FALSE WEIGHTS.
PUZZLE BY SAM LOYD

PROPOSITION—A commission broker, who charges 2 per cent. from the seller and 2 per cent. from the buyer, makes $25 by cheating in the weight, as he buys with a weight 1 ounce too heavy and sells with one 1 ounce too light. How much does he pay for the goods?

FOUND THAT THE money of the East was coined in variable sizes and weights to facilitate the swindling of travelers, and of itself is too difficult and complex a puzzle for our mathematicians, so in describing the following manner of trading among the Orientals we will simplify matters by talking in dollars and cents. Camels' hair, which enters largely into the manufacture of shawls and expensive rugs, is gathered by what is known as the common people and sold through a commission broker, in small or large lots, to the merchants. To insure impartiality, the broker never buys for himself, but upon receiving an order to buy, finds some one who wishes to sell, and charges 2 per cent. commission to each of them, thereby making 4 per cent. on the transaction. Nevertheless, by juggling with the scales, he always manages to add to his profit by cheating, the more especially if a customer is green enough to place any confidence in his word or pious exclamations.

I take occasion to call attention to a pretty puzzle connected with a transaction which aptly illustrates the simplicity of his methods. Upon receiving a consignment of camel's hair he placed the same upon the short arm of his scales, so as to make the goods weigh one ounce light to the pound, but when he came to sell it he reversed the scales so as to give one ounce to the pound short, and thus made $25 by cheating.

It appears to be—and as a matter of fact is—a very simple problem, with clear and sufficient data for the purpose. Nevertheless, it will tax the cleverness of an expert bookkeeper to figure out a correct answer to the question as to how much did he pay for the goods?

Why is a young lady's age after she has reached twenty-five like a floral wedding bell? Because it is never told.

When is a door not a door? When it's an egress (a negress).

What is the difference between a hill and a pill? One is hard to get up, the other is hard to get down.

Why is a lazy dog like a hill? Because he is a slow pup (slope up).

A crown which was the pride of ancient Rome; whichever way it reads, it is the same. Civic.

Why is a joung lady like a sheaf of wheat? First she is cradled, then thrashed, and finally she becomes the flour of the family.

Who is it that always has a number of movements on foot for making money? A dancing master.

How can hunters find heir game in the woods? By listening to the bark of the trees.

Why does a man think of his mother's slippers when he handles the lines behind a fine, well-matched pair of horses? Because they are such a spanking pair.

Why is a committee of inquiry like a cannon? It makes a report.

What is more wonderful than a horse that can count? A spelling bee.

Why are tallest people the laziest? Because they are always longer in bed than others.

PROPOSITION—Give the best explanation about the relationship to that mysterious nephew.

HERE IS AN ODD little puzzle in relationships which will amuse the young folks. You see, Uncle Reuben came to town to see his sister Mary Ann, and was doing the sights when they came to that imposing looking hotel shown in the sketch, when Reuben says to his sister: "Before we go any farther I should like to stop in here a minute and inquire about a sick nephew of mine who stays there."

"Well," says Mary Ann, "as I don't happen to have any sick nephew to worry about, I will just trot on home and we will continue our sight seeing this afternoon."

Who can give the best explanation about the relationship to that mysterious nephew?

A REBUS.

My first is the name to an article given,
For ladies and dandies to put on their linen;
It comes from the forest, I've heard people say,
And is made from the skin of an animal gray.
My second is a fruit which we all love to eat,
It grows on the farm, delicious and sweet.
My whole is the same, and often is seen
In the gardens and fields covered with green.
It is very sweet and pleasant to eat,
In the hot summer it makes a rich treat.
Cypher Ans. 13, 21, 19, 11, 13, 5, 12, 15, 14.

CHARADE.

The troop arranged for battle,
Without my first would fly,
And whether good or bad,
Without it you would die.

Go seek the earth and ocean,
For smallest things you guess;
Yes, bring the storm from the air,
And still my second's less.

