

# YOUR HAY

is all figured for you; any measurements; any shape stacks; both government and local or Western rule; endorsed and used by bankers and hay dealers wherever introduced; as essential to the farmer as the interest table to the banker or the adding machine to the office.

Price of tables, 50c each; set of three, \$1.00.

## Herald Publishing Co.

Alliance, Nebraska

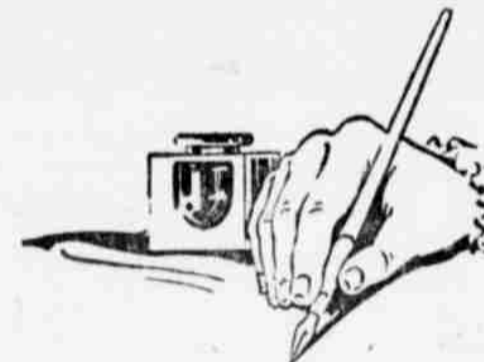
## ILER GRAND HOTEL

16th and Howard Streets OMAHA, NEBR.  
 All Stockmen know this Hotel—Most of them stop with us  
 Well Located Always Comfortable  
 South Omaha Cars Pass Our Door  
**RATES:** \$1.00 to \$2.00 Single; 75 cts. to \$1.50 Double  
 Try us once under the new management  
 You will come again  
 Harry Ryan still in charge of the Bar  
 Popular Priced Cafe P. W. MIKESSELL, Prop.  
 A half dozen fine Bone Tipped Corn Cob Pipes, symbols of the comfort we furnish, mailed to you FREE OF ALL CHARGE, if you send us this add with your address

## HIGH GROUND NURSERY STOCK

Cheapest to buy and best to plant. You do not go to lowlands or draws for seed corn. Why go there for trees? Our stock is not forced and will give you entire satisfaction. Our plant is located the farthest west of any nursery in the state, which insures prompt service.

HARRISON NURSERY CO.  
YORK, NEBRASKA



## When You Write Letters

You ought to have the most suitable stationery you can get, whether you're writing for a job, or accepting a proposal of marriage, or simply sending a long gossipy letter to a chum.

### Our Stationery

supply is composed of styles, tints and weights to please a variety of tastes. It makes writing a real pleasure. And our prices—Your Money's Worth.

# BRENNAN'S

Hot and Cold Drinks, Lunches Served  
at Our Sanitary Fountain.

## OPENING OF VALUABLE GOVERNMENT IRRIGATED HOMESTEAD LANDS

### 43 Farms, 80 to 160 Acres Each


**LOCATION AND CHARACTER OF THESE LANDS:** From three to ten miles North of C. B. & Q. R. R., nearest Bayard and Minature, Neb., in the North Platte Valley. They are well adapted for alfalfa, small grain, corn, sugar beets, live stock and dairying.

**TERMS:** Land is free. Permanent Government water right costs \$55 per acre, 20 years' time, payable \$2.75 per acre down, no further payments for five years, no interest charged.

**HOW TO OBTAIN A FARM:** If you are interested in the method of opening these farms between March 19 and 24, or the location of 41 additional Government-irrigated farms now open to entry, write me at once. There is no time to lose, if you would become the owner of one of these very valuable farms.

Our publication, "The North Platte Valley," free on request, will give one an excellent idea of this desirable locality.

**S. B. HOWARD, IMMIGRATION AGENT.**  
C. B. & Q. R. R. Co.  
1004 Farnum Street, Omaha, Neb.



### Lloyd's Column

An old criminal was once asked what was the first step that led him to ruin, and he said, "The first thing that led me to my downfall was cheating an editor out of two years' subscription. When I had done that the devil had such a grip on me that I could not shake him off."

An exchange tells of a certain gentleman who, proposing marriage to a certain lady, consulted her pastor as to the wisdom of his choice. "I fear," said the clergyman, who had more than a passing knowledge of the lady's imperious temper and dominant disposition, "that it would not be harmonious. I doubt if you would be happy." "Why, isn't she a Christian?" "Yes, indeed," the Lord puts up with people that you and I can't," replied the minister.

