Home Chats

By

MARIE ANN BEST

What do we plant when we plant a tree?
A thousand things that we daily see;
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag,
We plant the shade from the hot sun free,
We plant all these when we plant a tree. —Henry Abbey.

A Good Spring Appetizer and Spring Tonic—The Lowly Dandelion in Salad

Gather the early tender plant of dandelion. It is best when just showing on top of the ground. The whiter and more blanched it is the more delicate is the flavor. Sometimes it grows up long, blanched and delicious under fallen boards or around and under stones. Sometimes you may find it in a freshly plowed field. And you may be sure the farmer will be only too glad to see you come and gather all you can take away for it is an undesirable weed to him except when he uses it on his table, if he has also grown to like its slightly bitter taste.

Cut off the roots as you gather it and keep as free from grass as possible as you go along. Put it all in a large dishpan (it takes a lot of dandelion to make a good sized dish full for it goes together a good bit), cover well with warm salty water, wash through a number of waters to remove all the sand, then cut a few slices of bacon into dice and fry brown in large frying pan. Add ¼ to ½ cup white wine vinegar not too strong, 1 tblsp. sugar more or less according to taste, salt and pepper. When it is boiling add the dandelion. Turn it over and over with a spoon to get it well mixed until it is wilted, but do not boil or cook it. Put it into a salad bowl and cover with sliced hard boiled eggs.

This tastes very good with a ham and eggs dinner. Many people eat it every day in the spring if they have time to gather it until the dandelion grows too old.

An Easy Crumb Cake

2 cups pastry flour, 1½ cups brown sugar, ¾ cup butter, 2 teasp. baking powder, dash of cinnamon. Work above ingredients to crumbs, then take out ¾ of a cup and add to the remainder 2 eggs, not beaten, ¾ cup sweet milk and vanilla if desired. Beat up well. Put in greased pan and cover with the crumbs. Bake in moderate oven. Cool in the pan and cut pieces out as needed.

Twilight Hour Story—Chapter 18

About Wee Chickies and Other Little Friends

I told you last week that when they first brought Fluffy, the persian pussy, home, Rover didn't care about it very much. Of course he wouldn't hurt her because he knew Fluffy belonged to the house just as much as he did, but one day just shortly after Fluffy came she was outside enjoying a sun bath. Mamma and Billy were up town and Rover thought it would be fun to make Fluffy run and he actually chased her up a tree. She was so surprised to think he'd run after her, but she found she could climb a tree almost as easily as walking. But even when she was high above Rover she was so frightened that she kept on climbing up and up. Then when she was away up there and looked down she was so high up she was afraid to come down. I tell you Fluffy was glad when she saw Mamma Lady and Billy coming home just then. It happened a little neighbor boy saw Rover chase Fluffy, so he came over and said, "Rover chased Fluffy up the tree. I saw him."

Mamma Lady looked hard at Rover and said, "Rover, did you chase Fluffy up there? Shame! I didn't think you'd do that." And Rover hung his head and came over slowly, then when he got to Mamma Lady he put up his paw to shake hands. That was his way of saying he was sorry. But Mamma Lady had to punish him for doing that so he wouldn't do it again, and she took his head in her hand and slapped the side of his nose a few times. Not very hard, for, did you know, you don't often need to punish animals very hard to make them mind. But then you mustn't let them off altogether, either, for they must know what is right and what is wrong just the same as little boys and girls must be taught. Don't you think so?

Well, Fluffy was away up in the tree seeing all this, and when Mamma Lady looked up at her and called her, she was so excited and delighted she couldn't stand still. She called her again, and do you know what Fluffy did? She didn't climb down this time but she jumped down all the way. It may be she lost her balance, for the branch was so little away up there and she wasn't used to climbing yet. Anyway she jumped down all that way, and what do you think? She landed right on her paws. Kitties always fall on their paws if they slip, did you ever know that? They never fall on their sides where it would hurt like everything, the way we would most likely fall. No, they never do. Well, when she plunked down right beside Mamma Lady she didn't run either. No, she knew Rover wouldn't run after her again if Mamma Lady was there, so she just waited until Mamma Lady picked her up and took her into the house.

