With the Long Bow

—"Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies."

The Fascinating but Rather Dangerous Game of "Ticklish Bender" and How It Is Likely to Get Us in Every Department of Life.

The thin ice on Spring lake and the thick boy throwing heavy stones on it "to see if she will hold," recalls the game the boys used to play on the ice many, many years ago. This fascinating pastime was known as "ticklish bender." Professor Langley cites it to illustrate the aeroplane principle. It consists in skating very rapidly over thin ice. Ice that would not support a fraction of the weight of the skater can be safely traversed if the boy is traveling at high speed, because it takes a measurable instant of time for the smallest area of ice to break, and before that time has expired the skater has passed on to another area.

"Ticklish bender" is pretty good fun till it gets its boy, then it falls into disrepute for the season.

The aeroplane, when you do not know exactly what the plane is going to do, is an example of one continuous ticklish bender. All the strata of the atmosphere are a little thin and as you slide over them they have a tendency to "give." If you are going quick enough you manage to slip along, but if something slows you up, like Rockefeller having watered his gasolene to make it go further, the gasolene engine missing a few strokes in consequence, the principle of ticklish bender does not apply, as you become merely an interesting item in the evening paper, while the conservative, who proposes to travel on the earth, remarks, in an original and interesting vein, "I told you so." Where have we heard that remark before?

Finally, brethren, there are men who play ticklish bender with the everlasting and unchangeable laws of their being. Beloved, we would advise you not so to do. These laws may appear a little slow to the man who is going pretty fast, but all at once——

"Bang!"

And the coroner goeth about the streets.

Alfred Austin, the poet laureate, is not satisfied to die quietly. He proposes in his latest poem to do a perish, "sword in hand, at Honor's sudden call, guarding my menaced motherland and for her safety fall, or mount the scaffold with firm gaze, martyr to some great cause, and end my not inglorious days for freedom's outraged laws." All right, Alfred, go ahead. Any old way suits us, but you must be careful not to get your sword between your feet for it will trip you up every time.

We put on our diamond tarara and several ropes of pearls last evening and attended an evening at home given by the English sparrows that use our palatial domicile for a chicken roost. Since 1900 eight or ten large and vigorous sparrows have roosted above the doors and windows and they still show every sign of permanent occupation. Being opposed to the assassination of the little brothers of the roost, esepcially when it is cold and the birds have to fight for their lives in other ways, we have been using moral suasion and a broom. By sweeping the sparrows out of their roosts after dark they fly away blindly and in a bewildered fashion. Just where they end up I do not know, but in the morning they come around, sit in the tree and talk it over with much excitement and chattering. The incident of being swept out in the night seems to be an unpleasant one, for they abandon their roosts for days, or even weeks, until their courage returns. I figure a few more sweepings will either permanently discourage them or produce a race of open-all-night sparrows.

Has any one solved the sparrow question short of murder?

Mr. Hinds' book, "American Communities," presents forty experiments in little co-operative communities, of which all have failed, altho in each instance the outlook appeared promising at the start and for a time each community thrived, usually because of the vitality imparted thru religious motives.

In tracing out the causes of these failures the Chicago Chronicle states that the fundamental mistake of all socialism, whether it be utopian or scientific, is that it is predicated upon the theory that normally all men and women are honest, unselfish, of equal intelligence and free from all temptations of deceit and ambition. Socialists argue that men and women are abnormal because of abnormal social conditions. The Chronicle seems to think they are essentially selfish and ignorant. Possibly long residence in Chicago would tend to this view.

If these movements are only a long procession of theories that are founded upon false predications, the thing to do before starting our national co-operative commonwealth is to get the people to be honest and decent, unselfish and regardful of others as they are of themselves. This will naturally take some time, but starts are being made towards it.

The world should not despair of getting a colony full of such people, or even a county full, before we get a nation full, people who would agree not to—and would not want to—keep hens unless everybody kept them. Do you suppose we will ever live to see the day?

—A. J. R.

ACCOMPLISHED.

Aunt—I think you say your prayers very nicely, Reggie.
Young Hopeful—Ah, but on should hear me gargle!—From Punch.

THE FIGURE "9"

Arthur Wilson, the clever mathematician and one of our ablest bank examiners, says: There are many funny things about the numeral 9; one that I remember is this:

9 times 0 plus 1—1.
9 times 1 plus 2—11.
9 times 12 plus 3—111.
9 times 123 plus 4—1111.
9 times 1234 plus 5—11111.
9 times 12345 plus 6—111111.
9 times 123456 plus 7—1111111.
9 times 1234567 plus 8—11111111.
9 times 12345678 plus 9—111111111.
9 times 123456789 plus 10—1111111111.

