

SAM LOYD, THE PUZZLE MAKER

He Was Inventor of the Famous "Pigs in Clover."

AMASSED A LARGE FORTUNE.

Known as the Puzzle King, He Set Problems That Taxed the Ingenuity of the World For Two Generations. The Donkey Made Him the Most Money.

Sam Loyd, the puzzle man, whose puzzles have taxed the minds of the whole world for almost two generations, died recently at his home in Brooklyn. He had made a fortune out of his puzzles and died a very wealthy man.

It was as the "puzzle king" that Sam Loyd was best known, but besides being a puzzle maker he was an artist of some ability, an inventor of mechanical devices, a writer, a chess player of great proficiency and a profound mathematician. His ability in the latter field was at the bottom of much of his success as a puzzle maker.

He was born in Philadelphia in 1841 of an old Quaker family and at the age of ten was playing chess with some of the cracks of the country and often beating them. First he studied engineering, and then he studied mathematics and languages at Heidelberg. But all the while he was making puzzles for his own amusement and to perplex his friends. When he was twenty-five years old he became a professional puzzle maker, conducting a puzzle department in various newspapers for many years thereafter and spreading his fame to the far corners of the earth.

Most Famous Puzzles.

The two most famous puzzles invented by Sam Loyd were "pigs in clover" and the fifteen puzzle. His puzzles were divided into two general classes—namely, those requiring manual dexterity and those requiring mental dexterity. Many folks throughout the world got the pigs into the right place at the expense of their nervous systems, but nobody ever solved the fifteen puzzle. It had occurred to Loyd while trying an old Hindu puzzle of the magic square. Famous mathematicians sought to work it out all over the world, but their solutions never came right, according to its author. Mr. Loyd afterward said that he never made any money out of his fifteen block puzzle because he was unable to have it copyrighted, nor did he out of the "pigs in clover." One store alone sold 100,000 sets of his block puzzle when the craze was on.

The puzzle out of which this inventor of brain twisters made the most money was the donkey puzzle, in which the object was to put two jockeys on the backs of two donkeys. This he patented and sold in large quantities. The facility with which his brain could turn out puzzles of such a kind as to baffle the keenest mind and give half the world headaches was shown when he turned out the pony puzzle. It was turned out in response to a bet made by a governor of Pennsylvania while returning on the same steamer from Europe with the puzzle maker in 1888. The governor had challenged Loyd to produce a new puzzle before the passengers in the smoking room. Loyd took a pencil, drew a pony and cut him up into three pieces. The pony was galloping before he cut it up, but the thing was to make it gallop afterward. The governor offered a reward then for anybody to solve it on the voyage, but nobody did and not many afterward.

Invaded England.

P. T. Barnum heard of this puzzle and ordered 10,000,000 for advertising use. The showman traveled around with the solution in his pocket, as he could not remember it overnight, he said. In the end 1,000,000,000 copies of the puzzle were sold. This and some of the others netted him a great deal of money, which he shrewdly invested in real estate and in good securities, with the result that he amassed a large fortune. Shortly after turning out the "disappearing Chinaman" he went to Europe and introduced his puzzles to the English newspapers. Immediately all England started to work over them. Hundreds of chess problems were turned out by Sam Loyd, whose first prize for a maker of these was taken when he was eleven years old. He was the author of "Chess Strategy," one of the most popular works on the game. Turning to the mechanical field, he invented such puzzles as the chair puzzle and the star puzzle, almost impossible of solution.

Phonograph Calls Cows.

The phonograph, through the ingenuity of a couple of boys in Wisconsin, has become a thing of usefulness as well as amusement. After the novelty had worn off the boys had cast aside the "canned" songs and funny talks and gone back to checkers. But they found that doing the chores seriously interfered with the game. One of them remembered that they could talk into the records and have the talk come out just like it went in. So between moves each called into the machine, "Come, boss; come, boss." Then they put the phonograph out facing the pasture and turned it loose. The cows came home.



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THIS MAN HANDLES A MILLION PASSENGERS A DAY.

