



**SPORTS
GAMES
PUZZLES**

A PAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

**JOKES
STORIES
RIDDLES**



MAGIC FOR TRICKSTERS

Two Stunts to Mystify Your Friends

VIBRATIONS
When I tell you that by "stroking" a lead pencil with another pencil or stick of wood it will make a



third piece of wood spin around, you won't believe me probably. Well, fellows, it can be done! Simply cut a number of notches near the eraser end of a pencil. Then get a very thin bit of wood about three-quarters of an inch to one inch in length and work a small hole into it with a pin (hole to be in center). Next, pin this "propeller" onto the eraser of your pencil as shown.

Now all that you do is rub those notches briskly with another pencil or stick. In a moment or so the little propeller will commence to spin merrily around, due to the vibrations from the pencil to which it is fastened.

The faster you "stroke" the pencil the faster the propeller will spin.

THE TOOTHPICK STAR

Here's a dandy trick that "takes" well any place. It'll make you feel like a regular magician to work it. Tell your friends you can make a star for them out of five toothpicks. Get a plate and five toothpicks and a glass of water.

Now "break" each toothpick in the middle as shown in the picture. Notice that they are not broken clear apart, but that the wood fiber is merely cracked. Now place your five bent toothpicks together on the plate in the shape shown. To complete this stunt dip your finger in the glass of water and place a drop or two right in the center of the group of toothpicks. Immediately the "star" will grow and take shape. The reason for this is that the wood fiber absorbs the water, which causes it to swell.

Sometimes this trick works equally well with match sticks, if you can get some that will not break completely in two.

