

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Our Deadly Habits

No. 2—Boiling Our Food  
Part I.

By Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D.

The World's Best Known Writer on Medical Subjects.

Our American dyspepsia, our nervousness, our vanishing teeth, our premature baldness and our early death have all been confidently ascribed to "boiling our food."

"The reason?" Why, reasons were as plenty as blackberries. The starch was not properly mixed with our saliva and, hence, escaped digestion. Our teeth did not get enough exercise and, hence, loosened and fell out. The food was not allowed to solidify and, hence, acted like lead in the stomach and laid the foundations for dyspepsia and constipation.

Worst and deadliest of all, we were gravely assured that the stomach had no teeth and, hence, that anything which escaped mastication in the mouth could not be tackled in the intestines and passed through the body unchanged, causing an appalling wastage of good food materials.

One by one these scareheads were exploded. The main reason why the salivary digestion of starch, which consists in changing it into sugar, was supposed to be destroyed by boiling the food, was that this change can only take place in an alkaline solution, like the fluids of the mouth and, hence, the process would stop as soon as the food reached the acid stomach.

But it was one day discovered that instead of the stomach being constantly acid, the left two-thirds or first pouch into which the food fell was alkaline after a meal and remained so for three-quarters of an hour or more.

So that all that was necessary was to put down the starch, shoot the saliva on top of it and the sugar fermentation could go on perfectly for from three-quarters of an hour to an hour and a half in the stomach.

But worse remained. It was found that even under the most favorable of circumstances only a part of the starch was changed to sugar in the mouth and stomach and that the most important part of this first step in the digestion of insoluble starch, turning it into soluble sugar, took place under the influence of the powerful ferment of the pancreas in the intestines.

The most valuable feature of the saliva is its wetness and, as was proven by the drinking at meals test, the more you can add to this wetness within reasonable limits the better the digestion will take place. So far as starchy foods are concerned—that is to say, bread, crackers, cereals, rice, corn, potatoes, etc.—all that is necessary in the way of chewing, is enough to reduce them to a soft pulp capable of being readily penetrated by watery juices in the stomach and in the intestines. Anything beyond this is a waste of time and muscular energy.

It often happens that the reasons why we do certain natural, habitual things are different from what we suppose. We have always been sure that the chief virtue of masticating our food was to mix it thoroughly with the digestive ferment of the saliva.

Now we know that while this sugar ferment of the saliva is of some importance, yet the two things which are most important to mix with our food in mastication are water and air. This does not mean that you are to chew with your mouth open and masticate audibly as well as rhythmically, though the conclusion would be quite as rational as the "Chew-Chew" fad which had its vogue some years ago.

Poisonousness of our food is as important for good digestion as poisonousness of a soil is for a good crop. One way or breads and hard biscuits, hot or cold, are such excellent foods, and mushes and cereals and gummy puddings and slops of all sorts such poor ones, is that a pulp of bread or hard biscuit remains porous when wet, while a pulp of mush, whether cornmeal, oatmeal or hardy pudding, or soft biscuit, or soggy dough, is almost as waterproof as so much gum.

For the same reason, another popular illusion fell—namely, that soft-boiled eggs are more digestible than hard-boiled when they are discovered by the irrefutable method of dropping a teaspoonful of chopped up hard-boiled white of egg and a teaspoonful of soft-boiled white of egg into test tubes of pepsin and hydrochloric acid side by side that the hard-boiled was dissolved first, because the pepsin could penetrate into it quicker than it could into the gummy pulp of the soft-boiled. But, of course, hard-boiled eggs must be reasonably well chewed, and nobody bothers to chew a soft-boiled egg, and couldn't if he tried.

