

# CROUP

(Health Talk No. 37 by Drs. States.)

Croup comes stealing on in the night and is the terror of mothers. The child awakens with a dry, harsh, metallic and croupy cough. Usually there is not time to call a chiropractor, as the smothering spells are too intense. Almost any heroic remedy



that gives immediate relief is warranted.

The tendency to croup is easily broken up by spinal adjusting. Usually the attacks occur three or four nights in succession, and then are not troublesome for some time, only to come back again in a fortnight. The cause is nervous congestion and pressure, centering around the spine. Spinal adjustments give immediate relief and usually prevent further attacks. The adjustment relaxes the nerves, and restores the nervous balance in the affected organs.

NO CHARGE

Consultation is without charge or obligation.

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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

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

# A DISCARDED AMBITION

By AUGUSTUS G. SHERWIN

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The most unfortunate thing that ever happened to Levi Morse was that during a two weeks' visit to the city he chanced to run across a friend who had started a detective agency. The latter discovered, or pretended to discover in him rare intuitive ability in the man hunting line. He offered Levi a half-interest in his business for \$500, made a due impression on his prospective victim with the aid of some confederates by working up a case where Levi was allowed to apparently discover some remarkable clues and make an arrest, and sent him home all fired up with the idea that he was especially born to become a famous sleuth.

His practical ruralized wife sat down on the proposed investment, hard. "They are fooling you, Levi," she declared. "You have no more predilection for the detective business than a babe. Besides, all the capital invested in our little dairy farm here is mine, and I'll not see you waste it. Drop the idea."

Which Levi did, but reluctantly. He had caught the detective fever good and strong. He never passed the town marshal but he envied his dignity and power, and when the local paper, published by an old friend, mentioned his name as a probable candidate for marshal at the next election, Levi fondly dreamed.

"You see," said the editor to Levi one day, "your wife may object to your becoming a city detective, but she shouldn't hide your ability under a bushel locally. You're bound to shine, Levi," and the latter believed it and hugged the pleasant delusion.

Levi was hanging around the printing office one day when he chanced to glance at a fresh proof of an item announcing the escape of one Dan Daly from the state penitentiary. A liberal reward was offered for his apprehension. Just beside it lay an electrolyte with a proof on top of it. Levi studied the face portrayed with interest and impressed its main characteristics on his memory. He even possessed himself of a blurred impress of the cut that had been thrown aside, and thrust it into his pocket.

"I'll keep my eyes open," he resolved as he left the print shop. "Something of a feather in my cap and a big campaign argument if I happen to run across this dangerous criminal at large."

It was the very next day that, about dusk, near his home, he fixed his glance upon a man coming down the road from the electric line station. He looked respectable enough, well dressed, and had an intellectual face, but ransacking his memory and consulting the blurred proof in his pocket, Levi could scarcely repress an exultant cry.

"It's him!" gloated the embryo marshal. "Oh, what luck! Now to nab him," and getting behind the unsuspecting wayfarer, Levi suddenly seized him by the collar and ran him through the gateway of his own yard.

"Zounds! What is this? Unhand me!" spluttered the astonished victim of Levi's rash guesswork. "I say," but Levi was not to be diverted from his stern purpose. He urged his captive over to a little brick structure used as a milk cooling room, thrust him into it, slammed the door tightly shut upon him, locked it, and started on a run for down town. There was a small grated window only at the side of the building, and at this the prisoner appeared, pale and expostulating, but it was too small for the captive to get through, so Levi felt secure as to his retention.

Levi made for the office of the marshal to impart to him the news of his remarkable catch, but the latter was not there. He began searching for him, went from place to place, and was in a vast flutter until long after dark, when he learned that the official was on a temporary visit to the next town and would return on the nine o'clock train. To put in the time he dropped into the library hall, where a lecture was in progress. At its doorway he halted and stood rooted in sheer amazement. There on the rostrum was the very man he had incarcerated in the cooling shed less than three hours previous!

It was well that his daughter Alice chanced to catch sight of her father and arose from her seat in the hall and came somewhat excitedly to him. "Oh, papa!" she whispered. "The strangest thing!—Mr. Bertram, the lecturer! Some one assaulted him on the street and locked him up in a shed on our place. I let him out and he invited mamma and I to the hall. How queerly you act!"

