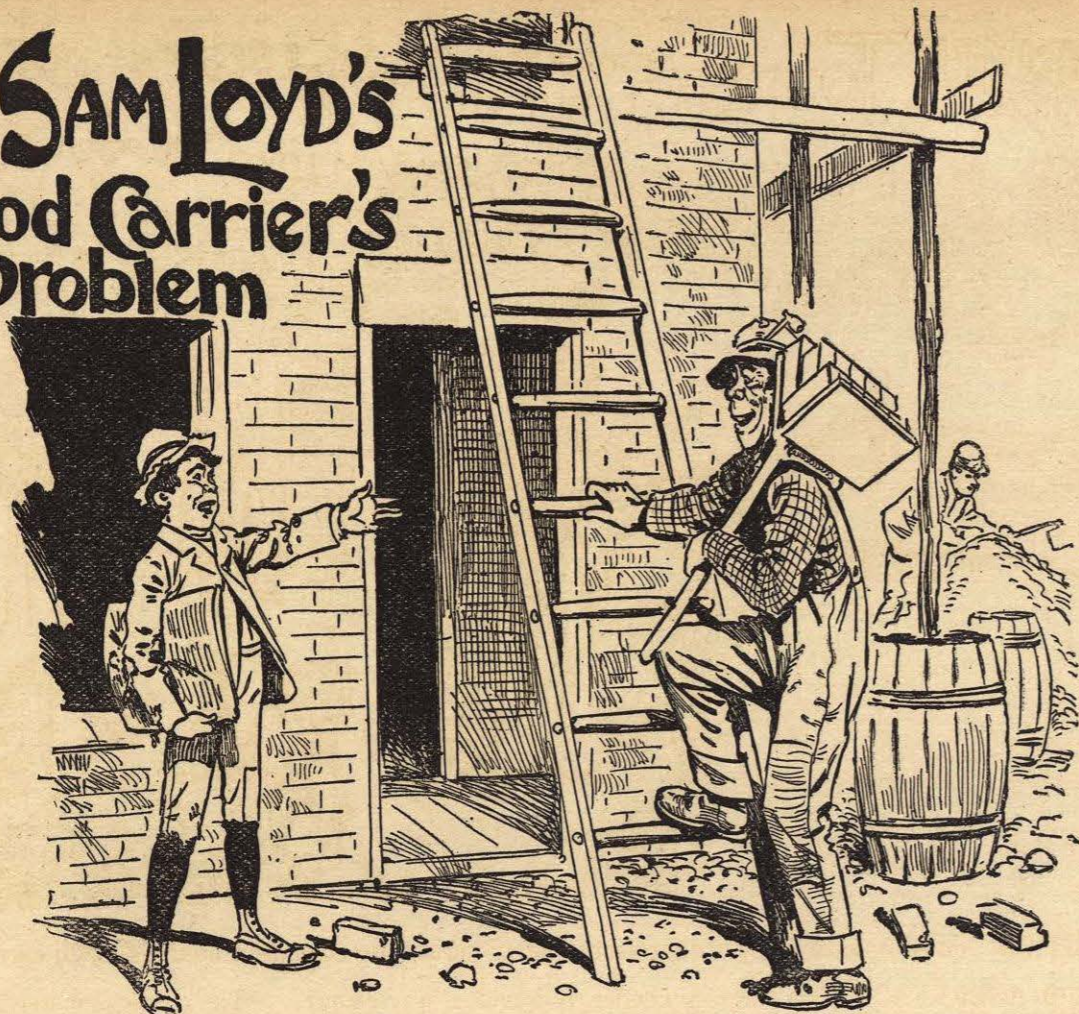


SAM LOYD'S Hod Carrier's Problem



PROPOSITION—Tell how few steps need be taken on the ladder to go up and down and up to the top, stepping twice on every step.



SCHOOLBOY, WHO was one of those smart Ales who think that they know it all, was quizzing a hod carrier about the weight of a brick, if a brick weighs three-quarters of a brick and three-quarters of a pound, when the man retorted by saying: "Now, every one should stick to his trade; you are up on figures and I am up on the ladder, so I will agree to guess your puzzle if you will tell me the correct answer to mine. Just figure out the fewest number of steps one has to take to go up and down and up this ladder, so as to be twice on the ground and twice on the top.

