

Dorothy Ficken's



This person is the well-known Hokeypokey. He always wears an umbrella and loves to get into a crowd with it.



The Cayoodlenoodler is always tied fast to a foolish dog. These two never wish to go to the same place at the same time.

PERILOUS WORK IN SURVEYING

OUT among the fast disappearing tribes of the Western Indians the surveyors who have to do the work of the government, in laying out the county lines, the townships, and the other necessary boundaries for the advance of civilization, find many difficulties. In days gone by they had to fight the Indians. To-day they have to fight Nature herself in strange forms.

In the land of the Uncompaghe Utes—the Indians which still hold their reservations in Western Colorado—there is a river named after Capt. J. W. Gunnison, a famous engineer. The Grand Canyon of the Gunnison, while not so greatly celebrated as the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, is still wonderful enough to hold a place among the most marvelous of river canyons.

For many years the canyon was practically unknown in its deeper recesses. From time to time parties of brave engineers and explorers tried to penetrate its apparently unfathomable mysteries, and even in 1881, when engineering science had reached a high stage of development, a party of engineers, after getting nearly half through the gorge, had to give up the attempt in despair. They lost many of their most valuable instruments, and it was thought that it was not possible for a living man to pass the terrible rapids under the frowning cliffs of the river. Another party tried to go through the canyon in the winter on the ice, but that attempt failed, and still later another party, equipped in heavy wooden boats bound with iron straps, attempted the passage. After the greatest hardships, lasting through a period of twenty-one days, and after losing their boats and their entire equipment of scientific instruments, they emerged from the canyon at a point which they called the Falls of Sorrow, for the waterfall there seemed impassable.

Finally, a year ago, Mr. A. L. Fellows, an engineer, with a party of government experts, succeeded in surveying the wonderful canyon. Equipped with cork floats, carrying his instruments in waterproof bags, and swimming the deeper places of the river, he made the first topographical map of the Gunnison canyon. The story of his trip through the gorge is one of the most romantic in the history of all the work of the government engineers. He did not have to fight the Indians, but he fought with unseen and unknown forces, forces which no man could appreciate till he was brought face to face with them. His work is one of the most remarkable in all the history of the service.

CHINESE HOP SCOTCH PUZZLE

In Chinese Hop Scotch, as in the modern sport of the same name, you are to begin at A, B or C and hop on to every one of the twelve spaces, so as to end on x, y or z. The "jump" is similar to a knight's move in chess, viz. from one square to another of a different color in one of the other rows.

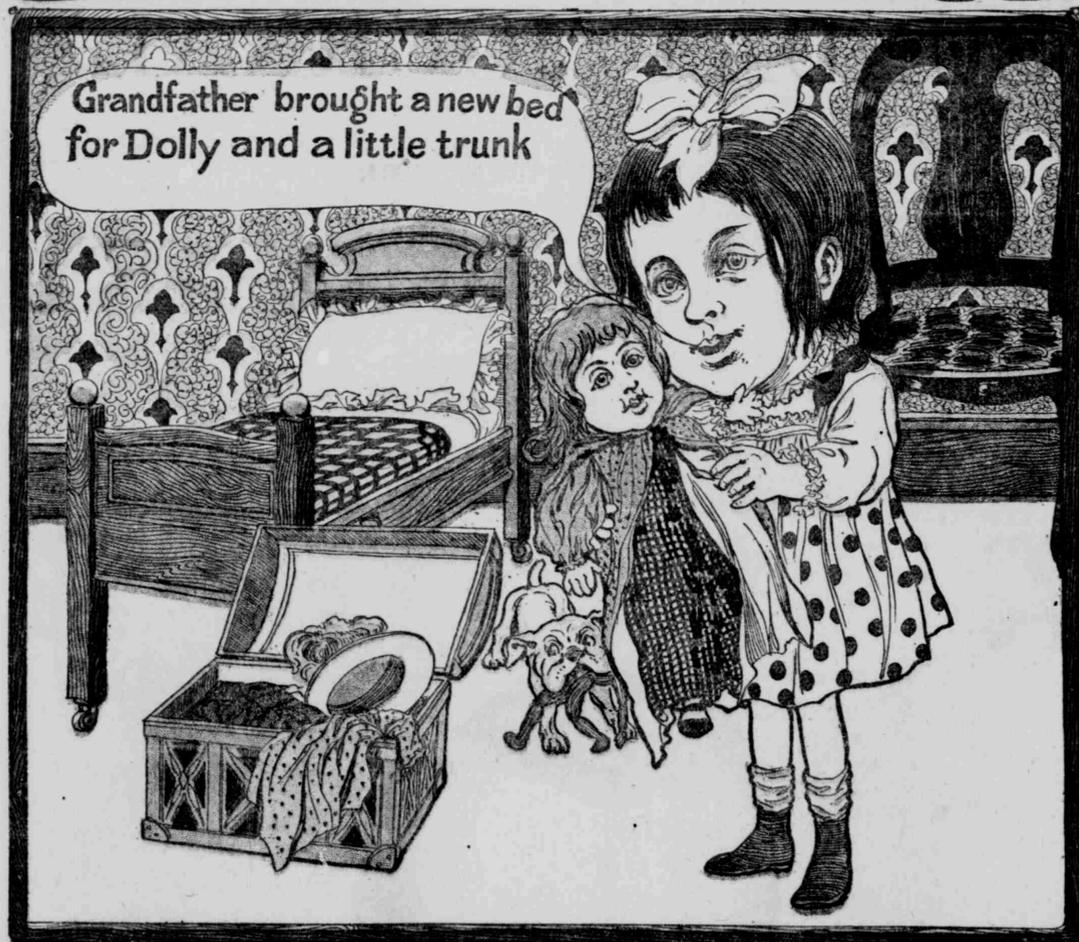
Here is a specimen game: Commencing at A go to 5, C, 1, 6, 2, 2, 4, 3 and y! But that is not correct, as we have omitted to jump on to B. See if you can do better.

