TILEBEESTIBEROWN

valentines were on sale already.

her safely to the walk.

Margaret:

asked mamma.

stairs.

labeled."

So Edith got the valentine.

(Honorary Montion.)

Neb. Red.

paint boxes were whisked under a pile

reading. "Is your book good, Marguerite"

of books and each little girl was busily

"Yes, mamma. Wasn't it nice about

"Why, dear, you're all mixed up and

you're reading upside down," said mamma,

"I should say so," said Marguerite.

back was written "Margaret."

Which Was Which

she saw a beautiful valentine and she said.

to herself. "Oh, if I could only get that

of the very best stories the Busy Bees have ever written have come Three More Little Busy Bees have Bees in this month, written on subjects the boys and girls have Three More Little Busy Bees chosen for themselves. There seems to be a few, however, who do not understand that stories of trips they have taken are the only ones barred from this contest, and several good stories of trips have come In. This is too bad, but try again, Busy Bees, and write on some other sub-

One of the girls writes that her father promises here \$1 for every story she has published. She has a story in print today, and it came very near getting one of the prizes, too. Try again, little girl.

The question has been asked whether a Busy Bee who has served once as king or queen can be elected again. Yes, indeed. It rests entirely with the boys and girls to decide who shall be king and queen, and any one they may elect may serve.

The Fourth of July has come and gone and the editor wonders if all the Busy Bees escaped without burned fingers or more serious accident. Ever so many boys and girls write that they went to picules on the Fourth, and several have asked how the editor spent the day. She went to a picnic, too, and spent the whole long, delightful day out of doors, with luncheon under

Boys always do so many things on the Fourth of July that girls are not privileged to do; the editor thinks some of these would make good stories. Won't some of the boys give us some of their experiences next week?

The prize winners for writing the best original stories last week were Miss Florence Pettijohn, aged 14 years. Long Pine, Neb., and Miss Augusta Kibler, aged 11 years, Kearney, Neb. Honorary mention was given to Miss Ruth Ashby, aged 12 years, Fairmont, Neb.

For the month of July, including this week, three prize stories have been won by the blue side and one by the red. Chester Hart, as King Bee, has nine subjects and Augusta Kibler, as Queen Bee, has also nine subjects. This gives both sides an even chance for prize stories next week. A few forgot to mark their stories either red or blue and others did not mark their stories original. Be more careful, Busy Bees, about this next week.

Those who succeeded in solving the beheaded word puzzle in last Sunday's paper were Faye Scoffeld, aged 13 years, Columbus, Neb.; Mary Kavanaugh, aged 11 years, Columbus, Neb.; Gretchen Easterling, aged 10 years, Kearney, Neb.; Ethel M. Ingram, aged 12 years, Valley, Neb.; Marguerite Belknap, aged 13 years, 2524 North Eighteenth street, Omaha; Lulu Mae Coc. aged 12 years, Florence, Neb.: Hulda Lundberg, aged 13 years, Fremont, Neb.; Frances Sutter, aged 10 years, 2808 A street, South Omaha; William Nielson, aged 10 years, 3306 Vinton street, Omaha, and William M. Sloan, aged 8 years, Geneva, Neb.

Bragging Tom and His Undoing

By William Wallace, Jr.

Tom Collins lives in the town of Green- you at any time and place; and more than ille, a pretty little place that was lo- that, he'd probably warn you that you'd cated in a western state not so very far better have an assistant in case you feared from the Rocky mountains. He was a to enter the ring with him alone. That's big chap for his 14 years and prided his method you know, bragging and doing dimself mightily on his strength and nothing." Indeed, so much did Tom Hank laughed over the matter and Dravery. east that his friends had begun to call pledged his willingness to "fix" bragging im "bragging Tom," much to the young Tom if that were necessary to show him fellow's displeasure. However, he was not up in his true colors before his friends displeased enough to quit his ugly habit of and acquaintances. "Not that I believe

pragging. At school Tom would boast that he explained, "but if a little fist contest is ould "whip any boy of his size in the necessary to make a decent boy out of a ounty;" but once free of the playground braggart I'm in for giving him the m dic'ne. nd on territory where there was no rule But homeopathic doses is my style." ist displaying his prowess, should some victim come forward to help him show down," laughed Walt, out. Tom never felt inclined to prove his Tom is too much of a coward to ever ponstful words. And many had been the tackle-or be tackled by-a boy of strength boys-fearless little men in their wild, and nerve. He's just a boaster. estern way-who had stood up to Tom we'll have to do-I'm quite sure-is to and declared that they were willing to be bluff him a bit and he'll show the white "larruped" in good old fashion-if Tom feather pretty quickly. Of course should was capable of doing it-to let him prove he feel forced to 'make good' in the preso his friends and admirers that he "was once of his friends, then you'll have to adhe best man for his age in the county." minister to him the homeopathic dose in

