Home Chats

By

MARIE ANN BEST

Love that has nothing but beauty to keep it in good health is short-lived and apt to have argue fits.—Erasmus.

A BIT OF FUN

How to Tell Any Person's Age

There is a good deal of amusement in the following magic table of figures. It will enable you to tell how old the ladies may be which is pretty hard to guess sometimes. Just hand this table to a lady and ask her to tell you in which column her age is contained; then add together the figures at the top of the columns in which her age is found and you have a great secret. Thus, suppose the age is 17. You will find that number in the first and fifth columns, and the first figures of these two columns.

Here is the Magic Table

1	2	4	8	16	32
	3	5	9	17	33
5	6	6	10	18	34
		7	11	19	35
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
		23	27	27	43
25	26	28	28	28	44
27	27	29	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	48	48
35	35	37	41	49	49
37	38	38	42	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	44	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	53	57	57	57
53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	60	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62
63	63	63	63	63	63

TWILIGHT HOUR STORY

Chapter 21

"How about seeing the four chicks now, Mamma?" asked Billy. "Isn't it great to come home after being away two whole weeks? It seemed an awful long time sometimes."

"Why you liked it in the city, didn't you, Billy?"

"Oh, yes it was great fun and I'll go again some day, only I got homesick to see you, mummy, and I often wondered how everything was getting along here without me around."

"Well, I do think all the animals missed you, Billy Boy, and it was pretty lonely and quiet around the house without our boy. It's nice to go away, but oh, it's so nice to come again, isn't it?" Billy laughed and squeezed his mother's hand.

"But what's all this? It all looks so different around the chicks' box."

"Well, you see, dear, they grew so fast we had to put them in a larger box. This is the surprise. How do you like the nice yard Daddy made for them so they could run outside onto the green grass? They look so funny when they run out of their little door after being shut in. I shut them in a little while ago so you could see them come out. You stand over there and I'll open the door." Well, say, as soon as they knew they could come out they all crowded around the little door, each one trying to get out first so that for awhile none could get out while they stood on each other and shoved and pushed. Who do you think got out first? Well, it was Jimmy Chick because he was the biggest and strongest. He wasn't very polite, was he, not to allow ladies to go first? Being bigger, he pushed out. He'll learn to do that soon, though. It really is very nice to see polite, well-bred little boys always touch their caps to older people and always let little girls go first, isn't it?"

Well out came Jimmy Chick, so glad to get out that he fluttered his wings and could run quite fast. But he looked so different, we certainly couldn't call him a baby any longer. All his fluffy baby dress was gone and in its place was a feather suit, but he didn't have it all on yet. It made him look so queer. He had feathers on his head and wings and back and on part of his legs and, what do you think?—the rest of his body was just his bare skin. But he didn't care as long as he'd have all his clothes by Sunday, for, of course, he'd want to be all dressed up for that day, wouldn't he?

First thing he did was to come right over to Mamma Lady and he hopped onto her hand to get some of the bread crumbs she had there. You see, he forgot about Billy, too. Just like the little kittens did. I guess it was time Billy came home, wasn't it?

By this time the other chick sisters were outside and they wanted some crumbs, too, and wasn't it strange they didn't look a bit alike any more. Each one was different since they had grown out of their baby dresses of fluff. One of them was short and fat with a little short bill for a nose. "Let's give her a name now, shall we, Mamma?" said Billy, all excited.

"I thought you'd like to do that, what will it be?" smiled Mamma.

Billy thought a while and then said, "Well, she's so short and fat, what about Squatty?"

Mamma Lady laughed and said, "Yes," I guess that will be all right."

Billy was thinking again and soon said, "Here's a rhyme, Mummy."

"Squatty was funny,
Squatty was fat,
Because Squatty ate too much dinner."

"Is that a good rhyme?"

"Oh, I guess it will suit Squatty all right. She won't know whether it is good or not, but I'm sure she's proud of having a rhyme all her own. But it is bedtime, dear, we'll see about naming the other two to-morrow, shall we?"

The Loyalty of Mothers

Ethel Mannin in the Woman's Journal: Perhaps even greater than the loyalty of wives and sweethearts to the men they love is the loyalty of mothers. The loyalty of mothers is quite simply terrific; it is one of [illegible] of this queer world. It is not just maudlin sentiment which is expressed in that old song "Mother O' Mine," but quite literally true, that if a man should drown in the deepest sea, or hang on the highest hill, the love of one woman would follow him still, and that woman would be his mother. The loyalty which is part of the love of women in general, and of mothers in particular, is beyond all littleness of reasoning and logic. It is foolish, if you like, but magnificient in its pitiful folly as in its faith and courage. It has the epic grandeur of tragedy, and the infinite tenderness of the love that many waters cannot drown. It is as unquenchable as love, and must endure as long as love lasts.