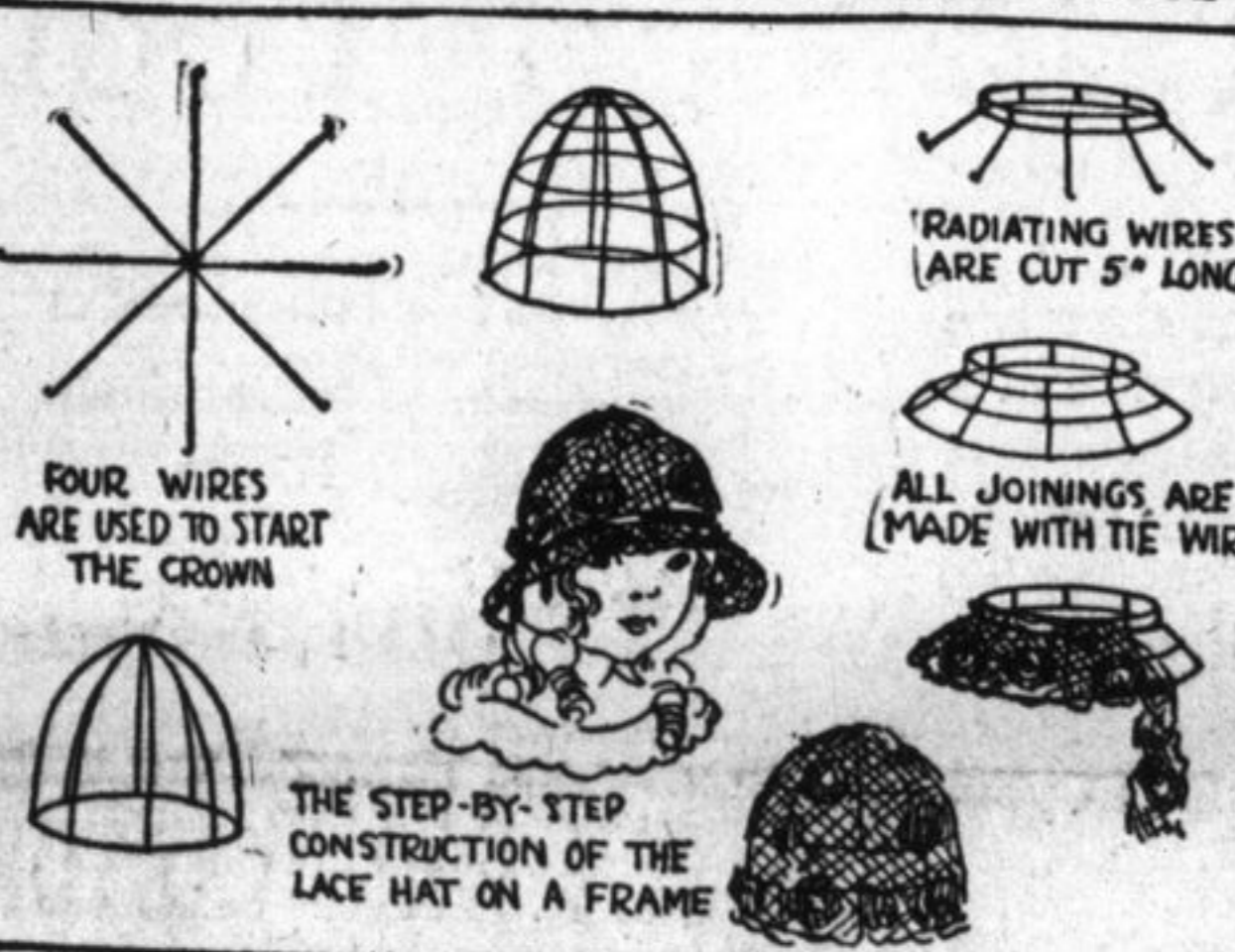
TOOTHPICK STAR



PLACE TOOTHPICKS ON PLATE LIKE THIS AND PUT DROP OF WATER HERE

—RESULT!

HOW TO MAKE YOUR SUMMER HATS



The Lace Hat on a Wire Frame

Making the wire hat frame is not difficult if you measure carefully for each wire. You will probably need ten yards of hat wire. It may be bought at any millinery store at the rate of two yards for a nickel. Buy also a spool of the wire, which is very thin binding wire for fastening together your heavier wires. Use black wires for a black lace hat and white for a lighter color.

First cut four wires 14 1/2" long for the crown. Bind them as in diagram one with a short piece of the wire. Measure your head where the crown would fit and cut your wire that size with a short lap over. It will probably measure about 21 inches. Loop your crown wires over the base one in their proper positions and fasten with tie wire.

Cut your outside brim wire 34" long. The middle wire is 31" and the crown wires 22 or 21 as your head measures. Cut the radiating wires 5". From the edge of the brim to the crown is 3 1/2" which allows 1 1/2" to turn up for the crown base. Remember to fasten every single joining with the wire securely. When the frame is done, cover it with lace 8" wide and finish with a bright ribbon around the crown.

A Tragedy

A peanut lay on a railroad track. The 8:15 came thundering past. Toot! Toot! Peanut butter!

Fuller: "You didn't know who I was this morning, did you?"
Fisher: "No, who were you?"

A Popular Breed

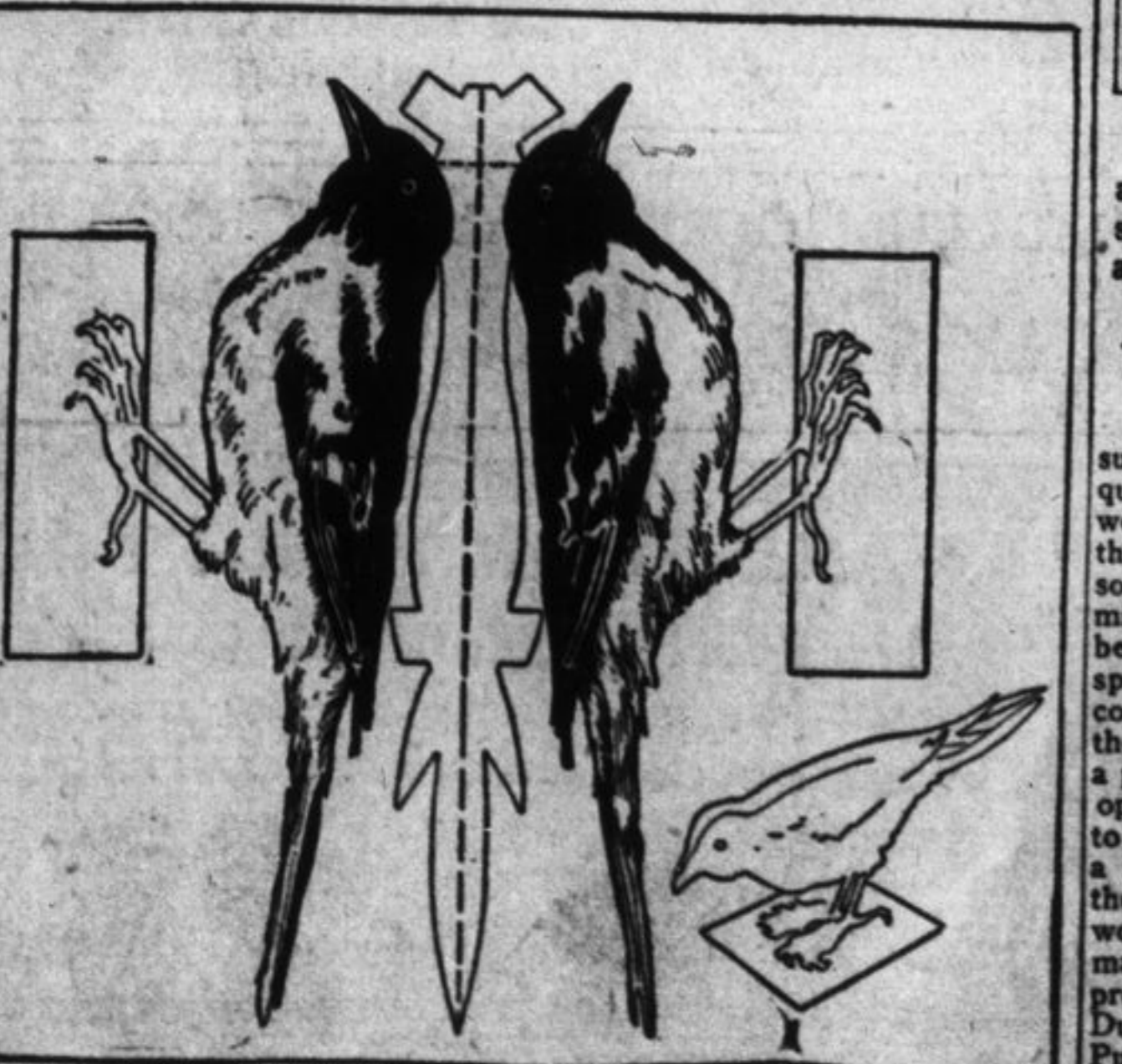
Society Dame: "And what kind of a dog is that, my little man?"
Urchin: "Please, ma'am, he's a cross between a cur and a mongrel."

