

SOFT DRINKS THAT ARE HATED

TRY our watermelon juice. Our fruit sundaes can't be beat. A judge flip goes right to the spot. That raspberry mash is the thing. One banana split deserves another. You need a cantaloupe crush. Just a few of the fearful concoctions that masquerade under the name of cooling drinks these torrid summer days. Not that any one ever tries to drink them. It can't be done. Like

Modern Soda Fountain Concoctions Contain Everything but Liquid That Cooling Draught, a "Banana Split," Looks Like a Shore Dinner Sigh for the Old Days When All Flavors Came From One Faucet

slips you a towel, and you are face to face with the biggest problem of your life. You look at the rummage sale in front of you and you don't know whether to start eating or stand out an "S. O. S." Finally you plunge in and eat 47 spoonfuls without stopping, but the pile seems to get bigger. You tackle it from all sides, but it simply will not dwindle. To add to your enjoyment, everybody in the store is watching you. After the



A Soda "Bun"

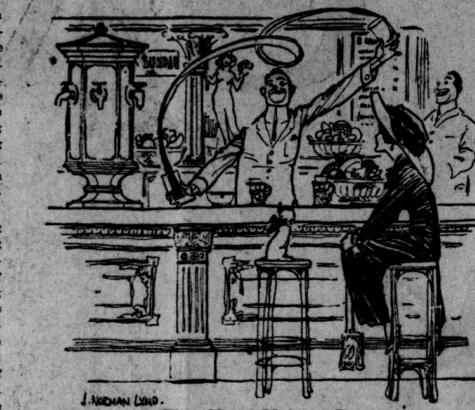
edge, a highly appropriate decoration. After you've sampled some of them your stomach goes in mourning for several days. But does the experience cure you of your curiosity? It does not. The next time you see a new advertisement you go back and allow the highly scented soda clerk to use you as a storage vault. He hurls something into you that sends you away feeling as if you had inhaled a wet bed tick. You suffer for another week and then you start out looking for more punishment.

It is this curiosity that makes most of the popular soda fountains on a hot day look like election night in Chicago. Great crowds swarm in front of the marble and onyx shrines waiting for a chance to gargle their throats with anything the clerks do not happen to need about the premises. Women and children are in the majority, but men are rapidly acquiring the habit of taking their meals in drug stores. Many men prefer to get "full" at the soda counter. It doesn't take as much time as the other way and a soda "bun" doesn't make them stagger. They sag at the knees under the awful burden, but that's all.

You Must Have Patience

It is still possible to get a real-plain, unpopulated drink at a soda fountain if you have the time and patience. The clerk will look you over and tell you he has a nice "Philadelphia seltzer" or a "Boston drip" that will just fit your interior. You keep on insisting that you want plain mineral water, but that doesn't worry him. He runs up and down and across a whole list of sticky, jammy preparations, and after you've voted for plain water for 46 straight ballots it dawns upon him that you want plain water.

Persons in your vicinity cast pitying



They Never Make an Error

"Poor boob" expressions in your direction as he places the water in front of you. When you get it you are really sorry you ordered it. Plain water doesn't size up very well alongside the crazy quilt mixtures all about you. If he is a fresh young man—and there are quite a few of that class manning the syrup nozzles—he is likely to hand you a cake of soap.

Most persons can remember the refreshment reservoir in the old-fashioned drug store. It never dreamed of even approaching the splendor of the present squirt station, but at the risk of being considered reactionary quite a few would be willing to admit that it had advantages over the 1912 model. It was usually a cross between a toothbrush and a flat refrigerator. It was possible to drink anything that

came out of it. The repertoire was limited to vanilla, chocolate, lemon, orange, strawberry and pineapple flavors, with ginger ale, sarsaparilla and root beer bringing up the rear of the damp procession.

All these flavors came out of the lone spigot that adorned the fountain, but in those days no one worried about details. If the juice was wet and sweet you let the imagination do the rest. The spigot was always reluctant about doing its work. It started off like a high pressure hydrant, spraying everybody in the store, but compromised on a sputter and finished with the ambition of a medicine dropper.

As you sat awaiting your dissipation you were obsessed by the fear that the spigot would go on strike before the suds reached the top of the glass. And you never will forget the first mouthful, or rather, what you expected would be the first mouthful. You buried most of your features in the bubbly stuff, and the best you got was a tickling sensation in the nose. Making a misstep in the dark is the only disappointment that compared with it.

