IS THERE A LIMIT TO THIS MAN'S HEALING POWER?

PANOPATHIC PROFESSOR WORKS WONDERS

Restores Health to Invalids Pronounced Hopelessly Incurable by Physicians, Healing in the Face of Apparent Impossibilities.

DOES AWAY WITH USELESS DRUGS

And Condemns Brutal Operations by Surgeon's Deadly Knife. No Disease He May Not Cure by Some

STRANGE, INTANGIBLE, UNSEEN FORCE OF MIGHTY POTENCY

That Cures When Doctors and Medicines Fail and Hope Is Gone.

HAS HE THE POWER DIVINE?

Ministers of the Gospel Say He Is Gifted of God, and Praise Him for His Help to Suffering Humanity—He Gives Service and Home Treatment Free to the Sick and Afflicted.

NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—(Special Correspondence.)—Seeing is believing, and witnessing the seeming miracles performed by Prof. Wm. Wallace Hadley makes one exclaim: "Is there a known limit to this man's healing power? Is there a single disease he cannot cure? Is there any case so hopeless that he cannot restore health?"

Probably no other physician in the world treats as many patients as this famous professor of panopathy and psychiatries. They come to him by scores and hundreds. The sick and suffering, the lame and halt, the consumptive and paralytic, the drug fiend and the drunkard, invalids from almost every known disease, form an endless procession seeking health at his hands. And this wonderful man, this wizard of science, this great-hearted physician receives them—treats them—cures them. Heals them of diseases pronounced incurable by the medical profession, cures them after they have been doomed to death by doctors, revives health and strength in the face of seeming impossibilities.

Not in a spirit of boasting or vanity, but in a quiet, calm statement of fact, he says there is no disease he may not cure; says it, and what is more, proves it. During a recent talk with this man who has revolutionized the theory and practice of medicine he said: "Thousands of precious human lives are needlessly sacrificed every year by useless medicines and brutal surgery that kill oftener than they cure. All upright members of the medical profession know this, whether they will admit it or not, and it is time that the general public was made aware of the facts.

"Cases have come to me that have baffled some of the best physicians in the country; where one doctor has said the trouble was with the stomach, another said heart, still another diagnosed kidney disease or something else. But in each case I was able to see the real cause and by removing it I restored the patient to perfect health. I have known stomach trouble to be diagnosed as heart disease, and heart disease as rheumatism, and countless similar instances. When these mistakes are made, and the patient is treated for the wrong disease, how can the sufferer hope to get well? It is as if you tried to cure deafness by wearing eyeglasses. One is just about as sensible as the other. But I make a careful diagnosis of each case that comes to me and treat the real cause.

"I have discarded the useless drugs and medicines commonly prescribed by physicians and use a system of treatment that is as much superior to modern medical practice as the sun is to a candle. Now that I have perfected it after long years of practice and experiment, I find that I have the power to cure my patients without their coming to me or my going to them. For instance, read this letter from the Reverend Samuel Sutton, an eminent divine of Williamsburg, Ky. You see he says: 'I feel thankful to God that I was directed to you for relief from my bodily pains and ills. I feel sure that our Heavenly Father has helped and directed you in working out the secret of power over disease. Your efforts must be accompanied by the Holy Spirit to accomplish such miraculous cures. I know and believe that there is nothing to equal your treatment for the release of suffering ones from pain, weakness and disease. I wish all suffering ones knew its power to heal as I do, since it cured me of heart and kidney disease, catarrh of the bladder and hemorrhoids. Dear doctor, I cannot find words to express my thanks to you for your kindness to me in ridding me of all my physical sufferings. My prayers are that others may do as I have done, write to you and get relief, and that you may be joyful in abundance on this earth and in the world to come for your faithful search and your success in finding such a wonderful power that when your treatment comes in contact with disease, illness must give way to health.'

