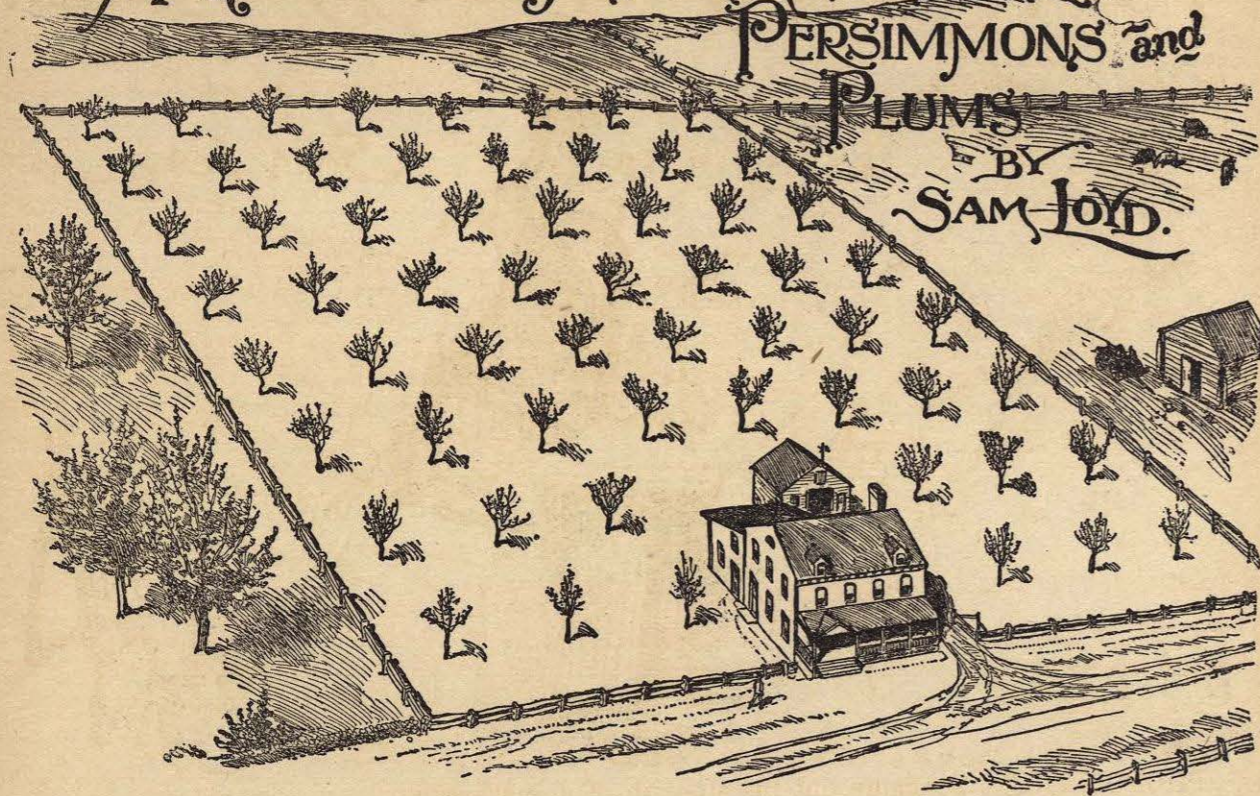


A QUESTION OF PEACHES, PEARS, PERSIMMONS and PLUMS BY SAM LOYD.



PROPOSITION—How many groupings of different kinds of fruit can be located in the orchard?

ONCE KNEW AN EC-
centric old gardener who
had a hobby for setting
out his young fruit trees
according to a secret
code, so that no one but himself
could locate the several varieties of
trees in an orchard. He gave as a
reason that he was engaged in ex-
perimental grafting and did not care
to let visitors or even those in his
employ into the secrets of his craft.
He was continually inventing and
devising new methods for conceal-
ing the location of trees which were
undergoing certain experimental
grafting, and, as a matter of fact,
used to put away the chart or clue
to the secret, even from himself, so
as to see if the developments of his
experiments would be sufficiently
marked to disclose their locality.

The last time I saw him he had
just set out sixty young trees ad-
joining his house, as shown in the
accompanying picture, and it may
be of interest to mention that these
sixty trees were what is known as
quince stock, upon which the differ-
ent varieties of fruits are grafted.
It had always been a fad with him
to set out ten trees of a kind at one
time, but to scatter them in different
parts of the orchard, located accord-
ing to some sort of secret system,

which would place ten trees in five
rows of four in a line. It is quite a
pretty little puzzle to lay out ten
trees in such a way that there will
be five rows of four in a line, and a
still more difficult feat to duplicate
the trick so that one group of trees
will not interfere with another of a
different species.

He always maintained that the
principle might be carried still fur-
ther, so as to bring in other group-
ings, and asked me to work it into a
puzzle to see if any of our puzzle ex-
perts could help him out.

