

HER CHIEF AIM

By JOSEPHINE S. BROOKS.

Betty Cloyton settled down deeper into her seat on the train, and listened with all her little, shapely ears to the animated flow of talk between the two men in front of her. One of them proved to be her old friend, Bob Critely, the other, chief offender to Betty's ears, was unknown to her.

Suddenly at the stranger's words: "I tell you, Bob, all girls are alike, flippant, frivolous, yes—and senseless. I want nothing to do with them," Betty emitted a "h'm" of scorn.

At Betty's exclamation Bob turned his head, and, staring astonishingly, would have spoken, but for an up-raised finger of warning.

Chuckling, Betty produced a pencil and tearing a leaf from her diary, wrote rapidly. Then, after several coughings and maneuvers to attract the attention of the puzzled Bob, she motioned to the aisle. She slipped softly along, and under pretense of rescuing her handkerchief, she pressed the note into Bob's lowered hand.

Bob, taking the advantage of his friend's sudden interest in the out-door view, read:

"If this—this man (?) of yours is to make one of our week end party at Meta's, just nod your head and put me in the seventh heaven of bliss. Best assured he'll get paid for denouncing us girls. Above all things, don't recognize me."

In one second Bob's head went bobbing "yes." At which Betty settled back with a blissful sigh.

When nearing Joyville, Meta's summer home, Betty started for the door. Then she, audaciously innocent, remained there facing the aisle.

It was no avail, the stranger gave not one fleeting glance, which slight to her charms puffed the fair girl.

Not so Bob, who gave a sigh of relief that he need fear no rival in his friend.

It was later that evening when Betty met the stranger, who gave no sign that he had ever seen the girl, lovely vision though she was, at the tea table. He grew absorbed in his partner of the hour.

When Betty Cloyton once made up her mind to accomplish a thing, it was sure to come to pass. Therefore, every day she played some prank.

If she slyly overheard Paul Brent bewailing girls' nonsensical, indecent fashions, Betty appeared in an extremely abbreviated skirt, and in the most diaphanous quality of waists. In such garb she would waylay the enemy of her sex, and begin flirting outrageously, talking frivolously, and interspersing her words with bits of slang, until the indifference and scorn of her victim drove her nearly to shame.

Overhearing one evening his explosive views of jazz, the audacious beauty suggested the forbidden dancing; even enticing one of the girls to help her "pay Paul Brent for his denouncing their sex."

It was remarkably singular that after every escapade, Betty's emotions changed at bed time to a fearful condition, more especially after a reproach from Bob.

One glorious day when the soft foliage of the trees barely moved, Betty rowed up the river to a secluded spot where she hid in the thick of the woods. She longed to be alone with her strange, disturbing thoughts—unutterably wild thoughts.

Sounding clear on the breezeless air a musical voice reached her ears, a voice repeating poetry—his voice, Paul Brent's! Her enemy! Oh, no—never that.

The girl's face went scarlet. In her eagerness to punish and annoy, she had become entangled in the toils.

"Miss Cloyton—Betty—Isn't it time to show our real selves?"

"Real selves? What do you mean, Mr. Brent?" she queried, majestically. "Why, end this farce. It's cruel of me. Forgive me, dear girl."

"Forgive you—what?" she slowly emphasized.

"Betty, you know you love me," and the dark eyes twinkled roguishly. "Your conceit far surpasses your tenderness," she scorned.

"And you must know how deeply I return your love, dear," tormented the man.

"Oh, yes, deeply, by scorning every girl's presence, and denouncing them," sarcastically retorted Betty. Then she added, "My chief aim was to—"

"Betty, dear, your aim was true, for you hit me," beamed the irrepressible Paul.

Down flopped Betty on the grass, disgusted and speechless.

"You're such a catch; why shouldn't I?" she snapped.

"Why not, indeed—it's not so hard," he goaded.

"And you thought I—I would do that! It's right the opposite—I hate you, you iceberg! There!" Betty's eyes filled with misty indignation.

"Don't mind my foolish jests—I'll confess I saw it all from the first—the note to Bob, your intentions, all; and I vowed to—"

"To what?" half screamed the girl.

"To win you!"

"And have you?" Betty sneered.

"I think I have," answered the iceberg, clasping her closely. "I should indeed be an iceberg to resist the vision of the girl on the train," he laughed—"the adorable Betty."

And that deceitful little mix didn't even try to struggle out of those fond arms!

"Little Zion" Becomes Park.

Three hundred miles south of Salt Lake City and reached by automobile from Lund, Utah, is Little Zion canyon, the newest of American national playgrounds.

