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Creamerymen—Because they are experts in the handling of cream and know by long experience that the De Laval skims cleanest and wears longest. That is why 98% of the World's creameries use the De Laval exclusively.

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DE LAVALS
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To be in style this year it is essential that you have a dress made of one of the above named goods.

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Messaline, Charmeuse and Brocade
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The line is complete, the quality is the best. We have 45-in Flouncings at

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EYE, NOSE AND THROAT

CONSULTATION FREE.

For Medical Freedom

The editor THE CHANCELLOR is glad to receive endorsement of his vigorous stand for the right of a man to get well or die in his own way, without being subject to the exactions and demands of medical men who, because of a falling off in their practice, have sought to compel the people to patronize only them.

This editor also congratulates the legislature of this great state that it was great enough to defeat every measure lobbied for by our "Health Commissioner," one Connell, who draws \$3,500 from the city of Omaha for looking after its health, but who spent days and weeks at Lincoln trying to force through some medical grabs in which he was interested, and through which the medical trust sought to thrust upon the citizenry of this state its own private brand of "healing."

Were the medical men actually accomplishing the good they claim, it would not be necessary for them to seek special privilege from legislatures in aid of their practice. The people would gladly patronize them as against every other healing cult. People are not wilfully so absurd as deliberately to seek treatment from schools of healing from which they can derive no benefit. The only practical and legitimate way for the medical profession to increase its fees (for that is the sole object of their attempts to accomplish this legislation), is to study more modern ideas of the healing art. The people will go to those who render the most efficient service. Therefore if the medical profession is the most efficient in the healing art, it will be the most patronized, without its efforts, to force business through legislation. If it cannot prove to be the most efficient, let it stand aside for those who do.

At any rate, every citizen has the right to get well or die in his own way.

It is the same thing with that crime against nature—vaccination. Why should those who believe in this ignorant superstition seek to compel everybody else to practice it? If they wish to be vaccinated all well and good. That is their privilege. They have no just ground for fear. If it avails the objects they have in mind, if it is a preventative of small pox, they, according to their notion, are immune from small-pox. Therefore an unvaccinated person can do them no harm. If he wants to have small-pox, let him have it. If he does not believe in vaccination, and is willing to take his chances without filling his blood with poison, let him do so. He can not hurt those who are vaccinated, if their claims are true, so why should there be any interference with him?

This fight for medical freedom, or the right of the citizen to choose his own brand of healing, is by no means local. The medical trust has for several decades sought by every means, fair and foul, to secure legislation through which its brand of "healing" should be forced upon the people. It has secured some graft by that means, but the day of its triumph is over. From a subscriber in Texas (who, by the way, not only renews but adds the name of another to The Chancellor readers' roll of honor), the editor receives these encouraging words: "I must compliment you especially for your splendid campaign in favor of Omaha public schools and against their enemies. And, by the way, it is a fight, or ought to be, not only local to your city, but a national one. I wish you Godspeed."

Lovers of liberty and equal rights ought always to be ready to smash the ugly head of Privilege whenever it dares to rise above its infamous slime. —The Chancellor.

Widow's Pension.

The recent act of April 19th, 1908 gives to all soldiers' widows a pension \$12 per month. Fred Maurer, the attorney, has all necessary blanks.



THE ALARM OF FIRE is a dreadful thing for the man without insurance. Every time he sees the engines racing along his heart comes up in his throat if the fire is anywhere near his place. What folly, what mistaken economy.

THE COST OF INSURANCE is so small that it need hardly be considered. The freedom from worry alone is worth it many times over. Have us insure you to-day.

**O. C. TEEL,
Reliable Insurance.**

INFORMATION WANTED

By JULIUS CAREY.

Sylvester was limping slightly as he approached the breakfast table, but Mrs. Sylvester, having troubles of her own, did not comment upon it.

"I believe I must have a touch of rheumatism," she remarked, lifting the coffee pot wearily.

"Whatever that may be!" responded her husband scornfully. "The truth of the matter probably is that you got all tired out running up and down stairs when you were cleaning the attic yesterday."

"Oh, it certainly can't be that," she replied, "because you know, the doctors say now that running up and down stairs is the very best kind of exercise."

"The doctors!" he scoffed, trying as he spoke to find a comfortable position for his left leg. "If we are going to do all the fool things the doctors advise, or refrain from doing all the desirable things they forbid, we shall have a delightful time of it!"

"It grieves me to think," he continued, "how many good things I've missed because the doctors forbade them, only to be told a little later that it didn't make any difference, after all. I shall never cease to regret the rich red beefsteaks I didn't eat during a period when I fondly trusted in the assertion of the doctors that red meat caused rheumatism."