The problem, therefore, is to see
how many groupings of different
kinds of fruit can be located in the
orchard as shown. There must be
ten trees of each kind of fruit, so
arranged that there will be five rows
of four-in-a-line of each fruit.

I have suggested the names of
peaches, pears, persimmons, and
plums, hoping that the plan of the
four groupings may be discovered.

In working out your solution
mark out a diagram upon a sheet of
white paper, dots representing the
trees, and each tree marked with the
name of the fruit; or the solution
may be shown by writing in the
names under the trees in the picture.
Of course, in showing the groupings
of the four sets it would require but

forty of the sixty trees shown—the
sixty trees in the picture merely
show where the selected forty may
be placed.

What does a man love more than
life,
Hate more than death or mortal
strife;

That which contented men desire,
The poor have, and the rich require;
The miser spends, the spendthrift
saves,
And all men carry to their graves.
Nothing.

Why is a chicken-pie like a gun-
smith's shop? Because it contains
fowl-in pieces.

When do your teeth usurp the
functions of the tongue? When
they are chattering.

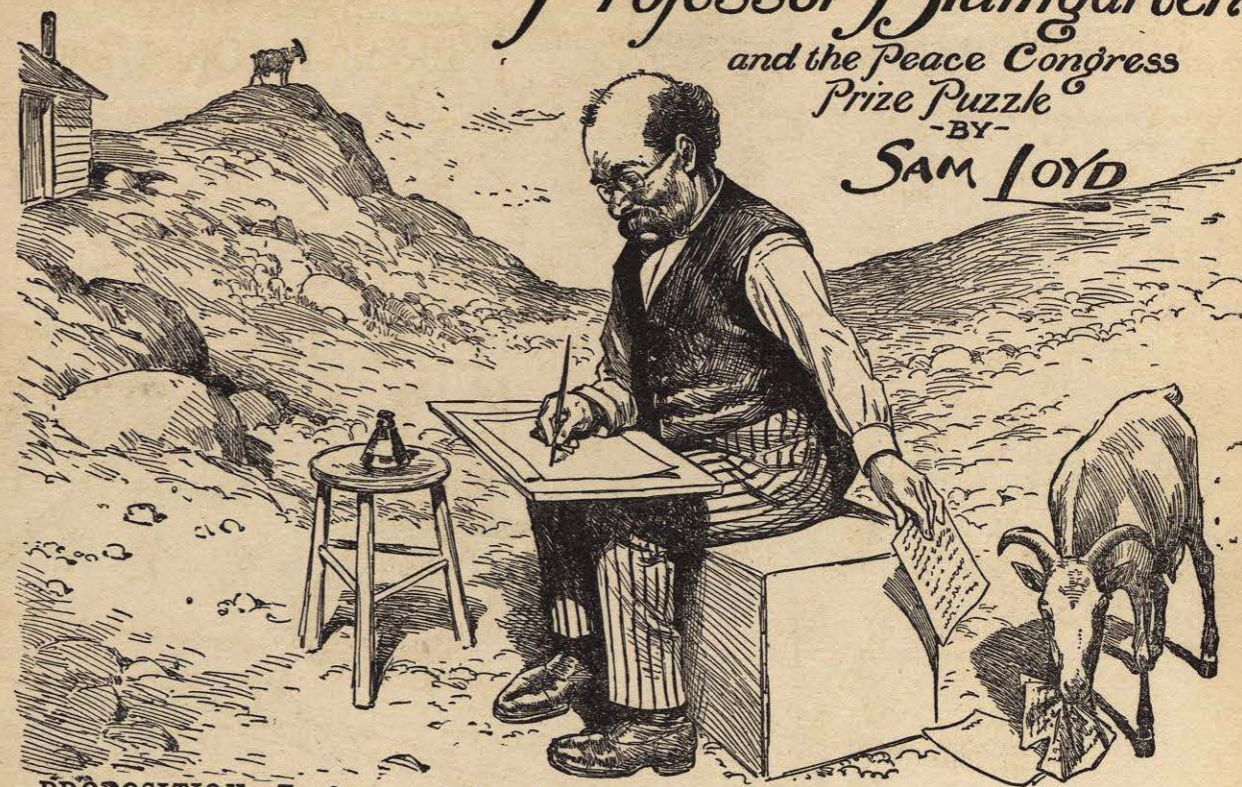
Why is Buckingham Palace the
cheapest palace ever built? Be-
cause it was built for one sovereign
and furnished for another.

Which is heavier a half or a full
moon? The half, because the full
moon is as light again.

When does a cow become real
estate? When turned into a
meadow.

Why is it impossible to pick the
best horse in a race? Because there
is always a better.

Professor Blumgarten and the Peace Congress Prize Puzzle BY SAM LOYD



PROPOSITION—To figure out the strength of a goat's skull.

HERE IS THE PUZ-
zle which Richard H.
Proctor, the astronomer
termed "the most curi-
ous mathematical prob-
lem on record."

