

WAS USHERED IN to this world in 1853. This was in the olden slavery days, but the bloody war that liberated so many others brought no such boon to me. I have served many masters and, though it may not become me to say so, I have always been good and as efficient as my natural limitations would permit, for, although I was not deformed, I was considerably smaller than others of my family. Though I always did my duty faithfully, such is the world's ingratitude that few of my masters hesitated to get rid of me.

The first one I remember was a Southern planter who spent most of his time in barrooms. He was an inveterate gambler. He took me with him to a saloon one day. He had been losing heavily and was in a bad temper. He tried to vent his spleen on me, and seizing me, threw me up into the air so I landed on my head while the stars danced about me. I turned tail at this, and left him casting my lot in with one of his companions who seemed to be less of a brute. But it wasn't long before he got rid of me to a tramp. My new master and I became very much attached to each other, and though we led a roving life, sleeping in barns and empty freight cars, I always had as much to eat as I required, and I felt sure that there must be many who were not a quarter as well off as I would who envy my lot. But my contentment was not to last long, for a few days later he traded me off for a pipe. Think of it, a mere wooden pipe! I grieved at what I then considered heartlessness, but contact with the world has since rubbed off all sentimentality and other ear-marks of youth.

I will not weary you with a history of all my wanderings. Suffice it to say, after many vicissitudes I reached New York, where I entered the service of a lady who kept a boarding house. I didn't stay long with her, for after a day or two she gave me to the butcher.

He got rid of me soon to a little girl whom her mother had sent for sausage, and I must confess I was not sorry to make the change, for my new owner had a kind face. When she brought me home her mother said that she might keep me for her very own and I began to hope that my roving life had come to an end. My chief objection was that she kept me in a dark closet in her room. I wondered if there were any

brighter quarters in the house, but if there were I never got a chance to see them, for I was kept a prisoner in this narrow cell where the only glimpse of light I got was when my little mistress opened the door to get out one of the many dresses that hung about me. But one day when she was giving a party to her girl friends she brought me out and proudly showed me to her companions. Immediately I became an object of envy and one little girl more eager than the rest to own me offered her bracelet for me which I am very sorry to say my little mistress accepted. But my new possessor was like all the rest,—she parted with me without a twinge, and I shall never forget my feelings when she passed me one day in a dry goods store while out shopping without even giving me a second look. I am tired of this world, but there is no help for me. I came from a long lived family and there seems to be no end to any of us. If I prayed to Fate to put an end to me I wonder if I would be refused.

A REBUS.

In fruitful field my first they grew,
My busy next there labored too;
A hardy race my whole you'll find,
To husbandry and peace inclined.
Cypher Ans. 16, 5, 1, 19, 1, 14, 20, 19.

Our class in concealed geography is asked to discover the hidden locality of a little incident which occurred when the much-married Brigham Young endeavored to escort his bevy of wives past a display of spring millinery.



Brigham led anything but a happy life there!

CONCEALED GEOGRAPHY.

