



**SPORTS
GAMES
PUZZLES**

A PAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

**JOKES
STORIES
RIDDLES**



A BOY'S FIRST BIG GAME HUNT

(The story thus far: Sandy Halliday, a fourteen year old boy, has accompanied his father on a trip to British East Africa to secure specimens of big game for an American museum. The party goes up into the region of the elephant kingdom, trails some bulls, but as they start shooting at two of them, a herd further back in the jungle, whose presence the hunters did not suspect, come charging at them in full force. Now go on with the story.)

A second shot from Mr. Halliday had sent the great bulk of the foremost elephant crashing to the ground. Sandy, with shaking hands, paused only to send another



"A cry from one of the bushmen brought to their senses a feeling of danger."

bullet into the body of the reeling animal behind the fallen foe. At that moment, the mass of creepers in the distance broke before the onrush of the charging gray giants. Mr. Dale and Sid Carter had leaped for the protection of neighboring limbs; Allan, clutching Sandy by the wrist, pulled him as fast as the slippery ground would permit, into hiding behind a great tree, while Mr. Halliday threw himself into some bushes away from the wake of the elephants. The chances were, if they did not see the hunters, the animals would advance straight forward.

The forest shook with the weight of the giant footfalls while cracklings of branches and trees falling everywhere mingled with the shrill, angry trumpeting of the elephants. Straight past the hunters they thundered. One straggler, which had apparently joined the raging army from a distance, crashed along so close to Allan and Sandy

as to almost trample on them. A tree snapped at its base and fell into the thicket by Mr. Halliday's hiding place so that it seemed to Sandy his father must be crushed, but when the elephants had speeded on and were a mile or more away, the path behind them a ruined waste with tons of trees wrecked, the hunters crept out cautiously one by one, and everybody, even Mr. Halliday, had by some miracle escaped injury.

The grinning natives let themselves down from their crouching positions in the trees above, the danger forgotten, for most of them were veteran hunters who had seen many such hazardous situations. They fell upon the dead tuskers joyfully, whipping out their knives to begin the work of skinning. Preserving an elephant skin for a museum is a difficult task, rendered no easier by the fact that it has to be done rapidly. The natives worked enthusiastically, for to them it was a treat—the reward of the pursuit.

"Imagine yourself being killed by one of those," said Sandy in awe when the workers dislodged the tusks.

"That's what would have happened to you very shortly if we hadn't run for our lives," smiled Mr. Dale. He and Mr. Halliday helped Sandy lift the huge ivory up on end, to find that they reached far above their heads. Mr. Halliday guessed each pair to weigh considerably over one hundred pounds.

As the men were standing discussing the beauty of the ivories, a cry from one of the bushmen working on the elephant carcass brought to their senses a feeling of danger. A rapier which the natives snatched hurled through the air so close to their backs that for a second Sandy thought the savages must have mutinied. Then a piercing cry rang out as an animal dropped in its tracks. Mr. Halliday snatched his gun and ran forward. Sandy followed. A lithe, slender animal resembling a greyhound was clawing the air angrily, then fell over with a death groan.

"A cheetah!" was Sandy's exclamation. "Why father, I thought they lived down in the plains and killed antelope!"

"This one might have killed more than an antelope if our good native had not acted so quickly," responded Mr. Halliday. He was looking admiringly at the beautifully spotted skin with the strange marking over one eye only. "It must have been attracted by the smell of fresh blood or have caught the scent of human meat in the air." (Read more of Sandy's adventures in the jungle on this page next week.)

GIRL STARS IN ATHLETICS ARE SETTING HIGH RECORDS



**AILEEN RIGGIN
(MAKES ONE OF HER FAMOUS DIVES)**

World's champions, and all of them of high school age—that's the story of the three girls who are doing their "stunts" in the pictures above.

Aileen Keegan, whom you see in one of her famous swan dives, won the fancy diving championship at the Olympic games in 1920 when she was only thirteen years old. She was known everywhere as "the baby of the Olympics," and how every one cheered when she stood up to get her medal from King Albert of Belgium. "I don't remember how I felt when the King gave me the medal," Aileen says. "I was too young to worry much about things. I was awfully proud of the medal afterwards, though, and nearly wore it out showing it to everyone."

