Omaha Officer Off With Prize Trophy for Girl

Major W. A. Cavanaugh, Omaha recruiting officer yesterday left for Red Cloud, Neb., where today he will make happy the heart of Verna Trine, 17-year-old high school girl and winner of the silver cup given by the government for the best essay on "The Advantages of Entering the United States Army Service."

Elaborate exercises, appropriate to the occasion, have been prepared by A. T. Holtzer, superintendent of Red Cloud public schools. Miss Trine's essay was selected by Governor McKelvie, Governor Harding, Chancellor Avery and Dr. Pearson as the best turned in from the recruiting district of which Omaha is headquarters.

"Chick" McLaughlin Becomes Member of Local Law Firm

Charles F. ("Chick") McLaughlin, former United States commissioner here, who served as an officer in the A. E. F. in France, has become a member of the law firm of Kennedy, Holland, DeLacy & McLaughlin, successors to Mahoney & Kennedy.

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 from an Omaha reader of The Bee will be rewarded by $1; the first from outside of Omaha will win the same. The answers and the names of the winners 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. Name Rodin's most famous piece of sculpture.
2. Who painted "The Song of the Lark?"
3. What great American writer was named after George Washington?
4. What celebrated woman violinist died recently?
5. For what type of painting is Blashfield best known?

(Answers published Tuesday.)

TUESDAY'S ANSWERS.

1. Pierre L, Enfant.
2. Fort Dearborn.
3. Rome.
4. San Francisco.
5. Washington, D. C.

Winner: G. W. James, Glenwood, Ia.

The Dutch Twins See the Queen.

Now, while the people were singing with all their might, and the band was playing, and Kit and Kat were having the most beautiful time they had ever had in their whole lives, what do you think happened?

Down the long drive through the trees came a great, splendid carriage, drawn by a pair of beautiful white horses with wavy white tails and manes. There were two soldiers on horseback riding in front of the carriage, and the driver of the carriage was dressed in blue and orange livery.

The carriage was open, and in it sat a beautiful, smiling young lady. Beside her sat her husband; and a nurse, in the other seat, held a baby in her arms.

When the people saw the carriage and the lady they waved their cap and shouted, "Long live the Queen!"

"Look! Look! Kit and Kat," said Grandfather, "It is your dear Queen Wilhelmina, and Prince Henry and the little princess. Wave your hands!"

Kit and Kat waved with all their might, but they were so short, and the people crowded beside the driveway so, that neither of them could see. Then Grandfather caught Kit and lifted him up high and Grandmother did the same with Kat.

It was fine to be up so high, Kit and Kat could see everything better than any one else there. And when the carriage came by, the Queen saw Kit and Kat! She smiled at them, and the nurse held the little princess up high for them to see! Kit and Kat threw kisses to the little princess; and the princess waved her baby hand to Kit and Kat; and then they were all gone—like a bright dream.

But the soldiers were better to see even than queens, Kit thought. Kat thought the baby—any baby—was nicer than either.

When the carriage was out of sight, Grandfather and Grandmother set the twins down on the ground. Every one began to talk about the Queen, about how sweet she was, and how good; and the band played, and everybody was as happy as they could possibly be.

By and by it was time to go home; for, Grandfather said, "Dutch girls and boys must learn to get up early in the morning, especially Twins that are going out with the milk cart."

So they went back to Grandfather Winkle's house; and Grandmother put them to bed in a little cupboard like their own at home, after they had had some supper. And the last thing Kat said that night was:

"O Kit, just to think that today we saw the Queen and the soldiers, and the Queen's baby, and tomorrow we are going to drive the milk cart! What a beautiful world it is!"

Just as they were dropping off to sleep, they heard a great noise in the street.

"Clap, clap, clap," it sounded, eight times.

"There goes the Klapper-man," said Grandmother Winkle. "Eight o'clock, and time all honest folks were abed."

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Tomorrow—The Dutch Twins Put on Aprons.

WHY?—

Does a hen cackle after laying an egg?

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The statement that there is a direct connection between the cackling of a hen and the laughter of a person who is pleased may sound strange, but it is nevertheless true. The human animal—man—gives vent to a series of sounds originating in his throat when something causes him pleasure. These sounds we characterize as "laughter." Very much the same process takes place when a hen lays an egg. The presence of the egg in the body of the hen causes the bird some discomfort. When this is relieved, she is naturally pleased and announces her pleasure to the world by a species of laughter of joy which we have termed cackling."

If we remember that many persons "chuckle" when they are pleased the relationship between the laughter of human beings and the cackling of hens becomes even more apparent and it should be borne in mind that every living thing expresses its pleasure in some animate and unually vocal manner. Cats purr, dogs bark, monkeys chatter, birds chirp or sing, children jump up and down or cry out with joy, adults laugh or chuckle, hens cackle. It's simple the application of different terms to the expressions of the same emotion.

Tomorrow's Question—Why are there more bald men than women?

I'M THE GUY!

By R. H. ALLIE.

I'M THE GUY, the landlord, who always complains he "can't afford" to make repairs or improvements.

Why shouldn't I?

I can't. I don't want to try. Things are well enough as they are.

I don't see why you should always want me to be expending money. The building is in good shape. You were satisfied with it when you moved in.

What difference does it make, if the walls and ceilings are dingy, the wall paper loose in spots, the floors and woodwork in need of a little paint? That doesn't hurt you. It doesn't make you less comfortable.

Just because it's unsightly is no reason for complaints.

Besides I can't afford it. You're not paying so much that I can stand to have my profits eaten up. I'm in the landlord business for money, not fun. Even if I can see no immediate need for it. I'll make the changes when a new tenant moves in.

If you don't like it, that's your worry, not mine. Be glad I'm letting you live there and not charging you more rent. So long as you're in no danger and things hurt only your esthetic sense I "can't afford" repairs or improvements.

That's how I feel about it.