



Vol. 5.—No. 9. [Entered at Stationers' Hall.] September 15, 1900. [Published Monthly.] ONE PENNY.

The Duty of Joy.

Where'er great pity is and piteousness,
 Where'er great Love and Love's strange sorrow stay,
 Where'er men cease to curse, but bend to bless
 Frail brethren fashioned like themselves of clay;
 Where'er the lamb and lion side by side
 Lie down in peace, where'er on land or sea
 Infinite Love and Mercy heavenly eyed
 Emerge, there stirs the God that is to be!

Robert Buchanan.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

I am tired of hearing apologies for sentiment. No one should apologise for what he knows to be true.



Sometimes great revelations come to us. The simplest thing that we have seen and known every day of our life, and that we have hitherto called the commonplace, suddenly reveals itself to our soul; suddenly takes on a new and wondrous garment; suddenly becomes a divine life poem, and we wonder why we never knew it before.

The old cottage home, with its low ceiling and its dark corners, with its broken firegrate and its shaky doors, becomes a holy place as our memory travels back to all the battles of our childhood—to our victories and our failures, to the little untruths we told, and the temptations to little pilferings that we resisted.

What we despise one day, we hold sacred the next. What is beautiful is always sacred, and, sooner or later, becomes sacred to us. There is nothing which may not be made beautiful except evil.

Evil is always and essentially ugly, whatever robes it dons. The good is always and essentially beautiful, whatever coat it wears.

From the beautiful it is but one step to the happy.

Happiness is one form of mental and spiritual beauty.

Thus the creed of the philosophers of old becomes justified in its fulfilment—"Call the good blessed, for theirs is the inheritance of happiness"—and the thought comes like

a swift message from the stars—"It is your duty to be happy," for it is your duty to be good.

I had always looked upon happiness as an ideal to be sought for with many tears, and with much sorrowing; and, lo, the message bids me pick it up from the stones beneath my feet.

I had always looked upon happiness as a personal possession, belonging only to each one's self, and that its pursuit was always tinged with selfishness—and lo the message tells me that it is a common property, and that what I have belongs to others, and that I must take up my share, not for my own selfish ends, but for the sake of others.

It is my duty to be happy in order that I may bring joy to others.

But is it possible to be happy in sordid dwellings and in sunless homes? Is it possible to be happy in the utter desolation of a wasted hearth and a homeless home? Is it possible to be happy in the work that jars, and in the idleness that frets where brain is busy and limbs are paralysed?

Is it possible to be happy in the loneliness of loved ones lost, or in the unequal yoke of minds all out of tune?

From palace and prison, from crowded slums and lonely desert, from the cushions of comfort and the cold rack of agony, from the lisping lips of children and from the parched palates of the dying comes the same testimony, "we are happy;" not in the trivial joys that come and go and flow and ebb and fret and flicker as the sunlight fades, but we are happy with a joy which is deep and peaceful and restful and eternal. It is the joy of resting upon the bosom of the Infinite. It is the joy of knowing that there is no more death, that there is no more loneliness, that there is no more restlessness, that there is only a little pain, a little weariness here and there, and this upon the surface only, while underneath there lies a sweet eternal calm.

I have heard of men singing amid the flames of their martyrdom. I have heard of women chanting during the agonies of their being racked. I have known and seen sweet smiles and radiant faces amid the squalor of grinding poverty and the long aching weariness of years of pain.

Happiness depends not on the without but on the within. Not on the possession of wealth or fair face but on the inner consciousness that all is well.

Have you watched the faces of those who have gone through great tribulations and have come forth with robes

unsullied? They are beautiful with a restful strength that has no care for the tiny slights and worries and pin pricks of the passing hour. They have faced the frown of death and have eaten bread at the portals of the temple of silence. Henceforth they live above the range of the venomous arrows of spite, and beyond the power of the magnet of seduction.

So is it with happiness. Those who will, may take of the cup of joy and pour it forth upon a thirsting world.

The world is groaning and wearying itself in sorrow and heartache, and all the time you refuse to fill the pitcher which stands beside you at the fountain, and to empty it within the upturned burning lips.

There is a duty of joy, a responsibility of happiness.

You are the holy pitcher, and the springing well of eternal happiness is ever beside you. Fill yourself full to the brim, full to the brim and running over, and soon around you the rough rocks will take on their coat of green and the jagged spines will blossom forth with a sweetness beyond compare.

There was an old garden with a granite figure standing in the centre, in each hand there was the horn of plenty, and from the mouth stood out the semblance of an open pipe, but all was barren and burnt and dry. The bare earth was cracked and parched and the withered boughs hung listlessly and rattled as they moved.

Well might the stalwart figure have cried "What happiness for me in such a forbidding desolate wilderness? How can I be joyful amid such marks of misery and such a burnt-up waste?"

But the remedy lay within. The turning of one small tap and the figure came into communion with the rich waterways of the world, and from hands and mouth poured out a ceaseless stream of limpid crystal.

The hours had scarce passed into days before the desert began to blossom and the earth sent up a chorus shout of living green. The trees burst forth into luxuriant foliage, the birds gathered round and the air was full of joy and sweet gladness.

Joy is a duty.

Whether you can water your own heart or not you must water other people's. You must pour out the happiness which you can obtain freely and without price for the sake of creation around you.

Well has it been said, "If you have drunk deeply of the cup of bitterness it is well—but if you pass on the cup to another, you are acting the traitor to your kin."

The privilege is there—

"You may be happy."

The possibility is there—

"You can be happy."

The duty is there, too—

"You must be happy."

And what is the first act of the man into whose lap a fortune has fallen? It is to give the first fruits to God, remembering that inasmuch as it is done to the poor, and the halt, and the maimed, and the blind, it is done unto God.

What then shall be the first act of those upon whom the priceless treasure of happiness has fallen?

It shall be to offer the first-fruits to God, remembering that inasmuch as we bring joy into the lives of the meanest of His creatures, we bring joy into the sacred heart of God Himself.

The untold agonies of the animal creation slaughtered for human food are untellable. Who then will rise up and say, "For me henceforth no mother cow shall be dragged across the bloody floor to the fatal axe. No patient sheep shall be cast headlong upon the trough for its poor throat to be cut from side to side, no sucking calf or frisking lamb shall be shut up in darkness and starvation until its time of death is come."

Inasmuch as I have received freely of the cup of joy, so shall I shed it out upon that lower creation which looks up to me for its very existence.

Even were flesh-food *necessary* I would daily mourn as I ate my piece of my little brother's dead body, and would sorrow for his cruel death as I partook of the sacrifice of his pain.

I would even then try and remember that the soul is more than the body, and that evolution of character is of greater importance than physical development, and would quote to myself that famous anecdote of Socrates until I had learned its meaning:—

"'Where shall we bury you?' said the weeping disciple Crito to Socrates, when suffering from the fatal hemlock. 'Bury me!' exclaimed Socrates. 'Bury me just where you please,' he added, 'if you can only catch me.' Continuing, he said: 'Have I not told you, O Crito, and the wise men, that the body is not Socrates?'"

But since it is all *unnecessary* how can I dare to go on perpetuating an "animals' hell" merely as a tainted pleasure to my stomach.

Of joy and gladness I have fully received, of joy and gladness to all creation shall I not freely give. I cannot but vegetate.

Josiah Oldfield.

Looking Forward.

I lifted the veil of the future
 One day in a fireside dream,
 I gazed through the unborn ages
 On the promised land unseen;
 I looked with a wondrous feeling,
 All was so bright and new;
 The sights I saw in that fireside dream
 Were wondrous, strange, and true.

I saw in that fleeting vision
 A change in the earthly life;
 Though greater the city's commotion,
 No sign could I see of strife;
 No hungry, naked, or wretched,
 Downtrodden for earthly gain;
 The blush of health, and the pride of wealth
 Were present, a happy twain.

I sought for the sin-curst alleys,
 I asked for the haunts of sin;
 The people all heard and wondered
 In that future time I was in!
 They knew not the name of the outcast,
 The drunkard was known no more;
 And each one knew his brother was true
 In the promised land before.

I waked from my fireside dreaming,
 I rose from the easy chair,
 And wondered if such were coming,
 Such a promised land so fair;
 I'd hail such a restoration
 Of the age of liberty;
 I'd die for a sight of another night
 In that glorious land to be.