Talented

Mike: "Is your brother a musician?"
Ike: "Is he? Why, at the age of three he played on the inoleum."

CUT OUT AND PASTE THIS BIRD TOY

This bird won't fly and it can't sing, but it stands up, which is really more than you usually expect of a paper bird. Of course you have to mount the bird on lightweight cardboard first, but it is easy to make around it for a pattern. Before you cut, it would perhaps be best to color it. An oriole, and that's what this bird is, is orange everywhere that he isn't black. After you have colored it carefully, cut on the outline and paste together. The small picture in the corner shows you how it should look. Fold on the dotted lines, and paste the flaps inside. The feet and the beak on the side pieces come together. Fold the standards on the sides out flat.



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A BOY AND A BIG GAME HUNT IN THE JUNGLES

"Not one boy in a million gets to do what I'm going to do today," thought Sandy Halliday with a little shiver of excitement as he lay in his tent with the bright rays of the African morning sun streaming into his eyes. He had been awakened by the jungle alarm clock, the chattering of the monkeys in the trees nearby. "Not one of my friends, or any of their friends ever went on an elephant hunt," thought he. "Gee! I never heard of anybody before who went elephant hunting!"

Just then the cook, a Masai, one of the savage natives of the vicinity who had been clattering tin breakfast pans outside thrust his head in the door as a sign for the boy to get up. Sandy tossed off the heavy blanket with which he had found it necessary to cover himself, for even though the party was camping on Mt. Kenia, exactly on the equator, the nights were cold.

Sandy's father, who was a taxidermist for one of the great American museums of natural history, had recently been sent to British East Africa on a hunting trip to obtain specimens of big game. It was an honor for Mr. Halliday, proving that smaller collecting trips, on which he had taken Sandy, to Western Canada and once to the East Indies, had been satisfactory.

When a journey to Africa with leopards, tigers, lions, giraffes, rhinos, buffalos and several hundred other species of animals became a prospect, Sandy's father, who had nobody with whom to leave the boy since he had no mother, planned to send him off to a military school and hold a gun when he could now tramp thirty miles without being tired and could shoot every kind of gun invented with as true marks as his father himself.

Even if he was going to a military school, he was going on the African trip! The boy had won out as he was proved by the fact that he was here.

The boy and his father with three other members of the museum staff had taken the long ocean voyage to Naples and then transferred to an African boat that had crossed the Suez down over the Red Sea into the Indian Ocean to Mombasa, capital of British East Africa. Then on the Uganda Railroad, the party of game hunters had gone into the tropical interior.

In central Africa, the safari, as the caravan is called, is not drawn by camels or oxen, as in the northern and southern parts, but the carriers are strong black natives who know the forests well and are wise to the dangers of prowling animals which surround them on every side. A small army of porters, tent-boys, gun-bearers and horse-boys with loads of provisions, tents and all the necessary equipment which made up Halliday's safari, had progressed in their journey as far as Mt. Kenia.

