

LEGEND OF NATURAL BRIDGE

It Saved the Mohegans and Was Therefore Called by Them the Bridge of God.

At a height of 215 feet above Clear creek in Virginia stands the famous natural bridge known all over the world. Built of solid rock forty feet thick, it spans the creek. It is a great natural wonder. Our great and beloved national hero, George Washington, once climbed it and carved his name upon its side. The Mohegan tribe of Indians called it the Bridge of God and ascribed to it this supernatural origin.

Once upon a time it happened that the Mohegans were at war with a hostile tribe of Indians. The fight was hot, and a valiant stand they made against their foe. But at last the Mohegans were forced to give way and to retreat. On and on they went, the whole tribe with their women and children, and the enemy behind them. Finally they came to a precipice. Below yawned a cavern, wide and deep, and no way to cross or means to escape was anywhere to be seen. Perilous and helpless indeed was the plight of the Mohegans. They were ready to give up and submit to the cruel fate that was pursuing them. Then a wise man of the tribe spoke. "My children," he said, "go down upon your knees and pray to the Great Spirit above, who alone can save us from our misfortunes."

All in a body they obeyed the words of the old medicine man. Long and hard they prayed. When they finally lifted up their heads, lo, there stood a mighty bridge. Across it they now led the women and children, and then turned upon their foes, who were close at hand. They gave the enemy a hard battle and finally repulsed and defeated them. In gratefulness to Manitou, the Great Spirit of the world, they named this bridge the Bridge of God.

Smoke Abatement in Scotland. The gas and electric departments of a corporation in Glasgow, Scotland, are competing keenly in the exhibition of appliances for the reduction of smoke from furnaces and kitchen ranges. The electricity department has a complete electrically fitted restaurant, where all the cooking, the kitchen work, the cleaning, the heating and the lighting are effected by electric current. The gas department has a "gas equipped house," in which all the cooking and heating is done by gas fires, as well as many of the other operations in connection with house-keeping, and in which all the lighting is obtained from incandescent gas burners of different types. The corporation is encouraging the reduction of smoke, not only by holding these periodical exhibitions, but also by lending gas cookers free to all the citizens. It has loaned 37,000 of these cookers since March 1. It is also supplying gas fires, and the demand for these has been so great that it cannot be met without considerable delay.

Down the Scale. A certain bride is very much in love with her husband and very willing to admit it. She likes to sound his praises to her mother and to her girl friends. She has a number of original expressions. When her husband is good she says he is "chocolate cake, three layers deep." When he is very good he is "chocolate cake, four layers deep," and so on up the scale. Occasionally, however, things take a turn.

The bride's mother dropped in the other day. The bride was a trifle peevish, but her mother pretended not to notice this. "And how is John today?" was her inquiry. "Chocolate, four layers deep?" "No." "Three layers deep?" "No." "Two layers deep?" "No. This with a pout." "Then what is he?" "Dog biscuit!"—National Monthly.

Justice is blind; but she sees more than she takes official notice of. "Put something by for a rainy day; but don't let that lead you to forget the pleasant weather of the moment." "The world owes you a living; but it's just as well to go out and collect the debt." "Old friends are best; but every once in a while a new one turns up it to make into an old one." "Make friends; but don't expect friends to make you." "Man proposes; but, often enough, the baby disposes." "The way of the transgressor is hard; but his wife's is harder." "Opportunity knocks once at every door; but if you're knocking at the same instant you're not likely to hear the lady."—Lippincott's.

Explanation of "O. K." Here is the origin of the expression "O. K.," according to Ado Hunnius of Leavenworth, Kan., a veteran of the Civil war: "Among the supplies that the war department used to buy," Mr. Hunnius says, "were crackers made by the old Orrins-Kendall Cracker company in Chicago. The boxes in which these crackers came were marked O. K. We were always eager to get hold of these 'O. K.' crackers, because they were always sure to be good, while many other brands were likely to be spoiled or wormy. And gradually O. K. came to be a synonym among the soldiers for something that was above par."

EARLY DAYS OF YALE

WHEN THE FAMOUS COLLEGE WAS IN ITS INFANCY.

