

"Grand Bouncers" of St. Mary's Avenue Church Solve Boy Problem

THE boy problem—where shall the boy go of evenings, in what way shall he give harmless vent to his surplus energy, how can he safely find advantageous outlet for his otherwise present idea that he must all the while be doing something?

"The Grand Bouncers" of St. Mary's Avenue Congregational church have what appears to be a happy solution of the boy problem.

"Grand Bouncers" doesn't seem at first glance to be exactly fitting as cognomen for a church organization, but the boys composing the club explain that "G. B." aside from "Grand Bouncers," stands for "good boys" and "grub and Bible," a combination admittedly good. Moreover, the allusion "G. B." also forms the initials of the club's motto, which is:

GREATER HUMP—GREATER BOUNCE.

In elucidation of the foregoing motto it is explained that in going through this life of ups and downs—the boys seem to realize thus early that they have a few "downs" coming to them—the harder the bump, the greater the consequence thereof be the bounce. That is the why of the motto. Phoenix-like, they propose to rise again, when they go down.

There is, of course, more or less levity in the cognomen of the organization—it wouldn't appear to boys if it were otherwise. But back of the funny side, is a serious obligation, the ultimate aim of each boy belonging being to develop into a good man.

"Great Biscuit" is the somewhat ludicrous title of the presiding officer, "Great Biscuit" naturally suggests things culinary—and that's where the boys of St. Mary's avenue church shine. Impromptu banquets are, in fact, one of the chief features of the club, and the boys do their own cooking in a manner that would do credit to any chef in the city—at least the members so estimate it.

It is the rule to give a supper at the club rooms every Friday evening. A charge of 15 cents is made and the boys find that by close management, they can serve 15 cent meals at a profit. The profit goes into the treasury, and the little fund is accumulating. Realizing that too many cooks spoil the broth, one of the number is selected cook for a certain occasion, and so long as that occasion lasts, he is absolute boss of the kitchen. He is allowed an assistant, but the assistant works under his orders. All of the good things of the season are served. For instance, last Friday night, strawberry shortcake was a feature of the bill of fare.

Strawberry shortcake made by a boy—sounds rather strange, yet stories emanating from the vicinity of St. Mary's church are to the effect that the shortcake was as fine as has ever been made by any housewife or professional chef in Omaha.

After the Friday evening dinner, it is the rule for the boys to adjourn to another room in the church building, where they indulge in discussion of high school topics and other things designed to point out the upland path. Many interesting discussions are held, and oftentimes the oratorical features last for an hour or more.

Stage fright is unknown among the



WAYNE MURPHY
GREAT BISCUIT

PHIL DOWNS
SERG.-AT-ARMS

OLDHAM PAISLEY
STATISTICIAN

PARK LARMON
TREASURER

WYMAN BEEBE
SECRETARY

"Grand Bouncers." Here the most timid finds public speaking easy. Who knows but that congressional or senatorial, or even presidential timber may not be growing right now within the ranks of the bouncers?

According to the "order of business," the discussion period of the Friday evening sessions is followed by a routine business meeting, at which new members are voted upon, suggestions for betterment of the club are presented and any other matters are taken up that seem to be timely.

Nearly every member of the bouncers is a high school student and it is the avowed intention of each to enter college as quickly as practicable upon leaving high school.

Every member of the club is a boy—except one.

That exception is Mr. O. T. Eastman, cashier First National bank, who serves in the capacity of leader. Dropping into railroad vernacular for the moment, it is Mr. Eastman's job to spread ballast on the track. In short, it is his business to veto any juvenile ideas that might lack the necessary conservatism. He is the same to the club that the "governor" is to a steam engine. He is respected, and the boys and he are profoundly respected. He became leader when the Rev. L. O. Baird, former pastor of St. Mary's Avenue Congregational church, left Omaha to take another pastorate. Rev. Baird, by the way, was the originator of the "Grand Bouncers," and served as first leader. He gave the boys the idea—they worked it out.

Perhaps no pastor who ever served in Omaha was more popular with the boys of his church. As an evidence of their love for their pastor, on the occasion of his farewell sermon, forty boys members marched in a body to the front seats and sat together during the service. They also gave a parting banquet to the retiring pastor and his wife.

