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A Blithe Heart Makes a Smiling Face

Dr. MERRYMAN

"My neighbour has more cheek than any man I ever met," said Mr. Atkins to a friend.

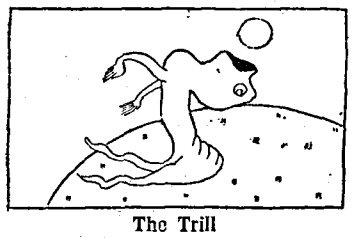
"How's that?" asked his friend.

"Why, yesterday he came over to my place to borrow a gun—said he wanted to shoot a cat."

"Well, where does the cheek come in?"

"Why, it was my cat he wanted to shoot!"

The Zoo That Never Was



The Trill

This little Trill, when it feels ill,
Soon banishes its troubles.
For then it will climb up the hill
And play at catching bubbles.

A Sure Cure

"Can you tell me a good cure for sleepwalking?"

"Yes, scatter a few hundred tin-tacks on your bedroom floor before retiring."

How To Save Ink

There's a very mean man of Belsize,
Who thinks he is clever and wise;
So what do you think?
He saves gallons of ink
By simply not dotting his i's!

Do You Live in Staffordshire?

Staffordshire is the shire, or county, of Stafford, a name which means the ford, or river-crossing, that was deep enough to necessitate the traveller carrying a staff or stick.

On a Bad Singer

Swans sing before they die;
'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing. Coleridge

Right and Wrong on the Road

The law of the road is a paradox quite;
For, when you are travelling along,
If you keep to the left you are sure to be right,
If you keep to the right you'll be wrong.

A Truth Simply Stated

Can you read this sentence?

Times, times, times, times,
Times, times, times, times,
Times, times, times, times. } Hatred, love

Solution next week

Is Your Name Turner?

This name is derived from the industry which one of your ancestors followed. He was first known as *the* turner, to distinguish him from others of the same Christian name, and then the description became a surname.

What Is It?

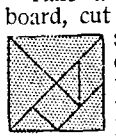
The beginning of eternity,
The end of time and space,
The beginning of every end,
And the end of every place.

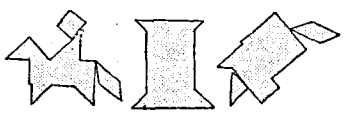
Answer next week

Tangrams

Here are some more tangram pictures, each made from the seven pieces of the square shown in the first diagram.

Take a large square of cardboard, cut it into seven pieces as shown, and see if you can make the figures of the horse and its rider, the cotton reel, and the head of Johnny Turk.





The pieces must fit closely together, and must not overlap.

Endless amusement can be had in the making of these tangram pictures, for almost any object can be made.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Is Your Name Here?

The names were Henry and Kitty.

A Simple Sum—LOVE

Jacko Fills the Sack

Jacko was sitting with a book one morning, nose and knees together over the fire, when his mother called him.

"I wish you would fetch me some potatoes," she said.

Now, the shed was at the top of the garden, and Jacko, who was very comfortable where he was, got up slowly and not very willingly. He went off at such a snail's pace that his mother added: "Hurry up, Jacko! I want them for dinner."

Adolphus was standing in the doorway, and Jacko heard him say: "He's a lazy little beggar!"

"Lazy, am I?" muttered Jacko, indignantly.

And then some particularly happy thought must have struck him, for he left off frowning and began to grin. He raced off down the garden, whistling as he went.

By and by Mother Jacko said: "What a time that boy is!" and she went to the window and looked out.

There was no sign of Jacko, but the sack was there, as large as life, dumped down in the middle of the path.

"That lad will send me crazy!" declared Mrs. Jacko. "If he hasn't filled the sack and left it half-way up the garden!"

"I'll fetch it!" said Adolphus in a lofty tone, and off he strode. He picked up the sack, shouldered it, and came staggering back.

"It's a tidy weight!" he gasped. "There's something more than potatoes in *here!*"

"It's Jacko!" exclaimed his mother.

"Where?" cried Adolphus, swinging the sack to the ground.

"Here!" chuckled Jacko, springing out and taking to his heels. "Here today, but gone tomorrow."

Hoity Toity and Molly Coddle

Hoity and Molly have run away from a grumpy aunt to find their parents. They meet Moses, a gipsy boy, and join his Uncle's circus, which is going to London.

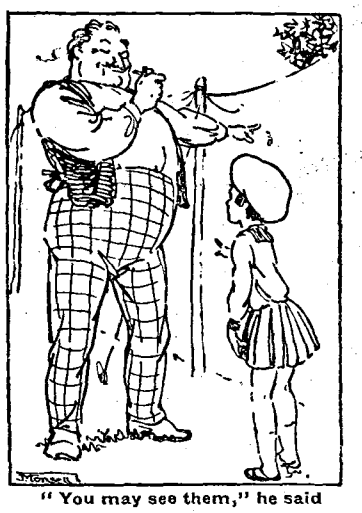
CHAPTER 15

It was daylight when Molly woke, rather alarmed to feel how she was being jolted till she remembered she was in the caravan. Presently they were all awake and getting up, and Daisy, a nice little girl of Molly's age, was glad to have her for a friend.