Every step must be of the same height and all of the steps must be used the same number of times."

There is no catch or pun about this puzzle. It is straight goods, and yet it is safe to say that our young folks will have to go up and down that ladder many times before they hit upon the correct answer.

Words, Empty Words.

The following lines do not pertain to the world of puzzledom, in the accepted meaning of the term, and yet they would baffle the average puzzlist to get at their meaning, if any there be. The verses were given to a young man of literary aspirations, with instructions to convert the same into prose in such a way as to preserve the exact spirit and meaning of the poet, whose works had been enthusiastically lauded by his friends. As the descriptive name of the poem has been lost it would be difficult to suggest an appropriate one, so it has to be omitted:

See! the fragrant twilight whispers
O'er the orient western sky,
While Aurora's verdant vespers
Tell her evening's reign is nigh.

Now a louder ray of darkness
Carols o'er the effulgent scene,
And the lurid light falls markless
On the horizon's scattered screen

Night is near, with all its horrors,
Sweetly swerving in his breast,
And the ear of fancy borrows
Morning mists to lull the west.

Ere he comes in all his splendor,
Hark! the milky way is seen,
Sighing like a maiden tender
In her bower of ruby green.

Such a scene, ah! who can list to,
And not saddened, silent, seek
To unveil the burning vista
Of Diana's raven cheek?

Thus tremulous, and ever dear,
Robed in repellant splendor,
Lingering moments, swift as the year,
Illumed by Cupid's capture!

And when hymenal joys are ours,
And memory soars above us,
Hope shall trace for future years
The love of all who love us.

What tree is of the greatest importance in history? The date.
When is a lady's arm not a lady's arm? When it is a little bare (bear).



PROPOSITION Show how to ferry a quarelsome party across the river in a boat that will carry but two



A PREFACE TO A very interesting problem which shows how a party of quarrelsome picnickers might cross a stream in the same boat without upsetting it, I shall take for granted that all puzzlists, young and old, are familiar with the ingenious tactics of the boatman who had to ferry a fox, a goose and some corn across a river in a small boat just "built for two." There is a German version of the story which tells of a peasant with a wolf, a goat and, I think a tomato can, which he was to get across the river in a way to circumvent the wolf's love for goat meat, as well as the natural tendency of the tomato can to telescope into the goat. Either of the stories, as familiarly told, possesses interest for the juveniles, and when solved would strengthen a branch of the memory and reasoning powers not generally called into exercise. To a trained puzzlist the problem possesses no difficulty what ever, but to one who is not versed in such matters, if he will just try to run the solution through his mind to test mentally just how many times the boat must cross the river, he will speedily realize what a valuable school it is for learning to concentrate the thoughts.

I wonder, however, if any of our readers who are familiar with both stories have chanced to realize what a funny state of affairs might arise if the two incidents were combined in one? That is a trick I often resort to when I have a couple of easy puzzles which are susceptible of being twisted together into one genuine poser.

Aided by the accompanying picture, which explains the situation in a way which words would fail to do, we will tell the story of a party of tourists, who, returning from a picnic were compelled to cross a stream in a small boat, which would hold but two at a time, and none of the ladies could row.

It so happened that Parson Cinch the popular colored preacher, had quarreled with the other two gentlemen of the party, and as a result Mrs. Cinch had a falling out with the other ladies.

How is it possible for the gentlemen to conduct them all across the stream in such a way that no two disagreeing parties shall ever cross over together or even remain on either side of the stream at the same time. Another curious feature of the strained relations being that no one gentleman should remain on either side with two ladies.

The puzzle is merely to show how many times the little two-seated boat must cross the stream, to ferry the entire party over; but I take occasion to say that not one person out of a thousand is endowed with a headpiece which would figure it out mentally, without recourse to pencil and paper, although the power or faculty of doing so may readily be acquired.

Used to Kissing.

They were in a magnificently decorated room in the West End of London. They approached each other from opposite directions.