THIRTY years ago Frank Hedley, an English immigrant, came through old Castle Garden with about \$2.15 in his overalls. The other day an interviewer queried him, "No doubt you had planned to enter upon a career on arriving in America?" "Career? Thunder!" ejaculated Hedley. "I was planning to enter upon a job, and that mighty quick. I needed the money." Now Mr. Hedley is general manager of the subway and elevated railroads in New York, called the Interborough system, carrying more than a million passengers every day. When he got to this country Hedley knew what kind of job he wanted, too, which was in his favor. He was a skilled mechanic. He crossed over the Hudson river and went to work in the Erie railroad shops at \$2.40 a day. Now he receives \$25,000 a year—at least that much, and probably more. They say he's worth it, too, being always on the job. His favorite amusement, he says, is "to go home and count the kids." Hedley is a human dynamo.

A Few Thoughts on Money.

Money, otherwise known as tin, dough, cash, gelt, rocks, etc. The corpuscles of national circulation which indicate the strength of our constitution.

It is often called a curse. Some swear by it, others swear for it, and still others swear at it. It often causes a species of mental derangement or delirium called money mania. Many are willing to be thus inoculated.

It is the feature of social distinction. It is the measure of intelligence—those who have it are wise, those who have it not are foolish. Possession of it entitles one to the use of a money-gram.

Though a medium of exchange, it has no connection with souls or astral bodies.

It is the religion of today, often called moneytheism. Preachers pray for it; laymen lay for it.

It is the be all and the end all. Children cry for it, women sigh for it, men die for it, and all lie for it.—Smart Set.

Wrecked by a Knife Blade.

A ship was once wrecked on the Irish coast. The captain was a careful one. Nor had the weather been of so severe a kind as to explain the wide distance which the vessel had swerved from her proper course. The ship went down, but so much interest attached to the disaster that a diving bell was sunk. Among other portions of the vessel that were examined was the compass that was swung on the deck, and inside the compass box was detected a bit of steel, which appeared to be the small point of a pocket-knife blade. It was learned that the day before the wreck a sailor who had been set cleaning the compass had used his pocket knife in the process and had unceremoniously broken off the point and left it remaining in the box. That bit of knife blade exerted its influence on the compass and to a degree that deflected the needle from its proper bent and vitiated it as an index of the ship's direction. That bit of knife blade wrecked the vessel.

A Calamity.

Neighbor—My! My! So the story is true and your husband has really eloped with the servant girl. Deserted Wife (weeping)—Yes, and she was the best girl I ever had, too, a perfectly lovely cook, and so quiet and respectful. Dear knows where I'll be able to get another!—Philadelphia Times.

Money.

Money is character; money also is power. I have power not in proportion to the money I spend on myself, but in proportion to the money I can, if I please, give away to another.—Bulwer Lytton.

The great soul of this world is just.—Carlyle.

Nature's Scene Shifting.

Although in the geological past vast changes of level occurred on the borders and even in the center of continents, it is a debated question whether at present similar elevations and subsidences can be detected. Recently the frequently repeated statement that the coasts of Massachusetts and New Jersey are perceptibly sinking has been disputed, the apparent subsidence being ascribed to simple changes of shore line. But some curious records kept in Europe seem to indicate that actual fluctuations of the level of the land may occasionally be observed. In the valley of the Main a church tower hidden behind a mountain screen has since 1861 gradually risen into plain view from the chateau of Strossendorf, and still farther in the same direction another church tower, which began to be visible from Strossendorf eighty years ago, is now clearly seen above the horizon and is said to rise higher as time goes on. Similar records exist in Bohemia, in Switzerland, in Spain and in the French Jura.

Ocean Derelicts.

There is an old dread of encountering a derelict that is just below the surface of the water. There is no such danger. A derelict that will sink below the surface will sink to the bottom. Take a tub of water and try to find any object that will unattached occupy a position that is other than at the surface or at the bottom. There is a long task ahead of you. There is the false theory that the water grows denser as one goes deeper and that a sinking object will find a place where it will remain suspended. This theory is not correct, and a boat that will sink beneath the surface will sink to the bottom, even if that bottom should be twenty miles down. The derelict that is bumped into has a piece of itself sticking out of the water as an alarm if the eyes of the lookout are only sharp enough to catch it.—New York Tribune.

Scotch Students.

Many a man who never had any "schooling" gets an education, and often a surprisingly good one.

A traveler in Scotland once met a farmer whose ground rent was about \$20 a year and who wrote poetry in Gaelic that was of a high order.

