

PLUMBING

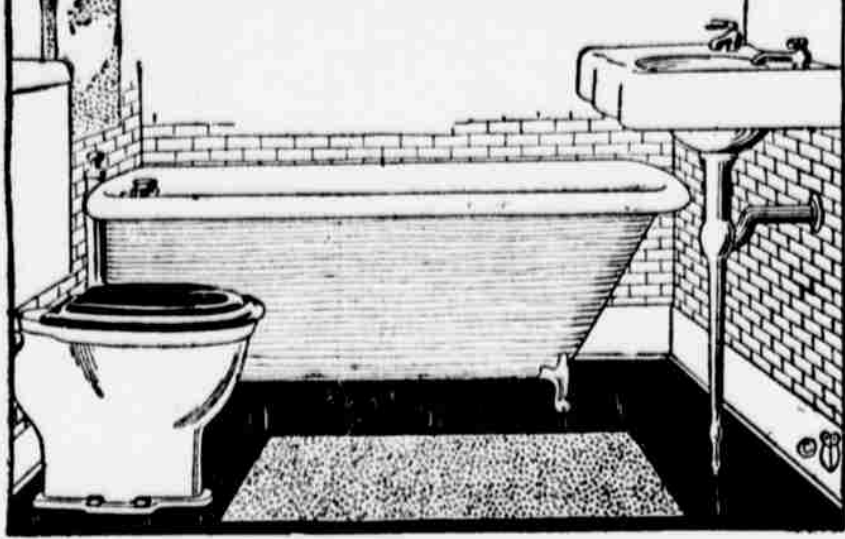
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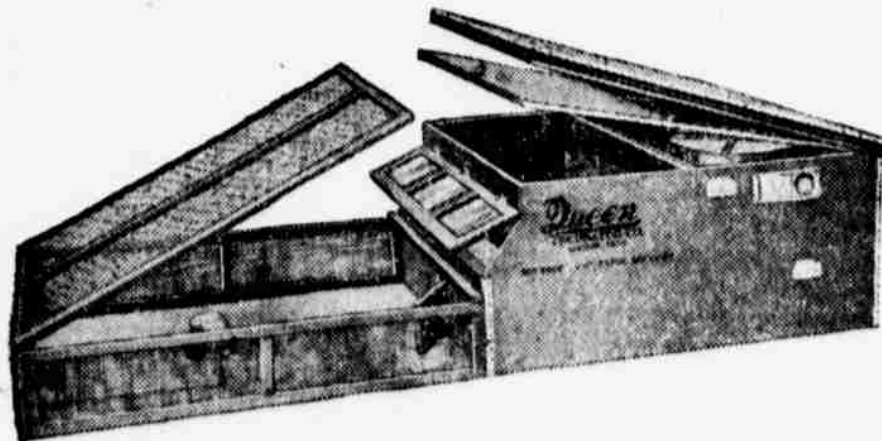
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THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

Red Cloud, Nebraska

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Entered in the Postoffice at Red Cloud, Neb. as Second Class Matter

A. B. McARTHUR PUBLISHER

THE ONLY DEMOCRATIC PAPER IN WEBSTER COUNTY

A Wonderful Holstein Heifer

"Another Holstein Makes a World's Record." The press of the country might well keep that oft-repeated announcement as a "standing head," ready for use at a moment's notice, for the reports of Holstein cows breaking world's records in milk and butterfat production have become commonplace.

Yet, among breeders and dairymen, there is a never-ending interest in the wonderful progress in scientific breeding and care which these records signify. There is also a rapidly-growing concern in the breed which is capable of this development.

The Holstein-Friesian heifer, Jewel Pontiac Segis 229261, has broken the world's records in the junior two-year-old class of the division covering tests begun not less than 210 days after calving.