Blind Flying Taught With Perfect Safety

Toronto—Blind flying can now be taught with perfect safety, it was demonstrated recently at a local airport when a cabin monoplane, driven by R.C.A.F. Pilot A. M. Glover, went successfully through an exhibition flight.

The plane used for blind flying is equipped with an adjustable board that can be pulled down, shutting off the view of the pupil pilot, who is then able to fly only by instrument. The instructor sits in front with a clear view. This invention is regarded as important to aviation as pilots will now be trained to fly under all weather conditions — the greatest menace to flying, fog and bad weather, thus being overcome.

What New York

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lessons Furnished With Every Pattern

No wonder Dame Fashion has taken so kindly to this new cape collar. This neat moulded-to-the-dress collar keeps it place better, and is generally becoming. It offers splendid theme for the use of a contrasting color or fabric.

Today's model is an emerald green plaid flat crepe silk with white crepe. The new plaited skirt effect is decidedly smart. The pointed seaming narrows the hipline.

Style No. 3055 may be had in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36 and 38 inches bust.

In plaided gingham, pique will be nice for the collar.

Shantung, linen, pastel jersey, pastel cotton mesh and flat crepe silk are lovely materials for its development.

Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 35-inch or 2⅞ yards 39-inch.

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.

David Lloyd George May Go To Russia

London—Right Hon. David Lloyd George, the Liberal chieftain, may visit Russia in September. Mr. Lloyd George is said to be greatly interested in the Russian five-year plan and wants to make a first-hand investigation. Once before he proposed a Russian trip and the Soviet Government offered him every opportunity to make inquiries.

Ambergris, valued in perfume manufacture, looks like dirty tallow when it is found floating in the sea.

John—"Don't be a fool."
Bosh—"You want a monopoly of the business, do you?"

Sunday School Lesson

May 17. Lesson VII—Jesus Enters Jerusalem As King—Luke 19: 29-42, 45-48. Golden Text—He is Lord of lords, and King of kings.—Revelation 17: 14.

ANALYSIS.

I. THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY, 19: 29-40.
II. JESUS WEEPS OVER JERUSALEM, 19: 41.
III. THE CLEANSING OF THE TEMPLE, 19: 45-48.

I. THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY, 19: 29-40.

Jesus, entering the city, "meek and riding upon an ass," was indeed fulfilling the prophecy of Zechariah (9: 9); but it is exceedingly unlikely that at this moment the crowd recognized that Jesus himself was claiming to be the coming king. Among other reasons, we should consider two, first that at his later trial it was very difficult for his enemies to get any evidence against him which they could lay before Pilate (his public claim to be Messiah was just what they wished to prove and could not). Second, the time of the feast was always a very anxious time for the Roman authorities. They were afraid of riots and bloodshed, and if Jesus had approached the city publicly claiming to be the Messanic king, Pilate and "the police" would have arrested him at once without waiting for the Pharisees and Sadducees to act. We are, therefore, probably right to understand that the people accepted the teaching of Jesus that the kingdom of God is at hand, and that their shouts proclaim their expectation of some mighty act of God at the coming Feast. How much more mighty was the act of God than ever they anticipated!

II. JESUS WEEPS OVER JERUSALEM, 19: 41.

Forty years after the death of Jesus, Jerusalem was sacked and burned after one of the most ghastly sieges recorded in history. This appalling disaster overtook the Jews because they refused the way of Jesus, and preferred their narrow nationalism and hatred of the Romans. The only hope was that the people would rise to the new way of Jesus. It was as a patriot that Jesus wept over Jerusalem.

III. THE CLEANSING OF THE TEMPLE, 19: 45-48.

It is not unlikely that the Temple had been destroyed before any of our Gospels were written. In any case the Gospels were written in Greek, for the use of the Gentile Christians who had long since lost interest in the national hopes of the Jews and in the services of the Jewish Temple. Gentile readers were, therefore, not very much concerned with an act of Jesus which seemed to them to have little bearing upon their own needs and situation. They could picture Jesus riding in triumph into the city, but the cleansing of the Jewish Temple meant little to them. This seems to be the reason why, in our Gospels, comparatively little stress is laid upon the cleansing of the Temple. Yet, if we are to understand what Jesus was seeking to do in those last days, we shall probably find the key in this great prophetic act.

