

HUNTING TIME.

They're comin' from the city to the country... With their rifles and their shotguns to hunt the farmer down... The law is off the squirrel, an' now I'm tellin' you...

ECONOMY IN FOOD.

Director of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University Author of "Physiological Economy in Nutrition"

(Began in Last Week's Issue.)

It is of course understood that there can be no absolutely fixed standard of diet suitable for all persons, even though there is a close degree of uniformity in habits of life...

Further, it is evident from the foregoing statements that we are now in a position to determine what constitutes an excess of food...

Breakfast: One small cup of coffee, with cream and sugar.

Lunch: One shredded wheat biscuit, or other cereal product, about one ounce, with three ounces of cream...

Dinner: Pea soup, four ounces; the lean meat of one lamb chop, one ounce; boiled sweet potato, one and three-fourth ounces...

Such a diet contains 6.7 grams of nitrogen, or about 42 grams of protein matter, and has a total fuel value of only 1750 calories...

A man of greater body-weight, and perhaps doing more muscular work, would naturally require a somewhat larger amount

of food, especially non-nitrogenous food, owing to the need for greater fuel value; but the same great economy in the amount of protein or albuminous food...

Breakfast: One banana, six ounces; one cup of coffee, with one ounce of cream and two-thirds of an ounce of sugar.

Lunch: Bread, one ounce; potato croquettes, nine ounces; sliced tomato, five ounces; Indian meal, four ounces; syrup, one and one-half ounces...

Dinner: Bean soup, four ounces; bread, one ounce; bacon, one fifth ounce; fried potato, eight ounces; lettuce-orange salad, one and one-half ounces...

This ration, which, as can easily be seen, is more bulky than the diet of the preceding subject, contained 8.3 grams of nitrogen, or 51.8 grams of protein, and had a total fuel value of 3450 calories.

In reply it may be said that diets such as the above are exceedingly simple and do not afford sufficient variety to satisfy the requirements of a cultivated taste.

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THE PHYSICAL WORKER.

In our study of the food requirements of the physical worker, a detail of soldiers from the Hospital Corps of the United States Army served as subjects.

While all of these men had volunteered for the experiment, knowing what was to be done, and no doubt willing to undergo, if necessary, some personal inconvenience...

Contrast now the daily consumption of food by these men during the last five months of their stay in New Haven.

The dietaries of three days may be given as illustrating the character and quantity of the food consumed...

Breakfast: Fried Indian meal, four ounces; syrup, three ounces; baked potato, nine ounces; butter, three-fourths ounce...

Lunch: Thick tomato soup, with potatoes and onions boiled together, eleven ounces; scrambled egg, two ounces; mashed potato, eight ounces; bread, two ounces; butter, one-third ounce...

Dinner: Thick pea soup, six ounces; potatoes and onions boiled together, eleven ounces; scrambled egg, two ounces; mashed potato, eight ounces; bread, two ounces; butter, one-third ounce...

Such a diet contains 8.4 grams of nitrogen, or 52.5 grams of protein, and had a total fuel value of 2400 calories.

Dinner: Thick pea soup, six ounces; potatoes and onions, six ounces; boiled sweet potato, six ounces; bread, three ounces; butter, two-thirds ounce...

tato, six ounces; bread, three ounces; butter, two-thirds ounce; one cup coffee.

Supper: Celery-lettuce-apple salad, five ounces; crackers, one ounce; cheese, one ounce; Saratoga chips, three ounces; rice custard, four ounces; one cup tea.

This day's diet contained 7.8 grams of nitrogen, or 49.5 grams of protein, and had a total fuel value of 2290 calories.

Breakfast: Boiled hominy, seven ounces; milk, five ounces; sugar, one ounce; baked potato, six ounces; butter, one-third ounce; one cup coffee.

Dinner: Hamburg steak, with much bread, fat, and onions, six ounces; boiled potato, ten ounces; bread, three ounces; butter, one-third ounce; one cup coffee.

Supper: Bread, three ounces; butter, two-thirds ounce; jam, three ounces; tapioca-peach pudding, ten ounces; one cup tea.

This day's diet contained 8.7 grams of nitrogen, or 54.5 grams of protein, and had a total fuel value of 2360 calories.

Perhaps the most noticeable result of the experiment with this class of men was the fact that all the subjects, without a single exception, showed a most marked gain in bodily strength...

THE ATHLETE.

The athlete, or the man who makes extra demands upon his body for excessive muscular work, must obviously need in addition a larger fuel value than is called for by one whose habits of life do not lead to great muscular activity.

These men, following the ordinary traditions of training, were at the time the experiment began consuming per day amounts of food corresponding at least to the standards set for "men with hard muscular work," namely, 150 grams of protein per day, with a total fuel of 4150 calories...

How great the economy in daily food was may be indicated by a statement of fact. One man, with a body weight of 150 pounds, was consuming on a daily diet of 56 grams of protein, with a total fuel value of about 2500 calories.

One of two samples of the daily diet made up of these men may be added as showing the general character and quantity of their food...

