

the foot, while the division of the foot into tenths and hundredths is similar to dividing the dollar into dimes and cents, and would be easily acquired.

The facility of employing tenths may thus be illustrated: Water pressure is dependent on its depth. A depth of 16 feet of water is a pressure of 160 cubic tenths piled one on top of the other; but a cubic tenth weighs one ounce; therefore the weight of the column is 160 ounces, or 10 pounds per square tenth, and (10 x 100) one thousand pounds per square foot.

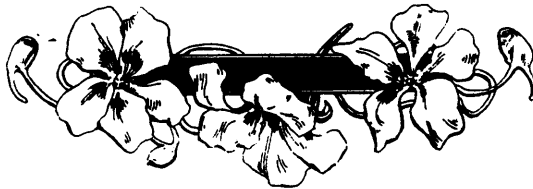
The attachment to pounds, feet, and gallons is ascribed to insular prejudice, but it is really their convenience, as proven by time. America is no island; but when will we

adopt francs and sous for our dollars and cents?

Our own system, modified as herein shown, possesses the relationship between space and mass in more simple form than the French, because the ordinary domestic standard, the foot, serves all purposes by one division by ten, whence are derived directly the small linear, square, and cubic unit, and the most minute domestic measure, the ounce, or cubic tenth of water which weighs an ounce. Our household measures are not affected by the transition.

In any event, our mile and acre stand, indelibly stamped upon this continent by the Western system of survey, and the foot is the root factor of these great measures.

C. R. Coullée.



THE PINES.

THEY stand on the edge of a lonely moor,
And whisper and croon, in some unknown tongue,
A deep, mysterious and hidden lore,
Which sage has not written nor poet sung.

'Tis something about a golden prime,
With its dim, far-off, forgotten things;
And something about a song divine,
Whose music still to their branches clings.

When the winds run races across the moor,
They cheer them on with a mighty cheer,
That sounds through the peasant's bolted door,
And fills his heart with a nameless fear.

Weird singers of music wild and grand,
Of strains that are tender, melting, sweet,
What vaguest dreams of some long lost land,
What haunting memories, incomplete,

What echoes from out the eternal deep
Do your tones awaken, until I seem
Like one who wakes from uncertain sleep,
And strives to recall a forgotten dream.

Bradford K. Daniels.