Before leaving the old-fashioned counter it becomes necessary to recall the drugist who dispensed the flavors in the old days. By turning the knob of the door you set off a burglar alarm, which brought him from behind an ominous looking partition in the rear of the store, where he had been busy constructing a pill or preparing a rat banquet. Wiping his long, bony fingers on a red bordered towel and smiling



Those Were the Days

everything from a pill to a parlor stove in the drug department and everything else at the fountain. The fountain generally takes up one side of the store and looks like a mausoleum. It is covered with breezy outdoor nymphs wearing indoor costumes, incandescent grapes and scores of spigots polished to a 40 candle power brilliancy. As far as the eye can reach there are cut glass bowls overflowing with eggs, fruit and vegetables and whole fields of waving straws.

Half a dozen agile young men, laundered and manicured and creased until they make John Drew look like a piano tuner out of the door, are busy behind the counter filling orders for stomach aches. They toss undressed eggs and other loose things at arm's length and never make an error, the while tossing their eyes at the admiring maidens on the other side of the counter.

"I'll have a chocolate nut sundae," says a steaming fat woman, who is fanning herself with the tassel of her parasol. You watch the young man who takes the order and you see him dig out a low, rakish looking dish. First he lays a foundation of ice cream, then he wets it down with two or three squirts of different fluids, after which he lays the second course of nuts and nutshells. A few more dashes of stuff, the addition of some shaving lather, and then a top dressing of something that looks like hot tar.

Looks Like Shore Dinner

A little girl next to her calls for a "marshmallow sundae" and gets a dish that looks like a pillow with sugar on it. Unless you are an experienced Welsh rarebit hunter never toy with a marshmallow sundae. It is as elusive as stewed rhubarb. Time and again you get it near your face only to have it slide down your cuff or hit the counter with a splash. Trapping asparagus is a tame sport compared with marshmallow sundaeing.

But all the foregoing concoctions are simple affairs compared with the "banana split," the most intricate, the most complex mess ever given shelter in the human system. In the banana split the soda clerk has staged his most elaborate production. It is served on a large platter and looks like a shore dinner. There is no regular recipe for it. No two were ever made alike. If anything in the fruit and vegetable line has been left out it is because it has stopped growing.

When you order one make yourself comfortable for the day, that is, if you give the order in the morning. If you contemplate hiding one at night bring your pajamas with you. One clerk can make most of the other "drinks"; everybody in the store has a hand in building a "banana split." As soon as you place it in nomination they start bringing stuff from all parts of the building and place it on the platter in front of you. Just when you figure it out that the firm must be moving, the handsome clerk



A Banana Split Looks Like a Shore Dinner

first hour you content yourself with jabbing it. You'd like to run away and leave it, but you can't. There's a fatal fascination about it. You'd give all your worldly goods if some one would yell "Fire!" and give you a chance to escape. "Some dash," you gulp to the clerks who are watching you. You intend it for comedy, but you look like a man going to the electric chair. You try to push it away from you in a nonchalant manner, but you can't, budge it. "H-h-h-how much is it?" you hic-cough. You have your roll out. You are sure you will have to send home for more money.

"Fifteen cents," says the clerk. "You'd like to gasp, but you don't dare. Fifteen cents for all that food. You hang your head in shame as you pay the cashier and walk out feeling like a man who has jumped his board bill. One swallow may not make a summer, but one "banana split" makes a summer nightmare.

DRINK FRIGID LIQUIDS

By James J. Walsh, M. D.

IN extreme hot weather the chief protection against heat stroke and heat exhaustion is to keep cool. That seems such an obvious truism that most people will think at once that it is quite absurd advice, and yet it contains in essence all that can be said with regard to protective measures against being overcome by the heat.

In the tropical climates where they are used to having very hot weather continuously they arrange life and business so as to keep cool in the hottest part of the day. The middle of the day, at least from 12 to 3 o'clock, practically no business is done, people stay indoors and often they make up for the sleep lost the night before because of the heat by a nap or at least an hour in a reclining position.

When tropical weather comes to us, we could do better to imitate what they do. We should, certainly, be lower, not higher, than it used to be, and cool drinks and cold baths not only add to the comfort of these patients, but they bear their fever, and add to their restive vitality.