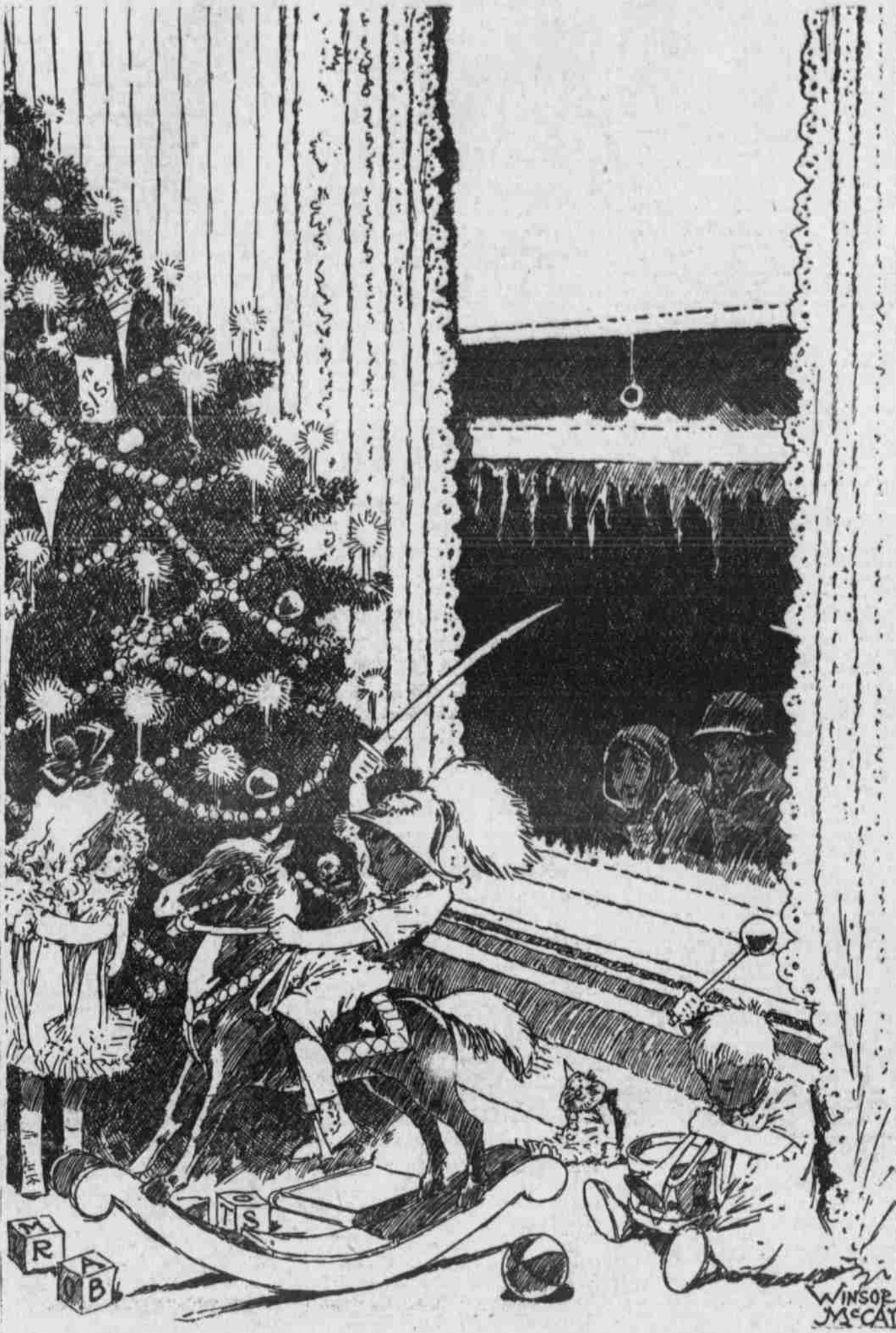
So much for three-quarters of our "starch" starches. Then it comes to the fifth and sixth centuries, could gorge thirty pounds of meat at a sitting, when they could get it, in chunks the size of which was merely limited by the swallowing diameter of their throats, and on none the worse for it, except a little drowsiness for three or four days. That is the sort of a pedigree our stomach has.

