\[ \sum_{i,j} \left| \left( v_2^2 \right) \right| \int_{\Omega} \mathcal{C} \]

\[ \left( \frac{v_2}{2} \right) \bigg| \begin{array} \cdot \end{array} \]
The Computer Modern typefaces were created in the spirit of the typeface Monotype Modern A by Professor Donald E. Knuth of Stanford University. The Computer Modern family of scientific and mathematical figures and symbols and is widely used with implementations of the \TeX\ typesetting system.

Computer Modern is the definitive source for the Computer Modern faces. The \TeXbook \ (D. E. Knuth, Addison Wesley) is also a good reference. Appendix F, 1.6, contains a complete set of scientific and mathematical figures and symbols used with implementations of the \TeX\ typesetting system. Computer Modern is designed for use with all \TeX\ systems, although they were especially designed for use with \TeX\ produced by \TeX\ Macros, Inc. These fonts can be used with all \TeX\ fonts, and the Computer Modern family of Adobe PostScript fonts is also available.

The Computer Modern PostScript Fonts package contains 75 faces from the Computer Modern family in Adobe PostScript Type 1 form. These fonts can be used with all Adobe PostScript printers and Adobe Type Manager. Although they were specifically designed for use with the \TeX\ system, the Computer Modern family of Adobe PostScript fonts is also available.

The Computer Modern PostScript Fonts package contains a CM/PS Screen Fonts suitcase, 75 printer font files, and a folder containing the file AFM.sea (AFM files in a compressed format).

1

Computer Modern Faces Booklet 2 (3, 1)
My beautiful new watch had run eighteen months without losing or gaining, and without breaking any part of its machinery or stopping. I had come to believe it infallible in its judgments about the time of day, and to consider its constitution and its anatomy imperishable. But at last, one night, I let it run down. I grieved about it as if it were a recognized messenger and forerunner of calamity. But by and by I cheered up, set the watch by guess, and commanded my bodings and superstitions to depart. Next day I stepped into the chief jeweler's to set it by the exact time, and the head of the establishment took it out of my hand and proceeded to set it for me. Then he said, "She is four minutes slow—regulator wants pushing up." I tried to stop him—tried to make him understand that the watch kept perfect time. But no; all this human cabbage could see was that the watch was four minutes slow—regulator wants pushing up." I tried to explain something about its constitution, its windings, its wires, and its escapement, and its chronometer, and its "doing its business in a barrel," but he was a blind man with a crooked stick. He pushed up the regulator, set the watch for me, and it gained faster and faster day by day. Within the week it sickened to a raging fever, and its pulse went up to a hundred and fifty in the shade. At the end of two months it had left all the timepieces of the town far in the rear, and was a fraction over thirteen days ahead of the almanac. It was away into November enjoying the snow, while the October leaves were still tumbling. If hurted
I began to be left by trains, I failed all appointments; I grew to miss my dinner; my watch strung out three days' grace to four and let me go to protest; I gradually drifted back into yesterday, and by and by the comprehension came upon me that all solitary and alone I was lingering along in an earlier day, and that the world was out of sight. I seemed to detect in myself a sort of sneaking fellow-feeling for the mummy in the museum, and a desire to swap news with him. I went to a watchmaker again. He took the watch all to pieces while I waited, and then said the barrel was "swelled." He said he could reduce it in three days. After this the watch averaged well, but nothing more. For half a day it would go like the very mischief, and keep up such a barking and wheezing and whooping and sneezing and snorting, that I could not hear myself think for the disturbance; and as long as it held out.

Left my turnings; I found all appointments, grew to overact, and overacted. My motion slowed down to that point where nothing moved. I tore a caging bell, I caged in to govern my rage, and regained my composure. I concluded it was better to be at home and off the street, and even the most objectionable people would not annoy me.
there was not a watch in the land that stood any chance against it. But the rest of the day it would keep on slowing down and fooling along until all the clocks it had left behind caught up again. So at last, at the end of twenty-four hours, it would trot up to the judges’ stand all right and just in time. It would show a fair and square average, and no man could say it had done more or less than its duty. But a correct average is only a mild virtue in a watch, and I took this instrument to another watchmaker. He said the king-bolt was broken. I said I was glad it was nothing more serious. To tell the plain truth, I had no idea what the king-bolt was, but I did not choose to appear ignorant to a stranger. He repaired the king-bolt, but what the watch gained in one way it lost in another. It would run awhile and then stop awhile, and then run awhile again, and so on, using its own discretion about the intervals. And every time it was near off it kicked back like a musket. I padded my breast for a few days, but finally took the watch to another watchmaker. He picked it all to pieces, and turned the ruin over and over under his glass; and then he said there appeared to be something the matter with the hair-trigger. He fixed it, and gave it a fresh start. It did well now, except that always at ten minutes to ten the hands would shut together like a pair of scissors, and from that time forth they would travel together. The oldest man in the world could not make head or tail of the time of day by such a watch, and so I went again to have the thing repaired. This person said that the crystal had got bent, and that the mainspring was not straight. He also remarked that parts of the works needed half-soling. He made these things all right, and then my timepiece performed unexceptionably. He said that the king-bolt was broken. I said I was glad it was nothing more serious. To tell the plain truth, I had no idea what the king-bolt was, but I did not choose to appear ignorant to a stranger. He repaired the king-bolt, but what the watch gained in one way it lost in another. It would run awhile and then stop awhile, and then run awhile again, and so on, using its own discretion about the intervals. And every time it was near off it kicked back like a musket. I padded my breast for a few days, but finally took the watch to another watchmaker. He picked it all to pieces, and turned the ruin over and over under his glass; and then he said there appeared to be something the matter with the hair-trigger. He fixed it, and gave it a fresh start. It did well now, except that always at ten minutes to ten the hands would shut together like a pair of scissors, and from that time forth they would travel together. The oldest man in the world could not make head or tail of the time of day by such a watch, and so I went again to have the thing repaired. This person said that the crystal had got bent, and that the mainspring was not straight. He also remarked that parts of the works needed half-soling. He made these things all right, and then my timepiece performed unexceptionably.
round and round so fast that their individuality was lost completely, and they simply seemed a delicate spider's web over the face of the watch.

