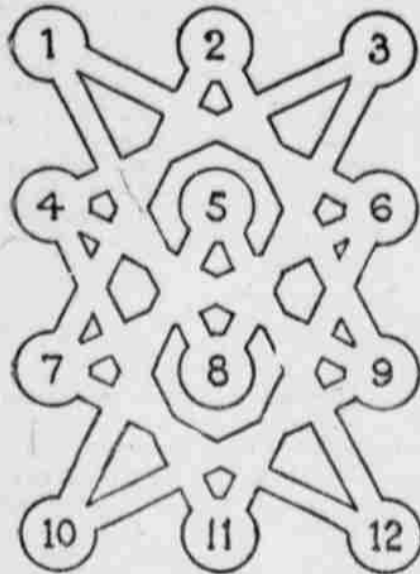




### SULTAN'S PIT GAME IS NOVEL

Prisoners Placed in Labyrinth and Offered Freedom Under Unique Conditions.

A certain Sultan who was fond of all manner of intricate puzzles used to amuse himself by testing the ingenuity and resource of his prisoners of war. Among other buildings about his palace he had a peculiar maze, which consisted of 12 pits, open to the sky above and connected by a series of underground passages, which were quite dark.



Plan of Pit.

Upon one occasion he caused six prisoners to be placed in these pits, three of them dressed in red in the pits numbered 1 2 3, and three more dressed in yellow in the pits numbered 10, 11, 12. The Sultan commanded his vizier to provide each of these prisoners, who were complete strangers to one another, with a rifle and five cartridges, and to inform them separately that any of them who could escape alive under the following conditions should be set free and returned to his own country:

The three dressed in red were to exchange places with the three dressed in yellow, but only one man was to move at a time, upon a given signal, a bell for the red and a whistle for the yellow. Each man could move only from the pit in which he stood to another pit that he could see in a direct line with his own, the passage from one pit to another being always a direct line through the dark.

As each pit commanded a view of two others, each man was told that if he saw another man dressed in a different color from himself standing in any pit he should fire upon him at once and kill him or the man whom he saw would in turn shoot at him. If any survived and got to the other side of the maze they would be set free.

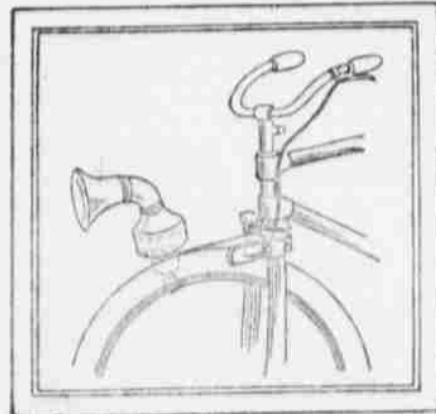
This plan having been explained to the prisoners before the day set for the experiment and each of them having been provided with a plan of the maze it appears that one of them had studied out a plan by which they might all escape with their lives, and when they were placed in the pits, the tops of which were open to the sky, he called to the others in his own language and was delighted to find that they all understood him, whereupon he explained his plan and gave the word of command to each man as to the direction he should take. In 22 moves they had safely changed places, no red man having ever seen a yellow man and no two men having ever been in the same pit at the same time.

How was this accomplished?

### MOTOR-CYCLE SIREN WHISTLE

Powerful Alarm Device, to Be Placed on Front Fork of Machine, Is on Market.

A powerful siren whistle, designed for attachment to the front fork of a motorcycle, just above the rim of the wheel, has been placed on the market, says Popular Mechanics. Attached in



Powerful Siren Whistle.

this way the bell of the whistle points in the exact direction that the front wheel of the machine is taking.

### A Good Idea.

Said Janey: "I look volumes And why, I'll tell to you, I don't know how to read, so that's The best that I can do."

### Rose Guess.

Any one can play this simple game. Take a full-blown rose, hold it up where all can see, then let them write on slips of paper how many petals they think are in the rose. The petals are then counted and the nearest right receives a prize.

