

THE FLAPPER

By ADELAIDE R. KEMP.

The lilac tree was like a giant, tossing its plumes in the soft May wind.

"Oh, Sara," exclaimed Mrs. Durham, when she glimpsed her daughter.

It was four o'clock when Sara hitched old Tom to the covered wagon and drove down the country road to the station.

"Oh, I wonder if you are Cousin Sara," the little girl gasped, as she reached the buggy.

"You don't mean that you're Barbara," she gasped.

Barbara laughed easily. "I don't suppose you know much about style up here. I'm dead tired, and what will we do with my trunk?"

"Oh, Joe," she called in her clear, strong voice.

Joe came over immediately. "I'd like you to meet my cousin, Barbara Cushman."

The weeks passed quickly enough for Sara with all her duties.

At first Barbara told tales of wonderful automobile rides and theater parties, or stories of splendid dances she had attended.

Then Barbara clutched Sara's hand convulsively. "Sara," she sobbed, "I have been such a fool.

"Oh, Barbara," she said, drawing her cousin's head tenderly down on her shoulder, "are you sick, dear?"

For a minute there was no answer. Then Barbara clutched Sara's hand convulsively.

It was some time after this outburst before Sara could quiet her. She stroked the short, golden hair softly.

Barbara raised her head. "Do you really think so?" she asked.

The next day the girls were very busy in preparation for the before-mentioned supper.

It was rather late in the evening, and Mark and Sara were standing in front of the church, waiting for Barbara, who had mysteriously disappeared.

"Oh, Sara," she whispered, "would you mind if Joe wants to take me home in his car. He says I look like a real country violet, and I mustn't ever go back to the city again."

With a happy kiss she was gone. Mark looked after the disappearing pair gratefully.

"What would you suggest?" "A pedicure," Birmingham Age-Herald.

Happy Thought. "Would you like for me to put something on the phonograph, Mr. Grumpson," asked Mrs. Diggs when that gentleman dropped in for half an hour's conversation with Professor Diggs.

"Yes, indeed, ma'am."



Southern Minstrel at Chautauqua

There is a constant search for something new and attractive for the Chautauqua program. This year it has produced for the big joy night a double quarter that will devote the last half of their program to a high grade minstrel performance.



Harris Orchestral Sextet

HARRIS ORCHESTRAL SEXTET AMONG THE CHAUTAUQUA MUSICAL OFFERINGS THIS YEAR. No Chautauqua program would be quite complete without an orchestra of some kind, and this year the program includes the Harris Orchestra with Mr. Sheffield at the piano.



COPLEY OPERATIC COMPANY OF BOSTON PRESENTS "CHIMES OF NORMANDY" AT CHAUTAUQUA

It has been some years since the Chautauqua program has offered an opera in costume. This year we are to have the privilege of listening to a real Boston company in that charming and ever popular opera, "Chimes of Normandy."

Distinguished Reader Presents Strong Play, "The Man of the Hour"

Prof. J. M. Coe is head of the Department of Public Speaking of one of the colleges in our northern states which has taken more than its share of the intercollegiate debates.



Red Cloud Chautauqua Attractions

JUDGING JUDITH

By MOLLIE MATHER

They sat on a wide veranda overlooking an open lawn, under a big tree with spreading branches.

"It really seems a ridiculous matter for a girl to say that with Richard's reputation for honesty he would be so dishonest from some childish prejudice," she said.

"That's enough," returned Richard Wright senior, "now let us analyze what deep and dark mystery is Miss Judith Ware suspected of?"

"Well, coming among us as she did," Mrs. Wright retorted, "was strange. She rented the little Glover house, where hardly anybody would live; then when it was furnished—and simplicity mildly expresses its interior, they say—she brought on that richened old man who calls her father, and took residence like some flimsy hiding from justice."

Father leaned back in his chair. "But really, Richard," it was his sister who now spoke, "you must confess that it is unusual, and naturally would cause unfavorable comment for a young woman and a stranger to refuse to admit kindly intentioned callers into her father's presence.

"And though the young woman knew not one soul in town, to even introduce her, our son," Mrs. Wright bridled—"every one knows how popular and sought after Dick is—was seen in her company and—"

"Has hardly been seen out of it since." It was the young sister who shut her book and joined for the first time in the conversation.

"We have talked together, sometimes in her little garden. And one day when Judith went on an errand for her father, she left me there to look after him. And he talked to me. I don't think she would have liked that. There is a sort of nobleness in the way she likes things—without sympathy.

"Mrs. Wright turned to stare at her daughter. "You know a great deal concerning the family," she said. "Why have you never spoken to us on the subject?"

"Daphne smiled. "Oh, I thought I'd leave that for Dick," she said, and honestly added, "You probably wouldn't have taken stock in my story."

"Still, all that in consideration," the aunt reminded, "I regret that the stranger has taken Dick's fancy."

"But it happens to be far more than a fancy," a quiet voice interrupted. Dick stood in the doorway. "I love Judith Ware with all the love of my heart. We are married."

