LITERATURE THAT ABIDES WITH THE INDIVIDUAL

Webster Spelling Book and English Reader Have Gone Through Three Generations of Tests—Some Old School Books That Some of Us Remember—Quaint Volumes of By-gone Type

By Joel Benton.

IN THE literature that abides with the individual memory and becomes a part of the soul's furniture, so to speak, I know of nothing that surpasses a disused and departed school book.

The Webster Spelling Book and the English Reader—the first one obsolescent and the last one nowhere used—have probably had the longest history of any, going through at least three full generations. Beginning with the symbolic picture of the Temple of Fame and Knowledge, to which a Minerva-like female figure points the young girl pupil whom she is leading, and continuing to the end, there is hardly a page in this spelling book which an old student who has used it ever forgets. Although it has gone through several editions, its type and essential style are preserved in every change of it.

How familiarly, after you pass the alphabet page, these lines appeal to us: "Am I to go in? I am to go in." "She fed the old hen." "Ann can hem my cap." "She has a new fan." "Fire will burn wood and coal." "Coal and wood will make a fire." "Will you help me pin my frock?" "The good girl may jump the rope." "Bakers bake bread and cakes." "I like to play in the shady grove." "Cider is made of apples." "A tiger will kill and eat a man." "Ann can spin flax." "A shad can swim." "Cotton velvet is very soft to the feel." "We can burn fish oil in lamps." "Never pester the little boys." "I had some green corn in July on a plate."

Things Ann Doesn't Do Now

The self-obviousness and simplicity of these sayings have now a distinct charm. But they were gauged, it must be remembered, for infantile minds not long graduated from the cradle. Some changes in society have taken place since they were written. Ann cannot spin flax now, because that crop has lost its prevalence, and we no longer burn fish oil, but use, where gas and electricity are not at hand, John D. Rockefeller's product. A shad can still swim, but he now does his locomotion with rare and rarer frequency—and very soon will not do it at all unless we quit the filthy and criminal pollution of our streams and waterways.

At the middle and end of the book the words and lessons are arranged for the older and higher classes of pupils, and finish all the equipment that is required for a speller and reader. The pictures and their fables perhaps interest us most in the retrospect. The milkmaid in her careless dreamland, the boy driven from the apple tree by the irate farmer, and the bull that gored the ox are still unfaded treasures which carried in their day notable instruction. The woodcuts that were used, that were of the Anderson ad Bewick fashion, look quaint enough now.

Who, at any rate, that was nurtured on Webster's Speller can ever forget the Milkmaid's Reverie? She was carrying the full pail of milk on her head when she said: "The money for which I shall sell this milk will enable me to increase my stock of eggs to 300." After deducting for addling and vermin there would be at least 250 chickens got from them. These were to go to market at Christmas for good prices. Consequently by May Day, she says, "I cannot fail of having money enough to purchase a new gown. Then!—let me consider—yes, green becomes my complexion best, and green it shall be. In this dress I will go to the fair, where all the young fellows will strive to have me for a partner; but I shall, perhaps, refuse every one of them, and with an air of disdain toss from them." Being "transported by this thought," she gave a sudden toss of her head, "and down came the pail of milk, and with it all her imaginary happiness."

It must be that from this fable came the proverb "Never count your chickens before they're hatched."

The Webster speller is chiefly used in the south and west now. But it has absolute merit still, and, interpreted in Tagalog and the other tongues of the Philippines, might prove an excellent purveyor of English to those who speak them.

Solemn Lindley Murray

Lindley Murray's English reader, was held to be excellent in its day. But it was overwhelmingly serious and solemn and was so advanced that many of the younger pupils who used it had to wait for years to have all its meaning made clear to them. Murray was not only a stern Quaker, but he seems to have been a man who could not smile even. To him a laugh was a levity, and in one of the editions of his reader he apologized in a fool-note for a few sentences in which he thought there was something playfully said. No one else, however, discovered this. On one page, in speaking of Niagara Falls—an idea which he might have found in Goldsmith's "Animated Nature"—he announced its height and grandeur, but slips immediately into an untruth and anti-climax by saying that in spite of its vastness "it is said that the Indians have sometimes passed down it in their canoes in safety."

