DIET AND HEALTH

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WHAT DO YOU EAT AND WHY?

"I eat what I like," would be the answer of the average person scanning the bill of fare in the average restaurant. And to eat what you like because you like it, is the best possible reason. To eat what one doesn't like is good for nobody. It has been shown in the laboratory that "appetite juice" is the first requirement for good digestion.

Animals in their natural state never eat when they are not hungry, and they never eat what they don't like; and this together with abundance of fresh air, water, exercise and normal mental conditions, inhibits sickness, except by accident, while man is always ailing more or less. And the chief cause of all the ailments, not mechanical or mental, to which flesh is heir, is wrong eating.

It is generally admitted that most sickness, temporary and chronic, originates in the derangement of the digestive system; auto-intoxication, that is, self-poisoning, induced by absorbing into the blood the poisons produced in the food tube by fermentation resulting from eating too much, from hurried eating, from eating too many kinds of food at the same meal. Many of the most advanced students of the cause of disease now believe that the one cause is the retaining of waste matter in the system, which is a necessary result of wrong feeding. Of course these abnormal conditions are traceable, in the last analysis, to wrong thinking, and they can be set right only by changing the thought. And it is a happy sign of the times that the study of the food question is receiving so much attention.

"I eat what I can get." This would be the answer of many an unfortunate; but whether his case is worse than that of him who can get what he wants to eat, is doubtful. Is the foreigner who comes to America and changes his diet from black bread, a few vegetables, apples and grapes to an abundance of highly-seasoned foods, meat, fine white bread, pickles and pie—is he fortunate, in the matter of diet? The statistics say, No. It is a peculiarly interesting fact that the mortality from cancer is much higher among foreign-born Germans, Irish and some other nationalities in this country than among the American born of those races. Cancer, in the opinion of the late Dr. Nicholas Senn and other eminent authorities, is a disease of over-indulgence, and, we believe indulgence in flesh meat. The Italians, Greeks, Bohemians and others who continue to live on the simple diet of their home countries show a low rate of death from these diseases. The foreign-born Irish and German peasants sooner fall victims to cancer and tuberculosis when they adopt the extravagant mixed diet of the average American family, because they are more susceptible than those who have become habituated, to a certain degree, to the more extravagant diet of the new country.

It has been said that we are a nation of dyspeptics, and the cause is easily found. Certainly, the natural way is to eat what one likes. But, unfortunately, many, if not all of us, are not natural, in eating as in many other things. How, then, can we depend upon our inclinations to tell us what to eat? Nearly everybody now admits that intoxicants are necessarily injurious, yet many have a desire for them. Shall they follow the inclination to drink what they like, merely because they like it, or, shall they not rather govern the appetite by reason? And does not the same argument apply, in some degree at least, to eating?

This line of inquiry leads to the question, "What shall we eat to secure the greatest enjoyment of life? What shall we eat to enjoy the greatest degree of health, the most vigorous, happy and useful life?

These questions cannot be answered finally by laboratory investigation alone. Only actual test of the effects of foods with careful allowance for personal factors and varying abnormal conditions, can lead to wise conclusions. And in my next article I shall give the result of my own experiments.

* * * *

Why do you eat? "Because I like to eat. It is one of the pleasures of life." This will be your answer, if you are an average reader. If not you are abnormal. To be a good man, one must be a good animal, and the first requirement in a good animal is to be a good feeder.

It is a well-established principle in psychology that we do best what we do unconsciously. What must become of a man who is so conscious of his digestion that he must take so many chews for each mouthful and eat certain prescribed foods? Is it not possible that he may find it necessary to lie awake at night to see that his heart beats the right number to the minute?

It is commonly said that if a man has a good stomach he doesn't know that he has a stomach, that so soon as he finds out that his food digests, there is indigestion. How often we hear a man say, "I wish I could eat anything, just as I used to eat, without giving it a thought." The physician is often called upon to deal with cases in which people have destroyed their digestion by thinking about it; as the story goes—

The centipede was happy quite,
Till the frog for mischief asked him,
Pray which foot comes after which?
And ever after he rolled, helpless in the ditch.

The man who eats because he likes to eat has much in his favor. If there is only one reason for eating he is fortunate in having chosen it, despite the adage, formulated in some hermitage or monastry, centuries ago, "Live not to eat, but eat to live." The latest word from the physiological chemist is that "appetite juice" is one of the chief requirements of good digestion.

