Talks on

Health, Cleanliness Proper Living Sanitation, Etc.

by

DR. W. A. DRIVER

3300 So. State St.

Phone Douglas 3617

MEAT A DISEASE CAUSE.

Life is padded with compromise. We compromise with wrong. We compromise most with our appetite. We wink at what we know is wrong because of a temporary gain. Does it pay?

At a recent meeting of the Tristate Medical Society of Iowa, Illinois and Missouri, in this city, it was stated that appendicitis is caused by the eating of meat. It was further stated that appendicitis is virtually unknown among people subsisting largely on vegetable diet and that it is a modern outgrowth in this country of "refined foods."

It is probable that cancer is caused by the transplating of cancer cells into the human economy by the process of meat eating. We have had many cancer research workers to demonstrate that cancer can be transplated. Mice have been used extensively in the study of cancer and cancer cells have been transplanted from one to the other experimentally. Since mouse cancer is transmitted from one mouse to the other it is reasonable to suppose that other animals can likewise infect one another with cancer.

There will doubtless be those who will say that the cancer cells are killed in the process of cooking the meats eaten. Fire will destroy cancer cells if applied directly and sufficiently but that is not possible by our cooking methods. The center of the meat will not be thoroughly reached by the fire hence the possibility of planting cancer cells into our bodies by eating meat.

In India the sense of justice, exact justice is said to be so highly developed that they refuse to kill and eat the faithful cow and the sheep. Those animals are considered sacred because they furnish milk, butter, cheese and wool. It appears to be the basest ingratitude to slaughter the animal and its mate and progeny for our lust for flesh after it has furnished with food and raiment the slaughter. It looks like killing the goose that lays the golden egg. It is indeed wrong to kill such a benefactor as the cow just because of our desire for meat. Such a procedure would be necessary if nature did not provide lavishly fish, fruits and vegetables. The commandment "Thou shalt not kill" seems to have a wider application than is commonly accepted. Christ fed the multitude with loaves and fishes not with flesh of the faithful and uncomplaining cow nor of the defenseless sheep. The part that the hog species played was to receive the unclean spirit not to enter the mouths of the earthly tabernacles of clay called the bodies of the people.

In poor Europe the people not only lust for meat but they want it raw, not rare, but absolutely raw meat. The meat of the cow, the sheep and the hog does not satisfy the desire for blood; Europe also eats the horse in spite of his service. It appears to be the reason for Europe's bellicosity and belligerency if we reason correctly. For instance those animals which eat meat are vicious while those that do not eat meat are not so. If carnivorous animals are vicious and herbivorous animals are not so, if the tiger, the lion, and other carnivora are dangerous and the cow, the sheep and other herbivora are benevolent, the logical inference is that the vegetarians are safer than meat eaters, safer from the diseases of the carcasses they devour not, safer in every way, safer from the exorbitant prices of the packers, safer from the abnormal appetite, safer because of self control, safer from the unjust demand of the packers, the money lords who insist that we force Europe to take their meat now.

If we reap what we sow our harvest from the seed sown by killing our benefactors the defenseless and faithful cow, the provident sheep, the scavenger called the hog and other friendly animals, should be and doubtless is cancer, appendicitis, pyorrhea, gall bladder disease, typhoid and other disturbances, principally in the gastro-intestinal tract.

Flesh eating people avoid the food of flesh eating animals. There is a reason. If flesh eating animals are unworthy what about their imitators, the flesh eating people?

All disease must come from cause. All cause is a violation of natural law. Those who would escape the aches, pains, and miseries of this existence must sacrifice abnormal appetites for blood for meat and all uncleanliness.

A wit remarks that to rob a robber is not to rob. When we cheat our benefactors by eating their meat when we have surfeited of their productions we place ourselves in a dangerous position. We must reap the harvest. If cancer, appendicitis, insomnia, and a host of named diseases cheat us, in the end, we will remember that 'tis not a cheat to cheat a cheat.

