

Straight talk on Cream Separators by
GEO. TRINE
Red Cloud, Nebr.

WITH a single tool—the combination wrench and screw driver shown below, which is included with every De Laval—you can take it apart and set it up again in a few minutes.

Could anything be easier or simpler?

There are no complicated parts—no chain drives, no cog wheel puzzles, no ball bearings to get flattened or broken. Every adjustment can be made quickly by the man on the farm without special tools of any kind.

Such simple construction makes the De Laval not only the longest lasting but also the easiest separator to clean and care for.



THE ONLY TOOL REQUIRED WITH A NEW DE LAVAL

We will sell you a De Laval on terms that can't help suiting you. Come in and examine the machine; let us show you what it will do.

SOONER OR LATER YOU WILL BUY A
DE LAVAL

George Jackson
Nelson, Nebraska

Democratic Candidate for Governor

Nelson, Nebraska, April 14, 1920
To be the chief executive of a state having a population of a million and a half is both an honor and a responsibility. I approach my candidacy with a full realization of the duties that devolve upon the governor of a great state.

Fifty years of statehood has brought Nebraska to a place in the sisterhood of commonwealths that creates a sense of pride in her citizens for her substantial and sturdy achievement. Every legitimate vocation and enterprise has contributed its share towards the upbuilding of that reputation, and it will be my purpose and pleasure—if elected to urge that selfish ambitions and class consciousness be subordinated to the larger good of all.

The business of politics is the state's biggest business. I have given many years to public service and it is a matter in which I hope I may take pardonable pride that the chief incentive towards my candidacy comes from those people whom I have most intimately represented in past sessions of the legislature and the present Constitutional Convention.

In the same measure that I have kept the faith with them, I shall hope to merit the confidence of every person in Nebraska.

Should I be nominated in the primaries next month as the democratic candidate for Governor, I will make a vigorous campaign, calling to my support all those who believe in the fundamental principles of democracy.

If elected, I shall invite the candid suggestions of people of every class and station, reserving always the right to form my own conclusions of what my official duties shall be.

Upon my record as a servant of the people and a citizen of the state, and without appeal to any faction, I submit my candidacy to the voters of Nebraska.

Yours truly,
GEORGE JACKSON



RALPH A. CLARK
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR

Mr. Clark has resided at Stella, Nebraska, for more than 25 years. He is 52 years of age. A graduate of Harvard University. He is interested in many lines of business. His occupation is that of a farmer. He has served two terms in the legislature as chairman of the Finance, Ways and Means Committee. He is a progressive, without being too radical on the one side or too conservative on the other. He is opposed to fads and all fantastic experiments in legislation. He favors economy and efficiency in the State's business. He believes in the enforcement of the laws in such a way as will promote respect for law and order. He believes in the fundamental principles of the Democratic Party.

Vote for Him at the Primaries on April 20th

WHICH ONE?

By **GEORGE E. COBB**

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union)
"Hm!" observed Mr. Gregory Lytton speculatively. "A worthy charity, I see. Put me down for two hundred dollars."

The lady representative of the Eidsen Aid society presented subscription list and fountain pen, and he casually glanced over the written sheet.

He looked particularly attentive as he came to two names that seemed to appeal to his interest. One written with the flourish of a man apparently at ease with himself and the rest of the world, read: "Marvin Drake, one hundred dollars." The other, a modest, unostentatious signature, bore the record, "Wilton Grey, ten dollars."

"I suppose it tells the story," ruminated Mr. Lytton—"the one settled in life as to income and prospects, the other with his foot on the bottom rung of the ladder. I like them both. I wonder which one Eunice favors most?"

It was purely coincidental that the daughter he named should have as suitors two persons who were of the medical profession. It was natural, however, that the prettiest girl in Eidsen should attract two of its most eligible young men. Marvin Drake was the leading physician of the town and had acquired a competency. His junior professional rival had been in practice only a year and, while he earned a fairly good living, must slowly work his way to a substantial position. Eunice had been gracious to both, but even to intimate friends had not indicated her preference. The father had never sought to learn the real state of her feelings, nor would he have influenced her choice.

