

**THE NEW FOOD.**

I hear the scientist in grief  
With all the strength he has moan—  
“Why will the public feed on beef?  
Why don't they take to plasmon?  
Give up your pork and venison, too,  
Give up your lamb and mutton;  
There's in a penn'orth—nay, it's true—  
Enough to gorge a glutton.

“Its natural organic salt,  
Its nutritive albumen  
Will make the sick sound, heal the  
halt,  
And make the palsied new men.  
And it fulfills my dearest wish—  
O sing its praises louder!—  
You need no knife or plate or dish,  
You take it in a poyder.

“Buy it, and see your means expand,  
You'll spend less and you'll waste  
less—  
It saves the cost of cooking—and  
I guarantee it tasteless,  
And think as it new strength instills  
And with new health you throb,  
you'll  
Soon take your alcohol in pills  
And breakfast in a globule.”

But though for food be plasmon fit,  
Its praises in me quicken  
Such cravings that the thought of it  
Makes me feel famine-stricken.  
And think you then my meal shall be  
On plasmon?—Fiddle-faddle?  
The simple sirloin still for me,  
And now and then the saddle!

—St. James Gazette.

## Plasmon-Middle and HSâ€”Kansas City Globe 1906

Clipped By:



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