The traitor, when condemned to die,
May calm his cares and pray;
Yet when the axe sounds "dust to dust,"
My whole he's borne away.
Cypher Ans. 8, 5, 1, 4, 12, 5, 19, 19.

What man had no father? Joshua, the son of Nun.

When is a young man of the greatest use at suppertable? When he's a spoon.

Why does a miller wear a white hat? To keep his head warm.

Part of a foot with judgment transpose,
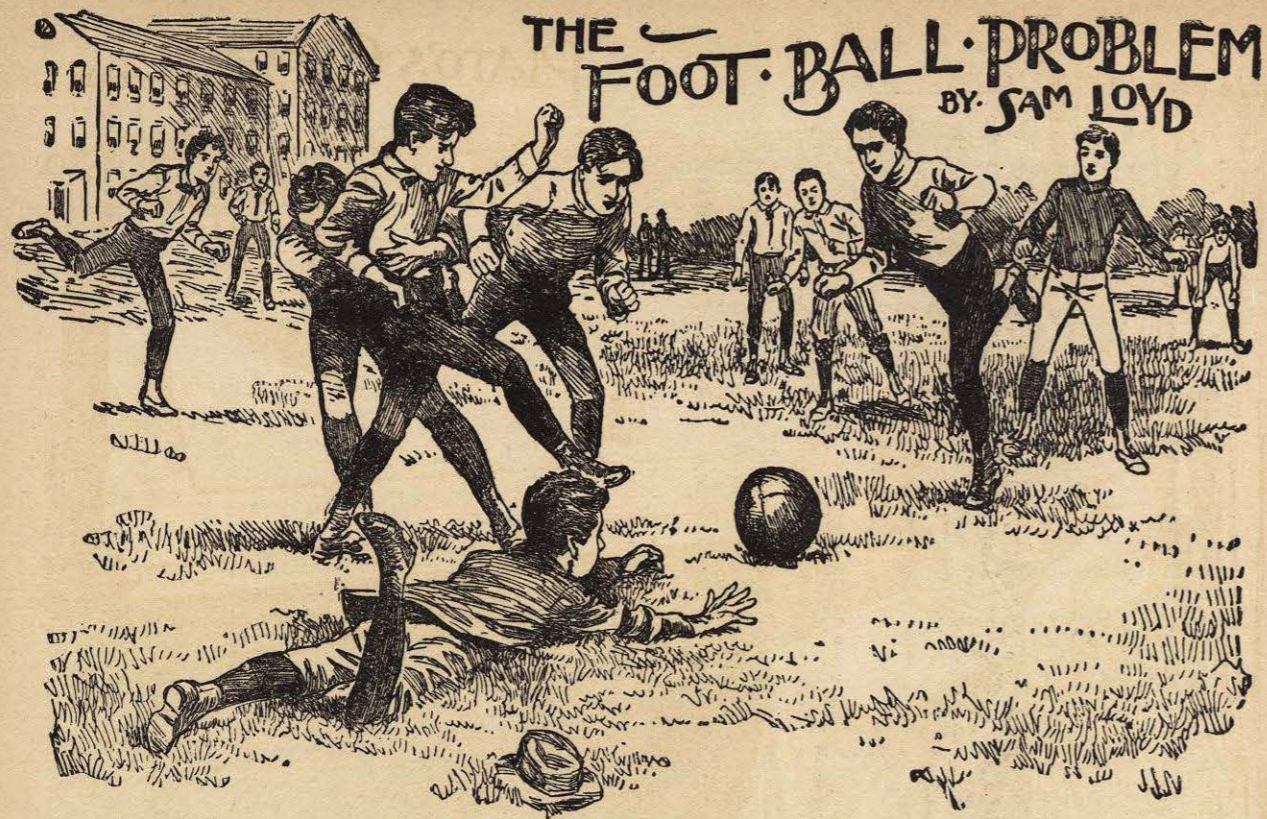And the answer you'll find just under your nose.
Inch—chin.

Why is avarice like a bad memory? Because it is always for getting.

Why is it vulgar to play and sing by yourself? Because it is so-lo (so low).

What is that which touches one but unites two? A wedding ring.

