

# THIS DAY IN HISTORY—By Rea Irvin

Vacation-Enders

## Scientific Dieting

**FIRST WEEK**—I am done with a meat diet. A meat diet is a relic of barbarism—of man's savage state. Besides, meat these days is too expensive for any but the rich. I am not rich. Therefore I cannot afford meat. Until recently I believed that a certain amount of beef a day was essential to my physical well-being; but that, I am now convinced, is an error. A diet of fresh, well-cooked vegetables is fully as nourishing and far less expensive. Hereafter I shall live on vegetables. I shall be just as strong, and think of the money I shall save!

**SECOND WEEK**—I have been doing a vast deal of thinking. I have come to the conclusion that the average man is a slave—a slave to custom. The average man, for example, thinks he can't get along without meat. I thought so once myself. Now I am getting along splendidly without it. I do not miss it at all. Wherefore, if I may emancipate myself from the thrall of meat, why may I not emancipate myself from vegetables likewise? Vegetables are heavy, indigestible things. They are much too filling. Much of our physical ailments are caused, I am fully convinced, by the indiscriminate use of vegetables. Cereals are fully as nourishing and infinitely cheaper. From now on I shall live exclusively on cereals.

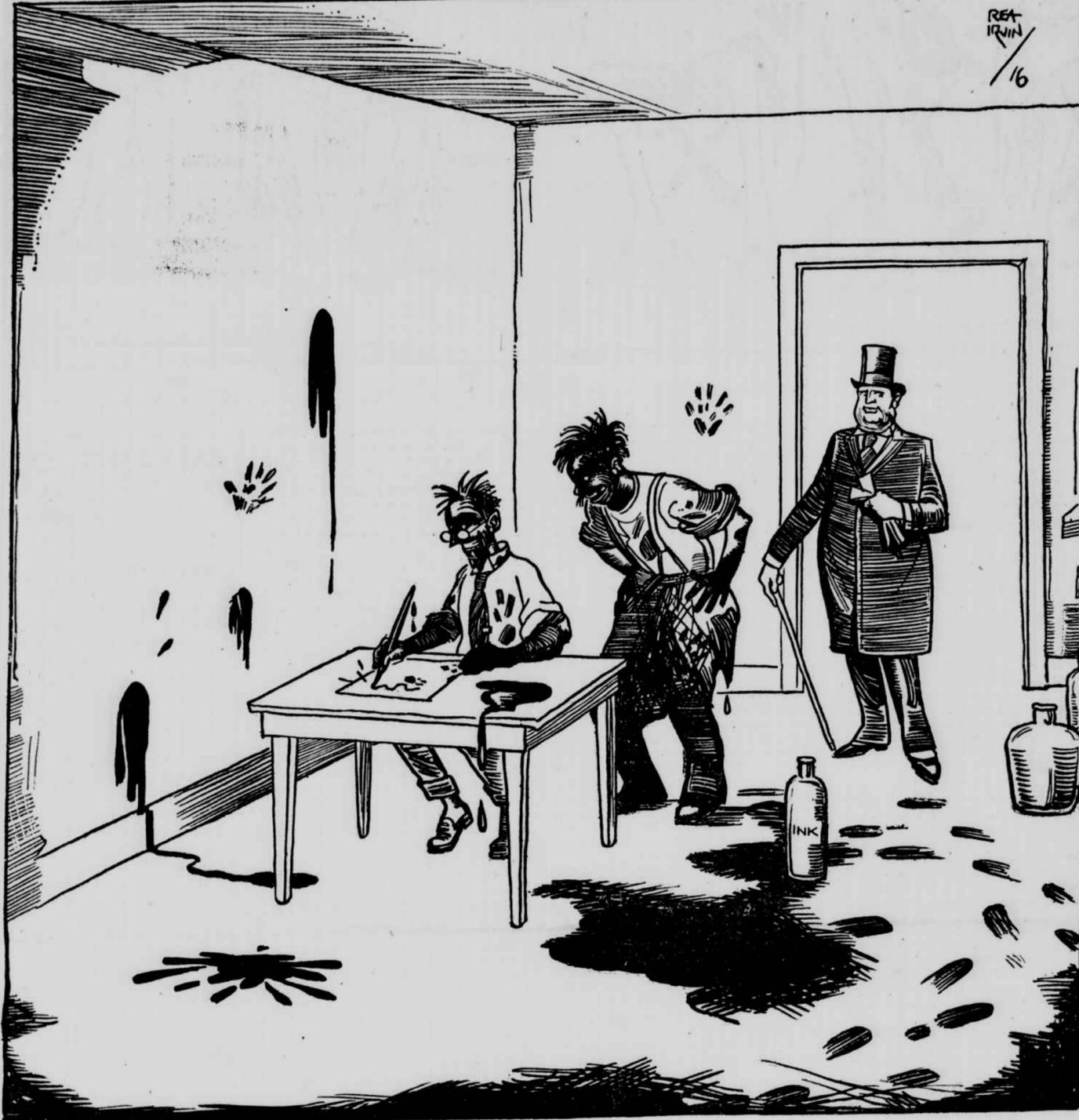
**THIRD WEEK**—I am living on cereals or rather have been. To-day I noticed an advertisement in the subway which set me thinking again, and I am not sure that I shall live on cereals for very much longer. Even cereals are expensive, I find. Why should I spend fifteen cents for food if I can sustain myself on ten? There is the secret of prosperity in this world. Spend only as much for food as is necessary to sustain life, and the poorest man will always have money in his pocket. The advertisement I saw in the subway was with reference to lentils—canned ones. More nourishing even than vegetables or cereals, the advertisement said. The ancients ate lentils. Very likely Methuselah ate them and look how long he lived.

