JOHN BULL IS NOT A BORN FOOL

Miscalculated Notions Concerning His Decadence.

Still Supreme in Manufacturing, Shipping and Honesty.

Retains Such Solid Virtues as Will Make Him a Force in the Struggle for Supremacy.

Fred A. Mackenzie, editor of the Daily Mail, says: Some superficial observers are proclaiming aloud that John Bull is henceforth to be regarded as a back number in the world's story. He has played his part, we are told—a grand enough part in its time, but henceforth he is to be reckoned as a decaying and declining force.

If this were true it would be a bad thing not only for John Bull himself, but for all who have dealings with him. America, in particular, would regret it, for England is now America's best customer for exported goods, and the stronger and richer England is, the more will it be able to buy. From a purely selfish point of view America should desire nothing more than that British prosperity should go on by leaps and bounds.

Nations are slow to learn what individuals have long since seen—that the well-being of one helps all.

But is John Bull played out? Has he started out on that down slide along which the great empires of the past have all run?

There is something to justify the fear at first. The story of South Africa, dinned through the world for two long years, has revealed many unsuspected weaknesses. British political institutions, the model of representative government in many lands, are today on their trial. Representative government in England has become almost a farce, there is a total lack of great statesmen, and the House of Commons, long the glory of the nation, has become the mock and the jibe of the mob.

English manufacturers have been asleep. English trades unions have been foolish. There has been too much resting on past traditions. The freshest and most original of English life has gone abroad, to the colonies or to America, and there has more than maintained the traditions of the race.

But John Bull is waking up. He is not a born fool, and those who reckon too confidently on his folly may find that they have made grave miscalculations. He is learning from the American and German, but in a few years he will do again what he has often done in the past. He will suck some of those invading strangers in, and make them part of himself.

Nearly all the great British mercantile families of the past have been strangers who came to England to exploit her, and soon found themselves the stoutest of Englishmen. Thus, the Barings were sons of a Dutch pastor. Now one of them rules Egypt for England, and several members of the family, such as the Ashburtons, the Revelstokes and the Northbrooks, sit among England's lords.

Lord Milner came almost direct from Germany, yet surely in South Africa he has proved himself pro-Briton enough to please anyone. The Rothschilds came from Frankfort, now thy are the British over-lords of the most of a county. And so one might go on indefinitely.

The same thing continues today. American importers send in their surplus stock. Soon they find it more convenient to build a factory in England. Then one member of the family settles in England and usually becomes more English than the Englishman. Both nations profit.

John Bull is not yet played out, because he is willing to learn (in business, if not in politics) from his own mistakes. During the last summer every big American factory has been visited by many Englishmen, seeking to adopt American methods, greatly to the benefit of both nations.

Decadent nations will never really admit that there can be anything the matter with them. Insinuate to the Spaniard that his is not the mightiest and greatest people on earth, and there will be trouble. Gently suggest to John Bull that there is something wrong in his affairs, and he may look black at you, but he will proceed to inquire what you can teach him to make things better.

England is still, in proportion to her population, the largest manufacturing nation. She still is supreme in the world's shipping, and her dockyards ring day and night with the sound of busy hammers. Her reputation for solid honesty still stands high in the world's markets.

And there is another thing, which those who look forward into the world's future must not ignore. In the past, the government of the British Empire has been left in the hands of the small ruling class in England. The strong and enterprising men of the colonies, while ruling themselves as they would within certain limits, have not been allowed to take their share in imperial administration.

The colonials are not much longer going to allow blunderers to spoil the affairs of their empire. They will make an end of the amateur politicians, who find their real joy of life in golf or literature or flower-growing, while the affairs of state under them are allowed to be wrecked. Once younger England steps to the front, there will be little more talk of decadence.

John Bull is going to have trouble, and great trouble. It needs no prophet to foretell that. But, with all his shortcomings, he retains such solid virtues as will make him anything but a spent force in the future struggle for supremacy. And it is well for his friendly rivals that this is so

A WOMAN'S PRAYER.

