

"Should Live to Be 120-- Eat Little, Chew Your Food," Horace Fletcher's Doctrine

HIS RULE FOR HEALTH AND LONG LIFE. "Eat Only When Really Hungry, Only Such Foods as You Really Care For, and Chew Every Mouthful Until It Has Lost Its Savor and Is Reduced to a Liquid That Must Be Swallowed."

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). HORACE FLETCHER, founder of the faith of Fletcherism, has just died in Copenhagen at the age of sixty-nine, thus giving to his remarkable theories of nutrition the support of a lifetime nearly as long as that promised to man by the Psalmist.

The food gospel of Horace Fletcher might be summed up in one vigorous verb—"Chew!" He was a splendid antidote to a generation of Americans who had phrased and practiced the blasphemous doctrine of "Eat and run"—blasphemy against the body, temple of the spirit, and against civilization and its hardly acquired refinement of dining. Not so long ago "a nation of dyspeptics" was a descriptive commonplace as applied to America, and in his recent book, "In Defense of Women," our most brilliant satirist, H. L. Mencken, deprecates the fact that cooking is still a lost art among American housewives.

That the orderly, leisurely consumption of not too much food would increase greatly health, longevity and gastronomic enjoyment was the doctrine which the father of Fletcherism attempted to inculcate into his countrymen, and at least he succeeded in making all of them talk about "Fletcherism."

In his early forties he was refused by a life insurance company as a bad risk, and at that time sentenced to die of a combination of obesity, heart trouble and other diseases. Therefore he began to study the principles of dietetics. He found out, first, that he had been eating too much; second, that he had been chewing too little. Then he published his little book, "Fletcherism: What Is It?" which set every one talking about "the chew-chew man."

A retired business man of independent means, Mr. Fletcher had the time to spend in writing and lecturing about his theories of eating, and being one of the intellectually self-supporting, he did not mind the good-natured laughter with which his ideas were received at first.

His propaganda did not depend on words alone. At fifty-five he went to Yale University and broke all the records for endurance tests. Four years later he returned to the university and showed an improvement of 100 per cent. over his own records. At this time he did 250 lifts on the machine for registering physical endurance, and before him Yale's best athlete had done but 175 lifts. Yet Mr. Fletcher, I recall, was a rather spare man of not more than middle height, his smooth, rosy cheeks the only visible index of his remarkable physical efficiency.

"One hundred and twenty years is the natural term of human life," Mr. Fletcher said at about this time. "Health is a mental and a dental question. The dental stands at the gateway of preventive medicine." A theory, by the way, which is the latest pet of the doctors, one of whom has traced the death of Col. Roosevelt to the fact that he did not have two ulcerated teeth pulled.

"Future generations must be educated to eat properly," to quote Mr. Fletcher once more. "The trouble with humanity at present is that it eats too much. The future man who has learned how to eat will not gulp down his food. We of the present day are in the habit of providing and gulping down three square meals a day. We don't need them. We don't even want them, as we should very soon find out if we disregarded the habit of craving and looked for a real appetite. Eat only when really hungry, only such foods as you really care for, and chew every mouthful until it has lost all its savor and is reduced to a liquid that must be swallowed." (And Mr. Fletcher has been quoted as advising, soberly, that soup be chewed.)

Nine years ago he rented a model tenement on the east side and proceeded to organize "chewing classes" among his child neighbors. He desired to spread his doctrine of health among the children needing it most—the children of the poor. The economic aspect of his menus should have appealed to New York's tenement population, for even at the Waldorf he spent only \$1 a day for his food, in his model tenement he came down to 60 cents, and for many days he lived on cereal, maple sugar and milk, at a total cost of 11 cents per diem.

It is too bad he could not have shown us how to reduce war's H. C. of L. But, naturally, he was a man after Hoover's own heart, and in 1915 he began to work with the Commission for Relief in Belgium. A year earlier, in Bruges, he independently provided food for and experimented with "chewing squads" of Belgians, as he believed that the food already running short might be made to last longer by carefully masticating it. His knowledge of food values and of social welfare work has been of great

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Fairy Tales of To-Morrow

By Nixola Greeley-Smith THE THREE BEARS—NO. IV.