It was a long and portentous silence which followed his announcement. "Married!" gasped his mother at last.

"In the spring time just before Judith and her father came here. I had known them through all the years of my college, in the city. It was Judith's wish to come here quietly, to nurse her father back to health. The little Glover house was all she could find, our own will soon be building. Also, it was her wish to win first unknown, your affection. We had been married lustily."

Dick touched caressingly his sister's head. "And I'll explain to you, Daphne," he added, "that those rings were my gift to Judith. And I'd like to see her try to give either the engagement one, or the other away."

Making Explosive. When liquid air containing from 40 to 50 per cent of oxygen is mixed with powdered charcoal it forms an explosive which is said to be comparable in power to dynamite and can be exploded by means of a detonator, says the Washington Star.

Health Hint for Sexagenarians. Spanish Proverb—Who steals an old man's supper does him no wrong.—Boston Transcript.

First Duty of the Poet. Poets do not write for poets alone, but for men. Unless, therefore, we are advocates for that admiration which subsists upon ignorance, and that pleasure which arises from hearing what we do not understand, the poet must descend from his supposed height; and, in order to excite national sympathy, he must express himself as other men express themselves.—Wordsworth.

Truths We Never Hear. "Your daughter has the worst voice I ever heard. She ought to have it siled."

COAL We Sell Niggerhead Maitland And Routt County Lump We sell for cash that's why we sell cheaper. FARMERS ELEVATOR

Fights Profiteers!



ALBERT W. JEFFERIS Republican Candidate for U.S. SENATE

Mr. Jefferis as congressman obtained valuable evidence for the government in the war profiteering and fraud cases.

"ONE OF US."

MICKIE SAYS

THERE'S SOMETHING I SHOULD MENTION, TH' BOSS SET, ABOUT SUBSCRIPTIONS, A LIL BUSINESS MATTER, JEST BETWEEN US FRIENDS, BUY GOSH, I JEST SET YA KIN GUESS WHAT IT IS! YESSIR!



Rare Example of Courtesy. When a very young girl, in order to reach my place of employment each day, I had to walk quite a distance after leaving the street car.

Exchange. "Married!" gasped his mother at last. "In the spring time just before Judith and her father came here. I had known them through all the years of my college, in the city. It was Judith's wish to come here quietly, to nurse her father back to health. The little Glover house was all she could find, our own will soon be building. Also, it was her wish to win first unknown, your affection. We had been married lustily."

First Duty of the Poet. Poets do not write for poets alone, but for men. Unless, therefore, we are advocates for that admiration which subsists upon ignorance, and that pleasure which arises from hearing what we do not understand, the poet must descend from his supposed height; and, in order to excite national sympathy, he must express himself as other men express themselves.—Wordsworth.

Health Hint for Sexagenarians. Spanish Proverb—Who steals an old man's supper does him no wrong.—Boston Transcript.

Truths We Never Hear. "Your daughter has the worst voice I ever heard. She ought to have it siled."

Notice of Administration

In the County Court of Webster County, Nebraska. In the matter of the estate of Johnson R. Wisecarver, deceased. Notice is hereby given that Mary O. Wisecarver has this day filed a petition in the county court, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to herself as administratrix, and that said petition will be heard before the court on the 14th day of July, 1922, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., at the county court room in the city of Red Cloud, in said county, when all persons interested in said matter may appear and show cause why the prayer of petitioner should not be granted; and that notice of the filing of said petition and the hearing thereof, be given by publishing a copy of this order in the Red Cloud Chief, a legal weekly newspaper printed and of general circulation in said county, for three consecutive weeks prior to said day of hearing.

Dated this 26th day of June 1922. SEAL) A. D. RANNEY, County Judge.

Notice of Probate

In the County Court of Webster County, Nebraska. STATE OF NEBRASKA, } ss Webster County, } To all persons interested in the estate of Edward Heaton, Deceased: TAKE NOTICE, that a petition has been filed praying that the instrument filed in this court on the 5th day of July, 1922, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, may be proved and allowed and recorded as the last will and testament of Edward Heaton, deceased; that said instrument be admitted to probate, and the administration of said estate may be granted to George R. McCrary, as Executor.

It is hereby ordered by the court, that all persons interested in said estate appear at the County Court to be held in and for said county on the 21st day of July, 1922, at ten o'clock, A. M., to show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted, and that notice of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, be given to all persons interested in said matter by publishing a copy of this order in the Red Cloud Chief, a legal weekly newspaper printed in said county, for three consecutive weeks prior to said day of hearing. Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 5th day of July, 1922. (Seal) A. D. RANNEY County Judge.

The Margin of Safety

Is represented by the amount of insurance you carry. Don't lull yourself into a fancied security. Because fire has never touched you it doesn't follow that you're immune Tomorrow—no today, if you have time—and you better find time—come to the office and we'll write a policy on your house, furniture, store or merchandise. —LATER MAY BE TOO LATE—

O. C. TEEL

Reliable Insurance

Yes, Garber's Is The Place!

To Buy Wall Paper, Paints, And Electrical Supplies. The best place for Picture Framing.