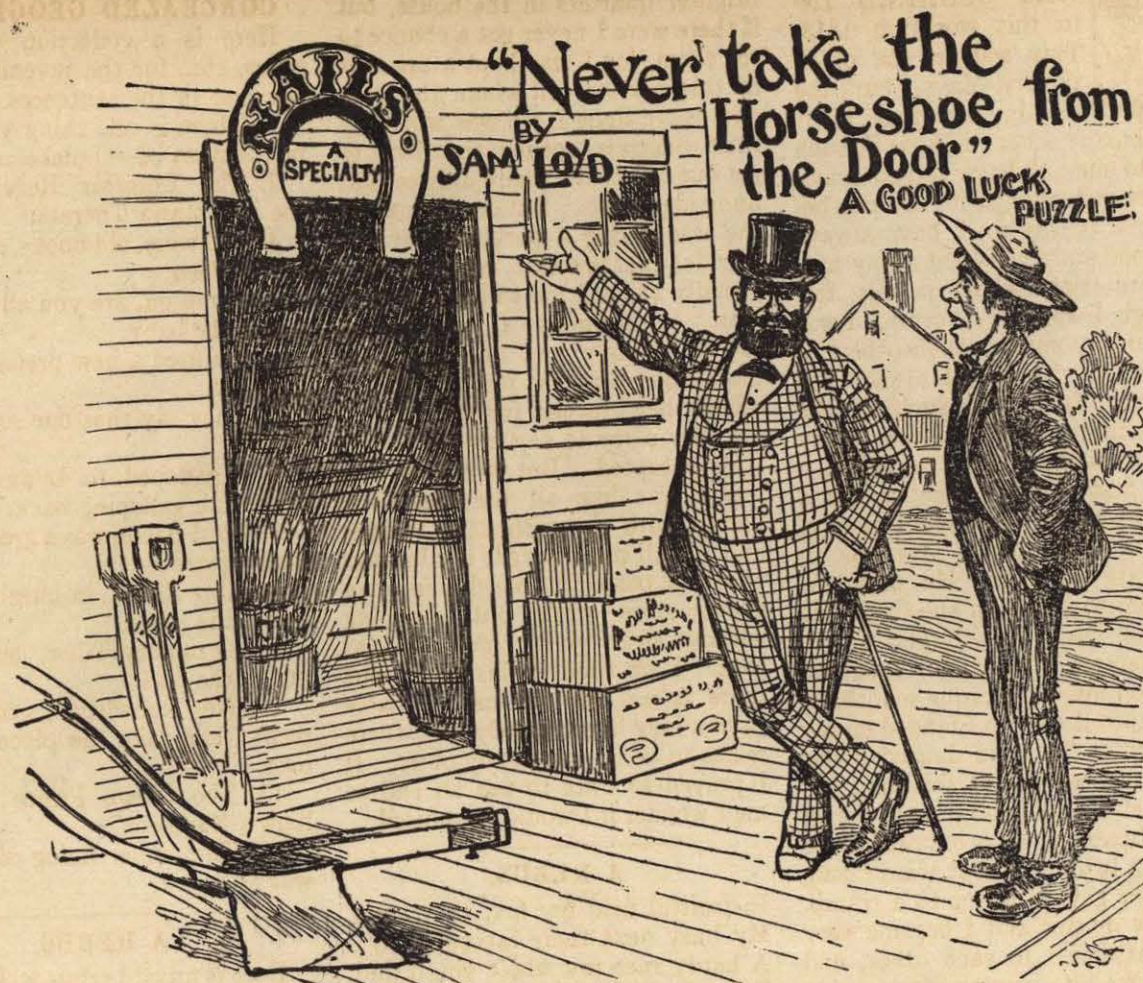
Here is a collection of hidden cities, etc., for the juvenile class to discover in the sentences.

1. There is one thing you should be constant in—O plebeian!
2. The Empress Regent thinks she is a Maria Theresa.
3. Old wine, old books, old friends are the best.
4. Jump on, are you all on, don't forget the baby.
5. He used a new preparation for his teeth.
6. They say that our small dog is dead.
7. I galloped to Lynn and met Zechariah galloping back.
8. Lord Bacon was a great thinker many years ago.
9. King Alfred, in burgher cloths, burnt the cakes.
10. O mighty Tiber, gently flowing to the sea!
11. No knowledge, no attainments, can take the place of goodness.
12. The Crown Prince can even balk a Napoleon.
13. The amber lining of her coat was all faded.

A REBUS.

Here is an odd rebus which everyone cannot see through even when knowing the answer to be the letter R.

Whether old Homer tipped wine or beer,
Julep or cider, history is not clear;
But strange it is—the bard, though wont to roam,
But for one liquid, ne'er had left home.



PROPOSITION—Evolute Pants into Nails in the fewest changes.



OUR GOOD LUCK Puzzle is based upon a commercial episode which I picked up some years ago in the wild and woolly West. In the character of a progressive young man in search of valuable information, I sought advice from the local magnate of the town, who had amassed a considerable fortune in the hardware business. The secret of success, he told me, was to take some one specialty and stick to it until you were king pin in that line. I told him I had amassed seven cents, and was greatly puzzled as to the best plan for making a fortune out of it. He replied that it was a good puzzle, and advised me to stick to puzzles all my life, and never flatter myself that I had brains suited for anything else. And here I am.

In proof of this theory, he said that many years before, a tailor had built this store, and put the golden horseshoe over the door with Pants as the specialty. In five years he retired worth a million, and a liquor dealer took the store and by the changing of a single letter made Pints his specialty. Then came a florist, a jeweler, a plumber, a drug-

gist, a notary, a mason, an undertaker, a grocer, a shipbuilder and then the present specialist in Nails. Each man in rotation had changed but a single letter at a time. I have forgotten some of the different trades and professions, but our puzzlists are so clever in helping me out of just such dilemmas that I have concluded to offer prizes for the best answers. I heard afterward that Abraham Lincoln took the store and that it has gone through half a dozen changes since, in each and every case the incumbent retiring with fame and fortune.

How many can discover the sequences of changes of one letter at a time?

What female recluse is that whose names reads backwards and forwards the same? Nun.

What lady-like appellation reads backwards and forwards the same? Madam.

What time of the day spells forwards or backwards the same? Noon.

Why should fishermen become wealthy? Because their business which is all net profits, makes them sel-fish.

What has the baby got that spells forwards and backwards the same? Bib.

Wherein lies the difference between man and butter? The older a man gets the weaker he grows, but the older the butter is the stronger it becomes.

When did Caesar visit the Irish? When he crossed the Rhine and went back to bridge it (Bridget).