R. Crawford.



A Golden Opportunity.

An Invitation to Members and Friends of The Order.

The Executive Council realize that the time is opportune for making a strong effort to induce leaders of public opinion throughout the world to



seriously consider the importance, the feasibility, and the beneficent nature of the reform of thought and custom which we are seeking to bring about. There have been many signs lately that journalists of great influence are at last beginning to see that there is something in our protest against 'carnivorism' which is worthy of consideration. During the past month a leading article that filled a whole column appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, which extolled the advantages of a fruitarian diet and deprecated the

folly which characterises the action of English men and women in eating any butcher's meat in the hot weather. The *Penny Illustrated Paper* contained an article which declared that large numbers of human beings poisoned their blood and inflamed and upset their digestive organs by eating meat to excess. Many other papers have recently come to hand which contain similar indications of an awakening to the truth concerning this matter, and there can be no doubt that the time is ripe for a great effort to win over to our ranks a large number of journalists in all lands.

The importance of doing so must be apparent to us all, for the Press is rapidly taking the place of the Pulpit as far as the work of moulding the destinies of our race is concerned. The pulpit orator may reach a few hundreds with his voice, but the journalist and literary man speaks to an audience of hundreds of thousands. Apart from this consideration, literary men of the true sort are ready to embrace and proclaim new ideas or fresh conceptions of truth, and they will make powerful and fearless allies when we have won them. Our policy from the commencement of our Movement has been to endeavour to win leaders of thought rather than persons of small influence and ability. Our efforts have been much blessed with success in this direction, and we now have fellow-workers in most countries who are swaying contemporary opinion in a very marked manner, and it is this influence—combined with that exerted by the continuous stream of literature which we are pouring forth from our Headquarters—that is at last beginning to tell, and to produce the manifest signs which are now apparent, that the triumph of Humane Principle and the establishment of the Food-Reformation will be brought about in the near future.

The issue of our new Guide-Book provides us with a new weapon with which we may strike a blow at 'carnivorism.' It not only hits hard at this evil, but it shows how easy and how feasible is the adoption of natural and humane diet, and how sufficient it is for human needs. It is produced in such a manner as to win respect and interest, and the majority of journalists and other thoughtful persons who read it will probably cease to sneer at the Food-Reform Movement, and will feel constrained to investigate the subject. We have

already received evidences which justify this statement, amongst which I may mention the following: Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd., who have up to the present declined to place our publications on their bookstalls, wrote to us after the receipt of a rough proof, saying they would be pleased to offer the Guide-Book for sale and expressed their opinion that "the book is clearly an interesting one, and calculated to do good if bought and used." The leading publishers in connection with the New-wick Movement have kindly promised to review it and advertise it; the Leaders of the Salvation Army have agreed to stock it and recommend it; one of the principal Temperance publishers has adopted the same course, and one of the first publishing houses in America has undertaken to advertise and push it in the States. We feel, therefore, that this book, accompanied by suitable enclosures, carefully selected from our literary ammunition stores, should be sent out—with the compliments of The Council—to thousands of those who are engaged in the work of influencing the thought and the destinies of mankind. The attractiveness of the cover and the first glance at the interior of the book will in most cases awaken interest, and many of them will probably take it home for perusal at leisure, and for their wives to read, instead of tossing it amongst the pile of literature which is sent for review. It is impossible to estimate the ultimate result of the influence thus exerted upon the minds of these men—and upon the world in general *through them*.

This work of judicious distribution will, however, cost a great deal of money, and our funds are at the present moment overdrawn. The Council, therefore, feel justified in inviting those of our Members and Friends who have means, to contribute specially toward the expense of this effort, after they have sent to us for a copy for themselves and have formed their own opinion as to what influence the book is likely to have if thus widely circulated.

Personally, I feel no hesitation in issuing this invitation, for as I have, from the commencement of the Movement, contributed a considerable portion of my income towards the support of the work of The Order, and have given the whole of my available time and strength to the Movement without stint, I feel justified in asking those who share our ideals, but who are unable to labour as I have done for their accomplishment, to provide some of the money which is needed to accomplish the great end we have in view. An organization has been created and a powerful band of fellow-workers who are scattered over all lands has been raised up. Our Official Journal, the circulation of which has steadily increased every month from the commencement, provides us with a platform from which we can proclaim truth of such a sort as the world needs to know, but which we could not convey to it through the ordinary channels—owing to the popular prejudice and ignorance which has prevailed until the present time. With a few thousands of pounds, and a few men and women of marked ability who were able to devote the whole of their time to this work, we could now rapidly carry our Movement to victory. I am doing all that I can do, and many of my comrades and fellow-workers are doing the same. What we need is, that *all* who share our ideals should feel, *as we feel*, the burden of the work and the responsibility which rests upon us—in view of the light which has been shed upon our path and the great vision of possibility which has been revealed to our minds.

I ask those who cannot contribute money to this work, to render their services in some appreciable measure. If each of our Members and Friends would only endeavour personally to

push the sale of this Guide-Book, by persuading their acquaintances and the public in general to buy it, the circulation would run into hundreds of thousands and our Movement would receive a great impetus at once. If Clergymen and Ministers would mention it to their congregations, and stock it for sale in their Church book-rooms, our efforts would be much furthered.

Any profit that is made from the sale of the book will be devoted to replenishing the depleted exchequer of The Order. I have cheerfully given the time which was necessary for its production, although I sorely needed it for rest and recreation after five years' incessant toil on Sundays and week-days alike. I therefore ask my fellow-workers to help me to get this book into every home in England, America and the Colonies, if possible. Either small or large parcels will be supplied, carriage paid, from Headquarters, and as our members can say (when offering the book) that their efforts are disinterested, they need have no hesitation in starting business as amateur booksellers. Shopkeepers and Colporteurs can be supplied direct upon the same terms as are quoted by the London publishers, namely, ten shillings per dozen copies carriage paid. This will be a convenience for those who have no railway contract for parcels. The book is published, and will be retailed, at net prices for the two editions (1/- and 1/6). Copies will be supplied from Headquarters, packed in strong envelopes, post free, and our Members are requested to send for them direct. In each copy will be placed a leaflet advertisement of the book, which can be handed to a friend, and a batch of these leaflets will be sent gratis to anyone who is willing to use them as a means of introducing the book to others.

On behalf of The Council, who trust to receive the hearty co-operation of all Members in this matter,

Sidney H. Beard.

Health at Home.

It has always been one of the misfortunes of vegetarianism that so many of its recruits have been drawn from the ranks of the sick and suffering.

Dyspeptics and nervous sufferers, who often fly to vegetarianism as a last resource, are apt to expect too much from the change of diet. Being unaware that vegetarianism signifies a good deal more than the giving up of flesh meat, they frequently neglect certain auxiliaries which are indispensable to the successful carrying out of the system.

Having myself a vivid recollection of the trials and difficulties of the "transition period," I naturally feel much sympathy with those who are led to try vegetarianism on account of ill-health, since I must confess that inveterate dyspepsia was the means of driving me into the ranks some 40 years ago. A more miserable victim of that horrible complaint than I was at that period could hardly be imagined. To my mind there seems very little doubt that the adoption at that juncture of a strict vegetarian regimen, aided by hydropathy, saved me from a premature grave.

Assuming, that a fair start has been made with a carefully-chosen, and well regulated dietary, the next requisite, I take it, is attention to the skin, or **Skin=Culture**. This great organ, from its importance in the bodily economy, has been aptly termed "the safety valve of life." Being the only vital organ that the Creator has placed under our own immediate inspection and control, it deserves the utmost care and attention. With a clogged or inactive skin the strictest dieting will avail

nothing. Yet, how few recognise this important fact! Instead of regarding the skin as a great breathing surface, or, as it has been described, a "great drying, draining, and ventilating apparatus," how many treat it simply as a convenient body-covering, and nothing more!

There are various methods of promoting the health of the skin, the most popular being the cold bath, or the "morning tub," as it is commonly called. Another plan is to have a good dry-rubbing of the whole surface twice a day, with a full tepid bath once a week. A rapid cold sponging before the rub-down would add materially to its bracing effect.

