



Home Chats

By MARIE ANN BEST

The man that hath no music in his soul is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.—Shakespeare.

Sound Waves

Why not learn to be responsive to music? Its chords truly touch a cord in the human soul nothing else can reach.

Sound, the source of music, we can imagine first rumbled through countless years of chaos echoing through the rushing waters, the bursting of the volcano, the eternal beating of the winds on land or sea as the primal elements were let loose. Then it was heard in the cry of the wild beast, the song of the bird, the music of the human voice, and from it all came rhythm, melody and harmony until the soul of music had its birth down here below on this old earth. Then great masters came one by one and sang insistently into humanity's faintly understanding ears and brought from the spiritual world the poetry of sound until now on every side we harken with a more and more apprehensive ear the over swelling chorus as each new master leaves us his life work.

In these days we hear the radio everywhere. It throws out its music of all grades. Much of it is good, more is very mediocre and superficially everyone enjoys it whether they understand good music or not. We grant the instrument is a great boon to the world and very wonderful, but to know and receive the highest enjoyment from real music we must study it ourselves right from the first primitive exercises of a, b, c, d, e, f, g, on up through years of learning. The reward is boundless, for the goodness of music dwells in the world of limitless dimensions and the more we study the more she shows us her own possibilities when we try to interpret the works of her gifted children—such as Beethoven, Schubert and Bach, all down the line of her great family; and as we develop her gifts through sickness, trials, troubles, sorrows, through joy and pleasure.

If you have had the opportunity of acquiring a musical education do not deprive your child of the similar enjoyment of becoming intelligently appreciative of music if it is at all possible. The growing girl or boy fortunate in having parents who insist on his receiving that training often only fully appreciates the great pleasure which comes from such knowledge when maturity is reached, because the hand of discipline seemed heavy at times as he guided over the difficult places during the early years of study. He is repaid a thousand fold when he is able to produce harmonies for himself as he intuitively unfolds the composer's thought. Fortunate indeed is the child who in his early years has learned the rudiments of music.

Twilight Hour Story

Chicks and Other Furry Friends

No. 34
"Mamma, come out and just see the fine place daddy said we could have for the chicks," exclaimed Billy enthusiastically.

"All right, dear, in a minute. I want to finish this bit of work first."

"Could I help you, mummy, so you can come out soon and see it?"

"Why, yes. Little boys can always help mothers," she said, smiling. "It will help me if you bring me a pail of water."

"So off Billy ran to get the water, then very soon he and mamma lady went out to see the little room."

"Daddy told me before he went out to plow that I could fix it up any way I liked."

"And what is it you are going to do, dear?" she said as she looked around.

"It will certainly be a nice airy room for them and perhaps now that Daddy is not so very busy he might help you to fix the window so you can open and shut it easily yourself."

Daddy did help Billy the very next day. It was great fun to work with him and the hammer and saw could be heard as they fixed the big window. Then they made some white-

wash and covered the walls so that it looked as though it had all been painted white, only it smelled much nicer than paint. Did you ever see or smell whitewash? Billy just loved to dip his big brush in the pail full of thick white cream and then slather it over the wall, all smooth and nice. I tell you it was great fun. Then they cleaned the floor with a broom and a pail of water in which Daddy put some disinfectant to kill any bugs that might be around. After that they opened a window to let in the air and the sunshine and left it like that for two days to dry out, because, you know, chicken houses must always be very dry so the chickens won't catch cold. Now isn't it queer chickens like cold weather when they have all their feathers? In fact, it doesn't matter how cold it is, but they don't like the least bit of wet in their houses. Well, I guess we wouldn't like damp rooms either.

In two days they went in to see how it looked, and Billy thought it was so nice that he said: "It's so bright and clean out here I'd like to sleep here, wouldn't you, Mamma?"

"But how about the chickens. They are getting so impatient in their box, I believe they know some other place is being fixed up for them," said Mamma Lady.

"Oh, yes, of course, it's their house," apologized Billy. "Let's put them in this morning. What must we do now, mother?"

"First of all you better fill that big box in the corner with sand. Then put a lot of fresh straw all over the floor, nice and thick. You do that while I fix up their water dish, the feed box and the box for grit and stone. Why, this is real fun, Billy boy," said Mamma Lady gaily.

"I just love doing it. Do you know, Mamma Lady, I am going to be a farmer when I'm a man."

Mamma Lady laughed. "How about the time you said you were going to be a baker when you were helping to take the warm, spicy cookies out of the oven? You can't be both very well."