### OFFENSIVE MANNERS.



How nicely little Cecil sits And eats his cake in careful bits— A Warning, John, to you, Whose Mouth is filled with Beef and Egg, The Remnants of a Turkey's Leg, And half a dumpling, too.

It really makes me feel quite hurt To see the Way that you insert Your Fingers in the Dish; Such Mouthfuls, too, have ceased to be Since Prophet Jonah Marvelously Was swallowed by the Fish.

Pray from the Joint remove your Fist, And do not stubbornly persist Good manners to offend, Some Day you'll choke upon a Slice, Or suffocate from too much rice, And that will be your End.

### UNIQUE GAME WITH LETTERS

Each Player is Given a Vowel and Five Minutes to Write Sentence—Longest Wins.

"Now," said Charlie, when everybody was gathered around the table, "let's play the vowel game father told us he used to play when he was a boy."

"How do you play it?" asked everyone at once.

"It's very easy," replied Charlie, distributing pencils and paper impartially among the family group. "You take the five regular vowels, a, e, i, o, u, and, beginning with the first letter, each player writes as long a sentence as he can, using no vowel except 'a' in any word, but repeating that letter as often as he wishes."

"I don't quite understand," said Cousin Lucy. "Please give us an example."

"You'll have to give me a few minutes' grace, then," laughed Charlie, taking his pencil and paper. "Suppose I take 'a.' He wrote industriously a few minutes and then read the result aloud:

"Ah, madam, Frank Farna, a tall, tasty, black man at Panama, has a cat that can catch all bad ants and bats at Nathan's pantry and barn."

"Bravo!" cried uncles and aunts and cousins, as Charlie finished reading the queer sentence.

"You see," continued Charlie, "you may give the players five minutes, or any time you agree on beforehand, to make up the sentence. When the time is up, the sentences are read and the one having the longest sentence of good, plain, commonplace English has gained the first point. You go on this way for each of the five vowels, and when all the sentences are read and compared, the person who has gained the most points wins the game."

### A TRIP BEGUN IS HALF DONE.

Willie, Jennie, Mary, Joe, Decided they would take a row From Boston down to Tokyo.

Until up spoke the River Man: "I really do not think you can, For Tokyo is in Japan."

"But, why," they asked in great dismay, "Could we not go a little way, And start again some other day?"

What happened then, I do not know, But that was yesterday, and so They must have gone to Tokyo.

### LIFTING CATS AND RABBITS

Mistake to Lift Animal by Nape of Neck Without Supporting Lower Part of Body.

It is a mistaken idea that the proper way to lift a full-grown cat is by the nape of its neck without supporting the lower part of its body with the other hand, says Watchword. It is true that the mother cat carries young kittens by grasping in her mouth the loose skin at the back of her offspring's neck, but a tiny kitten is a very different matter from a large cat, and, indeed, the only way to lift a kitten without squeezing or hurting its soft little body is to lift it by its neck; but after it has grown larger its own weight is too great to be supported by such a bit of skin and fur as is so grasped by the hand, and many a cat suffers perfect tortures by being held in this manner, and is quite helpless to run or struggle, as in such a position certain of its muscles cannot be controlled, and it is absolutely at the mercy of its unconscious tormentor.

The same rule should be observed in lifting rabbits by their ears. They should always be partially supported by the free hand and not allowed to dangle with their whole weight straining from their large but necessarily delicate ears.

### Here's a Riddle.

He went to the woods and caught it; he sat him down and sought it, because he could not find it, home with him he brought it.

Answer—A thorn. He went to the woods and got a thorn in his foot. Then he sat down and tried to get it out, and because he could not find it he had to take it home.

## PROPER TREATMENT FOR OVERHEATED WORK HORSE

It Is Important to Know That Exhaustion From Summer Heat May Be Prevented—Clean Stable, Feed and Air Essential.