Breakfast: One banana; wheat roll, two ounces; butter, one-half ounce; one cup of coffee, with four ounces of cream and one and three-fourths ounces of sugar.

Lunch: Boiled eggs, four ounces; bread, two ounces; butter, two-thirds of an ounce; apple sauce, five ounces; one cup of coffee, with two ounces of cream and one-half ounce of sugar.

Dinner: Bacon, one and one-half ounces; potato croquette, two and one-half ounces; macaroni, two and one-fourth ounces; bread, one ounce; butter, one-fourth ounce; water ice, four and one-half ounces; one cup of coffee, with two ounces of cream and three-fourths of an ounce of sugar.

This day's diet contained 8.4 grams of nitrogen, or 52.5 grams of protein, and had a total fuel value of 3400 calories.

Breakfast: Fried rice, six ounces; syrup, two ounces; baked potato, six ounces; butter, one-third ounce; one cup coffee.

Lunch: Macaroni, six and one-half ounces; mashed potato, six ounces; fried rice, four and one-half ounces; syrup, two ounces; bread, two ounces; butter, one-half ounce; ice cream, six ounces; cake, one and one-half ounces.

Dinner: Cream of celery soup, six ounces; baked chicken, three and one-half ounces; fried sweet potato, two ounces; spinach, one and one-half ounces; boiled potato, two ounces; strawberry short-cake, eight and one-half ounces. This man took only water with his food.

This day's diet contained 10.7 grams of nitrogen, or 62.8 grams of protein, and had a total fuel value of 2760 calories.

As with the preceding subjects, we see that the characteristic of the daily dietary is especially by an excess of protein; but virtually able to maintain nitrogen equilibrium throughout the long period of experiment...

JUDGMENT AND REASON IN MATTERS OF DIET.

The writer is not inclined to draw too sweeping deductions from the results obtained, though they have been secured by most painstaking care and with all necessary precautions for the avoidance of error.

It is clearly the part of wisdom for us to have some definite knowledge of the real necessities of the bodily machinery in order to guard against undue consumption of food with its attendant dangers...

In this day of enlightened knowledge and scientific progress, mankind may reasonably expect benefit from the results of scientific study. Many of the causes of disease have been made clear to us.

Progress inevitably carries with it a shattering of old idols, and introduces new points of view that are not always easy of acceptance.

For the good of the individual and the benefit of the community, there should be a better appreciation of the part which the daily diet plays in the running of the bodily machinery.

Economy in food does not imply prohibition. It is neither vegetarianism, fruitarianism, natarianism, or any kind of "ism."

Finally, we may venture the belief that a daily diet, characterized by simplicity and temperance, so constructed as to harmonize more fully with the true needs of the body, with habitual avoidance of undue excess of food, will eventually lead to a betterment of the physical and mental condition of the human race...

Mr. Shimsky—"I don't believe the water is safe. I notice it has a clouded appearance this morning and tastes sort of milky—and."

Mrs. Starvem—"That glass contains milk, Mr. Shimsky; the water is at your left. And, by the way, your board bill was due yesterday."

"I hate to have anything on my conscience, don't you?" she mused. "I never have," he replied, quickly. "Mine isn't working."

THE MASK.

(FOR THE WATCHMAN.)

You speak of my life as all sunshine, My past as a beautiful dream. You think that, in acting life's drama, We always are just what we seem.

Because you have known me for years, And I have not spoken of strife, You think I have "Lain in the lilies And fed on the roses of life."

Ah! During our gay conversation, Today, when I laughed at your joke, You knew not I choked back the tears At the memories of old life awake.

Say I am a willful deceiver, Accuse me of wearing a mask. If I wear the smiles for your pleasure, Then pray, for the tears, do not ask.

Old Earth teaches us by example To hide deepest sorrow with smiles. On the graves of the dead in her bosom She wears the bright flowers, her smiles.

M. V. THOMAS.

HER ANSWER.

There were women in pink that would have shamed a rose petal, women in green, blue, women in drifts of lavender and lace, women in black that served the sheen of diamonds and perfect necks.

"There she is," was the whispered comment that could be heard to pass from lip to lip. "That's Celeste du Bois! Mrs. de Castro's heir!"

Everybody knew her history. It was the wonderful beauty of this girl alone that had made her Mrs. de Castro's protegee and had opened to her the door of the inner circle.

Among the throng of those who watched her there was one man, however, who thought that she was not indifferent to him. Mehlberger, who was leaning against one of the pillars wreathed with smilax, twirling a rosebud in his hand.

She looked down like a nervous debutante and closed and unclasped her fan. "I will give it to you," she replied at last, "after we have had our dance. I dance with you—the sixth, is it not? Until then do not look for me again."

When the time for the sixth dance arrived he came to claim her. "Whither?" he whispered, his eyes roaming over and beyond the brilliant throng of the ballroom.

"I am to have your answer tonight, Celeste?" he said. "I will give it to you," she replied at last, "after we have had our dance. I dance with you—the sixth, is it not? Until then do not look for me again."