It was then that Mr. Eastman, busy man of financial affairs, took up the work where the pastor left off. He is "one of

the boys" when he meets with them. These lads do not know their leader as a banker. They merely know him as their good friend and companion.

"The personnel of the membership is as follows:

Alfred Abrahamson, Samuel Reynolds, Wyman Beebe, Oldham Paisley, William Wentworth, George Jacobs, Irving Hennelsen, Beryl Crocker, Phillip Downs, Donald Howe, Sievers Sussman, Lee Ellsworth, Virgil Hector, Victor Lytle, William Kiewit, Leonard Marshall, George Collier, Donald Mattson, Robert Ingster, Paul Bostwick, O. T. Eastman, Paul Byers, Fred Fernald, Wallace Troup, Harry Thorp, Howard Bittenger, Sigurd Larmon, Darwin Chesney, Edward Morey, Russel Israel, Charles Hall, Rex Houston, Hilbard Broadfoot, Lynn Sackett, Elbert Wade.

The officers of the Grand Bouncers are:

are now planning a hay-rack ride, followed by a banquet in the near future.

They are also building a tennis court on a vacant lot next to the church, and it is expected that some champions will develop there. They are talking of forming a base ball team to compete with the teams from other church clubs. They plan to go camping for a week during the summer vacation.

Other Omaha churches also have their boy organizations, and the plan is said to be working nicely.

Pastors, doctors, teachers and others who have made a study of boy nature agree that the normal boy must have action of some kind. His very nature spurs him to be up and doing. If he lacks it is a symptom of illness or some abnormal condition of mind or body.

Action! Always moving, always going, always doing something. That's the boy of it. Therefore, while the boy's habits are yet pliant, while he is undergoing the formative process, while he is shaping the habits that will guide his future destiny, besides that which he has studied the question that since there must be some outlet for the boy's pent up energy, since he must be dealt with as a dynamo, it is well to encourage him in joining some church organization where there is plenty of latitude for boyish sport, yet where his scope is so limited that he may be checked on first appearance of dangerous recklessness.

Such clubs as the "Grand Bouncers" meet the emergency. While sheltered by the church, there is nothing of the long-faced, pessimistic, depressing influence. The boys are taught the religion and happiness go hand in hand, and it is not necessary to be at a religious service because they are associated with a church. In this way, the boy's religious training is begun so early in youth that it comes natural to him to take up church work in later life. He learns in the beginning that church is not a dismal place, as the youth of previous genera-

tion generally presumed it to be. Thus a bug-bear of former years is at once eliminated and instead of being saved as a brand from the burning in later life, the boy grows up a churchman in whose career no eleven-hour repentance is necessary. There was a time in the history of this country when the children were effectually squelched.

"Children should be seen and not heard," was a famous maxim of that old era.

"Speak when you're spoken to."

In those days the children were expected to go to church, of course. In fact, church-going was compulsory. Moreover, they were, as a general rule, forced to read several chapters of the Bible every Sunday. The Bible idea still prevails, but instead of reading being inflicted in the nature of a punitive measure, it is made a pleasure.

Then, the boy was taught by inference that he was nobody—that the less seen or heard of him, the better.

Now, he is taught that he is somebody, and is made to feel at ease when in the presence of his elders.

So much for the enlightenment that him has brought.

The Grand Bouncers and others of their kind simply herald the fact that the boy has at last come into his own.

From Sawdust to Goldust

The richest of all showmen was P. T. Barnum, whose estate was worth more than \$1,000,000. He had good investments in real estate in Bridgeport and in New York, in addition to his circus interests. The right to use his name in connection with "The Greatest Show on Earth" alone was worth a small fortune. His partner, James A. Bailey, left more than \$1,000,000; likewise, James L. Hutchinson, who completed the famous trio, whose names have pleased from bill boards the world over, Adam Forepaugh died very rich. W. W. Cole, who was a great circus man in his day, and who is now a resident of New York, is a millionaire. The Sells Bros. (Louis, Al. Peter and Ephraim) built up a fortune of several millions and left their families with big estates. These successes are in contrast with the poverty-stricken end of some of the circus leaders of other days, notably Dan Costello and "Yankee" Robinson.

