

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Boyology

By H. W. GIBSON.

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Boyology? Have you ever heard of it? No! It is the oldest as well as the newest of the many varieties of "ologies." It is boy analysis. It is not an accurate science, for the subject—the boy—is as changeable as a chameleon or as fickle as the proverbial flea.

Analysis has revealed the fact that a healthy, normal specimen of a boy is made up of 50 per cent noise and 50 per cent dirt. The boy who is never noisy and never gets dirty is abnormal and should be taken to a physician at once. From the moment of his entrance upon the stage of life until the final exit, noise is a part of man's normal makeup. Observe a group of small boys playing baseball—three-fourths of the time is spent in noisy scuffling. The individualistic instincts are in control. Team work is a dormant quality.

The high school boy has organized his noise into a school yell, which spurs his team on to victory. Individualism is being merged into the larger group of humans. What would the Harvard-Yale football game be without noise, without its cheering sections, without its battery of cheer leaders? Noise is psychologically necessary to the success of the game.

If, however, a nervous, rouchy father happens to come home in the evening, and this small edition of noise has on hand an unexpected surplus and happens to give even as much as a "yip," at once there is an explosion on the part of father and the boy is suppressed.

Again, if the boy should happen to be in one of his rare moods of quiet, mother anxiously inquires, "What is the matter, Charlie, you're so quiet! Don't you feel well?" If he is noisy, he is called down; if he is quiet, he causes anxiety! What is a boy to do?

Well, he instinctively seeks the gang, that coterie of sympathetic souls, who have many secrets, numerous codes of mysterious signs and calls, and whose loyalty is the admiration all social service experts and church workers. More opportunity at home for some expression and less insane repression would save many boys from the evil influence of misled gangs.

When the home-coming of father becomes an event to be hailed with delight instead of anticipated with fear, there will take place a wonderful change in our rapidly deteriorating American home life. Making a living has become so problematic that many fathers are failing to make a file, either for themselves or their boy.

Life, today, is speeded to the six-cylinder capacity, whether the scene of action be on upper Fifth avenue or the lower East side. The noise of the exchange of the rattle of irritable, which, unfortunately for the small boy, is carried home.

Will the time ever come when father can close his office door at night and say "Good night, business, you can't go home with me, I have a boy there who needs me more than you do. So long until morning." Or the industrial worker lay down his tools at the close of the day's work and say, "Good night, old pard, here's where we part. The kids at home are looking for their day, I'll see you in the morning?"

When that time comes, home, be it ever so humble, will become the sweetest place on earth, instead of a place of jars and contentions.

As goes the home so will go the nation, for desertion of home ideals means, sooner or later, a desertion of national and religious ideals. No city, state, country or church will rise any higher in its ideals than the ideals of the home.

Not all homeless boys live in the slums. The most homeless boy in the world is the boy who, from the moment of his birth, is put into the hands of a nurse, from there to a governess, from a governess to a private tutor, from a private tutor to a private school, from a private school to a private camp, then on to college; plenty of houses to live in, but no home. Money can buy him luxuries and conveniences and a following, but not that genuine heart-love which only a mother and father can supply.

Parental delinquency is responsible for juvenile delinquency. Ninety per cent of the babies who die in the founding asylum die not from the want of food and careful nursing, but from the lack of "mothering," that peculiar something which mothers alone can furnish.

Boys and dirt have an affinity for each other. The short-trousered boy looks upon soap as an oppressor. He can never be accused of wearing out doormats, for he is an expert in dormat evasion. Mothers worry over the dirt he brings into the house, and carpets show the effect of his hard usage.

Boys are more valuable than carpet. If the latter wears out it can be replaced or gone away with, but a lost boy is a different proposition. Many a boy has been driven away from his home because of the constant war waged with broom and duster. When he enters into the long-trousered period the scene changes. It is difficult now to keep him away from the mirror; in fact, he carries a small one in his pocket. How important becomes the creases in the trouser leg and the "turn-up" at the bottom.

It is at this period that he confuses manliness with manliness. He is inclined toward the vices rather than the virtues. Father should now be his chum and deftly steer him clear of the shoals of life. Most all the crimes—not the darkest or the deepest, but the most—are committed during the years of adolescence, from 12 to 20 years. It is significant that conversion is greatest during this period.

To capture and harness these two elements, noise and dirt, and to make the first serve as an active element in doing good, and the second as a motive for civic cleansing, for there is "dirty dirt," or putrid, and "clean dirt," or honest soil—is the aim of all "boyologists."

### Household Hints

Lamb chops are improved if dipped in onion juice just before cooking.

A teaspoonful of best glycerine put into a cake mixture helps to make it light and feathery.

## "Moth and the Flame" By Nell Brinkley

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## Skiing as a Winter Sport

One of the Most Spectacular Forms of Amusement and Skill

By GARRETT P. SERVIS.

The present winter starts off with an unusual promise of pleasure for all those who take delight in the sports that are afforded by long slopes of crusted snow and broad levels of flinty ice. Skates, sleds, snow-shoes, skis and all the other inventions by which man has endeavored to make of himself a sliding animal are now requisitioned in enormous numbers in every land where water freezes, and snow falls.