What light could not possibly be seen in a dark room? An Israelite.

Why is the Queen only a poor gentlewoman? She possesses but one crown.

Why is the letter B like a hot fire? Because it makes oil boil.

Why is an invalid healed by ocean bathing like a confined criminal? Because he is sea-cured (secured).

When does a public speaker steal lumber? When he takes the floor.

Why is the letter A like a honeysuckle? Because a B follows it.

When are two tramps like common time in music? When they are two beats to a bar.

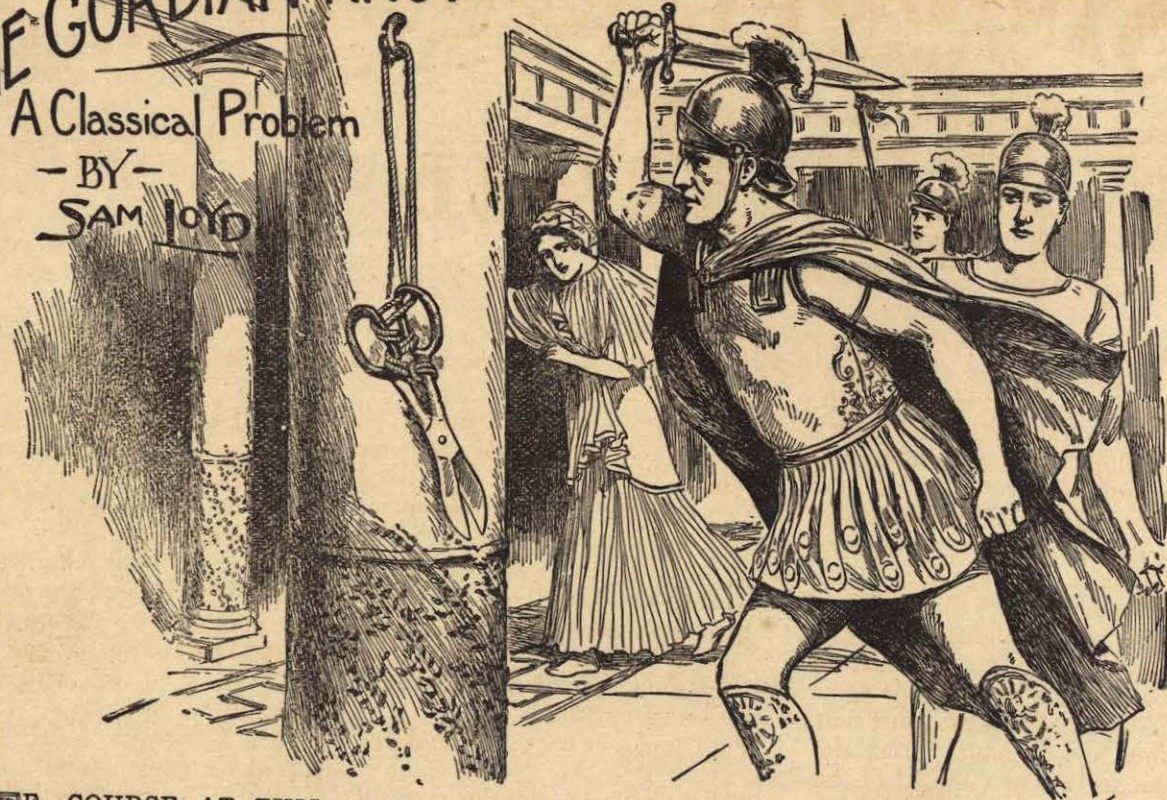
Why is a ferry boat like a good rule? Because it works both ways.

What is always behind time? The back of a clock.

THE GORDIAN KNOT

A Classical Problem

—BY—
SAM LOYD



IF COURSE AT THIS late day it would be impossible to correct the great injustice done to poor Gordius, nevertheless, as true blue puzzlists we can condemn the high-handed manner in which Alexander the Great, competing in a puzzle contest, proceeded to make himself the umpire, and awarded the prize for his solution, which was as absurd as it was unfair. He established a dangerous precedent and encouraged a kind of puzzle brigandage which is not extinct to this day, as we often find young Alexanders, who would like to solve puzzles according to their own notions and capture prizes after the manner of pirates.

Gordius was an unsophisticated countryman, who raised sheep and grapes, but who by his extreme cleverness became King of Phrygia, and is known in history as the ploughboy king. It is told that when he assumed the sceptre he tied his former implements with what is known in history as the Gordian knot, but in such a peculiar way that the knots could not be unfastened and the oracles proclaimed that whoever could untie them would become the Emperor.

Alexander the Great, it is told, made many ineffectual attempts to untie some of the knots, but finally becoming enraged at his want of success, drew his sword and cut the

cord, exclaiming that "such is the common sense way to get a thing when you want it." Strange that those familiar with the story and its contemptible climax indorse it with a certain air of assumed pride when they have surmounted some difficulty and exclaim: "I have cut the Gordian-knot!"

