

FAMOUS RIDDLES

Here are three famous riddles, with the answers, and much fun may be had if you read them to a group of friends, allowing each three guesses for each of the riddles. It would make the test more interesting if those who miss be made to pay a small forfeit—to be afterward sold at auction—and a prize be offered for the best guess in each case.

The first is by Macauley:

Let us look at it quite closely—
'Tis a very ugly word,
And one that makes us shudder
Whenever it is heard.
It may be very wicked,
It must be always sad,
And speaks of sin and suffering
Enough to make us mad.
They say it is a compound word,
And that is very true.
And when we decompose it—
(Which, of course, we're free to do),
If from the letters we take off
And sever the first three,
We leave the nine remaining ones
As sad as sad can be!
For though it seems to make it less,
In fact, it makes it more,
For it takes the brute creation in,
Which is left out before.
Let's try if we can mend it;
'Tis 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 need be done
To change the note of sadness
To unmitigated fun.
It clears off swords and pistols,
Revolvers, bowie-knives,
And all the horrid weapons
By which men take their lives.
It wakens better feelings,
And how joyfully is heard
The native notes of gladness
Compressed in that one word.
Yes, four and eight, my friend,
Let that be yours and mine,
Though all the hosts of evil
Rejoice in three and nine.

The answer to this riddle is Man-slaughter—Man's laughter.

The second riddle is by Bishop Wilberforce, and runs as follows:

I am a singular piece of mechanism,
as all allow. I have a chest, two lids,
two musical instruments, a number of
articles indispensable to a carpenter,
two lofty trees, two good fish, a number
of shell-fish, a fine stag; a number
of small animals, swift and shy; two
playful animals, a number of weather-
cocks, two established measures, two
implements of war; whips, without
handles; the steps of a hotel, the sides
of a vote, fine flowers, a fruit, two
scholars, two places of worship, ten
Spanish noblemen, a way out of a
difficulty, a poor bed, a desert place, a
probable remark of Nebuchadnezzar
when eating grass.

The answer to this strange riddle is
the Human Body, which has a chest,
two eyelids, two (ear) drums, nails,
palms, soles, muscles, hart, hares,
calves, vanes, feet, hands, arms, lashes,
inn-steps, ayes and noes, tulips, Adam's
apple, pupils, temples, ten-dons, cheek,
pallet, waste, (eye-brows) "I browse."

Dr. Wier Mitchell's "Puzzle Verse" is
the third riddle:

A simple go-between am I,
Without a thought of pride;
I part the gathered thoughts of men
And liberally divide.
I set the soul of Shakespeare free,
To Milton's thoughts give liberty;
Bid Sidney speak with freer speech,
Let Spencer sing and Taylor preach.
Though through all learning swift I glide,
No wisdom doth with me abide.

The answer to this riddle is a Paper-cutter.

WHEN THE SHOPPER RETURNS

The shopper sails from Liverpool on a steamer that touches at Queenstown. Perhaps she has saved \$20 to see her through the customs and into her own home.

But she had not reckoned on Queenstown, for, though the steamers do not go up to the wharfs, hordes of lace vendors come out to the liners in small boats with Irish lace and Irish blarney, a combination that is hard to resist. "John will meet me at the landing, anyway," the shopper reflects, "and he'll not expect me to have a cent." And, so as not to disappoint John, she buys just a little crochet, a set of baby Irish, a little Carrickmacross—and the steamer's off. There is a panic at the thought of the custom house official, but John is there to help through and her best friend is at the dock.

"Didn't you love Paris?" asks the friend enviously.

