

RAW FOODS IN EVERYDAY DIET

A "Balanced Ration" for Humankind Should Include Some of These.

From the Literary Digest.

That no diet should be without its share of such raw foods as are easily digestible is the opinion of Dr. J. H. Kellogg, who writes on the subject in Good Health. But while condemning an exclusive diet of cooked food, Dr. Kellogg does not give his approval to the raw diet ideas as recently exploited by some persons. It has, he says, something in it of real value, but not the things claimed for it by its commercial advocates. We read:

"Unquestionably, man, with other members of the animal kingdom, was originally designed to take his food in an uncooked state. The comparative anatomists generally agree that the natural dietary of human beings consists of fruits, nuts and soft grains, that is, grains in the milk state, in which the nutrient portion, which in the ripe, hard grain is found in the form of starch, exists in the easily assimilable form of starch and dextrin.

"Experience has shown that adherence to a diet of cooked food, to the entire exclusion of uncooked foods, for some length of time, invariably results in great impairment of nutrition, symptoms resembling scurvy make their appearance, with other indications of decided malnutrition. This has been especially noted in the feeding of infants.

"It has also been discovered that the harmful results which accompany a cooked dietary may be obviated by taking

to appropriate, is wholly without foundation, and to urge such an argument naturally creates prejudice against the use of raw foods.

"As regards the practical application of the foregoing facts, sometimes it may be said that an exclusive dietary of uncooked food may be followed by brief periods with advantage. For the average individual, however, it is only necessary to exclude flesh foods of all sorts from the dietary, and to increase to a moderate degree the amount of uncooked food, contained in the form of fresh fruits, nuts, lettuce, celery and similar products, and to take care to make these uncooked foodstuffs a part of every meal."

The Halo—What Is It?

Vance Thompson, in Hampton's Magazine, speaks of the halo:

I was summoned one day to the Saitpatrie, in Paris, to see a woman who lay in a bed in the dark. She was a woman whose body, nerves and brain had been teased and tortured for years in psychic and occult experiment. What mental perturbation was racking that brain I did not know; and the physicians at her bedside did not know. With clenched hands and teeth and eyes open wide the woman lay there; her breathing was irregular and not deep. What we saw was this: a luminous halo of a vague orange hue that circled her head, even as in the old pictures of martyred saints you see the heads mooned with faded gold. This halo was fluctuating. It came and went; it was a light that flickered, her breathing faded, formed itself anew. A miracle, this aureoled head?

If you want to call it that. Words are not of great importance. It was a miracle when it glowed around the head of a martyr tortured in the arena, so tortured by pain and fear that his dissociated psychic centers produced the phenomenon of the exteriorization of luminous energy.

Perhaps it were better to call it at once a miracle and a prescientific fact, a fact,

THE FABLE OF THE YOUNG HORSE

An Original Apologue Which Points a Very Good Moral.

From Old Moore's Monthly Messenger.

As life wears on one often fails to see the benefits which are the outcome of present drudgery, hence we give the following as an encouragement to our readers.

"Put the young horse in plow," said the farmer; and very much pleased he was to be in a team with Dobbin and the grey mare. It was a long field, and gaily he walked across it, his nose upon Dobbin's haunches, having hard work to keep at so slow a pace. "Where are we going now?" he said, when he got to the top. "This is very pleasant."

"Back again," said Dobbin. "What for?" said the young horse, rather surprised; but Dobbin had gone to sleep, for he could plow as well asleep as awake.

"Where are we going back for?" he asked, turning round to the old grey mare. "Keep on," said the grey mare, "or we shall never get to the bottom, and you'll have the whip at your heels."

"Very odd indeed," said the young horse, who thought he had had enough of it, and was not sorry he was coming to the bottom of the field. Great was his astonishment when Dobbin, just opening his eyes, again turned, and proceeded at the same pace up the field again.

"How long is this going on," asked

Various Hunters.

Hitt—Well, it's just this way. The man who can go out hunting day after day and not care whether he gets anything or not has the right stuff in him.

Witt—Yes, especially when he's hunting for work, eh?

Prof.

"Did Mrs. Oglam's husband leave her well provided for?"

"He left her fabulously rich."

"How do you know?"

"I see by the latest society news she is to be married again."

Watches Him.

She—Why is it a woman never looks at the man she's marrying when at the altar?

He—I do not know, but I do know she keeps her eye on him pretty well after the wedding.

An Evidence of Disregard.

"He seems to be very fond of music," said an auditor.