Why is it better to be burnt than to have your head cut off? Because a hot steak is better than a cold chop.

Why do girls kiss each other, and men not? Because girls have nothing better to kiss, and men have.

THE FOOT·BALL·PROBLEM
BY SAM LOYD

PROPOSITION—What was the size of the foot ball?

OF COURSE, FOOT-ball is now a seasonable topic, for, as one of the poets has well said:

When the baseball season's waning
And the heroes of the bat
Are preparing for their exit,
While the rooters sadly chat.
It is then the football kickers,
Who from public view had slid,
Reappear and start their drilling
For their battles on the "grid."

But, as I am not protected with a patent cast-iron nose, I shall not jeopardize that organ by sticking it into a game with which I am not familiar. Armored ribs and padded shins were not in vogue in my student days. We used to play foot ball with our feet, as the name implies, and never tried to kill or maim the opposing players, so I am not up in any of the modern tactics, and am only induced to attempt a football problem at the suggestion of a surgeon of one of the college teams who thought it would be a timely topic.

My puzzle, however, will have nothing to do with "rushes," "punts" "touchdowns," or even high kicking. It is simply a little reminiscence of the days when we country boys loved to kick the old-fashioned soft rubber ball about the green. The problem will turn upon the amount of rubber and wind that the old black ball contained.

We lived way back in the country, and used to order our ball by mail, according to sizes, as advertised in a sporting house catalogue, which advised patrons to "give the exact number of inches required," and that is where the problem comes in.

We were told to give the required size in inches, but as we did not know whether it meant the number of inches of rubber on the surface, or the number of cubic inches of wind contained in the ball so we combined the two principles and ordered a ball which should contain just as many cubic inches of air as it had superficial inches of surface!

How many of our puzzlists can guess the diameter of the ball which was ordered?

A CHARADE.

The earth, or sky, my first will show,
And 'tis described by men of science;
My next a home for thousands, though
Plundered of its stores in defiance.
To find my whole, research must be
Through records of antiquity.

Cypher Ans. 1, 18, 3, 8, 9, 22, 5.

Why does a sick person lose his sense of touch? Because he don't feel well.

A CHARADE.

When the tempest roars the loudest,
Oft my first a shelter proves;
Say what fair one, though the proud-est,
Spurns my next from one she loves?
When the storms of lives are past,
Few but find my whole at last.

Cypher Ans. 3, 15, 22, 5, 18, 9, 14, 7.

Why is a man hesitating to sign the pledge like a skeptical Hindo? Because de hoes not know whether to give up the jug or not (Jugernaut).

A CHARADE.