Not that it is advisable to swallow it in chunks of this size, but simply as an illustration of what the digestion can do if it is put to it. Our ancestors of the stone age, and for the matter of that of the fifth and sixth centuries, could gorge thirty pounds of meat at a sitting, when they could get it, in chunks the size of which was merely limited by the swallowing diameter of their throats, and on none the worse for it, except a little drowsiness for three or four days. That is the sort of a pedigree our stomach has.

In-Shoots  
It never cleanses nastiness to call it art.  
Upon the whole, a paying job is better than a hero medal.  
To appreciate historic art it is better not to know the actor.  
The woman with a velvety voice often has a disposition like a buzz saw.

## The Borrowed Christmas :-: Drawn for The Bee By Windsor McCay

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By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

"Of course I know there ain't no use of gettin' sore because them children on the avenue is friends of Santa Claus. He's like most everybody else in this here world, I s'pose; he'd rather pass his presents round among the kids he knows. No matter what some people says, I'll never think he's mean because he don't buy toys an' things for folks he's never seen. But when I see them Christmas trees, all loaded down with toys, I wisht that we was friends of his, like other girls an' boys."

The window we've been lookin' through is only made of glass, but it's the same as iron bars, if we should try to pass. An' on the side where Santa Claus came visitin' last night there's blocks, an' drums, an' tooting horns, an' lots an' lots of light, an' on the side where we are at it's awful cold an' dark. An' we can't touch the nice warm glass for fear we'll leave a mark. An' somepin'—maybe it's our hearts—inside us sort o' aches—It's funny what a diff'rence that thin glass window makes!

It's always this way, every year, we cannot keep away—We just got to go down there an' watch them children play. We try to think that we're inside, an' sometimes we pretend That we are like the children there—all Santa Claus' friends. An' then it seems a lot o' fun, an' often we forget That we an' Mr. Santa Claus have never even met. An' when we line up at the glass I look at Sis an' say: We'll borrow Christmas for a while; that's somepin', anyway!"

## How the Earth Was Formed

By DR. ARTHUR L. DAY.

Home Secretary of the National Academy of Sciences.

It must have been a very turbulent sea, the molten surface of our earth upon which the rocky crust began to form. The first patches of crust were probably shattered over and over again by escaping gases and violent explosions of which our evening volcanic activity is but a feeble echo.

If the earth was first gaseous, and the outer surface gradually condensed to a liquid, its outer portions at least must have been whirled and tumbled about sufficiently, even a few thousand years (which is a very small interval in the formation of an earth), to mix its various ingredients pretty thoroughly. It has accordingly been hard to see just how it came to separate into individual rocks of such widely different appearance and character. Of course, the number of its ingredients was large.

We have already discovered eighty or more different elementary substances in the earth, and there is an almost endless number of more or less stable compounds of these. The freezing of an earth is therefore, different from the freezing of

pure water, but the freezing of salt water offers a clue to the explanation of the way in which the earth solidified as we find it. When salt water freezes, the salt is practically all left behind. The ice contains much less salt and the remaining water relatively more salt than before freezing began. Applying this familiar observation to the supposed molten surface of the earth as it began to solidify, we have a suggestion of order and reason in its separation into so many kinds of rocks.

Now, what more promising questions occur to one than these? If the earth was originally fluid, as it appears to have been, and has gradually cooled down to its present state, its component minerals must at some time have been much more thoroughly mixed than now; how did they come to separate in the process of

Slighted the Off Ear.  
"Bobby," inquired the mother, "did you wash your face before the music teacher came?"  
"Yes'm."  
"And your hands?"  
"Yes'm."  
"And your ears?"  
"Well, ma," said Bobby, judicially, "I washed the one that supposed be next to her."  
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Girls in Business

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Temptation exists mostly for the people who look for it or invite it! This is not the hard-hearted statement of one who fails to sympathize with the troubles of her own sex—rather it is a generalization to which they are indeed exceptions.

All through the world, in every walk of life, there are unscrupulous and designing men. The girl who lives sheltered and protected in her own home meets with temptation. The girl who goes down to business meets it, too, but in both cases one of two things is true—the girl is unfortunate in the man with whom she comes in contact, or plunges on her own part invite catastrophe.

