

A new pediatric ward is also being handed over to Miss Baxter and her pupils, and I hope soon to hear that a new English pioneer nurse is taking my place as her assistant.

A *propos* of the earthquake period, a very characteristic and delightful episode has just occurred amongst the pupils of the Croce Azzurra, which I think I may relate in Miss Baxter's words without indiscretion: "Hear the latest development! It appears that Signor Z— (one of the Sicilian victims nursed at the Gesù e Maria; a business man, well educated, a very Lazarus from multitude of wounds and the philosophical fortitude with which they were borne), went back to Messina and related such miracles and wonders of Signorina Emma's abnegation and ability and other womanly qualities that an unknown impiegato (clerk) whose wife and only child were buried under the ruins decided that she was the wife for him, and that he would have her. In fact, he came up to Naples, went to see her, was struck with Signor Z—'s veracity, proposed, and was accepted . . . The tragedy about this romance is that Signor Z— had meant to obtain Signorina Emma for himself, only he thought he would be in plenty of time, and did not propose until too late. How is this for a hospital love story?" I am told that it would be an excellent *réclame* for nursing!

The Signorina herself wrote me a very charming account of the double event (it seems that Signor Z—'s letter of formal proposal arrived almost immediately after she had accepted the other gentleman), asking if it "did not seem strange to me that she should receive two offers." As she is as modest as dignified, and exceedingly unselfish, she is sure to think that one proposal at least should have fallen to a fellow pupil! She adds that her fiancé desires a speedy marriage, but that she is trying to follow the advice given by her beloved directrice, and first finish her training and gain her diploma. She concludes by saying, "It may be my destiny to go and live in the ruined city (*città distrutta*) in the wooden houses; I will do so willingly. I like emotions, and care greatly for those who suffer: *mi piacciono le emozioni e molto mi affeziono con quelli che soffrono.*"

All the psychology of the case is exposed in these few simple words. No fear of danger—though earthquakes still continue—no talk of love for the man, but—the liking for emotions, and happiness in being with those who suffer. Could there be better material out of which to form the perfect nurse since emotions are never wanting for those *who have the heart to feel with those who suffer?*

Only may matrimony not engulf too many of such pupils.

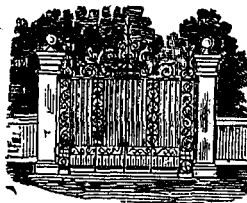
M. A. TURTON.

A NOTE FROM BORDEAUX.

We learn from the Tondu Hospital that the work in the wards is becoming very arduous. Asepsis is making rapid strides, and—although the nursing staff has grown to 40—the nurses have more than enough to do. In one ward the preparation of nine abdominal dressings and one breast dressing each with special box of sterilised instruments, a pair of india-rubber gloves, and sterilised towels, is a heavy morning's work.

Outside the Gates.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE CONFERENCE OF THE NATIONAL UNION OF WOMEN WORKERS.



I was sent by the National Council of Trained Nurses as delegate to the National Union of Women Workers' Conference at Portsmouth, and had visions of preparing an elaborate report on the same. As a matter

of fact, I covered several sheets of foolscap with futile remarks which ultimately evaded any efforts of mine to reduce them into a useful shape.

Perhaps, therefore, the members will forgive me if I content myself with stating my general impressions of the meeting.

First, the women who took part in the same appeared to be undoubtedly very able, very capable, there were even sparks of genius and originality; they were in earnest, many were keen. None the less, for the most part, they gave one the impression of threshing straw very vigorously and with great expenditure of energy. When Mrs. Creighton said of a resolution that had been forwarded to some Government Department: "I do not know that it received much attention; I do not think our resolutions often do," I felt as if she gave the key note to the whole assembly. It lacked any driving force behind it to give effect to its efforts.

The most "alive" moment of the whole meeting was when the meeting re-affirmed by a two-thirds majority the resolution passed at Edinburgh in 1902, "that without the firm foundation of the Parliamentary Franchise for Women there is no permanence for any advance gained by them."

During the debates, many speakers were very clear, very eloquent, some of course did not rise much above mediocrity, but the average was undoubtedly high.

There was that tendency—which a lack of real responsible power always brings—to speak of the workers under discussion as if they were pawns on a chessboard, as if the discussion once over, the resolutions once passed, a sort of happy finality would be reached, and the resolutions at once carried into effect. It was rather like a make-believe tea party. One ate a lot of imaginary cake.

Noticeably in the emigration scheme, speakers spoke glibly regarding "the scientific distribution of population," the population to be scientifically distributed being apparently the surplus (save the mark) females of Great Britain. The same arguments have been used for many, many years, and the same efforts made, with but moderate success, may these good ladies be more fortunate, but the strong, the capable, the usable English single woman has not yet emigrated in large quantities. She is too valuable at home.

Another popular subject was that raised by a resolution *re* a new optional science paper in secondary schools bearing on domestic subjects. Much interest was evinced in this question, the

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