For Boys and Girls

Sports that Make Men Athletics

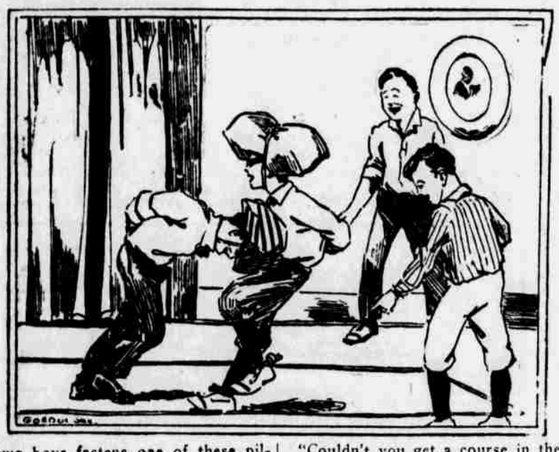
Pillow Joust.

FRANCIS ROLT-WHEELER.

Even in June there are apt to be wet days when some of the outdoor sports cannot be played. In summer, too, it is worth while to have some new sport that can be played in a small indoor space. Pillow joust is one of these.

As the name suggests, it is a joust, or tournament, like those which knights in armor used to run in the middle ages. The only armor needed for this joust is a pillow, made of the strongest ticking you can get and fairly tightly stuffed with hay or straw. Hay is the best.

On the floor, or on the ground, mark two parallel lines a yard apart and eight feet long, or even 10. This makes a lane a yard wide. Each of



two boys fastens one of these pillows to the top of his head, firmly, and they take up positions at opposite ends of the line. At the word "Go" they put their heads down and charge at their opponents. Four or five steps bring the collision. If one of the jousters is knocked head over heels backward, that counts one; if he is knocked on either side of the line, so that he is forced to step outside it, he is "unhorsed," which counts two, and if by constant butting he is driven back along the land to the point from which he started to run, he is "conquered" and the count is three.

The arms must be folded before beginning to run, and kept folded all the time. Either player who unfolds his arms is counted as "disarmed" and loses one point.

The tilt can be run at any part of the body, and, as the lane is a yard wide, one or the other player can swerve to one side and butt sideways, just as a jouster would maneuver his horse. Do not make the run any longer than 10 feet or so much speed will be got up that the "butt" might be too hard. A screamingly funny variation of this is to tie the feet together loosely, so that one can just shuffle along, and joust as before.

(Tomorrow—Tungsten Light Bulbs.)

What Shall I Be? Answered for Girls

Physical Training Director.

CAROLINE M. WEIRICH.

"What are you going to choose as your subject for your composition on 'A Life Vocation?'" asked Zelda. She and her chum were walking through the corridor of a Junior High school having just finished a lesson on vocational guidance.

"Foolish question to ask me," said the other. "My subject is 'The Physical Training Director' for that's what I'm going to be."

"You'll have to go to school a long time!"

"I know. I want to go to Wellesley. But it takes five years after finishing high school to complete the course, there, in the department of hygiene and physical education. Mother's afraid she can't afford it."

"Couldn't you get a course in the university here?"

"I could, but I'd rather go to the Central School of Hygiene and Physical Education of the Y. W. C. A. Their course takes only two years. I can live and go to school there quite reasonably."

"Are you sure you can get in?"

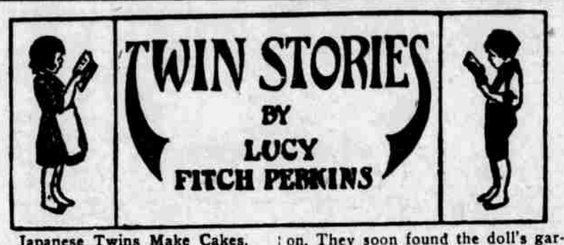
"Pretty sure. One must be a high school graduate and must have a doctor's certificate. They say, too, that every gymnasium teacher should have a sense of rythm and a nerve system responding readily to quickness and muscular accuracy.

"Even after being admitted, a girl is on probation The school is intended to train only those girls who show special ability and have ambition, personality and physical endurance.

"Do you know," continued Helen, "I expect to make a big salary some day, and I'll enjoy the work. Teachers are needed everywhere, in playgrounds, social centers, Y. W. C. A.'s, public schools and camps. Most teachers, if they are any good, start at a salary of $1,100, many are making $2,500 and others, even more."

"You seem pretty well up on your subject" agreed Zelda. "Want to hear about my plan"

(Tomorrow—The Circulating Library.)



Japanese Twins Make Cakes.

The street was full of people, and every one was gay. The Twins and their Father had gone only a little way up the street when an old woman met them. She had a pole on her shoulder, and from it swung a little fire of coals in a brazier. She had a little pot of batter and a little jar of sweet sauce, a ladle, a griddle and a caketurner!

