

# LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF A CITY AS SEEN BY A SALT LAKE WOMAN

## SCHOOL ECHOES.

"And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence."

The year of our city schools has just drawn to a close, but some echoes remain—echoes of the deep thought and vast learning of our coming generation; echoes to awaken our best sympathies and our highest ambitions for the education of our boys and girls, upon whom the fate of our city depends; echoes reflecting no small credit to principal and teacher, to the wise solicitude of parent and guardian.

A few brilliant examples that have added in changing the monotony in the long hours of our hard-worked teachers during the year are quoted for the enlightenment for all who read and for the purpose of making clear the "pur-suit of knowledge under difficulties."

## HISTORICAL FACTS.

"History makes man wise." A little girl during class recital insisted that George Washington was wounded in battle. Upon being contradicted by her teacher, she thought for her history book read the following passage: "As a result of this engagement, Washington was crippled in his movements."

Another teacher was informed that "When Capt. John Smith was about to have his head cut off, he laid his head on the block, and Pocahontas rushing out, threw her arms around his neck, put her cheek against his, and shortly afterwards they began to raise tobacco in the colonies."

A promising pupil of one of the schools located in the southern part of the city made the startling announcement that "Miles Standish and John Alden were both in love with Priscilla, but neither of them knew it."

## GEOGRAPHY.

That "A little learning is a dangerous thing," is shown by the understanding that a little can be pointing out the more the different states and naming the products of each state, and a little more came forth with the fact that California raises "fruits, flowers and earthquakes."

"What is the equator?" asked a teacher. A boy answered, "The equator is a meager lion roaming around the center of the earth."

The answer to an examination question as to the industries of Utah was, "The chief industries of Utah are, running a locomotive, being a policeman and telling the truth."

## ENGLISH.

"English as she is spoke," Henry's recitation,

"Old Ironsides at anchor lay in the island of Mahon,  
A dead calm reigned on the bay and the waves to sleep had gone."

was distorted thus:

"Old Ironsides at anchor lay in the island of Mahon,  
A dead calm roosted on the bay and the winds to sleep had gone."

A teacher wished to know what word expressed action in

"Can storied urn or animated bust

could stand in such a place, and vessels have to take their chance.

Not long ago it sent the 3,000-ton steamer *Canada* to the bottom, only two hands escaping out of 60, and she is only one of a hundred victims. The whole seafarers round the base of the rocks is littered with sunken ribs and dead men's bones. Vessels that draw so little water that they might pass over in safety are often dropped onto the rock by the surge of the sea and the only warning the Virgin ever gives is in a very heavy swell, when the sea breaks with a dull roar over the rock, at long intervals, about once in 20 minutes.

A plague-spot which few people but sailors have heard of is the dread Portland race, in the English channel. This is not a shoal or rock; the fury of the sea itself constitutes the danger and the much-takable maelstrom itself is far less perilous.

The race is caused by what is called an overfall, the result of the powerful channel tides sweeping over the Shambles bank and then encountering a sudden drop in the sea bottom, and the effect is that of Niagara rapids, multi-

plied a few times, in open sea and the track of ships. Vessels have gone down here in a single tide during heavy weather, and the last big ship to suffer was the Georgian, a fine American steel sailing bark, which founded with all hands.

Sable Island is British, lying off Sable cape in Nova Scotia very near the track of vessels bound to New York from Europe, and the hidden shoals run out for miles. They form a sort of devil's hand stretched out to pick up unwary ships, and one of the chief dangers is the enormous drift of the gales, which, sweeping over 3,000 miles, send a sea home on the sands that would break up the British navy in an hour if it ran ashore there. Liners, traders, brigs and fishing vessels all are fish to the Sable Island net, and few lives can be saved owing to the sand and the distance from shore.

Eleven vessels have been wrecked here in a single day and sometimes after the scour of an easterly gale

dead men's bones are washed up on the beaches as if a real graveyard had been laid bar by the sea.

It is odd that one of the worst plague spots of the ocean should be a river, but a salt-water river bearing ocean-going ships. The Houghly, on which Calcutta stands, is more dreaded by shipowners than any part of the open seas. In windless weather flat, calm water three great vessels have been lost here in a day, one of them with most of her hands as well. The reason for this is the force of the tides and the dreaded sand banks that are always shifting.

A ship will be sent out of the channel by the current and ground on one of the shoals. It is as though a giant hand reached up through the water and grasped her keel, and the chances are, once she has caught the ground, that she will be careened right over and founder just beyond, for the current forces her on to the great Indian merchant

ships and the admiral wrecks that chart the Houghly.

So bad is this Thames mouth tract that in the admiralty wrecks charts the

back to its mansion call the feeling breath?"

and the answer came, "can bust!"

A similar spark from another youth's mind flickered when the teacher asked for the subject of

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene

The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

The answer was given, "ocean bear."

But the worse mutilation of some of our master poetry occurred when "Come back, come back, my bonnie bride," was read, "Come back, come back, my pony boy."

In a school on the east side is a boy upon being asked to conjugate the present tense of "to be," answered:

I be,  
Thou beest,  
He beest.

PHYSIOLOGY.

We are "fearfully and wonderfully made."

"What is the diaphragm?" was asked. "The smallest bone in the ear," answered little Gerrard.

Appealing is the terrible fate in store for us if we do not cook our meat according to the statement of another promising pupil: "Meat should be cooked before being eaten, for if you don't, there are Germans that might create in your bodies."

A little schoolboy lay sick in the hospital, having been operated upon for appendicitis. Two of his roommates, much concerned as to his condition, set about obtaining information by phone. One of them asked the nurse how the patient progressed and we give her answer according to the statement of the inquirer:

"He's doing fine; his independence is in alcohol, and he's all right."

MATHEMATICS.

"Mathematics make men subtle." There is a problem for a "subtle man" to solve:

If a citizen can be filled by two pipes, one in three hours and the other in two, how long will it take to fill the citizen, if both are going?"

Our brainy reader will readily discern that the boy meant "cistern."

"Reduce to its lowest terms," said the pedagogue, "it's m<sup>2</sup> n."

A girl responded with the question, "Do I cancel the 2 into the 4 and the n into part of the m?"

"What! and leave an i?"

If coming events cast their shadows before oh, what will the harvest be?

A Jacqueminet

Did freshly blow

Down by the brooklet rushing;

A mountain child

Strayed near the rapture gushing.

O, Jacqueminet!

I love thee so,

My heart's unrest thou'rt hushing;

Yet tell me why

Thou art so shy?

Confess, O! tell-tale blushing!"

Aud Jacqueline

Breathed soft and low—

The Foxglove wild,

"Aurora, she—

Has just kissed me,

And that is why I'm blushing."

LADY BABIE.

—Lady Babbie.

DEATH TRAPS OF THE SEAS.

Of all the thousand perils of the seas there are some half-dozen which a sailor marks in his mind with a skull and crossbones and of which every master mariner hates the very name. Fatal to seamen and passengers alike, these are the places that no human skill can render safe. One of the worst of them, says a writer in the Chicago Tribune, is the Virgin rock, in mid-Atlantic, which has gathered in more lives and ships than any other.

The chief terror of the Virgin is that it never shows itself and there is nothing to tell how near it may be. As no land lies nearer to it than many hundreds of miles, there is no escape, no headland to go by. The rock is completely hidden and its head is some 18 feet below the surface. It is a sort of pinnacle, rearing up from the seaboard, but not reaching to the face of the waters, and its prime business is to tear the keel right out of any unlucky ship that passes over it.

Lying so deep, it is impossible to build any lighthouse on it, even if any

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