

GALATA BRIDGE AT CONSTANTINOPLE

Famous Structure Reported as Partly Wrecked.

The famous Galata bridge which stretches across the Golden Horn between Constantinople and the suburb of Galata was recently shelled and partly destroyed by a British submarine, according to a dispatch from Athens.

The dispatch added that the appearance of the submarine caused a panic along the water front, as well it might considering that the feat would be equivalent to blowing up Westminster bridge or the Brooklyn bridge by a battleship vessel appearing without warning when the enemy was supposed to be miles away.

The Galata bridge was built in 1845 and rebuilt in 1877. It was at once the most picturesque bridge in the world and the ugliest. On one side lies the squalid section of Stamboul, with its bazaars, where carpets, metal work and other eminently Turkish products are sold to globe trotters on a scheme of prices whose elasticity is measured not so much by the intrinsic value of the article as by the keenness of bargaining or the depth of the purchaser's pocket. On the other side is the equally dirty but more businesslike section of Galata, where the Europeans have their shipping offices, under the height of Pera, where modernly equipped hotels look down upon Galata and Stamboul, both devoid of even the meagrest sanitary system.

The bridge spans the narrow strip of water which runs at right angles to the Bosphorus. It is known as the Golden Horn. It is a dozen times a day its traffic is utterly paralyzed. For the bridge is a series of pontoons, and to allow the passage of an occasional

STEEL FOR ARTILLERY.

Tremendous Pressure the Barrels of Big Guns Must Bear.

Modern high powered guns could not be built without steel strong enough to resist the enormous pressures to which they are subjected. Few understand how great these pressures are—almost as far beyond ordinary comprehension as the distances of the stars or the number of atoms in a glass of water. An attempt to state the matter in a form that will mean something to the ordinary mind is made by a contributor to *La Nature* in an article entitled "The Strains Resisted by Gun Metal." He writes:

"When the marvels of modern artillery are described perhaps we direct our admiration too exclusively to the mechanicians who have combined to construct it. We must not, however, forget the metallurgist, for it is owing to the astonishing qualities of the metal that the gun is so well able to resist the enormous strain due to the detonation of the explosive.

"It is interesting to cite here some figures published by Commandant Regnaud. At each discharge of a gun, in the case of our field pieces, in less than three-tenths of a second the pressure exceeds twenty tons to the square inch, and the speed of the projectile leaving the muzzle is more than 2,500 feet a second.

"The energy developed may be put at about 500,000 foot pounds. In other words, considering the cannon as a motor working during an exceedingly short time, we may place its rating at about 20,000,000 horsepower.

"Not only must the metal be made to resist these strains time after time, but to do so under unfavorable conditions, such as the high temperatures produced by the explosives. And not only must the metal of the gun be as strong as this, but it is the same with that of the shell. The shell of our seventy-five supports a pressure estimated at seventeen tons. The work of the device that takes up the recoil reaches about twelve tons to the square inch, and the mount neutralizes at each discharge about two tons.

"In fact, these conditions are realized in quite a remarkable way. It has been possible to test in the machine shop the pieces of a battery that has fired several thousand shots and to show that they have suffered not the slightest deformation.

"This is why it is necessary to employ special steels. The use of nickel in proportion of 1 per cent to 2 per cent, gives to steel special qualities."

CORRECT FOR AUTUMN.

This Smart Suit Attracts by Its Graceful, Simple Lines.



BROADCLOTH AND BRAD.

Featured in a coat almost three-quarters length, this beautiful suit has a full skirt with four plaits on either side and military braid as trimming. A deep belt, disappearing over the hips, is fastened with satin buttons. Navy city velvet furnishes the high turn-over collar, cloth top shoes and a wide trimmed sailor, trimmed with a coquy feather, complete the smart effect.

SETTLE YOUR HOME.

After Vacation Ends This Task Falls to the Housewife.

Coming home from a vacation is not relished by any worker, but it is particularly hard for the housewife, who must set her home in order immediately upon her return. And this is the lot which awaits most women who have spent the summer in the country and whose homes or apartments have been shut up during the hot weather.

A partially dismantled apartment is a most depressing sight to view upon one's home-coming and the prospect of all the work to be done to put the rooms in order will not add to the gaiety of one's spirits. However, the work must be done and done quickly, so it must be accepted with the best grace possible.

