By Walter Irwin, M. O.

Much has been said and written upon the hygiene of the body, of habitations, of the school, factory and dwelling, and we have many treatises on the care of the sick, on drainage, water supplies and filtrations, all of which is intended to add to the general knowledge of preventive medicine. And there can be no question of the desirability of a wide diffusion of intelligence on these matters. It is obvious, however, that if the public mind had a more intelligent comprehension of the value of eyesight, the cause of many eye troubles and the best means by which they might be counteracted, it would aid in the real ground work of our general health.

The eyes, sustaining, as they do, such close relatio: with some of the most important organs of the body, not only by continuity of structure, but by intimate nerve communication, are frequently found to be the cause—either existing or predisposing—of some of the most trying and painful diseases known to pathology.

Derangements of the system, caused by the irritation of the optic nerve, are numerous, and are mistaken for indigestion and stomach ailments, neuralgia, etc., one never dreaming that the eye is at fault for the ailment and needs attention.

Many so-called "nervous headaches" are in reality nothing more than the reflex from overtaxed nerve centers which supply the eyes. As a fair means of illustration: A child will perfect sight and in perfect health, if forced to wear grandma's glasses continuously for ten minutes, is more than likely to complain of headache, and even nausea; and if the offending glasses were not removed, would soon become positively ill. Then why can we not draw a sensible comparison from this self-evident fact, and realize, that while we may manage to live quite comfortably, even though conscious of defective sight, still, when we overstep the bounds of carefully nursing this defective organ, we are apt to suffer the consequences in various forms of nerve trouble, which have their entire origination in our defective sight.

It has come to be a generally accepted axiom that the eye, and more often sooner than later, must have help to enable it to perform the work demanded of it. Modern civilization and a specialized humanity are in the main responsible for this condition. The eye is "a characteristic of a higher form of life," as somebody has said, and the higher life puts the greatest strain upon the organs most characteristic of it. The Indian doesn't wear glasses; he does not need them. His eyes have never been subjected to the intense, weakening strain which, among highly civilized peoples, has made glasses more than a necessity, a characteristic.

Even under the most favorable conditions, the demands made upon the eyes seem to be more than the latter can sustain without assistance of some sort. It is largely a matter of strain. Weak eyes are not necessarily diseased eyes. And the strain varies in different localities and under different conditions.

The best assistance you can give your eyes are properly fitted glasses. Here we would call your attention to the Kryptok Bifocals, also Toriscus lenses. Kryptoks are the latest optical achievement, are considered the best lenses in existence by all the leading oculists and opticians in the United States.

We trust that by referring to KRYPTOK and TORISCUS lenses that you will not overlook their special merits when the time comes for you to seek assistance for your eyes. Kryptok lenses give you comforts, as well as qualities of sight, that you cannot obtain in any other style or bifocals. The Kryptok will not only add to your appearance, but at the same time enable you to see both long and short distance within a single lens.

The Columbian Bifocal Co., Temple Court, Denver, Colo. Write for booklet.

Fisherman George.

Briggs—Bowder boasts that he never told a lie in his life.

Griggs—Shouldn't wonder if it was so. Why, last year he swore off drinking just at the opening of the fishing season. Bowder is a terribly eccentric fellow.—Boston Transcript.

Then He Went.

"Ah," remarked Miss Weery, whom Mr. Staylate had been wearying with old conundrums, "that reminds me of the best thing going!"

"What's that?" he asked.

"A man who has stayed too long."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Food For Reflection.

Clara—Why don't you get a new mirror, dear? This one gives a horrible reflection.

Maude—That's queer. I have always considered its reflective powers absolutely perfect.—Baltimore News.

The Doctor.

Katharine—Papa, I'm going to do something to help cut down your heavy family expenses.

Papa—What is it, daughter?

Katharine—Papa, I'm going to marry our doctor.—Brooklyn Life.

Riches.

"Yes," says the philosophical person, "wealth brings its disappointments."

"After we lose it," puts in the materialistic man.—Judge.

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ON THE SPIRE.

Thrilling Incident In the Life of James Freeman Clarke.

