

# EATING BY THE MINUTE HAND

## The Evils of the Feverish Consumption of Food in "Quick Lunch Houses"

"DRAW one—make it two! An Adam and Eve floating at sea—a sunny side up! Send up that lemon marmalade! What's that?—one ham! Two vanillies! Hurry up that marmalade!"

Lunch time!

And what a sight is this! Must not Lucullus and Epicurus and all the famous old lunchers of the world stir in their graves? How would they, who were accustomed to loll on divans as they ate, taking their own sweet time, think of this voracious and feverish consuming of food with true twentieth century haste?

Go into one of the quick-lunch houses in any of the big cities—and the quick-lunch house is ubiquitous from the Atlantic to the Pacific—and take a seat in a corner and watch. Don't eat—only watch.

What a spectacle for the amazement of gods and men! And there, if never before, you cannot help but realize the terrible and frightful tension of modern life. There you will see modern city life in a kaleidoscopic effect, combining all the fever, haste, hurry that drive men on relentlessly.

The lunchers eat as the minute hand revolves, and by their glances at the clock they

Types of the "Hurry Up" Eater

cent. of the business men who kill themselves do not do so because of money troubles, but because of the resultant physical disorders of the quick lunch. It's the greatest menace there is to the health and peace of mind of the men of the great cities."

AND is it any wonder? Suppose we take a little noonday excursion among the various quick-lunch places of the big city. There is the lunch place where the banker and stock broker eat feverishly while they read stock quotations and afternoon papers; there are the cheaper places where lunch both capitalists and cabbies, millionaires and messenger boys—more often, however, the latter; and there are the dairy lunches, where every one waits on himself, and the picturesque automat. These are the prevailing types.

"Draw one—make it two! An Adam and Eve floating at sea! Send up that lemon marmalade!"

Who does not recognize that bawling, disgusted tone of voice of the white-aproned genius of the cheap lunch house? At night, in one's mind's eye, you can see him in the ring of looking at a pugilistic encounter. Big, brawny, red of face, he regards every one who approaches the counter with a defiant, bellicose air, and he throws the dishes about as if he were a modern Hermann performing wonderful tricks of legdemonism.

You can't blame him if he doesn't like his job—not a bit of it, for it's a breathless, endless task, with no let-up for hours.

### VARIETY NOT LACKING

Within the place is the odor—an unpleasant odor—of food. One feels the grossness of food. Along the long counter are piled cakes—cinnamon buns, coffee cakes, orange layer and chocolate layer cakes, jelly rolls, apple cakes, wine cakes, fruit cakes, crullers, sponge cakes, lady locks and innumerable kinds of cakes—5 cents apiece. There are pies—apple pies, peach pies, lemon pies, rhubarb pies, egg custards, coconut custards, lemon meringue and cheese pies and innumerable other kinds of pies—5 cents a piece.

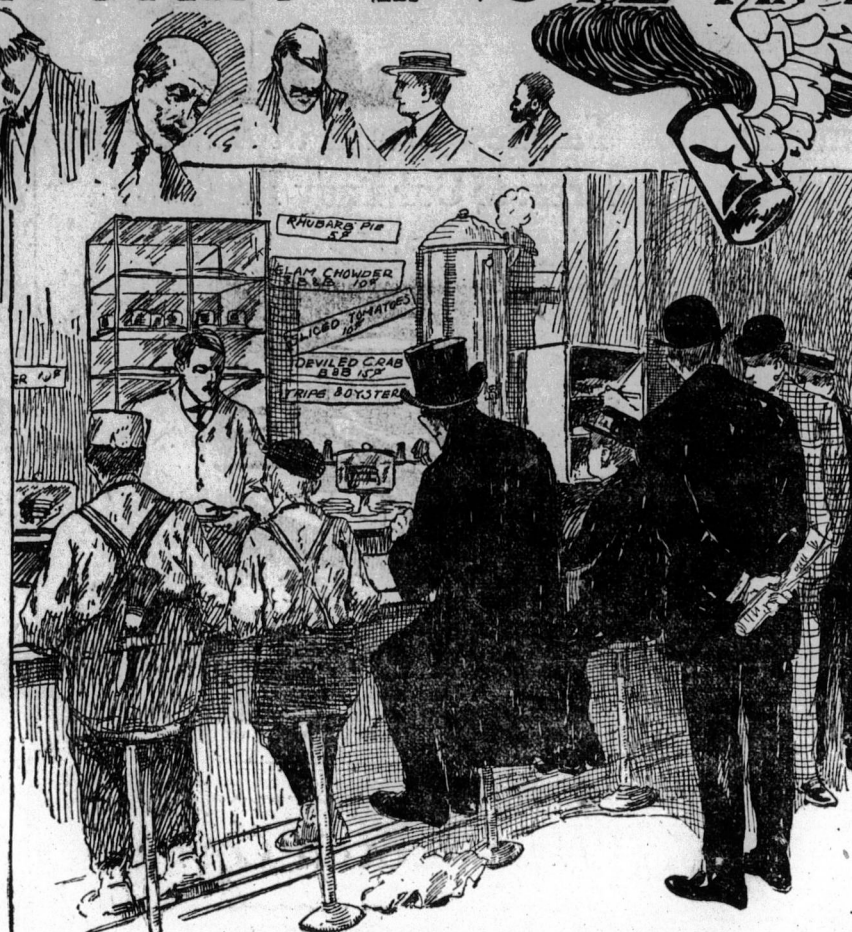
"What'll yer 'ave?" A newsboy rushes in, a dime already in his hand, and shuffles up on a stool.