"He isn't," answered Miss Cayenne, "or he would not try to sing."

Of Course Not.

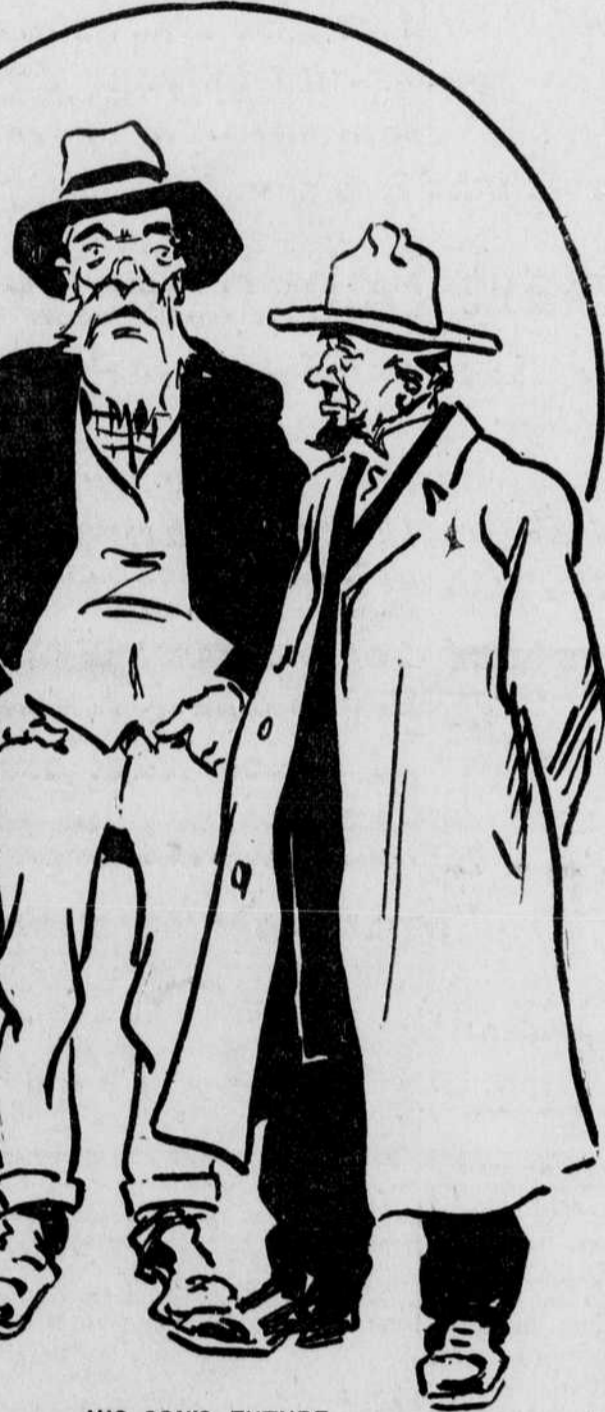
Daughter—Mother, could I love two men at the same time?

Mother—Not if one of them gets wise.

Wonderful.

Edith—Has she any accomplishments?

Marie—Yes; one. She can blus without trying.



Hiram: "So your son Arthur is going to law school?"

Siram: "Yes, but he won't pay no 'tention whatever to his books. I guess maybe he's going to be one of these here unwritten lawyers."

According to Their Bent.

Safety Pin (with woom)—You are not in the same class with me.

Ordinary Pin—Oh, you haven't any cause to be stuck up of classes, some of us have occupied chairs in the foremost schools and colleges.

He Would Need Them.

"That lady told me that she is very much interested in my work."

"What, that widow?"

"Yes."

"You might as well order your wedding clothes."

A Prospective Snub.

Ethel—You would hardly know Reginald since he got back from Europe. He lost all his money there, and—

Elise—Hardly know him! Why, I shan't know him at all.

The Aggrieved Party.

"Has your automobile frightened any horses?"

"No," answered the novice. "But every now and then some horse turns suddenly into the road and gives me a scare."

Foresight.

"Why do you keep two automobiles?"

"I use the second one to bring along the things I'm likely to need in keeping the first one in running order."

Hiram.

"So your son Arthur is going to law school?"

Siram: "Yes, but he won't pay no 'tention whatever to his books. I guess maybe he's going to be one of these here unwritten lawyers."

care to administer with the cooked food

daily a certain amount of raw food. Certainly in many of these cases a wonderful change is brought about by introducing into the dietary suitable raw foods, such as fresh juices, whey, buttermilk, and even fruit pulp.