Wonderful Changes Have Been Made as the World Moved On—Athletic Field A Thing Unknown to the Founders.

On Saturday, November 23, at New Haven, the Yale and Harvard football gladiators matched their wits and stamina in a struggle for victory before forty thousand persons of both sexes waving flags and shouting at the top of their lungs. It is a pity that Dr. David F. Atwater of Springfield, the oldest living graduate of Yale, class of 1839, could not see the performance, for there was nothing like it in his days at college. The spectacle would be too strenuous for the old gentleman, however, and as for getting to the field of battle and returning safely to his home without physical hurt or mental collapse, it is not to be thought of as feasible at his age. Football as a visual diversion is a game for youth and for vigorous middle life.

When Dr. Atwater was at New Haven the students were not athletic. What they spent on college sports would scarcely have filled a blind man's cup with copper. The doctor remembers a gymnasium, but it was very small, the apparatus was meager, and the students made little use of it. One does not have to go further back than the late seventies at Harvard to remember that the gymnasium of that comparatively modern day was a circular brick building not much larger than a prosperous farmer's smokehouse; ridiculously primitive and inadequate was the equipment according to latter day notions, and the superintendent was a stout gray little man who could spar and fence a bit, but that was about all.

To return to Yale in 1834-39, physical prowess seems to have been demanded only when "town" and "gown" fought together, and brute strength was then more in evidence than skill in boxing and wrestling. The college leader in such affairs was known as Major Bully, the biggest and sturdiest man in his class, according to Dr. Atwater. Yale men were much given to debating and literary expression. "Linonia," "Brothers in Unity" and "Calliope," were some of the societies equipped with libraries and bristling with logicians, the rivalry between these organizations being intense. Announcements of any kind were limited, and from our point of view they were tame enough. The New Haven & Hartford railroad had not been built when freshman Atwater entered college; so there was no running down to New York to see the sights and to dispart. The stage coach and the canal to Northampton afforded the only means of transportation. Professor Benjamin Silliman was arguing that it would never be possible to build steamships powerful enough to cross the Atlantic.

The college buildings then consisted of a row of brick dormitories, a plain chapel, an atheneum and lyceum building in which the recitations were held; round them all ran the old wooden "Yale fence." Entrance examinations were oral and exclusively classical. Flint and tinder supplied ignition; imported friction matches, few in number, were regarded as dangerous. Dr. Atwater remembers a tremendous demonstration of livery stable men against the projected New Haven & Hartford railroad because it would injure their business. Such was Yale in the old days in the memory of an alumnus still living.—New York Sun.

Possum Paradise. Loris is the native beast of the opossum. Nowhere else does he abound so plentifully or thrive so well. It is here that the Georgia people get their fine specimens when they wish to entertain President Taft at a possum dinner. Folks come from North Carolina here to hunt them, and our market supplies Delmonico's and St. Regis and many other famous caravansaries.

As the canvasback duck and the diamondback terrapin are to Baltimore, so is the possum to Loris. The Maryland duck feeds on wild celery, which grows on the flats of the headwaters of the Chesapeake bay. It is this that gives them their fine flavor. Just as peanuts and acorns flavor the razor-bark hog and produce the Smithfield ham.

The Loris possum feeds on chickens, nice young fat chickens, such as only Loris has, and many of them are from the postmaster's private crop.—Loris News.

Beauty of Youth. What an unbearable world it would be if we were all sent into it full grown. Just think of it! What a grand institution youth is, and not only our youth, but the youth of everything—the young leaves, the tiny blossoms, the inimitable green of the growing grass, the merry foals, and calves and lambs in the field, the downy little ducklings and the neat little chicks; what an enormous source of pleasure would be absent without all these. We all keep one special corner of our hearts for what is small, and young—the very softest corner. Even the most pompous and pragmatic of men forgives many things injurious to dignity on the part of a playful puppy or a graceful little kitten. How humanizing the effect of the brute creation is on us we have never properly appreciated.

TO DETERMINE NORMAL CHILD

Some Points Which Scientists Declare Will Settle Question of Interest to Parents.

