

MC2465 HOOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Humor

OUR PROBLEM CONTEST.

Have You Tried It?—Send In Your Solution Today—It's a Brain Stormer. Here's a chance to exercise your brains. This is a problem that will keep you guessing. Get your paper and pencil ready and send in your answer. You may be right. It will do no harm if you are. It's a teaser, the hardest clue a hen and a half problem that puzzled all the who ones. This is the problem:

A dog is chasing a rabbit, and the rabbit has thirty yards' start on the dog. The rabbit runs at the rate of eight yards in a second and the dog at the rate of ten yards a second. How long will it be before the dog catches the rabbit?

The following are some of the answers received yesterday:

MABEL'S ANSWER.
Dear Problem Editor—In answer to your interesting problem published last week I would say the dog will catch the rabbit in one minute and eight seconds.

MABEL'S HOW A HIGH SCHOOL BOY FIGURED IT.
Problem Editor—Let $X =$ the rabbit and $Y =$ the dog. Then $Y = 10X$. The dog runs ten yards a second, therefore $10X = Y$ or $X = \frac{Y}{10}$. The dog will therefore catch the rabbit in ten seconds.

HIGH SCHOOL BOY. NO HIGHER MATHEMATICS NECESSARY.
Problem Editor:—Dear Sir—Am much interested in your dog and rabbit problem and have been mulling it over for some time. The answer can be found without resort to the higher mathematics, but the puzzle is most ingenious. The dog will catch the rabbit in just 4 x 10 = 40 seconds. **MATHEMATICIAN.**

A PROTEST.
Dear Sir—A lover of all wild creatures I wish to protest against the needless cruelty of your recent problem. Any one who has seen, as I have, the tortured, quivering, innocent furry thing in the cruel jaws of the savage murderer can take no delight in speculating on the all too short term of life allotted to the inoffensive rabbit. **NATURE LOVER. P. R.**—I hope the dog will never catch the rabbit.

NO, THERE IS NO PRIZE.
Problem Editor—The dog will catch the rabbit in just one minute. Thus: $10 - 8 = 2$; $3 \times 2 = 6$. Sixty seconds is one minute. Is there any prize for correct answer? **R. B. D.**

A SOLUTION FROM BOSTON.
Problem Editor—The velocity of the dog minus the velocity of the rabbit will equal the difference of velocity between the two quadrupeds. The air subtended by a chord described in an equilateral circle having a radius of thirty yards can readily be determined. The dog would therefore overtake the rabbit in 40 seconds.

PUBLIC LIBRARY. AN ANSWER FROM WASHINGTON.
Problem Editor:—Sir—Your problem is calculated to give grossly inaccurate ideas concerning rabbits to every child who reads it and may do great harm. A rabbit does not run, but bounds or leaps, and I have never known an ordinary rabbit to run eight yards in a second. A rabbit may do so, but you do not mention a jack rabbit. I have known them run thirty yards and never know one to travel faster than seven yards a second, so any stating or implying the contrary is guilty of deliberate mendacity. **T. R.**

J. W. Merrill in Puck.

After the Storm.

By LULU JOHNSON.
Copyrighted, 1907, by C. H. Scribner.

Brooks raised the shade and looked out, saying things softly to himself. A sudden landscape merged into leaden skies, and a fine, driving rain veiled but slightly the misery of the scene.

Across the road a score of ducks waddled contentedly through the muddy field to a paddie that had formed in a corner of the lot, but half a dozen bedraggled hens squawked dolefully as they picked up the angleworms driven to the surface by the continued rain, and rushed back to shelter. The cows in the side pasture huddled under the dripping trees, and the dog trotted across the road with his tail dragging almost in the mud as he made for the protection of the barn after being driven from the inviting kitchen door.

Brooks had come to Centerville for a purpose—a purpose that was not best served by confinement in a country boarding house for seven days and nights. Once or twice there had come a break in the steady rain, but in an hour or so it only came down the harder, as though to make up for the time it had lost.

He had wanted to take Bess over to the Big rock, where they had first met the summer before, and there make the avowal of love that had hung treacherously upon his lips ever since. He had been able to take a whole month the year before—for golden weeks filled with sunshine and love.

Then Bess had gone to Europe as companion to a rich relative, and just as she returned Curtis Brooks had been called to South America on a matter of great importance. They had corresponded with such regularity as their uncertainty of movements permitted, but there had been no opportunity for a proposal, and now their waking time was divided between the parlor and the dining room of the old farmhouse.

Seven days of rain had got on Brooks' nerves. With his whole en-

ENGLAND'S ROYAL HOME

HIS MAJESTY'S PRIVATE APARTMENTS AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

Where Foreign Potentates Are Entertained—Queen Alexandra's Treasured Possessions—Famous "Long Corridor"—Unique Collection of Rare Chinese—Enivred by French Royalists—Drawing Rooms at the Castle.