* * *

But there is another side to the question, Why do we eat? The athlete who eats what he likes, as he likes and when he likes, cannot win the race. Paul advised taking a little wine for the stomach's sake, even, presumably, though it might be distasteful, and the highest medical authorities are unanimous in prescribing certain diet to be eaten under certain circumstances. Evidently it is not always best to eat as one feels disposed.

The lower animals are able to select their food by instinct, but man has lost this power to a large extent, and it must be supplemented by reason, by science. By living in unnatural conditions imposed by civilization, we have acquired unnatural appetites that are destructive of health, physical and moral. A man may drink a pint of brandy because he wants it, but who will say that that is reason sufficient? We have an appetite for flesh, but are we sure that such appetite is normal, that we are the better for eating meat because we feel disposed to eat it? Is it, as vegetarians claim, an acquired appetite, like that for tea and coffee, which are said, by most authorities, to be injurious?

It would seem that the obvious answer to the question, Why do you eat? is, "Because I am hungry." Yet one who habitually eats too much cannot be hungry. The desire for food arises frequently from that gnawing sensation resulting from the fermentation of superfluous food, producing a condition of auto-intoxication. In fasting there is an almost irresistible desire for food the first two or three days; then the appetite leaves one for several days; there is a gain in strength with loss in weight; and when a distinct desire for food returns it is a natural hunger, easily satisfied; but this natural appetite in many cases does not come for 30 days or more, showing that the former appetite was unnatural.

We do not feed a horse on the theory that he should be guided solely by his inclinations in eating and drinking, but largely by our knowledge of what is best for him under the artificial conditions under which he lives and that he may be able to do his best work. And why should not a human being have the benefit of such knowledge? Should not the child, especially, have the benefit of right feeding?

With all due allowance for the fact that one man's meat may be another man's poison, that authorities are not unanimous on foods and feeding, yet, it is true that there is a science of human feeding, that we have lost our instinct for determining what the system needs for nutrition and therefore appetite should be to some extent guided by reason. Certainly one should eat because he enjoys it, but also, whether he be an athlete, a laborer or a professional man, because, eating largely determines efficiency, and because health depends upon food more than upon anything else except pure air, pure water, and right thinking which is fundamental.

Savages in Civilization.

Civilization does not change passion. The savage lives. Nothing alters the elemental emotions. Love changes to jealousy, jealousy to hate and hate to murder as swiftly and ruthlessly on some quiet little back street of small homes or on some wide and respectable thoroughfare as in the jungle. No savage land has more murders than parts of our cities and states.

The customs, the restraints and the outer veneer of civilization perpetually deceive. Men and women, particularly women, look on life as a mere merry dance, in which partners cail be teased by a change and changed at a whim. But man remains, even more than woman, under the guise and disguises of civilization, the elemental savage whose passions bolt to love or death at a touch.—Philadelphia Press.

First Press in the West.

The first printing press in the United States west of the Missouri was set up at Santa Fe early in the last century. History does not disclose the date of its origin or its ownership, but there are extant printed proclamations dated 1821 and having the Santa Fe imprint antedating by 14 years the first newspaper El Crepusculo, prophetically named the Dawn, which was first published in 1835 at Taos and was in the main a periodical tract to make propaganda for the peculiar religious and moral ideas of Padre Martinez. The first English newspaper in New Mexico appeared in 1847, shortly after the occupation of Santa Fe by Gen. Kearny. They were the Santa Fe Republican and the Santa Fe New Mexican, both published at Santa Fe.—Santa Fe New Mexican.

YOUTHFUL MONITOR AT WORK.

Little Sister's Error Corrected by Six-Year-Old Authority.

Six-year-old Marjorie and four-year-old Josephine were making their first transcontinental trip from New York to San Francisco—and, of course, encountered new marvels at almost every turn of the trip. But the crescendo of their ecstatic outpourings was reached when they saw their first Indian families—braves, squaws and papooses.

"Oh-h-h!" sighed Josephine, gazing wild-eyed at the moccasined, gaudily blanketed squaws, "ain't those squashes just splendid, though!"

Marjorie's equally deep admiration was momentarily quenched in her feeling of responsibility as elder-sister monitor, and she eyed Josephine severely as she admonished:

"They ain't squashes, Josephine; they're squaws."

INVALID'S SAD PLIGHT.

After Inflammatory Rheumatism, Hair Came Out, Skin Peeled, and Bed Sores Developed—Only Cuticura Proved Successful.