It is notable that in the despondency caused by womanly diseases, there seems to many a suffering woman no way of escape from pain except at the price of life itself. It would be sad to record such a story of struggle and suffering except for the fact that in such dire distress many a woman has found a way back to health and happiness by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

This great remedy for womanly ills has well been called "A godsend to weak and sick women." It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

"Your medicine almost raised me from the dead," writes Mrs. Edwin H. Gardner, of Egypt, Plymouth Co., Mass., Box 14. "My urine was like brick dust, and I had pain all over me and such a dragging feeling it seemed I could not do my house work. I had to sit down to wash the dishes, even. In the year 1897 I was so sick I did not care to live and prayed many times that God would take me. One day I found a little book. I read it and wrote to Dr. Pierce, and in a few days received an answer. I decided to try his medicine, and to-day I am a well woman. I have no backache, no headache, no pain at all. I used always to have headaches previously to the monthly period and such pain that I would roll on the floor in agony. I took three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and three of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and three vials of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and was completely cured."

Accept no substitute for "Favorite Prescription." There is nothing just as good.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser—sent *free* on receipt of stamps to cover expense of customs and mailing *only*. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers; or 50 stamps for the cloth bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE PHRENOLOGY OF THE LION TRIBE.

A Keeper Tells How to Judge the King of Beasts by His Bumps.

[Philadelphia Times.]

Lion phrenology is the newest study and is being taken up by many of the keepers of the zoological gardens. During Mr. Mullen's long years as a keeper of the king of beasts at the Philadelphia Zoo he has had many opportunities to study the characteristics and habits of his charges, and he now claims that he can read their natures from the lines and features of the face in much the same way as scientists do the human countenance.

"I don't know much about the science of phrenology by which they tell the talents and traits of a man," he remarked while discussing the subject, "but lion phrenology, as we term it, is easy after you have made a careful study of the beast for several years. I can now tell the nature of the animals put in my charge after an examination of their heads and a long look at their faces. The lion has a most expressive countenance, and reveals in his face his character, and even shows by the lines around his eyes, nose and mouth the moods which govern him.

"See that big fellow over there, the one way back in the corner? Well, that beast was once an actor in a circus, and because he clawed his trainer once in a fit of anger he was put out of the business. Zoo keepers refused to take him in, as he bore the damaging reputation of being 'nasty.' He's a handsome fellow, proud as Lucifer, and when he was for sale the superintendent here wanted to secure him, but feared his influence over the other animals, for one unruly lion will demoralize a whole roomful of tractable beasts, and he also questioned very much whether any of the keepers would be willing to risk their lives with Dan, as the savage king was called.

"Hearing of the matter, I offered to feel the fellow's bumps, and pass judgment on his character. As I had done that thing successfully before, I was permitted to examine the beast, and the superintendent said he would put the matter in my hands provided I pronounced the lion O. K.

"I threw as much fellowship and confidence into my voice as possible, and in a few minutes the sulky Dan was transformed into a dignified king.

"He strolled haughtily over to where I had seated myself, and after sniffing me all over, consented to have his head scratched. Then I commenced the process of bump feeling. I noticed that the front of the head was very high and fully developed; that, in a lion, always denotes dignity and wilfulness. His eyes were large and wide set; that told that Master Dan, despite his high forehead, was a reasonable fellow.

"Where the head joins the neck, right back of the ears, I found two huge bumps—vanity, insatiable vanity, that was the keynote to the animal's character. When I first entered the cage Dan's eyes were dull and almost expressionless, lines of discontent drew around his mouth, the nose was wrinkled disagreeable, the entire combination lending a look of sullen ferocity to the animal's face.

"Those vanity bumps revealed the secret—he had been scolded, talked crossly to, and ordered around until his temper had been so ruffled there was no living with him. I said all manner of flattering things, and threw all the admiration possible into my voice as I talked to him while feeling his head.

"Before I left the cage he was a changed lion, as good-natured and frisky as could be wished. We've been the best of friends ever since our first interview, and he has always been as you see him now, proud, dignified, sensitive and good-natured. Pet him and he's as happy as a kitten—scold him, and he's the most ugly, sulky customer to be found in or out of a zoo. A little study of his race's physiognomy has enabled me to keep him good-natured. The discovery of those vanity bumps has made me his master.

"Pompey is no more like Dan than a fish is like an elephant; the top of his head is as flat as a pancake; not much true dignity, but heaps of stubbornness, a trait which in a lion is frequently mistaken for dignified reserve. He's the vainest inhabitant of the zoo. His eyes are deep set, with very little space between them.

