



**SPORTS
GAMES
PUZZLES**

A PAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

**JOKES
STORIES
RIDDLES**



A HIGH HONOR FOR AN INDIAN GIRL

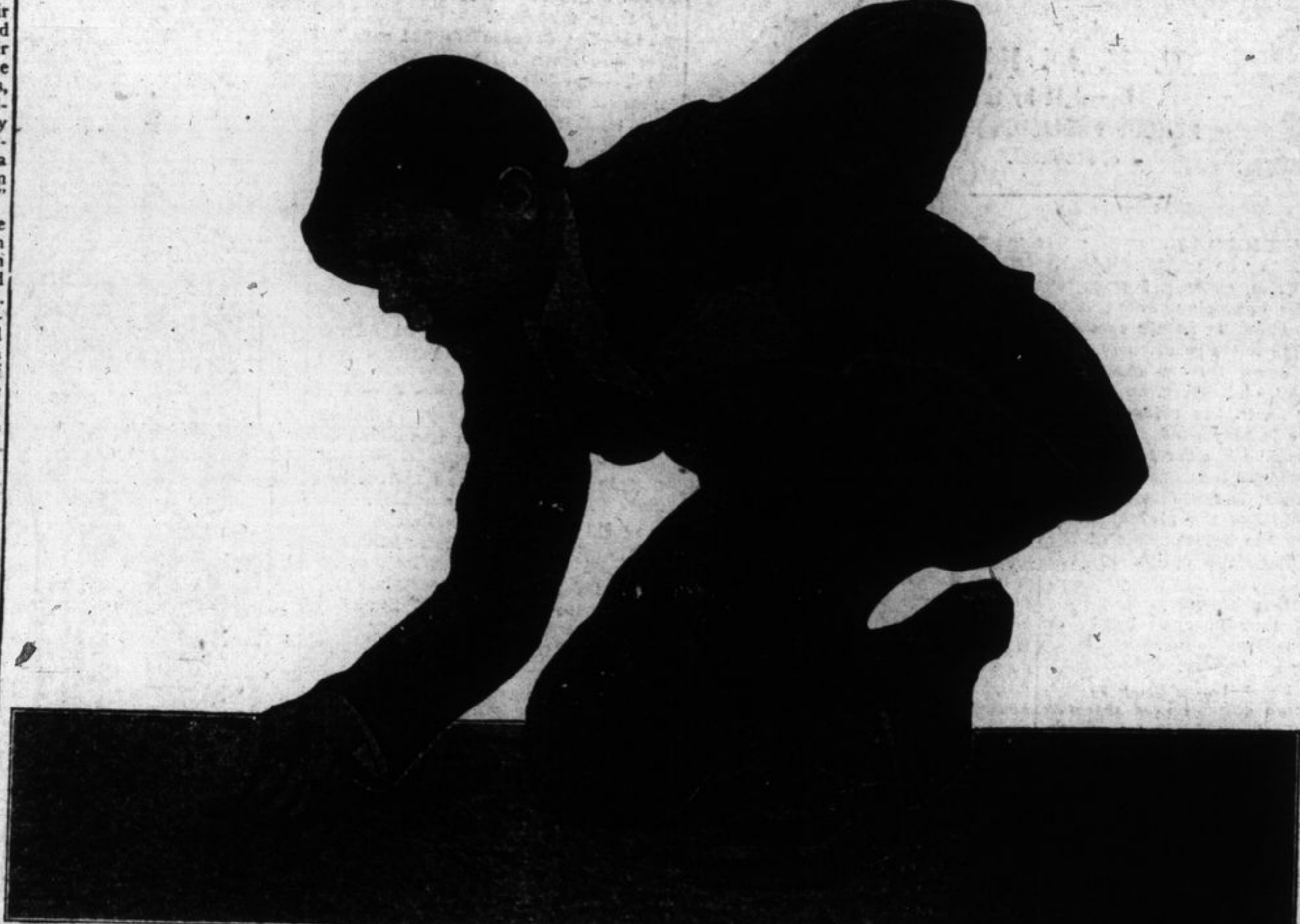
Boys and girls consider it a privilege to be allowed to listen to an address by a national executive, such as the President of the United States. But not more than one or two boys or girls in a million ever have the honor of making an address to a president while hundreds of other citizens, famous in public life, listen and applaud at the end.