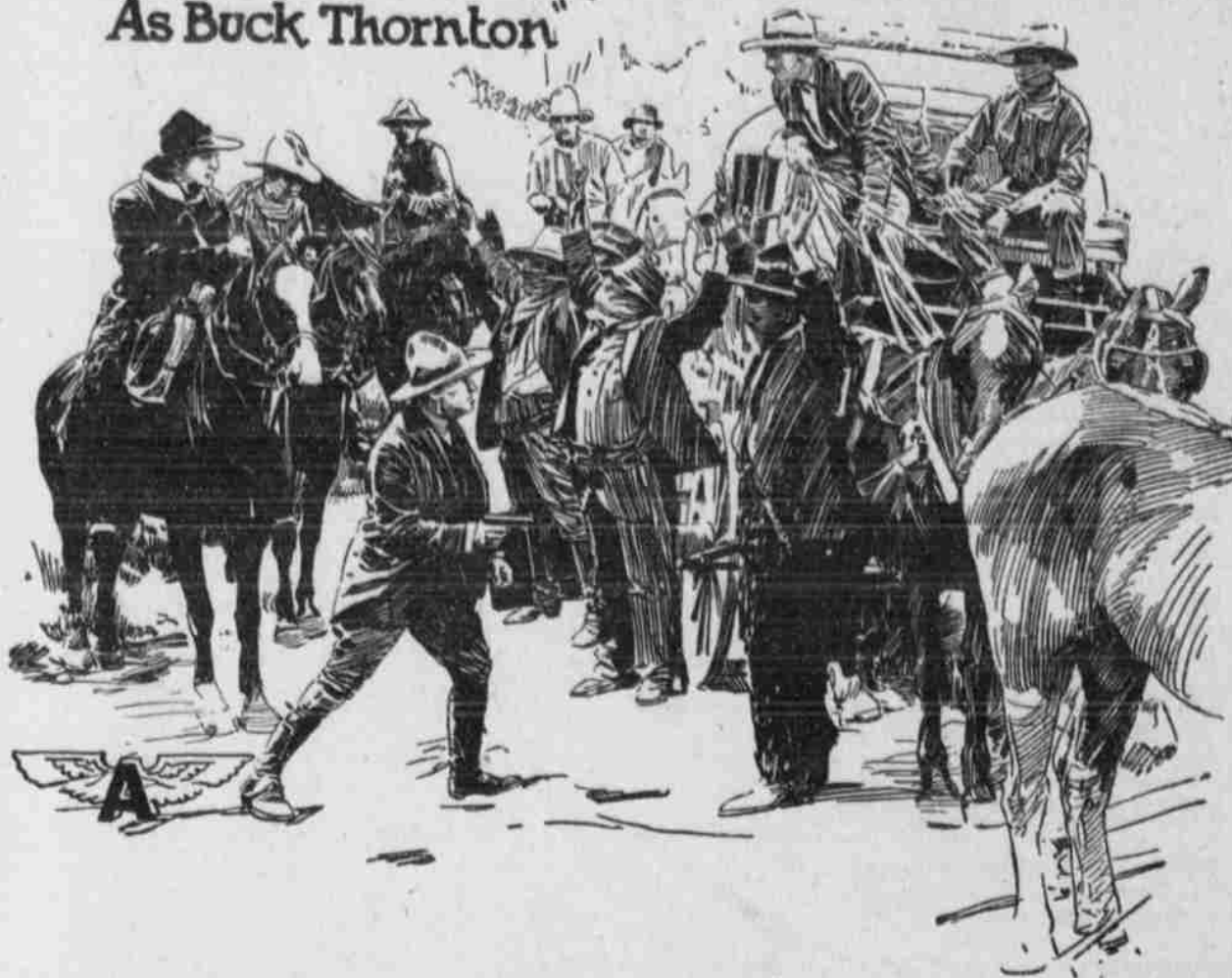
And he felt so, too! It suddenly dawned upon Levi that he had committed a most egregious error. It was natural that the picture of the young and rising lecturer should appear in the newspaper, and he had taken the cut proof haphazard for that of the escaped convict.

Delaney Bertram never knew that it was the father of Alice, with whom he proceeded to fall in love, who had treated him so rudely, for he had not seen the face of his captor. And Mrs. Morse and the public never could understand how it was that Levi abruptly abandoned all intention of running for the office of town marshal.

The little man passes a long and tiresome day.

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## VICTIM OF FATE'S HARSHNESS

Sad Story of Luther K. Linkenhooper Would Move Almost Any One to Tears.

"As I was coming to town just now," said the motorist, "I saw a peculiar sight; a thin, wild-eyed man, clad in a red-and-blue bedquilt, perched in a treetop and every now and then crying 'Honk! Honk!' to the unbridled glee of a gang of men and boys assembled below."

"That was Luther K. Linkenhooper, by the symptoms," replied the landlord of the tavern at Grudge. "He accumulated three second-hand Hootin' Nanny cars; one he traded for, one his brother-in-law wished onto him and one was left him by will. None of them were of any account, and so he set to work to take 'em all apart and make one good one out of the three. The task was too much for his mind, and after he had made about five from the ruins of the three and still had a lot of stuff left, and none of 'em would move a muscle, he began to chatter, then to yell, and finally took to his bed a-flubbering. Once in a while he escapes from his relatives and gets out and cuts some such caper as you saw. He thinks he is a Hootin' Nanny himself."

"But, great guns! Even a car of the name you mention does not wear a bedquilt and climb trees!"

"Mebby not. But it would if it was as crazy as Luther is."—Kansas City Star.

## PRIZE CAST-OFF CLOTHING

Peculiar Whim of "Fashion" in Virgin Islands Puzzling to United States Marines.