There are two remarkable points to be considered in this achievement: First, she exceeded the records of all other cows in her class in both milk and butter production. The former world's record of 21.91 pounds of butter in 7 days was held by Finnerne Mutual Fayne, while the former world's record of 445.5 pounds of milk in 7 days was held by Johanna DeKol of Rush Court. The record of the new champion is 473.6 pounds of milk, containing 22.07 pounds of butter, in 7 days.

Secondly, Jewel Pontiac Segis established her record 335 days after freshening, and had no special care during the year. In fact, she did not even have a screened stall, but ran in the yard with the herd, during hot weather and fly time, and was exhibited at the Minneapolis State Fair, where she was passed by many thousands each day, an ordeal which is not considered conducive to the best results, especially in the case of a heifer having the highest nervous temperament possessed by the new champion.

She holds the world's record for both milk and butter in the sixty- and ninety-day divisions and has now broken the records for milk and butter, and the combination record for both, in the eight-months-after calving division.

Jewel Pontiac Segis was bred and is owned by J. M. Hackney, of Arden Farms, Inc., of St. Paul, Minnesota. Her sire is King Segis Pontiac Count 93909, and her dam is De Kol Jewel Pontiac 142184.

Had she been given all the advantages usually afforded in such tests, there is little doubt that this great two-year-old heifer would have established a new longtime record for her class, in her year's work.

It is of interest to note that Ragnar Wahlburg, herdsman at Arden Farms, Inc., who developed the first seventeen daughters of King Pontiac Segis Count, with an average record as junior two-year-olds of more than 21 pounds of butter in 7 days.

Farm Loans

I can make you a farm loan at lowest interest and best terms to be had in the state. Please write me, or call for me at State Bank Red Cloud.—C. F. Carter.

Secretary Issues Statement

Washington, D. C., Feb. 17, 1917. The Secretary of Agriculture gave out a statement today to refute the report that States desiring to obtain money for roads under the Federal Aid Road Act, which appropriates \$85,000,000 must build only expensive roads, and to make it clear that no particular kind of material will be required or favored by the Department of Agriculture to the detriment of other materials.

"There is not the slightest truth in such a report," said Secretary Houston. "This Department, which is charged with the administration of the Federal Aid Road Act, has placed absolutely no restrictions, either direct or implied, upon the kinds of highways to be constructed. States may submit for approval any kind of road, even an earth road, and approval will be given if the construction be substantial in character, suitable for traffic needs, and meets the terms of the Federal Act. To give state legislators and highway officials the impression that this Department favors only costly types of road or discriminates in favor of any particular material, results not only in spreading misinformation, but in placing barriers in the way of States which wish to avail themselves of Federal Aid in road construction."

Card of Thanks

To the kind friends and neighbors who so willingly assisted us during the sickness and death of our beloved father, we wish to express our heartfelt thanks, also to those sending flowers. Ben Pegg and family, Brothers and sisters.

THE TWO PASSENGERS

By NAPOLEON S. ZARICK.

Out of the door of a popular gambling hall fled 20 hatless, countless figures, and after them came a host of officers of the law, namely, sharp-eyed detectives and shrewd policemen. It was a famous raid. The gamblers had been caught in the act, the gambling devices, some of them valuable, were all confiscated, and the men, except one, were seized after a long run. The one who escaped was Bob Crane, the owner of the hall.

In vain all searched, trying to win the large reward offered for his capture. But he had disappeared, as if off the face of the earth.

But there was one person in the city where the raid occurred who could have told the searchers where Bob Crane was, and that one person was Nellie Hayes. Nellie was a tall girl, with soft brown hair and large, blue eyes. One afternoon after Bob had left the gambling hall to get a light lunch before going back to his evening work, he had decided to take a walk through one of the parks.

While in this park he saw a horse madly running down the long, smooth drive. His heart gave a thump as he saw a girl dashing before the oncoming horse. Bob made a desperate attempt to rescue the girl and succeeded in pulling her away from the danger. This girl was Nellie Hayes, and later, when Bob first met her on the street, nearly a year before the raid, he stopped short to look at her. He then deliberately turned and followed her at a respectful distance to her home on one of the fashionable streets of the town. Time passed rapidly and before long he had made friends with her father, and in an amazingly short time the upper class knew him as the sweetheart of pretty Nellie Hayes.