But the wonder chapter in modern circus annals is the record of the Ringlings. Thirty years ago his five brothers (Al, Charles, John, Fred and Alfred '71) were "trouping" with a few horses, a few dogs of animals and providing the music themselves. Today they own the three greatest circuses, the one which bears their name, the Barnum & Bailey show and the Sells-Forrepaugh circus, and dominate the business. These three circuses represent a total investment of approximately \$5,000,000. They have brought the commercial and artistic organization of the circus up to its highest and cleanest efficiency. And, incidentally, they have proved that a goodly quantity of gold dust can cling to the sawdust.—The Hookman.

Queer Incidents of Cupid's Heart Work Throughout the Country

BEMARRIED and Recovered.

RELIEVING that he was dying from typhoid pneumonia and assured by the attending physicians that he had slight, if any, chances for recovery, Thomas Tudor of Independence, Mo., said that he wished for Tudor Amanda Tudor, to have his estate and asked that she be brought to his bedside.

The woman came from Independence and at the hospital, after a brief talk, the couple were reconciled.

They expressed a wish to be remarried. The man was unable to visit the recorder's office to get a license so for Tudor to the hospital, took their affidavits and filed a license.

To the surprise of the physicians Tudor rallied immediately after the ceremony and his chances of recovery are excellent.

Mrs. Tudor left here for Independence and will prepare the old home for Tudor's reception when he leaves the hospital, which the physicians say he will be able to do within a week if he keeps improving as rapidly as he has done for the last forty-eight hours.

Are No Bar to Romance.

That age is no bar to romance was demonstrated at York, Pa., when an announcement was made of the secret wedding in Harrisburg of the Rev. Adam W. Shenberger of Kansas, a retired minister of the United Evangelical church, and Eleanor Swartz of York, a former matron at the York county almshouse. Shenberger is 72 years old and his bride 62 years old.

The couple planned their wedding as a surprise, and the only Yorker let into the

secret was the Rev. Harry Daniels of the West Street Methodist church. He was awakened from sleep before daylight and requested to accompany the pair to Harrisburg and perform the ceremony, which took place in the parlors of the Metropolitan hotel.

Shenberger is a widower and a former York pastor. On a visit here from Kansas two years ago he met Miss Swartz. Recently he returned to York and renewed his suit, and the marriage was arranged.

Old License Becomes Usual.

It took Julius Hoffman, aged 69 years, and Miss Henrietta Domke, aged 52 years, who boarded in the same house in Chicago, fifteen years to make up their minds to

marry. Hoffman and Miss Domke planned their marriage in 1896. In that year Hoffman obtained his license in Cook county. Recently he astonished Judge Frank Green in West Hammond by putting a weather-beaten, dilapidated paper from his pocket.

"There's my license," he said as he led the blushing bride of 22 before the judge and handed the paper to him.

"What's this?" gasped the judge. "Dated 1896. Been all this time getting from Cook county to West Hammond?"

"No," stammered the groom, "my children wouldn't let me marry, and we kept putting it off, until today we decided to elope."

"You see, I've been married before and have three boys, and they didn't like the

idea of my marrying Miss Domke."

"Well, any man who will wait fifteen years and with a marriage license in his pocket all that time ought to be happy," said the judge, as he tied the knot.

Hoffman when seen at his home, threw an air of mystery about the long delayed nuptials by denying his action.

"What's the matter?" he asked, when he was met near his home and asked where Hoffman lived.

"Are you Julius Hoffman?"

"Well, what if I am? What's the matter?"

"Were you married in West Hammond?"

Hoffman gave his questioner a searching glance and then replied that he had been married twenty-nine years.

Mrs. Hoffman, who is a German and speaks no English, who was found in a garden near the house, denied emphatically by means of an interpreter, that she is now enjoying her second honeymoon. She denied her name was Domke prior to her marriage, which she declared took place many years ago.

Millions Will Wed Millions.

It is not expected that the wedding of Charles Templeton Crocker and Miss Helen Irwin will occur in San Francisco before spring of next year.

Although it has been generally rumored that Miss Irwin and Crocker have been engaged for the last year, both of the young folk and their relatives had denied the report. But Tuesday morning Templeton Crocker made the announcement to Henry T. Scott, who was his former guardian, and from Scott's office the young man went directly to the Crocker National bank, where he told his uncle, William H. Crocker.