There are plenty of men in the world who are beasts of prey rather than human beings. From them neither maid, wife nor widow is quite safe.

But the average man is a sane, decent person, with plenty of kindly instincts and a great deal of chivalry. Such a man respects nobody more than a self-respecting working girl who invites neither impudence nor familiarity. A good deal of the talk about the "wolf in sheep's clothing," who is the average employer, is hysterical and quite untrue. If the girl who goes down to business goes clad in an armor of dignified self-respect, of efficient determination to do her work and do it well, and of faith in the fact that the world is built on the principle of "live and let live," she is likely to get on famously and to find herself quite undisturbed in her desire to do her work.

But does the average girl go thus equipped? Doesn't she rather have a "little sneaking feeling" that her sex is an asset—and one she might as well make the most of? Doesn't she dress to be attractive so that even office boys will gallantly sharpen pencils and run errands for her?

Doesn't she roll her big, blue eyes at "the boss" when she wants to get in a few extra afternoon hours off? Doesn't she invite admiration because she is a pretty girl rather than because she is an efficient worker?

If she does these things, is she justified in posing as a persecuted martyr when some man takes her at her own invitation and treats her as a forward coquette rather than as an efficient business woman?

Not all girls do go down to business with the idea that it is a superior sort of matrimonial agency or a place where feminine charm is to make femininity work a far easier thing than it would be if the employers were women.

Not all men imagine that the business girl is an adventuress who is looking for trouble or a shy little creature who is fair game for any man. But there are men who take this unchivalrous and contemptible attitude toward women just as there are women who warrant men in taking it.

The temptations of a business girl are due directly to two things—the weakness in the armor of some silly girls who cause more dignified ones to be misjudged, and the wickedness in the nature of some men which a dignified girl by meeting and meeting well may possibly be able to lessen in slight degree.

The girl who goes down to business willing to do her work and not to be a crybaby, and try to take advantage of her femininity to get her off from any difficulties, will meet with the protection of every decent man with whom she comes in contact.

That girl makes it easier for every other girl in the business world! The men who have met her and who know what a "white, honest little thing" she is, remember her and treat all other working women with a respect due to the germ of an idea that "white little thing" engendered.

There is a fine chivalry in work for women. Women owe it to one another to uphold it. Every girl who behaves herself with dignity, who does her work well and who neither looks for trouble nor becomes panicky when she sees actual signs of it, keeps that chivalry white and fine.

And when she meets with difficulty she will find there are plenty of splendid men ready to answer her with protection and to give her the "benefit of the doubt."

It does not pay for the business girl to look for trouble. It is beneath contempt for her to invite it. If she does neither of the two difficulties that chance to beset her will be fairly easy to handle.

## What Have You Done With Life?

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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What have you done, and what are you doing with life, O man, O average man of the world—  
Average man of the Christian world we call civilized?  
What have you done to pay for the labor pains of the mother who bore you?  
On earth you occupy space; you consume oxygen from the air.  
And what do you give in return for these things?  
Who is better that you live and strive and toil?  
Or that you live through the toiling and striving of others?  
As you pass down the street does anyone look on you and say,  
"There goes a good son, a true husband, a wise father, a fine citizen?"  
A man whose strong hand is ready to help a neighbor,  
A man to trust?" And what do women say of you?  
Unto their own souls what do women say?  
Do they say, "He helped to make the road easier to tired feet,  
To broaden the narrow horizon for aching eyes,  
He helped us to higher ideals of womanhood?"  
Look into your own hearts and answer, O average man of the world,  
Of the Christian world we call civilized.

