

FIGURE PROBLEMS

Gems That Are to Be Found in the Old Arithmetics.

ALL OF THEM "PRACTICAL."

That Was What the Inquisitive Boy's Father Told Him, and the Lad Started Out to Verify the Statement—The "Practical" Examples He Dug Up.

Was education more practical a generation ago, or did John's father study his books more thoroughly than John does? John is a seventh grade student in the public schools. He asked his father to help him solve the following problem:

"A. asked how much money he has in the bank, replied, 'If I had \$10 more I would have \$1,000 more than half what I now have.' How much money had A.?"

"Such a fool problem," said the father. "Tell that teacher to ask the cashier. You have been pestering me with problems like that for a week. Suppose your teacher asked you how old you are. Would you tell her 'If I were ten times as old as I am, diminished by forty-two, I would be thirty years older than dad, and if dad were one-fourth as old as he now is he would be my age?' What would your teacher do if you answered in such a manner? In my day we had practical problems in our arithmetic."

In order to investigate his father's statement John went to the public library and asked for an old arithmetic.

The librarian gave him Richard's Natural Arithmetic. He turned to the page marked "Practical Exercises" and read:

"A. puts his whole flock of sheep into three pastures. Half go into one pasture, one-third into another and thirty-two into a third. How many in the flock?"

"That's queer," said John. "Practical exercises too. Here is a man who wants to find how many sheep he has. He counts them so he will know when he has half of them. This half he puts into a pasture. Then he counts out a third and puts it in another pen. Next he counts what's left and finds he has thirty-two. After a little figuring he finds how many in the whole flock. Very practical. I guess dad didn't study that book."

The next book he examined was Milne's Inductive Arithmetic, edition of 1870. In miscellaneous examples he found the following:

"Two ladders will together just reach the top of a building seventy-five feet high. If the shorter ladder is two-thirds the length of the other, what is the length of each?"

"Why didn't he measure each ladder separately?" John asked himself. "That problem is not practical. I guess dad is older than I thought. I want an older book."

The text written in 1868 was handed to him. The book was evidently influenced by the civil war, for it was filled with problems dealing with battering down fortifications and the sustenance of soldiers. One problem was:

"If twelve pieces of cannon (eighteen pounders) can batter down a fortress in three hours, how long will it take for nineteen twenty-four pounders to batter down the same fortress?"

"That's fine for a general," John reflected, "but dad says that I am going to be a captain of industry."

Another arithmetic of the same date had the famous fish problem with which John's teacher had troubled him for six weeks before he himself finally explained it to the class. The fish problem is:

"The head of a fish is ten inches long. Its tail is as long as its head and one-half the body. The body is as long as the head and tail both. How long is the fish?"

Very handy problem for a butcher. John turned to the Common School Arithmetic, edition of 1853. "Here I'm sure to find something good," he reflected and read:

"A hare starts up twelve rods before a hound, but she is not perceived by him till she has been up one and one-fourth minutes. She runs at the rate of thirty-six rods a minute, and the hound runs at the rate of forty rods a minute. How long will the race last, and what will be the distance the hound runs?"

"What difference does it make how far the hound runs?" John asked as he turned to the Scholar's Arithmetic, edition of 1807. The present high cost of living made the first problem impractical for present day purposes. John concluded. The problem was as follows:

"If I give eighty bushels of potatoes at 21 cents a bushel and 240 pounds of flax at 15 cents a pound for sixty-four bushels of salt, what is the salt worth a bushel?"

Another problem was: "A good man driving his guest to market was met by another, who said, 'Good morning, master, with your 100 geese.' Says he in reply, 'I have not 100 geese, but if I had half as many as I now have and two and one-half geese besides the number I now have already I should have 100.' How many geese had the man?"

How long would you permit a man to live if he made such an answer to you?

"Phew!" John sighed as he wiped his forehead and handed the book back to the librarian. "Dad must have skipped these practical problems."—Kansas City Star.

We are never so ridiculous by the qualities we have as by those we affect to have.—Rochefoucauld.

