



**SPORTS
GAMES
PUZZLES**

A PAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

**JOKES
STORIES
RIDDLES**



TRIPS WITH BIRDS FAMOUS JENNY WREN

Jenny Wren, or Kitty Wren, as she is sometimes called, has always been a favorite in story and song. There used to be a legend in Europe that the wren, though one of the smallest birds, was chosen king of all animals, winning over the ponderous elephant in an election which the animals held.

The different species of wrens in America are very unlike in their choice of haunts. The House Wren must be provided with a dwelling, though he will sometimes live in old barns or in the eaves under your roof. When the House Wren has sought a warmer climate, the Winter Wren comes to live in fallen trees or old stumps in the woods. The Carolina Wren is another which seeks a woodland home. Marsh Wrens prefer a meadow or wet boggy place where cat-tails grow.

In general, the wrens have a scolding song. Sometimes they sound like tree-toads fussing away in the woods. The Carolina Wren is the most powerful singer of the group. E. Schuyler Mathews, the bird writer, says he sings "Lost m' teakettle, tea-kettle, tea-kettle, tea!" The Short-billed Marsh Wren's song has been described by Ernest Seton as a series of "chaps," running into "chapp-r-rrr." His close cousin, the Long-billed Marsh Wren's rippling song is much like that of the House Wren, who begins his song by making a series of grating tones that sound like pebbles being rubbed together. Then he utters a high trilling note followed by others which tumble down the scale to a low ending. It sounds like the babbling of a brook, for the notes are short and uttered in quick succession.

The Carolina is the brightest wren in color, being a rich brownish-orange. It is the largest as well. Most wrens are speckled brown and only about four inches in length.



If you would like this tiny fellow, the House Wren, to live near your home, you should build a house for him with a round hole for a door only an inch in diameter. Then bird intruders will not be able to fly inside to the nest of twigs and feathers where the mate broods over evenly speckled pinkish eggs.

PRECIOUS JEWELS How Cameos Are Cut

Some of the old Greek cameos are so intricately chiseled that we are led to think the ancient cameo-cutters spent months working on a single stone. Yet the hours they put in were put to good advantage, for a well-carved cameo is a permanent thing. There are cameos in existence which were fashioned hundreds and even thousands of years ago, but which are as perfect as though they were done yesterday.

It was very stylish a few centuries ago for a person to wear a cameo likeness of his face. Men and women both wore them. Queen Elizabeth had several with her head on them. One of the best, the Barber cameo, was made in honor of her for the mercy she showed for a man condemned to die. William Barber had been ordered burned to death by Queen Mary who was England's ruler at the time. He was in prison awaiting the day of his execution when the news came that Mary had passed away. The new queen, Elizabeth, pardoned Barber. To show his thankfulness, he presented her with a cameo bearing her picture.

Two kinds of engraving are done on stones: intaglio, which means cutting down into the stone, and relief, such as cameo-cutting. Onyx, chalcedony and sardonyx are among the popular stones used for cameos because they have layers. Some of the onyxes have layers of different colors. Agate is black and white and carnelian is red and white. The figure is cut of the top section which is usually the lighter one, then the rest of the layer is cut away so the figure stands out on its dark background.

Onyx is not one of the gems, yet it is a valuable stone. The cameo-cutter pays too high a price for it to risk a mistake in his carving. When he is going to work out a figure he first molds it in wax exactly as it is to be in the stone, then he copies it line for line on the better material.

Two towns in Italy, Santa Lucia and Torre de Greco, are at present the center of the cameo trade. Many of the cameos made there are only cheap coral and shell imitations which are mounted in rings, scarf pins and brooches and which sell for a popular price. Real cameos, faithfully carved, are always expensive.