"Would you like to make some cakes?" she said to Take.

The father gave the old woman some money out of his sleeve. She set the brazier on the ground.

Then Take tucked her sleeves back, put the griddle on the coals, poured out some batter, and cooked a little cake on one side until it was brown. Then she turned it over with the cake turner, and browned it on the other side. Then she put it on a plate and put the sauce on it.

My, my! but it was fun!

The first cake she made she gave to her Father.

He ate it all up. Then he said, "Honorable daughter, the cake is the very best I ever had of the kind. I am sure your honorable brother would like one too."

The Japanese are so very polite that they often call each other "honorable" in that way. They even call things that they use "honorable," too!

So Take said very politely, "Honorable Brother, would you like one of my poor cakes?"

"I should like a cake very much," Taro said.

Take poured out the batter. She watched it carefully, to be sure it did not burn. When it was brown enough she gave it to Taro.

Taro ate it all up. Then he said to Take, "Honorable Sister I should like to eat six."

The Father laughed. "If you stay here to eat six cakes, we shall not sell the doll's garden," he said

"Take must have one cake for herself and then we will go on."

Take baked a cake for herself and ate it. She called it a "poor" cake aloud but inside she thought it was the very best cake that any one ever made!

When she had finished, she and Taro and the Father bowed politely to the old woman.

"Sayonara," they said. That means "goodby."

The old woman bowed. "Sayonara," she called to them.

The Twins and the Father walked on. They soon found the doll's garden. In it were many tiny pine trees like theirs at home. There were little plum trees, and bamboos, and a tiny teahouse in it. There was a pond with a little bridge, to.

"Oh!" cried Take, "if it only had little bells on the plum trees, this would be the very garden I sang about to Bot' Chan; woudn't it??"

She stooped down and peeped under the little trees.

WHY?—

Can't We See in the Dark?

When we state that we "see" an object we are accustomed to believe that we actually see the thing itself whereas, as a matter of fact, all that our eye takes in is the light which is reflected from the object. This light, by reason of the varying shadows and intensities, gives us our impression of what the object looks like—which is the reason that the same thing will often appear to be different to a number of persons.

Because light is a necessary adjunct of "sight," it follows that the absence of light—or darkness—will nullify the sight and make the things which surround us totally invisible. Without light, our eyes are useless and even the light itself is scarcely more necessary than reflection, as may be proved by looking into a mirror and then into a sheet of plain grass. The former, on account of the reflection obtained by the coating of mercury at the back, reflects the light. The latter reflects only a portion of it from its polished surface and the image which we see is in the nature of a vision, lacking the depth and the prospective attainable in the mirror. If anyone could invent a scientifically perfect black paint which would absorb all light and reflect none, he would solve the riddle of invisibility, for it would be impossible to see such objects even in the brightest of sunlight.

Tomorrow's question — WHY are hat-bands placed on hats?

I'M THE GUY!

I'M THE GUY who never knows when it's time to go home.

If the chairs are comfortable where I'm calling for the evening and I'm in no hurry to leave, why should I tear myself away just so people can go to bed?

Their yawning doesn't annoy me—unless it starts me yawning too. If they run out of conversation I can always find plenty to talk about; it doesn't bore me to talk.

It's not my fault that they have to get up early in the morning or were up late the night before or that I picked the wrong night to call. I call when I feel like it and stay as late as I please. And I call for my own pleasure, not theirs.

And if I'm calling late in the afternoon, why should I hurry away just because my hostess has a meal to prepare or expects other company for it? If she wants to be polite she can ask me to stay. That's usually what I'm sticking around for, anyway.

What Do You Know?

(Here's a chance to make your wits worth money. Each day The Bee will publish a series of questions, prepared by Superintendent J. H. Beveridge of the public schools. They cover things which you should know. The first complete list of correct answers received will be rewarded by $1. The answers and the name of the winner will be published on the day indicated below. Be sure to give your views and address in full. Address "Question Editor," Omaha Bee.)

By J. H. BEVERIDGE.

1. What man had charge of the draft system during the late war?
2. To what man was given the name "Pathfinder?"
3. What is the largest cotton exporting city in the United States?
4. What was the name of Admiral Dewey's flagship at the battle of Manila bay?
5. What was the name of the theater in which Abraham Lincoln was assassinated?

(Answers Published Monday.)

MONDAY'S ANSWERS.

1. Where is Faneuil Hall? Boston.
2. With what state do we connect the name of Daniel Boone? Kentucky.
3. On what river is Mount Vernon? The Potomac.
4. Who is known as the father of the American banking system? Alexander Hamilton.
5. What is the name of Holmes' poem which was written to interest people in the preservation of the U. S. Frigate Constitution? Old Ironsides.

Winner: Edward Rosenthal, 5008 Dodge street, Omaha.