FROZEN INNOCENCE IS COLD STORAGE

Necessity and Not Meriting Public Abuse, Says Keeper of Plant

SYSTEM OF OPERATION

By M'LISS

The cold storage man shows the same hesitancy about taking visitors through his plant as the superintendent of a Kimberly diamond mine. With every egg, even the frozen kind, a Kohinoor, who can blame him?

But it isn't on that account, he will tell you in hurt fashion. It is because he is blame tired of having his houn' dawg kicked around. If eggs are selling at fifty cents the dozen instead of at twenty-five, what has he got to do with it? People ought to be darn glad—yes, he said darn—to get them at any cost at this season of the year! He does not set the price; he obligates himself only to keep edibles edible. He is a benefactor to the human race, not a blackguard and scoundrel, as some of the newspapers and most of the housewives seem to believe. So there!

Having thus rid himself of his ire, the cold storage man brought forth heavy coats and prepared to be hospitable by personally conducting a tour into places where the thermometer sometimes goes as low as 10 degrees below zero and always stays—in some of the rooms—at 2 or 5 degrees below.

THE PLANT

To the average woman, worn and spent in her endeavor to keep up with the high cost of living, the cold storage plant is an abode of mystery. In its grim precincts dark deeds, such as "corners," which make it impossible for any but a "multi" to get turkeys for Thanksgiving or breakfast eggs that do not taste like a glue factory smells, are pulled off. If it were not for the cold storage plants, she imagines, the land would flow with milk and honey all the year 'round and we would be a race of people as fat and good-humored as old King Cole.

In reality the cold storage plant is very innocent looking, and as the superintendent at the Pennsylvania Cold Storage and Market Company pointed out, a very necessary institution. Albeit, it is cold, with the biting kind of cold, that makes the toes congeal and the nose look pinched and blue.

No matter what her feelings may have been previous to a visit to a cold storage plant, every woman instinctively sympathizes with a stored egg. It has its age labeled on its crate in plain view of all who wish to behold it.

Eggs in Pennsylvania, however, reach the patriarchal stage in eight months; butter in nine months and poultry in ten. After this protracted sojourn in the ice house, the law demands that they be taken out.

ONLY EIGHT MONTHS

To the uninitiated, the storage egg looks no different from the one laid yesterday. The expert, though, by the process of candling, which is now done electrically, can tell in an instant whether an egg is palsying with age or whether it is of a lojuns variety. The old egg shows a slight shrinkage from its shell, just as an aged person shrivels up in his skin.

To demonstrate, the cold storage man went to a crate dated April 19, 1916. He extracted therefrom an egg, the Methuselah of his collection. On December 19, if it had not come to an untimely end, this Methuselah would have had to leave its happy home and be put on the market. But the cold storage man juggled it with a perfectly fresh egg, fetched two glasses, and broke an egg into each.

"Which is which?" he asked triumphantly.

This is not intended to be a paean to the cold storage egg, but in justice to that ancient hen-fruit it must be written that it could not be told from the fresh one.

THE DIFFERENCE?

It did not smell and its yolk remained compact.

Unerringly, however, the expert knew it.

"Its white is a little cloudy and a little watery," he said. "Also its yolk is not so firm as the fresh one. But it is a wholesome egg. That is what you cannot get the people to understand. Of course I would not advise any one to serve an eight months old egg soft boiled. It might taste slightly old, but its health value would be just the same as that of a fresh egg, and for all other purposes except that of soft-boiling it is just as good, and I doubt if the average person could tell the difference."

One thing that angers the cold storage man above all others is the accusation that the storage houses are full and that stuff is being held back on purpose to force prices up.

"They are not full, as you can see"—he extended an arm in the direction of a spacious room in which poulty was being frozen at an intense frigidity. "If we filled the rooms the stuff would spoil. We can use only about one-third of our space.

"Most persons do not understand the law of supply and demand, which regulates prices inexorably," he continued. "Of course, there have been corners, and from the business man's point of view they are doubtless legitimate, because a law of business is to get the highest price that you can for your goods. But this does not touch the cold storage, because we do not own the products. We merely store them.

STORAGE A NECESSITY

"The people who howl the most against stored food are the ones who go down to Atlantic City or other seaside resorts and call for turkey in July and August. How could they get it if it were not for the storage houses? Would there be enough eggs to go around in December and January if some were not put by in the months when the supply is greatest? Of course not. It is ridiculous."

