

Come All Ye Jolly Shepherds that Whistle Through the Glen

D! MERRYMAN

BROWN: Did you notice, at the meeting, how Smith was buried in thought?

JONES: What could you expect? He was in a grave position.

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Sad Tale of a Tail

A CROCODILE once, thin and pale,
Set out on the sea for a sail,
But he met a torpedo
And had such a feed-o
He never could lash his own tail.

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Do You Live Here?



What well-known town does this picture represent?
Solution next week

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Growing Downward

JOAN, aged six, and Kathleen, aged eight, were having an argument as to who was the taller.

"Of course you are not as tall as I am," said Kathleen. "You are only as high as my shoulder."

"Yes," admitted Joan, "but your feet don't go down any farther than mine; so I'm as tall as you that way!"

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WHY is coffee like a blunt knife?
Because it must be ground before being used.

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A Mighty Appetite

THERE was an old chief of Benares
Who was fearfully fond of stewed pears,
So they sealed him within
A thousand pound tin,
And he ate his way through unawares.

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An Easy One

MR. SMITH was a man of regular habits.

He breakfasted each morning at 8 o'clock sharp, and he always had two eggs. He never bought these eggs, neither did he steal them; they were not given to him, and he did not keep fowls.

How did he obtain the eggs?
Answer next week

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His Disappearing Dinner



"THAT'S a funny-looking centipede," thought Mr. Owl; "and a very large one, too!"



But it was merely the artful Mouse Family, who had adopted this clever idea to get safely past their old enemy.

Let Us Be Happy
LET'S oftener talk of noble deeds
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days
And not about the sad ones.

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WHAT is it that requires many answers, though it never asks any questions?
A door-bell.

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Arithmetical Problem
"OUR trade has increased enormously," said the manufacturer. "Last month the output of screws ran into six figures; and the strange thing is that if we produced four times the number the figures would be the same, but exactly reversed."

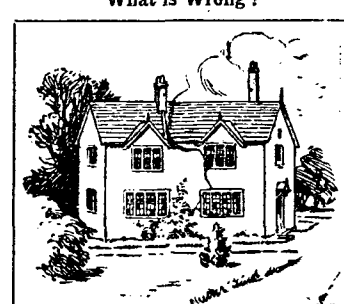
What was the output of screws?
Solution next week

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A Hard-Headed Man

SOME years ago a stone was thrown at a very famous man, but it missed him. The attack caused a great sensation at the time, and many were the messages of congratulation on his lucky escape received by the man. These messages prompted the following verse from a great friend of his:

Talk no more of the lucky escape of the head
From a flint so unluckily thrown;
I think very different, with thousands indeed,
'Twas a lucky escape for the stone.

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What is Wrong?



Test your powers of observation by finding what is wrong in this picture.
Solution next week

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WHAT English word of seven letters has just eight left after taking two away?
Freight. Take fr away, and eight remain.

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The Fairy Fisherman

I WOULDN'T wish to take a trout,
I'd let them all swim free;
And even gudgeons, though they're small,
Are far too big for me.

For roach and dace I do not care
One single little bit;
And as for perch, the one I want
Is that on which I sit.

But if I have a piece of luck,
Out here beside the bog,
I hope before it's dawn to land
A tadpole golliwog.

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WHAT English word contains the letter i five times?
Indiscriminative.

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ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Arithmetical Problem 28 and 13
The Broken Type
The proverb was: All is not gold that glitters
Events in History
Spanish Armada routed, 1588

Jacko Takes On the Job

THE barge was a pretty big one, and Jacko found it as much as he could do to keep it going.

"I've got an idea," he said to himself, "that there ought to be a horse in this picture. I'm sure I've seen them tramping along the towpath. I've got the barge all right; I wonder where the horse is?"

He stopped paddling and looked round him. He hadn't far to look before he saw a sturdy old mare nibbling grass contentedly in a field a few yards away.

"There you are, my little beauty," said Jacko joyfully. "If I don't have you harnessed on inside sixty seconds I'll eat my hat."

He hopped ashore, pushed open a gate, and led the mare out. She made no objection, and by the way she allowed herself to be roped up to the barge it was evidently no new experience for her.

