EATING BY THE MINUTE HAND

The Evils of the Feverish Consumption of Food in "Quick Lunch" Houses

Where Cabbies and Messenger Boys Refresh.

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

"Draw one—make it two! An Adam and Eve floating at sea—a sunny side up! Send up that lemon ma-ar-rang! What's that!—one ham! Two vanillers! Hurry up that ma-ar-rang!"

Lunch time!

And what a sight is this! Must not Lucullus and Epicurus and all the famous old lunchers of the world stir in their graves? How would they, who were accustomed to loll on divans as they ate, taking their own sweet time, think of this voracious and feverish consuming of food with true twentieth century haste?

Go into one of the quick-lunch houses in any of the big cities—and the quick-lunch house is ubiquitous from the Atlantic to the Pacific—and take a seat in a corner and watch. Don't eat—only watch.

What a spectacle for the amazement of gods and men! And there, if never before, you cannot help but realize the terrible and frightful tension of modern life. There you will see modern city life in a kaleidoscopic effect, combining all the fever, haste, hurry that drive men on relentlessly.

The lunchers eat as the minute hand revolves, and by their glances at the clock they seem jealous of the time they must give toward furnishing fuel to their bodies. It's a duty, this midday eating. No longer a pleasure, no longer an art, it is a grim, hateful necessity.

"Go into the quick-lunch houses and pause a moment," recently declared a physician, "and then you will no longer wonder at the prevalence of dyspepsia, organic troubles, brain fag, mental breakdowns and suicides in the United States. In my opinion, seventy-five per cent. of the business men who kill themselves do not do so because of money troubles, but because of the resultant physical disorders of the quick-lunch. It's the greatest menace there is to the health and peace of mind of the men of the great cities."

And is it any wonder?

Suppose we take a little noonday excursion among the various quick-lunch places of the big city. There is the lunch place where the banker and stock broker eat feverishly while they read stock quotations and afternoon papers; there are the cheaper places where lunch both capitalists and cabbies, millionaires and messenger boys—more often, however, the latter; and there are the dairy lunches, where every one waits on himself, and the picturesque automats. These are the prevailing types.

"Draw one—make it two! An Adam and Eve floating at sea! Send up that lemon mar-ar-rang!"

Who does not recognize that bawling, disgusted tone of voice of the white-aproned genius of the cheap lunch house? At night, in one's mind's eye, you can see him in the ring or looking at a pugilistic encounter. Big, brawny, red of face, he regards every one who approaches the counter with a defiant, bellicose air, and he throws the dishes about as if he were a modern Hermann performing wonderful tricks of legerdemain.

You can't blame him if he doesn't like his job—not a bit of it, for it's a breathless, endless task, with no let-up for hours.

Within the place is the odor—an unpleasant odor—of food. One feels the grossness of food. Along the long counter are piled cakes—cinnamon buns, coffee cakes, orange layer and chocolate layer cakes, jelly rolls, apple cakes, wine cakes, fruit cakes, crullers, sponge cakes, lady locks and innumerable kinds of cakes—five cents apiece. There are pies—apple pies, peach pies, lemon pies, rhubarb pies, egg custards, cocoanut custards, lemon meringue and cheese pies and innumerable other kinds of pies—five cents apiece.

"What'll yer 'ave?" A newsboy rushes in, a dime already in his hand, and shuffles up on a stool.

"A cup of coffee and a piece of lemon pie there."

And between gulps of the hot, steaming coffee he munches his pie. In a moment it's all consumed, and he's out on the street shouting his "Uxtries! Uxtries!"

Along the seat are cabbies, who eat with the same expression of tolerance and impassiveness on their faces as they view the passing crowds from their high seats on cabs. What do these people eat?—the heterogeneous army that rushes in and eats while the seconds beat from the great clock on the wall.

Here, in the cheap restaurants, you will find most of the food already prepared. Perhaps the favorite articles of diet are sandwiches. And of these there is an infinite variety—ham, chicken, deviled ham, tongue, cheese, salmon and egg-and-ham sandwiches. Few who get their lunches at the cheaper restaurants pay more than twenty or twenty-five cents, and, indeed, for this amount of money one can gorge himself to repletion.

"Gimme a cup o' iced tea and some chicken gumbo."

Such orders are common.

"That there guy," remarks the waiter, "'ll come back here tomorrer and say he got indigestshun from bad soup. Now, look at 'im—eatin' that there soup between the lemonade."

And truly one wonders what sort of digestive apparatus many of these people possess. Over there an elderly man, with a sour visage, is eating a deviled crab and drinking a glass of milk. To-night he'll probably have an attack of ptomaine poisoning, and he'll swear never to patronize the restaurant, entirely ignorant of the fact that milk and sea food invariably produce this disorder.