When he had finished dressing, Sandy joined Allan Smith, the youngest member of the party, a scientist only two or three years out of college, in the mess tent. His father and Mr. Dale and Sid Carter, the other men, were cleaning their guns outside.

"Well, Sandy," was Allan's greeting, "you may have a chance today at that bull you said you were going



to take back to the elephant exhibit. Some of the natives report that there were fresh tracks in the shambas a few miles over after the rain last night."

Sandy's eyes grew big. The shambas, he knew, were the cultivated fields of the inhabitants of the country and frequently the elephants made raids on them. Just at that moment, two runners came panting into camp uttering words and gestures that Sandy's father interpreted to mean that elephants had been spotted in the distance.

Inside three minutes, there was not a person in camp. All were on their way to the bamboo forest along the volcanic crater of Mt. Kenia. The elephants had been seen about three miles away by the sentries whom Mr. Halliday had placed at vantage points to watch during the night. The party crept forward in the woods, going slowly as not to make unnecessary noise, and in a direction so that the wind would not carry their scent to the

elephants whose hearing and sense of smell, unlike their dull eyesight, is very acute.

Any sign of the approach of men would have caused a stampede among the elephants, for they are the wisest of all wild animals, barring only a few of the highest apes, and are capable of reasoning that their pursuit by hunters means their extermination. A charging elephant is the last thing a person chooses to encounter in the jungle, for the African elephant, which has never been tamed, is far more brutal than his smaller Indian cousins, the kind seen in circuses.

At an open place, after almost three hours of tramping, in dense bamboo shoots broken off and branches torn off the sturdier trees, which indicated that the elephants had been feeding there during the night, but had retreated back to the dense places to stand in herds for the day. Since it was almost noon, they were likely to find a party of bulls

for cows and young elephants resting under the hot rays of the sun.

Sandy was creeping forward slowly when he heard a strange rumbling sound that almost terrified him. Then he realized it must be the curious noise known to every big game hunter that comes from the elephants' stomachs! In a moment he saw the trunk and ear of a big beast loom up against a tree-top, cracking off the branches as he moved forward, and soon the boy caught sight of the bull's long, heavy tusks. Sandy knew it was just the kind of beast his father wanted to take back and that in a moment he would shoot. Sandy cocked his rifle in readiness for the second elephant which he had not seen, but which he knew would probably come charging after his hunted companion.

At that instant the explosion of Mr. Halliday's big gun, as he fired almost deafened Sandy. The aim which had been directed at the brain a little above the eye, had missed by an inch, and though the fellow was stunned and almost fell, he recovered and came stumbling forward to avenge himself. Mr. Halliday fired again, while Sandy, who Mr. Dale close behind him, leaped to fire at a second elephant, which, sure enough, came breaking through the underbrush. Both shots struck the giant, but not in vital places.

EDDIE COLLINS ANSWERS QUESTIONS BOYS ASK ABOUT PLAYING BASEBALL

(Written Exclusively by Eddie Collins for This Page)



Here's Eddie Collins at "home plate," with his two boys and two of their chums. The questions answered here are some of the things these boys ask about when they borrow a bat from "Dad" and start a game in the back yard.

Are Players Paid for Spring Training?

It was a matter of considerable surprise to me to have the above question asked three times in one week. Although when one stops to think of it, there are numerous reasons why people who are not familiar with baseball could be led to believe that players were paid for spring work. In the Major League contracts signed by players with their respective clubs usually cover a period of six months, dating from opening of season, about April 12, to its close, October 12. There is a clause contained which requests the players to report for spring work at whatever place the club may designate, about five weeks previous to the season's opening. During this time, all railroad and Pullman fares, board and lodging necessary for the player's comfort

are paid for by the club, but during this period the player receives no remuneration, although he may play innumerable exhibition games scheduled by this club.

Are Players Consulted When Sold or Traded?

Generally speaking, no is the answer to the above question, but like all rules, there is always an exception. I speak with authority on this point, because it has been my experience to have been sold from one club in the American League to another. In my case Connie Mack showed me the consideration of conferring with me to learn whether the sale that he had in mind that affected my transfer was agreeable to me. It frequently happens when a player is moved from one club to another, the change is not always agreeable. A raise in salary or some such favor showed the player

Last fall, a committee of baseball critics selected from each one of the American League cities met and cast their votes for the players who, in their judgment, were the most valuable players to their team of all those in the league. Babe Ruth, who had just completed the greatest playing season that any ball player had ever shown, was the first choice, but so close behind the eminent Babe that there was little difference between the two, was this man who is giving you the benefit of his splendid fund of baseball information in the answers to the baseball questions here—Eddie Collins, captain of the Chicago White Sox and the world's greatest second baseman.

usually adjusts these differences. The club, however, has the right to sell or trade a player whether the latter likes it or not, and the player must abide by the transfer if he desires to continue playing ball.

