

## Chronic Gastritis

Health Talk No. 25 by Drs. States.



shoulder blades.

When from bad habits of sitting stooped, or from any accidental jar or injury, the joints of the backbone at this point become out of alignment there is pressure upon the stomach nerve, and the suffering depending upon the degree of pressure, is destined to many pains and much indigestion with other consequent ails and ills.

NO CHARGE—There is no charge for consultation and it places you under no obligation.

**Drs. States & States,**

The P. S. C. Chiropractors.  
Building and Loan Building  
North Platte — — — Nebraska.

**CHIROPRACTIC CORRECTS**  
DISEASES OF THE FOLLOWING

HEAD  
EYES  
EARS  
NOSE  
THROAT  
ARMS  
HEART  
LUNGS  
LIVER  
STOMACH  
PANCREAS  
SPLEEN  
KIDNEYS  
BOWELS  
APPENDIX  
BLADDER  
LOWER LIMBS

LOWER PINCHED NERVES, IMPOSSIBLE TO FURNISH PROPER IMPULSES (LIFE AND HEALTH) TO THEIR ORGANS AND TISSUES

## Two Lonely Souls

By ALDEN CHAPMAN

(Copyright, 1919, by the Western Newspaper Union.)

A lovely pink rose described a circle in the air over the fence surrounding the grounds of a large rambling old-fashioned house and landed directly against the breast of Bruno Paxton. He clutched it as it was headed for the ground, glanced up and met the flashing eyes and smiling face of a lady half concealed by the shrubbery. Then the latter darted away, pursued by a little girl who, her apron full of flowers, pelted her out of view with the fragrant flowers.

Somehow the mind of Bruno was set in a turmoil. Had the lady in the floral battle aimed at her child opponent, or at himself? At all events, the episode set his mind in a whirl. He had reached thirty the same impulsive idealist that he had been at twenty. He treasured the rose and dreamed dreams. He passed the same place slowly the next day. Half obscured by some lilacs was a feminine form. Bruno slightly raised his hat. Unmistakably in response there was the flutter of a handkerchief. He was noticed. It must be the lady of the

rose battle! A vast ferment of sentiment and romanticism took place in his soul. The next morning it was raining, but from an upper window in the house, a white hand moved as if in notice or greeting.

Passing down the street the next day with his close friend, Dale Armstrong, Bruno clutched his arm feverishly and indicating a lady crossing from the house now his center of attraction to an automobile, and whose face was that of the lady of the roses, he uttered tumultuously:

"Armstrong, you know everybody in town. Who is that girl?"

"Girl?" repeated Dale. She is a married woman—Mrs. Walter Martin. Husband and child. What's your interest?"

"Nothing," he faltered in a sort of a collapsing groan. "Love blasted! My ideal vanished! Only a flirt!" he told himself in a suppressed undertone. It was the rude blighting of a possible romance in its budding that so crushed Bruno. He had woven a fairy fabric of ideality and it was humiliating, depressing, disappointing to have it thus sent asunder. Armstrong, coming into his office the next day, found him seated, morose and hollow-eyed at the window, staring out blankly at nothingness.

"What's the trouble, Bruno?" he hailed in his cheery off-hand way.

"Oh, tired of life and its false promises," returned the other dismally. "I don't seem to reach any goal in my experiences. Tell you, I'm almost suf-

fering in my present mood."

"That so?" rallied Armstrong blandly. "Well, over in my office I've got a real glittering seltzer, a true and honest, deadly revolver and a bottle of 'sure thing' cyanide. Want to make a choice?"

"Thank you, no," answered Bruno sourly, nettled at the badinage, good natured as it was. "If I ever step off abruptly the water route is the surest and cheapest."

There seemed to be a satisfaction in nursing his dark ideas. Bruno did not cheat himself by trying to believe that he had been incurably captivated by the lady of the roses. The verge of romance land had attracted him, but he had only glimpsed its confines when fate had abruptly transformed it into a desolate desert.

"Oh, for one true sympathetic soul!" he pondered as dejectedly he made his way homeward.

It was warm and he took off his coat. He was restless and irritated and began pacing up and down. He got directly up to the edge of the embankment overlooking the stream.

