

HOME GROWN

(Continued from page 4)

Make the swell velvet furniture in your second-story front and running water raise its nap for shame at taking your money. Say, ain't that pretty? I bet that's the little lady from Duluth singing for the sailing party."

"Swell!"
"Listen!"
Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea;
Blow, blow, breezer blow,
Wind of the western sea.

"Come on, let's join in, Miss Fink."
"I don't know that."
"Gee, I was raised on that lullaby."
"I know a swell lullaby song. It's a swell trot, too."

When they play that rag-time lullaby—
Lull-a-by-y-y—
Lull-a-by-y-y.

"Say, I could die trotting that."
"La, still, there, sister."
"Ain't you tired paddling, Mr. Prokes?"

"Tired! I've paddled twelve hours straight up the Miami, and not in such good company neither. At the last convention at Bear Lake I paddled for the Kansas City lodge cup, and won it!"

"You're sure some big frog in these paddles out here!"
He swung lightly about for the homeward cut. Through the mist of late evening the string of village lights was without luster, like a giant lady's necklace seen through the blur of her giant tears.

"I—I ain't much of a lady's man, Miss Fink—it's just like Gilly told you; but, gee, this has been great, paddling you out here in the moonlight."

"Say, I bet you're the champion lady-killer of Miami."
"I ain't called on a girl in six years, that's how much of a lady-killer I am."

"That's what they all say."
"You can ask anybody in our town. I ain't called on a girl in six years or kept steady with a young lady since I used to sneak the horse out and take Lizzie Watts buggy riding when I was seventeen and ought to have known better."

"You with New York twice a year, cuffs on your trousers and your name at the top of the Red Trunk stationery—say!"

"You got me wrong, sister."
"I can just see the girls in your town begin to walk down High street for their afternoon soda before you got the wax ladies in your show window and \$16.50 serviceable suits uncovered for the day."

"That's where you got me wrong again, little one. I'm a funny sort of fellow, I am. After the old folks went I just lived along in the place with black Mary same as ever."

"Honest?"
"Sure enough—helpin' all the skirts I went to school with fix it up with the other fellow and stickin' pretty close to the store myself. Lordy, sister, I got more god-children than Solomon had wives."

"Look over there, will you, Mr. Prokes? We're almost back again. Say, wasn't that quick work?"

"I'll show you some real paddling the next time I bring you out here."
Land swam out to meet them. Houses and church steeples and the hotel resumed their shapes, and in their nostrils the sudden and pungent smell of pine needles.

"This was sure some ride, Mr. Prokes. I kinda feel like we'd just paddled out of the world and left livin' behind us. Listen to her—say, ain't she some little warbler?"

"We ain't left livin' behind, a-tall, Miss Fink—this here is the real kind of living, peace and—well, just peace."
"Gee, ain't life funny!"

"For a little lady like you it ought always to be as sweet as wistaria."
"It's a regular moving picture, ain't it?—one blooming thing after another."

"We should worry!"
"Two nights ago this time I was sittin' under a gold leaf ceiling eat-

red ink thrown in. Out in Miami we wouldn't use it for dye if we wanted to color the Miami pink."

"And look, tonight I'm out here in a canoe with a man from a town that sounds like a patent medicine, so close to the stars I could kiss 'em and floatin' through the middle of a night that's got it all over the purple and silver model I sold the day before I left. Gawd, how Maisie grudged me that sale!"

"And you're getting acquainted with a sky over your head that you never even saw before except between tall buildings, when you looked up to decide if you was going to carry an umbrella."

"Sometimes when the Welsh-rabbit ain't cooked enough or you've talked your heart and soul out the day before tryin' to sell a six-hundred-dollar import to a New-Rich, who used to sell 'em himself and knows the game—sometimes you get to floatin' off like this, too, but then you begin to fall over the edge of things and wake up."

"Oh-h! Be careful how you land, Mr. Prokes."
"Easy there—no hurry—take your time—here now, your hand—always stand in the middle of a boat—whoop-la—so!"

"Oh-h, I—"
"Nonsense—look, you stepped out as neat as a sardine from his can."

"It's been a swell ride, Mr. Prokes."
"What about tomorrow night, Miss Fink—paddlin' you is the best fun I've had at this convention."

"Tomorrow! Ain't that a shame now—Mr. Gilly's off duty at four and he's going to row me over to a little island. But say—I can be back by ten if it ain't too late for you."

"S— it ain't, I'd wait later than that to paddle a sweet little girl like you."
"Good!"