If a child of three years knows his name and can thrust a chubby finger to his nose, mouth and eyes, when asked about those organs, he's a normal kid. If he can't then it's time papa and mamma got busy with Petty's little think tank, or he'll grow up to be a boob.

This, in plain Boweryesque, is the translation of the formula given in scientific terms by the medical savants of the Mental Hygiene Conference and Exhibit, who are holding "tests of children" in the hall of the city college.

"A child of 4," continues the scientific formula, "is expected to know its sex and to be able to recognize such objects as a key, knife or a penny, and to tell the comparative length of lines."

"At 5 a boy or girl should be able to draw a square and to repeat sentences. When a child is 6 we ask for definitions. I might ask: 'What is a fork.' If a boy answered: 'I eat with a fork,' it would be sufficient for that age, but if he inserted the word 'something' in his definition, as 'A fork is something to eat with,' it would place him in the 8-year class. If he said: 'A piece of tableware,' he would be in the 12-year class."

A child of 10 is asked what he would do if he missed a train. Here the answers vary. Any reply that is an answer is accepted. One child said: "Wait for another." Another said he would "run and catch it." While a boy from the Bronx said he would go home for the day.

What to do if struck by a playmate was the most puzzling of all questions. Boys invariably looked at their mothers when the question was put. "Forgive him," was the answer only a few times.

The best examination passed so far was by 7-year-old Donald Grant of 507 West One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street, who passed the examination for the child of 10.—New York Journal.

Crystals of Vitality Gave Lives.

About ten years ago a Japanese researcher, Takamine, in the laboratory of Columbia university, made the discovery that a certain substance, secreted by a gland of the ox or sheep, when injected into the blood of other animals, had the power of greatly increasing their blood pressure and consequently their vitality. He called this substance adrenalin and succeeded in refining it to light yellow crystals. When the suprarenal glands which secrete this substance were removed by an operation from the living animals, they invariably died, showing that it was necessary to the life of the animals. However, only small quantities are needed by the animal, and hence but little is secreted by the glands, and then only in very weak condition, being mixed with other substances. The crystals are pure and have extremely great power. One part of the adrenalin dissolved in 100,000 parts of water is strong and capable of performing miracles. In fact, one-half thimbleful, or about that much, has been used in hospitals all over the country, time and time again, to enable a man to pass a crisis when his natural strength would have failed him. Hundreds of men and women can thank adrenalin for their lives.

Makes for Smooth Existence. There is a good deal said about the loss of individuality, a loss when real which we all deplore, but a man is more likely to keep his individuality, with his life, if he follows in his motor rather than meet another man in his motor on the wrong side of the road. If both men happened to be in a civic parade there would be no loss of individuality to the man who kept his place behind instead of driving out from his place in order to get farther ahead of the man behind him, or in order to slip in ahead of the one ahead of him. Keeping in line means a simple thing often, but it is one of the trifles that make for a perfectly smooth existence.

There are seeming restrictions in life that hamper, but there are a great many others that forward. It is easy to understand the gains when compliance of a purely mechanical sort—but very necessary—has been made. By reasoning from their analogy we may find out to our advantage that there are many others less tangible, a compliance with which would do wonders in making the world go round, and in making ourselves the happiest and most successful people.

Stolen Turkey. Rev. Algernon S. Crapney, in an interview during the Little Falls strike, said of a very religious and very notorious child-labor millionaire: "This man reminds me of Uncle Calhoun Clay."

"Uncle Cal was accused of stealing a turkey, and the Sunday after the accusation being communion Sunday, the old fellow was one of the first communicants at the little white church." "His pastor, Rev. Washington White, said to him reproachfully, after the service: "'Calhoun Clay, I'm ashamed of you. The idea of your coming to communion after stealing a turkey!'" "Land-a-massy, parson," said old Uncle Cal, "do you think I'd let a skinnin' old turkey, hardly worth ten cents a pound, stand betwixt me and the Lord's table?"

Swiss Savings Banks. The number of savings banks in Switzerland increased from 450 in 1897 to 1,050 in 1898.