"Gee whiz, boys, I could thrash any two He'll call for quarter soon enough." you at the same time with one hand! The following week "bagging Tom" was wouldn't be fair, you see, for one of going down the street when he heard

me possible innocent herd-boy who might age in the county. He said also that he to the river." be induced to clench fists with Tom that had heard I made the boast that I could Two of Tom's comrades at school and ride any bucking broncho that ever ring," said Walt. was shy on height and weight as com- meet me in a square and fair contest of

One day while Hank was busy at work him in the ring. But, pshaw, I've seen on his father's ranch his two town cousins, your cousin Hank and he is too small Frank and Walt Turner, came out to pay a potato for to even box with, let alone im a visit. It was the day following the fight." osing of the town and county schools. "Well, as for Hank's size," remonstrated the boys were free to have a jolly good Walt. "he's a better man than you, I'll ime together, feeling that the long sum- wager a good deal. He's as strong as ner days were theirs for play and freedom most kids of twice his size; so you need not from books. As the three wandered over have any hesitancy about sending him give." he hills and through the ravines their talk a counter challenge. And as for riding urned upon the boys of their acquaintance his bucking broncho-well, I've heard you not speak in his usual boastful voice. Then, fight." nd their characteristics in general. Then say there wasn't one in the entire west hat they wished he-Hank-would chal- of what you can do in that line." enge Tom to a fair fist contest. "It's "And as we've heard you talk a good this way," said Frank, "that cowardly deal about your ability to knock out any outset," laughed Walt. "My, he does need





ALICE CLARA TEMPLE AND HER SIS-TER MARY.



STORIES We'll call all the chickens and ducks."

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages. 2. Use pen and ink, not pencil 3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.

4. Original stories or letters only will be used. 5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page. First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two con-tributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT,

(First Prize.)

Why Father Turkey Went

in fighting for the sake of fighting," he

"Oh, don't think it will ever come to a "They did last year, and in about two they beheld the fowls trooping back. "Bragging weeks Big Rene disappeared. They're trying to trick us, and I'm not going to eat much, for fear I'll disappear, too,' sald Mother Turkey.

"Let's hold a meeting tonight and see By Augusta Kibler, Aged 11 Years, Kear-were two children. We told Sleepyhead that to do." We regging to play games. She

Father Turkey called in all the neigh- Just then some one called mamma down "Dear friends, I've called you here for "Wasn't that a narrow 'scape, Mar-

That evening the "Gobble, gobble" of looking over her shoulder.

the purpose of asking your opinion on garet?" what I believe a very important questionwhy have we suddenly been fed so much? Today Katie came to where we were, like flowers in their white dresses with 'Oh, mama,' she cried, 'look here. The pink sashes and ribbons. They sat very turkeys haven't eaten nearly all their still in church until the last, corn. I wonder if they know that Thurs- But their mother thought they were getday is Thanksgiving?"

'Why, no. Katle, they don't know.' "Now, fellow fowls, what shall we do " twins went on. 'I move that we visit the woods the day before Thanksgiving," Mother Duck and she saw Mrs. Mackibben standing

quacked. "Second the motion," peeped Little Mrs. Everett. "Geraldine, look at your Chicken.

"All in favor, say aye," A loud noise filled the air. 'All right, we will meet at seven

Wednesday morning." There was a good deal of excitement at

week before Thanksgiving the tur- Brown's Wednesday. The fowls had all keys were busily eating, when Father disappeared. The Browns did without Turkey said, "Seems to me they're over- their turkey Thanksgiving, but they more than surprised on Friday when

> (Second Prize.) Edith's Valentine

want to rest?"

in agreeing to box with me? I'm pretty muscular, you see.' And he drew up his

"Yes, you've got the better of me in that

built of iron, I am. But what did you say

"Nope, I won't fight," said Tom, his face

And Hank looked Tom square in

arm, displaying quite a lump of muscle.

