Home Chats

By

MARIE ANN BEST

The Unemployed

We pick up the newspapers day by day and read with real concern of the privations of people out of work. It comes nearer home when one or two of our own find themselves in that unenviable position as they watch, with sinking feeling, their hard earned savings gradually diminish with no promise of employment in the immediate future. Many have reached the end of their resources and it has been necessary, in quite a number of cases, to avail themselves of the provision of necessities by relief workers.

The present unemployment situation is no respector of persons either. The skilled and the unskilled, the laborer, mechanics or artist all suffer and one can easily visualize the homes of the men where wives and children are en-are in real want, which municipalities during privations while many of them and relief organizations are meeting in a commendable way.

The business world is also naturally feeling the effects of the depression and the middle class business man with small manufacturies as well as others find their markets unresponsive or lacking. Although not actually among the unemployed, he and his family must live very sparingly, helping and sharing where he can as he too, catching a glimpse of the grim spectre of want, is forced, unwillingly, to swell the crowd of the unemployed by dispensing with the services of some of his workers for a time until times improve.

Occasionally we find those who depreciate the state of affairs existing and quite often they are the people who are in comfortable circumstances. The thought of unemployment and distress is disturbing and it is so much easier to close their eyes to things as they are, failing to realize the need and the opportunity afforded of alleviating human distress and want.

The work carried on for the relief of the unemployment situation is truly wonderful. At the same time each person should feel it to be his or her own responsibility to help wherever possible.

"While you lie snug and warm
Between your soft white sheets,
A worthier one than you
May have to walk the streets,
Under a freezing sky
Or through the sleet and snow,
A worthier one than you
May wander to and fro.
Do you deserve to be
Well-housed, well-clothed, well-fed?
A worthier one than you
May search dust bins for bread,
While you lie snug and warm,
While you forget the poor,
Christ, in his mother's arms
May be outside your door."

Twilight Hour Story—About the Chicks and Other Little Friends

Chapter 16

Mama Lady and Billy were beginning to have quite a family, don't you think? Let us see who they were. There was Jimmie Chick and his three little chick sisters who looked so much alike in their cosy little box. Then there was the little gray kitty with short hair, and its mother, Black Topsy, the barn cat and Fluffy, the beautiful Persian house cat, and we mustn't forget Madam Butterfly with her beautiful wings, who was very nearly frozen but is getting along so nicely in the sunny window. But do you know, we haven't said a thing about good old Rover, the big collie dog. I guess we didn't say anything about him until now because we wanted to tell about the little ones first, for do you know, Rover was a wonderful watch dog, and that means he took care of everything that belonged to Billy's daddy and Mama Lady and he even took care of them too if they needed him.

Well, Rover was a fine looking dog. He had a good thickcoat of long yellow hair, except that his hair was white all over his breast so he looked as though he had on a white shirt all the time. He kept it pretty clean, too, although often Billy took him down to the river in the summer and they would both splash and play and swim around in the water and have good fun so that when they came out of the water all Rover had to do was stand still and shake himself well. All the water flew around then, I can tell you. After he did that he was all dressed and looked so clean. Billy was careful not to have his clothes near or they would have gotten wet from the spray. Billy often thought it would be nice to be a dog, for of course he had to get all dressed while Rover laid down in the sun until he was ready to go home. In the winter the water in the river was too cold, so every little while he had to have a bath in the tub of warm water out in the wood shed on a nice, sunny, warm day. Then he would shake himself outside and come in and dry himself beside the warm stove. You see, dogs don't wash themselves much like cats do, with their tongues. Fluffy and Topsy were always washing themselves, so they always smelled sweet and clean. Isn't it funny that dogs must be washed by people but kitties don't need to be? And goodness, we could never wash the butterfly at all, could we? All its lovely wings would be spoiled. I guess butterflies all hide under a big leaf in the garden when it rains in the summer. Do you think that is what they do? Let's remember and watch one when summertime comes, shall we?

But I want to tell you about Rover. Rover especially loved Billy. In fact, Mama Lady always knew Billy was safe if Rover was with him for he took such good care of him.