(By A. S. ALEXANDER, Wisconsin.) When during the hot weather the hard worked horse suddenly stops sweating, lags, weakens, pants and has hot dry skin and extremely reddened membranes of the eyes, nose and mouth he is suffering from heat exhaustion and by using the thermometer it would be found that his temperature is over 106 degrees.

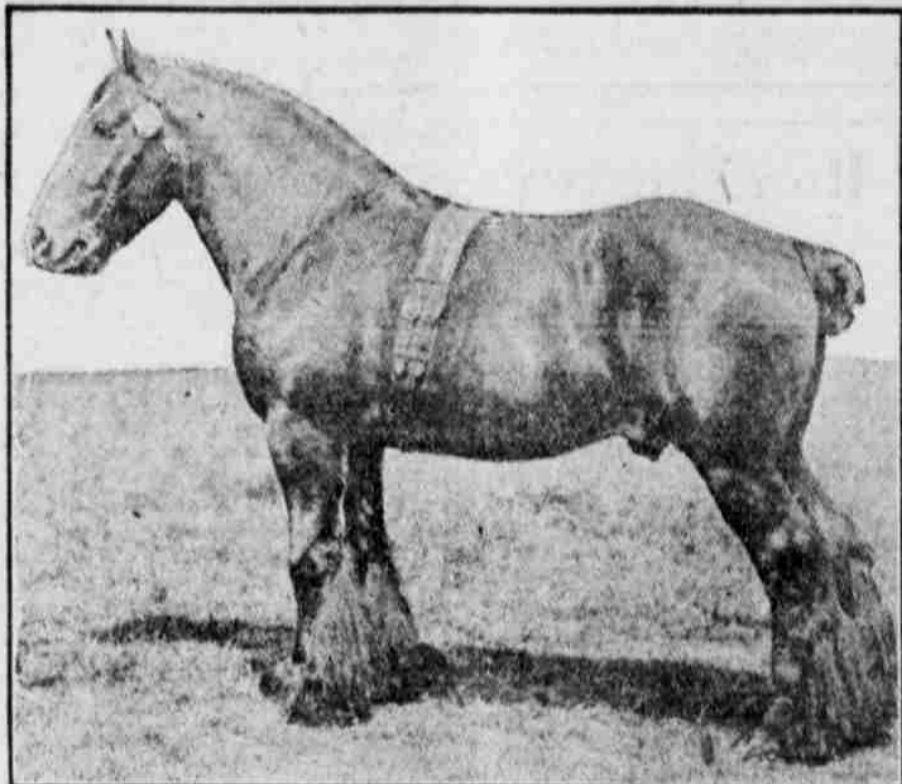
Unless a horse in this condition is immediately rested, put in a cool, shady, breezy place and there cooled off he will be likely to fall and die of heat apoplexy or "sun stroke."

It therefore is well to know and look

suffers fearfully from the direct rays of the sun. Also shade the polls of horses at work and in such a way that air can pass under the shading hat or other cover.

When a horse shows symptoms of heat exhaustion stop work, stand him under a tree where there is a breeze, shower his body with cold water from a sprinkling can, keep cold wet packs to the poll of his head and give him large, frequent doses of stimulants such as whisky in strong cold coffee.

Do not bleed him or give him acornite or other poisonous drugs. Repeat the dose of stimulant every half



Babingley Good Luck.

out for the symptoms here outlined and then be able to treat them intelligently. In the first place it is important to remember that heat exhaustion may be largely prevented:

By keeping the horse's stable clean, airy, perfectly ventilated, darkened and screened in summer time.

Feeding the best of foods in adequate but not extreme quantities.

Making no sudden changes of food.

Allowing plenty of cool, pure drinking water.

Permitting ample time for rest at noon.

Removing the harness during such rest periods.