EASY TO FLOAT.

Simple Rules That Will Aid Those Who Want to Learn.

"It is inexcusable for cramps to cause the death of a good swimmer," remarked an old and enthusiastic swimmer.

"Any normal person can float in the water," he said. "A good swimmer can learn more easily than others, and he should learn it. There may be human bodies that will be entirely submerged if unsupported, but I doubt it, and I know that such bodies are rare."

"Probably the bodies of drowned people sink because they have taken in large quantities of water. Whether this is or is not the explanation is not important."

"With the air expelled as much as possible by ordinary breathing and with no swimming movement some part of the head will remain above the water. If the experiment is to be prolonged it is more agreeable to throw the head back and have the nose above the water, but that is a detail."

"When you are in the water you should practice floating. It is easier to float in deep than in shallow water, but until you have learned to swim prudence demands that you remain where you can stand with your head above water. Walk out until the surface is near your shoulders. You can float in a less depth, but it is more difficult. Allow yourself to fall backward. Make no effort to prevent sinking. Let your nose point to the zenith. Your head may be under water, but it will rise again. You can take my word for it, knowing that if you fall you can stand on your feet."

"If you have followed instructions you should float the first time. The important thing to remember first, last and all the time is: Hold your breath all the time unless you know you will take in air and not water."

"You who have not learned to float may be thrown into the water. You may have a few hours or a few seconds of warning. Use those few or many seconds to get control of yourself, and there are two things you should bring to the front in your thoughts. Refrain from breathing except when you know you will take in air and not water, and if a swimmer attempts to rescue you make no effort to grasp him except when and as he requests."

"If he is a wise and a good swimmer he will not allow you to do this, as an effort to grasp him will add to his labors, and he will need all his strength."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ashes From the Old Hearth.

A quaint Swedish legend concerning a cure for homesickness appears in Selma Lagerlof's book "The Girl From the Marsh Croft," translated by Veina Swanson Howard. The tradition is to the effect that if a person suffering from nostalgia took some ashes from the hearth in his or her old home and strewed them on the fire in the strange place he or she would be rid of the homesickness—an easy remedy apparently, but it had two serious drawbacks. The first was that after using the remedy in the new home one would never be content in any other place. If one were to move from the homestead to which one had borne the ashes one would always long to get back there again just as much as one had longed to get away from there. And the second drawback was that one couldn't carry ashes along every time one moved to a new place, because the remedy could be used once only. After that it lost its charm and had no effect. So that, taken all in all, it was a rather dangerous experiment to make.

Winter Home of Deer.

The winter home of the American red deer is very interesting. When the snow begins to fly the leader of the herd guides them to some sheltered spot where provender is plentiful. Here as the snow falls they pack it down, tramping out a considerable space, while about them the snow mounts higher and higher until they cannot get out if they would. From the main opening or "yard," as it is called, tramped out paths lead to the nearby trees and shrubbery which supply them with food. In this way they manage to pass the winter in comparative peace and safety.—St. Nicholas.

Family Relations.

"Who is that man you were just talking with?"
"That's my brother-in-law."
"He looks enough like you to be your own brother."
"He is my own brother. We are twins."
"Twins? Then why did you say he was your brother-in-law?"
"Because he is. I have three brothers—one in law, one in medicine and one in the army."

He Explained It.

"See here, young man," said the stern parent, "why is it that you are always behind in your studies?"
"Because," explained the youngster, "if I wasn't behind I could not pursue them."—Chicago News.

Gloomy and Peculiar.

"What is the baby crying for, my child?"
"I dunno; 'e's alwys crying. I never came across any one wot looks upon the dark side of things as 'e does."—London Punch.

Still a Baby.

"The last time I saw him was thirty years ago, when he was a baby."
"Well, I saw him yesterday, and he hasn't changed a bit."—St. Louis Star.

The covetous man loses what he does not get.—Seneca

A FEAT OF HORSEMANSHIP.

Threading a Needle While Riding at Full Gallop.