The students in concealed geography are asked to discover the name of the town that is hidden in the girl's joyful exclamation.

Five prizes of \$1 each and 100 copies of a book of 700 Chinese puzzles will be divided among those sending the best answers to one or both of these puzzles.

Address LOYD, PUZZLE EDITOR, Care of this Newspaper.

105 PRIZES SAM LOYD'S PRIZE PUZZLES 105 PRIZES



Grandfather brought a new bed for Dolly and a little trunk



CHINESE HOP SCOTCH PUZZLE

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A Railroad Train to Cut Out

The curious diagram on this page represents the raw material for a railroad train. This train can be made with only very little cutting out and folding and pasting.

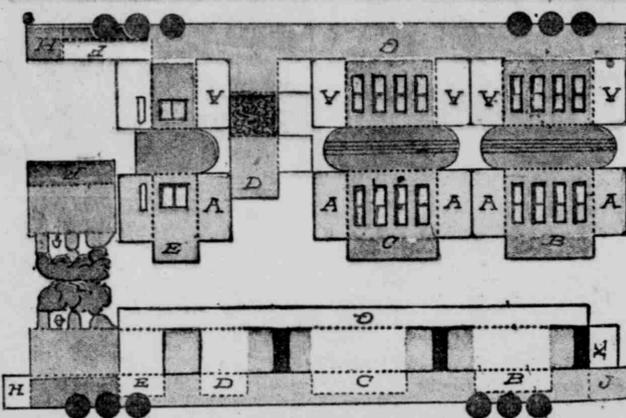
First cut clean around the outlines of the whole pattern, which, together, represents two sides of the train.

Now fold all flaps marked A. Paste them to the sides of the cars.

Then paste together the two sides of the smoke and the smokestacks, but do not paste the two sides of the boiler together.

Now join by pasting the flaps B to G in their respective places.

Paste front end H H and back ends J J and K, and the train will be complete.



Funny People



Twaddleswoozers are plentiful. They have rawhide lungs and tell old, full-length stories in public places.



When you see a damp person hold out a damp, flabby hand to shake, whether he knows you or not, he is a Flap-flipper. The Flap-flipper makes life unsafe all over the United States.

SOME STRANGE JOURNEYS

WHEN you look over a hardware catalogue or see clocks and lamps and locks piled up on counters in shops, the impression on your mind, no doubt, is that of something extremely prosaic. And yet, if you find out where some of these things go in the course of American trade with the whole world, they become the vehicles for stories as wonderful as the "Arabian Nights."

Indeed, the articles that have been mentioned make voyages into the very land of the Arabian Nights itself, for Bagdad, the town of Haroun Al Raschid, is an eager purchaser of American clocks, watches, lamps and locks. And from Bagdad, the Turcoman and Persian traders carry them through strange places and in strange, old-time manner, into Khorassan in farthest Eastern Persia and even to Bokhara, hidden far away in almost unknown Asia.

American and English tramp steamers carry the prosaic merchandise through the Red Sea and into the Persian Gulf, whence Sinbad used to set out; even to the town of Sinbad, ancient Balsorah, now called Bassorah.

Turkish steamers take the goods up the ancient Tigris River, the river of the oldest stories in the world, past fleets of skin boats and by vast ruins of forgotten waterworks, till they are landed in the midst of a screaming, jabbering horde of Persians, Arabs, Turks, Afghans and many other races and tribes.

There some of the things go into the queer little bazaars that are only open niches in the masonry that fronts the narrow, dim streets; and others go high up on camel back or mules, and soon a caravan swings out of the City of Wonderful Tales and begins a long, slow journey.

Then these American goods pass through places that the eyes of white men have never seen; through places of which none of the makers of those clocks and locks and lamps has ever dreamed. While the peaceful factories of Connecticut and Massachusetts are roaring over the task of turning out more, some of the goods that they have already turned out may be swinging past the tombs of dead and buried and forgotten Arab kings; or the camels and mules that bear them may be racing for life with a troop of desert robbers swooping behind them.

They may change hands then and there, in defiance of the laws of trade; and the Connecticut clock may presently ornament the gayly woven rug-tent of a fierce chief, while the merchants that carried it from Bagdad lie dead, as the merchants of Bagdad often lay in Sinbad's stories.

Even when the goods are bartered for and bought honestly, they pass through unexpected fortunes; for they may pass through a dozen hands before they reach the interior of Persia or get as far as Khorassan. They may be paid for in queer gold and silver pieces; then again in silk rugs; again in turquoises and gold dust.

These are only hints of what may happen to them on their strange voyages—strange, yet only features of the prosaic business day of Uncle Sam's people; and enough to make every commonplace American shop a perfect Bagdad bazaar for the imagination to dwell in.