She knew nothing about him, but just took him on trust, thinking him to be an honest, upright man. Now, when he dodged under the arm of a blue-coated pursuer, and swung another one out of the way with a blow of his big fist, he ran, more from force of habit than anything else, straight in at the half-open door of the Hayes home. Nellie was standing in the hall as he rushed in.

"Bob!" she cried, showing a little excitement in her voice, as she came toward him with her arms outstretched and her eyes pitying him. "Oh, what's the matter, dear?"

"Don't, Nellie," he said huskily, as he looked embarrassed into her eyes. "You mustn't touch me now. I don't know what I'm here for anyway, unless it's to tell you the truth. You have put too much confidence in me. Don't look at me that way. I'm not fit for you to touch, nor to look at, nor to think of, Nellie, darling." He choked back a sob before he continued: "I'm a bad man, and the police are looking everywhere for me this minute, but I had to come and tell you first that it's all true—what you'll see in the papers today—that Bob Crane is a gambler and a sharper, and that his business is to cheat men out of their hard-earned wages. I'm this same Bob Crane," he confessed to the only girl that he had ever loved. "I've been trying to get into something else for your sake lately, dear, but I couldn't seem to and old ways are hard to break. So good-by, Nellie, you'd best forget about me."

"Bob," she hesitated; then she came and laid her hands on his shoulders to gaze into his eyes. "Bob, dear, if I'll get you out of the country and keep them from finding you, will you promise to be a good man as long as you live?"

He caught his breath. "Promise," she urged, as she grasped him by the arm. "I promise," he said solemnly, and then added, "but it's leaving my heart behind me, Nellie, dear."

She did not answer, but crossed the hall and took a small envelope from a table drawer, then came and stood before him again. "Now, listen. From now on, Bob, you're Mr. John Edwards and you're going back to your old home in Ireland. Your rooms and passage were taken last Friday for today's boat. You see, Mr. Edwards, who bought this ticket, is ill, and the doctor said it would kill him to go. His wife brought the ticket here last night and asked me to take it back to the steamship office this morning. So, Mr. John Edwards, I will hire a carriage for you and tonight you'll be safe on your way to the distant land."

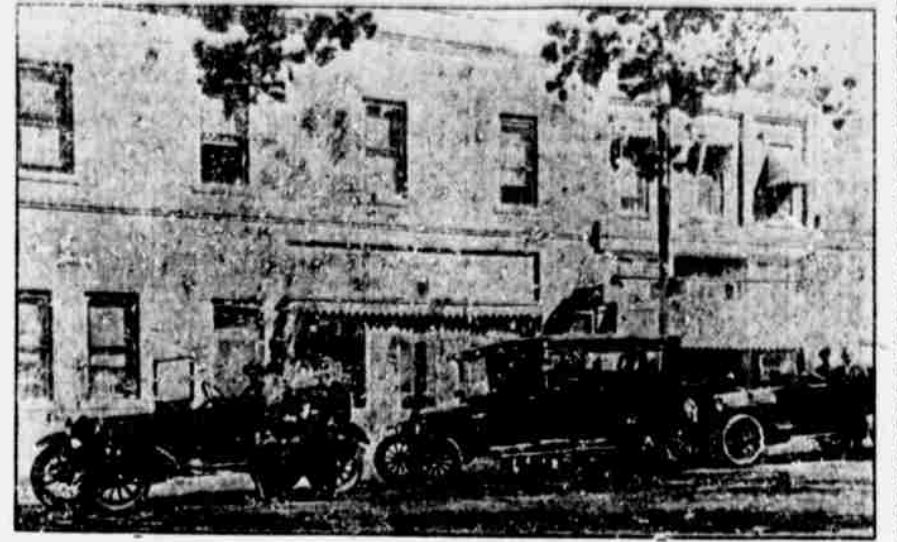
She drew away a little as she handed him the envelope; she knew very well what would happen. He looked up in surprise as he opened it. His heart beat faster. "Why, Nellie, there are two tickets here. What does it mean?"

