

held in trust till his majority, now quickly approaching, but he had only received an ambiguous reply to his request. His aunt continued to treat him kindly, but he could feel the difference in her manner, and Raby was rather inclined to ignore him altogether.

"It is so very disagreeable to have to talk about one's family," she said. "Of course everybody knows something unpleasant has happened, and I have had to tell the Bensons all about it. Lionel thinks Oscar had much better be shipped off to the Colonies; I almost wish father would get him away from here. It's so disagreeable having him always about. One does not like to be unkind, but one can't trust him or like him."

That was how Raby felt, and showed it in her manner. She was of course much influenced by what the Bensons thought, and they naturally concluded that Oscar was guilty.

"Lots of young fellows get into hobbles, and then make a grand fiasco getting out," Lionel had said. "I know Oscar got amongst some card-playing fellows once. Cyril does too, for that matter; but Cyril can afford it, he has plenty of money. Most likely Oscar got into a hole, and was tempted to get out of it by hook or by crook as he could. But I think it's a mistake his staying on here. He'd be happier and do better in a fresh place. That's my opinion, if you want it."

Nobody but Raby did particularly want it. She, however, took her cue from Lionel, and she somewhat influenced her mother, and altogether Oscar's present life was not a very happy one. He did his best to be patient and cheerful, and strove hard to conquer the tendency in his temperament which had been the indirect cause of all this trouble.

North was uniformly kind and encouraging, and showed him that his efforts were not unobserved, and he had his brighter days also in between the dark ones; as when Ray once asked him to drive her across to spend Saturday afternoon with May Lawrence, and talked to him quite pleasantly and freely the whole way.

It was a delightful change to him to get right away from the town and its associations, and May was pleased to see them, asked innumerable questions about Sheila, and wished she could be out in such a beautiful place and climate.

Rather to the surprise of Ray and

Oscar, though apparently not to that of their young hostess herself, North walked in about tea-time, and was very cordially received by May.

From their talk they were evidently on excellent terms, and it was plain that it was no unusual thing for North to spend his free afternoon here, though his family knew nothing of his movements except that he always took a long walk on Saturday afternoons.

He left before his sister, as he preferred walking to the back seat of the little phaeton; and when he was gone May said with something rather like enthusiasm—

"I do think there is something very fine about your brother, Ray; he is so different from most of the young men one sees. He has such a lot to do and think of. Life is all work with him and not play. I don't mean just money-getting. He wants to make things thrive, of course; but he wants just as much to do good to the work-people and teach them to live better lives and care for higher things. I'm so tremendously interested in it all. I suppose you do a lot to help him?"

Ray rather stared and then laughed.

"I think North must talk more to you than he does at home. I know he has some hobbies of his own, and spends a lot of evenings at the club and lecture-room; but I don't know much about the details. North isn't much of a one to talk."

"He talks a good bit to me," said May. "It's awfully interesting. If I were his sister I should want to do a lot. He always speaks of you as his favourite sister, Ray."

Ray coloured with pleasure, for North was decidedly her hero, although she did not know so very much about the way in which his spare time was spent. Like many men who work hard in one groove, North was reticent at home of his doings, and even to Ray he only spoke rather vaguely of the plans and projects in his mind. Working, not talking, was distinctly North's forte, and Ray wondered how it had come to pass that May had broken down his reserve and won his confidence.

"I thought it was Cyril who came here to talk—not North," she said. "Cyril always speaks as though he were very intimate here."

May slightly tossed her head, and her lip curled; she seemed about to speak rather scornfully, but recollecting herself she answered quietly—

"Cyril does not come very often now,

and I think his talk is more interesting to himself than to other people, for it is mostly about himself. I hope you don't mind my saying that much, Ray; but indeed it is true."

"Oh, I know!" answered Ray, laughing good-temperedly. "We all know that Cyril is a bit of a poser, or whatever you call it. But I think our confidence in him as a hero got rather a shock on one occasion. It's not the fashion at home to poke fun at Cyril; but I'm sure other people must laugh at him often!"

Ray laughed as she spoke, and May joined in; the two girls were very fairly intimate by this time, for May had never dropped her friends in the town since those summer days when the friendship had grown and flourished.

"She is a nice girl," said Ray, as she and Oscar drove away. "I once began to think I might have her for a sister-in-law, but I don't think that is going to come off. Indeed, I almost hope not! Cyril is not half good enough for her!"

Oscar was silent; the subject of Cyril was painful to him. Ray glanced at him, and then said suddenly—

"Oscar, North has told me something about how things stand; he has told me more than the rest know. I have an awful fear that Cyril is worse than any of us have ever thought! Sometimes I am quite miserable about it, and you getting the blame in a way. It is too bad!"

"I think people have been very kind to me," said Oscar slowly, "and we do not know anything against Cyril."

"We know he was a coward once, and told a lie to screen himself! That was quite bad enough. Oscar, I sometimes feel that a man who could do all that could do much worse if the temptation were strong enough. North says the same."

"North is a very generous fellow—a very fine fellow!" cried Oscar, with sudden enthusiasm; "and I hope he is going to get his reward—some day!"

"His reward? What do you mean?" asked Ray quickly.

"Didn't it come into your head to-day? It did into mine. I think Miss Lawrence may be, perhaps, your sister-in-law still!"

"Oh," cried Ray, with wide-open eyes, "do you really think so? I never thought of such a thing! Yet really it might be. But what *would* Cyril say?"

(To be continued.)

DIET IN REASON AND IN MODERATION.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."

PART I.

THE BREAKFAST.

THE subject of "diet and digestion" is a well-worn theme, and more books and papers are written upon this than upon any other medical subject.

But though the tale is old, there are variations and embellishments which are quite new; and it is in an original manner that we wish to speak to you on this old but oft-forgotten subject of physiological diet.

We are going to teach you health from the kitchen and dining-room, two of the most im-

portant sources of human suffering, and the chief sources of income of the physician.

For it is in the kitchen that indigestion begins, and if your cook is faultless, and rightly understands her business, you will not get indigestion, save through your own indiscretions in the dining-room.

It is commonly supposed that the chief fault in diet is eating to excess, that is, violation of the laws of moderation. But this is not the commonest mistake, for in most cases where too much food is eaten, it is from faulty methods of eating, and from taking unsuitable food.

The Americans suffer from indigestion more than do any other people in the world; the French suffer perhaps the least. Yet the average Frenchman eats more than the Yankee, but he has made a science of feeding, and notwithstanding that he eats more than the American, he eats it better and more rationally, and therefore his organs digest it more rapidly.

