Home Chats

By

MARIE ANN BEST

"Do with thy might what thy hand finds to do."

Simple Cleaning Processes

Each kind of fabric seems to need a different method for cleaning. The following are a few suggestions which might be remembered:

If satin is very soiled it should soak for an hour or so in 1½ tblsps. coal oil and 3 quarts of soap suds. Then the satin should be dipped up and down repeatedly in clean warm soapy water, after which it should be rinsed well by moving up and down in clear warm water. It should be pressed when nearly dry.

To clean very fine fabric allow it to stand in a weak solution of cold soapy water for a few minutes in a large jar, shaking the jar to make it clean, or if the article is too large put into a cloth bag and wash. Rinse well in bag or jar, dry, and iron with a moderately hot iron on the fabric itself.

To remove grease spots from silk make a paste of equal parts of powdered French chalk and fullers' earth with either water or turpentine and apply it to the spots, allowing it to stay on a few days before brushing it off.

To remove stains from white flannel mix together equal quantities of the yolk of an egg and glycerine. Cover the stain with the mixture and allow it to remain on the spot for half an hour. Then wash the flannel in light suds of white soap and warm water.

Grease stains can be removed from wall paper by making a paste of either pipe clay or fuller's earth and water. This mixture must be plastered lightly over the spot and allowed to dry thoroughly. Then it should be brushed off and if grease has not disappeared, a second application of paste should be applied.

A Good Cake—Orange Date Cake

¾ cup butter (¼ lb.), 1 cup sugar (brown(, 2 eggs, 1 pkge best dates, 1 orange, squeeze juice out, and save half for icing. 1 tsp. soda in 1 cup sour milk, 1½ cups flour (good measure), 1 tsp. baking powder. Before squeezing orange, grate rind off or put rind through grinder and add to cake.

Icing For Cake

Put dish in top of boiling tea kettle and butter and other half of orange juice, when hot add icing sugar and beat.

You will find that luck
Is only pluck,
To try things over and over;
Patience and skill,
Courage and will,
Are the four leaves of luck's clover.

Twilight Hour Story—Chap. 12

Now that the chicks had found such a good home and so many good eats, they started to get very lively and full of fun just like you do, little boys and girls, when you feel like running and jumping just because you feel so happy. Well, they were scratching away in the straw and throwing it up high so it got into the water dish again. In fact, Billy had to change it twice. But now, after they had a real good supper, it was time to go to bed, so the covers were all tucked in and the lid put down, when all at once Jimmie started to call out "peep-peep-peep" very excitedly. Mamma Lady knew something was wrong and sure enough he hadn't been tucked in well enough and he thought it would be fun to hop out into the playroom and not go to bed, but when he got out there he found it was all dark and not as nice as he thought it would be and then he didn't know how to get back, for it certainly wasn't a very nice warm bed out there so he just called like you would call mamma if you fell out of bed. Mamma Lady put him in again and this time he was glad to stay. Then they all went to sleep just as quick as wink. Can you go to sleep as quick as that? Try it to-night. I don't believe you can.

The next morning when Mamma Lady opened the box they were as lively as could be. They were so strong too, because they had six meals the day before, so when they flew out from their warm bedroom they even tried their little wings, saying, "Good-morning, Good morning, how is everybody? My, but it is fine to be alive," and started to look around for some breakfast.

After they were all fed, Mamma Lady went to the door to let out Fluffy, the house pussy-cat. It was a cold morning outside, but of course puss didn't mind that. She has on such a warm fur coat, hasn't she?

Well, when she opened the door Fluffy ran out, but jumped sideways, right near the door, and looked at something on the porch. Mamma Lady looked to see what it was and you could never guess what it was, I'm sure. It was a beautiful butterfly, all gold and black, lying on the floor, and it was so cold she thought it was dead, for its two lovely wings were tight together. She picked it up gently and laid it on the window ledge in the sun to let it get a warm sun bath. All morning it stayed there with folded wings, then at noon she went over and touched it ever so carefully, and, "Oh," she cried to Billy, "Come, look dear, the butterfly is alive after all. We just got it in time," and sure enough it unfolded its wings back and forth, back and forth, slowly and gracefully, but she found it couldn't use its little feet yet. They had got so cold and stiff. "Well, just let it sit on the window ledge, Billy, till the sun makes it well.'

Next Week—"More Little Friends."