"Still another advantage of the uncooked dietary is the fact that vegetable proteins are not readily attacked by the putrefactive or poison-forming organisms. Whatever may be the reason for this the fact is recognized and admitted by authorities in dietetics. There is reason also for believing that uncooked or living vegetable tissues are much more resistant to the attack of parasitic bacteria which abound in the intestine and which feed upon the undigested and unabsorbed residues of foodstuffs. The living cells of plants as well as those of animal tissues, have the power to resist the attacks of invading organisms. This is why a cooked potato will sour in a few hours, while a raw potato will remain intact for a long time. The same difference exists between cooked and uncooked vegetable products of all sorts.

In addition, Dr. Kellogg goes on to say, it is possible that the body may derive benefit from certain substances in the raw juices of fruits and vegetables which are destroyed in cooking. And at any rate, he is sure that the facts justify his maintaining that a wholesome and sufficient dietary for human beings must include uncooked foodstuffs. He goes on:

"The form in which raw food should be taken is a matter of considerable importance. Fresh fruits are a most acceptable and natural form of food. Fruits and nuts are readily digestible when taken in the raw state, provided, of course, that they are properly masticated. It is a question, indeed, whether the nutritive properties of nuts and fruits are to any extent improved by cooking. It has also been shown that the freshly formed green parts of plants, such as the leaves of lettuce, the heart of cabbage, and the tender parts of asparagus, are readily and practically completely digestible. This is not true, however, of the coarse and fibrous woody material found in the envelop of wheat, oats and other grains. It is equally untrue of the cellulose found in the coarse vegetables. Experiments have shown also that raw starch in the form in which it occurs in a potato and in the various cereals is not easily digestible.

that is, which is occult, but is in the way

of becoming known. I asked Dr. Fere what he thought of this miracle.

"I have often seen it," he said. The field of his experiments was the madhouse at Bicetre. There many neurophobic patients abide; and often in cases of severe headache, or of religious ecstasy, he has seen these fluctuating aureoles around the head.

"The rays are often 20 centimeters in extent, quite regular, forming a perfect aureole," he explained.

There is, then, a form of energy, emanating with luminous properties, emanating from the human body, under certain conditions.

A Matter of Age.

From the New York Tribune. The Rev. C. W. Gordon, of Winnipeg, startled his brother clergymen at a recent convention by advocating the saving of souls "right off the bat." He said that souls worked upon slowly were likely to go bad on one's hands.

Afterward Mr. Gordon compared the honest and sincere ways of the frontier with the false and venomous ways of certain circles of fashionable society. He illuminated the comparison with a dialogue.

"I overheard this dialogue," he said, "at a reception that I once attended in Washington. The speakers were two grande dames—I believe that is the word—two powerful social leaders, one from Philadelphia, the other from New York."

"Well," said the first grande dame, "I must be off. I've got to go and see my mother."

"The second put up her lognette and drawled: "Really—ah—you don't mean to say you've got a mother living?"

"The first grande dame laughed—a high, thin laugh, with something biting, like acid in it. "Oh, yes," she said, "my mother is still alive—and she doesn't look a day older than you do, I assure you."

Necessity Is the Mother, Etc.

Was sent into the workshop of our friend, the inventor, and find him purring over a strange contrivance of wings and sails and propellers.

"Inventing an airship?" we ask, quite unnecessarily.

"Yes," he replies, without looking up. "It's got to. I've got to get out of this town some way, and my creditors are watching every road and railway station."

the young horse.

Dobbin just glanced across the field as his eyes closed, and fell asleep again, as he began to calculate how long it would take to plow it.

"How long will this go on?" he asked, turning to the grey mare.

"Keep up, I tell you," she said, "or you'll have me on your heels."

When the top came, and another turn, and the bottom, and another turn, the poor young horse was in despair; he grew quite dizzy, and was glad, like Dobbin, to shut his eyes, that he might get rid of the sight of the same ground so continually.

"Well," he said, when the gears were taken off, "if this is your plowing, I hope I shall have no more of it." But his hopes were vain; for many days he plowed, till he got—not reconciled to it—but tired of complaining of the weary, monotonous work.

In the hard winter, when comfortably housed in the warm stable, he cried out to Dobbin, "If say, Dobbin, this is better than plowing; do you remember that field? I hope I shall never have anything to do with that business again. What in the world could be the use of walking up a field just for the sake of walking down again? It's enough to make one laugh to think of it."

"How do you like your oats?" said Dobbin.