You think it is disgusting to make a science of feeding—pandering to one of the lowest of pleasures? No, you are mistaken; the science is not only just, it is necessary for health. Of course, if your science consists in elaborating dishes to tickle your appetite, to enable you to eat more than you need, it is very wrong. But here it is not science which is to blame, but the person who abuses science.

As soon as we are down in the morning we think of our stomachs, of our breakfast. It is no good telling us that it is irrational to eat breakfast; that as we have done no work yet we need no nourishment; for we thoroughly disbelieve in this argument. It is much better for everyone to take something at breakfast-time, but whether she should make a good square meal at breakfast, and take but a small luncheon, or just pick a little something at breakfast, and make a good meal at mid-day, depends entirely upon what she is used to.

Many persons take a little fruit before breakfast, and it is not at all a bad plan, for fruit is the natural and best aperient. Because of the difficulty of obtaining fruit and vegetables many of us Londoners eat too much meat, which is very wrong, for excessive meat-eating brings many diseases in its train.

All fruits are not equally digestible, and some kinds are so difficult to digest that they should only be taken by those who are in robust health. All stone-fruit, especially cherries, and all nuts are very indigestible. Fruit is always best when it is picked just before it is eaten, and those who possess the luxury of an orchard or country garden of their own should eat a little fruit from the trees, in the season, every morning before breakfast, when the combination of the fresh fruit and the crisp morning air will do much to brace up the system for the day.

Unripe fruit is no favourite with the stomach, and it may produce severe griping and colic. Much more injurious is over-ripe or decomposing fruit, a very common cause of so-called English cholera.

Certain persons have peculiar idiosyncrasies for certain fruits, especially for strawberries, and at the beginning of the strawberry season attacks of nettle-rash accompanied with severe indigestion, due to eating the fruit, are extremely common.

Now let us go to breakfast. There are plenty of things to choose from; only think a little beforehand, and have some reason for your choice.

Here is the menu:—

Tea, Coffee, Cocoa, Milk.
Rolls and Butter.
Oatmeal Porridge.
Eggs and Bacon.
Fried Fish.
Bloaters.
Marmalade.

What will you take to drink? "Oh, tea is so indigestible, coffee is so bitter, cocoa is so unrefreshing, and milk swarms with tubercle germs! So give me any that you like." Why? Is this the science of dieting? Who has prepared this meal, that she serves up tea

that is indigestible, coffee that is bitter, and milk that swarms with tubercle bacilli? Give her notice at once, and prepare the drinks for yourself; or rather, bring us the necessary implements, and we will show you how to prepare tea that is not indigestible, and milk that is quite free from germs.

There is a great deal of nonsense talked about the indigestibility of tea. That tea as it is usually served is an indigestible and highly nauseating decoction we readily admit; and also that if it is indulged in to excess at all hours of the day, as it is by so many poor seamstresses, it is injurious to the "nerves." But in moderation, properly made tea is as digestible as any hot liquid can be, and is infinitely more readily digested than any of the numerous substitutes which have been introduced to supersede it.

This is the way to make tea. What is this? A silver tea-pot! Take it away and sell it, and buy a brown earthenware one for five-pence-halfpenny. No good tea was ever made in a silver pot. Which tea shall we have—Indian, Ceylon, or China? China undoubtedly, for though it is much weaker than Indian tea it contains very much less tannin, which is the indigestible ingredient of tea.

We are afraid that you must take the kettle back to the fire and boil the water again, for while we have been talking the water has got cooled, and tea must never be made with water that is not boiling, because it readily dissolves the tannin but leaves the caffeine—to which the stimulating property of tea is due—behind.

Now we will pour the boiling water over the tea and leave it to draw for one minute only before pouring it into the cups.

"But it is so weak, I can see the bottom of the cup through it." Quite right; so you should. The caffeine and the flavour of the leaves are instantly diffused into the boiling water. If you leave the tea to draw for some minutes, excess of the tannin is dissolved, which precipitates the caffeine and renders the tea indigestible and unrefreshing.

And the deepening of the colour. What do you think causes that? Dirt and extractives, materials far better left behind with the leaves with which to sweep the carpet.

Milk must be boiled the moment it enters the house. Infected milk is so common and so readily infects those that drink it, that it is a serious mistake not to sterilise it at once.

No milk should be put upon the table which has not been boiled. Boiling kills all bacteria; it therefore kills the germs of typhoid fever and tuberculosis which are very commonly found in milk. Indeed, milk is one of the commonest agents by which these two diseases are spread. There are numerous milk boilers in the market, notably those of earthenware with holes in the lid, through which the milk can flow to and fro when in the act of boiling.

What will you take to eat? But in the first place it is no good sitting down to eat solids unless you have good teeth. Bad teeth and absence of teeth are two of the commonest causes of indigestion.

Decayed teeth cause indigestion, because they swarm with germs which secrete poisons which are swallowed with the food and irritate the stomach.

Absence of teeth is the commonest of all causes of lifelong dyspepsia, and the first step in the treatment of any form of long-continued indigestion should be a visit to the dentist.

Also it is no good having sound teeth unless you use them. Teeth were given to you to chew with, and you must chew every morsel of food, and chew it well, giving at least twenty "grinds" to each mouthful.

It is bolting food which causes so much

indigestion. It is bolting which causes so many persons to eat too much, and it is bolting which has rendered the go-ahead Yankee the proverbial martyr to dyspepsia.

If you eat slowly, and thoroughly masticate your food, you will lose your appetite when you have eaten enough, and so you will not eat too much without knowing it. But if you shovel in your food like pitching bricks into a cart, the stomach is nonplussed, and you may go on eating and still be hungry long after you have taken sufficient food; and you will not know that you have eaten too much until your unfortunate stomach attempts to digest its contents.

Now back again to our menu. Eggs and bacon is perhaps the commonest breakfast dish in England. And a thoroughly good and wholesome dish it is, too, if properly cooked. Of course if the eggs are stale and the bacon is half raw and swimming in grease, it is indigestible; but properly cooked fresh eggs—preferably poached and underdone—and crisp grilled bacon is a very digestible food. It is curious that although pork is one of the most indigestible of meats, bacon is tolerated by the most delicate and disordered stomachs.

Fried fish is another excellent breakfast dish. Whiting, soles and plaice are the three most digestible of fried fish. Herrings and eels are bilious and difficult to digest.

Hot rolls and butter are proverbially indigestible. But our close wool-like bread is far more difficult to digest than the light, more glutinous *bâttons* of the French breakfast. Indeed, these light rolls, consisting of little more than holes stuck together, are not so very indigestible. Why we cannot get them in England we do not know.