Behead my poor first, and it gives you my second;
My whole is a nourishing beverage reckoned.
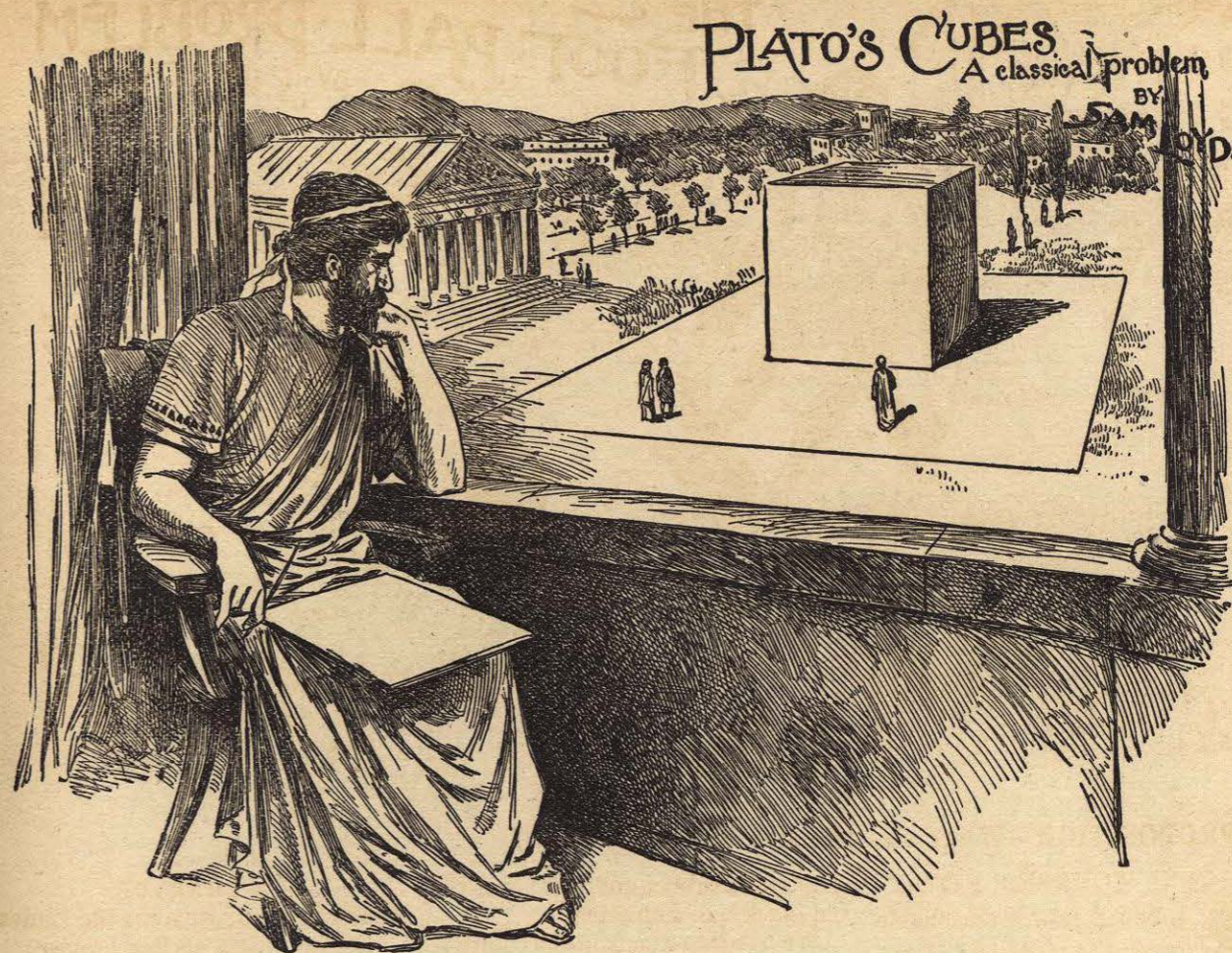
Cypher Ans. 16, 1, 12, 5, 1, 12, 5.

Why is a patch of sweet corn like a dunce? Because it is liable to get its ears pulled.

When is a man near selling his boots? When he has them half-soled.

Why is an attorney like a minister? Because he studies the law and profits.

Why is a chicken running like a man beating his wife? Because it is a fowl proceeding.

Why are widowers like dilapidated houses? They want repairing.

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PLATO'S CUBES
A classical problem
BY SAM LOYD

PROPOSITION—Tell how many cubes there are.

REFERENCE IS often made to the classical legend of the Delian problem, which involves the question of the duplicating or doubling the area of a cube. Philiaponus tells how the Athenians, in 432 B. C., when suffering frow the plague, consulted Plato, the pupil of Socrates, in regard to it. They conferred with the oracle at Delno, and Apollo told them that they must double the size of the golden altar of the temple. This they were unable to do, and Plato, who was the greatest mathematician as well as philosopher, of his day, told them that they were being punished for their willful neglect of the sublime science of geometry, and deplored that they had not one man among them sufficiently wise to solve the problem.

The Delian Problem, which is neither more nor less than the duplication of the cube, is so generally confounded with that of Plato's Cubes that writers who are not up in mathematical lore get them sadly mixed. The latter is sometimes referred to as Plato's Geometrical Numbers, and is most generally accompanied by the statement that little or nothing is known about the true conditions of the problem, and some writers maintain that its terms are lost.

