

“ veder Napoli e morir.”

Whilst they were enjoying themselves there reports began to circulate in the Italian newspapers *re cholera*. First it was reported to be only in towns and villages in Puglie, but rumours began of cases—termed gastro-enteritis—occurring also in Naples, and the day before our nurses were expected the papers declared that medical surveillance during five days would be exacted of all who came from that town.

Nothing could be done; they were due at midnight; even by going to the station I knew not if one could have reached them before they were examined. So we had to leave it to Fate, who proved most kind; for beyond the delay of about an hour (whilst everyone was being interrogated as to whence he came and where he was going) nothing happened to our nurses. They simply stated that they came from Naples and were going to the Polyclinico. On being asked, ‘To which pavillon?’ they replied, ‘To the Scuola Convitto Regina Elena,’ when the doctor remarked, ‘Souo le signore inglesi che insegnano’—‘the English ladies who teach’—and no word was said of having to report themselves at the Office of Hygiene during five days, which was what the papers had said would be exacted.

*Apropos* of cholera—which is now, by careful isolation, being stamped out in Naples and elsewhere—we were applied to for two English nurses by the doctor in charge of the Molfetta Lazzaretto. He promised “every consideration and care for these admirable ladies,” and, having seen them at work here, the request was a genuine compliment.

The idea that one duty seriously undertaken may not be abandoned even for another without necessity seemed new out here (and not here only). But Miss Snell, I knew, admitted no doubts on this moral question, so I explained as best I could to Dr. B—— that desire to be of use under tragic and dangerous circumstances could never be a reason for leaving less tragic and less exciting service to which one had bound oneself; and that much as our nurses would like to nurse the cholera patients they were too much needed by the Polyclinico ones.

During the summer two of Miss Baxter’s graduates (Signorina Catapano and Signorina Citarella) have been helping to give the staff holidays, but, to our mutual regret, they have had to return to previous appointments, Naples needing all the “Croce Azzurites” herself.

In case some reader feels the desire to join us, I repeat the conditions.

The School is to train *Italian* probationers on what are termed “Florence Nightingale lines” to as great an extent as is possible.

Matron, Miss D. A. Snell; Assistant Matron and Home Sister; five Ward Sisters, and seven Staff Nurses—all English except one Italian nurse trained in America—for a surgical pavillon of 76 to 80 beds. A medical pavillon is to be taken over shortly, and three Sisters and six Staff Nurses added.

Doctors and patients as well as probationers all Italian.

Sister’s stipend: 85 francs per month; £42 per annum.

Staff Nurse’s stipend: 65 francs per month; £32. per annum.

Journey allowance: 175 francs=£7.

Uniform allowance: 125 francs=£5 yearly.

Vacancies for promotion to the post of Sister will occasionally occur and be given at Miss Snell’s discretion. Doubtless also many of those nurses who learn Italian well and grow really interested in the work will eventually be offered Matronships in other hospitals, as the aim of the Roman School is to create a standard of hospital nursing which other towns should imitate.

M. A. TURTON.

## Outside the Gates.

### WOMEN.

The private Conference on Hygiene in Relation to Rescue Work, to be held at Caxton Hall, S.W., on November 23rd, has been organised by the Public Health and Preventive and Rescue Committees of the National Union of Women Workers. A sub-committee formed of representatives of the Ladies’ National Association and its London Branch, the British Committee of the International Abolitionist Federation, and the National Vigilance Association, together with the N.U.W.W., have the arrangements in hand. Medical women, trained nurses, women Poor-Law Guardians, and rescue workers, can obtain tickets for the Conference from Miss Emily Janes, Organising Secretary, N.U.W.W., Parliament Buildings, Victoria Street, S.W.

The recent death of Julia Ward Howe, the inspired writer of “The Battle Hymn of the Republic” at Rhode Island, U.S.A., reminds us of that never-to-be-forgotten Congress of Representative Women, held at Chicago in 1893 in conjunction with the wonderful World’s Fair. At one meeting we had the marvellous good fortune to speak with Mrs. Ward Howe, Mrs. Cady Stanton, Mrs. Lucy Stone, and Miss Susan B. Anthony, four of the most blessed and forceful women in the world. Alas! with the death of Julia Ward Howe this quartette of great and good women have now all passed from earth, but their works live after them. They had all been touched with the wand of genius, and were inspired with lovely modesty and self-respect. Needless to say they were of the stuff from which great citizens are culled—lovers of grace and liberty, and ardent Suffragists one and all.

Mrs. Ward Howe spoke in public on Woman Suffrage when she was in her 90th year, and described how she had first become interested in it in consequence of the vote having been given to the negroes at the time of the Civil War. “After holding the door open for the negro,” she said, “we might at least have been allowed to go in after him.” And when questioned what was her chief reason for her ardent advocacy of Woman Suffrage, she replied: “I regard the vote for women as an integral part of Christianity itself.” The pity of it,

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)