

TEETH MADE OF GOLD COIN.

American Soldier's Valuable Molars Made by Filipino Dentist from Twenty-Dollar Piece.

A recently returned soldier from the Philippines has, according to the New York Times, excited the curiosity of a well-known New York dentist by a set of five false teeth made of hammered gold in one piece.

"I was a private in the Thirty-fourth United States volunteers," said Mr. Linkey, "and when we started out, company K, of which I was a member, had a dentist, but he died outside Manila while we were on a long and laborious hike. We ransacked the town of Allaga, and I caught a cold one night. That settled in my teeth. On the night of the day they bothered me most our native guide gave us warning that there would be a surprise party. We were up and ready upon the first intimation of the approach of the little brownies we rushed at 'em, and I got the butt of a gun in the jaw. The joint knocked out five teeth."

"Being in Allaga for more than a year, I formed a friendship with one Claron Domenico, a very bright and industrious native. He noticed the rap every time I opened my jaws, and volunteered to make some teeth for me on condition that I give him a \$20 gold piece. I complied. He took the measure and made a crude mold with some native gum—it may have been gutta serena—and after five days he fitted this set of teeth."

"I marveled at the man's skill, and asked him about himself. He said that he had learned the art in England, and believed that he was a better dentist than any one living. When it became known to the boys that there was a 'tooth artist' in the town he got such a rush of business that he could scarcely attend to it. He showed us some specimens of teeth in which he had set precious stones. My teeth are perfect in fit, and I can remove them or leave them in my mouth all the time with ease. Claron would not let me pay for them, insisting that it was a pleasure for him to make me happy and that the \$20 gold piece which he had hammered into molars was enough for any soldier to miss from his pocket in those times of want."

THE BIRDS OF HAWAII.

Development of Country's Resources Driving Them Back Into Mountain Wilderness.

From some of the open pastures rises the song of the skylark, which was imported from New Zealand; skylarks increase in number, but not very quickly. The voice of the Chinese turtle-dove—the mourning dove, it is called—is heard in the land quite near to the valley homes; also the upward whirr of the McGowan and the Japanese pheasant, writes J. A. Owen, in Blackwood's. Grease and quail—the California valley quail—were there until lately, but the latter have now taken themselves to heights of 8,000 to 7,000 feet, whither the marauding mongoose cannot follow them. I asked a young niece of my own who lately left Honolulu what birds visited their grounds three miles up the valley road, and she tells me: "Java sparrows, rice-birds, and those squawking mynahs. The last set up all our young fies and grapes, unless we throw the tennis net over them. The natives call the mynah manu ai pilau—that is, 'bird who eats fith'." He does some good, but as well as ill.

That watching of birds which is essential to a knowledge of their life history has indeed been impossible to most visitors of Hawaii. And now that attention is giving an impetus to the development of the country's resources, the inevitable destruction of its forests, even if the birds themselves do not perish, is driving them up to still more inaccessible heights and wooded depths between the sharp volcanic peaks, which will baffle the hardest climber.

UNDESIRABLE AMERICANS.

Eternal Summer in Philippines Attracts Many of Vagrant Tendencies.

The attempt to rid Manila and the surrounding country of those Americans who have no visible means of support is commendable, but the undesirable have not all been shipped to the home country, says the Manila Times. Many, realizing that it is easier to forage in a country of eternal summer than to take chances where shelter and warm clothing are indispensable part of the time, have scattered throughout the provinces of Luzon, and are now infesting the various pueblos. It has reached a point in the province of Albay where a round-up would appear to be indispensable. Honest Americans are continually humiliated by the presence of this class of their countrymen, and the respect that right-minded Americans deserve is greatly lowered.

The worthless native is bad enough in the Philippines, but a vagrant American is ten times worse, and is that much more harmful to the cause of the United States in the islands. Let the vagrant American be shipped to the United States, where ample jail and police facilities stand ready to greet him. He can do comparatively little damage there; here he can do a great deal.

Sensitive Soul.

"I must warn you, Bridget," said Mrs. Nurtich, "to see that the peas are thoroughly mashed."

"Mashed, is it?" remarked the new cook in surprise.

"Yes, Mr. Nurtich is so highstrung, you know, they make him nervous when they roll off his knife."—Philadelphia Press.

"ROOT-FOOTED" ANIMALS.

Interesting Life Histories of Some Wonderful Animals of Microscopic Size.