This same traveler met a youth in Scotland who rode from home on horseback to the seaport and then across Scotland to Aberdeen, where he sold his horse to enter the university.

It is related of another Scotchman that he was overheard repeating a line of Tennyson, whereupon some one asked him what poet he liked best.

"Homer," he replied.

"Whose translation do you read?" "I rarely read a translation," he said, wiping the fish scales from his apron. "I like best to read Homer in the original Greek."—Minneapolis Tribune.

Thackeray's Disfigured Nose.

The usual account of how Thackeray was disfigured says that Venables broke the novelist's nose in a fall fight. John Ward in Notes and Queries supplies another version. About a year after Thackeray's death Mr. Ward was traveling on one of the main railways and had as companions two old ladies who knew Thackeray well. One of them said the novelist had told them this story:

"Being one of the youngest pupils (at Charterhouse), he was chosen by one of the older lads, a rather proud aristocrat in his way, to act as his fag. Thackeray bore it as well as he could, but demurred to some more arbitrary command than usual and flatly refused to obey, whereupon the young aristocrat caught Thackeray up, held his head under his arm and with the heel of his boot used as a hammer bent the beautiful aquiline nose quite flat with his face—in fact, breaking and injuring its structure completely—the excuse being, 'You'll clean my boots next time, sir.'"

Before his injury Thackeray was, the same authority says, remarkably handsome.—Westminster Gazette.

Won His Supper.

Terry is of that class of gentry whose nimble wit is the only thing which keeps them from starving in this day of practicalities. Terry is a great coffee drinker, and many are the expedients he will undertake to get it when he is without funds. The other evening he walked into a cafe and said to the proprietor:

"Good evening, Mr. M."
"How are you, Terry?" was the response.

"Pretty good, pretty good, barrin' a bad throat. It's glad I am to see yer-self lookin' so smart and yer doin' so well in yer business, now, ain't yer? It's glad I am, too, about that. By the way, Mr. M., would yer be after trustin' me this evenin'?"

"Trust you! Terry, I wouldn't be trustin' my own father."
"Thru for you, Mr. M. If I'd knowed yer father as well as you perhaps I wouldn't trust him meself!"

And Terry got his coffee and rolls.—Chicago News.

When Nature Was Timekeeper.

In the British museum is a large stone composed of carbonate of lime, which would serve perfectly as a day laborer's calendar inasmuch as it would indicate to him every Sunday and holiday of the year, though not the day of the month. Moreover, the stone is an actual time record of the work done for a long period in an English coal mine.

The "Sunday stone," as it is called, was removed from a colliery drain. When the miners were at work the water running through the drain left a deposit colored black by the coal dust, but when no work was being done the water ran down clear and left a white deposit. These deposits in the course of time built up the stone. Each day of work left a black streak, immediately followed by a white streak made during the night. Wide white streaks indicate the holidays and Sundays.—Harper's Weekly.

Back to Adam

A parchment roll over a foot wide and nineteen feet long containing the genealogical tree of King Henry VI, is in the Welsh National Library at Aberystwith. The work is beautifully executed in tabular fashion of the latter half of the fifteenth century and is illuminated with miniatures, rich capitals and red ornamental letters. The pedigree is traced from Adam, and the particulars occupy a red line of six yards on the scroll. On the left side of the pedigree appears the list of archbishops of Canterbury down to John Stafford and on the right side the list of Welsh princes down to Edward I.—Dundee Advertiser.

Eskimo Trial Marriage.

The trial marriage is an ineradicable custom among the Eskimos. If a young man and woman are not suited with each other they try again, and sometimes several times, but when they find mates to whom they are adapted the arrangement is generally permanent. If two men want to marry the same woman they settle the question by a trial of strength, and the better man has his way.—The North Pole, by Robert E. Peary.

One loses all the time which he might employ to better purpose.—Rousseau.

IT GROWS HAIR.

Here Are Facts We Want You to Prove at Our Risk.

Marvelous as it may seem, Rexall "93" Hair Tonic has grown hair on heads that were once bald. Of course, in none of these cases were the hair roots dead, nor had the scalp taken on a glazed, shiny appearance.