The atmosphere of the storerooms is of a high and dry mountain-top variety, and there is a marked absence of odor. Even in the rooms set aside for thirty-seven or more varieties of cheese—including limburger—the nostrils are not disagreeably assailed.

The brine pipes, which encircle the room, are always solidly incrusted with ice, which because of the intense cold never drips. The walls are white and the floors immaculately clean.

Perhaps even the old egg would not be in such bad odor if its storing place were more accessible to the women who are expected to buy it.

Child Badly Burned Near Furnace

Three-year-old Anna McDermott, of 217 McKean street, was seriously burned by her clothes taking fire from a furnace as she was playing in the cellar, where her mother had allowed her to go on account of the wet weather yesterday. The child was alone only a short time when the mother heard the little girl's screams. She called a policeman, who helped extinguish the flames and took the child to St. Agnes's Hospital. Physicians there said this morning the child is not expected to live.

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SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS PERVADES LOWLY HOMES

In the Hovels of the Poor Its Benign Quality is Unquenched by Suffering

"CRUELTY LADY'S" VISIT

Heralds Coming of Santa Claus, Whose Appearance Is Confidently Expected

By M'LISS

Exclusive of today there are ten shopping days before Christmas.

"If you come with me," said the "cruelty lady," "I'll show you where faith reaches its sublimest pitch. I'll show you the most glorified optimism you can find on the face of the earth."

To discover this sublime faith, this glorified optimism, it is necessary to accompany the "cruelty lady" on her morning rounds of the slums. Every day hundreds of social workers representing different organizations penetrate into the alleys and side streets of the poor sections of the city with philanthropic intent. To the inhabitants they are, one and all, the "cruelty ladies," miraculously empowered agents who by the mere signing of slips can command doctors and nurses, grocers, landlords and coal barons. The "cruelty lady" therefore is no harsh appellation. Instead it stands for the guardian angel in whose wake, very often, comes juicy soup bones, warm clothing, buckets of coal and necessary medicine.

"Ma, here's the cruelty lady again."

A blue-veined youngster sucking on a crust of bread as though it were a lollipop summons his maternal progenitor.

Uncorseted and unwashed she appears in the offing. Other youngsters cluster around. One is saved from nudity by a torn middy blouse and a pair of odd shoes. Another, a barefooted boy, wears an abbreviated union suit. The mother hugs to her breast a third, garbed in a single nondescript garment.

The tiny house is impregnated with the cold stale odor of places that are never ventilated and seldom warmed. In the kitchen a feeble fire burns. One of the three chairs has a seat. This is meticulously dusted for the "cruelty lady." Nothing savory is cooking on the stove. In fact, nothing is cooking on the stove. The cupboard is inhabited only by a few pieces of chipped crockery. The children look, and are, hungry. The mother starts on her hard luck tale. Most of the mothers in these districts sing the same dolorous tune. Husbands drunk, annual babies, back rent due, food prices prohibitive.

Suddenly, however, a merry note is injected.

"Christmas is coming," chirps up he of the bread crust. The note is emphasized by the younger children.

"Santy's coming soon."

The "cruelty lady" looks triumphant. She promised faith and optimism. It is being delivered. She knows her people.

The brow-beaten mother, however, assumes a look of tolerant cynicism as the children demand news of Santy's whereabouts.

"They'll be lucky," she tells you, "if they get tea and bread for Christmas, but they're such foolish children, I can't make them understand."

For the last month, or ever since the universe has taken on that Christmasy feeling which comes immediately after Thanksgiving, that mother and the rest of her ilk who live below the lifeline three hundred and sixty-odd days in the year, has been trying to impress upon her children the grim fantasy that there is no Kris Kringle or that he exists only for the prosperous, whereas they being young, and, therefore, very much wiser than she, know so much better.

It may be, as she points out, that Santa Claus failed to put in an appearance last year, but to the children that is all the more reason why he has just got to show up this year.

"Mary says that Santa Claus is sure to come on Christmas."

Mary is the oldest girl—she's twelve—and due to the cruelty lady's efforts is sitting in a warm schoolroom instead of in a cold hovel with the rest of the family. What the ma of this family can't understand is why Mary, that great big twelve-year-older, should want a doll for Christmas.

"She's got it in her head that Santy is going to bring one, too," the mother vouchsafed perplexedly, "and she's old enough to know better."