And what do men think of you—what do they think and say of you, O average woman of the world?  
Do they say, "There is a woman with a great heart,  
Loyal to her sex, and above envy and evil speaking;  
There is a daughter, wife, mother, with a purpose in life.  
She can be trusted to mold the mind of little children;  
She knows how to be good without being dull,  
How to be glad and to make others glad without descending to folly;  
She is one who illuminates the path wherein she walks.  
One who awakens the best in every human being she meets?"  
Look into your own heart, O woman, and answer this.  
What are you doing with the beautiful years?  
Is your today a better thing than was your yesterday?  
Have you grown in knowledge, grace and usefulness?  
Or are you ravelling out the wonderful fabric knit by Time  
And throwing away the threads?  
Make answer, O woman, average woman of the Christian world:

Strikes have been prevalent over the country, and laborers are demanding that the eight-hour system become universal. No human being should work at any one occupation more than eight hours a day.

All the work in the world should be properly accomplished, and there could be comfort and prosperity if every one in the world worked six hours a day. If there were no idle people there would be no necessity to overwork the laborer.

The time is approaching when workers will be more fully adjusted and equalized. But meantime, while you are clamoring to have your hours of labor reduced from ten to eight, are you making plans regarding what you will do with those extra two hours a day?

If you are a man, do you intend to devote those wonderful 120 minutes to your home? Do you mean to give your family more pleasure, and your wife and children the happiness of your society, or are you thinking of the extra time you can spend at the club, or in the corner saloon, or in the poolrooms and gambling houses?

If you are a single man is it your ambition to devote those two hours of time each day to studying and perfecting yourself in some line of endeavor which will enable you to fill a higher position later on, or are you hoping to indulge yourself in greater dissipation and frivolity each day during your hours of leisure?

Results little short of miraculous can be achieved by applying one's self to a certain line of endeavor two hours every day. A trade can be acquired, a knowledge of music, a language, an accomplishment, a picture can be painted, a book

can be written, and many other wonderful things can be achieved by the person who resolutely applies himself two hours every day to some one purpose.

Reducing the time of labor does not mean for you a blessing unless you resolve that your brain, your body, your heart, your mind and your purse, shall all share in the benefits which those two hours can and should bestow upon you and yours.

If you are a woman, the same statements apply to you.  
The eight-hour system will not profit you if your two hours of leisure each day are to be spent in idleness, in meaningless chatter, in unplanned and misdirected shopping, or in foolish reading.

There are good books to be read, studies to take up, and the beautifying of your surroundings to worthily occupy those extra hours. If you have a home you can do much toward making it a real home in adding those little touches of comfort and beauty which only a woman's loving hand and taste can provide.

If you are a mother you can come in closer touch with your children by entering into their pleasures, by reading to them and with them, and by helping plan pleasures and recreation for them.

If you are a single man, living in furnished rooms, you can devote that time to a school of correspondence or in acquiring some new light and new power in your chosen field of endeavor.

Two hours a day frittered away without a purpose or an aim or spent in frivolity are much worse for you than two extra hours of hard work. There was one woman whose husband was industrious and comparatively sober and orderly in his life, while he worked ten hours a day. Saturday evening was frequently a time of dread with her because then the man loitered at the corner saloons and came home the worse for liquor. But the remainder of the week he came directly to his home.

Finally all the workmen in his department struck for the eight-hour system and obtained it, together with an increase of wages. Within a week after the inauguration of the new law the man began paying a daily visit to the saloon on his way from work. Every night he returned to his family the worse for drink, and before six months had passed he was discharged as an incompetent workman.

This poor wife charged all her misfortunes and unhappiness to the eight-hour system. But it was the lack of systematic thinking and a lack of ideals which caused the trouble. What ideals have you regarding life?

## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am about to become engaged to a young man. He has asked me to marry him. But I have held off answering him until I get your advice. I do not know whether I should tell him that my mother died from consumption, as I know most people are opposed to marrying into such a family. My father says it makes no difference and there is no use telling him. Do you not think in justice I should tell him before I become engaged? I am very much upset.  
HELEN.

Consult a Physician.  
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HELEN.

Consult a reliable physician as to your problem. Tuberculosis is not hereditary—occasionally the tendency is, I hope sincerely that the doctor will give you a clean bill of health, but in any event you will never know peace of mind unless you tell the man you love the facts of the case.

### DIAMONDS-WATCHES ON CREDIT

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