

we did, and a most ideal armchair soon appeared, deep enough to rest the head, the right angle to rest the limbs, and—pour comble—with a cool holland cover to keep its greenness undimmed through the hot summer months.

After visiting the Home, her Majesty proceeded to the wards. Here she was absolutely in her element, bending over the most suffering, saying consoling and cheering words; caressing the children; the Queen of the earthquake terror episodes was clearly before us. She gave her hand to all the nurses and said a few words in

French to most of them. The Mother Superior had been summoned. The ward nuns mingled with the lay Sisters and nurses. The Chief came down from the operating room (he afterwards escorted her Majesty to his precincts between two operations). To an amputated arm boy she offered the best artificial limb he could desire; to a small "Elena," who had not smiled since her legs were placed in splints at a right angle a week before, (congenital hip luxation) was promised whatever toy that was wished for. The child was too shy to answer, but

the following morning (a large basket of most delightful toys arrived the same night) Elena at last smiled radiantly when a Teddy bear and a doll with eyes that opened and shut were placed by the Night Sister in her arms.

A few days later mosquito nets of a pattern partly designed (modification of an English one) by her Majesty arrived for several beds. The hospital does not provide them; only pieces of gauze are given to those unable to use fly flickers. This pattern is most practical, and some American visitors have already taken notes of it to reproduce at home.

The second visit was quite unexpected.

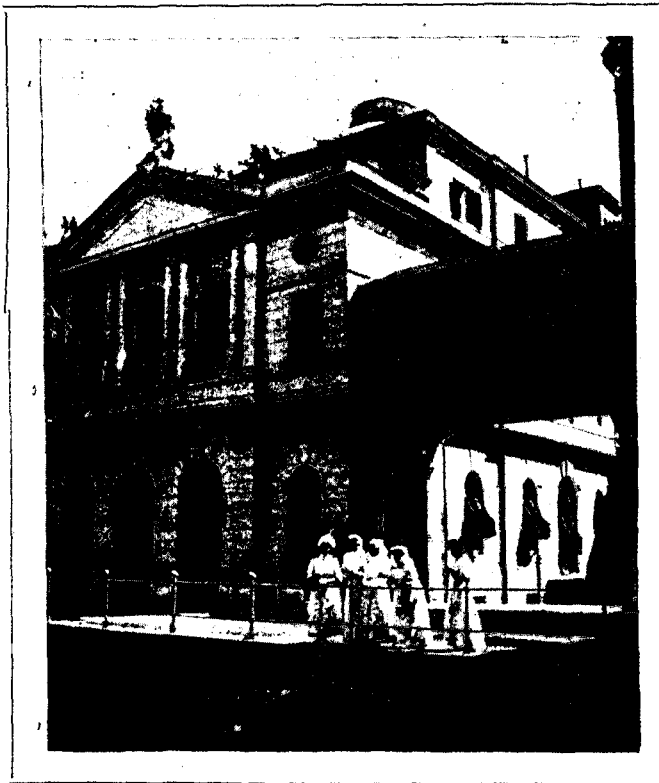
Everyone was hard at work, the Home Sister carrying linen from the ironing room, Miss Snell over in the wards, I in the kitchen writing down the cook's morning expenditure. A probationer ran in breathlessly, "La Regina è in Salone." Dispatching her to seek Miss Snell, I went at once to the Salone, where her Majesty was standing, showing one of her ladies (who had never been to the Convitto) how the room was arranged. She told me she had come in for a few minutes only as she had an appointment with the Professor of the Obstetric Clinique. But she wished to show the

Home to the Contessa della Trinita. She herself, in fact, did show-woman, pointing out the Sisters' Salottina, and the little class-room. It was only 9.30, and our "pros" going on duty at 7 have orders to leave beds to air till they come back for lunch or off duty hours.

Her Majesty, however, is known to wish to see things as they function, not dressed up for inspection, so she will not have minded being accompanied by an Assistant Matron with cook's book in her hand, and finding mattresses exposed to the fresh air.

Queen Elena told us she had heard from the Professor how pleased he was with the progress made, and asked if we were also satisfied, adding, "It will need much patience, but you are sure to succeed, and will find the right pupils to carry on the work; the thing is too much needed." This gave me opportunity for saying Miss Snell wished our probationers to be called "Nurse" when on duty, avoiding the term "Signorina," as the Signorini del Policlinic in white overalls and flowers at the waist, had gained a reputation which it would be well for our nurses of the green and white uniform to avoid, and her Majesty approved the idea.

M. A. TURTON.



Scuola Convitto Regina Elena.  
(Under the Church.)

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)