

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Full and Running Over

For sixteen years, a corps of metallurgists have been studying and constantly perfecting the steel that goes into every part of the Ford car and the Ford One Ton Truck. Each separate part has been studied to learn the type of steel best fitted for it. Parts receiving surface-wear are made of hard, flint-like metal; parts subjected to great vibration or resilience are made of softer, springy steel. Every part is made according to its use—that is, every Genuine Ford part is.

But there are also counterfeit "Ford" parts. These imitations are made by concerns in no way connected with the Ford Motor Company and retailed as side-lines by mail-order houses, down-town stores, and many garages. The unsuspecting customer accepts them because they are called "Ford" parts. To make sure of getting the genuine, Ford-made parts, buy them only from Authorized Ford Dealers. Likewise bring or take your Ford car to our garage for repairs, replacements, and general "tuning up."

We are authorized Ford Dealers. We can supply you with all Ford parts for either passenger car or truck. And our shop is equipped to give real Ford service in all repair work.

Ford Touring \$600.
Ford Roadster \$575.
Ford Sedan \$875.
Ford Coupelet \$750.
Ford Truck \$590.
All with starter, F. O. B. Detroit.

HEND-OGIER AUTO CO.

Insist on Genuine Ford Parts

BABS.

By JACK LAWTON.

(Copyright, 1919, Western Newspaper Union)

John Pendleton paused at the sight of a small figure in the nook which he had selected for his "fishing" corner. Former success in the waters beneath this tree had caused him to hasten his steps in anticipation. But here was the girl before him. John frowned, then at her startled glance he smiled. She too, was evidently aware of the lucky fishing spot, and disturbed by the appearance of an interloper.

As she sat out on a low branch of a tree, she was almost in line with his head. Silently, he regarded her puckered earnest brows, her little sunburned nose. An odd creature this, a cross, he told himself, between Mrs. Wiggs, and Sis Hopkins. The Sis Hopkins resemblance occurred to him when the girl smiled. The smile was an apology for her own intrusion, and a good-natured hint that she intended to remain there.

Surprisingly, to himself, the odd personality drew and piqued his interest. When the girl later slipped away with a shy farewell nod, he tried ineffectually to think of some ruse to detain her. But the next morning, the sun glinting down on her brown little face and faded gingham dress, he came upon her in the same spot. She was not fishing this time, but reading a book, to which she returned after a stiff bow of greeting.

An unusual desire possessed him to converse with this quaint contradiction of a girl—Pendleton in self-defense avoided the charming feminine. Surely this knobby haired young person was not a designing charmer to be fought against.

"Beautiful morning," he began.

It was some time before John's entertaining efforts succeeded in winning from the blue eyes another direct glance, but he felt himself rewarded. And so inscrutable are the ways of Cupid, that John Pendleton, sought after, and heretofore impregnable male, fell into the deepest depths of love in that one wistful gaze.

Every morning thereafter found him at the girl's side in the fishing nook beneath the tree.

"Babs," was her name she told him, and she was stopping at the white house down the road. She had heard of the books John wrote and the big car that he drove into town, and she was very glad to know him. More than that, he could not coax from her.

Plain and humble as her appearance, there was a dignity almost hostile about the small creature, which perplexed and discouraged her eager lover. Babs was so difficult to understand; each day her mystery grew.

"Why do you knot your hair so tightly?" he asked her. "One can scarcely find the shade of it brown."

"What difference," she retorted pointedly, "does that make to you?" John Pendleton held his breath.

"I love you Babs," he said at last tensely.

Babs laughed, showed again her white teeth.

"Love me?" she mocked, "with my funny red nose, and my old cotton dress and my shoes—have you noticed my shabby shoes?"

Off guard her wonder eyes searched his.

"Have you noticed all my plainness, Mr. John Pendleton, and still do you think that you love me?"

"Think!" cried John. Fiercely he caught the little figure in his arms.

"I know that I love you—forever," he said.

When she had hastily freed herself, the perplexing girl regarded him with eyes that were widely astonished.

