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## BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE BY MAN'S MYSTERIOUS POWER

STARTLING STATEMENT MADE BY WOMAN—SAYS SHE WAS

## RAISED FROM THE DEAD

AND RESTORED TO HEALTH BY PROFESSOR'S MARVELOUS CONTROL OVER DISEASE AND DEATH.

## The Blind Made to See; The Lame to Walk

And Hopeless Invalids Given Up to Die by Doctors Restored to Life and Health by Rochester Wonder-Worker Who Performs Marvels Without the Aid of Drastic Drugs or the Surgeon's Knife.

## WONDERFUL DISCOVERY

Practically Upsets Modern Medical Practice and Defies Explanation by Scientists—Offers Services Free of Charge, and Invites Physicians to Send Him Their Most Hopeless Cases to Be Cured.

Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 10.—(Special Correspondence.)—Rescued from the grave by a man's mysterious power, revived and restored to health when the vital spark had all but flickered out, a woman makes the startling statement that she was raised from the dead by Prof. Thomas F. Adkin, the wonder-worker of Rochester, who bids fair to upset modern medical practice by his weird control over death and disease.

This sensational case, rivaling the miracles of ancient writ, makes possible the belief that this man possesses some superhuman power to hold death at bay and defeat the inroads of all disease. He has made the blind see, the lame walk, and has healed hopeless invalids, diseases pronounced incurable by specialists, restoring life and health to men and women given up to die by doctors.

Before the end came this woman, who says she was raised from the grave, a resident of Trawick, Texas, had dragged herself from hospital, from doctor to doctor, only to be pronounced hopeless, incurable and to grow worse and worse. At last, after being bedridden for five years, reduced to skin and bones, and in mortal agony, she saw the gates of death open and the yawning jaws of the grave stretch wide. The last good-byes, the long fluttering sigh as the soul took flight, the solemn procession of show moving carriages, the hollow thud of earth on coffin, and Mrs. Phillips' earthly trials would be at an end.

But here entered a new power; that of a man; tall, of commanding presence, piercing blue-gray eyes that looked upon the world with conscious mastery, and the air of one to whom obstacles, failures, impossibilities, were empty names. A man with sorrow in his face, sorrow and sympathy for the poor mortals struggling feebly through life under the burden of disease; disease that to them was an awful reality; that to him was but a name. And to Mrs. Phillips, and others, this man's power brought life and health, release from wasting disease and death.

One of the first indications of returning vitality noticed, as the mighty force coming from this worker of miracles permeated her system, was the return of normal heart beats and circulation of the blood; then little by little strength could be seen animating the wasted frame; gradually the color came back to the pale cheeks and the tense lines drawn by disease and suffering disappeared; the absent flesh returned and the contours of the limbs rounded out; her whole body seemed to undergo a transformation, until, before the eyes of the intensely interested watchers the bonds of death and disease fell away as though they were broken chains, and instead of being in her grave, a happy woman was standing on her feet and thanking Professor Adkin for her life. Once more he had triumphed over death and demonstrated his almost miraculous power to cure human ills. Could doctors and specialists be blamed for looking at him in reverent awe? Or the hundreds whom he has saved from the grave for believing him possessed of a power more than human? Is it any wonder that Mrs. Phillips says: "I was raised from the dead?"

Yet this is only one instance out of hundreds of this man's mastery over disease. Mrs. M. M. Wilkinson of Altamont, Mo., in telling of her mother's similar experience, said: "Her body was cold. She was practically dead, but you revived her. Her heart had almost stopped, but you made it beat again. Words cannot express what she suffered." Then Professor Adkin was called upon for the help he so willingly gives to all in need, and under his weird influence she began to get well at once. All disease and pain disappeared and those who were hourly expecting her death were astonished to see her up and about, completely cured. Equally remarkable was the case of a man in Finley, Mo., named R. A. Wallen. He had been paralyzed for four years and was steadily growing worse in spite of all the doctors tried to do for him. Although Professor Adkin never even saw this man, his power not being lessened by distance, Mr. Wallen says that his cure was so wonderfully quick and complete that it was "like bringing the dead to life."

Her life being rapidly eaten away by a loathsome cancer, Mrs. M. W. Nolan of Covington, Ga., likewise appealed to this man of mysterious might and before his all-compelling power the cancer disappeared and another grave was cheated of its victim. The Great White Plague, Consumption, has also been defeated by this restless force, one case being that of Miss Mattie L. Kelly of Seal Cove, Maine, who was told by the doctors that she could not live, but who is today alive and well, thanks to Professor Adkin.

Investigation reveals the fact that these are only random examples from among hundreds of similar cases. Scores of men and women in all parts of the country have been cured in the same marvelous manner by this wonderful chemist who claims that there is no disease he may not cure. Some of these were blind, some lame, some paralyzed, affected with diseases pronounced incurable.

