

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

When the Iceman Played Host to the Guests of the Banker By Winifred Black



Winifred Black

I gazed at him with horror and respect. "On Sunday," said I, "we dine with the banker at 1 o'clock, a family dinner, and we have to go across the bay to do it."

The man groaned and fled.

The other woman called me up on the 'phone about it. She said she was awfully sorry and she hated the disappointment, but she had no choice, it was an ulcerated tooth—and by Sunday she knew it was going to be worse, and so—

"No, you don't," said I. "There are four of us, and if we die together."

On Thursday night at the little restaurant the other woman said she was going to get revenge, and she proceeded to do it.

At the Iceman's Home.

"Do you know my iceman?" said she, "the big, tall one with the white teeth and the black eyes—well, I did something for the baby when he was ill last winter, and the iceman can never stop talking about it; and yesterday he said his grandmother had come from Italy and they were having a grand feast dinner, and wouldn't I come on Sunday."

"And I told him that I was going with friends to dine with the banker. And the iceman said 'Bring your friends.'"

"And I said: 'Oh, if I only could.'"

"And the iceman said: 'Why not,' only he said it this way, and the other woman raised her shoulders in a delicious thing and sparkled her eyes and showed every tooth in her head, and put an A on the end of the 'not,' so that it sounded as if she was singing grand opera."

And so we all sat and stared at each other and were very miserable. On Saturday one of the men called us.

He began to sing over the 'phone:

"We're free," he caroled, "free as a mountain bird."

And then he said that we weren't going to the banker's at all; we were going to the iceman's, for the banker had had more sense than any of us, and had been called to Portland for a conference.

So on Sunday we went to the iceman's.

The iceman lives in the most delicious house you ever saw—four rooms of it squatted down in a little hollow with vines all over the place. We sat on the porch till dinner was ready, and the children played over us as if we were so many shoot the chutes.

Angelo could sing. Angelo was 2, and he was dimpled and rosy and his eyes were pools of black glory.

"Marie could sew," Marie said.

"Tony can whistle," Tony said.

Teresa, in 10, Teresa helped her mother set the table.

And the twins rolled over and over everywhere; whenever you looked there was a twin rolling.

A Merry Feast.

And the iceman got out his accordion and played "Oh Marie"—and we all laughed and laughed and some of us sang and some quoted poetry and some just grunted amiably.

And the dinner. You never ate such a dinner.

A kid seethed in milk, chickens, broiled brown and fakey—every vegetable that ever grew, two kinds of spaghetti, ravioli enough—for once—oh, well, what's the use!

We were at the table for hours. Nobody ever thought of going away while there was a thing left to eat; and we toasted the iceman and every pound of the ice he ever carried; and we toasted the iceman's pretty wife, and every baby he'd ever held in her dimpled arms; and we toasted the iceman's grandmother and every white hair in her mass of tangled silver; and we toasted the iceman's uncle, who was there with his family, and when the in-laws began to arrive, with their accordeons and their mouth harps, we tasted them. It was 1 o'clock in the morning when we left.

We had been there since 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and nobody was bored, and nobody was polite, and nobody was tactful—and we walked down to the little garden gate in a procession, with the iceman and the twins at the head of it, and the iceman's wife was crowned with roses at the gate, and the twins rolled along just as if it was 1 o'clock in the afternoon.

When we were alone in the starlight, one of the men said in a hushed voice of awe:

"What do you suppose the banker did with the things he'd ordered for our dinner?"

And we were very sad, for waste is a terrible thing.

I kept wondering whether the banker really was called to Portland for a conference, or whether—

But why peer into the kindly mysteries of a benign Providence? What a lot of worrying we do—over the things that never happen, and that never were really going to happen at all.

Advice to Girls By Annie Laurie

Miss Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest from young women readers of this paper and will reply to them in these columns. They should be addressed to her, care this office.

Dear Annie Laurie:

Where I work there is a woman, employee and I quit speaking to her. After this she said she didn't want to talk to me except on business. Shall I insist on an apology for things she said or did some time ago in case she is just another?

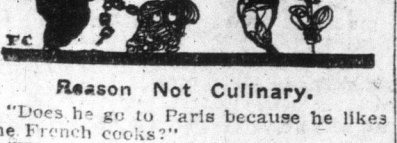
Don't think about the woman at all, or whether she speaks or doesn't speak. She is nothing to you, and you are nothing to her; she's just a wheel in the great machine of business and you are just another.

Go wheeling along about your own business and forget the woman. She'll soon forget you.

Reason Not Culinary.

"Does he go to Paris because he likes the French cooks?"

"No, the French nursesmaid."