Many microscopic animals you can find—if you know where to look, and have some grown-up scientific friend to help you catch them—in small ponds, ditches and various damp places, writes the author of "Nature and Science" in St. Nicholas.

But, because you can find microscopic animals even in large numbers in some stagnant water you must not believe that "all water is full of little animals," as we sometimes hear very incorrectly stated by people who do not know. The scientific man takes a drop of water in which some plants have decayed and shows, by the aid of a powerful microscope, many interesting swimming and wriggling forms. He sometimes omits to explain that this is not ordinary drinking water; hence a wrong idea of microscopic life in water is often held by those who have not studied nature's wonderful hoards.

Among the most wonderful of these tiny animals in water is the amoeba, that looks when at rest like a tiny fleck of jelly. When the amoeba starts to walk it can thrust out leg-like extensions from various portions of its jelly mass and use those that point in the direction it wishes to go.

These extensions of the little amoeba and of other members of the family have somewhat the appearance of the tiny roots of plants; hence the little animals are called "root-footed."

The little amoeba can eat a plant much larger than itself, in a method somewhat similar to that of a starfish eating an oyster—by merely surrounding it.

Scientists claim that the amoeba never dies—except, of course, when destroyed by accident or eaten by some larger animal. When the amoeba becomes above the ordinary size it extends itself out, somewhat, in the shape of a dumb-bell. A little later the two globe-like ends are entirely separated, when each portion swims away as a complete little animal.

But the amoeba is only one of a large number of these strange "root-footed" animals. Many of these others live in the ocean, while others live in fresh water, or even in damp places on land. In fact they occur almost anywhere that is not too dry and the water too pure. We can find them on the bark of trees, on the dripping rocks near waterfalls, in the ooze at the bottom of ponds and ditches, in the slime on submerged objects, on the under side of floating leaves and in the water which we squeeze out of bog-mosses. And many live in shells which, like the shells of clams and snails, are formed from the creature's own body, or are built up of sand grains and hard parts of other minute animals and plants. Some of these little fellows are green, some are red or brown, some are nearly black and some almost as clear as glass. They are often shaped like an egg, or a helmet, or an Indian pot, and have a single opening at the bottom of the shell. Through this opening the animal thrusts out its legs, and with them crawls along and seizes its food.

Instead of being blunt, irregular "make-believe" feet, some have straight, slender rays two or three times as long as the body. One of these is the sun-amoeba, common among floating plants in standing water. It is so named because, with the round body and projecting rays, it looks for all the world like the picture of the sun in old prints. When some smaller creature touches one of these rays it seems to become paralyzed, and is drawn down to the surface of the body to where a sort of jump rises up and swallows it. If the prey is too big for one ray to manage half a dozen will surround it, becoming more or less fused together, while the lump which rises up to engulf the morsel is half as large as the animalcule itself.

The sun-amoeba floats and moves onward in a mysterious and unknown way, while some others, not very different in appearance, do not move about except when they are very young, but stand on long stalks and have a sort of latticework shell, the rays streaming out through the holes. As many as forty individuals of still another kind will tie themselves together by long bands, so that, being bright green, they look much more like some minute water-plant than like a colony of animals.

These are only a few of some hundred of different kinds, many of which are likely to turn up unexpectedly almost anywhere. Indeed, one of the charms of studying these rhizopods (which is simply Greek for root-footers) is that one never can tell what queer thing he will find next.

Her Horrible Mistake.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Ka Filippe, for forcing my attentions upon you when you appear to be so anxious to avoid me, but I can't feel comfortable until I know why you turned your back on me so suddenly at the Blimbilms' the other night."

"I should think you might be able to guess without much trouble," she coldly replied. "You boasted that you had become an expert—"

"Trap-shooter," he said when she hesitated.

"Oh, Mr. Pridmore! Can you ever forgive me? I thought you said trap-shooter. Won't you come and see us some evening and play bridge? We have just lovely times. I won \$36.20 from Mrs. Godderton night before last. Come any time. The same's nearly always going."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Village Changes Its Name.

The Austrian village of Schwelme, which is German for "hog," has obtained permission from the minister of the interior to change its name to Janoslawitz.

HOLD TO BARBARIC USAGES

Singular Decorations of Figures in Churches and Cemeteries in the Philippines.

