

THE FLAPPER

By ADELAIDE R. KEMP.

The line tree was like a percent, tossing its planes in the soft May wind. Sara, up in the attle and deep In the rites of hour e-cleaning, leaded cost of the window to catch the innguorous odors that delited upwards from its blossomed leveliness.

"Oh, Sara," exclaimed Mrs. Burns ham, when she glimped her danshier, Five just had a letter from Aunt Louice. Your could Harbara in very much run down and is coming here for the surperer. In read ha Sara agoir the letter and slowly read

It was four pelock when South hitched old Ted to the covered hanny and drove down the country tond to the station. To her disappointment she did not see Jier cousin. Only a solitary little girl standing beside a huge black trunk was there.

"Oh, I Wonder if you are Cousin Sara," the little girl gasped, as she renched the buggy. Sara's astonished eyes traveled from the knee-length skirt to the light bobbed hair under the violently colored hat. Then they stopped at the powdered face, inflnitely old and weary.

"You don't mean that you're Bar-bara," she gasped. "Why, I thought you were a little girl."

Barbara laughed ensity. "I don't tuted. suppose you know much about style up here. I'm dead tired, and what will we do with my trunk?" Suddenly Sara's eyes brightened. Across the street a young man was just stepping

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

Joe came over immediately. "Td like you to meet my cousin, Barbara Cushman." Then she added, "Joe, we have a big trunk we can't manage. I wonder if you could carry it home for us." As she spoke she watched the young man's face. It wore the same expression of bewilderment she knew had been on her own. They drove home rather slowly.

The weeks passed quickly enough for Sara with all her duties. Barbara at first spent most of her time in the hammock, writing letters or reading. The fresh air, long, restful nights and the wholesome country food did wonders for her, however. Not deeming it worth while to dress for unappreciative spectators, she left off the powder and was delighted to find a soft, pink flush appearing on her rounding cheeks. Mark Sherman took the girls to ride and was over a good many evenings. Sometimes Joe Curtis joined them on the plazza, making a four-

At first Barbara told tales of wonderful automobile rides and theater parties, or stories of splendid dances she had attended. But there always appeared an atmosphere of restraint among the others, who apparently did not share her enthusiasm. One evening she was unusually quiet. After the two young men left she followed Sara to her room and, sitting on the edge of the bed, watched the latter brush her long, soft hair. Suddenly and very quietly she began to cry. Sara went to her in an instant.

"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 Barabara clutched Sara's hand convulsively. "Sara," she sobbed, "I have been such a fool. My hair was as long as yours, and now it's spoiled. I've just made myself look like a freak, trying to copy the others. None of my friends in the city are real, I'll never be happy again, never."

It was some time after this outburst before Sara could quiet her. She stroked the short, golden hair softly. "You have not spoiled your looks at all, dear," she said, when Barbara, would listen. "Your hair is very thick," and it has grown long since you came. You have plenty to do in a soft, low knot, and it will be so becoming, for it is curly. I wish mine was."

Barbara raised her head. "Do you really think so?" she asked. "And, Sara, could you help me let down my lavender organdy for the church supper? Joe thinks it is a lovely color." She blushed as she added this.

The next day the girls were very busy in preparation for the beforementioned supper. When they came downstairs, ready at last, Mrs. Burnham gave a gasp of astonishment as she saw Barbara. Then she went over and kissed her on each rosy

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. Suddenly, from the shadow of the old elm, she came hurrying toward them. She took Sara's hand and drew her to one side.

"Oh, Sara," she whispered, "would you mind? 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. No longer would he be reminded of the old addge: "Two's company, three's a crowd."

Happy Thought. "Would you like for me to put some thing on the phonograph, Mr. Grump-son," asked Mrs. Diggs when that gentleman dropped in for half an hour's

eversation with Professor Diggs. "Yes, indeed, ma'am." "What would you suggest?"
"A padlock." - Birmingham Age



something new and attractive for the Chautsugua programa. This year It has produced for the big joy might a double quartet that will devote the last half of their program to a high grads minstrel performance. The company would be a very attractive feature without this, but with the two end men in black face and the repartee supervised by a well-known wit, the program should be a stem-winder. The program offered will be one of wide variety and attractive selections, bright and lively every minute. On Sundays sacred numbers will be substithat charming and ever popular



HARRIS ORCHESTRAL SEXTET AMONG THE CHAU-TAUQUA 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 will know that a treat is in store.