With regard to the appliances needed for this process, the rough towel answers well enough. Some recommend friction mittens, of which there are many excellent kinds. But whether the rough towel or gloves be employed, the final polishing of the skin is best done with the bare hand. The vitalising effect of good brisk palm-rubbing is indescribable. In winter it is helpful to use a very little pure olive oil in this hand-rubbing.

By prolonging this operation, which, by the way, should take place in a pure atmosphere, the enthusiastic hygienist may, at the same time, enjoy all the advantages of Dr. Benjamin Franklin's favourite air bath. This exposure of the body to the cold air is productive of the most surprising results. Not only is it a splendid nerve tonic, but it is also one of the best means of preventing "colds." Simultaneously with the air bath another curative agent may be brought into play. If the windows of the bathing room fortunately happen to face the east, what should hinder the adventurous bather from indulging in a Sun bath in fine summer weather? Thus may these three vitalising processes be combined, and a quarter of an hour can scarcely be more profitably spent.

But these simple expedients, though so effective, are, at best, only meagre substitutes for that greatest of all skin cleansers, the Turkish Bath.

More than twenty years' personal experience in the use of this bath warrants me in characterising it as the most powerful therapeutic instrument ever devised by the wit of man. It has been asserted, even by some doctors, that the perspiration caused by such intense heat is weakening. It requires no science to refute this calumny. "An ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory." All I can say is, if that charge be true, I must be an uncommonly tough bit of humanity, for during the period named I have taken some 3,000 of these baths, at all temperatures ranging from 120° to 250°, and even 300° Fahr., and yet, up to this time, I fail to notice any diminution of strength. I remember that a medical friend of mine used to joke me a good deal about this at first. He declared that if I continued to use such abnormal heat, some fine morning my friends would find on the bath floor a spot of oil, the size of half-a-crown, representing all that remained of my poor self!

When building my first bath, in 1873, I had the good fortune to obtain the advice and assistance of that great authority on curative heat, the late Mr. David Urquhart, the introducer of the Eastern bath into this country. Although the first outlay was considerable for one of only moderate means, I can honestly say that it has proved the very best investment I have ever made; besides which, I regard the bath itself as not only the most reliable, but also the cheapest of family doctors. In fact, for years it has been our only doctor in a household numbering nine individuals of various ages. This alone I consider a good practical test of its efficiency.

Although the lungs, unlike the skin, are hidden from view, and cannot be handled, yet there is such a thing as **Lung-Culture**. For this there are two prime requisites—pure air and right breathing. The importance of pure air is obvious. A person may continue to exist without food for a considerable time, but without air a few minutes would be sufficient to end his career.

Of course, the best way of getting a proper supply of fresh air is by out-door exercise, but since we cannot be always in the open air, in this climate, we must arrange to bring fresh air into our dwellings. The subject of ventilation is very little understood even in these days of enlightenment. How many people are content to pass one-third of their lives in stuffy bedrooms with closed doors and windows, and, sometimes, even stopped-up chimneys! Bad air may take a little longer to kill than bad water, but kill it does in the end. "Live as much as you can with open windows, wearing whatever extra clothes are necessary. In this way you will turn the hours of your work to physical profit instead of to physical loss. If you cannot bear an open window, even with an extra coat, and a rug over your knees, when you are sitting in a room, do the next best thing, which is, to throw the window wide open—not a poor six inches—whenever you leave it, and thus get rid of the taint of the many dead bodies that we have breathed out of ourselves, and that hang like ghosts about our rooms. Smuts, as we confess, may be bad, but they are white as snow compared with impure air. Avoid chill, that is one form of poisoning. Avoid impure air, which is another and much more insidious form of poisoning."

For those who, through fear of "draughts," cannot endure the open window in winter, the following is a simple contrivance, which I have myself tested:—Get a strip of wood, 3 or 4 inches deep, to fit closely into the window under the lower sash, which is to be shut down upon it. This will cause the sashes to overlap in the centre of the window, thereby causing a continuous current of fresh air, and this being directed upwards will cause no draught.

Having provided for a sufficiency of pure air, we now come to the next requisite—Right Breathing, which is by no means a universal accomplishment. Mr. George Catlin, in his well-known book, with the rather startling title, "Shut your Mouth and Save your Life," says "There is no animal in Nature, excepting Man, that sleeps with the mouth open, and with mankind, the habit, which is not natural, is confined to civilized communities. There is no perfect sleep for man or brute with the mouth open; it is unnatural, and a strain upon the lungs." From long practice of this useful habit of breathing through the nostrils only I can testify to the fact that a closed mouth is superior to all the artificial respirators in existence.

Another powerful aid to lung-culture is Deep Breathing. Hygienic doctors have long recognised the great value of the practice of frequently taking deep inspirations, expanding the chest to the fullest extent, and then slowly "breathing out" until the lungs are nearly emptied. People, as a rule, only half breathe, especially those who take but little exercise. Major-General Drayson has a very suggestive and readable article in the *Nineteenth Century* for April, 1893, on "The Art of Breathing," in which he records his experience of the reviving effects of deep and rapid breathing, especially in sudden attacks of faintness or exhaustion. He concludes by saying that he attributes his immunity from colds, coughs, sore throats, and other ailments that afflict humanity, to his having during many years studied the "art of breathing."

My last point is the care of the stomach, or **Stomach-Culture**. Here diet of course comes first. To the vegetarian "all things are lawful" (excepting the three F's), but "all things are not expedient." Simplicity of living is the main requisite. The old proverb, "Many dishes, many diseases," is just as applicable to vegetarianism as to any other system. Elaborate cookery is not only a weariness of the flesh, but also a fruitful source of most of our bodily discomforts. A celebrated doctor says somewhere, "Were it not for his stomach, man would be a god." By the insertion of a single word this would be nearer the truth:—"Were it not for man's *treatment* of his stomach he would be a god!"

I have just one more wholesome practice to suggest, viz.: Hot Water Drinking. As an old and persistent hot water drinker I can vouch for the extraordinary virtues of a tumbler of hot water sipped an hour and a half before each meal, and the last thing at night. As a promoter of digestion it is invaluable, and as a cure for insomnia it is absolutely unrivalled. I venture to say there is no sleeping draught in the whole pharmacopœia to equal it. A few precautions are necessary. The water must be soft. Hard water is useless. Distilled water, or rain water filtered and boiled should be used. It must be taken hot (120° Fahr. at least), and always on an empty stomach. I heartily recommend this simple, safe, and costless remedy to all who are practising the diet cure.

T. Owen.

A Tragedy in Three Parts.



"The Coming Race."
I will wear no livery of death, nor deck myself with the emblems of suffering and pain.

Part I.—The Bonnet.

A bit of foundation as big as your hand,
Bows of ribbon and lace,
Wire sufficient to make them stand,
A handful of roses, a velvet band—
It lacks but one crowning grace.

Part II.—The Bird.

A chirp, a twitter, a flash of wings,
Four wide open mouths in a nest;
From morning till night she brings and brings,
For growing birds they are hungry things,
Aye! hungry things at the best.

The crack of a rifle, a shot well sped,
A crimson stain on the grass,
Four hungry birds in a nest unfed—
Ah, well! we will leave the rest unsaid;
Some things it were better to pass.

Part III.—The Wearer.

The lady has surely a beautiful face,
She has surely a queenly air;
The bonnet had flowers, and ribbon, and lace,
But the bird has added the crowning grace—
It is really a charming affair.

Is the love of a bonnet supreme over all,
In a lady so faultlessly fair?
The Father takes heed when the sparrows fall;
He hears when the starving nestlings call—
Can a tender woman not care?

Editorial Notes.

Whenever your heart is torn by the dreadful picture of a pitiful famine in India, and when you remember



that men can live there comfortably on a penny-worth of food a day, and when you remember that they cannot get this, you will understand what a really poor country India is, and how terrible is the drain upon her to find the millions that we annually withdraw from her.

If a cow is milked too severely she will be debilitated, and in time of strain she will fail, because her surplus stamina is exhausted.

India's taxation is too great for her means, and in time of strain her millions die of famine.

We must agitate for justice for our fellow Vegetarians.

* * *

I was talking to an officer of the Limericks' the other day and he was very interested in the subject of dietary. He told me that so far as his personal experience went of the class of men from which soldiers and militiamen are drawn, they were practical but not theoretical vegetarians.