"One of the great curiosities to Americans who first visit the Philippines," said an army officer, reports the Washington Star, who has just returned after a three-years' detail in the archipelago, "is the method of decoration used in the churches and cemeteries, especially the matter of the statues of Christ and the virgin. Almost all the statues of the Saviour in countries whose population is dark-skinned are of an Ethiopian hue, and bear the facial characteristics of the natives. It would never do to depict a Filipino Christ as a white man, for the reason that the natives would not understand or respect it as highly as they would a Divine leader of their own race. And it follows that the mother of Christ must also be a black, or at least of a dark hue."

"But one of the funniest things that ever caught my eye was a statue in a cemetery in Luzon. There was a glass case as high as a man and perhaps four feet square placed in a prominent part of the city of the dead that caught and held the eye. Upon closer inspection the case was seen to contain a statue of a woman. She was gowned in the most elaborate fashion known to the Filipino dressmaker, and a modern hat of the Gainsboro type was set jauntily over her ear, the broad brim falling away in a dashing style from her left eye. The hat was the most attractive feature of the whole thing, being a really stylish creation, copied, without a doubt, from some fashion book of New York styles."

At the foot of this wonderful statue were representations of many of the animals of the Philippine forest all coming up to worship it, and as a curiosity it had no competitor in the entire island. But the officers and soldiers of the army who were in the neighborhood, and who went to see it, were at a loss to understand its meaning until a padre came to the rescue. He explained that it was a statue of the Virgin Mary, and the congregation of the Catholic soldiers may be imagined when they looked upon what they thought to be a desecration of a sacred subject.

"The padre, however, soon quelled their anger by explaining to them that the Filipino wanted as much devotion for his religious subjects as he could get, and that he would not appreciate a statue of the virgin clad in the garments that are familiar to us as the raiment of purity. He demanded more than a simple garment wound about the form, and the priest had to respond to the demand in order to have their teachings command respect. The customary garb of the virgin is too much like that worn by the natives to appeal to them, and they would not readily admit the superiority of a being whose dress was not more elaborate than their own. So it is as much a custom of the country to dress the virgin in fire raiment as it is to paint the face and body of the Christ to correspond with the hue which is familiar to the natives, and I have heard of several other cases where statues of the virgin are finished in the very latest creations of the modiste's and milliner's art."

CUBANS YET UNFRIENDLY.

Government Official Reports Result of Observations Made on a Recent Visit.

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Taylor returned to Washington recently from a trip to Cuba. He says that the natives still entertain a dislike for the people of this country.

"The native Cubans do not," he said, "seem very friendly toward us, while the Spaniards are especially friendly. Of course, I do not refer to Cuban officials, but to the people, who seem to entertain some sort of a fear that it is the intention, at no remote date, of this country to annex Cuba, and that American enterprise and capital will come in and dominate affairs to the detriment of the interests of Cuban residents. This feeling undoubtedly will be allayed as time goes on."

"Cuba was a pleasant disappointment to me. The city of Havana is kept scrupulously clean. I have never seen an American city where the streets and alleys were cleaner than in Havana, thanks to Gen. Wood and others. The country outside the city of Havana is quite picturesque and surpassingly fertile. There are forests of sugar cane and vast tobacco plantations and coconut groves, and pineapple orchards without number. The city of Havana is notably lacking in hotel accommodations. There are numerous hotels there, but they are not up to a proper standard, and prices are extra high."

"The first general election was held one Sunday while I was there, and passed off quietly, somewhat to the surprise of the officials. There had been anticipation of some rioting in various provinces, but good order generally prevailed and the people acquiesced in the results."

Friars in the Philippines.

Late advices from the Philippines state that the church question is practically settled. The friar lands question, from having been a paramount issue, has become a dead one and the friars themselves a back number. There are only about 300 of them left in the islands, and they are not in a position to give any trouble. The purchase of their lands by the government rounds out an epoch and redoubles the chief promise of the United States to the natives. The three American bishops now there are reorganizing the Catholic church on American lines and co-operating heartily with the civil authorities in promoting the education of the natives. Altogether, a great work has been done, and the foundation laid for still greater progress.—Indianapolis Journal.

STRAIGHT TALK ON STYLE.

Dame Fashion Arraigned by a Member of the Sex That Obeys Her Dictates.

Mrs. O'Gally surveyed the gowns and kites in the window with a mournful eye and a disapproving roll of her head, recalled the Chicago Daily News.

"What's got the women?" she exclaimed. "That's no way to put money in the bank! Wastefulness is a devil that picks yeh up and throws yeh over the fence into the porchouse yard before yeh can say 'Leggo!'"