It is known that Professor Adkin has discarded the useless drugs and medicines of the medical dosers, thrown aside the surgeon's knife and let it grow rusty, but when asked to tell how he accomplishes these almost miraculous cures he smilingly shrugs his head and said: "It is not enough that I do it? That all who are sick may be cured? And that I work without pay for the services I offer free? Would you expect an inventor to tell you his secrets? Then why ask me to tell you mine? True, Nature herself is the inventor in this case, but I discovered her secret and I do not see why I should discard it as long as it is incurable and to grow worse and worse. It is my power, the world the benefit of my power."

"Is it like these other new cuts and lems?" "Not at all. It is not Faith Cure, Christian Science, Hypnotism, or anything of that kind. It is my own discovery of a law of nature that the world seems to have been blindfolded to." "But these miraculous restorations of people on the verge of the grave?" was suggested.

"The cures that have been called 'miracles' are really simple scientific phenomena when seen in the light of this law sheds on human life and what is called 'death.' There is nothing supernatural about my power. It is purely scientific."

"But it is so startling, the cures seem so impossible." "So were the telephone, X-ray, wireless telegraphy and the other things of which we are now accustomed. My power, like electricity, is no new thing. It has always existed waiting to be discovered by man."

"Can you not tell everyone?" "Because it is too great a force to be intrusted to irresponsible persons who might try to use it for evil. But the medical profession, as I do not mean to keep this knowledge to myself. There are too many thousands who are sick and dying for me to have time to cure them all. I invite any doctor or specialist to bring me the very worst and most hopeless cases of which he knows, and I will show him how to use this power by which he may cure any disease that human flesh is heir to. I have several physicians with me now, studying my system and assisting me in the cases under my treatment, specialists who have abandoned their old-fashioned practice since they have seen the wonders that can be performed by my method."

"Can I do more than that? Yes, one thing more. To avoid any delay—delay is always dangerous to the treatment of disease—anyone who is sick can write to me himself, or if he is sick in any way from any cause, may be cured by writing to me and telling me the name of their disease or the principal symptoms, their age and sex, addressing Professor Thomas F. Adkin, office 329L, Rochester, New York, and I will do all that lies in my power to do, giving them my services absolutely free. I make no exceptions, rich or poor, east or west, wherever they live, it is all the same to me, they can be cured in their own home, without trouble, pain or unnecessary expense."

"Do you mean that anyone who is sick can write to you to be cured, without paying you any money?" was asked. "Exactly. I mean just that. I know it may seem a little unusual thing to do, but if I choose to help the earth's unfortunate without pay there's nothing to prevent my doing so, is there? Why should I refuse to restore any man or woman to health? It would be inhuman to condemn them to a lifetime of suffering simply for lack of money."

"How can you cure those at a distance, those whom you never see?" "Just as easily and just as surely as though they called upon me in person. Whether they live one or a thousand miles away is all the same. A letter is all that is necessary to enlist my aid. "But it seems strange—" "Strange or not, it is the truth, as anyone who is ill can find out by writing to me. What other men may do, what they fall to do, or what they charge, makes no difference to me." This interview was ended here by a call from a patient, but enough evidence had been given to anyone that Professor Adkin's offer is as sincere and genuine as his power to heal is great, as he is known to be a man whose acts always live up to his words.

## LAWSON ALMOST CONVERTS GREENE

Boston Man in Spellbinder's Role Soothes and Wins Man of Notched Gun.

New York Sun Special Service. Boston, Dec. 17.—Hear the story of the meeting of Tom Lawson and Colonel Bill Greene, and hear it from one who was present all thru the historic scene while an army of newspaper men stood without the locked doors with the chief of police, and venerable Boston yawned with excitement.

No one was killed. No one was hurt, but it was a mighty event, nevertheless.

Mr. Lawson sat on the sofa and Colonel Greene sat himself down in an armchair beside him.

Then came a silence. Colonel Greene looked at Mr. Lawson and Mr. Lawson looked at Colonel Greene.

"Colonel Greene," said Mr. Lawson, "I heard that you were in town and that you wanted to see me. I read it in the newspapers. Here I am."

Why Greene Went.

"I've come over here, Mr. Lawson, to tell you some things that you ought to hear, to tell you what you have done—here," the colonel drew a bundle of typewritten slips from the pocket of his brown jacket—"here are my bank slips showing that I have lost \$4,342,000 in Greene copper stock when you caused the market to fall."

"Hold on, colonel," exclaimed Mr. Lawson, "you can come over to Boston to tell me things, but you can't make me hear them unless I think you have a right to tell them to me."

"I haven't come to make any gun play," said the colonel, wagging his hands earnestly, "I haven't come over here to shoot anybody."

"Oh, well, as for that, we'll cut it all out," replied Mr. Lawson.

"I haven't got a gun," added the colonel.

"Neither have I; if I had, I'd probably shoot myself, because I'm not accustomed to handling one."

How Lawson Hurt Him.

"But I want to tell you, Lawson, how what you have been doing to stock has hurt me. Here is my bank statement showing that I have paid out \$4,342,000."

"That's right, colonel," said Mr. Lawson, earnestly, leaning forward until the two men's faces were only a couple of feet apart.