Some amazing feats of horsemanship have been performed by cowboys and Indians, not to speak of those astonishingly expert Cossacks, but it is doubtful if these have ever exceeded the feat of a lit irregular cavalryman. Cossacks have been seen to snatch a baby from its mother's arms at full gallop, toss it into the air, catch it and repeat the performance. Indian riders in the far west have sprung from their horses' backs while the animals were moving at full gallop, picked up arrows and remounted instantly in a standing posture. But who ever heard of a Cossack, an Indian or a cowboy threading a needle while at full gallop?

The horsemen of the lit coast use small mounts, slight, but quick and wiry, of thoroughbred Arabian barb type. Those of the irregular cavalry perform all manner of charges and evolutions. They will throw their swords and matchlocks into the air, catching them by the hilts and stocks. On one occasion, by way of offering some new and unusual entertainment to a French officer visiting that region, it was announced that one rider would attempt the needle threading feat.

A needle and a piece of thread possibly two or three feet in length were produced. They were both handed around for inspection. The needle was a cambric one and the thread fifty or sixty fine.

The rider galloped his mount down the sand about 400 yards or so. He finally wheeled his horse and remained stationary, facing his audience. The man who held the needle and thread waved them in his hand and rode toward the other. When he had covered about two-thirds of the distance he halted and waved his hand to the farther one. Immediately the latter spurred his horse into a gallop and came toward the audience at full speed. As he passed the other he took the needle and thread from his companion, bent over for a moment and pulled up when he reached the visiting Frenchman, holding the threaded needle triumphantly over his head.—St. Louis Republic.

DRESDEN POLICE.

They Are Permitted to Impose Small Fines on Offenders.

One advantage accrues to the respectable member of the community from the munificence with which the Dresden police look into the affairs of every inhabitant of the city. If he is a careful man and always carries papers which may serve to establish his identity he is practically immune from the indignity of being arrested and marched off to the police station unless, indeed, he commits some especially heinous crime. Does he drive faster than the law permits, does he cross a bridge on the left hand side, he is stopped by the guardian of law and order and requested to give his name. If he has his papers with him the policeman may then and there impose a fine of from 1 to 3 marks. If then he admits that he is in the wrong and pays the fine the incident is closed. If, however, he wishes to appeal from the policeman's decision he may do so. Even in that case he is not arrested, but a day or two later he is notified to appear in court and answer to the charge against him. But then if he is found guilty the lowest fine that can be imposed is 3 marks. That this custom of permitting the policeman personally to impose small fines is little understood by foreigners is shown by a remark made by a gentleman who had lived in Germany the greater part of his life and in Dresden for a number of years. In reply to any inquiry as to whether there was ever any question of corruption in the police department he replied:

"No; none whatever as far as the higher officers are concerned. The individual men, however, may be bribed occasionally. For instance, if I were to walk on the grass in the Grossergarten and a policeman caught me at it I would give him a mark or two, and that would end the matter."

Crushed.

The late Sir Charles Hammond was addressing a meeting during a general election, at which he won a seat in Newcastle, when a man interrupted him. "Get yer 'air cut, Charlie!" he shouted.

Sir Charles, who was a magistrate, calmly adjusted his glasses and silenced the interrupter by saying, "My friend, if I am not mistaken, I have been the means of having your hair cut before today."—London Tatler.

Chastened.

A Wall street broker, turning the corner of Broad street, saw a friend coming down the steps which lead out of the office of a well known financier. This departing caller had a chastened and bored expression on his handsome face, and the Wall street broker inquired the cause. With thoughtful deliberation his friend replied:

"I just have been experiencing the unconscious insolence of conscious wealth."—New York Press.

Easier.

"Better take a hardwood table ma'am. It is the fashionable thing," the dealer said.
"No," said the young woman; "baby will soon be old enough to hammer, and he never could drive a nail into hardwood. I'll take a plain pine table."—New York Journal.

Housekeeper's Reason.