Here are some samples of the book that I remember:

"Tis education forms the common mind:
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

"Agesilaus, king of Sparta, being asked what things he thought most proper for boys to learn, answered, 'Those which they ought to practise when they become men.'"

An earthquake may be bid to spare
The man who's strangled by a hair.

Queer Old Arithmetics

Murray's grammar was excellent, but its circulation could not compare with that of the English reader. Of arithmetics there were no end. Pike's was a big octavo, and began its career in the eighteenth century. It was really a whole compendium of mathematics. Daboll's perhaps is now the best remembered of the multiplied kinds Colburn's was noted, and Smith's began almost in the cradle by asking the kindergartner, "How many little fingers have you on your left hand?" And how many on your right hand? Nathan Daboll was a born mathematician and his problems were no easy nuts to crack, as a great number of the book's patrons still remember. Like many school books, it was bound in full leather, while Webster's spelling book had usually blue-papered board covers backed by red cloth, which became almost a trade mark. Daboll called his book "The Schoolmaster's Assistant," with the addition of "The Practical Accountant, or Farmers' and Mechanics' Best Method of Bookkeeping." The latter departments were furnished by Samuel Green.

Arithmetic Problems in Verse

Jacob Willett's Arithmetic was the product of a Quaker teacher in Dutchess county, who also made a geography and other works. The arithmetic had great favor and was considered easier than Daboll's. Nearly all the old arithmetics put their problems usually in terms of pounds, shillings and pence, down to about 1850. In Willetts' Arithmetic no one will forget who has studied it this example:

When first the marriage knot was tied
Between my wife and me,
My age was that of my bride
As three times three to three;
But now when ten and half ten years
We man and wife half been,
Her age to mine exactly bears
As eight is to sixteen.

Now tell, I pray, from what I've said,
What were our ages when we wed.

Ans.—Thy age when married must have been
Just forty-five, thy wife's fifteen.

This was not exactly a case of December and May, but it was pretty nearly one of September and the latter month, bringing golden rod and lilacs together. Willetts helped Goold Brown on his grammar and was the head of a noted school to the working end of his life. One of his assistant teachers, Augustus R. McCord, a county superintendent of schools in Dutchess county when that office existed, revised Willetts' Arithmetic in the middle of the last century, putting it also in boards instead of leather. Willetts' school books and many others bore this alliterative imprint: "Printed and Published by Paraclete Potter, Poughkeepsie, N. Y." This Potter was a brother of the older bishops of that name.

Noah Webster's Son

Not every one knows that there was a sequel to Webster's Spelling Book, made by his son, W. G. Webster, and a motto in it, under the portrait of Noah Webster, reads thus: "Who taught millions to read, but none to sin." Nothing can better give the spirit in which the old school books were written, for they were nearly all hortatory and didactic, even when they dealt with figures chiefly. There was an introduction and also a sequel to the English Reader, but their school use was limited.

There were in vogue as geographies Morse's, Smith's and Olney's among others. But very early in the nineteenth century there was a huge geography by an elder Morse (Jedediah Morse, I believe), which contained remarkably frank matter and some relating to the social customs of certain nations that modern taste would distinctly frown upon. It is a curious fact in reference to the old geography maps—those made in the early part of the last century—that they populated by definite town marks and described with mountains, lakes and rivers the most unknown parts of the interior of Africa. If our ex-president in his big game hunt should take one of these along as a geographical guide he would discover, to use "Josh Billings'" locution, "a good many things that ain't so."

Some of Good Old "Pieces"

I should have said before this that there were competitors to the English Reader. The Columbian Orator, by Caleb Bingham, was one; the National Preceptor (I think it was called), was another, and Porter's Rhetorical Reader came a little later. In all these, as with Murray's book, the pieces were selected with an eye to declamation. Some of these were "On Linden When the Sun Was Low," "The Burial of Sir John Moore," "Marco Bozzaris," "The Old Oaken Bucket," "Webster's Reply to Hayne," with passages from other speeches of his and many besides of similar note.

In more than one of the books used for reading, the verses for a youthful speaker, beginning—

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
If I should chance to fall below
Demosthenes and Cicero, etc.—"

are to be found. This apt bit of verse has usually been credited to Edward Everett, but it was written, I believe, by his brother, Alexander Everett.