"Don't put on them boy's things again, dear!" cried Aunt Sarah. "Here's a frock of Daisy's—you put that on."

They had a cosy breakfast, and in the afternoon they all got out to have dinner.

They had stopped on a broad, lonely common, and Hoity and Moses and all the men were making fires, and cooking.



"You may see them," he said

The Dwarf was tasting the broth

A large screen had been raised round the back of one caravan, and Uncle George explained to Molly that Eustace the Giant, Mr. Rivers the Dwarf, and Ping-Pong the Savage Cannibal, had to keep there so that if any of the public passed they could not see them for nothing.

"But you can go and see them, if you like," he said.

So Molly went, and there was the Giant, tremendously tall and thin, watching a huge pot that was steaming over a fire. He looked gentle, and spoke with quite a meek little voice.

The Savage was black, but he was dressed respectably and seemed harmless. But the Dwarf frowned. He was a tiny man, less than Hoity, and had a fierce, curly moustache.

He just frowned, and ignored Molly, and dipped a spoon into the steaming pot, and tasted the broth several times. But when the Giant wanted to taste it, he wouldn't let him.

"It isn't ready yet," Mr. Rivers said, in such deep tones that it seemed as if he had changed voices with the Giant.

"That's how it always is," Eustace grumbled helplessly to Molly. "Keeps tasting to see if it's done, and by the time it's ready there's none left for Ping-Pong and me."

"Stop him," whispered Molly. "You're the biggest."

"He's too strong," sighed the Giant. "But you can speak up. Mr. Rivers is deaf; that's why it's no good talking to him. I suppose you haven't got a bit of cake?"

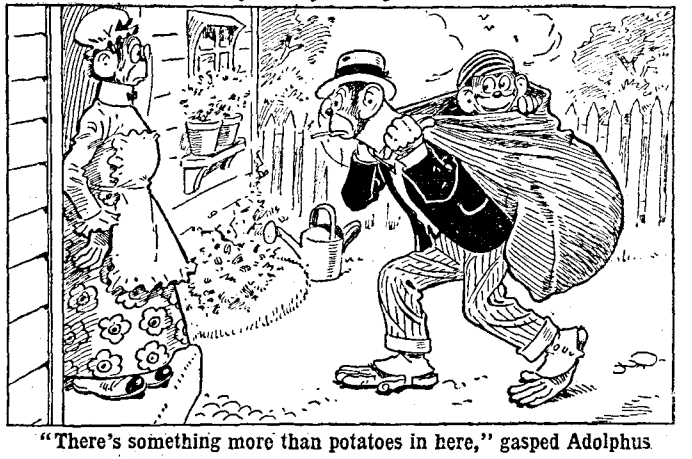
"I had," said Molly, "but we ate it all yesterday."

"It's always eaten yesterday when I want it." Eustace was nearly crying.

Molly said she would like to help them, if she could.

"You can," he answered. "I'll tell you how. But come farther away. Sometimes Mr. Rivers can hear when you don't expect him to."

More of Hoity Toity next week



"There's something more than potatoes in here," gasped Adolphus

Who Was He?

The Transport Man

Almost exactly a hundred years before the battle of Waterloo a child was born in Derbyshire who was destined to do much in cheapening the transport of goods in England.

Today we reap great benefit from his achievements, and had the nation not been so foolish as to neglect his work, it would be reaping still greater benefits in cheaper transport and, consequently, cheaper food.

The boy had a dissolute, idle father who did nothing at all to help him. The result was that he did not obtain even the most elementary education, and had to go to work on the land to assist in keeping his mother.

He was very interested in mechanical matters, and when he was 17 induced a millwright at Macclesfield to take him as an apprentice.

At last he started in business on his own account, but he did not confine himself to mill machinery. He made an engine for draining coal-pits, and his reputation as an engineer of skill and resourcefulness soon spread.

A famous and somewhat eccentric duke had large deposits of coal under his estates, but it did not pay him to sink shafts and bring this to the surface because of the high cost of transporting it to where it was required.

The duke consulted the young engineer, who proposed a certain project that to all other engineers of the day seemed mad and impossible of achievement.

The duke, however, had faith in his protégé, and allowed him to go ahead with his plan, and the result triumphantly vindicated his faith. The work was a great success, and before long many other similar projects were begun in all parts of the country. The young man became the greatest engineer of his day.

His lack of early education did not seem to hamper him. He rarely drew plans, but, when a difficult scheme had to be thought out, he would go to bed and remain there for two or three days until his scheme had been matured, and all the details arranged in his mind.

His memory was amazing, and he often declared that he could remember and make all the parts of the most complex machine without the aid of plans.

His one consuming passion was his work, and he was a man absolutely without jealousy, taking as keen an interest in the success of others as in his own. He died in September, 1772, at the age of 56. Here is his portrait. Who was he?

Last Week's Name—Sir John Moore