

HOW IT FEELS FOR ONE TO DIE

"Great Adventure" Accompanied by Relief and Even Ecstasy, Some Who Have Nearly Expired Say.

Probably most people will read the above title with something like a shudder, for if there is one thing certain in this world it is that the vast majority of some men and women regard the very word "death" with the greatest possible aversion. This is largely due to the fact that they seldom allow themselves to think of death, and also because of the shadow of the grim Unknown which shrouds the whole matter in mystery.

One thing is absolutely sure, however, and that is that we have, all of us, got to die at some time or other; and it is foolish to blind ourselves to the fact by putting the idea altogether into the background. If only a few human beings were obliged to die, death might indeed be terrible; but we have all got to go sooner or later—rich and poor, good and bad, happy and unhappy—and in this there is great comfort.

One of the chief reasons why people fear death, is because they think that it will be painful. They have perhaps, seen a dear friend or relative in the so-called "death agony" and they are under the impression that when their turn comes, they will have a very rough time of it indeed. Luckily the scientists of today are nearly all opposed to this idea that death is painful, and doctors tell us that no matter how much a person may suffer some time before death, the actual act of dying is absolutely painless.

Not long ago a man who had been estranged as death approached all his relatives by sitting bolt upright in his coffin. He had not actually died at all, but he had been so near death that the medical men who attended him were completely deceived. His heart had apparently quite ceased to beat, and he had shown all the signs of real death.

When questioned as to his experiences he replied that some time before he became unconscious he had felt sure that he was about to die. At that time he had been in great pain for many days, as soon as he felt that death was upon him, all the suffering left him, and he experienced a delicious kind of ecstasy that made him completely happy. When he realized that he was back in the material world he was almost indignant. He felt nothing earthly was to be compared to the delight he experienced when he thought he was "going off."

Many nurses and doctors who have seen numerous people actually have declared that the end was always quite painless, no matter what the pain might have been just beforehand.

A personal experience of what it feels like to be near death, he felt down a very steep hill on a muddy day, my bicycle "ran away" with me. I knew that at the bottom of the hill there was a high brick wall, and if I crashed into this, which seemed inevitable, death was certain. When first this idea entered my brain, the feeling of fear was terrible, but after a very few seconds the fear disappeared, and in its place was a feeling of intense expectation of a very pleasurable kind.

"In a few seconds I shall be dead," flashed through my mind. "What a glorious experience it will be!" But the experience was not of course, realized. Before reaching the wall the bike skidded and threw me heavily to the ground. That sudden shock brought me quickly "back to earth" in no sense than one, but ever since I have never had any fear of meeting death.

VILLAGE ON STILTS.

Railway Company Plans to Keep Its Workmen Above the Haze of Snow.

An architect of Montreal, Canada, is drawing plans for a village to be built on stilts for the housing of men employed in constructing a tunnel through the Selkirk range of the Rocky Mountains at Glacier, B. C. Can., a railway camp. One of the problems the contractors had to face was the drifting snow in winter, which made it impossible to progress with the work in a satisfactory manner, so they conceived the idea of building their town above the ground.

The floors of the houses, which are to be of substantial construction, are to be eight feet above the ground, the streets will have no sidewalks, but will have a walk in the center, also eight feet above the ground and connected with the doors of the houses by bridges. The architect is taking ideas from the ancient houses of prehistoric lake dwellers in Switzerland and old Rome. The result will be a village of great engineering interest.

FINDS BONES OF HUGE ANIMAL.

Skeleton of Elephant 200,000 Years Old Uncovered in California. In the fossil fields near Los Angeles Cal., have yielded the practically complete skeleton of a prehistoric elephant, which, it is believed, roamed the earth some 200,000 years ago.

"The animal in life measured more than sixteen feet in length," says Frank S. Daggett, director of the Southwest Museum. "It stood fourteen feet high and its tusks were sixteen feet long."

Spur plugs too tightly screwed in, and then rusted somewhat, are very hard to remove. Put a dam of putty around it to form a retaining cup with the plug in the center, and allow kerosene to seep in around the plug for twelve hours.

Who Is to Blame for Destruction of N. Y. Tenement by Infernal Machine



(c) Underwood & Underwood. Ruins of New York tenement (taken just as upper stories collapsed) in which four were killed by dynamite bomb.

New York—(Special)—Who is to blame for the destruction Saturday of the upper stories of the Harlem tenement in which Arthur Caron, Carl Hansen and other free speech leaders killed their headquarters? The bomb which killed the two men and two others in the same tenement undoubtedly exploded while in Caron's hand. At first it was generally believed that Caron lost his life while making an infernal machine with which to take the lives of others. But Louise Berger, step-sister of Hansen and co-worker with the men who were killed, sticks to her original story that the bomb was not made in Caron's workshop, but was sent him by an enemy.

Leonard Abbott and Alexander Berkman, leaders of the free speech movement, defend the memory of Caron.

"If it is true that he was killed by

an explosive he was handling, he may have been preparing to retaliate on the class who would deny him the rights of free speech," said Abbott. "I wish to emphasize the danger and futility in trying to stop agitation for social reforms by denying the right to freely express opinions."

"It is my belief that Caron was making a bomb and that it accidentally exploded," said Inspector Owen Egan of the bureau of combustibles. "Dynamite is very erratic. Sometimes it goes off and sometimes it doesn't. The maker of the bomb might have been taking out an electric wire to add a powder fuse."

Leaders of the Industrial Workers of the World insist that Caron was not connected with their organization. They say the I. W. W. did not approve of his methods or verbal attacks on John D. Rockefeller, Jr., at Tarrytown.