"Even if the peace congress
should precipitate a conflict between
the European powers," said Pro-
fessor Blumgarten, "it would be a
move in the right direction, for it
would set the people to thinking,
and that is what we are after."

"In this enlightened age it is the
height of folly for two nations to go
to war over a matter which could be
settled by arbitration. It is a
simple calculation to figure up the
fighting resources of two quarrel-
some nations, to count the number
of men, guns and financial resources,
and say to the weaker: 'You are
whipped by just 200,000 men, 300
cannon and \$500,000,000, which you
can pay to the international walking
delegates of the Arbitration Com-
mittee."

"It is only between nations, men
or animals of nearly equal strength
where it is difficult to select the su-
perior. Expert arbitrators could
determine those fine points. You
never see a small dog attack a large
one; it is only the fool dog that
can't calculate who gets whipped.

Bicycle races and chess matches
could be settled in the same way.

The chess forces represent a perfect
equality, so the result of a contest
could readily be determined by com-
paring the square root of their men-
tal capacities.

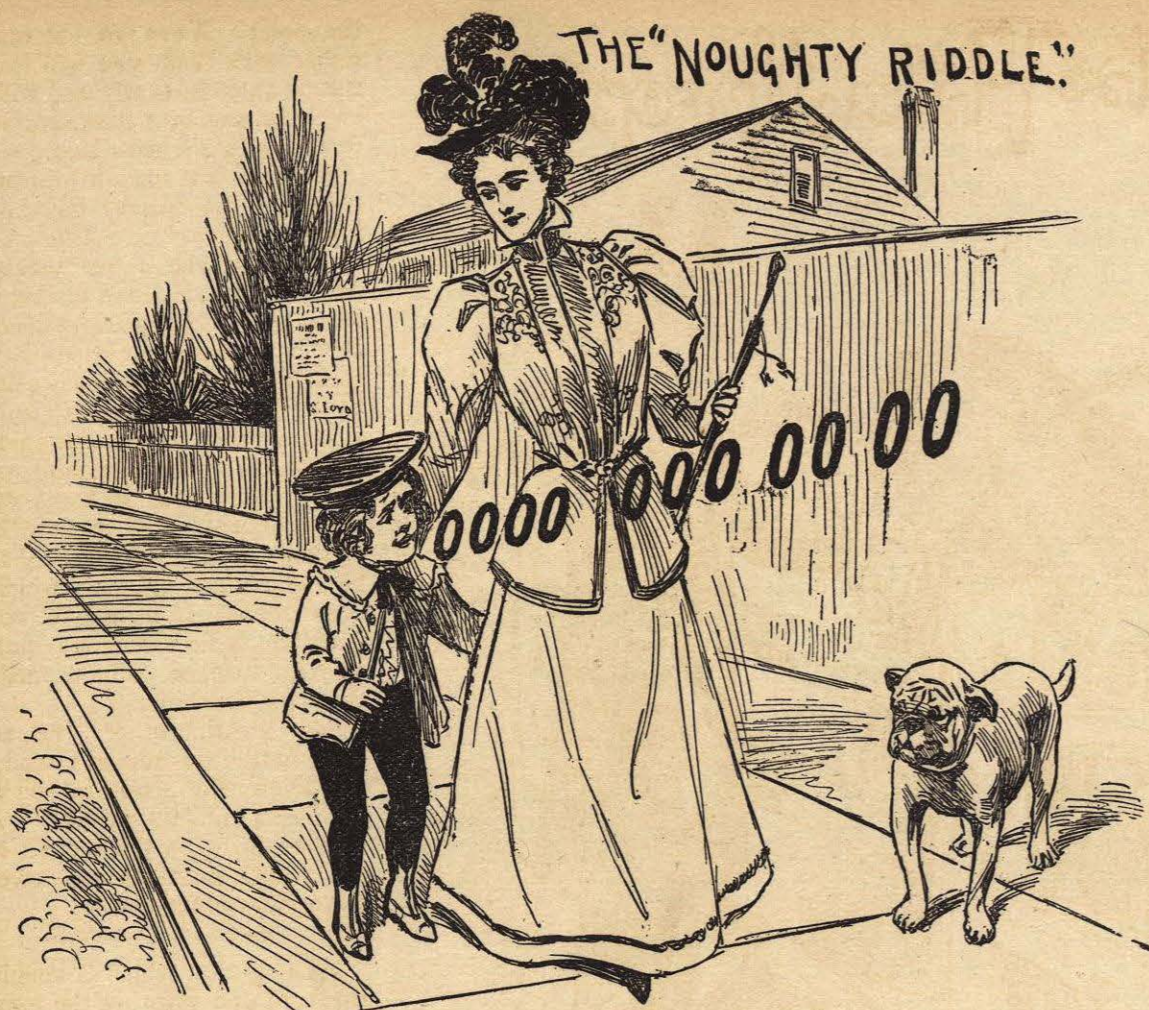
"I found out the true principle
of arbitration and universal peace
by watching the goats in Harlem.
A big goat and a little goat will live
together in harmony, because they
have nothing to dispute about, but
just as soon as two goats of so nearly
the same size as to give rise to a
question of boss-ship, meet, the fool
of the two is killed. Sometimes it
ends like the tragedy of the Kil-
kenny cats:

"There once were two cats of Kil-
kenny,
Each thought there was one cat too
many.
So they quarreled and spit, and
scratched and hit,
Till, excepting their nails and the
tips of their tails,
Instead of two cats there weren't
any.

