

OUR PRIZE DETECTIVE PICTURE



Here is another mystery needing a solution. Six detectives are tracking a burglar by his footprints. Which is on the right track? The clue is in the picture.

A prize of ONE DOLLAR will be awarded to the sender of the first correct solution opened. Write on this form:

I think No. ... is the track of the burglar, because.....

Address all attempts to THE TRIBUNE, 106-108 Adelaide St. W., before Wednesday, Feb. 7. Each attempt must be on a separate form. The Editor's decision will be final.

Tom Atkinson

Tom Atkinson was just a crank, So all the people said, He had so many strange ideas A-seeing in his head. They looked on him with pitying smiles Because he was so queer, And tapped their foreheads, and declared: "There's something lacking here."

Well, Thomas nursed his strange ideas, And studied night and day, Until by constant, active thought At last he found the way. He got his patent, safe and strong, To make the thing his own, And then one fine day he announced "The seeing telephone."

Nobody laughs at Thomas now, He's richer than a bank, And none admit they ever thought That he was just a crank. But they were strictly accurate When, seeing him so queer, They tapped their foreheads, and declared: "There's something lacking here!"

All together—boom the label.

A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

Chauncey Depew tells this amusing story of an incident which occurred during an illness from which he suffered some years ago. I had to keep indoors for a day or two through illness, he says, and had my bed wheeled into my business room, and during the day saw some callers. Night came, and with it sleep, grateful sleep, rudely broken in upon by the telephone bell. The call came from a well-known New York paper, and I answered it. The conversation was something like this: "Old Depew still alive?" "Yes." "Likely to last through the night?" "I think so; I hope so!" "Then I won't come down. Thanks. Good night." "Good night."—Weekly Scotsman.

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REJECTED THE OFFER.

On a bitterly cold morning a lady, dressed splendidly in furs, surveyed with stern disapproval a wagon which had been waiting a long while for a load. The horses looked sadly in need of a covering, and at last the lady said to the driver. "Why don't you put something over your horses this cold day?" "Because, lady, the firm don't supply me with blankets for horses." "Then you should cover the poor things with your coat." "All right, ma'am, you give me your sealin' coat for this horse and I'll put my overcoat on t'other."

WHAT NEXT?

We are all more or less familiar with that exasperating class of individuals who seem to feel that the simple common sense of the world is centered in themselves, and that the rest of us are in need of guidance and direction in the simplest duties of life. Mr. B— was a young man of this class. He was always painfully profuse in details regarding anything he wished done. He had a parrot, of which he was excessively fond, and when he was about to go abroad for a few months, leaving his bird behind him, he bored and exasperated his family and friends with senseless details regarding the care of the parrot, and his last words, screamed from the deck of the steamer that bore him away, were: "Hi, Jim!" "What?" shouted the brother on the pier. "Look out for my parrot!" came faintly over the water.

As if this was not enough, he had no sooner reached Liverpool than he sent the following cablegram to his brother, who had assumed charge of the parrot: "Be sure and feed my parrot." On receipt of this, the infuriated brother cabled back, at his brother's expense: "I have fed her, but she is hungry again. What shall I do next?"

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HIS ESSAY ON THE HORSE.

A student of Bombay, India, wrote the following lucid essay: "The horse is a very noble quadruped, but when he is angry he will not do so. He is ridden on the spinal cord by the bridle and sealy the driver places his feet on the stirrup and divides his lower limbs across the saddle and drives his animal to the meadow. He has a long mouth, and his head is attached to the trunk by a long protuberance called the neck. He has four legs; two are in the front side and two are afterward. These are the weapons on which he runs, and also defends himself by extending those in the rear in a parallel direction toward his feet, but this he does only when in a vexatious mood. His fooding is generally grasses and grains. He is also useful to take on his back a man or woman, as well as some cargo. He has power to run as fast as he could. He has got no sleep at night time, and always standing awoken. Also there are horses of short sizes. They do the same as the others are generally doing. There is no animal like the horse; no sooner they see their guardian or master they always crying for fooding, but it is always at the morning time. They have got tail, but not so long as the cow and other such like similar animals."

SCHOOLBOY REPARTEE.

Professor H. W. Prentiss, principal of the Hodgden School, tells a joke on himself with much enjoyment. One day during an examination, when he was visiting the various rooms, he stopped to ask a very bright boy a sum in algebra, and, although the problem was comparatively easy, he could not answer it. Professor Prentiss remarked and with some show of severity: "My boy, you ought to be able to do that. At your age George Washington was a surveyor." The boy looked him straight in the eye and answered: "Yes, sir, and at your age he was President of the United States." The conversation dropped at that point. Everything comes to the man who waits on himself.

Friends and debts should be cheerfully and promptly met.

Teacher—In which of his battles was Gustavus Adolphus killed? Scholar—I think in his last battle.

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"What is algebra, Johnny?" asked the teacher of a small pupil. "It's a white mule covered with black stripes," answered the little fellow. "I saw one at the circus last summer."

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"Wot's a fort?" "Place where they keeps soldiers." "Then wot's a fortress?" "Where they keep soldiers' wives, a' centras."

"Could Not Afford It."

When your child gets ill, what do you do? Wait until "you can afford it" to call in a Doctor, or do you send for him at once?

When [your rent becomes due, do you wait until "you can afford it" or do you pay it when due?

If you are a property owner, do you pay your taxes when they fall due, or do you wait until "you can afford it."

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Hush-a-bye baby, on the tree top; When you are aged your wages will stop, And when you have spent what little you save, It's rock-a-bye baby—off to the grave.

—Labor Leader, Glasgow. An Argument—Mamma—Didn't I tell you, Willie, that you were not to go out in a canoe? Willie—But, mamma, the man told me that was one of the best ways in the world to learn how to swim.—Town and Country.

"Is he a solid citizen?" "No, he's only plated."—New Haven Palladium.

Head of the firm (to clerk)—Have you been thinking where you would spend your vacation? Clerk—Yes, sir. "Well, what business have you taking up the time of the office in idle dreams?"

"Now, Bobbie, I hope you haven't been naughty and peeked into the parlor at the young man who is visiting your sister. Come, now, confess." "I couldn't help it, maw. I—"

"What did you see?" Madge—I'll bet there are no young men at the hotel. Doily—How can you tell so soon? "All the hammocks are swung in such light places."

The Guide—See dat man? The Stranger—I do. The Guide—One of our most noted crooks.

The Stranger—And what life insurance company is he connected with?

Little Ethel—Mamma, I know why it isn't safe to count your chickens before they are hatched. Mother—Why, dear? Little Ethel—'Cos some of 'em might be ducks.—Melbourne Weekly Times.

Senior Partner—We had best have that young bookkeeper's books examined. He took twelve drinks between here and home yesterday.

Junior Partner—How do you know? "I was with him. He was treating me."

Head of the Firm—That's a pretty ancient-looking office coat you are wearing, Mr. Travers. Travers—Yes, sir; I got this with the last rise in my salary.—Melbourne Weekly Times.

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