"A cup of coffee and a piece of lemon pie there."

And between gulps of the hot, steaming coffee he munches his pie. In a moment it's all consumed, and he's out on the street shouting his "Xtrixies! Xtrixies!"

Along the seat are cabbies, who eat with the same expression of tolerance and indifference on their faces as they view the passing crowds from their high seats on cabs. What do these people eat?—the heterogeneous army that rushes in and eats while the seconds beat from the great clock on the wall.

Here, in the cheap restaurants, you will find most of the food already prepared. Perhaps the favorite articles of diet are sandwiches. And of these there is an infinite variety—ham, chicken, deviled ham, tongue, cheese, salmon and egg-and-ham sandwiches. Few who get their lunches at the cheaper restaurants pay more than 20 or 25 cents; and, indeed, for this amount of money one can



Where Cabbies and Messenger Boys Refresh.

gorge himself to repletion.

"Gimme a cup o' iced tea and some chicken gumbo."

Such orders are common.

"That there guy," remarks the waiter, "I'll come back here tomorrow and say he got indigestion from bad

soup. Now, look at 'im—eatin' that there soup between the lemonade."

And truly one wonders what sort of digestive apparatus many of these people possess. Over there an elderly man, with a sour visage, is eating a deviled crab and



Eating While the Ticker Calls Business Men Eat and Read Stock Quotations

drinking a glass of milk. Tonight he'll probably have an attack of ptomaine poisoning, and he'll swear never to patronize the restaurant, entirely ignorant of the fact that milk and sea food invariably produce this disorder.

At the cheap restaurants of the big cities during the summer there is an average daily consumption of from sixteen to twenty gallons of iced tea. This is the favorite summer beverage. And possibly the cause of numerous summer complaints.

During the hot season, according to restaurateurs, there is a big demand for hard-boiled eggs, ham, salmon, sardine and egg and tomato sandwiches. In the winter there is a greater consumption of chicken, fried egg, ham-and-egg and deviled ham sandwiches. Baked beans, in the winter, form a chief part of the menu of the quick lunchers. Then griddle cakes are turned out in great batches, fishcakes, fried beef and oyster pies are handed out in great quantities. But in the summer the quick luncher favors a cold repast.

### ROUGH AND TUMBLE ALL AROUND

In most of the low-priced lunch houses they don't use napkins. They're not any too particular about the cleanliness of plates. It's a rough and tumble way all around. Men and children rush in, panting, anxious, hurried; order their little bite and eat it in double-quick, double-action, double-barreled time. You'll see men figuring on paper between mouthfuls, reading newspapers, and the messenger boys perusing the proverbial dime novels. How long do they take to eat? The majority are through within five or ten minutes. And they leave the restaurant with the air of one who is thankful he has performed an unpleasant task.

Even quicker time is made in the automatic restaurants. What wonderful places these are, to be sure! Perfect fairylands, some of them, with the leaden-ribbed, colored glass windows, bright-polished mirrors and wonderful apertures about the glass wall, so mysterious and fascinating.

You drop a nickel or a dime—that's all the various foods cost—into a slot, and lo! there descends into a milk flow from spigots upon the dropping of a coin. Usually the automatons are pleasant and clean, with numerous brightly polished tables. And, then, there's an air of reliance and go about the people.