When James Freeman Clarke was a young man he visited Salisbury, England. Here the beautiful cathedral lifts its spire 404 feet into the air. The spire is topped by a ball, and on the ball stands a cross. From the ground the ball looks like an orange, but its diameter is really greater than a man's height.

Workmen were repairing the spire. Mr. Clarke saw them crawling round the slim steeple in the golden afternoon like bugs on a bean stalk. The impulse came to him to climb the spire and stand on the horizontal beam of the cross. Accordingly at dusk, when the workmen had left, the young American slipped in and made his way up the stairs to the little window which opened to the workmen's staging. To run up the scaffolding to the ball was easy. Then came the slightly more bulging curve of the ball. A short platform gave him foothold. He reached up, put his hands on the base of the cross and pulled himself up. To gain the cross arm was merely "shinning" up a good sized tree, and soon he stood on the horizontal timber and, reaching up, touched the top of the cross.

After enjoying his moment of exaltation he slid to the foot of the cross, and, with his arms round the post, slipped down over the great abdomen of the ball. His feet touched nothing. The little plank from which he had reached up was not there!

Here was a peril and one for a cool head and sure eye. Of course he could not look down. The hugging hold that he had to keep on the bottom of the cross shortened the reach of his body and made it less than when he had stood on the plank and reached up to the cross with his hands. He must drop so that his feet should meet the plank, for he would never be able to pull himself back if he should let himself down at arms' length, and his feet hung over empty air.

Now his good head began to work. He looked up at the cross and tried to recall exactly the angle at which he had reached for it, to make his memory tell him just how the edge of that square post had appeared. A few inches to the right or to the left would mean dropping into vacancy.

Bending his head away back, he strained his eye up the cross and figured his angle of approach. He cautiously wormed himself to the right and made up his mind that here directly under his feet must be the plank. Then he dropped. The world knows that he lived to tell the tale.

PICTURESQUE ALGIERS.

All Its Streets Are Staircases, and All Are Safe.

Here is a pretty picture of Algiers by Frances E. Nesbitt: "Now it is possible to go safely into even the darkest and remotest corners, and they are dark indeed. A first visit leaves one breathless, but delighted—breathless, because all the streets are staircases on a more or less imposing scale—the longest is said to have at least 500 steps; delightful, because at every turn there is sure to be something unusual to a stranger's eye. The newer stairs are wide and straight and very uninteresting, but only turn into any old street and follow its windings in and out between white walls, under arches, through gloomy passages, here a few stairs, there a gentle incline, always up and always the cool deep shade leading to the bright blue of the sky above.

"Being so narrow and so steep, there are, of course, no camels and no carts. Donkeys do all the work and trot up and down with the strangest loads, though porters carry furniture and most of the biggest things. Up and down these streets comes an endless variety of figures—town and country Arabs, spahis in their gay uniforms, French soldiers, Italian workmen, children in vivid colors, Jewesses with heads and chins swathed in dark wrappings.

"Interesting beyond all these are the Arab women flitting like ghosts from one shadowy corner to another, the folds of their haicks concealing all the glories of their indoor dress, so that in the street the only sign of riches lies in the daintiness of the French shoes and the fact that the haick is pure silk and the little veil over the face of a finer material."—Chicago News.

After Long Years.

After long years work is visible. In agriculture you cannot see the growth. Pass that country two months after, and there is a difference. We acquire firmness and experience incessantly. Every action, every word, every meal, is part of our trial and our discipline. We are assuredly ripening or else blighting. We are not conscious of those changes which go on quietly and gradually in the soul. We only count the shocks in our journey. Ambitions die; grace grows as life goes on.—Frederick W. Robertson.

Good Ladies' Horse.

"You told me he was a good ladies' horse," angrily said the man who had made the purchase.

"He was," replied the deacon. "My wife owned him, and she's one of the best women I ever knew."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Winners.

"Did your husband ever bet on a winning horse?"

"Oh, yes," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "All the horses Charley bets on win at some time or another."—Washington Star.

Honesty sometimes keeps a man from growing rich and civility from being witty.—Selden.

BIRTH OF THE MOON

LUNA WAS FLUNG OUT OF THE EARTH INTO SPACE.

