

SNOW-BIRD

By L. MAE POOLE.

Barbara Jewell Craven, alias Bob, Aunt "Bobwa," etc., was spending the week end with her married sister in one of the suburbs just outside of Boston. That is, she slept and ate at Anna's, but she spent most of her time tumbling and rollicking with two adorable kiddies, Ruth Anna, with spun gold curls and two dimpled cheeks and a not-to-be-mistaken lip, who called her Aunt "Bobwa," and Lester, Jr.—otherwise "Buster," who called her anything from Auntie to Auntie Bob.

"When one gets to the 'Aunt' stage, although said aunt is far from being a 'bachelor girl,' one is very apt to feel sort of old—but not so Barbara! And anyway, who could feel old at twenty-two? As Barbara told her sister, 'You know we are only as old as we feel—and I'm about eighteen, mostly!'"

"The 'glorious week-end' this time, as you may guess, was in the midst of coasting; and if one has a good memory—one is 'mostly eighteen,' what more need be said?"

"Curtis outside, please, Teddy Bear!" Between punctuations of hugs and kisses Barbara managed to get "Ruffie" encased in an old blue "Teddy Bear" suit.

"Muvver thied," the adorable one began—"Muvver thied thud'd steal gold out my curls!" and she shook her little head.

"Run along, quickly, Buster—Aunt Bob will leave you if you don't hurry!" A chubby little mouth puckered for mother's kiss, and then he toddled along as fast as his legged feet would carry him to Aunt Bob, who was lifting Ruth Anna onto "Snow-bird." Depositing him in the back of "Ruffie," with the admonition to "hold tight," she climbed the long, smooth hill a couple of minutes' walk from the house.

"Oh, isn't this glorious!" throwing back her head to drink in the clear, crisp air. It made one feel so alive! Barbara was always 100 per cent alive in college—never missing an outdoor sport if possible; her cheeks being her testimonials. She was as keen for indoor sports, too; basket ball and all. "What's the use of living your 22 years, if you can't live them to the fullest?" she used to chide her roommate, who didn't care for skating, coasting, etc.—they were too strenuous.

The first ride down was just enough to plant pink rosebuds in each of their cheeks, and make way for the gales of laughter to come as each ride grew swifter and swifter. Once or twice, in turning out for a bump or a rough spot, they all but landed in a heap, which brought forth excited little gasps and a peal of laughter from the pilot.

From the living room window Anna watched rather longingly, wishing she had the courage—the life—to do the hundred and one things Barbara did. And coasting was such sport! Every few minutes-chubby hands would wave as they flew past, and she would smile and wave in return; every now and then calling her husband to share in the fun.

Not a few pairs of eyes were watching behind lace curtained windows. Some in smiling approval—and some not so. "Young ladies . . . twenty-two years old . . . all college was good for!"

One pair of eyes in particular, very deep and very clear, watched behind a draped window—and approved. Also, like Anna, wished her same wish everytime little squeals of delight and a very healthy laugh were heard. Besides, he had caught a tiny glimpse of a beautiful pair of eyes as Barbara time and again made the ascent.

"Some sport—not afraid of cold toes and a red nose!" And then, "foolish thought—red noses aren't found with cheeks the color of hers. Real honest-goodness color." His heart thumped a little too fast to be normal, and a warm little sensation stole over him.

"We have heard that much abused word 'fate' time and eternal—but call it what you will. Somewhere, somehow, 'Snow-bird' hit a bump—or it may have been that Barbara heard, sub-consciously, that heart beat behind the draped window."

Theodore Waring—he of the clear eyes and deep, home from the coast after four years of "seeing things," minus hat or top coat, started the thread of that "something" by picking up a soft bundle in his arms. A bundle from which "nature's own" had fled. She looked very white, as led by Anna and with heart skipping several beats he entered the house and placed her on the divan; "Ruffie" and "Buster" in their wake, frightened, but very much unharmed.

Barbara's indisposition was of short duration, however, merely a sprained ankle and a severe shaking up. In fact, it was much too short, according to one "Ted." Not that he wanted his "lady of the hill" to be sick—but it served as a good excuse to send red roses every day (roses which matched the color of her cheeks before "Snow-bird" went rampaging), and be near her.

"Ted's" trip to Europe was indefinitely postponed—and college missed. Barbara, however, this was Barbara's last year, and Europe—an ideal place for honeymoons!

One evening as Barbara lay snuggled close to her hero, she managed to gasp, "Fainting in arms . . . that was coasting in arms!" And Ted blessed "Snow-bird" devoutly for the mad dash!