**I Am the Newspaper**  
(By Joseph H. Finn)

Born of the deep, daily need of a nation—I am the Voice of Now—the incarnate spirit of the times—Monarch of things that Are.

My "cold type" burns with the fire-blood of human action. I am fed by arteries of wire that girdle the earth. I drink from the cup of every living joy and sorrow. I sleep not—rest not. I know not night, nor day, nor season. I know no death, yet I am born again with every morn—with every noon—with every twilight. I leap into fresh being with every new world's event.

Those who created me cease to be—the brains and heart's blood that nourish me go the way of human dissolution. Yet I live on—and on.

I am Majestic in my Strength—Sublime in my Power—Terrible in my Potentialities—yet as democratic as the ragged boy who sells me for a penny.

I am the consort of Kings—the partner of capital—the brother of toil. The inspiration of the hopeless—the right arm of the needy—the champion of the oppressed—the conscience of the criminal. I am the epitome of the world's Comedy and Tragedy.

My responsibility is Infinite. I speak, and the world stops to listen. I say the word, and battle flames the horizon. I counsel peace, and the war lords obey. I am greater than any individual—more powerful than any group. I am the dynamic force of Public Opinion. Rightly directed. I am a Creator of Confidence. A builder of happiness in living. I am the Backbone of Commerce. The trail Blazer of Prosperity. I am the teacher of Patriotism.

I am the hands of the Clock of Time—the clarion voice of Civilization.

**I am the Newspaper.**

**False Modesty**  
The South Sea Island belles, They wear nothing but shells; Their propriety's something amazing;

In the Cannibal Isles, Where the styles run to smiles, Women's conduct, tra la, deserves praising.

And in distant Nippon, Where they put little on, And go bathing in scanty apparel, Where the very worst brute Has to stand for the nude, 'Tis a crime to go home in a barrel.

The Somaliland maid, When arrayed for parade (Beads and bracelets are always de rigueur)

Is naive in her ways, And she doesn't need stays To impart correct lines to her figure.

Miss September Morn In the suit she was born In is proper, in spite of the censor; The artist knew best When he left her undressed— Though her clothes, I'll admit, might be denser.

But a peach at the beach (I'm beginning to preach) If once of her skirts she's divested, Though her clothes, I suppose, Reach from shoulders to toes, By the guard she is promptly arrested.

During a school tea a kindly lady sat regarding one of the young guests with evident alarm. Undismayed by the lady's glances, the young hopeful demolished plate after plate of bread and butter and cake. At last the lady could stand it no longer. Going upto the urchin, she said:

"My boy, have you never read any book which would tell you what to eat, what to drink, and what to avoid?"

"Why, bless yer, ma'am," replied the young gentleman, with his mouth full of cake. "I don't want no book. It's very simple. I eats all I can, I drinks all I can, an' I avoids bustin'."

Jones is a meek little man till he's roused; then nothing stops him. The other night Mrs. Jones and he couldn't sleep a wink all night because of the noise their neighbor's dog made,

out in Allston.

So Jones declared at breakfast that he'd tackle the owner of the dog on the way to business, and "get this thing settled."

"Well, Joseph," asked Mrs. Jones that evening, "did you do anything about that wretched dog?"

Mr. Jones puffed out his meager chest with pride.

"Yes, I did," he replied. "I told Brown that if he didn't put a stop to it I'd buy a piano and let both our girls take lessons!"

**DELICIOUS  
CHEW IS  
"OLD KENTUCKY"**

**Made of the Choicest Selected  
Barley Grown—World's  
Best Tobacco**

**RICH, MELLOW, LUSCIOUS**

Nothing like a chew of first-class Old Kentucky to put an edge on your appetite and give you all the rich, juicy satisfaction that nature puts into the tobacco leaf.

Old Kentucky has the fruity-sweet flavor of the choicest selected Barley leaf.

That leaf is the flawless product of modern tobacco-growing, selected, re-jected, examined leaf by leaf. Then it's hand-stemmed and made into lush-plugs, with the mellow flavor perfectly retained. And it's made with pure food exactness in one of the world's greatest plug factories.

