

boarding house lucrative if circumstances had not been against her.

ORION had other projects for recouping me; but as they always required capital I stayed out of them, and they did not materialize. Once he wanted to start a newspaper. It was a ghastly idea, and I squelched it with a promptness that was almost rude. Then he invented a wood sawing machine, and patched it together himself, and he really sawed wood with it. It was ingenious, it was capable; and it would have made a comfortable little fortune for him; but just at the wrong time Providence interfered again. Orion applied for a patent, and found that the same machine had already been patented and had gone into business and was thriving.

Presently the State of New York offered a fifty thousand-dollar prize for a practical method of navigating the Erie Canal with steam canal boats. Orion worked at that thing for two or three years, invented and completed a method, and was once more ready to reach out and seize upon imminent wealth, when somebody pointed out a defect: his steam canal boat could not be used in the winter time; and in the summer time the commotion its wheels would make in the water would wash away the State of New York on both sides.

Innumerable were Orion's projects for acquiring the means to pay off the debt to me. These projects extended straight through the succeeding thirty years; but in every case they failed. During all those years his well established honesty kept him in offices of trust where other people's money had to be taken care of, but where no salary was paid. He was treasurer of all the benevolent institutions; he took care of the money and other property of widows and orphans; he never lost a cent for anybody, and never made one for himself. Every time he changed his religion the church of his new faith was glad to get him; made him treasurer at once; and at once he stopped the graft and the leaks in that church.

He exhibited a facility in changing his political complexion that was a marvel to the whole community. Once the following curious thing happened, and he wrote me all about it himself:

One morning he was a Republican, and upon invitation he agreed to make a campaign speech at the Republican mass meeting that night. He prepared the speech. After luncheon he became a Democrat, and agreed to write a score of exciting mottos to be painted upon the transparencies which the Democrats would carry in their torchlight procession that night. He wrote these shouting Democratic mottos during the afternoon, and they occupied so much of his time that it was night before he had a chance to change his politics again; so he actually made a rousing Republican campaign speech in the open air while his Democratic transparencies passed by in front of him, to the joy of every witness present.

He was a most strange creature; but in spite of his eccentricities he was beloved, all his life, in whatsoever community he lived. And he was also held in high esteem, for at bottom he was a sterling man.

ABOUT twenty-five years ago,—along there somewhere,—I suggested to Orion that he write an autobiography. I asked him to try to tell the straight truth in it; to refrain from exhibiting himself in creditable attitudes exclusively; and to honorably set down all the incidents of his life which he had found interesting to him, including those which were burned into his memory because he was ashamed of them. I said that this had never been done, and that if he could do it his autobiography would be a most valuable piece of literature. I said I was offering him a job which I could not duplicate in my own case, but I would cherish the hope that he might succeed with it.

I recognize now that I was trying to saddle upon him an impossibility. I have been dictating this autobiography of mine daily for three months; I have thought of fifteen hundred or two thousand incidents in my life which I am ashamed of, but I have not gotten one of them to consent to go on paper yet. I think that that stock will still be complete and unimpaired when I finish these memoirs, if I ever finish them. I believe that if I should put in all or any of those incidents, I should be sure to strike them out when I came to revise this book.

Orion wrote his autobiography, and sent it to me. But great was my disappointment, and my vexation too. In it he was constantly making a hero of himself, exactly as I should have done and am doing now, and he was constantly forgetting to put in the episodes which placed him in an unheroic light. I knew several incidents of his life which were distinctly and painfully unheroic; but when I came across them in his autobiography they had changed color. They had turned themselves inside out, and were things to be intemperately proud of. In my dissatisfaction I destroyed a considerable part of that autobiography. But in what remains there



Made a Rousing Republican Speech While His Democratic Transparencies Passed in Front of Him.

are passages which are interesting, and I shall quote from them here and there and now and then, as I go along.

While we were living in Vienna in 1898 a cablegram came from Keokuk announcing Orion's death. He was seventy-two years old. He had gone down to the kitchen in the early hours of a bitter December morning; he had built the fire, and had then sat down at a table to write something; and there he died, with the pencil in his hand and resting against

the paper in the middle of an unfinished word,—an indication that his release from the captivity of a long and troubled and pathetic and unprofitable life was mercifully swift and painless.

[DICTATED IN 1904.]