Potentates of Finance to Be Welcome at White House

Washington—(Special)—Now that President Wilson's legislative program has been practically carried out, men of large business interests are to be welcomed at the White House. J. P. Morgan, who called last week, was the first of the potentates of big business to see the president in a long time. In fact few men of his stamp have been received at the White House.



J. P. Morgan Arriving at White House in the sixteen months Mr. Wilson has been there. James Speyer of the New York banking house, James J. Hill, the veteran railroad man of the northwest, and Andrew Carnegie are about the

only ones that are recalled as having received admission to the executive offices. Except in the case of Mr. Speyer the visits of the two others were somewhat personal.

There has been severe criticism of the president for inaccessibility to men of large affairs in the country. The criticism has likewise applied as to the men in other walks of life. Hundreds of the nation's big men have either directly or indirectly sought to have interviews with the president, or expressed to friends a desire to get in touch with him, but the time of the president has nearly always been occupied, and he was unable to make many engagements.

Position of President.

It has been explained by those close to the White House that the president's motives in declining to make appointments, in addition to lack of time for these appointments, have been high and thoroughly understood by his intimate friends. So long as the president was working upon a definite legislative program he did not care to be stuck in the position of having this program influenced in the slightest degree by representations from men of big business. These representations were welcomed by letter, the same as the representations of the man in the humblest walk of life. Holding aloof from the huge powers of the business world, the president has been able to go forward with his extensive legislative program for sixteen months without the intimidation from his enemies of being influenced in his work.

Although keeping in touch, through the newspapers and intimate personal friends, with their views of legislation, these views were not presented through interviews solicited from the White House, and there is now no one who can charge that the source of a single legislative inspiration has been from Wall Street or big business centers.

Having completed his legislative program, or reached the point where he can see this completion, the president feels free to join with men of big and little business in an interchange of thought and information as to what is going on in the world at large.

He has promised business a "constitution of freedom" from further legislative worry after his anti-trust bill is passed. It is the purpose of the president to give every help he can to boost business to a high state of prosperity.

An Unabused Monopolist

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"That is the richest man in Carthage," said my friend.

I looked with indifferent glance at the man pointed out. I have found the richest man almost as numerous as the oldest inhabitant, and not more interesting. "Very peculiar," remarked my friend as if to arouse my curiosity. But my interest was too languid to prompt a question.

"Has an absolute monopoly in his line," continued the friend.

"Yes," I said idly: "they all have."

"Follows a business never heard of before," continued the friend.

"What?" I asked, my interest at last aroused.

"Lending money to people who never pay their debts," replied my friend.

"This was interesting indeed, and I began to ask questions."

"No," said my friend, "he is not bothered by too many applicants, for it is known that he never lends a cent to a man who asks him for the right, or rather the wrong kind. He never lends to a man whose credit is good for a dollar's worth of flour or a roast of meat. He never lends to a man who owes less than five hundred dollars. He never takes any security, he only charges six per cent, and has not sued a man for twenty years."

"That certainly was a man worth knowing. Here was something new under the sun. When urged for more information my friend suggested I had better talk with him myself."

After a very cordial greeting we took chairs in the library facing each other, the richest man in Carthage and I.

"Your friend was speaking of you yesterday," he said with a frank smile.

"And I am glad you came."

A light and almost boyish interest and enthusiasm in his eye gave me a very pleasing sensation.

"It is about this strange business of yours," I rejoined. "I wanted to know about it."

"All right," he said, "ask what you will."

There was neither egotism nor reticence in his tone.

"Is it really true that you lend money to people who have no credit?"

"Yes," he said.

"Without any security?"

"Only their notes."

"Do they ever pay it?"

"Certainly," and he laughed heartily. "How do you manage to collect?"

"Just wait for them to come around and settle," he replied in a matter-of-fact way.

"They don't apply to you for the money?" I asked.

"No not if they get any. I always apply to them."

"How do you manage it?"

Well, I begin with the commercial reports. When I find a man's credit bad I begin to get interested. I make further inquiries, and if I find his credit hopeless, I visit his town. If the banks, the merchants, and the town in general tell me he is no good for any debt, I then consider him eligible for a loan.

"And you get your money?" I asked in astonishment.

"In twenty years I have lost less than three per cent. Pretty good average, isn't it?"

"Splendid," I said, but why in thunder don't you explain? Don't you see I'm completely befuddled?"

He laughed lightly. "Then his face changed to kindly seriousness."

"Perhaps if I tell you of my first loan you will understand."

"I inherited thirty dollars when a youngster of twenty-two, and to celebrate my thankfulness decided to use one thousand of it in helping some poor devil who was down on his luck."

"Well, sir, you have it hunted over a month before I found my man. I was anxious to get the biggest possible dividends of happiness out of that thousand. I walked the streets at night, I visited the tenements, the hospitals, even the jails. I found plenty of fellows who would have fallen on my neck and wept with gratitude for the thousand, but they did not fill the bill. Came nearly giving it to Jenkins, but discovered he gambled. I knew it would last him about three nights, and then he would be down on the same old luck."

"I felt moved to help Drake, but Drake loved the roulette bowl, and I could see thirty tupples around the bar hilariously helping Drake break that thousand. So I passed Drake."

"I found my man by accident and it was in justice court. A young fellow below my own age was being sued for a suit of clothes. He made no defense. Acknowledged the bill, and took advantage of the creditor's law."

"There were good reasons in that fellow's face in spite of his hang-dog look and hopeless eyes."

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