

A WORD BY THE COMPOSER.

I deem it right that a word of explanation be given here how I came to name this March,—“THE CHIROPRACTOR,”— as well as to analyze, as it were, the meaning of the name.

Ever since childhood I have been afflicted with that terrible malady, known the world over as EPILEPSY. Frequently I had convulsions, and needless to state I became a menace to society and a dread to myself.

Added to this, Chronic Constipation troubled me greatly, and in consequence my nerves became shattered. The more Cathartics and Anodyne I used the more I aggravated my condition of health.

The best physicians and specialists were sought and consulted by me and my name became identified with many of the best healing institutions in my frantic hunt for health.



I. A. WITHERELL, D.O., D.C.

Time stole on, however, and I seemed to grow from bad to worse, despairing of recovery.

It seemed though that I was bound for further misfortune. Insomnia took possession of me and night after night I would lay awake for hours at a time; often did I think that my mind would give way to the strain, when the good God so ruled it that two **Chiropractors** opened an office in our city of Lynn, Mass.



S. MENDELSSOHN, D.O., D.C.

Hearing through interested friends, from time to time, of the wonderful cures performed by them, I again plucked up courage and ventured out with the hopes of being helped, and as a result, today, thank God, I am a different man; healthy, strong and happy; able to write, compose and sing my new compositions. Thus do I dedicate this MARCH to Doctors I. A. Witherell and S. Mendelssohn, the **Chiropractors** of Lynn, Mass.

The word Chiropractic,—“Ki-ro-prak-tik”—is a derivation of two Greek words,—meaning “Practice by hands.” These doctors use no drugs, surgery or herbs, but by mechanical manipulation with their hands, they adjust the spinal column, the muscles, the nerves, and stimulate the circulation. May the Almighty bless them and their hands, is the fervent prayer of

W. T. WILLIAMS, 162 Union Street, Lynn, Mass.
Composer of

DEAR OLD KILLARNEY
OUR FLAG
ROCKABY LULLABY
EILEEN, MY SWEETHEART

WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER
THERE IS NO ONE LIKE THE OLD FOLKS
AFTER ALL