

"Thus it comes to pass the Mlle. Peroxide of the Frivol Theatre who takes a turn at ladling out cups of coffee in a railway-station canteen (with a press photographer handy) finds that the mud-stained Tommies are saying, 'Another slice of cake, please, Sister,' or 'Any fags for sale here, Sister?' The Duchess, too, who is cutting bread-and-butter hears herself hailed by the same designation. And if both Miss Peroxide and the Duchess are not flattered (and maybe a little moved, too), I should be surprised.

"For really, you know, 'Sister' is the happy word. It fits the situation—all such situations. Wouldn't it be possible to add one perfect touch: that our women comrades should drop into the habit of addressing us as 'Brother'? Officers and men alike—'Brother'! It would be a symbol, this, of what the war ought to mean to us all: a fine collaboration of high and low, equals in endeavour. . . .

"When I was first put into a ward to serve as an orderly I was instructed beforehand that the only person to be entitled Sister was the goddess with the Stripes. Eager to be correct, I addressed the Staff Nurse as 'Nurse.' At once I divined there was something wrong. Her lips tightened. In a frigid voice she informed me of the significance of the Cape: all Cape-wearers held a status equivalent to that of a commissioned officer in the army, and must be treated as such by privates like myself. All Cape-wearers were to be accorded the proper courtesies and addressed as Sister. Furthermore, the speaker, realising that I was a new recruit, and therefore perhaps ignorant, would have me know that all Cape-wearers had undergone certain years of training. . . . The speaker concluded by a sketch of her past career—I was held up in the midst of an urgent job to hearken to it—and a rough estimate of the relative indispensability of the female as compared with the male staff. Finally I was dismissed with an injunction to hurry, and finish my incompleting task.

"'Very good, Sister,' I replied.

"Half an hour later, in a pause in the morning's rush, I was beckoned aside into the ward kitchen by Sister herself. She gently apprised me that, as I was a new recruit, she thought perhaps I was not yet aware of the accurate modes of address and the etiquette customary in a military hospital. Etcetera, etcetera. She had overheard me call the Staff Nurse 'Sister.'

"Enough. One may smile at these exhibitions of feminine human nature (and I could match them, absolutely, on the male side), but when all is said and done 'Sister' is a beautiful title, and most of the women who receive it—whether correctly or because, by war service, they have had it bestowed upon them—richly deserve it as a token of gratitude and honour."

The trustees of the Scottish Nurses' Club have purchased and are equipping premises at 205, Bath Street, Glasgow. The office-bearers appointed are the Marchioness of Ailsa, President; Mrs. J. W. Stewart, Vice-President; Convener, Mrs. David M'Cowan; Vice-Convener, Mrs. J. F. Pollock; Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, Sir John S. Samuel; Law Agent, Mr. Thomas Stark Brown. The Club has no official connection with any organization of nurses; the management will be in the hands of five representatives of the trustees, and individual nurses.

EARNEST WORKERS NEEDED.

Emphasising the need for recruits for Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps (*alias* the "Waacs") the *Times* says that "thousands of women are needed where hundreds only are coming forward. The appeals from the different commands are piteous. One commanding officer who had been promised a large contingent set to work and had the pleasantest portion of his camp fenced off and labelled, 'Q.M.A.A.C. only.' He had a garden laid out, had provided dining-rooms, recreation-rooms, sleeping huts, and everything of the best. As he looked sadly over the silent result, he said, 'These are my "Waackeries," but where are my "Waacs?"' 'You can see them any afternoon from three to six on the river,' was the cynical reply of one who knew, 'they haven't joined up yet.'

"There are still thousands of idle women and girls in the country. Some of them, perhaps, do a little occasional voluntary work, but the average of their hours of industry is not great. The controllers of the Q.M.A.A.C., however, do not despair, and a big recruiting 'push' has been begun, with a change of method.

"A valuable adjunct to recruiting will be an official film which is being prepared and will presently be shown throughout the country. It is called 'The Life of a Waac.' It will show her from the time she enlists, her life in Connaught Club, her work when training at a great military centre, and finally her embarkation for France. Later, it is hoped that oversea films will be prepared showing how the women live and work at the great bases and how they help to send more men up the line by doing work which in war time men ought not to do."

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