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PYREX Transparent Tea Pots make perfect tea because you may watch the tea brewing and can tell at a glance when the tea is just the right strength.

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TEA POTS

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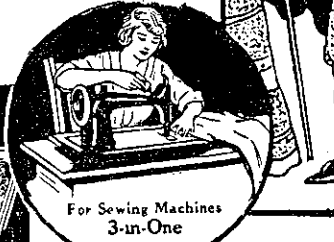
PYREX can be obtained of all stores. If any difficulty in obtaining locally please write to the New Zealand Agent: J. G. RAINE & CO., Wakefield Buildings, 159, Wakefield St., WELLINGTON, and at 20/36, City Chambers and Queen St., AUCKLAND.

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*The Mysteries of Food*

By MAURICE LANE NORCOTT

*Are we eating good, nourishing and wholesome food nowadays? Many say we eat what food cranks dictate is the correct diet. A writer in "London Opinion" entertainingly discusses the "virtues" of calories, vitamins, albumen and such like in humorous vein.*

IT is all very well for politicians and journalists and food "specialists" to tell us that what is the fearful Bolshevich propaganda that is going on in our midst, but is it the fearful Bolshevich propaganda? We men of the world often walk about for days and days without coming across a single piece of Bolshevich propaganda, and even if we did come across some we should only scowl at it and pass by on the other side like parasites and singers. We should never let it enter into our blood and turn our white corpuscles red.

Yet the fact remains that something is making us poisonous just now. What is it?

In my opinion, it is the food that is causing all our internal troubles to-day. Food has become altogether too scientific. In fact, strictly speaking, it isn't food at all now. It is just a chemical compound to be swallowed three times a day with a little liquid, such as near-beer, or hardly-port, or rarely-whisky.

IT used to be quite different fifty or sixty years ago, when everybody was thoroughly ignorant and healthy. Food was very strong meat then and most delicious to eat, on account of its being solid all through. It didn't consist of little particles of this and little molecules of the other in those days. Steak was simply steak and potatoes potatoes, and if they weren't there was a fearful row about it. A man wouldn't be palmed off with a lot of calories and trash then. If he had thought that there were such things in his meat he would have taken it back to the butcher at once.

"Here" he would have said roughly. "What do you mean by sending me round such stuff? Just you cut me a bit of real steak instantly, and let's have no more of your nonsense!"

Oh, they were very bluff, outspoken men fifty or sixty years ago! They wouldn't have tolerated calories for a moment. They wanted something they could get their teeth into. If they couldn't get their teeth into it they didn't want it, no matter what it was.

YOU see? These fine old men were absolutely unhampered by science. They never took chemistry with their food. Day after day they sat down to table and ate real steak-and-kidney pies, real roast beef, real roly-poly puddings, real cheese, and real biscuits. No wonder they grew up strong and dogged and won the battle of Waterloo, or

whatever it was. They were so well-nourished.

We aren't well-nourished. We may think that we are, but we aren't, really. We eat such ridiculous things; things that hadn't been invented fifty or sixty years ago. Instead of enjoying delicious luncheons as our fathers used to do, we just sit down and toy with a few proteids, followed by a little plate of vitamins with some farinaceous matter on the side, and perhaps a piece of starch or a cup of alkaline to finish off with. It is enough to kill us, I think.

BESIDES, what are these things, anyway? Vitamins, for instance. What are vitamins?

It is all very well for scientists to tell us that vitamins are marvellous little things found in food that give off energy when eaten, but how can we be sure of that? It doesn't sound very probable.

**EASILY PLEASED**

Methuselah ate what he found on his plate,  
And never, as people now do,  
Did he note the amount of the caloric count—  
He ate even if it was stew.  
He wasn't disturbed, as at dinner he sat,  
Destroying a roast or a pie,  
To think it was lacking in granular fat,  
Or a couple of vitamins shy.  
He cheerfully chewed every species of food,  
Untroubled by worries or fears  
Lest his health might be hurt by some fancy dessert—  
And he lived over nine hundred years!

Personally, I rather doubt if there is such a thing as a vitamin. After all, nobody has ever seen one. Well, not actually. I dare say a man here and there may think that he has seen a vitamin after a Masonic banquet or a reunion gathering, but he hasn't, really. It wasn't actually sitting on a pork pie washing its ears with its feet. It didn't really hiss venomously at him when he went "shoo!" to it, or peck him savagely on the nose with its wicked, hooked beak. He just imagined that it did. The scarcely-champagne was responsible for it all.

IF there is such a thing as a vitamin—and I don't absolutely deny its existence—it must be a germ. Otherwise how could it get into our food? Very likely there is a minute vitamin moth that flutters about the meadows at night and lays its eggs in the verdant grass with the deepest cunning. Then in the morning the poor, stupid cows come out and swallow the grass, little suspecting

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