WANTS ALL TO WED

THE MAYOR OF HAMMOND, IND., URGES THAT YOUNG PEOPLE SHOULD MARRY

CALLS BACHELORS INIMICAL TO GOOD CITIZENSHIP

Will Perform Ceremonies Free of Cost For a Month—Indiana Town In Which There Is Little Marrying—Some Claim They Cannot Find Suitable Partners—Mayor For Drastic Measures.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 11.—There has recently been formed in Chicago an organization composed of marriageable young women in which they agree not to wed unless the man belongs to a union labor concern. In a parish of Chicago a priest on Sunday last announced from the pulpit that he would perform no more marriage ceremonies unless he was paid a fee of $10. Over at St. Joseph, Mich., some of the ministers have recently inveighed against that town being the laughing stock of the country because of the many weddings taking place there.

In Racine, Wis., even Mrs. Grace Snell Coffin got a divorce without going on probation for a year. In Sioux Falls, where divorces are turned out like collar buttons in a factory, there has recently crooped up a feeling against the dissolution of marital unions that threatens a new law for South Dakota pertaining to such affairs. At Hammond, Ind., that live and progressive suburb of Chicago, the mayor has said that he would unite any couple appearing before him between the hours of 4 and 6 o'clock in the afternoon and if need be kiss the bride without any sort of cost. Thus the reader will observe that while trusts, the coal strike and Mr. Watterson's attacks on Newport society are commanding much attention, still the question of married life and marriages is not wholly unrepresented.

Wants Citizens to Wed.

A. F. Knotts, the recently elected mayor of Hammond, is a man of comparative youth, of sturdy habits, of pronounced views on economics, a lawyer of talent, a member of the church, the father of a family, a devoted husband and an enthusiastic advocate of the merits of the young men and women of his town.

Mr. Knotts has been married for several years. In the capacity of chief executive of his town he has observed, so he says, that the best and most reliable citizens are those who have wives. A home with vines clustering around porticos, children playing in the yards, the sound of coffee mills and the mewing of cats are conducive to cleanliness both in mind and body. The germ of ambition being the chrysalis of wisdom, to obtain it it is necessary to take some fair girl by the hand and make an oath to protect her and support her. Celibacy in his eyes is a crime. To make Hammond a model city of propriety he has agreed to marry any couple free of cost. This proposition is for a month only and dates back from Sept. 25. If he finds the scheme to work well he will extend the time. His main idea now is to get young people thinking about two hearts that should beat as one.

"If I had my way about it," said the mayor "I would force marriageable persons to get married even if I had to impose such a penalty as clanking gates where one was attended only by the police and sheriffs."

"How many unmarried persons are there here who have arrived at the age of mature thought and who insist upon remaining single?"

Numbers of Young Eligibles.

"I cannot give you a figure," he replied, "but there are a number. And most of the men are handsome, the women pretty. Of course, you will find a homely person here and there. But I will guarantee to say that there is no town in and around Chicago where the young people are more attractive. You must understand that this is a manufacturing town. Down here we toil. There is no time for long hours before the looking glass. The young men do not patronize Turkish baths and high-priced tailors. Nor do the women consult fashion plates to the exclusion of their domestic duties. They know how to cook, to sew, to sing, to attend church and to laugh. These accomplishments are sufficient to make them good wives.

"Some women are born with a marriage certificate in their hands. Others waste their entire lives in the pursuit of a husband. I may say that the majority of women devote from two to ten years in looking for a strong arm to support them through life. And what they go through in that time, the weariness, the anxiety, the boredom, is enough to draw compassion from the most callous. I agree with Mrs. Elizabeth M. Gilbert when she says:

"In the first place there is the difficulty of catching a husband, and just what a trouble that is and what a chase it leads one only those who have had experience can fully appreciate. It is the polite convention to speak of husbands as if they flocked to a woman on wings, and were what our sporting friends call 'easy money.' We assume that there are long lines of gallants kneeling at every maiden's feet, with hand on heart, beseeching her to pick and choose among them.

"Never was there a more baseless fabrication. The woman who gets married in these days has to get out and hustle for a husband. Like the politician who 'yields to the wishes of his friends,' in accepting an office, she veils her chase under glittering subterfuges, but it is a nerve-wearing and an exasperating campaign all the same.

"Therefore I am in favor of compelling men to meet them more than half way. There are dozens of bachelors in Hammond capable and competent to take unto themselves wives. But they 'shy' at the first female who looks as if she would not be unwilling to step to the altar. They find in single life what they think is ease, contentment, unresponsibility. Of course a man takes chances. But he ought to know where he is going. It is the hasty marriage that turns out badly. I do not advocate the union of a couple who have met at picnic one day and get a license for marriage the next.

