

I have known a man return to the counter after being served and ask for toast to be made and a couple of eggs boiled.

Their appetites seem inexhaustible.

We noticed a change in the manners of the canteen when a battalion of men was sent to another town, and their place in the local barracks filled up with new recruits, just called up, on the completion of their eighteenth birthday.

The canteen became full of noisy, badly behaved little boys, full of conceit at being grown-up soldiers in uniform. Crowding round the counter, picking up cakes, and snatching at tarts and trying to hustle each other out of turn, and hurry up the servers.

"Now then, Miss, hurry up. Don't keep me waiting all night!" &c.

One very handsome and stately young lady, fully a head taller than any of the juvenile recruits, was so disgusted with their behaviour, that she began to treat them in the manner we are familiar with, in post-office and railway refreshment room attendants—gazed haughtily at the nearest and noisiest and deliberately passed them over for some quiet youth, who had not spoken.

It had a marked effect!

The older soldiers, of course, were always polite. It was a pleasure to serve them.

In theory, 10 o'clock is the hour for closing the canteen. Do we ever finish serving by then?

No such thing. For more than half-an-hour, new arrivals keep coming up to the counter and ordering tea and sandwiches, or trying to coax us to sell them tobacco and chocolate, ages after we have obeyed the police regulations and locked them up. Boys with innocence written on every feature, tell us that they have just come "off the train," and could not call for a meal earlier. We have usually observed them quietly sneak in out of the canteen billiard-room, where they have been spending the evening.

We are soft-hearted enough, as a rule, to brew a fresh pot of tea and get out the provisions we fondly hoped we had put away for the night.

Somewhere between eleven and half-past we wearily stumble down the staircase, often to find the last car gone and a walk home before us.

## AN HISTORIC LECTURE.

Maitre Gaston de Leval, the notary who defended Miss Edith Cavell at her trial in Brussels, is to give a lecture on October 12th at the Æolian Hall, New Bond Street, W., in aid of the Cavell Homes of Rest for Nurses. The Hon. Sir Arthur Stanley, M.P., will preside, and tickets should be secured at once by those who wish to be present on this very interesting occasion. Seats cost 10s. 6d. and 5s. reserved, and 2s. 6d. unreserved. Three rows will be reserved at 1s. for nurses in uniform.

## WHY NOT EARLSWOOD?

We have received a shower of letters, not all couched in Parliamentary language, commenting on the following paragraph which appeared in the *Daily Sketch* of September 12th:—

### "A NEW SCHEME.

"That extremely capable young lady, Miss Elizabeth Asquith, has just got a very large new enterprise in hand. This is to start a Royal College of Nursing for the benefit of the fully-trained nurses, and to ensure their pensions, give them somewhere to rest and recuperate, and, in short, generally look after them.

"I understand that the Star and Garter Committee are raising the money for starting it.

"This all sounds a most praiseworthy scheme. Certainly Miss Asquith is a great organiser, and a very successful one, too, as her previous efforts have shown us."

Fully trained nurses have learned during this war that many persons of social prominence, or who are elbowing their way up the social ladder, consider themselves amply qualified without any training whatever to organise, dictate to, superintend and generally patronise highly educated and skilled professional women, and, unfortunately, there is more glamour, false sentiment, and closer association with Royalty in connection with nursing than with clerical and industrial work. Thus the trained nurses have always been the "medium" for more snobbery and patronage than any other class of women workers, and during the war such snobbery has become a veritable mania upon the part of Society women, whose usual amusements are curtailed.

Miss Elizabeth Asquith has the reputation of being a bright young girl, but she of course knows nothing of the needs of our profession, either from an educational, economic or political aspect, and the paragraph—which has naturally aroused such a sense of indignation upon the part of our readers—might have been ignored, as the usual incense offered by obsequious penny-a-liners to young ladies in the limelight had there not been a germ of truth in it.

Miss Elizabeth Asquith has recently joined the British Women's Hospital Committee, which has collected many thousands to aid the sick and wounded, and to which the College of Nursing, Ltd., appealed a few months ago, inviting its aid in raising charitable funds to enable it to associate a Benevolent Fund—under the title of the "Nation's Fund for Nurses"—with its other activities in attempting to control the whole nursing profession.

We kept our readers fully informed at the time of the steps taken by the organized Nurses' Societies to impress upon the British Women's Hospital Committee how repugnant it was to a body of self-respecting working women to be held up in *forma pauperis* at any time, but more especially so during this devastating war, when every penny the public can spare should be used

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