In the end does it pay to compromise? Does it pay in the middle of the journey? Does it pay all along the way? Does it pay?

THE WEBER COMPANY, THE UP-TO-DATE TAILORS.

The Weber Company the up-to-date merchant tailors at 27 West Washington street, bank floor, Max Weber, manager, make to order all kinds of fine clothes which they will turn over to their regular customers on easy payments, see their ad in another column of this paper.

Somebody says that you can't play golf unless you have the nerve. Many men display a lot of nerve in thinking they can play it.

It would seem to be high time for the goosebone man to speak, or is the machinery of his magic ossification disarranged by the crash of war?

The Coffee Cup In Persia.

The expression "to give a cup of coffee" has in Persia a somewhat ominous significance. This is due to the fact that the coffee cup is one recognized medium for conveying poison. Some years ago the governor of Aspadana, having long been at daggers drawn with the chief of a powerful mountain tribe, determined in this way to put an end to all trouble. He professed to entertain a great degree of friendship and esteem for the chieftain and invited him to visit him at his palace. The chief unsuspiciously came, accompanied by his two young sons. For a week they were royally entertained. But at last one morning when the chief came into his host's presence he was coldly received, and an attendant soon stepped forward with a single cup of coffee in his hand, which he offered to the guest. The latter could not fail to understand that he was doomed. Preferring, however, steel to poison, he declined the cup and was thereupon, at a signal from his host, stabbed to death.

The Test of Education.

The test of a good education is the degree of mental culture which it imparts, for education, so far as its object is scientific, is the discipline of the mind. The reader must not overlook what is meant by the word mind when used in reference to education. That some dumb animals are possessed of a sort of understanding is admitted, but it has never been asserted that they enjoy the use of reason. Man, however, has the faculty called reason in addition to his understanding. Accordingly what we mean by saying that the object of education is the cultivation of our minds or that the goodness of an education varies with the degree of mental culture amounts simply to this—that we better perform our functions as rational creatures in proportion as we carry further the distinction between ourselves and the brute creation—that is, in proportion as we are better fitted for the discourse of reason.—John William Donaldson.

Floorwalking and Spelling.

The worst thing about the following is that it is true and, what's more, that it happened in one of Pittsburgh's stores.

The girl, stylishly attired, stepped up to the still more stylishly attired floorwalker and inquired where she would find the chiffon. The floorwalker consulted a notebook. Her surprise came when he gravely told her that they did not keep chiffon.

"Why," she gasped, "you cannot possibly mean that!"

In her eagerness she stepped closer to the stylishly attired man than Eleanor Gale says a stylishly attired woman should, and looked over his shoulder at the notebook.

"Oh, I see!" she said flatly as she moved off to ask for the girl at the glove counter about the chiffons. The man had been looking under the s's.—Baltimore Star.

Travels of a Chimney Swift.

On June 7, 1911, an adult chimney swift fluttered down a chimney into the study of Ernest Harold Baynes in Meriden, N. H., and was promptly banded and released. The band was of the old style and bore the number 6326. At 8 o'clock p. m. on June 15, 1912, two chimney swifts flew from the chimney into the same room of Mr. Baynes' house where the bird had been caught a year and eight days before. And lo! when these birds were taken in hand and examined one of them proved to be 6326. Remarkable as this may seem, this diminutive creature, less than six inches in length, had traveled hundreds of miles to Central America or elsewhere in the tropics where he spent the winter and then had made the long return journey at the approach of summer and found again the chimney of his choice in a village in faroff New Hampshire. And throughout his journeying the little aluminum ring had traveled with him and had produced not the least effect on the bird's leg.

One wonders if the swift lived always in the same hollow tree in South America.—New York Post.

A Youthful Speculator.