"It's far more savin' to be economical, and I can prove it. Just look at them hats! Fr' the love of! Well, if we ain't pulled around by the nose, who is, that's what I'd like to know! Of our own choosin' would one of us wear 'em? And now look at the little dinky gold tassel hangin' in among the grapes and roses! What next?"

"What's fashion so senseless for, anyhow, and did anny on 'em ever grow on American silk er near it?"

"In my day it wasn't so. It isn't so long back when a cashmore dress was good enough and fine enough for anny one, but is it now? Why, they use cashmore only to bury folks in, and poor folks at that. Not avny silk is good enough for dresses. It must be a fine cloth, lined with silk, inlaid with satin, flounced up with velvet, and spread all over with pale lace and passementory, and thin it's only a 'plain walkin' suit' when it's done. Oh, I've studied stoffe, and I know that I'm spakin' the truth, and, as a frind, I ask yeh, ain't it so, Larry?"

"Them fashionmakers is nothin' but wicked pirates, with an eye on our pocketbooks. That's all. I know 'em, whiskin' us about here and there and changin' the stoffe on us afore we can catch our breath. It's a burnin' shame, and they'll have to answer for it, fer playin' on our lack of common sense like that."

"There was a whole back when my Molly would use the hull of her Soudah marin' readin' in the papers about the stoffes from Paris and lookin' at the full of useless pictures of 'em."

"What's got yeh?" I says. "Is all yer bringin' up comin' to this? What's the Paris stoffe to you that has yer livin' to earn? Has the way the queen of Rooshia wears her crown got annythin' to do with the set of your last year's made-over hat? She may have a bald spot to cover fer all yeh know. There's no tellin'. And as fer seen coat trimmed with prindestones and lace chitany-suits and maslin linkinaye—you've never saw one in your life, and maybe never has the party who's writin' of 'em."

"Why, this stoffe business will be the death of us all yet, that it will, and it's just because we're too polite and good-natured to say no. I've had me own black silk comin' on 17 year now, and it's as good as new to-day. Sure, I've had a new shirt on it twice, and three times a waist, owing to them pettin' tights fer me, though why I can't see."

"Paris stoffe is all right in their places, but what is need is fewer hints from fashion's dinter and more good, plain directions how to make over last year's dresses and hares so as to fold all the neighbors, and even the 'old maid' livin' in the block. Do you think anny one will start somethin' like that soon? Has there been anny talk of it or mention of it in the papers, do you know, or has us poor women got to go right on sufferin'?"

DIGNITY TOOK A TUMBLE.

An Illustrative Instance of the Inadvisability of Carrying One's Nose Too High.

The crude humor that makes the small boy want to throw a stone at a silk hat on a man bristling with dignity is not to be disposed of as a mere ill-considered prank of youth. There is deep in most people a spring of irrepressible humor that bubbles up when conscious dignity gets a fair tumble, says London Tit-Bits.

That is why, for all the solemnity of the place, the soberest charity and the best-bred propriety in the world could not prevent a titter at a little farce that happened once in a certain church.

A gentleman and his wife, who were offended at something the preacher said, gravely rose and stalked toward the door, with their heads held high in assertive disdain. The wife followed the husband. Unfortunately, when they were half-way down the aisle, the husband dropped his glove, and stooped to pick it up.

Fate, the humorist, determined that the wife should keep her head so high that she did not see her husband stoop. She went sailing on, and tumbled over him in dire confusion. The congregation held its breath and kept its composure. The two recovered themselves and went on.

Hoping to escape quickly, they turned to what looked like a side door. The husband pulled it open with an impressive swing. Before he could close it out tumbled a window pole, a long duster, and a step-ladder. The congregation could contain its mirth no longer, and man and wife fled to the real exit in undignified haste, amid a general and uncontrollable titter.

Slaughter of Rabbits in Oregon. "It is worth the trip to see a rabbit drive in eastern Oregon," said J. P. McNaught, of Seattle. "The farmers drove 10,000 rabbits into a space no larger than that lawn at one I saw a few days ago," pointing to the circular lawn in the court in front of the Portland hotel. "The cannery people pick out the best, cut off their heads with a cleaver and take them away. They do not can more than 25 per cent. of the whole number, but they kill the rest of them, and the farmers haul them away and feed them to the hogs."—Portland Oregonian.