It's lunch time! How they come—laughing, joking,

happy crowds of girls—shopgirls, stenographers, bookkeepers. They distribute, walk along the glass walls, drop their coins, secure sandwiches in neat wrappings of tissue paper, cups of milk or coffee, and then they settle about the tables to chat as the minutes tick away.

The procession is endless—the tables are filled and piled with dishes. The crowds rise and leave, waiters with great trays remove the dishes as by magic, and new swarms come in for their hurried lunch.

The dairy lunches, again, are patronized usually by men. Here you find long rows of chairs, with broad arms, flat like little tables. At the great marble counter you can get coffee, milk and cream, fresh from the country; pie, sponge cake, sandwiches, rolls. About the high-ceilinged room on pedestals are great bowls of lump sugar. At lunch time people come by the scores; they buy cups of coffee and glasses of milk, pieces of pie or rolls, or whatever it may be, and with eager eyes dart for the great chairs. Here they eat by the minute hand, and it revolves quickly, indeed.

Let us take a trip to the houses patronized by business men—prices are higher and greater decorum reigns. But the spirit of haste prevails. A stout, prosperous gentleman hurriedly enters; he looks anxiously at the clock; he picks out his waiter before he sits down and orders his lunch, usually of the "specialty of the day," which is already prepared, and perhaps coffee or beer.

### PROMISCUOUS EATERS

"Watch them as they come in here," said the steward of one of the finest quick-lunch restaurants in a big city. "None takes more time than a half hour, or three-quarters of an hour at most, to eat. Nearly all of them order dishes that are prepared, of entrees—it may be stewed chickens' liver, pot roast or beef, cut ribs or spring lamb."

"If you will observe Americans and foreigners, you'll notice a striking difference in the manner of eating."

"Now see that American, one of the best known and successful business men in the city—he's taking soup and drinking beer alternately. Now, he'll go back to his office and feel bad all afternoon, and within a couple of years, if not before, he'll be a chronic dyspeptic."

"See that German. He holds his glass of beer between his hands until the chill has passed. He'll sip it slowly, and enjoy it. The American pours it down."

"It's interesting to watch these men eating. I've done it for years. I've seen them come in, day after day, and gorge themselves, never masticating their food; and I've seen them becoming dyspeptics, and crabbed and ill-tempered. Another thing that I've noticed is that the most successful business men take light lunches; they eat hurriedly, of course, but they don't overtax their stomachs. The men who eat heavy lunches get sluggish and stupid, and many a business failure I've traced to the lunch table."

## Science Finds Cures for Red Noses



sees developing a rosy red proboscis? What man can conceal his love of wine when it colors the skin of the face and sets his veins bulging!

But hold! The red nose, which is universally believed to be an asset of the dipsomaniac and hibernian, is now declared by men of science to be no such thing at all. As a matter of fact, physicians declare, it is much more prevalent among people who abstain, even among the anemic. And, with this comforting assurance, science says the red nose can be cured.

It is said that Nero was grieved for the redness of his nose, and it is likely that the sad affliction brought the ridicule of the temperate long before father Abraham got lost in his cups. But the saddest thing about it was the hopelessness of the malady. There was no cure. The man with the red nose felt that he had to go through life with shoulders weighed by the awful affliction. It was so sad!

But let them of the order of the red nose rejoice and be exceedingly glad!

"The red nose can be cured," said the man who said this recently was no less an authority than Dr. Kapp, of Berlin, who reports 37 actual cures. "The red nose is not a result of indulgence in liquor." A pat on the shoulder of Dr. Kapp, for he sees nobility in telling the truth, despite preconceived opinions. And listen to this:

"Women are often victims of the disease, for it is such. The soft veils they wear over their faces cause a distention and contraction of the vessels, which result in the malady. The wearing of glasses brings about a contraction of the muscular tissues, and this leads to venous stasis, a disease which often becomes chronic. Anemic people, especially women, fall victims, and nothing, to my mind, more mar a woman's beauty. The red nose is unnecessary. It is horrible. It is hideous. And it is incurable."

### USES A GALVANIC CURRENT

Dr. Kapp treats the afflicted organ by means of a galvanic current. He locates the small swollen veins and touches them lightly with a micro-themo cautery needle. The point is hot, but no unpleasantness whatever is experienced by the patient. Within a few days the swelling is gone and the redness disappears.