It happened that Eunice heard of the respective donations of the two young men. When Drake called upon her he referred to his share in the charitable gift in a way which for the first time gave the inexperienced girl a new insight into his real character. He rather boastfully mentioned the fact that he was one of only ten who had donated in three figures.

"It was simply my duty," he explained. "Conditions on the flats are worse than bad. The epidemic has spread steadily and there are a few cases among the better class. I am to speak at the meeting of the health commissioners this evening, and I shall strongly recommend that the patients be quarantined and measures taken to exclude the flat population from our part of the town."

"But surely you will attend them?" inquired Eunice, and Drake replied, with a slight shrug of his shoulders: "That will hardly be possible, Miss Lytton. My regular clients need my services, and they would strenuously object to the danger of my bringing them contagion by going into the nest of the epidemic."

It was the following evening that Grey called upon Eunice. "I shall not see you again for some time, I fear, Miss Lytton," he remarked.

"You are not going away," submitted Eunice, and there was a token of real interest in her lovely eyes.

"Not far," responded Grey, "but I shall be comparatively isolated at the flats. I shall close my office here for at least a month. Those poor people along the river need constant care and guidance, and I shall make my lot among them exclusively until the epidemic is stamped out."

"But your regular clients?" suggested Eunice.

"Even if I should lose the entire practice, I cannot refuse to heed the urgent cry for help from those poor sufferers," replied Grey.

A sparkle of respect, admiration of something deeper came into the eyes of Eunice. She did not venture any comment until Grey bade her good-bye. Then she said, with palpable emotion:

"I sincerely hope you will be able to carry out your noble sacrifice successfully."

"You give me courage," said Grey simply, and was gone.

It was only through the weekly newspaper and current gossip that Eunice learned of the progress of the epidemic. In one of its issues there was an open letter from Doctor Grey. It stated that there was a need for nurses, more to teach the wives and mothers of the flats the value of preventive measures than to cope with disease. It was a sensible, appealing letter and, while the majority of the ladies of the upper ten simply shuddered at the risk of visiting the infected district, Eunice was deeply impressed. Her father was gone on a visit to another city and she was free to take her own way, and did so.

A glow akin to adoration flooded the soul of Doctor Grey when she appeared at the flats in the neat, simple attire of a nurse, and quietly asked him for directions as to the service required of her. Side by side they worked for the good of others. Both had returned to their homes before Mr. Lytton returned. He learned of the mighty service those two had given to the ill and distressed.

He saw them seated in happy converse in the garden as he reached home.

"I don't need to ask which has won Eunice's heart," he soliloquized, with a satisfied smile, "the really worthy one has well proven his worth."

Coming To
Mankato, Kas.,
Dr. Doran

A Specialist, Not in Name Only, but by Experience of Almost a Quarter of a Century

Does Not Use the Knife

Will Give Free Consultation on
Wednesday, May 5th
at
Co-rell Hotel
From 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

ONE DAY ONLY!

They Come Many Miles to See Him.

Dr. Doran is a regular graduate in medicine and surgery and is licensed by the state of Kansas. He visits professionally the more important towns and cities, and offers to all who call on this trip consultation and examination free, except the expense of treatment when desired.

According to his method of coming to your nearest city to see patients he gives all the sick people an opportunity to obtain the best that medical science can offer right at home. He does not operate for chronic appendicitis, gall stones, ulcers of stomach, tonsils or adenoids.

He has to his credit many wonderful results in diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels, blood, skin, nerves, heart, kidney, bladder, bed wetting, catarrh, leg ulcers and rectal ailments.

If you have been ailing for any length of time and do not get any better, do not fail to call, as improper measures rather than disease are very often the cause of your long standing trouble.