Billy scratched his head and thought awhile. "Oh—I don't know what I want to do. I guess I'll be a farmer, for right now, anyway."

Feather Trimmings Feature of Autumn Millinery

New York.—Feather trimmings are stressed on fall hats. Whether the model be one inspired by the ambitious Empress Eugenie or a derby, sailor or that hat must have a feather.

The much talked of Rombard crown has a bright-colored contrasting feather stuck through it. The less dressy and modified cloche, with a soft brim, has a side ornament of feathers. A pretty gesture is the lifting of brims at the back, where clusters of tiny ostrich tips nod.

Birds, mercury wings, tall feathers of barnyard fowl and ostrich plumes vie with each other as popular hat trimmings. Bi-color effects are favored, as in black wings tipped with red, orange or green.



"How's the climate out, your way?"

"Well," replied the farmer, "it does well enough for summer boarder purposes. It looks nice and cool on a picture-card."

Currents of hot air produced by a motor are a novel substitute for towels in use in one Paris railway station. The hot air dries the hands in a few seconds.

Sunday School Lesson

September 6. Lesson X.—Turning to the Gentiles.—Acts 13: 42-52; Romans 1: 14-16. Golden Text.—I have set thee to be a light of the Gentiles, that thou shouldst be for salvation unto the ends of the earth.—Acts 13: 47.

I. PAUL'S SERMON IN ANTIOCH, Acts 13: 14-41.

II. REJECTED BY JEWS, Acts 13: 42-47.

III. RECEIVED BY GENTILES, Acts 13: 48-52.

IV. EVERYMAN'S GOSPEL, Romans 1: 11-16.

INTRODUCTION.—Paul and his companions sailed from Paphos to Perga, the capital of Pamphylia. There they evidently changed their plans. Instead of preaching in Perga, they decided to make their way to the interior. This expansion of the work was too much for John Mark's Jewish soil. He booked his passage back home, v. 13.

I. PAUL'S SERMON IN ANTIOCH, Acts 13: 14-41.

Climbing the rugged sides of Taurus "in perils of waters, in perils of robbers" (2 Cor. 11: 26) they traveled the hundred miles from Perga up to "Pisidian Antioch," v. 14. The latter was so named because it bordered on Pisidia, and also to distinguish it from other Antiochs. Here the party was delayed. Paul was taken ill. Writing to the Galatian churches afterward, he reminded them, "Ye know how through infirmity of the flesh I preached the gospel to you at the first," Gal. 4: 13. It was probably one of the frequently recurring attacks of his "thorn in the flesh" (2 Cor. 12: 7, 9), which, as Professor Ramsey suggests, may have been malarial fever.

Attending the synagogue service, the visitors were asked to speak, v. 15. Paul's address was short and diplomatic. Perhaps he remembered Stephen's long and not too tactful sermon. Beginning with an outline of Hebrew history—which Jews never tired of hearing—he concluded with the story of Jesus, whom, he said, was the Promised One. In his love and humility Paul associated himself with his hearers, Jew and Gentile. "To us is the word of this salvation sent," v. 26. "You," in the Authorized Version, should be "us." "Those in Jerusalem," Jew and Gentiles, had rejected it. Hence it had now come to those outside.

II. REJECTED BY JEWS, Acts 13: 42-47.

Paul's message was the talk of the town. Next Sabbath the regular pew-holders found themselves crowded out by "those dogs of Gentiles." Exclusive congregations resent crowds. Popular preachers are sometimes the objects of jealousy. So it was in Antioch. The Jews began to contradict Paul, and blasphemed, this is, cursed Christ. No doubt they contended that "every one that hath faith in him is accursed"; Gal. 3: 13. The situation was critical. Paul turned on them. So did the gentle Barnabas. The apostles saw that the moment had come when they must choose between Jew and Gentile. Was there a savior in Paul's voice as he said, "Well, here we turn to the Gentiles?"

III. RECEIVED BY GENTILES, Acts 13: 48-52.

In contrast with the miserable attitude of the Jews was the glad welcome of the Gentiles. They received the gospel enthusiastically. "As many were ordained to eternal life, believed," v. 49. Were they fore-ordained to eternal life in any case—apart from their own will or desire? No. The Greek word which is translated "ordained" means "to set in order," "to marshal," "to dispose." It was originally a military term. Troops were "marshalled," "stationed" at their posts. Romans 13: 1 would then read, "the powers that be are stationed at their post" by God. Verse 49, then, should read, "as many as had marshalled themselves on the side of, were disposed to, eternal life believed." It is God's will that all should be saved. All are called. But we have the power to accept or reject. Our salvation depends ultimately upon our own attitude.

