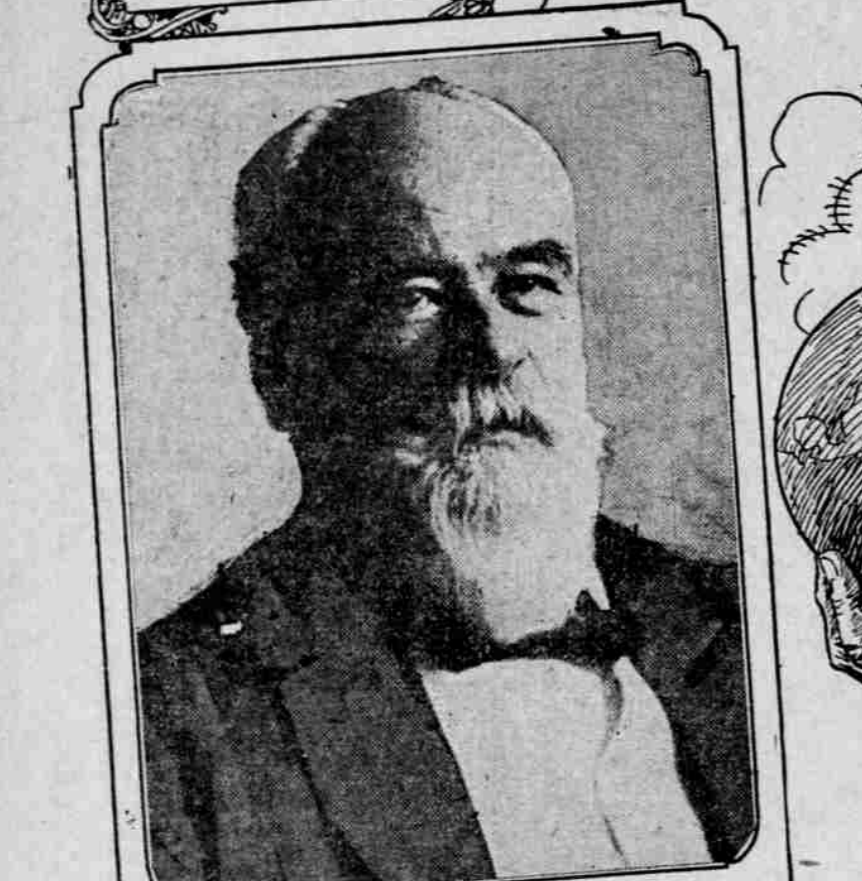


Getting The World Straight

GERMAN SCIENTISTS SEEK TO NORMALIZE THINGS.

Books of Standard Size, Easter on Same Day Every Year, Time Re-fashioned and Arithmetic Overhauled — How to Eliminate Perplexities Is Explained by Highbrows



Professor Schmoller, Political Economist of Berlin University, Who Backs Demand for World Standardization.

Every year, sooner or later, is struck with the irregularities of calculation in different parts of the world—in distances, coinage, time and so forth.

Hardly a traveler living has omitted to express a wish that there was some general scheme in operation to regularize the entire order of things, so as to be intelligible to men of any clime.

BERLIN, Aug. 8.—(Special Correspondence.)—Eminent Germans are deep in plans to systematize, schematize and normalize the world.

The day as at present divided up is, they say, a monstrosity. It has no right to be cut into 24 hours, when longer spaces of time are counted by centuries and millenniums.

The exigencies of life have already introduced in practice this system of chronology; it remains only to recognize the fact. We do not count time by hours, but by quarter hours, of which there are nearly 100 in the day.

When a man wants to state time roughly, he states it by the quarter; appointments are made by the quarter, and for practical purposes 15 minutes is the real time.

WEEKS that refuse to fit into the year, and meaningless irregular months must also be radically reconstructed.

The month, the German scientists agree, must contain six weeks—that is, 42 days—and there will be 10 months in the year.

This arrangement provides for only 360 days. The remaining five will not count as days of the month or as days of the week.

terly would be done every two months, that is, every 72 days. Quarterly reports quarterly meetings and so on would all be regulated on the two-month basis.

Professor Wagner, backed by all the systematizers, holds that the day should be forced to begin at a natural hour. In ancient times the day sometimes began in the morning, and sometimes in the evening.

The natural day begins at sunrise, and the reasonable average day should begin at the average hour of sunrise.