own on his bucking broncho. Then I'll and the last game of ball Tom said: if Hank does so. I'll not promise to ride Tom some fifteen minutes it was decided by After five minutes of bucking most fiercely ix him-if he's man enough to take a dare "Say, I got a note from your cousin Hank him of he's unbroken-but if Hank rides the boys to appoint a committee to wait the broncho started on the run over the been asleep in your little nest under the that ever dies would ask God to please Snell the other day. He says that he's him to town, why, I'll show you that I upon him and ascertain the cause of his hill, and it was with an effort that Hank catnip." "Yes," purrs kitty, "and I want stop sending them awful skeeters. I And it was this boastful threat against heard I'm called the strongest boy of my can mount him and ride him clean down delay; Just at this juncture Tom was seen brought him to a standstill. Then, guid- to go in and have some milk now." coming slowly over the hill that lay be- ing him carefully, he came riding back to tween the ground and town. As he neared the group of boys. He dismounted and inthe crowd the boys were not surprised to vited Tom to come and take his turn. Tom see a look of uncertainty on his usually stepped forward, a look of resigned resobold face. He came up to them, nodding lution on his face. He trembled and was his head to them collectively. "Hello, boys," pale as Hank assisted him into the saddle. he said in a weak voice, not attempting to In another minute he was on the ground always find some excuse to slip out of be indifferent to the cause of the gather- in a bunch, having been tossed over the pared with Tom Collins, he was a wiry fighting strength, and that he'll bring a proving your mettle. Now, that a boy ing. Then he waited for someone to speak, bucking brenche's head at the first bound. can possible be. This fact was proven by self has ever dared to mount. He says lenge you'll have to come like a man or forward. "Shall we begin now, or do you he wiped the dust from his face, saying. "Well, here I am,' said Hank, stepping As Frank and Hank assisted him to rise in tearful voice: "I can't ride that brute, I said Tom, his voice really quivering. "But choked with tears and wiped his eyes on his surrounded by large trees which darkened. The next day they went home, and her "Oh, I guess we'd better begin at once," can't. I confess I'm defeated." Then he

"Well, you're not defeated in the fight forth at midnight. with Hank, yet," encouraged one of the "Here, come and show us that you boys. are not put down and out so casy."

But Tom shook his head despairingly. " ain't a coward, kids," he whimpered, I guess I've lost the day. We'll call it off, if you want to," he added shamefacedly. "If Hank insists-why, I guess I'll have to fight; but after being thrown by that brute I'm not in condition to fight; honest,

reddening. "I'll put on the gloves with you "Admit, then, that you've been tested and

stander. "You've always been the loudest raising his eyes to the faces of those asin wanting to fight-not box! Come, don't sembled about him. Then, without another word he arose and went off over the hill Tom was beginning to show his fright. homeward. Jeering laughs followed him; but even

though the boys enjoyed his undoing, for date by curing him of his boastful, over- some sympathetic face. "I'll not back out, they knew he deserved it, they were too I won't. But let's ride the broncho first. honorable to taunt him with the day's "contest" afterwards. And true it is, that Tom never bragged another time, and as be tested-came at last, though to some of After he had refreshed himself with a the years rolled round he became a very quiet and well-behaved boy, well-liked by so. The meeting between Tom and Hank - him by riding first, thus testing his ability his fellows, for he never forgot the lesson bragging Tom" and "Wildcat" Snell-was in the lins of horsemanship. Hank jumped he had learned nor the humiliation which

MARGUERITE MASON.

Omaha Bee.

Gobble Cobble

Florence Pettijohn, Aged 14 Years, Long Pine, Neb, Red.

size, being some shorter and lighter, but ground outside the town at 2 o'clock, and trained to the work-with his whip the anthe shape of a few taps about the ears. he'll make up for that deficiency in siert- long before that time a dozen boys-friends intal immediately arone on his hind legs, a butterfly?" "No," says kitty. "You are He's a dandy with boxing gloves of both sides-were assembled.

on, I can tell you." nerd-boys from the divide comes down to him. After a few words about fishing can do with him. I'll agree to ride him— the prairie. After waiting for the tardy something terrible to see.