"Delicious!" said the young horse. "Then please to remember, if there were no plowing, there would be no oats."

Just the Thing.

From the Cleveland Leader. A certain gentleman, having in his cellar some surplus ale on the verge of spoiling, was one day walking around his estate when he came across a party of workmen. Hailing the foreman, he ostentatiously presented the ale to the men, giving them leave to fetch it as they desired it. Some time afterward he met the foreman and proceeded to extract a suitable acknowledgment of his bounty.

"Well, Giles, did you and your men have that ale?"

The House of the Black Ring

By F. L. Pattee Copyright, 1905

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"Oh, pshaw, pap! I believe you're getting soft-headed. Here, take one of these dumplings and get out. You're in my road. I believe you've spoiled my pies now. Come, clear out." The change was instant.

"But I want you to promise, Rose," he said, hesitating a moment and looking at her, the dumpling in his hand. "Oh, clear out. They want you over to the store. Come, start, or I'll spatter you." She held the dipper threateningly, and he stepped in his eyes again. He went out laughing, munching at the dumpling.

His good nature, however, was short-lived. When he reached the store the group about the stove looked up expectantly.

"Say, squire," a sharp voice piped up, "they say you're going to put the law to that young Farthing. Yas?"

"That's just what I'm going to do," he responded grimly.

"What charge you calc'latin' to make?"

"Untying Karl's boss."

"And what law does that break?"

"It's trespassing, and it's attempted damage of property, and half a dozen things."

"You can prove it, I s'pose?"

"Prove it? Well, I should say! You just watch me. I can prove it 27 different ways. Say, look here, do you know this Farthing crowd's going to change the whole town of this valley? There's trouble ahead. You take my word for it, they're a hard lot and they'll bear watching. There ain't a doubt in my mind but what that critter was actually trying to steal the hoss. Yas?"

"Say, look here, squire," Dan Tressler was moving uneasily on his egg-crate. "Have you got a single proof that Jim Farthing really untied that hoss wunst? Now, have yeh, squire?"

"Proof? What'd I say? I've got proof to burn. I can bring him a dozen times, and I'll swear on the bible they saw him go out."

"But does that prove that he untied the hoss?"

"Well, it comes mighty near it."

"But will that prove it?" persisted the man doggedly.

"Look here, Dan. What do you mean? Of course we can prove it. He had a motive; we can prove that, can't we? He had a chance; we can prove that. He went out; we can prove that. He profited by it; and without the loss of a minute, we can prove that. What more do you want?"

"And you are going to have him arrested and tried on that evidence?"

"I am going to send for the sheriff just as soon as I can telephone him."

"The sheriff's out of town, squire. There was suppressed excitement in the man's voice. "If it comes to a trial, then you'll have me for a witness. I drove that bossed myself last night. It was my rig. I was in the tavern room all the time and I'll swear on the bible that Jim Farthing come in when the rest did, and didn't go out till they did. He never left the room. I know it. And I'll swear that when Karl Keichline got onto my sled at Moon Run bridge and told us how Jim had unhitched his hoss wunst, three or four, and I can tell their names still, spoke right up and said as hoy they knew he didn't leave the room. Joe Hubler said that he set right beside Jim all the evening, and Joe won't lie. You'd better go slow, squire."

"And you'll swear to that?" and the old man's face was twitching with wrath. There was a threat in the tone, and Dan felt it.

"Yes, sir, I will, for it's God's truth, squire." He was fairly trembling with excitement.

"Oh, yes; them Farthings are pretty fine birds, aren't they now?" he burst out with a withering sneer. "How long has it been since they hired you to defend their doings? Heigh? You've been hand in glove with 'em all the fall. I've saw it, and now you'll swear to that, will yeh? Heigh?"

"I won't swear to nothing but just God's truth," Dan maintained the man stubbornly. "All Farthing was good to me, and I'm not going back on him when he's in the right still."

"In the right? Well, squire, we'll see. It'll take more than your little swearing to clear up this scrape. I'll promise you that if he stormed out into the back store, slamming the door behind him, but he did not telephone the sheriff."

In the meantime young Jim had had polished the little mare till she fairly gleamed. He had crimed her mane, and tied her foretop with a jaunty ribbon, and had even polished her hoofs. As she stood in her newly oiled harness, with the lamb skin breastplate and the glittering nickel work, she was indeed a beauty. She had crimed her mane, and tied her foretop with a jaunty ribbon, and had even polished her hoofs. As she stood in her newly oiled harness, with the lamb skin breastplate and the glittering nickel work, she was indeed a beauty. She had crimed her mane, and tied her foretop with a jaunty ribbon, and had even polished her hoofs. As she stood in her newly oiled harness, with the lamb skin breastplate and the glittering nickel work, she was indeed a beauty.