EASY TO GET RICHES

SIMPLY MATTER OF SLEEPING WHILE MONEY ACCUMULATES.

Some Difficulties in the Way, But as a Matter of Theory the Thing is About as Simple as Can Be Made.

We have heard much of "get rich quick" schemes, but few of us have found them to be of practical value. They are fine ideas, but they do not work. Now, a nice "get rich slow" scheme ought to succeed. A few days ago a man gave a certain city a thousand dollars and told that city not to use it for 250 years. At the end of that time it will be something more than nineteen million dollars if the man who told the story figured it right. There could not be an easier way to be a millionaire than that. Just hang around 250 years and the money is yours.

Of course none of us could possibly wait so long for so much money unless we were asleep, and that is just the point. Somebody ought to fix up an easy sort of a near poison which would put us to sleep and the thing would be done. That should not be difficult. Such a thing must have been done at one time, because we all know that a whole kingdom was asleep for ever so long, and might still be asleep if a foolish youth had not wakened Beauty, and nobody else would stay asleep after Beauty was awake. And even in our own time, or at least much closer to it, there was Rip Van Winkle, who slept for 20 years. If he had not been so shiftless, and had put a little money in the bank before he went to sleep he might have been comfortable for the rest of his life.

And so, if everybody who had a thousand dollars would put it in the bank and take some sleep generator he could wake up in 250 years or 200 years or a hundred years, according to how rich he wanted to be, and would be a millionaire. Even if a person did not have a thousand dollars to begin with he could in the end have a few millions. Of course if everybody was going to be rich it might not be so much fun, but we would get used to it after a while. There would not be any trouble about getting somebody to stay awake and take care of the banks, for a great many people have entirely too much money already and a great many more would not take chances of losing what they had even for \$20,000,000.

There is just one serious drawback to the scheme, and that may make it impossible. What are we going to do about the cost of living? Two hundred and fifty years is a long time and the cost of living would grow so much in that time that \$19,000,000 would look like 19 cents instead of like a thousand dollars. And no power on earth can ever put the cost of living to sleep.—New York Times.

Only Have to Have Money. New York, the modern Babylon, is a Democratic Babylon. Its luxury and its voluptuousness center in and are to be found only in the huge hotels and magnificent cafes that have, in the space of a score of years, transformed metropolitan life. In this democratic Babylon no question is asked, whether a man is wealthy or has power. Whoever will may come, he be possessed only of enough money to pay for one night's entertainment—and the necessary tips for the waiter. Students of society may well take into account, in summing up the conditions of modern American life, this phase of New York, for it must be remembered that the patrons of these luxurious hostilities and restaurants are not only New Yorkers, but that they are everybody, from everywhere, who can raise the price for an annual visit to the metropolis.—Washington (D. C.) Times.

Genuine Article. "Yes, real old oak!" Mrs. Persprad purred. "Of course, it cost a great deal; but still a good hallstand."

But just as Mrs. P. was coming to the thrilling part of the description she was interrupted. In the drawing-room, where she and her lady friends were sitting, burst Freddy, the five-year-old son of the house. His face was flushed with excitement and his cap was still on his head. "Mother—" "Freddy," his mother said in gentle reproof, "what did I buy the new hallstand for?" For an instant Freddy was astonished, amazed.

"Well," he jerked out at last, "you bought it for two dollars off the old second-hand man. But—" and Freddy looked annoyed. "You told me not to tell anybody about it!"—Exchange.

In Praise of the Kimono. Among the details of the wardrobe which have apparently, though transported from afar, come to stay with us for good, there may be noted the kimono, thin and light and graceful. In silk it rolls conveniently into little or no space, and so it is most convenient when traveling, for it can find a little corner in the dressing case. On arrival at a hotel or a friend's house, it can be shaken out, and one slips into it from the street gown to make a comfortable toilet without the trouble of getting the big trunk open, as one would have to do with a heavy dressing gown of the ordinary variety packed away. Even if one cannot afford a silk kimono, there are tidy substitutes in flowered muslin with dressing jackets to match.

MRS. Highbrow Speaks Out

Her Little Dissertation on Music is Something to Be Read and Enjoyed.