"There's going to be a swell dance a week from tomorrow night, Miss Fink—installin' the new grand master and the closin' of the convention. I ain't much on dancin' and it's a long way off, but I'd kinda like to know you're going with me."

"Sure."
"Great! This way, sister; we'll take the long road through the pines."
"Gee, ain't it black in there and quiet?"

She closed her hand over his rough coat sleeve with the primitive gesture of a child.

"You ain't scared when you're with me, are you, little sister?"
"Scared—nothin'!"

She linked her arm in his and her laughter scuttled back over the water.

(To Be Concluded.)

We care very little about the announcement that the egg market is stronger. We would greatly prefer to see firmer eggs.

Those who see and buy Harness from Rhein say, "Best value we have seen."

China is an instance of a nation being so big that it can't mobilize; and all big nations have that peril to look out for.

EXPLAINS ESSENTIALS OF CHIROPRACTIC

(Continued from Page 1)

stream for a year and during that year forty become sick with what is

diagnosed as typhoid fever. Give the why of this from the standpoint of water—or germs in the water—being the cause. Now reverse the statistics and say that of a hundred thousand who drank the water but forty remained alive. Reason and logic point to the conclusion that in both instances there is an unknown factor, and the unknown factor in the first instance is the cause of forty cases of typhoid fever and in the second instance it is the cause of forty survivors.

Living under the same environmental conditions one member has heart trouble, another bronchial, a third liver and a fourth stomach trouble, while a fifth may suffer from nervousness, a sixth from sciatica, etc. Science tells us like causes produce like results. If this be true, if this be natural law, how can one who affirms that the cause of disease lies in the environment reconcile the facts to that theory? It is not a self-evident proposition that there is some other factor which is not environmental, that accounts for these different results?

Chiropactic teaches that this unknown factor is found within, and that the resistance or susceptibility of the individual must be measured in terms of centrifugal force, i. e. vitality or mental impulse.

What Chiropactic Teaches

Chiropactic teaches that when a vertebra is subluxated and presses upon a nerve, thereby shutting off the supply of centrifugal force (mental impulse) to an organ, cell or tissue, that organ, cell or tissue becomes susceptible to the centripetal force environment, and disease results.

Just as a chain is as strong as its weakest link, so is the human body as strong as its weakest organ, and just as you would strengthen the chain at its weakest link so that it would be able to stand the strain of the work it has to do, so chiropactors are concerned with strengthening of the organ or parts of the body by adjusting the misaligned vertebrae so that the normal flow of mental impulse will enable the body to resist the stress of environment conditions.

While other professions are concerned with changing the environments to suit the weakened body, chiropactic is concerned with strengthening the body to "suit" the environment.

This is at once an explanation of the fundamental difference in theory, art and practice between chiropactic and other professions and an explanation of why chiropactic succeeds where all other methods fail.

Animate and Inanimate Life

Nature has been divided by the students into the animate and the inanimate. While the same chemical elements are found in both, it is generally recognized that the rocks and metals are the products of the working of outside forces on a material that does not react to stimuli because it lacks a principle we call life, while animate nature reacts to stimuli because it has the life principle and is the product of the working of outside force plus the adaptation of inside force.

The presence, or absence, of this life principle is the cause of dividing nature into the animate and inanimate, yet for thousands of years those who ministered to the sick have concerned themselves entirely with the outside force we call environment and disregarded the inside force, which chiropactors call innate intelligence.

Everybody knows that if the body is injured, i. e., cut or burned, that the inside force will mend that cut or burn and that no human being can aid or hurry the process.

We all know that the inside force

converts food into living flesh through a process of digestion, absorption, circulation and assimilation and that no outside agency has even the power to explain, let alone duplicate the process.

We know that the temperature of the body is maintained at normal regardless of the frequency with which the temperature of the air is changed, but when a person is sick and this process of adaptation does not occur, we have been educated, quite illogically, to look for the cause of the lack of function outside of the body; and yet we knew the fundamental and only difference, for example between the cold ice and the warm skater must be stated and explained in terms of life, of an inside power that intelligently adapts the living organism to the change of temperature.

Again we know that an arm, a brain, or a soul grows stronger with use, yet an automobile, a plow or a wagon grows weaker; in other words that which develops the living organism to a high state of efficiency wears out, or destroys, the efficiency of inanimate mechanism. Here again the reaction of the normal living organism to the stimuli of environment must be explained in the terms of the centrifugal or life force from within.

