



**SPORTS
GAMES
PUZZLES**

A PAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

**JOKES
STORIES
RIDDLES**



EDDIE COLLINS

**Answers Boys' Baseball Questions
Have You Ever Been Seriously Hurt in a Ball Game?**
By Eddie Collins (Written Exclusively for This Page.)



YOU DROP THOSE BASES!

When Edward Trowbridge (Eddie) Collins enlisted in the United States Marine Corps in August, 1918, after finishing out his season with the White Sox, he said that the Sox had better not try to steal any more bases or he'd show 'em what a second baseman was good for.

For a period now of over 17 years, during which time I have seen the curtain rung down on 18 American League seasons, I have experienced but one serious injury on the ball field. That one only kept me out of uniform for sixteen days, and during that season I played in 132 of the 154 scheduled games. That injury took place on July 1, 1911, in Washington, and occurred as follows: Walter Johnson hit a fly in short right field, in the pursuit of which Murphy and I collided. As a result my left arm was dislocated at the elbow and I was forced to take a rest. With the exception of occasional cuts, spike wounds and a sprained ankle at rare intervals, none of which have caused my absence from the game for a period of more than a couple of days, I have been able to average about 150 games every year since I became a regular in 1909, exclusive of the years 1918 and 1919, when season was curtailed because of the war, up until last year. On July 1 again, apparently an unlucky day for me, I twisted my knee while fielding a ball in St. Louis. This incapacitated me for about five days, when unwisely I attempted to play again, and aggravated the injury. A rest of about another week restored me O. K., much to my own relief, and I have been all right ever since.

How Did You Come to Play Second Base?

As far back as the time I was in school and in college, I always played at shortstop. The first summer I played semi-pro ball I played in the same position, so when I came to the Athletics I was first tried out at shortstop. But as I recall it, from all accounts my debut was not an auspicious one. However, I do remember with considerable pride that the first time I ever went to bat in the major league I got a base hit, and against no lesser personage than Ed Walsh, the spitball king. My work at short was very erratic, and if it had not been for the patience of Connie Mack, I don't know where I might have been now. He retained me for a full season on the bench entirely, but I practiced and learned under his careful observation, and after several unsuccessful attempts at outfielding, at third and short again, an injury to Danny Murphy in the fall of 1908 gave me my chance to fill in at second base. I guess that must be my logical position, because I have held my job and never played in any other position since.

THE MUFFIN-MAKING ARTIST



"Anything but be the family cook!" The muffins were done to a golden brown when the doorkill gang, Beth poured the chocolate and put a plate of her popovers on the tea table in the library while Mr. Millet took off his coat in the hall. Then she swept away to the kitchen to wash the man pans.

"Muffins with raisins!" exclaimed the artist as Mrs. Parker served him. "And hot besides! Really, they are excellent!" He drank his chocolate with relish. "And who is it that is such a fine cook?"

"My daughter Beth," smiled Mrs. Parker.

"Then will she not come in and receive my compliments?"

Beth was so surprised to be called in before the company that she forgot to take off her apron. But the artist seemed to be only more delighted than ever. The sincerity of his praise was proved by the way he allowed his plate to be replenished with muffins and jam. Ruth fingered her portfolio nervously, but decided not to mention her work until he called for it. Finally, when the last muffin was gone, the man came back in his chair and looked serious.

"You have a talented daughter, Mrs. Parker," he began.

"We always felt that Ruth had considerable ability," rejoined the mother.

"Ruth? Ah, yes, the one who is going to show me her portfolio." He reached for the drawings, glancing quickly through the lot. "I was thinking, when I spoke, of Beth, who provided the refreshments. Now these drawings show promise at least. I think I might take Ruth as a pupil. They are fairly good sketches, but—" his eye fell on the crumbs on the muffin plate, and he pounded his chair arm in emphasis. "Those were the best muffins I ever can draw. It's too bad I can't do it!"

