

# Home Chats

By MARIE ANN BEST



## Misplaced Matter

She was a thin, bent, wiry little old lady and looked frail and worn. Two worried lines were deeply marked on her forehead between her eyes and she never seemed to have time to even smile. Her home was always immaculate. The garden was a bower of immaculate flowers, fresh, clean flowers in lovely color, and she surely had the honor, if one calls it honor, of having her place immaculately different.

It was because she was an indefatigable scrubber and all she could see was dirt. The house inside was scrubbed in every nook and corner, yes, and outside in every nook and corner as well. The garden paths were swept so diligently that they became shiny black pathways. No stray leaf dared to have a resting place for long in that garden. One even wondered if they might have an inkling that they were unwelcome and fluttered down just outside of it, for it seemed one never could see any leaves there at any time. The trees too looked different, the leaves showed they were maples but the trunks were of a light creamy color not seen elsewhere. People wondered at their appearance until the information was whispered that the trunks were scrubbed.

The little lady died before her time, wan and wrinkled, and the house was silent, but as the weeks passed how soon the garden gradually became as other gardens. Leaves fluttered down and strewed the paths and even a weed dared peep through the ground and grew until it went the way of all weeds. The trunks of the maples became golden and gradually put on the coat of nature's brown. Although the place did not bloom with the unusual colors of misplaced cleanliness it soon took on the glory of nature's gifts and best of all through it walked the new owner with her straight, beautifully modelled figure. The bloom of health was on her cheek and in the glint of her eyes as she walked through the quiet garden in pensive leisure, loving the flowers which nodded and bloomed fully as under the strenuous and extremely, misplaced diligence of the former owner.

It did seem the little old lady never could enjoy her home for she was always seeing what she called dirt, whether it was dirt or not, and she missed altogether nature's beauty at her very door. After all is not dirt only misplaced matter, and we the choosers of what is misplaced. Does this not indicate that we sometimes carry our own ideas to unusual extremes?

Little Mary was just three and often forgot to say please and thank you, often her mother would say "now Mary, you must be a good girl and remember to say please and thank you."

Shortly after, Mary wanted to play with the neighbor's little girl and was asked "Will you be a real good girl over there?"

"Oh yes, I be good." "How good?" said mother. "Oh—I be fank you good."

**The One Minute Cold Sponge**  
People who do not take the cold sponge bath each morning are missing a very important daily necessity. To the uninitiated, chills and a very disagreeable time are visualized but it is not hard to take if done very quickly and brings with it a glow and vitality that lasts through the day. It is the best preventive for colds that can be given. Do not miss it.

**About Flowers**  
The Amaryllis bulb which has such a beautiful red flower clustered on top of its long stem should be repotted about every two or three years. When through blooming cut off the green but do not rest the plant by putting it in a dark place.

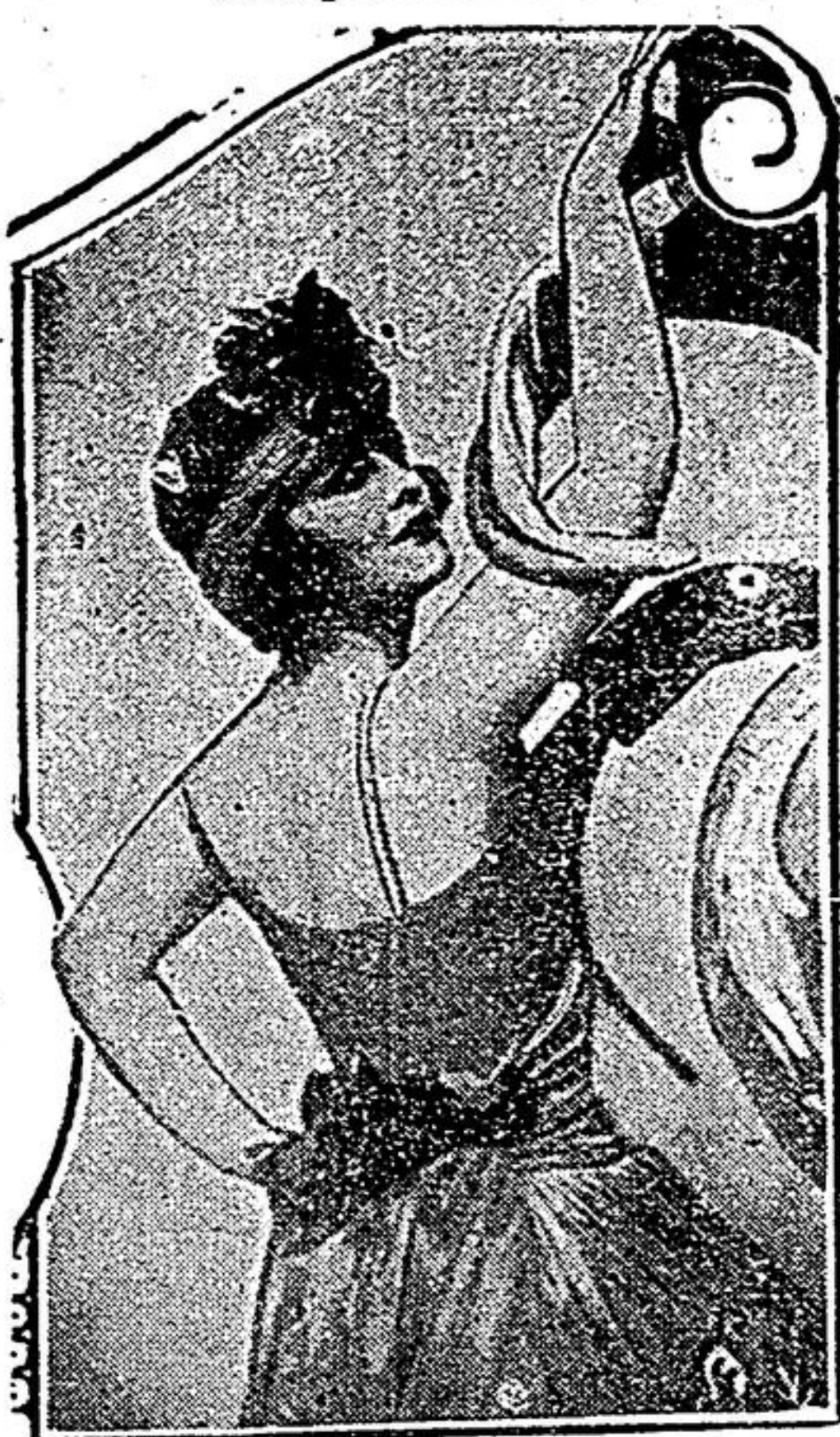
**Good Things to Eat**  
"Wonderful lemon pie," says Jimmie.

