

105 PRIZES **SAM LOYD'S** 105 PRIZES
PRIZE PUZZLES



The KITCHEN RANGE.

The Story of a Queer Voyage on the Grim Old Stove to the Land of Cooks

BY W. L. LARNED.
Illustrated by the Author.

"I'M JUST as hungry as I can be," wailed Cuthbert; "here it is six o'clock and the folks are not in sight."

Catheline sniffed the air disdainfully.

"Perhaps you are ignorant of the fact that I can cook a little myself," she retorted; "suppose we try our hand at household slavery. You may begin by building a fire in the range."

"Please don't cook yourself," chuckled Cuthbert, with a grimace; "but as for the fire, I think I might assist in that. Ho! for the 'Sign of the Kitchen Range.'"

The two children darted down the stairs and were soon within the four walls of that most entrancing of home places—the kitchen. The old-fashioned range stood at its far end; a placid structure of cast iron.

Cuthbert lost no time in starting a fire, while his sister, with nose in the pantry, debated with herself over apple pie and Welsh rarebit.

The kindling wood had just begun to crackle good-naturedly when both little truants were surprised to hear a stentorian voice call out to them from the corner in which the range reposed.

"Do make haste," said the voice shiveringly. "Here I've been left in the cold for six hours, and my rheumatism is acute—pour on a little kerosene."

"Why, who could that be?" inquired Catheline with a gasp of astonishment. "It certainly sounded as if the range spoke to us."

"Right you are," sputtered that iron-clad piece of kitchen furniture, with a rasping cough and wheeze. "It probably has never occurred to you that my power extends beyond that of roasting potatoes and keeping the cat warm. Just pour on a little kerosene, will you?"

The fire was remarkably feeble, and although Cuthbert realized the enormity of the crime, he poured a thin stream of oil down upon the kindling wood.

"Hurrah!" shouted the kitchen range. He lurched forward on his short legs and tumbled the two children flat upon him; and a second later, stove and children were whirling upward, through plaster, laths and shingles.

"Ohee-e!" yelled Cuthbert.

"Ohee-e-e!" squealed Catheline.

"Free at last," grunted the Kitchen Range.

They were sailing along through the air at marvelous speed.

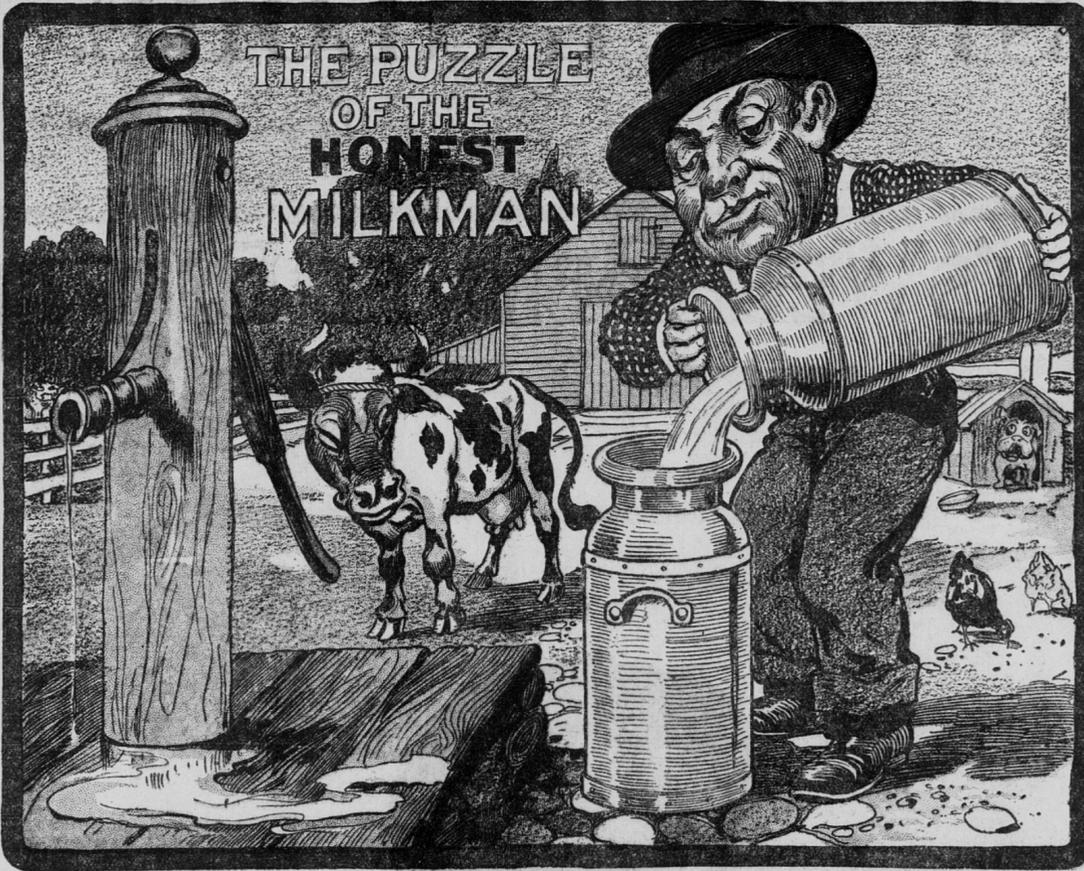
"Your father and mother will soon be out of range," laughed Mr. Cook Stove, with amiable self-satisfaction at his own pun. "It's about time something occurred. I've been a prisoner in that house for fifteen years—fifteen, just think of it!"

