

WITH THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Like the Athenians of old, Londoners love something new, and the action of a few free lances in the nursing profession, who last Friday made a novel, and very effective form of protest, interested them vastly. The Protest against the danger to the community, the degradation of the trained nurses' uniform, and the indignity to the nursing profession as a whole, by association with the criminal "Queenie Gerald" and her assistant "Nurse Betty," now that the latter has been removed from the Midwives' Roll for misconduct in assisting the former "in the management and conduct of a disorderly house," and who is nevertheless engaged in private nursing, was carried out as follows.

The little band of missionaries met at 431, Oxford Street, London, W., each suspended around her neck a poster, on which was inscribed (as seen in the picture):—

TRAINED NURSES PROTEST

AGAINST ASSOCIATION WITH

"QUEENIE GERALD"

READ

British Journal of Nursing.

They then sallied forth bag in hand containing a good supply of last week's JOURNALS marked at the Editorial Protest, and the report of the proceedings of the removal of "Nurse Betty" from the Roll by the Midwives Board.

Led by Miss B. Kent, the little band of seven, walking slowly six feet apart, wended their way (in the gutter, according to police regulations, and with no small danger to limb and life) down Oxford Street, and Regent Street, to the Circus, the locality of the now notorious "Piccadilly Flat Case," where Miss Kent, with that calm courage born of strong conviction, took up her pitch just outside "229." Mrs. Fenwick and Miss Breay also picketed the Circus. Miss C. Lee was stationed at Oxford Circus, Miss A. Hulme at Charing Cross, Miss H. Hawkins at Chancery Lane, and Miss Kingsford at Park Lane.

Needless to say, the Poster Parade of solemn protesters aroused the liveliest curiosity and interest all along the line of march, and a brisk sale of JOURNALS was the result, shillings and

sixpences being offered in exchange by several generously indignant men and women. All buyers were asked to forward the JOURNAL to the member of Parliament for their constituency. The protesters spent four or five hours at their various pitches, and then, singly, walked slowly through districts in which it was thought sympathy might be aroused. My beat was Piccadilly, Dover Street (to come in touch with clubwomen), Bond Street, and Oxford Street, and my personal experiences were very encouraging. Others took the Strand, Westminster, Grosvenor Place, Victoria Station and elsewhere. Of course, hundreds of the hurrying public took us for "Suffragettes," and eyed us accordingly, but as there is something unmistakable in the physiognomy of the "anti" one can tell them afar off, quite in time to evade the glaring glance, by drooping lids, and affecting unconsciousness.

The opportunity for propaganda was simply unique. Personally I spent a most profitable time. With all and sundry I entered into conversation, men and women alike, and in return received nothing but courtesy and interest, one man only saying sadly "he could not encourage my wicked ways," before I had time to explain the reasons for protest! Another bought two JOURNALS, "one for each of my daughters, who are both nurses." Not only did we instruct, but we listened to many a hopeful or doleful ditty. This one owed her life to her "splendid nurse," another—a poor man this—his crippled limb to "them 'orspital nurses." A very smart and delightful youth (the type which usually passed on the other side) bought a JOURNAL eagerly. "A low down game I call it," he said, raising his hat, "this paper will interest my mother." Happy mother, to have brought up young hopeful in the way he should go! Brave chivalrous boy! The club women were also very kind, many promised to study the registration question, many were warm supporters of the movement already.

The experiences of the little band were all more or less interesting, as recounted at tea after the day's work was over.

Miss Kent bravely stationed herself in front of the flat at 229, Piccadilly. She writes:—

"As soon as I had taken up my position, 'Oh! I am so glad to see you,' said a lady, 'you are doing right to come out into the open and make a protest against the scandalous misuse of your uniform, it is the only way to show the public that you are in earnest.' So much encouragement to begin with, good. But alas! my encouragement came mostly from

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