One time when Billy was just a very little boy and had just learned to walk he got out on the road when Mama Lady was upstairs for a minute, and he found a whole lot of nice stones on the road. When she came down stairs adn found him there she ran and picked him up in such a hurry and tried to tell him not to ever go there again. I guess you know why she didn't want him to go on the road. But he was so little he couldn't understand why she didn't want him to play there. And mind you, first thing she knew he was out there again. Oh! Mama Lady didn't know what to do, and Rover barked, for he could see Mama Lady didn't want Billy there. Well, this time Mama Lady had to give Billy a few spanks so he wouldn't go again and then she tied the end of a long rope onto him so he couldn't run away. Billy didn't like that very well, so when he said he'd be a good boy, in a few days, she took it off, and he really was a real good boy.

But one day, when she was very busy, he forgot again. She thought of that old road right away as soon as she saw Billy and Rover were gone, and ran outside just in time to hear an awful noise, like a car makes when it has to stop real quick. "Oh!" she thought. "I wonder if Billy was on the road again." And it made Mama Lady feel sick all over. When she got to the road here was a man holding Billy in his arms, coming towards her, and Rover was running alongside.

"Is this your boy?" he said.

"Oh, yes," said Mama Lady. "Is he hurt?"

"No, he is just frightened, but he was very nearly run over. You can thank that wonderful dog of yours that he was not run over though. I was coming along the road and could not see the child, but I did notice the dog standing on the road barking at something. I honked my horn for him to get off, but he wouldn't budge. Being in a hurry, I kept on coming, expecting him to get off. Of course I didn't want to run over the dog, although I felt like giving him a little scare. Then I noticed he was pulling at something and applied the brakes quick and shot off into the ditch. This little chap was seated in the middle of the road, doubled over, playing, I suppose, so he could hardly be seen. When I got out your dog was trying to pull him off the road. That is some dog. I wouldn't mind having him myself."

By this time Billy, who was in his mother's arms, could talk, after his big scare, and he looked up with his big blue eyes and said: "Billy not do on the woad any more—no—bad Billy—pank Billy. But Mama Lady held him up close and kissed him over and over again on his hair and his eyes and his little hands. She was so glad he was safe. Then she petted Rover until he wagged his tail nearly off, he was so pleased with himself to think he saved Billy. After that Mama Lady always knew Billy was safe if he was with Rover.

But Rover looked after more than Billy, and that's what I'll tell you about next week.

Bermuda Churchyards

(From the English Review)

The palm-tree's plumes spring up against blue heaven;
Hibiscus burns red flames within the shade;
Sweetness of jasmine and of rose is given
Till drowsy airs more dreamy still are made.

Softly these sweet winds blow, soft fall the flowers
Of tropic red or far-strayed English bloom,
And softly pass the long uncounted hours
Here where Time's hand is stayed unon the loom.

The red-bird thrills the silence with his chatter;
Chicks-of-the-village, yellow, roguish, small,
Call from the bushes; and the ground doves patter
On coral feet upon the low grey wall.

Green moss and maidenhair are close embedded
On monuments half sunken in the grass;
And blue cups of convolvulus are threaded
Among fresh leaves—cups blue as birds that pass.

And springing from stone walls, from rocks, from ledges,
Sprouting in thick-leaved vigour all around,
The life-plant hangs its bells, eternal pledges,
The life-plant blooms again in this quiet ground.

Far, far on some tranced afternoon come stealing,
Like fairy chimes beyond unnumbered miles,
Bells in sweet changes and wild tuneful pealing,
To lull the dreamers of the Somers Isles.

—Phillis Rowley.

Millionaires

Washington—Despite the stock-market crash, 504 persons in the United States had incomes in excess of $1,000,000 for the calendar year 1929, according to Federal income tax returns filed from January 1 to August 31, 1930, the Bureau of Internal Revenue announced in its preliminary statistics of income. For 1928, as shown by returns filed in the first eight months of 1929, there were 496 "millionaire incomes." Final figures for 1928, which included returns filed in the last four months of 1929, showed 511.

Canadian Platinum

All the Canadian platinum and allied metals are obtained from the treatment of the Sudbury nickel-copper matte, with the exception of a few ounces of platinum obtained from the black sands of British Columbia, and a small quantity produced as an impure residue in the refining of gold at Trail, British Columbia.