FOUND IN FASHION'S TRAIN

Pretty Bits of Feminine Finery That Lend Tone and Color to the Season's Costumes.

"Knicker suiting," camel's-hair and "French home-pun," all give examples of silver gray, steel gray and pure gray woaden light-weight cloth for traveling, walking or afternoon gowns.

"Fiber" lace blouses are much liked and meet the especial approval of the dressmaker, because they may be tinged to match the exact shade of color desirable as fashionable or unusually becoming to the possessor.

They say, reports a fashion authority, that horizontal trimmings will replace vertical decorations on the newer summer gowns. It is true we have had many applications of horizontal banded trimmings this winter, but they were chiefly confined to shoulder or cape-like affairs.

Horizontal bands of ribbon satin and velvet all form trimmings for the plain-frock and braid, too, will be used in this way from the hem to a few inches below the waist. In fact, braid is used on all the tailor-made costumes over here, a very plain narrow silk military braid being the most popular.

The small boy is seen wearing a suit of white cloth, coat and trousers. The coat has collar and cuffs of black velvet, which help to keep it fresh. The lad wears a white beaver hat, with rolled-back brim, and a black velvet crown band. He has white corduroy leggings to cover his stockings on a rough, Marchy morning.

Crash bands embroidered in scarlet, Turkish green, crimson and orange, with a dash of gold thread, are extremely showy as a trimming. They are used with an otherwise all-gray toilet meant for use as a spring suit. The increase in specialized toilets for different occasions has not yet driven the old-time "spring suit" from favor.

Immense quantities of lace will be used on both day and evening gowns, and one of the eccentricities of fashion fads is to trim cloth with the lighter kinds of lace, preferably Valenciennes and Chantilly, and the thin goods with the heavy twine and tulle. Dyed lace exactly matching the frock, which has been such a success here this winter, will be a la mode this spring and summer.

Far from being laid aside, the separate blouse is more attractive than ever this spring, and the dealers evidently expect it to be in demand, for the supply is large and the models are of infinite variety. There is no denying that a blouse in the color of the skirt worn with it is far more modish than one contrasting in color, but the white blouse is too pretty and becoming to be abandoned.

THOSE TACTFUL SPEECHES.

Always Intended to Be Just the Right Thing, But Invariably Get Twisted.

The young woman who prides herself on saying the happy word at the happy moment was tested the other day. She wore a pearl-pearl gown to a club reception, and chattered to be talking art off to a corner with a vivacious lady who was sipping chocolate, relates Youth's Companion. Suddenly another woman broke into the conversation.

"My dear," she said to the vivacious lady, "it seems that Mrs. Hemmaway is an old sweetheart of your husband. She has been telling us what charming letters he used to write her, and she wants so much to meet you. Oh, here she is now! Do let me present—"

The vivacious lady sprang to her feet. She would not have shown a touch of embarrassment for worlds, and in her effort to appear delighted she poured her chocolate, with its whipped cream, all down the front of the maiden in gray.

"Don't mention it!" exclaimed the tactful girl, as she mopped the brown gown with a lace handkerchief. "I'm sure it's no wonder you were awkward, the circumstances were so embarrassing. Besides, it isn't half as bad for me as it is for you. I know I should want to go through the floor if I had gone such a thing. No, really, don't mind excuses! You mustn't worry about it at all. Listen! I have a lovely gown I want to show you to-night. If it weren't for that, perhaps I couldn't have behaved so well about this."

About that time a look on the vivacious lady's face brought the sweet prattler to herself with a shock, and she started for home, devoutly wishing that she had been born mute.

There was another cheerful little spill at a recent church dinner. The president of the missionary society, attired as a waitress and carrying a platter of butter-balls, airily poised on one hand, approached a table she was serving. No one will ever know just how it happened, but the harmless lady in black silk who was sitting at the table suddenly felt a soft shower of something on her shoulders, and then realized that the platter itself had followed her and the back of her chair. The amateur waitress, with an exclamation of dismay, extracted the platter and began to ladle out the mishapen globes of butter, while the buttered lady tried to think of something kind and comforting to say; but to her amazement the waitress, instead of expressing anxiety about the dress, only exclaimed: "Isn't that too exasperating? I don't believe I can use those butter-balls at all!"