Senator John Sherman made his first speculation when he was a boy of sixteen, and it turned out badly. At the age of fourteen he was working for the Muskingum Improvement company at $25 a month and at the age of sixteen was superintendent of an important part of the work and had been advanced to $40. During the winter he was idle, as the canal was closed. It was at this time that he attempted his speculation. Salt was very low on the Muskingum river and very high at Cincinnati. So John bought a lot of salt, loaded it on a scow and started it down the river. All went well until within one day's float of the Ohio river, when the thermometer went down to zero, and the scow remained right there for two long months. Everybody had a great laugh over the youthful speculator, but he lived long enough to return the laugh with interest.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Horse Chestnut.

Why the horse chestnut is so called is a debatable point, but at least one possible explanation of the name may be found in a peculiar characteristic of the tree. If, when it is mature, a leaf be broken off cleanly at the point where its stem joins the branch, it will be discovered that the base of the stem is the exact shape of a horse's hoof, and if one looks further one will see plainly marked upon the "hoof" the nail marks of the horse's shoe. The similitude of hoof and nails is at least remarkable. It might be supposed, in reference to the name of this tree, that horses were fond of the fruit, but one believes that this is not the case, nor does any other creature, except perhaps the rat or mouse, attempt to eat this natural and abundant product.

"Curing" Married Couples.

If every wife who is trying to cure her husband and every husband who is trying to cure his wife would stop the operation and all the husbands would devote their energies to curing themselves and all the wives devote their energies to curing themselves the homes would be a great deal happier than they are today. There are scolding wives who are bending all of their energies to the task of curing their husbands of habits far less detrimental to the happiness of the home than the habit of scolding. There are husbands who have set themselves the task of curing their wives of imperfections of so much less consequence than the infirmities of character and temper possessed by the husband himself.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Unappreciated Wit.

Sir Henry Wotton, for twenty years England's ambassador to the court of Venice, discovered, to his sorrow, that it is not always wise to be witty, even in so simple a matter as writing in an autograph album. Once when visiting at the house of a friend his host brought out the visitors' book and requested Sir Henry to inscribe his name in it, together with some appropriate sentiment. Willing to oblige and wishing to say something at once neat, witty and wise, he wrote the following and appended his name to it: "An ambassador is an honest man, sent abroad to lie for his country." But King James I. did not appreciate the effort of his ambassador. It was five long years before he received another appointment at the royal hands.

Weighing the Baby.

"I have so often been amazed to hear people trying to devise a way to weigh the baby—tying him in a towel and using various devices," says a contributor to the Woman's Home Companion. "Why not step on the scales with the baby in your arms and then without him? The difference is the baby's weight. Like many other things, 'it is easy when you know how.'"

Precocious Talent.

Proud Father—That boy of mine is going to be a great financier some day. Sympathetic Friend—What makes you think so? P. F.—Why, he is only four years old and already has acquired coupon thumb from clipping the pictures of bank buildings out of the magazines.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Testing Fountain Pens.

Fountain pens are tested by an instrument called a micrometer. If one piece of the mechanism is out even a six-hundredth part of an inch, the micrometer rejects it as faulty.

Sarcastic.

Wife—All that you are you owe to me, John. John—If that was all I owed I could quit work tomorrow.—Dallas News.

Soup Without a Spoon.

Soup without a spoon seems even harder to negotiate than meat without a fork, and we can sympathize with the complaint recorded in the diary of Felix Platter, a young Swiss, who went to Montpellier in 1552 in order to study medicine. He lodged in the house of his professor, Catelan, one of the greatest doctors of his time, and yet, writes Platter, "we were compelled to eat our stew in the usual French fashion—that is to say, picking the meat out with our fingers and then drinking the broth. In vain we begged our hostess to let us have spoons, but not a single one was to be found in the house, the only implement on the table being a large knife fastened with an iron chain. No one here seems to have ever heard of spoons, which we at home find so useful." Montaigne was astonished when he visited Switzerland in 1580 to find that "at all meals they put on the table as many spoons as there are people present."—Westminster Gazette.

King Strang's Rise and Fall.

