

The Story of a Nebraska Boy

A Quarter Section Golden Prairie Farm and a Crop Payment Contract

In the fall of 1910, Roy Swanson, a young man living near Funk, Phelps county, Nebraska, came to look at the Golden Prairie District of Wyoming. Some of his friends had settled in the district and had written encouraging reports, so he decided to see for himself.

Like most young men starting out in life, Mr. Swanson's means were limited, and he wisely determined to make his dollars go as far as possible. He asked about our crop payment plan, and we explained its provisions to him with the result that he purchased the Southeast Quarter of Section 1, in Township 12, Range 62, 5 miles east of the town of Carpenter. The land was smooth, rich prairie. The price was \$17.50 per acre, or \$2,800.00 for the quarter section, and Mr. Swanson bought on the crop payment plan, paying down one fifth or \$560, and agreeing to deliver to us at Carpenter one-half the crop raised each year to be credited at market price to pay both interest (at 6 per cent) and principal until the land should be paid for.

Under the regular terms of our contract he would have been required to put 40 acres in crop in 1910, and an additional 40 acres in 1911, and 80 acres each year thereafter until the land is paid for, but he stated that if we would release him from putting in the 40 acres in the spring 1911 he would break out 80 acres that summer and seed it all to winter wheat. We consented to this and in this ad we reproduce a photograph taken of this 80-acre field of Turkey Red Winter Wheat, raised this season on sod breaking on this farm by this plucky young Nebraskan who saw the virtue of Golden Prairie land and had the grit to back his judgment. As this is written the crop has not been threshed, but it has been estimated by those competent to judge that the yield will be from 25 to 30 bushels per acre.

Hon. George Harcourt, Deputy Minister of Agriculture of Canada, viewed this field just as the grain was turning yellow and pronounced it a marvelous sight. He has just returned home from visiting the United States in the interest of the International Dry Farming Congress, and the day he spent in the Golden Prairie District with Prof. Knight of the Wyoming State University, and Prof. Watson, State Director of Farming, was a revelation to the distinguished visitor.

What Roy Swanson has done you may do. His is not an isolated example. There are hundreds of others in the fertile Golden Prairie District whose experience will duplicate his. Neither this ad nor all the pages of this whole paper would suffice to tell the stories of men who five, four, yes three years ago were farm hands in Nebraska and other central states, or renters barely making a living on high priced farms, who are now independent farm owners in the Golden Prairie District. And there is still room here for hundreds more. Will you be one of them? That is the question for you to decide now.

The Golden Prairie is Not an Experiment. It is a proven producer. One of the leading national banks of Cheyenne is owned by men who 25 or 30 year ago were cow boys and who have accumulated one hundred thousand to a quarter of a million dollars each by raising cattle and other live stock on these grass covered prairies, and while they were doing this, a little colony off at the edge of the district, 20 miles from the railroad and known as the Swedish settlement demonstrated that grain crops could be grown here successfully every year.



This picture is reproduced from a photograph of the 80 acres winter wheat field, grown this season on sod breaking on the Golden Prairie Wyoming farm of Roy Swanson, purchased by him on the Crop Payment Plan, and to be paid for, both principal and interest, by delivering to his nearest station one-half the grain raised each year, which is credited at market price until the land is paid for. If you are a renter of high priced land or a young man starting in life you should not fail to read this page. It may mean a turning point in life for you.

Buy land direct from us and save agents' commissions. We are owners, not agents. Our prices range from \$12.50 to \$25.00 per acre, according to location and quality. Our terms are: Plan 1—One-third cash, one-third in five years and one-third in ten years with warranty deed and mortgage back. Plan No. 2—One-fifth cash and balance in ten equal annual installments, or, best of all for the man who wants the land for a home and who prefers to keep his available cash to pay for improvements and live stock. Plan No. 3—Our Popular-Crop Payment plan, whereby, after making a small cash payment as evidence of good faith, you pay all the balance of both principal and interest by delivering to your nearest market station one-half of the crop raised, which is credited at market price until the land is paid for. This plan is enabling many energetic farmers to get homes without assuming the burden of payments maturing at fixed dates. Buy a Golden Prairie farm on the crop payment plan and you will live long and be healthy and happy. None of our

lands are more than eight miles from railroad station. Summer Tourist Tickets to Cheyenne may be purchased any day. The round trip rate from Omaha is \$16.00; Sioux City, \$19.90; Grand Island, \$14.50, and other stations in proportion. We refund railroad fare to purchasers. Please fill out and mail us the attached coupon that we may furnish you detailed information.