"The apathy of the young men in Hammond is appalling. I have a number of friends of the masculine sex who would be better off if they took some of these bright young girls from our factories and provided them with other names and other homes. They would soon have more respect for themselves and the community more respect for them."

While a reporter was talking with Mayor Knotts Percy Perry, a newspaper editor walked into the room.

"Here is one of them," said the mayor. "What right has he to be single? He is sober, industrious, and has a good income. He is selfish enough to spend his time wholly in his hotel or in his office. He ought to get married. I have told him so a dozen times, but my words have no effect."

"Well, I have done my part," said Mr. Perry. "I have tried faithfully, but there has been nothing doing. How can I marry unless some one of the opposite sex consents? Show me."

The Misses Morrison were visited by the reporter. There are four sisters and have lived in Hammond the most of their lives.

"Why haven't I married?" replied one. "Well, that is a delicate question. Maybe it is because no desirable young man would have me. Still I am not discussing that part of it."

Horace Hobart, a distant relative to the former vice president, a married man, a lover of fast horses and, according to his own confession, a judge of good whisky, said that he had been married for ten years, that his wife was a native of Hammond and that he had congratulated himself at least twice a day since the ceremony was performed. He declared that bachelorhood was becoming a disease. Why he could not understand. "God knows I have talked to the boys often enough about the blessing of married life. I am with the mayor. He is right. If I were dictator of a country or community the man that remained single after he had reached the age of twenty-five I'd put in jail."

Gives the Woman's Side.

Miss Sallie Janet Oglethorpe, a handsome girl bachelor, was asked why she did not marry. The question, to be sure, was an impertinent one, and for a while she treated it as such. Presently, however, she consented to talk. "After a woman has acquired a husband," said she, "then comes the trouble of keeping him. This is a distinctly feminine trouble. No man ever worries his head about keeping a woman in love with him after he has married her. But women get crow's feet and gray hairs agonizing over the question of how to keep their husbands fascinated.

"This is the reason, as Dorothy Dix explains, that married women look older than their single sisters at the same age. The girl bachelor may have her anxiety and tribulations over bread and butter, but she doesn't have to wait until 3 o'clock in the morning 'to have it out' with the man who delivers the rolls.

"Nor does she have to agonize over the prospect of losing a love that is not strong enough to stand a thirty-two-inch waist measure. It is a pathetic and a significant fact that all the physical culture and banting classes I ever saw were composed exclusively of married women. The old maids, having no one but themselves to please in appearance, took fat or scrawniness as heaven sent them, with an even mind, and made no efforts to conform to anybody's standard of pulchritude.

"Another of our misfortunes that we may fairly lay at our brother's door is the awful burden of dress. Of course women deny that they dress to please men. That is all right. Everyone has a right to her trade secrets, but if women don't dress to please men—if they don't paint because men admire roses on a woman's cheek, if they don't lace because men are hopelessly and irretrievably committed to the hour-glass figure, if they don't pinch their feet and wear high heels because for 6,000 years men have sung and glorified little feet, will somebody kindly arise and explain the phenomenon why the minute women are alone and safe from masculine eyes they get out of their stays with a gasp of relief and into kimonas and flip-flop slippers?

Blame the Men.

"I maintain that it is because of man, and man alone, that woman is the victim of fashions that 'crib, cabin and confine.' Who invented the uncompromising, skin-tight tailor-made? A man—Redfern. Who devised swathing, eel-like draperies that demand a figure as tall as a telegraph pole and as slim as a fishing rod? Another man—Worth. In what countries do the women luxuriate in loose, Mother Hubbard like garments? In those Oriental ones where there are no men milliners and mantaumakers. Furthermore, beloved, what forces us to wear these uncomfortable abominations that bind and squeeze and choke? Again I say man, for no matter how men may deride our idiocy and inveigh against our want of sense in dress it does not escape the silliest of us that it is the woman with the slimmest waist and the highest-heeled slippers and the most modish frock who gets the most attention from the opposite sex. Theoretically man believes in rather rational dress, but he would rather be dead than be caught out with a female who personally illustrated his opinions on the subject.

"Of cooking it is scarcely necessary to speak. Except for man the art of dining would perish, and the world would be run on a tea and toast basis and life would be robbed of its chief thorn—the servant girl question. It is man who makes that a burning issue wherever two or three women are gathered together, for it is for man that woman pickles and jills and preserves and makes herself a burnt offering on the kitchen stove."