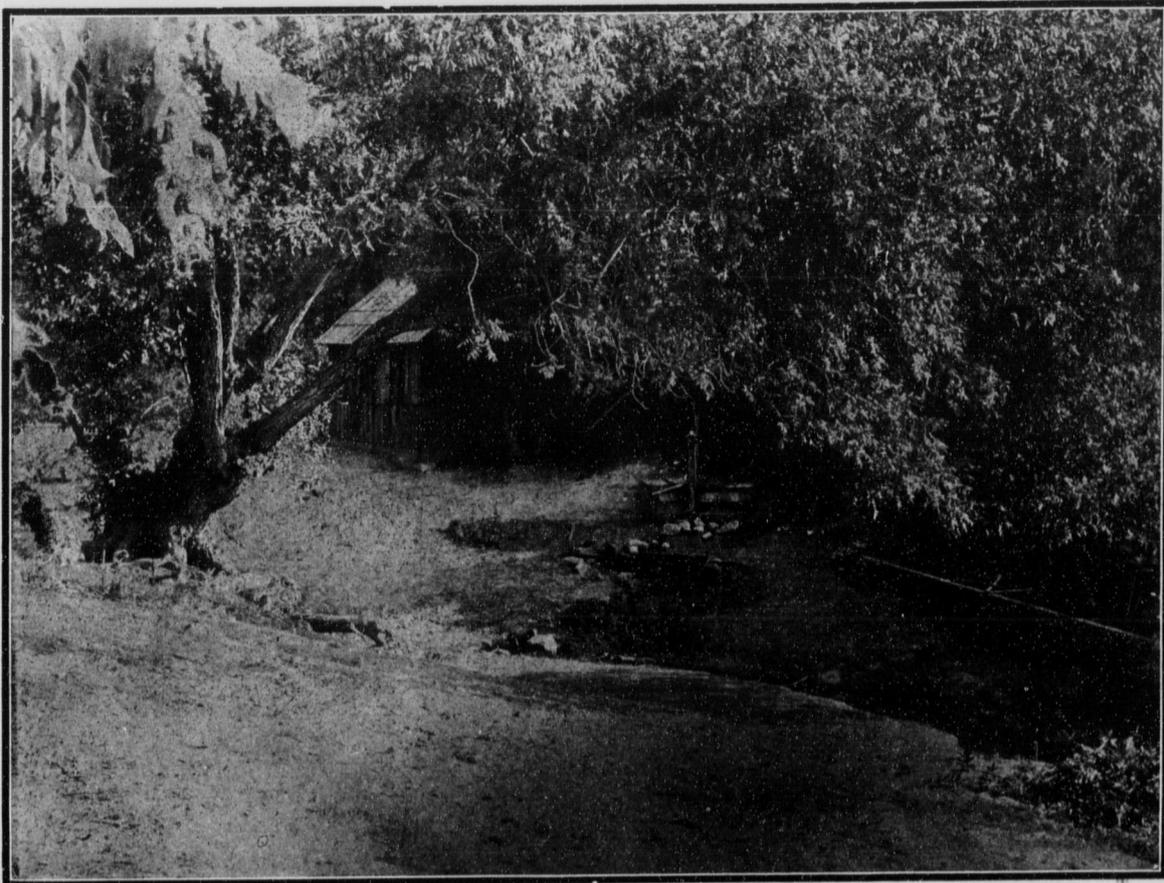
"Adored it," replies the shopper.

"And the Louvre—didn't you love the 'Mona Lisa'?"