The private apartments which are occupied by Their Majesties King Edward and Queen Alexandra when at Windsor Castle are separate and distinct from those which the public is permitted to see on frequent occasions.

The private apartments, says G. Aston, writing in *The Woman at Home*, his several months' planning how these were to be arranged in the old castle. The drawing rooms are the most magnificent china closets in the world; it contains in electrically lighted cabinets at either side of the marble walls some hundred sets of Majolica, Worcester and Chelsea china, each set having a long and interesting history of its own and each absolutely perfect.

Rare China.
The china closets open on to the long corridor which runs the whole length of the private apartments, and the plan of its arrangement was mainly devised by Queen Alexandra. The long corridor is a treasure house of inexhaustible interest. Picture a corridor some 400 yards long, lined on either side with pictures, cabinets, chairs, tables, clocks, ornaments of silver and gold and every article of the product of an artist famous all the world over, and replete with historical interest. Queen Alexandra spent several months planning how these treasures should be placed, and when the work of arranging these was finished by the late Queen Victoria, the plan was submitted to her. In this corridor Queen Alexandra sometimes entertains afternoons a few guests who have the privilege of being on terms of intimacy with Her Majesty.

On the right of the long corridor are the three rooms chiefly used by Her Majesty. These are known as the white, the green and the crimson drawing-rooms, from the coloring of their walls.

The white drawing-room is, perhaps, the most stately and magnificent of the three, and is used mostly when their Majesties are entertaining a large party of guests at Windsor. When foreign royalties are being entertained at Windsor Castle, it is in this white drawing-room that they dine. Her Majesty's dining room is a European sovereign to Windsor, the ordinary routine life of the court is observed in the state apartments, which, at ordinary times, are never used, are occupied on such occasions as the presentation of the new year's gifts to the King and Queen; in their turn the royal visitors, Alexandra, and it is on these occasions that the white drawing-room is chiefly used.

Best Liked.
The crimson and green drawing-rooms are the Queen's favorite apartments. From the former a lovely view is obtained, and it is Her Majesty's favorite room at Windsor. Though the crimson drawing-room is, of course, of considerable size and very beautifully furnished, it has, perhaps, a more homely appearance than the others, and contains more of Her Majesty's personal possessions than any other room at Windsor Castle. It was in this room that the Princess Patricia and Victoria of Connaught took their first dancing lesson, in the presence of the Queen, and it is here that Her Majesty entertains her guests in the evenings when the party at Windsor is a small one. The green drawing-room is also used a great deal by Her Majesty, but it is more stately in appearance than the crimson drawing-room. It is upholstered throughout with green damask silk, and contains several beautiful cabinets filled with Sevres china. These were originally intended to be placed in the china closet, but the collection took up more room than it was anticipated it would, and the remaining portion of it was therefore placed in the green drawing-room. The great object of it was the model of the figure of Louis XV., by Girardon, which stood in the Place Vendome in Paris. It is the only model in existence of that wonderful piece of work, and it is one of the dearest and proudest of French royalties who come to stay at Windsor Castle.

THE POOR CAT.

One Occasion When the Animal Did Not Come Back.

When the cat tied the whole family went into mourning, figuratively if not literally. No common black door cat this, but one that must be buried with all honor. The question was how and when?

Some one proposed cremation, but this was rejected on the ground that it would be too much like lynching. It was finally proposed that the father, who had to cross a ferry every day to his place of business, should drop it overboard, and as a burial at sea rather appeared to the sentimental attitude of the family this idea was received favorably.

The following morning the remains of the cat were made into a package and securely tied. It was a lovely day, and the ferryboat was crowded with passengers, and what had seemed so simple at home assumed unexpected difficulties in the face of a curious crowd, ready to imagine anything and to put the worst construction on an apparently mysterious action.

Finally it occurred to the father that the best time would be the evening, and he took his package to the car without attracting notice in the dusk. Through the day it occupied a corner of his office, and he was glad when the time came for the return trip.

He waited until the boat was well out in the stream and then, glancing around furtively, laid his hand on the package. Suddenly it struck him what would seem strange in broad daylight would seem doubly so at night.

With a smothered groan he replaced it on the seat beside him. There was no help for it—he would have to carry it home again.

As he took his seat in the train that was to convey him the rest of the way he placed the cat on the shelf above his head, and for the first time that day forgot all about it. Hurrying to get off the car when he reached his destination, he was halted by some one who had a message for him. Hurrying to the place he reached he found the ill-fated package.

But at this moment the maid brought it down on a chair in the hall and went to the kitchen, in the middle of it the maid came in and asked how she should cook the meat he had brought with him?