"My experience has proved that there is no disease I may not cure. I do not care how severe the case may be, how chronic, how long standing, what other men have said or failed to do, or whether the patient has been pronounced incurable or not. I am just as ready to cure consumption, cancer, paralysis, Bright's disease, organic weakness, deafness, any of the drug or liquor habits, and other so-called incurable diseases as I am to cure stomach and bowel troubles, rheumatism, nervous prostration, blood disorders, catarrh or any of the other ills that human flesh is heir to. I have done so many times over. Without intending to boast, I may safely say that I treat more patients in a year than the average physician does in a lifetime, and among them are numbered many of the worst cases in the country. And I cure because I have at my command a power over disease so great that its extent can hardly be realized. Recently I received this letter from Mrs. C. M. Weston, of Barnegat, N. J., which will give you an idea of how many patients regard my power to cure:

"'I am so glad to be able to tell you that I am well. I can hardly realize that I am cured. I had been told so many times by doctors that my case was incurable and that I could never get well that I was almost hopeless. Still, I always felt that if I could find a doctor who knew how, he could cure me, and I found him in you. Most doctors do not know how. I think they know a little about common diseases, but when it comes to the serious and difficult ones, such as mine were, they say they are incurable, and never learn anything about them. My restoration to health has surprised all who know me. No one thought I was really being cured when I told them I was, but they see it now and cannot account for it. One of the doctors who attended me last winter was the most surprised of all, as he thought my heart trouble, complicated by bronchitis, asthma and catarrh of the stomach, would surely kill me before this. So you see how near death I was, and that you literally saved me from the grave. I also want to thank you for your personal interest and care of my case. Your kind words of encouragement did me a world of good when I was so weak. I am writing to all my friends who are ill, urging them to put themselves under your care, for I know you can cure them.'

"Another clergyman, the Reverend T. Horris, D. D., of Harwood, Tex., whom I cured of a complication of diseases, writes to me, saying: 'I am much stronger and more active than I have been for years. I shall always thank God and you as His servant for the great benefits you have conferred upon me, and shall take great pleasure in recommending you as one of the most courteous, efficient, Christian gentlemen whom I have ever known. I shall always hold myself ready to serve you as a beneficiary of your wonderful skill. Command me whenever I can serve you in anything. May God, our common Father, preserve you long in the land of the living.' Even doctors are compelled to admit that my power is greater than their own medicines. Dr. J. C. Feather, M. D., of Sheakleyville, Pa., was afflicted with that terrible disease, locomotor ataxia. He finally put himself under my care, and now writes me that he is cured and can walk without the crutches he carried for so long. I could go on indefinitely telling you of case after case similar to these, but these are sufficient to prove to anyone that I have been able to restore health in the face of what seemed certain death."

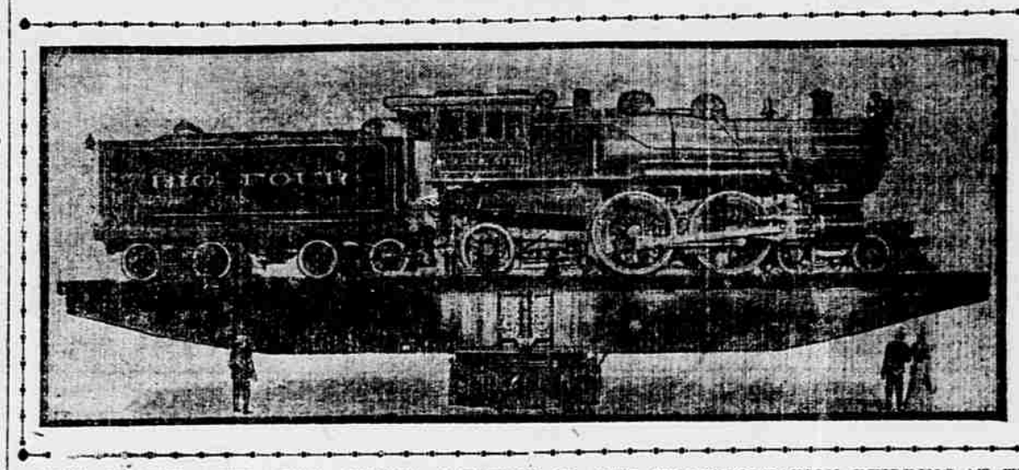
"But how about those who cannot afford to come to New York to have you treat them?"

"It does not make the slightest difference. I cure them in their own homes just as easily and just as surely as if I went to them or they came to me. Distance cannot weaken the healing power I have. All that anyone who is ill in any way, from any cause, has to do is to write me a letter, addressing Wm. Wallace Hadley, M. D., office 855H, 708 Madison Ave., New York, telling me the disease they suffer from most or their principal symptoms, age, and sex, and I will send them a course of home treatment absolutely free of charge."