"As Mr. Ingersoll would say," said Harry Ables, "married life is a narrow veil between the peaks of two eternities. Those that have wives cry aloud for help, but the only answer is the echo of their wails.

Bachelor Has His Say.

"Give me a cigar, a book, silence, the knowledge that there are no eyes looking at me when the night is cold, the room warm and the doors locked, and I will venture the remark that I am superlatively happy. Women! Ah! they are all right, God bless 'em, but let 'em pursue the paths of righteousness and blessedness. A married woman when dissatisfied is little less than an insurrection. Last week I bought a pipe. I was told that it was a genuine meerschaum. Before I had used it an hour it fell apart. Now, a man that can fool me on a pipe is a daisy. I've been smoking a long time. If a man can throw the 'bad goods' into me what could a woman do? Why, she could make me look like a nickel's worth of lard. Therefore, I am staying away from them. Not that I dislike them or that they annoy me or anything of that sort, but pray tell me where I would be any better off with a wife than I am now? The ladies, may they always have peace and plenty, but for 'Johnny,' scat!"

When Mr. Knotts was told this he said that he would look after Mr. Ables in a manner that would be truly interesting.

N. J. Bick is the artist of Hammond. He knows every man, woman and child in the town and he is with the mayor in his advocacy of marriages, Mr. Bick said: "I have tried to encourage the young men and the young women here to get married. It's the only sort of life. I was single too long. I never knew the joys and comforts of living until I had persuaded a woman to join me. The mayor is right. A man that persists in remaining single in a town like this, where there are so many lovely unmarried women should be handled by the law."

MAYOR A. F. KNOTTS.

TO TEACH THE POLICEMAN HOW TO SHOOT.

If the city council gets generous about budget time St. Paul will in the course of a few months be a place of terror and loathing for all persons who gain their livelihood by means of guns, gum-shoes and intimidation.

"Steer clear of St. Paul," will be writ high in the council halls of Crookdom, "'Tis the land of the dead-shot cop. Perforation is their specialty and if you want to remain intact and out of jail duck the town."

When the time comes for bunching appropriations for the various departments of the city government the city fathers will be asked to lay aside a mite for the establishment and maintenance of a police shooting gallery. Chief O'Connor, Capt. Hanft and Sergeant Twohy are the principal backers of the proposition. With all due respect to the bravery and efficiency of the men who wear the blue and swing the hickory, these officers are aware that, in consequnc of lack of opportunity and training, the average St. Paul policeman is no match for the average fighting crook in gunnery. They also realize that the moral effect of spreading St. Paul's reputation broadcast as an uncomfortable place for bad men would be to cause the sand-bag specialists and porch-climbing experts to give this city a wide berth.

The cost of a pistol range would be but a few dollars, but the results would be vast and far-reaching. Three sites for it have been proposed—under the Third street bluff, the unused third floor of the Central police station and the basement of the same building.

In order to stimulate interest in the game of marksmanship it has been proposed to offer two handsome medals for the policemen, regardless of rank, who shall make the best scores in a contest to be held under the supervision of the chief of police, a member of the council, an officer from Fort Snelling and a member of the police board.

Was Effective In Chicago.

By such a system the Chicago police department has developed some of the finest shots that ever handled pistols and the annals of the Windy City are replete with deeds wherein this efficiency has been the means of saving life and property and ridding the world of persons who could well be spared. Long range, running gun fights between desperadoes and policemen are of common occurrence in Chicago and the crooks have come to know that an encounter with a bluecoat or a "Fly Bob" is a life and death matter. Instances are on record when men have been "winged" in dusky alleys at a distance of a block. Duels to the death have been fought in the streets and in hallways, the perfect confidence of the policemen in their ability to shoot quicker and straighter than their antagonists causing them to enter such affrays with zeal. Promotion also awaits the man who comes out of such a battle with credit and this is an incentive which has landed some very young men in the goal of all members of the force—central detective headquarters, where every man draws the pay of a sergeant.

It must not be understood, however, that promiscuous shooting is encouraged.

Shooting Is Last Resort.

"Don't shoot until you have to," is the admonition handed to every man by his superior officer. But the cases where men have "had to" can be estimated by the appalling death roll among the "finest" of Chicago. Among the notable pistol fights in Chicago are those of Sergeants Haward, Russell, Flynn and Mooney, the latter of whom won the daughter of Chief O'Neill by his bravery. All gained their stripes by the handiness with their guns. Howard fought the memorable battle with a notorious crook in which each was entrenched behind an ash barrel. The men were but twenty-five feet apart, Howard having pursued the desperado into an alley. The crook was known as a dead shot and Sergeant Howard had not yet made any reputation.