IN SNOPYQUOP LAND

SOME SIGHTSEEING TRIPS WITH THE BIRDS

"Is this 'Alice Through the Looking Glass' you are, 'or 'The Cat and the Canary'?" Neither, little ones, it's Molly, the president of the S. P. C. A. (Snopyquop's Pet Canary Association) and Hope, her pet canary. A year or so ago Molly didn't have any pet, so one day she planted a bird seed, and up grew this fine happy canary. Molly wears that cagey little waist to make a home for Hope. She calls it her Hope Chest. She is powdering Birdie's nose before going out to dinner. Like her famous revolutionary ancestor, Molly Pitcher, she Molly has an umbrella on her nose while Floppy has a powder puff on hers. This canary has learned to talk like a parrot and likes cracklers, too. Once she got fresh and made a funny crack at Molly. "Talk about sightseeing trips, old gal, you're the wisest sight I've seen in weeks."



(Copyright, 1924, Associated Editors, Inc.)

A STICK OF CANDY'S STORY



WELL! HERE I AM, ALL MIXED UP. SOME ONE'S BEEN KNEADING ME A LONG WHILE

SETTING-UP! EXERCISES! I'M PULLED ON A HOOK

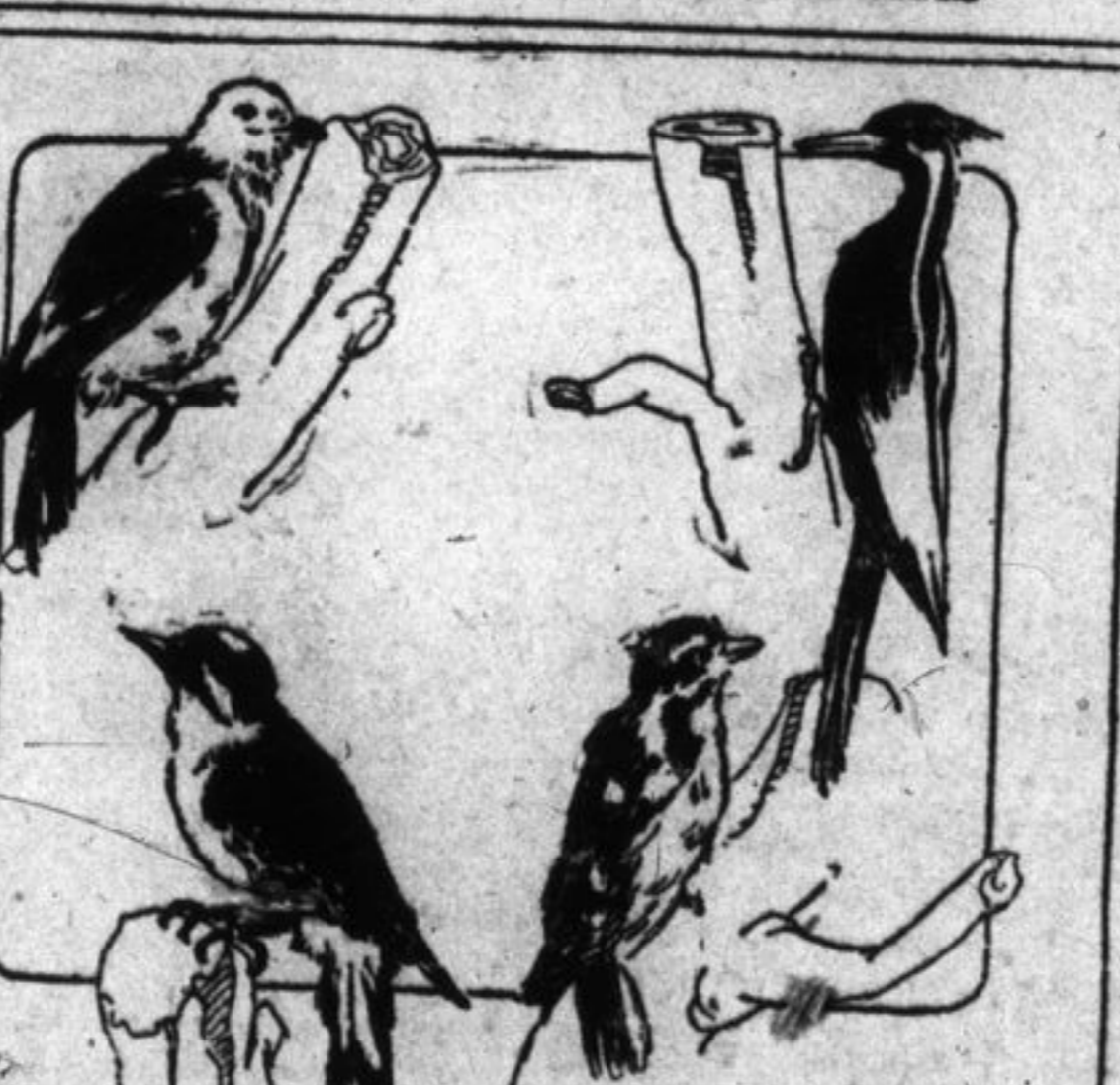
I'M SHAPED UP LIKE THIS. THAT GAS-HEATER BESIDE ME IS A WARM FRIEND! IT KEEPS ME PLIABLE. SOON I STAND ON A SHEET OF RED CANDY—ALSO GET 3 STRIPES OF IT DOWN MY BACK