"They've found out now that it's strawberries," said Mrs. Sylvester. "I was reading an article yesterday, by a doctor—"

"No doubt you were," interrupted her husband. "It's just the time of the year that the medical fraternity would choose for the publication of an article denouncing strawberries—right in the season when they are the most tempting. Why, I had a dish for luncheon yesterday that made life seem worth living again. So the doctors have combined to deprive us of the solace of eating fresh strawberries, have they? Well, they can't work it on me this time! I'm a patient creature, but my patience has its limits. Not till I've forgotten the long dreary winter, during which I abstained from eating raw oysters for fear of typhoid, only to read in the first month of the year without an R an article by some noted medical man asserting that the percentage of typhoid due to oysters is so small as to be negligible."

"It's best to be on the safe side," said Mrs. Sylvester.

"The safe side, indeed!" he exclaimed. "Oh, certainly! You got a great deal of comfort out of being on the safe side when you used to arrange all the grape seeds so carefully along the edge of your plate. If you swallowed a single one by mistake you worried for weeks in fear of an attack of appendicitis! I don't notice you troubling much about grape seeds in late years. And why? Simply because your feminine credulity has been satisfied by the assertion of some doctor that grape seeds are not the cause of appendicitis, after all!" Mrs. Sylvester began to look alarmed.

"We have been exhorted to wear flannels and not to wear flannels," he went on. "We've been admonished to drink water during meals, after having been solemnly warned never to do so."

"They do seem to change their minds pretty often," admitted Mrs. Sylvester.

Sylvester continued oratorically: "Each succeeding generation of doctors since the days of Aesculapius, or whatever his name was, has pronounced false the opinions of the preceding generation."

His wife looked thoroughly frightened. "It's perfectly dreadful!" she exclaimed. "I really never thought about it before."

"Ah-oo!" groaned Sylvester, who had so far forgotten himself as to draw back his left leg quickly.

"What is it, Henry?" asked his wife anxiously. "Oh, I don't know what on earth we should do if you were to get sick, with the doctors all disagreeing and changing their minds every few minutes!"

"Nothing's the matter with me," he replied. "I was about to say, however, that, of course, the doctors are bound to hit it once in a while, and there may be something, after all, in that idea that strawberries cause rheumatism. I've been having a little pain in my left foot for a day or two, and as I've been eating strawberries every day for luncheon, I don't know but it might be a good thing to stop in on my way to the train and ask the doctor what he thinks about it."

"Do!" exclaimed Mrs. Sylvester, so interested that her own aches were forgotten. "It's so much more comfortable to be sure."

Last Omnibus in Paris.
Under the headline "It Was the Last" the Paris *Matin* tells the story of the passing of the last horse omnibus. The vehicle was one of the last to make way for the motor buses, which now have no opposition except the trolley lines. The driver wore the uniform of a hearse driver and the women who sat outside were dressed in deep mourning. Inside sat a company of newspaper men. All along the route followed by the "last of its family" the people cheered and sang, and, "taken as a whole," says the writer, "it was a most notable function."

One Way to Live.
The Gadsby put on a great many airs for people of limited means. "Why shouldn't they? Their means may be limited, but their credit is quite extensive."



Breeders Attention!

I am now located at the Willow Dale Breeding Barn in Red Cloud for the season of 1913 with a fine bunch of Imported, Pure Bred Registered Draft

Horses and Jacks. These Horses range from 3 to 5 years old, weighing from 1700 to 2250 pounds, and are as good as you will find anywhere.

TERMS ON ALL HORSES—\$20 for a live colt, \$5 discount on all bills paid within 30 days after colt is foaled.

H. A. Johnson

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It is no longer unusual for us to get reports from farmers who have been using manure spreaders consistently for periods ranging from three to five years, to the effect that their land is regularly raising so much more produce that the value of the land is almost doubled.

I H C Manure Spreaders

are made in various styles and sizes to meet all conditions. The low machines are not too low to be hauled, loaded, through deep mud or snow. I H C spreaders are made with trussed steel frames in wide, medium and narrow styles; all of guaranteed capacity. There are both return and endless aprons. In short, there is an I H C spreader built to meet your conditions and made to spread manure, straw, lime, or ashes as required.

I H C spreaders will spread manure evenly on the level, going up hill, or down. The wheel rims are wide and equipped with Z-shaped lugs, which provide ample tractive power. The rear axle is located well under the body and carries most of the load. The apron moves on large rollers. The beater drive is positive, but the chain wears only one side. The I H C dealer will show you the most effective machine for your work. You can get catalogues from him, or, if you prefer, write

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