"The width of the head below the eyes shows that he has plenty of fight in him. Try to urge him against his will by severe measures to do a desired thing, and you'll have a beast so savage that iron bars would be very little protection against his wrath. Make him think that he is the only animal in the zoo, and that his will is your pleasure, and you will be able to bend him in any direction. Oh, yes, a man in dealing with animals, especially with lions, must be crafty and foxy. They are, after all, a good bit like people, and must be dealt with in much the same way.

"See that youngster over there? He isn't quite two years old, and his bumps are not yet fully developed. I am training him, and I'm going to change his character. That's one advantage of understanding this kind of phrenology. You can mold the disposition of the beasts to your liking if you commence to work with them when they are a few months old.

"Here in this next cage we have a different type of lion. Dan, Pompey, and the youngster are aristocrats. This fellow with his tremendous roar is much more democratic in his views, and is willing to make the acquaintance of any newcomer; and if after several interviews the stranger proves congenial, they strike up a warm, and, on this fellow's part, at least, a lasting friendship.

"He's a philosopher and a reasoner. Not very well proportioned. Too much head for the length of his body. That's a detriment to beauty, but it denotes lots of brain power. He has more forehead than any in the collection. See how it bulges at the top. Daniel has an excellent memory, haven't you, old fellow, and plenty of gray matter stored up in your protruding cranium. Were he man instead of beast he would most likely be a judge or statesman. Lots of reasoning power and plenty of self-estimation in Daniel's head. He's a cool one, too. Hardly ever out of temper, but very determined when he once makes up his mind to a thing. Lions of Daniel's type, with his shaped head and face, we generally allow to have pretty much their own way, and their desires and doings are usually very reasonable."

THE AMEER'S PHYSICIAN.

A Women Doctor's Experience of Several Years in Cabul.

[New York Tribune.]

The death of the "terrible Ameer" of Afghanistan recalls the experiences of Miss Lilias Hamilton, the doctor who passed several years in Cabul as his medical adviser. She was practicing in Calcutta, when the ameer became curious to see and talk with an English woman doctor, and sent to invite her to visit his capital. It seemed a somewhat hazardous experiment, but as it was likely to prove interesting, Miss Hamilton consented to go. She soon reached a friendly footing with her royal entertainer, who was graciously pleased to be amused by her English independence.

"Ah, said the monarch one day when he was taking her into one of his harems, "you treat me like a dog." By which the ameer merely meant that his medical attendant was not in the habit of crouching and quailing in his presence. "Just follow me and you will see how our women treat me." When Miss Hamilton asked him how many wives or slaves he had he replied: "How many? God knows."

Her presence in the capital of such a country was viewed with suspicion and jealously by many eyes. The sultana openly said, "You are a butcher, not a doctor." And all because of her skill with the knife and the bonesaw. She thought it wise never to see a patient in harems. If any of the women wished to consult her they came out. Neither did she ever eat food prepared in the harems. In this she followed the example set by the ameer, who always insisted when Dr. Hamilton had prepared broth or other invalid food during his occasional illnesses, that she should taste them first herself in his presence. At all other times the court taster fulfilled that duty.

Although the kindest of hosts, after his fashion, the ameer was an exacting patient. On one occasion, after attending him for a number of hours, the doctor went to her room to rest. She was awakened almost immediately by a page, with a request to go to the ameer immediately. Hurrying to him, she was asked if he might have a peppermint.

Miss Hamilton, after her return to England, gave an interesting account of her experiences with the ameer, who talked freely with her upon all manner of subjects. She spoke of him as having an inquiring mind, with a power of corrective criticism which it was not wise to combat too openly. There was little love lost between him and the white races of whatever nationality they might be. "Here I am," he said, on one occasion—they always talked in French—"shut up in these mountains and surrounded by foes. I am just like a poor goat shut up in a cave with several mouths to it. If I go out on one side a wolf is ready to devour me. If I go out on another it is a lion. On another a man with a knife is ready to cut my throat."

The ameer was, when he chose, most agreeable, refined and courteous. He was a master of the art of flattery, and wasted much of it upon Miss Hamilton.

The indifference to human life and suffering, innate in ruler and subjects alike, sometimes made Miss Hamilton's stay at the court rather painful. She had some very bad moments, indeed, and not seldom ventured to argue with the terrible ameer and even to intervene on behalf of unfortunate wrongdoers. But he was nearly always ready to argue the point.