When you're reveling in the rich, sweet, flavor of Old Kentucky, you're chewing the luscious result of the most modern methods of high-grade plug tobacco making.

Is it any wonder that Old Kentucky is the most delicious chew on earth? Try a 10c plug-to-day. You're bound to like it.

Old Kentucky No. 4

### BIDS FOR BIG WRESTLE

**State Fair Association Asks for the  
Stecher-Gotch Match for  
Labor Day**

Lincoln, March 4—Secretary W. R. Mellor of the state fair will make an offer to Gene Melady to bring the Stecher-Gotch wrestling match to Lincoln on Labor day so attractive that it will have to be considered, according to Mellor this morning. Mr. Mellor says he can bring several thousand more people to Lincoln than will go to any other town.

The state fair board will also offer Melady free use of the state fair grounds, the amphitheatre and other state fair equipment, if the match will be held here on any day during the state fair.

**Rank Foolishness**  
You occasionally see it stated that colds do not result from cold weather. That is rank foolishness. Were it true colds would be as prevalent in midsummer as in midwinter. The microbe that causes colds flourishes in damp, cold weather. To get rid of a cold take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is effectual and is highly recommended by people who have used it for many years as occasion required, and know its real value. Obtainable everywhere.  
Adv—March

### THE WORLD'S LEAD- ING TOBACCO TOWN

**Winston-Salem, N. C., Now Manufactures More Tobacco Products Than Any Other City**

Following are extracts from an address delivered by Col. A. D. Watts, collector of internal revenue for the Fifth District of North Carolina, at a smoker given by The Twin City Club, Winston-Salem, February 4, 1916:

"Winston-Salem is supplying one-fourth of all the chewing and smoking tobacco consumed in the United States, besides exporting vast quantities to foreign lands. This statement is taken from the report of the commissioner of internal revenue for the first quarter of the present fiscal year and from private advices from Washington, as to the second quarter, which ended December 31, last.

"Your city is making one-seventh of all tobacco products—chewing and smoking tobacco, cigars, cigarettes and snuff—manufactured in the United States. Your manufacturers are paying on an average about \$37,000 a day revenue taxes to the government and the amount is increasing from month to month. When your government building, much the handsomest in the state, was completed last July at a cost of \$250,000 your newspapers made the statement that the taxes paid in your city to Uncle Sam for the first eight days of its occupancy would pay for it. Since September, it has taken only a fraction over seven average days collections here to equal its cost. So far this week, Mr. Cranford has taken in

\$206,428.50. I predict that before 1916 shall have ended your average weekly payments to the government on tobacco will more than pay for this magnificent building, leaving the collections for the other fifty-one weeks as clear profit to the government.

"Winston-Salem is shipping on an average each week day to all parts of this country and to foreign lands at least \$150,000 of tobacco products.

"In conclusion, Winston-Salem manufactures more tobacco, all tobacco products are taken into this statement, than any other city on earth, little or big. Industrially, she is easily first in North Carolina, population considered, first in America and I believe in the world; socially, a never failing delight to her friends."

### FEDERAL GAME LAW

**S. L. Yarwood Writes Omaha World-Herald, Asking Why Spring Shooting Should Not Be Allowed**

(From Omaha World-Herald) Council Bluffs, Ia., March 2—To the Editor of the World-Herald: While reading the World-Herald of March 2, I came across these headlines: "Noble Found Hunting Good in South Texas!" You go on and quote Colonel Sophus F. Noble thusly: "Our hunt was one continuous delight. . . . We traveled in autos. . . shooting was good most anywhere. . . . We killed all the blue quail we wanted. . . . Then we killed ducks and geese. . . (and so on)." By the use of "we" and "ours" I naturally infer that Colonel Noble was accompanied by the several other prominent Nebraska men that he met while there on this "hunt."

Now, then, Mr. Editor, don't you think you are "rubbing it into" us poor ginks who are unable to winter and shoot in the south? Showing us pictures of \$300 guns in bad enough but this—Oh! It's almost unbearable!

