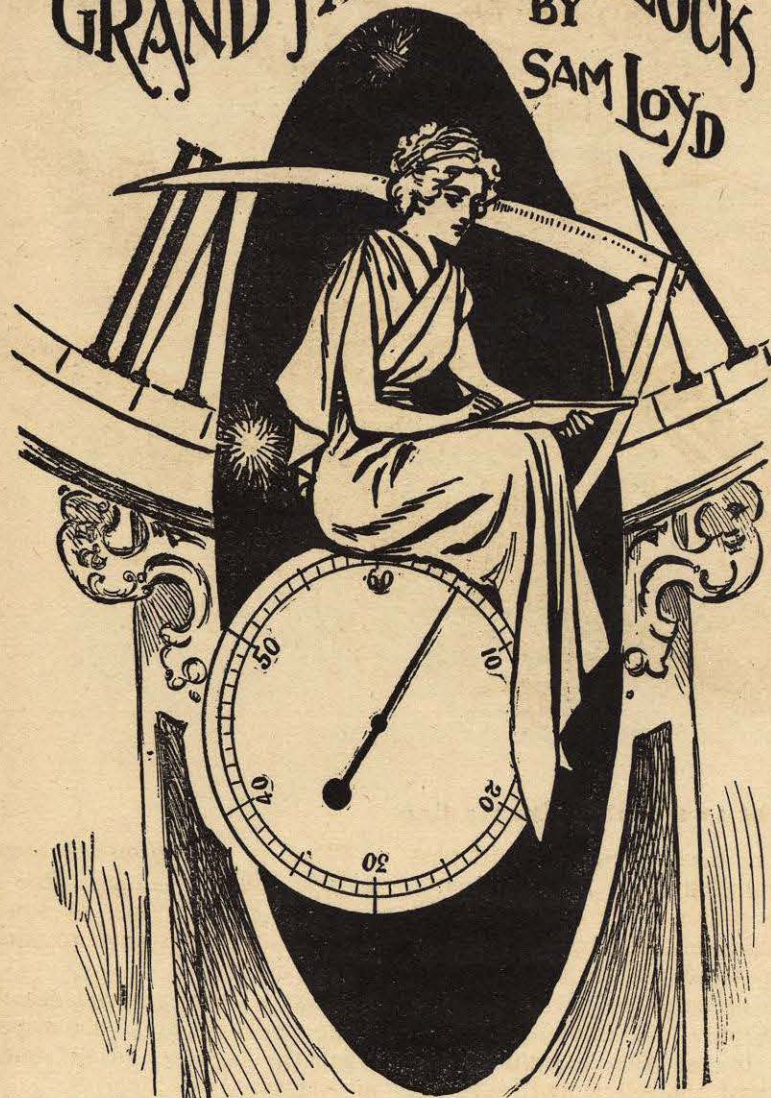


PUZZLE OF GRAND FATHER'S CLOCK BY SAM LOYD



PROPOSITION—Tell the time by the clock.

BACK OF THE OLD-time song of "Grand-father's clock was too tall for the shelf, so it stood for ninety years on the floor," there was a legend of a pestiferous grand-father and a cantankerous old clock which, from the fitful time when "it was bought on the morn, when the old man was born," it had made his whole life miserable, owing to an incurable habit which the clock had acquired of getting the hands tangled up whenever they attempted to pass.

These semi-occasional stoppages became of more frequent occurrence as advancing age made the old gentleman more irritable and his feeble hands more incapable of correcting the cranky antics of the balky old timepiece.

Once when the hands came together again and stopped the clock,



"Rubens just look at that superb Angora cat!"

the old man flew into such an un-governable passion that he fell down in a fit, stone dead, and it was then that

"The clock stopped short,
Never to go again,
When the old man died."