He treated flesh-eating as quite a thing of habit and custom, and told me that while the Irish peasantry were ready at any time to eat anything, yet, as a matter of fact they hardly ever took meat or bacon, simply because it was not the habit of their class to do so.

* * *

"Well," I asked, "and what is your opinion about their physique. Can they— to use the popular query—'keep up their strength' without meat?"

"My dear fellow," he answered, "they are as fine a lot of men as I would ever care to command; sturdy, well developed, hard muscled, strong and tough in wind and limb, ready for anything at any time, and, barring their love of the drink, they are as fine a set of fellows as you will meet with in the kingdom."

* * *

"What do they live on at home?" "Oh from childhood," he replied, "they are brought up on bread and milk and potatoes, and as soon as they become men and women they add porter or beer."

"What about fruit and vegetables?"

"Practically none. In fact Dublin is supplied largely with these commodities direct from Covent Garden and not from the country districts of Ireland."

"Eggs, I suppose?"

"Yes to a limited extent, but the higglers collect a large proportion of Irish laid eggs for sending over to England. No, I think I am right when I say that the staple food of the Irish peasants, the food from which they draw their muscle and bone and nerve, and wonderful good humour, is what I have told you—bread and potatoes, and milk and porter."

* * *

"Do you approve of their camp rations?" "CAMP RATIONS. I went on to enquire.

"No, I don't," he answered, "a lot of meat may be all very well for English Tommies who are used

to it, but our Irish soldiers don't need it and they would be better without it—it makes them hot, it makes them restless, and I believe adds to their longings for the wet canteen.

An Irishman is always ready for a drink, but when he is put on meat rations he goes for it like a pig."

* * *

"I should like to add," continued the officer, "that the Irish peasant has none of that love of immorality which people often credit the soldier with, he is a very fine moral fellow, and in spite of all his blarney he is the best chap in the world to keep straight;" tell all this, he went on, "to anybody who wants to know whether people can 'keep up their strength' without meat, and if they doubt it, then let them come and inspect my Limerick boys just as I get them, straight from their country home, and they will learn a lesson about vegetarian stamina that they will never forget."

* * *

MEAT INSPECTION.

During last month I had an experience as valuable as it was unpleasant. Amongst my duties in camp was that of inspecting daily rations, and in the early morning I used to go and lift the lids from boiling cauldrons of tea, open tins of condensed milk picked at random from the stores, tear open a specimen loaf of bread from the huge pile brought in from the bakery, poke my nose into butter tubs and bacon casks, and, last but not least, carefully go over the butcher's shop and inspect all the great sides and bodies that lay there.

* * *

THE SMELL OF FLESH.

I can never dissociate cutting into a joint of meat from dissecting a human body, and as time after time the butcher sliced a doubtful lump of meat right across for me to smell into the centre of it, I was reminded that all animal muscle smells much alike—whether it be man or ox, woman or sheep. The smell is faint and deathly, sickly and a little nauseating.

I could not conjure up any instinctive suggestion that the red, soft mass before me with its streaks of fat and drops of blood had anything to do with my food. It seemed impossible to me to think that I or any of my fellow-men or women could put this stuff into our mouths without being sick, and when I went outside and saw a dog running off with a scraggy hanging piece and beginning to gnaw off bits and swallow them, I could not help feeling a little proud of my evolution and a little gladness that I was not a dog!

* * *

WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE ANIMALS?

This is always a serious problem to objectors. They will have it that one of the functions of man—made in the image of God—is to keep down the surplus animals by eating them. The definition of "vermin" is, I believe, "destructive or unwanted animals," and therefore these gentlemen believe that one of their functions, and one they feel bound in duty to discharge, is that of vermin eating.

Very well. I don't quarrel with them. In fact I think it rather nice and good of them to be willing to undertake this somewhat repulsive duty.

* * *

THE LOWEST CASTE.

Personally I should have inclined to have put this duty on the lower classes, upon men of lower development. The hyenas and jackals of the human race must be placed in the lowest caste, whatever their wealth or lineage or social status may be.

If then men are willing to come forward and voluntarily place themselves with the pariah feeders, in order that the demands of the cosmic law for the destruction of the super-abundant may be fulfilled, I can only say 'all honour to their self-sacrifice'—if such be the reason of their flesh-eating.

MR. BEARD'S BOOK.

I have been anxiously waiting for Mr. Beard's *Comprehensive Guide to Natural, Hygienic and Humane Diet* to appear, for that such a book is greatly needed, no one can for a moment doubt.

We want more common sense in our propaganda, more sanctified common sense, more of the practical, but not any less of the ideal.

In the making of cookery books there is no end, some are good, others are poor, and some are worse than useless; but there are few books which give real scientific advice as to the value of foods and their preparation, looked at from the point of view of making men healthier, stronger and better as the result of their dietary.

Fewer still which add to this wise, advice upon other laws of living and which look upon man as an intelligent being anxious to live naturally, healthfully and hygienically, if he only be shown how to do it.

* * *

FOR THOUGHTFUL WOMEN.

I tried this myself in a small way when I wrote my *Best Sixpenny Cookery* and my *Best Way to Begin*, but Mr. Beard has covered a much wider ground and in an able way has prepared for the world a book which may be put fearlessly into the hands of every thoughtful woman in the land.

This "Guide" is one which will take rank in popularity and value with the best vegetarian literature of the day, and all Members of The Order should keep one copy for their own use and one copy to lend to friends.

* * *

CANCER.

There are so many foolish notions prevalent about the cause of cancer that I am always glad to publish facts which can help to set people's minds at rest and prevent them worrying about fallacies. The following letter from our brave pioneer, the Rev. A. M. Mitchell, is valuable testimony and should be widely read.

He says: In conversation with our Assistant Bishop (Dr. Royston) the other day, he told me that tomato is used in some form or other at every meal in the Mauritius, where he was Bishop for some eighteen years, I think. As I had heard it stated that the prevalence of cancer is due to the free use of tomatoes, I asked him if cancer prevailed to any extent on the Island. His answer was that, in the whole course of his episcopate, he did not remember one case of cancer, except that of a man who developed it in his tongue, but whose case was not pronounced until he had left the Mauritius.

* * *

A MOTTO.

The Rev. J. Cranford writes that he had the following stanza printed and put up in his stables. It is more than delightful to find that the Gospel of Humaneness is spreading far and wide.

When men learn that they may not be cruel to their horses because God made the horse as well as the man, the time is not far off when the cow and the sheep and the bullock will also be protected from an agonised death, because God made *them* too as well as the gourmand.

A man of kindness to his beast is kind,
But brutal actions show a brutal mind;
Remember, He who made thee made the brute,
Who gave thee speech and reason formed him mute,
He can't complain, but God's All-seeing Eye
Beholds thy cruelty and hears his cry;
He was ordained thy servant, not thy drudge,
But know that his Creator is thy Judge.

* * *

MEAT EXTRACTS.

The present generation swears by meat extracts. I am not sure that the irreverent in the next generation will not swear at them. They are believed to be fountains

of strength and mines of nutriment and fatuous followers of the cult of canned essences are always asking in high pitched tones "But what would Vegetarians do for beef tea when they are ill?" — as if the sick kept up their strength or recovered by the power of beef tea!

How do babies progress from the weakness of absolute incapacity to the sturdy strength of independent vitality?

Without beef tea, and without meat extracts, they build up a strength which every invalid can envy.

* * *

AN INDEPENDENT OPINION.

However, it is always well to get an independent opinion however strong you may know your own case to be, and I quote, therefore, with some pleasure a few extracts from a very interesting paper which Dr. Bolam contributed a few months ago to a Medical Journal. He says:—

The different commercial preparations are grouped under four heads:—
I. *Beef extracts*, of which Liebig's is the type, are made by extracting meat at at least the boiling point. They have practically no nutritive value.

II. *Beef juices* are expressed from the meat and preserved in a condition approaching the raw material as nearly as possible. The majority are unpalatable. In the more concentrated, alcohol is used as a preservative. Analyses of those most commonly used showed a proteid merit varying from 8 to 11.15. But the cost is relatively exorbitant. When it is remembered that the proteid merit of lean beef is 20, and that the best of these juices has little more than half its food value, it is evident that the homeopathic doses usually given can have little nutritive value.