"Yes, yes, indeed! I simply adore music!" Mrs. Wood B. Highbrow clasped her hands with enthusiasm. "You know my beloved Shakespeare says 'If music be the food of love, play on'—he doesn't say on what, but I'm sure he meant the piano—and he adds, 'The man that hath no music in himself or is not moved by conflict of sweet sounds, is fit for trees and stratagema, he spolia!' How true it is; and the same might be said of a woman."

"Oh, yes, Gwendolyn is very musical. She studies at the conservatory—there is such an air of culture about such an institution, you know. Wood wanted her to take lessons at home until she is older, and offered to move the piano into our own conservatory, as we have to keep it heated, anyway, for the plants."

"Poor Wood! he is so practical—a regular pomme-deterre! He thinks that, what with pianolas and violas and viols, there is so much music turned out by machinery nowadays that it hardly pays to do it by hand, anyway. Perhaps he is not altogether wrong—unless one has talent, and Gwendolyn certainly has!"

"You should hear her play Ruben's Melody in F! Then she can rattle off any cantata that John Sebastian Cabot ever wrote—or was it Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart? I declare, I always get those antique composers mixed. Well, at any rate, it was the wonderful organist who, if he couldn't reach all the notes he wanted with his fingers, used his nose to help out."

"So, yes, indeed! Gwendolyn is talented, that her teacher says when she grows up she is sure to be a dilettante!"

Goats Used as Fire Preventers. California forest fire fighters have hit on a practical idea to prevent the spread of conflagrations. In their primeval forests when a fire has once started it is liable to devastate enormous tracts of country, and so the fire fighters make huge clearings—or breaks, as they are locally termed—on the possible line of fire. These breaks, which are fifty feet wide or so, according to the height of the forest, are, however, rapidly filled with new vegetation, and so to keep it from destroying the usefulness of the fire breaks, thousands of goats are being pastured free of charge by the government in order to keep down the growth of weeds and brush. Goats will perform this service while picking up a living, thus saving the forest service much money every year, which would otherwise go to gangs of men armed with hoes and other weed exterminators. Such small growths are a serious menace in case of forest fires, as during the dry season they will carry the flames right across the barrier designed to check them, and then no one knows what will happen.

Wife Worth Having. Herr Blumenthal, a director of the Lessing theater in Berlin, once had great misgivings regarding the success of his new piece, "Zum Weissen Rosse."

"If I had only 20 marks for every thousand it will bring you I should be quite content," said his wife. "All right, you shall have them," replied Herr Blumenthal. "Zum Weissen Rosse" ("White Horse Inn") met with an immediate success. Every night the Frau Director went to the cashier and levied her 20 marks per thousand.

On one occasion, after the piece had been running some months, bad weather caused a falling off in the receipts below the thousand marks, and consequently Frau Blumenthal was not entitled to her 20 marks. "How much have you taken?" she asked the cashier. "Only 967 marks," was the reply. "Well, give me a seat at three marks, then," said Frau Blumenthal, laying down the coin. "Now you have a 100 marks, give me my 20."

She got them!—Tit-Bits.

Ideal School Described. M. Augustin Rey, a Parisian architect, has described his ideal school in a recent paper. He said that the beneficial effects of the violet rays were so well known that it was criminal to build in such a way that they could not penetrate to every part of a room; it was doubly important that this should be possible in schoolrooms. If there was a choice between heat, ventilation, and sunshine we should see that we had the sunshine first. His building was so arranged that the classes should meet in the east rooms in the afternoon after the morning sun had thoroughly disinfected them and in the west in the morning, since the afternoon sun would have disinfected the western rooms on the previous day. There should be plenty of ground and plenty of sand about school houses. It is better to economize in decorations than in sunlight and ventilation. He said that while this was his ideal school, he preferred the open air school.

Killing Made Painless. In English slaughter houses animals are killed by a new and humane method. The instrument employed is a spring operated pistol that projects a sharp blade into the animal's head.

Sicily Source of Sulphur Supply. The pulp mills of Sweden require 72,500 tons of sulphur annually. Practically all of it comes from Sicily.