Fashion Note

The hat with the halo effect has appeared to brighten our lives this spring! And a very intriguing bonnet it is too, a decidedly flattering addition to the wardrobe. Agnes is the chief sponsor of the halo hat, but Rose Valois, Descat and other eminent modistes have endorsed it. Agnes' halo hats are, of course, small sized—the halo effect produced by a decorative twist, or soft roll, or cuff set on around the hat running directly across the top. The basis is the simplest sort of a skull-cap. Accustomed as we have been for the past season to exposing our foreheads, the new halo hats go further, and show an inch or more of hair at the front and certainly at one side—for the majority are worn tipped a bit over one eye. This return of hair, and carefully arranged coiffures it calls for, is flattering to the face as well as to the hat.

London Bans Horse Traffic on Busy Street

London.—For the first time in the history of London, horse traffic is to be forbidden to one of the city's principal streets.

The time-honored equine traction has been constantly dwindling of late years with the ever increasing adoption of motor cars, but enough horses are still used for heavy commercial traffic to cause serious congestion.

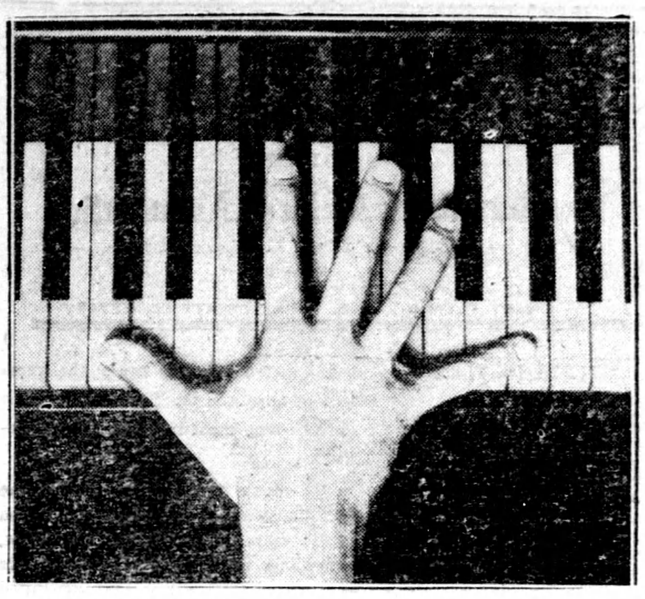
The ministry of transport recently announced an experimental scheme operative during the coming spring by which Oxford Street, one of the great east and west thoroughfares, will be closed daily to all slow moving traffic, including horse drawn vehicles, between noon and 7 p.m.

The regulations, which also forbid vehicles standing and turning, will, it is hoped, result in a continuous flow of traffic down this famous street, which now is one of the worst congested in London. If successful the scheme may be extended.

"The public is a fickle master; one day it puts a laurel wreath round your head and the next it presses a crown of thorns upon your brow."

—Philip Snowden.

The World's Largest Piano Hand



Hand of Walter Gieseking, famous German pianist, the biggest piano hand in the world, as it stretches over eleven notes easily and twelve if necessary.

Sunday School Lesson

March 8. Lesson X.—The Good Samaritan—Luke 10: 25-37. Golden Text—Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.—Leviticus 19: 18.

ANALYSIS.

I. THE LAW OF LOVE, 10: 25-28.

II. THE PARABLE OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN, 10: 29-35.

III. OUR NEIGHBORS, 10: 36, 37.

INTRODUCTION—According to Luke the lawyer asked his question in order to "tempt" or "catch" Jesus. What answer did he expect Jesus to give? Possibly he was asking Jesus what distinguished his teaching from that of the other rabbis; perhaps he thought that Jesus might disparage the law of Moses and thus alienate Jewish sympathy; it is far from clear. In Mark 12: 28-31 the incident is differently told, perhaps more accurately, or possibly it is a different incident.

I. THE LAW OF LOVE, 10: 25-28.

V. 27. This combination of Deut. 6: 6 with Lev. 19: 18 was familiar in the teaching of the rabbis of the day.

V. 28. Jesus' answer must not be taken to mean that a man can save his own soul by good works; for "love" is not a work, but an attitude that issues in works. It is hard to find much real distinction between "saving faith" and saving love. To "live" in this verse means to enter into eternal life, or, as we say, heaven.

II. THE PARABLE OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN, 10: 29-35.

V. 29. A parable is a story taken from one aspect of life to illustrate or interpret another. Thus the working of yeast illustrates the secret growth of the kingdom. The Good Samaritan story, therefore, is not strictly a parable, but a direct illustration. Presumably the story was told in Judea where the dangerous Jericho road would be well known. It is some twenty-one miles from Jerusalem to Jericho. It was a steep and rocky mountain path often running through narrow gorges in which were caves where robbers could hide. So steep is the road that in fifteen miles it descends nearly four thousand feet.