It is known, however, that there was a problem referred to by ancient authors as Plato's Cubes and Geometrical Numbers, and it also is known that Plato made the science of mathematics the fundamental principle of his religious philosophy, and erected monuments in honor of the sublime truths, as he termed them.

One monument has been described as a massive cube erected in the center of a tiled plaza, and it requires no stretch of imagination to associate the monument with a problem which has been spoken of as that of the geometrical numbers. Everything is so reasonable and consistent with the requirements and history of the problem that there is no reason to doubt its ancient origin. The sketch shows Plato gazing upon a marble monument which is constructed out of a given number of smaller cubes. The monument in turn rests in the center of a square plaza, paved with cubic blocks of marble. There are just as many cubes in the pavement as there are in the monument, and they are precisely of the same size, so tell how many cubes are required to construct the monument and the square plaza upon which it stands, and you will have solved the great problem of Plato's geometrical numbers.

How many peas would you expect to find in a pint' One (p).

What animals are as bad as Cannibals? Ant-eaters.

What was the first bet of which we have any record? The alphabet.

How would you make a Maltese Cross? Pull her tail.

What makes the ocean get angry? Because it is crossed so often.

When is a smith not a smith? When he's a-filing.

When is a mason a house? When he's a-building.

Why is an Englishman like nineteen shillings? Because he is under a sovereign.

Why does the schoolmaster enjoy the summer? Because he keeps his days cool from nine till three.

What is the difference between a seamstress and a groom? One mends the tear and the other tends the mare.

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Well - Recommended

This cErtifies thate Climax type2writer aftEr uuseinG it 4 $ix month£ I cou I'd notpo S SIBLy change it fOr for anyothe r Mak e

Sam LoyD

PROPOSITION—Why was this testimonial like the American War of Independence?

I TAKE OCCASION TO say that if any of my friends should be urged to invest in a new typewriter through the influence of the recommendation or testimonial I was induced to give, it is to be hoped that, metaphorically speaking, like true puzzlists, hey will read between the lines, as it were, and give the due consideration which it merits.

The agent called just to ask how the machine had behaved itself, and when I replied "out of sight," he asked me to give a short testimonial to that effect, which I cheerfully did.

He was a clever fellow, and I liked him immensely, for he said that the testimonial was just like the American war of independence. Ha! Ha! It was such a capital conundrum that I offer to give that typewriter as a prize for the best answer, and in case of there being many, or in fact several hundred correct answers, will be only too glad to divide the machine up into very small pieces and give each one a fragment. It is a somewhat odd conundrum, which you may not be able to guess, but just send the best answer you can—right or wrong. Conundrums are suscepible of so many different answers that we never know who may chance to send the most clever reply. I remember many years ago at a conundrum party, that some one sprung the old chestnut: "Why are hens immortal?" the reply to which was "Because their sons never set." A bright little miss to whom it was new gave the answer which has been popular ever since: "Because they have their next world in this." (Their necks twirled) which goes to prove that even when you have the best answer there may be a better, like the query as to who was the biggest: Mr. Bigger, Mrs. Bigger or the baby who you all remember was still a little bigger.

Why is it absurd to call a dentist room the dental parlor? Because it is the drawing room.

Why should a man never tell his secrets in a corn-field? Because so many ears are there, and they would be shocked.

What part of a fish weighs most? The scales.

What fruit does a newly married couple resemble? A green pear (pair).

Why is it absurd to ask a pretty girl to be candid? Because she cannot be plain.

Why is a sheep like a professional gambler? Because he is brought up on the turf, gambols in his youth, herds with blacklegs, and is fleeced at last.

Why is a well-trained horse like a benevolent man? Because he stops at the sound of woe.

What city is drawn more frequently than any other? Cork.

Why is bread like the sun? Because it rises from the yeast.

When is a chair like a lady's dress? When its sat-in.

When is a soldier like a watch? When he is on guard.

When does a chair dislike you? When it can't bear you.

Why is a duel quickly managed? Because it takes only two seconds to arrange it.

What burns to keep a secret? Sealing-wax.

