

resources of the guardians were most severely taxed, and the old accommodation was altogether inadequate.

One of the meanest of thefts is that of rifling hospital collecting boxes, one would have thought even the most depraved would have kept from picking and stealing from the sick poor. But no, we constantly observe it reported that some despicable persons commit these robberies, and the Newport and Monmouthshire Hospital is the latest sufferer.

At Glasgow Town Council, during a recent discussion on the report of the Housing Commission, ex-Bailie Battersby said there could be no doubt that drink was the great curse of the city. The drink bill of Glasgow was £3,200,000 per annum, or £4 5s. per head, and two-thirds of that was credited to the working-classes. It was impossible to have so much money spent on liquor and to be without slums, wretchedness, and misery.

The International Peace Congress at Lucerne has sent the following telegram to the Norwegian Government:—

“The Peace Congress congratulates the Norwegian people on securing complete independence without a drop of blood being shed.”

The Norwegian Government replied:—  
“To the President of the International Peace Congress,—Convey to the Congress the thanks of the Norwegian Government for its greetings, and the unanimous and most cordial wishes of the Norwegian people for the best and speediest development of the noble aims of the Congress.”

The medical profession have unanimously nominated Dr. Reeve, Dean of the Medical Faculty of Toronto University, for the presidency of the British Medical Association at its meeting in Toronto next year.

Things happen rapidly in New York. From the *Tribune* of that city we learn that every six minutes a child is born, and every seven there is a funeral. In the course of last year, according to the statistics of the New York City Health Department, 99,555 babies opened their eyes on the town, and in the same length of time 78,060 human beings, weary of its din, found the rest of the grave. Every forty-two minutes the births exceed the deaths by one, so that if New York should close its doors on all the rest of the world there would still be thirty-five more inhabitants every morning.

At the annual meeting of the Women's Hospital Board in Cape Town, at which His Excellency the Governor presided, he remarked:—“When he came to consider the large benefactions to the English hospitals by men who had *made their wealth* in South Africa, he often thought that it would be well when they were thinking of giving their benefactions to the Home hospitals, if they should think also of the country to which they *owed so much*.” South Africa is a good long way off “the fount of all honour.” No doubt if Cape Town instituted a “King's Hospital Fund” the gratitude of the cosmopolitan millionaire might become more apparent. This “genus” must have a *quid pro quo* for his benefactions.

## Our Foreign Letter.

### PAGES FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S DIARY.\*

(Continued from page 256, Vol. XXXIII.)

Naples, July 5th.

I have taken over Sala I. to myself, leaving the other two to Sister G., as we have got them into

tolerable order by now. Sala I. is almost a hopeless ward, half the beds being surgical, with which we have nothing to do (only the medical men having so far



accepted our co-operation). The ward is upstairs, with windows high up, so that there is no cheerful outlook on cloister garden as in the lower ward. The walls are quite bare, not even a crucifix. As the ward serves as a passage to another ward and to rooms for priest and doctor, it is easy for the infermieri to find excuses for keeping it always untidy, always half dirty, somebody else's feet being responsible for dust, somebody having called them off being the reason for neglect of tidying, washing of patients, &c.

The head infermier, Cicci, is an incorrigible old man, though, when sober, a splendid worker, and clever to a fault. I do not mean that he is ever *drunk*, but he is constantly sleepy, though even then, he always has some other excellent excuse or reason for not working.

The mixing of medical and surgical patients is also a great misfortune, regarding any regularity of work, as the physician's expostulations can always be met with some order of the surgeon which has prevented their having the time to obey the former's orders, and *vice versa*.

Also, of course, it is often disastrous, having operation cases screaming or moaning after chloroform, with a serious cardiac case in the opposite bed; whilst coughing, expectorating, phthisical cases infect the air and disturb the repose of those who have been operated on. The Direttore is, however, powerless to alter this state of things during the months when the cliniques are opened, as there is no other male ward for free surgical cases. He only shrugs his shoulders sadly and exclaims “è una cosa dell'altro mondo,” an expression which is unexplainable except by translating “altro mondo” as purgatory or the infernal regions!

But the ward has one great compensation; the doctor in charge—under the Professor—of the medical beds being especially delightful to work with, extremely kind to the patients, courteous to us and appreciative of our aid. During the summer vacation, when the cliniques are not working, our surgical cases are moved into the adjoining clinical ward, and our hope is to get the ward into as good order as is possible during these months (August, September, October), and for the pupils to continue the reforms in the autumn.

\* We have, from time to time, published pages from the diary of our correspondent covering a period of several years. They form an interesting record of the beginning of nursing organisation under modern methods in Italy.

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