Wins Other Championships

Since then Aileen has gone right on winning championships. She won last year the high springboard diving championship, and also many swimming races for the Women's Swimming Association of New York. She takes part in diving contests all the time and has more gold medals than other girls have strings of beads.

Besides being such a wonderful swimmer, she is also a very graceful dancer. Her father and mother are so proud of her! They have many pictures of her taken



KING ALBERT I. OF THE BELGIANS AWARDED TO MISS AILEEN RIGGIN OF THE UNITED STATES, 13 YEARS OLD, AND YOUNGEST COMPETITOR AT THE 1920 OLYMPIC GAMES, THE FIRST PRIZE IN THE DIVING CONTEST

from papers and magazines in their home in Brooklyn. But Aileen isn't spoiled one bit by all the honors, all her traveling, and all the famous people who have made a fuss over her.

And then here's another wonder girl—Helen Filkey of Chicago. She just celebrated her sixteenth birthday by challenging any woman in the world to meet her in eight athletic events. Last September, when she was only fifteen, she won fame as the best all-around girl athlete at the great National Amateur Athletic Union annual track and field meet in Chicago. It was the first meet of its kind in which events for girls were run. On that day Helen set a new American record for the 100-yard dash with 11 9/10 seconds.

Here are some of the other records she holds: In winning the running broad jump at the National Athletic Union meet last September she set a world's record of 16 feet 6 1/2 inches; in an exhibition two months before she set the 60-yard low hurdle mark of 8 2/5 seconds; in a competition she tied with the world's record of 8 4/5 seconds for the same event; in a 75-yard high hurdle event in September she set a record of 10 3/5 seconds; running 75 yards on a grass track she beat the world's record with a mark of 8 3/5 seconds; running on cinders she equaled the world's mark of 6 seconds flat in the 50-yard dash. And besides all that, she has thrown the discus 76 feet and the javelin 86 feet.

Tom Eck, the noted coach at the University of Chicago, who has been training the varsity track team



KATHRYNE LEE



HELEN FILKEY

for many years, and who has developed other girl athletes, says, "Helen is the greatest girl athlete known in the world today. By that I mean she is an all-around champion. She can compete in twelve

events and do all of them remarkably well."

Helen had very poor health when she was small, so her family kept her outdoors a great deal. She was known as a delicate child up until she was nearly eleven.

She's pretty as well as athletic, with a small, up-tilted nose, big dark brown eyes, dark brown hair, and a healthy brown complexion. She has the sparkle in her eyes that goes with so much running and jumping and being outdoors all the time.

Breaks Own Record

A nother sixteen-year-old is Kathryn Lee, of Wells Park, Chicago. Last September at the A. U. national championships she cleared the bar at 4 feet 10 1/4 inches, which is seven-eighths of an inch better than the former record. Later she broke her own record, and set a new mark of 4 feet 11 inches.

Wouldn't our great-grandmothers have held up their silk-mitted hands in horror if they could see Helen coming over the hurdles! How unladylike! Yet track meets for girls are becoming common everywhere, and other girls besides these two are turning their eyes to the 1924 Olympic games in Paris, for there will be many girls competing.

Track for Girls Is New

Track meets for girls is a pretty new thing, especially when held in connection with the big track meets for men. The girls have discarded cumbersome bloomers and wear running suits which do not hamper them.

This is the day of young champions in many sports. Helen Williams, the women's tennis champion, is only eighteen. She won her matches against women many years older than herself. She had begun starting in tennis when she was still in high school, and won the girls' junior championships for two years, her fifteenth and sixteenth.