A kingdom was once set up on Beaver island, in northern Lake Michigan, and flourished for some years. James Jesse Strang, a prominent Mormon, had quarreled with the leaders of his church and in 1846 withdrew with a few followers to that island. Other Mormons joined the colony from time to time, and by the winter of 1848 they were sufficiently numerous to threaten control of the island. On July 8, 1850, Strang was crowned king with elaborate ceremonies. There was much controversy between the Mormons and the other inhabitants of the island, mostly fishermen. While on a visit to Detroit President Fillmore heard of this little kingdom within the domain of the United States. He sent an armed vessel to Beaver island, and King Strang was captured and tried for treason. He conducted his own defense and made such an eloquent plea that he was acquitted. In 1856 he was assassinated, and his kingdom fell with him.

The Oldest Sequoia.

The oldest sequoia is over 3,150 years of age. A family of five could have picnicked under this tree when the Greeks were building their wooden horse under the walls of Troy and Pharaoh and his army were being engulfed in the waters of the Red sea. It has been the contemporary of every famous man and event since the foggy dawn of history. While innumerable multitudes of men and women fretted their way through the dreadfully important wink or two of time that they called life this tree contented itself with getting a little thicker in the trunk and wreathing its top in more majestic foliage. Nowadays people who have made their piles, possibly in the lumber business, often motor down to look at it, and their wives gaze up among its awful branches and say, "My, how pretty!"—San Francisco Bulletin.

Buying Army Discharges.

A discharge may be purchased by a soldier who has served at least one year in the army if he is stationed within the confines of the United States. If he is serving in Alaska or anywhere outside the continental limits of the United States or if his organization has been ordered to take station outside the continental limits he cannot obtain a discharge.

The price at which a soldier may purchase his discharge, as taken from general orders No. 4, war department, Washington, D. C., Jan. 8, 1906, is as follows: "After one year's service, $120; two years, $100; three years, $90; four years, $85; five years, $80; six years, $65; seven years, $60; eight years, $55; nine years, $40; ten years, $35; eleven years, $30."—Philadelphia Press.

The Child at the Window.

Oftener than not we may tell a child's sex from the time the child spends at the window on a rainy day. Whatever the years make a woman, she is born domesticated. The little girl looks out of the window chiefly because something is happening outside, not because she wishes something would happen, and returns contentedly to her indoor interests. But, however the years thin a man's blood, he is born an open air adventurer. The little boy tires of carpet play and remains gazing at the rain and gray skies, wearying for the sun to shine.—J. J. Bell.

Do You Remember?

Remember when you used to pull your boiled shirts over your head?—Buffalo News.

And hooked on your bow tie at the back of your celluloid collar?—Pittsburgh Post.

And went out buggy riding Sunday afternoons?—Boston Globe.

Hogge's Horse.

Hogge's Horse, at Buxted, Sussex, England, in the center of the old iron district, was formerly the residence of Ralph Hogge, an ironmaster. He is celebrated as having been the first to cast a cannon in one piece. This occurred in 1543.

Queer Death Customs.

The Egyptians, believing that dead people needed the things they used when alive, sometimes killed the favorite slave and horse of the dead man. In India, for the same reason, widows were burned with the corpses of their husbands.

Clever Answer.

She—This is the fourth time you have proposed to me. How many times do you want me to refuse you? He—Personally, I think three times quite sufficient.—London Mail.

Many men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties.—Spurgeon.

Elijah's Altar.

Obadiah hid "one hundred of the Lord's prophets in a cave." On the west end of Carmel, below the monastery, is a large cavern, partly artificial, where, to increase its sanctity, the holy family are said to have reposed on their return from Egypt. The "Place of Sacrifice" is some eight miles inland along the crest of the mountain, overlooking the Kishon, the whole plain of Esdraelon, Jezreel and the mountains of Galilee. Many churches and nationalities, not to mention individuals, have searched the slopes of Carmel for the exact spot where Elijah "repaired the altar of the Lord," selecting twelve stones from the ruins of the neglected altar. At the urgent request of an English lady who thought of purchasing the site I once made a careful study of the location suggested. While we may never know the exact spot, there is a lovely little plateau not far from the summit which would fulfill every necessity of the narrative and provide a matchless natural theater for this matchless event in history.—Christian Herald.