Presently they met, and careless of the fact that dozens of eyes were watching them, they kissed each other with a resounding smack!

The meeting seemed to bring them perfect peace; but alas, alack! they had scarcely been side by side above twenty seconds when a man approached with the fire of battle in his eye. With cool insolence he raised the stick he carried, and then—oh, horror!—he struck a sharp, quick blow, and the pale one was sent spinning several feet away.

The other neither screamed nor fainted. There was no heart-breaking, no resentment; not even a murmur was heard, because —?



PROPOSITION—Tell how much is lost by measuring off 20 feet with a yard measure 3 inches too short

AS ANYTHING AND everything pertaining to the manners and customs of the people of our recently acquired possessions in the Far East will be of interest at the present time, let us look at the following account of the ways of doing business in the Philippines.

The hemp or manila rope trade, which is the most important industry of the islands, is controlled to a great extent by Chinese exporters, who ship these products to all parts of the world. The traders and small dealers are Japs, who have an original way of doing business, peculiarly their own. The lack of an established currency or fixed prices necessitates a dicker and wrangle over every transaction, with no redress from the lax laws if one is "skinned" out of his eyes.

The accompanying puzzle sketch shows the ordinary way of doing business. Omitting the vernacular as well as currency features, we will say a Chinese sailor man saunters into a rope store and asks, in a peculiarly aggravating way: "Can you direct me to a respectable shop

where they sell good rope?" The shopkeeper, swallowing the implied insult, says: "I keep only the best, but my poorest is probably better than what you want." "Show me the best you have; it may serve until I find better. How much you ask for the cable rope?" "Seven dollars the hank, 100 feet long." "Too long rope and too much money. I never pay more than \$1 for good, and this is rotten." "Standard rope", says the Jap, showing the unbroken seal, which guarantees the length and quality. "If you have but little money, take what you want for 2 cents a foot." "Cut off 20 feet," says the Chinaman, as he ostentatiously displays a five-dollar gold piece, to show that he can pay.

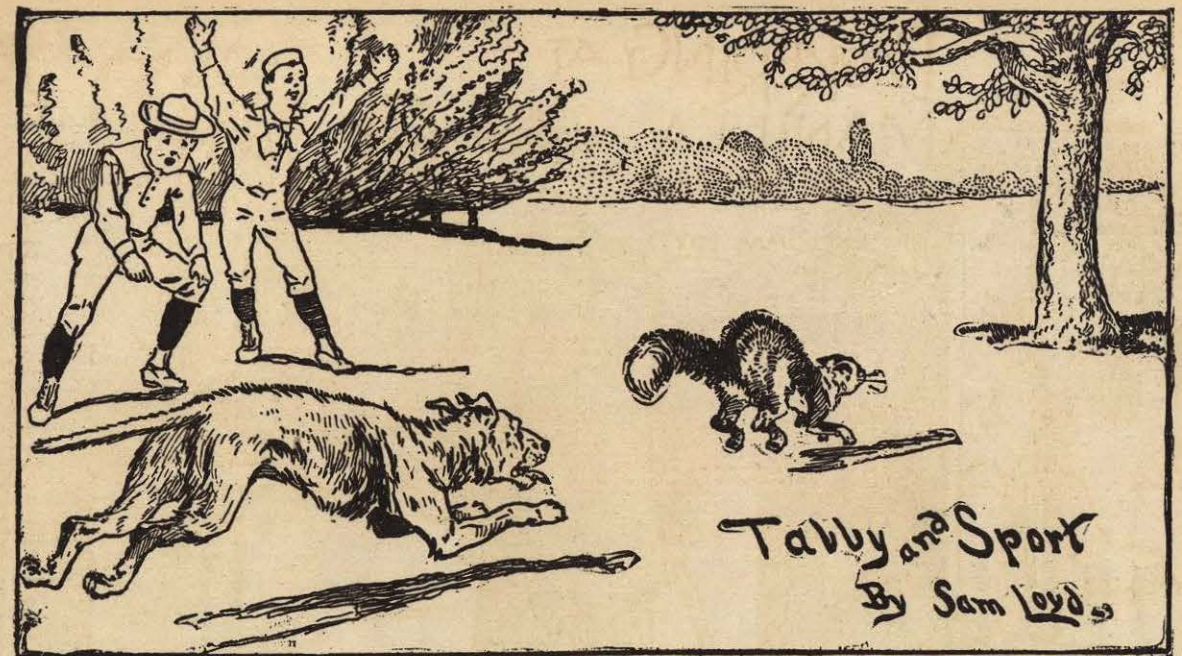
The Jap measures off 20 feet with an exaggerated display of anxiety to give full measure. The Chinaman notices, however, that the yardstick is just 3 inches shy, having been cut off at the 33-inch mark, so when the rope was cut he coolly points to the long end and says: "I take the eighty-foot piece. No, you need not send it. I carry it myself." Then he throws down the