What is this true of water should be said also of food. Not so much food is needed, but to take too little weakens the body. The diet should be light, lessening the amount to suit the diminished appetite of hot weather. Most of the food taken in the summer should be cold rather than warm. It should be carefully cooked and kept from dust or from any possibility of change in composition through heat, taken cold it will always serve to reduce rather than elevate the temperature, and, besides, the consumption of heat necessary for its digestion will divert that much heat from making itself felt on the nervous system.

In the middle of the day particularly cold meats, salads, cold desserts and, of course, cold drinks of various kinds should be the rule.

Many persons insist on believing that the taking of iced beverages and iced drinks is the best way to keep cool. The experience during the last generation in America, however, has shown very clearly that instead of being harmful these rather do good.

Nature's method of cooling the body is by the evaporation of perspiration. For this an abundance of fluid is required, and if that fluid be taken cold it further dissipates heat, because the body has to warm it up to its own stationary temperature to use it in the circulation. If ice cold drinks were

injurious many Americans would be in a continual state of illness during the summer time. Other countries are adopting American habits in this matter after having decimated them.

In this, as in many other matters of health, instinct has proved a better guide than supposed science. Fever patients who are overworked and often get up when free from observation and took them surreptitiously, and then feared the worst. Many a beginning of a cold has been followed such an indulgence. Taste is probably still the best guide to food and drink, and a number of observations made in the last ten years have shown that a large quantity of food instead of hampering digestion actually help it. There has been a complete change in physiological teaching in this respect in the last few years.

The instinct that tempts people to take considerable quantities of cool fluid in the summer time is a good one. Like every other good thing, however, it may be abused. If cold water is drunk very rapidly, nature's appetite for it can not be properly gauged, and more will be taken than instinct asks for. If it is drunk reasonably slowly, however, nature will say when there is enough. Bad habits may be formed of gulping ice water that will do harm. These exceptions, however, only prove the rule established by the experience of two generations that an abundance of cool drinks that are not overstimulating is an excellent provision against overheating.

There is another significance of the phrase "keeping cool" that is extremely important in warm weather. That is, to keep cool mentally. Not to permit emotion, nor worry, nor anxiety, nor oversolicitude to use up large quantities of nerve force and upset nature's economy, that is her management of our internal affairs, during the trying hot weather.

Many of those who suffer from heat stroke, or are overcome in less degree by heat, have been worried about business matters or family affairs or have been disturbed by anxiety with regard to some critical decision that had to be made. Keeping mentally cool is quite as important as keeping physically cool. This is particularly true for the old or for those who are in delicate health, or for those who know that they are suffering from kidney or heart disease, for they are especially prone to be overcome by hot weather. If mental troubles are added to the physical, the result is a keeping the temperature normal in hot weather.

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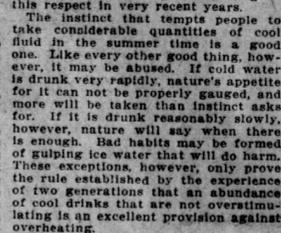
The Old Fashioned Store

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Designing a New Soda Fountain Preparation

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SUMMER COOKING FOR THE POOR

IF the price of tin pall goes up this week, especially in the lower east side section, it will only mean that ice cream as a summer dessert has caught on down there.

Anybody too poor to purchase a real freezer may prefer to prepare ice and ice creams in an ordinary little tin pall with a wire ball for crank. The new way may require more muscle and perseverance on the part of the cook, but the result will be just the same as if the fruit, milk or water and sugar were coaxed into a solid state in a costly crank turning freezer of the latest design.

Every Wednesday afternoon cooking lessons and demonstrations are being given in New York city down in the old Pennsylvania ferry house at the foot of West Twenty-third street. There you will find either Miss Winifred Gibbs or her assistant, Miss E. Mitchell, dieticians of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, telling mothers of the tenements and other domestic heads of families equally poor something about summer foods and how to prepare them.

The ice cream recipe has started in as a favorite, having a peculiar fascination for youngsters, who are always perfectly willing to volunteer their services as pall turners if only mother will provide the ice and the flavored water or the custard.

the two palls with chopped ice and salt.

Turn the smaller pall constantly from side to side or all the way around by the handle and after a few minutes you will begin to see the frozen dessert beginning to form on the inner pall. Take a peep now and then and when the freezing begins scrape off the layer forming on the inside once or twice until the whole mixture freezes.

Five cents for ice, a few pennies' worth of salt and 7 or 8 cents for the water ice ingredients will make a dessert inexpensive enough for almost any family, and a few more pennies are added for the custard instead of a water ice can be frozen there will be all the nourishment required for this dinner course.

