away, but her "Secretary" kindly showed me hospitality, whilst I waited for the doctor, who was to have come to take me to the Hospital. At last she telephoned there, and heard that the Direttore, Professor P., was out of town; so we concluded that was why the doctor did not appear.

Nothing, therefore, could be done; so after lunch my hostess took me for a drive, which gave me an idea of the marvellous vitality and colouring of Naples.

After supper we wandered about the garden and Institution—several teachers, and a few children who are staying on, somehow, through holiday-time. The moon on the sea was indescribably beautiful—Vesuvius lying quiescent. About nine we went into the choir of one of the churches (there are two inside this convent), and the children and teachers said the Litany and some prayers—only one small lamp for illumination. A very soothing ending to to-day.

September 3rd.

As no doctor had come by ten, we telephoned to the Hospital, and got the answer that Professor P. would see me at 11. So I took a cab, and found him in a male ward looking over the *storie*. He soon finished, and took me to the "*Dirazione*," where we could talk freely. He asked my desires, understood perfectly, and expressed his concurrence, but added that there would be many obstacles to encounter, as the majority of his compatriots did not like taking trouble, and preferred things going on in the old way.

He noted several suggestions, saying he would propose them at the meeting of councillors to-morrow. He hoped to pass a vote and to start a training school in the three smallish wards *di beneficenza* which are under his care. [The rest of the Hospital is clinical, and he seems to have only a very nominal direction of it.] It is rather trying to find that this permission is not yet voted, and that with the best intentions in the world he cannot do as the Principessa wrote he could—"put even one ward at our disposal."

### An Investigation Demanded.

SEVERAL charges have recently been preferred against members of the staff of the Louisville City Hospital, U.S.A., and three internes were recently summarily dismissed. The charges made against two of the staff of "disturbing the nurses at night and of preventing them from attending to their duties, and also of attempting to dictate to the Superintendent," were not taken up by the Committee of Investigation. The nurses, however, are indignant, as the subjoined letter will demonstrate:—

LOUISVILLE, Ky., August 13th.—To the Honorable Board of Public Safety: We, the undersigned, respectfully request an investigation of the statement published in the daily papers of August 12th that "we have been interfered with and prevented from performing duties at night,"

This is a serious charge against the standard of the school and is a grave reflection on our faithfulness to duty, and we respectfully ask that the Board of Public Safety will give early attention to our request. Very respectfully,

MARY LAUGHLIN,  
ELIZABETH M. HILL,  
ANTOINETTE M. ALTHAUSER,  
CORNELIA M. SHOEMAKER,  
SARAH AGNES HOGG,  
MARY D. NEGLEY,  
IDA MAY BEAM,  
MARTHA THOMPSON,  
FANI MCKINLEY,  
HATTIE BARTON.

Pupil Nurses, Louisville City Hospital Training School.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)