THE MONASTERY WINDOW
—BY— SAM LOYD

PROPOSITION—Can you decypher this precept?

EVERY COLLECTION of tricks and puzzles gives the famous old missing vowel inscription: P R S V R Y P R F C T M N V R K P T H S P R C P T S T N, which is to be found over the entrance to an ancient monastery in England. it is stated that the inscription was originally painted in red and black, and that the red letters, which were all Es, had faded out, which makes it quite an interesting problem to restore the missing vowels. Many years ago I visited the monastery, and after a careful examination of the inscription became satisfied that the same was purposely intended to be in the nature of a secret cipher, especially as several complete books of a religious nature were published with all of the vowels omitted.

To the left of the entrance there is a large memorial window, which is shown as a specimen of early workmanship in colored glass, but so far as I am aware, no history or explanation regarding it has ever been offered. As fitting, however, to the inscription over the door and in view of their having originally been ten of these windows, I ask our puzzlists to look upon the accompanying illustration of the window in the light of a remarkable charade puzzle, in which one of the "precepts ten" is cleverly concealed.

A REBUS.

Ever running on my race,
Never staying at one place,
Through the world I make my tour,
Everywhere at the same hour.
If you please to spell my name,
Reversed or forward 'tis the same?
Cypher Ans. 14, 15, 15, 14.

Why are the pages of a book like the days of man? Because they are numbered.
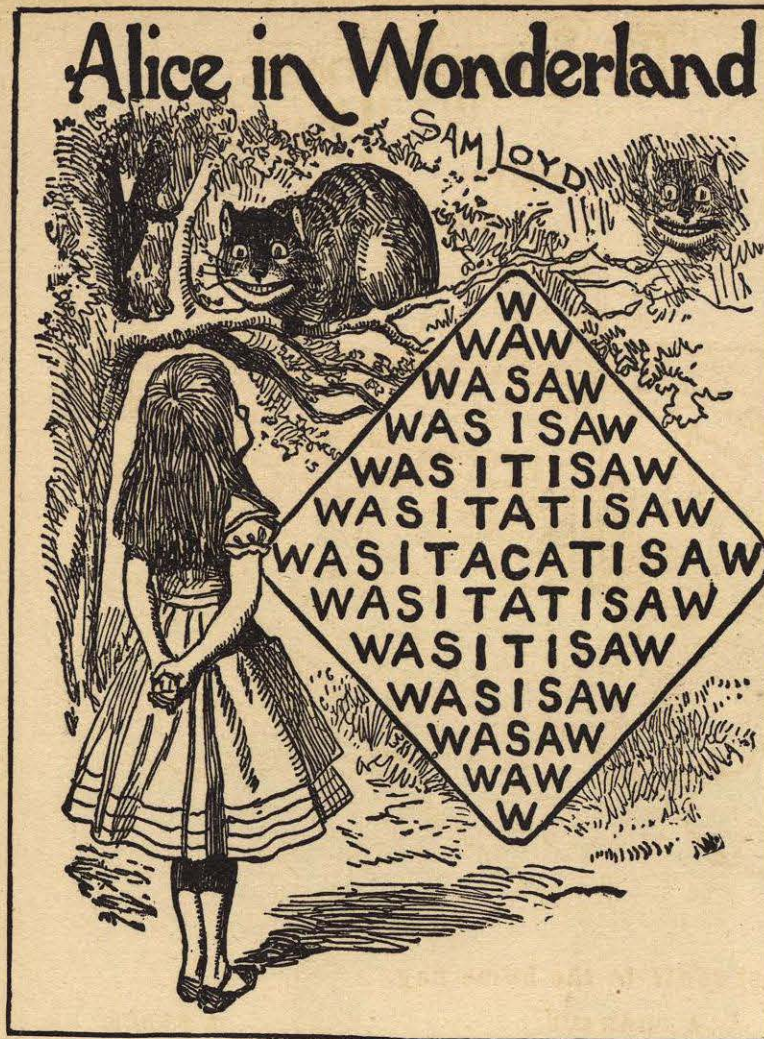

A REBUS.