III. *Beef jellies and essences* give 9 to 11 per cent. alcohol precipitate which consists, instead of proteid and gelatin, as might be expected, almost entirely of mucin. Although mucin is a compound proteid it is very doubtful if its food value is even as good as gelatin. It is to be suspected that they are manufactured much as calf's foot jelly is, and that the only difference lies in the addition of the flavouring principles of meat. As foods then they are of little worth.

IV. *Fluid beef preparations*, now largely exploited on account of their relatively high proteid value, are very much alike in composition and mode of manufacture. It must always be remembered that even fluid beef is only a little more nutritious (as 5 to 4) than the original meat, and must, therefore, be prescribed in proportionate amount. The statements current in advertising literature, as to the concentration of such products, hold good only for the extractives and salts, not for the important proteid constituents.

* * *

WHO CAN ADVISE?

I have received an interesting letter from a lady in Northampton who is trying amid many difficulties to follow the "better way," and like those who have received the "good news" into their hearts, she is anxious to do what she can to bring others into the same path. Her idea is to start a "Food Reform Depot," where not only Vegetarian specialities could be obtained, but where she could provide ready-made dishes, cakes, pastry, etc, so as to demonstrate Vegetarian food in a practical manner. Can any friend who has had similar experience give her advice or help in her undertaking? Miss Marriott writes:—

* * *

HOW I BEGAN.

I went to an eminent doctor about five years ago to have my eyes tested with a view to getting suitable glasses, but he told me they would be no use to me and advised me not to eat much butcher's meat. I never had been a large meat-eater, but the worst of it was that he did not tell me what to eat in its place. I tried to do without any at all for about three days in the week, but did not feel right with the ordinary vegetables, so took a smaller portion every day. However, one day a traveller called on me and he happened to say that he was a Vegetarian. He looked so hearty, rosy, and well that I asked him if he would tell me how he lived, but he said he did not know that he could very well because his food was so varied, but he just told me a few things he had.

* * *

A XMAS DINNER.

When I had *The Herald* last Xmas I began to practise in earnest and got a Vegetarian supper for my Xmas party with the exception of the plum pudding and mince pies which were made before I knew how to make them otherwise, but next time I make them they will be made on the Reformed lines.

I feel to loathe the meat now and could on no account go back to it, I do not like the smell of any kind of it as it is cooking.

* * *

A FOOD REFORM DEPOT.

I have planned a little alteration in my shop and the placing of a gas oven in which I could bake nice cakes or other things. I can make some nice things in pastry and puddings and cakes which perhaps will draw attention to the Vegetarian specialities. I shall be very glad for any suggestions or help you can afford me in this as I am anxious to make it a success. I am anxious to help spread the cause, and in the first three months of this year I made and distributed amongst friends and neighbours some of the dishes for which recipes have been given in *The Herald* and the *Simple Guide to a Humane Diet*.

GLUTTONY.

A well-known American writer thinks that the time has come for a prophet to appear to condemn the sins of this age and to lift up his voice for a new heaven and a new earth. He declares that luxurious gluttony is one of the crying sins of the day, and says:—

"Multitudes of earth's inhabitants to-day have no higher ambition in life than to secure enough to satisfy the demands of indulged and pampered appetite. This age is noted for its high living. Content no longer with the simplicity of their fathers, and with the necessities of life, there is a reaching out after display. Those things which appeared to the human race a century ago as luxuries, are now deemed absolute necessities. In consequence, the cost of living is materially increased; and by these indulgences, thousands of families are held down to a hand-to-mouth existence, and in every period of stress come to suffer actual need."

Where will such a prophet stand? Will he stand by Mr. Sheldon and say that Christianity has no message with regard to the eating of meat? Will he join with the sinners of the table upon the plea that in days gone by prophets have spoken upon other themes? Will he bless the shambles and lay a hand of benediction upon the slaughterman's head?

I think not.

When that prophet arises he will be a greater than Mr. Sheldon. He will not fear his comrades nor shrink lest he be called a faddist, he will stand upon a higher rock than the preacher who practises not. He will, yea he must, like the stout Essenes of old, keep his own garments undefiled, his own lips unpolluted, his own appetite controlled, ere he can stand up and convict this age of gluttony or convert it to a higher life of temperate food.

* * *

A HOME COMMUNITY.

Miss Alice Major, of 11, Bolingbroke Grove, Wandsworth Common, S.W., writes to me as follows:—

It is now some fifteen years ago that I first began to realise that abstinence from flesh-food was advisable, if not essential, for anyone who was making any effort after the higher life; but it is only recently that I have discovered a system of diet which will enable me to live according to my conscience without injuring my physical health.

As I believe that there are many persons like myself who desire earnestly to be aristophagists, but who have found difficulty in carrying out their wish owing to lack of scientific knowledge, I beg you to grant me this opportunity of making it known that I shall be happy to share my experience with anyone who will call upon me or write to me at the address given above. It would require a long article rather than a letter to go into the subject in full, and I am writing now as briefly as possible in the hope that you may manage to find a corner for a communication which has been unduly delayed.

Miss Major wants to form a community of friends who have similar ideas as to the retention of health rather than either to open a boarding house, a convalescent home, or a hospital.

* * *

DO PLANTS LOVE MUSIC?

Professor Hans Teitgen, a musician of New York, suggests a theory that plants love music, a theory which has an element of truth in it, but which he has tended to make ridiculous by some exaggerations. The kinship of all life is a beautiful creed, and one which must tend to make men very reverent in the presence of *any* death, whether of plant, or animal, or man. He says "I have come to see clearly that plants love music as well as sunshine, that they grow more luxuriantly in a studio where there is music, and that the tender buds break more quickly into beautiful blossoms than they do in silence or in discord of sounds." In answer to the question on what he based his theory, the Professor said: "I believe in the first place that Darwin was right. All flesh is grass. The animal creations came up through the vegetable kingdom. We are descended in our turn from some rare and beautifully flowering plants. We all have nerves. As the animals grow more and more perfect they have finer nervous systems. Mankind is growing in this way all the time, and even the lower animals have nerves. Who, then, shall say with authority that some of the higher plants do not possess them? There is the sensitive plant. It is not very far, it seems to me, from low animal life. A Boston musician I know says that when he plays harmonies his sensitive plant

opens and stretches abroad, drinking in the music like sunshine. But the minute he strikes a discord the plant trembles and closes. Harmonious vibrations of the air thrill through and through the fibres of plants, stirring the sluggish juices in the same way that they stir the blood of the animal to greater and nobler impulses."

* * *

DISASTROUS FIRES.

Every reader of *The Herald* will be more than sorry to hear of the disasters which have befallen two of our Vegetarian houses through fire.

The International Health Association have lost all their "manufacturing premises, together with all stock and machinery which were totally destroyed by fire on the 15th ult., so that for the present no orders for health foods can be executed."

I hope it will not be long before the Salford Mills are in full working order again and that the foods that many of us have learned to appreciate will be procurable once more.

The second fire is that which happened at the well-known Vegetarian restaurant—the Central—in St. Bride Street. Mr. Castle is one of the most capable and kindly and large-hearted of Vegetarian caterers, and I hope that immediately the Central opens its doors again a double tide of custom will roll in to show Mr. Castle how greatly and how widely his work for the reformed diet is appreciated.

* * *

FOOD AND DISEASE.

Figures tell the truth sometimes, and when they do they cannot be controverted. Now disease is admittedly always terrible, always to be combated, always to be

conquered.

The cause must be sought for, and the cause must be removed before a real cure is possible.

People often ask "But what will a Vegetarian do when he gets ill?" as if sick people were obliged to eat meat!

Why, it is one of the signs of approaching convalescence when a man is well enough to stand meat again!

Is it not on everybody's lips. "Oh yes, he's getting on nicely now, he's nearly himself again, he was able to eat a bit of chop yesterday."

* * *

VEGETARIANISM CURES.

Like Nebuchadnezzar, who was cured of his madness by seven years of Vegetarianism, so the majority of men get over their worst stages of illness by a Vegetarian diet—milk and arrowroot, and custard and cornflour, and oranges and grapes—and it is only when they are getting stronger again that they can stand the strain of chops and steaks, and "good old beef."