Not overworking any horse and always changing frequently the middle horse of a three horse team, as he

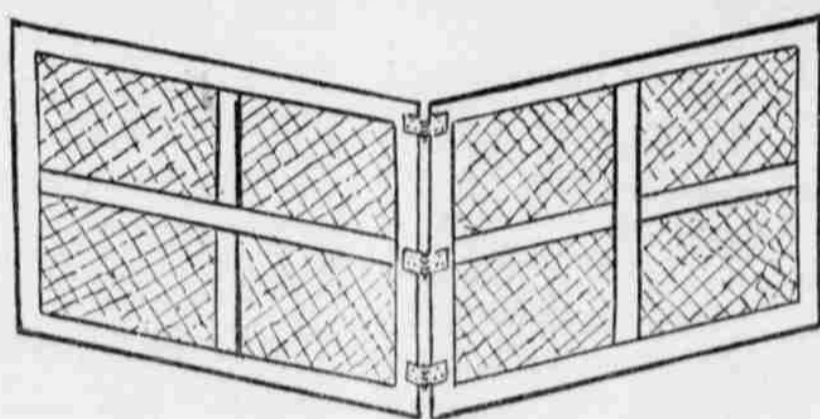
hour at first and every hour or two as he gains strength and the fever abates.

A good stimulant is prepared by mixing together one part of aromatic spirits of ammonia and two parts each of alcohol and sweet spirits of nitre. Of this give two ounces in a pint of water or cold coffee as one dose.

If he is bloated give four ounces of hypsulphite of soda dissolved in water and inject soapy cold water and glycerine into the rectum once an hour until relieved. In case of sun stroke call in the graduate veterinarian as soon as possible.

An excellent likeness of Babingley Good Luck, one of Lord Rothschild's famous shires, is shown in the illustration.

## HINGED HURDLER FOR SWINE



Instead of chasing pigs and having them running in every direction, make a V-shaped hurdler as shown in the illustration, says Farm Press. The frame is light wood and the webbing is made by two thicknesses of close mesh wire fencing with water-proof building paper between. A stiff wooden brace runs each way through the center so the fencing may be stretched

tight. It is light and so strong that it is almost indestructible. With one of these rigs you can build a narrow lane on one side of the pen and move it ahead as the hog moves. He sees the opening ahead and walks that way to get out. Hogs may be coaxed with a rig of this kind when it is impossible to drive them where you want them to go.

## EXTINCTION OF EARLY EQUINES

Much Mystery Surrounds Disappearance of American Horses—Attributed by Some to Increasing Cold

Over three centuries ago, at the time of the Spanish conquest, there was not to be found in the new world, so it has been practically proved, a single animal that answered to the description of the horse. Horses, indeed, which the Spanish brought with them, were objects of first of great terror to the natives, who took them to be four-legged supernatural beings come purposely to aid the conquerors. Yet recent research by the Whitney mission has established beyond doubt that long before Columbus the Americans were overrun by horses from the mountains of Alaska to the plains of Patagonia, says Harper's Weekly.

In 1826 the chance discovery in New Jersey of an equine fossil of an unknown kind, led to more methodical investigation of America, with the result that pre-historic horse bones have been found in California and Oregon; between the Gulf of Mexico and the Carolinas; in Texas, Florida and the valleys of Mexico; in the basin of the Mississippi and on the western

slopes of the Rocky mountains. Horses, too, must have been numerous in this country previous to the appearance of man, researches having brought to light their fossilized remains mixed up with pottery and the stone arms of cave dwellers.

How is it, then, that the equine race, represented in America by kinds of fossils considerably more numerous than in Europe, came for a time to vanish from this country to reappear thousands of centuries later with the Spanish conquest? For but a century after Cortez there were already in existence herds of wild horses in the regions of the mata and the prairie of the far west.

By some this temporary extinction of the American horse has been attributed to the increasing cold and the encroachments of the glacial hemispheres. It is certain that the elephant and camel disappeared at the same time. Another explanation is that the horses succumbed to a malady such as the "rinderpest" in South Africa. Again, what brought about this exodus may possibly have been a species of the present-day Columbian vampire bat, which sucks the life blood of its victims, and in the districts it infests prevents the horse being used as a beast of burden.