When an advisory council of one hundred prominent American citizens met at the capital of the United States last winter to work out policies regarding the 340,000 Indians who live within its boundaries, Ruth Muskrat, an Indian girl, of the Cherokee tribe, now a student at Mt. Holyoke College, made a speech before President Coolidge in which she presented him with a specially bound copy of "The Red Maa of the United States."

The book was one outlining the history of the Indian from earliest times to the present day. The cover was headed by hand at the Cheyenne Reservation in Oklahoma, to make a picture. On the front side it showed an Indian of the old day with his hand extended in friendship to the white man and on the other side the new type Indian tilling the soil with his plow. On the binding was headed the peace pipe, the token of good will.

Miss Muskrat called President Coolidge the "Great White Father" when she offered the book. She told him in her speech of the various types of famous war chiefs the In-

THE NATIONAL MARBLE CHAMPION TELLS YOU HOW HE WON HIS TITLE



never enjoyed it half as much as baseball. His ambition is to be a professional baseball player. He says that he really learned to play marbles between April and June, and that he did it by playing every chance he got. He began to "get good," as he calls it, when he discovered that by shooting with the marble resting upon the flat top of his thumb, the lower side of his thumb resting flat upon his second finger, he could absolutely control the distance and direction of the marble, and that he could play twice as long without tiring. He has never had one skinned knuckle since he began playing, while numbers of the other fellows who turned up at the finals had bleeding and sore knuckles.

He plays with 13 little clay marbles, just slightly less than 3/4 of an inch in diameter. That is the type decided upon to be used in all future championship playing. Unlike most fellows, he isn't interested in a large collection of different kinds of marbles. While playing for city championship he won more than half a bushel—all kinds and conditions, but he sold them to other fellows before leaving for Atlantic City, and since his return he has played with nothing but clay.

The city champions played for eight days in the Atlantic City finals, on the beach, where clay platforms had been built, with as high as 12,000 people watching them each day. Again Harlin was not in the limelight, until the other fellows began to lose their nerve. He just managed to be good enough to stay in the games, but as the others lost nerve he came up as calm and cool as ever and carried on. Next to the last day of the tournament he almost lost place to a colored boy, the Chicago champion, but his nerve saved him, and on the eighth day he won and was presented with a wonderful thin-model white gold watch, with a job, to which was attached a solid gold marble, cast exactly like the one with which he finally won.

Harlin will be 15 before the opening of the next tournament, and so will be ineligible, but he is keenly interested in it, and will act as an organizer among the boys in school, urging them to enter, and giving them pointers. He will travel to Atlantic City again this year with the new city champion and the newspaper representative where he will hand over his title to the National Marble Champion of the United States.

Crack Shot
"John," said his wife, "you'll have to take that ball from baby; he hit his sister on the head."
"Yes, dear," answered the husband, "but you should have seen the curve the little fellow had on it."

Easy Goin'
"What you doin', chile?"
"Nothin', Mammy."
"My, but you sholy is gettin' laf' yo' daddy."

STORIES OF PRECIOUS JEWELS King Tut's Treasures of Lapis Lazuli



The recent excavations in Egypt, which have brought to light the wonderful objects of art belonging to the reign of King Tut-ankh-Amen have revealed most beautiful and elaborate pieces inlaid with quantities of blue lapis lazuli. This stone is not considered a gem, but it has always been counted one of the most alluring materials for beads, earrings and other barbaric jewelry as well as a favorite stone for inlay work in jewel boxes, vases and charms.

