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the fulness of summer joy should mean more to them than this.

Now the draft has called our attention as never before to the physical unfitness of our young men. The report says, "One million and thirty thousand youths reach the age of nineteen annually. About half of these are physically fit for military training." Why not more? It surely is a terrible indictment against our educational system and the competency of American parents that only half reach draft age fit even to begin military training.

The same parents who are afraid to have their children learn to swim are also afraid to have them use the playground apparatus, to climb, swing, skate, or do anything else which is fun and will develop their muscles. No town or city has done its civic duty until it has provided an adequate number of bath-houses, swimming pools, bathing beaches, ball grounds, and playgrounds. No parents have done their duty if they have failed to allow and encourage their children to enjoy these advantages. I have heard women say, "I don't believe in girls going in for athletics. If they want more exercise I'm sure I can give them plenty doing housework." A little thoughtful observation of the women who spend their lives doing housework, neglecting all other forms of exercise should be enough to convince women that the value of housework as exercise is over-estimated. I know many women who do housework all day and are round-shouldered, weak, undeveloped, and unshapely. If housework alone were proper and sufficient exercise these laundresses and cooks and overburdened housewives would all have the figures of Venus. By all means teach the girls to do housework and to carry themselves well while doing it, but don't give them so much of it to do that they have no strength left for more grace developing exercises. In the same way "the chores" will never do for the boys what swimming and ball games, skating and riding will do. For sports not only develop the body, but train the mind, develop character, resourcefulness, self-confidence, joy, comradeship, and the best of the social instincts.

When I resolved that my four children should know how to swim as well as enjoy all other possible outdoor recreation, I met the difficulty common to many parents. I could not swim myself, and although my husband swam he had very little time available for teaching the children. When the two older girls were nine and eleven, I took them to a swimming pool and hired a teacher. He put a rope about their waists and, holding one end, walked alongside, giving them instructions. But he only succeeded in thoroughly frightening them. They learned almost nothing. Then we went to a bath-house where a guard was always present and ready to give help. From wading about in the shallow end of the pool the children taught themselves to float, swim, in many ways, hold their heads under water, jump in, roll off the edge, and finally to jump from the diving board into deep water, and then to dive. They learned all this by imitation, because they enjoyed the fun and were ambitious to become good swimmers.

After they were sure of themselves they took their little brother to the beach and watched, rather than helped, while he learned. Last of all Mary and I began together, the big sisters still acting as advisers, teachers and protectors. Slowly, timidly, clumsily, I acquired the art, as I had longed to do ever since I was a child in an inland town. Rapidly, courageously, gracefully, the child learned. Mary with her light, slender body and absolute fearlessness has far outstripped me and already jumps into deep water from the diving plank, comes up laughing and spluttering and swims to shore. I watch her enviously. But never mind, I can swim. We all swim.

TRUTHFULNESS

By Constance Cooke

Whether truthfulness is a characteristic or a virtue to be maintained by a more or less constant struggle, depends largely upon the individual; admitting

that there are some children who possess a sturdy quality of candor which will survive in defiance of defective training, and that there are also a few who have a distinct tendency to untruthfulness, it is, nevertheless, the fact that most of them come to us with minds like an unwritten page upon which we, by virtue of the hard-earned right of parenthood, are privileged to trace the first characters.

Correct training from the very beginning, patiently persisted in through the early years of adolescence, may so deeply root the habit of truthfulness in a child's character that it will become to all intents and purposes an innate quality. And yet the same child in other environment, under other training, is perfectly capable of developing into the so-called "born liar"—worst of the cumberers of the earth. How many parents fail to grasp the unparalleled opportunity that is theirs in having the first chance!

Most children are neither naturally good nor naturally bad (strong characters, or children subject to exceptional hereditary influences excepted). The rank and file—and indeed all children to an extent—are so much raw material, each with his definite limitations outside of which no amount of mere training will carry him, any more than silk can be woven from cotton—although a very good imitation is sometimes made in both fabrics and children. To expect a noble-spirited, honorable citizen to develop from the child whose infancy and youth have been nourished in an atmosphere of petty falsehood and deception is too preposterous.

Some women, honorable enough in what they look upon as "things of importance," will descend to degrading little deceits incomprehensible to one who regards truth as having definite boundaries within or without which one must stand. Such is the mother who stills her baby's howl of protest against being left in another's care, by taking off her hat, and saying, "Mother won't go then if baby doesn't want her to"—and then sneaks off at the first opportunity. She reaps the liar's inevitable reward—more lies. She must repeat the performance again and again as baby becomes more and more tyrannical, having learned his power. She consoles herself with the thought that baby "doesn't know the difference." But baby soon learns. After once or twice catching sight of his mother returning from her stolen outing as he is being amused at the window by some one else who also thinks "baby doesn't know the difference," he gains his first perception of the fact that it is possible to say one thing, meaning quite another. And it is that wonderwoman, his mother, who has shown him! It doesn't shock his sensibilities in the least, though it may hurt his feelings, for as yet he knows no "right" or "wrong." Here at last is something about which baby "doesn't know the difference."

The child is like a little sponge; he absorbs facts about living with every breath he draws, and if he puts this lesson and others like it to a practical test when he is a little older and, finding it useful, continues to do so, why blame him? It is true he would no more have admired honorable behavior on his mother's part than he deprecates the reverse—it has simply been the means of turning his little feet into the wrong path.

There is another type of falsehood sometimes seen in people from whom one would be justified in expecting greater discernment. I once saw an instance of this type which made a lasting impression on me. The little scene was enacted in a street car. A well-dressed woman boarded the car accompanied by a curly-headed little fellow carrying a new white Teddy bear. As the conductor stopped for her fare he asked, "How old?" "Four," she replied. The conductor passed on with her nickel and the little boy tugged at his mother's sleeve. "Mother, you forgot! When the man comes back I'm going to tell him about the five candles I had on my birthday cake yesterday."

"S-sh! No, no, Benny, you musn't do anything of the kind," the mother whispered.



BABY GOLDBERG.

Thought she would not live.

The New Commercial Hotel,
Hamilton, Canada.
Gentlemen, July 27th, 1916.

I am enclosing you a photograph of my little girl Helen. Her life was undoubtedly saved by Virol. She weighed eight pounds at birth, but she did not thrive and when five months old her weight was seven pounds. She was in Grant Avenue Hospital in this city, suffering from a complication of meningitis and pneumonia and we had simply given up hope that she would live. The doctor then put her on Virol and the immediate improvement was so remarkable that the Virol feeding was continued and I am perfectly satisfied that she owes her present condition of splendid health to your wonderful food.

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