"Meat?" he exclaimed. "That isn't meat!"

But at this moment the maid produced the package and showed him a choice piece of roast beef. History does not say what the man said who got the cat.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A boy's idea of a hero is another boy who runs away from home.

Nothing is so often underestimated as the information given confidentially.

As a rule, what a man calls his rights represents merely desired privileges.

You may have forgotten more than the other man knows and still be a short hero.

The man who is scared into being good is the one most likely to boast of his exceeding virtue.

There are lots of ways of wasting time. Being sorry for yourself brings about as little returns as any.

When a man goes to church and hears a sermon which seems intended especially for him, he never enjoys it very much.

As the prize winner in the biggest baby contest, the man who doesn't get sick very often is a strong competitor when he does.

Drinking Excuses.
Excuses for drinking are always at hand. Here are five familiar ones:
"Good wine, a friend, or being dry, Or least we should be by and by— Or any other reason why."

If they don't suffice one can always fall back upon Dr. Sam Johnson's. "He who makes the best of himself gets rid of the pain of being a man."

On the other hand, here are three reasons, one of them cogent, that a Bostonian gave for not drinking:
"First—I can't drink, for I've just lost a near relative. Second (when much pressed)—No, I really can't. You know I'm president of a temperance society. Third (when he was much more pressed)—No, I can't, indeed. I've just had four or five cocktails."

Shopping in London.
One of the first things an American man or woman rushes out to buy in London is a serviceable well cut Mackintosh, and the second article to be purchased is usually an umbrella. A man can buy in London a smart waterproof which with occasional reproofing will last him a lifetime for 3 or 4 guineas. In New York a very bad imitation will cost him from \$40 to \$50. The British umbrella is not only a thing of beauty in workmanship, but it will outlast all competitors across the seas.—London Express.

Mixed.
Here is a mixture of kingdoms, if not of metaphors, taken from a history examination paper: "He stretched his suety length beneath the eye tree's shade." "Away back as far as the time of Jack Carter England sent her ships into Hudson bay with trade beads and muskets with the Indians for ivory of the walrus tusk."

Not an Expert Opinion.
"He has just returned from Mexico. He says a Mexican burro is the most aggravatingly stubborn thing on earth."

"He isn't married."

Vague.
"My husband is really very attractive. Yesterday he bought me a dozen eggs."

Testfully Put.
"He—Who is the plain lady?"
"That is my mother. He—Oh, I beg pardon! I didn't notice the resemblance.—London Opinion."

Well Trained.
"My Lady (improving the occasion)—Ah, my poor man, you would not be in this position if you had received an early training in some trade or calling. Tramp—Don't you talk to me about not being trained or not being trained about missus. No training, indeed! Why, it was in prison afore I was fourteen.—London Mail."

Handing of Pictures.
A woman bought three pictures in a Fifth avenue art store.
"Shall I send some one up to hang them?" asked the dealer.
"I don't know," hesitated the woman, who had already exceeded her allowance in buying the pictures. "How much extra will it cost?"
"Not a cent," the dealer assured her. "In the case of any important sale we prefer that one of our men superintend the hanging of the pictures. That insures justice for the painting. Without meaning any disrespect for our customers, I must say that not one person in a hundred who has had no special instruction in art can take a picture home and place it in an advantageous position. A man who has been trained to that business, on the other hand, can tell at a glance where to hang it and all the others in the room so that each will bring out the best points of all the rest."

His Luggage.
"Ticket," said the collector as he opened the door of a carriage in which sat a man who looked as if he was anchored to his seat. The man handed over the required postboard, which was duly inspected. Then, looking around, the collector said, "Is there another gentleman in the carriage?"
"No," "Is that other portmanteau yours, then, too?"
"Other portmanteau?" "Yes, on the floor there by the other." "Those," said the traveler, with dignity, "are my feet"—London Globe.



AT A MOMENT HE WAS ON HIS KNEES BEHIND HER.

Brooks bent upon taking back to town 'ess' promise, the dreary round of arctic life irritated him.

Dickie Langdon, who had been the life of the stowbound party, had rechristened Willow Farm the Ark, with an allusion to the animals that went two by two.

The frow was still on Brooks' face when he went down to breakfast. Langdon's jollity irritated him, and when they went back to the parlor after the meal he was gloomy and dejected.

Writing consisted in sitting before a table with pen and ink and paper near at hand and staring at the dreached landscape before him. Even the ducks had sought cover, for now the rain was coming down in sheets. It could scarcely see across the yard, and with a groan at the lost vacation, he let his head sink forward upon his arm.

A light knock at the door had to be twice repeated before he heard it. Bess stood in the hall, smiling as though there was no such thing as rain.