At the cheap restaurants of the big cities during the summer there is an average daily consumption of from sixteen to twenty gallons of iced tea. This is the favorite summer beverage. And possibly the cause of numerous summer complaints.

During the hot season, according to restaurateurs, there is a big demand for hard-boiled eggs, ham, salmon, sardine and egg and tomato sandwiches. In winter there is a greater consumption of chicken, fried eggs, ham-and-egg and deviled ham sandwiches. Baked beans, in the winter, formed a chief part of the menu of the quick-lunchers. Then griddled cakes are turned out in great batches, fishcakes, frizzled beef and oyster pies are handed out in great quantities. But in the summer the quick luncher favors a cold repast.

In most of the low-priced lunch houses they don't use napkins. They're not any too particular about the cleanliness of plates. It's a rough and tumble way all around. Men and children rush in panting, anxious, hurried; order their little bite and eat it in double-quick, double-action, double-barreled time. You'll see men figuring on paper between mouthfuls, reading newspapers, and the messenger boys perusing the proverbial dime novels. How long do they take to eat? The majority are through within five or ten minutes. And they leave the restaurant with the air of one who is thankful he has performed an unpleasant task.

Even quicker time is made in the automatic restaurants. What wonderful places these are, to be sure! Perfect fairylands, some of them, with the leaden-ribbed, colored glass windows, bright-polished mirrors and wonderful apertures about the glass wall, so mysterious and fascinating.

You drop a nickel or a dime—that's all the various foods cost—into a slot and lo! there descends into your very hands whatever you may wish. Even coffee and milk flow from spigots upon the dropping of a coin. Usually the automats are pleasant and clean, with numerous brightly polished tables. And, then, there's an air of reliance, and go about the people.

It's lunch time! How they come—laughing, joking, happy crowds of girls—shopgirls, stenographers, bookkeepers. They distribute, walk along the glass walls, drop their coins, secure sandwiches in neat wrappings of tissue paper, cups of milk or coffee, and then they settle about the tables to chat as they eat.

The procession is endless—the tables are filled and piled with dishes. The crowds rise and leave, waiters with great trays remove the dishes as by magic, and new swarms come in for their hurried lunch.

The dairy lunches, again, are patronized usually by men. Here you find long rows of chairs, with broad arms, flat like little tables. At the great marble counter you can get coffee, milk and cream, fresh from the country, pie, sponge cake, sandwiches, rolls. About the high-ceilinged room on pedestals are great bowls of lump sugar. At lunch time people come by the scores; they buy cups of coffee and glasses of milk, pieces of pie or rolls, or whatever it may be and with eager eyes dart for the great chairs. Here they eat by the minute hand, and it revolves quickly, indeed.

Let us take a trip to the houses patronized by business men—prices are higher and greater decorum reigns. But the spirit of haste prevails. A stout, prosperous gentleman hurriedly enters; he looks anxiously at the clock; he picks out his waiter before he sits down and orders his lunch, usually of the "specialty of the day," which is already prepared, and perhaps coffee or beer.

"Watch them as they come in here," said the steward of one of the finest quick-lunch restaurants in a big city. "None takes more time than a half hour, or three-quarters of an hour at most, to eat. Nearly all of them order dishes that are prepared, of entrees—it may be stewed chickens' liver, pot roast or beef a la Bourgeois, calves' brains, or roasts, ribs of beef, cut ribs or spring lamb.

"If you will observe Americans and foreigners, you'll notice a striking difference in the manner of eating.

"Now see that American, one of the best known and successful business men in the city—he's taking soup and drinking beer alternately. Now, he'll go back to his office and feel bad all afternoon, and within a couple of years, if not before, he'll be a chronic dyspeptic.

"See that German. He holds his glass of beer between his hands until the chill has passed. He'll sip it slowly, and enjoy it. The American pours it down.

"It's interesting to watch these men eating. I've done it for years. I've seen them come in, day after day, and gorge themselves, never masticating their food; and I've seen them becoming dyspeptics, and crabbed and ill-tempered. Another thing that I've noticed is that the most successful business men take light lunches; they eat hurriedly, of course, but they don't overtax their stomachs. The men who eat heavy luncheons get sluggish and stupid, and many a business failure I've traced to the lunch table."

A well-known physician was recently asked to give his opinion of the dangers of quick eating.

"It's a problem of more menace to the people of the country than the problem of trust regulation, which I think, is one of the most serious," he replied. "More ills come from fast eating than many people imagine. You have seen men eating in these lunch houses—eating, and grudging the time, with eyes bent on stock quotations or newspapers. They don't enjoy their food, and naturally the juices which should be secreted are withheld. They don't masticate their food, and the greater portion passes through their body undigested. This habit of quick eating must affect the brain; it disorganizes the circulation, it causes heart trouble, it brings about mental disorders, and many of the suicides are caused by this frightful and appalling habit."