"I don't understand it," she murmured, helplessly. "You are sure,

quite sure," she insisted, "you would love me always—just like this?"

Mutely, adoringly, John nodded.

"Then I will tell you something," Babs said. She put forth a placating hand.

"I have been experimenting, John Pendleton, experimenting—in love. At home before I came here, and everywhere that I went, men made love to me. They praised my hair which is wavy, my skin which is fair and the pretty frocks I love to wear. I despised it all. When I came here, I had to learn whether there might be any admirable quality about my real self, which would hold man's love if the superficial things failed. Beauty does not always last, you know, neither can one always be charming. So I decided to experiment upon you. Your conquest would be my assurance of lasting love. It was rather hard to sunburn my nose," Babs added, "but it helped in the general effect."

Angrily John Pendleton sprang to his feet.

"I hope," he said, "that you are satisfied with the success of your experiment. Being able to hold my love, as you supposed under difficult conditions, rest assured that you will be able also to hold this man's love that you covet. I wish you—happiness."

"What's the use of wishing for me the happiness which only you can give, John?" Babs said.

"You mean," he began unbelievingly.

"I mean," Babs replied, "that you are the man I love. The experiment was general."

It was sometime afterward that John Pendleton said: "I don't think that I want you any different Babs."

"You will," that person said serenely, "you'll be pleased to introduce the real Barbara Dean to your friends."

PLACES BLAME ON MERCHANT

According to English Visitor, He Is Responsible for Extreme Styles Adopted by Women.

The more important question underneath the clothes question is what sort of appeal the new "audacious" styles are intended to make, or do make, says the Boston Transcript. Mrs. Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale's entertaining talk on this question starts off by saying frankly: "I do not believe that dress is based on a sex appeal." She thinks it is rather the reflection of a class appeal—the attempt to display wealth.

After democracy had done away with man's lace cuffs, frills, wigs, velvet cloaks and such ostentatious luxuries, it became hard form for a man to show his class by his clothes, and so he advertises his prosperity by dressing up his wife.

"The modern American wife," says Mrs. Hale, "is nothing short of a shop window for her husband; she shows off his success. I speak of the average human critter, of course, not of the intellectual man. The cause of the inherent snobbishness of overdress comes from among the thoughts of the old society system of Europe. Our education in dress here in America has come from the merchant who has goods to sell; we don't know where we are today, trying to wear all the styles these merchants are willing to sell us. We do not wear flimsy materials because we are trying to make a sex appeal, but because it is to the interest of the merchant to sell us something perishable."

What terrible creatures these women are who think and know how to speak! The mistake was in letting them learn the alphabet

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wishes that looked oh, so tempting, would grace a yellow plate. Or, "How would we like a tomato bouillon on a cold, blowy day like this?" And a package of N. B. C. Zwieback would be forthcoming from the window cupboard, and the tomato bouillon was made hot over the alcohol lamp.

"Happy birthday this morn'g," said Mrs. Hale, please, of Snapcoons, while she poured a bottle of grape juice—some general merry-making, and a general merry-making. The little circles of friends grew closer, day by day, chatting in the sunny bay window, sipping tea or coffee and nibbling National Biscuit Delicacies.

It radiated "home" in a measure all out of proportion to its size. The daughter of the house had chosen it as her own little apartment because of its sunny bay window.

"Thanks to the National Biscuit Company and the other people who make good things," said Mrs. Hale, "I live well with my little flat."

The package bespeaks favor for the contents—the contents bespeak favor for all time. What wonder that this perfect soda cracker has entrenched itself as a staple diet in all climes and with all sorts and conditions of society? You should eat them always and often!

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

"Chicken" the hostess announced. Then out would come a box of Nivea Biscuits and a jar of potted chicken. Nimble fingers would set to work and in a twinkling little piles of chicken sand-

COLUMBUS

By LIZZIE M. PEABODY.