She would reel off the next twenty-four hours in six or seven minutes, and then stop with a bang.

I went with a heavy heart to one more watchmaker, and looked on while he took her to pieces. Then I prepared to cross-question him rigidly, for this thing was getting serious. The watch had cost two hundred dollars originally, and I seemed to have paid out two or three thousand for repairs. While I waited and looked on I presently recognized in this watchmaker an old acquaintance—a steamboat engineer of other days, and not a good engineer, either. He examined all the parts carefully, just as the other watchmakers had done, and then delivered his verdict with the same confidence of manner. He said: "She makes too much steam—you want to hang the monkey-wrench on the safety-valve!" I brained him on the spot, and had him buried at my own expense. My uncle William (now deceased, alas!) used to say that a good horse was a good horse until it had run away once, and that a good watch was a good watch until the repairers got a chance at it. And this watch was getting serious. The watch had cost two hundred dollars originally, and I seemed to have paid out two or three thousand for repairs. While I waited and looked on I presently recognized in this watchmaker an old acquaintance—a steamboat engineer of other days, and not a good engineer, either. He examined all the parts carefully, just as the other watchmakers had done, and then delivered his verdict with the same confidence of manner. He said: "She makes too much steam—you want to hang the monkey-wrench on the safety-valve!" I brained him on the spot, and had him buried at my own expense. My uncle William (now deceased, alas!) used to say that a good horse was a good horse until it had run away once, and that a good watch was a good watch until the repairers got a chance at it. And this watch was getting serious. The watch had cost two hundred dollars originally, and I seemed to have paid out two or three thousand for repairs.

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My beautiful new watch had run eighteen months without losing or gaining, and without breaking any part of its machinery or stopping. I had come to believe it infallible in its judgments about the time of day, and to consider its constitution and its anatomy imperishable. But at last, one night, I let it run down. I grieved about it as if it were a recognized messenger and forerunner of calamity. But by and by I cheered up, set the watch by guess, and commanded my bodings and superstitions to depart.

Next day I stepped into the chief jeweler's to set it by the exact time, and the head of the establishment took it out of my hand and proceeded to set it for me. But no; all this human cabbage could see was that the watch was four minutes slow, and the regulator must be pushed up a little; and so, while I danced around him in anguish, and implored him to let the watch alone, he calmly and cruelly did the shameful deed. My watch began to gain. It gained faster and faster day by day. Within the week it was accelerated to a flying fever, and my bodings began to gain. I gathered faster and faster.

At the end of two months it had left all the timepieces of the town far in the rear, and was a fraction over thirteen days ahead of the almanac. It was away into November enjoying the snow, while the October leaves were still lamining. If hurried November energies rain the snow, while the

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in such a ruinous way that I could not abide it. I took it to the watchmaker to be regulated. He asked me if I had ever had it repaired. I said no, it had never needed any repairing. He looked a look of vicious happiness and eagerly pried the watch open, and then put a small dice-box into his eye and peered into its machinery. He said it wanted cleaning and oiling, besides regulating—come in a week. After being cleaned and oiled, and regulated, my watch slowed down to that degree that it ticked like a tolling bell. I began to be left by trains, I failed all my watch showed down to that degree that

Yesterday, then day before, then into last week, and by and by the comprehension came upon me that all solitude and alone I was lingering along in that vast expanse of space where I had been left. I walked about, and by the compression came upon me:

After being cleaned and oiled, and regulated, I began to slip, to go a week, then day before, then into last week, and by and by the comprehension came upon me that all solitude and alone I was lingering along in that vast expanse of space where I had been left.