The Federal Land & Securities Co.

100 West Seventeenth St., Cheyenne, Wyo.

(CUT OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY)

The Federal Land & Securities Company,
Cheyenne, Wyoming

Gentlemen—I have read your advertisement in The Omaha Bee, and you will please send me literature descriptive of the Golden Prairie District of Wyoming, including sectional map of the district and testimonials of settlers.

If suited, I would want to buy about..... acres, and would prefer your plan No.

Name

Address

The Busy Bees

How interested the Busy Bees are in birds! Today we have a story about the bobolink, and last Sunday we had a story about the grosbeak. Your Children's page editor is interested in birds, too. Just listen to what he saw the other day in the next dooryard: On the ground a flicker was hunting in the grass for worms, while nearby were two robins and a little group of sparrows. On the fence was perched a red-breasted grosbeak, and glinting through the willow trees were the blue wings of some blue jays. Can any of the Busy Bees beat this?

The editor would like to remind the Busy Bees to follow the rules for young writers more carefully. Especially remember about writing on one side of the page only.

Walter A. Averill of Omaha wins first prize again this Sunday, with a story about an imaginary picnic. Second place is won by Bernice Ashburn of Gibbon, Neb., who writes about a real vacation trip. Both of these Bees are on the Red side.

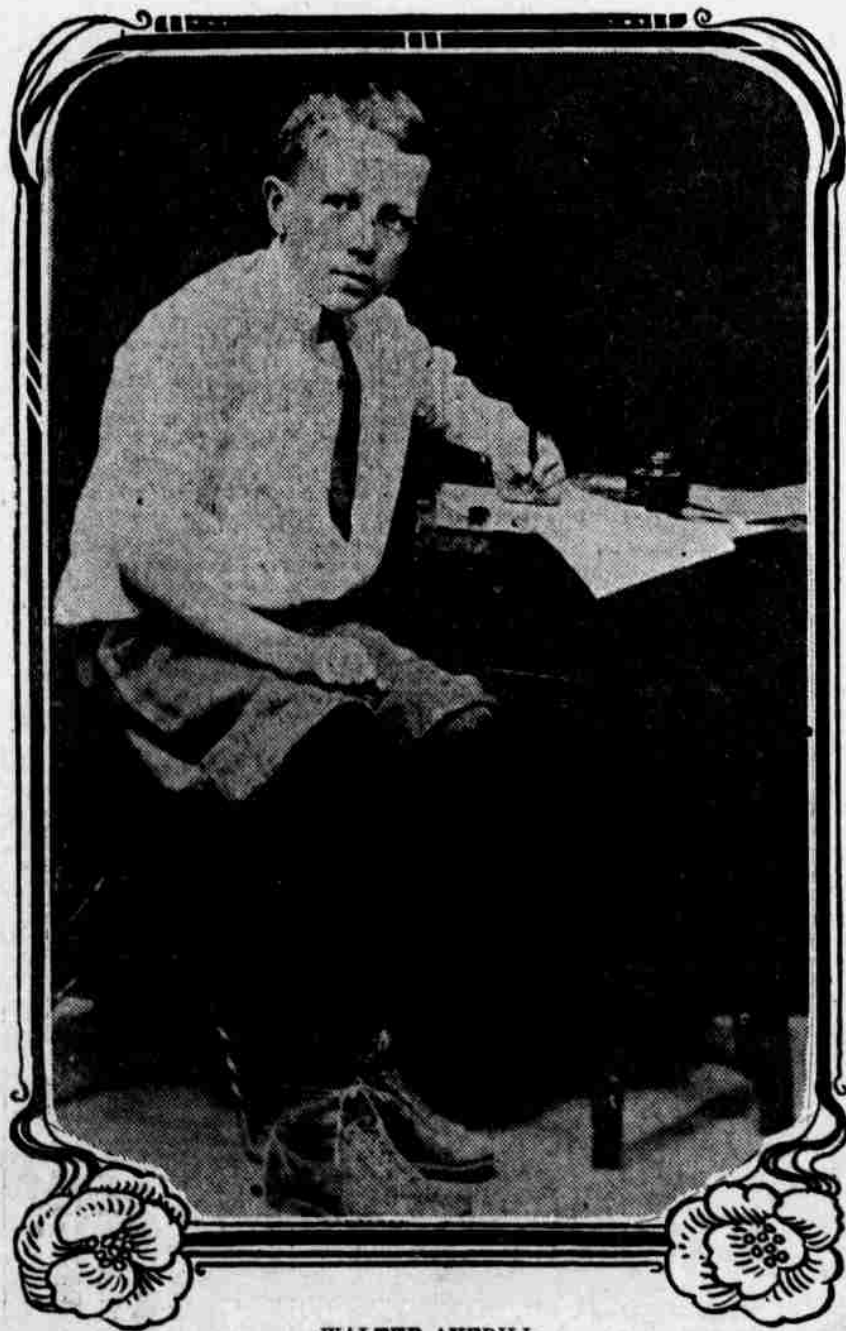
Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)
Some Picnic, Eh?
By Walter A. Averill, 1214 Chicago St., Aged 12 years. Red Side.
Dear Busy Bees—
How would you like to go to this imaginary picnic? I sure wish it was true. I got up at half past six of a bright summer morning of the latter part of July, fresh for a day's fun out in a large meadow that was three-fourths surrounded by a large thick timber. A small creek that had an exceptionally strong current ran through the east part of the meadow which was a fine place to go picnicking.
The first thing I did when I got up was to go out in the kitchen to see what mother had fixed for me. She had just got it tied up in a large box and as I had to eat two meals out of it I had quite a lunch. Following is the menu: Four egg sandwiches, four "weird" sandwiches, one dozen sweet pickles of which I am very fond, one pint jar canned pineapples, two slices good cake, one liberal slice of chocolate pie and one big piece of watermelon. After being satisfied I would have enough to eat. I took my lunch and started for a certain corner where a large hay rack (the largest I ever saw) with plenty of hay on it, stood awaiting the picnickers. I was a trifle too early but another boy and I told jokes until at last we saw the whole bunch coming down the street on the run. The quickly sought the best seats and in a short time we were off. After about a half hour's joyous ride we were landed. Some of the older girls fixed the table-cloths on the grass for tables while the rest engaged in putting up swings, tester-toppers, measuring distances for the races, etc. Just after we got everything fixed, the dinner-bell rang, and eleven hungry boys and ten hungry girls eagerly ate their 5 o'clock breakfast.
After breakfast all of us (except a few who ate too much) played on the swings and tester-toppers for about an hour until our breakfast was settled. Then we began to practice for the races and jumps. Two men had come along to see that everything ran smoothly and to referee the races. The first race came about 10:30. It was the fifty-yard dash. I