My first might well be called a squeeze,
My next may be defined a nod;
My whole a sham, or cheap alloy
Resembling that for which we plod.
Cyphep Ans. 16, 9, 14, 3, 8, 2, 5, 3, 11.

A REBUS.

My first is a part of the day,
My last a conductor of light,
My whole to take measure of time,
Is useful by day and by night.
Hour glass.

I am a word of three letters, signifying to spoil or injure. Reversed I am an animal. Transposed, I am a part of the human frame. Mar, Arm. Ram.

Which is the best sea for a sailor to be in when there is a gale? A-dri-atic.

Alice in Wonderland

SAM LOYD


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        W
       WAW
      WASAW
     WASISAW
    WASITISAW
   WASITATISAW
  WASITACATISAW
   WASITATISAW
    WASITISAW
     WASISAW
      WASAW
       WAW
        W
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PROPOSITION—Decypher the cryptogram.

ONTINUING A former reference to Alice's trip through wonderland, we call attention to her remarkable experiences with the Cheshire cat which had such a way of vanishing away into thin air, so that nothing but its irresistible smile remained. Of course every one remembers the dilemma of the king's executioner, who, being commanded to cut off the head from a cat which had no body, was as sorely puzzled as was the Irishman who was told to decapitate the head of an elephaant from the trunk. When Alice first saw her feline friend she desired to find out what species of animal it was, and as they always ask questions in wonderland, she wrote out her query. But as they generally read things backward, or up and down in wonderland, she wrote it as shown in the puzzle. This permits readers to commence and end where they please, just as they should in wonderland; but, as Lewis Carroll forgot to give the answer to his conundrum of why a desk was like a crow, he also forgot the main question in this riddle, which is simply to tell how many ways there are to read the question: "Was it a cat I saw?"

How Anna polishes the silver when Jack is expected.

CHARADE.

Ye bards, perhaps my first may do
Ere you begin to sing;
My second oft salutes the ear
When horrid wars begin.
Iy whole denotes a stupid elf,
So find this out to clear yourself.
Cypher Ans. 8, 21, 13, 4, 18, 21, 13.

My first is French, my second is English and my whole is Latin! Latin!

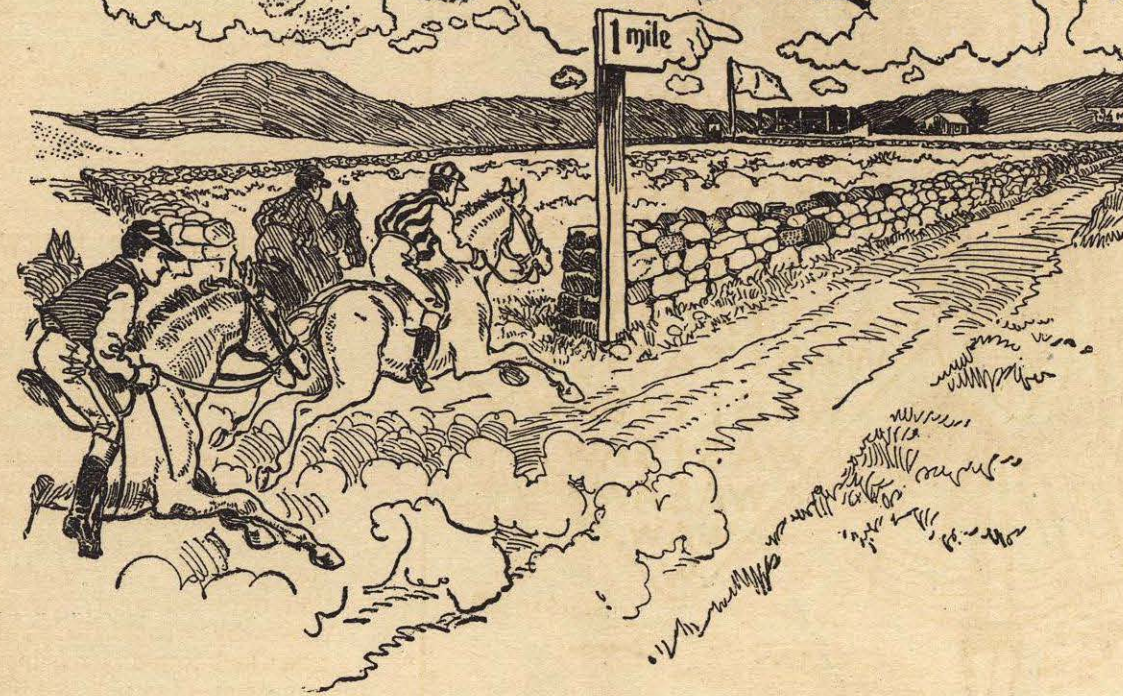What would give a blind man the greatest delight? Light.