Rexall "93" Hair Tonic acts scientifically, destroying the germs which are usually responsible for baldness. It penetrates to the roots of the hair, stimulating and nourishing them. It is a most pleasant toilet necessity, is delicately perfumed, and will not gum or permanently stain the hair.

We want you to get a bottle of Rexall "93" Hair Tonic and use it as directed. If it does not relieve scalp irritation, remove dandruff, prevent the hair from falling out and promote an increased growth of hair, and in every way give entire satisfaction, simply come back and tell us, and without question or formality we will hand back to you every penny you paid us for it. Two sizes, 50c. and \$1.00. Sold only at our store—The Rexall Store.

A. M. LEINE.

A Double Risk.

It was well known in Mayville that when Cyrus Fanning lent anything, from a hammer to a plow, he expected a good return for the favor. It was a matter of astonishment to Wilson Green, however, when on inquiring of Mr. Fanning how much it would cost to rent his long ladder for an afternoon Cyrus replied promptly, "One dollar fifty."

"Now, look here, Cy," remonstrated his neighbor; "you know I've got to borrow it, for mine isn't long enough to reach where I'm obliged to climb to search out that chimney leak for the Widow Sears. Can't you make it less?" "No, I can't," and Mr. Fanning shook his small head and closed his obstinate mouth.

"Why can't you?" demanded Wilson Green.

"Because there's a weak place in it two-thirds the way up!" snapped Mr. Fanning. "It'll bear my weight all right, but you're a good thirty pounds heavier. If it gave way under you 'twould cost me a dollar to get it mended. Considering the risk, I call a dollar 'n' a half cheap."—Youth's Companion.

Questions and Answers.

The time elapsing between a question and an answer is almost as important as the answer itself. It may be wisely long or short, but the longer it is the wiser must be the answer.

Let nothing shocking to eyes or ears approach those doors that close upon your child.—Juvenal.

Trustee's Sale of HERMAN Grocery Stock

The Creditors after the sale of the Herman stock of groceries have chosen Buel Dodge as their Trustee to dispose of their goods and they are going to be sold regardless of cost.

They must be sold at once. The sale opens

Wednesday, at 8 A. M. at HERMAN'S STORE, 624 Main St.

The stock consists of Groceries and Canned Goods, Etc.

BUEL DODGE, Trustee.

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The Farmers tell us it is a "backward" spring; and our spelling recognizes the fact. But the spring is coming and the wise shoppers have been coming here to pick out the Springish Jewelry which goes so well with dainty Spring dresses and Millinery. Don't be backward in coming forward to find the pretty thing which especially meets your taste.

ROWLAND 1127 Main St.

SAY! IT'S GOING TO RAIN!

"The day is cold, and dark, and dreary. It rains, and the wind is never weary."

Rainy days are dismal days, cheerless and full of gloom; but they are sure to come into the life of every person. You cannot hope to escape them entirely, but you may

PREPARE FOR THE COMING STORM

By opening a savings account in HONSDALE DIME BANK. Such a "rainy day" protection is better than an umbrella, for the latter will get old and fail to be of service, while the bank account, with its compound interest, will grow and grow and become a joy and comfort when you most need such factors of helpfulness. Come in and let us talk it over. With a one dollar deposit, which will belong to you, we give a Household Bank free.

HONSDALE DIME BANK

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION,

ESTATE OF EUGENE SWINGLE, Late of South Canaan Township, Wayne Co. All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned; and those having claims against the said estate are notified to present them duly attested for settlement. JEANNETT SWINGLE, Executrix. South Canaan, Pa., Feb. 27, 1911.

WHEN THERE IS ILLNESS

In your family you of course call a reliable physician. Don't stop at that; have his prescriptions put up at a reliable pharmacy, even if it is a little farther from your home than some other store. You can find no more reliable store than ours. It would be impossible for more care to be taken in the selection of drugs, etc., or in the compounding. Prescriptions brought here, either night or day, will be promptly and accurately compounded by a competent registered pharmacist and the prices will be most reasonable.

O. T. CHAMBERS, PHARMACIST,

Opp. D. & H. Station, HONSDALE, PA.

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The OLDEST Fire Insurance Agency in Wayne County.

Office: Second floor Masonic Building, over C. C. Jadwin's drug store, Honesdale.

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