(Copyright, 1919, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

As Columbus stood in the unweeded yard, which was filled with rubbish of all sorts that fine autumn morning, his pale blue eyes wore a dreamy look and his thin little face was turned toward the next yard, which was very neatly kept. Isabella was running down the steps, and Isabella, with her softly glowing dark eyes, her pink cheeks, her shining brown hair, combed smoothly, and her long, thick braids tied with a bright ribbon, to say nothing of the pretty plaid gingham dress she wore, embodied his idea of all that was lovely. "Tis my birthday," the boy called out.

"What did you get for presents?" she asked, with eager eyes fixed upon him.

"Oh! I didn't get anything. Dad says I'm getting too old to expect birthday presents. I'm twelve today, you know, and besides he hasn't had much work lately."

"For all his bravery he spoke a bit wistfully, and Isabella suddenly ran away from him, calling breathlessly over her shoulder: "Watch me!" which was needless, as Columbus always watched her when she was near. She disappeared into a tiny hen coop and when she reappeared her eyes danced with delight. "Mother said I might have the egg," she said, "but you shall have it for your birthday present," and thrusting it into his hand she ran hastily into the house. With a pleased smile the boy walked across the yard to the opposite fence, where a kindly neighbor stood.

"A birthday present," he said, and held it up for her to see. With an answering smile she replied: "And I've just broken one which I was to put with a setting of eggs. Wouldn't you like to have me put it with the setting and let Whitey hatch it out for you? Your chicken will be brown, but the others will be white," she added. He hesitated only a second. An egg was very nice to eat, of course, but think of the joy of having a downy chicken for his very own—one he could hold and which would pick from his hand!

"I don't mind," was his diffidently spoken answer, but his neighbor read the truth in his sparkling eyes, and placed the egg with the setting.

In due time Whitey paraded proudly with her family and his neighbor agreed to keep Brownie for a while, and Columbus carried to her all the scanty table leavings; also all his spare change for the benefit of Brownie until she began laying eggs.

Then his father began taking an interest in the affair; and built a tiny coop from a packing box. Later, he bought two more hens, and the next spring, having a pronounced case of hen fever, he moved into the country where he had leased a small farm.

That was the beginning of prosperity for the family, and a few years later they were the proud owners of the farm.

All this time Columbus had been so occupied with his work that he had had no time to think of love; but when his twenty-first birthday came and he started out on his usual route with butter, eggs and poultry for sale, he met with an adventure. He was standing looking after an unusually fussy customer when a thin, pale, shabbily dressed girl came hastily from a side street. "I'd like a half dozen fresh eggs," she said. "Mother is ill, and should have the best."

Her eyes were wistful as she asked the price of the smallest fowl in sight, and the sharp eyes of Columbus had noted her sudden shrinking from him as he mentioned it, and that she held more closely her small pocketbook.

"I'll not take the fowl today," she said, and turned to go; and Columbus was really surprised to hear his own voice saying: "Wait, please!" The color in his cheeks deepened as he said: "Tis my birthday, and I've so many things to be grateful for! I've always thought that when things are that way a fellow ought to be looking around for some one to give presents to, instead of expecting them."

It was not like him to talk in this way to a stranger, but somehow he couldn't bear to have her go. If she went now he felt that he should never see her again, and so he went on talking.

"A few years ago a pretty little girl gave me my only birthday present which was an egg; and that egg changed the course of the lives of our whole family. Much for the better, too. Would you help me to pay a little of the debt which I owe to her by accepting for your mother a present of the eggs and fowl?"

The girl had been gazing at him intently, and as his pale blue eyes looked eagerly into hers, for an answer, memory whisked them both back to a lovely autumn morning wonderfully like this, when two children talked to each other over an old broken-down fence.

"Columbus!" "Isabella!" they cried out in wonder, and Columbus, still holding her hand and gazing into her eyes, discovered that for him, her face held even a greater charm than it had held in days of old.

Also he suddenly knew why he had never loved. It was simply that no one else had been so well worth loving as Isabella.

And so they were married; and the story their children love best to hear, and the story their mother loves best to tell, is the story of "Columbus and the egg."