**FOURTH WEEK**—What a fool I have been! What a blind fool! For three weeks have I imagined myself free from the bondage of habit. Three weeks, and all that time I have been almost as much of a slave as ever. Meat, vegetables, cereals or lentils—what difference does it make so long as I eat? One may be a trifle more expensive than the other, but the error is the same. Even when we eat a little, we eat too much. To-day I saw another advertisement. It said: "Don't go to lunch yet. Don't go because your watch says so. Chew Pinkham's Pepsin Gum." I tried it and saved at least four cents. If lunch, why not breakfast and dinner? Hereafter at meal times I shall chew a piece of gum until satisfied. And to think how I was squandering money in lentils!

**FIFTH WEEK**—I am slightly indigestion. Think in all probability it is indigestion that ails me. My stomach feels all gone and I am rather weak and giddy. Without doubt I have over-chewed Pinkham's Pepsin Gum, and I am suffering the consequences. As I recline here on my couch, I have plenty of time to think, and I am come to the conclusion that money spent in chewing gum is money spent foolishly. One doesn't have to have anything in one's mouth in order to make one's jaws move. If at certain stated times in the day one will sit perfectly still and make one's jaws go, at the same time THINKING of food, one will solve in triumph the problem of the cost of living. Thought is the thing. Chewing gum at meal times is the subterfuge of a coward or a weakling.

**SIXTH WEEK**—It is very pleasant here in bed—I can hear the birds sing—they are singing in my ears—and there is a sort of mist over everything—a golden mist—it is full of golden chewing gum—and golden meat and vegetables—I like especially that gold cabbage which is roasting on the bedpost—hello, it is raining—raining lentils—I shall catch cold—it is a very cheap rain, though—very cheap—no need to chew it—somehow my jaws won't work—they seem to be stiff—no need to chew anyway—thought is the thing—merely think of chewing—I have solved the problem at last—no more cost of living—let me rest. Think of money—I shall save.

**SEVENTH WEEK**—This milk and honey is delightful. So nourishing and so cheap—the streets are flowing with it. Ah, this is heaven indeed.



THE FOUNTAIN PEN IS INVENTED, AUGUST 13, 1883.

## ARE WOMEN PEOPLE?

By Alice Duer Miller

### ON FIRST HEARING MR. HUGHES'S SUFFRAGE VIEWS.

(With apologies to Keats, Chapman and Homer.)

*Much have I asked of candidates their views,  
And many silly answers have I had—  
How love of liberty was just a fad,  
How if they could vote women would refuse,  
How politics would coarsen, mar and bruise  
The sex, being all too perfect, or too bad.  
Yet never heard I answer made me glad*

*As did the words of Mr. Charles E. Hughes.  
Then thought I of that doubt of Peter Fry's,  
He read the declaration long ago,  
And asked, to Thomas Jefferson's surprise,  
"Are women people? do we think them so?"  
And all those patriots, so sincere and wise,  
Were silent, for, it seems, THEY did not know.*

This column cordially approves of the suffrage declaration made by Mr. Hughes.

Some people find it cold.  
We do not.  
We find it rational.

It has not always been our good fortune to approve of suffrage indorsements.

While it is well known that no man can on the platform declare himself opposed to the enfranchisement of women, without being fatuous, priggish, or at least mildly indecent (cf. all recent debates on the subject in Congress);

It has not been so clearly understood that it is not easy for a man to announce gracefully that after all he has become persuaded that women have sense enough to vote.

For instance, we remember one gentleman who told an audience of suffragists that he had no doubt that if women voted they would show themselves almost as intelligent as men.

And he could not understand why we all laughed.

He said he had not meant to be funny.

Some men say women ought to have the vote because they are angels.

But women do not want to be given the vote because they are angels, any more than they want to be denied the vote because they are queens.

What we liked best about Mr. Hughes's speech was the absence of compliments to womanhood.