"But you know what all the boys will prought about the bragging fellow's un- whip any boy of my weight in the county say if you refuse to meet Hank in the "There are a good "country cousin" of the herd-boy trotted over the western plains. He says many who already doubt your nerve and ype. His name was Hank Snell, and while he's to be in town Saturday and wants to -strength. Some of the boys say you retreat like s-coward." and finishes that by daring me to meet "I'll never retreat like a coward," de-

clared Tom, a blush covering his face. "But Hank's so small, you know. It don't -don't you think you've made a mistake sleeve. seem fair for me to tackle him." "Oh, we'll all declare him quite your

equal." cried Walt. "It isn't always bigness that counts, remember. Hank is wellmade and can give you all that you care to respect," admitted Hank. "But I'm not take while he's receiving what you care to afraid but what I can hold my own. I'm

"All right, then,' said Tom. But he did boxing for? I've understood we are to saying that he had to perform an errand the face. was that Frank and Walt told their that could scare you off. But as I've for his father, he said good-bye to Walt susin of "bragging Tom." and declared never seen you on horseback I'm no judge and Frank and hurried away, with an aimost frightened look on his face. "You see, he's weakening at the very

agger would find some excuse to get out boy of your strength and size in the a big dose to cure him of his big bragging of the contest, and it would completely county." said Frank, "we'll now have the which is done merely to cover his real in- lick any boy of your size in the county if ure him of that detestable bragging. He'd opportunity of seeing you prove your state- nate cowardice. Well, I think he'll draw you don't believe in fighting?" cried one bybully up at first and say that he'd meet ment. "Of course, Hank isn't quite your in his horns for good after this expert-"Yes, for he wouldn't be a bad sort of fel- back down and out now."

low if he were not such a conceiled one." admitted Frank. "We'll probably be doing From red his face had become pale. "Weil;" him the greatest service of his life up to he faltered, turning about and looking for bearing ways." Saturday-the day on which the bravery I'm not feeling well today. Give me a

and strength of "bragging Tom" were to drink there Walt." the town boys it seemed very slow in doing dipper of water Hank agreed to "humor" arranged to take place on the base ball into the saddle, and touching his bronche- attended its learning.

Out in the Field

By Olga Blaha, Aged 10 Years, 1704 South

Tenth Street, Omaha. Red.

and box for five rounds. But I don't believe come out the worse for it." said Hank If you'll fess up that you've been a bully Several boys hooted and sheered at this. and a bragger, I'll call off the fight. If Why do you always boast that you can not-well you've got to pull yourself to-"Let it stand as you say." said Tom, not

Their Journey

They started out at dawn to ride To London town, so far away; They crossed the sea at even-tide. And got in port at close of day.

Then 'cross the bridge to London town
They rode in haste, in gathering throng;
And bowed they to the king and queen.
Who in their chariot dashed along.

They supped that night in palace fair:
Then bemeward went the following day.
And when their mama asked them why,
They said they'd come back home to
gtay.

MAUD WALKER.



and work hard. Her mother and to earn that we ran through the field like crass best opposite her creaked and she saw a the living for Edith and her little sister, people. We never came to the field for white figure come toward her. As Edith was going past a book store that day.

A Fairy Story

valentine for mamnia and Dorn, how happy I would be." But she thought she could not By Hanna Korald. Aged Il Years, 232 California Street, Omaha. Blue. get it, so she would have to give it up, As Josle sat by the brook watching the ing to get it They lived in Boston, where there were many street cars. As Edith was passing scurrying of the fish in the brook, she Mabel laughed, as did everyone else, and by on her way home she saw two street thought of the story she had just read, she resolved that she would never be "O" said she dreamily, as she laid her frightened by ghosts again, cars coming past, and a little child had strayed from its mother. Edith knew the head on a bed of more, "how I wish I child would be run over and she must get could see the brownies."

it out of the road, as the cars were apdealy she heard the tramp, tramp of many proaching very fast and very near her. feet. Then she heard a little voice say-The mother was standing alarmed on the ing, "Did you say you would like to corner, but afraid to risk her life for the Edith saw the child did not know what ground?"

She lay still for some time, when sud-

When she answered yes she felt herself to do, so she gave a bound off the walk. caught the child in her arms and carried growing smaller till at last she was as Her royal robes were of the dainty violet small as the brownles, who then led her After the street car had passed the to a cave nearby.

They went into it and Josie felt herself nother of the child came over and took sinking down slowly, very slowly, and Edith in her arms and praised her, and not only did she do that, but she gave Edith at last she found herself in a beautiful hall, brilliantly lighted by millions of fireflies, and a throne before her, on which The brownles told her to follow them and in a little time she found herself before By Ruth Ashby, Age 12 Years, Fairmont, a beautiful lake.