According to historians and all writers on the subject the puzzle was a fair and legitimate one, and so accurately and minutely described that many attempts have been made to picture it, and some curious and complicated knots have been invented by imitators of Gordius. I wonder whether they would be satisfied with the answers to their puzzles if the solvers followed the methods of Alexander. The only protest against the solution to the Gordian knot, which I can recall, were some clever lines which must be of very ancient origin:

"A puzzle is not solved, impatient sirs,

By peeping at its answer in a trice—
When Gordius, the plow-boy king of Phrygia,

Tied up his implements of husbandry
In the far-famed knot, rash Alexander

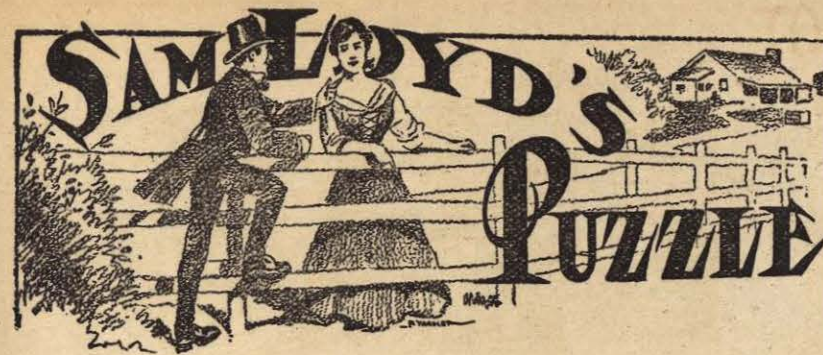
Did not undo, by cutting it in twain.

In presenting the puzzle, I have drawn largely upon encyclopedia lore, but have conformed strictly to the description as I find it. They all agree that the cord was so fixed

that no ends could be found and that the implements of husbandry were tied to a staple in the temple of the gods. I have taken Lattimer's intimation that the implements may have been tied separately, and I accept his reference to the pruning shears as being worthy of special illustration, and the more especially as it is safe to say that all of our puzzlists can obtain assistance from their fair friends in the matter of accommodation with a pair of scissors.

The puzzle is designed especially for the summer outings, and should become popular at the seashore as well as at the mountain-resorts. It can readily be solved by patience, perseverance and quiet study. It is a puzzle to be solved in some quiet nook, "far from the maddening crowd." Get a piece of cord about one yard long, tie the ends together so as to make an endless piece. Take any kind of ordinary scissors and arrange the string exactly as shown in the picture, only instead of fastening the cord through the staple, throw it, like a necklace, over the head of a young lady, seated in a convenient position, who will aid you to win the crown of Asia by removing the scissors.

A man bought two fishes, but on taking them home found he had three; how was this? He had two—and one smelt.



Here is a pretty ante-nuptial perplexity picked up during my sojourn in the Old Dart, which is well worth presenting in puzzle form: "Now, Biddy darlint," said an Irish swain, "ye are so fond of tricks as well as Pat-tricks, I'd like you to riddle me wan that perplexes me entoirely: Wanst, when a week ago last Tuesday was to-morrow, ye said: 'When a day just two fortnights hence will be yesterday, let us get married, as 'twill be just this day nixt month.' Now, Biddy, I have waited just half that time, and ye have waited the same; so, as it is now the 2d of the month, I suggest, if your heart goes 'pitty-Pat,' we might figure out when that wedding day is due."

Who was the most successful financier mentioned in the Bible? Noah, because he floatd a limited company when all the rest of the world was in liquidation.

Why is a schoolmaster like the letter C? He forms lasses into classes.

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

If I were in the sun and you were out of it what would the sun become! Sin.

What disease are reapers subject to on hot days? A drop-sickle affection.

Why would an owl be offended at your calling him a pheasant? Because you would be making game of him.

Why is your nose in the middle of your face? Because it is the scenter.

When may two people be said to be half witted? When they have an understanding between them.

A RIDDLE.

An object for which many thousands do sigh,

A blessing I prove, or a curse;
And when to the alter of Hymen you hie,

You take me for better or worse.

I am of both sexes—both husband and wife,

You court me, you love me, you scout me;

I'm the source of much joy, contention and strife,

Yet few can be happy without me.

I travel by land—on the ocean I range,

With the fowls too, I soar in the air;

I'm constant, I'm fickle—too much given to change,

Therefore when you choose me—beware!

Ans. 13, 1, 20, 5.

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.

Cypher Ans. 8, 15, 21, 18, 7, 12, 1, 19, 19.

What burns to keep a secret?
Sealing-wax.

Why is a nobleman like a book?
Because he has a title.

