

# You-Auto-Eatit

The sun is still ascending high,  
No cloud as yet has dimmed the sky,  
When down the street there comes a boy  
Who grabs my hand and shouts for joy,  
*You-auto-eatit.*

I know not what at first to think;  
If it is French or maybe drink  
That thus does make him loudly say,  
In words so loud they jar the day,  
*You-auto-eatit.*

But then I soon begin to see  
A rabid healthfood crank is he,  
A fool not wishing anything,  
Who'll sit all day and eat and sing,  
*You-auto-eatit.*

No Force for him, nor Malta-Vita,  
No Shredded Wheat, nor Try-a-bita;  
All these to him do not seem right.  
It is for *this* he makes his fight,  
*You-auto-eatit.*

But many months since then have gone,  
And not so loud is now his song.  
Yet still he passes good food by,  
And still he offers up the cry,  
*You-auto-eatit.*

His face is wan, his cheeks are pale,  
His legs appear about to fail;  
But still upon his cane he leans,  
And feebly groans, then hoarsely screams,  
*You-auto-eatit.*

There on the deathbed lies the lad.  
His pulse is low, the case is bad;  
But to the doctor's stern command  
The patient makes this fool demand,  
*You-auto-eatit.*

A sudden chill has through me passed;  
For as the poor fool breathes his last,  
The friends draw close, then turn away—  
His lips are set as if to say,  
*You-auto-eatit.*

HAROLD MORGAN.