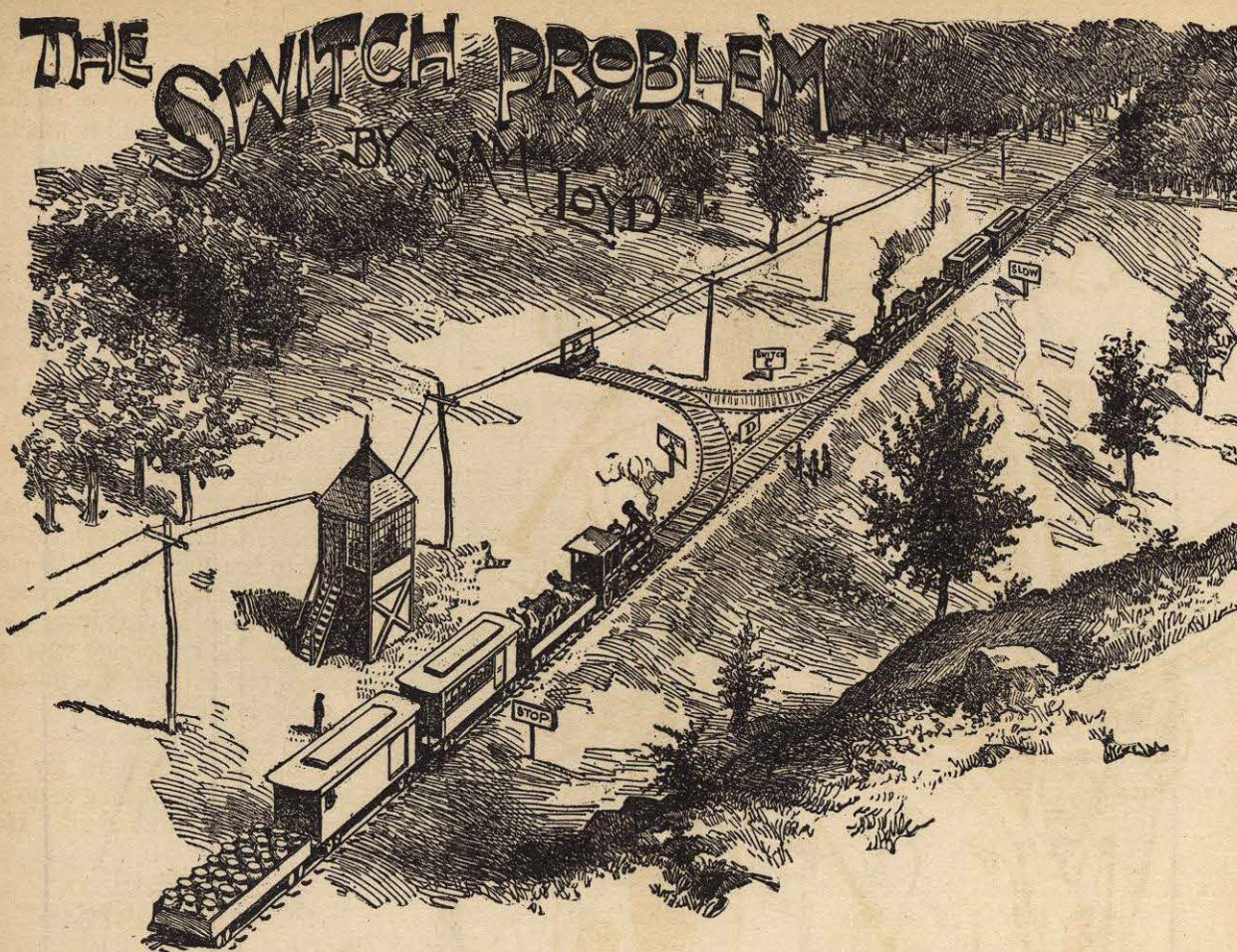
A photograph of the clock was presented to me, showing the classical figure of a female representing time, and it struck me as remarkable that with the knowledge of the hour and minute hands being together that it should be possible to figure out the exact time at which "the old man died," from the position of the second hand as shown, without having to see the face of the clock. The idea of being able to figure out the exact time of day from seeing the second hand alone is very odd, although not so difficult a puzzle as one would imagine.

My second belongs to my first; but my whole has nothing to do with either my first or my second. Hogs-head.

HIDDEN CITY.