"Surely you do not mean that you give services and treatment free to anyone merely for the asking?"

"Yes, I mean just that. I believe that as a Christian it is my duty to God and man to help all who are in need. When I have been given power to cure, I do not believe that I have the right to make anyone waste his money on useless drugs when I can heal him without them. We all owe a duty to our fellow-men. We must all serve in one way or another. Where a rich man gives money, I give health. I am not a millionaire, but I am able to afford to do my share toward relieving the sufferings of mankind. And I am happy to give freely of my services wherever they are needed. And I am especially anxious to cure any poor mortal who has been told that his or her case is incurable, that there is no hope left on earth, or anyone who has grown weary spending money on drugs and doctors in a vain search for health. If they will write to me and accept my offer, there is not only hope, but an almost absolute certainty that they need be sick no longer. And it is a blessing that my power makes a letter do just as much good as a personal visit."

LOCOMOTIVE'S DESCENT FROM TURNTABLE PUZZLES THE VANDERBILT ENGINEERS.



THIS ENGINE ATTRACTED GREAT ATENTION IN THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

While the Big Four Railroad Company has gained a gold medal for its exhibit in the Transportation building entitled "The Spirit of the Twentieth Century," which consists of a huge locomotive revolving on a turntable, it is believed that the solution of the problem of bringing this engine back to earth is well worth another gold medal, if successfully carried out.

In the first place, the engine weighs 184,000 pounds and its tender, which is also on the turntable, weighs 140,000 pounds, giving a total weight of 162 tons.

It is not believed that temporary tracks can be constructed in the Palace of Transportation strong enough to allow this great monster to slide back to earth and in all probability the great turntable will have to be lowered inch by inch by means of huge "jacks."

The turntable itself is no light and dainty structure, having been built on many fet of solid concrete. Its operation, which is by electricity, has been one of the marvels of the Fair. As far as can be seen, it turns without any turning power being visible.

The best electricians and mechanics of the Vanderbilt lines worked for many months in the installation of this exhibit, and it is stated that the same crew will be employed almost as long in its dismantlement.

The locomotive has a record of sixty miles an hour, pulling ten heavy cars for a long distance, and under a spurt of speed, has reeled off miles at the rate of thirty-nine seconds each, carrying a train of six cars at the same time. This is equivalent to a speed of ninety-two miles an hour, and was made in the course of regular business, and not at a trial test.

BOYCE RECALLS FRANKLIN BATTLE

Member of Missouri Volunteers Relates Experiences in Charge on the Enemy.

GROUND LEVEL AS FLOOR.

Encounter Takes Place on Morning of November 30, 1864, When Skirmish Line Was Thrown Out From Brigade.

Last Wednesday was the fortieth anniversary of the battle of Franklin, Tenn.

Captain Joseph Boyce of Company D, Missouri Volunteers, recalls the experiences of his command in the battle on November 30, 1864.

According to his narrative, the army had come up from Georgia and Alabama and after taking a blockhouse and prisoners at Altoona, they proceeded northward, reaching Dalton, where they met part of Cleburne's division, and were here relieved of some of the prisoners.

After leaving Dalton the troops marched 200 miles, and finally landed on the banks of the Tennessee River. They then passed through Florence and kept moving toward Middle Tennessee.

On the march they had several encounters with Union troops, but without any concern until the morning of November 30, when a heavy skirmish line was thrown out from the brigade on the left. They marched in parallel lines and passed through Hill Spring.

Forrest was in the front with his cavalry, and he crowded the enemy fiercely at every point.

After learning that the enemy had just passed, they marched quickly, and about noon reached a point near Franklin, a range of hills, and after passing over them came out in full view of the enemy. The ground appeared as level as a floor. The main army came on the field and the divisions of Loring and Walthall of Stewart's corps took position for the battle. French's division was the reserve. It consisted of Cockrell's and Sear's brigade. Ector's Texans, the other brigade, was not there that day.

After considerable delay, the Army of Tennessee was in position. At 4 o'clock the corps of Lee and Cheatham were ready for the grand assault. The sun was going down behind a bank of dark clouds, as if to hide from his sight the impending slaughter.

ORDERS TO MARCH.