Oatmeal is the national breakfast dish of the Scotch. The Highlander makes his meal of oatmeal before his long day in the open air. The English lord, when he goes deer-stalking in the Grampians, also takes oatmeal for his breakfast, and finds it a wholesome and sustaining food. But when he returns to Mayfair, he would no more think of eating oatmeal for breakfast than he would dine off sawdust.

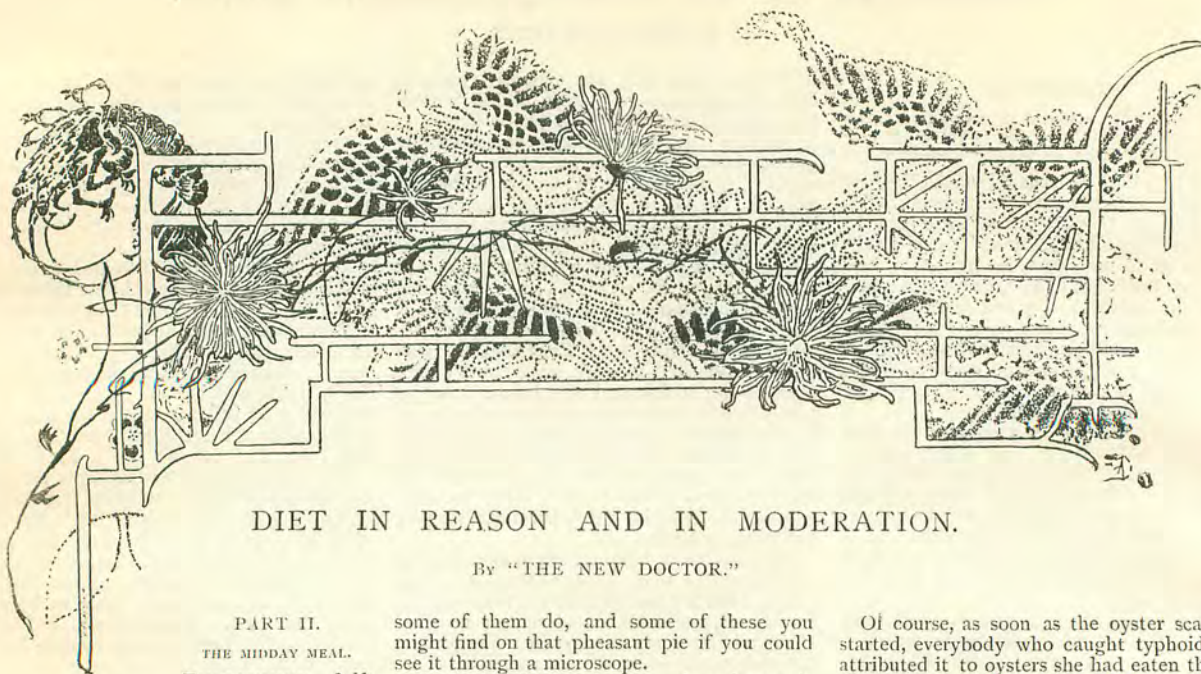
The Scotch brag greatly about the value of oatmeal as a diet, and they would persuade us Londoners that oatmeal is the best breakfast dish we can take. But when we say that it makes us heavy, and gives us indigestion, they always answer, "That is because you do not make it properly." But that is not the reason. Oatmeal is a very nutritious food, but it is not easily digested; and so, although the Scotch peasant likes it, and can digest it because of his outdoor life and laborious occupation, the Londoner, with his sedentary life in a smoky city, cannot digest it. And for him it is an unsuitable diet.

Last and least as regards expense, but most important from the numbers who eat it, is the homely bloater.

Dried fish is not very easy to digest, but is highly nutritious and is cheap. And when you can get nutritious food at a cheap rate, you must expect to give a little extra trouble to digest it. Smoked salmon is far and away the worst form of dried fish. It is much the most indigestible, it is very expensive, and it is not really half so tasty as a kipper.

A little bread and marmalade forms a pleasant end to the breakfast. But what does this mean—"Good-bye, I am so glad to have had breakfast with you, but I must rush off to catch my train, as I have to be in the City by 9.30 A.M." What! Running to catch a train immediately after a meal? Then in future you had better belong to that class that eats no breakfast. Better have an empty stomach than a full one which you will not allow yourself to digest.

(To be continued.)



DIET IN REASON AND IN MODERATION.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."

PART II.

THE MIDDAY MEAL.

ENGLISHMEN fall into two classes as regards their diet; those that take a small lunch and their chief meal in the evening, and those who make the midday meal the chief and take a small supper before retiring.

Social position is the chief agent which determines to which class an individual belongs. The working classes usually dine in the middle of the day, and the professional and upper classes dine in the evening.

We will continue our remarks on the diet of the richer classes, not because it is better or more suitable than the plainer diet of the working classes, but because the rich naturally keep a more varied table, and so will give us more material to criticise.

Luncheon is a desultory sort of meal, and though most people eat something, many do so only because they think that it is the thing to do, and not because they are really hungry.

If you will accompany us, we will go to see the luncheon given by Lord X. at his Surrey home. But we cannot go as guests, for not only have we not been invited, but we are going to criticise many things about the table and the meal. We must, therefore, remain invisible and inaudible, for it is unpardonable to make remarks at the table, even if those remarks would save a whole company from indigestion and a sleepless night.

Before the meal is served, our eyes are offended by something on the sideboard which is sufficient to destroy the appetite of any extra delicately-minded person if she only knew its secrets.

The object is nothing less than a cold pheasant pie ornamented by the head or feathers of the bird whose flesh the pie is supposed to contain. We want you to examine that ornament, and we feel pretty certain that if you do, you will never again eat meat pies.

In order that the carcasses of dead animals should not encumber the earth, it has been ordained that when an animal dies, its body rapidly decomposes and becomes dissolved into simple gases. The agents that bring about the dissolution of the body are various. The chief agents which cause the decomposition of organic matter are microbes. The majority of these do not produce diseases in man, but

some of them do, and some of these you might find on that pheasant pie if you could see it through a microscope.

Similarly offensive, but to a less degree, is the practice of putting pigeons' feet sticking outside a steak pie to suggest that the remainder of the birds is inside, and putting feathers into the tails of roast pheasants.

One of the chief values of cooking is to sterilise food, so why foul the food you have so carefully sterilised by sticking decaying matter into it?

The first item of the luncheon consists of oysters, and we notice that only three out of the company of twelve partake of them. As nearly everybody who can afford them likes oysters, there is probably some special reason why nine out of twelve persons refuse them. Doubtless it is the typhoid scare, and we are much pleased to see that some persons, at all events, do occasionally give a side thought to preventive medicine.