Mr. Wilson adds: "Some bookkeepers, instead of footing long and heavy columns of figures the second time prove their work by the elimination of nines. Thus:

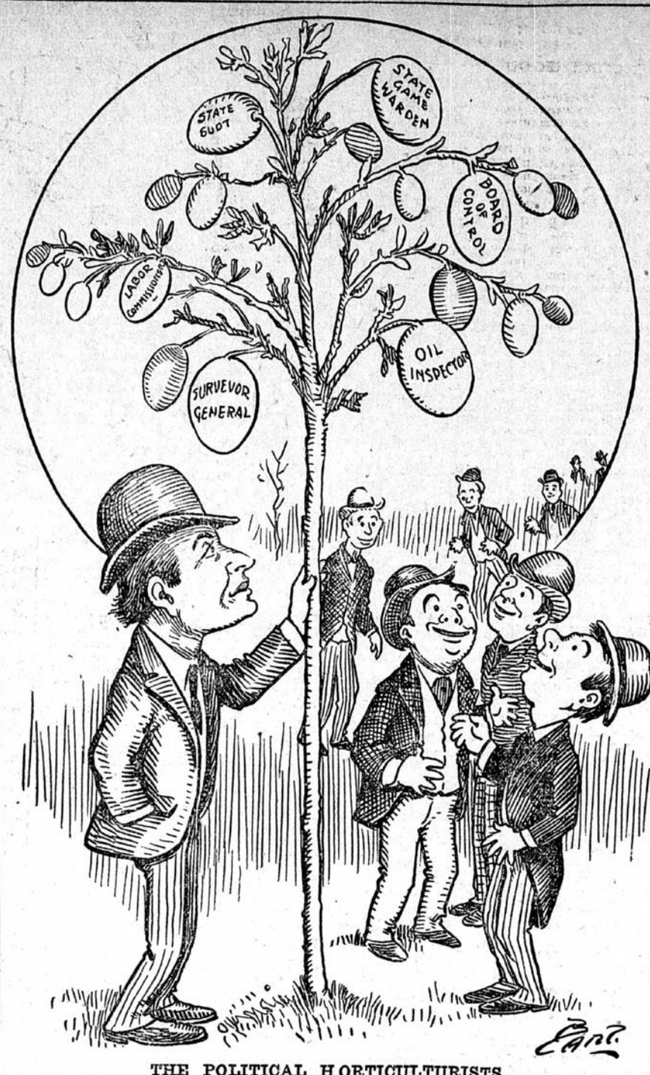
53978, digits 31; divided by 9 eq'ls 3 and 4 over
18073, digits 28; divided by 9 eq'ls 3 and 1 over
42679, digits 28; divided by 9 eq'ls 3 and 1 over
37862, digits 26; divided by 9 eq'ls 2 and 8 over
54716, digits 23; divided by 9 eq'ls 2 and 5 over

207928.

"The sum of the remainders is 19, which divided by 9 equals 2 and 1 over. The sum of the digits of the grand total is 28, which divided by 9 equals 3 and 1 over. When these last noted remainders are identical (as in this case)—each being 1—it is a proof that the 207,928 is a correct total. The same principle applies, of course, to 50 numbers as well as to 5, and is a very valuable as well as interesting way of proving the correctness of addition."

COMPOUNDED ADVICE

According to an eminent lawyer there is a custom in French jurisprudence that sanctions the consultation by a judge, in provincial courts, with colleagues on the bench, called "assessors," when sentence is to be passed upon certain classes of malefactors. "What ought we to give this rascal, brother?" a judge in the department of the Loire asked the assessor on his right. "I should say three years." "What is your opinion, brother?" This to the assessor on the left. "I should give him four years." Whereupon the judge, assuming an air of great benevolence, said: "Prisoner, not desiring to impose upon you a long and severe term of imprisonment, as I should have done if left to myself, I have consulted my learned brethren and shall take their advice. Seven years."



THE POLITICAL HORTICULTURISTS
In Session Under Governor Johnson's Plum Tree.

GREAT SKIDOO PROBLEM CAUSES SKIDOOMANIA

THE SKIDOO PROBLEM

Copyright, 1906, C. C. Kelly, Chicago.

A coin collector had an accumulation of pennies. He told his son he would make him a present of the entire lot if he would put them in boxes, the same number in each box.