ONCE upon a time there were Three Bears, who lived together in a great, big house of their own in the middle of a snowdrift. One of them was a little small, Wee Bear, and one was a Middle-Sized Bear, and the other was a great, Huge Bear.

They had each a bowl for their porridge, a chair to sit in and a bed to sleep in. But while in the fairy-story, which we all read when we were little, the great, Huge Bear had the biggest bed and the largest chair and the most porridge of all, which was only proper and right, and the other bears had each the share that belonged to him, in this tale the division of property was not so just.

For the great, Huge Bear had the biggest bowl of porridge, sometimes no porridge at all, and very often he had no bed to sleep in. But the little, small, Wee Bear had the finest and the most porridge, the biggest bed and the best chair in all the land. And the Middle-Sized Bear, while not nearly so well off, quite generally got enough to eat and always had a place to lay his head.

One day when the Three Bears were about to sit down to their breakfast a Wild Beast came out of the forest, killing and eating everything that crossed his path, and for the moment the great Huge Bear forgot that he was being unjustly treated, and joining issue with the Wee Small Bear and the Middle-Sized Bear rushed out of his home to repel the invader.

And while they were gone a little old woman came to their house. She could not have been a good, honest old woman, for first she looked in at the window and then she peeped in at the keyhole, and seeing nobody in the house she lifted the latch. The door was not fastened, because each of the Three Bears had gone to war, taking with him the works of a highly literary bear called Tolstoy, who wrote of brotherly love, non-resistance and turning the other cheek. The small Wee Bear and the Middle-Sized Bear

And then, one after the other, the Three Bears came tumbling home. "Somebody has been sitting in my chair," said the Middle-Sized Bear. "Somebody has been eating my porridge," said the great, Huge Bear in his gruff voice. "And here she is!"

And he was about to fall upon the gaunt, terrible old woman and eat her up, when she said to him: "It is the Little Bear who has lived on your porridge and slept on your bed, and it is the Middle-Sized Bear who has gotten rich selling things that really belong to you. All the porridge is yours, and all the chairs and all the beds are yours. You should make these two bears suffer as they have made you suffer in the past."

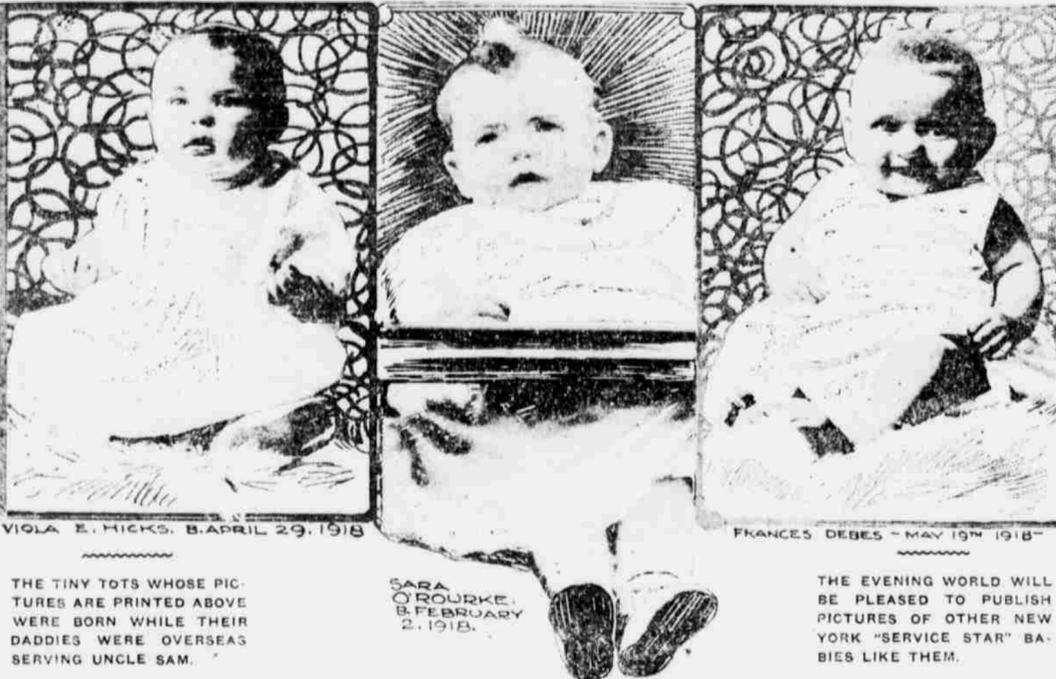
Which was very bad advice, of course. But the Huge Bear took it, for he was hungry and cold and smarting from defeat and betrayal. And a terrible rumple arose in the house of the Three Bears, in the midst of which the old woman escaped.