"Now I will return to the land of my birth. In the long ago people told me that I was the likeliest young Range in Cookalovia. I could roast a goose with the best of them, and father always remarked that I drew better than the average."

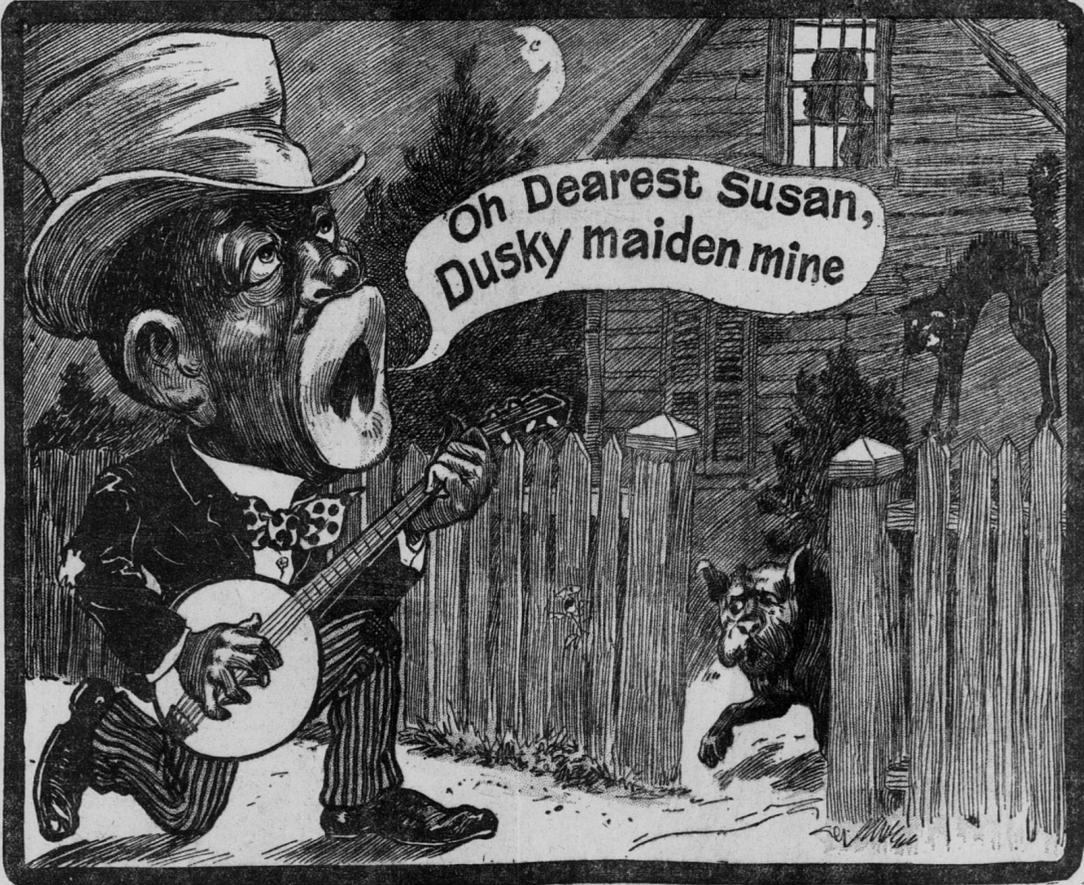
"An artist!" exclaimed Catheline in surprise.