Wonders of Naval Gunnery.

The fire of a naval gun is directed from the fire control station, a small box on the masts. Here is the range finder, a large telescope pointed at right angles to its object. This telescope consists of a series of mirrors of various sizes and curves, which catch the ships all around and fix them before the eyes of the officer, who can set his lenses so that he can gauge the correct angle by a small calculation and can reckon almost the exact space separating him from his opponent. The information is telephoned to the gunner, who directs the telescopic sight attached to his gun on the desired object. This sight magnifies the size of the opponent and brings its characteristics close to the eye. In the meantime the expert officers in the fire control watch the fall of the shot. Should it miss delicate instruments tell how far the shell was off the target. The correction is made, and the second shot, if not on the spot, comes unpleasantly near.—Pearson's.

No Invulnerable Forts.

It will continue to be physically possible no doubt to build a fort so strong that no shell could penetrate it, whether fired directly at high angles or to fall upon it vertically from the clouds. It would require merely to calculate the force of explosives and the resistance of steel and concrete and make the steel and concrete thick enough. But it may have ceased to be worth while. A fort would still be vulnerable from below ground. Its foundation could not be laid so deep that an enemy might not drive a tunnel under it, and then it would be necessary only to put enough high explosive there to blow the fort away. So perhaps in the future military strategy will adjust itself to the idea that fortifications cannot be permanent, wherefore they had better be even more impermanent, serving only as temporary bulwarks against an oncoming enemy.—New York Times.

No Cause For Worry.

"It's sure enough strange how marriage changes some men," commented a Washington heights dweller to a friend who stood with him on a corner. "Now, see that chap entering my apartment house? He's been married only two weeks, and yet—say, do you see what he's carrying? Well, it's a garbage pail for their new flat. Why, if any one had told him three months ago that he'd carry a garbage pail through the street he'd have been ready to fight. I never saw such a"—

"All right—all right," the friend interrupted. "Tell me about him next year."

"Why?"

"Because he'll be changed back again by that time. Don't worry about the case."—New York Globe.

All the Latest Improvements.

There is a certain dear old lady who owns a little farm and takes a few boarders in summer.

Recently an anxious young mother who has been industriously delving into medical literature of late inquired of the old lady whether or not the milk that was served at her table was pasteurized.

"Of course!" was the old lady's indignant reply. "Don't we keep all the cows we've got in the pasture all summer long?"—Youth's Companion.

Washing Velveteen.

White velveteen and most colored ones, too, will wash beautifully. Just knead and squeeze quickly in a warm—not hot—lather, rinse in tepid, then cold water. Wring carefully and shake well. While still damp iron on the wrong side on a thick felt or blanket covered with a clean sheet.

Kept Happy.

"Yes, we went to California."

"Did your wife enjoy the scenery in her trip across the continent?"

"I don't think she looked at much scenery. But she enjoyed herself, all right. She looked at hats in eleven different states."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Similar Result.

"Hubby, if you had never met me would you have loved me?"

"I don't know about that. But I suppose I would have been just as deeply in debt."—Kansas City Journal.

Rubber Tubing.

To preserve rubber tubing when not in use, coil it neatly in vessels of water carrying a small quantity of common salt in solution.

He that wants money, means and content is without three good friends.—Shakespeare.

Trick of a Collector.

Collectors are—in short, they are collectors. It was a dealer in antiques not long ago who was, or professed to be, in search of new quarters. He inspected an oldtime mansion fallen upon evil days. In one room was a carved marble mantel, an imported piece, and he opened negotiations to lease the room which contained it. The lease signed, he told the landlord that he desired a new mantelpiece put in in place of the old one. The landlord, of course, demurred.