TRIXIE'S STORY

By AGNES G. BROGAN

I sat on the doorstep waiting for our guests to arrive, and I was not in an enviable mood, I can tell you. My family had left the welcoming of the dean and professor in father's university to me. And after living with father all my young life, and knowing his absorption to studious thought—just when you want to talk to him about something else—or need shoes, maybe, and don't dare broach the disturbing subject—well, after living with father, who is also a professor, naturally I hate all others. And so ought Lella; but she doesn't. Lella is my older sister; father called us characters out of books and I am Beatrix. But I can get away from that by being Trixie. Lella can't. She just has to stay poetical all the time, but it sort of suits her. Only of late, she's been too dreamy for anything. Almost as bad as father. When I ask a question Lella usually comes to, with a start, as if she'd been off to the North Pole or some place in her thoughts. She attends father's university. I'm not old enough yet, thank goodness! And after all her experience in a professor's household, Lella started right in having a professor come after her evenings to take her places. And you never can tell, when you get to going about with a person but that you may marry him even if he's a professor. I never saw Professor Bliss.

I knew that she had gone twice to lectures with the dean, but I never dreamed that mere "intellectuality" could so win over my sister. This was the first time that father had invited the men to dinner. Father was to be detained at the university, and Lella, coming downstairs, pretty and flushed at the last moment, told me that she must hurry away to see about some little fancy cakes which had not come, and would I please make it pleasant for the dean and professor when they arrived. And as I sat scowling down the path, a tall, nice looking man came walking up it, and I changed my frown to a smile. "How do you do?" I greeted, "I am Trixie Burrows. Won't you sit down?" The nice looking man did sit down on the step beside me. "Where," he asked, with unflattering promptness—"is your sister?" "Oh! she'll be back in a little while," I told him, "but if I were you, I wouldn't be so terribly keen about her. It's no use; she likes the dean. And when Lella likes a person even a dry old dean, you can't change her."

The nice man stared. "Good heaven!" he exclaimed, "how do you know that?" "She told me," I went on calmly. If Lella is my sister, she has caused quite a few young men misery, and I liked this Professor Bliss right away, and wanted him to know just where he stood.

"She told you—that she liked—the dean?" he repeated slowly; it seemed he couldn't get over it. "She said," I breathlessly answered, "that the dean was the finest man in the world, but he just wouldn't go with her—pay her attention, you know—and Professor Bliss—would keep on doing it. How Lella can care for a tiresome dean," I added to comfort him, "is more than I can see."

"Perhaps," the man replied, "the dean may have felt that way about it, himself." "Where did you say your sister had gone?" he asked. "I might run my car out and bring her back." So I told him; and right on his departing heels, as it were, another young man in a white flannel suit came up the walk. He bowed.

"I am Harry Bliss," the white-suited man announced, "and I'm sure from the resemblance to your sister that you must be Miss Beatrix. Is Miss Lella at home?" I sat there and stared at him.

"Not Professor Bliss?" I asked weakly. "You couldn't be him?" "I have the courage to be," the young man calmly replied, and he sat down on the step where that other Professor Bliss had been.

"What," I asked suddenly, "does Dean Stanford look like—aside from the graying hair at the temples?" This young man laughed. "Aside from the slightly graying hair," he replied, "the dean has a thick quantity brushed straight back from a smooth forehead. He has gray, humorous eyes, which nevertheless can glance keenly. He is tall, good looking, likewise rather young."

"He was here," I whispered. "I talked to him."

"Well?" Professor Bliss smiled. "I told him," I went on, "that Lella likes him." The young man on the step looked directly into my eyes.

"And does she?" he asked. "I nodded. Professor Bliss laughed; it was a queer sounding laugh. "Dean would never have found it out if you had not told him," he said. "He is commendably unaware of his own attraction. And—I was not helping him to the discovery. Shall we try a little tennis, you and I, before the others come?"

We were at our game when Dean Stanford's car drove up to the door and Lella stepped down from it, looking prettier and rosier than ever. But when I ran to take the little fancy cakes from her, I found that Lella had forgotten them.

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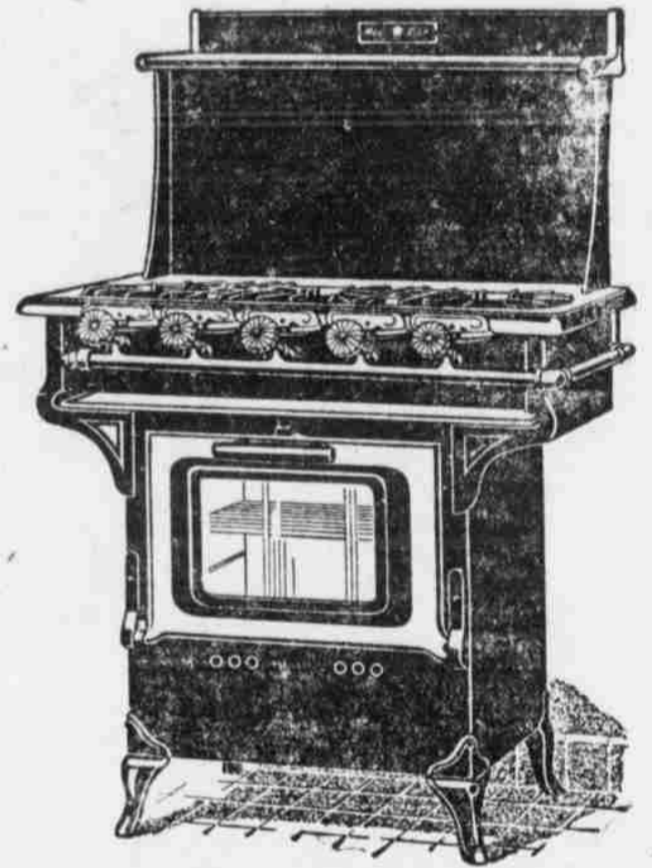
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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
Estate No. 1734 of E. R. Raworth, Deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.
The State of Nebraska, ss: Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said estate is July 29th, 1920, and for settlement of said estate is March 25th, 1921, that I will sit at the county court room in said county on April 29th, 1920, at 10 o'clock a. m. and on July 29th, 1920, at 10 o'clock a. m. to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.
W. H. C. WOODHURST,
m30-4 County Judge.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
Estate No. 1737 of George W. Trembley, Deceased in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.
The State of Nebraska, ss: Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said estate is July 30, 1920, and for settlement of said estate is March 25, 1921; that I will sit at the county court room in said county on April 30, 1920, at 9 o'clock A. M. and on July 30, 1920, at 9 o'clock A. M., to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.
W. H. C. WOODHURST,
M30-4 County Judge.