But Fluffy got back at Rover after a few days for running after her like that. She wasn't quite so afraid of him now when he'd come in the house. This is what she did: You see, when Rover is glad he wags his big tail, which is his way of saying he is happy. Well, when he came in one day feeling awfully good and wagging his brushy tail like a good fellow, Fluffy was behind him and she started to play with it. He was so surprised and stopped and looked round at her. But Fluffy knew he couldn't come after her with Billy around. She just hid until he stopped looking at her and as soon as he wagged it again she grabbed it again, and the only way he could keep Fluffy from pulling at his long hair was to keep it real still, and such a funny look came into his brown eyes. He didn't like standing still when he was feeling glad and not be able to wag his tail. Do you know, he had to go off in a corner if he wanted to wag his tail in comfort. Fluffy was pretty smart that time, don't you think? But I wonder what Jimmie Chick and the three little chick sisters have been doing all this time. We're going to find out next issue.

Mrs. Brown: "You used to call me your turtle dove."

Mr. Brown: "Well, I was something of a bird, myself, in those days."

Her Majesty Discovers Quaint Wallpaper

London—Many collecting families which have been long settled in one house have been known to discover hidden treasure in some neglected attic. It is now disclosed that Queen Mary, herself an ardent collector, has made several interesting discoveries of this kind. Not long ago, she found in Buckingham Palace, I understand to her surprise and delight, a gayly painted Chinese wallpaper, acquired by King George IV. stored away and forgotten.

The beautiful, and incidentally valuable, wallpaper now adorns one of the sitting rooms in the palace, known as the Yellow Drawing Room because the color-scheme is carried out in a charming, clear, jasmine-yellow.—Collector.

Sunday School Lesson

April 26. -Lesson IV—How to Pray—Luke 18. 1-14. Golden Text—Lord, teach us to pray.—Luke 11: 1.

ANALYSIS.

I. THE PARABLE OF THE UNJUST JUDGE, 18: 1-8.
II. THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN, 18: 9-14.

I. THE PARABLE OF THE UNJUST JUDGE, 18: 1-8.

The point of the parable is to show that Christians are to pray "at all times" (that is, even when their prayers seem not to be answered) and not to faint or give up in despair. The judge in the story is perhaps a local magistrate, or one of the two regular police-court magistrates in Jerusalem, who, because they sat continuously, were paid out of the Temple treasury. There are various references to the "ignorance, arbitrariness and covetousness" of such men. In v. 5 a very strong expression is used, "lest in the end she come and give me a black eye," but perhaps this is not meant literally.

For some reason or other the unjust judge does not want to right the woman's wrong, but in the end because of her importunity he listens to her, thinking it will on the whole be less bother to him to be rid of her. We must not understand by the parable that God, who otherwise would not trouble to answer our prayers, will in the end answer them if we bother him enough. God does not answer our prayers because of our importunity, but we are to go on asking him without ever despairing, because we know he will answer our prayers. This is another instance of the "how much more" argument which Jesus so often employed in his teaching about God; if even an unjust judge in the end will listen to prayers, how much more shall God, who loves his children, in the end (in his own good time) answer their prayers!

By "avenging his elect" we are presumably to understand the deliverance, vindication and justification of those who have been faithful through trial and persecution. The parable, as we have it, seems to deal in general with the question of prayers that seem to be unanswered, and in particular with the sufferings and trials of the Church between the death of Jesus and his eagerly expected return. Let the persecuted Church take heart; God will speedily "avenge his elect."

It is not clear whether the second part of v. 8 is a saying of Jesus or a comment by the evangelist. "When the Son of Man comes, will he find" (not "faith" but) "the faith on the earth?" The words "the faith" seem naturally to mean "true Christianity," and it is perhaps right to suppose that the words are the comment of some disheartened Church leader, who does not doubt that soon Christ will come, but who is gravely disquieted about the state of the Church. In any case, the point of the parable seems to be this: your prayers for deliverance seem not to be answered; you are doubting whether God will do his part, but the real question is whether you will do yours; of course God will vindicate his elect, but are you sure that you will be found numbered among the elect?

II. THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN, 18: 9-14.

Self-righteousness is the subject of this story. The public and official worship of the Temple was almost exclusively sacrificial; but the Temple courts, it would seem, were also used for private prayer. It is difficult to see how far the "prayer" of the Pharisee may properly be called a prayer at all; he gives thanks to God for the blessedness of his condition, but the impression is left with us that the Pharisee is not so much grateful to God for the gifts of God's grace as he is boasting before God of his own attainments. He as done more than the Law requires; he has fasted on Mondays and Thursday (the Christians, to be different, chose Wednesdays and Fridays for their fasts); he has paid tithes, no only on his produce, as the Law required, but on the whole of his income; he has avoided the open sins of the worldling. A not dissimilar prayer of a rabbi has come down to us: "I thank thee, O Lord my God, that thou hast put my part with those who sit in the Academy, and not with those who (like money-changers and traders) sit at the corners. For I rise early, and they rise early; I rise early to the words of the Law, and they to vain things; I labor and they labor; I labor and receive a reward; they labor and receive no reward; I run and they run; I run to the life of the world to come, and they to the pit of destruction." It would be a great mistake, however, to suppose that these prayers give us a complete and normal picture of the piety of the Pharisaic party. Moreover the Pharisee in the parable does not seem to be wholly condemned; the publican returns to his house with a heart more acceptable to God than the Pharisee's because he has a greater sense of moral realities, but the righteousness of the Pharisee is not despised.