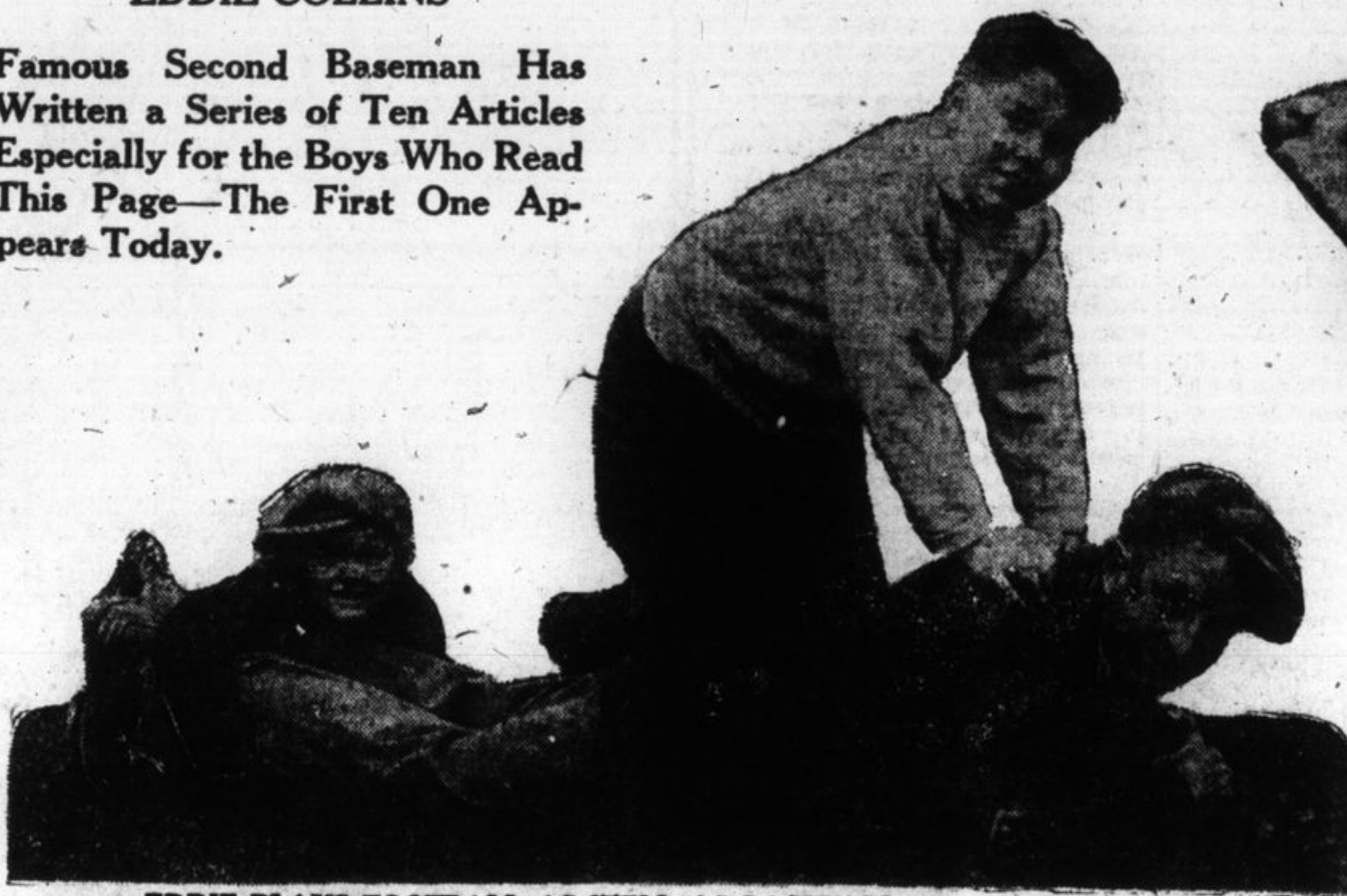
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EDDIE COLLINS ANSWERS BOY'S BASEBALL QUESTIONS

A STORY OF A BOY AND FROG

EDDIE COLLINS

Famous Second Baseman Has Written a Series of Ten Articles Especially for the Boys Who Read This Page—The First One Appears Today.



EDDIE PLAYS FOOTBALL AS WELL AS BASEBALL.

Eddie Collins, captain of the Chicago White Sox and the world's greatest second baseman, can't be kept down, either by baseball teams or his own boys. But Paul, aged twelve, and Eddie, Jr., who is six, can keep him from getting up, and that's what they're doing in the football picture above. Mrs. Collins and a dog complete the family. All of them are enthusiastic baseball fans, especially when Dad is on the diamond.



