

who were privileged to take part in the ceremony we have described above.

Rome is a city of wonderful memorials, but amongst them there is nothing more striking than that to Victor Emmanuel II., with which is associated the tomb of the Unknown Italian Soldier.

## THE ITALIAN RED CROSS PREVENTORIUM FOR CHILDREN.

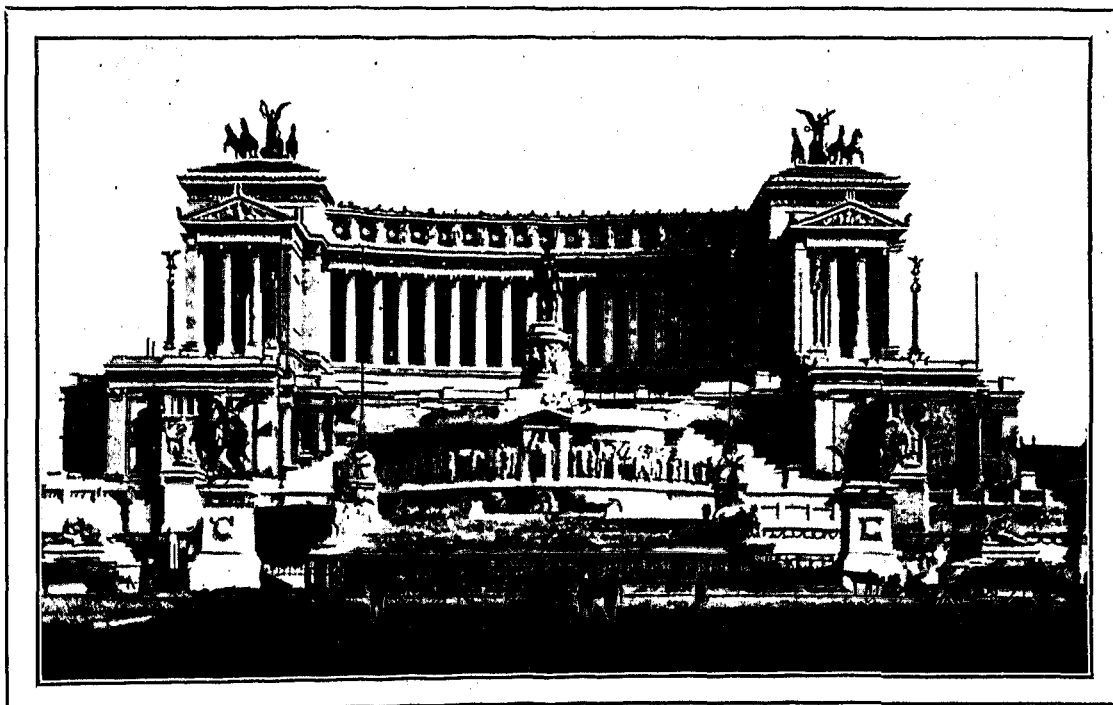
### FARA SABINA.

At 1.30 p.m., on Sept. 27th, we assembled at the Exhibition Hall for the visit to Fara Sabina, to see a "Colonie," as the Italians call it, for children who are predisposed to or, at the most, slightly affected with pulmonary tuberculosis. After a long delay, owing to the fact that the medical members of the Congress had annexed the auto-buses

peasants, in their dark little hovels—the beds in the living room—all muddled up with garden produce; windows conspicuous by their absence, and no sanitary arrangements. One can understand the breeding of diseases, and the strenuous work the District Nurses must have visiting these isolated dwelling huts, contending with ignorance and lack of conveniences.

After long climbing up steep and bad roads, with many "hairpin" turns, we finally reached the top of a mountain, about 2,500 ft. high, at 7.15 p.m. The shadows were falling and the sun was setting like a red ball dropping into the mists, and all around were lonely bare mountain peaks, where olive trees were trying to flourish in the barren-looking soil; and solitary little villages perched on the very pinnacles of the mountain peaks, evidently built for safety in the old days of raiding parties.

The "Colonie" has the most wonderful views on all sides. The pathway was lined with such pretty, brown, bonnie kiddies, dressed in white, with green bows in their



MONUMENT TO VICTOR EMMANUEL II.  
Memorial to The Unknown Soldier in the Foreground.

assigned to us, which had the permits to pass the Customs beyond the city boundaries, which examine all country produce brought into the city, new permits had to be procured, and thus made a very late start for the drive of about thirty miles.

After leaving Rome, we drove for many miles across the low-lying, and in many places marshy and mosquito-haunted country, towards the foothills and mountains. On the way, one of the bus tyres punctured. We all turned out, and, while awaiting a change of tyres, we visited a roadside hut, a one-roomed house with small kitchen built out. It was inhabited by a family of seven children—holding on by two wooden beds—a table and couple of chairs. The place was very clean, but poor. Thus we were enabled to get an impromptu glimpse of the type of malarial-infected homes visited by Public Health Nurses of the Anti-Malarial Campaign. They travel on horseback to the many far outlying districts.

One was struck by the primitive and meagre life of the

hair—ages ranging from about six years to fourteen. Poor children! they had been waiting there for hours; still they could smile and salute. The visit was very hurried. One was again struck by the number of beds in each ward—neat little beds with night-case at the foot of each. An outdoor school is held; there are organised games; and a monthly examination.

We visited the girls' quarters first, and then climbed by foot still higher to the monastery, now converted, where the treatment centres and boys were housed. We visited the day rooms, dormitories, schoolrooms, kitchen, and, in fact, all departments of this section. Unfortunately, it was dark when we arrived, and we had little or no time for explanations or questions.

After a quick run through the Institution, we were taken out on to a terrace lighted by lamps and told to help ourselves from a table most generously laden with large baskets of black and white grapes, huge peaches, luscious black figs, red and white wine, and bread and cold meat.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)