The brownies began to play on the Margaret and Marguerite were twins. shore, but Josie got too near the water s They looked so much alike that people edge and, splash! where was she? Why could not tell them apart. This they did she was in the brook with Towser, her not like. "Wish we weren't twins," signed faithful dog, swimming after her.

After she was all dry and bundled up she related her adventure, but was never were busy in the playroom, for it was forced to believe that it was only a dream, the fragrant petals of a crimson rose, Baturday and they did not have to go to and who blames her? school. Every time mamma came in the

Edith's Dream

By Nina Dawson, Aged 11 Years, 135 North Irving Avenue, Premont, Neb. Red. Edith was sitting in the pasture, under Puss-In-Boots climbing the bean pole. I a tree, looking for four-leaf clovers. Very like bright clouds through her mind. mean Red Riding Hood jumping over the soon her pretty voice floated across the

air, for she had found one. Edith remembered hearing her mamma say that when she was a little girl they put the four-leaf clovers they found in their shoes, and then wished, and often the wish came true. She put it in her By Louise Stiles, Aged 12 Years, Lyons, Neb. Blue.

shoe, and wished she could go to Fairyland. Sunday morning the two little girls looked a fairy coming toward her. When the the many pairs of small eyes that gazed fairy reached Edith she said, "Come with admiringly. The owners of the eyes were

Edith with her golden wand. ting tired. After church she stopped and spoke to Rev. Mr. MacKibben while the Some one touched her on the shoulder higher and higher. They rode very far, where the crowd was large. and it was beginning to get dark. The there. "Why, good morning, Emma," said coach stopped in front of a place called was a purse. girls," said Mrs. MacKibben. Mrs. Everett looked at her twins, and there on Marguerite's back was a large piece of paper pinned on each shoulder on which was written "Marguerite," and on Margaret's "Why, what's this, girls?" asked mamma. "Oh, mamma, we're so tired of being She began to think of her sister and anything of "Mrs. H. Walte." called each other's names and so we're downward. Just then she awoke. But What do you want of me, dear?"

the never forgot the dream.

The Naughty Cat I was out in the field one day. In came By Katherine Blumenstein, Aged 11 Years, little girl named Sleepyhead. With her North Fifteenth Street, Council Blums.

a little girl named Sleepyhead. With her were two children. We told Sleepyhead "Where have you been, naughty cat?" hand started just then, she moved with said she knew a new same, and this says the cat's little mistress. "Guess," says the crowd toward the door. "All right-by the gooseherry bush. It was coming near the 14th of February. said she knew a new game, and this game kitty. "Have you been catching birds, bad = cat? Tell me and I'll take you down." "No," says kitty. "Have you been chasing then pitched forward on his fore legs, then all wet," says the little mistress, feeling By 2 o'clock every boy except Tom had doubled up till his back resembled the half his fur. "You have been hunting for baby "Oh, as for the bronche," said Tom, arrived. Hank had come on his bronche, a of a hoop. But Hank, an expert, never or scaring robins." "No," says kitty. "Guess my muscle to tackle chaps of your make. Walt and Frank Turner calling after him, trying to appear undisturbed at the idea, gentle-looking little animal that stood, head moved from his place on the doubling ant- something good, now." Kitty's mistress No-o-o; just you wait till one of them He paused and waited for them to join "I'll not refuse to show you all what I down, resting after his long gallop across mai's back, though his gyrations were takes him up under her dimpled chin and buries her white nose in his wet fur. "Ah!"

Mabel's Mistake

Avenue, Omaha. Red.

Mabel was spending a week with her four large rooms.

for a mile around, and as this one was forget it.

Mabel had gone to bed by candle light. Cliffords again."

Valentine day was approaching fast. The was called "Two Misses Brown." It was for the moonlight was shut out by the folla siles game. We played that game till age of the trees. All went well till about Edith was a poor girl and had to study a dog come after us, and we got so seared indinight, when she heard a shuffle, the

a long time. We had a very good time. She reached down and picked up her allpear, which she threw with all her might. A scream came from the supposed ghost which awoke the whole family. Everybody got up to see what the trouble was, and her chum's sister told how she had left

the canary hanging outdoors and was go-

A Visitor in Fairyland

By Madia Fordson, Aged 13 Years, 2723 Spaulding Street, Omalia, Red. "This is the Queen of Love." said the see us, the brownies, who dwell under little elf who was guiding the little visitor. There on a stately Hly, used for a throne, sat the beautiful little queen. petals and her sceptre a slender spray of goldenrod.