"I once witnessed such a duel to
the death between two goats, which
shows the wonderful sagacity of the
animals, and at the same time in-
troduces as pretty a mathematical
problem as the average puzzlist cares
to tackle. A neighbor of mine had
a goat which held the undisputed
championship of the rocks for sev-

eral seasons, when some one was so
unfortunate as to introduce a new
goat which weighed just three
pounds heavier. The first weighed
54 pounds, the newcomer 57, and as
a goat knows enough not to fight
out of his class, and they never fight
at catch weights, to all appearances
they started in to live harmoniously.
But the little fellow planned a piece
of deep strategy. He stationed
himself at the top of a pretty steep
pathway, and from that point of
vantage hurled defiance at his rival
in a way which the latter could not
brook, so he started up the hill on a
run and was met by the other, who
had the advantage of a downhill
run. Sad to tell, both goats were
killed by the shock of the collision.
Now comes the curious feature of
the problem, for George Abercrom-
bie, who wrote a considerable work
on the raising of goats, says:

"By repeated experiments I
have found that the strength of a
blow equal to the momentum of 30
pounds falling 20 feet, will just
break the skull of a goat, so as to kill
it." Accepting this remarkable cal-
culation, coming from a distin-
guished scientist and mathema-
tician as being correct, I shall ask
what must have been the respective
velocities of the two goats when
they meet, so that they just broke
one another's skulls?"



PROPOSITION—With six straight lines complete the sentence.

NO, THIS IS NOT A picture of a little cigarette fiend blowing smoke rings; it is simply an illustrated riddle about which there was considerable smoke and very petty fire.

According to the newspapers a certain bright young school mistress used to amuse her pupils by sketching illustrated riddles upon the blackboard, one of which was the picture shown, which, by the addition of six straight marks will tell just what that little boy is saying.

Well, it transpired that a certain muddle-pated dominie who had never heard of this famous old puzzle, got it mixed up with an old chestnut about reading mad dog backwards, which he was familiar with, and actually brought the puzzle into court to have the school mistress discharged!

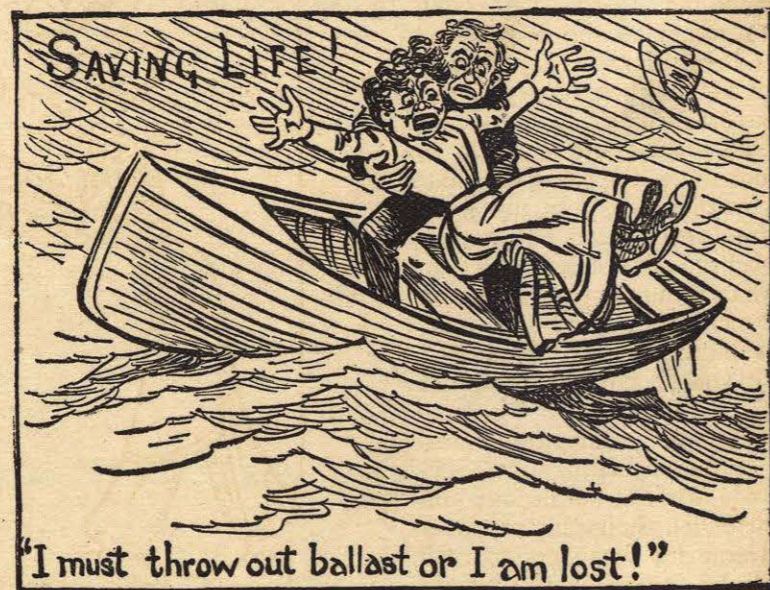
The puzzle, as you all know, is to add six straight marks to the eleven noughts, so as to tell us just what that little boy said to the dog, hence the name of the naughty (not naughty) riddle.

SAVING LIFE.

I was reading the account of a man in a boat who saved himself by throwing everything overboard, and as his better half was not mentioned in the salvage, it struck me that a literal interpretation of the account was suggestive of a good puzzle theme. The picture is a faithful

description of the scene as described by the survivors, but the puzzle is to discover the locality concealed in the explanation of the frantic husband.

What piece of coin is double its value by deducting its half? A half-penny.



The Philanthropist



PROPOSITION—Why is an old horse like a philanthropist?