Among the presents that Templeton Crocker will give his bride on the wedding day will be magnificent jewels which were left him by his mother, the late Mrs. Charles P. Crocker. At the time of Mrs. Crocker's death she left jewelry valued at \$250,000 to be equally divided between her three children—the late Mrs. Burton Harrison, Templeton Crocker and Miss Jeanie Crocker. It is expected that before the wedding Templeton Crocker will have the jewels remounted. They have been in a safe deposit box for the last twenty-two years.

Twelve to Wed at Once.

John Arbuckle's floating hotels at the foot of East Twenty-third street, New York, are to be the scene of six marriages, all at one time, within the next two weeks. These, says Jacob A. Stammer, where the girls live and the Gitanes, where the young men are waited to sleep by ocean breezes, are astir over the coming events, but secrecy is maintained over the persons involved and the exact date.

Mr. Arbuckle, the millionaire sugar and

coffee merchant, who is responsible for the establishment of these novel hotels for young men and young women who work for their living, has promised to give a fine wedding supper for the six couples who met their fate over the tables in the main cabin of the Stammer, where seventy-five girls and fifty young men meet every evening at dinner. A dance will be held upon the main deck, with the aid of an orchestra provided by Mr. Arbuckle.

At present the two floating hotels are at the flood tide of prosperity and are fulfilling the best hopes of Mr. Arbuckle. The girls pay \$1.50 a week for their rooms and meals, and the young men pay \$2.00. They all meet at dinner in the large cabin of the Stammer, and after dinner they sit upon the hurricane deck or dance on the main deck, while a smoking room is provided for those young men who are shy of watching the moon rise over the East river with their girls.

Up to the present time it has been the rule that the young men retire to their vessel, moored alongside the Stammer, at 10:30 in the evening, but now that summer is at hand, and an orchestra plays all evening on the recreation pier adjoining Manager Stammer's, says he is going to let the young folk stay until 1:30 if they wish.

"We are certainly having an epidemic of marriages," said the manager, "but how can that be helped? We have a fine lot of girls between the ages of 15 and 25, and a fine lot of men about the same age. No married persons are allowed and no old persons, as we figure that they would not enjoy the same amusements as are popular with our present boarders."

A number of tents recently were erected upon the hurricane deck, each containing two cots, for the accommodation of working girls who feel they would like to sleep practically in the open air. Two pianos have been donated, so the young men and women may have music in the cabin or on the open decks, and scarcely a Sunday passes that Mr. Arbuckle does not call at the floating hotels to see how every one is getting along.

Omaha Girl of Sixteen Breaks Typewriter Record

IN OMAHA MISS, a mere slip of a girl, still childishly sweet in short dresses, has broken a typewriter speed record. She has set a pace that will arouse interest among expert typists the country over, she has broken a stenographic vernacular. "Written all around" the lad who won the Brown trophy in the speed demonstration which was a feature of the recent commercial college convention in this city.

You are not a stenographer or typist, you are not a stenographer or typist, you are not a stenographer or typist. You are for the moment just a newspaper reader. You are not familiar with the Brown trophy and other things that enter into the shop talk of the commercial schools. No, but you have red blood in your veins, and in typewriting contests just in case ball, you feel like rooting for home talent, don't you? Of course! And when home talent wins, you feel like tossing your hat into the air, at least figuratively so, and shouting "hurrah," don't you?

Obviously then, granting that you don't know the keyboard of a typewriter from the ribbon shift, and that you know of shorthand are like so many ancient hieroglyphics to you, nevertheless you are interested in the story of the Omaha girl who has excelled in typewriter speed.

But, you say, if she excels in speed, why didn't she win the Brown trophy? Simple, because she was too timid to announce herself while the contest was in progress. After it was over and a Chicago youngster had carried the prize away, then the little Omaha girl shyly came forward with the statement that she, too, could write rapidly. President Boyles, in whose college this Omaha prodigy is a student, was interested.

"Let me see what you can do," he suggested.

A trial demonstration was made. Fifty-six words of difficult dictation in one minute, was the result.

In that one minute Miss Beulah Moser—for that is the pretty little champion's name—leaped to fame in shorthand and typewriting circles, for he it remembered that her fifty-six words a minute test was not written from matter which she had memorized, thus accelerating her speed, but from new dictation with which she was wholly unfamiliar.