"I will give it to you," she said, when they found themselves alone, "there is something that I want to ask you. You must not say anything until after I have finished. My answer will depend on yours."

The conservatory was deserted except for themselves. The lights and figures in the ballroom beyond them could be seen dimly through the green. Dark leaves and great clusters of azalea shut in the little rockery in which they sat.

"You must promise not to interrupt me," she said. Her gravity, the tremor of her voice disturbed him further, for he still twined the rosebud, acquiescing, and still smiled.

"Before I ask my question," she went on finally, steadying her tones, "I want to tell you something of my life. About the part of it about which everybody knows—and does not know."

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fore I went into the factory I carried my father's pail, and the pails of the men who drank with him, to the saloon for beer.

"I was afraid of the men who drank with my father and were always with him. I was afraid of the men in the saloon who laughed and jeered at me when I came with my pail. I was afraid of the men in the street. It was the good blood in me that made me run away and hide.

"I was afraid of the men in the factory when I went to work there. I came to know well what men were in those days. They hunted me because of my eyes and hair and skin. They have been hunting me, and I have been hiding from them all my life."

"The dance was beginning, and the music came in to them through the leaves. Celeste du Bois pulled the petals from the flowers on the spray of jasmine she held.

"After I came to know Mrs. de Castro," she continued, "after she had taught me and spent her money on me, that I might be made ready, I came to know what men were—here."

"I have not found them," she said, "any better. They wear fine clothes and talk with cultivated voices, but they are the same. They are whispering to the women who are dancing with them, now, what they have just been whispering to me.

"I should be merely the girl without a family, who had worked in a factory. They do not care for me."

"The glow on her cheeks could be seen even in the shaded light. She brushed the petals of the jasmine from her lap and turned passionately to the man beside her.

"No one has ever cared for me," she cried, leaning toward him. "And you? How do I know that you are any better than the others? How do I know that you are one to whom a woman who has suffered as I have done, would dare intrust her hope of it? I have known you in the ballroom, in the drawing-room, which is not to know you in the least. You say that you love me, you worship me. So do the rest. Are you any worthier of a woman's love than they? What will you do for love of me? What will you suffer? What will you give up?"

"Oh," she said, "I have been cold and hungry. I have starved. But I was never colder nor hungrier in my attic"—she stretched out her arms glittering with diamonds—"than I am in these. My soul is starving for some one to whom I can give my faith!"

"I love you; I have never cared for any other man but do you"—her eyes, looking into his, were not those of the courted beauty, but of the piteous little child—"do you, knowing all that I have told you, knowing yourself, do you advise me to whom to give my faith?"

"The man looking back at her heard his own words as though someone else were speaking. "No," he said, "I do not. I do not!" No one else would have recognized the voice as that of Baron Mehlberger. "I am no better," he said, "than the others." He drew his hands from her and put them before his face.

On the other side of the little bower of plants the music and the dancing still went on. More than one of those whose names were on the card that lay forgotten, at her feet had been looking vainly for Celeste du Bois. He who sat beside her with bowed head at last raised his face, and she could see that it had been wet with tears. He lifted a fold of her white scarf and touched it to his lips.

"Shall we go," he asked, "and find your partner? We must not stay here any longer."

He rose and stood looking down at her from over his folded arms, in the anguish and surprise and, like a strange new thrill, the glory of having found that he loved another better than he loved himself.

"I shall leave the city," he said, "in the morning. I cannot stay where I shall see you. I shall not see you alone again before I go. Good-bye!"

Celeste du Bois had risen also. The diamonds sparkled on her arms, her bosom, in her hair. Never had she seemed to the man before her so wonderful. He regarded her intently, as though to fix her image on his mind. She stood with eyes averted, toying with the leaves of a white-veined fern.

"Are you not going to wait," she said, "to let me thank you for what you have done?"

"Is there any need?" he cried with bitterness; but she held up a detaining hand. "There is something that I wish to say," she said, "before we go." She looked up and he saw what she had hidden from him, the light in her eyes.

"You have said," she went on, "that you are no better than the others. You are not have been, perhaps. I do not know what you may have been, but though you never were before, you are tonight better than the others. You are the only man whom I have found capable of faith."

"She stood before him in the soft light, regarding him with head held high. The music and the murmur of the throng outside seemed to him suddenly to have receded far away.

"I was afraid," she said, "to weigh you in the balance, but I have not found you wanting. I asked you what you would give up for me, and you have shown me that you cared enough for me to give up self!"

She took a step toward him. The leaves and the lanterns swam in a blur before the young baron's eyes. No man, among those who knew Celeste du Bois, had ever seen that expression on her face.

"I would depend on you—and it is yes."—By John Earl in The Smart Set.

"And have you any special terms for summer girls when they come in a party?" asked the pretty brunette in the mountain hotel.

"Yes, indeed," replied the clerk, suavely.

"And what are they?"

"Peaches and dears."—Chicago News.

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