"Ah, placid waters, not so cruel as a harsh, disappointing world," he uttered melodramatically.

"No—no—surely you are not thinking of—of—"

Bruno started. A slender, winsome woman had seized his arm. He did not know that it was she who had thrown the lilac spray in his path and had followed him. She was fair of face and graceful of form, although as far up in the twenties as himself, but there was a gentle sympathy in her eyes that somehow won him.

"If you mean I was going to jump in," he said, "no; I'd ought to though."

"Think of your friends!"

"I have none. Nobody cares for me."

"And you never noticed the lilac spray!" reproachfully censured this sentimental spinster—"after bowing to me in the garden and responding with a smile to my waving from the window!"

"Oh, it was you!" exclaimed Bruno. "I haven't confided in my sister, Mrs. Martin," continued Miss Bella Weston, "but it has been very pleasant to think I was making a manly, sympathetic acquaintance."

She hung her head now, Bruno took another look at her, understanding his error as to the roses. He pitied her embarrassment. He appreciated her interest in himself.

"We seem to be two lonely ones," he said. "We come together in a queer way, don't we? Well, maybe it is fate."

"You wouldn't ever think again of that hoarse river, and all that, would you?" pleaded Bella.

"Not as long as you care about it," responded Bruno tenderly.

### Mutual Difficulty.

Mrs. Stuart Menzies, in Sportsman Parsons, tells an amusing story of a cleric, famed alike as a hard rider to hounds and a profound scholar, who was one day performing a christening ceremony.

Owing to the mother's faulty pronunciation of the aspirate he could not make out, writes Mrs. Menzies, whether the child's name was to be Anna or Hannah, so, stooping, he asked her quietly, "How do you spell it?"

To this the mother, in an embarrassed and confidential whisper, replied: "Well, I ain't no scholard, neither, sir."

She was evidently, adds Mrs. Menzies, surprised at his "ignorance." Fancy his having to ask her how to spell!

*A Nazimova Production*

*She Hoped—She Slaved—She Danced To Win His Love— Still he did not seem to care. Yet she won him away from his fiancée*

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## SUN THEATRE

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Afternoon Matinee starting at 2:30 P. M.

### HOW POTTERY IS FASHIONED

Skill of the Maker Produces Earthenware Utensils That Are Beautiful to the Eye.

From the earliest times rude vessels of burnt clay were used to hold foods and though the potter's wheel and effective methods of glazing earthenware have produced china beautiful beyond description, the common clay crock and bowl are still precious possessions in the collection of our every day utensils.

The greatest maker of earthenware in England was Josiah Wedgwood who made "the Potteries," a strip of clay barrens, six by eight miles long, produce wares famous throughout the civilized world. The quality of the clay used decides the kind of pottery, stone china, or fine china that will be produced. The red crockery, of which crocks, pans, casseroles, marmites and such work-a-day dishes are made, is common brick clay. It is often glazed with litharge of lead ground with the clay. This glaze is almost transparent and the rich colors of the clay show through handsomely. The lead, however, has been found to cause intestinal poisoning when acid foods have been kept in these convenient containers so that salt glazed ware is more in demand. In some countries lead-glazed vessels may not be sold for household use. The salt glaze is produced by throwing coarse salt into the kiln during firing.

### LONG-LOST BELL TOLLS AGAIN

Restored After Mysterious Disappearance of More Than a Quarter of a Century.

Exactly a quarter of a century, to the day, after the old bell that rang in the church on Cheniere Caminada went down in the awful storm that wrecked the settlement, it rang again on Grand Isle last October as the party that came to dedicate the new church on the island stepped ashore from the boat, says the New Orleans Picayune.

This bell has an interesting history. Father D'Espinosa brought to the beach the costly plate of his family. But on Caminada beach there was little use for costly silver, so it was sold and the proceeds used to purchase a bell for the church.

After the storm the bell lay neglected in the barren sand. Archbishop Chapelle ordered the bell returned to the Caminada people.

Then came a mysterious event. One morning the bell disappeared and for all these years its location was unknown, except perhaps to those who had secreted it.