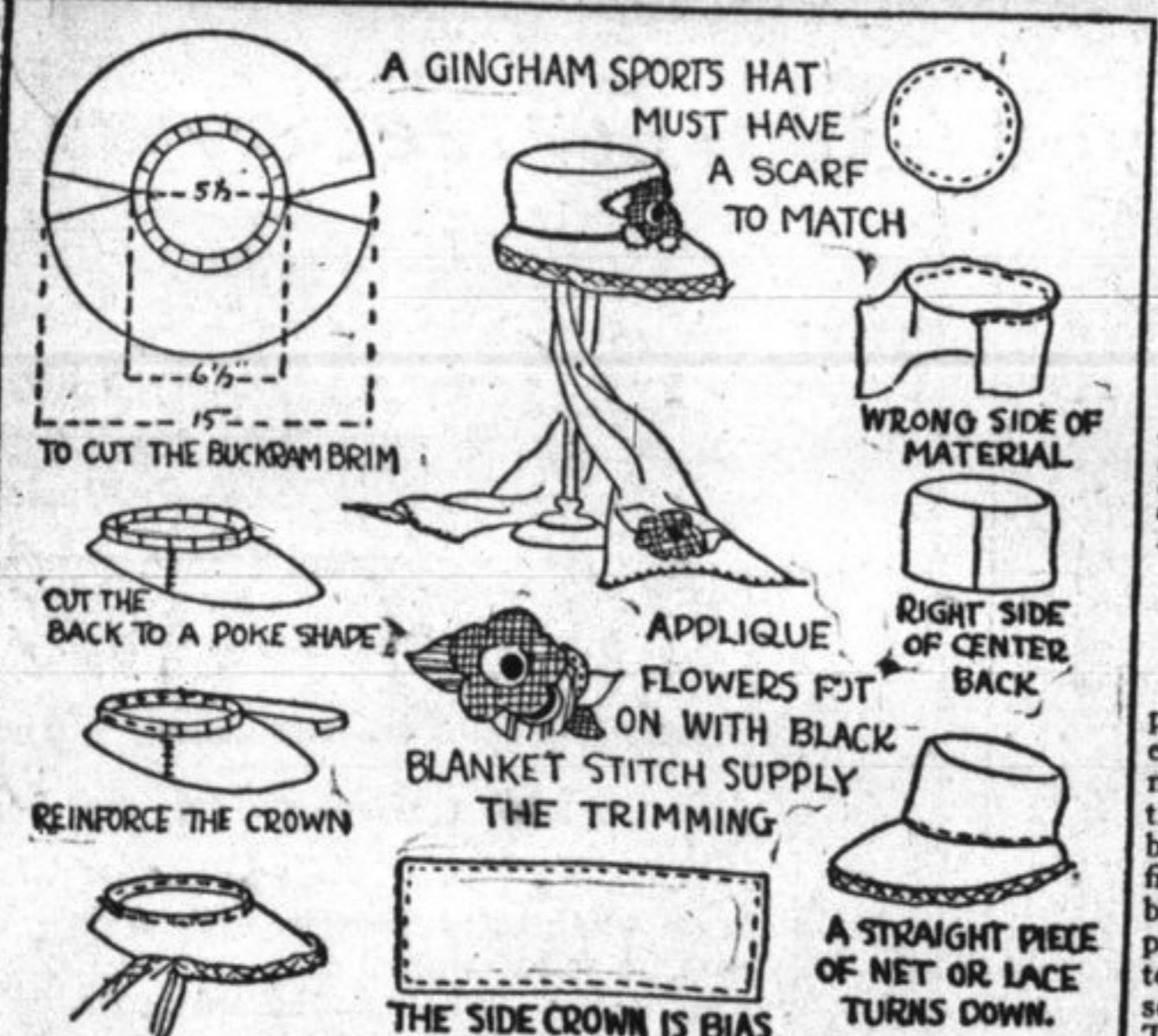
Girls Star in Golf

In golf, also, the stars are becoming younger. It is very likely that the next woman champion in this sport may be yet in her teens.

And nowadays girls can win just as much newspaper fame in sports as the men, and they're going into every single field of athletics and making good.

Any girl who loves athletics should go in for some special sport, and train faithfully. There's no reason why she, too, can't one day have the medals and the wonderful trips like these three young champions.

A GAY LITTLE HAT AND SCARF SET ANY GIRL WILL FIND EASY TO MAKE



There is nothing a girl can have that is more stylish than a hat to match her dress—unless it is a scarf that matches too. The picture shows you how to construct a simple hat with harmonizing scarf. Every single thing about it a girl may make herself, including the buckram shape.

Here are the hat materials and their cost:

- 1 yard gingham or beach cloth, \$.50
- 1 yard lace or net, .20
- 1 yard ribbon, .15
- 1/2 yard buckram, .15

The scarf is 18 inches wide and 1 1/2 yards long. If it is pieced at the center back, only 1/4 yard additional gingham need be bought for it.