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NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.
Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received at the office of the City Clerk of North Platte, Neb., up to 8 o'clock p. m. April 20th, 1920, for the construction of Sewer Lateral "G5" in Blocks 2, 3, 8 and 9, South Park Addition in said city, according to plans and specifications on file in the office of the city clerk of said city. Said bids to cover complete construction of 10 inch sewer 1280 feet in length, one flush tank, one man hole and one lamp hole complete. Certified check for \$50 payable to the city treasurer of said city to accompany the bid. Said city reserves the right to reject any or all bids.
a6-2 O. E. ELDER, City Clerk.

NOTICE OF PETITION.
Estate No. 1750 of Mary Norris, Deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.
The State of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said Estate: Take notice that a petition has been filed for the probate of an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased and the appointment of William Norris as executor of said estate, which has been set for hearing herein on April 30th, 1920, at 9 o'clock a. m.
Dated April 2, 1920.
W. H. C. WOODHURST,
a6-3 County Judge.

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NOTICE OF PETITION.
Estate of Henry B. Plant, Deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.
The State of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said Estate: Take notice that a petition has been filed for the probate of the last will and testament of said deceased and appointment of V. H. Halligan as administrator with the will annexed, of said estate, which has been set for hearing herein on April 30, 1920 at 9 o'clock a. m.
Dated April 5, 1920.
WM. H. C. WOODHURST,
a6-3 County Judge.

NOTICE OF PETITION.
Estate No. 1751 of David Jones, Deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.
The State of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said Estate: Take notice that a petition has been filed for the appointment of Henrietta Jones as administratrix of said estate, which has been set for hearing herein on April 30th, 1920, at 9 o'clock a. m.
Dated April 5, 1920.
WM. H. C. WOODHURST,
a6-3 County Judge.

NOTICE.
To Elsie S. Hoy, Harry A. Hoy, Doris Hoy, his wife; Ruberta E. Von Goetz and Victor Von Goetz, her husband; Alta B. Eastman and Charles H. Eastman her husband; William A. Hoy; and Loreta I. Hoy a minor and Elsie S. Hoy, mother and natural

guardian of Loreta I. Hoy, a minor and all other persons interested in the estate of Frank P. Hoy, deceased.
You and each of you, are hereby notified that there was filed on March 25th, 1920, in the district Court in and for Lincoln County, Nebraska, by A. E. Jared, executor of the estate of Frank P. Hoy, deceased, a certain petition, the object and prayer of which are that an order be issued by the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, authorizing A. E. Jared as executor of the estate of Frank P. Hoy, deceased, to execute his certain good and sufficient deed of conveyance conveying to one Lester H. Joy the fee simple title to the east half (E½) of the North west quarter (NW¼) and the east half (E½) of the 5th west quarter (SW¼) of section 19, and the east half (E½) of the 8th west quarter (SW¼) and lots 3 and 4 all in section 18, all in Township 16 North of Range 26 West of the 6th M., Lincoln County, Nebraska, and the payment to him by the said Lester H. Joy, of the sum of \$2860.00 interest thereon at the rate of 5 per cent from March 1st, 1920 being the balance due in accordance with the provisions and terms of a certain contract of sale executed by the said Frank P. Hoy during his life time and in accordance with the prayer of said petition, said matter has been set for hearing by order of the District Court, of Lincoln County, Nebraska, for May 14, 1920, at the office of H. M. Grimes, Judge of the District Court, of Lincoln County, Nebraska, at the court house in the city of North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska, at which time, you and each of you, may appear and show cause why the prayer of said petition should not be granted as prayed.
A. E. JARED,
Executor of the estate of Frank P. Hoy, deceased.
By Beeler, Crosby & Baskins
His Attorneys. M3M7