"About four years ago I had a very severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism. My skin peeled, and the high fever played havoc with my hair, which came out in bunches. I also had three large bed sores on my back. I did not gain very rapidly, and my appetite was very poor. I tried many 'sure cures' but they were of little help, and until I tried Cuticura Resolvent I had had no real relief. Then my complexion cleared and soon I felt better. The bed sores went very soon after a few applications of Cuticura Ointment, and when I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment for my hair it began to regain its former glossy appearance. Mrs. Lavina J. Henderson, 138 Broad St., Stamford, Conn., March 6 and 12, 1907."

CONSTITUTIONAL OBJECTION.

Mrs. Thrifty—Well, if you're thirsty I'll give you a glass of water to drink.

Weary Willy—I dare not touch water, mum. I've got an iron constitution and it might rust it.

An Experienced Walker.

Champion Hayes of Marathon fame, praised at a dinner in New York a walker.

"He is a walker?" someone said.

"Yes," said Mr. Hayes, "and the next race he enters, mark me, he will win."

"Why, I didn't know he had had any experience as a walker," said the other in a puzzled voice.

Mr. Hayes laughed.

"No experience as a walker, eh?" said he. "And the fellow's owned an $80 second-hand motor car for the last two years!"

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Not for Him.

The Poet—I understand you have furnished rooms for rent?

The Landlady—The only thing I have at present is a handsomely furnished suite on the first floor.

The Poet—I'm afraid that would be a little too sweet for me.

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He who thinks only of himself hasn't any too much to think about.

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Allen's Foot-Ease for swollen and tender feet, hot, sweaty callous aching feet. Sold by Druggists.

Women are almost as absurd as men are foolish.

A HIGH WIND.

Giles—They have very high winds in Ameriky.

Brown—Yes, they do.

Giles—There's a bit in the papers I read this morning about a safe being blown open there.—London Mail.

Not Fair.

"Look here, Abraham," said the judge, "it's been proved right here in court that instead of doing something to help support your wife and children you spend your whole time hunting 'possum!"

The old negro hung his head.

"Now, Abe, you love your wife, don't you?"

"Ah suttinly does!"

"And your children?"

"Yas, suh!"

"And you love them both better—"

"Better ev'ry day, jedge!" Abe broke in.

"—better than a thousand 'possums?"

"Look hyah, jedge," exclaimed Abe, with widening eyes, "dat's takin' a coon at a pow'ful disadvantage!"—Bohemian Magazine.

Why Joyner Left Home.

"Are you ready to receive the obligations?" asked the most upright supreme hocus-pocus of the Order of Hoot Owls.

"I am," said the candidate, firmly.

"Then take a sip of this prussic acid, place your right hand in this pot of boiling lead, rest your left hand upon this revolving buzz-saw, close your eyes and repeat after me—"

Early next morning shreds of Joyner's clothing were found upon the bushes and trees all along the road to Pottsville, 20 miles distant, and at Scrabbletown, 69 miles away, he was reported still headed west.—Judge.

Journalism in Pennsylvania.

We have taken wood, potatoes, corn, eggs, butter, onions, cabbage, chickens, stone, lumber, labor, sand, calico, sauerkraut, second-hand clothing, coon skins and bug juice, scrap iron, shoe pegs, rawhides, chinquepins, tan-bark, dogs, sorghum, seed, jarware and wheat straw on subscription, and now a man wants to know if we would send the paper for six months for a large owl. We have no precedent for refusing, and if we can find a man who is out of an owl and wants one we'll do it.—Treverton Times.

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A Natural Cause.

"I think," said the smart child, reflectively, "that Hungary must be the most human-like of all the nations."

"Why so, my child?" asked the fond papa.

"Because," the smart child answered, "it is governed by its Diet."

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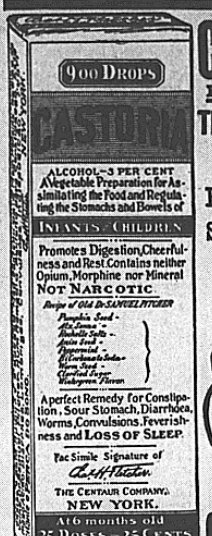

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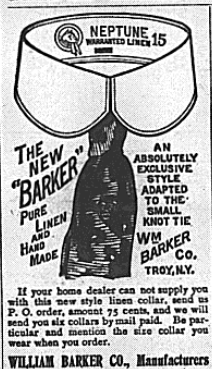

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