Vs. 31, 32. The priest and the Levite knew that they were bound to help a "neighbor"; perhaps we are to suppose that, having no positive proof that he was a "neighbor," they felt free to leave him; perhaps they thought he was probably dead, and they would not risk the chance of being made "unclean" by contact with a dead body. In either case they were moved by selfish motives; their own comfort or convenience was more important to them than the chance of helping some one who might need them.

V. 33. The Samaritans were regarded by the Jews as being both foreigners and heretics. When Samaria, the capital of the old northern kingdom, had been sacked seven hundred and more years ago, it had been largely repeopled by foreign immigrants. No doubt the Samaritans in the time of Christ were a mixed race, but so in fact were the Jews to a less extent. The Samaritans worshipped the same God as Israel, and it is by no means clear that they were spiritually unworthy to be reckoned as Israelites. But sectarian and racial hatred between Jews and Samaritans was very bitter, and the Jews would not welcome a story on which a Samaritan was the hero. There is still a handfull of Samaritans living in Palestine at Nablus, the ancient Sichem.

V. 34. If the Samaritan was a commercial traveler, he would have one ass for himself and another for his samples. About half way down the road there are still to be seen the ruins of an ancient khan or hostelry which may mark the site of the one mentioned in this story.

V. 35. The sum corresponds to about fifty cents, but it would buy more then than today.

III. OUR NEIGHBORS, 10: 36, 37.

V. 37. What is to "do likewise"? Our neighbor is not merely the man who lives close to us, or who belongs to our own race or party, but any person who needs our help. The application of this principle is infinitely more complicated today than it was when civilization was simpler. Those who live in our cities never grow the food they eat; those who live on our farms never make the machinery they use; common articles of everyday food, tea, coffee, cocoa, rice, sugar, salt, pepper come to our doors from the ends of the earth. When the women of Europe and America give up wearing hairnets, thousands are thrown out of work in China; the price of soap in our markets affects the lives and fortunes of the islanders in the Pacific. Through the economic unification of the world the problems of neighborhood, mutual dependence, need and responsibility have become most intricate. We cannot say that, because we have never seen the miners who hew the coal for our furnace or coolies who tend the tea which we drink or the darkies who toil over the cotton fields for the fabric of our clothes, therefore they are no neighbors of ours. On the contrary, the support of home and foreign missionary work, the faithful service in politics and business are required of Christian neighborliness today.

"What a lot of difference marriage makes."

"And what a lot of differences."

"Have you any education, Mose?" asked the prospective employer.

"Yes, suh, suttingly," says Mose.

"Well, can you write your name?"

"Suh?"

'Can you write your name?"

"No, suh," said the unabashed Mose. "Ah always dictates it." — "The Recorder".

Viewing the Moon's Mountains

The mountains of the moon are a rarely beautiful sight which any one may see with the aid of an ordinary pair of opera glasses during the Winter months. The view of these "eternal hills," as solid and substantial as our own, is one of much grandeur.

Full moon is the least advantageous time to see these hills. During that period the flood of sunshine poured perpendicularly upon the face of our satellite conceals its outstanding features as effectually as if a veil had been drawn over them.

Observations of the moon's mountains should begin with the appearance of the narrowest crescent of the new moon and should continue as it gradually fills. In this way can be seen the advancing line of lunar sunrise revealing the mountains over whose slopes and peaks it is climbing by its ragged and sinuous outline. The observer must remember that he is looking straight down upon the slope of the lunar hills, as if he were viewing the spectacle from a balloon at a tremendous height.

The mountains of the moon are believed to be as high as those upon our own globe, their size being revealed by the contrast of lights and shadows. On the moon shadows are much darker than earth shadows, because of the extreme rarity of the lunar atmosphere. It has been estimated by astronomers that by stepping around the corner of a rock on the moon one might pass abruptly from dazzling noonday into the blackness of midnight.

Astronomers say that the surface of the moon is extremely uneven, broad plains covering about two-fifths of it and mountains and hills the remainder. Sunshine, creeping ove these Alpine landscapes, casts the black shadows of the peaks and craters many miles across the plains. The summits of mountains may be seen capped with vivid light when the plains are still buried in night.

Early observers, using telescopes, supposed that the dark portions were seas and the brighter portions continents, because the darker portions looked smoother.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

Dashing youth will enjoy this sportsy model of crepe printed silk.

Its sleeveless, too, for the flattering shoulder capelet provides sufficient covering for the arms. However, it also may be made with long sleeves or with short cuffed sleeves. The cape may be discarded too—and the neck finished with applied band and bow in simple smart manner shown in miniature view.

The circular skirt has an inverted plait at the centre-front.

Carried out in plain colored crepe silk in the new lighter shades, crepy woolen, wool jersey, tweed mixtures and novelty cottons, it is also most attractive.