General Cockrell gave orders to march straight ahead for the position in quick time and not to fire a shot until they had gained the top of the works and then when the decisive moment arrived, in clear ringing tones gave the final commands:

"Shoulder arms! Right shoulder, shift arms! Brigade forward! Guide center! Music! Quick time! March!" and the array of hardened veterans, every eye straight to the front in actual perfection of drill and discipline, moved forward to the last and bloodiest charge. The band played "Bonnie Blue Flag" and "Dixie" as they reached the deadly point.

The enemy instantly opened heavily with musketry and artillery in front and fire from the battery on the right.

"Men commenced dropping fast from the start," said Captain Boyce. "The distance we marched from our position, where first we formed the line of battle, to the enemy's works was about 900 yards. In that space our flag fell three times.

"Joseph T. Donovan, Ensign, of St. Louis was first to fall, struck down and deadly hurt by a fragment of shell. Two other members of the regiment, John S. Harris and Robert Bently, were killed a few moments after, while carrying it. Sergeant Denny Callahan was the last bearer, and this brave Irish boy carried it successfully to the works, where he planted it and was wounded and captured, the flag falling into the hands of the Federals, when we were forced from the position.

"Advancing in echelon (stair-step) order, the long swinging step soon brought them abreast Cleburne's division, just to the right of the Franklin pike, and with that superb command they crossed the enemy's advance line of rifle pits, raised the glorious yell and rushed upon the main works, a frantic, maddened body of devils, every sense lost in the delirium of the charge, save one overpowering impulse to reach the enemy and kill, murder and destroy.

"On and on they went, right up to the murderous parapet, delivered one smashing volley as General Cockrell had directed, and the line rolled over the works with empty guns, the bayonet now their only trust.

"As they crossed the rifle pits, the line was delayed a moment or two, but Lieutenant A. B. Barnett, Dick Saulsberry, Robert Bonner, then of Sedalia, Mo., and Sergeant Denny Callahan caught up and without intending to do so, led them over the last few steps up to the ditch, where they all went down together.

ENEMY GAVE WAY.

"The enemy gave way and another successful assault was made. But the triumph was very short. With empty guns, without officers, out of breath, the thin line rested a few seconds, when it was assailed by the enemy's second line. A solid wall of blue infantry advanced, at the double quick, and poured in a volley. It was too much. The brave fellows came out of the works as quickly as they entered them and sought refuge behind the rifle pits a short distance back.

"As they moved forward to charge, two guns of Guibor's battery, under command of Lieutenants A. W. Harris and Sam Kennard, advanced with them and opened fire at close range.

"The cannoneers pushed their guns by hand to the front right up to the rifle pits, where the infantry rallied upon them and all opened fire for a short time, when night put a stop to the slaughter. During this fire nearly all the wounded, lying in front, were killed by the enemy's fire.

"During the night the enemy withdrew, leaving the dead and severely wounded in our possession. Following the custom of Federal authorities in similar battles this might be claimed as a Confederate victory.

"The appalling loss was not generally realized until the next morning, when a ghastly sight was revealed to those still living. Among the dead of the regiment was Colonel Hugh A. Gartland, brave and daring in battle, in camp gentle as a child and always in good humor. Captain Cadimus Bray, Lieutenants A. B. Barnett and Cannon, Sergeant William Hopkins, Lieutenant Harry Thompson and Sergeant Jones were wounded.

"The heroic bravery and thorough discipline of the brigade on the field of Franklin almost lost them their organization as Missourians. Those remaining did not make a good-sized regiment, while the regiments looked like companies.

"Of the regiment, three officers were left for duty—Captain James Wickersham of Lebanon, Mo., and Lieutenants James Kennerly and Patrick Collins. This loss was proportionate.

ARMY A WRECK.

"The army was a wreck. Comrades were lying in the embrace of death. So many young hearts stilled forever, which a few hours before beat high in the prospect of soon being at home in Missouri. The sad news was quickly carried to the homes in Missouri, and many families of the friends bowed their heads in sorrow for the poor boys laid low on the ill-fated field of Franklin.

"General Cockrell was badly wounded. Despite this, he led his brigade to the works. Colonel Elijah Gates was severely wounded in both arms, losing one by amputation. Major James M. Loughborough of St. Louis rode at the front and dashed his horse upon the works, brave as a lion, waving his hat and cheering on the boys."

SHOT A RARE BIRD; NOW STATE NATURALIST.