COPLEY OPERATIC COMPANY OF BOSTON PRE-SENTS "CHIMES OF NORMANDY" AT CHAUTAUQUA

It has been some years since the Chautauqua program has offered action and in the hands of the an opera in costume. This year we Copley Operatic Company the music are to have the privilege of listen should be rendered in an entirely ing to a real Boston company in satisfactory and pleasing manner. that charming and ever popular We look for the day of the opera opera, "Chimes of Normandy." The to be one of the big days of the music, as everybody knows, is tune. Chautauqua. fui and the story is one of interest

Chautauqua.

Listin uished Reader Preen's Strong Play, "The Man of the Hour"

rof. I. M. Cocl an is head of the Deportment of Public Speaking of one of the colleres in our northen sters which has taken more the a its hare of the intercollegiate When you have heard him re. 1 "1 ... M a of he Hour," with ; and viri characters, its dess handing of moral questits bso ing love story, will inde stand whe his debattea as he e no de such a fine ord. You will e c nall, well us ogt . "ere is nothing us ogt . "ere is he does showy about get the spirit of the thing in a mastarly and one that completely bluts con the readur.



Red Cloud Chautauqua Attractions

52525252525252525252525252525252525

BY HOLLIE MATHER

"Her resure runspling her post, "Hor incuplicable power over litch-

"That's enough," returned Edehard right senior, "now let us analyze, Of but deep and dark mystery is Misudith Ware suspected?"

"Well, coming among us as she did," Mrs. Wright reforted, "was stronge, he rented the Bitle Glover house, here hardly anybody would live; ion, when it was formished-and aplicity mildly expresses its inteor, they suy-she brought on that tribrened old man slar calls her littler, and took residence like some ditive biding from Lestie

Father leaned back in his chair, "But really, Richard," it was his ister who now spoke, "you must coness 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. Which is what Miss Judith, as she calls herself—and what a name—certainly does. And for all their apparent poverty she wears boldly, two wonderful diamond rings upon one finger."

"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. Daphne giggled. "If you ask me," she said, "I'll say that Dick is mighty lucky. Of all the dames I have seen him with, this is the winner."

"Are you acquainted with Richard's choice daughter?" the father asked

"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. But anyway, the old man who is like a grieved child," Daphne's young voice broke, "began to tell me about the friend who had deceived him and brought on the illness, through which Judith is so carefully guarding him. This friend and he, had been, it seemed, life-long companions, the David and Jonathan sort, he thought; so he willingly went bond for almost all he owned, for this friend in a bank where he held a position, and the friend, skipped. Judith's father had to pay his bond. It's Mr. Wares' city doctor who forbade visi-

tors that might trouble him." 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

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 portentious silence which followed his announce-

"Married!" gasped his mother at

"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 hastily."

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 charcont 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. This explosive has been used in coal mines. The liquid air evaporates so rapidly that the explosive cannot be stored, but must be used within a few min-utes after it is prepared.

We Sell

Niggerhead Maitland Routt County Lamp

> We sell for cash that's why we sell cheaper.

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 SEZ, ABOUT SUBSCRIPTIONS, A LIL BUSINESS MATTER, JEST BETWEEN US FRIENDS, BUY GOSH, I JEST BET YA KIN GUESS WHAT IT IS! YESBIR!



Rare Example of Courtery. 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. One morning it was raining heavily and I had no umbrella. As I alighted from the car a young man stepped up to me and quietly walked along by my side shielding me from the rain with his umbrella. I was very shy and did not know what to say or do, so said noth ing. When we arrived at my destination, I tried to thank him, and he gravely bowed and went on his way .-Exchange.

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 ever heard. She ought to have it

Notice of Administration

In the County Court of Webster County, Nebraska

In the matter of the estate of John son B. Wisecarver, deceased.

To all Persons Interested in said Estate 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. A. D. RANNEY, County Judge.

Notice of Probate

In the County Court of Webster County, Nebraska.

STATE OF NEBRASKA, 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

> A. D. RANNEY County Judge.

said court this 5th day of July. 1922.

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 timecome to the office and we'll write a policy on your house, furniture, store or merchandise.

-LATER MAY BE TOO LATE-

O. C. TEEL Reilable Insurance

Yes, Garber's Is The Place!

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