Parker Woodson, 14 years old, the Chicago boy, who won the Brown trophy wrote forty-five words a minute under similar conditions. That was good enough to win the prize, but now comes Miss Moser with a record suggesting to Master Woodson that he retire far to the rear of the public rostrum there to assume a recumbent posture. She has beaten the faster by eleven words in a one-minute race.

Little Miss Moser lives with her parents at 2124 Saratoga street, this city. She is 15 years old, but looks to be not more than

14, for she is small for her years, has a childish face and still wears the simple short dress denoting baby girlhood. She was abashed when informed that she had made a record that would cause talk in the schools and typewriter offices of the country, and that her picture would be in the newspapers. Until she became a student in Boyles college, January 3, of this year, she had never touched a typewriter, and knew absolutely nothing as to the mechanism of the machine. Neither did she know even the first principles of shorthand. Although she is by no means yet a graduate of the school, she does work both in manipulating the machine and in taking shorthand notes that would do credit to many an old-time stenographer.

The Brown trophy, which was won by

Master Woodson of Chicago, is a handsome cup. It was offered by G. W. Brown, a school man of Jacksonville, Ill. Young Woodson came to Omaha from the Select School of Typewriting, Chicago, and, according to the rules of contest laid down by the donor, the cup shall be held as an honor trophy by the school to which the winner belongs until the next meeting of the Commercial Teachers' association, at which time it shall be returned to the association and again subjected to contest under the same rules governing previous contests. Any school winning the cup five years in succession shall be allowed to retain it as a permanent possession.

A prominent feature of the Brown contest is the fact that none except beginners in typewriting and shorthand are permitted

to enter. At the recent convention in this city, none who had entered school prior to last August were eligible. To the credit of Miss Moser and Master Woodson, attention is called to the fact that neither of them took up the study of typewriting or shorthand until January of this year, while several of those who contested had served the full time allowed. This difference in tenure of preparation makes the work of Miss Moser and Master Woodson all the more wonderful.

Of course Miss Fritz, Mr. Weisse, and other famed experts exceed an average speed of 100 words a minute, but it must be remembered that they are veterans in the game, while the Brown trophy class in which Miss Moser and Master Woodson belong is limited to beginners.

When a girl must make her living by pounding a machine it is terrifying to discover that that pounding is playing havoc with nerves. This is often the case. Nerves lie close to the surface of finger tips, therefore incessant striking upon them is bound to take effect.

What is to be done?

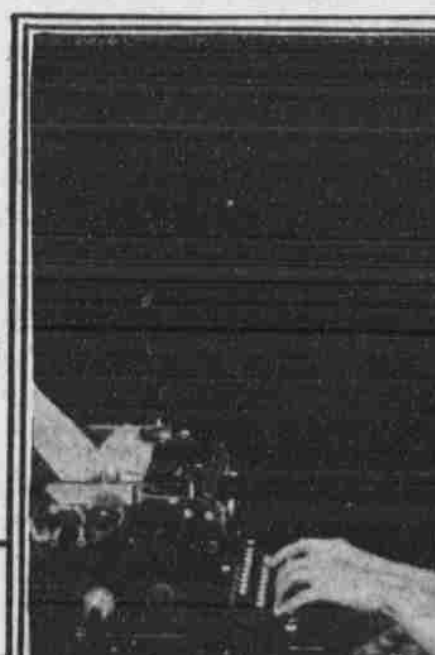
Give up the machine and take to begging or to living on one's parents?

Though this alternative were always possible, it is not pleasant to consider. Sometimes the trouble is so aggravated that for the time being at least a girl must seek other employment that is less nerve racking.

Before reaching that state much can be done to prevent it. Often the make of a machine is at fault. There are some with much heavier action than others. If possible get one that runs with least pressure. Certain makes have the keyboard on springs, so the least touch is needed to strike a letter.

As it is rarely possible to change one's machine, see that the action is so regulated as to be as easy as possible. This can be readily done by sending to the agency for a skilled mechanic.

When he comes tell him your troubles, and do not leave him until he has the action loosened to suit you. He will not



They who look to see a type of a life of love should look to the life of the bee. The bee may live but a month or two and toll day by day to lay by food. She may die before she may eat a share of the food she may take to the comb.

Fac Simile of 56 Word Dictation Written by Beulah Moser in One Minute

Chicago Tribune.