

Woman and The Home

WE SWIM

By Georgene H. Wilder

It was growing a little cooler as the afternoon drew to a close and I had taken the napkin which I was hemming out on the front porch. Two of the neighborhood mothers, seeing me there, ran over for a few minutes' chat before the good men of our homes returned for dinner.

Under a tree, next door, Jane and Edith in dainty afternoon frocks were happily busy with fashion paper dolls. As their mothers talked to me I listened with frequently detached mind and a glance that would wander from the tiny stitches along the hot pavement, past the old church, and the waving fans of the great cotton-woods across the street, watching hopefully for the two little folks whose return from the bathing beach already made a demerit for being late for dinner perilously imminent.

When I spied them they were dragging along somberly like a little old man and woman, instead of coming as usual dancing, running, laughing, and glowing with joy. They presented themselves before us, a sad little pair. Richard was barefoot, his knickerbockers hanging at the knees forlornly, minus the supporting prop of hose, a bathing suit plentifully sprinkled with sand hung over his sunburned shoulder, while his hair

most crazy if I let her go to the lake alone."

Mrs. Brown gave a little conciliatory laugh. "But Richard and Mary can swim, you know, and that makes all the difference. I wish Edith knew how, but I can't swim myself and her father never has time to take her. I would give a good deal if she could swim as Mary does. I should feel so much safer about her when she goes off on picnics."

Jane's mother wagged her head obstinately. It's too much risk letting them go near water. Think of that little drowned boy and his poor mother tonight, when he might be safely playing in his own backyard this very minute."

There's no use arguing with people who have as good a right to their opinion as you have to yours, so I merely dismissed the children to arrange their toilettes for dinner. Mary gave me a tremulous kiss as she passed, her great gray, wide-apart eyes full of the knowledge of something new and dreadful that might happen to children. All the cautions I can ever give them will not impress them with the need to be careful in the water as this afternoon has done.

There is comfort for me in the thought that if my boy or girl meet with any ordinary accident in the water they will be able to take care of themselves until help comes. The child who is best educated is the one who is most thor-



From left to right standing: Lady Helena Cambridge; Princess Mary; Princess Patricia; Hon. Alexander Ramsey, Commander British Navy; Lady Ida Ramsay; Lady Mary Cambridge and Princess Maud. Front row: Lady Jean Ramsay; Hon. Simon Ramsay; Princess Ingrid of Sweden; the Earl of MacDuff and Lady May Cambridge. Photographed after the ceremony at Westminster Abbey.

sprouted ambitiously in roughened, shaggy curls. Mary's hair, unbraided to dry, hung in damp strings over her slender nine-year-old shoulders and her eyes looked into mine mistily over sunburned upper cheeks.

There was a moment's silence. Mrs. Brown's eyes gleamed a little triumphantly as she looked from my bedraggled daughter to her own crisp, artificially curled and beribboned youngster.

Then Richard spoke. "There was a little boy drowned this afternoon, mother. That's why we were so late."

"Oh, did you see it?" I gasped. "Poor little fellow!"

"Yes, mamma, we saw them take him out of the water. A man stepped on him and thought it was a bag or something, and when he pulled it up it was a boy. They think he must have fallen off the pier and couldn't swim. When his mother came she fainted. They worked over him a long, long time, but they couldn't bring him to. He didn't know how to swim. He was only eight."

My eyes were full of tears and my throat had a lump in it so that I couldn't speak.

But Jane's mother's voice rose with indignant sharpness. "Well, one thing's certain, Jane shall not go near the water. I wouldn't let her go in swimming as you do your children for anything! She's our only darling, you know, and I wouldn't take the risk. Her father'd go

oughly prepared for life and its various emergencies. And upon knowing how to swim, his own life and that of others may depend. It is preparation for saving life itself, instead of being just a preparation for making life enjoyable and worth while, though it does much in these ways too.

There is no exercise which will do more to promote good health and symmetry of body than swimming. When you next have the opportunity to visit a swimming beach or pool, notice the forms of the expert swimmers, those who win prizes, dive, or do water stunts. Whether it is a stalwart young man, a well-developed woman of forty, or a lithe, slender young girl, the result is the same: beauty of line and proportion, grace of carriage and pose. It is said that Annette Kellermann's figure is almost perfect in proportion, though at 9 years she was puny and so bow-legged that a brace was used in the effort to straighten her legs. The habitual swimmer usually has also a clear skin, bright eyes and hard, smooth, rubber-like flesh.

In our neighborhood are two pimply boys of sixteen who spend their summer afternoons on the porch playing cards and giggling over the funny papers. Across the street sits Anabelle, aged 17, languid, with a frown between her wan brown eyes, as she counts stitches over her fancy work. Surely vacation and



Gold Standard

The fragrance developed in the roasting process is retained in the vacuum-sealed Gold Standard tin. A trial can will prove why Gold Standard—Western Made for Western Trade—is superior to other coffees. Blended to suit western waters.

Gold Standard Mfg. Co.
Winnipeg, Man.

License No. 6-436

A thousand gallons of boiling suds and steam through your clothes in 4 minutes

—that's the reason every particle of dirt is taken out, and the clothing left sweet and clean, by a

Klean Kwick Vacuum Washing Machine



This well-made machine is so easy to handle—easy to operate—easy to clean out—easy on power—easy on the clothes. No other machine does such a perfect job in so short a time.

At least send for the booklet telling all about this "Klean Kwick."

Cushman Motor Works of Canada, Ltd.

Builders of the famous Cushman Light-weight Engines

Dept. H Whyte Ave. and Vine St.

Distributing Warehouses: MOOSE JAW, SASKATOON, CALGARY, EDMONTON