What is meant by saying that the publican is justified rather than the other? "Justified" is strictly a term taken from the law courts and means "acquitted." It applies here that all men are sinful in God's eyes, and all must pray, "forgive us our trespasses," but that "a broken and contrite heart" is more acceptable to God than a proud and self-satisfied righteousness. Humility is the right attitude of man before God, and the lonship to which we are called is not an easy and lighthearted companionship and familiarity.

One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warnings.—J. R. Lowell.

"When I got home last night," said the struggling author, "I found that burglars had been in my place." "Really!" exclaimed his friend. "What happened? Did they take anything?" "They searched through every drawer in the flat and then left $2.00 on my desk."

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

Darling youthful chic for all-day occasions is expressed in this simple frock of printed crepe silk.

The cowl drape and flounce trimmed sleeves lend a softened touch to the bodice.

The unusually clever shaping of the skirt produces a decidedly slimming effect. The lower part displays a comfortably full hemline.

To copy it exactly takes but 3½ yards of 39-inch material for the medium size.

Stle No. 3032 is designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

It is very fashionable too in plain crepe silk in navy blue. Or if you prefer, black crepe silk, it is stunning with a touch of white in embroidered organdie with narrow lace edge used for the flounce sleeve frills.

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.

Spring Song

Just smell a crocus, and close your eyes—
But you can't shut out the blue of the skies,
The green of the grass and the glint of the brook,
The racing and chasing of mad chinook,
You can't shut out the fleecy clouds,
Floating and downy—fairy shrouds—
For the crocus has in it the spirit of Spring,
And its gay purple bells the Spring Song ring,
And its gay yellow heart is the heart of Spring.

Just smell a crocus and listen not—
For you'll hear the songs that can't be forgot;
The song of the lark in an airy dell,
The rustling of fairies at wishing well,
The raucous cry of the coal black crow,
The honk of the wild geese as over they go;
For the crocus has in it the spirit of Spring,
And its gay purple bells the Spring song ring,
And its gay yellow heart is the heart of Spring.

We know Spring is here when days grow long,
When the brain is cleared and the heart beats strong,
When ice breaks up and the lakes shine blue,
We know spring is coming, then, we do!
But we greet the crocus with roll of drums
For Spring is here when the crocus comes;
For the crocus has in it the spirit of Spring,
And its gay purple bells the Spring Song ring,
And its gay yellow heart is the heart of Spring.

—(Original), "One of the Race That Knows Joseph."

Short Hours and One Job Offered As Solution

Berlin—The commission appointed by the Chancellor, Dr. Heinrich Bruening, to study Germany's unemployment problem, suggested two partial solutions—general shortening of working hours and prohibition of civil servants engaging in side jobs.

The commission headed by the former Minister of Labor, Heinrich Brauns, believed that shortening of working hours would afford an opportunity for at least part time work to many who now are without jobs. The commission recommended that where industries proved recalcitrant to the plan the Government be empowered to fix the hours of work.

The commission urged also that all civil servants be prohibited from accepting remunerative jobs outside their regular civil service.

Waiter: "And how did you find the beef, sir?"

Customer: "Oh, I moved a potato and there it was."

Drying Rods

A kitchen stool which yields 16 26-inch galvanized rods for drying small articles helps to solve the problem of lack of drying space in the tiny apartment. When the rods are not in use they fit in a cone beneath the stool, which may then serve as a useful piece of kitchen furniture.

An Observer

He alone is an acute observer who can observe minutely without being observed.—Lavater.

This same philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey.—Oliver Goldsmith.

Fashion's Latest

New coiffure by Emile, with correct size veil and plumes, and ornament worn off forehead. London fashion's decree for this year's debutantes.

British Author Gives List of Favorite Works

Philadelphia.—John Galsworthy discussed English and American literature of the past century, at the Philadelphia Forum here.

He discussed the so-called "realists" with frankness, saying that their philosophy would not live, though their style was arresting. The novelists Mr. Galsworthy himself finds perennially interesting, were Charles Dickens, Robert Louis Stevenson, Katharine Mansfield, Joseph Conrad, W. H. Hudson and Mark Twain.