There was an odd number of pennies, so that if he put an equal number in each of two boxes there would be one penny left over; in a like manner he figured on 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21 and 22 boxes, but in every case if he put an equal number in each box there would be one (only one) penny left over. The son gave it up and told his father he thought it impossible to perform the feat.

His father replied: "SKIDOO—23 for you."

The son then put the entire lot of pennies in 23 boxes, the same number in each box. How many pennies were there?

Skidoomania is becoming epidemic. Everywhere they are figuring on the great Skidoo problem. You probably noticed yesterday how one Le Sueur man figured it out that the solar system was in danger from the excess weight of the pennies. But he is not the only crazy man—oh, dear, no. There are others just as maniacal, only in a different way. Today the Skidoo problem editor selects the following specimens of insanity for publication, out of the innumerable number sent in:

The Cigar Store Solution.

To the Skidoo Problem Editor:

You are, of course, aware that all great problems are straightened out in cigar stores, and the one in this burg is no exception to the rule. This morning, after straightening out all the affairs of church and state, I handed the "bunch" your "skidoo joke," and they went after it with a vengeance. After using up forty sheets of paper 16x24 we found that 55,870,214.41 is the number you are looking for. Kindly send money by freight.

—W. A. Le Duc,
Manistique, Mich.

Relieves Us of All Trouble.

To the Skidoo Problem Editor:

The skidoo problem I have solved at last,
And to that tenner I'll surely hold fast.
It came to me like a flash in the night,
And I know, by gum, that it is right.

To relieve you all from this mental strain,
I will give it to you hot, right off my brain.
Twenty-two times twenty-one I started to do,
And I kept it up till I got to two,
To make things odd, I added one,
And here below you will find the sum,
1,124,000,727,777,607,680,001 pennies.

—Emily M. Wallof, 2200 Sheridan av S.

Lawyer Says It's Silly.

To the Skidoo Problem Editor:

The problem is quite silly. The first number to be divided into 23 boxes or piles is 69—three in a box, or 69 pennies in all. Equal does not mean even numbers. No one can ever make even numbers out of an odd number. The boy misleads the public in stating that he had one left over. A lawyer once advertised for a boy to study law, and as fast as they showed up he made an appointment for them all to be at his office at a certain hour next day. He placed them all in a row and told them this story: A farmer was troubled with a woodchuck and one day he saw the chuck near the barn. He got his gun and shot just as the chuck was going under the barn. It set the barn on fire, and the wife of the farmer, hearing the report of the gun, fell downstairs. The gun kicked the old man over. It frightened a child drawing water, so it let the windlass go and struck the child on the head. He then invited the boys to ask questions, and they commenced. One wanted to know if the barn burned up. One wanted to know if it hurt the old lady. One wanted to know if it killed the child at the well. But one little big-headed fellow spoke up and said: "Did he kill that woodchuck?" The lawyer replied: "Yes, that's what he shot for, and it was the main point. You are the boy I want." Now the main point of the problem is to get the first possible number into 23 different boxes, and there were 69 pennies.

—Lawyer,
416 Bank of Commerce.

Mixes Prose and Poetry.

To the Skidoo Problem Editor:

Herewith I present to you a solution of Skidoo. The least common multiple of the numbers from 2 to 22 with 1 added is required to meet the first condition of the problem, namely, to place an equal number of pennies in 2, 3, 4, 5 up to 22 boxes and have one left over after each division. This gives us 9,699,690 plus 1 equals 9,699,691 pennies.

Now I think that's rather neat
And the answer is complete (?).
But, halt. Is this number divisible by 23?
Are the boxes aliquot
To the pennies? They are not.
Here we have to think, and so
Average and ratio—
Every half-forgotten rule
We absorbed in grammar school—
Arithmetical progression
Crowd the brain in wild procession,
Till we find that twenty-three
Rather lacks affinity.
There's a long and proper way
To the answer. Shall we? Nay;
To save time we just shall try
Once or twice to multiply.

Every multiple of 9,699,690 with one added will satisfy the 22 first boxes, with one penny left over in each case. Query: How often do we have to multiply that number and add one before 23 divides it without remainder? We find that twice will not do it, but three times will; 9,699,690 times 3 plus 1, answer 29,099,071 pennies, is the least amount to meet the requirements of the problem.

But the mind is rather sad
To behold that counting lad.
Yours skidooly,

—A. R. Groenke, care Schock Mfg. Co.