EDDIE COLLINS AT BAT

Last year he batted 360. His average for the last 16 years is 329. In 1923 he stole more bases than any other man. The older he gets, the faster he can run.

"HOW DID YOU GET INTO THE BIG LEAGUE?" BOYS ASK COLLINS

During Eddie Collins' eighteen years of big league playing, boys have asked him hundreds of questions about the game. Eddie likes boys and is always willing to answer these questions. There are thousands of you boys who read this page who would like to ask him questions, too. So Eddie has picked out the ones most often asked him, perhaps the very ones you'd like to ask, and will answer them here.

The first one, the one many an ambitious young ball-player has asked, is this:

HOW DID YOU GET INTO THE BIG LEAGUE?

Here is Eddie Collins' own answer—the answer he would give if you asked him

"In the spring of 1906, when I was still a student at Columbia University, Bill Lauder, one time Giant third baseman, then coach of our college team, said to me one day, 'How would you like to pick up some money this summer playing ball?' The idea rather appealed to me. I was working my way through college, so that in July I became a member of the Plattsburg, N. Y., team in the so-called Northern League, under the leadership of Billy Lush, ex-Cleveland outfielder.

"Under his diligent tutelage I improved enough to attract the attention of one of Connie Mack's scouts, who eventually persuaded me to come to New York to talk to Connie himself. The manager of the Athletics was fine to me when I explained to him I desired to complete my college work before entering upon a professional baseball career. 'I'll tell you what you do,' were the words he used to me. 'You've about three weeks before your college starts. (It was then about Labor Day.) You take this Western trip with us, see how you like it, and if satisfactory I'll sign you up for next year to report when you have graduated.'

"I readily consented, liked my brief experience that fall, and reported the first day of June, 1907, and have been in the big show ever since."

[Take a tip from the editor. If you clip and save these articles each week you'll have at the end of the series one of the best collections of baseball talks a boy could have, for these are the opinions of a veteran of the game. Read next week what Collins says about the greatest pitcher he has ever faced. He'll also tell you who he considers the best all-around baseball player.]

Strange Radio Laws

In Foreign Countries

Recent radio regulations in Australia require that every purchaser of a receiving set must present to the radio goods dealer a certificate of license showing that he has subscribed to the service of the station to which he wishes to listen in. When the instrument is bought, the wave length is adjusted to the station to which the customer subscribes. If he wishes to listen on other stations, he must pay an additional sum for the privilege. Sealing devices are employed to see that radio fans do not overstep government rights.

He Hopes to Be

Ambitious Stud: "Say, mister, have you been a street sweeper all your life?"
Street Sweeper: "Not yet."

WHAT CAN YOU DRAW FROM THIS LINE?



The cartoonist who drew the three pictures above started with the same line every time. You can see which line it is because it is marked more heavily than the rest. In the center of the page is the same line with space around it in which you may draw a picture. You do not need to draw a ball player, as the cartoonist has done, but any animal, person or thing you like.

Left the Ache with It

Paul: "Does your tooth still hurt?"
Albert: "I don't know."
Baul: "What do you mean by I don't know?"
Albert: "I left it at the dentist's."

True to His Country

"What did he die of, Mrs. Malone?"
"Gangrene, Mrs. Flannigan."
"Well, thank Hivin for the color, Mrs. Malone."

Matter of Taste

A woman engaged a new maid, with whose appearance and manner she was greatly pleased. When the terms had been agreed upon, the mistress said, "Now, my last maid was much too friendly with the policeman. I hope I can trust you."
"Indeed you can, ma'am," she replied, "I can't bear policemen. I was brought up to hate the very sight of them. You see, my father was a burglar."

"Good evenin', Mis' Smith," said Mamma Chloe, setting her basket of freshly-laundeed clothes in the door. "I'se a bit late bringin' home de washin', but I had for to atoin in my dellverin' to chastise dat boy ob mine."

"Why what's Nick been doing now?" Mrs. Smith asked. Heler and Billy who were listening cried, "Tell us about it!"