The most remarkable example of the way lapis lazuli was used by the ancients is the throne of old King Tut himself. It is an immense gold affair, with a sort of aisle of gold walls extending in front, and a high, fan-shaped piece for a back. Every single foot of it is carved in minute designs with inlays of lapis to mark the central motifs. The whole thing is a glitter of gold inlaid with blue. Literally thou-

Marble champion for the whole United States! That is Harlin McCoy's title. He won it last June in the tournament at Atlantic City, New Jersey, when he played against the best marble shooters from 40 cities of the country.

Harlin was only an ordinary player to begin with. But constant practice plus a steady nerve made him the prize winner. This spring Harlin will give up his title to a new champion at another Atlantic City tournament. Who knows but that the new champion may be you! You'll be sure to sign up for your city match after you've read here what Harlin did.

When Harlin McCoy, of Columbus, Ohio, National Marble Champion of the United States, first heard that a Columbus paper was sponsoring a marble tournament, he did not give it much thought. He was sure that he did not play well enough to enter, but the other boys kept after him to send in an application blank, until, after having written and torn up three blanks, he finally got up nerve to send one in. That was late in April, 1923. In June he traveled to Atlantic City, together with 40 other city champions, and on the 18th of June he won in the finals, and became National Champion.

The tournament was started in the different grammar and junior high schools in the city. Only boys under 15 were eligible to try. Harlin played among the fellows of Crestview, his own school, where he was enrolled as an 8 A. In a short time he was school champion, and then he played the champions of other schools, until finally about the first of June, in Sunshine park, the champions of all the schools got together for the final games. It took several days, and Harlin was not a bright and shining light during most of the playing. The first few days, all he

did was to stay in the game but it was soon noticed that each time the other fellow's nerve seemed to be leaving him, Harlin came up from behind, and walked away with the game. He was given the loving cup for Columbus Champion, and was advised by the paper that he was to go to Atlantic City.

Harlin says that there is no such thing as luck in scientific marble playing; nothing but practice and a good nerve amount to anything. He was known as an ordinary marble player all of his life, until he started intensive practice for the championship. Of course he had the marbles—all fellows do—but he

EDDIE COLLINS TELLS HOW IT FEELS TO PLAY IN A WORLD SERIES



You are anxious—actually nervous—for the series to begin. Although a college football man and a player against Yale, Princeton, Cornell and Pennsylvania, I never before appreciated why a coach took his team away previous to an important game to a quiet place where they would be away from all the turmoil, etc., that is always so prevalent at such big game, until I played in the world's series; but when I finally get into a uniform and on the ball field, I feel quite myself again.

As far as the game is concerned, it is no different from any other hard fought ball game. It is only the time in between games that hangs heavy and I feel ill at ease. Nineteen hundred and eleven was the worst in this respect, when five continuous days of rain kept the Athletics and Giants idle. I think the only time I have been conscious of it being any different from any other game is when it narrows down to the final play. I remember, as if only yesterday, Jack Barry calling me in the ninth inning of the last game against the Cubs in 1910. "Only one more man and we're champions." At this zero hour you seem to sense the fact that it is most over and only one more man to retire.

Possibly that is why I can recall more vividly the last put-out in every world's series in which I have played than any other play. As my cartoonist friend might say, "Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling" when it's all over.

The Father of a Dozen
"Yes," said the principal of the young ladies' seminary to the proud parent, "you ought to be happy, my dear sir, to be the father of so large a family, all the members of which appear to be so devoted to one another."

"Large family! Devoted!" gasped the old gentleman in amazement. "What on earth do you mean?"

"Why, yes, indeed," said the principal beaming through her glasses. "No fewer than eleven of Edith's brothers have been here this term to take her out, and she tells me she expects the tall one with the blue eyes is coming again tomorrow."

IN SNOPPYQUOP LAND WHERE NOTHING SEEMS QUEER



OH CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN
No, this is not Diogenes with his lamp looking for an honest man, it's Miles Sandwich reading his bedtime story. If he'd only look up from his book he'd notice that there are other Snoppies besides himself strolling in the Park—Miss Priscilla, for instance, and her dog Weasel. Pipples in glass houses shouldn't throw stones, as you know, but once Priscilla threw a stone for Weasel to chase, and she hit the poor doggie in his conservatory. Pop! went the Weasel, and she had to take him to the glass works for a new overcoat.