If the housewife has been careful about closing up the house before her departure in the early part of summer, her task of reopening the rooms and setting them in order will be considerably lessened at this time of year. As that will be necessary will be to dust, strip off the coverings from furniture and pictures, put down the rugs after the floors have been oiled and hang up the curtains and outer coverings.

In opening up the house for winter occupation begin with the bedrooms, for these will be needed first. It is decidedly unhealthy to sleep even for one night in rooms that have been unused for several weeks. So throw open the windows the moment you enter the house and let the fresh air clear out the musty odors. Now begin by taking down the bed and going over every creck and crevice carefully, wiping off every particle of dust and washing with gasoline if necessary. Do not use gasoline near fire or open light.

Next tackle the mattress. This should be thoroughly brushed, beaten and aired before being put back on the bed. The same treatment should be accorded the springs. While the bed is thus dismantled the springs and mattresses having been sent to the roof for an airing if possible, wipe off the walls of the bedroom with a broom wrapped in flannel. This will do away with the chance of microbes remaining in the room from dust which may have settled on the walls.

Now the bed is ready to be made and the rest of the room set in order.

This work will take up probably an entire day, and as it is the most important and necessary work to be done after the housewife's return, she should rest content with her labors and leave the rest of the house for some future time.

It is unwise to try to accomplish too much after the return for all the benefit of the vacation will be gone if the housewife be too tired out while putting her house in order.

A CHINESE JACOB.

His Willy Scheme by Which Hsien Feng Reached the Throne.

How Hsien Feng, winning his father's favor after the manner of Jacob, reigned in his stead and hastened the swift decline of the Manchu dynasty in China is told by Messrs. E. Backhouse and J. O. P. Bland in "Annals and Memoirs of the Court of Peking."

Toward the end of his reign Tao Kuang, concerned as to the successor, had almost decided to confer it upon his favorite son, Prince Kuang, a young man much superior in character and intelligence to him who eventually became heir to the throne. It happened, however, that the latter's tutor, Tsao Chengkung, knew of the emperor's predilection and, desiring to enhance his own position, cast about for some means of inducing the sovereign to change his mind and confer the succession upon his pupil.

The emperor, following the dynastic tradition, had given orders one day that his sons should go hunting in the southern park. Etiquette required that a prince who had not completed his studies should ask his tutor for permission to absent himself for the day. Hsien Feng therefore attended at the lecture room in the palace and found his tutor there alone. The prince went up and, making the bow that ceremony requires, asked for leave.

Tsao asked for what purpose, and he answered:

"The emperor wishes me to take a day's shooting."

Tsao whispered to him:

"Take the Manchu word used in speaking of us—addressing princes meaning, literally, elder brother, take my advice: When you reach the park, sit you and watch the others shooting. Do not fire a shot and give orders to your huntsmen not to set any traps. If the emperor asks you for your reason tell him that at this spring season it is not right to take life because both birds and beasts have their young to take care of, and such slaughter is a violation of natural harmony. Take care not to quarrel with your brothers, but do not endeavor to emulate them. If you, ako, will remember this, you are certain to win his majesty's approval, for I know his disposition. On this hinges your whole future. Be careful; do not forget."

When the princes returned in the evening and reported to their father only Hsien Feng had an empty bag. To Tao Kuang's question he replied, exactly as his tutor had told him to do. The emperor was delighted and said, "This is the conduct of a superior man," and from that day he decided to make him his heir.

In later years, when Tao Kuang had passed away, Hsien Feng raised his tutor to the rank of assistant grand secretary, but he died before attaining to still higher honors.

When Tsao Kissed Meiba.

The first time I sang "Goodbye" in Tsao's studio, and he played the accompaniment himself. The first "Hush—a voice from far away." "Listen and learn," it seems to say, "All the tomorrows shall be as today." "The cord is frayed, the cross is dry, the link must break and the lamp must die." I sang throughout plaintively, with only the two slight crescendos that he had marked in the music. Stopping suddenly at the end of those phrases, Tsao kissed me and exclaimed, "That is the way I heard it." I knew what he meant: The desire prompted by imagination in its composing had been realized. And I was very happy. — Mrs. Meiba in *Woman's Home Companion*.