The question of the causation of typhoid fever by oysters is one of great importance, and one that should be clearly understood by everyone. That oysters are one of the means by which some recent epidemics of typhoid fever have been spread is undoubted, but the exact part that they have played is not so easy to understand, for the latest commission upon the question found that the typhoid bacillus is killed by immersion in sea-water, that it did not occur in any oysters that they opened, and when it was injected into the oyster, it was promptly killed.

This seems to say emphatically that oysters cannot harbour the typhoid bacillus, and therefore cannot produce typhoid fever. But medicine is not as easy as that. That the oysters they examined could not produce typhoid fever is certain, but their remarks do not by any means prove that typhoid is not spread by any oysters.

At one time there was very great excitement about this question, and a tremendous lot of nonsense was talked about it. Some persons maintained the typhoid bacillus only occurred in bad oysters. We suppose a bad oyster is eaten occasionally, but Lord X.'s guests are not likely to be troubled with bad oysters.

Oysters cannot cause typhoid fever unless they contain this bacillus, and they only obtain it from sewers opening into the sea. Therefore it is only those oysters which have come from places where sewers open into the sea that can cause typhoid fever.

Of course, as soon as the oyster scare was started, everybody who caught typhoid fever attributed it to oysters she had eaten the day, the week, month, or year before. But the incubation period of typhoid fever is from one to three weeks; that means that when the bacilli get into the body they do not produce the disease till from one to three weeks after infection. Therefore it is only oysters eaten from one to three weeks before the onset of the fever that could possibly have caused the disease. As a matter of fact, oysters are a real, but not very common, method by which typhoid is spread.

We notice that one of the three guests who have taken oysters discards one because it is green. He is quite right to do so, for though it may be quite wholesome, it may be coloured with copper. Doubtless it would do no harm, but he is quite right not to risk the possibility of sickness for an oyster!

Amongst the other items of the luncheon we notice cold beef and salad. These will furnish us with material for discussion, for there are several very important medical points in connection with both.

Cold meat is a very good food in its way, but like all meat it is a strong food, that is, it is readily digested and furnishes a very large amount of nourishment. If you make a meal entirely of beef, you will not suffer from indigestion, because beef is very digestible, but you will eat too much, you will throw too much nourishment into the blood, and you will give your organs, especially the liver and kidneys, great trouble to dispose of the superfluous nourishment.

Although a cold joint of beef seems so much less rich and strong than the same joint hot, it is really very much the same in the amount of nourishment that it contains. People very rarely serve hot meat without vegetables and surroundings, but it is the fashion to serve cold meat by itself, with nothing but bread, and most persons eat very little bread indeed with their meals.

Meat should never be served alone. Vegetables of some sort must be served with both hot and cold meat, and far more vegetable and less meat than is usually served should be your aim.

Salad is of course a vegetable or vegetables, and if properly prepared and selected, it is not at all a bad form of food.

We do not suppose many of you know much of the mysteries of agriculture, for if

you did, such a thing as an unwashed salad would never appear upon your tables. Salads are not washed half enough, and an unwashed salad is a most dangerous article of food. All vegetables are best when rapidly grown, and to grow vegetables rapidly it is necessary to supply them with strong manures.

You must thoroughly wash and dry any vegetables that you eat raw, for, excluding such harmless creatures as slugs and caterpillars, they may contain germs of disease. Typhoid fever is frequently caused by eating unwashed salads, especially watercress. This is a far more common method of getting typhoid than is eating infected oysters. Another disease almost invariably due to eating infected vegetables is hydatid disease, a somewhat uncommon affection in England, but one of the most formidable plagues in Iceland and Australia.

There are few salads which are not difficult to digest. Corn salad, French lettuce, endive, beetroot, and watercresses, are the least indigestible, then come in order, Cos lettuce, chicory, mustard and cress, cucumber, and radishes. Spring onions usually agree with most persons, but some people cannot stand onions in any form. Onions always produce the peculiar and decidedly unpleasant odour of the breath, and not, as is usually supposed, only in those who cannot digest them. For the smell is due to the excretion of the volatile oil of onions by the breath.

Two excellent salads are potato salad and cold vegetable salad. This morning we read a recipe for the latter in one of the back numbers of this paper, and it struck us as being a particularly inviting and desirable addition to a dinner of cold meat.

The lunch is finished off with a savoury of herrings' roes on toast. These were probably tinned roes, or we will presume they were, so as to introduce the discussion of the values and dangers of tinned meat.

The dangers of eating tinned meats have been grossly exaggerated, and if you pay a reasonable price for tinned provisions, it is extremely unlikely that they will do you any harm. Unfortunately, many thousands of "blown" tins of putrid provisions are still sold in London yearly in spite of the care and close scrutiny of the law. But if you pay a reasonable sum for your tinned provisions, you will not get these bad tins. Of course, if you pay fourpence a dozen for tins of milk or sardines, you cannot expect to get good stuff, and you should always avoid tins reduced in price, for it usually means that they are very stale.

There are two ways in which tinned things may become poisonous, either the contents may become contaminated with the metal of the cans, or the meats themselves may undergo alkaloidal degeneration. The former, the lesser evil, can only occur in tinned meats. The latter, by far the greater evil, may occur in any preserved provisions, and is perhaps more common in stores preserved in skins or glasses than in those in tins.

Nowadays meats do not often become poisoned by the tins in which they have been kept. It used to be not uncommon for the solder of the tin to be dissolved by acid juices in the contents. This was especially frequent with tinned Morella cherries and other acid tart-fruits. But now acid fruits are nearly always sold in bottles, and only fruits which are sweet and not acid are sold in tins.

The tinned fruits that we get from California are most excellent, and we have never heard of ill-effects of any kind following their use. The canning is carried on entirely by girls on the Californian ranches. The tins are rather dear, but they are much the best things of the kind that have come beneath our notice.

The second method by which tinned meats may become poisoned is a degeneration, or decomposition if you like, by which the wholesome albumen of the contents is changed into intensely poisonous animal alkaloids. Alkaloids are very powerful bodies, and the vegetable alkaloids, such as strychnine, quinine, and morphine, are much used in medicine.

But these animal alkaloids are far more powerful for harm than even the most deadly of the vegetable poisons. So powerful are they that a quantity of one of them found in canned fish, which killed two adults who had partaken of it, was insufficient to demonstrate by our most delicate chemical tests. If these drugs are so powerful for harm, is it not possible that they may be equally powerful for good, when their actions and doses are worked out?