3 eggs, 3 teasps. water, 1 cup sugar, 1 lemon. Method—Put beaten yolks, water, lemon juice and grated rind and 1 1/2 cups sugar together, cook on stove, stirring 3 minutes or longer till it thickens a little, about consistency of cream. Beat egg whites and fold in to them 3/4 cup sugar. Fold cooked mixture slowly into whites. Pour into baked crust and brown in quick oven. It seems thin but thickens up fine.

**Kentucky Salad**  
1 cup celery, 1 cup canned pineapple juice (if not enough fill cup with water). Put liquid and sugar on to boil, take one envelope of gelatine, soak in 3/2 cup cold water, fill cup with boiling syrup, stir into rest of syrup, set to cool, when it begins to set stir in the fruit and put into moulds.

**Dressing for Kentucky Salad**  
Juice of 1 orange, Juice of 1 lemon, 3/4 cup water, 1 teasp. butter, 1/4 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 teasp. cornstarch. Put orange, lemon and water in double boiler, add sugar and bring to boiling point, have egg well beaten then add to egg the cornstarch dissolved, put all in double boiler, stir till it thickens, then take off—add butter and when ready to serve add whipped cream. Sprinkle chopped walnuts on top if desired.

## Budapest's Favorite



Irene Billei, favorite of Budapest's theatre-going public, who is so popular that it is not unusual for her to receive as many as a hundred proposals of marriage a week. Slightly above the average one must admit.

## Sunday School Lesson

November 23. Lesson VIII.—The Rich Young Ruler. (Refusing a Life of Sacrificial Service).—Mark 10: 17-27. Golden Text—And he said to them, all if any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me.—Luke 9: 23.

**ANALYSIS**  
I. REFUSING THE CALL TO SERVICE, vs. 17-22.  
II. THE HARSHNESS OF THE RICH, vs. 23-27.

**INTRODUCTION**—The lesson raises the question of the attitude of Jesus to wealth. Did he regard wealth as a curse rather than a blessing? Did he think it wrong for a man to accumulate wealth? The answer to such questions can only be found by a careful reading of the whole gospel narrative. Jesus' own folk, the family of Nazareth, were not rich, but apparently people of moderate means. It would be the same class. But when he entered upon his ministry he seems to have made no distinction between the rich and the poor. He listens to the petition of the rich ruler and in their need as readily as to the poor and the outcast. He sees clearly the temptations of wealth to selfish living, but does not anywhere condemn the possession of it. He commends the servant who renders faithful service to his lord. That man, he declares, is foolish who lays up treasure for himself and is not rich toward God. If love of riches prevents a man from rendering the best service of which he is capable to his fellow men then it becomes to him a curse. It is not the having or not having of worldly goods that is in the mind of Jesus a matter of importance, but the good that he can do. In one sentence he declares, "In one sentence he says, 'A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.' Luke 12: 15. Jesus would therefore have men put the pursuit of wealth in its proper place, not first, but second, and subordinate to the real and infinitely precious things of the kingdom of God.

