

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

The Money Grubber a Misfit in Nature

By WINIFRED BLACK

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Winifred Black

Little house, the world forgetting, by the world forgot. I wonder what he thought about on summer evenings when the moon threw a spangled net of silver over the river that ran close to the little hut where he lived.

And when the meadow larks began to call in the spring, I wonder if he ever got time to go out and look for shooting stars and Dutchman's breeches, or if he thought everything that wasn't good to eat was just a weed, and ought to be pulled up for taking the ground away from the potatoes.

What Good Is His Money Now?

When the June sun made the roses along the railroad track smell like Arab's Balm—though they were just wild and only pink and sweet and not worth a penny in the world—what did he think then of the wild extravagance of the hand that flung them there to seed and blossom, just because they were pretty and made the world brighter to look at.

When the winter stars sparkled frostily in the cold sky, did he ever look up at them, this man who worked so hard and lived so poor—to save a fortune—and wonder why they shone so brightly?

The butterflies, little yellow fellows with white spots of silver on their wings, they grow that way down in Connecticut where this poor rich man lived, and great brown moths with wings of ringed yellow—what did he think of them, I wonder, and of their part in the great plan of creation?

The wild cucumber vine crept up over his lonely habitation and spangled the humble root with its veil of bubbling lace. I wonder why? There was no money in it.

Of evenings when the lonely old man sat for a while on the hard earth at his doorstep, did he note the grasshoppers' fiddling so cheerily there in the dusk?

Queer old fellows, the grasshoppers. I always like to believe that they are the fiddlers for the fairies who live down there in the grass and the clover. They never tire, and when the dancing flags they leap into the air to show how proper dancing should be done, I shall always believe that the man who invented the tango thought of this on a June evening when the grasshoppers were out for a frolic. Did he ever watch them jumping in the clover, poor old man, who died the other day and left \$60,000 in the bank—after a lifetime of grudging privation and niggardly economies?

I wonder what his heirs will do with it. I hope there's a pretty piece with cheeks like roses and Irish eyes like violets drenched in dew. I hope she'll buy a pretty hat with a pink rose on it and a soft frock of white, or some such color, to wear to Holy Communion some Easter Sunday.

No Savings Bank for Nature.

I hope there's a strapping nephew, too, with a pair of broad shoulders and two honest hands that can spend, as well as save.

Bless their hearts, sure it's a fine dinner they'll have the day, and new shoes, too, with plenty of "creak" in them.

The earth where they dug the grave was hard—as hard as the heart of what they call a miser. But the man lies snug and warm, snug and warm, and it costs him never a cent for food or shelter.

No more extravagance in the way of a fire, no more folly of bread at a nickel a loaf, snug and warm and sheltered, who so well content as he?

But when the grass begins to grow, and the birds are at their silly chattering and all the railroad track along which the old watchman used to walk is abloom with wild roses and blue with morning-glories—will it not be well for a frugal soul to be out of the way of the sight of the reckless and wicked extravagance of nature?

Brown will run the water in the brooks and deep and deep will rush the swelling tide of the hurrying river to the brimming sea—all wasted, all thrown away, for what?

Not a savings bank in sight for Mother Nature!

What a mistake it all must have seemed to the honest, hard-working old man—who saved—and died.

Newest All-Fish Menus

By Jeannette Young Norton

FOR lenten Fridays, when in many households an all-fish dinner is served, a half-dozen fish menus will add the cook in making her choice of things different from every-day.

MENU-1
Clam Cocktail.
Tomato Bouillon, Toasted Croquettes.
Baked Shad, Baked Potatoes, Stuffed Peppers.
Fried Cauliflower.
Crisp Jelly, Whipped Cream, Macaroons.
Coffee.

MENU-2
Grape Fruit Cocktail.
Cream of Asparagus Soup.
Baked Bluefish, New Potatoes, Macaroni au Gratin.
Spring Salad.
Prune Souffle, Whipped Cream.
Coffee.

MENU-3
Fish Chowder.
Lobster Cakes, Potato Tartare.
Fried Cauliflower.
Broiled Mackerel on Toast.
Fruit Salad.
Floating Island.
Coffee.

MENU-4
Sardine Relish.
Cream of Celery Soup.
Baked Shad, Broiled Potatoes, Asparagus.
Crisp Jelly, Whipped Cream, Macaroons.
Coffee.

MENU-5
Mussels au Vinaigrette.
Tomato Bisque.
Baked Shad, Potato, Cucumber au Gratin.
Crisp Jelly, Whipped Cream, Macaroons.
Coffee.

MENU-6
Clam Chowder, New England Style.
Fish Tartare, Baked Tomato.
Crisp Jelly, Whipped Cream, Macaroons.
Coffee.

