



The Heart's Mirth Makes a Cheerful Face



D! MERRYMAN

MRS. DE SMYTHE: "We had a lovely time last night. We had a box at the theatre."

MRS. DE BROWNE: "Yes? Chocolates, weren't they? We saw you in the gallery eating something."

WHY is a horse that is constantly being ridden, but never fed, not at all likely to starve?

Because it usually has a bit in its mouth.

Problem of the Newspapers

A MOTOR delivery van, carried five thousand newspapers and had to call at four different towns.

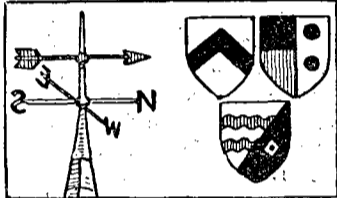
At the first town a number of papers were left, at the second town twice that number, three times the first number were left at the third town, and four times the first number at the fourth, leaving the van empty.

How many newspapers were delivered at each town? *Solution next week*

WHY does a country which loses its king lose more than a king who loses his country?

Because the country loses a sovereign, but the king loses only a crown.

Do You Live Here?



What town does this picture represent? *Solution next week*

WHY is a grain of wheat like an acorn?

Because it's a corn.

A Matter of Taste

WHEN Millicent went to the Zoo She stopped to inquire, "Who are you?"

Of an animal there, And it said, "I'm a bear, But I can't bear cold mutton, can you?"

Railways as Old as Solomon

WHEN asked by her teacher, "In whose reign do we first hear of railways?" a little girl replied, "In Solomon's."

She was asked to think again, but persisted in her original statement, and the teacher then inquired why she thought so.

"Because," replied the little girl, "we are told in the Bible that the Queen of Sheba went to Jerusalem with a very great train."



The Escapades of Johnny Crook SAID Johnny Crook to Mr. Bull, "I'd like to roar like you." Said Mr. Bull, "Why don't you try? It would be something new." So Johnny opened wide his mouth, And gave an awful roar, That frightened Mr. Bull so much That down the street he tore.

A Slippery Diet

THERE was an old man of Calcutta Who bought twenty pounds of fresh butter.

When he'd eaten it all He felt himself fall Right on to his back in the gutter.

A Peal That Did Not Appeal



GRANDPAPA BROWNIE: "Stop swinging on that bluebell, you young rascal. You make more noise than a dozen muffin men!"

Do You Know Me?

WITH all things I'm found, yet to nothing belong; Though a stranger to crowds, yet I'm still in a throng; And though foreign to music and all its soft powers, In songs and in epigrams, ladies, I'm yours;

Though a friend to true glory, I'm ne'er in renown, Though no kingdom's without me, I hold not a crown; Both with kings and with beggars my birthright I claim, But enough has been told to discover my name. *Answer next week*

WHICH letter of the alphabet is most useful to a deaf old lady? A: because it makes her hear.

A Good Memory

AN old servant was noted for her wonderful memory, and her mistress, duly impressed, asked her how she accounted for it.

"I've never told a falsehood in my life, mum," was the somewhat startling reply; "and as I never have to remember what I have said before for fear of being found out, my memory has never been overworked and it is still as good as new."

Is Your Name Harper?

IF your name is Harper, possibly one of your ancestors played the harp, and the description of him as a musician gradually became the surname of his family. But this is not necessarily the origin of the name in all cases. The name may sometimes have originated in a man's business sign being a harp in the days when all shops were known by a sign instead of a number in the street. This gradually developed into the man being known among his neighbours as Harper.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Jack's Problem The numbers were 8, 12, 5, and 20. $8 + 2 = 10$; $12 - 2 = 10$; $5 \times 2 = 10$; $20 \div 2 = 10$.

What Am I? News-paper Puzzle Birds Waxwing and Wheatear Who Was He? The Famous Bishop was St. Augustine of Hippo.

Jacko Caught at Last

JACKO thought no end of himself when the piano was really on board.

He took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and gazed proudly at his arms.

"There's muscle for you!" he said, with a grin. The piano man didn't seem to think much of it.

"If you're going to get to Aylford tonight," he said, pulling a pipe out of his pocket, "you'd better get a move on."

"All right," said Jacko soothingly. "I'm off."

Unfortunately he stepped back on Toby's foot. The poor dog cried out, and it was just then, when he turned to pat him, that he caught sight of a little crowd of people hurrying along the tow path.

"Coo!" he said. "They seem in a mighty hurry!"

But the piano man was staring at the barge.

"You've got a tidy cargo there," he said. "If you take much more on board you'll sink her."

"No fear," said Jacko. "Splendid little boat this! Sound as a drum!"

"Water's coming in anyway," squeaked Horace, unexpectedly. "Old boat's leaking. Got cold feet."