counterfeit five-dollar piece, which the storekeeper gets changed next door. As soon as he gets his change he walks off with the rope, and in half a minute could not be tracked by the shrewdest detective in the world.

The puzzle is to tell how much the Jap has lost, assuming that he is called upon to make good the counterfeit five-dollar gold piece and that the rope was really worth 2 cents a foot.

A "Reel" Good Catch.

The next time you go to a party take with you a reel of white cotton and a needle. At the first opportunity thread the needle and drop the reel inside your breast pocket; pass the needle through your coat from the inside, and detach it from the cotton, leaving about two inches hanging upon the outside of your black coat. You will be interested to see how your friends will try to do you the kindness of removing the cotton, and the effect will be startling when they pull out an apparently endless length of thread.



PROPOSITION—Tell the result of this race.

THERE IS A PROBLEM from one of our standard arithmetic books. Don't look in the book for the answer, nor ask your teacher, for he or she, as the case may be, accepts the recognized answer in good faith, so you would lose your chance of solving it correctly.

Tabby and Sport raced from a tree to a stake and back to the tree, distance in all, seventy-five yards. Sport sprang five feet at each bound and the cat only three, but then Tabby made five springs to Sport's three, so what should be the result of the race?

Caught by a Puzzle.

I remember, some forty odd years ago, that two Cincinnati editors became involved in a newspaper controversy, which for some time was conducted with all candor and courtesy. At length, however, one of them who was really getting the worst of the argument so far forgot himself as to become, first personal, then scurrilous, and then virulent, which induced the other to quietly withdraw from the contest. Editor No. 1 thereupon indulged in loud paens of victory, in which he boasted of "having spiked his adversary's guns," "put him to rout," "utterly demolished him," etc. While he was in this complacent frame of mind he received from an anonymous contributor a seasonable poem on "Spring," which he published, accompanied by a eulogium on its originality and beauty, with a warm-