She Once Filled, Perhaps, the Great Basin Now Occupied by the Pacific Ocean—Latest Ideas of Science as to Conditions on Our Satellite.

Millions of years ago the earth was not the land bound, sea swept globe so familiar to us, but a liquid mass on which floated crust some thirty-five miles thick. At that period, says the Strand Magazine, it turned on its axis at a constantly increasing speed that finally shortened the day to three hours. When that terrific velocity was obtained 5,000 cubic million miles of matter were hurled off by the enormous centrifugal force, and our moon was born. The cleaving of so large a body must have left some scar on the earth's surface. It has accordingly been suggested that the great basin now occupied by the Pacific ocean was once filled by what is now the moon.

Our moon has the distinction of being the largest of all planetary satellites—so large, indeed, that to the inhabitants of Mars it must appear with the earth as a wonderfully beautiful twin planet.

Because the moon rotates on its axis in exactly the same time that it revolves around the earth we are destined to see little more than one hemisphere. So slow is this rotation that the lunar day is equal to fifteen of our days. For half a month the moon is exposed to the fierce heat of the sun; for half a month it spins through space in the densest gloom.

Smaller in mass than the earth is, the moon's attraction for bodies must be correspondingly less. A good terrestrial athlete could cover about 120 feet on the moon in a running broad jump, and leaping over a barn would be a very commonplace feat. A man in the moon could carry six times as much and run six times as fast as he could on the earth.

Although separated from us by a distance that at times reaches 253,000 miles and is never less than 222,000 miles, we know more of the physical formation of the single pallid face that the moon ever turns toward us than we know of certain parts of Asia and the heart of Africa. Powerful telescopes have brought our satellite within a distance of forty miles of the earth. Physicists have mathematically weighed it and fixed its mass at one-eighth of the earth, or 73,000,000,000,000 tons.

The moon presents aspects without any terrestrial parallel. Rent by fires long since dead, its honeycombed crust seems like a great globe of chilled slag. Craters are not uncommon on the earth, but in number, size and structure they bear for the most part little resemblance to those of the moon.

A lunar crater is not the mouth of a volcano having a diameter of a few hundred feet, but a great circular plain twenty, fifty, even a hundred miles in diameter, surrounded by a precipice rising to a height of 5,000 or 10,000 feet, with a central hill or two about half as high.

Water cannot possibly exist as a liquid, for the temperature of the moon's surface during the long lunar night is probably not far from 460 degrees below the zero mark of a Fahrenheit thermometer, and the atmospheric pressure is so low that a gas under pressure would solidify as it escaped. Ice and snow are the forms, then, which lunar water must assume.

Because of the present paucity of water the moon's atmosphere is so exceedingly rare that startling effects are produced. Perhaps the most striking is that of the sunrise. Dawn and the soft golden glow that ushers in terrestrial day there cannot be. The sun leaps from the horizon a flaming sickle, and the loftier peaks immediately flash into light.

There is no azure sky to relieve the monotonous effects of inky black shadows and dazzling white expanses. The sun gleams in fierce splendor, with no clouds to diffuse its blinding light. All day long it is accompanied by the weird zodiacal light that we behold at rare intervals.

Even in midday the heavens are pitch black, so that, despite the sunlight, the stars and planets gleam with a brightness that they never exhibit to us even on the clearest of moonless nights at sea. They shine steadily, too, for it is the earth's atmosphere that causes them to twinkle to our eyes.

In the line of sight it is impossible to estimate distances, for there is no such phenomenon as aerial perspective. Objects are seen only when the rays of the sun strike them.

At times there may be observed spots which darken after sunrise and gradually disappear toward sunset. They cannot be caused by shadows, for shadows would be least visible when the sun is directly overhead.

They appear most quickly at the equator and invade the higher altitudes after a lapse of a few days. In the polar regions they have never been seen. What are they? Organic life resembling vegetation, answers Professor Pickering of Harvard university, vegetation that flourishes luxuriantly while the sun shines and withers at night.

A single day, it may be urged, is not sufficiently long for the development and decay of vegetation, but sixteen hours on the moon is little more than half an hour on the earth; a day lasts half a month and may be regarded as a miniature season.