While there were authors quoted from in these books (and I have left many books of this class unnamed) like Mrs. Opie, Granger and Brainerd, who are not at all generally remembered at this date, Byron, Campbell, Milton and other great names are represented in them. Taking literature then, as it was 60 and 100 years ago, the school books that I speak of fairly sampled it.

The latest book to which I have referred is Porter's Rhetorical Reader. But that appeared 77 years ago. It was more than a reader. It taught rhetoric, gesture, vocal expression and all that concerns oratory. It was from these books and others like them that I have named, that the great men of two or three generations ago got their first steps in culture. If they had been perfect books they could not remain so, for new authorship, new ideas and a different perspective in all fields of thought have necessarily dismissed them. But they did more than promote the three R's—"reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic"; they opened an imaginative and spiritual outlook into the world that made the common and district schools great nourishers of character and genius.

NOCTURNE

By Charles Dumont.

"DEAR GEORGE—This is to say 'goodbye.' I can no longer live with you. It is not your fault, though the knowledge of that will not help either of us now. The trouble lies deeper than fault finding. It is constitutional—temperamental. I want—must have—a warmer atmosphere. You are cold. You love me as best you can, I know, but your chilly affection is not enough to satisfy my nature. I cannot face all the years that are to be with no hope other than the steady, unvarying placidity of your affection. I must go out and warm my hands at the fire of life. So—'Good bye.'—That is all there is to say. Save this—forget. Marie."

The woman, young, beautiful, though somewhat slight of stature—rose from the desk, and sealing the letter to her husband, placed it on the mantleshelf of the study. Then she paused, gazing at the envelope.

"It is hard on George," she murmured, "but—"

She stretched out her arms theatrically, as though appealing to some invisible power or person. Then she looked at herself in the mirror, put her face close to the glass, gazing—gazing into her own eyes, hoping, it almost seemed, to read in their velvet depths her own destiny.

"Bertram, Bertram, the past is dead now. What has the future in store for us, for me?"

Marie Lamore was little more than a child and childlike, when romance first stirred within her heart, she flew straight past the quiet strength of her husband's love, out into some fanciful land of dreams of half lights and semi-tones, and there moved the handsome face and figure of Bertram Duval, artist and aesthete, and the way this man had fired her imagination had brought her into this climax. Home, husband, wealth—all were to be sacrificed.

She stole upstairs afraid to be seen, and putting on a cloak, went out into the night.

Twelve o'clock struck as Bertram Duval put his latch key in the door of his flat. He whistled lightly as he went into his comfortable study. On the threshold he paused aghast.

"Mme. Lamore," he ejaculated. "This is an—unexpected pleasure," he stammered. What can I—are you—is—George—?"

A dozen questions sprang into his mind.

"I had to come, I had to. I could bear it no longer, that life, that cold life. I had to say—" She paused helplessly.

"You have not—"

"Yes, I have run away, left him, left it all—forever."

The man stood looking at her, trying to appreciate all she said—all it meant. His pulses began to race, but he controlled himself with an effort—visibly—and sat down.

"You are not sorry. I had to come; where else could I go? Your servant let me in. I told him it was very important. And I have waited three hours—three long hours here alone, waiting because I knew you would help me. You said only last night—"

"Yes, I know—I know," he broke in, "but—but this. Have you thought what it means, now you have compromised your name coming here—being here, now? Good heavens, Marie—Mme. Lamore—it is after midnight. What will your husband—?"

"What does it matter what my husband thinks?"

"Poor Marie." The man's mood changed. He rose and took her hands. "She is only a child. Three hours, you say? What are three hours of the anxiety you have known tonight? Think of all the hours—morning, noon and night—that lie ahead. What are you going to do, my poor girl, through all the future? What shall you do when all your friends turn away from you? What can I do for you then? I could find you some place of safety. It would be in hiding; have you thought of that? No, no; you must go back."

Fear came into her eyes for the first time.

"But he knows," she said desperately. "I left a letter telling him, and last night you—"

"Yes, last night in a mad moment I told you what is quite true—that I love you. Yes, Marie, I love you; but do you think I am going to harm the woman whom I love? Who knows? That very thing would kill my love. No, no, you must go back."

"But, Bertram; he knows; don't you understand? He knows by now."

"IT WAS NEARLY 1 O'CLOCK WHEN A MAN AND WOMAN HURRIED UP THE DRIVE IN SILENCE."