Meantime the neighbors, who were much alarmed by what was going on, gathered and looked on at the windows and debated among themselves whether or not they should go to the rescue of the Wee Small Bear and the Middle-Sized Bear, till somebody said:

"After all, the house belongs to the Three Bears and we have no rights there. Let them settle the dispute among themselves. But perhaps if we send them in some porridge and somebody who will put their beds and chairs together they may stop fighting and start all over again. After all, the great, Huge Bear had a real grievance, and it's a good thing he has got a few ideas, even if he has gone crazy with them for a while."

England's First Paper Mill THE first paper mill in New England was established by Daniel Henshman, born in Boston 230 years ago. It was not the first of its kind on the continent, however, the pioneer mill for the manufacture of paper having been built in 1699 by William Fittinghugh in a point within the city limits of Philadelphia. The first paper mill in England was erected at Darford in 1480. The French and Dutch, however, were the first Europeans to manufacture paper. Paper-making machinery was invented by Louis Robert, who sold his model to Didot, the great printer, who perfected the apparatus, with the assistance of Fourdriner. The latter obtained an English patent in 1801, and gradually the paper industry was revolutionized.

New York War Babies Who Will Have to Be Introduced to Their Fathers



THE TINY TOTS WHOSE PICTURES ARE PRINTED ABOVE WERE BORN WHILE THEIR DADDIES WERE OVERSEAS SERVING UNCLE SAM.

THE first three pictures received of little American war babies who never have seen their fathers are printed in The Evening World to-day. Her fourteen-year-old aunt, Anna O'Rourke, hopes that the picture of baby Sarah O'Rourke will do a bit of detective work and bring baby Sarah's father in touch with his family, no member of which has heard from him since August 29, 1918. He is a member of Company G, 155th U. S. Infantry, the "Old 69th." He sailed for France in October, 1917, and his daughter was born February 2, 1918. She lives at No. 285 Gold Street, Brooklyn, and Aunt Anna says baby knows her father is missing because she says "Da-da," meaning, "Where is Papa?"

Viola Elizabeth Hicks, of No. 277 Central Avenue, Brooklyn, was born April 29, 1918, while her father was on overseas duty. He has not yet returned to be introduced to his daughter. He is Private Fred Hicks, Battery C, 205th Field Artillery.

Another war baby who never has seen her daddy is Frances Debes, who lives with her mother and grandmother at No. 346 Fifty-first Street, Brooklyn. She was born May 19, 1918. Her father is Corporal Debes, Company A, 56th Engineers. He was sent to France with his regiment last March and is expected home some time this month.

Probably there are many other war babies who were born while their fathers were serving Uncle Sam in France, and The Evening World would be glad to receive and print photographs of these babies, together with brief particulars of their brief lives.

Why It Takes So Long to Demobilize the U. S. Army

"Red Tape," Greatly Reduced Since We Entered War, Most Efficient Recording System Ever Devised—Took Thirty Years to Complete "Paper Work" After the Civil War

By John D. Erwin.

(Star Correspondent of The Evening World.) Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World) WASHINGTON, Jan. 15.

THIS is a story about red tape, about the "paper work" which has proved the big factor in delaying demobilization of the army. Uncle Sam does thoroughly everything to which he sets his hand, and even the natural impatience of soldiers cannot interfere with the Government having a written record covering every detail of the enlisted man's service from the day he donned the khaki until he is discharged. There has been much criticism throughout the country and even in Congress about the red tape involved, but the most experienced army officers at the War Department say it is necessary both for the protection of the soldier and the Government. It took thirty years after the Civil War to complete the "paper work" and then it was not thoroughly done. There were many discrepancies which came to light in connection with pension claims and the efforts of relatives to obtain military records of members of their families.