Style No. 2881 may be had in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

The men of culture are the true apostles of equality.—Matthew Arnold.

That Sinking Feeling

When you get into the wrong car and, having driven a matter of half a mile, realize that you never decorate your dashboard with roses.

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When demonstrating the speed of your car and your hat blows off.

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When, after telling your passenger you are certain you are on the right road and that she is insane to suggest that you are not, you discover from a signpost that she was right all the time.

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When, just as you are passing that road hog who has been crowding the road for ten miles or more, you drop your lighted cigarette down your vest.

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When, after offering to assist a lady driver who has got into a mess in a traffic jam, you find yourself in a worse mess.

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When you stop to help a stranded motorist and discover that the car concerned is your old one, which you sold a month ago as mechanically perfect.

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When, hooting like mad, you roar past the chap in front and, glancing at the driver, you recognize the big chief at the office.—The Motor.

World's Best Car Drivers

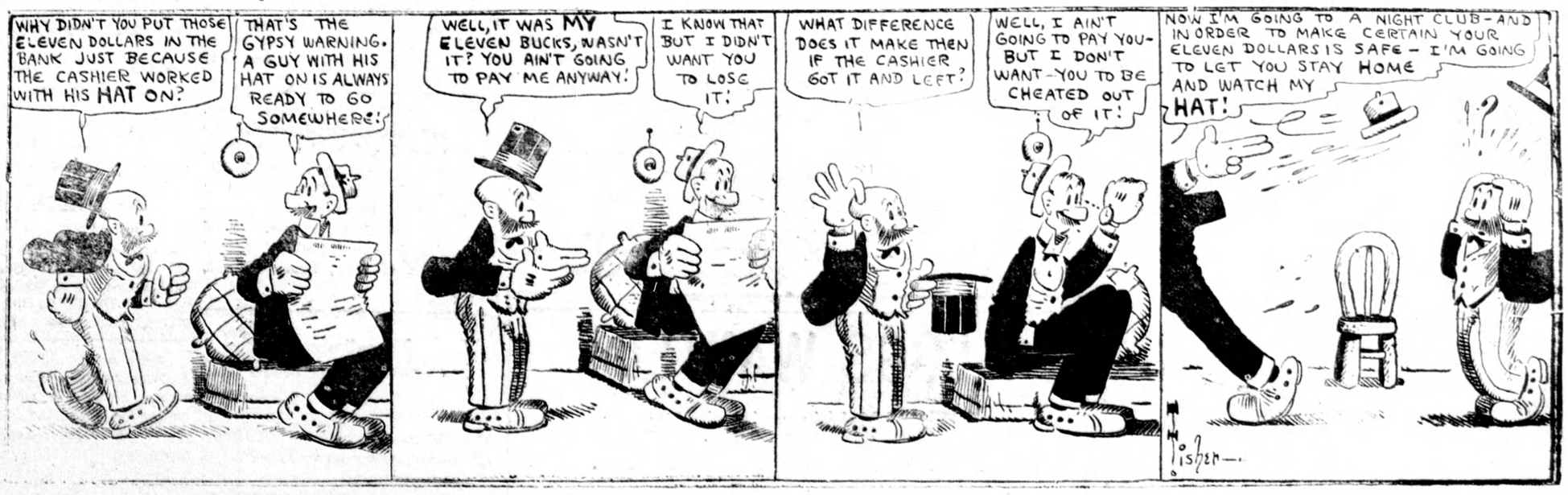
Every now and then Londoners are amazed to see a car threading its way in and out of the traffic at great speed. It seems to brush aside lorries and motor-buses and to pass through gaps between vehicles so narrow that another coat of paint would have meant an appalling smash.

"That fellow must be mad," you may hear people say as one of these cars dashes headlong through a congested street. Not a bit of it. It is being driven by one of Scotland Yard's Flying Squad chauffeurs, and it is dashing in headlong pursuit of some criminal or gang.

All of the drivers are specially chosen for the job. Each is a police officer who has previously undergone a special course in driving. Flying squad drivers are kept in perfect training, so that their eyes, nerves, and muscles are always in perfect condition. No man allowed to drive a Flying Squad car has less than ten years' real experience, and none retains his post long unless he shows that he is capable of driving at top speed and with perfect safety through the densest traffic.—Tit-Bits.

Electricity in Ireland

The progress of the electrification project of the River Shannon, in Ireland, was recently described by the managing editor of the board. In 1930, according to the report, the three largest cities of the Irish Free State—Dublin, Cork and Limerick — and twenty-four country towns which formerly obtained their supply of electricity from local generating systems, were brought into the Shannon system.

MUTT AND JEFF— By BUD FISHER

The Security Is Only Size Six-and-Three-Eighths.