

as drugs and other treatment, and the dietitian makes a point of seeing that such medical directions are carried out as well as possible. She, of course, understands food preparation and is associated with the quartermaster as far as food provisioning goes.

Miss MacAdams has held the position of Supervisor of Household Arts in the Edmonton Public Schools (Edmonton is the capital of Alberta and the seat of Government), with a number of teachers under her. She spent a short time in the Department of Agriculture, where she obtained an insight into the organisation of women's industrial work, and also attended the University of Chicago.

Edmonton is excellently placed on the Saskatchewan River, is a city of greatly developing importance. The new Parliament House magnificently crowns the high northern bank of the river, and on the south side the provincial university is rising.

The Parliamentary Session lasts for about six weeks in the winter, and, if elected, Miss MacAdams may have to obtain leave of absence for this period.

Miss MacAdams is a charming woman, of very modest pretensions, whose success has our warmest good wishes. We hope every Canadian nurse who has a vote in the Alberta election will record it in her favour. M. B.

WHERE ARE MY CHILDREN ?

The photo-play "Where are my Children?" now being produced twice daily at the Philharmonic Hall, Great Portland Street, London, W., deals with an aspect of the causes and effects of the declining birth-rate with which nurses cannot fail to be familiar—the repudiation of motherhood by a certain section of society women, and its avoidance by means which are not only criminal, but an outrage on the first instinct of motherhood—to nourish and protect the developing life until, in the fulness of time, a child is born into the world.

It deals also with the tragedy of an unwanted child, the offspring of a brief infatuation on the part of a pretty and ignorant girl, and of a selfish, unscrupulous man, who does not hesitate to endeavour to destroy the evidence of his betrayal of his victim by sending her to the quack "doctor" who has so profitable a connection amongst wealthy women of social standing, and whose address he wrings from his married sister, wife of the public prosecutor, who is one of the "doctor's" clients.

As happens from time to time, the girl dies, the quack is brought to judgment by the public prosecutor, and when, at the conclusion of his trial, he is sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude, the criminal turns on the prosecutor

and exclaims, "before sitting in professional judgment you should look to your own household." Then the childless man—the man who has longed for the children who have been denied him—finds that his own wife has been accustomed to visit the quack and avail herself of his "professional services."

There are people who consider that this film should not have been produced, just as a few years ago "Ghosts" was under the ban of the Censor. We are not of their number. In the natural world noisome things are poisonous because they are concealed in slime and darkness. Turn the full rays of the sun upon them and their power for evil vanishes. The same holds good in the moral world. "The conspiracy of silence" has held domination too long. Bring the evil thing into the open, and its foulness will revolt the weak, and prove too dangerous a weapon for the vicious.

"Where are my Children?" (which is only open to adults) is a means to this end, and we regard it as healthy and educative. It is, moreover, produced by Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley in a way which we should have supposed could not offend the most susceptible. We could wish, however, that the artist who designed the gates of heaven through which baby souls pass down to earth had been dominated by the exquisite description of the Holy City in the Apocalypse of St. John, instead of by the modern jerry builder.

By all means see "Where are my Children?"

THE COMRADE IN WHITE.

Close by my side the long lone day, I feel Thy Presence near,
I hear Thy voice in the busy hours, and I know there is naught to fear,
I feel Thy touch when the burdens press, and the load grows strangely light,
And I know that whatever is asked from me, Thy Love will make it right.
Close to my side when I would shrink from some unwonted task,
Thy hand on mine to steady me, the while I hear Thee ask:
"Thro' other such uncertain hours—have I not watched with you?"
And I know that whatever the task may be, Thy Love will see me thro'.
Close by my side when I am tired and faltering footsteps fail,
When my striving soul would seek to learn what lies beyond the Veil,
Close by my side to lead me on—right down the unknown track—
Where I know that whatever Life took from me, Thy Love will give me back. R. F. H.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)