Miss Hamilton was not allowed to have any English books or papers, but lived luxuriously in a large house of her own. She had an English nurse with her—"hakims"—to compound native herb remedies, and a guard of soldiers to keep her numerous patients in order, as she had a large though unprofitable practice.

Memories of Great Men.

Many of the greatest men have had phenomenal memories. Caesar knew the names of thousands of soldiers in his legions. A modern man of science often has a prodigious memory for special terminology. Prof. Asa Gray assured me that he could at once recall the names of something like 25,000 plants; Prof. Theodore Gill can do the same for fishes. Our memory for mere words is itself much more extensive than is generally admitted. The average well-to-do child of 2 years of age has a vocabulary of some 500 words, and its father may have the command of 20,000 more. The 10,000 verses of the Rig-Veda have for 3,000 years been accurately preserved in the memories of the Brahmins. Not one Brahmin alone, but thousands, can today recite it, word for word. Thousands of Mohammedans, likewise, know the Koran by heart, as all learned Chinese know their classic books. The chiefs of Polynesia can and do repeat hundreds of thousands of words in their genealogies, taking days and even weeks for the recitation.

Hundreds of pianists can play all day, and many days, by memory; and I have myself seen Von Bulow conduct Beethoven's Fifth Symphony without a score. Chess players have a visualizing memory, musicians have an auditive and a motor memory, while arithmetical prodigies may have any one of the three, or a combination of all.

HERE'S A HEART POINTER

No beating about the bush for Aaron Nichols—he believes Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart cured his wife, and he says so straight.

"This is to certify that I bought two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the heart for my wife who has been for twenty years a great sufferer from Heart Disease. She had more benefit from it than from all the doctors that have attended her, and I am pleased to give this certificate of its wonderful curative powers."

Aaron Nichols, Peterboro P.O., Ont.

It relieves in thirty minutes. 67

For sale by C. McCallum & Co.

UNDER THE ALPS

Army of Men Engaged on the Simplon Tunnel.

The Work Nearly Completed—New Route Between Paris and Milan—Cost $55,500,000.

[Scientific American.]

The road from Paris to Milan by way of the Mont Cenis tunnel is 1,958 kilometers, and by way of the St. Gothard tunnel 1,068 kilometers in length. To reduce this distance to 970 kilometers is the primary purpose of the Simplon tunnel.

The new tunnel through the Simplon Pass, when completed, will undoubtedly be the most stupendous engineering feat of its kind ever performed—a feat which many engineers thought it impossible to accomplish, by reason of the great depth which was to be attained.

It is evident even to a layman that it is far easier to carry a load up a hill for a distance of 500 yards than for 1,000 yards. It is in this lightening of the task to be performed by the railroad locomotive which will be one of the ends attained by the new tunnel in comparison with the routes of St. Gothard and Mont Cenis. The highest point of the Simplon tunnel is 705 meters; of the St. Gothard, 1,154 meters, and of the Mont Cenis as much as 1,294 meters. The greater the height the more formidable the difficulties. In winter time especially the operation of Alpine roads is a herculean task, and involves appalling additional expenses. With the completion of the new road these difficulties will vanish. Indeed, there is probably no part of the Alps more admirably situated for railway purposes than the Simplon Pass. The construction of the St. Gothard route necessitated the building of approaches of magnificent proportions, the cost of which rivaled the tunnel itself. The builders of the Simplon will be confronted by no such necessity. On the northern side the new tunnel starts at the level of the valley, and on the southern side terminates after a few miles at the very border of the great plain of Lombardy.

So rapid have been the strides made by the modern engineer that this latest engineering work will be completed in a far shorter time than any of its predecessors, despite the character of the county. The building of the Mont Cenis road required thirteen years; the St. Gothard was completed only after seven and a half years; but the engineers of the Simplon pledged themselves to finish the tunnel through the pass in five and a half years, which, in comparison with the St. Gothard, represents a reduction in cost of 25 per cent. Despite the greater rapidity with which the work can be pushed forward, and the consequent saving in expense, the tunnel will cost $55,500,000.

TEMPERATURE AND VENTILATION.