"What is your chief objection to moving pictures?"
"The dust that has accumulated behind them."—Birmingham Age Herald

PAWNSHOP LINGO.

A Business Chat Between a Customer and His Uncle.

Maybe you never had occasion to go to a pawnshop. Probably it's just as well. If you ever have gone there, though, you may have learned that the pawnshop has a lingo of its own.

Here is a conversation overheard—oh, a man told me about it—in a place on Ontario street.

A young man with a worldly wise expression had just walked in, unhooked a large gold watch from a chain and handed it to the man across the counter for inspection.

"How many do I cop on the chimer?" he inquired nonchalantly.

"Cough your figure," said the duck behind the counter.

"Would four sawbucks find you in the front parlor?"

"Not so, my cheeld. I c'n get a dray load of 'em for forty."

"Aw, well, pass me over sixty Mexican, then."

"Nope. Come again. Thbrty's too strong too."

"Say, bo, where do you think I gets this ticker—by findin' six out o' twelve faces in the picture?" inquired the young man with a disgusted leer.

"Anyhow, twenty-five's the rock figure. That goes. Nothin' less."

"Twenty-five on a gilt dial," murmured the money lender as he wrote out the ticket and the transaction was ended.

The next customer was a red haired youth with a forehead about one and one-eighth inch high and carrying a suit of clothes under his arm.

"How often for me happy togs?" he asked, spreading them out on the counter.

"Up to you."

"Bout four, then. They're gay ones."

"Split," said the other laconically. "Better rake it down too. Can't play the high one."

"Whut—on'y a double on them giddy rags?" in a tone of injury.

"Two's the limit."

"You win." And, taking the two dollar bill and his ticket, he went his way.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FAULTS OF GOLFERS.

To Cure Them the Play of Experts Should Be Studied.

The common faults of the golfer may be named in the following order of importance: Swinging too quickly, taking the eye off the ball, holding the left hand under the club, keeping the hands too near the body and standing too near the ball.

The easiest, says Outing—indeed, the only satisfactory—way of curing all these faults is to go out and watch some first class experts play. If you cannot find any expert of the first class go for the best available.

This, of course, is rudimentary advice and certainly not original. The youngest caddie at St. Andrews has learned to request his master to keep his eye on the ball and not to press. The trouble is that no amount of book teaching will make you follow this advice.

There is only one way to hit a golf ball. You must watch a good player and imitate what he does. Most beginners make the serious mistake of taking lessons from professionals who watch their pupils play and try to correct them. The pupil would get twice as much good out of the lesson if he would watch the professional play and think as little as possible about himself.

The human being is naturally imitative. If you sit and watch a good tennis match between first class players you will unconsciously finish your stroke better the next time you take up a racket. With golf this is particularly true, because nothing is so important as the rhythmic timing of the stroke which distinguishes a good player from bad.

Made a Social Outcast.

In court circles in England it is a serious matter to incur royal displeasure. The man or woman who does so intentionally ceases to be recognized by his majesty, which means social extinction. The offender's name is struck out of the visiting list of every person who is anybody in society, and should the offender be a man he is politely informed that his resignation from his club or clubs would not be out of place. No man or woman of social repute will in future know him, and if he be in the army or navy he has no option but to resign, for he will find himself cut dead by every one of his brother officers.—London M. A. P.

His Own Hands.

A fashionable painter, noted for his prolific output, was discussing at a studio tea in New York a recent scandal in the picture trade.

"Look here, old man," said a noted etcher, "do you paint all your own pictures?"

"I do," the other answered hotly, "and with my own hands too."

"And what do you pay your hands?" the etcher inquired. "I'm thinking of starting an art factory myself."

Awaiting Her Chance.

Maud—I do wish Tom would hurry up and propose.

Ethel—But I thought you didn't like him.

Maud—I don't. I want to get rid of him.—Boston Transcript.

In and Out.

Wagg—There seems to be quite a difference between a job and a situation Wagg—Oh, yes. For instance, when a fellow loses his job he often finds himself in an embarrassing situation.—Boston Transcript.

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