Jacko looked hurriedly down, and wondered he hadn't cold feet too, for he was standing in a pool of water.

"Pooh! That's nothing! Soon bale it out!"

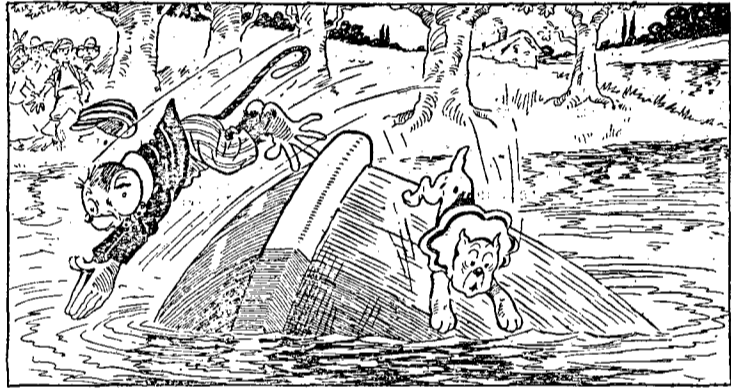
But while he was searching for something to bale with he heard angry voices. The little crowd had come nearer, and were shouting and waving their arms and behaving in a most extraordinary fashion. As Jacko stared he recognised them.

"Help!" he muttered. "That looks like the coal man!"

It was the coal man.

"Great Scott!" said Jacko. "And that's Mrs. Flourbags!"

It was Mrs. Flourbags. And with her was the parrot lady and



Jacko threw up his arms and dived overboard

the Punch and Judy man, and somebody else whom Jacko didn't know. But he soon introduced himself.

"You young scoundrel!" he cried, pushing in front of the others and shaking his fist at the astonished Jacko. "What do you mean by going off with my barge like that?"

"You bad boy!" cried the lady who had given him the flour bags. "How dare you deceive me like that?"

"And what have you done with my Punch and Judy show?" demanded another voice.

The coal man said nothing. He was twisting his neck into contortions trying to count his bags.

"Hallo; Mother!" shouted Horace. "Are you there?"

"Yes, my lamb," cried a shrill voice. "Has that brute dared to ill-treat you?"

All this time the "brute" said never a word. He was doing his utmost to get far out into the middle of the canal. He did not like the look of things at all.

Suddenly the parrot lady began to scream at the top of her voice. "Look!" she shrieked. "The barge! It's sinking!"

It was. The poor, brave old thing had done its best; it could stand no more. The grand piano had proved too much for it. It flung up its arms, so to speak, and sank.

Jacko turned pale, threw up his arms, and dived overboard.

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

To Help the Blind

Those men, blinded in the war, who have learned to type have now the use of a very helpful invention.

It is a machine which stamps raised letters on to a tape, and the matter to be typed can be quickly prepared in Braille for the blind man, who can then read for himself without having someone to dictate to him.

Pour les Aveugles

Les hommes, devenus aveugles à la guerre, qui ont appris à se servir de la machine à écrire, ont actuellement à leur service une invention très utile.

C'est une machine qui poinçonne des caractères en relief sur un ruban, et l'on peut rapidement préparer en Braille la copie destinée à la machine, de sorte que l'aveugle peut la lire lui-même sans qu'on ait besoin de la lui dicter.

Tales Before Bedtime

See-Saw

THE workmen were in the house, making what Cook called "a horrible mess."

The children loved it. With carpets up, and meals first in one room and then in another, nobody took much notice of dirty boots and untidy hair.

Even lessons received little attention. Miss Gibbs hated being turned out of the orderly schoolroom, and it was such a job to find a quiet corner for herself and her pupils that at last Mother said:

"I think you had better give them a holiday for a few days."

Jack and Babs shrieked with delight and dashed into the garden.

The first thing they saw was a great plank that the workmen had laid on the lawn.

"What a topping thing for a see-saw!" exclaimed Jack.

And Babs said: "But what can we set it upon?"

Jack thought of the wood cellar, and there they found a great log the very size and height they wanted.

They dragged it on to the lawn, and set the plank across it. And then they sprang on together in the middle, and wriggled and wriggled till they got to the ends.

"Isn't it fine?" cried Jack, giving a bound that sent him high up in the air.

"Look out!" exclaimed Babs. "If you jerk like that you'll send me off!"

But Jack wouldn't listen. The next minute he gave another bound. Down he went, and up flew Babs.

It startled her so that she lost her balance and fell off.

With a scream she crashed into a great pot of paint. As she fell she tipped it up, and



"Isn't it fine?" cried Jack

out it came, flowing over her in a horrid, sticky stream, dyeing her hands and her frock a bright emerald green.

It was hours before she got rid of it. But she was a little braver about it. No one knew that it was all Jack's fault; and Jack was so grateful that the next time they played cricket he let her bat the whole afternoon.