Speaking about the recent cat show, I wish to mention that Uncle Rubens and wife were on here last week, and being interested in such matters, resolved to see if there were any felines on exhibition to compare with their old family cat. By mistake they got into the zoo, and, as shown in the puzzle sketch, were surprised at what they saw.

How many of our young puzzlists can discover Aunt Betsey's home, concealed in what she says?



PROPOSITION—Show how to let the two trains pass.

THIS IS A PRACTICAL problem for railroadmen, given to illustrate some of the complications of every-day affairs and is based upon the reminiscences of the days when railroading was in its infancy, before the introduction of double tracks, turn tables or automatic switches. Yet, I am not going back to the days of our great-grandfathers, for there are those among us who are familiar with the advent of the iron horse, and the good lady who furnished me with the subject matter of this puzzle based it upon personal experience of what she called "the other day."

To tell the story in her own way, she said:

"We had just arrived at the switch station, where the trains always pass, when we found that the Limited Express had broken down. I think the conductor man said the smokestack had got hot and collapsed, so there was no draught to pull it off the track."

The picture shows the Limited Express, with its collapsed engine, and the approach of the accommodation train from Wayback, which,

by some means or other, must pass the stalled train.

The problem being to make the two trains pass, it is understood that no ropes, poles, flying switches, etc. are to be employed; it is a switch puzzle pure and simple, the object being to get the accommodation train past the wreck and leave the latter train and each of its cars in the position as shown in the sketch. It is necessary to say that upon the side switch there is but room enough for one car or engine, which is also true of the sections of the switch marked A, B, C or D.

The problem is to tell just how many times the engineer must reverse; that is, change the direction of his engine to perform the feat. Of course the broken-down engine can not be used as a motor, but must be pushed or pulled along just as if it were a car. The cars may be drawn singly or coupled together in any required numbers.

The problem complies with the ordinary rules of practice and is given to test your ingenuity and cleverness in discovering the quickest possible way to pass the broken down train.

What is the difference between a lady and an apple? One you have to get side her to squeeze, and the other you have to squeeze to get cider.

Who is the greatest chicken-killer spoken of in Shakespeare? Macbeth, because he did murder most foul.

Why is music cheaper on Sunday than during the week? Because during the week you get it by piece, and on Sunday you get it by the choir.

Which death would you prefer to die, Joan of Arc's or Mary Stuart's? Most people prefer Joan of Arc's, because they like a hot steak better than a cold chop.

If you were invited out to dinner and on sitting down to the table saw nothing but a beet, what would you say? That beet's all.

When is charity like a top? When it begins to hum.

Why is a man sometimes like dough? Not because a woman needs (kneads) him, but because he is hard to get off of her hands.

Why are a dead duck and a dead doctor alike? Because they have both stopped quacking.



PROPOSITION—How can you tell the price of every article exhibited in the window?

Speaking about the crude, not to say almost primitive ways they have of conducting business at the Klondike, out mutual friend Jones, I assume that every one knows Jones—who has just returned, tells me that they are great sticklers for “uniform prices,” as they term it. Jones says—and you can see veracity stamped all over his face—that you can look into any store window and tell the price of every article, whether marked or not. In proof of the assertion he showed me the accompanying picture, and told what every article would be worth, if charged for according to the “uniform price system.”



PROPOSITION—Explain how Columbus showed his egg trick.

RECENTLY CAME across a vividly written description of the fifteenth century craze for gambling, wherein among other games of skill or chance upon which the cavaliers were wont to bet so recklessly, mention was made of the sport of laying eggs upon a cloth. Here possibly was the true solution of the Columbus egg story, which despite its clever moral has always seemed too tame for such a fierce period. I saw that there was a pretty principle involved and present it as a clever souvenir of the fifteenth Century, which differs from ordinary tricks and puzzles in that it calls for ingenious and original lines of thought instead of experimental methods. As a matter of fact, in place of a practical demonstration, our puzzlists are merely called upon to exercise their wits in suggesting the best theory or principle whereby to solve the problem, for a clever person should guess the puzzle from the picture.