### Lids on Cream Cans.

Never put tight lids on cream cans while the cream is warm.

## Nancy Owen's Vacation

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Nancy waved a last good-by and turned away with a little lump in her throat. While she had not expected it, she would have rejoiced greatly had one of her sisters offered to sacrifice part of her vacation and spend it with Nancy, keeping house for her father in the hot city.

Perhaps it was unfortunate that Nancy was the only one of the motherless Owen girls who had a taste for housekeeping. Of the other three, Bess taught in the kindergarten, Olive was a librarian and Beatrice taught music in a private school. When schools were closed and Olive had begged a vacation the three were wont to pack their trunks and join a merry party of friends in country and seashore, where, chaperoned by a distant cousin, they enjoyed all the pleasures of the gay summer.

This had gone on for several years, and Mr. Owen, absorbed in business, had not noticed that Nancy was not getting her share of the good things of the world. When his own vacation came around the other girls had returned, and he had gone away on hunting or fishing trip quite content that his daughters were looking fresh and bright and happy.

This year he had thought Nancy looked fagged and worn, and into the midst of vacation plans he had thrown a quiet question.

"What of Nan? She has never had a vacation. Why can't one of you girls stay with me and let Nancy go away?"

There was a chorus of protest. "But father, Nan is home all the time—she doesn't work hard—she doesn't require a rest! The rest of us are poked up all day for nine months in the year over stupid children! Nancy doesn't need a vacation!"

Nancy had not been there and never knew of the argument; she had become used to staying at home during the warm summer days and had learned to arrange the house so that it always seemed cool and inviting to her father on his return at night. With one maid servant, Nancy did not have much work to do, but it was the monotony of the lonely life that told upon her and drove the pink from her cheeks and the elasticity from her step.

"So the girls got away all right?" questioned Mr. Owen as he unfolded his napkin that night.

"Yes," said Nancy, spiritlessly.

"Feel a bit lonely, honey?"

"Just a little, father."

"We must get time to run around to some of the summer shows, Nan! It won't do for us to get down in the mouth just because we're left alone, eh?" Mr. Owen finished his soup before he peered at Nancy around the pink-shaded lamp.

She was smiling brightly as she smiled every year when her father made the same remark; Mr. Owen detested every form of entertainment save the opera, and Nancy mercifully never held him to his half-veiled promises.

A few days after this, Mr. Owen telephoned to Nancy that he would bring a guest home to dinner that night. It was not uncommon for her father to invite some business friend to dinner, and the girl was accustomed to listen quietly to much talk about business and politics.

So she laid another place at the table and added a few touches to the dainty arrangement. It was all very cool and appetizing after the hot glare of the downtown streets. A frosted green shade on the lamp, a bunch of dark purple violets in a silver vase, the sparkle of cut glass and polished silver, made the meal most inviting.

In the parlor, now shrouded in brown linen and softly lighted from the chandeliers, Nancy sat and played on the piano until after her father's latch key grated in the lock. She heard the sound of voices and knew they had gone upstairs. Presently her father's voice in the doorway roused her from a half reverie.

"Nancy, dear, I want to introduce Mr. Ballinger—my daughter, the stay-at-home, Ballinger!"

The girl found herself greeting a younger man than any her father had yet introduced. He was young and decidedly handsome, with the good looks that are the endowment of perfect health. He was tall and his shoulders were broad and he carried them with a little free swing that seemed to belong more to the open country than to the cramped city life.

He looked with interest at little Nancy, in her soft white gown with a string of pearls about her white throat. The brown hair was brushed slightly back from her white forehead and the perfect crescents of her dark brows were arched above her steady blue eyes.

Nancy flushed under his scrutiny, brief as it was, and with a few words of greeting left the room to give last instructions about the dinner. When the gong rang she was waiting in the dining room.