Turn the Children Loose.

Turn them loose. That is the best way to develop the muscles of boys and girls. Turn them loose and let them live wild—climb trees, jump fences, chase squirrels, play with the dogs, dig in the garden, pick flowers, hop, skip and jump and do all sorts of things that a natural human animal wants to do. The trouble is, our boys and girls are tamed too much. We are all born wild and in the civilizing process have to be tamed more or less. Most of us, however, get tamed too much. We become so tamed that we are spoiled. — Good Health.

Norway Hotel System.

There is a capital hotel system in vogue in certain parts of Norway. In villages where no hotel exists one of the more prominent inhabitants is subsidized by the Norwegian government and in return is bound to provide accommodation for not fewer than four travelers. He may take in more if he chooses, but four is the minimum. The accommodation and food supplied are excellent and the charges moderate.

Garden Society.

"Why is the lily so naughty?" inquired the mushroom. "She barely nods to the rest of us." "She is very proud," explained the ivy. "She regards you as an upstart and me as a climber." — Kansas City Journal.

Leatherback Turtle.

A marine creature hard to keep alive in captivity is the leatherback turtle. The leatherback is a sea turtle, and it is the biggest of all the turtles. It grows to weigh a thousand pounds or more, six or eight times as much as a man.

Quite the Contrary.

"Does your wife husband your resources?" "Not while she's trying to husband our daughters." — Baltimore American.

Good Luck is Not Another Name for Common Sense.

For the Children

A City Girl Working a Pump in the Country.



Photo by American Press Association.

For the first time in her life the little girl here pictured became acquainted with a sure enough pump in the country. It was a most wonderful thing to Miss Ernestine Lindauer of the Bronx, New York city, who for all her short life of three and a half years had simply turned the spigot at the sink and seen the water flow. At this wonderful country pump, however, she quickly discovered that one must work to secure water. Ernestine thought it a great improvement over the city way. It was great fun to watch the water flow after the pump handle had been moved up and down. The mere turning of a spigot is very little pleasure compared with pumping on the farm. During Ernestine's visit at the New Jersey farm, where she made such wonderful discoveries, she never failed even when it was raining, to get her drink of cool water by her own exertions.

Museum For Children.

One of the special rooms at the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, which was the idea of Dr. Samuel Langley, is devoted entirely to exhibit designed to interest boys and girls. Dr. Langley knew that most museums are not arranged so that their exhibitions, even in natural science, can be seen and admired and studied by young folks. He decided that these things should be presented in a way that would appeal to children. So he superintended a special children's display. In a room used for the purpose all the wall cases which contain large numbers of birds arranged in classical positions designed to draw the interest of youngsters are built low, so that everything within them is plainly to be seen. The largest and smallest birds of prey, the eagle and elf owl and curious birds, such as the toucan and umbrella bird, are represented while bright colored and curious shaped shells, strange and interesting insects, specimens of minerals, fossils and coral formations are also shown.

The Strength of a Spider.

The amazing strength of spiders is shown in a number of well authenticated instances. Thus we have an instance of a half inch spider catching a two-inch fish. It was of the ground of wolf family. A scientist came upon it struggling with a fish on the edge of a little pool. Its claws were buried in the fish's tail. It had the tail out of the water, but the head still remained underneath. The spider struggled to pull the fish up the bank, and the fish struggled desperately to draw the spider into the pool. For ten minutes the scientist watched this silent and deadly fight. Then he hurried away for a bottle in which to put the combatants when he captured them. He was gone about half an hour, and on his return the end had come. The fish was dead, and the spider was slowly dragging its victim away.

A New Swimming Doll.

A new and interesting toy is a rubber doll that swims. It is hollow and connected by a slender piece of tubing to a small air bulb. When not inflated the arms and legs are folded close to the body, which to add to the effect is clad in a miniature bathing costume. When in the water the head of the doll protrudes above the surface while the body remains submerged like that of a swimmer. By pressing on the bulb and forcing air into the device the small arms and legs are straightened out, while the release of the air quickly draws them back to their folded position, so that a very lifelike stroke is made. By pressing the bulb intermittently the doll is made to swim quite rapidly through the water.

Turning Leaves.