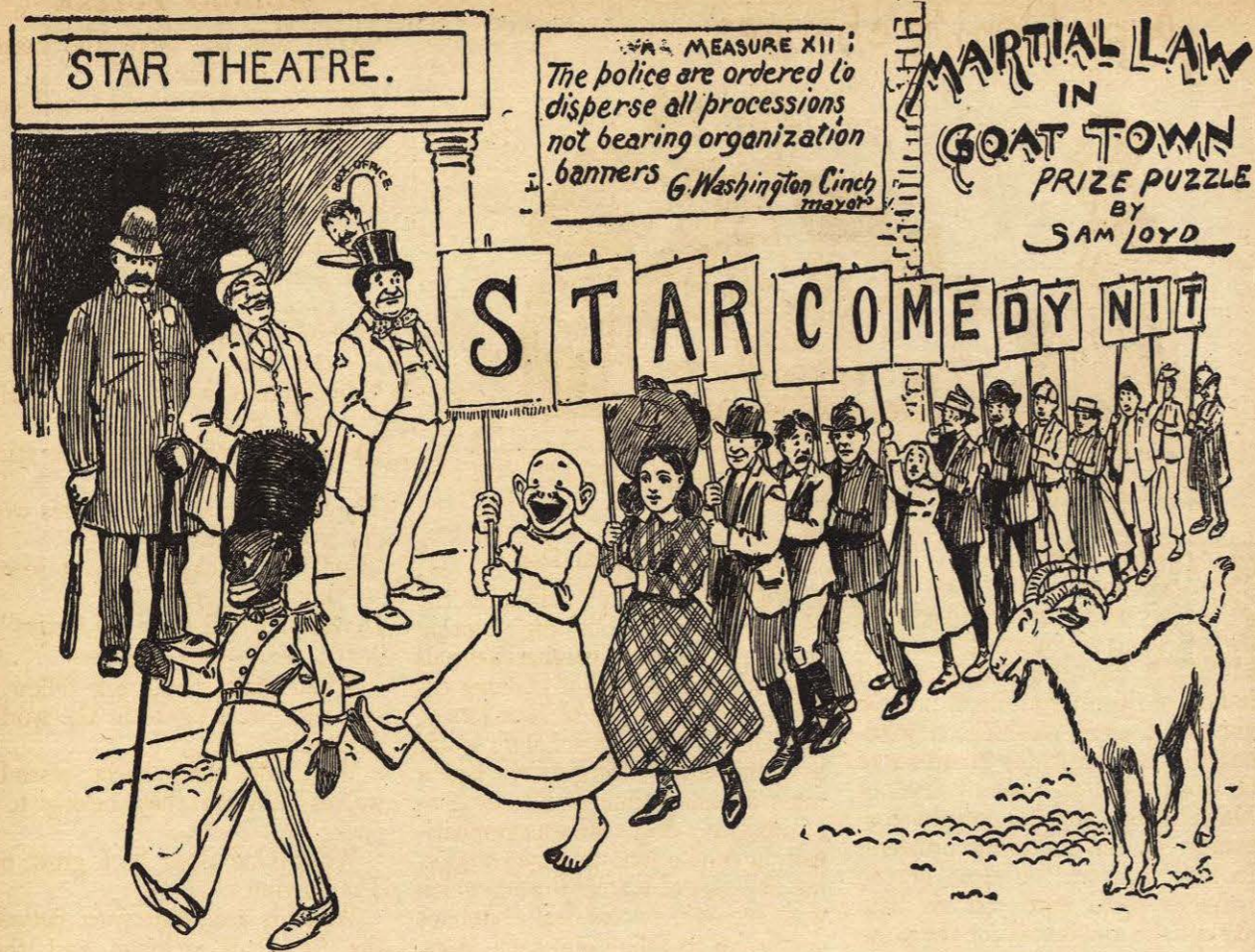
ly expressed wish that the gifted author might often be heard from. The poem ran as follows:
SPRING.

The genial spring once more with chaplets crowned
Has showered her choicest blessings all around.
Each silent valley and each verdant lawn,
Enriched with flowers, looks smiling as the dawn.
Demure and modest hued the violet grows;
In yonder garden blooms the blushing rose;
To these the lilac adds her fragrant dower
Of perfume cherished by the sun and shower.
Reviving Flora walks the world a queen
Of kingdoms peerless as a fairy scene.
Far o'er the hills, in many a graceful line,
The rainbow blossoms of the orchard shine.
How softly mingled all their tints unite,
Embalm the air and bless the grateful sight!
Sweet voices now are heard on every tree,
The breeze, the bird, the murmur of the bee.
And down the cliff, where rocks oppose in vain,
Runs the clear stream in music of the plain.
In noisy groups, far from their southern home,
Now round the lofty spire the swallows roam;

The fearless robin builds with glossy leaves
Her fragile nest beneath the farmer's eaves;
Embowered in woods the partridge makes her bed
With silken moss o'er tender osiers spread;
Each happy bird expands his dappled wings,
Soars with his gentle mate and sweetly sings.
The sounds of early husbandry arise
In pleasing murmurs to the pale blue skies;
Shrill floats the ploughman's whistle while he speeds
Along the yielding earth his patient steeds.
Joyous the life which tills the pregnant soil,
And sweet the profits of the farmer's toil.
Content, as smiling as an angel face
Keeps peaceful vigil round his dwelling place,
And gentle Hope and Love, forever bright,
Smiling like seraphs in their bowers of light,
Salute his mornings and embalm each night.