Mr. Ballinger did not permit the conversation to linger among the dry details of business or politics; he brought Nancy into a warm discussion of the merits of rival opera singers, and laughingly gave in when she had defeated his arguments. They talk turned upon art and travel and Mr. Owen learned with surprise that his little home-staying daughter possessed

a richly stored mind and a wide knowledge of subjects upon which he confessed himself quite ignorant. Both Nancy and her father found Paul Ballinger intensely interesting.

Nancy sighed a little when the dinner was ended, but afterward, in the parlor, it was still more delightful. Mr. Owen asked Nancy to sing and she brought out her old books and played as only Nancy could play. All the old favorites that the two men demanded, the girl sang in her rich contralto voice, and sometimes Ballinger joined in with what Nancy thought was the sweetest tenor in the world.

After that Paul Ballinger came often. Sometimes he dropped around in the evening and they sat in the shadow of the front door and talked; the two men growing more intimately acquainted while the girl sat near by, happy to listen to the conversation of the only man who had ever attracted her.

Sometimes Ballinger brought around his motor car and the three went for long spins into the country. Nancy often wondered what her sisters would have said to see her on such occasions. She was sure that even the delights of Sea Side could not have restrained them from coming home.

All the time Nancy was growing prettier, and stronger and happier. A beautiful color bloomed in her cheeks and her blue eyes sparkled with a new light.

When the three months were up, the Owen girls came back from their vacations. Brown as berries, strong and cheerful, at the dinner table that night they dashed into a recital of their summer pleasures.

"There was a frightful scarcity of men," confessed Beatrice frankly. "We girls had to dance together at the hops and we all learned to row and swim without the customary help! Bess, being the beauty, received most of the attention!"

Bess blushed rosy. "Nonsense, Bess. You didn't miss much pleasure, Nancy, dear," she said rather condescendingly to her sister. "And really, now, dad, Nancy didn't need a vacation! Look at her—she is the picture of health!"

Nancy reddened under their curious eyes and one hand went up to her hair in the old nervous manner.

"Nancy Owen!" her sisters shrieked in chorus. "Where did you get that ring?"

With a guilty look at her father Nancy hid her hand with its beautiful cluster of sapphires and diamonds.

"That's part of Nancy's vacation," remarked Mr. Owen, with a twinkle in his eye.

They stared, round-eyed. At last Olive spoke whimsically. "If that is part of the vacation—pray tell us about the remainder, dad."

"Oh, the remainder is merely Nan's engagement to Paul Ballinger—and they are to be married in October and go abroad for a year!"

"Paul Ballinger!" groaned Beatrice; then she arose and ran around the table to Nancy's side. "You are the most unselfish girl in the world, Nancy—and deserve to be perfectly happy."

When she had been kissed and congratulated and the girls had admired the lovely ring, Nancy smiled over their heads at her father. "Who will keep house for dad next summer?" she asked demurely.

"I!" the three cried in chorus, and as they fell into merry dispute over the coveted position, Nancy stole away to the parlor, where she knew that perfect happiness awaited her.

### Missing.

What becomes of the men and boys reported missing in Milwaukee.

An average of 300 men and boys are reported missing to the police each year, one-half of whom are never heard of again. Just where these men go to has never been satisfactorily explained.

It is probable that some of them are confined in insane asylums throughout the country. For instance, there are many men with wrecked minds confined at the county asylum whose past is a blank. These men were picked up on the streets wandering aimlessly around.

Very few women disappear, but when they do it is usually a case of some mental disease and the missing one is easily found again. Sometimes an effort of the heart causes her to wander away from her home and in this case it is rare that she ever returns.

The majority of persons who disappear, however, are men either affected with the "wanderlust" or others whose domestic responsibilities do not rest heavily on their minds.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

### A Superfluous Question.

"You told me how deep to plant squash and onions and beans and corn and beets," exclaimed the lady boarding from the city, who was enthusiastically engaged in gathering data for a book she proposed to write on gardening. "but I forgot all about asking you about egg plants—will you tell me how deep they should be planted?"

The old farmer was digging holes for a new henhouse. "Can't you see for yourself?" he grunted.