Another Poet Breaks Loose.

To the Skidoo Problem Editor:

That Skidoo problem is a heartless fake;
It'll drive people crazy without a mistake.
The almighty dollar has ruined many a mind,
And the one thousand pennies are not far behind.

Early in the morning and late at night,
People are figuring with all their might;
Scribbling, scratching, wasting paper and ink,
Until they're so tired they can't even think.

Wee little tots in the second grade,
Desperate efforts repeatedly have made
To win those bright pennies; in that big store
Thinking of chewing gum and candy galore.

Pretty young maids have worked early and late,
But as their answers show, they're not up to date.
They made some big figures, not within a mile;
They thought the prize would be theirs for a smile.

Mathematical sharps all over the land
Have sat at their desks with pencil in hand;
To solve this problem was their sole determination,
But it soon confused them and spoiled their reputation.

Professional men in various lines
Have met with big problems hundreds of times.
They've fought big battles in the "mathematical field,"
But an answer to the "Skidoo" have failed to reveal.

The inventor of this problem a wise one must be,
And eagerly people are waiting to see
If it is only a hoax, or sound, solid business
That has kept 'em up nights and caused such dizziness.

I've worked it myself time and again,
Till it looked like a myth—no beginning nor end;
Simply a turmoil to passions provoke;
If I had that editor I'd show him a joke.

I'll try it again in a different way;
The exact figures I will not say,
But will give you a pointer and a hint;
For more information apply at the mint.

I've studied mathematics thru and thru,
And answers in septillions are very few;
But so many pennies—why, it's a shame;
They'd cover the states from here to Maine.

As for the boxes, they would have to be
As large as the state of Tennessee.
To fill them with pennies in a thousand years
Would take all the men on both hemispheres.

One penny left over or none at all
Should never justify such an awful squall.
I'd put in the boxes all they'd hold
And give the remainder to the poor and old.

—Louis R. Hagen, 729 5th av SE.

Solved in Two Minutes.

To the Skidoo Problem Editor:

The coin collector was a cheap guy and he gave his son only one penny. And this penny he placed in one box, numbering 23. I think 1 cent is the only thing this poor boy got. I wasted two minutes' time at this problem, and I do not intend to waste any more. Please send me one of the skidoo buttons.

—B. I. Erpelding, 1306 Central Av.

A GOOD EXCUSE

A Manayunk schoolteacher received the other day this note at the hands of a small boy:

"Dere miss pleze excuse son Willie scratching hisself as he has gust put on his winter flannens."

"BRAVO CARUSO!"

Police Court Scene From the Newest Italian Grand Opera. —New York Press.

Columbus Is Muckraked

Christopher Columbus was the greatest discoverer of real estate the world has ever known. As near as we can learn, from his folks, he was born in Genoa in 1446. His father, who was a poor woolcomber, saved his combings and gave Chris a careful education. He stood at the head of the geography class and was always called on by the teacher to answer difficult questions when the trustees visited the school. He had an irresistible inclination for the sea and drank salt and water for breakfast instead of coffee, claiming it stimulated his thirst for navigation.

The details of his early life are somewhat confused and unsatisfactory; even his married sisters could not keep track of him, but it appears that he spent most of his time working at his trade as a discoverer, looking around on the Mediterranean sea, hoping to find something that had been mislaid or strayed away from home. In 1470 he married the daughter of Bartholomeo de Palestrello, who left a woodshed full of discovering tools and nautical instruments, and Columbus fussed around with them until he became convinced that it was time for him to push out and land something big.

He did not have money enough to go on his own hook, and he finally induced Ferdinand and Isabella, being at this time sovereigns of Spain, to grubstake him. He promised to give them some town lots and a site for a new throne, and they fitted him out with three small vessels and a crew of men, and on Friday, Aug. 3, 1492, Columbus set sail from the Port of Palos with the words "high admiral" pinned to his hunting coat by the king, and with a "Tom Moore" cigar in his mouth walked the deck of the head ship with a profound tread. But when twenty-one days had elapsed without the sight of land, the courage of his men began to sink and they offered to throw him overboard; the offer was not accepted—which saved Columbus' life.

Columbus did his best to keep his men in good spirit. He passed the cigars around and promised them that if they did not discover anything before the end of the month he would turn around and try and find his way home. He offered a first-class prize to the man who should first discover land, and on the 12th of October, the same year, a man in the head boat won the prize, a dainty piece of hand-painted china filled with a 12 o'clock dinner.