HOW WE KNEW.

I will ask the assistance of the class in concealed geography in unraveling a mystery which perplexed me not a little bit during a visit to a friend's house, where I expected to meet Jack, a young man of my acquaintance. The youngster of the family, a bright little lad of 7 years, will become a great puzzlist or politician if he is not killed off young. He "guessed" Jack would be there "all right, all right," he said, "because why he could always tell almost when Jack would be to supper by the way sister Anna polished the silver."

For the life of me I could not see through that puzzle, but somehow or other "the boy guessed right the very first time," for Jack was there "all right, all right," so I made a sketch of it, and will ask our juvenile puzzlists to discover if the description of the picture gives any clue to the locality of the incident.

The Steeplechase Puzzle
—BY— SAM LOYD.

PROPOSITION—Show the shortest route to the home flag.

ERE IS A LITTLE cross-country steeple-chase problem which developed during the recent meeting, which will interest turfites as well as puzzlists. It appears that toward the end of a well-contested course, when there was but a mile and a quarter yet to run, the leaders were so closely bunched together that victory turned upon the selection of the best or shortest road. The sketch shows the judges' stand to be at the opposite end of a rectangular field, bounded by a road of a mile long on one side by three-quarters of a mile on the other.

By the road, therefore, it would be a mile and three-quarters, which all of the horses could finish in three minutes. They are at liberty, however, to cut across lots at any point they wish, but over the rough ground they could not go so fast. So while they would lessen the distance, they would lose twenty-five per cent. in speed. By going directly across on the bias, or line of the hypotenuse as the mathematicians would term it, the distance would be a little over a mile and a half. What time can the winner make by selecting the most judicious route?

Why are laundresses good navigators? Because they are always crossing the line, and going from pole to pole!

A CHARADE.

My first without wings is enabled to fly,
It never once tires in the midst of its flight,
Piled on it vast masses of luggage still lie,
Which it never sinks under by day or by night.

See fear is upon you, my next is come on;
Yourself pary compose, it is only your nerves
That cause this annoyance; now, now it is gone;
Alas! what a trifle its purposes serve!

My whole is of thousands of mortals the dead;
'Mid stillness engendered, it works in the dark;
O'er its awful effects many tears have been shed,
And wide devastation its ravages mark.
Cypher Ans. 5, 1, 18, 20, 8, 17, 21, 1, 11, 5.

A REBUS.

Beside my first is often made
A bargain good or bad.
Before my next is oft displayed
What may behind be had.
Beneath my whole in fancied bliss,
We care for neither that nor this.
Cypher Ans. 3, 15, 21, 14, 20, 5, 18, 16, 1, 14, 5.

A CHARADE.

Enchain my vile first, for the general weal,
That a nation's sad wounds may have leisure to heal;
Engage my first next, but he springs from his lair,
And give thee for combat, no time to prepare;
Suppress my dire whole, but, before thy shocked gaze,
Each smouldering spark burst out in a blaze.
Cypher Ans. 18, 5, 2, 5, 12, 12, 9, 15, 14.

What is it which if you name it even you break it? Silence!

What is that which you can keep even after giving it to somebody else? Your word.

Why is a washerwoman the most cruel person in the world? Because she wrings men's bosoms.