

especially having wide influence and great energy. But the feeling grew: they need some one with them all the time who is conscientiously good to them and an intelligent aid to the doctors—they need nurses, not visitors.”

That decided, Miss Turton cast about for means to accomplish her purpose. Her first thought was to go to England for training, but she found that only by offering to *learn* could she enter an Italian hospital. If it was to *teach*, there were already plenty of trained nurses, but Italy would not admit them, except as outsiders, in dispensaries, therefore it was clear she must find a hospital which would take her as a pupil. The next difficulty was that there were only nuns and servant nurses in the hospitals; she could enter neither group. After some six months Professor G—, in Lucca, accepted the idea of teaching her that she in turn might teach Italian pupils. He admired German hospitals, and wished to get a better class of nurses for his wards. By this means Miss Turton says she got a good insight into things as they were. “The surgical technique taught was excellent, but nursing? Who could teach me that? . . . A St. Thomas’s friend now visited me, and ascertained that I was only learning to be a ‘surgical or medical assistant,’ and told me I must go to England to see what nursing was. She advised my writing to Miss Nightingale, simply stating where I was in my scheme. I received one of our priestess’s inspiring letters, then another, and another, the third securing me admittance to the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, as paying probationer, for at least six months, or, if possible, a year.

“The professors were doubtful as to the wisdom of this; they could not understand why a nurse should need long training; an intelligent woman could surely get an insight into organization and technique in a few months. ‘In six months,’ they said, ‘you can return, and then we will begin the school.’” Ultimately, when Miss Turton returned at the end of a year, it was to find that the professors’ endeavour to get the hospital administration to vote in favour of admitting a better class of lay pupils had been frustrated; “politics as usual intervened—the plan was ‘freemasonic and atheistic.’ The majority voted against it.”

Nothing daunted, Miss Turton obtained admission to the San Spirito Hospital in Rome, and later to San Giovanni.

At this juncture one of Queen Margherita’s ladies-in-waiting, the Princess Strongoli, heard from a mutual friend of the strange English lady who wished to start a training school. There followed an interview at the Quirinal,

with the result that Miss Turton found herself in the following November working in the Gesu e Maria at Naples, and reflecting how matters could be carried on when she left to fulfil her undertaking at San Giovanni, at Rome.

“A nurse who knew Italian was essential; we made one or two unsuccessful attempts to find one close at hand; finally I appealed to Miss Grace Baxter, then in the United States in charge of a ward in the Johns Hopkins Hospital.

“It was one of the inspirations which have attended me at the worst moments. She burnt her ships behind her, considering that ‘Italy’s need was greatest, and it was the land of her adoption.’ In January, 1896, she joined me, and after a brief time together I returned to Rome. I took her place that summer for a month, and then left Naples to her; being truly a missionary spirit, she has never reproached me, though from the worldly standpoint I was undoubtedly the instrument which prevented her making a brilliant professional career in the States.”

Thus the beginnings; Miss Turton established in Rome, Miss Baxter—supported by the Princess Adelaide di Strongoli, one of the really great educationalists of her day, whose devotion to the cause of practical education led her to become the first patroness of trained nursing in Italy—in Naples, where she has with “unwavering fidelity” developed and watched over the interests of the nurses of the “Blue Cross Society” from that day to this.

It is interesting that at San Giovanni Miss Turton and Signorina Tonino, associated with her, were supported in their work by Princess Doria, “in the very ward where an elder princess of that name, several generations earlier, had founded the hard-working and practical order called the Sisters of Mercy.”

(To be continued.)

Mr. Noel Buxton, and other officers of the Balkan War Relief Fund are appealing in the press for funds with which to carry on relief work in order to avoid the immense loss of life which they state that only immediate charity can prevent. They have already despatched doctors, nurses, and relief agents to Servia and Bulgaria, and the Aegean district occupied by Greece, and plead that the blame which is naturally allotted to those responsible for the second war shall not be visited on the homeless wife and child of the peasant, who, above all others, are now needing help. Donations will be gratefully received by the Secretary of the Fund, 41, Tothill Street, Westminster, S.W.

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