New Year's Day also badly wants re-fashioning. The present New Year's Day is wrongly placed, and though nobody says so, everybody ignores it in practice.

We have the statistics of a country for a single year, but the finances for three-quarters of one year and a quarter of the next.

English pounds sterling has no idea of first of 750,000 francs, but he soon gets used to it.

Ostwald is strongly in favor of a homogeneous money system. His proposal for a unit is a gram of gold.

Dr. Herrmann Kauffmann is the inventor of a reformed international alphabet. It is called the "hygienic-logical alphabet."

Handwriting, having to be done with a pen, developed necessarily a system founded on strokes.

of the schematizers. It must be abandoned, they say, in favor of the duodecimal, which formerly prevailed.

Most of these proposals, say the schematizers, will make no real difficulty. The change in arithmetic is the only exception.

Waste no energy," is the watchword of Ostwald's systematizers. Their ambition is that the coming man should be free to spend his time and talents in productive work.

PERILOUS CORNER IN CONGO'S RUBBER OUTPUT

(Henry Weston told this story in the grill of the Victoria Hotel, London. One would never have dreamed that the grimy man in natty evening clothes had seen the things of which he speaks. He has seen them, and he saw them again, there in the brightly lighted restaurant, with lurid signs of civilization all about him.)

I WAS never very strong on figures, but Joe Starett could make them talk. Into a cafe in Bagamoyo where I was cooling my throat with soda and brandy came Joe Starett one evening, and sitting down at my table, he took out a paper and pencil and began to work out wondrously with them.

Joe had done a little rubber poaching in the Congo more than once, and was already an excellent trader with some of the native chiefs. They hid their rubber in the forest and refused to sell to the Belgians, keeping their stock for him.

Kabele, and we had already begun to talk of the Victoria Hotel, London. One would never have dreamed that the grimy man in natty evening clothes had seen the things of which he speaks.

Just audible above the humdrum sounds of the jungle I heard a steady, muffled pounding, far in the distance. I called Joe's attention to it, and he said: "It's a runner," I said after listening for a moment intently.

Warned of our danger, the Belgian patrol had started in pursuit of us, but the chief had been warned by our generosity and wished to trade again some time, so he had sent the messenger on a wide detour to warn us.

A True Narrative of Peril and Heroism, Wherein the Ambition of Two Englishmen to Get-Rich-Quick Is Blighted by a Belgian Patrol

hill to scan the country for the smoke of a fire, for we thought the Belgians would probably rest by night and travel by day, in order not to run any chances of missing our trail.

After two hours of tramping I dropped behind the others and lay down on a log. I was tired and my head ached. I had just finished a meal and was feeling very full.

How our enemies stood the strain I do not know, but they were not harassed by the fear of death, and we trail they followed was broken by us.

ground that we were being overtaken. It did not seem fair to risk the lives of so many good men for the sake of the rubber and beads we ourselves were in danger.

Before we reached our goal, looking back over my shoulder, I saw the Belgians straggle out of the forest. I saw several bring their rifles to their shoulders.

I Catch a Glimpse of Blue. At last, one morning, I caught a glimpse of blue down the long aisle of palms and trees.

all but those on guard snatch a little sleep. Our plan was to fight the Belgians off until dark, then make a break for the river. From time to time we saw the patrol near from behind a palm and we never failed to try a shot, although we did little execution.

Among us we had 15 rifles. There were at least 40 of the Belgians, and they were better equipped for fighting than we were.

Starett and I fought shoulder to shoulder. A big black raised a club and would have dropped me in my tracks, but Joe's pistol flashed.

Novel Scheme to Avoid Fire. Starett and I stripped off our outer clothes, leaving only our loincloths. We were all but ready to make a break when a heavy fusillade came from the jungle.

The situation had been forced. There was nothing left but to fight our way to the river. I gave the word, and we wheeled toward the beach we fired at the men behind their movable breastworks as we ran.

Starett and I fought shoulder to shoulder. A big black raised a club and would have dropped me in my tracks, but Joe's pistol flashed.

use their rifles to any great extent, for their own men and ours were a confused, struggling mass in the water.

My chest ached, I was gasping, and the blood trickled into my eyes from a wound in my forehead, but each time I rose to the surface I saw Starett near me. He was swimming strong, and when I thought that all was over he slipped under the water.

Guarding a Royal Train. Few people know that the passage of a royal train is guarded almost every yard of the way, be the journey of the Sovereign short or long.