In the slums to be twelve and a girl is to be very old and experienced. It means that one has cared for a tribe of children while "ma" has been out washing; it means that one has been up all night with the baby who has the croup; it means that one can get a meal, when there's a meal to be got; it means that one can speak up in lively fashion to the undertaker who's trying to collect the bill for the burial of the last baby; it means that one has intercepted a missile hurled at "ma" when "pa" arrived home on Saturday night in a condition which made him not strictly accountable for his behavior; it means that one should have forgone thoughts of a blue-eyed, flossy-haired baby doll long ago. But it's been hard to quench the joy of life in Mary.

"She's going to have that doll for Christmas if I have to pawn something," is the cruelty lady's verdict, "and the faith of those children in Santa Claus is going to be vindicated if I have to go out and beg."

But this resolution will provide only for the children of one family. Thousands of others have a similar unbounded belief in His Yuletide Majesty.

What are you going to do about it?

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING DOWNTOWN

"Za panye Zheba?" (What'll you buy?). From the notebook of an artist who visited Bainbridge street.

FIRM FACIAL MUSCLES SECRET OF KEEPING LOVELY

By LUCREZIA BORI

Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

THE system is supposed to undergo a change every seven years. When a woman reaches the age of five times seven she should closely observe any changes that take place, for they herald the coming of old age. At thirty-five the hair is likely to lose its youthful luster, and there may be a few gray hairs about the temples and at the crown of the head. This is a warning that age is close on your heels, and you should immediately begin to nourish the starved roots of your hair and massage your scalp.

LUCREZIA BORI

There is likely to be a most noticeable change in your complexion at thirty-five. The pink-and-white freshness of youth often gives way to a sallow pallor, and instead of retaining its velvety, unblemished surface, the skin frequently becomes coarse and unattractive.

In truth, at thirty-five you can look into your mirror and foretell the kind of old woman you will be. At this age heredity begins to show what it can do to your appearance. If you belong to a family noted for its "lean" women, the plump, roundness of youth will likely desert you, and hollows begin to form in your cheeks and neck. On the other hand, if it is the nature of your family to put on weight after the thirty-fifth milestone of life is reached you probably will grow heavier. I do not want to make you dread your thirty-fifth year, but I want you to redouble the care of your beauty.

It is most important that you should not allow the muscles of your face to sag. They will betray your age when wrinkles will not. Never allow the facial muscles to become tense, particularly those about the mouth. Notice your face when you talk. Have you the habit of "tying your face into knots" when in conversation? If so, discard the habit immediately, and learn muscular control of the face. Do not twist your mouth into unlovely shapes; hold your lips tightly, and refrain from thrusting them forward when you speak. Practice talking before a mirror until you have mastered control of the facial muscles.

EXCELLENT TISSUE BUILDER

You will find that the cheek and chin muscles have a tendency to sag, and unless you follow a treatment that will nourish the tissues and harden them your face will soon lose that beauty of contour so essential to good looks.

Use the following cream when massaging the muscles of the face, as it is an excellent tissue builder:

White wax	4	drams
Spermaceti	4	drams
Borax	4	drams
Glycerin	1½	ounces
Oil of sweet almonds	4	ounces
Orange flower water	2	ounces

Each day iron the sagging muscles with a lump of ice with upward strokes. Continue to do this until you can no longer stand the cold, then pause a while, and afterward repeat the "ironing" process.

During the night keep the cheek and chin muscles bound up so that it will be impossible for them to sag during your sleeping hours. Buy one of the chin bands of rubber that are sold for this purpose, or use a strip of strong muslin, pinning it firmly across the top of the head with safety pins.

You can also strengthen the facial muscles by pressing them lightly but firmly with the palms of the hands, beginning at the base of the chin and working upward toward the cheek bones. This pressure will stimulate circulation, which will eventually restore the muscles to their original strength.

Make sure that you sleep with your mouth closed. When the mouth opens the lower jaw drops and the muscles relax. This habit will encourage the muscles of the cheeks and chin to sag. Not only the woman of thirty-five, but every woman, no matter what her age, should preserve the firmness and strength of her facial muscles so that she will keep eternally young and lovely.

(Copyright.)

Son Back From Border, Saves Parents

BETHLEHEM, Pa., Dec. 12.—Harold Groman, formerly a private in Company M, Fourth Infantry, Seventh Division, just back from the border, saved his parents from burning to death in their rooms. Exposed electric wires started the blaze. The house and its contents were almost destroyed at a loss of $6000.

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