The canyon derives its name from Salt Lake City, which about 50 years ago was known as Zion. Brigham Young and other Mormons visited the district and the inhabitants decided that they would call the canyon "Little Zion," evidently considering Salt Lake City a big place.

Within the last few years, Little Zion canyon has been visited by a large number of tourists and some of them have termed it "The Rainbow of the Desert."

There are deep canyons with cliffs of blood red and cliffs of cream white rising to a height of 2,500 feet. Huge natural bridges and level-topped plateaus, with precipitous cliffs and picturesque amphitheatres, provide a picture that strikes one with awe.—Christian Science Monitor.

When Mankind Was Young.

Not being as well informed as Dr. W. D. Matthews, curator of the American Museum of Natural History, is about the matter, you have to take his word for it. "It" happens to be the "Teiniden," or "Terrible Tooth," a prehistoric animal that must have resembled some equally prehistoric delirium tremens animal.

What really interests us is the following statement from Doctor Matthews:

"At that time our ancestors were little, opossumlike, furry creatures, living in trees and quite too small and inconspicuous to be troubled by the huge reptiles who in those days held the earth in fee."

The opossum. Hile a lot of men, is fond of snoozing.

Squirrels Big as Cats.

There is no country that can rival North America for the great number of squirrels, both species and subspecies, represented in her fauna. In so far as brilliancy of color and size are concerned, however, says the American Forestry Magazine of Washington, the handsomest and largest squirrels in the world are found in the Orient and the East Indies. Along the coast of Malabar is found a squirrel as big as an ordinary cat; this animal is bright red on the upper part of its body, offset by the most intense black, while all the lower parts are of a clear yellow.

Sixty Million Chairs Made.

Sixty million chairs have been manufactured in Gardner, Mass., since the industry was first established in that town, a century ago.



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Manufacturers of Motor Cars and Motor Trucks

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His First Pay in 15 Years.

A man who spoke with a pronounced Swedish accent appeared at the income tax office at St. Louis and exhibited two new leather cases which contained \$9,000 in travelers' checks.

He said that he had just had his only pay day in fifteen years and had heard that an income tax was due. It appears that during the fifteen years he was employed on a ranch in Washington under an agreement with his employer for wages, plus board and clothes. During the fifteen years he "went to town" only twice a year and drew no money, he said, because his employer had bought everything for him.

When last month he decided to go to South America to become a rancher in his own name, his employer accompanied him to town and bought the checks for him. He was told that no tax was due from him.

WOMEN OF WARSAW HID PETS

Cats in Plenty Produced, However, When Red Cross Supplies Were Periled by Rats.

A picturesque story of the war comes from Warsaw, where all the cats had disappeared. One went about the city and saw never a cat. So completely had the cats vanished that when the Red Cross warehouse, just outside of Warsaw, became overrun with rats and mice, to the serious damage of food and clothing stored in it, almost every other expedient was thought of and tried before it occurred to anybody that perhaps there might be a cat or two still left somewhere in the community. Then some official of the warehouse mentioned to a Polish workman that if a cat could be found the animal would be a great help in protecting the Red Cross property; and from here, there and everywhere came the wives of the citizens and the citizens themselves, each carefully bearing a treasured cat. As the story goes, there seemed to be as many cats offered for duty in the Red Cross warehouse as there were rats and mice at work in it. The emergency had overcome the unwillingness of the people to admit that they were guarding their pets, and after a guardian had been chosen for the warehouse the cats again disappeared from Warsaw.

End of Coal Troubles.

Campbell Sinton figures out that 4,000,000 horse power from sunlight goes to waste on every square mile.

Which means, writes "Glad" in the Philadelphia Press, that Old Sol sheds upon the surface of Pennsylvania the tidy equivalent of nearly 200,000,000,000 horse power.

Some fine day you will read in your morning paper that Prof. Long Head has found a way to catch that power that now runs loose. Then good-by coal strikes!

Anthracite will be as valueless for fuel as little shells are for money. Sun engines will replace gasoline in your auto, steamships will need no stokers, the railroads no firemen and no coal tenders, the street railways no power house and your cellars will be rid of the dusty furnace.

What high jinks the stock brokers can have when the promoters list on the exchanges 10,000,000,000 of common stock in "Sunlight Consolidated."

Notice of Petition.

Estate No. 1748 of Mary Hansen, 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 a certain instrument as the last will and testament of Mary Hansen and for the appointment of Tillie S. Blankenburg as executrix of said estate, which has been set for hearing on April 30, 1920, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Dated April 3, 1920.
WM. H. C. WOODHURST,
County Judge.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate No. 1736 of Betty Weinberg, 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 the presentation and filing of claims against said estate is July 30, 1920, and for settlement of said estate is March 23, 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.

WM. H. C. WOODHURST,
County Judge.

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