What causes this curious decomposition of preserved provisions is not known. In tinned meats, at all events, it cannot be ordinary putrefaction, for this cannot occur without air, and the tins are air-tight. It is probably due to organisms, but this is uncertain.

This form of decomposition of meat cannot be told by the flavour of the provisions; and its deleterious effects cannot be destroyed by boiling. There is no way to prevent it save by buying preserved provisions which have not been kept for long.

AN AFTERNOON "BOOK PARTY."



HOUGH book parties are not very new, they are not, I think, so general but that the idea may be a new one to some readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and if they have not yet been at one, they may be glad to have some sugges-

tions on the subject. I think these book afternoons certainly give a good deal of amusement to the participants without trouble or appreciable expense to the giver. For the benefit of such as may feel inclined to entertain their friends in this way, here is the account of an afternoon party to which I was invited a few weeks back. These gatherings are, I might say, most suitable for young people; but though it is a long time since I could class myself amongst the young, I really enjoyed the merry afternoon we had. Our invitations were for afternoon tea at 4.30, but in the corner was written, "Book Party." By this it was understood that every guest should symbolise some book, not necessarily by dress, but by wearing some emblem or motto that would give the name of the book selected.

The hostess provided as many cards and pencils as there were guests. These were plain correspondence cards which had been decorated with pretty or comic designs at the

top by the daughter of the house. Each visitor had a card with pencil given to him or to her on arrival which was to have the titles and names of the other "books" present written on it. It need hardly be said that many mistakes are always made, while in some cases the emblems chosen are so remote that it is hardly possible to divine the meaning.

A few of the books represented, and the symbols used, will best explain this, and may also help any girls who are inclined to inaugurate an entertainment of this kind.

On the occasion of which I am writing the host and hostess said they, together, named a book, though they wore no badge or mark. Of course, nearly all guessed that they were Wilkie Collins's *Man and Wife*. A young lady came in white to represent *The Woman in White*, while a lady in a silk dress and hat was meant for Black's *In Silk Attire*. Then a gentleman wore the hostess's visiting-card for *Our Mutual Friend*. A lady wore the sign "Gemini" in her hat for Sarah Grand's *Heavenly Twins*. A lucky penny fastened on the shoulder showing the head with "I win" below it, and a second penny showing the reverse side, and under that "you lose," stood for *Bound to Win*. Then 1000000, written on a card, and worn in a hat, was to be read *One in a Thousand*, while some coins on a string signified *Hard Cash*. A bow of orange and green ribbon gave Henty's book *Orange and Green*. A neat-looking girl wore a cravat with a piece of the lace hanging from it for *Never too Late to Mend*, while another young girl had the word "stood" stuck in her hat for *Misunderstood*. Some large white wings in a hat gave Black's novel of that name. A little sketch of a child with eyes shut and mouth wide open was for *Great Expectations*.

A lad with N & S on the side of his jacket meant to represent *A Tale of Two Cities*. The word wedding, written in red ink, was for Jephson's *Pink Wedding*, and the musical notation of a chime stood for *The Lay of the Bell*. The queen of hearts out of a pack of cards was worn by a gentleman to represent Wilkie Collins's novel of that name, while "no credit," stuck in a hat, was meant for James Payn's *For Cash Only*. A girl wore her mother's photograph for Grace Aguilar's *Home Influence*. Heartsease, yellow aster, and other flowers that name books, also small pictures of "Pair of Blue Eyes," "Windsor Castle," "Old St. Paul's," and others. There were also some books of more serious character, such as the *Times Encyclopædia*; the twenty-five volumes were marked on a belt. Sir J. Lubbock's *Ants, Bees, and Wasps* also found a representative. It is easy to find an endless variety of book names that one can symbolise in one way or another, but works of fiction lend themselves the most easily.

On the particular afternoon of which I am writing we were all occupied with our cards while tea was being handed. When all seemed to have finished writing, the hostess took all the cards, and amidst much laughter the names of the books were read out from each card, and a prize awarded to the owner of the card with the most correct guesses on it, and a second prize was given to the one who was least successful—the "duffer's prize" it was called. This was a wooden spoon, which, however, was received with great good humour, the recipient declaring he had never in his life guessed anything!

The first prize was a box of sweets, which the winner handed round to the unsuccessful competitors.

"little" is shown in the following—true—story.

A living sculptor of note, a foreigner residing in London, made a tender group composed of a mother and her child. The mother was counting the baby's toes, and beneath the group was carved a legend which the artist conceived to embody a familiar nursery rhyme. The legend ran, "One pig went to market."



"Sir, sir!" remonstrated an Irishwoman, to whose inspection the group was subjected, "you've made a terrible omission. You've left out 'little.' No human mother would sing to her babe, 'One pig went to market.'"

The foreign sculptor beat his breast.

The ironical use of big for small and small for big is a thing of old custom. Thus one of the biggest English Johns who ever lived was known to his contemporaries, and is still known to those who cherish his memory, as Little John, and it is by a similar pleasantry, according to a learned writer, that Maria, who in Shakespeare's play of *Twelfth Night* is represented as a little woman, is called by Viola "Olivia's giant," and that Sir Toby says to her "Good-night, Pentheseilea," meaning by Pentheseilea *amazon*, if his meaning was not merely (and to me this seems to be the more likely thing) to twit the little woman by giving her a long name.

Indubitably there is a beauty in tall stature. On the other hand the case of small girls *versus* tall girls is in one agreeable respect analogous to that of ants *versus* elephants. Though an ant is not the smallest creature that is, it looks very small beside an elephant; yet it has long been voted mentally superior to the elephant; in fact, Coleridge was wont to speak of the ant as the most "intellectual" of animals. That may be so, or may not be so; it is established fact, however, that the majority

of women who have distinguished themselves by their intellectuality have been little women. This is true of the poetesses, from Sappho to Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Among women-writers of imaginative prose it would be easy, but would be invidious, to name living ones. Of the great dead it is enough to name Charlotte Brontë and Jane Austen, both of them little women.

Among the many women who have distinguished themselves as rulers Queen Elizabeth made good in high dignity what she lacked in high stature, and the same thing is true of the queen who to-day occupies the throne of England.



TWO GREAT LITTLE QUEENS

To give one more instance of the great in the little, it was a little woman who worked the prison reforms which make the name of Elizabeth Fry a deathless one. The list of great little women is indeed very long.

A word must be said here in reference to a charge much levelled at small persons, especially small girls and women. They have been said to be unduly self-assertive, and their sisters have been praised for their superior meekness. It is not always, but it is sometimes, the case of the high holly branches and the low. The high holly branches put out no prickles, because, as the botanists explain, they do not need them. Above a certain height there is no danger of attack.