A few days passed before the complacent editor had the mortification of reading in the other paper that "the editor of the 'Star of the West' has fully justified the acrostic contained in a beautiful poem on 'Spring' by publishing and indorsing it in his paper."

What is the worst kind of a seat a man can sit on? Self-conceit.



PROPOSITION—Tell what the men are laughing at.

WE CALL THE ATTENTION of our puzzlists to an interesting style of palendromic writing which affords scope for cleverness and ingenuity. The term palendrome which means running backwards, is applied to words or sentences like Eve, Hannah, and Noon, or the famous introduction of Adam to Eve, when he remarked: "Madam I'm Adam." It applies as well to words or sentences which when read backwards will present an entirely different meaning, like murder, Moor, dray, etc., etc., many of which will appear in other puzzles. The children's parade is given to illustrate a little political puzzle which was picked up on the street in the neighborhood of the Star Theatre. Irrespective of party proclivities the young kids are having a grand parade with a fusion of interests concentrated upon the gathering of ash barrels for a great bonfire. The puzzle is to guess why that cop concludes that the procession does not conflict with the ordinance as posted on the wall.

What is the oldest tree in America? The elder tree.

CHARADE.
Behold my first, with cautious air,
Placing my second as a snare;
But when by years maturer grown,
His thoughts assume a different tone
Oh! then with what assiduous care
He found my whole to please the air
Cypher Ans. 19, 15, 14, 14, 5, 20.

A REBUS.
My whole's a sad catastrophe
When none to help are nigh it;
Curtail, transpose, and you disclose
Who mostly suffer by it.
Cypher Ans. 23, 18, 5, 3, 11.

A REBUS.
See how majestic I am borne
Behold, some treat me then with scorn;
Yet knaves with all their art and guise,
Deem me to often as a prize.
Restore my head, transpose, what more?
I'm higher than I was before!
Ans. 13, 1, 3, 5.

CHARADE.
I lie and mislead
So I pray you take heed,
My wit's like the point of a thistle;
Be nice in your choice,

Take Franklin's advice,
And don't pay too much for your whistle.
Ans. 1, 21, 3, 20, 9, 15, 14, 5, 5, 18.

A REBUS.
I'm but a little letter, still
Have sacred duties to fulfill;
But if you take
My tail, you make
An alteration in my lot;
You'll say I'm shorter—but I'm not.
Cypher Ans. 14, 15, 20, 5.

When is a baby like a breakfast cup? When it's a tea thing (teething).

A REBUS.
Two personal pronouns if you take
And join them in due order,
An herb will name without mistake,
That scents the garden border.
Ans. 21, 8, 25, 13, 5.

Why cannot a deaf man be legally convicted? Because it is not lawful to condemn a man without a hearing.

How would you speak of a tailor when you did not remember his name? As Mr. So-and-So (sew and sew).

A problem in chances



SHOWING HOW puzzles of a very interesting nature may arise at any moment amid the various changes and chances of this mortal life, it may be said that George Washington Johnson, the very truthful guardian of the cloak room at a recent fashionable function, vouches for the correctness of the following problem. He says that at the close of the festivities there were just six hats left, but the applicants for the same were in such a helpless state of befuddlement that not one of them could produce his hat check, much less recognize his hat when he saw it, so in utter despair he was compelled to let each one make his own selection, and as it afterwards transpired, every one of the six persons took a hat which did not belong to him.

Now, George Washington J., like his great namesake, was one who could not fabricate, even if he desired to do so, nevertheless from a puzzler's standpoint it is interesting to determine the chances for and against such an event occurring as that six men each taking a hat at random should so happen that no man got the hat which belonged to him.

AN ENIGMA
I am a word of five letters, and dear to the ladies, and yet I have caused great calamities. Take away my head and I adorn an estate. Behold me once more and I am a place where all the world once congregated. If at first you curtail me I am a beautiful mineral. Curtail once more and I am a fashionable resort. To cut both my head and tail does not deteriorate my value.
Cypher Ans. 19, 16, 1, 18, 11.