**I. REFUSING THE CALL TO SERVICE, vs. 17-22.**  
It was, according to Luke (18: 18-20), "a certain ruler" who came to Jesus with the question, "Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" No doubt he was a man of some intelligence, well brought up and educated according to the customs, ideas and manners of his time. The Jews had a great inheritance in a thousand years, and in the high conceptions of justice, righteousness and clean living

which had come to them through the teaching of prophets and wise men of the past. Their laws were based upon the ancient laws of Moses. They looked for a golden age of justice and universal peace under the rule of a great King and Saviour of David's line. This King, some of their teachers held, would be himself divine, exalted to the very throne of God and only those would enter his kingdom who kept the laws of God and lived upright lives. To have eternal life was to be fit and qualified for admission to that kingdom, and therefore to triumph over death and all its terrors. The question which the rich young ruler asked was of the highest importance to him and it is evident that he was not entirely satisfied with the answers which he had previously received from his teachers.

What Jesus meant by his answering question, "Why callest thou me good?" is not clear. Matthew gives it in a different form, "Why askest thou me concerning that which is good?" Jesus may have seen in this form of address an effort of the questioner to pay him a compliment, and may have desired to turn his thoughts from the opinions of teachers. However good or great, to the demands of God. And, therefore, he refers the questioner to "the commandments" which all good Jews believed to be the laws of God. The young man's answer is no doubt honorable. He has observed all these laws from his youth and yet is not satisfied. He asks, "What lack I yet?"

**II. THE HARSHNESS OF THE RICH, vs. 23-27.**  
There is an interesting expansion of the words of Jesus in an ancient writing, the so-called "Gospel of the Nazarenes." "How sayest thou, I have kept the law and the prophets? How does it stand written in the law? 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself' and see, many of thy brethren are covered with filth and dying of hunger while thy house is full of good things, and nothing at all goes out from it to them." There was evidently much good in this young man, and "Jesus looking upon him loved him." Jesus must have seen that nothing but a life of service to his fellow men would satisfy that deep soul hunger which had prompted his question. He called him to such a life, his health given to feed the poor and he himself one of the disciples and followers of Jesus. "But his countenance fell at the saying, and he went away sorrowful."

**III. THE HARSHNESS OF THE RICH, vs. 23-27.**  
The possession of great wealth was more to this young ruler than the call of God. One is tempted to say, "The poor rich man." We often speak of the hardships of the poor. Jesus says, "How hardly shall they that have riches get the best things in life, 'enter into the kingdom of God!' It is hard, not for the rich, but for them that trust in riches."

It requires the same kind of thinking to make hard times and soft muscles.

## Autumn Leaves

Beauty of russet and scarlet swirled, Crisp brown scraps of parchment curled, Veined transparencies, scalloped sheen, Little gold fans and arrows of green—Down you flit by twos and threes, By scores and clouds from the drowsy trees.  
Dancing there in a giddy round, Drifting here to the cordial ground, Quiet or sleeping, none of you grieves. On a bright and spirited autumn day Why should anyone sight and say, "Dead leaves?"

Ho, for the new adventure begun, With release from the bough! There is wind, there is sun! There is hope that builds already for spring. Who forever would clutch and cling Even upon one beautiful tree? Now, little fingers, now you are free! Free to flutter and float and fly, Each to be quiet at last, and lie In a gentle sleep under snow, under rain. Till spring shall rouse you over again; Out of your dust in the fragrant mould, Mingled with essences manifold, Sap and strength from a quenchless source, Life and love for an endless course. Dry leaves, old leaves, tired but glad, Who should be frightened, who be sad? Off for renascence, none knows how, Perhaps to bud on a fairer bough, Not a single green leaf, by a Rose instead.  
No leaves are dead.

## Cleaning the Oil Range

The energy spent in renovating an oil range is well repaid. I remove all screws which hold the burners in place and put them in a baking-powder can. These, with the burners, cores, chimneys and the pipe through which the oil flows, are immersed in strongly lye water overnight. In the morning the sediment in the fittings will be sufficiently softened to permit thorough cleaning.

The pipe is cleaned by loosening the sediment with a long stiff wire, rinsing well with lye water. Lastly, hook the wire on a stout piece of cloth and draw through the pipe and repeat until the cloth comes out clean. That part of the burner in which the wick fits needs special care. A long knife or anything that will reach the bottom of the burner should be used. Scrape well and turn the burner upside down and tap the sides carefully so as not to make any dents. Large pieces of sediments will fall out.

Rinse out well with kerosene to remove all particles of sediment. Very often when a new wick has been inserted it is impossible when through with the fire to turn the wick low enough to extinguish the flame. At such a time you may be very certain that the burner contains a great deal of sediment and needs cleaning.