Annie Laurie

IN LOVERS' LANE By Michelson



Do you know where it is? If you pretend that you don't, you're a gross deceiver. Everybody knows a lovers' lane, either as a spectator or as an explorer. Lucky people count it on the rosary of their sweetest memories.

All through the stinging winter it is barren. It is chilly in early spring. Then June decks it with spec-

Three-Minute Journeys A Land of Reformed Cattle Thieves—By TEMPLE MANNING

LESS than a quarter of a century ago, in the heart of the Punjab, one of the most productive provinces of India, there lay an immense wilderness of sand covering several millions of acres. Nothing that would sustain life in man or beast grew there. Before was any living thing seen on the waste, no human being, not even a skulking beast; nothing but drifting sand, furnace-hot under the blazing Indian sun, was visible.

Around the edge of this desert thousands of nomads, half-nude, half-barbaric, struggled hard to keep body and soul together by breeding cattle and bartering them for food and grain. So hard did these miserable creatures find the struggle for existence that they grew, in a short time, to be out and out cattle thieves. They made no pretences of respectability, fighting successfully with many expeditions sent against them to protect their stolen herds and their avenues of trade.

The British government finally decided to try irrigation, cut many canals from the Chenab river, and sent agricultural experts to the district. I saw a veritable garden of grain and fruits



and flowers when I visited there last year. There remains no vestige of the burning desert sands. Everywhere about prosperous towns there are flourishing farms. Here now is the centre of the

grain and cotton production of India. From this spot, 100,000 tons of grain are shipped every year, tons and tons of cotton and oil seeds.

But even a more radical difference is to be seen in the people, the war-like barbarians who spent their days and nights in thieving forays and bloody combats. Today the former nomad is clothed in civilized garb. His savage tendencies, in less than a generation, have been tamed; he is a respectable, responsible citizen, distinguishing himself as a breeder of fine camels, horses, bullocks and milch cows, and, as a husbandman, growing bumper crops.

He has changed in other ways, too. Once of a morose, stolid, bellicose character, he is now full of life, bright-eyed, ambitious and happy. The men affect vivid-colored turbans, white muslin shirts with the tails worn on the outside, waistcoats of brilliant-hued silk or velvet and red shoes. The women also dress most picturesquely. Silks and satins of gay colors are used for their garments, and they are bedecked with jewels from head to toe.

Most of them, or at least their parents, but a few years ago were content with ragged loin cloths. And now, instead of spears, they carry staffs, emblems of their freedom and respectability.

There are few more interesting, more Americanized places, I may say, in India than here. The garden spot of the Punjab is well worth a visit.

HOW to Grow Hardy ORCHIDS

There is so much of the aristocratic in the word "orchid" that all plants answering to the name are popularly thought to be only suited for culture in specially constructed hot-houses, and to be the monopoly of those with big balconies at the bank. This is not so.

While many gorgeous species and varieties need skilled care and constant attention to their needs, there are dozens of beautiful types amenable to ordinary treatment in ordinary green-houses, while a number of pleasing species are quite hardy and can be grown out of doors or in pots and pans in a frame.

All the hardy orchids are what are known as "terrestrial" species—that is, they grow in the earth in the ordinary way, and have no thickened stems or pseudo-bulbs, as have the epiphytic

kind. What tubers the former possess are produced below ground.

In order to grow them in a garden a site should be chosen screened from the sun during the hotter hours—say, from 10 A. M. till 3 P. M. The soil should be taken out where the bed is to be to a depth of two feet, and then a six-inch layer of broken bricks thrown in for drainage. Over this lay some grass turfs—grass downwards—finally filling up with the soil best suited to the needs of the kind to be planted.

When planting spread the roots out evenly and cover with soil pressed gently over them. Some two inches deep is about right. In dry weather the beds must be kept well watered, even though the plants may have died down. Rain- or river water is best, if procurable.

A mulching of cocoanut fibre will help to conserve moisture. In winter a thick covering of straw, tree leaves, or pieces of board will help to keep the soil in an even state as to wetness and temperature. Severe cold is not harmful; it is a quick-change climate that troubles them.

Most orchids are not so fastidious as to require a special mixture for each. The pans should be of the deep variety, not shallow ones. Watering must be carefully attended to, and it will be found helpful during the growing season to plunge the pots and pans in iced cold water. Free ventilation should always be given; in fact, the light will be best removed during the greater part of the year.

Secrets of Health and Happiness Hurried, Heavy Breakfasts Reduce Your Efficiency By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B. M. A. M. D. (Johns Hopkins).

OF the many modern follies, that of eating yourself hastily each morning out of house and home, with a hop, skip and a jump, is the worst. Unquiet meals make ill digestions, but a gulped-down breakfast of red-hot rolls and steam-heated coffee, of pork-chops and rich meat, is an abomination to man and beast.