In fairness to tall girls it must be allowed that they are sometimes attacked. Said a little

Irishman to a big English girl whom he met under the stars one summer night—

"I'm wantin' to light me pipe, miss. Will ye kindly hand me down a star?"

The nonplussed English girl was silent, and Pat the saucy went on his way unpunished.

Gentleness and bigness often go together, but lest any long Meg who may chance to read this paper lay the too-flattering unction to her soul that there was never shrew that was bigger than a mouse, be it here set down that the famous Long Meg of Westminster was a dreaded virago. There is also no reason to believe that the shrew of Shakespeare's comedy—the lady ironically styled "the kindest Kate"—was of small body dimensions.

It may be allowed, however, that vehemence is more often a distinguishing mark of little persons than of big ones. Similarly, little persons are, as a rule, more prone to indulge in a scornful vein, and here there shall be a thing whispered to the small girl. The tall are rarely so contemptuous to the small as the small are to the—smaller. This appears to have been so from of old. Thus it was, according to an old Greek fable, the ant that said of the mite when the beasts—including the elephant and the whale—were summoned before Jupiter, that she—the mite—was so small as to be beneath notice. This objection—coming from the ant—must have surprised the elephant and the whale.

To conclude. Since (as the proverb has it) they are not all big men who reap the harvest, and since, equally, they are not all small men who do this, the thing of main importance would appear to be not a man's physical height; and, as is the case with men in this matter, so is, it may safely be assumed, the case with the daughters of men.

[THE END.]



DIET IN REASON AND IN MODERATION.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."

PART III.

THE DINNER.

AT what time do you dine? Dinner is the chief physiological event in the day. Therefore the answer to the question "At what time do you dine?" is a very important one, although the true reason for the answer is not often understood.

There are really but two ways of arranging the day's meals; the one, the more rational, we may call the French way; the other, the less rational, we may call the English labourer's way. The first arrangement is carried out by nearly every nation except ourselves. It consists in a very light breakfast, a fair meal after noon, and the chief meal in the evening.

The second arrangement consists of a fair breakfast, the chief meal at about one o'clock, and a small meal in the evening.

And then there is our own, the irrational method of feeding—a big breakfast, a scrap for lunch, and the dinner in the evening.

But if this division of meals is not physiologically correct, why do we adhere to it?

The answer to this is that we choose the least harmful of several very wrong methods. The man in the middle class in England does not apportion out for himself any definite time for meals; if he did not dine in the evening, he would never properly digest any meal. Take a busy City man, for instance. He arranges his time in such a manner that he swallows down his last teaspoonful of tea at breakfast about a quarter of a second before he runs to catch his train. If it were not that he has to keep still while in the train, he would never digest his meal at all.

And then he rushes out of his office to snatch a bit of lunch between two items of business. He may play a game of chess over his lunch, but such a gross waste of time as sitting down for five minutes after his meal is never tolerated until he becomes a martyr to dyspepsia.

But after dinner he does rest, because he has nothing else to do. His business for the day is over, and he digests his meal in peace.

But with the working-classes the case is very different. They have certain hours given to them for their meals, during which time they are not allowed to work, and for such

persons it is advisable to dine in the middle of the day.

It would be of little good for us to describe the few advantages and overwhelming abuses of a sumptuous banquet, for, most fortunately for themselves, extremely few of our readers are ever likely to be present at one. Nor would it suit our purpose to describe a one-course dinner, so we will take the chief meal of a well-to-do man of the upper middle-class as the subject of our remarks.

Here is the menu:—

Tomato Soup.
Turbot and Lobster Sauce.
Mutton Cutlets and Tomatoes.
Roast Ribs of Beef. Horse-radish.
Spinach. Potatoes.
Cabinet Pudding.
Caviare on Toast.
Coffee.

We will first criticise the dinner as a whole and then dilate separately upon each item.

In the first place the meal is much too long. Dinner should never last more than half an hour, whereas this meal will take a full hour at least.

The second point is a most important one

and one which is frequently overlooked, yet it is one of the most important causes of ill-health. It is this. There are six courses in this dinner, and every one of them contains animal food. Every item in the list is a concentrated food, rich in nourishment, and readily digestible. Consequently nearly the whole of what is eaten will get into the blood, and there, being greatly in excess of what is needed, it will irritate the organs by which it must be got rid of.

One word about the drinks. The stomach of man is made to digest solids, and one of the most fertile causes of indigestion is taking excess of fluids with meals. Drinking between meals or when the stomach is empty is not such an important cause of indigestion as is drinking largely with meals, because drinking large quantities dilutes the gastric secretion, which loses its digestive power if freely diluted.

At no meal should more than half a pint of fluid be taken, and that is best taken at the end of the repast.

The pernicious habit of serving different wines with each course is one of the most harmful customs of modern dieting. If you have wine at all, have light wines only, and never change the drinks with the various courses.

Of course, the dinner we are criticising is excellently served and there is no waiting between the courses. But when people whose purses are strictly limited give dinners, they are not content with an ordinary two-course meal, but must ape the doings of their more wealthy neighbours and give elaborate dinners, which for obvious reasons are badly served.

Waiting between the courses of a meal is very injurious to the stomach. A little wait after the soup does no harm at all. Soup is more a digestive stimulant than a food, and therefore it is advisable to wait a little between the soup and the next course. But after that there should be no delay, and the meal should be finished as soon as possible.

There are thirty persons sitting down to this dinner, and we notice that they have all washed their hands. Here is the first thing that we should all do well to copy. Everybody should wash her hands before sitting down to a meal. Don't laugh and say that everybody does so! We know such is not the case, and it is just those persons for whom it is most necessary to wash before eating who neglect this hygienic measure.

Workers in factories, especially those who have to work with lead or other poisonous materials, should be scrupulously careful never to touch food with dirty hands. Neglect of this precaution is the commonest method by which chronic poisoning is produced.

Legislation has been doing all in its power to limit the deleterious effects of poisons upon those who are compelled to work in them. Yet it is exceedingly difficult to get factory workers to wash their hands before eating, and many firms have been severely censured when cases of chronic poisoning have occurred in their works, when the sufferers themselves were entirely to blame because they would not wash their hands.

To return to the dinner. At the table, soups are divided into two groups—thick and clear. Dietetically, the division is extremely well marked, for the actions and uses of the two are totally different.

Clear soup—that is, soup which is quite free from floating particles—is not a food and contains no nourishment. This may seem a strong statement to make and you may disbelieve it; but still it is a fact. Clear soup is a solution of the *débris* of animal tissue. The nourishing part of animal flesh is insoluble in boiling water and therefore is not present in clear soup. The only fluid which contains nutritive animal matter after it has been boiled

is milk.* But if it is not a food, clear soup is a powerful stimulant and is a good opening to a big meal. But it should only be taken in very small quantities, and by most persons beyond middle age it is better not taken at all!