Not because women don't like compliments. Quite the contrary.

But because to women political compliments have come to have disagreeable associations.

No one is so flatteringly flowery about motherhood in Congressional debates as the gentlemen who are opposing any restrictions on child labor.

And we have learned that any man who begins a speech: "No one respects Woman more than I do —" is about to classify her with criminals and idiots.

Therefore we can get on very nicely without political compliments, but we cannot get on without political action.

So we approve of the candidate's speech.

Particularly what he said about sex antagonism.

According to the antis, sex antagonism is any united effort on the part of women to better their condition.

When men excluded women from educational privileges, from the professions and from political equality, that was not sex antagonism.

Oh, dear no. That was simply Man acting with his natural virility.

But when women say, "Please let us in," that is sex antagonism.

We do not share this view.

To us it seems clear that sex antagonism, if such a thing exists, is initiated by the sex which refuses equal privileges to the other.

Nevertheless we agree that a prolongation of the suffrage agitation is not good.

It is not good for an individual to suffer under a sense of injustice.

It is not good for a whole sex so to suffer.

It is not good for the country to tie up so much of its energy and ability, working for something that ought to be freely given.

It is not good for individual women to have to listen to the nonsense of people who are opposed, but have never had time or opportunity to think up any good reason. (One recently informed us that Denver was the wickedest city in the United States, with the exception of several others, including Chicago and New York, and that this condition was entirely due to the votes of women, since the record of Denver before suffrage was granted was pure as the driven snow.)

But most of all the prolongation of this agitation is not good for politicians.

Women are learning too much about the game.

THE scene is a Pullman sleeper, bound for New York from any summer resort district on Sunday night. Train stops Anybunkport. Enter bevy of week-enders and vacation-enders.

Chorus of Remaining Vacationists who have come to see friends off, from platform:

"So long, Fred. Don't take any wooden money in New York."

"Remember me to Herald Square Harry."

"Drop me a card as soon as you get there and tell me if it has rained in the bedroom window."

"See you next week."

"Think of us to-morrow going in swimming off the point when you are just going out to lunch."

The train starts and those inmates who are already in their berths and trying to get to sleep gather the following scraps of information from the newcomers.

"Here we are, mother. Section 7."

"Porter, is this car 315?"

"Porter, take this bag, will you? Upper 3."

"Hey, porter, I've got lower 8 and there's some one in it."

"George, don't wake me up till we get to 125th Street, will you?"

"What train are you folks going to get out home in the morning? I've got some shopping to do in New York, but I'll be through by—"

"—notice Joe and Marian saying goodby? How about it, Joe? Wish you had another week?"

Then follows a period of comparative quiet, broken only by people lurching against your curtain, the intermittent dropping of shoes along the line and several frantic rings on the porter's bell.

Then (in lower tones, so that they are scarcely audible, two cars ahead):

"Ouch!" (From a man trying to rest on sunburned shoulders while removing nether garments.)

"Ouch!" (From a man trying to rest on sunburned arm while removing nether garments.)

"Ouch!" (From a man trying to kneel on sunburned knees while taking off upper garments.)

"Hey, over there! Is that you, Ned? Say, let's take some of that salve of yours, will you? My shoulders are nearly killing me."

"Next on that salve, Harry. Toss it over. 'Attaboy."

"Nix on the funny stuff, Ned. This is tooth paste you gave me."

"Ha-ha-ha-ha! That's funny. Hey, Fred! Fred! You asleep? Say, listen to this. Harry asks Ned for some salve for his shoulders and Ned throws him the tooth paste. Ha-ha-ha-ha! What yer think he was, Ned, a walrus?"

"Aw, come on. Go to sleep."

"How can I? This hammock isn't big enough for me. My legs hang out."

"Say, Fred!"

No response.

"Hay, Harry!"

No response.

"S-s-s-s-t! Joe!"

No response.

"Say, what's the matter with you all? Asleep?"

No response.

The night owl then switches on his light and reads all five sections of the Sunday paper, rustling each page continuously while reading.

After this there is a Pullman sleeper silence for half an hour.

Then:

Giggles from lower 3.

### TEACHING BRITANNIA HER JOB.

Continued from Page Four.

cited curiosity as to what she had alongside. Setting anything darker than white up vertically, out in that luminous void, makes it almost inky, and most of the time the added blacks merely strengthen, at a distance, this mass of dark.

In the realm above the sea, out in the vast dome of ocean space, all the material in sight is one form or another of pure vapor, more or less condensed, and its intrinsic color is unvarying pure white.

It follows that a pure white ship of other object out in this realm goes through all the chiaroscuro changes of the other whites and has all possible liability to be mistaken for them, and any substance darker than white is unable to masquerade here for any form of this ethereal white, and always shows.