HOORAY!! WHAT A RELIEF IT IS TO S-T-R-E-T-C-H YOU WON'T KNOW ME PRETTY SOON!

I'M NOW IN A NUMBER OF STICKS ABOUT 8 FT. LONG. HOW NICE TO BE COOL AGAIN, EVEN THOUGH IT DOES MAKE ME MORE SET IN MY WAY! AT LAST I'M COOL AND HARD, BUT TOO TALL. FRIEND KNIFE KINDLY CRACKS ME APART SO ALL OF YOU MAY ENJOY ME!

OUR BOYS' AND GIRLS' ARTIST SKETCHED THESE PICTURES WHEN HE WENT TO VISIT A GREAT CANDY FACTORY

SOME OF OUR WOODPECKERS



The Ivory-billed, twenty inches in length, is the largest Woodpecker. It is at the top right. Black with a white stripe down each side of the neck, and white showing on the wing when it flies, its bright spot is the red crest on its head. The female Ivory-bill is just like the male except that her crest is black. Both have long ivory-white beaks. So shy is this bird that when man approaches, it disappears.

The Red-headed Woodpecker, top, left, has a reputation for eating cherries and apples off the trees. But he is a greater help than hindrance on a fruit farm, for he destroys great numbers of insects that would harm the trees. He is fond of old dead trees, making his nest there and boring for beetles just outside his front door. As his name would indicate, he has a red head and a black and white body.

The Three-toed Woodpecker, right, below, has two toes in front and one behind. On the head of the male is an orange-yellow crest. His home is in Canada and the northern United States. He is very similar to the somewhat larger Arctic Three-toed Woodpecker, which doesn't really live in the Arctic, but is found in the spruce and balsam forests of the north.

The Downy Woodpecker, left, below, is only six inches long. He is a smaller and more common edition of the Hairy Woodpecker. He is one of the most valuable woodpeckers, for he destroys great numbers of beetles, their eggs and larvae. His progress up a tree is accomplished with "hitches" up the trunk, beating a loud tattoo as he pounds away at his work. About six white eggs are laid in a dead tree in May. This bird is black and white except for a red "ribbon" on the top of his head.

Good for Him
"John talks in his sleep."
"How's that?"
"He recited in class today."

Pretty Poor
"My face is my fortune."
"You'll never have to pay an income tax."