Why is a nobleman like a book?
Because he has a title.

What class of women are most apt to give tone to society? The belles.

What is that by losing an eye has nothing left but a dose? A noise.

Why is a four-quart jar like a layy's side-saddle? Because it holds a gal-on (pallon).

Why are balloons in the air like vagrants? Because they have no visible means of support.

Why is a very amusing man like a bad shot? Because he keeps the game alive.

Which is the favorite word with women? The last one.

CONCEALED GEOGRAPHY.

102. The servant, Anna, polishes the plate.

103. Fear lest you aim too low.

104. Is Theodore gone already? (Territory.)

105. The power of riches terminates at a certain point.

106. A coon climbed up an upas tree.

107. On the river Volga there lived a man who was scorched by the Sirocco.

108. A peculiar aroma in every part of this piazza is observed in the evening. (State.)

109. I have a rough ague.

110. Ask me any question you like like, but I can't answer.

111. Prince Giglio left his love and Bulbo's to Nelly Bly.

112. In my room a harness hangs.

113. Will Robert Douglas go west if I smile sweetly on the Earl?

114. If you put a hat upon a shovel the toads will wink. (Territory.)

115. A woman called Miranda named her dog Victoria.

116. In rescuing the soldiers, he found the last one hampered by the baggage.

117. I like no liquor so well as Triate Sherry.

118. A woman dressed "a la mode" nature would never recognize.

119. Let the glorious King Philip arm a fleet instantly.

120. Having broken my right arm I landed without effecting my purpose.

121. A red-fringed Stanhope rug I anticipate by the next steamer.

122. Here, girls,—Mag, Deb,—urge on the cows.

123. I never could fancy Prussic acid. (Island.)

124. The magnanimous hero bleeds for his country.

125. In scanning, the Pyrrhic and Iambus are seldom used. (Island.)

126. An apple without a core, a pig would not reject.

127. A negro from Congo, Shen stone immortalized in his poetry.

128. A filigree ceinture adorned her lovely waist. (Country.)

129. An over-ripe cucumber never is fit for the ablte.

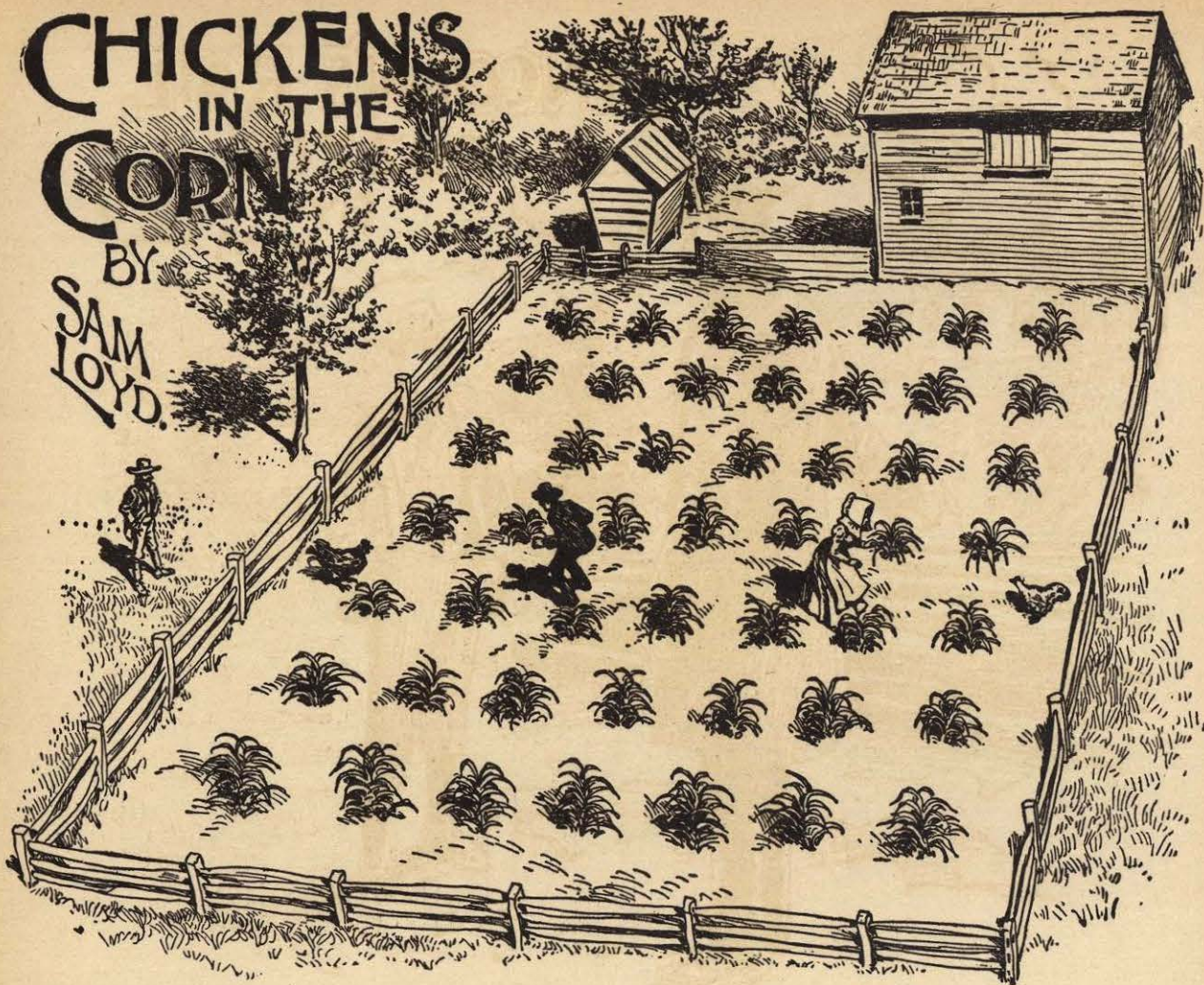
130. Gerzom was a huge or giant creature of antiquity. (State.)