* * *

THE STRAIN OF FLESH EATING.

What this strain means is, I think, emphasised by some startling figures that have just come into my hands.

We may, I think, assume that, generally speaking, trades and professions flourish only where they are needed.

When we find doctors to increase in numbers we may assume that disease has been and is prevalent.

Now read these figures and ask yourself if they do not mean that increased flesh-eating goes hand in hand with increased disease.

Country.	lbs. of meat per head.	Doctors per millions of population.
Italy ...	26 ...	280
Germany ...	64 ...	355
Great Britain ...	102 ...	578
Australia ..	270 ...	718

* * *

WHEREIN LIES ITS "GOODNESS"?

And yet people go on blindly and fatuously believing that they will get weak and liable to disease if they give up eating flesh-meat!

The virtues of beer have been exploded.

The virtues of beef have been exploded.

There is only 'baccy' left to keep up the stamina of the race

Open Letter to the Rev. C. M. Sheldon.

My Dear Mr. Sheldon,—On the occasion of your recent visit to Dundee, you honoured us by becoming our guest, and saw that our table was furnished with nothing that necessitated the taking of life. This, as you will remember, led to some conversation, in which my wife and I explained to you that we had, nine years before, renounced all forms of blood diet, and that our children were being brought up healthily and vigorously without meat, fish, game or poultry. You are also aware that I, in my own way and sphere, am interested in the endeavour to walk "In His Steps"; and that my reasons for abstaining from blood diet are not primarily economic or hygienic, but benevolent and humanitarian, *i.e.*, religious. My intercourse with you confirmed the impressions received from your published writings—impressions so flattering to your earnestness, sincerity and goodness that I spare you the pain of reading them. You will, therefore, readily understand my surprise upon reading your deliverance to the Convention of Endeavourers that the question as to whether it was right to butcher animals for food did not come within the scope of the Convention. Such an answer, coming from such a man, to such an assembly, only shews us what an immense work yet lies before us; for if the author of "What would Jesus do?" could say to a gathering of people pledged to endeavour to walk "In His Steps" that the question of abolishing all the cruelties and sins connected with the practice of eating flesh has nothing to do with Christianity—how dark and terrible must be the minds of the average people, and how herculean the task that lies before those of us who would bring them to a conscience of sin on this matter. And since the true way of reform is to work from centre to circumference, it cannot be wrong to begin with C. M. Sheldon.

I am astounded when I think that a custom so hideous and disgusting to the æsthetic faculty, so shocking to the moral sense, and so sinful to the conscience of many amongst us, should yet be pronounced, by one of the best men in Christendom, to have no connection with Christian Endeavour! On what grounds, may I ask, do we agree to put the abolition of drunkenness amongst the items of the Endeavour programme? On the grounds, surely, that it destroys health and intellect, wastes the resources of individuals and of society on that which is not bread, leads to crime and immorality, ruins the soul as well as the body of its victims, and condemns the civilised world to continue on a low plane of moral and social life. It is on grounds similar to these that many of us condemn the practice of killing in order to eat.

Having looked long and anxiously into it, we are convinced that a flesh-diet is less conducive to health than a natural diet; that it is directly productive of some hideous diseases—cancer and consumption, for instance; that it leads to a loss of intellectual power; that it is an economic loss, causing immense tracts of ground to be given over to grass that might be devoted to grain or fruit to feed men, instead of merely feeding the beast that feeds man; that, further, by turning men to cattle-raising instead of corn-growing, it abolishes the labour of the ploughman and the peasant, assists to depopulate the country and sends into the town swarms of men to become day-labourers, slum-dwellers, tramps, and loafers; that it fosters the brutal and inhuman instincts in the natures of those whose business it is to breed and kill, as, in part also, of those who buy and eat; that it demoralizes, and in so far as demoralization is damnation—and how far that is, I leave

you to consider—destroys the souls of men; and that, finally, it is one of the chief agents in keeping Christendom down to its present low, base, brutal, and bloody code of ethics, in all judicial, social, industrial, and international affairs.

It may, perhaps, astonish you to read such an indictment; but the fact that it can be put deliberately down on paper by one, presumably sane in other respects—yes, and presumably Christian—entitles it to your deep and respectful consideration. To many of us the practice of butchering in order to live has become numbered amongst the sins; for we cannot think it has the sanction of the Maker of all, or the approbation of the Redeemer of all, that we should exist by means of the death of myriads of our fellow-creatures under conditions, frequently of cruelty, and almost always under previous circumstances of great suffering and pain—by transport, road, rail, or ship. Nor can we imagine that the Maker and Redeemer desires that the men who breed, drive, and kill them, should be demoralized in order that we might dine like the carnivores.

We, for our part, are entirely convinced that it is wrong to live by the death of these gentle, innocent, and beautiful creatures, and no considerations of health or life would persuade us to do so. We are quite ready to die, if die we must, rather than prolong life by the death of these unwilling victims of man's thoughtlessness and selfishness. And if I were compelled to believe that the Almighty Father had so ordered His world that human life and happiness must be built upon an underworld of suffering, misery, and degradation; that the graces and virtues must for ever exist upon the seething hell of pain, cruelty, hardness of heart, and nameless horrors connected with the system of cattle-ranches, cattle-trucks, cattle-ships, slaughter-houses, butcher-shops—well, I should begin to question whether my conception of His Wisdom and Love could any longer be entertained.

Nor is it possible for me to believe that the Being who uttered the great Beatitude of Mercy would countenance this vast system of organized cruelty, or desire that His Christendom should be built upon the shambles.

I am certain He designed that gracious saying of His to live and blossom and seed in the hearts of His followers till it brought forth the perfect fruits of mercy in a world utterly delivered from cruelty, injustice, and violence.

I am certain that the true Christianity is indistinguishable from Mercy; and that Christ is best and most attractively presented to men as the great Being who voluntarily shed His own blood, in order that there might be, throughout a redeemed world, *no more shedding of blood*.

These, My Dear Mr. Sheldon, are only some of the thoughts aroused in me by your utterance: and only some of the arguments with which I could assail it. But my reliance is on my sure knowledge of your goodness—what, after consideration, you see to be right, you will do, of that I am certain. God has lifted you into a position of great influence, and, therefore, of great responsibility.

What you may decide as to your personal habit, I know not; nor am I responsible. But, in view of the strong and truthful protest implied in this letter, it will not be possible for you to put the question aside as one that lies outside the scope of Christian Endeavour—one with which, in other words, Christianity has nothing to do. I, for my part, affirm, on the other side, that Christendom can only take the next great step upwards on the path of true morality and religion, by adopting the Beatitude of Mercy in all its fullness. What

have you to say to it? You cannot ignore it. Thousands will, with interest and prayer, wait your answer.

Accept my warmest regards, and believe me to be,
Dear Mr. Sheldon, most cordially yours,

Walter Walsh.

Gilfillan Memorial Church, Dundee, 17th August, 1900.

[To this letter Mr. Sheldon has just replied. We append his letter but cannot feel that it is the answer we would have expected from one who wants to be a leader of men. If it takes Mr. Sheldon months to come to his present position wherein he will perhaps think over the matter and at some future time perhaps make up his mind and speak, how can we expect the ordinary unlearned, unspiritual man to take up any definite position towards any great moral problem when it is presented to him for the first time?

Mr. Sheldon still sits on the fence propped up by an "if" when conclusive evidence is to his hand on every side. What wonder then that the man of the world who makes no great pretence to close fellowship with the Master's will is satisfied to jog along in his seamy path waiting for his "if" to be solved by other people, and happy, quite happy, to remain in ignorance of the claims of God upon him.
—Ed. H. G. A.]

BOSTON, MASS., Aug. 31st, 1900,

MY DEAR WALSH,

Thank you for your letter. I regret that I did not answer the question on the killing of animals for food (as it was put to me at the Endeavour Convention) in a different manner, that is, by saying that if it were a fact that blood-food was productive of immoral habits it should be discontinued. I did not mean to be discourteous or unchristian in any way and beg pardon of all the friends who were hurt by my seeming to be so. But as a matter of fact, I have not studied the question sufficiently to have, as yet, any convictions upon it that are strong enough to be spoken. That is my reason for not wishing to discuss the question at the Convention; because it was not pertinent to the subject of that Conference, as I was not competent to declare positively any convictions. When, through sufficient study of the subject, I have some message that ought to be made public, I shall not hesitate to do so. My best wishes to Mrs. Walsh and yourself. I retain with great pleasure my visit to you.