"Oh, why do you tempt me like this, you dear, innocent child, my romantic Marie? But, thank God, my love is too strong to break now. Listen, I tell you, in all seriousness. You cannot stay here. You must go back to your home."

The man was shaking now with the strength of his suppressed passion, but he shut his teeth upon the words which surged to his lips.

"Come," he went on after a while, "come back with me now. There must be no delay. I will explain."

"How?"

"I know what you are thinking. You are thinking my words of love were hollow. I will show you how wrong you were. Listen, you and I will go back to him. If happily he has not seen the note you left I shall tell him we met at Mme. Fremont's ball tonight—where I have been and escorted you home. If, on the other hand, he has read the letter, he must be made to understand that I inspired you to run away, and at the last moment you would not carry out the elopement. Then— Well, I will satisfy him. I will leave France."

"No, no, no," she cried. "I will not allow you to—"

"If you love me, Marie, show it now, for the last time."

* * * * * *

It was nearly 1 o'clock when a cab drew up and a woman hurried up the drive in silence. For a moment they paused, looking at the unusual sight of the hall door being wide open. Servants were hurrying about within.

"Oh, what can be the matter?" the woman said, sobbingly. "If—if—"

The same thought flashed through their minds. Something untoward had evidently occurred. They hurried within, and with a common impulse made for the study.

A doctor was standing over the silent form of George Lamore on the hearth-rug.

"Is he—is he—dead?" The woman asked, coming forward.

"No; he breathes—must have stumbled and fallen—stunned," muttered the doctor, with his hand on the stricken man's heart.

"Quick, you there, some water."

"Thank God," sobbed the wife.

She had forgotten Bertram Duval, had thrown her hat aside, and, before the servant had rushed to fetch the water,

Bertram stood a moment, looking at the fallen man. Then his eyes strayed to the mantleshelf, and there he saw a letter addressed simply to "George," in Marie's handwriting. He moved across and, unobserved, picked it up. The seal was not broken. He slipped it into his pocket and went out.

In the hall he met Marie.

"Good night," she said.

"Good bye," he answered with emphasis, "and burn this."

She clutched the letter and there was a curious catch in her voice as she answered him:

"Good bye."

AMBITION VS. DISCONTENT

By Lawson Carter Rich

DID you ever feel discontented? Disappointed? Discouraged? Thoroughly out of sorts with yourself and your surroundings?

Sure that you were meant for something better than your present condition, and yet quite unable to impress that fact upon your unsympathetic neighbors? Disheartened by the ever undeniable fact that there was little or no uplift in your environment? Who is there among us that has not suffered from experiences like these? It seems to be part of the very fiber of our mental and moral makeup. The great question is, what effect are these serious struggles that go on within us to have upon our daily life, and upon our ultimate success or failure? It seems as if there were ever within us the call of the unsatisfied ambition, and it is very poor economy to try to pass it over by the cold dictum of disapproval or to seek to forget it by the aid of the opiate of pleasures that seem to lull us away from our disquieting thoughts. Persons who are keenly alive to emotions to which I have alluded may be affected in quite different ways. The one continually frets because of the unsatisfied ambitions of his soul, and tired by repeated disappointments is ever seeking to throw the blame on others while he makes excuses for himself. Perhaps after a season he grows disheartened, makes up his mind that it was all a mistake—that ideal of his that stirred his heart so strongly in by-gone years—and he settles down to a dull discontent which hopes for nothing and is seldom disappointed in finding what it expects, in the dreary monotony of a disappointed struggle for existence.

Above the Level

The other, disappointed in his attempts to rise above the level in which he finds himself, takes it out upon his neighbors in ceaseless vituperation. He is not cowed by his failures, he has been stirred to fearful capacity for hate. He hates the successes of those whom he considers his more favored companions. He grows to hate mankind as a whole. Nothing delights him so much as the disclosure of some shortcoming in the lives of those whom he feels have got the best of him in the life struggle. He finds genial associates in those who, like himself, desire nothing so much as to tear down what others have built up and thus reduce all to the dead level of his own existence.