A QUARTER of a century ago I was visiting John Hay at Whitelaw Reid's house in New York, which Hay was occupying for a few months while Reid was absent on holiday in Europe. Temporarily also, Hay was editing Reid's paper, "The New York Tribune." I remember two incidents of that Sunday visit particularly well. I had known John Hay a good many years. I had known him when he was an obscure young editorial writer on one of the leading New York City newspapers, earning three or four times the salary he got, considering the high character of the work which came from his pen. In those earlier days he was a picture to look at, for beauty of feature, perfection of form, and grace of carriage and movement. He had a charm about him of a sort quite unusual to my Western ignorance and inexperience,—a charm of manner, intonation, apparently native, and unstudied elocution, and all that,—the groundwork of it native, the ease of it, the polish of it, the winning naturalness of it, acquired in Europe where he had been chargé d'affaires sometime at the Court of Vienna. He was joyous and cordial, a most pleasant comrade. One of the two incidents referred to as marking that visit was this:

In trading remarks concerning our ages I confessed to forty-two and Hay to forty. Then he

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COMMONSENSE DIETETICS

Consequences of Overeating

By W. R. C. LATSON, M. D.

ONE-FOURTH of what we eat keeps us. The rest we keep at the risk of our lives," said crusty old Abernethy, London's most famous doctor. And in this day, as in that, we all eat too much. It is the prevalent sin against the body.

We all accept the idea of "three square meals a day" as being the right thing; and few of us, even when we find ourselves becoming permanently old, stiff, rheumatic, and ailing in other ways,—few of us even then suspect that the principal, if not the only, cause of our trouble, is just that "three square meals" which is the common practice of our time and country.

Of all the many causes leading to human weakness and disease, the most common is undoubtedly overfeeding. Practically everybody eats too much. "Why, then," you ask, "are there so many men and women with thin, undeveloped bodies?"

In answer to this I may say that the feeding and upbuilding of the body depend not so much on the quantity of food eaten, as on the quantity digested. The digestive powers of the body of any man or woman are a fixed quantity. If that man or that woman is so careless or so ignorant as to take more than the quantity of food needed, then little or none of that food will be digested, the whole mass will ferment, and the body will not only be deprived of the nutrition which it needs, but will be poisoned,—poisoned because the fermentation of the undigested food produces matter which, absorbed into the blood, will disturb the operation of every organ in the body.

Many so called diseases are merely organic disturbance resulting from a poisoning of the body by products of the rotting food in the stomach and bowels. In fact, I do not hesitate to say, and I feel that I have proved, that seven out of ten cases of what is commonly called "heart disease" are merely disturbances of the heart muscle due to the presence in the system of poisons formed from rotting food. Most cases of what are popularly known as heart failure and apoplexy can be traced to the same cause. Then there are a host of lesser evils—headache, vertigo, dizziness, insomnia, nervousness, irritability, and other discomforts—traceable to the same cause.

Should anyone question the trustworthiness of this statement, I may remark that its truthfulness is easily tested. Let him stop dosing himself for a week and reduce the quantity of food taken, first by one-third, later by one-half. In practically every case the result will be marked relief of all distressing symptoms.

So we see that the man or woman who overfeeds is not only poisoned but starved. Often the

body of such a person is very thin. The remark sometimes made by old fashioned people about a heavy eater, "He eats so much it makes him poor to carry it," has, then, a sound scientific basis. The reason for such thinness is simply that the food taken is not digested, and passes through the food tube without feeding the body. The rational cure in such cases is, of course, to eat less, so that the overworked organs may be relieved. They will then digest more, and the body will gradually—very gradually, sometimes—increase in weight, strength, and general well being.

Just at this point some one will ask, "Well, what is too much?"

To answer that question is not easy, since the quantity of food needed to keep the body in good repair will depend upon many things. First of all, we must consider the amount of work done by the body. The blacksmith needs more food, and can digest more food, than the bookkeeper. We all need more food in winter than in summer. And so on.

As a broad, general rule, however, it may be said that the following represents the approximate quantity of food needed by a person of average physique, doing ordinary mental and physical work:

FOR BREAKFAST.—An apple, raw or baked, or an equal quantity of some other fruit; a saucerful of some good cereal, such as boiled rice with cream; a glass of milk; and two slices of graham or rye bread.

FOR LUNCHEON.—A simple salad dressed with good olive oil and lemon juice; two or three slices of brown bread.

FOR DINNER.—Soup; a small quantity of fresh meat, or beans, or peas; one or two cooked vegetables; fruit; brown bread.

Anyone who tries this plan of diet is likely to find after a few weeks that he needs still less food. In most cases it is advisable gradually to reduce the midday meal until it consists of fruit only. Finally even this may be dropped. This means two meals a day divided by a period of from eight to ten hours, and this plan has been found by hundreds who have adopted it under my advice to be a perfectly satisfactory method of diet.

To many people it will seem that the dietary given is too light, that it does not contain enough to sustain the body. Frequently on changing to such a list the patient will complain of a sensation of weakness. So does a toper who suddenly stops drinking whisky, and for the same reason. The patient misses the usual stimulation of heavy foods.

At any rate, for each one the matter is easily settled. A trial of the foregoing dietary for a fortnight will convince the most skeptical of the advantages of simple feeding.