W. S. Blatchley, Prominent Indiana Geologist, Owes His Position to Curious Incident.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 3.—Ten years of scientific investigation for the benefit of Indiana, of answering questions trivial and important, of publishing reports which mean millions of dollars to the State, of private research work in the spare time left him, is the record of W. B. Blatchley. He assumed his office as State Geologist November 19, 1904. Numerous letter of congratulation have been received by him in appreciation of the decade of service he has rendered the State.

From teacher of science in the Terre Haute High School, where the time was spent pleasantly in the instruction of young students or in leisurely wanderings along the Wabash River, Mr. Blatchley has become one of the busiest men in Indiana.

His rise from the position of a high-school teacher to an important place in the State service was due to a small incident. In Mr. Blatchley's office he keeps a little "clay-colored sparrow," the only one ever shot in Indiana. It was the killing of this rare specimen, on September 27, 1890, that determined Mr. Blatchley's future career. When he was a teacher in the Terre Haute High School he took his gun one evening and went into the country for specimens. He came to the big stock farm of W. R. McKeen, who was known to Blatchley only by reputation as one of the important personages of Vigo County. There was a sign of "No trespassing" along the boundary of the farm, but it was forgotten when he saw a rare bird fly into a tree within the inclosure. Scrambling over the fence, Mr. Blatchley fired, bringing down the bird, and also Mr. McKeen, who had stood near the spot.

Mr. McKeen was wrathy at the intrusion of the stranger, and especially at the shooting on his place. It took Mr. Blatchley only a moment to find that his game was a "clay-colored sparrow."

He grew eloquent over the bird, and, much to his relief, Mr. McKeen became interested also. When they parted the relations were pleasant and Mr. Blatchley became the firm friend of the capitalist. When Mr. Blatchley wished to become a candidate for State Geologist he informed Mr. McKeen, who put his shoulder to the political wheel and helped his friend into a State office.

Prior to Mr. Blatchley's term of service in the Terre Haute High School he was a student at the University of Indiana. He there made a specialty of science work under David Starr Jordan and John C. Branner.

BULL GORED OWNER TO DEATH

Body of Wealthy Hotel Proprietor Found in Stable.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Port Jervis, N. Y., Dec. 3.—Robert L. Jones, proprietor of the Jones House, a large summer hotel at White Lake, Sullivan County, N. Y., lost his life in an encounter with a 5-year-old bull.

He sent his man to the creamery at Monticello with milk, and as the employe started off Mr. Jones entered his stable. He did not return to the house, but the family was not alarmed because of his nonappearance.

On the employe's return, at 1 o'clock, he proceeded to the stables to put away his team. On opening the door of the stable he found Mr. Jones lying on the floor terribly gored and trampled. The bull was prancing around in an angry mood, and the body gave evidence of the nature of the conflict. The body was recovered with difficulty and taken to the house. A widow and six children survive Mr. Jones.

WOMEN OF WEALTH TEACH THE POOR

Instruct Children How to Sew in Parish House of St. Thomas' Church.

GIRL GRADUATES ASSIST.

Small Boys of New York Tenements Soon Become Adepts With the Needle.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

New York, Dec. 3.—"Teacher, please thread my needle. It comes out all the time."

"Oh, teacher, won't you make a knot for me?"

"My sewing puckers dreadful, teacher."

Most of the teachers thus addressed belong to an exclusive social circle, and their pupils are children of the tenements. Every Saturday morning about a score of young women from St. Thomas's Church, of which the Reverend Doctor Ernest M. Stires is rector, go to the parish house, in East Fifty-ninth street, near Second avenue, and spend the morning in the instruction of the children of the neighborhood, nearly all of them Germans, with a sprinkling of Bohemians and other nationalities.

Mrs. Chester Griswold of No. 23 West Forty-eighth street is president of the Helping Hand Society, under whose auspices all the East Side work for women and girls is carried on, and Miss Angeline Canda of No. 48 West Fifty-ninth street is directress of the sewing school. Among the teachers are Mrs. George A. Morrison, Miss Julia C. Morrison, Miss Jean Aitken, Miss Turlure, Miss Natalie Stetson, Mrs. Leonard F. Nicoll, Miss Holline, the Misses Achelis, Miss Beatrice Ward, Miss Quarrier, Miss Edith Grandin and Miss Nicholas.