Now I am willing to maintain that neither of these two results is worthy of the best that is in man. The spring does not rise higher than the fountain, and that deeper spirit of unrest which once swayed all my life, all my activities, is part of a royal heritage that belongs to me, a human being, the highest work for an Almighty God. I may be mistaken as to the particular destiny for which I was intended, but I cannot be mistaken in the fact that my gaze is meant to be upward, and that longing for the betterment of self is a real true part of may nature. Science and religion are perfectly at one on this all important point. The student of the workings of God's laws and the student who seeks to know direct from God himself what man is meant for, both agree that man is created to struggle and by struggling to rise to higher things.

But you say, my tired brother, that sounds very well and is pretty to listen to, but the circumstances of my life are sordid and low and mean. The struggle to keep from starvation is as much as I can attend to, and the glamour of a distant hope is but an ignis fatuus, which has already wellnigh led me to despair. Ah, but isn't the trouble, my brother, not with the conditions of your life, but with the use you make of them? Take, for example, the life of some man whom the world today esteems as great. At the present moment our minds are directed toward Lincoln, and surely if ever there was a life that proved the power of an idea in animating a man to overcome the hard conditions which seemed so insurmountable, it is the character of that martyred president whom we are growing to love more and more as the days grow into years and the years into centuries.

My work today is not the whole of life, but it is my opportunity of proving at this moment my real true worth. I don't care whether my duties are in a little pent-up kitchen, where my soul seems crushed with the never ending round of dull monotony, where I long for God's sunshine and the inspiration of joy and the appreciation of friends, and starve without them; or whether the fierce struggle with my competitors in the business world seems to banish every high ambition save the pursuit of gold, I can make of the circumstances of my dull existence, day by day, an opportunity to prove that my soul is truly great, and I am willing to leave the future in the hands of the great architect of all things, and recognize the fact that what I have to do this minute is quite within my reach.

Admire Heroes

This hunger for higher things makes us admire heroes, at least when we are sure that they no longer stand in the way of our own advancement. The Christian church tells us of the greatest of all heroes of history. We are told that when God would give to the world this pattern man, who has stood the scrutiny of all the ages since his birth, and now shines out more conspicuously prominent and perhaps dearer to the human heart than ever before, he did not create a new body out of the dust of the earth, a body worthy of this highest type of humanity. He looked down upon a humble house in a lowly village and there beheld a sweet young woman busy about the concerns of a little country home. We may picture to ourselves just how humdrum and commonplace those duties doubtless were. The people were poor. There were the same domestic toils for Mary as make up the special duties of the home of the poor today. People who have visited the hamlet of which we speak, tell us that there is shown to the curious visitor the well in the middle of the town, known as the Virgin's Spring, where Mary used to draw the water and bear it home upon her head to supply the household needs from day to day.

It was to this obscure home and to this humble virgin the messenger came that she was to be the mother of the greatest figure in the history of the world, and we can be sure that the reason she was a fit mother for this illustrious son was because she had fulfilled the obligations of her life before the great call came, to the fullest satisfaction of him who held her destiny in his hand. There is a tremendous stimulus in the contemplation of a scene like that, and we may all do well, to profit by it and find the true incentive that gives the zest of life.

The highest ambition is the parent of the truest humility; it makes one realize that our ultimate aim is so high that we need a power far beyond our own for the accomplishment of so transcendent a work. That if we are truly to be the coworkers with Almighty God himself in the working out of the great scheme that rules the universe, the task is far too great for our unaided efforts, and we may confidently rely upon a power divine to help us in all our needs.

Smiles in Few Sentences.

"After all," said the senator, "the Ten Commandments constitute the greatest and most intelligent set of laws ever laid down."

"Yes," answered the representative; "that's because they were given direct to the people, without being amended by the senate."—Washington Star.

"Did you hear of the kidnaping case in our block?"

"Good heavens, no! Who was it?"

"Mrs. Jigsby. She missed her little boy and when she went to hunt for him found the kid napping in his crib."—Baltimore American.

Tompkins has just dropped a halfpenny in front of a blind begar to see if he would pick it up.

Beggar—Make it suxpence, guv-nor, an' I'll ferget meself.—Illustrated Bits.

He—I suppose if I kissed you, you would never speak to me again?

She—Why do you always look on the dark side of things?—Boston Transcript.

"Pa's a mean old thing!"

"Why, Bobby! Didn't he give you a new gun only this morning?"

"Yes, but he won't let me point it at him."—Cleveland Leader.

Stella—Do you like the idea of a women's car?