Jesus was condemned by Pilate on a political charge, that he claimed to be a king, Messiah; but to Jesus it is clear that Messiahship meant a religious, not a political, office. He was a religious revolutionary, not a political revolutionary. We best understand the tension of the last days in Jerusalem, if we bear in mind that his enemies were trying to trip up Jesus on a political charge, and that he was determined to make clear the purely religious nature of his purpose. The great prophets of the past had laid upon Israel the great task of bringing the knowledge of the one true God to all the world. Israel was to be a missionary nation, perhaps even, as one seems to have dreamed, a martyr missionary nation. From Jerusalem was to go forth to the whole earth the knowledge of the will of God. But of recent years, largely under the leadership of the Pharisees, the whole tendency of Judaism had been in the other direction, for they had attempted to cut off the Jews from the Gentile world and to make them a people apart. This proud separateness of the Jews was epitomized in the Temple publicly proclaimed, it was death for an uncircumcised Gentile to enter into the inner part of the sanctuary. Jesus came to Jerusalem to challenge the religious supremacy of the Pharisees and Sadducees and to call Israel back to its great God-given task. Jesus, therefore, planned what we should call a *coup d'etat*. In the name of God and of the great destiny of Israel he seized the Temple and proclaimed it as a house of prayer for all nations." It was a great prophetic act which epitomized and made clear that which in his ministry, he sought to do.

"Costs of Sickness"

By JOHN BURKE INGRAM

One Canadian out of every three dies ahead of his time, statistics show. One death out of every three deaths that bring sorrow to Canadian communities large and small could be postponed. We Canadians are letting our friends and relatives die because we do not know how many disease there are which could be prevented or because knowing, we will not take the trouble, the simple, trouble to prevent them. Why are these diseases not prevented.

That is the question which every thinking Canadian should want answered! For centuries disease was inevitable because mankind had not learned how to prevent it. Doctors existed to heal the sick, but it was nobody's business to attempt to prevent sickness from occurring because in those days it could not be done.

Then an English scientist named Edward Jenner discovered vaccination against smallpox. Doctors began to vaccinate people—which meant that doctors began to treat healthy people, in order to keep them from becoming ill by contracting smallpox. As a result this disease, at one time the greatest scourge of the race, has been beaten down till to-day it occupies a negligible place among the killers of civilized men.

The success of vaccination made medical scientists think along new lines. If a substance had been discovered which would prevent smallpox, why could not other substances be evolved to prevent other diseases? The idea was sound. To-day there is a substance which prevents diphtheria, another to prevent typhoid fever, another against scarlet fever, another to prevent lockjaw, another which, used in infantile paralysis, prevents crippling.

But though science is in a condition to prevent diseases by these and other means we are not taking advantage of the protection which is offered to us. For centuries we regarded disease as a kind of Act of God, and because it is hard to change the thinking habits of a people in one single generation we will, even most of our leaders, retain this medieval attitude.

And therefore to-day, Canada's lifeblood is flowing from wounds inflicted upon her by her enemies—disease germs. Not merely in dollars and cents alone—disease milks us annually—but also in our man-power. Canada needs population. Canada is constantly bringing foreign and other immigrants to our shore, yet she permits her own sons and daughters to die of diseases which could be, and should be, and some day shall be, prevented! Diphtheria and typhoid fever, both preventable, take respectively 1,200 and 1,111 lives annually, yet both diseases are preventable! The death rate from tuberculosis has been cut in two in the past 25 years and could be even with our present incomplete knowledge halved and halved again. Cancer kills almost 8,000 Canadians every year and, despite the fact that we don't know what causes cancer, this death rate could be cut in half if adult Canadians would cultivate the habit of having themselves periodically and thoroughly examined by a competent physician every birthday. And so all through the pitiful list of diseases which now rob us of our best and fairest—heart disease, maternal mortality—infant mortality, venereal diseases—all can be cut down if men and women will realize that they get just exactly the kind of health service that they want and are willing to pay for and that by backing their public official they may in some measure be held responsible for the health of a nation that is too indifferent to help itself.

Hamilton, Ont.—The new Hamilton city directory gives the population of the city as 162,372, this including a few people residing outside the city limits, and comparing with the city assessor's last summer estimate of 150,065. The Hamilton directory has increased on an average of 50 pages annually during the past ten years.

Where a Queen Once Strolled

There is something indestructible about a road. The stones may change and the surface be paved anew; but the track itself remains, be it straight or crooked, for it was made by the feet that trod it from century to century. The Roman roads that cut across England, this way and that, are still permanent ways. That, perhaps, is why Stoke Newington has been a place of great people since the days of Athelstan, when it was taken out of the wood edging the Roman highway called Ermine Street. Thinkers came along the ancient road to Stoke Newington, and made it a scholar's town. Did not John Bunyan preach on Newington Green Would we had been there to hear! Edgar Allan Poe had his first lessons in the school, and so had Daniel Defoe, whose school-fellow was John Wesley, father to two famous sons. John Rogers and Disraeli the elder come next, with Thomas Day and Isaac Watts—a strange mingling of geniuses. Who remembers Thomas Day? But he wrote "Sandford and Merton", the title of which, at least, everyone remembers; and Isaac Watts will never be forgotten, for he sings his way into our memories.