It is simply a game to be played between two opponents placing eggs alternately upon a square napkin in order to see who can win by placing the last egg. After an egg is placed it must not be moved or touched by another one, but as the size of the napkin or the eggs, as well as the variable distances which may occur between them, is of no

importance, it would look as if the question of placing the last egg was a matter of luck or chance, and yet the winning trick, as the great navigator remarked, “is the easiest thing in the world when you are shown how!”

A CHARADE.

When whole what sweetness I exhale,
Beheaded, numbers use me,
Restore my head, and take the tail,
To dress but few refuse me.
Ans. 16, 9, 14, 11.

A REBUS.

Complete I'm an eastern trading mart,
Curtail, and of poems I form a part,
Again curtail, and you'll quickly see,
Affected phrases and tones in me;
Curtail once more, and I stand reveal'd
A welcome guest in the harvest field.
Cypher Ans. 3, 1, 14, 20, 15, 14.

A CHARADE.

My first's a public kind of carriage;
My second oft results from marriage;
My whole is useful all alow,
Though kicked and trampled any-how!
Cypher Ans. 3, 1, 18, 16, 5, 20.

Why is a fretful man like a hard-baked loaf? Because he is crusty.

A CHARADE.

My hoarding first's no miser, you will own;
My next's a portion of each lady's gown,
Should you grammarians, not content with this,
A different kind of definition wish,
'Tis here,—an article my first you'll find;
My next a pronoun of the plural kind,
When pious thoughts your hearts with warmth inspire,
Sweet bursts my whole from every sacred choir.
Ans. 1, 14, 20,—8, 5, 13, and 1, 14—20, 8, 5, 13.

Why is a fire-cracker like death?
Because it's a debt o' natur (detonator)!

A CHARADE.

I am a dame
With pretty name;
But once curtail,
And I'm a male.
The answer to this charade might be her, hen, lady, or sultana, but there is a better word, so try and find it. We might also reverse the proposition and say: there is a word of feminine gender, curtail it and it becomes a feminine one.

Why are feet like olden tales?
Because they are leg-ends (legends).

LOST OPPORTUNITIES



PROPOSITION—Show how Cholly Slowpop slipped a cog.

AS SHOWING THE practical value of conundrums and that class of wit-sharpeners, I wish to tell how Cholly Slowpop missed his opportunity and got himself disliked. He was enjoying a tandem ride with a charming young lady the other day, and, getting caught in that terrific storm, they were compelled to seek the shelter of a tree.

Just to keep the conversation from lagging, the young lady asked Cholly why it is that stolen kisses are considered the sweetest.

Cholly, who is a collegian, said that he supposed it was due to the natural perversity of human nature, and not to any extra sweetness in the mere performance of the oscu-

latory process, and proceeded to quote "Professor Huxley on the inherent desires for things which are supposed to be unattainable," which did not interest the young lady, who changed the conversation by asking why they were both like a tempting piece of fruit she discovered on the tree. Cholly thought it was a quince, and moralized upon it from that standpoint. Then she asked him if he could tell what kind of animals fell from the clouds, and he said that frogs were supposed to come down that way. Then the young lady said they might as well ride home in the rain, which they did, in silence.

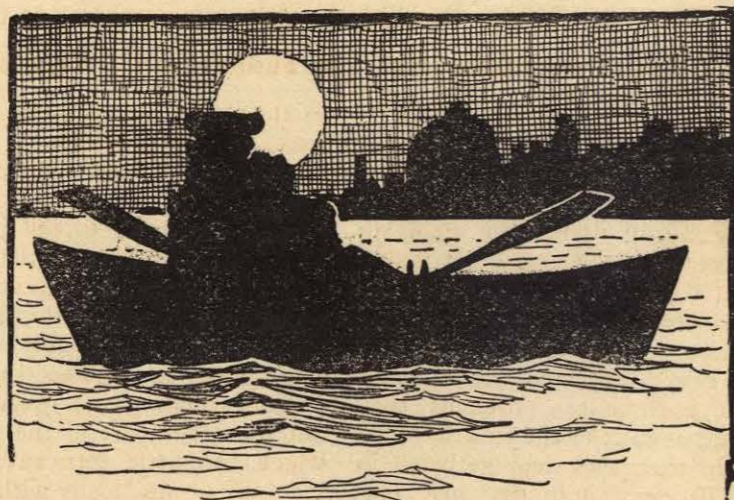
Believing that there were better answers to the last two conundrums, clever readers to tell Cholly Slowpop what he should have replied.