IV. EVERYMAN'S GOSPEL, Romans 1: 14-16.

Paul's joy at finding Christ, or rather, at being found by Christ, resulted in a passion for sharing him with others. Missionary zeal in a Christian is not a duty added on, it is an inner compulsion. One simply must spread good news. Racial and national distinctions disappear when one

What New York Is Wearing

By ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



3144

Paris has such an easy way of taking a piece of fabric and turning it into a stunning dress.

Isn't this one irresistibly lovely? It has such a charming neckline, so softly pretty and youthfully becoming.

And the three modish-pleated frills are arranged in very interesting manner so as not to interfere with the smooth fit of the moulded neckline. The hemline is comfortably full. It's exquisitely lovely fashioned of printed chiffon.

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Eyelet batiste in blue, yellow cobwebby lace, white crepe de chine, printed crepe de chine, chiffon print in green and orchid self-patterned are so attractive.

Size 16 requires 6 1/2 yards 39-inch.

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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.

remembers that Jesus died for every one, Rom. 1: 14.

Paul must have seen the first sinister signs of that Gentile hatred which in many a city chases a little Jewish boy down the street with the yell, "Christ-killer," ringing behind him. "A Jewish lawyer recently said, 'If prejudice against Jews exists because the world remembers our people, not as the nation that produced Jesus, but as the nation that killed him.' The Christians must begin to look upon the Jew as 'brother.'"

Portugal Favors 2 Types Drugstores

In Portugal there are two classes of drug stores: the "pharmacia," which does a strictly defined business, specializing in prescription filling, soaps, perfumes, toilet articles and prepared and proprietary medicines; and the "drogaria," which sells proprietary medicines, laundry and toilet soaps, sponges, brushes, the more common crude drugs, paints, oils and varnishes.—United States Commerce Reports.

SOULS OF MEN

The ways of God are as the number of the souls of men.

Scotch Drizzle

There is no wind, so the soft caressing rain sweeps to and fro over the landscape like smoke—thin, fine and veil-like. It settles on all around, turning the leafless hedges into graceful silvery forms. It hangs in clear crystal globules from every tiny branch—in uncertain drops like pearls from a dark pendant. It clothes the grass with a sparkling sheen, rests lightly on the brown upturned earth, and seeps through the trees upon the golden leafy mold beneath. It brushes the trees on the height with a feathery tone of gray, so that they melt into one another with a delicious indefiniteness. It speaks quietly to, and pats gently, the flat leaves of the rhododendron bushes and they accept its ministrations with gratitude, while

cupping its freshness on their broad capacious palms. The bridge over the wide dark river is black and glossy with wetness, the road gray and polished. There is a softness in the air and a benign quietness resting over all, like a benediction. Even the hills lose their rugged aspect and assume a graceful roundedness; the river ceases from troubling, under the pacific influence, to burble contentedly along between dark green banks. There is the faintest of swishing sounds in the air, so faint that only those attuned can hear—a restless moving, indefinable and unreachably, as if the earth, while lifting its brown scorched face to the sky, were steadily acknowledging and apraising this gentle influx of moisture.—Writer in Christian Science Monitor.

How to Select Potatoes for Chips

Specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture have devised a simple method for selecting storage potatoes, which will make good chips or French fries. A test for the soluble sugars in potatoes is the key that unlocks the secret of their culinary qualities, since an excessive amount of these sugars produces a discoloration in French fries and chips and a sweetness in baked or boiled potatoes that is distasteful to some persons. Potatoes stored at temperatures ranging from 32 degrees to 45 degrees F. accumulate certain soluble sugars as a result of the breakdown of starch. In general, the lower the storage temperature the greater the amount of soluble sugars and the darker the color of the chips.

To make the test, a sample from the center of the potato is placed in a yellow solution of picric acid and sodium carbonate in a small test tube and heated over the flame of an alcohol lamp until it boils for one-half minute. Samples from potatoes that have not been stored at too low temperatures change the color of the solution to an orange yellow, but the excessive amount of sugars in tubers stored at low temperatures changes the color to a deep red or brown.

This test has proved satisfactory in selecting potatoes for chip making. French frying, baking, and under certain conditions, for boiling. It was designed especially for chip manufacturers, who must have potatoes with a low content of soluble sugars. The test is so simple, since it involves a small portable outfit, that it can be used by buyers for hotels and restaurants where there is a demand for high-grade, meaty-cooked potatoes, free from a sweetish taste and discoloration.