Canada's Maple Syrup

The value of the maple syrup and sugar manufactured in Canada runs about $5,500,000 per year.

Artificial Graphite

Artificial graphite, an electric furnace product, is made near Niagara Falls, Ontario.

Sunday School Lesson

April 12. Lesson II—The Prodigal Son—Luke 15: 11-24. Golden Text—There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.—Luke 15: 10.

ANALYSIS.

I. THE GOSPEL IN THE PARABLE.
II. THE PRODIGAL SON.
III. THE LOVING FATHER.

I. THE GOSPEL IN THE PARABLE.

The whole parable is in two parts; the Prodigal Son is the subject of the first part, the Elder Brother of the second. The first part has constantly been taken as the gospel itself in story form. This is quite right, but the objection has been raised that the Christian gospel is the gospel of the Cross, and that there is nothing about the Cross nor about the Mediator here. But this seems a somewhat superficial judgment. We speak of the Cross as revealing the Father's love; in the story the father directly reveals his love, and there would be no place for a mediator. But is there no cross in the story? When the father, knowing his boy's character, let him go, when news came to the father of the disasters that had overtaken his son and of the shame to which he had brought himself, was there no Cross in the father's heart? Of this the boy had no inkling at the time. But when he actually reached his father, who cut his speech short, and looking into his father's face he realized what his departure had meant to him and still more the disgrace to which he had fallen, then surely the Cross was in his own heart! He was, as it were, crucified with his father, and their reconciliation is effected veritably through a Cross. It is not really true, then, to say of this parable that it omits the Cross.

II. THE PRODIGAL SON.

Further, the parable indicates the nature of true love. A sentimental affection on the father's part would have prevented the lad from ever leaving home. It seems that, as the younger son, he had the right to expect one-third of his father's movable possessions at his father's death, but he had no legal claim upon his patrimony in his father's lifetime. His father, therefore, might properly have refused his request. He might have compelled the boy to live at least outwardly a decent life. But the father was too strong and brave, too truly loving to do that. The boy must go and learn for himself. There is no other way that kind of boy can learn. Then, when the inevitable has happened, his father will be ready for him, and home will be a new place.

There is a Jewish saying, "when Israel is reduced to the Carob-tree, they become the repentant." The "husks which the swine did eat" are the carob-pods. The possession of pigs, as well as the eating of them, was forbidden to Jews; the care of pigs, therefore, was the lowest possible service to which a Jew could sink. If the father had been the kind of man at all costs to keep his son from suffering, if he had been concerned for the family reputation in such a way as by any means to prevent a scandal, he would never have won his son. Nothing is harder than to watch while some loved person "goes to the dogs," but it seems that there are some people who can never be saved till they have brought themselves "to the gutter." They may slip away from decency and all the restraints and all the traditions of home, but they cannot slip away from their place in the Father's heart. It is disaster that brings the Prodigal Son to his senses. The disaster, therefore, to which sin and folly lead may all be part of the Father's loving purpose. But the Prodigal, though he was repentant, was not yet saved. Repentance is here a disgusted turning away from sin and a turning towards God, but it is not of itself salvation.

III. THE LOVING FATHER.

Once again, the father is not a sentimentalist; he does not pretend that nothing has happened. The boy had been lost and is now found. He is, as it were, risen from the dead. He is indeed reinstated at home, but neither to him nor to his father will home be what it was before. In the old days he had been unwillingly kept at home; home had irked him, and of what home really means he had no idea. His father held him, but never possessed him, but now his father possesses him for ever. He knows his father as he neither knew nor could have known him before. We may imagine that both the father and the son, as they look back over the dreadful days that are behind them, are almost glad they went through such suffering for the sake of the unspeakable preciousness of that which they have discovered through it. The past cannot be wiped out, and sins once committed cannot be undone, but the past can be redeemed, and God is able, even out of sin and shame, to bring forth gladness and salvation.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

Good taste in togs for 2, 4 and 6 year old, must necessarily remain simple.

This cute bloomer dress offers infinite possibilities for the thrifty mother.

It's a smart variation of one-piece styling. A Mother Hubbard yoke, that is quite shallow at the front, gives it a quaint smartness found only in the better frocks.