DINING WITH A PRIMA DONNA



Geraldine Farrar

Geraldine Farrar's Famous Italian Dishes

By Ann Marie Lloyd

TO those who know Geraldine Farrar only by voice it may seem difficult to imagine her as a domestic young woman with a dainty frilled apron tied about her waist and a measuring spoon in her hand. As a matter of fact, fascinating and charming and wonderful as she is in opera, she is all these things enhanced in the home, and the most refreshingly sensible American girl one can picture.

When she wishes to give a particularly beautiful party to her dearest friends she sends out dainty missives in Italian asking a few congenial souls to gather in her home overlooking the east, picturesque of Central Park and eat an Italian dinner which she will prepare herself.

There is no record of a regret having been sent to such an invitation. But there are several instances where the advice of doctors has not only been disregarded, but defied, and bidden guests have left a cough of pain and a bed of sickness to gather around "Gerry" Farrar's hospitable table.

And such viands are served! Miss Farrar has lived abroad so much and knows Italy so well that she succeeds in transplanting the atmosphere of Naples to America. As a famous composer remarked, "If there is anything better to eat in the whole civilized world than the meat grinder, mix it with an egg and some Parmesan cheese and a tablespoonful of butter, and dash it with nutmeg. Squeeze a little lemon juice in the mixture.

Have the pasta rolled out into a strip nearly an inch wide. Put a teaspoonful of the mixture on the ribbon and repeat at intervals of two inches all along the ribbon. Cut between each spoonful and fold the pasta over, making little squares with the paste so firmly pressed into place that the meat is secure. Put the little squares in boiling salted water and boil 10 minutes. These are served with tomato sauce, or with melted butter, and always with Parmesan cheese.

Boccconini is a favored dish. For this, slices of lamb, veal or mutton are cut about two inches wide and sprinkled with salt and pepper. An equal number of bread slices are cut a little larger than the meat and half an inch thick. Then twice as many slices of ham the same size as the meat. Arrange on skewers, a piece of bread, then a piece of ham, a leaf of sage, then the meat, another leaf of sage, repeat the ham and the bread. Always the meat must be between two leaves of sage. Two slices of ham and two slices of bread. Dip them in olive oil and broil 20 minutes in front of a hot fire, turning them till they are golden brown. Or they may be cooked on a pan in the oven. They are served with lettuce salad.

If one wishes hot wine with this dinner, this is the recipe: To each pint of red wine add two heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, the rind of lemon and orange and a small stick of cinnamon. Heat in a saucepan till the sugar is dissolved. Strain through cheesecloth.

Mary did not reply, but she came timidly down into the steam with a pathetic air of apology.

"Mary," I said more kindly—she seemed so helpless—"tonight after dinner I want you to sit down and listen very carefully to a few essential facts about furnaces. You can understand them if you try to. The appalling ignorance of women about the machinery of things in the household may be terribly tired, I told you about the furnace before, didn't I?"

"Yes," admitted Mary, "you did—but I tell you the truth, Peter, I didn't listen."

How many women know the absolutely scientific facts about their fires as they should? Why doesn't some enterprising person write a simple furnace book for the edification of housewives? A sea captain knows all about the cooking of his vessel. He knows how to get the best result with the least fuel.

What woman does? Compare the different opinions of the coal it takes to run a house and you'll find what a wilful waste of fuel there is in many homes just through ignorance.

I maintain that it doesn't hurt any woman to have a smattering knowledge of furnaces and simple plumbing. I also maintain that women should be able to stand more of these things if they would concentrate when some one tries to explain such mysteries and not let their minds wander to the next door neighbor.

My mother can think out a simple problem in plumbing and apply a temporary remedy. She once fixed a flooding bathroom tap by the application of a washer cut from the rim of a shoe.

If Mary sets in a mess, she looks herself in the bathroom and telephones for the police.

Said by Wise Men

God governs the world, and we have only to do our duty wisely and leave the issue to him.—John Jay.

Habit is too arbitrary a master for my liking.—Lavater.

Sin is a basilisk whose eyes are full of venom.—Quarles.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Sagging of One Eyelid Warns of Coming Ills

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins).
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YOU have two pairs of twin screens over your most precious possession. The upper and lower eyelids protect your eyeballs mechanically, tenderly, chemically and physically.

When the Sand Man comes around, the eyelids begin to droop. Do you know why? Sleep sits heavily upon the lids. It weighs them down. Then you have an exposition of sleep come upon you.

The eyelids begin to droop when the magic wand of sleep waves before your eyes, because the rhythm of lost attention, which induces sleep, paralyzes the lid muscles. Paralysis is not precisely what happens. The timely dew of sleep creeps into the "oculomotor," or nerves of the eyelid muscles. This squeezes the strength right out of the muscle, nerve and eyelid.

Then it droops and "feels heavy." A sensation of sleepiness is the upshot of this pseudo-paralysis. First the lids, then the rest of the body, then the eyes themselves and the "dreamy brain" last are lulled into slumber.