"A fish ate the bait right off my hook this morning."

"Cheer up. He'll be all the bigger when you do catch him."

A GREAT AIM

One great aim, like a guiding star, above—

Which tasks strength, wisdom, statefulness, to lift.

His manhood to the heights that takes the prize.

—Colombe's Birthday.

Pictures and sculptures by modern artists are to be loaned out on time at rates varying with the value of the work, by a newly formed society in London.

We hold that the most wonderful and splendid proof of genius is a great poem produced in a civilized age.—Lord Macaulay.

Here and There

Young people are never right in the eyes of their elders.—Sir Francis Goodenough.

The secret of being young when you are old is to have some play with your work.—The Bishop of London.

The sun has passed through one third of its life. Its death may be expected 150,000 million years hence.—Sir James Jeans.

Baldness is said to be more common in towns than in the country and among people who work with their heads than manual workers.

However, we must put up with our contemporaries, since we can neither live with our ancestors nor our posterity.—George Eliot.

Father—"Who is the highest boy in your class, Tommy?" Son—"Fred Wells. He can eat apples behind his geography book and never get caught."

"How can you call it a love match?" He must be worth quite \$50,000 a year. "Well, isn't \$50,000 a year lovely?"

Last year's death rate in England and Wales was the lowest on record, the lowest ever recorded—for the white the birth-rate was the same as year 1929.

Seaside Landlady: "You must see the concert party on the pier. They're extra!" Boarder: "Good heavens! In addition to baths and the use of the crust?"

It would be a gross error to suppose that the United States Ambassador calls revenue "the dough" or "the berries," and refers to his Italian colleague as a "Wop."—Sir Charles Strachey.

Film studios have their casualties; fifty-five people have been killed and 10,794 injured in the Hollywood studios during the past five and a half years. Accidents happen at an average rate of fifteen a day.

Pupils were recently successfully grafted on the eyes of a New York youth who had been blind from birth. This was the first time such an operation, which is very delicate, had been performed.

He who helps a child helps humanity with a distinctness, with an immediateness, which no other help other stage of their human life can give to human creatures in any possibly give again.—Phillips Brooks.

England's most costly "village" is a small community of twenty-four houses within the walls of Windsor Castle. Many of them were built in the fourteenth century for the use of the dean and canon of St. George's Chapel.

Using fishing-rods fitted with a lamp which lit when a fish was caught, and an automatic device which promptly reeled in the line, a man at Genoa took charge of twenty fishing-lines. He had only to unhook the fish and replace the bait.

Boy Scout (to elderly lady)—"May I accompany you across the road, madam?" Old Lady—"Certainly, sonny. How long have you been waiting here for somebody to take you across?"

"Is anything the matter, sir?" "It was on the tip of my tongue a moment ago, and now it's gone." "Think calmly and it will come back to you."

"No, I won't. It was a three-half-penny stamp."—Punch.

Steward: "You'll find the ship just like your own home, madam." Dear Old Lady (about to "pleasure cruise" for the first time): "Oh, yes, I'm sure—and please make a note, will you, not to forget The Times each morning and the Dulbury and District Chronicle on Saturdays."—Passing Show.

There is a story of a fat man and a thin man who were going to fight a duel, and as they were standing ready at fifteen paces it occurred to the fat man that he was a much bigger target than the thin man, and he did not think that fair. So the seconds put their heads together and they came to a decision. They stood the thin man in front of the fat man and with a piece of chalk they marked the outline of the thin man in the fat man's body. "There!" they said, "now, any shots outside the chalk line will not count."

By BUD FISHER

When Wings Are Useless

Numbers of seabirds have again been picked up on the coast of Great Britain, helpless because of the heavy oil and tar on their wings. Only the other day, a big cormorant in this plight drifted on to the beach below Beachy Head.

In this case holiday-makers tried to remove the stuff from its wings, one man tying its big beak with a handkerchief while another did his best to cleanse it. But their efforts were of no avail and in the end it just drifted out to sea again, unable to rise. It would float like this till it died of starvation.

This seaside tragedy is not an isolated case, but is being repeated all round the coast again and again. So the agitation to make oil-burning ships alter their methods of disposing of waste is being renewed. And the seabirds are not the only sufferers. Bathing in some places have found a film of oil on the water when they entered it—and in such cases a bath is not very satisfactory.

MUTT AND JEFF—A Kiss In The Park