The tones of the bell now float over the same waters and lands—lands and waters famous in the history of Pirate LaFitte.

### Arab Prophecy Fulfilled.

There is an Arab legend which I heard often out in the East, that not until the Nile flowed into Palestine would the Turk be driven from Jerusalem—a picturesque way of intimating that the Turk would stay there forever (as in Virgil's First Eclogue a like prophecy was made, two thousand years ago, of the impossibility of the Germans reaching the Tigris).

But the Nile now flows into Palestine, not metaphorically, but literally. I have seen the plant at Kantara, where (under the direction of a Canadian engineer) the sweet water of the Nile is filtered and started on its journey through a 12-inch pipe across the desert toward Gaza. The mound of sand that protects it is visible a few yards from the railroad all the way from the Suez to the edge of Palestine. And the Turk has been driven from Jerusalem by the same forces that caused the water of the Nile to flow into Palestine.—John H. Finley in Scribner's Magazine.

### Not Sufficiently Cooked.

A hunter, more bonstful than successful, once joined a bear-hunting expedition. During the hunt, as this man was resting by the side of a rock and talking with another hunter, he remarked:

"If there's anything I dote on, it's bear. A slice of bear steak nicely done is perfect!"

"Well," said his companion, looking up, "I'm hanged if there isn't a bear now!"

The man who "doted on bear" looked up, saw an immense grizzly standing on the top of the rock, gave a yell and leaped into the woods and disappeared. His companion soon overtook him, and said to the fugitive as he came up:

"I thought you liked bear?"

"Well, I do," said the runaway; "but that one ain't done enough!"

### Whalers in the Sky.

The shooting of a whale with a machine gun from his airplane by an American aviator off the Pacific coast, near San Diego, Cal., a few days ago, opens up a new field of possibility in the whaling industry. It suggests whaling ships of the future cruising forth with an equipment of airplanes and a complement of aviators and skilled gunners to scout for and bag these monsters of the deep. If it seems fantastic, one has only to remember that other industries have been more startlingly revolutionized in the last 40 or 50 years by the invention of new appliances or the discovery of new processes.

### Social Candor.

"My husband considered a very long time before he proposed to me. He was very careful."

"Ah, it's always those careful people who get taken in."

### HIGH HONORS PAID JUDGES

Imposing Ceremonies That Used to Mark Their Coming to the Various County Assizes.

The stately ceremonies which have attended the coming of an English judge to the county assizes, three times in each year, may be accounted for by the fact that the judge, on these occasions, represented the king, and for the time being was accorded courtesies not very different from those which would be offered the king himself.

In the quaint old city of Chester, which all traveling Americans know better, perhaps, than any city of England outside of London, it was the custom, before railroads were known, for the high sheriff of the county to meet the incoming judge with a body of men, armed with javelins, at the border of the county which he was leaving, in order to conduct him in safety to the place in which he was to reside during the term of the Cheshire court. This came to be a very imposing ceremony. On one occasion, 60 years ago, the office of high sheriff was filled by a baronet, who awaited the judge at the county borders with 18 javelin men, 40 servants, 100 tenants, his entire family (filling stately carriages), trumpeters in two detachments, two prominent editors in their carriages, and several of the county gentry.—Helen Marshall Pratt in St. Nicholas.

### MUST TAKE TIME TO THINK

Scientist Explains Why Men Who Do Great Things Have to Have Abundant Leisure.

It was said by Helmholtz, on his seventieth birthday, according to Dr. Graham Lusk, in an address printed in Science, that a great idea had never come to him when he was at his desk, nor when he was tired, nor after taking a glass of wine, but usually when he was walking in the garden musing of other things. Dr. Lusk goes on:

"The scientist must have leisure to think over the problems which offer and he must have a certain discrimination in order to distinguish between the things which are worth doing and those which are not. To do this requires a certain delay in action in order that plans may be matured. The individual who can not be happy unless he is at work at full power all the time is much less likely to accomplish successful scientific work than he who will not commence a research until he has satisfied himself that it is worth doing. It is not to be denied that this essential qualification of scientific life is frequently regarded with scorn by the busy practitioner of medicine, who gives himself no time either for thought or study."—Scientific American.

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