Bella—No; there wouldn't be any men in it to give you a seat.—New York Sun.

"That's my Cholly at the door. I know his ring," said Ethel.

"So do I," returned Mattie. "I wore it six weeks before you got it."—Spare Moments.

When a Scotsman answers a question he settles the matter in dispute once for all. On a certain occasion the question was asked:

"Why was Mary Queen of Scots born at Linlithgow?"

Sandy Kerr promptly replied: "Because her mother was staying there;" and there actually seemed to be nothing more to be said on the subject.—London Tit Bits.

Good For Him, Anyhow.

"I have spanked Thomas until I can spank him no more!" exclaimed Miss Hardcastle, the geographical mistress, to Miss Manners, the mathematical mistress. "Really, my arm quite aches from the daily chastisement of that naughty boy!"

"When you want him spanked again send him to me, then," said Miss Manners. And, sure enough, at 11 o'clock next morning Thomas appeared at the door of the mathematical mistress' classroom.

"Where have you come from?" asked Miss Manners.

"Miss Hardcastle," confessed Thomas.

"I thought so," exclaimed the teacher, and, dropping her book, she adroitly inverted the youngster with a twist and punished him till the room rang with shrieks and whacks.

"Now, Thomas," said Miss Manners, when she had concluded her duty, "what have you got to say?"

"Please, Miss," blubbered the feeling scholar, "Miss Hardcastle wants the scissors!"

The ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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DO YOU pride yourself upon having "the artistic temperament?" If so, what is it?

Let us see.

Every day I hear the expression used, and, as a rule, to excuse some lapse in manners, or morals, or common sense. "Oh, but you know, he has the artistic temperament;" "Well, we must be lenient in judgment of the artistic temperament;" "I cannot be blamed, you know; I have the artistic temperament."

This artistic temperament, which seems to be used so universally as a cloak of rubber, elastic enough to cover more sins than charity, even, is, after all, a most ambiguous term. Lean and hungry looking individuals with hollow eyes usually claim this temperament, yet I have known it to be rampant in the plethoric and well fed.

It suggests the taste for all that is beautiful and ideal in art, the appreciation of all that is refined and rare and the enjoyment of all that is sensuous or sublime.

A corresponding distaste for the commonplace, the ugly, the vulgar, the practical, is understood.

It necessitates keen pleasure and keen pain.

But just why it should excuse dishonesty, selfishness, indolence and immorality, I have never been able to comprehend.

If you possess "the artistic temperament" in fullest flower, do not reddle yourself with the idea that you are justified in breaking or ignoring moral, social or financial obligations.

If you borrow money, consider it your duty to pay it back, with interest, just as the most work-a-day, practical individual would be expected to do.

The artistic "dead beat" is quite as despicable as any other swindler, no matter whether he realizes it or not.

I have heard a woman, who harped upon the theme of "artistic temperament," and who made her theories a precarious means of subsistence, declare that common vulgarians who have money ought to feel privileged when allowed to pay bills for people possessed of genius.

This same woman believed in her right also to make lightning changes in husbands, and she left a trail of scandals and debts behind her in two continents, all of which she lightly attributed to her "artistic temperament" and her horror of the commonplace.

She does not stand alone, I regret to say.

In every community can be found her prototype, and the art centers are unfortunately honeycombed with men and women who accept social hospitalities and never say thank you; who borrow your money and never suggest payment; who marry and are given in marriage and ignore their vows when the whim seizes them, and expect to be excused and admired because of their artistic talents or tastes.

The indolent loafer who becomes a tramp is despised, but the artistic loafer, who is a moral tramp posing as a genius, demands that the world not only respect, but admire him.

If you, sir, or madame, possess the artistic temperament, let it not lead you into this miserable gang, who talk much about "art for art's sake," and who ostensibly despise the money-maker, while depending upon him for subsistence.

Pay your own way, keep up your engagements, live up to your promises, appreciate your benefactors and respect your own manhood and womanhood before you kneel and worship your talents or your temperament. For neither possesses any real value in God's universe, unless you have character as a foundation.

Telegraphic Time Signals.

