

FROM THE DIARY OF A GLUTTON'S STOMACH

What a cold day! Hope I won't be overfed again this morning. If I am, I'll just send it back, that's all.

9:05 a. m.—Was just introduced to a pungent glass of Scotch whiskey. How it burns me now! Yet, my boss shakes with glee. I can hear him say, "I don't feel like eating much today." Oh! I'm getting dizzy and smothered with large quantities of nicotine from those cigars!

9:20 a. m.—Two large cups of strong coffee just came down the "food elevator," while my owner was reading the morning paper. Large lumps of breakfast bacon and hot biscuits are now coming forward. I wish he would chew it a little more. If he only knew how much unnecessary work I'm caused in this way! And come to think of it, today is "meatless day." Wonder if I'll have some rest now?

9:50 a. m.—Was hurriedly brought into an ice cream parlor while waiting for the car. A nut-sundae and a glass of ice water just arrived. Oh! How chilly I feel now! That isn't enough for me, he believes, so five cents worth of salted peanuts is purchased, on which I'm being fed again.

10:40 a. m.—A glass of ice water. How I wish he would breathe through his nostrils instead of swallowing air. Why should my boss ignore his nostrils?

12:10 noon.—My owner decides he isn't very hungry, so he sends me down merely a chocolate malted milk with an egg and ice cream in it—another cold shock for my already weakened nerves.

After finding a few more peanuts in his pocket, he sent them down. I'm again gasping for breath from the effects of another Havana.

1:25 p.m.—Overheard an argument with the stenographer for coming in so late, which made me tremble and nauseated all over.

2:15 p.m.—For about an hour I was not bothered, when suddenly daughter came in with a large box of candy and, of course, papa didn't neglect me at all.

3:55 p.m.—Another cigar!

4:20 p.m.—I could hear him grumble, "The malted milk must have been sour this morning."

5:15 p.m.—Was invited to have a drink as an appetizer before going home. So a Scotch highball was spilled down on me.

6:05 p.m.—On the way home: How I ached when I was brought in the dining room for dinner. (If you possess a lot of money you say, gently, "Dinner"; otherwise, you call it "supper.") I heard my owner brag about not eating more than twice a day. (He should have said "once," for he begins in the morning and ends at midnight.

6:15 p.m.—On the table: Veal, mashed potatoes, pickles soaked in vinegar, fresh bread and butter, pepper, mustard, gravy, cheese, soup, fish, pudding, coffee, sponge-cake and other such stuff.

7:05 p.m.—The family go to see a movie and, of course, I'm taken along.

9:10 p.m.—A cherry smash before starting for home. Nobody wanted to walk home. Trolley ride.

9:45 p.m.—A piece of blackberry pie came my way on arriving home. I got so desperate that I revolted.

9:46 p.m.—I returned the pie.

9:47 p.m.—I returned the cherry smash.

9:48 p.m.—I returned the potatoes, pickles, cheese, pudding and cake.

9:49 p.m.—Then I sent back the gravy.

9:50 p.m.—My owner's wife sends for a doctor and says, "There must have been something wrong with the malted milk or the ice cream, for it surely couldn't have been the good, delicious gravy." In the meanwhile I was in convulsions, and nobody seemed to care.

10:30 p. m.—The Doctor arrives.

10:33 p.m.—The Doctor (to my owner): "Did you eat much today?"

My Owner: "Oh! No, Doctor; I eat very little; never more than twice a day."

The Doctor: "How is your appetite?"

My Owner: "Very bad; I seldom desire food."

The Doctor: "Do you have enough exercise?"

My Owner: "I should say so! I have all I can do at the office. Am worried to death half the time with the stenographer's mistakes and the customers."

The Doctor (slowly and somewhat hesitatingly): "Well, er, eh, I believe then, what you really need is more rest. In other words, vacation once in a while, which might increase your appetite. Drink more water, eat plenty of nourishing food and don't overwork. You should get this prescription filled."

My Owner: "By the way, Doctor, do you believe a little smoking would hurt me sometimes?"

The Doctor (about to leave): "How many cigarettes do you smoke a day?"

My Owner: "I never smoke 'coffin nails,' Doctor; I smoke the best Havanas; only six or seven a day."

The Doctor: "Well, reduce the amount and don't inhale them, and don't drink much stimulants."

My Owner: "Oh, Doctor, I don't drink at all, except a quart or so of Scotch weekly."

The Doctor: "A little too much, sir."

My Owner: "How much do I owe you, Doctor?"

The Doctor: "Five dollars will be all right."

My Owner: "All right, Doctor. Here it is."

The Doctor: "Good Night."

My Owner: "Good night, Doc. Thanks."