131. O Catapult! O vast and mighty engine!

132. Let us form a convention to ameliorate the condition of the Chinese.

CHICKENS IN THE CORN

BY SAM LOYD



PROPOSITION—Show the good man and his wife how to catch the chickens.

IN WATCHING THE gambols of playful dogs, kittens and other domestic animals we are often impressed by the way they seem to enter into the spirit of the fun and enjoy the fine points of play, just as human beings do, and it is easy to detect a certain appreciation of the sense of humor in the exultation over the defeat or mishap of a playmate. But for a rollicking exhibition of mischief, or "tantalizing cussedness," as the farmer calls it, I have never seen anything equal to the sport produced by two obstinate chickens, refusing to be driven or coaxed from a garden. They neither fly nor run, but just dodge about, keeping close to their pursuers, so as to be out of reach. In fact, when the would-be captors retreat the chickens become pursuers and follow close upon their heels, uttering sounds of defiance and contempt.

On a New Jersey farm, where some city folks were wont to summer, chicken-chasing became a matter of everyday sport, and there

were two pet chickens which could always be found in the garden ready to challenge any one to catch them. It reminded me of a game of tag, and was in many respects so like my old "Pigs-in-Clover" that I was continually twitted to "work it into a new puzzle." I have really concluded to illustrate a curious puzzle point suggested by those sportive chickens, which otherwise I should never have thought of, and which I am satisfied will worry some of our experts.

The object is to prove in just how many moves the good farmer and his wife could catch the two chickens.

The field is divided into sixty-four square patches, marked off by the corn hills. Let us suppose that they are playing a game, moving between the corn rows from one square to another, directly up and down or right and left.

Play turn about—first let the man and woman each move one square—then let each of the chickens make a move, and the play continues by turns until you find out

in how many moves it is possible to drive the chickens into such a position that both of them are cornered and captured.

Sketch out a diagram containing 49 corn hills and show upon it by drawing lines how you believe the chickens may be captured in the shortest possible number of moves.

A CHARADE.

My sportive first bound lightly o'er the lawn;
While my second does its owner's brow adorn;
The cheering spirit of my whole may prove,
A good Samaritan thy pains to soothe.
Cypher Ans. 8, 1, 18, 20, 19, 8, 15, 18, 14.

Why is the letter D like a sailor?
Because it follows the C.

When is a fowl's neck like a bell?
When it is wrung for dinner.

Name the richest child in the world? Rothschild.

When is a butterfly like a kiss?
When it alights on tulips.

LINCOLN'S RAIL PUZZLE

BY SAM LOYD



PROPOSITION—How much land can be enclosed by a dozen sixteen-foot rails?

IT WOULD REALLY appear as if there might be more in Lincoln's rail problem than appears on the surface, despite of his well known and accepted answer "that it all depends upon the length of the rail."

The pith of the proposition turns upon the shape of the land, for, despite the fact of a square being the proper shape, the nearer we get to the form of a circle the greater becomes the economy of fence in proportion to the quantity of land enclosed.

There is an instructive and interesting problem involved, which turns upon employing the shortest possible rails, when the question is to enclose an acre of land by the shortest possible length of fence. In the present problem, however, we will accept a dozen rails of the old standard length of sixteen feet, without making any reduction for lappage.