BBETTER PUZZLES, conundrums, riddles or tricks which exercise the brains, sharpen the wits and teach the young folks to recognize the bright and clever side of things as they journey through life. When Sidney Smith was importuned by a persistent young lad to give him a puzzle he could not solve, the great wit said: "I am neither fish, flesh nor fowl, yet I frequently stand on one leg. If you behead me I stand upon two, and, what is more strange, if you behead me again I stand upon four, and I shall think you are then related to me if you do not now recognize me."

I have adopted riddles and conundrums as the elementary introduction to the world of puzzledom, and shall introduce thousands of clever conundrums for beginners to read and ponder over. Don't always

try to solve them. Just look at the answers so as to see and appreciate



the point. When you become familiar with them you will learn to master them instantly and will soon begin to originate conundrums and puzzles of merit with ease.

A prominent philanthropist and officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who is enjoying the ocean breezes at Atlantic City, is noted for his ready wit as well as kindness and liberality. He has acquired a curious habit of speaking to all dumb animals just as if they understood him and will at times carry on quite an animated conversation and propound queries which would puzzle some of the animals of the higher order. During an early morning walk the other day he found a poor old horse which had been retired from active service, with which he struck up quite an acquaintance, or, as he termed it, a close relationship.

"My dear brother," he asked, as he patted the animal's head, "do you know why a faithful old horse is like a philanthropist?" As I failed to catch the horse's reply, our young puzzlists are asked to solve the conundrum.

What is that which is bought by the yard and worn by the foot. A carpet.

How do bees dispose of their honey? They cell it.

To encourage a love of geography, I will ask our young students to discover the locality of this little incident, as concealed in the excited exclamation of the frantic maiden who has charge of dear little Tootsey during our summer outing.

His two stock jokes.



PROPOSITION—Solve these two conundrums.

DURING MY SUMMER outing I picked up the following odd piece of history which bears out the claim that one trick, with the knack of showing it cleverly, or even a couple of conundrums trotted out at opportune moments, will give a stupid fellow a life-long reputation for smartness: Captain Woods, who for many years used to pilot the little steamboat so close up under the falls of Niagara, had two stock jokes which were sprung on every trip, and which lasted him during his eventful life.

Of course, veterans who made the trip in days of yore will remember the jolly captain and his pet cat, as well as his two jokes, which penetrated with the driving mists through their oilskin caps. It al-

ways commenced and ended in the same way. Moving his hand care-

fully along the side rail of the boat, as if examining the woodwork minutely, he would look up inquiringly and ask: "I say, stranger, do you know what this boat is made of?"

"Why, pine or oak, isn't it?"

"No, sir-ree, sir! Nor it ain't hemlock nor cedar, neither. And can you tell me why we call this cat Niagara?"

After you gave up both questions, he would give the answers, and laugh just as heartily as if he had not enjoyed the same jokes right along for nearly half a century.

Can you guess the answers to the two conundrums?

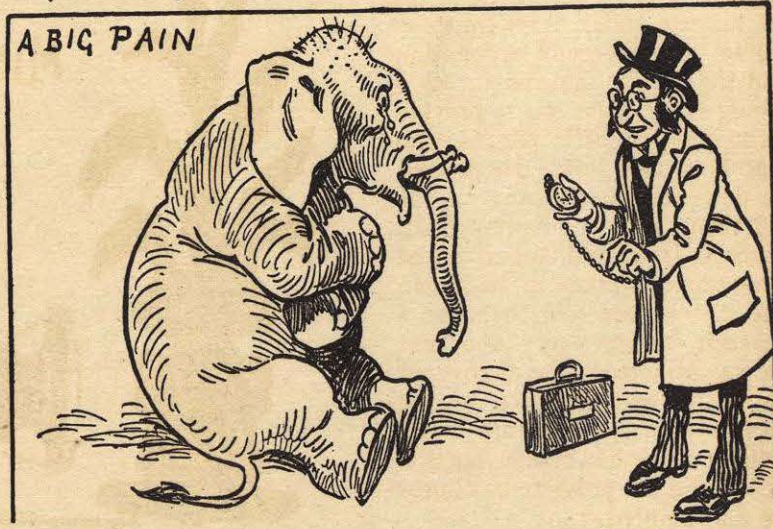
A BIG PAIN.