United States marines garrisoning these new possessions of Uncle Sam can't understand the fashions affected by the natives, writes a St. Thomas (Virgin Islands) correspondent. Just why a negro or Cha-Cha Indian should wear an overcoat when the thermometer stands 100 in the shade still mystifies the "sea soldiers."

Many of the marines down here have seen service in the neighboring island of Haiti, where clothes are the least consideration of the natives. But as soon as the new arrival reaches these shores he is approached by natives

begging for his cast-off clothing.

For some strange reason the native Virgin islander believes in wearing every article of clothing he can lay hands on. All American holidays are now celebrated by the natives, who spend the day parading about the streets, some of them wearing overcoats, capes, two or more pairs of trousers and a red bandana handkerchief about the neck. Also they frequently adorn themselves with the horns of cows or oxen attached to the head just in front of the ears.

## Immortal "Mermaid."

She was a "famous woman," because she was a "famous" inn that served "famous" men. That was enough for the Mermaid. She was named after an enchanting lady of the vasty deep, who is a woman to her girdle and a fish to her feet. Her figure was on the signboard of the famous inn, in Friday street, London. Pass with hasty glance the bar in front—the parlor behind of the blackened roof and polished tables—taproom on the left—low doorways, winding passages—and you have come to the inn parlor. This is the Mermaid! And the men sitting there? Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Beaumont, Carew, Donne and Shakespeare. Shakespeare is roaring over his dog's nose, and Ben Jonson over his canary. Oh, listen to the wit-combats between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson! Mermaid, dear "famous woman," why were you not a twin?

## Varying Colors of Diamonds.

Each of the five mines owned and worked by the great De Beers company in the Kimberley district produces diamonds with well-marked characteristics. The rich Kimberley mine yields a good percentage of white and many yellow stones. Dutoitspan mine is famed for its large yellow diamonds. At Bultfontein small white and spotted stones are common. From the Wesselton mine come many beautiful deep orange colored diamonds, while the De Beers mine shows a good percentage of tinted yellow and brown stones. The Premier mine (Transvaal) yields a large number of "off-colored" stones. The Cullinan diamond was of exceptional purity. From the Jagersfontein mine in the Orange Free State the famous bluish-white stones are derived. The diamonds found in German Southwest Africa are small and yellowish in color.

## Character of Future Naval Attack.

Rear Admiral W. F. Fullam summarizes the method of naval attack of the future as: Plunging fire from long-range guns; attack by bombing from aircraft; attack by submarine mines; attack by torpedoes fired either from submarines or destroyers or by torpedo planes. He believes that aircraft will become increasingly a determining factor in ranging and he believes that sea power or fighting power will be largely dependent upon control of the air and that the fleet which secures this control must win, other things being approximately equal.—Scientific American.

## SWAT THE FEMALE MOSQUITO

In the Case of These Insects, Kipling Was Undoubtedly Right in His Assertion.

Contrary to popular belief, the mosquito lays only 50 or 100 eggs at a time; we naturally would suppose it laid about 1,000,000. The larval stage lasts seven to fourteen days. If you have a barrelful of mosquitoes under your eaves trough have a look at them. It is easier to spot the malarial kind than others. The harmless wrigglers hang with their heads down, but the malarial mosquito lies with its body parallel to the surface of the water. If a fullgrown mosquito bites you, look at its back, preferably with a microscope. If it has the figure of a lyre on its back it is bad medicine. If it is all one color it won't hurt you.

Only the female mosquito will bite, according to a writer in the Saturday Evening Post. The males die in the fall, the females hibernating and then living one or two months. The male lives but a few days. No doubt you believe that mosquitoes live on blood alone, though you may have wondered how they get along in the remote wilderness where there seems to be no animal life, as, for instance, in the subarctic and arctic country. The truth is that the mosquito also lives on the juice of plants. They will bite almost any sort of animal, will bite reptiles and even caterpillars. Some mosquitoes can bite through a leather moccasin. Any of them can bite through a human hide.

As carpet warp has advanced in prices I am obliged to raise prices of work. Rugs 75c and 95c; carpets per yard, 55c. Call at 308 So. Walnut or phone Red 975.

## Will Enjoin Druggists' Permits.

Unless James H. Hanley of Omaha, national director for the enforcement of prohibition, pulls in his horns, the state of Nebraska will attempt to enjoin the issuance of permits to druggists to sell liquor and if the federal government stands back of Mr. Hanley, it will then be necessary for the state to carry the battle into the courts. Backed by reputable druggists throughout the state and by the Nebraska pharmaceutical association, Attorney General Davis has written Daniel B. Roper, commissioner of internal revenue at Washington, a letter in which he expresses the opinion that it was never intended that authority be given Mr. Hanley or any one else to create alcoholic springs on a prohibition desert.

Registered Suffolk Stallion for sale or trade. Weight 1650, six years old. Inquire of Albert A. Ginapp Brady. 10tf

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At the same time there will be sold five work horses, seven colts, twenty-one cows and a lot of farm machinery.

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