Keenly appreciating the difficulties which confronted the engineers of the St. Gothard and Mont Cenis routes, so far as the provision of proper ventilation was concerned, the Simplon engineers have hit upon a simple and ingenious method of improving the sanitary conditions within the tunnel. Instead of constructing a single two-track tunnel, it was decided to build two single-track tunnels, one of which was to serve, when completed, as a huge ventilating tube for the other, still incompleted, tunnel. How enormously this simple expedient has improved the ventilation is shown by a comparison with the conditions that prevailed in the St. Gothard tunnel. The quantity of fresh air which could be supplied to the workmen of the St. Gothard tunnel was one and a half to two cubic meters per second; in the Simplon tunnel the laborers are supplied with 25 cubic meters. Moreover, by the use of sprayers, the temperature has been so far reduced that the thermometers in the cuts have never registered more than 32° C.—the maximum temperature attained at the St. Gothard. This result is all the more gratifying when it is considered that many skeptical engineers had declared that a minimum of 40° C. would be met. Disastrous epidemics occurred only too frequently among the laborers of the St. Gothard. In carrying on the work of the Simplon comparatively few men have reported themselves ill. The astonishingly small sick list may also be partially attributed to the admirable provisions made by the company in charge of the work, by securing the very best sanitary conditions. The tunnel exits consist of covered passageways, through which the laborers pass into large bath rooms, where they wash themselves and change their clothes.

DIPLOMATIC NEGOTIATIONS.

After long diplomatic negotiations between Italy and Switzerland, work was at last begun in the autumn of 1898. Before the final permission to break ground had been received, elaborate preparations had been made for pushing on the work as fast as possible. Above all, it was necessary to provide sufficient power. On each side of the mountain, about 2,000 horsepower was available, and this was to be used primarily to drive the ventilating apparatus and hydraulic compressors, as well as workshop tools and dynamos. In the north water power was obtained from the River Rhone; in the south from the Diveria. Through huge flumes, over one and a half meters in diameter, the water is led many miles from its source to the power house. Great repair shops were built, in which many hundred artisans were to be employed, whose duty it was merely to make and repair the tools and rock drills. That so huge an undertaking should necessitate the installation of many small plants is easily understood.

If unforeseen hindrances are not encountered, the tunnel will be open for traffic before the contracted time of five and a half years. If such be the case, the engineers will receive a bounty of 5,000 francs for each day between the actual day of completion and the contracted day; for each day required in excess of the contracted time a fine of 5,000 francs is imposed. On the south side the rock up to the 3,820th kilometer had been found perfectly dry, but when the 3,825th kilometer had been reached, springs yielding four to five liters of water per second were found. The schist forming the walls of the galleries was moist, without, however, causing any inconvenience. But when the 3,900th kilometer was reached, more formidable springs, yielding as much as 160 liters per second, were discovered, the temperature of which, strange to say, varied from 25° to 30° C.

LAXA LIVER PILLS

Those who have used Laxa-Liver Pills say they have no equal for relieving and curing **Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Coated Tongue, Foul Breath, Heart Burn, Water Brash** or any disease or disorder of the stomach, liver or bowels.

Mrs. George Williams, Fairfield Plains, Ont., writes as follows: "As there are so many other medicines offered for sale in substitution for Laxa-Liver Pills I am particular to get the genuine, as they far surpass anything else for regulating the bowels and correcting stomach disorders."

Laxa-Liver Pills are purely vegetable; neither gripe, weaken nor sicken, are easy to take and prompt to act.

SQUAWS' COSTLY ATTIRE

Indian Women Who Wear Suits Worth a Thousand Dollars

It has just cropped out in social circles that the Oklahoma Indian women are among the most extravant dressers in America. This fact is worth presenting to those who look to Paris for their fashions. There may come a time when Paris looks to Oklahoma, if things go on in this way. It is a fact, very narrowly known, that many women of the Kiowa, Comanche, Arapahoe and Ponca tribes have dresses costing from $750 to $1,500 apiece! They are not made in what we should call the latest styles; the decorations are what count.