Virginia Corn Muffins. Three eggs well beaten, two heaping cups of Indian cornmeal, one cup flour, sift into the flour two teaspoonfuls baking powder, add one tablespoonful melted lard, one teaspoonful salt, three cups sweet milk; bake in gem pans in hot oven, serve hot. This needs to be well beaten before putting in pans.—Boston Globe.

What Did She Want?

Mrs. Newlived—I want to get some salad. Dealer—Yes, ma'am. How many heads? "Oh, goodness! I thought you took the heads off. I just want plain chicken salad."—Philadelphia Ledger.

CONDIMENTS AND HEALTH.

Excessive Use of Pepper, Salt, Mustard and Vinegar in Consumption of Tasteless Foods.

The condiments in common use are salt, pepper, mustard and vinegar, and they are generally employed to give suppleness to unpalatable, odorless or comparatively tasteless food. The first-named three substances have the property of stimulating the flow of the digestive juices when applied to the tongue or stomach, and thus they compensate to some extent for the absence of the natural stimuli, which are tempting in appearance, smell and taste says the American Queen.

A bit of cold meat does not tempt the appetite; the teeth do not water at the prospect of an attenuated joint of cold mutton. Why? Because neither the eye, the nose nor the tongue is able to give the signal that something desirable is on its way to the stomach, nor is it inclined to put all the digestive forces on the qui vive. The healthy inner man does not crave for cold meats, unless the system is badly in want of nourishment, because it knows to its cost that such are neither so digestible nor so nourishing as fresh-cooked hot viands.

Hence, cold food is generally very freely mixed with salt, pepper of the cayenne order, mustard, or vinegar, which stimulate the palate by a mechanical process of irritation, and so promote the reluctant flow of digestive juices of a sort.

Of all the condiments mentioned above, salt is the only one that can justly lay claim to being necessary to health. So universal is its use that it has been called the cosmopolitan condiment. It helps in forming important constituents of the gastric juice with the bile existing, indeed, in every fluid and every solid of the body, and forming about half the total weight of the same matters of the blood.

But it is quite otherwise when we come to deal with black, white or red pepper, mustard, vinegar, sauces, pickles, curries and spices.

In the very strictest moderation they may add a fresh zest to a dish, and stimulate a jaded appetite and a satiated palate. But they are often indulged in to such an extent that their action on the processes of digestion and assimilation becomes injurious by vitiating the gastric juice and affecting the coats of the stomach. Moreover, they are provocative of thirst, which leads to the consumption of more liquid of some kind or other than is good for the system, even of healthy persons.

Persons who would think twice before applying a small mustard plaster to their comparatively lardy skin, think nothing of bringing quantities of mustard into immediate contact with the more highly organized, and, therefore, delicate mucous membrane of the stomach, with results that must be in the long run productive of serious impairments of its normal functions.

ABOUT WORK AND WORRY.

Overwork Sometimes Kills Because the Health Has Not Been Taken Care Of.

It is sometimes a slight compensation for the man who is broken down physically or mentally, the man with early heart-disease or kidney-disease or the neurotic to learn that his wife was the cause of his undoing. It is a much more respectable cause than disipation, or, at least, it would be, if it were the cause, says Youth's Companion. But the best medical authorities and hygienists believe that few men have ever been seriously injured by hard work properly done. It is hard work, combined with worry or hard work performed in the wrong way that does the mischief in the majority of cases.

Of course, there may be such a thing as too much work—too constant application without recreation of any sort, but even in such a case inquiry will usually show that there is a want of system which increases the hours of work and induces a state of worry and hurry. Some of those who accomplish the greatest tasks seem to have the least to do, and the reason for this is that their work is thoroughly systematized. The day is not begun with a despairing glance over all that must be done before night, and a hesitation where to begin. On the contrary, each hour has its appointed task; one thing is taken up, and for the time being the mind is concentrated upon that alone, as if nothing else pressed for the day. When this is done the next is taken up, and the next; and when night comes there is no accumulation of unfinished work, and no worry for the morrow.

It is the lack of system, the inability to concentrate the mind on the work of the moment that makes for failure and for breakdown.

Another reason why overwork kills is that the man willfully or ignorantly neglects the laws of health. He eats too much under the mistaken idea that food is needed to help him bear the strain. He neglects physical exercise in the open air, and the system becomes clogged with waste material.

System, a quiet perseverance in taking up and completing one thing at a time, moderation in eating, one hour at least each day in the open air and seven hours' sleep, will enable a man to put behind him an enormous amount of work every day without hurt to mind or body.

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