The queen cordially greeted the little visitor and bade the little elf show Alice through the flower palace. Beneath green arches, bright with birds and flowers, the king was seated. She heard the king the lofty hall. The roof of the dainty bly and beside singing waves, went Alice into of the valley rested on pillars of clustering green vines, as the elves danced below on the deep green moss.

Their low, sweet voices sounded softly through the sunlit palace. The sun was throwing the golden light upon the palace, which later changed to the silver hues of the moon.

Alice went to bed that night on pure white rose leaves, above which drooped

"You can look at the bright colors until the light fades and then the rose will sing you to sleep," said the eleves as they folded the soft leaves about her. Long she lay watching the bright shad-

ows and listening to the song of the rose, while long dreams of lovely things floated When the sun rose, to her great surprise, she found herself in her own bed. "It has all been a dream," she exclaimed.

When Bobby Went to the Circus

The circus had come to town, with all its She sat thinking, and all at once saw spiender. Anyhow, it looked splendid to me, dear child. I will show you wonder- small, although the eyes themeselves grew ful sights." As she spoke she touched large as they looked-especially little Bobby Walters, a small newsboy. Bobby Then a little coach appeared in front of knew it was out of the question for him them and the fairy lifted Edith into it, to think of going, so he manfully went on It started and Edith seemed to be going selling papers around the circus grounds,

Suddenly something caught his eye. It

a palace, where the fairles lived. The Bobby picked it up and ran to a shelfairy lifted Edith out and led her into tered spot near by, opened the purse, the palace. Edith was rather frightened, counted out five dollars, then he noticed for there were so many fairles there, two circus tickets and a little white card They all began to laugh, and Edith was bearing the inscription, "Mrs. H. Waite," ready to cry. But the fairy she came with Bobby sighed as he put back the congave her a cup of fairy wine. Edith tents, went back to the crowd and asked drank it, and thanked the fairy for it, a motherly looking old lady if she knew

mother at home. She felt herself falling. She smiled as she said, "I am the lady,

"I found your purse," said Bobby, thrus "Wait a moment, sonny," and catching up she said. "I have an extra ticket. You may have it," and in her turn she thrust something into Bobby's hand, and as the

So that is how Bobby happened to go to

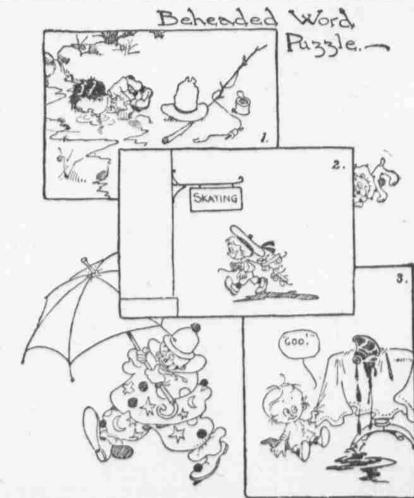
Elsie and the Mosquitoes

By Frances Sutter, Aged 10 Years, 2808 A Street, South Omaha, Neb. While Eiste was in Indiana visiting the Cliffords, and in the midst of her trials with mosquitoes, she said one day;

"I wouldn't cry, Aunt Emma, only my says she. "I have smelled it out; you have heart is breaking. I wish the next person can't bear 'em any longer."

There was a sad look in Elsie's face. Bitter tears rolled down her face. Her forehead and cheeks were of a flaming By Adeline Specht, 517 South Twenty-fourth pink. She looked like she had just come from an angry beehive. Grace, her friend, would not allow her friend to be hurt. chum, whose family was camping at Lake "It is strange," she said, "what makes Wood in an old-fashioned log cabin, with our mosquitoes so impolite to strangers. It's an awful shame, isn't it now, to have The first evening they had been telling my little friend Elsle so imposed upon. ghost stories. There was no other house if I could only amuse her, and make her

it, one could imagine that ghosts came mother put medicine on it and it healed up. Elsie said, "I will never go out to the





CAN'T RIDE THAT BRUTE, I CAN'T. I CONFESS I'M DEFEATED."