He had been in the annual contests, however, and when the crook began blazing away at him from behind his ash barrel he calmly squatted and carefully examined his pistol. Then he took a chance on getting his head shot through and peeked over the barrel. A bullet sang past his nose. Then began one of the prettiest duels that ever was fought. Each man loaded his weapon several times and emptied it but neither could catch the other with enough of his anatomy exposed to send a bullet home. Finally the crook showed about an inch of his knee around the barrel and the next instant he dropped with a broken leg and surrendered.

Flynn's Long Chance.

"Big Jack" Flynn, the "silent man," who would rather talk about anything else on earth than the five notches in his Colt's, made his best shot when he saved the life of a brother officer by taking a chance that few men would risk were they not absolutely certain of their aim. Flynn's partner had grappled with a hold-up man who was trying to press a revolver to the policeman's stomach. The "pal" of the highwayman appeared from an alley at the instant Flynn came around the corner, nearly one hundred feet away. The second thug sprang at the two struggling men, his pistol upraised when he was suddenly dropped by a bullet from the pistol of "Silent" Flynn. Almost simultaneously with the report Flynn's pistol flashed again and the man who was struggling with the other policeman sank limply into the latter's arms.

"I would rather have disarmed him or hit him with my billy," said Flynn afterward, "but he had his pistol at Cardwell's stomach and I thought I'd better take a chance and shoot from where I stood."

Jimmy Russell had just attained the voting age when he became a policeman, and it was in a battle on the west side in semi-darkness that he routed six men, standing over the form of his dying partner and wounded three of the desperadoes, one of whom afterwards died.

James Mooney, sergeant at the famous Harrison street station, won his spurs in a running battle with an armed negro in the Sante Fe railroad yards. Mooney ran in the open, a perfect mark for the negro, while the latter would pause at openings between freight cars and shoot. Mooney, running, brought the man to earth by aiming under a freight car and shooting him in the right leg.

Instances Are Multiplied.

These are only a few of the instances where marksmanship has stood members of the force in good stead. There are hundreds of others, notable among them being the killing of James Scully, of the slayer of "Billy" Messenger. Scully was the captain's secretary at the tough Harrison street station. A common thief who bore a deadly grudge against the police department in general, walked into the station when Messenger was alone, writing behind the sergeant's desk. He shoved a revolver through the grating and murdered Messenger in cold blood. The murderer rushed for the door, sixty feet away. As he darted through it Scully threw open the door of the captain's office and fired. Only the back of the fleeing murderer's head was visible from where Scully stood, but that was enough of a mark. The man pitched headlong down the station steps—dead.

None of these men when they joined the police force knew the difference between a double action gun and a sewing machine. The annual shoots, however, brought all members of the department out for practice seven and eight weeks before the contests. The result was that even though they didn't capture any of the medals, every man in blue became an expert with the pistol.

Good Thing for the Force.

"It would be a good thing for the force to have a place where they could use their revolvers in practice," said Chief O'Connor last night. "Even though the necessity might only occur once in a lifetime, when it does occur it is often a matter of life or death, or even the escape of a murderous crook. The very fact that the policemen of the town are noted for their ability to shoot is enough to make bad men wary of it. I am in favor of a pistol range."

Capt. Hanft said:

"Considering that it would cost comparatively nothing and would add to the effectiveness of the system, I am heartily in favor of the proposition."

Among the most enthusiastic supporters of the proposed institution is Sergeant Twohy. He said:

"There are some people on the department who couldn't hit a barn door if their lives depended upon it, and once in a while you hear of a policeman's life depending on his quickness with his gun. Nothing but practice makes good marksmen, and the sooner some provision is made for giving the boys a chance to practice the sooner will professional bad men begin to take the long route around St. Paul.

TWIN SISTERS IN PAIN DURING OTHERS' PANGS

Surgeons Operate on the One, Who Feels Nothing, But Her Conscious "Other Half" Suffers Pain.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Oct. 11.—Mrs. Emma Hax Smith and Mrs. Bertha Hax Freeman, of this city, were twins. They looked alike, they had identical dispositions, tastes, inclinations. As they "shared each other's joys and sorrows," if one suffered physical pain, the other seemed to share it. As young girls, they were inseparable; as married women, they lived near each other.

Mrs. Smith fell ill recently, and her physicians were puzzled to find that Mrs. Freeman exhibited the same symptoms, but was entirely free from their cause.