LIVER TROUBLE

Health Talk No. 29 by Drs. States.

The commonest truth of life is that the organs or cells of the body do not need stimulation, but will always act freely in the direction of health, when they receive their full amount of functioning from the nerve lines.



The error in the common or accepted treatment, whether self-administered or by professional advice, has been the use of calomel or some drug containing calomel. Calomel has a tendency to destroy nerve cells and weaken the bones. The treatment does not remove the cause.

The cause of liver weakness or disease, is interference with its supply of nerve power. This interference can come but at one place and that is where the liver nerves leave the backbone to enter the liver. The only way to remove such interference (pressure or pinching of the nerve) is by the chiropractic (meaning done by hand) spinal adjustment.

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

Drs. States & States,
The P. S. C. Chiropractors.
Building and Loan Building
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CHIROPRACTIC CORRECTS

DISEASES OF THE FOLLOWING:

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

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One dose immunizes the calf for life. Extra strong 7 dose syringes, needles, etc., for sale. All orders promptly filled with fresh vaccine.

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Possible Cause of Fever.

The Medical Journal asks if "all fever, or at least a large proportion of it, may not be due to some change in the fluids of the body which prevents water from being available as perspiration which by its evaporation serves to keep the body cool."

It may be that the practice of making a fever patient perspire freely has another purpose than the washing out of impurities from the blood, this being an actual cooling by evaporation. "An abundance of water has been found beneficial in fevers, and there are many clinicians who are decidedly of the opinion that cold-water baths have much more than merely a direct and mechanical refrigerating purpose, for they are followed by rather free diuresis and often also by perspiration. Indeed, one of the great indications for bath in fever is that the skin is dry and hot, for it is under these circumstances that the bath will do much good."

Birds' Speed Deceptive.

An interesting check on some of those gunners who know their bird was flying 100 miles an hour because they had to lead him seven feet would be to paint a duck on a long board at the end of an express train running at, say 60 miles an hour, and let the gunner blaze away at the painted duck at normal duck-shooting ranges to check up the speed of the painted bird, with the "lead" necessary to give the charge to hit the wild duck alleged to have gone 100 miles per. Neither train nor long-winged honker gives a fair idea of the actual speed, because they are both large; the little bird often deceives.

Optimist.

Growler—Yes, in the end, we all get six feet of earth.
Cheerup—What would you do if they discovered oil on your plot before you died?

Hammered In.

"The school of experience is a hard one."
"Thorough, though, very thorough. What you learn there, you know."
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A diamond from Dixon's this Xmas.

Montaigne's mad idea of "Tanks."

While the court of inquiry is so busily engaged in weighing the various claims to original authorship of tanks, and while discussion on the subject is going on in sundry capitals, a French writer, brushing aside Wells and his "Anticipations," points to one of the fathers of literature, Michel de Montaigne, as the man to whom medals and kudos are really due. There is a prognostication in one of the Essays of the entry of combatants into battle inclosed in bastions "just like those which the ancients caused their elephants to carry." There is the germ of the tank invention right enough, but that it should have taken so long to germinate may not inconceivably be regarded as invalidating Montaigne's claims to the Croix de Guerre.

Needed Coaching.

Volumes have been written about the poor English of high school pupils, but an eighth grade teacher believes that another chapter should be added to one of the volumes. When she began to plan for a basketball team at her building she asked the high school principal to send her a high school athlete for coach. The principal promised.

A few days later the new coach made his first visit to her building. They talked over plans for the winter's athletics, and then he made ready to leave. "I guess there's nothing more to tell you except to have your candelers for the team all lined up by next Wednesday night," he said.—Indianapolis News.

DR. L. J. KRAUSE, DENTIST

McDonald Bank Bldg.

Phone 97.

Dolls or Toys

We don't have all the Dolls and Toys and Xmas goods in North Platte, but we have a fair stock and will sell them at right prices. No hold-up here on account of coal shortage. Come in and be shown.

Geo. Frater.