With all this atmosphere of learning, you may say that Stoke Newington cannot be romantic but you are wrong. Queen Elizabeth once walked there, and the road on which she laid her august and royal foot is Islington was country then, owned by the Dudleys, whose manor house was close at hand. Houses come and go; but this pathway of the glorious, much-traveling Gloriana still endures. It was a country walk within the manor pleasances, where Elizabeth would saunter with her "Sweet Robin," Earl of Leicester. Now it is edged with houses instead of flower-beds lived in by the later citizens of no mean city. Let them remember sometimes, as they go along the road that was Elizabeth's, that it was once the highway of the Queen.

Polished Tables

A French-polished table can be kept in excellent order if a reliable furniture cream is applied once a week [illegible] but rub it in well, polish [illegible] a second soft cloth [illegible] over with a silk duster. Rub daily.

White [illegible] marks can be removed by wiping the surface of the table with raw linseed oil, after which it should be rubbed with a clean cloth moistened with denatured alcohol. Apply the alcohol very lightly at first, exerting more pressure as it evaporates.

Wax-polished tables require polishing only occasionally, with a small quantity of wax polish. If too much wax is used the surface of the wood feels greasy and shows marks easily while if a little wax is rubbed in well the surface will shine.

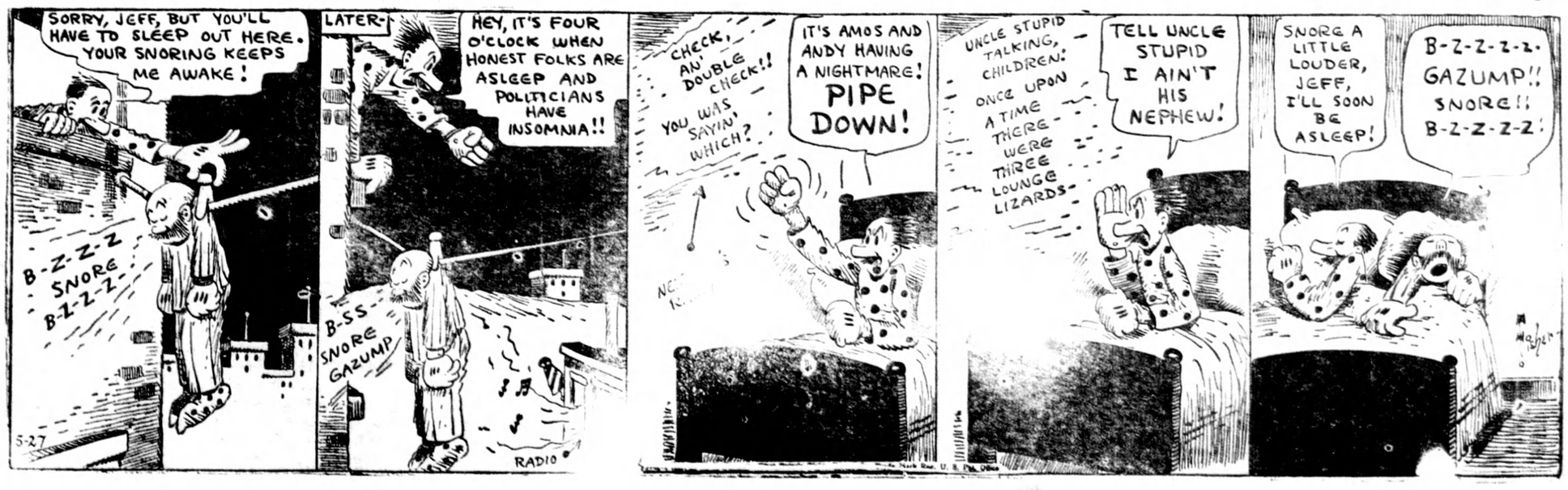
Marks may be removed by applying a paste made with salad oil and [illegible]. Leave the paste on the marks for about an hour, then rub well with a soft cloth, and polish in the usual way.

To clean mahogany tables, wash them first with turpentine, which will remove any grease, and wipe the turpentine off well with a soft cloth. Soak a cloth in linseed oil and rub it all over the table. Leave it for about 12 hours, then wipe it off with a piece of flannel, and when dry polish it with a silken cloth. In about three days' time repeat the process, omitting the washing with turpentine.

Should a very brilliant polish be desired, the oiling may be done two or three times, at intervals of three days. After the last application, when the oil has been rubbed off, wash the table with lukewarm water and dry well with two cloths. Rub carefully every day.

As beekeeping is classed officially as a hobby in Britain any profits from it are not subject to income tax.

Fear not that thy life shall come to an end, but rather fear that it shall never have a beginning.—Cardinal Newman.

MUTT AND JEFF— —By BUD FISHER.

Oft in the Silly Night.