Those who have met me do not wish for me;
Those who have met me do not wish to lose me;
Those who gain me have me no longer?
Lawsuit.

If you meet a pig in tears, what animal's name might you mention to it? Pork you pine!

HIDDEN NAME.

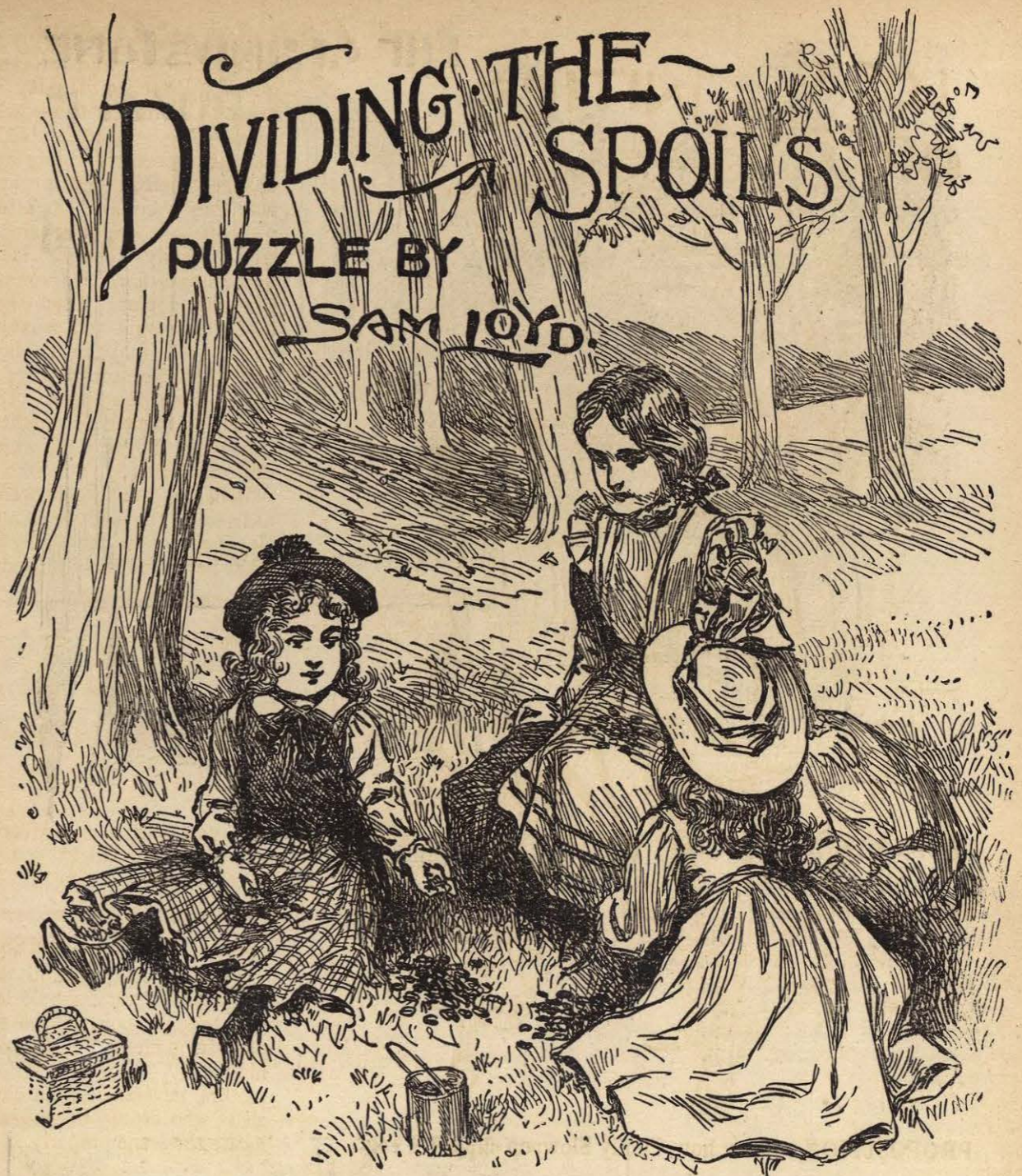
To give our class in concealed geography a very simple lesson we will take a look at the following peaceful scene. We do not find a hidden city in the description of this picture, nevertheless our clever puzzlists who are up in geography can locate the scene properly.