The Norwegian ski is the most spectacular of these things, and one of the most remarkable contrivances of human ingenuity. It is undoubtedly an outgrowth of the snow-shoe, but while the latter commends itself at first view as a probably successful device, no one ever saw a pair of skis for the first time without wondering how their inventor was able to persuade himself that such apparently unmanageable affairs would work in practice.

The ski, as made in Norway, is a thin and slender strip of wood, from four to six inches wide, five to twelve feet long, and an inch or more in thickness at the middle, whence it thins off toward the ends. The forward end curves upward. The skidder, or ski-runner, puts one foot in the middle of each ski, and slightly fastens it there by means of a leather loop, or hood, passing over the toe while a leather band running back from the hood passes round the heel.

The result of this method of fastening is that the toe is held firmly in place (although it can quickly be released if necessary) while the heel can be freely lifted from the ski, as from the sole of a



In costume, ready to ski with the best of them.

heelless slipper. This is similar to the method of attachment used for snow shoes, the idea in both cases being to obtain freedom of action together with security against the consequences of an accidental overturning, in which the victim might be rendered helpless if his feet were inextricably fastened.

Imagine yourself trying to skate with skates ten or twelve feet long, and you will be able to form some notion of the difficulties that confront the beginner in the art of ski-running. At first, and

for a long time after the first lesson, he must continually use a balancing stick, along with but little aid from the stick, which he can cut down to a minimum length.

The speed obtainable is surprising, like that in all gliding, or partly gliding, forms of locomotion. Skill counts for more than strength. On good level snow even an ordinary runner can go eight to ten miles an hour with so little exertion that he may keep on for several hours

without rest. But in the tournaments, which are so popular in Norway, Sweden and other northern countries, pains are taken to provide ground that will afford a test of the runner's skill and endurance under conditions as trying as possible.

Even in such cases good speed is often made. I find a record of a Norwegian peasant who, handicapped by hills, ravines and other obstacles, on a course laid out near Christiania, managed to make a distance of thirty-two miles in less than five hours.

The ski affords one form of bold athletics which is peculiar—ski-jumping. This is the great feature of the annual ski tournaments in Norway, which the royal family regularly attends. The flying leaps that are achieved by the famous experts fairly take away the spectator's breath. Aided by an upward turn of the track at the jumping off point, the skidder sails into the fair from the edge of a bluff, or artificial elevation, with the grace and vigor of a huge bird, and, describing a parabolic curve of amazing length, he lands squarely on his skis and shoots off to safety amid the cheers of the spectators, many of whom are themselves amateurs or professionals, capable of appreciating and criticizing the

quality of the performance. Probably the ski jumper comes nearest experiencing the sensations of an aviator in rapid flight than any other athlete.

In Norway, and elsewhere in Scandinavia, skis are employed in ordinary winter locomotion in many cases just as skates are in Holland. In fact, as I have already indicated, the ski is simply an elongated snowshoe. Ski-running as a popular sport has had much success in Canada and in Minnesota and other western states.

## Snap-Shots

By ANN LISIE.

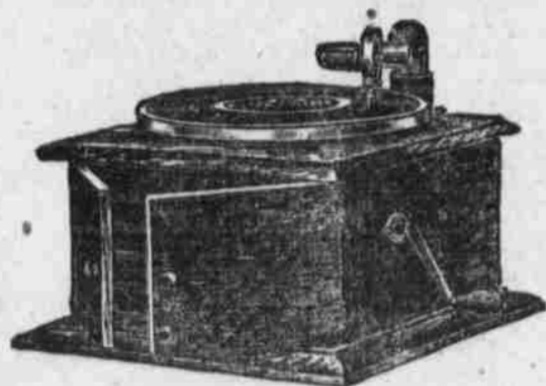
There was once a man who was "exceedingly well-informed." He could tell you the exact day of the month when Columbus discovered America. He knew precisely how Weismann's theory differed from Darwin's. He knew all about the inner life of Nietzsche. He was very critical of the post-impressionist school of drawing. And he could tell you just what influences had moulded Ibsen's contribution to the drama.

Women particularly fell under his displeasure, because they had "no constructive place in the world's history." He insisted that the feminine sex was inferior mentally, since it had produced no explorers, great warriors nor master scientists. He was quite sure that no great moral reform had even been instituted or carried out by women. He thought the desire for the vote a mere fad, too silly to be combated and just worth being sneered at.

At a cabaret one night he met a girl with Titian hair—produced by judicious application of a bottle of peroxide—and with very tractable feet. He dined with her every evening for two weeks, and at the end of a month she was suing him for breach of promise.

His letters proved very interesting reading and the case gained a great deal of notoriety. When a man who knows everything starts to woo a cabaret singer in terms of Helen of Troy and the origin of species, the public finds itself dealing with a very human comedy. It costs the man "who knows everything" \$20,000 to learn a few facts about a certain type of woman.

The man who knew everything in history and literature had failed to grasp one important piece of information. All the theories in the world will not stand before the practical knowledge of life of a young woman who has gone to school to humanity. And even the man who knows everything ought to know this much—he is likely to be human, too.



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