You are at liberty to publish this if you desire. Cordially,
Charles M. Sheldon.

A Personal Experiment.

Soon after becoming a vegetarian, twenty-four years ago, I abstained from salt merely to see what effect it would have. The result seemed beneficial and the taste for it gradually died and ultimately salt became objectionable. If there had been a natural need for it the desire would have increased by abstinence.

One remarkable benefit I derived which I had not thought about was freedom from an occasional intense irritation, and I have not once had a return of it.

I work amongst rough timber, American Oak, Birch, Fir, etc. I have to shave and chop these and frequently get splinters in the hands which have very frequently gathered and I have been unable to work for weeks, several times solely on account of these splinters, three times the doctors had to use a knife.

In order to find out whether the use of salt would make any difference, I have for about two years used salt cooked with cereals such as oatmeal, which I use almost every day at work. As the use of or abstinence from salt does not involve any principle but is entirely a matter of personal benefit or injury we may consistently use it or not.

I must say that it greatly improves the taste of cereals, in fact it seems the best addition, as all cereals and pulses are unpalatable or uninviting alone.

The use of salt, however, during the past two years has not made any difference in the tendency to gathering through splinters in the hands.

Vegetarianism has cured me of toothache, neuralgia, and consequently greatly increased my power of endurance mental and physical. No circumstance would induce me to depart from it. It seems able to cure anything that is curable and will greatly alleviate anything that is incurable.

It is to my mind the chief reform needed to help on the Golden Age for all sentient things. To anyone who feels it to be a part of his duty to make the world better than he found it and to anyone unwell I say adopt vegetarianism.

David Chambers.

P.S.—Perhaps I ought to add that I am a life abstainer from intoxicants and tobacco (57 years) and 24 years an abstainer from all stimulating drink.

"Poi."

The Chief Food of the Hawaiian Natives.

The chief food of the Hawaiian natives, or aborigines of the Sandwich Isles, is "poi," a dish made from the taro plant.



Primitive Corn Reaping.

The climate of Hawaii is unsurpassed—a perpetual summer without an enervating heat—the north-east trade winds sweeping across a vast ocean region mingle their cool breezes with the soft balmy zephyrs of the tropics.

These go to form one of the healthiest and most delightful climates in the world—virulent fevers are almost unknown, while pneumonia and diphtheria are seldom heard of.

Children thrive amazingly, both native and foreign. Owing to the mild and genial climate, all vegetation of the tropics, sub-tropic, and temperate climes reaches its highest perfection.

Figs and strawberries are as plentiful in December as in June; roses, lilies, and carnations can be gathered the year round. The varied foliage and flowers of the gardens, ravines, and forests are indescribable.

The taro plant is indigenous to these islands and there are two varieties; namely, the dry land taro, which grows on land moist enough for the cultivation of coffee, and the wet land taro which requires the soil to be full of moisture; in fact it is kept partly covered with water by irrigation ditches during most of its growth. When cooked the tops of the young leaves resemble spinach in flavour.

The tubers are full of an acrid substance which disappears on cooking. However, the great use to which the taro plant is put by the natives is to make "poi" of it.

Long before Juan Gaetano, the Spanish navigator, saw the Hawaiian Isles in 1555, "poi" was the chief and national dish of the islanders. They flourished and thrived wondrously on it. To day no race of men has a finer physique or more healthful appearance. This is owing to their living almost entirely on the products of taro, the tubers of which contain more nutriment for a given weight than any other vegetable.

Children are passionately fond of "poi," and many infants, both native born and foreign, are reared on it.

It is very fattening and bone forming. The flesh of the child after a few days' feeding on "poi" pap becomes firm and shines with health. At all native feasts a calabash of "poi" is placed before each guest.

The "poi" is made from the taro tubers in the following way: The tubers are cooked, then scraped and pounded, a little water being added until they become a thick paste. This is put on one side to ferment when it becomes fit for eating and is called "poi."

Formerly it was made entirely by the natives, but through their laziness and unbusinesslike habits the manufacture is now chiefly in the hands of the Chinese, who have factories in Honolulu in which they turn out large quantities. The method employed by the natives in eating "poi" is peculiar. No spoon is used. The guests at a "luau" (feast) sit on mats supported by pillows, before each one is a calabash of "poi," besides fish and meat of many kinds cooked in "ti" (pronounced tea) leaves. To partake of the "poi" the first and second finger of the right hand are dipped in the calabash and the "poi" twisted round them and so conducted to the mouth. Foreigners living on the islands soon adopt the native manner of eating it, and even say that it is far more enjoyable than using a spoon. A very superior flour is also made from the taro plant, and it possesses many advantages over flour made from cereals. It is at the same time so nutritious and so easily digested that it is largely used by invalids. A small quantity of this flour is exported to the United States, and, when its superior qualities become more generally known, no doubt a large export trade will be done.

So universal is the cultivation of the taro plant, and in so great esteem is it held by the Hawaiians, that the "ukulele," or Taro Patch Guitar, is especially made by them, on which to sing its praises. Herbert Mockford.

ORIOLET FESTIVAL.

The Festival at Oriolet Hospital, Loughton, on Sept. 8th, was an immense success. A large and distinguished party met to welcome the Countess of Portsmouth and Lady Gwendolen Herbert and were well repaid by listening to a speech replete with eloquence, grace, and power.

Lady Portsmouth has a silvern tongue, and a mind stored with such wide reading that she is able to stud her speech with many a gem of poetry and prose.

Lady Portsmouth, with an eloquence which carried away her audience, emphasised the healing value of Air and Sun, of Mental leading, and of Spiritual power. She spoke of the beauty of Tenderness and of the Crown which comes to patience, of the golden gifts of Vigilance, and the ever-present omnipotence of God to bless all good and humane labours.

Lady Gwendolen Herbert, in presenting a certificate of training to the senior nurse, gave a few wise words upon the great responsibility of a nurse's life and her great opportunities for good. She pointed out that the Divine gift of gentle patience and a hand that healed was a crown of joy to the nurse and a treasure of comfort and consolation to the patient.

Everyone regretted that Mr. A. F. Hills who has so generously lent Oriolet to St. Francis was away at Cromer and so could not be present. Professor Mayor, too, at the last moment telegraphed from Cambridge his regrets that he could not keep his promise to be present, but Commander Turner (the treasurer) journeyed up from Devonshire, and Mr. Harold Whiston from Macclesfield, and joined in the proceedings.

Mr. Sidney Beard, being unable to be present, sent a cheque for the collection plate, and the Ivy Leaves of Ireland telegraphed five shillings for it.

Dr. Oldfield paid a high tribute to his colleagues of the medical and nursing and household staffs for the way in which they had made such a pioneer institution not only possible, but successful.

A photographic group was taken and also a photograph of the open air ward. Copies may be obtained post-free for 2/ from the Secretary of Oriolet.

Banana Meal.

Starch in *Chemistry* is the name applied to a highly important organic compound, which exists in all plants with the exception of certain algae and lichens. It occurs in the form of solid granules, which have a distinct organised structure. It occurs in large quantity in the seeds of dicotyledonous plants, especially in those of the pea and bean tribe; in still larger quantity in the monocotyledons, especially cereals; and in large quantity in potatoes, the pith of the sago palm, in the root of the plant of which tapioca is prepared, and in plantains (*Musa paradisiaca*).

Starch does not dissolve in either water or alcohol, but if it is heated with water the granules absorb water, swell, and burst, forming a viscous liquid which solidifies to a jelly in cooling. Pure starch is a white powder without taste or smell. Its constitution, which is apparently very complicated, is not yet known. The starch from the plantain (in the unripe state) cannot be extracted in a perfectly white condition, in consequence of being associated with a colouring matter from which it is almost impossible to separate it. This colouring matter resists the action of the most powerful bleaching reagents.