All corrosion should be scraped from the cores. It is this corrosion of the cores which causes most of the smoking and weak blaze.

## Sharing Our Children's Joys

Mrs. Nestor Noel

### Finds Bees Equipped With Radio Sets

Swiss Scientist Learns How the Insects Communicate with Their Hives  
Geneva.—A Swiss scientist, Dr. Leutenberger, has discovered that bees possess in their bodies a "natural wireless set" with which they communicate with their hives. During his experiments Dr. Leutenberger placed in his garden a saucer of sugared water near a hive, but had to wait many hours before a bee arrived for a drink. As the insect was drinking, the Swiss scientist marked a yellow spot on its back and then watched its movements. "After some time," he said, "the bee flew back to the hive and encircled it several hundred times, evidently trying to show its companions that it had discovered a mine of nectar and wanted them to enjoy it, but they took no notice. "Then the bee flew back to the saucer and sent out wireless calls. "Between the two last rings of its stomach a brilliant, humlike light appears when the insect wills it. This light is different in every hive. As soon as the bee sent out its message of wireless light hundreds of bees flew to the spot in a few minutes to enjoy the feast. "About fifty years ago naturalists discovered that the bee possessed a perfume gland the use of which they could not explain. The perfume differs in every hive and each hive has its own wave length."

### Real World-Beaters

Near Pateley Bridge, Yorkshire, is a dam which is the biggest in Europe. Begun nine years ago by the Bradford Corporation, it is now practically complete. Its purpose is to trap the waters of the Nidd and form a lake which will supply an area of 120 square miles with water. While this dam sets up a European record, it isn't a world-beater. A surprising number of world records, however, are held by Europe. England, for instance, can boast the world's biggest city. Belgium has the most complete railway system. There are more miles of railway line in proportion to area in Belgium than anywhere else in the world. France boasts of possessing the world's largest wireless station, at St. Assise; its most powerful searchlight, at Mont Valerian, outside Paris; and its biggest airport, at Le Bourget. But Denmark has the amazing record of all. Forty-seven out of every hundred Danish families have wireless sets. Even America can't beat that—in the States the proportion is only forty-three. So the Danes can claim to be the world's champion wireless enthusiasts.

### To Protect Polished Wood

Glue soft wool cloth to the bottom of jardiniere, for no matter how smooth they feel they are sure to mark the table sooner or later. If a flowerpot and saucer are used, glue cloth to the ottom of the saucer and cover the inside with melted paraffin, which will prevent moisture from seeping through. Narrow strips of wool cloth glued to the bottom of rockers, and small pieces to fit the bottoms of legs of straight chairs will do much toward keeping polished floors in perfect condition.

### Sweet Apple Pickles

Six pounds of sweet apples, peeled and cored. Stick two whole cloves in each piece. Make a syrup of 3 pounds of sugar and 1 pint of vinegar. Drop in pieces of apple and cook until tender, then pack in cans. When all the apples are cooked boil the remaining syrup five minutes, turn it over the apples in the cans and seal while hot. Pears and peaches may be done in the same way.

By the way, Barrie, who first made his real start in newspaper work on the "Nottingham Journal," was once asked for a recipe for the production of an editorial. Here is what he wrote: 2 pipes equal 1 hour, 2 hours equal 1 idea, 1 idea equals 3 paragraphs, 3 paragraphs equal 1 editorial.

### Mutt Adopts Daylight Saving.

## MUTT AND JEFF—By BUD FISHER



## First Aid in the Home

Children often scratch themselves with rusty nails and splinters. Squeeze the wound gently to make it bleed and carry away some of the germs. Apply diluted peroxide or iodine. If the child is healthy, keeping the wound clean and covered should be sufficient. If delicate or not in good health it is wiser to show it to a doctor or trained nurse. Cleanliness and lack of fuss are better than over-emphasizing the seriousness. Fear does more harm than any other agent.

In the case of serious bleeding, prompt action is essential (writes a nurse). Lie the patient flat and keep him absolutely still. Bright red blood is arterial, and the arteries are like a hose. Pressure at any place nearer the heart will stop the flow. So apply a tourniquet, the making of which every parent should have learnt.

In the case of a vein, darker blood issues, and the fingers should be put on the wound and pressed on the vein to stop the bleeding. These measures are, of course, taken immediately—while a doctor is being summoned with all speed.

Nose bleeding often occurs with growing children. Lie the patient flat, with the head a little lower than the body. Apply cold water to back of neck and bridge of nose. Gently plug nostrils with cotton-wool soaked in water containing a few drops of witch hazel. "Tit-Bits."

Diner—"Walter, just look at this piece of chicken; it's nothing but skin and bones." Walter—"Yea, s'ry d'you want the feathers, too?"