The Comical Dog

We will ask you to discover the locality of the following hunting scene. With some brother journalists I participated in a gunning expedition in the wilds of New Jersey, and although it was a failure so far as game was concerned, we had a most amusing time at the expense of our crazy dog. He was emphatically a canine lunatic, given to posing in a sort of statuesque act which was exceedingly comical, but not conducive to filling our game bags. I snapped the kodak on him during one of his trances, thinking it would furnish a good subject for our juvenile puzzlists to laugh at.

When is an army totally destroyed? When the soldiers are all in quarters.

Why is too much whisky and champagne like the flowers that bloom in the spring? Because they make the nose gay (nosegay).

ADINCO PUZZLE
"AD" was the word the master gave to Dick,
Who scratched his head, and looking rather thick,
Replied, "Hereafter it would make it stick!"
"You may stay 'IN' an hour, you stupid dunce,"
The teacher said, "define an IN at once."
"I think," said Dick, with eyes upon the floor,
"Hereafter it would make it stick some more."
"Your back with that same stick, I'll put in CO,"
The teacher said, "unless this word you know!"
"Co," said Dick, "to me it seems, kind Master,
Hereafter it will stick the faster!"

What trade should one follow in order to cut a figure in the world? A sculptor.

When do cards most resemble wolves? When they belong to a pack.

What vine does beef grow on? The bo-vine.

What is the difference between the Mormons' religion and their wives? Their religion is singular, but their wives are plural.

When is a man duplicated? When he's beside himself.

What makes everybody sick but those that swallow it? Flattery.

What is that which never flies except when its wings are broken? An army.

Why is a drunken Irishman like a sentinel going his rounds? He is pat-rolling.





"Did the ancients live in the attic or in the cellar?"

I AM REMINDED OF some of the peculiar things I saw during an extended tour of the old world, especially connected with architecture, which seems to have escaped the notice of writers. In a certain locality, for instance, the name of which I have forgotten, it looked as if the dwellers had occupied the basements or attics of their houses, or had commenced the wrong way about, as we might term it, by constructing the roof first and then build down to the cellar.

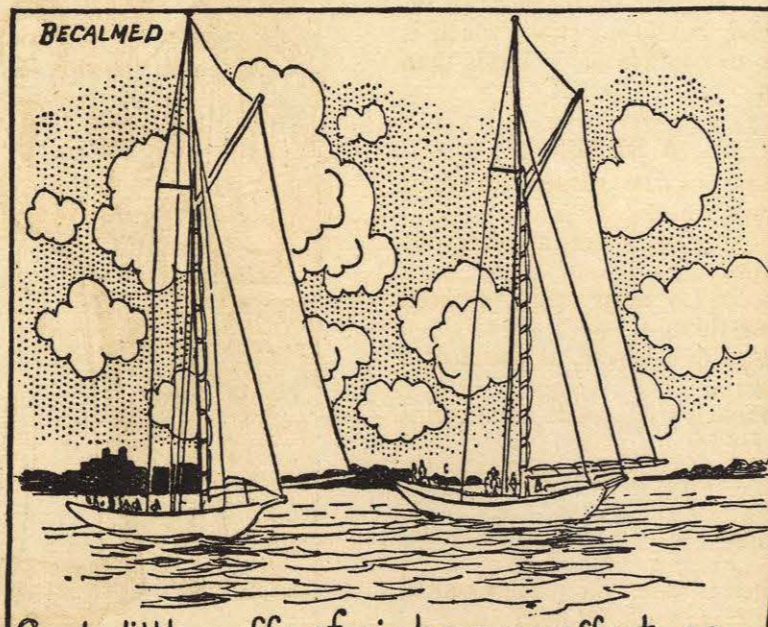
I questioned the intelligent guide regarding the matter, and from my note book I find that he replied that "such was the case." The puzzle is to discover the locality concealed in the description of the ruins so as to locate these interesting ruins.

Lord Macaulay's Last Riddle.