The expressions "Hallelujah" and "Amen" are said to have been introduced into Christian worship by St. Jerome about A. D. 390.

SHARPENING A PENCIL.

In This Act, It Is Said, You May Read a Man's Character.

No woman should marry a man till she has seen him sharpen a lead pencil. She can tell by the way he does it whether he is suited to her or not. Here are a few infallible rules for her guidance in the matter:

The man who holds the point toward him and close up against his shirt front is slow and likes to have secrets. He is the kind of man who when the dearest girl in the world finds out that there are "others" and asks him who they are and what he means by calling on them will assume an air of excessive dignity.

The man who holds the pencil out at arm's length and whittles away at it, hit or miss, is impulsive, jolly, good natured and generous.

He who leaves a blunt point is dull and plodding and will never amount to much. He is really good hearted, but finds his chief pleasure in the commonplace things of life.

He who sharpens his pencil an inch or more from the point is high strung and imaginative and subject to exuberant flights of fancy. He will always be seeking to mount upward and accomplish things in the higher regions of business and art, and his wife's greatest trouble will be to hold him down to earth and prevent his flying off altogether on a tangent.

The man who sharpens his pencil all around smoothly and evenly, as though it were planed off in an automatic sharpener, is systematic and slow to anger, but he is so undeviating from a fixed principle that he would drive a woman with a sensitive temperament to distraction in less than six months. On the contrary, he who jumps in and leaves the sharpened wood as jagged as saw teeth around the top has a nasty temper and will spank the baby on the slightest provocation. There are certain women who can manage that kind of man beautifully, however, and if he gets a wife with a calm, persuasive eye he will come down from his high horse in a few minutes and be as meek as a lamb.

The man who doesn't stop to polish the point of lead once the wood is cut away has a streak of coarseness in his nature.

He who shaves off the lead till the point is like a needle is refined, delicate and sensitive. He will not be likely to accomplish so much as his more common brother, but he will never shock you and is without doubt a good man to tie to.—New York Press.

A NOBLE ENEMY.

The Fate of Mokrani, a Moslem Chief of Africa.

France was never in greater danger of losing her colonies in Africa than during the war with Germany in 1870. The troops were recalled from Africa to take part in the conflict that was going on against France, and Algeria was left almost defenseless.

The hour for which the conquered races had long waited had come, and if a holy war had been proclaimed it is probable that the French would have been driven from northern Africa.

But the tribes did not rise while the French had their hands full on the other side of the Mediterranean, and the fact was due to their fidelity to a solemn pledge.

When the war broke out a chief of great influence among the tribes, Mokrani, gave his word to the governor general of Algeria that there should be no insurrection while the war lasted. That word was faithfully kept. Disaster after disaster followed the French arms. The defeats of the war culminated in the surrender of Paris. But not a man of the tribes of Kabylia stirred. The Moslem's faith was plighted; the Moslem's faith was kept.

When, however, the last battle had been fought and the treaty of peace signed, Mokrani, then released from his word, gave the governor general notice that in forty-eight hours he would declare war. The French armies, released from duty at home, hurried across the Mediterranean. The end was inevitable. Mokrani, seeing that all was lost, put himself at the head of his warriors and fell fighting in the front rank. The French erected a monument to mark the spot where their noble enemy perished.

Where He Was.

"To what do you attribute your good health and remarkably robust condition?"

"To regular habits and early retiring."

"Then you have been so situated that you could carry out these excellent rules for the preservation of the health?"

"Oh, yes. I was in the Illinois penitentiary for twenty-three years."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Disinterested.

"What a splendid woman she is!"

"I am glad to think you have got such a wife."

"Such a wife! Why, man, you have no idea of her generosity. When I was poor she refused to marry me because she was afraid of being a burden upon me, but the moment I came into my fortune she consented at once. What do you think of that for kindness?"

Exciting.

Percy—I am tired of this life of ease. I want a life of toil, danger, excitement and adventure!

"Oh, this is so sudden! But you may ask papa."—Life.

Not Exhausted.

She—Henry, I'm going to give you a piece of my mind. He—I thought I'd had it all.—New York Press.

Those who always creep are the only ones that never fall.

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