Last May Florence H. Brough, a singer in St. James' Protestant Episcopal church, of Chicago, committed suicide. Several days before her death she told her aunt that she had ruined her health by eating quick lunches; she tried to break herself of the habit but simply was unable to eat slowly.

"Unquestionably, the inability to digest food causes many suicides in Chicago," said Dr. W. A. Evans, health commissioner of the city. Dr. N. B. Delmator, one of the best known alienists, hearing of the girl's death, declared:

"This is only one of many cases. It is certain that hundreds of Chicago suicides can be traced to the quick-lunch habit. Those of a nervous temperament are especially likely to be affected. It interferes with the blood supply; they become emaciated and morose. Their mind is affected, and they destroy themselves."

$100 REWARD, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo Ohio.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

Painless Teething.

There is no period in baby's life that mothers dread more than teething time. The little gums are tender and inflamed; the child suffers and is sleepless and cross, and the mother is usually worn out caring for the child. The use of Baby's Own Tablets allays the inflammation, softens the tender swollen gums, and brings the teeth through painlessly. Mrs. N. Sauve, St. Rose de Lima, Que., says: "When my baby was cutting his teeth he was feverish, cross and did not take nourishment. After giving him Baby's Own Tablets he cut six teeth without the least trouble. I have never used any medicine for children I prize so highly as the Tablets." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Newspaper And The City.

Beyond question, the daily papers are the greatest advertisements which have ever been issued or can be issued for the city in which they are published.

They stand for that city as against the world, urging for its betterment, pleading its cause and in every way furthering its interests. Their service in these broad lines is simply beyond calculation.

No city, however great the advertising patronage it may give its daily press or the circulation support that it may extend, can ever adequately repay the newspaper for the service which it renders.—Printers' Ink.

Your Blood Needs Iron.

The iron in your blood takes the oxygen from your lungs and with it destroys harmful waste matter that otherwise will poison you. If your blood lacks iron some of these poisons remain in the system to cause disease. Escape disease and be strong and well, enriching your blood with iron. Use Wade's Iron Tonic Pills (Laxative). They are a great nerve strengthener and blood maker. In boxes, 25c., at Wade's Drug Store. Money back if not satisfactory.

Saving Further Trouble.

Ambassador Bryce, at a dinner in Urbana, Ill., gave a young lady some tips on European travel. "And above all, don't fail to tip your cabman liberally. Hansoms and four-wheelers would be cheap in London if one only paid the legal fare for them, but he who tries to pay the legal fare—well, he doesn't try it more than once. One day I saw an old lady stop a hansom, look up at the driver and say timidly:

"Driver, I want to go to Ludgate circus. I see by the book that the legal fare is two shillings. If I give you three, will you promise not to swear at me afterward?"

More cases of sick headache, biliousness, constipation, can be cured in less time, with less medicine, and for less money, by using Carter's Little Liver Pills, than by any other means.

New stockings should always be washed before being worn, for the washing causes slight shrinkage, and makes them wear better.

A FRIEND'S ADVICE

SAVED SUFFERING AND BROUGHT BACK HEALTH —DR. AGNEW'S GREAT HEART CURE AND CATARRHAL POWDER DEFY DISEASE AND NEVER FAIL IN THEIR MISSION OF HEALING

"I feel so thankful at the restored health of my daughter that if any use can be made of this I shall be pleased." This is what Mr. George Weels, of Elora, Ont., says in giving his testimony to the wonderful curative qualities of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. Mr. Weels' daughter was a great sufferer from heart disease and nervousness. She was unable to lie on her left side. She ran down in health and her recovery was a source of anxiety. Induced by friends, who had proved its worth, she obtained Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart and before one bottle had been taken was able to lie in any position she desired, and when two bottles had been taken, an absolute cure was pronounced. Yes, this great remedy is a cure for all ailments of the heart, stomach and nerves, and the instantaneous relief given by it has snatched thousands from death's jaws. Don't trifle a minute if you have the slightest evidence of heart disorders, such as palpitation, fluttering or uneasiness. This remedy will relieve such troubles immediately and will cure the stomach and nerves.

"When I know a thing is worthy of a recommendation I consider it my duty to tell of it." The Rev. James Murdock, of Harrisburg, Pa., says this after having been cured of a very malignant form of catarrh by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powders. What he can say of its healing powers thousands of others have said and can say of it. Don't neglect "only a little cold" in the head. It may lead to chronic catarrh. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder relieves in 10 minutes and is easily applied. Keep it near you if you are a "cold in the head" subject.

DR. AGNEW'S OINTMENT cures all skin troubles.
DR. AGNEW'S PILLS—40 doses 10 cents.

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