It became necessary to operate on Mrs. Smith. She was anaesthetized and the operation was performed, without the slightest pain to her.

It was Mrs. Freeman who suffered. She knew her twin was under the knife: no anaesthetic blunted her senses, Mrs. Freeman felt, or thought she felt, the steel severing her nerves. The operation was unsuccessful. Mrs. Smith died. While her twin sister was passing away, Mrs. Freeman continued to be desperately ill.

At the moment when Mrs. Smith died Mrs. Freeman's sufferings ceased. But her body had been so racked that she, too, was very near death.

Mrs. Freeman and her friends do not try to explain why she, who had been in perfect health, fell ill, while she suffered vicariously when her sister, lay unconscious under the knife, or why she ceased to suffer when her sister died. They know only that these things happened.

"I had never known of such a case," said Dr. D. A. Martin, one of the hospital surgeons. "I think Mrs. Freeman's suffering can be accounted for only on the theory that it was caused by the strong sympathy that existed between these two sisters.

"Properly speaking, Mrs. Freeman was not ill at all; she suffered no real pain. But her sympathetic mind was wrought up to the highest pitch and she felt, or thought she felt, the pain her sister would have suffered had she been operated upon without the use of chloroform. It is an absolute certainty that Mrs. Smith did not suffer pain while on the operating table or afterward. She was utterly unconscious to all feeling; her death resulted from shock. Mrs. Freeman's suffering, therefore, was caused by an overwrought mind."

As has been said, the sisters' strong love for each other, remarkable in their childhood, was still more remarkable in womanhood. Mrs. Freeman married and went with her husband to Denver, but so strong was her attachment for her sister that they did not long remain separated at a time. Although hundreds of miles apart, they often believed they knew each other's thoughts, and felt that in their sympathy they were very close together. After her marriage Mrs. Freeman traveled much abroad and was absent for months, but communication between the twin sisters was never broken. They cabled to each other at frequent intervals.

Often after their reunion they found that, while they were separated, they had been doing the same things, or thinking the same subjects, at the same time.

Their physicians say they cannot yet tell whether Mrs. Smith's death will have a permanent effect on Mrs. Freeman, who naturally is a strong, vigorous and healthy young woman.

CRUDE OIL AS A FUEL

INVENTOR OF ONLY PERFECT PROCESS DESCRIBES HIS WORK IN CALIFORNIA.

IT HAS NOW REACHED A PRACTICAL STAGE

Mystery Which Has Puzzled Engineers For Years Now First Brought Into the Full Glare of Publicity and Facts Accurately Stated—The British Admiralty To Make Tests.

Special to The Globe.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 11.—Undoubtedly the paramount question of the hour is the utilization of crude oil as a fuel with absolute immunity from risk of explosion.

The tests which the war department is making with a view to using it on warships emphasizes the enormous scope for this new fuel when a safe basis for using it has been established.

Especially is this the case since the discovery of an almost inexhaustible supply of crude oil in Texas and California.

The only practical solution yet made of this important problem is the invention of Chas. H. Kuenzel, of the Parrot building here.

When called upon by the writer in reference to his latest success Mr. Chas. H. Kuenzel said:

"The future fuel for marine engines, or for the matter of that, any engines, will undoubtedly be an oil product. Not, however, until chemists and engineers have mastered the secret of making a non-explosive gas from either the crude oil or refined oil, will it be utilized in a general way.

The U. S. government has recently spent $50,000 in experimenting with various methods of using oil for the navy but has obtained no satisfactory results.

"The patented process by which I produce a dry gas by an admixture of 15 per cent of crude oil and 35 per cent of atmosphere has solved the problem which thousands of people are trying to get at.

"This dry gas will solve many problems which the engineers are puzzling over today Edison was after it for years, as was myself, but he did not get it yet. One brain cannot solve all problems. I discovered it in searching for a fuel suitable for the purposes of aerial navigation. When I found it I decided that it was applicable to more practical things. Already it is thawing out gold from the frozen mines of Nome, where during the past winter, operations have been carried on by means of apparatus constructed by me. Hitherto no work could be done there except in the summer time. I spent months in planning the apparatus, and it is working very satisfactorily.

Motive Power for Railways.

"It is operating one of the richest gold mines in California, and will be supplying the motive power for a railway line in San Francisco shortly.

"The British admiralty is to make tests with my process in October," said Mr. Kuenzel, "and if it is satisfied and makes a good offer it will certainly get the exclusive use of my process for naval purposes. I have no money to buy my way into favor at Washington, and, moreover, do not need to. My process is the most practicable and easily applicable for motive power of anything I have yet seen.