We may not be able to hunt in autos nor own \$300 guns, but we would wade into old Missouri's blue mud clear up to our necks to get a fair day's sport. Don't you suppose our hearts beat just as fast as any wealthy south-going sportsman's when we hear the roar of the canvasbacks' wings rushing down the wind or the wary challenging whistle of the pintails' call? Don't you suppose we experience that same undescribed thrill when we see the bunch of blue-bills or redheads cup their wings for the final swing over the stool? Do not our hearts beat just as high with excitement, as we stand waiting for that green-headed mallard whom we "jumped" from the rushes, to get under way, fearful lest we wait too long but none the less intent that he shall have at least a fair chance to get away? Don't you know that we feel amply repaid after an hour cramping and freezing in a "blind" to get a snapshot at a bunch of green-wings, as they swing by and succeed in bagging a brace (one for the Mrs. and one for yours truly, thank you)?

To all of this you may agree, but how about those gilded sportsmen who supported and passed the federal law on these birds?

Some protection the poor little ducks get in the south, where these millionaire clubs flourish and kill all they want and the Lord only knows how many more. They spend weeks—aye, even months—hunting these, whereas we poor nose-to-the-grindstones are forbidden to spend even half a day in the marsh, by that discriminatory federal law. Why don't our judges get busy and let us know whether we humbler men shall enjoy a day's shooting in the spring, or tell us we must toss our guns in the lake, as the wild ducks belong solely to the wealthy go-south-and-kill-all-you-can winter hunters?


S. L. YARWOOD.

## "TIZ" FOR ACHING, SORE, TIRED FEET

Good-bye sore feet, burning feet, swollen feet, sweaty feet, smelling feet, tired feet.

Good-bye corns, callouses, bunions and raw spots. No more shoe tightness, no more limping with pain or drawing up your face in agony.

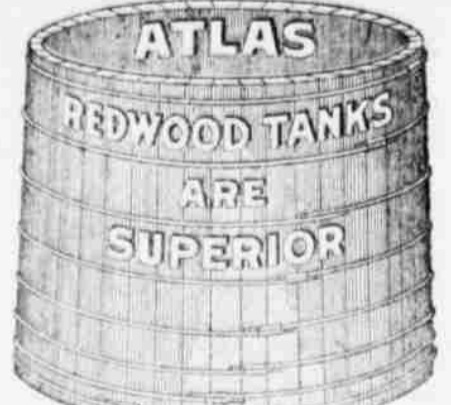
"TIZ" is magical, acts right off, "TIZ" draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet. Use "TIZ" and forget your foot misery. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel. Get a 25 cent box of "TIZ" now at any drugist or department store. Don't suffer. Have good feet, glad feet, feet that never swell, never hurt, never get tired. A year's foot comfort guaranteed for money refunded.



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**ATLAS  
REDWOOD TANKS  
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Will outlast several steel tanks or several tanks made from other material, and cost less money. These tanks will keep the water cooler in summer and warmer in winter. Send for price list today.

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## VARICOCELE CURED WITHOUT THE KNIFE

Since 1895 in Kansas City, I have successfully treated thousands of cases of Varicocele, Hydrocele, and allied troubles. The constant aching pain, enlargement, weakness and other symptoms quickly disappear. Write for illustrated book "Without the Knife" and full particulars free, sealed, call or address

**DR. WHITTIER Pay when CURED**  
K. McGee & Dth,  
Kansas City, Mo. (If afflicted ask for new Booklet on  
Varicose Ulcers and Leg Sores.)

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MILT H. WHALEY and  
H. A. DUBUQUE, Managers

High Class Concert and Dance  
Work

Prices on Application      Members of A. F. of M.

Some of the most interesting news to be found in The Herald each week will be found in the advertisements. Don't overlook them.

## Why it Pays to Trade With Firms that Advertise

Advertising creates sales. The modern business man knows this. He also knows he must depend upon many sales with a small profit, rather than on a few with big profits on each. The world knows the firm that advertises most can sell cheapest.