

mistake of the amateur dieter—over-eagerness.

Three pounds a week is a safe goal to try for.

To put it brutally—if you are 20 pounds overweight, it will take you about two months to lose it. If you are 50 pounds overweight it will take you four months or more.

It is important to know this at the start, so that you won't become discouraged at your slow progress and give up the ordeal. If you lose faster than this, you are in danger of becoming flabby and looking and feeling ill, which will induce your friends to persuade you to go back to your old habits. Moreover, at the end of a period of GRADUAL dieting you will find that you do not WANT to go back to your old habits; you have really curbed your appetite and rather enjoy abstemiousness.

The METHOD of losing weight, which follows physiological principles and is safe, is absurdly simple. You simply feed your normal weight and let the excess fat go hungry. You eat the same balanced diet that keeps all people in health, with two exceptions: You do not eat more fat than you can help, and you add a little extra protein to insure yourself against the destruction of your own protein which sometimes occurs when the food intake is suddenly lowered.

Of course you eat less than you want of everything for a while and less than you have been in the habit of eating.

The fat-pounds which you starve by this method do not simply pass away of inanition; they are consumed by your body to make up the energy requirement it still has while your weight is high.

Rapid fat consumption such as occurs in starvation causes definite acid poisoning or acidosis. Gradual fat consumption is not injurious. As your weight lessens your energy requirement lessens as the fat needed to supply it is diminishing—a very satisfactory co-operation all around.

To get down to business—WHAT CAN YOU EAT?

Breakfast and lunch are the same for all dieters. Dinner is varied according to the weight of the dieter.

Breakfast consists of the following:
One orange or one-half grapefruit or one-half melon.

One egg, boiled or poached.
Coffee or tea without sugar or cream.

One large slice of brown bread toast without butter.

It is well to eat this breakfast for three days and every fourth day take two tablespoonfuls of dry cereal with milk as a substitute for the egg and toast. It keeps up your morale.

Luncheon can be made a delightful and varied meal. For your steady home diet try:

Cup of broth.
One quarter head of lettuce with salt.
Six bran crackers.
One raw apple.

But when you are lunching at a restaurant or as somebody's guest you can avoid comment by eating:

Raw oysters or clams.
Romaine, endive or hearts of lettuce with tomato.

Black coffee or tea without sugar.
Bran roll without butter.

OR

Melon or grapefruit.
Lamb chop.
Broccoli (or some other green vegetable) with salt and no dressing.

You must not cheat, of course. A little butter sneaked on your roll or a little French dressing sneaked on your salad will spoil it all.

Dinner, in this diet system, is planned to be a perfect ending to an imperfect day. You will soon consider it a perfectly satisfying meal. It may even

consist of three courses, if you like.

First course: Clear soup without noodles or the like. Or: melon, or unsweetened fruit cup.

Second course: Lean meat or fish.
One medium-sized potato or serving of potato.

Vegetables without butter or cream sauce.

Celery or olives, if desired.

Third course: Salad—fruit, tomato, cucumber, bean. Or plain lettuce, endive or other salad greens.

All without dressing other than vinegar, pepper and salt.

The omissions in this dinner are obvious. No crackers with soup or salad, no bread and butter, and no dessert except fresh fruit substituted for the salad if desired. Black coffee without sugar is optional. Purées, gravies, sauces and jellies are taboo.

At first it is a little hard for some people to eat potato without butter or gravy, but soon they learn to like it with salt and the juice of the meat.

Many people are horrified at the idea of eating potato at all when they are trying to diet, and want to substitute a slice of bread. But potato is a natural starch and contains an important vitamin and minerals which bread often lacks. It should not be left out.

To repeat, this diet as a whole should be adhered to; there is a reason for every item of it.

Butter and sugar are the two most concentrated and hunger-satisfying foods we have, and they are as nearly as possible eliminated from this menu. What a difference they make!

For the first week or so of dieting between-meal hunger is a menace to the persistence of the heroic faster.

At any moment you may cry, "Oh, bother!" and dash into a restaurant to order beefsteak and onions and French fried potatoes and a large slice of apple pie à la mode, with the feeling that, after all, life must be lived, not endured.

To avoid this tragedy coddle your hunger with things that fill your stomach but do not supply much energy.

Safe between-meal foods are raw apples and buttermilk (only one glass of buttermilk, strained of butter, but as many apples as desired). After the first ten days they won't be necessary.

Water intake during partial fasting is very important. At least two quarts a day should be taken. The old idea that water adds to your weight is a false one. Of course there is a large amount of water in our bodies, but it is in combination, and if you don't give it other substances to combine with it can't become tissue.

A successful regimen of reduction should accomplish the following things:

(a) Weight should be brought down to normal at the rate of two to three pounds a week.

(b) After the first ten days the process should not be an arduous one.

(c) At no time should the dieter feel out of condition.

(d) At no time should others remark that he looks badly.