The young women are devoted to their proteges, and go to the work with as much regularity as paid workers.

At one end of the long room are the beginners, just out of the day nursery. From there the little classes are grouped according to proficiency, until those who are in embroidery are reached at the farthest end of the room.

NOT EASY TO TEACH.

The children are eager to learn, but they are not easy to teach. For the most part they have had no home instruction. Moreover, it is Saturday, and they are often restless and uneasy. They want to learn to sew, too, in a lesson or two. But the young women are wonderfully patient. They explain the same thing over and over, take out bad stitches and encourage the tots with infinite tact and good humor to try, try again. In the early stages there is more ripping than sewing, but it all comes in the day's work, and unmistakable progress is made.

The year begins when the teachers get back to town, early in November this season, and lasts until they go away late in May. From time to time, as they show proficiency, the children are promoted, and when they have gone through all the classes they receive diplomas, and those who have shown special excellence get prizes. The time required to complete the course depends upon the child. The average child takes three years, but some are able to get through in two years.

All of the materials are supplied to the children in the school, each pupil having a large envelope containing her work and utensils and marked with her name. The first stitches are made on canvas, which has lines that are easy to follow. When a girl begins to make buttonholes she has gone about half way through the course. Then she proceeds to learn about gussets, feather stitching and all the details that belong to neatly fashioned garments of flannel, linen and cotton. The embroidery classes are taught to decorate household linen, and finally to do ecclesiastical work.

GRADUATES BECOME TEACHERS.

Some of the girls who are graduates of the school are now teachers.

Most of the 200 pupils are girls, but there is a class of small boys that does work which compares favorably with that of the others. These youngsters are deeply interested, and not at all ashamed to be doing "girls' work."

All of the pupils in the sewing school are members of the big Sunday school which meets in the parish house on Sunday mornings, with about 1,200 pupils.

The women of St. Thomas's Church not only support the sewing school, but they carry on personally and support financially a day nursery, a diet kitchen, a kindergarten and a half dozen other relief enterprises for the benefit of the neighborhood.

The cost of running the parish house is about $27,000 annually, all of which is given or pledged at a single collection.

Some of last year's teachers have dropped out of the sewing school, and Doctor Stires made an earnest appeal on Thanksgiving morning for others to take their places.

Wabash Line Change of Time.

Effective Sunday, December 4, trains will leave St. Louis Union Station as follows: For Chicago, 9:32 a. m., 9:17 p. m., 11:32 p. m.; for Decatur, 4:34 p. m.; for Kansas city, 7:40 a. m., 9:01 a. m., 2:20 p. m., 10:15 p. m.; for Omaha, 9:01 a. m., 7:50 p. m.; for Des Moines, 9:01 a. m., 7:30 p. m.; for Minneapolis and St. Paul, 2:02 p. m.; for Toledo and Pittsburg, 12:32 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:06 p. m.; for Detroit, Buffalo, New York and Boston, 9:01 a. m., 9:06 p. m., 11:32 p. m.; for Detroit and Buffalo, 12:32 p. m.; for Moberly, 5:01 p. m.; for Ferguson (accommodations), 2:55 p. m., 4:25 p. m., 6:15 p. m., except Sunday; 1:35 p. m., Saturday only; from Olive street (Ferguson accommodation), 8:50 a. m., 1:55 p. m., 5:45 p. m., Sunday only; Bridgeton accommodation, 6:40 a. m., except Sunday; 4:15 p. m., except Sunday; St. Charles accommodation, 11 a. m., 5:40 p. m., except Sunday.

BLINDNESS AND DEAFNESS CURED BY NEW METHOD

Dr. J. Harvey Moore, the St. Louis Eye and Ear Specialist, Performing Wonderful Cures With His New Painless Method.

DR. J. HARVEY MOORE,

the eminent eye and ear specialist, who was appointed by two Governors eye and ear surgeon in charge of the Missouri State Institution for the Blind, is rapidly gaining world-wide fame by his wonderful cures of eye and ear affections. He has some discoveries and inventions of his own, and is getting results entirely new to the medical profession.

GRANULATED SORE EYES.

He cures granulated sore eyes without the knife or caustics.

CROSS EYES STRAIGHTENED.

Dr. Moore has straightened more than three thousand cases of cross eyes by his painless method.

