

Uncle Walt

*Put It
On Ice*

WHEN YOU have written a letter red hot, roasting some chap in his tenderest spot—some one who's done you an underhand trick, some one who's wounded your pride to the quick; try to remember that writing abuse does no more good than the hiss of a goose; this is the meaning of all of your sass: "You are a villain—and I am an ass." Take up your letter and read it through thrice; put it on ice awhile, put it on ice! Maybe your wife isn't much of a cook; maybe she'd rather sit down with a book, than to go fussing around making pies, doughnuts and cakes and things good to your eyes; you are preparing a withering speech, you are preparing to rear up and preach, telling your wife of the beautiful things cooked by your granny before she had wings; telling your wife that her duty's to stuff things in your tummy till it has enough. When you went courting that hausfrau of yours, swearing you'd love her while nature endures, did you get down on your knee-bones and rave: "Dearest, I'm needing a drudge and a slave! Come to my cottage and sweep, cook and scrub! Clean up the dishes and sweat at the tub!" Can the reproaches you're planning to make; go to a baker when spoiling for cake. Cut out the sermon you think is so nice—put it on ice awhile, put it on ice!