The Peter Pan collar, the turn-back sleeve cuffs and knee bands of the bloomers, provide a nice trim in contrasting color or fabric.

A gay cotton broadcloth print in French blue on white ground with plain white and plain blue trim, is cute as illustrated.

Style No. 3016 takes but 2⅜ yards of 35-inch material with ⅜ yard of 35-inch contrasting and 1½ yards of binding, for the 4-year size.

Pique, dimity, sheer chambray, gingham, linen, dotted swiss, percale and shantung are pleasing fabrics for its development.

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.

Increasing Divorce Rate Adds to China's Troubles

Peiping, China.—More than 800 suits for divorce were filed in the Peiping district courts during 1930 and 90 per cent. of them were instituted by women. Canton reported nearly 200 divorces during the same period, while Shanghai averages above eighty divorce suits a month.

The striking thing about these statistics, according to accounts in the native press, is that only a small proportion of unsatisfactory marriages reaches the law courts, for the government is still indifferent to what it regards fundamentally as a family affair. Thousands of coolies are married and divorced without public record of either event.

Divorces are much more common, therefore, than the figures alone would indicate. Many Chinese observers declare that the situation is far more critical than all the other woes of this troubled country.

Angry Shareholder: "May I ask what has happened to our sinking fund?" Chairman: "It sank."

College Women Found to Prefer Feminine Jobs

Columbia Survey Shows Now Enter Men's Occupations; Careers of 900 Studied

New York.—Despite the much-heralded entry of woman into business and professional life, the self-supporting woman of to-day continues to follow the traditional occupations of woman and does not encroach upon the occupational domain of man, according to a nation-wide survey of jobs and salaries of women college graduates just completed by Dr. Roy N. Anderson, associate in guidance and personnel at Teachers' College, Columbia University, results of which are to be published soon by the National Education Association.

From his study of records of about 900 women, all of whom were college graduates or former college students, Dr. Anderson reported that college women were non-discriminating in their choice of an occupation, that most of them turned to education or clerical work, and that attendance at a business school in addition to regular collegiate work remained an invaluable asset in commanding maximum earnings.

College women enter a very restricted range of occupations, according to the survey, which showed that 56 per cent. took up routine clerical occupations, such as stenographer, secretary, typist, telephone operator and bookkeeper. The next largest group was home economics, which included about 12 per cent. in such positions as tearoom managers, dietitians, companions and nurses. Only 5 per cent. of the women entered education, although Dr. Anderson points out that the placement bureaus were not primarily concerned with educational positions.

The 900 women had entered but twenty-eight occupations out of a total of 538 listed by the census bureau, the survey showed. Dr. Anderson accounted for this by saying that manufacturing and domestic jobs were automatically barred from consideration by college graduates and that "the majority of women who leave college take the first job that comes their way."

Study of the salaries received showed that the college graduate received highest beginning salaries as teacher, social worker, or secretary, while saleswomen received the lowest. Such figures compare unfavorably with salaries received by business and professional women, Dr. Anderson said, adding that the greater experience and age of the latter group were largely responsible. Typical annual salaries received were $1,314 for stenographers, $1,100 for typists, $980 for saleswomen, $1,106 for libraries and $1,508 for social workers.

The chances for increasing one's salaries in occupations entered by the majority of college women are "rather limited," according to Dr. Anderson, although earnings showed a tendency to increase with age and experience.

The income of college students less than nineteen years old averaged $976, that of the group of graduates between twenty and twenty-four years was $1,027, while those over forty-five averaged $1,500, according to Dr. Anderson's tabulation.

Comparing earnings of those graduates who had taken only college work with those who had also taken work in a business school, Dr. Anderson found that the business school student earned an average of $100 a year more and that "it pays financially for college students to secure business school training."

Only 10 per cent. of the women studied were married, while 4 per cent. had been divorced or were widows, according to Dr. Anderson, who explains that "these women were only recently graduated from college and have not had the opportunity to marry."

"Everything in modern civilization depends on civilization."—Paul Painleve.

"Oh, dear, Johnny, have you been fighting again?" "No, miss; we moved yesterday, and I moved the cat."—Passing Show.

MUTT AND JEFF— By BUD FISHER

A Miniature Golf Course Isn't Property.