FAILING SIGHT AND OPTIC NERVE TROUBLES.

Dr. Moore cures these cases by his own "PNEUMATIC MASSAGE" method.

DEAFNESS AND CATARRH CURED.

Dr. Moore cures deafness by vibrating the ear drums with his "PNEUMATIC VIBRATOR," and cures catarrh with his own original treatment.

A FEW DESPERATE CASES.

Rev. F. N. Calvin, pastor Compton Heights Christian Church, St. Louis, was nearly blind 15 years. Several of the leading oculists of America failed to cure him, and pronounced his case hopeless. Dr. Moore cured his eyes and restored his sight seven years ago.

Miss Jessie Whipple, 2349 Pine street, St. Louis, was led into Dr. Moore's office blind. She was treated for eleven years without success by the leading oculists of St. Louis. Dr. Moore cured her eyes and restored her sight.

He restored sight to Leonard Schoepp, a prominent merchant of Mascoutah, Ill.; Wm. Jordan, Orleans, Neb.; Deed Shinn, Russellville, Ark.; Ed Garrison, Fontanet, Ind.; A. J. Levick, Mount Vernon, Ill.; S. Parsons, Collinsville, Tex., and hundreds more.

He cured Sergeant Quinlivan and Officer King, at the Lindell Hotel, on the St. Louis police force, of deafness and catarrh, and hundreds more.

Call or write Dr. J. Harvey Moore Eye and Ear Institute, suite 306 and 306 Odd Fellows' building, Ninth and Olive streets, St. Louis, Mo. Hours—8 a. m. to 7 p. m.; Sundays, 9 to 12. Consultation and examination free.

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OSTRICH FARMING PROFITABLE IN U. S

Industry Formerly Conducted at Great Loss at Last Proves a Success.

WOMAN'S SAVING INVENTION.

Incubator Takes Place of Natural Mother and Hatches Large Proportion of the Young.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 3.—After twenty years of constant loss ostrich farming has become one of the most profitable industries in Southern California. The ostrich farm, which used to lose $15,000 a year, has become a money-maker. Its owner cleared $45,000 during the year ended September 1.

Most persons have an idea that an ostrich is plucked of its plumage by holding the giant bird down with straps and ropes while an attendant pulls the feathers indiscriminately from the bird's back and wings. But harvesting ostrich feathers is a scientific operation that demands experience and care, lest birds costing $800 to $1,700 be ruined for production.

When a plume is ready for its picking it is known as ripe. The ostrich expert goes over the flock, carefully selecting birds whose feathers show that the ripening of the plume has set in. Then the birds are separated into flocks of twelve and fourteen and confined in little enclosures, where they may not run about and damage their plumage.

When all is ready for feather plucking each ostrich is cajoled by food out of the enclosure into a narrow passageway built of heavy boards. Front and rear gates are closed and the bird is a prisoner between walls of planks that reach to its back and where there is no room for it to move in any direction. A cloth bag is thrown over the ostrich's head and the creature is in the toils of the feather harvester.

About half an hour is spent in plucking each ostrich. The men stand upon a platform outside the pens where the ostrich is held fast, and with a dozen scissors and appliances for stanching blood that may flow from the bird's torn flesh work diligently. Care is taken to leave enough feathers to protect the smaller feathers, which will grow into plumes by the next plucking.

In the early days of ostrich farming in Southern California, little attention was given to these details, and in consequence many birds died.

Most of the tail feathers are pulled, not cut off, because they reproduce better than on other parts of the ostrich, and because they are so short that the extra inch or two gained by not snipping the feather is a matter of several dollars profit. Each plume when cut or pulled is laid in a clean box.

While the feather harvest is proceeding the ostrich keeps up an incessant low roaring and but for the tightness of the pen it would kick the plank boards into slivers. At last when the pluckers have gone the gates are opened and the bird rushes out into the inclosure to join its mates. Then another ostrich is cajoled into the pen and the gathering of more feathers goes on.

About $700,000 is now invested in ostrich farming in the Pasadena region, and the annual output of feathers has grown to be more than $100,000.

The success of ostrich farming has come largely from an invention of an ostrich incubator by a young woman. In ostrich domestic economy the male sits upon the nest of eggs laid in the sand, occasionally relieved by the female.