From the outset of the present war an effort has been made to reduce the so-called "paper work" to a minimum. Many short cuts have been taken during the past eighteen months, and when the armistice was signed the Adjutant General's office, which is the office of record, gave instructions for a still further reduction. These are the three essential records of an enlisted man. At the beginning of the war there were nine such records required. All administration was formerly in the hands of company commanders, but when the company strength was increased it was found necessary to relieve the commanders of this detail. There is now a personnel assistant in each Company Headquarters, who looks after it.

The old army muster roll was discontinued the first of last July and the data on it reported daily instead of every two months. The data was consolidated on the reports showing the changes of twenty-four hours. When the reports reached the Adjutant General's office the clerks would transcribe the changes as they could be placed in the jacket of each individual soldier.

When the armistice was signed the Adjutant General's office immediately placed with the Government printing office orders for several million forms required in connection with demobilization. Many records have to be in duplicate, but despite the magnitude of the job the forms were all at the proper points when demobilization began.

WORK TRANSFERRED TO FIELD TO SAVE HIM. But when the army reached four million and these changes began to run so high as forty thousand a day, the work began to pile up in the department. Then it was decided that instead of having the work bank up in the Adjutant General's office, with thousands of clerks, many of them inexperienced, trying vainly to keep up, the work should be transferred to the field where the jackets could be completed weeks earlier.

When a man was inducted he had to be physically examined to see whether he was fit for service, either limited or general, and that data was placed on file. Anything that happens to him in a medical way is reported on his medical history report as it occurs in the army. But to carry out the law with reference to the war risk insurance act, his condition when he leaves the service must necessarily be determined and made a matter of record and he sent in to make his jacket complete. The man makes a statement as to what he thinks is his physical condition; the company commander makes his statement of what he thinks is the soldier's condition. This is required because the commander may have knowledge of wounds or injuries to the enlisted man from which he has recovered. The examining surgeon then goes over the soldier, and if the statements of the soldier and the finding of the surgeon do not agree, this case goes to a board of review made up of several surgeons, who determine the man's exact physical condition at the time of his discharge.

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Some of the Day's Good Stories

FAME. THE Great Man was trying a rest cure in a small village. He was attacked with flu symptoms, and visited the local chemist for the purpose of obtaining a preventive. "I've the very thing for you!" exclaimed the chemist, triumphantly. "Thompson's Taper; 25 c a bottle."

"No, no, no," said the customer, emphatically. "But it's the very thing for your case. All the doctors are recommending it. We can't sell it fast enough."

"I believe you, but I'd prefer something else." "Nonsense! What's your objection?" "Only that I'm Thompson." And the customer beat a hasty retreat—London Answers.

UNCLE WINDSOR'S PIC-POSSUM. UNCLE WINDSOR was a good old, darky and wise as the proverbial serpent. A great favorite he was with the Marster, who loved of a night to slip down to Uncle Windsor's cabin and talk with him

as he sat before his last, taping away at his trade of shoemaker. One night the Marster dropped in unexpectedly. Windsor was tapping away as usual, but he kept glancing anxiously at a pot hanging on the crane in the big fireplace. The more the pot bubbled and sizzled the more Windsor hammered and the fanner grew the tales he told. "Somebody's been making off with my socking pigs at a great rate," grumbled the Marster. "I'm Windsor tapped away sympathetically and changed the subject to the weather. "By and by the water oil boiled out of the pot, and there was a sad smell of seething meat. "I'll just put more water in the pot," said the Marster, accommodatingly, and before old Windsor could stop him off came the lid. "Wait, Marster, wait," he bellowed. "Fore you look in I jest wants to tell you he mouset or turned to pig sense, but dat sho war 'possum which went in de pot!"—Everybody's Magazine.

COMMON SENSE TALK. THE late Prof. Lounsbury of Yale was a foe of the purist and pedant. On a summer vacation on the Adirondacks he gazed across

EVENING WORLD PUZZLES

By Sam Loyd How Old Is Mother?

THE combined ages of father, mother and Bobby amount to sixty-five years. Father is now five times as old as Bobby, but when the combined ages of the three amount to 125 years father will then be only twice as old as Bobby.

Now, then, what is the age of mother? Answer will appear to-morrow.

ANSWERS TO THE "Milk Trust Problem" The suburbanist lost \$29.60. The cow cost \$7.45; her keep, \$51.60; total, \$177.60. Cow and milk brought \$148.