Drifting with the stream they fear no danger.

DIVIDING THE SPOILS

PUZZLE BY SAM LOYD.



PROPOSITION—Dividing the chestnuts according to their ages, Nellie takes 3 as often as Mary takes 4, and to every 6 that Mary gets Susie takes 7. What is the age of each?

HERE IS AN INTERESTING age puzzle told about three little chestnut hunters who agreed to divide the spoils in proportion to their ages. It makes a pretty problem which will puzzle some folks who are pretty well up in mathematics, but these little girls had never bothered their heads about arithmetical problems; they did not even take the trouble to ascertain that they had gathered in all 770 chestnuts; they just proceeded to divide them up according

to their ages, so, as often as Mary took four, Nellie took 3, and, to every six that Mary received, Susie took 7.

The problem is to tell just how many chestnuts each little girl got, and what were their respective ages. Their mothers could do the latter part of the problem, but it is a pretty safe guess to assume that their parents could not so readily figure out the other part of the problem which the little tots have solved mentally or practically without pencil or paper.

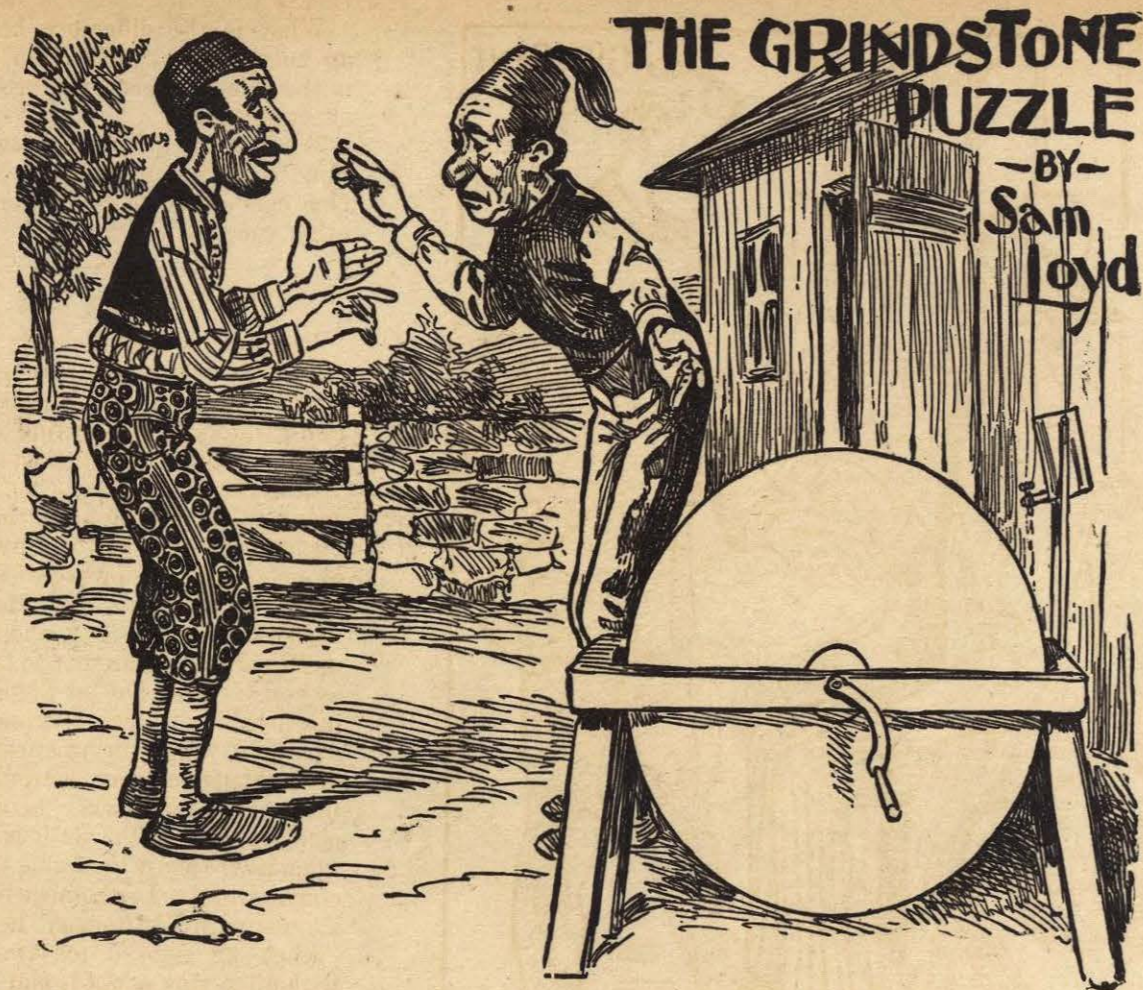
A CHARADE.