Not wishing to dissent from the poet of Stratford, who some three hundred and odd years ago told us that—

The poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang
as great

As when a giant dies,

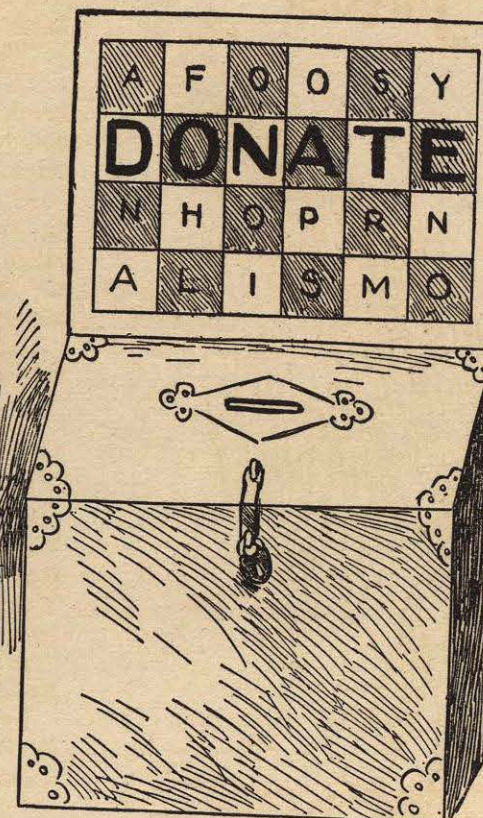
I wish to quote my old friend P. T. Barnum, as differing with the above sentiment so often quoted to us in our childhood days when we found pleasure in pulling wings from flies. He used to say that, despite of his great bulk, Jumbo's appreciation of pain was out of all proportion to his size. On one occasion when he was afflicted with a simple green-apple stomach-ache, he howled in such a way as to drown the members of the combined menagerie who roared out of sympathy, and would not be pacified until they sent home for his regular physician. The story is such a good subject for a puzzle idea that our juveniles are asked to discover the locality of the incident, hidden in the description of the picture.



"Now let the Doctor see Jumbo's tongue."

THE CHINEE DONATION PUZZLE

—BY—
SAM LOYD.



PROPOSITION—Commencing at some certain letter, discover a connected sequence of the twenty-four letters which will reveal an appropriate motto.

READING PUZZLES, similar to another one called the Dewey pillow puzzle proved to be so popular with our young folks that I will take occasion to describe another of Harry's achievements upon similar lines. Of course Harry and his sister loved the poor heathen Chinee, and cheerfully broke open their money boxes to contribute to the mission fund when their father said they must. But Harry did not enthuse a little bit when himself and sister were delegated to take charge of a donation box at the mission fair and got tired of telling every one it was to provide fire crackers for little pagans who had no Fourth of July. He printed some donation puzzle cards, as he called them, with the names of Ah Foo, Syn Hop and other noted Chinese names worked in, as shown in the sketch, and sold them for a dime each, telling every one that there was a motto to be discovered by a continuous sequence to the twenty-four letters and that every one might have his money back if the motto did not prove to be appropriate and pointed.

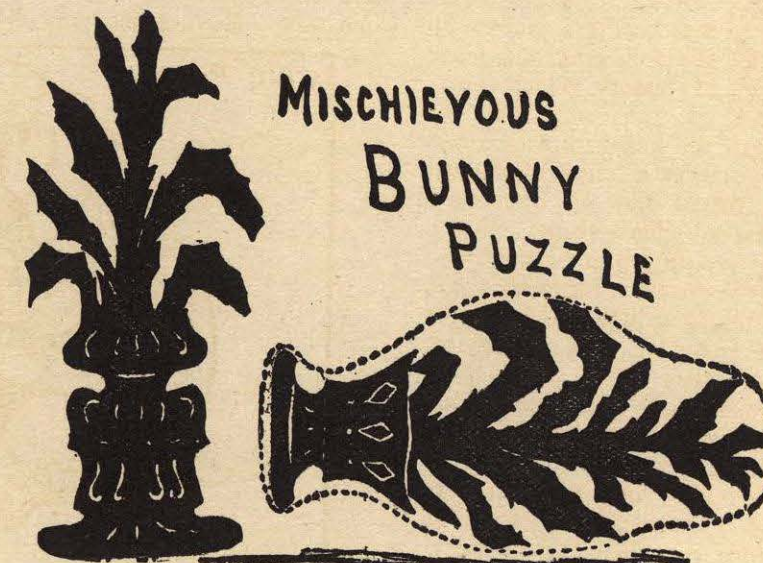
It is an ingenious and clever puzzle, which goes far to prove that Harry had studied the foreign Chinese mission question very profoundly for one of his years.