The leaves are turning everywhere. To red and gold and brown. And soon through the bright autumn air they will be falling down. And all the winter, night and day, in country and in town. Some other leaves will turn, and they sometimes may tumble down. For winter days are dark and cold. But steady turns their hours to gold. And leaves must turn and with and learn. — Youth's Companion.

Self Sacrifice.

No man has ever sacrificed himself in the common meaning of that phrase, which is self sacrifice for another alone. Men make daily sacrifices for others, but it is for their own sake first. They must content their own spirit first. A man must feel better for doing a duty than he would for shirking it.

Take the case of the Berkeley Case, a British troopship crowded with soldiers and their wives and children. There was room in the boats for the women and children only. The colonel lined up his regiment on the deck and said, "It is our duty to die that they may be saved." There was no murmur, no protest. The boats carried away the women and children. When the death moment was come the colonel and his officers took their several posts, the men stood at "present," and so, as on dress parade, with their flag flying and the drums beating, they went down, a sacrifice to duty for duty's sake. They were soldiers with a soldier's pride—a soldier's self respect. They had to content a soldier's spirit.—Mark Twain.

Brush Your Tongue.

Brush your teeth. By all means brush your teeth religiously and well, but for ply's sake brush your tongue too. Wield your brush backward and forward, under and over, to the north, to the south, to the east and west. Scour it with fervor, for it is in truth a tiny forest of dense foliage wherein lurks the unseen enemy.

Every time you open your mouth a whole regiment of little microbes charge through the aperture and take up quarters somewhere in the confines of your chewing apparatus. Seek them out and annihilate them before these fellows you, for, fortified with an enormous capacity for work, they rest not, neither do they weary, and you may awaken in the morning to find whole companies firmly entrenched in the middle of your tongue. If you can't convince of your own particular organ being so invaded, take a microscope and mirror and get busy.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Terrible Abyss.

The greatest ocean depth yet sounded is 31,200 feet, near the island of Guam. If Mount Everest, the world's highest mountain, were plucked from its seat and dropped into this spot the waves would roll 2,000 feet about its feet. In this terrible abyss the waters press down with a force more than 10,000 pounds to the square inch. The stanchest ship ever built would be crumpled under this awful pressure like an egg shell under a steam roller. A pine beam fifteen feet long which held open the mouth of the trawl used for making a coat at a depth of more than 18,000 feet was crushed flat as if it had been passed between rollers. The body of the man who should attempt to venture to such depths would be compressed until the flesh was forced into the interstices of the bone and his trunk was no larger than a rolling pin. Still the body would reach the bottom.—Pearson's Weekly.

New Plants Die.

That plants die like animals we all know, but we do not know the exact moment when they die. For hours a dead plant seems alive. There is no twitch, no death spasms. A scientist has, however, succeeded not only in noting the precise moment when a plant gives up its life, but in recording its death spasms. The plant is heated very gradually so as to avoid all excruciation. This is done by placing the plant in a water bath the temperature of which is continuously raised by the application of a gas or spirit flame. At 60 degrees C. a spasmodic extraction takes place. All attempts to obtain resuscitation after this fall, even though the plant is cooled down to its normal temperature. This death temperature of 60 degrees is constant for all plants.

Eyes of a Bird.

Fishes and birds have an advantage over human beings in their ability to see on both sides of their. Their eyes are set not for looking straight ahead, but for looking out on each side. That is because they balance their bodies to right or to left, while we balance forward and backward. A bird can watch the tips of both wings at once. The pilot of an aeroplane has to turn his head from side to side to see his wing tips.

Foreshadowed.

Madge—Why did you throw him over? Mabel—He would have been a very parsimonious husband. Madge—But he fairly lavished money on you during the engagement. Mabel—Yes; but as soon as we began to talk honeymoon the first thing he did was to look up excursion rates.—Judge.

Inconsistency.

Mrs. Bacon—He's a very inconsistent man. Mrs. Egbert—Indeed? "Yes. Why, he tried to break his boy of being left handed, and he could only punish the little fellow with his left hand."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Great Effort.

"Quiet, children, quiet!" says the German mother in *Fliegende Blätter*. "Father is tired to death. He wrote a letter today that will go so very far—all the way to America."

Take Along a Hammer.