"Sure, if you'll let me go with you." "Get in." He gathered up the reins with skilled hand, and they swung by the store at a rattling clip. A curious crowd was watching them.

"By George!" the old man ejaculated after a moment. "How long have yeh had her?"

"Ever since she was a colt." The squire shook the reins over her back, and she swung down the long stretch with the ease and precision of a machine.

"Give yeh two hundred for her." "I've refused five." "Give yeh five fifty."

"No." "Six?" "How much? What's your price?" "She can't be bought. I don't want to sell her."

"Of course she can be bought. There ain't a thing in this valley that can't be bought. How much?"

"Two hundred and fifty thousand." "Here, don't you get smart, young fellow. How—much'll—you—take?" He turned the mare skillfully and started on the return.

I mean what I say, Squire Hartswick. There isn't money enough in this valley to buy her. She's not for sale."

"Mighty important, ain't yeh? His anger flashed up like a fuse. "Mighty important folks up there, ain't yeh? Money no object. Got it by the barrel, I s'pose? Well, I've taken a fancy to this mare, and I'm going to have her. You mind that?"

"You won't buy her, Squire Hartswick. If you get her it'll be by foul means."

"All-I-I-I'm right, sir, we'll see. I've said it—I'm going to own this mare; you take note to whom I say. Here, take her. I'll get out here." Any before the store. "Now, let me tell you one thing, young man. You may see the day when you'll be good—and glad to sell this mare for anything you can get. You may be glad to do that. You haven't heard the last of that caper last night, young fellow; not by a long chalk. And you remember another thing; you keep away from my premises. Understand? You're liable to hear from me now at any minute. Good-by, sir."

Young Jim made no answer. He drove fiercely homeward, more angry than he had ever been before in his whole life.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FLITTING DINNER.

All fools' day in the Seven mountains is the time for "flittins," be the sign and the mood of the day may vary. Everywhere on this April morning you will meet long lines of vehicles loaded with household goods—everything a kaleidoscope of movement; old cars leaving, new ones arriving; cattle and sheep and hogs driven along the highways; "riggins" of every pattern piled with a grotesque confusion; women and children perched high among the boxes and bureaus and dressed in old and posts sticking out at every angle; and reapers and mowers machines dragged along behind "hay ladders" through the April slush. One day later you will seek in vain through all the region for any trace of a "flittin'."

Like all other institutions in the mountains—butterchurns, schnittings, infarses, apple-butterings, weddings—"flittins" are governed by certain inflexible traditions. As a rule, only near relatives are invited to a "flittin'." Should this exclusive circle, however, not possess the requisite number of "riggins," then others are very welcome, for it is unlucky if there be not teams enough to take everything at one gait.

Finally, like all things else in the Dutch belt, even funerals, the affair must be crowned with an ample dinner furnished by the flitter and presided over by the good flitting wife.

So much of flittings.

Dan Tressler was moving into Sugar Valley six weeks before nothing had been farther from his intention, but much may happen in six weeks. It had come to him like a flash in clear weather.

"Step in here, Dan," the squire had said to him one day in February. "Come into my office, will you? He had gone in, greatly wondering. "Your lease expires April 1st, don't it?"

"Yes."

"What's sorry, but I can't renew it." "What's that?" It was as if the air had suddenly been pumped from the room.

"No; I can't renew it. You see—"

"Why, squire, I've lived on your farm nine years. Haven't I suited you? I've put a lot of money out. I've taken pride in it. I've—"

"Sorry, Dan, but I can't help it. You've run it well; I haven't any fault to find, but that nephew of mine three years ago wanted the lease. He'd already made it out to you, but he made me promise I'd give him the next chance. It seems I signed a paper. I'd forgot all about it till he reminded me of it yesterday. He said he was going to hold me right to it; there's no use of my kicking. I'm mighty sorry, Dan."

"But the improvements I've made, squire, it's hard luck; I see that. But you know I didn't ask you to make 'em."

"But the farm's worth double what it was when I took it. I've sunk more'n a thousand dollars on it in work and money; you'll—"

on Moon run. He had seen her many times; he had even been very near her, for he had suddenly become most regular in his church attendance, but with Karl Keichline at the door and the old squire at the front, there had been no room for him. Now, however, they were far away; the thought exhilarated him. He plunged into the work with all his soul. Perchance she was looking. And if she were, she shouldered fellow tugging away at the big boxes and bureaus, and holding his end against two men on the other.