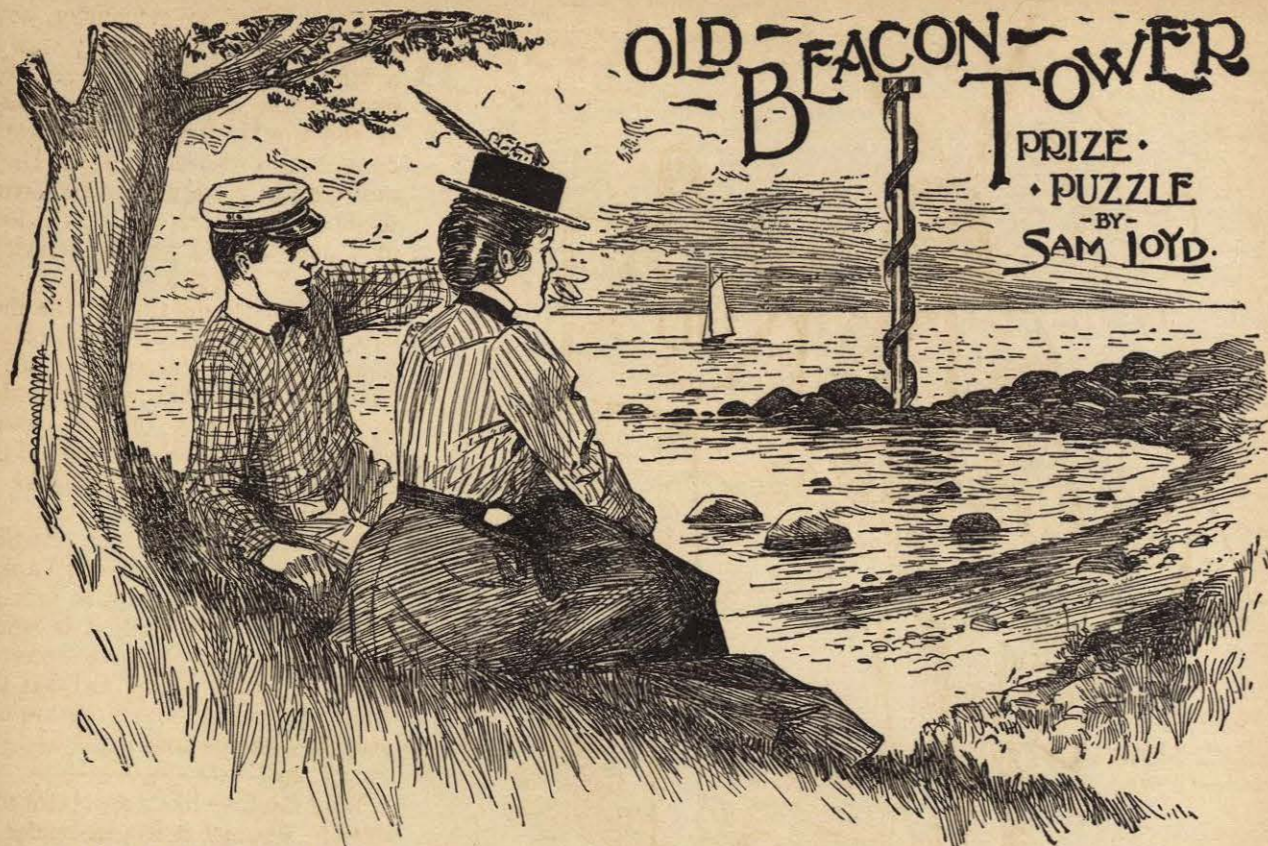
MISCHIEVOUS BUNNY PUZZLE

Here is a simple little picture puzzle for the young folks which shows two jardiniere of rare exotics, one

of which has been overturned by a mischievous little bunny. The puzzle is to cut out one of the jardiniere on the dotted lines and replace it so as to show the position of the mischievous rabbit.

Why does a young lady prefer her mother's fortune to her father's? Because, though she likes patrimony, she likes matrimony better.





PROPOSITION—How many steps was there to the old tower?

F COURSE ALL itinerant tourists who have taken their summer outing en wheel along the Jersey coast are familiar with the problem of the old Beacon Tower at Point Lookout, about which there is always such a diversity of opinions at different seasons of the year. The ruins, or speaking more correctly the wreck, of the old tower which served as a lighthouse for more than half a century, stands at present in the last stages of dissolution upon a little ledge of rocks which run out into the sea. The accompanying picture is taken from a sketch made some fifty years ago and furnishes data and information which could only be surmised from the present condition of the tower. The picture, as well as the facts, were obtained from an old resident, now in his ninety-sixth year, and recalls the erection of the tower when he was a very small boy. The entire country turned out to do honor to the event and there were few persons in that neighborhood who did not believe that the old Beacon was just a little bit higher than the tower of Babel. There is nothing left now but a charred pole or post some sixty feet high, as the stairs were destroyed by fire twenty odd years ago, but the picture as well as the county records show that it was originally

300 feet high. A very respectable height indeed, when we remember that for over a century the limit of one's powers of conception of height around the city of New York was to say, "As high as Trinity Church steeple," which just vied with the old Beacon Tower. But the times have changed since that era and it was only the other day that the venerable sexton complained that the naughty boys in the adjoining office building were throwing things down on the church spire. The center support was composed of huge poles skillfully spiked together, about which there wound a spiral staircase with an iron rail, which went exactly four times around the column, as shown in the sketch. There was one baluster or picket to each step, and as these pickets were just one foot apart, it should really be a very simple matter to determine just how many steps one had to take to reach the top, and yet to quote the words of Captain Huff, who furnished the picture and history of the tower, "I never yet knew one of them city folks who come out here for the summer who could figure it out right." To the platform of the tower, it was exactly 300 feet high. The stairs circled the column just four times, and as shown in the sketch, was thirty-three feet, ten and a half inches in diameter, from

which the circumference can readily be computed, so as to tell how many steps there were.

