

But let us turn aside for a few moments from these objects of our admiration, to a less attractive quarter of the city, and see what women have been building. Let us visit them, and see how they work. Let us go *right in*. We can be sure of a welcome, because we have been invited to sup with them. The builders are all there, quite a number of them. They are a merry party; they joke and laugh about their experiences. At the head of the board sits the architect, a cheerful winsome woman, so alert and keen and interested. She has her tales to tell too; some boy, or girl, man or woman, young and old—whatever their needs and aspirations may be, she makes them her own. There is not a single silver thread running through her glossy black hair and yet her work of planning and directing the builders, has been long and strenuous. Twenty-three years ago she began, in company with another, her wonderful work of social structure. She has built "strong and sure with a firm and ample base." "The House on Henry Street" is a sky-scraper of equal magnitude. It can be seen marking the firmament far beyond the city of its birth. The architect's vision of a beautiful building includes, of necessity, a colour scheme both rich and harmonious.

She has transformed the grey and neutral tints in the lives of the young population into vivid warm and glowing colours. "Everyone should have a share in the world's treasures of imagination and poetry, and in return can contribute something to the interpretation of human experiences," says one of the builders, and the festivals and dramatic part of the *House* are the product of her belief. On the roof we saw a large group of children and young people; they were being awarded prizes after a demonstration of classic dancing; it is properly organized instruction, and a theme is faithfully followed, such as "The frolic of the Holidays," "Three impressions of Spring," "Miriam a Passover," "The Revolt of the Flowers," etc. And so the latent poetry in the natures of the little slum children of New York is being developed. In learning Art they are acquiring an appreciation of the beautiful which will inevitably enrich and ennoble their future lives, and preserve them from a taste for debasing and ignoble pleasures. To provide wholesome amusements for the young is an essential duty of the community. There is, alas, a great tendency to do the other thing; we may be quite certain that moral downfalls are frequently the direct results. And so the *House* which is never built but always being builded, "*strong and sure, with a firm and ample base*," looms large and beautiful on the spiritual horizon of New York and beyond.

In Room 109 of Teachers' College, Columbia University, sits another architect, working out problems of construction, planning foundations and instructing her builders. She builds for the education of those who nurse the Sick, and those who love the Sick love to watch her build; her

foundations are "well and truly laid." Nothing but the best material will she use, for she builds for posterity an indestructible edifice. These monuments built by women will stand, when those of brick and stone are gone.

BEATRICE KENT.

#### TO ALL BRAVE MEN.

They wind along in endless fours,  
From every shire from Thames to Dee;  
I know that uniformed in brown,  
They all go East to fight for me.

More than a year has passed, and still  
The air I breathe is fresh and free;  
I know above, like tireless hawks,  
Soar those who hold that air for me.

Where far away white horses leap,  
Where sky and wave in one agree;  
I know that there those fearless ride  
Who curb these snowy steeds for me.

A sheeted and a shotted load  
Slides swiftly to the heaving sea,  
I know the ocean holds in trust  
Some sailor-man who watched for me.

Rough crosses rise in Flanders, France,  
And climb each hill, and dot each lea;  
I know they mark the nameless graves  
Of those who countered death for me.

But this I know not, when will fade  
From Honour's Roll, and cease to be,  
Those gallant gentlemen's renown,  
Who watch, and fight, and die for me!

L. A. J. in the *Glasgow Herald*.

#### A CAKE SHOWER.

Cakes are terribly expensive in France just now, so we propose to have a "Cake Shower" on Wednesday, February 23rd, when we shall be at 431, Oxford Street, to receive the gifts from 2 to 4 p.m., so that they may be sent to headquarters in Paris for the "Sisters' Teas" now prepared in the office, and to which Sisters passing through Paris and the friends of the Corps are always welcome. Also if we get a good supply they will be sent to Sisters on duty further afield. A "shower" is an American custom, and enables anyone generously disposed to "shower" a given article, say, cake, soap, cigarettes, &c., upon the organisation requiring them. THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING will give a prize of 5s. for the most delicious looking cake. We shall hope for a goodly supply.

#### THE POINT OF VIEW.

*Of the Commandant of a Voluntary Aid Detachment.*—That the trained nurse is a necessary evil.

*Of the Trained Nurse.*—That the Commandant is an unnecessary evil.

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