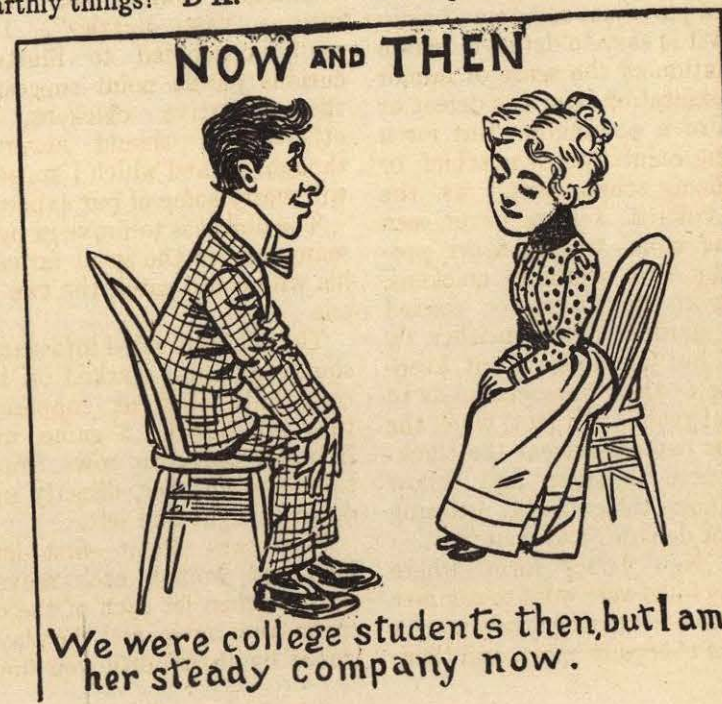
The problem is given as an elementary introduction to the principle of squaring the circle, and presents the same illustration of elusive

fractions, which makes it difficult to obtain definite and satisfactory results.

Name in two letters the destiny of all earthly things? D K.

Now and Then.

The class in concealed geography will kindly look for the locality of this illustration of the "old, old story," concealed in the description of the picture.





Proposition: Show how the Merchant measured the wine and water.

F COURSE EVERY one is familiar with the story of the man with a barrel of honey who met a customer with a five and a three quart pitcher, who wished to purchase four quarts of honey. It is an interesting case of juggling with the measures, and is devoid of catch or quibble, and will serve to explain the accompanying puzzle, which is built upon an extension of the same principle.

A merchant of Bagdad who catered to the wants of the pilgrims who crossed the desert, was once confronted by the following perplexing problem: He was visited by the leader of a caravan, who desired to purchase a store of wine and water. Presenting three ten-gallon vessels, he asked that three gallons of wine be put in the first, three gallons of water in the second, and three of wine and three of water mixed in the third, and that three gallons of water be given to each of the thirteen camels.

As both water and wine, according to Oriental usage, are only sold in puzzle.

quantities of an even number of gallons, the merchant had only a two and a four gallon measure wherewith to perform a feat which presents some unexpected difficulties; nevertheless, without resorting to any trick or device, or expedient not pertaining to the ordinary measuring problem, as already referred to, he dispensed the water from a full hogshead, and the wine from a barrel, in the required proportions, without any waste whatever.

In how few manipulations can the feat be performed, counting every time that liquid is drawn from one receptacle to another as a manipulation? This puzzle is undoubtedly the most remarkable problem of its kind extant, and for many years baffled the puzzlists of the world to reduce to the least possible number of "moves," as the manipulations were then termed. By many it has been referred to as Sam Loyd's greatest

A WORD PUZZLE.