"No—no—not that," growled the old range testily. "It was a matter of draught. When I was young they had to TIE all of the fuel to keep it from flying out the FLUE. I may be a little tangled on my aerial adverbs and nouns, but you understand."

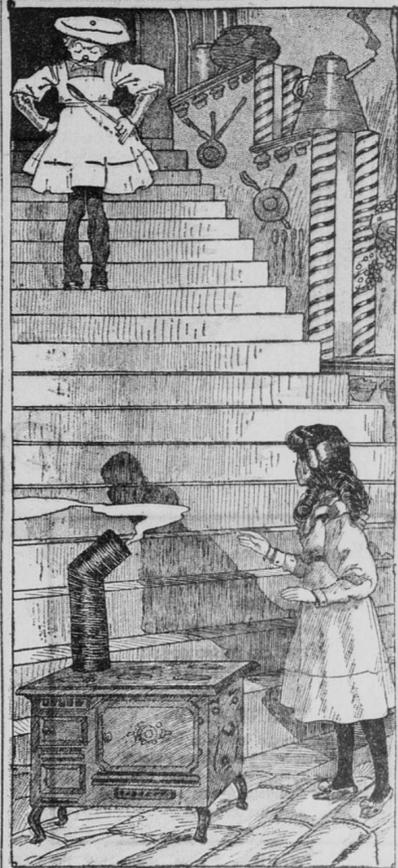
"Most certainly," responded both children in a breath,



THE PUZZLE OF THE HONEST MILKMAN



Oh Dearest Susan, Dusky maiden mine



The real King of Cookalovia appeared on the steps.

"I hope nothing will put a damper on the occasion," he gulped, between ribs.

The children were invited to sit at the banquet table with the other guests, and when night fell, it was a bright picture that everyone saw.

It came time for the royal feast to be brought to the table; a cowering servant fell prostrate at the feet of the Chef-King.

"Oh, Lord and Master," he wailed, "there has been a terrible accident. The gas tank exploded and all our corps of highly respected ranges are out of commission; of course, they cannot cook the royal repast when there is no gas."

Now comes the very remarkable part of the story. While the impertinent gas ranges were hopping about in all stages of abject embarrassment at their helplessness, it suddenly occurred to the Chef-King that old Mr. Stove could do the work all right. There he stood, in an out-of-the-way corner, with a coffee pot on top of him, and the coffee pot was singing away for all it was worth.

A great deal of wood was thrown into him immediately, and over its beneficent glow the royal feast was at last prepared.

Mr. Stove was fired and kindled, was heated and sizzled until he grew red in the face from the exertion; once he came very near scorching something—a favorite trick of his, when adverse circumstances made him hot; but thanks to a corps of watchful cooks, the dinner came off without a hitch.

"You have saved the day, all right," said the Chef-King in a congratulatory way. "Now what can I do for you?"

Mr. Range wiped his perspiring forehead. "Let me go back to whence I came," he sniffed. "Your gas tanks in Cookalovia are too bombastic."

The Chef-King shook his head. "I could NEVER do that," he stated with emphasis. "We will need you sorely now for at least a week to prepare the royal viands and to see us through the payment of the Royal Gas Bill, which must be something terrific."

It happened now that Catheline and Cuthbert came to the rescue.

When the palace was wrapped in royal darkness, they stole downstairs to where Mr. Stove stood smoldering with wrath in his corner.

"Quicker," whispered Catheline.

"Quicker," whispered Cuthbert.

He poured the contents of a royal lamp into the stove and away they went through palatial doughnuts, and vanilla wafers and rye bread.

"It was a wonderful voyage," Cuthbert commented afterward, when they were home again in the little UN-royal kitchen. "I quite forgot that I was hungry."

"Yes," said Catheline. "I never once thought of apple pie or Welsh rarebit."