A REBUS.

To meet a need, our maid was sent in Haste, my whole is what she went in. Behead, transpose, the thing she bought Appears, and which she safely brought, Curtail, transpose, and take for granted You have the end for which was wanted, Transpose once more, though strange 'tis true, The maiden's name appears in view.

CHARADE.

My first, my second, and my whole, Are every one the same In point of meaning, each and all, An oft repeated name.

What is that which the dead and living might do at the same time? Lie.

Why are A and B's successors a ragged lot? Because they are C D. When does a lady think her husband a hercules? When he can't get on without his "club."

When was Napoleon I. most shabbily dressed? When he was out at Elba (elbow).

What professional men generally work with a will? Lawyers.



PROPOSITION—Can you decypher the illustrated charade?



ERE IS A LITTLE

Indian meal for our puzzlists suggested by certain interesting facts pertaining to the census report of Uncle Sam's aborigines possessions. In view of the intimation that poor Lo pertains to a past generation, as the Indians are now on the high road to wealth, and the "untutored minds" have submitted to enforced education, we will take a look at a Winnipeg chief, whose head, like the head of Winnipeg Lake, is full of craft, and ask the simple conundrum: Why is this noble savage a person of education?

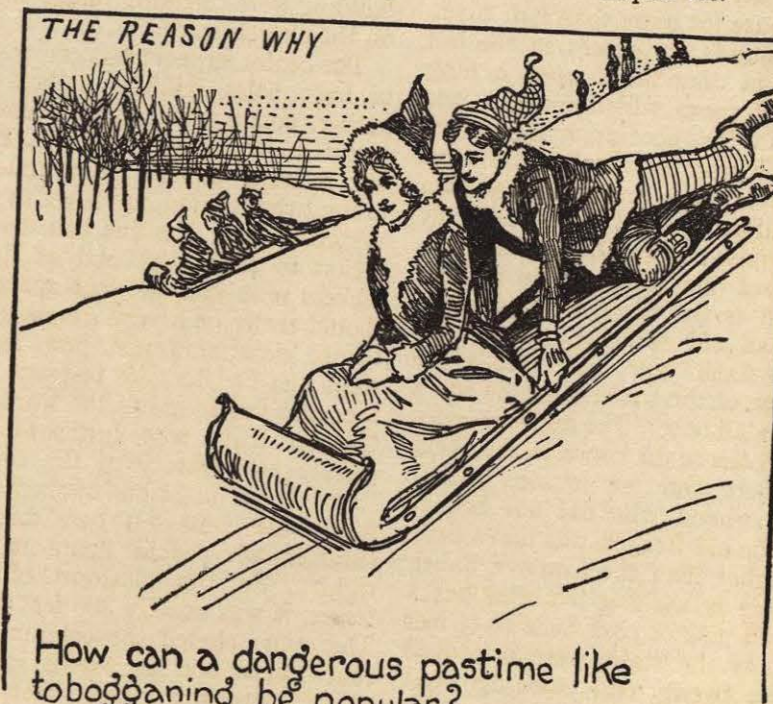
Incidentally, to illustrate the advanced course of study introduced by the Indian Commissioner, our puzzlists are asked to decipher the hieroglyphical puzzle which is printed upon the sign board.

Where was Adam going when he was in his thirty-ninth year? Into his fortieth.

When is a disengaged cab like a Yankee witness? When it is on the stand.

THE REASON WHY.

It is reported that during a recent conversation between the Duke of Cornwall and York, surprise was expressed at the popularity of tobog-



How can a dangerous pastime like tobogganing be popular?

gating. When we remember, however, that it was a summery view of a winter sport, drawn entirely from imagination, without a realistic view of the pretty girl who shares the danger, his prospective Royal Highness may be pardoned for preferring to shoot the chutes or loop the loop in a quiet way after the American fashion.

The puzzling feature of the incident, to which the attention of our young folks is directed is to see if they can discover the locality hidden in the description of the picture which is supposed to be a part of the conversation between the Duke of Cornwall and York.

As showing how our English cousins fail to appreciate our Yankee humor when we attempt to precipitate an American bull, it is worth mentioning that I have received scores of letters telling me that the Duke of Cornwall and York are one and the same person!

Why is a hive like a spectator at a show? Because it is a be-holder.

In what does a lawyer resemble a woodcock? In the length of his bill.

My first's a dirty little brute,
My second's at the end on't;
My third, like many an honest man,
Is on a fool dependent.
Pig-tail.

Water soft is my first, water hard is my second,
Sticks made of my whole are by many sweet reckon'd.
Liquor-ice.