"Well, ma'am, he's been triffin' wid a bullfrog, tryin' to give him a voice like Nature never intended what he should have. Seem like dat young un think of mo' trouble than two white chillun," complained Mamma. "You see, 's like dis: it done rain ever' day so fur in de month of April. And when my Nick want to go outside to play I says, 'Gaint go out today on account it be too damp atmosphere, but tomorrow come de sunshine and out you go.' Den nex' day it rain again, an' still he haf 't play inside."

"Now 's afternoon, it seem like dat boy can't stan' de indoors no longer, an' when I git my back turned, what do he do but go bustin' out in de downpour. Old rain come splashin' all ovah his clothes, soze up in his shoes, till he's 'bout as soaked up as a sponge. Den he come trailin' in 'leavin' puddles wherevah he stan' an' come 't in' out, he ain't got no voice left! All he kin do's open 's mouf and make a noise like a bullfrog in de holler. I say, 'Who tole you not to go out in dat shower?' an' he can't make no answer 'cause de rain done drowns out his speech."

"Den I doctah him up wid a mustard plastah, spread it smooth ovah his little chest wid hot flannel on de top. Nick he wriggle an' cry an' kick his heels, 'cause he feel hot 'nuf to break out in a blaze, but I say to him 'Jes' you stop dat hoppin'! Pretty soon you 's prided to find you ain't croakin' no mo' but speak like a gentleman!"

"W'en evenin' come and de rain stop, I goes out for to git Mis' Johnson's clothes. I tells Nick to stand dar at de window and not sudge till I gits back. W'en I leave he's a-standin' calm and peaceful-like watchin' a green frog who's a-settin' outside in de grass by a water puddle, boomin' away like a fog horn on de river boat."

"But when I gits home, what do I find? I opens de door to find dat frog inside, half-crazy, jumpin' up an' down an' aroun' so's you'd most die laughin' 't see his long legs unfoldin'. Seem like he done lose his mind, he's so agitated. 'Bout then I sees he got somepin' white tied on his front. I look to my Nick sittin' dar. Dat black rascal's a-waggin' his head an' sayin': 'Ain't no use hoppin' round, Mr. Frog. De mustard plastah you got on burn you up now, but after while croakin' soun' go 'way an' you speak like a gen'laman.'"

RANDY RIDDLE SAYS—

With what may a thief erase his tracks on a rainy night?

Where does one find horses with wooden legs in great numbers?

What a Relief

Student: "Why don't you laugh at the prof's jokes?"
Silent One: "I don't have to, I am getting kicked out next week."

Very Careful

Doctor: "Have you taken every precaution to prevent spread of contagion in the family?"
Rastus: "Absolutely, doctah, we've even bought a sanitary cup and we all done drink from it."

Calamity

Speed Fiend: "Well, I'm afraid that train will beat us to the crossing."
Passenger: "That's not what I am afraid of. It might be a tie."

Fault of the Printer

"Waiter! I have found a needle in my soup!"
Waiter: "Beg pardon, sir, typographical error. It should have been a noodle."

Answer to today's riddle: A thief may erase his tracks on a rainy night with his rubber. One finds horses with wooden legs on merry-go-rounds.

A Love-ly Game

Little brother was misled by his sister, who was supposed to be taking care of him. When he reappeared he said that he had been playing postman.

"Where did you get the letters to give to our neighbors?" asked his sister.

"Oh," replied little brother, "they were nice ones tied up with ribbon in your bureau."

IN SNOPPYQUOP LAND

WHERE NOTHING SEEMS QUER



THIS BUG BIT EDDIE COLLINS 18 YEARS AGO

Have you ever been bitten by this animal? All the people in the bleachers back of him have been—hundreds of thousands of people in this country are bitten by him every year. Examine him carefully under the microscope. See how he's made—a baseball for a body, gloves for wings, bats for legs, a base for a head, a mask on his face (no, he's not a masquerade ball), chest protector, cap and spiked shoes. He's a popular guy about this time of the year—the Baseball Bug. He bites rich and poor alike. He is the bug that makes little boys look through knotholes in fences and go to their grandmothers' funerals now and then on warm afternoons, the bug that makes Babe Ruth hit home runs—the most famous bug in the world!