The squaws' money is nearly all spent in purchasing costly ornaments for their clothing. These ornaments are in the shape of jewelry and precious stones, elk teeth and pearls. It is nothing out of the common to see an Indian girl walking around over her reservation with $500 worth of elk teeth tied to her dress in decorative style. Again, a two-karat diamond is no curiosity to these dusky belles. Most of the dresses are made from soft buckskin lined with silk or satin. Red satin is a great favorite for dress lining and shirt waists among the Indian women. Yellow silk is another of their favorites, but violet was the prevailing color this year. Next year the Indian woman who leads the fashion will decree a new and flashy color to be the up-to-date thing, and, of course, all of the women will follow her.

Society as we name it is a thing unknown among the reservation Indian women, but they have a certain envy of social standing just the same. When they come to the small towns on trading days there may be assembled several hundred of the women from various parts of the country, and they gather in the agency and talk over events among themselves, gossip upon the scandals and rail against the whites for hours at a time.

It is during this function that they may be seen in their best dress, and each one tries to outdo her neighbor in ornaments. The more elk teeth one has on her dress the more popular she is at these weekly meetings at the agency buildings. They examine each other's dresses carefully and freely express to the wearer opinions upon the quality and cost. If the dress meets with the disapproval of one, she has no hesitancy about saying so to the owner of such dress, who retorts as she sees fit. Sometimes open quarrels ensue at these sessions because some woman has been too bold in her criticism. Before they go home they take a vote on the dresses, and the owner of the best is crowned leader of fashion for the next week, and all must refrain from criticising her dress. During the ensuing week there is a great race to outshine her garments, and this is generally accomplished, no matter how hard she may have striven to hold her place in the lead. The squaws do not have to work as hard as is generally supposed. They do little outside their houses, as the Indians who have an income from the United States do not farm. All of the money due the women is paid direct to them, and they spend it to please their own tastes, which means for dress.

The swellest gowns are made from tanned buffalo hides, which at this time are very scarce. The leather is soft and durable. It is made up into a comfortably fitting skirt and loose waist. All dresses are cut in about the same style. They cost very little until the decorations are added. This is where the extravagance begins. Not less than a hundred elk teeth adorn the bosom of a dress, and sometimes $200 are used. They can be sold at from $5 to $10 apiece. Then a row of gold braid must go around the bottom of the skirt, and a string of pearl beads should adorn every belt. With addition of elk teeth, pearls and oyster shells, the dress soon becomes very valuable.

As the Comanches and their neighbors, the Kiowas, were great hunters, they have the most elk teeth and buffalo hides; hence in Indian circles the women of these two tribes are supposed to be the best dressed. Not until last Easter did the squaws introduce the wearing of hats, but they spent money freely for headpieces when they once began. They all had their hats trimmed with red roses and violets. Some of the hats were as large as a bushel basket.

The fashions they follow are very amusing to the white people, but with them it is a serious business, and the women are as much interested in their shopping as a white woman would be at the counter of one of the largest millinery houses in New York.

Civilization is steadily growing with these people, and the ways of the whites show in many matters beside those of dress. Most of the young married couples of the Kiowa and Comanche tribes have comfortable houses instead of tepees. They are well educated, having been forced to attend the government schools. To these new manners of life the young men and women take kindly, but the older class will have none of them. They continue to live in tents, as do full-bloods of other southwest tribles.

The young Indian wife of today is clean, a fairly good cook and tidy with her house. She is not yet well versed in the art of decoration, and red and green are predominating colors in all of her rooms, whether in harmony or not. The house has good furniture, but it is strangely arranged. The lounge is a favorite piece of furniture, and one sees it in every Indian household, always in the parlor. If the Indians have a piano or organ it goes into the bedroom. The young buck's best saddle goes into the parlor, and in many houses it is hung upon the wall. Red ribbons are tied to everything, even the tail of the cat, for no Indian household is complete without a cat and dog.

EATING TOO MUCH.

Eating too much is a disease of civilization. The uncivilized seldom get too much to eat, or their feastings are preceded or followed by so many days of famine that gormandizing leaves no evil traces. Where food is abundant, oxygen scarce, muscles soft through inactivity, and the regular occupation a tax upon the brain and nerves, the feeling that one has eaten too much or has not eaten enough, is a frequent and troublesome intruder. At times there is a combined sense of being at once ill-nourished and overfed. This means simply that one has eaten too much of improper foods and not enough of the right ones. A famous rule for the cure of dyspepsia is simple and succinct: "Take on your plate all you mean to eat, and eat but twice a day."

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