Tool-Craft

All Sorts of Things for Boys and Men to Make
By Frank I. Solar

How to Make a Shorty and Slim Jumping-Jack

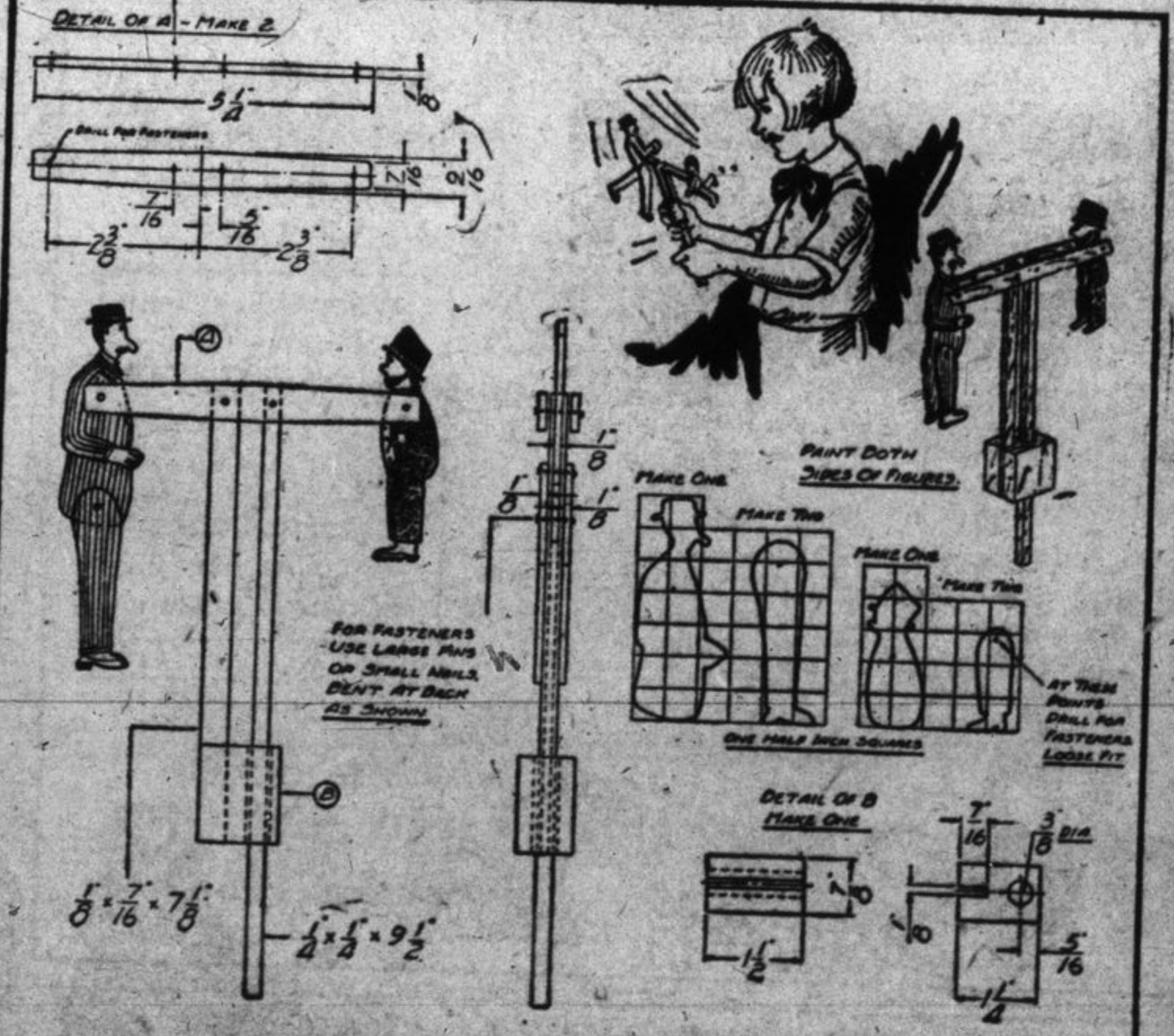
In making this toy which a small child will find most amusing, use any kind of thin wood. The dimensions on the drawing show the thickness to be used, but if you have wood of a slightly different thickness, use that instead.

Cut out the men you see in the drawing, or invent two of your own, if you have a clever idea for some clownish characters. Lay out your patterns very carefully, then cut to shape with a coping saw. Your work may be if you do not cut them carefully. Sand them with fine sandpaper, rounding all edges slightly.