A fifteen inch square of buckram is marked off in a circle for the hat brim. Pie-shaped pieces cut from the sides will make a droop when they are sewed together. Follow the diagram for cutting the headsize. It is 6 1/2 inches in diameter with another circle marked an inch inside of it. Cut out the part inside the inner circle, then cut slashes back to the second line for the pieces to turn up. Since the poke shape is the popular one, trim off the back of your brim to a bare inch at the center.

You should cut your cloth covering for the brim by laying the buckram shape on the goods. Sew the frame together and cover it as the diagrams show you. The crown is

made from two pieces, the circle cut 6 1/2 inches across and a bias strip 21 inches long. Sew them together and finish the edge of the brim with lace or net.

If your hat is made of a solid color, you should use figured scraps for the applique flowers. Here is a suggested color scheme: Green gingham for hat and scarf; pink and rose flowers put on with black blanket stitch; black net on brim.

EDDIE COLLINS TELLS HOW HE MAKES A DOUBLE PLAY

(Written by Eddie Collins Exclusively for This Page.)

His own boys, Eddie Jr. and Paul, and the boys they play with, ask Eddie Collins all sorts of questions about baseball. Eddie has collected some of these questions and he tells the boys who read this paper just how he answers them.

How Do You Make a Double Play at Second Base?

The success or failure of a double play depends mostly upon the execution of the play by the middle man at second base. Failure on this individual's part to handle the ball fast means a loss of the play at first base. In order to handle the ball fast, he must be in the proper position to handle it and in order to be in this position it is most essential that he reach the ball IN TIME to receive the throw from the fielder to whom the ball was play while on the run. I realize balls are frequently hit so sharply that they are in a fielder's hands almost before one has had a chance to move. Bearing this in mind, I can play a few steps nearer the man when first base is occupied, than he would ordinarily if no one was on base. Always have the thought in mind "Cover that bag." If you call you elsewhere, have a perfect understanding with the shortstop that he is as much re-

sponsible for the guardianship of the middle bag as you are. Be in a position to receive the throw directly over the base if possible, then you can touch the bag with either foot, depending upon which side you step to receive the throw.



Eddie Collins is here ready to receive a ball to make a double play such as he tells you about today.

successful more times with quick handling than it will be with hard throwing.

How Do You Get Out of a Slump?

I think the answer to this can be summed up in one word: Perseverance. Slumps in baseball—particularly noticeable in batting—are bound to overtake every player some time or other. Their coming is unexplainable—their presence most distressing, and often dangerous, as the contagion is apt to spread to other members of the team. The only cure I have found is just keep plugging along and you are sure to come out of it if you keep trying. It frequently happens that a player will go to bat fifteen or twenty times, which means normally, three or four games without getting anything like a base hit. Under such circumstances, when it has happened to me, I try to do something different. I try to bunt or make a pitcher work down to the very limit to get a base on balls. Anything to reach base, to restore my batting confidence, which necessarily is at a low ebb during a slump. Confidence in yourself while at bat—say to yourself "I will reach that bag" and MEAN it as well, and you are a hitter half made. Your ability will take care of the other half, never fear.

IN SNOPPYQUOP LAND WHERE NOTHING SEEMS QUEER



Woodman, Spare That Tree

If you will look in "Who's Who in Snoppyquopia" on page 57, you will find the name "S. Axaphone Grindstone, A. B., PH.D. SOS." Here he is in all his glory, sharpening the end of his nose before chopping down a couple of hat trees to make toothpicks for the starving Belgians.

Brother Grindstone chops hard all morning, then eats a couple of chops for lunch. As Mary Queen of Scots once said to Joan of Arc, "A cold chop is much better than a hot stake." S. Axaphone is a stupid fellow—too bad he can't sharpen his wits instead of his nose. When he gets hot, and would shed some clothes, he goes into the woodshed and takes off his hat. "Do you feel better now?" you ask him. And he nods his head, which is the way he chops, and that makes him all the hotter.

Ax-idents will happen, though, and old Grindy is credited with one bright answer. "What kind of wood would you rather chop?" Mary Pitchfork, who works in the movies, once asked him. "Fine, oak, cedar, elm or redwood?" And S. Axaphone answered, "Hollywood."

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