

We educate and train and instruct for every other possible calling and responsibility, and as yet we have failed to evolve a training for the vocation of parenthood, the most important of them all. As a nation we have only one chance to do this. It is in our national schools.

When the mother-to-be has become the mother-that-is, she is a great deal besides. She is often cook and seamstress and laundress and housekeeper and all. There is no apathy on the part of any mother one ever meets as to the welfare of her child. But she does not know. How is she to learn? The school seems the only place. And here the school doctor and the school nurse will come in with the love of the work, which is the mark of the truly professional man or woman; they will find a way, without hurting the feelings of the most modest child, in tactful, and restrained and scientific language, to impress on the minds of boys and girls about fourteen years of age, before they leave our public schools, the most important principles on which our duty to our heirs and successors, depends. In Germany, it is customary before boys leave school, to send a notice to the father that a lecture is to be given by a medical man on such important topics, and the father is asked to say if he is willing that the boy shall attend, and invited to attend himself. Similar lectures should be given to girls by a medical woman. Think what an opportunity we miss when we do not avail ourselves of the one chance we have to tell the youth of the nation things the future parents ought to know. How quickly we could tell everybody, for example, the supreme importance of the nursing of children at the mother's breast, if we took this plan.

Canadians should covet the reputation of having good children and being good parents. It is true patriotism.

III.—INTEREST.

The greatest lack of all is a lack of interest in this problem. It is a great safeguard for the people when rulers and influential citizens have lived a right and natural life and when the baby fingers of child or grandchild or stranger child can reach the heart of those who guide public policy.

In San Francisco last summer, a wealthy woman looked at her maid's baby and saw how pale and thin he was in contrast with her own chubby child. She found that the poor child was being boarded by the Associated Charities, and they could not afford to buy certified milk. She brought the matter before a College Women's Association, to which she belonged—the Association of Collegiate Alumnae. They took the matter right up, planned a campaign, issued 2,000 Coin Cards with this on one side:

"When the fog rolls in from the ocean, and the wind begins to blow,
And you pack up your belongings for the seashore or the snow;
Won't you leave behind some money for milk that's clean and pure,
For the little helpless babies of San Francisco's poor?"

And this on the other:

"Certified milk means health and a fighting chance against tuberculosis and other diseases. Certified milk means a decreased infant mortality. Surely the little ones deserve a chance. Help us provide certified milk for the babies who must otherwise depend upon milk from impure sources."

In two days the coin cards brought in \$55.44. What did it? The kind eyes of the wealthy mother that looked on the other baby.