Tired and weary mothers would feel glad to cheer after a hard day's work in the heat if they could come home to a simple dinner ending with an ice cream prepared by a small boy or girl in the family. Miss Mitchell, who caters simple frozen desserts, not only because they are delicious during the summer weather, but because they are fast superior in every way to the favorite fast side menu, which usually includes pickles, coffee and meats.

are going in deeper than just ice cream making. They extend a cordial invitation to mothers to come and hear something about good nourishing summer foods.

"Foreign women do not seem to understand that in this country they must cook their food differently and also choose different foods," Miss Mitchell said the other day. "At home they use a great deal of olive oil, which to them is too costly here for the nourishment it yields. The other day I visited an east side mother for the purpose of giving her some hints on marketing. She had a set of printed slips containing recipes for simple summer dishes, hints on seasonal foods to buy or other useful household information to distribute to mothers who may never have had thought of this side of the housekeeping question.

And when the open air summer classes close there will be a series of winter lessons in the homes of the tenement families with these young women to continue this practical philanthropy.

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THE KITCHEN ENGINEER

Making One Step Do Where a Dozen Were Needed Before

By Charles Cristadoro

WE have all kinds of engineers—hydraulic, steam, mining, electrical and many other kinds—skilled along the lines of producing the highest degree of efficiency in their respective lines.

The agricultural engineer, so to speak, is the man who can make two blades of grass grow where one grew before. The dry farmer, who mixes brains and industry with the soil, is an agriculturist and the very highest order, for he makes wheat and a thousand other things grow luxuriantly where nothing save coyotes, rattlesnakes and cactus ever grew before. Now comes the kitchen engineer, the man who studies relatively the dining room and the kitchen and who, as it were, with tape measure starts out to see how the woman of the house can get the very best out of her kitchen with the fewest possible steps and with a minimum of labor and effort.

What a farmer's wife, during harvesting time, with her hands to feed, would do with a kitchenette, except to frame it up in a glass box to be looked at by the neighbors, and yet, when you come to regard that unexploited heroine, that unrecorded paragon of domestic possibilities, the settler's wife, whose kitchenette started with the dining room and the kitchen noted by their absence, she certainly was badly off indeed and perforce became, through pressure of circumstances and necessity, a female Edison along culinary and domestic lines. She was the modern "necessity, the mother of invention."

We regard the man as a hero agriculturally who pitched his home in a clearing, hewed the trees, planted his fruit trees on three years' crop between the stubborn and deep rooted pine stumps, and raised his crops, acquainted with a rifle slung across his back, one eye upon his furrow, and the other scanning the surrounding cover for any sign of marauding Indians. We have made a hero of this man, and he deserved it, for the pioneer more than has ever been given to him. The pioneer settler! The wife of Daniel Boone, who, when Daniel came to the river, the settler had come in 10 miles down the river, with probably more soiling, things were getting too thick socially, too crowded for the "old fashioned things" he pulled up stakes, as it were, and moved another 20 or more miles into the depths of the forest wilderness and "start all over again" where there was more

room—I wonder what Daniel's wife said to all this—and with no phone connection with the butcher or the corner grocery!

The domestic trials and vicissitudes of the settler's wife can not be written. Cannibalism has never been bestowed, after death, upon the wife of the pioneer settler, but certainly she deserves such distinction, if ever a saint in the calendar died. She may not have lived in the profound "odor of sanctity," but she did pass out in the atmosphere of toil, care and worry indescribable, certainly meriting the commendation of a "good and faithful servant" gone to her long and peaceful rest of the pioneer settler, but certainly she deserves such distinction, if ever a saint in the calendar died.

When one thinks of it all, it is pathetic beyond words. The farm woman in the sod house on the prairie, 30 miles from a railroad, whose joy and only daily diversion was to stand at her kitchen door and gaze wistfully over the boundless prairie sea, wave her apron (in a spirit of warm and the fishing, so far as the husband and her own way to fortune, unrequited), at the passengers on the train speeding along the iron track 20 miles away! Then with the excitement of the day over, retreating cheerfully to her household duties. Bridge parties did not enter into her daily curriculum of life. On a fishing trip in northern Minnesota, the day becomes warm and the fishing, so far as the husband and her own way to fortune, unrequited), at the passengers on the train speeding along the iron track 20 miles away! Then with the excitement of the day over, retreating cheerfully to her household duties. Bridge parties did not enter into her daily curriculum of life. 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