In the hot Nubian deserts this plan works admirably, but on a little farm in the colder climate of California, where the birds flock together, the sitter has so much to distract it from the nest that the eggs are frequently allowed to get cold at night. Therefore a whole setting has often been lost. The incubators have remedied this and now the percentage of loss is less than 10 per cent.

A Valuable Invention.

The Friction Drive has finally been perfected in automobiles. Experts have long agreed that "Friction Drive" is the "ONLY WAY," as it eliminates all cog wheels. The Union Auto Co. of No. 399 Frisco building have patented and applied it.

Each purchaser of one of their autos gets a ten-year contract, enabling him to make several hundred dollars per month without interfering with his other business.

FIGHT OVER RIVER WATER.

Kansas and Colorado Case Soon to Be Called.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Washington, Nov. 29.—Attorneys General Miller of Colorado and Coleman of Kansas have held protracted conferences with the Assistant Attorney General for the Interior Department, Judge Campbell, regarding the case pending in the United States Supreme Court involving the right of Colorado to store certain portions of the water from the Arkansas River.

The question involved is whether the people of Colorado shall be permitted to store such vast quantities of the water of the Arkansas River as they have been doing. The legal authorities of the State of Kansas contend that they should not; that the practice has lessened the flow of the river through Kansas, and has consequently worked a hardship on the people of that State.

The case has been before the United States Supreme Court for some time, and the United States has interceded. The general Government owns hundreds of thousands of acres of land lying along the Arkansas River in Kansas, and the fight that has been going on between the States has been widened to let in the general Government, which desires to protect its rights.

The conferences were held for the purpose of settling certain questions in dispute and to clear the way for a speedy disposition of the case in court. At the conference the fact was brought out that the briefs in the case are very voluminous and it would cost a small fortune to print them. Therefore it was decided to ask the permission of the Supreme Court to prepare abstracts to be submitted to that body. Later in the day it was ascertained that this arangement would be agreeable to the court.

Cures Goitre

A well-known Cincinnati physician has discovered a remedy that cures goitre, or thick neck. And to prove this he sends a free trial package so that patients may try and know positively that goitre can be cured. Send your name and address to Dr. John P. Haig, 719 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, tell him your age, the size and location of your goitre and how long you have had it and he will be glad to send you free a large trial package of his home cure, postpaid.

TEXT OF THIBETAN TREATY.

England's Policy Closely Studied by Our State Department.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Washington, Dec. 3.—England's intentions in Thibet have attracted the careful consideration of the State Department because of the vital relations the affairs of that country to the American policy in support of the administrative entity of China. There have been some exchanges of a thoroughly informal character between Washington and London. The Washington Government was long ago advised by its Ambassador at London that no policy in contravention of the integrity of China is contemplated.

The text of the Anglo-Thibetan treaty already published imposes upon the Thibetans the payment of £500,000 ($2,500,000), England to remain in Thibet until it is paid. The sum is so great as to assure England of practically permanent occupation of Thibet, the resources of that people for payment being sadly limited.

This and the reported clause of the treaty stipulating that no other Government shall have privileges in Thibet unless approved by Great Britain has aroused the deepest antagonism of Russia, on the ground that this is a virtual assumption of the powers of sovereignty by the British. It is announced in London, however, that this text of the treaty is not correct, and that the treaty will be amended before ratification, so that it will suit everybody concerned.

Considerable opposition to the treaty has become manifest in Pekin. It is doubtful if it will be readily ratified there. Before it is ratified the Russian and British Governments will undoubtedly measure their diplomatic strength with the Chinese Government.

Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India, has sailed from England for his post. It is expected there will be some development of the situation when he arrives in India.

There is no disposition on the part of the State Department now to question England's intentions in Thibet. In the face of such assurances as have been given pressing inquiries would probably not be gratefully accepted. If the treaty as ratified is in contravention of any of the principles of the "open door" or the "administrative entity" of China, there will be time enough to act then.

Arm Fractured by Kick of Gun.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Columbus, O., Dec. 3.—A shotgun when discharged by George Lewis, 15, put him in St. Francis Hospital with a broken arm and rendered him unconscious for an hour. He had loaded the gun with powder and shot, filling the barrels up about four inches.

Change of Time, Cotton Belt Route.

The night train, No. 1, now leaves 8:43 p. m. "The Texas Train" leaves 5:30 p. m.