But to go back to Miles Sandwich, who is rapidly going forward to oblivion. Is he reading an essay on "How to plant bulbs"? No, dear children, the story is "The Call of the Open Road" and Miles is about to hear the call. That's John Alden in the background. He can't speak for himself—he's laughing too hard.

Disrespectful
Jane: "Just think, Mother, a poor worm provided the silk for my dress."
Mrs. Brown: "I'm shocked, Jane, that you should speak so disrespectfully of your dear father."

False Report
Tuffy: "Say, kid, where's de fair?"
Percy: "Fair? I haven't heard about any fair."
Tuffy: Den de paper lie. It says 'fair tonight and Wednesday."

Johnny's marble crazy
He surely has the bug, Plays 'em in the backyard, Plays 'em on the rug.

Shooters, glasses, chalked.
Alleys and pewees, Mother's patience is worn out, So are Johnny's knees.

SIGHTSEEING TRIPS WITH THE BIRDS Grosbeaks of the Valley and Pine Forest

The Grosbeaks belong to the same Finch family as the Cardinal, the Goldfinch and the Indigo Bunting which were described last week. The Rose-breasted Grosbeak is a bird of the mountain valley. He likes to live in river birches or along the border of a spruce forest. He has a black coat, hood, wings and tail with white underparts with a rose-red shirt front shaped like a triangle. Notice also in the picture that he has a big, powerful, stubby bill. He lives anywhere from Manitoba to Maine and southward to North Carolina and Kansas, building a frail nest ten to twenty feet above the ground in which may be found, during the latter half of May, four or five blue eggs marked with brown. The female's coloring betrays that she is a relative of the sparrow. The young males, too, in the fall, are streaked with brown, but have red breasts.

The Grosbeak's song is like the Robin's, only it is more flowing and joyous. The Robin sings in jerky triplets; the Grosbeak in accented triplets and smooth triplets. His call-note is a sharp peep. The Grosbeak is a valuable bird citizen, for he destroys June bugs, the potato beetle



and the grapevine beetle. The Pine Grosbeak is a cold weather bird. In summer he lives in northern North America, spending the winter in the northern United States. He is prepared for the most bitter cold, for during the summer he stored up a layer of fat under his feathers which keeps him warm, and if a day comes when the pine cones and buds do not yield him a good meal, his stored-up food will tide him over.

In color he is the most delicious peach pink. In the landscape of snow and ice where he is found, he makes a most artistic appearance as he fits in and out of the pine trees, deftly picking out the seeds of the pine cone with his beak, which is to him what hands are to a person. His call is a whistle of three or four notes.

The Pine Grosbeak is a pink color with white bars on the black wings. He has a dark brown parrot-like beak and brown feet.

The King of Hoyt's anchors, as Eddie Collins has been called, has played six times in the world series. His real worth as a ball player was not generally known until the series in 1918 when his astounding performance helped to win the Cubs in four games out of five. That was in the first series of the six in which Collins has appeared.

How Does It Feel to Play in a World's Series?
By Eddie Collins (Written Exclusively for This Page.)
Having participated in six world's series, and in more world's series games than any other ball player, I guess is one of the reasons I am so often asked the above question. It is a wonderful thing to realize you are a participant in the greatest game of the year. Probably weeks before you have been preparing for the series. You watch, study and discuss your rivals. Baseball has been on your mind more than ever before.

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MIBS!
MA! OSCAR SWALLOWED MY SHOOTER AND I W-A-N-T IT!!

KING OF SPRING



IN CHURCH
I FORGOT AN' PUT IN MY FANCY SHOOTER!

YOU'RE LATE AGAIN FOR SUPPER. HOW COME?

WONDER WHY EVERYBODY'S HOLLERIN' AT ME

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