"If you don't want to put in a new mantelpiece I will at my own expense," replied the collector.

That satisfied the landlord.

The fine marble mantelpiece was accordingly replaced by a cheap and showy horror and the carved antique carefully taken down and carted to the collector's shop, set up there to admirable advantage and eventually sold to somebody who could afford to pay the very stiff price asked for it. As for the room with its new chimney decoration, the collector cannily contrived to sublet it.—New York Post.

An Unearned Assist.

"One day while I was catching for the Dallas (Tex.) team," said Claude Berry recently, "a runner on first started to steal second. I pegged toward the base, but our pitcher—Walker—had moved out of the box after he delivered the ball and walked right into the throw.

"The ball hit Walker on top of the head, and as Walker dropped to the ground the ball bounded high in the air. The runner had reached second by that time and, not seeing the ball in play, raced for third. But our shortstop saw the ball, caught it as it came down and whipped it to third in time to put out the runner.

"The official scorer credited three men with an assist. He gave me an assist because I had made the original throw, he gave one to the pitcher because his head had deflected the ball to the shortstop, and, of course, he gave one to the shortstop for making the throw to third."—Exchange.

Two Ways to Put It.

This is how Johnny wrote his composition in the public school class:

"The cow is a good animal. She has two horns and two eyes and gives milk, which is good to drink. She has four legs and eats grass and hay. Some of them are red, and they have long tails."

And this is how the teacher says he ought to have written it:

"The female of the bovine genus is a beneficent mammal. This ruminant quadruped is possessed of corneous protuberances, projecting from the occiput. Her vision is binocular, and she yields an edible and nutritious lacteal exudation. She is quadrupedal and herbivorous, assimilating her food in both the succulent and exiccated states. Some of them chromatically correspond to the seventh color of the spectrum, and they are endowed with caudal appendages of exaggerated longitudinality."—Pittsburgh Press.

Sensitive Measurement.

Minute bendings of a steel bar three feet long and three and one-half feet in diameter are accurately measured by a curious but very sensitive device of the United States bureau of standards. The bar, supported at each end, has a small mirror fixed at its center, and above this is a frame holding another mirror partially silvered. As the light of a sodium burner is reflected in each mirror the lower mirror shows a series of black and yellow concentric rings. A very small weight, even that of a pin, deflects the bar and causes the circles to expand outward. Each circle indicates a movement of one hundred-thousandth of an inch, the pressure of a finger, forming five or more new circles, showing a bending of one twenty-thousandth of an inch.

The Kangaroo.

In the course of a long stay in the interior of Victoria, Australia, J. G. O'Donohue gathered conclusive evidence, which he presents in the Victorian Naturalist, that the mother kangaroo, when hard pressed on a long pursuit, throws her young one out of her pouch. He says the young kangaroo is "sent spinning from the pouch as the mother, by her enormous leaps, imparts to it a more or less vertical motion."

Deadlock and Wedlock.

"The compositor has made it 'deadlock' instead of 'wedlock.' Shall I stop the press?"

"Naw; let it go at that. Maybe the compositor was right. He is married, and we are two bachelors. Why should we set ourselves up in judgment over him?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Good Advice.

"You state your case very well," said the eminent attorney to the young man who sought his daughter's hand. "Suppose you take it to the court of last resort."

"What do you mean by that, sir?"

"Ask the girl, man; ask the girl!"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Good Imitation of Pride.

Osmond—Guy struts like a man in his first dress suit. Desmond—Well, hardly that; he struts like a man in his first rented dress suit.—Boston Journal.

A Natural Conclusion.

"Why do descriptive writers speak so often of the angry flames?"

"I suppose because the flames are usually put out."—Baltimore American.

Easy Boss.

"You owe it to yourself."

"In that case, there's no hurry. I find myself a very lenient creditor."—Louisville Courier-Journal.