Jacko had no doubts about it at all. He was giving her a friendly slap to start her off when he heard a shout.



"This is the job for me!" cried Jacko

"Coo!" muttered Jacko, getting ready to bolt. "Now I'm in for it!"

But before he could move a man strode up to him and demanded angrily where his father was.

"Ask me another," replied Jacko, who guessed at once that the man, seeing him with the barge, thought he belonged to it. "What's he mean by keeping me waiting like this?" he went on. "If he couldn't do the job he shouldn't have taken it on."

"What is it you want?" inquired Jacko, scenting an adventure.

"Six tons of coals carried up to Headlands," answered the man. "A nice little load."

"I'll take 'em," said Jacko eagerly. The man stared at him and looked doubtful.

"I will, honour bright," declared Jacko. "Where are they?"

"In my yard," replied the man; "close by."

As Jacko went off to help to fetch his load he couldn't help wondering what would happen if the real bargeman came along. "He'd probably box my ears and spoil all the fun," he told himself. "Of course, if he was a real sport, he'd be grateful to me for getting him out of a hole."

But, as far as Jacko could see, there was no sign of him about; there was no sign of him when the man came out of the yard again and began to shovel the coal on to the barge. There were two of them at it, and Jacko soon made a third!

"This is the job for me!" cried Jacko, beaming from ear to ear. "Steady on!" cautioned the man. "You're shovelling half of it into the water."

A little thing like that didn't worry Jacko, and soon the coal was aboard, and the men turned to go.

Jacko grinned more than ever. "Get on with you!" he said to the mare. "Great Scott! Aren't I black?" he added, looking down at his clothes.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

A Hot-Water Bottle with No Water

A metal bag for use as a hot-water bottle, or foot-warmer, is now being made which requires no hot water, the heat being produced by a very simple chemical action.

When the bottle is wanted the stopper is unscrewed for a second or two, and the air, entering the inside of the bottle, reacts with certain chemicals and produces heat, which causes the bottle to remain hot for eight to twelve hours.

Une Boule d'Eau Chaude sans Eau

On fabrique actuellement un sac en métal pour servir de boule d'eau chaude, ou de chauffe-pieds, pour lequel l'eau chaude n'est pas nécessaire, une action chimique très simple produisant la chaleur requise.

Quand on veut se servir de la boule on dévisse le bouchon pendant quelques secondes, et l'air, pénétrant à l'intérieur de la boule, réagit sur certains produits chimiques et produit de la chaleur qui se conserve de huit à douze heures.

Tales Before Bedtime

Moonlight

IT was Sybil's idea. The children had not been in bed very long before Sybil jerked her arms out, and called: "Are you asleep, Teddy?"

"No," answered Teddy. "Why?"

"Because I've got a lovely idea," said Sybil. "Let's go back into the bathroom and see if your new boat really sails."

"Can we see?" asked Teddy, who always took a lot of persuading when Sybil had one of her naughty fits on.

"See!" she cried, jumping up. "Look at the moon! It's like daylight."

She ran out of the room, across the landing, and into the bathroom opposite. Teddy followed, and then they shut the door quietly and turned on the tap.

In a few minutes the bath was nearly full.

"That's enough," said Teddy. "Turn it off now."

Sybil tried, but she found she couldn't move it.

"Let me try," said Teddy. "You must have turned on the one the man was mending this morning. I heard him tell Daddie it wasn't to be used till he came back."

"Well, how could I know that?" said Sybil, crossly. "Hurry up! Can't you really turn it off? The bath's quite full. Oh, it's beginning to flow over! We'd better call Daddie," she cried in a frightened voice. "It's coming all over my feet!"

Just then a door opened noisily downstairs, and quick footsteps came running upstairs. "Daddie!" screamed Sybil. "The bath's running over and we can't stop it. It's making such a mess."

It made a worse mess before it had finished, for it came

through the dining-room ceiling, and made a horrid patch on it.

"Why ever didn't you pull out the plug?" asked Daddie, when he thought they had been scolded enough and were safe back in bed again.

Sybil looked at Teddy and gasped.

"We were duffers!" she said. "We never thought of it!"



"Turn it off," said Teddy