Thick soup is a nutritious preparation owing its nourishing power entirely to the solid particles suspended in it. Like clear soup, however, it is chiefly a solution of animal *débris*—the waste products of life.

It used to be the rule to give beef-tea and other meat extractives in all illnesses, but fortunately the custom is dying out as our knowledge increases. There are many diseases—for instance, gout—which are due to excess of waste products in the blood; or, to put it in an intelligible form, they are due to substances identical with beef-tea circulating in the blood. And yet these people used to be fed on soup, when of all things in the world it is that which they should avoid.

Before we continue the dinner, we wish to say a few words about this custom of giving beef-teas, etc., to invalids. The ordinary soups, beef-teas, meat essences and suchlike, which are commonly given to the sick, are inappropriate for their purpose and are frequently exceedingly injurious. You cannot feed anybody on beef-tea. It is a fairly useful stimulant, but as a food it is worthless. But you can make a liquid food which contains a considerable part of the nourishment of meat and is, moreover, not indigestible.

Meat-juice is the fluid obtained by squeezing raw beef. If you hang up a large piece of raw meat, a reddish opalescent liquid will drop from it. This is raw meat-juice and is practically a solution of blood albumen. It is exceedingly nutritious and is very useful in many kinds of disease. It is frequently ordered nowadays by physicians. It must be made only from beef which you are perfectly certain is quite sound. There is really danger in giving this meat-juice or raw meat of any kind, and a girl must be pretty certain of her butcher before she attempts to give it to an invalid.

Another less unpleasant way of making the same or nearly the same preparation is the following. Take a pound of rump steak and shred it up with a knife. Put it into warm water and let it digest in a very cool oven for four hours. You must be certain that the oven never reaches a temperature above 160° F., for at about twenty degrees above this albumen coagulates, and instead of meat-juice you will only have beef-tea. After the preparation has been in the oven for four hours, take it out and strain it.

When you are feeding an invalid, a time in convalescence arrives when the patient wants the nourishment of meat, but cannot digest so solid a substance as beef or mutton. Then you can give her the following broth—

Take half a pound of the best rump steak, and having shredded it up finely, boil it in a pint of water for four hours, and then press the whole through a sieve. If necessary or desirable, vegetables may be added, or chicken may be used in place of beef. The great point to remember in making this is to press everything through the sieve. This forms the most nourishing of all liquids; yet it is not liquid nourishment, for the nutritive portion exists in the solid particles which float about in the liquid.

The fish course is usually a very digestible one. On the whole, boiled fish is more digestible than fried fish, and may be given to invalids earlier in convalescence. Boiled sole is the most readily digested of all fish, but with the exception of herrings, mackerel, salmon, eel, and some other fresh-water fish,

all fish is good wholesome food. The fish mentioned as being indigestible must never be given to anybody whose stomach is in any way delicate or readily upset.

Excepting oysters, all shellfish are indigestible. Mussels have always had an unfair amount of abuse. It is true that they cause more deaths than any other kind of shellfish, but then they are eaten in much larger quantities. No shellfish should ever be eaten raw, for they all feed on carrion and filth of very description, and so may contain large numbers of very virulent germs.

It is well to remember that fish is meat diet. People make absurd mistakes about this, and look upon fish as part of a milk diet. Fish has essentially the same composition as butcher's meat, but it contains more water and fewer extractives.

It is well known to everybody that the medical profession has for ages urged upon the public the dangers of excessive flesh-eating, yet has it never clearly stated why eating too much meat is so far more injurious than eating too much bread or vegetables. But the explanation is really very simple.

Meat is more readily soluble and digestible than farinaceous foods. If you fill your stomach with meat, all of it will be digested; practically the whole of it will get into the blood, and there being in excess of what is needed, it gives the various organs of the body great trouble to get rid of it.

On the other hand, if you take a big meal of cabbage, only a very small proportion of it is digestible, and so very little will get into the blood. After eating excess of vegetables or farinaceous food you will probably be sick, and there is an end of the matter.

But besides nourishment, meat contains a large quantity of extractives—substances which are waste products of vital action; which are practically animal poisons, and which enter the blood without requiring digestion, but which are useless to the animal economy, and have to be got rid of at once.

It is to extractives that meats owe their flavour, and the more tasty and succulent your dishes are, the greater is the amount of extractives that they contain.

It is in the *entrée* that meat flavourings are carried to their highest pitch, and it is the *entrée* which is usually the most harmful course at the dinner.

If the *entrée* were discarded in favour of a vegetable course, it would indeed be a blessing. If you have *entrées* at all, let them be absolutely simple, such as the one which has been chosen for our specimen dinner.

You may be surprised when we say that meat is more digestible than farinaceous food, and yet that when treating dyspepsia we avoid meat as far as possible. But the apparent contradiction is readily dispelled.

Indigestion is usually due to disease of the stomach, and failure of its power for digestion. Meat is digested practically only in the stomach; farinaceous foods are not digested in the stomach, but lower down in the alimentary canal. It is only when indigestion is due to failure of the stomach that it is benefited by the avoidance of meat. In many forms of dyspepsia a farinaceous diet gives the greatest trouble of all.

Of the joint we will say nothing at present. Horse-radish is a good aromatic digestive stimulant. It used to be used much more frequently than it is, because of its antiscorbutic properties.

Not many years ago a whole dinner-party was poisoned by eating aconite root in mistake for horse-radish. Nor has this accident happened but once; many cases of poisoning in this way have been recorded. And it is a very terrible thing, for a little aconite root may kill a dozen persons at a time. Aconite root is the root of the blue monk's-hood

* Peptones and pre-digested albumens are also soluble in boiling water; but these substances do not naturally occur in our food stuffs. Some, but very few, of the patent meat extracts, consist of peptones or altered albumens soluble in boiling water.

(*Aconitum Napellus*), one of our native English plants. It is rare in the wild state, but is frequently grown in gardens for the sake of its fine spikes of dark blue blossoms. How the aconite root can be mistaken for horseradish we cannot quite see, for the poisonous root is carrot-shaped, rarely more than three inches long, almost scentless, and with a bitter "mawkish" taste. The smallest quantity of the root produces, when chewed, tingling, followed by prolonged numbness of the tongue and cheeks. All parts of the monk's-hood are extremely poisonous, but the root is the most deadly part.

And now for a few words about vegetables, the most neglected, yet one of the most important food-stuffs.