"You're a brave man and stood honestly by your property in a falling market. You are a grand fellow, one of the whitest men I've ever done business with. You issued a proclamation in the newspapers calling me a liar, a faker and a charlatan. Before you leave this room you will acknowledge to me that you were mistaken. I want to give you my word that I never directly or indirectly sold or advised any one to sell Greene Consolidated stock. On the contrary, I declared that, so far as I knew, it was a valuable and paying property."

"I last week the Standard Oil gang had all right and that you were all right. Now, I have always said that you were a straight, honest man, but, Oh, my God, colonel, what chance has an open-hearted man like you in that heartless Wall-street crowd?"

"Mr. Lawson leaped to his feet, thrust his hands in his pockets and stood before the colonel, the very picture of earnestness.

How Greene Lost Money.

"How did you lose your \$4,342,000? You didn't know that the Standard Oil crowd and that every man in the slungshot, sandbag game was waiting for a chance to grab you and rob you. I am advising the people to sell back to the Standard Oil gang the watered stocks that had been sold to the public at higher prices. I was demonstrating to the whole world that these men had been caught by the public at the very moment they were ready to unload Amalgamated Copper stock, for instance. The whole market went down in sympathy with the falling prices when the public followed my advice. Great God, what did you do? Greene Consolidated stock was selling at \$34 a share, and you sold it at \$10. You stood and poured out your money to keep the price there, instead of allowing it to fall sympathetically as other good stocks did. You advertised to the whole world by your actions that you had money to spend and that you would spend it, and the gang unloaded and unloaded on you at \$34 a share, knowing that in spite of the fact of your properties, they could buy the stock back in a falling market at a lower price."

Colonel Admits It.

"I guess that's so," assented the colonel, shaking his head.

"It's true," continued Mr. Lawson, pacing the floor, "that in causing the fall in the price of watered stock I may have hurt you. But I didn't intend to hurt you."

"I know you didn't," said the colonel. "I never believed you intended to hurt me. But you must admit that in your attack on the market you have caused a good deal of ruin."

"That is one of the necessary consequences of a plan to overthrow the great criminals who are in control of the finances of this country today," said Mr. Lawson. "When I make public the crimes committed when Amalgamated Copper stock was given to the public when I make known what Mr. Rogers and Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Stilman did at that time, when I expose every fact of the conspiracy, when President Roosevelt puts in control of the City National bank, as he must do under his oath of office, then the Standard Oil interests themselves will have to go into the hands of a receiver and men who are responsible for the great crimes which robbed the American people for years of their wealth will have stand at the bar of justice, and answer. On that day, colonel, even you will say that the price paid in these first stages of the moment was not too great."

"That is a lie."

"You have said in your proclamation that I was actuated by selfish motives. That is absolutely untrue. They told you in New York that I am a stock raider. That is a lie. If I carry thru my plans to unload upon the Standard Oil gang and its allies the stocks which they have sold to the public at fictitious prices, if I can do this until they have got them all back again and the public has its money, if I can prevent the thieves crew from gambling in the market with the money of savings banks, insurance companies and trust institutions, then the oppressors of the people will be helpless. I would not exchange the glory of that reformation for all the millions of dollars I have ever had or ever hope to have."

"If you find out that I have murdered the colonel, wonderingly," murmured the colonel, wondering.

"It can and will be done," said Mr. Lawson, folding his arms on his breast, and planting his feet apart firmly.

"How much money is behind the Standard Oil crowd?" asked the colonel.

"While they can use the moneys of the banks, insurance companies and trust institutions, their resources are



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How Lawson Would Fix It.

"Is your remedy to be a law?" asked the colonel.

"No," answered Mr. Lawson, "altho a law can be written on a sheet of note paper that would take nine-tenths of the devilry out of the situation. The system is strong, but 30,000,000 of people are stronger. When the people act together some day, and insist on having their money in their own hands, the system will have to take back the more of

less worthless pieces of paper they have been selling to the public and things will be getting back to the normal."

So the conversation went on for hours and hours. Mr. Lawson pictured some of the financial crimes committed by Standard Oil interests during the years when he was an insider, and could see the workings of the machine, and the honest colonel grew more and more indignant until finally, before the end, he was himself ready to do battle with the oppressors.

"It will bring anarchy," he said solemnly.

"It's anarchy now," said Mr. Lawson. "When men become so powerful that they can strip the people of their wealth and there is no law to stop them, that's anarchy in the worst sense."

What Came of Meeting.

At last a statement was drawn up, and Banker Hayden was authorized to give it to the press.

It stated that Greene, at the conference, had maintained that Lawson's public utterances had broken some of Greene's stocks and that Lawson de-

nied having any such intention. It concluded: "Each gentleman has a perfect understanding of the other's position and there is nothing further to state of public interest."

After the statement had been read over and revised Colonel Greene invited everybody to have a drink, everybody shook hands with everybody else, and the incident was declared closed. Colonel Greene hurried off to catch a train for New York, and Mr. Lawson returned to his room at Young's hotel, where he was besieged by newspaper men.

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