She—Have you been up to break bread with the new bride and groom yet? He—No! I'm not feeling very strong.—Boston Transcript.

The spirit of prosperity is temperance. The virtue of adversity is fortitude.



Photo by American Press Association.

THE GALATA BRIDGE.

boat whose masts will not pass under the crazy arches one or two of the middle sections are pulled away by tugs and swung at one side. If the vessel that is the cause of this disturbance is a sailing vessel and not towed and the wind is very light the traffic may be delayed for half an hour, which, after all, is neither here nor there in the day of the average Turk.

Galata bridge has been a busy passageway ever crowded, for the most part, with a hurrying stream of people. Toll keepers stand at each side and collect by hand from the pedestrians a small coin of tribute.

Here may be seen a well dressed Turkish merchant in European clothes—shiny broadcloth frock coat and waistcoat and striped trousers, but with the inevitable fez on his head—carrying home a live chicken, head down, for his evening meal, with perhaps a bunch or two of lettuce under his armpit, jostled on one side by a horse carrying a huge boiler full of garbage cleaned up from the narrow Galata streets, on the other side by two or three women, dressed always in black, with dark veils mercifully covering the fat, flat faces that are so characteristic of Turkish beauty. Here are Armenians and some soldiers, a handful of convicts chained together, marching hastily through the streets on their way to prison, a few peasants from the mountains. There are a pan demonium of shouted conversations, and a combination of smells that one gets only in Constantinople, the smell of fish frying in the open air, liver being roasted at the open stoves and the sickly odor of sweetmeats being cooked. There is but little in the way of color—black clothes for the women, white clothes as near white as a rubbing on stones in water with no soap will permit for the laborers and by way of contrast a little splash from a uniform here and there.

If all this picturesque has been destroyed the artist will have lost much. But that panic should seize on the illiterate Turkish crowd is not surprising, inasmuch as one small fire well started, might raze Stamboul to the ground, feeding as it would on the rotting of timbers of the tumble-down little houses, which shelter nightly masses of humanity that is the most overcrowded in the world.

HIS VIEW OF TIPPING.

It Was Not the Mere Money That the Old Water Craved.

Tips are said to be an evil of our times, but the man who has to give them makes the statement. That vast number that receives the largest has probably found it no crime. There is much to be said on both sides, but I cannot think that it is a system which should be, indeed, can be abolished, for the giving of a tip is the recognition of personal service. It is the only way one can thank a man who is not in his present capacity, at least, in the class of the one who dispenses the coin. And there is another reason to argue for the other side—that was most beautifully exemplified in a story which came to me recently.

A friend of mine took into service as indoor man one who had attracted her attention as a most perfect waiter in a hotel. She paid him the same amount that he averaged as a waiter, and she found him as satisfactory in her own home as she had expected him to be. Yet at the end of a few months he begged to return to his more exhausting duties in a great canvasser.

"I don't know as I can make it plain to you, madam," he said to her earnestly, "but it's the tips that I look forward to. Not that they are any more, on the whole, than I get here, but there's always an uncertainty about it. I keep wondering if I am to get a good deal or very little, and it makes the day interesting. It's a kind of an adventure, in a manner of speaking, madam." — Louise Closser Hale in *Century*.

Leading Up to It.

"Please, Mrs. Brown," said the little boy at the kitchen door, "ma wants to know if you'd be so kind as to lend her an egg beater to beat some eggs with."

"Why, certainly," replied Mrs. Brown. "Here it is."

"And if it ain't too much trouble," continued the boy, "would you mind lending her a couple of eggs to beat with it?" — St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Very Thoughtful.

Customer (at railroad restaurant)—Here, boss, this coffee is cold. Proprietor—Yes, sir; you see, the train only stops a few minutes, and if the coffee was hot you wouldn't have time to drink it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Llama.

About the heaviest load that a llama will allow to be placed on its back is a weight of 125 pounds. If any heavier load be placed on the animal's back the wise beast lies down, and no amount of coaxing or beating can make it move an inch.

Two Views.

"Would you like some views of the hotel to send to your friends?" "Sir," said the disgruntled guest, "I presume it will be better for me to keep my views to myself." — Louisville Courier-Journal.

I worked with patience which means almost power.

—Mrs. Browning.