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 contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

Prize-Winning Busy Bee



WALTER AVERILL.

Walter A. Averill is one of the most industrious of the Busy Bees. He has written stories for the children's page and has won six prizes. He is an Omaha boy and is on the red side.

had supper. After supper we left for home, tired but happy.
(Second Prize.)
A Vacation Trip.
By Bernice Ashburn, Gibbon, Neb., Aged 11 years. Red Side.
One day two summers ago my brother and I were surprised to hear mamma, who was at the telephone, say, "When shall we start?" We clapped our hands at that for it meant a delightful trip up the lake and river.
The next morning we were all up at 4 o'clock because it was a long trip for one day. We, eight in all, went down to the dock where the tug was waiting.

a few experienced pilots want to go past there at night as there is only one deep channel.
Supper was eaten on a broad plank put in the back of the boat.
We got past Harrison all right and got home about 10 o'clock after a very happy day.

(Honorable Mention.)
The Bobolink.
By Dorothy Patty, Aged 10 Years, Fremont, Neb.

I am a rollicking, jolly bobolink. I sing loud, clear and strong and am full of queer kinds of twists and kinks that were never written on your musical scale.
But I must not forget my mate, a brown-streaked bird with some buff and a few white feathers. She shades into the colors of the ground so harmoniously that few ever find her. As early as the Fourth of July we begin to go south. We feed on wild rice in the marshes until late in August, when we reach the rice fields in South Carolina and Georgia.
On the way I change my suit of black, buff and white to a striped brown, sparrowy suit like my mate and children, only there is more buff about it. In this dress we bobolinks descend in hordes upon rice fields when milk is in the grain and have a feast. A few weeks and I have another suit to go a-courting in. Some birds put on a new suit in the following spring, retaining only their old wings and tail feathers, but a few of us, gold finches and scarlet tanagers, undergo a complete change.

The Unhappy End of Our Kitten.
By Mollie Corenman, 806 South Seventh Street, Omaha.

Our four little kittens that we had nine or ten weeks ago had a very unhappy end.
One day a little gray kitten and the little colored one were playing out on our front sidewalk when a large dog saw them. They were playing happily together, not thinking of any harm, when the dog gave a jump at them and killed them. The other two little kittens got sick and died.

How I Am Spending My Vacation.
By Susie Corenman, Aged 8 Years, 806 South Seventh Street, Omaha.