"Mrs. Edwards was going, too, Bob," she replied. "But what'll I do with them," he inquired as he glanced at her affectionately with a dawning comprehension. "Nellie, oh, Nellie! You don't mean you—you—"

"Of course I am," she said. "Did you think I'd let you go alone?" A few months later Bob and Nellie landed in the distant country and Bob Crane, the reformed gambler, married Nellie Hayes, the girl who had always been true to him.

Today Bob is manager of Mr. Hayes' foreign office, and is planning to return to America when he has repaid all of the money that he won in the gambling hall.

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Auto Hearse - Horse Hearse

ED. AMACK

UNDERTAKING

(LADY ASSISTANT)

ALL THE PHONES RED CLOUD, NEB.

AS THE MINISTER SEES IT

Finds Compensation for His Efforts in Community Where Talents Seem to Be Buried.

"Why, man, you're burying your talent in a place like this!" the minister's friend said earnestly, almost indignantly. "Out in the thick of things, with your abilities, you could accomplish almost anything. If you stay on here, the world will soon forget there is such a fellow as Ralph Denniston."

Denniston smiled his familiar quizzical smile. "I don't believe God is forgetting, McQuiston. When I came out to this little frontier town, fifteen years ago, I was confident that I was being sent. If I hadn't been, I think I should have gone somewhere else. After I had taught six months in the stuffy, overcrowded, little school building on the hill yonder, I was surer of it than ever. I knew the place needed me, or a better man, and I didn't see any likelihood that the better man would come. The pupils 'took to me,' as the parents say, and I knew I had an influence with them. I could point out a good many cases now where I've 'got results.'"

"The salary is small, and I've had a dozen 'better' offers. They've come mostly through old college classmates, and for that reason it's pained me to turn them down; but—well, I've never heard the order to leave from the one in command. That may sound like mysticism to a hard-headed, practical man of affairs like you, McQuiston, but it's very real to me, and yes, I might as well say it, very precious and satisfying. I doubt whether a salary of ten thousand a year would give me the peace of mind it does to know that I'm where God wants me to be."

"I won't say I don't have my longings for what you call 'the thick of things.' That's unavoidable, after a fellow has once known the thrill of big undertakings and the zest of neck-and-neck competition. But I think of it like this: When the workday is over, I'd want to feel that I could face God with a clear conscience about this thing. I'd hate to confess that I'd obeyed the heavenly vision at the start, and later on quibbled, and pretended I couldn't see it any longer."

"I don't know but you're more than half right," the other admitted soberly. His eyes narrowed upon the white school building on the hilltop, and there was a long silence. "To feel sure God knows where to find you, because he sent you there and never gave you orders to leave—that's a great thought, Denniston."

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the District Court of Webster County, Nebraska.

Ellen A. Jackson, Plaintiff, vs. J. N. Converse & Company, Joel N. Converse, Ann E. Converse, David S. Gray, Eugene D. Gray, David S. Gray, Trustees.

The above named defendants and each of them will take notice that on the 25th day of January 1917, Ellen A. Jackson, plaintiff herein filed her petition in the District Court of Webster County, Nebraska, against said defendants, the object and prayer of which is to quiet and confirm the fee simple title and right of possession to the following described real estate, to-wit: Lot Nine (9) in Section Eight (8) Township One (1) Range Eleven (11) Webster County, Nebraska, in plaintiff and that defendants be adjudged to have no right, title or claim in or to said land. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 12th day of March 1917. ELLEN A. JACKSON, Plaintiff, By Fred Maurer, Her Attorney.

DR. CHAS. E. CROSS

DENTIST

OVER STATE BANK

Red Cloud - Nebraska

COL. J. H. ELLINGER

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