Albumen is the name applied to the matter which exists in the purest form in the white of eggs and in the *serum of the blood*; it is a complex substance, containing carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen, with a small proportion of sulphur. Its most remarkable property is that it coagulates upon the application of heat, or when an acid or alkali is added to it, forming a more or less white solid—a phenomenon with which we are all familiar in the white of an egg which has been cooked. *Albuminoids or proteids* are a class of substances allied to albumen in composition and resembling it in properties, such as *fibrine*, one of the constituents of blood, and *casein* which exists in milk.

Fibrine forms a most important and highly nutritious constituent of food, being an organic compound which occurs in the blood, and in certain other liquids in the animal body. *Vegetable Fibrine* occurs in plants, especially in the seeds of the cereal grasses, and in the degree explained below, in the cooking banana or plantain. Fibrine may be regarded as coagulated albumen. Chemically both differ, but very slightly. Albumen constitutes the chief compound of nerve matter, out of which the nerves are formed. Fibrine is found in small quantities in the blood, but is principally distributed over the body, of the muscular tissues of which it constitutes a large proportion.

The following analyses of the common plantain, fresh and dried respectively, are closely representative of the character of all varieties. Plantains are essentially a starchy food.

COMPOSITION OF SAMPLE OF COMMON PLANTAINS.

"Fleshy matter or pulp, 64.5 per cent.; skin, 35.5 per cent.

	Fresh Pulp.	Flour from dried Pulp.
Water	62.86	11.80
Fats44	1.05
Albuminoids	1.58	3.75
Glucose	2.25	5.34
Starch	22.16	52.64
Tannin, gum, etc.50	1.20
Digestible fibre	9.01	21.37
Indigestible fibre40	.95
Ash (mineral matters)80	1.90
	100.00	100.00

Amongst the albuminoids or proteids *Phosphorus*, classed among the elementary bodies of matter, is very interesting for the share it takes in the composition of animal bodies, and for its extensive economic uses. But albuminous substances are no longer regarded as possessing the enormous value for

nutritive purposes formerly attributed to them, it being recognised that the nitrogenous tissues of the body have less mobility than hitherto assumed. Their prominent position is now assigned to the *carbohydrates* which are *great sources of energy*.

In plantain-meal the starch, albuminoids, and fibrine are reduced to a very fine flour, which, according to G. Klemperer (*Deut. med. Woch*, June 28th, 1897) "in albuminous substances powdered or in a soluble form are thoroughly to be recommended in most cases." According to the same authority "Carbohydrates are very necessary to the debilitated and to the febrile." Moreover, he thinks "that it is very desirable to return more to natural instead of artificial products." Undoubtedly, in artificial preparations "malt extract is of considerable value as it contains 53 per cent. of sugar and 15 per cent. of dextrin, but there are substances like honey which are much cheaper and for most individuals equally good." Klemperer *employs honey, milk, sugar and similar preparations*, and finishes saying:—"There are so many good fatty preparations, such as butter, cream, oil, etc., *that artificial preparations are almost unnecessary*."

Now one of the more striking features of this natural product, plantain meal, is the solubility of the carbohydrate portion (*Chem. News*, June 4th, 1897). With only warm water the whole of it forms quickly a thin mucilage which is apparently very digestible. The extreme solubility of this flour is further emphasised by the fact that it has long been used in the island of Cuba as a food or gruel for infants just leaving off breast feeding, *despite its being essentially a starchy substance*. The phosphoric acid in it is fairly large, hence its value is enhanced when we consider the important part played by phosphorus in the economy.

This product is peculiarly rich in saccharine matter and medical authorities believe that a given quantity of sugar is necessary to health, especially if a person is energetic. It is claimed that no substance restores muscular waste so quickly as sugar, and this applies with still more force to plantain meal which combines with an abundance of sugar the various elements before stated.

R. A. de Rondan.

Household Wisdom.

Few people know what may be done with a tin of tomatoes and what a variety of dishes can be made from one.

For all who live in the country and are out of reach of a constant supply of the fresh fruit, it is a good plan to keep a reserve store of tinned tomatoes. In fact, for all housewives in the winter, they are most useful to have at hand, especially if one is suddenly called upon to provide an unexpected lunch or dinner. One tin of tomatoes goes much further than 1-lb. of the fresh fruit, and usually at less cost, and if a good brand, such as "Quinton" or "Crown" is obtained, the fruit is of good flavour and reliable. To begin with, there is the favourite tomato soup for which everyone has their own recipe, and which, with tinned fruit, can be made very quickly. A very good soup can be made with just the liquid from the tin, reserving the pulp for other dishes. Fry a few sliced vegetables, onions, carrots, etc., or any scraps, add stock, or gravy, and seasoning, and lastly the tomato liquid. If the vegetables are in large pieces put through a coarse sieve, thicken, if necessary, and just bring to the boil again. Milk may be added if no stock is handy.

The liquid also makes good tomato sauce, just thickened with corn flour and seasoned. Or it makes a delicious gravy. Place a tablespoonful of ground walnuts and one of browned flour in a pan with a lump of nucoline and stir constantly until a very dark brown. Then add a little boiling water, onion juice, seasoning, and lastly the tomato liquid, and let it simmer slowly for a short time. This gravy keeps for a week if boiled up once or twice. Any quantity can be made.

Then with the pulp there is Tomato Savoury to be made. Place all the pulp in a pan, grate nearly the whole of a Spanish onion with it, add a lump of nucoline and cook slowly 20 minutes. Put through a very coarse sieve or masher. Return to the pan, add one egg (beaten), and stir till it thickens. Remove from the fire and add bread crumbs and grated cheese.

Part of the mixture may be put on one side for making hot and serving on buttered toast (an excellent supper dish), the rest may be potted, adding a few more crumbs if necessary, or it can be used at once for sandwiches. Another way to use the pulp is to boil some rice until quite cooked, only very moist. Take a greased pie dish and put alternate layers of rice and tomato, interspersed with chopped parsley and seasoning till the dish is full. Scatter over dried bread crumbs and some good lumps of butter, cover with greased paper and bake in a slow oven.

Macaroni or barley may be used in the same way if well cooked first. Or just layers of bread crumbs and tomato with butter, etc., may be baked.

The pulp may also be used for "Scrambled Tomatoes" (see *The Herald* for August).

Tomato Pie with Potato Crust.

Cover the bottom of a pie dish with the tomato pulp, spread over with chopped parsley, butter, pepper and salt. Cover with mashed potatoes and bake till brown. Serve with tomato sauce or gravy.

Rice and Tomato Rissoles.

Boil $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. rice till quite stiff in milk and water. Cook part of the tomato pulp in a little nucoline, with some grated onion and seasoning. Pour off any liquid and mix well with the rice. Bind together with one egg and when cold shape into rolls with a little flour or crumbs and fry brown.

Tomato Soufflé.

Half a tin of tomato pulp, 6-ozs. bread crumbs, 2 table-spoonfuls of fried onion, 2 or 3 eggs. Cook the tomatoes a little and mix in with the bread crumbs and onion. Add the eggs (beaten well) and the seasoning. Melt 1-oz. butter in a dish and when it boils pour in the mixture and bake in a moderate oven one hour. The soufflé may be eaten hot or cold. It is a good cold savoury, garnished with parsley and slices of tomato or beetroot, or cut in very thin slices for sandwiches. It will keep several days, and if it gets at all dry is delicious cut in thick slices, dipped in egg and bread crumbs and fried.

Tomato Cutlets.

For small quantity use half the tomato pulp, and the rest can be used for another of the dishes mentioned.

Drain off all liquid and put in a pan over the fire and stir in a large cupful of well mashed potatoes, 1-oz. butter, salt, pepper, and a cupful of bread crumbs. Mash well together and add one egg (beaten), and when mixed thoroughly remove from the fire and spread on a flat dish. When cold cut with a cutlet mould and dip in egg and bread crumbs, or simply flour, and fry brown. Serve with tomato sauce.

Daisy Whiston.

WASTED OPPORTUNITIES.

So much we might accomplish! Yet we stand
Day after day, and meekly hold a hand
For manna falling from the skies,
While all life's field untilled around us lies.

O wasted opportunities, ye rise
Like ghosts to haunt us, when the body lies
At rest at night, and conscience lifts her face,
Pale with the knowledge of a soul's disgrace.

Clare K. Alden.