Remember above date, that examination on this trip will be free and that his treatment is different.

Married ladies must come with their husbands, and children with their parents.

Address: Medical Laboratory of Dr. Doran, 335-336 Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

W. J. TAYLOR

For Governor on the Democratic Ticket

Twenty years of activity in Nebraska politics with an unexcelled record for championing agricultural and labor interests makes me the target for criticism of influences which disparage whoever they cannot control. None of these are responsible for my candidacy. It is my own doing, with the hopes that there is a demand for a governor free from obligations of such. I am opposed to centralized power, ignoring constitutions and waste of public moneys. I am mindful of the work and difficulties ahead. Fitting laws to probable constitutional changes, amending or repealing the re-districting school law, unscrambling the mess of McKelvie's Code bill, checking up and straightening out the expenditures and inequalities of our big road program, resisting and reducing our mounting taxes and passing and executing laws in restraint of intolerable profiteering. Of all, the biggest is that of the contention between capital and labor. Its solving must be gradual and will come when labor is assured of a square deal from a government voice. The elements with which I have in the past contended are found in both of the old parties, and likewise my friends, whom I have no hesitancy in asking to vote for me upon the democratic ballot in the primary election to be held April 20th, 1920.

W. J. TAYLOR.

M. F. Rickard

Guide Rock : Nebraska

CANDIDATE at the Primaries, April 20, 1920 of Franklin, Webster and Nuckolls counties, for the nomination for STATE SENATOR subject to the will of the Republican voters.

Served two regular and three special sessions as Representative for Webster County.

Was raised on a farm, taught several terms of school and is today engaged in farming.

Your vote will be appreciated

Utilizing Waste.

A new industry just introduced at Milan, Italy, consists of the manufacture from waste leather cuttings of boxes for collars, cuffs and carpets, furniture coverings and wallpaper.

HIS LIFE'S MISSION

By **OTILLIA F. PFEIFFER**

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union)

"Well, what success?"

"None."

Robert Penwell, lawyer, had asked the question, Norman Brodie, his client, absent for a month on a futile quest, made answer, worried and depressed.

"You started out to find four, presumably living relatives," said Penwell. "Dead, themselves wealthy, or too proud to accept your liberality—which?"

"All dead except one, poor souls!" answered Brodie, gloomily. "I wish the inspiration to help them had come earlier in my life. Even the fourth may not be living. He is a rugged old bachelor, who went West and has not been heard of since. However, I understand that a man named Rufus Paxton, living at Brookville, was his particular friend, and I have been referred to him for later information."

"I hope this ends your quixotic impulse of finding some remote kin to scatter your money among," said Penwell. "You are young, have an income almost royal and should just be beginning to enjoy life."

"This is to me a lonely world," sighed Brodie gloomily. "I have tried public charity and it has been a failure. I have thought to find loyal, loving friends, and the last one of them has cultivated me simply for my money. My dream was to find the few relatives that were left and endow them with a part of my wealth, hoping the ties of blood would win their unselfish regard. My plan has met with disappointment, but I shall continue it in the hope that my apparently last surviving relative is alive. I shall try this Rufus Paxton as a last forlorn hope," and Brodie went his way. He was by no means assured that he would find Rufus Paxton when he reached Brookville. His informant had stated that it was some time since he had heard of Paxton, who was old, poor and in distressed circumstances generally. His had been the story about Paxton's wife being broken down and his son an invalid. To his surprise, when Brodie reached the home of the Paxtons, he found himself at the gate of the prettiest home in the place. Upon its porch was a white-haired old man, who nodded with smiling expectancy as Brodie asked if he was Mr. Rufus Paxton. Near to him, sewing, was a lovely-faced old lady, and before a little table covered with books was a young man whose pallor and delicate frame suggested the confirmed invalid. Brodie stated his mission. The brow of the old man clouded.

"Arthur Wayne?" he repeated. "He died over a year ago."