(e) When the weight is finally normal he should be addicted to his new diet.

When the desired weight goal is reached it is well to continue the diet for a while and see whether there is further weight loss. Often, strangely enough, there is not. But if there is the diet should be increased gradually until weight becomes stationary at normal. Increase the carbohydrates first, with a little butter. Eventually two pats of butter and two slices of bread a day can be eaten with impunity in most cases.

But the person who has once been overweight must be constantly on his guard. Obesity is a recurrent habit. The causes of it are a part of one's physiology, as well as overeating, and they operate continuously.

Fortunately, anyone who has once reduced successfully has a feeling of self-confidence that makes him diet again with ease and generally before the need for it has become great.

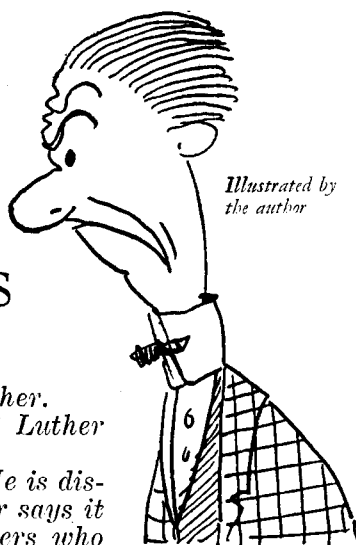
The successful reducer is threatened with two dangers: he has a tendency to become smug and intolerant, and he is likely to become a bore.

I always advise patients to do their dieting as much as possible in private and to boast about it as little as possible, otherwise they may find themselves slender but disliked.

Also it is well to remember before assuming a holier-than-thou attitude that there are many who are obese not because they are self-indulgent but because they are cursed with an inactive thyroid or an overactive pituitary gland or simply a hereditary tendency to store up fat in close combination in the tissues—conditions that are not easily remedied by dieting.

McGoofey's First Reader

By H. I. PHILLIPS



Who is this man? *This is Luther.*
Why does Luther look so glum? *Luther is disgusted.*

With what is he disgusted? *He is disgusted with the country. Luther says it is governed by stupid officeholders who "feed at the public crib year after year, seldom realizing their obligations to the people and rarely serving them with intelligence."*

Lesson II

What is Luther doing here? *Luther is doing what is known as yawning.*

On what subject is Luther yawning? *Luther is yawning on his favorite theme: the failure of the people of the United States to put in office capable, intelligent, conscientious, unselfish leaders.*

"The people are not represented by their leaders," declares Luther, his Adam's apple agitating violently, "They are BETRAYED by them!"

What would Luther do about it? *He would "deny the rights of citizenship to every man or woman who did not go to the polls Election Day and cast his or her ballot intelligently and conscientiously, regardless of party, for those candidates best fitted by education, training and experience for offices of public trust."*



Lesson III

Who is this funny-looking zany? *This is Quincy W. Ook.*

Who is Quincy W. Ook? *He is a candidate for governor or mayor or Congress or something.*

He doesn't look the type of man to be a candidate for high office, does he? *He isn't!*

Then will he be elected? *Very likely.*

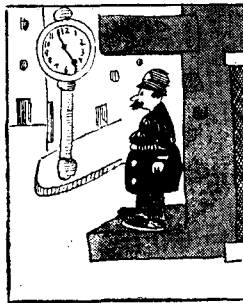
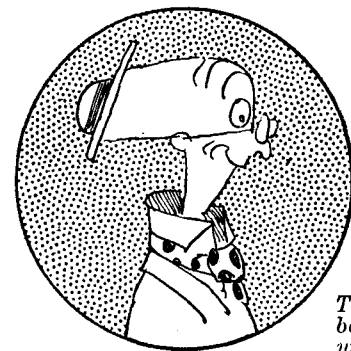
Lesson IV

What is this?
This is a voting booth in Luther's ward.

Has everybody voted? *Nearly everybody.*
Has Luther voted? *No. Luther will not vote.*

How do you know Luther will not vote? *Because the polls are about to close and he hasn't even been sighted.*

Who's been elected? *Quincy W. Ook, the well-known nitwit.*



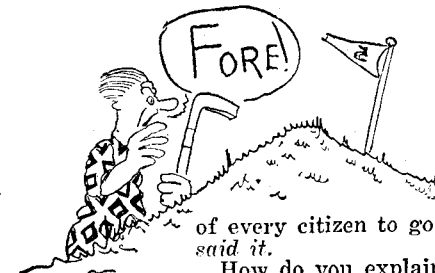
Lesson V

Isn't this a golf course? *Yes, this is a golf course.*

And isn't that Luther playing golf? *Yes, Luther has been on the course all day, his office always closing on Election Day.*

Isn't Luther the fellow who talked so much about the duty of every citizen to go to the polls Election Day? *You said it.*

How do you explain it? *It can't be done.*



The Ham Actor

A Short Short Story
By MERLE
THORPE

A MOB of students zigzagged in swirling serpentine fashion down the Main Street of the little college town of High Trec, each vociferous in his desire to be recognized as a "son of a gambolier":

*Like every honest fellow, I drink my
lager beer,
A rambling rake of poverty, the son of
a gambolier.*

In this fashion they were making for the Grand Opera House, which had announced for that night its monthly dramatic offering, a traveling stock company in "Twixt Love and Honor."

