

THE DAY BOOK

N. D. COCHRAN

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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BRAINLESS EATING.—Maybe the hard necessities of war will shoot a lot of sense into folks in the matter of eating. The reader will kindly permit us to figure some good out of war, if we can, won't he, or she?

Certain it is that in no other matter has man made so big a fool of himself, and it appears likely that the race would be better off if it had no sense called taste. At any rate, it is the sense which man has permitted to corrupt himself, physically, mentally and morally.

Many of our social evils, most of our economic weaknesses and about all of our physical ills can be traced back to perverted taste. Charge up against ambition to "live high" fully half of the social and domestic follies and disasters; charge up against the cravings of abnormal and "cultivated" appetites a big part of our economic weakness and silliness; charge up against senseless feeding 90 per cent of the cost of drugs, doctors and hospitals—and you have the bill to render against the fact that we eat with the sense of taste alone and without exercising our brain faculty.

Man is about the only animal who packs his stomach when he doesn't need food and who makes a specialty

of picking out foods that he is least able to assimilate.

But when war cuts down all supplies, nations begin to exercise their brains. The folks are then informed that food is eaten to be converted into heat or power, and that certain foods produce, under digestion, certain units of heat, or power, which units are called calories.

Now, if it were not for this sense called taste, which we have cultivated to curse us, socially, morally and physically, we would, every one of us, at all times, be eating the foods containing the most calories; that is, we would eat intelligently. Moreover, we would eat economically, for it is fact that the cheaper foods are the higher in calories.

One day, way back, Mrs. Smith said: "William, I declare I must run over to Mrs. Jones' and find out how she makes her lovely, light, white bread. It is so much nicer looking than our whole wheat bread!" And to this day the housewife with lovely, light white, 10-calory loaves get credit over the housewife with 60-calory bread. Looks! Taste! Artificiality!

Heaven only knows when man began tearing at the flesh of his warm-blooded fellow-creatures. His dentition would indicate that he never was intended for it. But he gets riotous over the high cost of a pound of 800-calory veal, when he can get fish or cereals at half the cost, with twice the power-producing quality.

But you don't like to be talked at in calories, and you don't like rice rather than potatoes, fish rather than beef, cornmeal rather than that nice white, light flour. Taste! Habit! That's all. The good sense, the economy, the physical progress lie in combatting the perverted taste. War actually may make folks eat things that are best for them, and, when you get down to the nubbin of the matter, this is really hardship only when the corrupted taste is stronger than the mentality.