Behead something irritating and leave something soothing.
Cypher Ans. 20, 5, 1, 19, 9, 14, 7.

What does an iron-clad vessel of war, with four inches of steel plating and all its guns on board, weigh just before starting on a cruise? She weighs anchor.

Why is a sick eagle flying like a robbery? Because it's an ill eagle (illegal) proceeding.

What beats a good wife? A bad husband.



THE GRINDSTONE PUZZLE

-BY-
Sam
Loyd

PROPOSITION—Show how to use up half of the grindstone.

WE CALL ATTENTION to the following little grindstone puzzle given just to show that the great bugaboo of squaring the circle can be explained and taught in a simple way, so as to be of inestimable service in the ordinary workshop.

It is told that two honest Syrians pooled their issues and bought a grindstone, but as they lived several miles apart, they agreed that the elder man should keep the grindstone until he had reduced it in size just one-half, when it should be turned over to the other.

The grindstone was exactly 22 inches in diameter, with a 3 1-7 hole in the center for the shaft, as shown in the picture. What would be the size of the stone when given to the second owner?

Hoch Der Kaiser.

To familiarize our young folks with the geography of the world, they are presented with another lesson in hidden cities. They are asked to discover in the description of the picture the locality of a noted city, where I remember to have seen Prince Henry

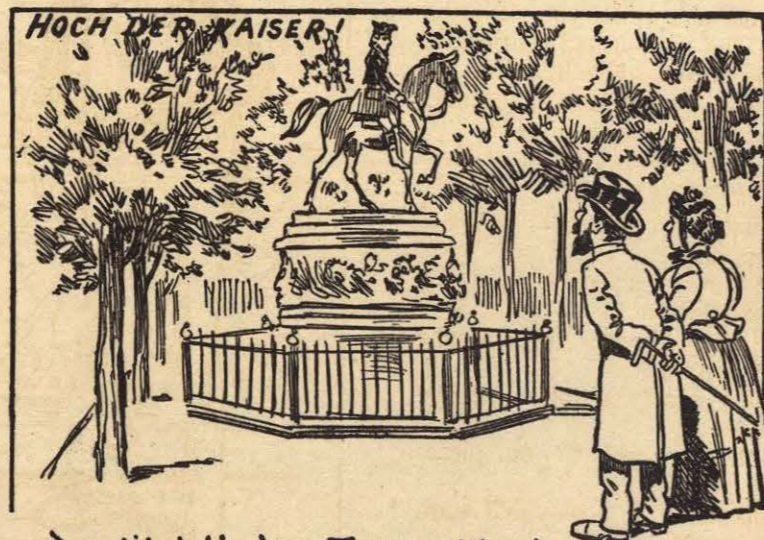
riding in state with the royal family, followed by a great multitude shouting "Hoch der Kaiser!" which, as you all know, means "Hurrah for the Emperor!"