Brodie sighed drearily. Here was the end of his quest. He was a lonely man, indeed! As he viewed the three happy-faced, peaceful-eyed persons before him he envied them, their rare contentment.

The old man was curious and in part Brodie explained his mission. "You are a good man to think of trying to do good to others," he commented sincerely. "I know something of what it is to be at the verge of the deepest despair. There comes the blessed angel of mercy who brought to us the sunlight of hope and joy!"

As he spoke the old man came to his feet with glowing eyes, and the face of his wife was irradiated with the tenderness of a great love. Both embraced and kissed a lovely, graceful girl who came up the steps and whom the invalid soon greeted with brotherly attention.

"This is Viola Brierly, sir," introduced Mr. Paxton, and there was pride and pleasure in his tones. She seemed to infuse the entire household with a new vitality. Even Brodie felt the magic of her power, and the magnetic eyes of the young girl beamed upon him as briefly Mr. Paxton told of his search for his relatives.

They invited him to tea and afterward Paxton told him something of the young lady whom they had come to regard like a real daughter of their own.

"Her father was my oldest friend," recited the old man. "After years of patient struggle and hard work he inherited some twenty thousand dollars unexpectedly. It came too late; he was dying. He directed Viola to come to us, to provide for us and make our last days happy. Oh, sir! She has placed us in comfort where there was deprivation and suffering. More than that, she is the practical head of every charitable movement in the district. She has already freely devoted most of her fortune to that work and only wishes she had more to uplift the needy ones."

"That was only the first visit of Norman Brodie to what attracted him as the loveliest home he had ever entered. It charmed him to study the character of the gentle, sympathetic girl who had sacrificed all she possessed to make others happy. Then Brodie realized that his life's mission was directly at hand. The little plans of Viola became large plans as he encouraged and amplified them. Within a month he was immersed in a new life that made existence a blessing.

"I have found a relative at last," he wrote to Robert Penwell, somewhat later—"nearer and dearer than I ever anticipated—a wife."

A speaking likeness is supposed to have a telling effect.

FOR PRESIDENT



Leonard Wood

The persons named hereon as candidates for Delegates and Alternates favor the nomination of Leonard Wood for president of the United States. But, should some other candidate be preferred by a majority of the republican voters in the state-wide primary, they will abide by that result and use all honorable means to secure the nomination of such candidate.

Clip this slip, take it to the polls and place an X opposite their names.

DELEGATES-AT-LARGE

Don L. Love.....Lincoln
L. D. Richards.....Fremont
Charles E. Sandall.....York
John W. Towle.....Omaha

Alternates

Elmer F. Robinson.....Hartington
L. L. Findell.....Sidney
J. A. True.....McCook
J. E. Lutz.....Blair

FIFTH DISTRICT

W. H. Miller.....Bloomington
H. E. Stein.....Hastings

Alternates

Albert J. Gardner.....Orleans
David F. Meeker.....Imperial



Chas. E. Bruckman
Hastings, Nebraska

CANDIDATE FOR JUDGE OF THE TENTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT

Adams, Clay, Franklin, Harlan, Kearney, Phelps and Webster Counties

This Office has by Law been taken out of Party Politics

Reared on the farm and lived more than thirty-five years in Adams county; educated in the public schools, Grand Island College, University of Nebraska College of Law; teacher in public schools three years; Clerk of the District Court two terms, the last term of District Judge Hon. Ed L. Adams and the first term of District Judge Hon. Harry S. Dungan; admitted to practice in state and United States courts; practiced law seven years, five years of which time City Attorney of the City of Hastings, first appointed to that position by Mayor Madgett and re-appointed by present Mayor Lester B. Stiner; has a good practice, pays taxes on city property and farm lands.

Believes in the careful, common-sense, practical application of the law. Hairsplitting questions and technicalities result in delays, serve no good purpose and increase costs and taxes and should be discouraged.

Primaries April 20. Vote for two.

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