Lord Macaulay, like Byron and Bacon, perpetrated quite a number of poetical riddles, which may be said to reflect the popular form of puzzles of those classical days. Here is the last effort in that line of the great poet and historian:

"Let us look at it quite closely,
 'Tis a very ugly word,
 And one that makes us shudder
 Whenever it is heard.
 It mayn't be very wicked;
 It must be always bad,
 And speaks of sin and suffering
 Enough to make one mad.
 They say it is a compound word,
 And that is very true;
 And when they decompose it,
 (Which, of course, they're free to do)—
 If, of the letters they take off
 And sever the first three,

They have the nine remaining
 As sad as they can be;
 For, though it seems to make it less,
 In fact it makes it more,
 For it takes the brute creation in,
 Which it left out before.
 Let's try if we can mend it—
 It's possible we may,
 If only we divide it
 In some new-fashioned way,
 Instead of three and nine, then,
 Let's make it four and eight;
 You'll say it makes no difference,
 At least not very great:
 But only see the consequence!
 That's all that needs be done
 To change this mass of sadness
 To unmitigated fun.
 It clears off swords and pistols,
 Revolvers, bowie-knives,
 And all the horrid weapons



Such little puffs of air have no effect on the yachts.

By which men lose their lives;
 It wakens holier feelings—
 And low joyfully is heard
 The native sound of gladness
 Compressed into one word!
 Yes! four and eight, my friends!
 Let that be yours and mine,
 Though all the hosts of demons
 Rejoice in three and nine.

Becalmed.

To give our young yachtsmen a timely subject to puzzle over, I will mention that I was once an invited guest upon one of the yachts during a series of trial races for the selection of a defender for the cup in the international yacht races. I never posed as a yachtsman, and will not attempt to tell how they figure out that the losing boat sometimes wins. It may have been on points, or broken masts and spars, for I thought that our boat outrifted the other one; however, they said we were beaten on time allowance. Captain Shanks said the little puffs of air haven't much to do with the results, and I made a note of his remarks to accompany my sketch, as our young puzzlists will find the locality skillfully concealed in the words.

My first is a circle, my second a cross,
 If you meet with my whole look out for a toss.
 Ox.

Why are deaf people like India shawls? Because you can't make them here (hear)!



PROPOSITION—Guess the weights of the different girls.

OF COURSE WE were all young once, so the following little problem from true life will interest some of the children of a larger growth.

Some school children who had discovered that by getting on a weighing machine in couples, and then exchanging places, one at a time, they could get the correct weight of a whole party on the payment of but one cent, found that in couples they weighed 129 pounds, 125 pounds, 124 pounds, 123 pounds, 122 pounds, 121 pounds, 120 pounds, 118 pounds, 116 pounds and 114 pounds. What was the weight of each one of the five little girls if taken separately.

It proves that they must have been clever scholars or they never would have been able to work out the correct answer to such an interesting puzzle question, which is liable to confuse older heads than theirs.

A REBUS.

My first in the garden luxuriant grows,
 Delicious and sweet as everyone knows;
 My second a noisy, vain, quarrelsome thing,
 The lord of a harem, as proud as a king;
 My whole is still prouder, and seems to rejoice
 As much in his tail as he does in his voice.

Cypher Ans. 16, 5, 1, 3, 15, 3, 11.

When is wine like a pig's tooth?
 When it is in a hog's head.
 Why is a waiter like a racehorse?
 Because he runs for cups, plates, and steaks (stakes).

The Price of Eggs.
 This odd little problem in domestic arithmetic was sprung by the cook upon Mrs. Smith when she wanted to know what the grocer charged for such small eggs. "I paid twelve cents for the lot," replied Bridget, "but I made him throw in two extra ones, because they were so little, and you see that made them cost just one cent a dozen less than his first asking price!"
 How simple and natural the whole transaction sounds, just as it might occur at home, and yet how many of our clever young puzzlists can solve Bridget's problem by telling just how many eggs she received for her twelve cents? It is a pretty

problem, which would only be spoiled spoiled if the terms were changed or made more complicated.

CHARADE.

My first presents an honored female name,
 But lovingly abbreviated:
 My next a man's, and treated just the same.
 Now if this couple were but mated
 And to the altar duly led,
 To be my whole which might be said.

What is the difference between a cloud and a whipped child? One pours with rain, the other roars with pain.



PROPOSITION—What was the price of eggs?