Famished people must be both slowly and wisely nursed and fed upon spoonfuls else they're apt to burst. Furthermore, to throw a lot of heavy fodder into an empty stomach and then to jingle it in a demoniacal rush to be on time is more than mortal man may stand.

The morning incense, like the evening meal, must not be made of "the roast beef of England, the merry roast beef."

The American breakfast is a hoodoo and a Jonah. It is a pestilence and a thorn in the digestive side of most persons.

In lieu of a little water and fruit, rice and milk, even the poorest of houses holds exhibits meats and molasses, hot breads and sausages, eggs and chocolate for the morning meal.

The breakfast food habit has really been a saving grace with respect to the abridgment of gluttony after a night's fast.

Cereals, such as rice and the multi-tude of advertised substitutes, are not alone nutritious and easily garnered by the inactive, nocturnal stomach, but the use of the modicum of cream and sugar added they are more economical, as well as better tissue builders, than meats, eggs, hot breads, and greasy gruels.

Who lives without folly is not so wise as he thinks, and the dull boy who packs in legions of victuals as he worries over and cataputs himself upon his day's work is as poor in wit as he will be in digestion.

Too much breakfast is almost as wicked as too little. There is a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue. Just as the first years of life are physically, thoughtfully and morally to make provision for the last, so a sane, but not too solemn, breakfast prepares for the day's duties.

"The breakfast" is the "heyday" and springtime of the day. If you suffer the weeds to grow then, before many disastrous hours have passed they will overgrow the garden and choke the tissue soil, despite firm husbandry.

Shallow draughts, such as a mere cup of coffee and bits of bread, intoxicate the brain as venomously as does a superfluity of food and drink.

Therefore, in the matter of breakfasts, avoid extremes, and shun the fault of each, who still are pleased too little or too much. Be the tactically efficient and contented man who said:

"I neither want, nor yet should I have, a breakfast that I can't eat, nor a dinner that I can't sleep."

I prize a breakfast that is not too low. This is my choice, my cheer. A fast content, a conscience clear.

Answers to Health Questions

G. R. M.—Give me a tonic after tonics.

Try the compound syrup of hypophosphites, a teaspoonful or two before meals in water. Green vegetables are particularly good.

G. T.—Am bothered with a kind of itch whenever any heat or warmth strikes me.

Try this application: Carbonate of zinc 25 grains. Oxide of zinc 2 drams. Glycerine 3 drams. Phenol half a dram. Rose water 1 ounce. Lime water 2 ounces.

A. B. G.—A friend of mine has a number of her internal textures. She has been advised against an operation.

If she has been thus advised, it is a murderous advice, for an operation complete and promptly done is the only hope for cancerous invasions.

S. E.—My hair falls out very rapidly.

Try massage with the fingers and the use of an electric brush. Tincture of pepper two drams, resorcin half a dram, sulphur half an ounce, castor oil three ounces is useful in preventing loss.

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. Where the subject is 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 this office.

Useful Hints for the Housewife By Ann Marie Lloyd

TIME in cooking is a problem which puzzles many inexperienced housekeepers who have dinner or in which the roast is overdone and the vegetables underdone, and only the salad redeems the meal from total failure.

The first and best investment the young housekeeper can make is an up-to-date cook book by some culinary authority. I would like to give one as a wedding gift to every bride. The next thing is to have a kitchen scarer book in which she may jot down recipes, or household hints which will save her no end of trouble at some particular time. Also there are constantly printed articles that are full of help and information, and there should be some definite way of preserving them and having them on call when needed. Memory plays the funniest tricks when one tries to cook by it.

Here is a hint. All meats should be seared over to keep in the juice, whatever the manner of cooking, with the exception of meat intended for soups or beef tea, where the object is to draw out the juices.

Tough meat should be treated with patience in cooking. It will usually yield to slow, long cooking.

Boiled beef should be cooked an hour to each pound, just at the simmering point.

Roast beef, if desired to be done moderately well, needs from 12 to 15 minutes a pound in a hot oven, and should be frequently basted.

Broiled beefsteak takes about 12 minutes over a very hot fire, and should be turned frequently.

For veal allow 20 minutes to the pound in a hot oven and baste every 10 minutes. Of all meats veal must be well cooked to have it palatable or digestible. Give boiled mutton at least 15 minutes to the pound, and if it is placed in the kettle of boiling water.

From 15 to 18 minutes a pound is required for roast mutton, and the pink



Intended for Mates.

"Did you finally conclude to marry him?"

"No," discovered that they agreed on a plan to end the war quickly."