"Don't you want to go up and have a look at the Big rock this afternoon?" she asked.

"I think it's going to stop raining at last. Anyway, I can wrap up now. It would be a shame not to see the old place before you go back."

"Bess, you're an angel," was all he could say. She laughed at the remark.

Up Against It.



Man of the House—You will get a mark after you have cut the wood.

Negmar—Yes, and get fined 2 marks by the Beggar's union, eh? Not much.—Filagende Blatter.

Thrown Over.
Tess—Why, Bess used to be hand in glove with him.

Tom—Say rather "hand in mitten." She gave him the letter and withdrew the hand.—Philadelphia Press.

LITERARY LOG ROLLING.

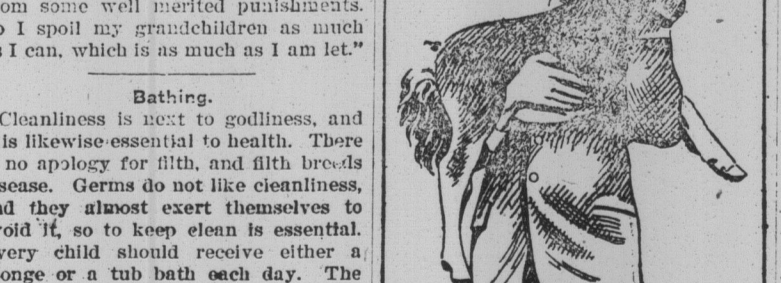
How Some Famous Authors Sought to Advertise Themselves.

The examples cited by Francis Grillon in his article on "The Comedy of Literary Log Rolling" in the Strand Magazine arouse some suspicion as to their absolute authenticity, but are amusing enough whether true or not. Sainte-Beuve increased the circulation of his books by insisting upon fighting a duel in the rain with an umbrella over his head. Gerard de Nerval used to be seen in the streets of Paris leading a lobster by a string. Mlle. Krudener, the author of "Valerie" and the friend of Alexander I. of Russia, made the fortune of her novel by calling at all the Paris shops and asking for various articles of dress "a Valerie." Of Victor Hugo and of Alexandre Dumas the elder the following stories are told:

Nice was the great poet ashamed to roll his log even at a funeral. He seized the opportunity of the obsequies of one of his own sons. It happened that on the way to the cemetery the procession passed a traveling menagerie, and the lions, for whatever reason, stopped roaring just as Victor Hugo was in front of their cage. His companion, a minor poet named Pelloport, drew his attention to the fact. "Master," he whispered, "the lions recognize you and laugh their voices. The king of beasts is silent in the presence of the king of men." Victor Hugo bowed and turned the matter over in his mind. Then, after meditation, he said: "Pelloport, that was a happy thought of yours. Couldn't you write something about it?" And Pelloport wrote a sonnet about it, and the frame of the master stood on a higher pinnacle than ever.

And finally there was the case of Dumas, of whom it may also be said that his whole life was an advertisement. Some one once said of him that his vanity was such that he was capable of getting up behind his own carriage in order to demonstrate that he had a magnificent man in his service. He certainly did many things almost as absurd as that in his restless pursuit of fame. One of his delights was to clothe his noble proportions in a uniform and to embellish the uniform with decorations to which he was not entitled. He even went so far as himself to design the uniform in which he fought—or, rather, did not fight, for he arrived after the fighting was all over—in Garibaldi's army, and he achieved a tremendous advertisement by conducting a well known actress to a court ball to which she had not been invited. He got another advertisement by allowing himself to be sued for non-delivery of a feuilleton. He was utterly in the wrong, and he lost his case, but he kept the court in a roar of laughter while he explained his litigious methods and the nature of the distractions which had interfered with the fulfillment of his contract. But the best of all his advertisements was attained when the announcement appeared that M. Alexandre Dumas would write the last chapter of a forthcoming romance sitting in a shop window for all the world to see how it was done. One can understand that that sort of advertisement would not be the authors who are also interested in the sale of hair restorers. The lot most owe it to the public to exhibit themselves in this way, killing two birds with a single stone. But for the author of "Monte Cristo" to do it was surely the *plus ultra* of the comedy of log rolling.

Smallest in the World.



Mr. J. Beale, who lives in Kent, has reared a pony which is claimed to be the smallest in the world. It is only 13 inches high.

A Large Spang.
A record spang, ten feet in circumference and two feet thick, was found a few years ago by some spangee Baboon of the Johanna Islands.

...The following are some of the answers received yesterday:

...The dog will catch the rabbit in just 40 seconds.

...The man who is scared into being good is the one most likely to boast of his exceeding virtue.

...The man who doesn't get sick very often is a strong competitor when he does.

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