Once he ventured into the kitchen for a drink of water, and found the room fairly quivering with energy; it seemed full of women.

"Come, no men folks allowed here. We're working in here." Rose was in command. There was snap in her voice, and there was fun and mischief. It set the room into a merry burst, which somehow confused him mightily.

"But I want some water."

"Oh, you do. All right, here you are." She scooped a cup into the water bucket and like a flash showered him with it. Then she laughed again.

"There, you've got it; now skip. Run where you belong, or we'll take hot water to you." He hesitated, but there was nothing else to do.

"Here," she called, as he was turning toward the door. "Here's a dipper, catch!" She threw it with a deft swing; and he caught it in one hand.

"S'pose you try the cistern. There's where we get our water. Good-by."

"Good-by," he echoed in puzzled tone; then he retreated awkwardly amid much laughter from around the sizzling stove.

At eleven exactly the bell on the kitchen roof began to jangle wildly. Dinner was on time, and the men, dropping everything on the instant, swarmed into the house a motley crowd with coats off and shirt sleeves rolled high. Just inside they encountered Mrs. Tressler, who was nervous and excited, was running hither and thither as if demented.

"Here, Uncle Jake," she was calling jerkily, "you take this here chair wunst; Abe and Lem, you set right down here. And oh, he's Amos, here's a place for you still. There! And the rest of yeh, Lord! set anywhere you get a chance wunst. There!" She made a side plunge for the stove where three nervous women were scooping up various things out of pot and kettle, rebounding like a rubber ball to a table where Rose and another were peeling potatoes, then spun about and delivered a sweeping order:

"Hurry up, quick, now," she gasped. "Quick—they're down!" Then she swirled in a sidling flur around the table like a June bug about a lamp.

The great rattling and scraping of chairs and feet as the men took their places was succeeded by a sepulchral hush.

"Uncle Jacob, will you invoke the divine blessing?" Dan's voice sounded solemn and funeral. The old man, and in quivering tones went through with the formula. Then the meal was on.

"Fall right to, boys, and do your darndest. I can't wait on yeh; I've got my hands full right here. Let 'er go."

"All right, Dan," joined in Amos. "Here goes; sail in boys. Don't let all this good stuff phase yeh. You ain't no idee what you can do jest by takin' one mouthful at a time."

Amos was in his element. Good cooking was his chief theme at dinner like this, and he was at his best.

"Say, now," he began in a high drawing voice. "You Dutch have your fallins, but you're all right when it comes to vittles. Why, take it on spreads, you beat the whole world and Center county. I never set down to a Dutch dinner yet where there wasn't at least five spreads. And they're all good too, and so's your scrapple, and liverurst, and ponhoss, and schnitts-and-knepp—say, Mary Ann, this is the best schnitts-and-knepp I ever put into my old head. Pass her up again, Dan."

"I reckon we can cook schnitts-and-knepp still," tittered the mistress with pardonable pride.

"There, now, there's another thing I like about you Dutch," he went on garrulously. "When you set down to a meal of vittles in a Dutch kitchen the wimmin folks all pitch right in and tell you how plaguey good everything is. It fairly makes your mouth water whether you're hungry or not. You set like sin before you fairly know it. Take a Yankee woman now, she'll say nine times out of ten, even if her dinner is right up perfect: 'There now, I'm ashamed to death over this here dinner. I've been terrible bad luck, and there ain't a thing fit to eat.' He imitated in high falsetto voice a complaining woman. "After she's done runnin' her stuff down you ain't got no more appetite than a mouse."

"Oh, chimminy, that's easy." Ulla was chuckling merrily. "Eh, now why Yankee women runs down their vittles still is 'cause they don't know how to cook anything that's decent. Hehn? Yar-r-r! e-e-e-e-e! Oh, my! say, Amos, give us someb'ing hard 'ready.' A grouse laugh rolled about the tables. The man straightened instantly.

Helen.

She sits within the white oak hall, Hung with the trophies of the chase— Helen, a stately maiden tall, Dark haired and pale of face; With drooping lids and eyes that brood, Sunk in the depths of some strange mood.

She gazes in the fireplace, where The cozing pine logs snap and flare, Waiting the perfume of their native wood. The wind is whining in the garth, The leaves are at their dervish round, The flexible flames upon the hearth Hang out their tongues like