Ball players are a pretty satisfied lot, even though their bosses have the prerogative of buying and selling them like so many cattle.

Why Are Players Put Out of a Game?

In a vast majority of cases, a player's banishment from a game is occasioned by some action or insulting remark directed at the umpire. In the midst of the game when the decision has probably been an adverse one, a player is apt to lose sight of the fact that an umpire is rendering decisions impartially and to the best of his ability. We all make mistakes and the umpires are no exception to this rule, but players should bear in mind that umpires are fundamentally honest. Incompetency can exist in an umpire and he can still be respected, but dishonesty never. Little is accomplished by rowdy, unsportsmanlike and an antagonistic attitude towards an umpire. Players should ever be mindful to conduct themselves like gentlemen while on the ball field, as well as off.

A LINE-O-LAFS

"Everybody is crazy about me," said the keeper as he locked up the insane asylum for the night.

Wonders of Art
First Art Student: "I painted a winter scene so true to nature that the thermometer in my room fell twenty degrees."
Second Art Student: "That's nothing. Yesterday I drew the picture of a hen so naturally that when I crumpled it up and threw it into the waste basket it LAID there."

No Secret
"A little bird tells me that the milk is sour."
"What kind of a bird?"
"A swallow."

Snippy Story
Mary: "Why are you mailing all those empty envelopes?"
Marion: "I am cutting classes in a correspondence school."

Misunderstood
Visitor: "Can you tell me if Bill Jones is up in his room?"
Frosh: "Sorry. There's nobody in the top story."
Visitor: "Oh, excuse me. I'll ask some one else."

Peaceful in Heaven
"Say, mamma, was baby sent down from heaven?"
"Why, yes."
"Um. They like to have it quiet up there, don't they?"

Pressing Business
"I passed Ching Loo's laundry last night at 3 o'clock."
"What was he doing up so late?"
"Shirts."

Where He Saved
T-Bone: "I ran all the way down town to the fire last night."
Buzzy: "Did you save anything?"
T-Bone: "Yeh, carfare."

He Came Out on Top
"Have any of your childhood hopes been realized?"
"Yes. When mother used to comb my hair I wished that I didn't have any."

His Job
Sam: "What am you doin' now?"
Bo: "I'm an exporter."
Sam: "An exporter?"
Bo: "Yeh, de Pullman company fired me."

A Hard Time
"That fellow gets the cold shoulder every time he comes in here."
"Who's that?"
"The ice man."

Not Particular
Judge: "How do you earn your living? Do you pick pockets?"
Prisoner: "No, sir! I take them as they come."

These Radios
Bill: "How is your radio working, John?"
John: "Say, I got Italy so loud last night that I could pick spaghetti off the aerial."

Sandy was aiming again, when a cry from Allan and the sudden sound of innumerable frenzied beasts charging in a herd from back in the jungle, cracking down bushes and trees in their fury, brought to Sandy's heart a cold, sinking fear. He perceived that the native hunters in the background were scrambling up into nearby trees with agility of monkeys. He knew that the worst thing that could happen was happening now. A herd of elephants, how many he did not know, was stampeding, and every man must fight for his life or be trampled and mauled to death by these mammoth specimens of jungle violence.

(Watch for more of Sandy's adventures in the jungle next week.)

IN SNOPYQUOP LAND

WHERE NOTHING SEEMS QUEER

Miss Laundry Quop
This washlady is of the old school and still does all her work by hand. She is a beautiful but dumb belle. Just now the Village Belle is slowly wringing. She has just wrung out her Snopyquop.

"Oh, what a tight squeeze," yelped Fido. "First you drown me, then you reduce me to a flat tire."
"Never mind, little one, it has no doubt broadened your mind," retorted Miss Quop. "You look like a new dog now."
"Yeh, wring out the old, wring in the new!" whined Bow-wow, "who said reducing by rolling wasn't effective!"

"Now, I'll hang you out to dry," snickered the lady, as she flicked a soap bubble off her nose. "The line's busy," barked Fido, who used to sleep on a telephone directory, and had often been switched. "See those clothes hanging on it, and flapping so musically in the breeze? What tune do they remind you of?"
"Search me," said the laundress.

"Shirt tales of Hoffman," yelped Fido, at which the poor working girl turned a little pail and then kicked the bucket.