Arriving at the Opera House, the undergraduates formed a flying wedge and rushed the door, toppling over the doorkeeper, and ignoring the village marshal. Townspeople made way, some indignant and disgusted, others openly enjoying the prospect.

The mob swung down the center aisle, preempted the first five rows of "reserved seats at 30 cents" and at the suggestion of the leader generously gave three cheers for the villain, the orchestra and the police force. After which they clamored for the show to begin.

Behind the scenes the local manager was explaining to the troupe what it was all about. Once a year the students of an adjacent university went on a rampage. This was it.

"You ain't seen nothin' yet," said the manager. "Last year they put a first-class Uncle Tom show on the bum. They made Little Eva die four times. Ascension and all. Then they made Legree and Uncle Tom fight three rounds under Queensberry rules, and when Uncle Tom knocked Legree down the studes yelled, 'Fake fight, we want our money back,' and stormed the box office. That's the tough part of it," he said anxiously.

"What is?" demanded a young actor busy with his make-up.

"Well, it's a tradition in this college town that if the show doesn't get into the last act we have to give back the money. If the actors keep a-going, one way or another, until the last act, there's no refunds. Gawd, I hope you can keep a-going. It's a full house. It's standing room," he reported, peering through a hole in the curtain. "I sure hope we can keep the money."

No actors ever received such applause

before. Each and every line met with the hilarious approval of the reserved section. The students wept and moaned at the comedian's jokes; they greeted the sad lines of the deserted sweetheart and the sturdy resolutions of the hero with laughter uncontrolled.

As they tired of random ridicule a more systematic horseplay was indulged in. They picked for their victim the venerable father of the unhappy heroine. He had been dubbed "Old Whiskers." In mock sympathy they suggested lines and anticipated his entrances.

Confusion grew. The reporter for the local paper shouted in his wife's ear, "They can't last two minutes longer; we'll all get our money back."

But a climax undreamed of by the author was rapidly approaching. Old Whiskers, after a touching speech, lay down stiffly upon a sanitary couch up center and died.

This act brought forth applause that shook the chandeliers. The leader called for an encore, and at his signal the mob jumped up and shouted in unison:

"Encore! Encore! We want—Old Whiskers—to die—again!"

Confusion became chaos. Certain citizens who had reached the limit of endurance got up to leave. The local manager from the wings implored the old actor to respond to the encore.

Old Whiskers got up, repeated his lines and died again.

But a critical and approving audience would not be satisfied.

"Encore! Encore! We want—Old Whiskers—to die—again—n-n!"

Gripping a forlorn hope, the manager signaled once more to the old actor, shouting above the din the one word, "Box office."

But now a strange thing happened.

The old actor stepped out in front of the footlights and held up his hand in a mute plea to be heard. The leader, scenting something novel, quieted his howling cohorts.

"I don't resent your ridicule," this from Old Whiskers brokenly. "I know I'm rotten. I've tried for forty years to be something more than a ham actor. But I've failed. All along I sort o' felt that I couldn't make good. Tonight you young men have written it in letters a mile high. But I don't resent it. I only hope that not one of you, when you reach the divide where I stand tonight, will be forced to look back over his life and admit in public that it was a failure. You know, boys, the Will isn't

everything. Sometimes the Hand writes. In my case— Oh, well, it doesn't matter. It's got to be in you. . . . Youth doesn't realize . . . some of you . . . but . . . I'm honest when I say that I hope none of you will ever stand where I do tonight—an acknowledged failure!"

For the first time that evening Old Whiskers received no applause; that is, applause which could be heard. The students, dazed and shamefaced, looked at each other for a cue. The leader gave it. He called for "Three times three for Old Whiskers!"

This broke the tension. Youth,

having sympathy and faith, cheered wholeheartedly again and again. Then the word went forth that there was to be no more interruption.

In due time retribution seized the villain, other dramatic knots were untied and verities maintained. Whereupon the students demanded Old Whiskers. When he appeared before the curtain the students piled on the stage and heartily shook him by the hand. Then they made their way to the street, singing:

*For he's a jolly good fellow,
Which nobody can deny!*

The song floated into the dressing-room where Old Whiskers was taking off his wig. Drawing a towel across his face to remove the painted wrinkles, a young man of twenty it was who remarked to an exultant manager who had just poked his head through the door:

"Not so bad for a bum ham actor, eh?"



Now a strange thing happened. The old actor held up his hand in a mute plea

Illustrated by
ROBB
BEEBE