"Those who are seeking to solve the oil fuel problem will find it impossible to get a permit from the city where they want to use it until it will stand all tests, as mine has done, to the satisfaction of the city authorities of San Francisco, where ships, railroad systems and factories are waiting to be equipped with my system."

"I have spent months on the coast experimenting with their oil, and finally demonstrated that it could be used as satisfactorily as the refined oil with my apparatus.

"When I reached California, I went to a large manufacturing plant and asked the engineer for a bottle of crude oil. The engineer got the bottle filled with it, and I said: 'What do you burn, oil or water?'

Steam Atomizes the Oil.

"The engineer was surprised and answered: 'Why?' Ithen said: 'There is about ¾ of water in your bottle, on top you see the oil and the rest is water; this is the same thing with the oil you burn in your boiler, the steam atomizes the oil. If the water were cold it would not atomize, about 65 per cent of the oil you atomize through the steam flies out through the chimney, hence your black smoke' 'Yes' said the engineer, 'that is so.' 'How about making your fire smaller than you have it now?' I asked. and the engineer said, 'If I take steam away I have too strong an oil feed, and if I take oil feed away I will only have steam in the firebox.' I then said: 'This oil burning process is older than I am.' It is impossible to mix steam with oil in the pipe, and it is also impossible to mix oil with steam in the furnace, and the steam is the only benefit.'

"I then took a blue print and said: 'See here, I have a mixer. If you compress air to a certain pressure and to a certain degree of Fahrenheit it makes an oxygen gas that will not burn unless mixed with some liquid; but if the oxygen is, under a certain degree of Fahrenheit, properly mixed inside the pressure chamber it will instantly form a fine light gas. This has to be accomplished under pressure, it mostly depends upon the construction of the norsals. The wider the chamber after the mixing chamber the easier the compressed air will part from the oil, but the smaller the ends of the norsals the finer the gas can be produced and the main part of our apparatus is the burner. Almost every engineer believes that oil must be burned under a high pressure; but this is not so. I have used 80-lb. air pressure, the only benefit I had was that I used more oil and the oil and air had no chance to become a dry gas, but the smaller amount of air pressure you take and heat to a certain degree of Fahrenheit, will prove that I am right. Some engineers claim that refined oil is too dangerous; this is not so. The safety depends upon the construction of the apparatus. How is it that about 50 years ago a gun would explode, do you think it was the fault of the gun? The engineer said: 'No, I think it was the construction of the powder, I replied. 'Well, you see it is the same case with my apparatus.'

Suggests Distillate Oil.

"In many different places" I said, "I noticed that they changed their burners so often." 'Well,' the engineer said, 'We have to do the same thing.' I then said: 'Why don't you use distillate oil?' 'Oh, it is against the law,' the engineer continued, 'and I would throw up my job if I used such oil, and distillate oil explodes so easily.' 'That is all nonsense,' said I. 'You can use refined oil in my apparatus just the same as the crude oil.' A few days after all the engineers who were willing to throw up their jobs were astonished when I used refined oil with such safety and had a large fire under a 150 horse-power boiler, under control, and with a little ⅜ globe valve the fire could be turned off immediately and started again without striking a match.

MAN'S MIGHTY POWER OVER HIS FELLOW MAN

THE SECRET REVEALED AT LAST.

ASTOUNDING DISCOVERIES WHICH PROVE THAT PEOPLE CAN ACTUALLY BE INFLUENCED AND CONTROLLED FOR YEARS WITHOUT DREAMING THEY ARE UNDER THE MYSTIC SPELL OF ANOTHER

How It Is Done—A Powerful Secret Method of Mind Control, by the Side of Which Hypnotism and Kindred Influences Sink Into Insignificance.

At last the true secret of mental power and mind control has been revealed. A noted college in the city of New York has just issued a wonderful book by eminent scientists, which lays bare the mysteries of personal influence. Fire thousand copies of this remarkable work are to be distributed free of charge for the purpose of acquainting the public with this mighty mind power.