HAPPY MARRIED LIFE

LIVES OF MEN OF NOTE BRIGHTENED BY WEDLOCK.

Numerous Instances Where Loving Wives Have Added to the Attractions Which Earth Has Offered to Her Gifted Sons.

When Frederick Morel, the writer, was told that his wife was at the point of death, he did not throw down his pen, but remarked: "I am very sorry. She was a good woman."

"Might I have had my own will," said Montaigne, "I would not have married Wisdom herself."

But in spite of these and numerous other instances, there have been men of literature who could write of conjugal fruition from an experience extending through unclouded, beautiful years.

Sir Walter Scott, in his marriage relations, was happy, and Southey lived in sweet peace, not only with his first wife, but also with his second. Cowper enjoyed matrimony, and Moore was happily mated, and Shelley's second marriage was the entrance upon a joyous period of domestic life.

Wordsworth had many years of gladness with his wife, and Prof. Wilson was well married, and Dr. Johnson, who was 21 years younger than his wife, "continued to be under the illusions of the wedding day till the lady died, in her sixtieth year."

Numa, who so unlike all the other kings of early Rome, since he was a sort of poet, holding company in still retreats with the muses—this Numa had a sweet wife of the name of Titia, who "was partaker of his retirement and preferred the calm enjoyment of life with her husband in privacy to the honors and distinction in which she might have lived with her father at Rome."

There was Piatarch, also, whose days in marriage were all of the brightest. He named his only daughter after his wife, in attestation of his fond admiration of and his tender devotion, throughout all his manhood, to that wife.

In a beautiful epistolary portrait of his Trimoena, he represents her as being far above the general weakness and affection of her sex, as having no passion for the expensiveness of dress or the parade of public appearances.

The world does not know all the happy homes in it; out of the doors of which there do come, at one time and another, manuscripts of thought or of sentiment which thrill the living race.

In a right match, books and learning do no more divide husband and wife than do beautiful children, or a pleasant journey, or a new house all paid for.

Beautifully have passed away the lives of pairs, the marriage of whose hearts was contemporaneous with the marriage of their minds.

When the wife of Plautus died, it is said that he threw himself upon the lifeless bosom and breathed no more. He could not endure existence separated from that helpmeet, so devotedly loved, so devotedly loving.

Pliny said that on the death of his wife, "study was his one relief."

Historians, poets, painters, sculptors, musicians, poets, statesmen, philosophers—these have become famous; but who has told how far their triumphs were owing to the noiseless influence of their wives?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Mechanical Horse" Used Abroad. A real "mechanical horse" is being experimented with abroad. It is a "tractor," that is easily hitched to any horse-drawn vehicle, just as a team of horses may be, and combines all the advantages of the horse with those of the auto truck at an exceedingly low price. The outfit comprises a steel bar and coupler and sprocket wheels designed to be attached to the wheels and tongue of the wagon. There is only one wheel on the "horse," and that is at the front, the most of the support for the tractor depending upon the front wagon wheels by which it is driven. The engine, mounted under the front hood as in an automobile, is of forty or fifty horsepower, and drives the wagon at a speed of from eight to thirty miles an hour, the latter speed only being used when it is designed for fire engine service. The front wheel is used to steer by, and it allows a turn being made at an angle of eighty-five degrees, thus giving remarkable turning ability in narrow streets. One of the greatest advantages of the "mechanical horse" is the fact that it may be kept constantly at work while unloading or loading is going on.

Made Village Famous. "Did you ever hear of the village Obersalsbrunn in Germany?" writes a correspondent from Dresden to Die Buhne. "Probably not. Gerhart Hauptmann was born there, but even that fact could not have made the name of the place well known. It rested with the little local government to bring the name of the place to notice and now it will always be remembered. When Hauptmann celebrated his fiftieth birthday some of the citizens wanted the village to present to its distinguished son a birthday gift. But the proposition, although it involved a ridiculously small sum, was voted down, and Obersalsbrunn has become famous. What the cobbler Voigt did for Kopschick the thrifty village fathers did for Hauptmann's home."