As for the Kitchen Range, he was too busy warming Kitten-kitten to ever notice them at all.



The Chef-King tickled his long French mustache with the end of a soup ladle.



In a moment they were on their way.

Five prizes of \$1 each, and 100 copies of a book of ingenious puzzles, will be divided among those sending in the best answers to either or both of these puzzles. Address carefully, LOYD, PUZZLE EDITOR, CARE OF THIS PAPER.

The milkman had two cans. One contained a certain quantity of water and the other held a certain quantity of milk.

From can number one, which contained only water, he poured enough

to double the contents of can number two. Then he poured from can number two into can number one, enough to double its contents. Then, for the third and last manipulation, he re-poured from can number one into can number two until their contents were equal.

How many can tell what were the relative proportions of milk and water in each of the cans?

In the words of the dusky serenader, there is a hidden city.

although there was some doubt about it.

In exactly one hour Mr. Range began to descend. Ten minutes afterward they were all standing on the brow of a high hill that overlooked the Magical Town of Cookalovia.

"This is a historical sight, not to say site," vouchsafed Mr. Range, shutting his oven door with a click. "See that big tree down the hill? Well, thirty years ago it was only a mere bush over which Jack and Jill stumbled."

Giving this ancient monument a wide berth, the three commenced to descend the hill. They had scarcely entered one of the wide streets flanked on both sides by hedges of frying pans, boilers and tea pots, when a crowd collected around Mr. Range.

"Old fogey—old fogey," they called derisively. "The Rip Van Winkle Range of Cookalovia—been asleep in the mountains all this time?"

When Catheline and her brother looked, they saw that this crowd was composed of gas ranges of every size and shape.

"They're making fun of you," declared the girl reproachfully. "Strangers—strangers," Mr. Range was muttering to himself.

He looked quite shabby and worn out as he stood there, and his two comrades instinctively felt a pang of regret that his humiliation should be so deep.

"Come with us to the King," shouted a dozen gas ranges in unison. "He will surely make you Court Jester."

"He looks as if he NEEDED Court Plaster," volunteered another ingrate, snickering.

"Let's GO!" spoke up Catheline. "Perhaps the King will be more considerate."

With a howling mob at their heels, composed not only of gas cooking stoves, but new-fangled egg beaters and complicated wringing machines, the three wanderers walked down the street in the direction of the royal palace.

Mr. Range seemed dazed. He looked from one side to the other, shaking his head all the while. It was an elaborate kitchen and the Chef-King's throne was bolstered up with a

wavering with mingled delight and astonishment on the steps of the royal palace. Instead of brick or stone, the building was composed of loaves of bread. The roof was tiled with vanilla wafers, and there were profuse mural designs woven out of doughnuts and cream puffs.

The two children were not prepared for the surprise that came soon afterward; they had pictured the King in their minds as some great personage, brocaded and crowned, with flowing robes and a lordly mien.

When the real King of Cookalovia DID appear at the top of the royal steps, as a white-capped, apron-clad Chef, with a ladle in one hand and a cook book in the other, both Catheline and Cuthbert stared upon him with almost rude curiosity.

"All hail the King!" the crowd cried as one.

"I'd like to snowball him," mumbled the Kitchen Range testily.

They were led by a chamberlain into the magnificent crown room. It was an elaborate kitchen and the Chef-King's throne was bolstered up with a

variegated assortment of tin cans. Upon this he crawled to gaze sternly upon the visitors; his interest, however, seemed to center on Mr. Range.

"Where in the wide world did you come from?" asked the Chef-King.

"I've been in the service for fifteen years," answered Mr. Range. "When an opportunity came for me to return to the land of my birth I did so, only to find that everything has changed."

The Chef-King was thoughtful for a few moments, tickling his long, French mustache with the end of the soup ladle. Finally, he spoke again.

"There are royal visitors at court to-day," he declared. "It is my intention to give them a great spread in the Palace after nightfall. Polish yourself up a bit, promise not to smoke, and I'll allow you to heat the royal coffee. As a novelty, I can think of nothing that would amuse my friends more than yourself."

There was a great shuffling and moving, and as Catheline and her brother watched, their old friend was polished up until his brown old sides fairly shone.

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