When sore, sick or soggy with lymph they lose the natural elasticity. Instead of shrinking from your sleepless eyes, they fall to widen and remain an interference and a nuisance.

For any man with half an eye, What stands before him may say: But optics sharp it needs, I mean. To see what is not to be seen.



DR. HIRSHBERG

Answers to Health Questions

C. J. H.—What will increase the thickness of eyebrows?

If you will gently rub sulphur ointment in one night and ammoniated mercury ointment the next night—be careful that they do not go on the skin outside the eyebrows—they will grow darker and thicker.

M. O., Indianapolis.—What is the cause of strings and spots before the eyes?

At times near-sighted eyes, eyes that are "astigmatic," and defects of the eye muscles cause this. You should wear glasses constantly. At times the spots are in the juices of the eye. A tonic also helps.

G. E. B., Toronto.—I have heart palpitation, irregular pulse and dizziness. Are heart pills any good?

Do not take medicines for heart defects until your physician gives you a thorough, honest examination. A diagnosis is necessary before heart trouble can be ascertained.

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He will not undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases.

The subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care of this office.

Witticisms of Children

"Spell ferment and give its definition," requested the teacher.

"Fer-m-e-n-t," to work," responded a diminutive maiden.

"Now place it in a sentence so that I may be sure you understand its meaning," said the teacher.

"In the summer I would rather play out of doors than ferment in the school," volunteered the same maiden.

A class in grammar was reciting, and one of the younger boys was asked to compare "sick."

He began thoughtfully: "Sick"—paused while his brain struggled with the problem—then finished triumphantly, "Sick, worse, dead."

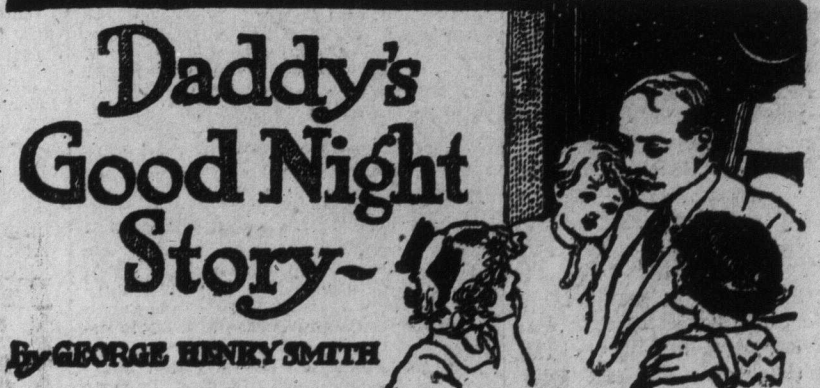
"My paw's going into the chicken-raising business," said Freddy. "He's going downtown tomorrow to buy an incubator or an indicator, I forget which you call it."

A lady taking tea at a small company, being very fond of hot rolls, was asked to have another.

"Really, I cannot," she modestly replied. "I don't know how many I've eaten already."

"I do," unexpectedly exclaimed a juvenile upstairs, whose mother allowed him a seat at the table. "You've eaten eight. I've been counting."

Mamma—And the fairy godmother brought Cinderella a beautiful carriage. Gracie—Wouldn't Cinderella rather have an auto?



Daddy's Good Night Story

By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

HOW did you know I was coming?" asked Mister Plymouth Rock in surprise as he heard Dobbin, the horse, who was feeding in the field.

"I did not hear you coming," said Dobbin. "I saw your shadow."

"You are very observing," replied Mister Plymouth Rock.

"I have to be," answered Dobbin. "The bigger an animal is, the more he has to be on the lookout. Besides, a horse has to take people on his back or draw them in a carriage and he must be careful on their account."

"You make me feel as if I were no use at all," said the Rooster.

"You are useful," said Dobbin. "Everything, everybody, is useful in some way or another. You mustn't stand still and try to be useful. Do something."

"What shall I do to be useful?" asked Mister Plymouth Rock squinting up at Dobbin.

"Well," said Dobbin, "don't go a mile away, look around you. There is Mrs. Rhode Island Red trying to get something to eat for her brood of chicks. Go and scratch a few worms for the little things."

"What good would that do?" asked the Rooster.

"It would keep you busy and that would be a good idea. Idleness never helps any one."

Off went Mister Plymouth Rock to where Mrs. Rhode Island Red was busy clucking to her chicks. He began to scratch like mad.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Mrs. Rhode Island Red. "Are you trying to dig a hole to China?"

"No," answered Mister Plymouth Rock. "I was trying to dig some worms for those babies of yours."

"How kind of you. May I ask what happened to you that you stopped being so lazy?" You never helped me before," said the hen.

"I find I am happiest when busiest," said the Rooster as he began again to tear up the earth.