Next get out the cross arms A, the block B and the two uprights. No part of the work on these pieces is difficult but because they are thin, you must be careful in handling them. The block B has a narrow slot in it into which the thinner upright piece is to be fastened with glue or a small brad. The thickness of the upright is given as an eighth of an inch which means that the slot must be just the slightest lack- ing in tools to cut so small a slot, cut it as small as you can, then make the upright piece of a thickness to fit into it securely. The rest of the construction will cause you no concern.

The moving parts are held together by means of thin nails or large pins bent over at the back. Thin wire may be used also. If small washers are available, they could be used to advantage in the construction. The joints of the men should have great freedom.

Painting faces, ears, coat, collar, tie and trousers on the men in colors of your own choosing is one of the most interesting parts of making this toy.



Practical Education
A keen-eyed mountaineer led his overgrown son into a country schoolhouse. "This here boy's arter larnin'," he announced. "What's yer bill o' fare?"

"My department, sir," replied the professor, "consists of arithmetic, algebra, geometry and trigonometry."

"That'll do," interrupted the old man, "load him up with trigonometry. He's the only poor shot in the family."

Randy Riddle Says—
What is an appropriate gift to give at a shower?

While Waiting
Mary's Beau: "Is Mary your oldest sister?"
Kid Brother: "Yep!"
Beau: "And who comes after her?"
Brother: "You and two other guys."

Randy Riddle Says—
Answer to today's riddle: A cat has claws at the end of its paws; a comma is a pause at the end of a clause. An appropriate gift to give at a shower is soap.

An Old Legend of the First Indian Peace Pipe

The Indian tribes of O-jib-weh, Ottawa and Pottawatonia were one time at war. So deadly were the foes, that if a member of one tribe had spied one of the other, it would have meant a battle to the death. Now it chanced one night that the three mighty chiefs of these nations came out into the forest for a few hours of meditation and rest. It was very dark so none of the three observed the moosehide approach of the other.

In the center of the forest stood a giant oak tree with four enormous roots, one growing toward the north, one toward the south, one east and one west. Now as the three chiefs came upon the tree, each from the direction of his own land, they paused between the high root walls of the tree and each prepared himself a bed on his side without the knowledge of anybody else's being there.

The three slept till dawn when an angel messenger appeared and awakened them from their slumbers. The angel ordered the Pottawatonia to fill his pipe and light it. When the old chief was told to pass his pipe on to the enemy of the next side of the tree, he was filled with surprise and anger. But one did not dare dispute the command of an angel from the Great Spirit, so the chief gave the pipe to his neighbor, who smoked it, then offered it to the third. When each in turn had smoked the Pipe of Peace, they agreed that old hatreds were forgotten and that the Indian wars were at an end. Then the angel said that some day a white man should come to fill the gap on the fourth side of the tree and that the three tribes must extend the Peace Pipe to him in order that his followers would be at home among their red brothers.

The oak tree, since that day, has been the national tree of the three Indian tribes. Eventually the white man came, but not for many centuries, for this all happened nineteen hundred years ago.

Wood for Postage Stamps

How many postage stamps in a tree? That is a question to ask the government which probably has records of the number of stamps issued in a year and the number of logs it took to produce the paper on which to print the stamps.

In a single year in the United States more than half a hundred acres of big, tall spruce trees are felled to produce the wood pulp necessary for the making of the nation's postage stamps. Estimate the number of stamps in a spruce tree then count the number of trees to an acre and multiply one by the other. Then multiply the result by fifty to get the number of acres and there you have worked out the problem for yourself without the trouble of asking Uncle Sam for the answer.

Old English
See: "How would you say in Shakespearean English, 'Here comes a bow-legged man?'"
Let: "Behold! Ah! What is this I see walking in parentheses?"
"Nice mule you have there, Rastus. Ever kick you?"
"No sah, but that there mule he frequently kicks the place wha' I recently was."