It was the island of Guanahani, which Columbus thought belonged to Eastern Asia, and with this idea in his mind he threw himself upon his knees and kissed it. The natives gathered around him in astonishment, and his men, heartily ashamed of their disobedience, began begging his pardon and promised to stick by him in the future like poor relations. Columbus planted the royal standard two feet deep and cautioned the natives to water it and to be careful about picking the little standards until they were grown up.

After sailing around for a while he discovered Cuba, and after establishing a few postoffices and rural routes went back to Spain with a quit-claim deed in his pocket for several sections of good farming land. Court was in session when he arrived home, and as a good many people were in from the country the day was made a legal holiday; some of the merchants decorated their stores and did a good business. Columbus went direct to the courthouse with the returns and a chair was set for him next to the king, who was pleased to see him and made a grandee out of him, which is equal to a section boss in our country.

But his enemies, who were jealous, began muckraking and Columbus was thrown into jail and his relatives were thrown in after him as fast as they could be found, but as soon as he got squared away he wrote a long likely letter to a high up court lady explaining matters so satisfactorily that the king, who was shown, hastened around and apologized. In the vigor of his manhood Columbus was of an engaging presence, tall and well formed and muscular; he was the strong man at all the fairs in his county for years and quick and active at mealtime. He never took patent medicine and died from some other cause on May 21, 1506.—Tribune Record.

KNOWS THE FEELINGS OF SAUL

When J. Pierpont Morgan sailed to Naples, a stop was made at Ponta Delgada in the Azores, and thence a deputation came to call upon the magnate.

The talk during the reception turned to music, and a lady asked Mr. Morgan if he had ever heard the Gregorian music that is sung in the Sistine chapel in Rome.

"I have," said Mr. Morgan.

"And how did you like it?" the lady asked. "Those chants, you know, are said to be sung to the tunes which were used in David's time."

Mr. Morgan smiled.

"I could never understand till now," he said, "why Saul threw his javelin at David."

TIME TO MAKE GOOD

There was to be a circus in town next day, and Robert wished to go to see it unload; so he sought to obtain his father's consent. The first question his father put to him on being approached was: "Have you asked your mother?"

"Yes, sir," was Robert's prompt reply.

"What did she say?" the father pursued.

"She said I couldn't go," was the frank rejoinder.

"What do you mean, Robert, by coming to me to ask to do a thing after your mother has told you you could not do it?"

"Well, papa," the little fellow observed, "I heard you say last week that you're the boss of this ranch, and I thought it was about time for you to assert yourself."—Judge.

RECORDS FOR READING

"Our reading record," said the aged librarian, "is held by a rich old lady of 73 years. She has read, our books show, over 15,000 volumes—300 volumes a year since 1854.

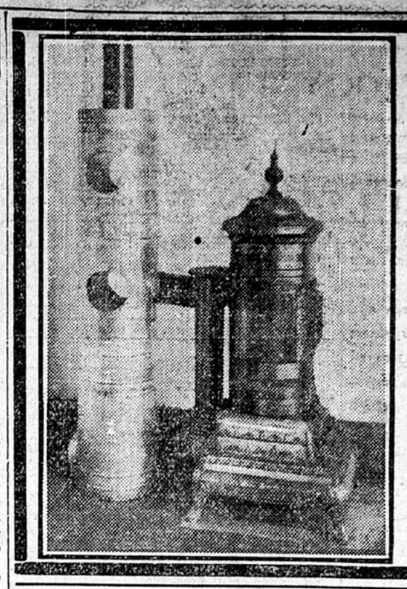
"Our average subscriber reads in the year's course from 75 to 100 volumes, tho we have many clients who get thru 200 volumes every twelvemonth.

"They who buy their books read much less. I am informed by our bookseller that the average book buyer doesn't read more than twenty-five or thirty books a year. The book buyer who reads 100 books a year is a very rare bird."

PLUGS OF TEA

"Plugs of tea, not unlike plugs of tobacco, are used by the Russian poor," said a globe trotter. "This is a low grade of tea, the stems are mixed with the leaves and all is pressed together, by means of an adhesive gum, into a hard cake or plug.

"A very strong and bitter cup of tea is made out of these tea plugs, a cup that would give you or me a nervous headache; but the mujik is used to it, and he will down twenty or thirty cups of plug tea along with black bread, raw onions and salt fish, and afterwards light his cigaret with as contented a sigh as you or I will heave on Thanksgiving Day at the end of a nine-course dinner."



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See Page 6 of this issue of The Journal

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