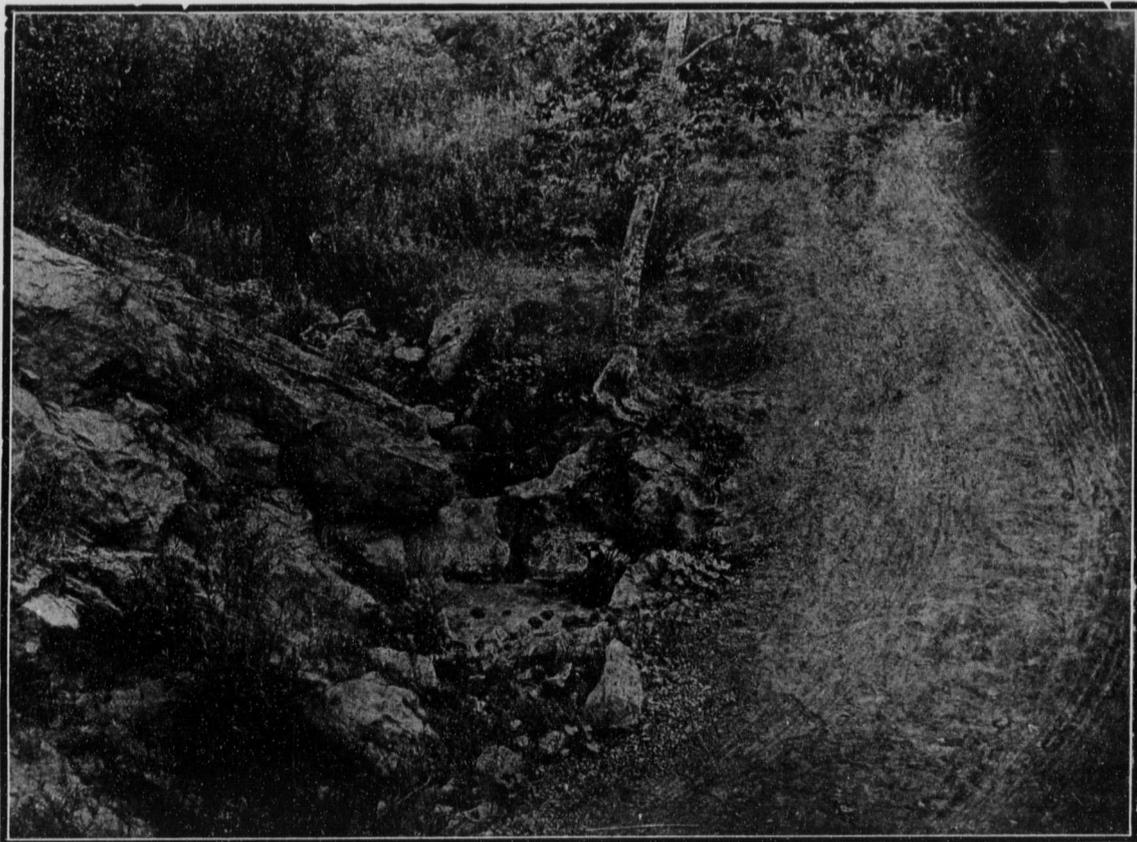
"I don't remember the 'Mona Lisa,' but, enthusiastically, "the feather boas were beautiful!"—Delineator.

Take care of the explorers and the pole will take care of itself.—Puck.

Pretty Canyons Back of Hollywood



IN BEAUTIFUL LAUREL CANYON



COOL AND INVITING SPRING BESIDE THE ROAD

WHAT IS SLEEP?

"Sleep," declares Dr. Woods Hutchinson in his new book, "is the recharging of the body's battery. During working hours the destructive forces of the body are in excess of the constructive, but during sleep the upbuilding processes are in excess of the down-breaking, and this is the one great positive fact that has emerged from all the negative theories about sleep which have been the chief result of thirty centuries of study. Sleep as much as you possibly can. The majority of vigorous adults require about nine hours, wo-

men half an hour to an hour more than men of their age. To rouse growing children from sleep before thoroughly rested is little short of criminal," while sunlight and fresh air are the "angels of the house."

DIFFERENT VIEWPOINTS

First Chauffeur—There should be a flagman at this level crossing!

Second Chauffeur—What for?

First Chauffeur—Why, to stop the express trains when he sees a motor car coming.—Judge.

GOD'S WORKSHOP

April! and on the shining hills
The ancient miracle of birth;
Lo! God is forging daffodils
Upon the anvil of the earth!

The winds, like bellows, blow the flames,
Till high on all the hills they leap;
And spring's eternal wonder shames
The human heart that dares to sleep.
—Charles Hanson Towne, in Harper's Bazar.

Entirely Different

"What do you think of the spring fashions?"
"They must be all right. They certainly make
all previous fashions look obsolete."—Houston
Post.