This summer I am spending my vacation at home. We have all kinds of fun for we have a yard which is quite long. We have two rooms for our playhouse and they are very nice. We have very delightful times in it. We also have a barn in our yard and in it we have all of our shows. Nearly every Sunday my sister and I go down to the river to see the boat.

A "Thank-You" Note.
Dear Editor: I have just received my book of games, for which I want to thank you.
Some of the games I already knew and some are new to me.
With best wishes, I am, sincerely,
HELEN WINKELMAN.

Our Pets.
By Louise Timme, Aged 11 Years, Blue Side, 424 Miami Street, Omaha, Neb.

We have a little kitty named George. He is very playful. We take a string

LITTLE GIRL WHO LIKES HER BIG BROTHER.



ROBERTA CLAIRE MCGILL.

Three-year-old Roberta Claire McGill was one of the most interested visitors at the recent encampment of the Woodmen of the World. She went to the encampment to visit her brother, Hugh McGill, who is a member of the organization. She likes to put on her brother's hat and carry his axe and pretend that she is a Woodman. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. McGill.

and run around the table and he follows us.

We also have a dog named Fritz. When we play ball and the ball goes down by Fritz he takes the ball in his mouth and plays with it.
Then we go down and get it from him.
Next time I will write a longer story.

Young Birds Have Big Appetites.

This is the season at which birds may be seen bringing insects, grubs and worms to their nests to feed their chicks. In an article in the Illustrated Outlook World L. W. Brownell gives some remarkable figures on the enormous quantity of insect pests that young birds eat. Were it not for such birds as the thrushes, vireos, warblers, phoebes, wrens, grosbeaks and sparrows there would be scarcely any crops.
Mr. Brownell says sixty insects a day is a very low average for each bird. He cites a pair of rose-breasted grosbeaks which brought food to their young 48 times between the hours of 6 a. m. and 5 p. m. Only on four visits did either bird bring fewer than two larvae or caterpillars. So they consumed at least 96 in those eleven hours.
Prof. Forbush speaks of a chickadee that made six visits to its young in thirteen minutes, in each case with its

beak full of small insects, plant lice and spiders.

Prof. Aughey saw a pair of long-billed marsh wrens in Nebraska take thirty-one small locusts to their nest in one hour.
Dr. Judd watched some young house wrens for four hours and thirty-seven minutes, in which time the parent birds brought them 111 insects and spiders.
Young birds are voracious eaters and until they can fly are solely dependent upon the food their parents bring them. This has to be put into their gaping beaks and sometimes the older bird pushes a wriggling worm or fluttering insect far down the chick's throat for fear that it will escape.

Queer Newspapers.

A newspaper which can be eaten after the information it contains is absorbed, thus affording nourishment for the body as well as the mind, is being published in Paris, and is called The Regal. It is printed with an ink guaranteed non-poisonous, on thin sheets of dough.
Another freak newspaper, the Lumina, is published in Madrid. The ink with which it is printed contains a small percentage of phosphorus, so that the letters are visible in the dark, and the reader does not need to make a light to enjoy its contents.

At two French seaside resorts newspapers called La Courier des Baigneurs and La Nalide are printed on waterproof paper, so that the subscriber can take his morning paper with him into the sea and read it while taking his bath.
In Paris a paper called Le Monchoir, or the handkerchief, is printed on paper such as the so-called Japanese napkins are made of and may become useful in case the reader has forgotten or lost his handkerchief or napkin.

Blind Boys Champion Scouts.

The blind boys scouts of Kentucky are the best track athletes among the scouts in that state. The members of troop ten of the Boy Scouts of America in the Kentucky Institute for the Blind in Louisville in a state track and field meet between the Boy Scouts of Kentucky and troop 10, was victorious winning a total of 73 points, while troop 5 secured 5, troop 16, 6; troop 17, 5; troop 15, 2. Sam Ritchie, a blind boy scout of troop 10, secured 17 1/2 points. He was first in the fifty-yard sack race with a blind scout named Recker. He was first in the fifty-yard three-legged race. He was third in the contest for three consecutive jumps.

Companionable Punching Bag.

It is no exaggeration to say that today nearly every prominent athlete, no matter what his special form of sport may be, uses the punching bag as a means of obtaining indoor exercise.
And one principal reason for this popularity of the "striking spheroid"—as it has been called—is that while it affords a splendid means of keeping physically fit, it is not so dull as dumb-bells. There is, indeed, no other indoor athletic appliance that is, as we may say, so entertaining and lively; the punching bag, it has been remarked, is "very companionable."