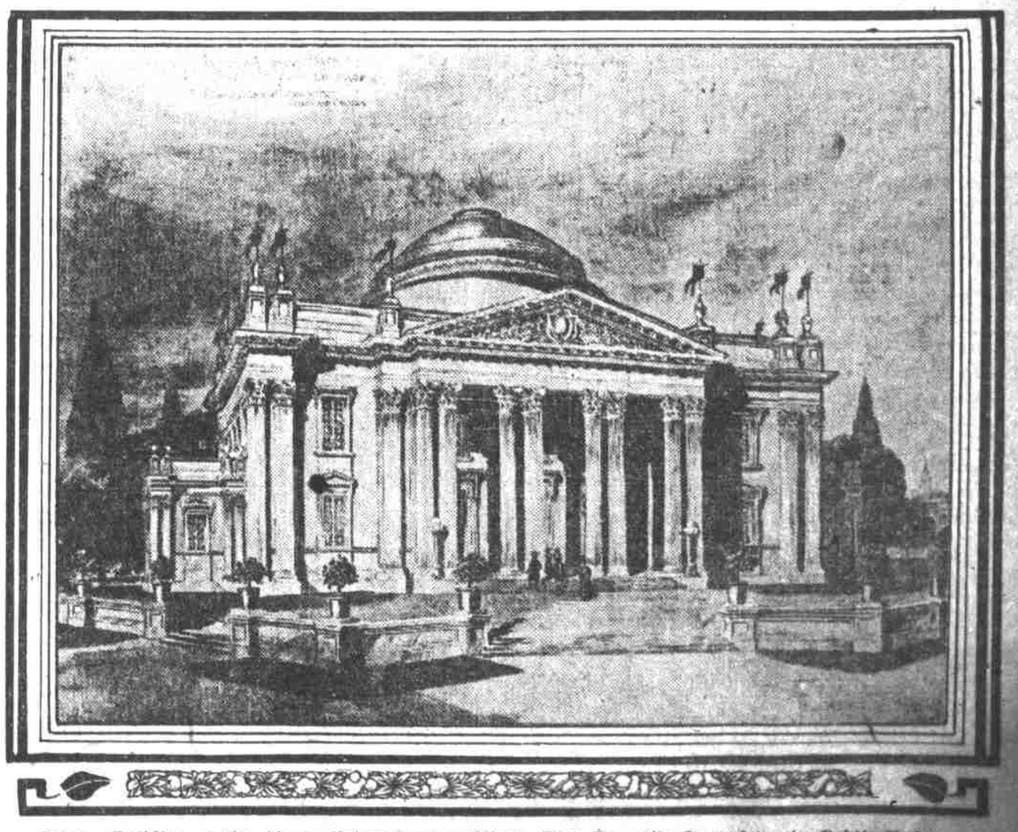
Daily at noon the United States naval observatory at Mare Island sends a series of signals over the wires throughout the country west of the Rocky mountains. This series of signals is sent continuously for an interval of five minutes immediately preceding noon and ends at noon of the 120th meridian, the standard time meridian of the Pacific coast. The noon signal is seldom in error to the extent of one-tenth of a second, although a tenth more may be added by the relays in use on long telegraph lines. Electric transmission over a continuous line is practically instantaneous. While these signals are being flashed across the wires those in charge of time balls and of clocks that are corrected electrically at noon throw their local lines into circuit so that the noon signal drops the time balls and corrects the clocks. In addition to these connections the wireless stations along the coast are connected with the telegraph lines send out the time signals automatically as transmitted by the observatory clock. Vessels that are equipped with wireless apparatus, when in range of one of these wireless stations, can obtain the error of their chronometers by listening for the noon signals. And thus the ship's bell and the clock tower and the pocket watch get into step at the stroke at noon.

Kaiser and His Castles.

From the London Globe.

The kaiser is again in conflict, not this time with his chancellor, but with the archaeologists. The Rhenish Society for the Protection of Historic Memorials has protested against the projected sale by the emperor of three Rhenish castles. The society demands that if the castles are alienated, at least it will be stipulated that no structural alterations shall be made, and that the public rights to the parks shall be preserved. It remains to be seen what the emperor will do, but there can be little doubt that the upkeep of 46 castles constitutes a very heavy charge on the kaiser's exchequer. Apropos of the kaiser, his speeches, and his teetotalism, his motto should now be, "Mum's the word. Not Mumm."

OREGON AT THE A.-Y.-P. FAIR



Oregon Building at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific, Which Was Formally Opened to the Public Today.