This wonderful new force gives a control and an influence over persons that would astonish and mystify the most powerful hypnotist who ever lived. It enables you to know the secret natures and lives of everyone you meet; you can tell the character, abilities and entire nature of your correspondents, though thousands of miles away. You can exert a strange silent influence over others in your presence or at a distance entirely without their knowledge. You can quickly develop your will power, memory and other mental faculties to a marvelous degree. You can by a new secret process quickly cure bad chronic diseases and build up your own health and strength in an incredibly short space of time. It explains the most marvelous system of physical and mental development known to man. It truly reveals the secret power of charming, the art of fascination. You can win and hold friends without number. You can master the secrets and know the power of the wise men of old. You can acquire that inward confidence, that magnetic power that will enable you to overcome all obstacles to success, and rise to a position of prominence in your community. The book is enthusiastically indorsed by ministers of the gospel, business and professional men. It is a work which should be in every home. This wonderful new work is entitled "The Secret of Power." It fully explains the uses and possibilities of the marvelous "Ki-Magi" system of personal influence. It lays bare the mysteries of magnetic control. It gives you a veritable key to the souls of men. It is richly illustrated by the finest half-tone engravings. It is by far the most remarkable, interesting and thrilling work of the kind ever written. For a limited time it will be sent to your address absolutely free. "In your 'Ki-Magi' System I have found what I for years have searched for in vain," writes Mr. Joseph Steiner, 1100 Ninth street, N. W., Washington, D. C. "It has changed the whole trend of my thought and given my life a new meaning. I feel younger and stronger every day. I find in it the key to business success." W. Rockwell Kent, of Binghamton, N. Y., writes: "Your Ki-Magi System is the most powerful agency on earth for the betterment of man. All who master it will become a power in the world and be successful and happy."

S. I. Yetter, of Middletown, Pa., says: "The 'Ki-Magi' System of personal influence has brought me the success in business for which I have been looking. It is the magnet which controls. There is no guesswork about it—it is a scientific fact. It has taught me to know and control myself as well as others."

Felix Moosbrugger, of 276 Halsey St. Newark, N. J., writes: "Many are the swindling deals I have avoided in my father's business through my knowledge of your system. The change which has taken place in my personal character is simply marvelous. I have developed a confidence and power in myself that I never dreamed I could acquire."

Col. C. E. Tuller, of 1201 Euclid Ave. Cleveland, Ohio, says: "My success in curing afflicted people is absolutely wonderful. A boy given up for sure death by five physicians I restored to perfect health inside of five minutes. A woman that could not touch her foot to the ground on account of rheumatism was cured by one application of the method explained in your system."

If you wish a free copy of the book which started Mr. Moosbrugger, Col. Tuller and others on the road to success, write today to the Columbia Scientific Academy, office 416D, 1931 Broadway, New York, and the book will be sent you by return mail, postage prepaid.

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Mr. Dooley on the Coal Strike.

By F. P. Dunne.

I'LL be a hard winther if we don't get coal," said Mr. Hennessy.

"What d'ye want with coal?" said Mr. Dooley. "Ye're a mos' unraisonable man. D'ye think ye can have all th' comforts iv life an' that ye mus' make no sacryfice to uphold th' rights iv property? Ivrybody will have plinty iv fuel this winther. Th' rich can burn with indignation, thinkin' iv th' wrongs inflicted on capital, th' middle or middlin' class will be marchin' with th' milishy, an' th' poor can fight among thimselves an' burn th' babies. I niver thought iv babies befure as combustible but they ar-re. At wan sthroke ye can keep th' baby warrum an' th' rest iv th' fam'ly comfortable. Befure th' winther is over, I expict to hear ye callin: 'Packy, go out to th' woodshed an' bring in a scuttle-full iv little Robert Immit. Th' fire is burnin' low.' They'll be nawthin else to burn. Th' Bible, th' mantlepiece, th' plumbin', th' bills fr'm th' butcher, th' phottygraft album, mother's switch, an' th' dog will all go into th' furnace. If ye say a man has money to burn, it'll mean he's too poor or too mean to get coal. As fr'm me with nayether babies nor money, I can keep warrum be jus' thinkin' iv th' situation. I can get up th' circylation iv me blood principally in me neck be readin' what me frint th' out-spoken, oft-spoken, janial, tolerant, thruthful an' relligious Prisidint Baer has to say. There's a thruly great man, th' first prisidint we have raaly had that come up to me idee iv what a prisidint ought to be. He's a gr-reat lithrachoor, a gr-reat dayfinder iv th' hearth again' hard coal, th' protictor iv chill-blains an' croup, th' inimy iv prickly-heat an' arnichy. List, will ye, to what Baer, th' gr-reat Baer, Ursa Major as Hogan calls him, has to say iv th' histhry iv th' wurruld an' th' ways iv Providence as revealed to him wan day as he was readin' th' scriptures on th' ticker:

"'Years ago,' says Baer, 'Nature decided that some day, afther she'd had a long peeryod iv practise an' got her hand in be makin' th' stars, th' moon, th' sun, th' stock exchange, an' other divine wurruks, she'd compose me,' he says. 'It was no aisy task an' she had to make a lot iv preparations f'r me arrival. There mus' be wurruk f'r me to do whin I come. At that peeryod, th' state iv Pinnsylvania, which was thin no state at all, was covered over with high threes an' through these primevial forests stalked sthrange animals an' sthranger men. Wan day Nature bumped all th' threes over, knocked thim down with her mighty hand. 'Why d'ye divistate th' land,' she was ast. 'I'm layin' it bare f'r Baer,' says Nature with a jocose smile. Thin she shot thunder an' lightnin' down on th' popylation an' mingled its bones with th' threes. 'Gunnin' f'r Baer,' she says. An' she piled mud an' rock on th' timbers an' washed thim with th' floods an' cuked thim with fire an' left thim to cool, an' through long cinchries she wint fr'm time to time an' patted thim an' said: 'Afther awhile a man with whiskers will come along an' claim ye. Don't laugh at him. That'll be Baer.' Thin she mannyfacthered a lot iv dilicate people that had to keep warrum or die an' she taught thim how to burn hard coal an' thin I come. I call it Nature,' he says, 'but ye know who I mean. I am th' agent iv Divine Providence in this matther. All this coal was enthrusted to me be Hivin to look afther. Some say 'twas Morgan but I know betther. I'm th' agent iv Providence—Providence Coal Comp'ny Limited, George Baer, agent. It's thrue I haven't made anny accountin' to me principal but that'll come later. In th' manetime I stand as th' riprisintative iv visted inthrests, th' champeen iv ordher an' th' frind iv th' rights iv property. Gr-reat inthrests are at stake, as th' southern lyncher said at th' burnin'. I'm a wondherful man. An' funny, too,' he says.

"So what ar-re ye goin' to do about it? If thim la-ads on'y got to own th' coal be th' same way that I own th' part iv this house that ain't got a morgedge on it, an' ye own ye'er hat an' shoes—because a lot iv fellows come together in th' ligislachoor an' decided 'twas a good thing that a man who had shoes an' a hat shud keep thim,—'twud be diff'rent. But seein' that th' Lord fixed it there's nawthin' f'r us to do but pray. Lave us pray that Hivin will go out iv th' coal business an' that it won't get into th' Beef Thrust. I hate to think iv walkin' over to th' stock yards to say me prayers.

"But I'm with th' rights iv property, d'ye mind. Th' sacred rights an' th' divine rights. A man is lucky to have five dollars; if it is ten, it is his jooty to keep it if he can; if it's a hundhred, his right to it is th' right iv silf-dayfinse; if it's a millyon, it's a sacred right; if it's twinty millyon, it's a divine right; if it's more thin that, it becomes ridickilous. In anny case, it mus' be proticted. Nobody mus' intherfere with it or down comes th' constichoochion, th' army, a letther fr'm Baer an' th' wrath iv Hivin. If I own a house I can do what I plaze with it, I can set fire to it anny time I want, can't I? Ye may have foolish sintiments about it. Ye may say: 'If ye set fire to ye'er house, ye'll burn mine.' But that don't mine anny coal with me. 'Tis my house, give me in thrust be th' Lord an' here goes f'r a bonefire. What's that fireman comin' down th' sthreet f'r? How dare he squirt wather on me property? Down with th' fire department! I've some gun powdher in me cellar. I'll touch a match to it. I'm uncomfortable in summer. I'll take me clothes off an' go f'r a walk. Th' sign above th' dure belongs to me. I'll loosen if so it will fall down on th' top iv ye'er head. Ye want to go to sleep at night. I'm goin' to have a brass band surnade me. I own a gun. I think I'll shoot me property into ye. Get out iv th' way f'r here comes property, dhrunk an' raisin Cain. An' if I'm an Eyetalian sthriker with a stick iv dinnymite, I can explode it where an' whin I will. It happened to go off undher an excursion thrain full iv women an' childher. So much th' worse f'r thim but they must be no resthriction on th' right iv a man to do what he will with his own. I owned th' dinnymite an' I wanted to hear a noise. Hurrah f'r property rights! Property rights an' baby in th' base burner! It's a gr-reat issue to lay befure th' American people whin th' coal gives out."

"D'ye think th' sthrike'll be settled?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Iv coorse," said Mr. Dooley. "If it ain't hell'll break loose an' we'll all be warrum."

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