"This treatment is by far the most successful so far discovered," declared an American physician recently. "There are a number of cures for red nose—one of the most effective is scarification. This treatment, which was originated by Professor Lassar, of Berlin, necessitates cutting the nose in various directions. In healing the blood vessels resume their normal proportions and the proper circulation of the blood is effected. Often the redness can be cured by peeling off the skin and letting a new layer grow. I know of many women who have resorted to this painful treatment rather than suffer the embarrassment of the crimson facial decoration."

"Then the red nose is not really caused by over-indulgence in alcohol?"

"Sometimes it is. But not so often as is commonly supposed. There are numerous causes."

"And they are—"

"Quite often eyeglasses and veils. Women don't realize the danger of the soft veils they draw about their faces. They do not guess the awful terrors of the red nose that loom up before them in this protection of beauty. Yet the veils cause more red noses in women than perhaps anything else."

"A woman usually draws the veil tightly about her face. The compression, ever so slight, causes a contraction of the blood vessels; the blood, rushing through the delicate nose, is hindered; it flows back and the veins swell. Redness and irritation ensue. And, finally, there blooms on the fair face a fine and matured specimen of the red organ."

"Nose-glasses, if they do not fit the nose, cause a compression of the blood vessels. Thus you will often see persons wearing nose-glasses possessing a red, irritated nose. And their friends thoughtlessly say it's from taking too many cocktails. This is a cruel and unjust judgment. Most cruel! Once I heard a person whisper that he believed the pastor of his church imbibed because his nose was red. As a matter of fact, the pastor had kidney trouble—I was treating him—and this caused the red nose. Yes, actually. When one has kidney trouble the circulation becomes obstructed and a red nose invariably follows. There are other causes. Perhaps you don't know that everybody is always weeping. You don't see it, but it's true. The lachrymal glands are always excreting tears. These flow through the canal leading to the nose. However, the canal may become obstructed, and you'll find that the tears run out of your eyes. Your eyes will reddens, and, as is quite often the case, the blood vessels of the nose will become inflamed. And then your friends will say you're off the water wagon."

"What is the remedy? First remove the cause. Get eyeglasses that fit. Wear veils, if you're a woman, but don't draw them tight about the face. If your nose is bad, get medical treatment. I've known men to be turned down on jobs because their noses seemed to indicate they were not temperate."

So it's a beautiful affliction, after all, for it compromises the innocent.

A well-known physician was recently asked to give his opinion of the dangers of quick eating.

"It's a problem of more menace to the people of the country than the problem of trust regulation, which, I think, is one of the most serious," he replied. "Moreills come from fast eating than many people imagine. You have seen men eating in these lunch houses—eating, and grudging the time, with eyes bent on stock quotations or newspapers. They don't enjoy their food, and naturally the juices which should be secreted are withheld. They don't masticate their food, and the greater portion passes through their body undigested. This habit of quick eating must affect the brain; it disorganizes the circulation; it causes heart trouble; it brings about mental disorders, and many of the suicides are caused by this frightful and appalling habit."

Last May Florence H. Brough, a singer in St. James' Protestant Episcopal Church, of Chicago, committed suicide. Several days before her death she told her aunt that she had ruined her health by eating quick lunches; she tried to break herself of the habit, she said, but simply was unable to eat slowly.

"Unquestionably, the inability to digest food causes many suicides in Chicago," said Dr. W. A. Evans, health commissioner of the city. Dr. N. B. Delmator, one of the best known alienists, hearing of the girl's death, declared:

"This is only one of many cases. It is certain that hundreds of Chicago suicides can be traced to the quick-lunch habit. Those of a nervous temperament are especially likely to be affected. It interferes with the blood supply; they become emaciated and morose. Their mind is affected, and they destroy themselves."

### Rescued a "Foxy" Squirrel

A MAN in New York state who owns several fine cats stepped out of his house one day to see two of his feline possessions crouched in the grass, and equidistant between them sat a common striped squirrel, not daring to move a hair lest he invite the sharpclaws of one or both of his enemies; but the anxious brown eyes rolled from side to side as he calculated his chances of escape between the two. The man walked on toward the squirrel, and when he came within jumping distance the squirrel seized his opportunity and leaped upon the man's trousers and ran nimbly to his shoulder. Then the man backed slowly toward a tree at no great distance from him; again when within leaping distance the squirrel jumped into the tree and disappeared amid its branches.