

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 mon ma-ar-rang! What's that?—one ham! Two vanillers! Hurry up that ma-ar-rang!"
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.

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 legerdemain.

VARIETY NOT LACKING

With 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, cocoanut custards, lemon meringue and cheese pies and innumerable other kinds of pies—5 cents a piece.



seem jealous of the time they must give toward furnishing fuel to their bodies. It's a duty, this mid-day eating. No longer a pleasure, no longer an art, it is a grim, hateful necessity.

"Go into the quick-lunch houses and pause a moment," recently declared a physician, "and then you will no longer wonder at the prevalence of dyspepsia, organic troubles, brain fag, mental breakdowns and suicides in the United States. In my opinion, 75 per



Where Cabbies and Messenger Boys Refresh.

george 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

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 they eat.

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-calling 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 water 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, a la Bourgeois, calves' brains, or roasts, ribs of 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.



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

Science Finds Cures for Red Noses



THE red nose! Most baneful of mortal afflictions, what secrets of one's hidden life does it not reveal! What visions of plethoric repasts, of voracious banqueting and inordinate bibbling does it not bring before one's mind! What husband can deny his actions at the club and bar when his wife 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 bibulous, 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 amemic. And, with this comforting assurance, science says the red nose can be cured.

But let them of the order of the red nose rejoice and be exceedingly glad! "The red nose can be cured." And 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 shoulders 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 mars 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 affected. 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."

"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 get the awful drooping 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.

drinking a glass of milk. Tonight he'll probably have an attack of ptomaine poisoning, and he'll swear never to patronize the restaurant, quite 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, frizzled 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.

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 can get heart trouble, it brings about mental disorders, 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, 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. Delmaro, one of the best known alienists, hearing of the girl's death, declared:

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.