It is impossible to over-estimate the value of the potato as an article of diet. Alone it is not a good food, but it is the ideal vegetable to have with meat.

An Irishman asked a companion to dinner, and in answer to the question as to the fare, replied, "Just an illigant pace of corned bafe and pertaters." To which his friend replied, "My own dinner to a tay, barring the bafe." Let us hope that he accepted the invitation, for corned beef and potatoes make a good, if rough, meal, but potatoes alone are not sufficient.

It has been questioned by many persons if the introduction of the potato has proved an advantage, for it has driven out the older

vegetables, such as salsify and celeriac. But if we look upon the potato merely in the light of a usurper of the place formerly occupied by other vegetables, we must still consider it as an immense boon to mankind.

That the potato is not very easily digested we grant, and it should be avoided by the subjects of dyspepsia. But in the dietary of perfectly healthy persons, the digestibility of the food is of secondary importance to that of over-strong and rich food. For as we have over and over again said, the great fault in modern diet is not that we eat too much, but that we take our food too strong.

All vegetables, especially spinach and Brussels sprouts, have lately been shown to produce marked improvement in gouty conditions; and experimental evidence has proved that their action upon gout is a definite chemical one. That gout is often in some way connected with an excessive meat diet has long been known, but it is not even now certain what it is in meat which tends to cause gout. But that the condition is markedly benefited by a vegetable diet, there is no question. The only difficulty in applying this observation to practice—and it is a real difficulty, although enthusiasts will persist in shutting their eyes to it—is that a vegetable diet is far more difficult to digest than a meat diet, and gouty persons are frequently dyspeptic.

Sweets served after dinner should always be

simple. Stewed fruit, cabinet puddings, farinaceous or milk puddings, or pancakes, etc.; but not rich plum puddings or highly flavoured concoctions of any kind. Rich sweets are worse than rich *entrées*, for besides being equally rich in extractives, they are exceedingly indigestible.

The question as to whether ices and iced water are good to take with dinner is worth a moment's consideration.

In very small quantities iced water is the best of all fluids to take with dinner, but the quantity taken should be very small. And the same is true of ices. A very little ice after dinner helps digestion, but a large quantity seriously injures the stomach.

Coffee in small quantities is a digestive stimulant. If taken it should be drunk immediately the dinner is completed.

Having thoroughly considered the subject, we have come to the decided conclusion that by far the best dinner for those who can afford it, with very few exceptions, is one of two courses. The first course to consist of light fish *with vegetables*, or a very simple *entrée with vegetables*; and the second to consist of a joint of meat or some equivalent *also with vegetables*. This may be followed by a simple sweet or savoury.

Also, we believe that the average person does not eat too much, but that she takes too much meat, far too much extractives, and too little vegetable.



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

MOTHER'S HELP.—"I am twenty-six, and for the last six years have occupied, at a very small salary, a situation—or rather three situations—as mother's help. I am heartily tired of being neither one thing nor another, and wish I knew some way of qualifying myself for some less wearing and more remunerative work. I have thought of entering the Norland Institute to be trained for a children's nurse, but I fear I am not well enough educated. Typewriting I have also considered, as that would leave me the evenings free for study. I should be willing to spend a little time and money on some sort of training.—PERPLEXED."

Our correspondent has come to a most sensible decision, and we wish that some of our readers could profit by her experience that such positions as those of mother's help, useful companion, etc., are "neither one thing nor another." "Perplexed" tells us in her letter, which we have not published in its entirety, that she understands the management of children, and can make their clothes well. Under these circumstances it seems to us that she hardly needs to undergo a full course of training to become a children's nurse. But what she lacks at present is some knowledge of the treatment a baby requires, and some general experience of infantile ailments and their cure. As "Perplexed" lives in Scotland we would suggest that she should try to obtain by payment some short course of training in a hospital of a special character. The Glasgow Maternity Hospital, 37, North Portland Street, Glasgow, offers an arrangement which might suit the case. Pupils are received for a course of sixteen weeks for £13 13s. 6d. This pays all

expenses except laundry and uniform. Possessed of such experience as this, and having been in attendance on children before, "Perplexed" ought to obtain some fairly well paid situation as children's nurse to begin with, and could then avoid the disagreeableness of having to commence life again as an under-nurse. If Edinburgh suited "Perplexed" better, the Royal Maternity Hospital, 79, Lauriston Place, might advisably be selected. Here a course of three months' training at a cost of £11 10s. may be entered upon on the first day of February, May, August or November in each year. Pupils have the advantage of attending lectures. Training in a children's hospital would no doubt be preferable, because the patients would be children of all ages, but "Perplexed" could hardly enter any such institution for less than three years, and the number of applicants at these favourite hospitals is always very great. Typewriting we do not advise to "Perplexed" as it seems to us that she has many practical accomplishments which are in constant request among employers. She would therefore do better as a nurse or in some other capacity in a private household.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—1. "Do any well-known West End photographers take girls as articulated pupils? About what premium do they require? I know very little about it, but I have had a camera for a year. I suppose it is a profession for girls which is not at present overcrowded.—2. Would it be wise for me to take a diploma at one of the Schools of Cookery? Would cookery or photography be the more expensive to learn, and which would pay best in the end? I like both photography and cooking, but prefer the former.—A WOULD-BE PHOTOGRAPHER."

1. Several firms, and notably those conducted by ladies, take girls as apprentices. A premium of not less than £30 is usually asked, and sometimes no payment is given for two years. In other cases, part of the premium is returnable in salary at an earlier date. Girls are usually employed as "spotters and finishers" of the prints, and earn in this manner from 10s. to £1 a week. An ambitious clever girl ought not, however, to be content to do this kind of work always, but should try to do the retouching of negatives, a business by which from £100 to £300 a year may be earned. We have found that there is a considerable demand also for girls who can paint magic lantern slides; and altogether there are many ways by which a girl who understands photography can earn a sufficient livelihood.

2. To take a diploma at a school of cookery would not occupy so long as learning photography nor would it be so expensive. The length of the course at the principal schools varies from six to fifteen months, ten months or a year being usual. The cost ranges from nine guineas, charged at Leicester, to thirty guineas, the full cost of the course at the National Training School of Cookery in London. The Liverpool and Manchester schools—both of which are excellent—charge twelve guineas for courses of nine and eight months respectively. Cookery teacherships are pretty well paid, the salaries varying from £50 to £80 per annum, but they are not easy to obtain. As daily cooks or cooks in private households, where ladies are employed, a woman with a knowledge of cookery can always do well. But to compare photography with cookery is almost impossible, and the desirability of one occupation or the other can best be determined by a girl's own aptitude.