Another illustration we might use is the hand that works the hoe. The hand is calloused by a process of adaptation, the hoe handle wears smooth. The hand is adapted to the work by an innate power, while the hoe handle

wears away by the friction of the hand.

So we may go through all animate nature and explain the wonders of the vegetable and animal kingdoms by the law of adaptation, and if we do we come to a clearer and better understanding of the fundamental difference between chiropactic and all other physical methods of ministering to the sick.

A Fundamental Difference

It is the recognition of these fundamental facts that distinguishes the chiropactor from the back puncher—the straight from the mixers; for mixing of any kind is but the use of outside or centripetal force in the hope that the innate intelligence will respond by an expenditure of energy to external stimuli, in some way beneficial to the patient.

We chiropactors work with the subtle substance of the soul. We release the prisoned impulse, the tiny rivulet of force, that emanates from the mind and flows over the nerves

to the cells and stirs them into life. We deal with the magic power that transforms common food into living, loving, thinking clay; that robes the earth with beauty, and hues and scents the flowers with the glory of the air.

In the dim, dark, distant long ago, when sun first bowed to the morning star, this power spoke and there was life; it quickened the slime of the sea and the dust of the earth and drove the cell to union with its fellows in countless living forms. Through aeons of time it finned the fish and winged the birds and fanged the beast. Endlessly it worked, evolving its forms until it produced the crowning glory of them all. With tireless energy it blows the bubble of each individual life and then silently, relentlessly dissolves the form, and absorbs the spirit into itself again.

And yet you ask "can chiropactic cure appendicitis or the "flu"? Have you more faith in the knife or the spoonful of medicine than in the power that animates the living world?"

Alabastine

ALLIANCE DRUG CO. 214 Box Butte

THE WATER COLOR FOR WALLS—YOU CAN FIND ANY COLOR HERE

Announcing Our New "Economy" Harness

This is a plain leather farm harness that is well constructed throughout and offered at a low price. Made in our own factory. It contains the essentials of good quality and high grade workmanship.

Bridles—7-8 inch. Lines—1 inch, 20 feet long with snaps. Hames—wood bolt.

Breast Straps—1½ inch single leather with slide and snaps.

Traces—1½ inch leather double and stitched, 5 link heel chain.

Japan (black) trimmed all complete with tie straps—see display in our south window

Pads—4-inch wide harness leather, felt lined Japan side bridges, 1¼ reversed skirts.

\$45

Back and Hips—1-inch single strap back strap and through to Hame.

Newberry's Hardware Co.

ANNOUNCEMENT

We have closed up the Eighth Street Market and we have moved our stock of GROCERIES AND MEATS to John Leavitt's Meat Market located back of Reuler's store on East Fourth Street.

OPENING SALE

We are now open for business in our new store with a complete line of meats. We have received a large supply of all kind of meats for our opening sale. We will sell only the choicest grades of meats.

PRICES THE LOWEST CONSIDERING QUALITY.

Phone 111—Free Delivery

Send Us Your Mail Order

anywhere in town promptly and carefully. If you can't come to the store call "One-One-One", and you will receive prompt service. Only the best will be delivered to you.

and save money. You will be surprised at the amount that you can save by trading here. Only the best and freshest is shipped to you.

John Leavitt Meat Market

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Phone 111

Free Delivery

THE BEST AND CLEANEST MEAT MARKET IN TOWN

Get Ready for Spring

Are you equipped to farm efficiently this season? It's a good plan to "Get Ready Now". If you are in need of—

FARM MACHINERY

call and see us. Get our prices first because our buying and selling organization insures the lowest market price at all times. We handle—

JOHN DEERE AND AVERY PLOWS AND DISC HARROWS.

See us when you have hogs to sell. We have topped the market on our last four cars of light hogs. Phone us for particulars. We will be glad to handle any quantity for you.

Complete Line of Tractor Oils for Your Spring Work

We handle Polarine, Mutual and Pennsylvania Oils.

The Farmers' Union appreciates the loyal and generous business support given it in past seasons, and hopes every patron is well satisfied. If not, we want the chance to make it right. Call and see us.

Farmers' Union

R. J. TRABERT, Mgr. Telephone 501



"Two Nights Ago This Time I Was Sittin' Under a Gold Leaf Ceiling Eating Italian Spaghetti and Listening to a Hungarian Band Play the 'Broadway Glide.'"

ing Italian spaghetti and listening to a Hungarian band play the "Broadway Glide."
"I know the kind—seventy-five cents table d'hoty—with a wine bottle of