

in Fleet Street. from 12 to 2, on January 28th, I was early on the spot to watch proceedings. First I saw upwards of a dozen fine-looking women in uniform, full of life and spirits, shoulder their Posters outside St. Bride's Church, and stream across the road to the office of the *Daily Telegraph*, arousing great and excited interest in that busy thoroughfare. I secured some of the little slips from the Nurses inscribed with just a sentence on each, which the public loudly applauded—

"Large Charity Doles mean Small Salaries,"

"C stands for College of Nursing and Charity. We do not want either."

"Support the Nurses' Freedom, not the Employers' Funds." "Charity Funds destroy Professional Freedom."

"C stands for *Charity* and for *Chains*. Do not forge the *latter* by the *former*." "Nurses have been proud to serve their country. Do not degrade them by Doles."

Indeed, during the time the deputation was inside the *Daily Telegraph* office I entered into conversation with the "mob," and found the men *fiercely* in favour of the Nurses' Protest, and when they reappeared and stepped over the road to the office of the *Daily Chronicle* I was surprised to note the road bristling with Bobbies, who seemed to have sprung from nowhere. There they were laying down the law—very politely but very emphatically. The Nurses had no right to demonstrate—no Poster Parades were allowed in the City—no leaflets must be distributed, and so on.

The sympathisers were also warned. I mildly argued. Leaflets perhaps, no—but Posters—since when had the freedom of the gutter been denied to the public? Was it Dora? Was it the Lord Mayor? From time immemorial Poster Parades had been permissible. "Never," replied a young man in blue. "Before you were born," I mildly suggested. "Anyway, if you persist"—("in annoying the *Daily Telegraph*," a nurse chipped in)—"we must run you in." "Tip top,"

another valiant lady exclaimed." "I'll bail you out, Nurse," a City man said, taking off his hat. "We must yield to force, but this deprivation of freedom must be inquired into," an elderly lady said firmly, and off she tripped on further protest intent. In the meanwhile snap shots of the gay band of Nurses were taken, Posters included, and then, having laid their objections to charity stunts upon their behalf, for the benefit of newspaper booms, and society climbers, before

a sympathetic audience at the D.C. these ladies, by no means chastened, with posters turned inside out, went off to lay their views concerning their own affairs (which Lord Burnham and the Editor of the *D.T.* refused to hear) before the august personnel in Printing House Square, and of the *Morning Post*, with directions to expose their Posters once off the curb.

Good copy, thought I. But I reckoned without Social Influence—in "caps."

With the exception of the *Morning Post* mum was the word in Fleet Street.

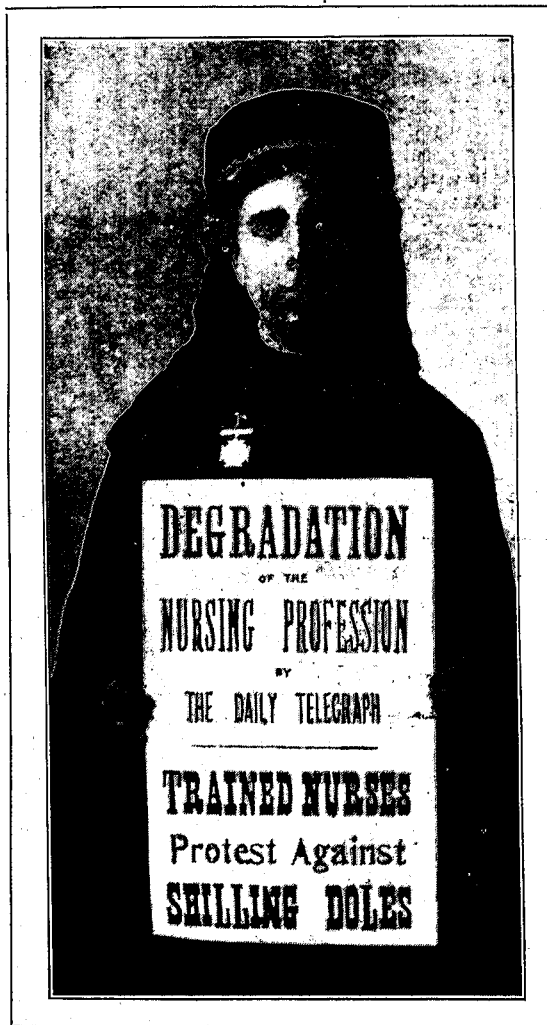
Not a picture—not a word appeared.

And, once more—as so often before—the great B.P. was bamboozled to the top of its bent.

And that glory of the British Empire, its great Free Press, winked the other eye, whilst Tommy and Jack, V.A.D. and Waac, responded to the sentimental appeal of the *D.T.* to save the whole Nursing Profession from perdition! As to the "sable and

pearl brigade," what time they could spare between *déjeuner* at the Carlton, tea at Rumpelmayer's, dinner at the Ritz, and supper at the Savoy, they purred with satisfaction that their philanthropic labours should receive just recognition from the *hai polloi*, and the *D.T.* be enabled once more to proclaim the throbbing of its great disinterested Heart with damsels in distress.

"A FREQUENTER OF FLEET STREET."



COUNCILLOR BEATRICE KENT,
Leader of the Anti-Doles Procession.

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