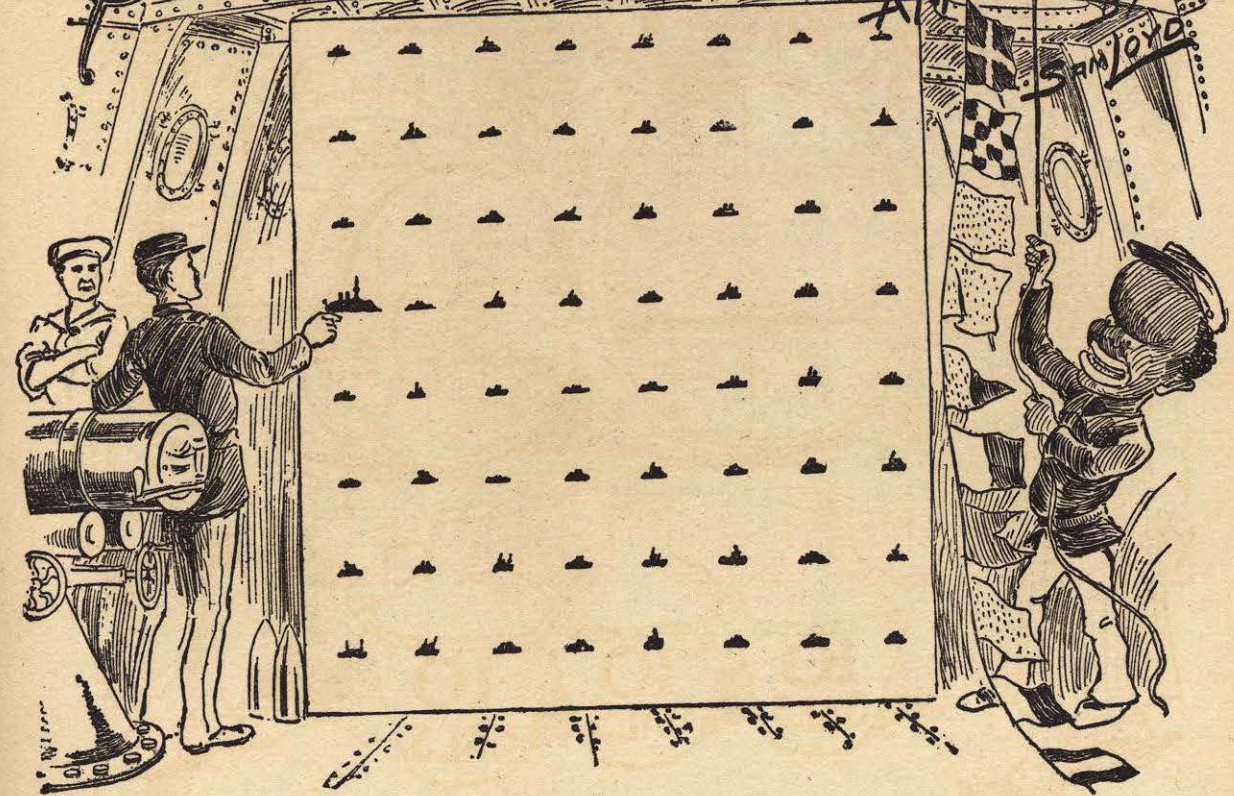
You first write four to equal one, Take one away and still have one; What can be spared may not be theft, So fifty take; yet naught is left.

Some Interesting Palendromes.

1. Reverse a mechanical power and have a feast.
2. Reverse a twist of thread and have music.
3. Reverse one who is diseased and have to resist.
4. Reverse a beverage and make it royal.
5. Reverse the evil one and have resided.
6. Reverse attraction and have a meadow.
7. Reverse a female name and be afflicted.
8. Reverse a male name and have done wrong.
9. Reverse a falsifier and have a banister.
10. Reverse a measure and make an opening.
11. Reverse a disposition and form a destiny.
12. Reverse a liquor and create a crime.

Answers will be found among the following words: Red rum, liar, door, Dennis, lever, Seton, leper, lager, devil, draws and doom.

GOING INTO ACTION



PROPOSITION—Show how the big battleship can run down the sixty-three vessels of the enemy, and return to the starting point, in the fewest possible number of straight dashes.

THE ACCOMPANYING sketch shows little Cinch running up the signal of battle, which for the benefit of such as are not familiar with the naval code of signals, will be explained to represent the once famous battle cry during the American-Spanish war, "Remember the Maine!" The commander is shown to be mapping out the plan of attack by which he designs to ram and run down the flotilla of the enemy's gunboats, so as to destroy them with the greatest possible dispatch. Commencing at the point occupied by the large battleship, mark out with one continuous line, the 63 little boats and return to starting point, after making the fewest possible number of "straight" moves, as we would term it in puzzle language.

The Break-Up of the Conundrum Club.

I have always been very partial to conundrums, and am firm in the belief that there are about thirteen million excessively stupid people, who fail to appreciate a

joke or anything that is good, who would have become more entertaining members of society if, in their younger days, they had digested conundrums. But, as I was going to say, I am no longer the president of the Conundrum Club, for the reason that the organization broke up in a row, as follows: You see, Smith, who at heart is a capital fellow, came into the rooms one evening and says: "I've got a good one."

"What is it?" we all queried. "When is an apple pie?" He stopped, and every one looked at him expectantly, but said nothing.

"Well," finally queried a man across the room, "go on. What did you stop there for?"

"Go on? Go on with what?" he asked.

"Why, go on with your conundrum. "When is an apple pie what?"

"That's what I said," replied Smith.

"Yes, we know; but what is the conundrum?"

"When is an apple pie?"

"There is no sense in that,"

said several; "give us the rest." "There isn't any rest," said Smith. "When is an apple pie?" "When is an apple pie what? you gump?" yelled several from all parts of the room.

"Who said 'apple pie what?'" "You did."

"I didn't say anything about apple pie what?"

"You did."

"I didn't; you——" But his remarks were never concluded, as the whole assembly undertook to eject Smith, who was somewhat of an athlete, and even after the police had restored order it took several hours to explain that an apple was pie when sweetened and flavored and enclosed in crust, but there were too many sore heads to hold the club together after that fateful conundrum.

What is the difference between a cat and a comma? A cat has its claws at the end of its paws, while a comma its pause at the end of a clause.

When is a boat like a heap of snow? When it is adrift.