

YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE!

COLLEGE SUPPORTS SHILLING DOLES
FROM SAILORS, SOLDIERS AND V.A.D.'S.,
FOR TRAINED NURSES.

The following letters have been sent from Headquarters to members of the College of Nursing, Ltd. The ethics and grammar are much on a par:—

The College of Nursing, Ltd.

February 3rd, 1920.

DEAR MISS BIGGAR,—In connection with the *Daily Telegraph* Shilling Appeal for the Nation's Fund for Nurses, now before the public, February 16th is being set aside specially for contributions from nurses themselves. These contributions will help to testify to the public how keen we ourselves feel in, not only helping those of the profession who have fallen on evil days, but also how anxious we are that we should have soundly-established Headquarters to build up a fine nursing service.

We greatly regret that a certain section of the profession is doing all in its power to prevent the Fund being a success. It is, therefore, all the more necessary for us to personally support the splendid effort being made.

Will you therefore, make a special effort to get into touch with the members of your Centre and make them aware that contributions are invited for February 16th?

Believe me to be,

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) M. S. RUNDLE, *Secretary.*

London Centre Club.

3. 2. '20.

DEAR MEMBER,—The above letter needs no explanation from me, I send it to you and rely on your generous response to it.

Contributions may be sent to our Honorary Treasurer Miss Copeman, Paddington Military Hospital, Harrow Road, who will send the total to the *Daily Telegraph* as from the "Members of the London Centre" of the College of Nursing, Ltd.

Yours truly,

M. M. BIGGAR, *Hon. Sec.*

POWER OF THE POLICE.

We have made enquiries from the Headquarters of the City Police, as to the law in reference to Poster Parades in the City, and as we surmised, there is no law forbidding persons this rightful liberty, but the City Police arrogate to themselves the power to withhold permission for such Parades under any circumstances whatever. Outside the sacred precincts of the City the Metropolitan Police enforce no such restrictions, and permission is usually given to orderly citizens, such as trained nurses, to demonstrate against tyranny, such as that now exercised by the capitalist press, which ruthlessly excludes public opinion in opposition to its own policy, as in the case of the Protest of the nurses' self governing organizations against the *Daily Telegraph's* attack upon their economic status.

THE NATION'S FUND FOR NURSES, AND
THE DAILY TELEGRAPH APPEAL.

"Let the shining, let the silver shilling from your pocket
come
For the outcast, for the heathen, for the rude Barbarium."

We've formed Committees, large and fine,
Where miscellaneous Dames
With Israel and Columbine
And Lord Knows Who & Co. define
Their philanthropic aims.

We've danced, and begged, and sold for Nurse,
And left no stone unturned
To make the millionaire disburse,
And levy from the nation's purse,
All she's so grandly earned!

And now we think not least, tho' last,
To show their lively sense
Of gratitude for service past,
"Tommy," and "Jack" before the mast
Should each devote twelve pence!

Yet, with such help on ev'ry side,
Believe me, if you can!
These thankless Madams all decide
"Professions," in their lofty pride,
"Ask nought of any man."

They bid all busybodies cease
"Exploiting their affairs";
If they are disinclined to fleece
The winners of the Empire's peace,
Surely the choice is theirs!

"Hands off our privilege," they say,
"We claimed the blessed right,
Without a thought of thanks or pay
To give our best, when heroes lay
Sore stricken in the fight."

"We had our thanks. No debts remain
Out of that awful strife.
Were we not paid when, cheated, pain
Gave us our soldiers back again
Into the warmth of life?"

"Were we not paid when some who lay
Their sands outrunning fast,
Seemed trying, as they turned away
Their faces towards the Perfect Day,
To bless us at the last."

Thus they who should be first to own,
Our struggles for their weal,
Adopt a most defiant tone,
And, begging to be left alone,
Refuse to come to heel!

But, having reached this painful pass,
We still see nought amiss
In firmly holding up *en masse*,
This finely dedicated class
In *forma pauperis*!

C. B. M.

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