"Dickens was the greatest of English novelists," Mr. Galsworthy said. "The quest for truth and beauty is a hard one, but what else is there worth seeking," he added, in discussing the use of satire, which, he said, was to forcibly point out truths.

"Stevenson," Mr. Galsworthy remarked, "gave us the unexpected in diction more frequently than any other English writer, excepting Shakespeare."

The outstanding literature produced by writers of the United States were listed by Mr. Galsworthy as Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer," Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," and Frank Norris's "McTeague."

Mending Curtains

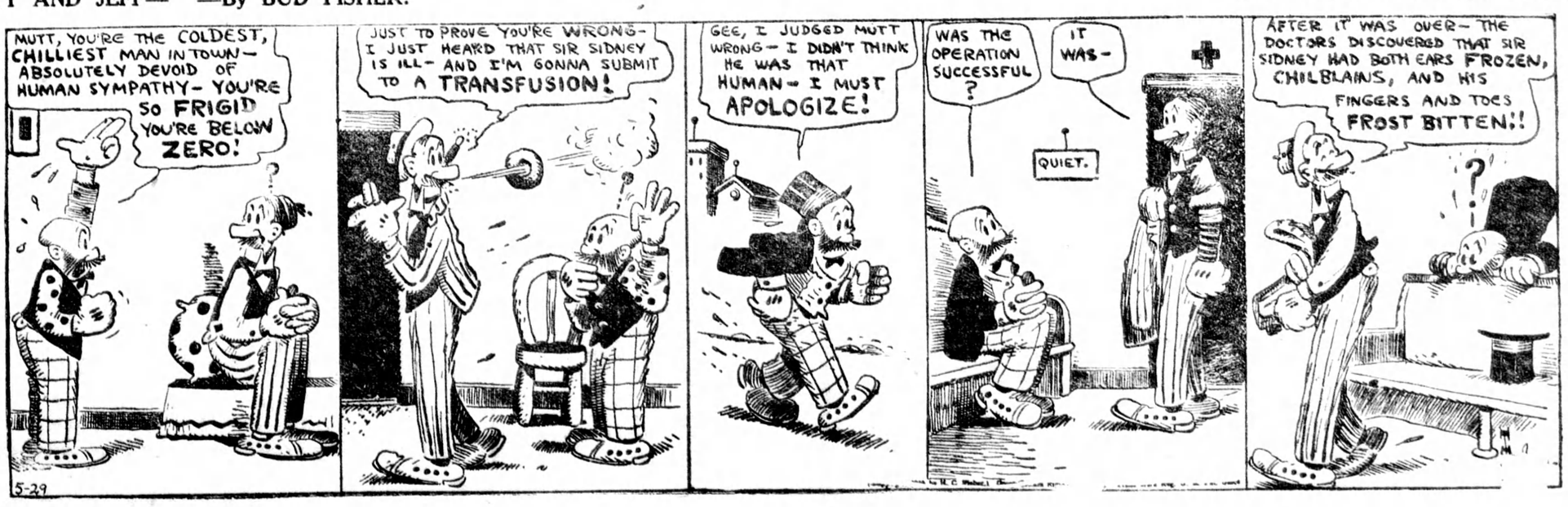
Springtime and house-cleaning time approach. Those muslin curtains need laundering and yet they are rather old and delicate to withstand another washing. Try this and see how well it succeeds: After the curtains are washed, starched and dampened, put a piece of thin white net under the worn parts and press the two together while ironing them. The damp starch will cause the net to stick to the curtains and the net backing will make them look like new. It will save hours of mending and when the curtains are hung the net will not be noticed in the fullness. Curtains mended in this way have been in use for two years or more and the results are very satisfactory.

Fire Halts Wolf-Pack

North Bay, Ont.—Like a tale from Siberia came the story of the all-night vigil of a trapper and two young boys who, forced to camp near a lonely northern lake, burned pine-boughs until dawn to keep a wolf pack at bay.

The trapper, an experienced man, and his companions had started on a fifty-mile trip to a northern settlement. Heavy snow slowed their progress and forced them to spend a night on the trail. Startled near midnight by the howls of wolves, they heaped boughs upon their fire until flames shot high into the night. The wolves could be dimly seen in the surrounding woods, but they kept away, and at the first streak of dawn they disappeared into the brush.

Flowers of many forest trees are important sources of pollen for honey bees.

MUTT AND JEFF— —By BUD FISHER.

This Good Samaritan is an Eskimo.