Which dress lasts a lady the longest? Her house dress, because she never wears it out.

Why should a disabled sailor go into business in a small way? Because he cannot be a whole sailor.

Why is an old bachelor always in the right? Because he is never mis-taken.

When is a young lady not a young lady? When she's a sweet tart (sweet heart).



Beautiful Linden Trees, without number,
line the avenues.



ONE CENT
SHY

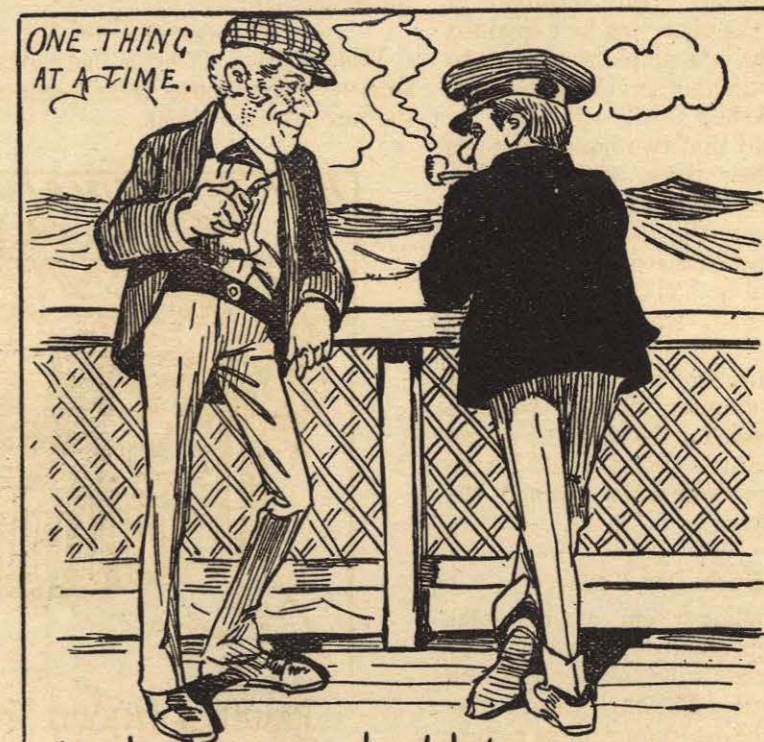
PROPOSITION—Tell what money the conductor must have had.

WE WAS RIDING IN A car the other day when I saw a fidgety old gentleman paying his fare with a one dollar bill. The conductor had only 94 cents, but could not make the situation clear to the nervous old gentleman. Can you throw some light on the transaction by telling what money the conductor must have had?

CHARADE.

My first may be borne by some sorrowful hack,
Which adds to his cares, and the sores on his back;
But ah! should he feel all the weight of my second,
His misery, nearly complete, may be reckoned;
My whole often adds to your pleasure or pest;
No more need I say—you'll soon find the rest.
Cypher Ans. 16, 1, 3, 11, 1, 7, 5.

When does a man cease to become a man? When he turns into a lane.



ONE THING
AT A TIME.

As long as we had tobacco we smoked our pipes in silence.

What is the difference between an auction and sea-sickness? One is the sale of effects, the other the effects of a sail.

What is the difference between a blind man and a sailor in prison? One cannot see to go out and the other can't go out to sea.

One Thing at a Time.

I am reminded of a simple yachting puzzle which was sprung upon me the other day during a conversation with one of the visiting yachtsmen. I was invited to inspect the Shamrock, and in reply to casual comment upon the fact that the yachtsmen could not be drawn into an expression of views regarding the merits of the boats, my friend remarked: "You do not understand us Britishers; we are not so taciturn as you suppose, but an Englishman has a habit of doing but one thing at a time, while you Americans do a dozen things at once. An Englishman never talks while he eats or smokes, while with you it is looked upon as the most favorable time for conversation. I remember being on a cruise with Sir Thomas," he added, "when we smoked for two hours without saying a word, and as long as we had tobacco we smoked in silence." I made a note of the incident for our young puzzlists, and will ask them to discover the locality cleverly concealed in the remark.