

WORKING WITH GLASS

The Way the Different Color Effects Are Produced.

FREAKS OF THE BLOWPIPE.

Quaint Specimen Shapes That Are Sometimes Dropped From the Puntill. How Bottles Are Made by the Clever and Dexterous Workmen.

If a stranger enters the glass works on a dark night he will find not only beauty in the blowing operations, but a great deal of humor, with an uncanny weirdness in flame and shadow that must affect his imagination to some extent. The building is circular, with a chimney sticking through the middle of it, from the top of which a peculiar intermittent light is flickering. In the center of this building, underneath the chimney, stands a conical furnace of brick containing perhaps no fewer than eight holes which are like fiercely glaring suns and from which pour expanding broad rays of orange colored light. If your eyes are strong enough to look through the holes from which the orange beams of light emerge you see several hundredweight of molten metal shining silvery green in as many earthen dome shaped melting pots.

The nature of different kinds of glass is dependent upon the quality of the raw material, called "batch," put into the melting pots. "Batch" is a mixture of such materials as Calais sand, or common river sand abounding in silica, salt cake, or sodium carbonate and much lime. Blue colors may be obtained by adding oxide of cobalt, green by means of a chrome, black by manganese and amber. The mass of molten metal got from this opaque, earthy looking "batch" has frequently to be skimmed of impurities, but it is nevertheless a problem whence comes that wonderful and enduring transparency which everybody likes to see in glass.

Until the hour strikes for the workmen to commence operations you may find them experimenting for amusement or profit with the blowpipe. You will see many an enormity produced in glass the like of which can scarcely ever have been dropped from a puntill before. Specimens are blown out to the thinness of a tissue paper bag, which another puff of wind explodes with a crack, or a glowing glass pear is for very wantonness knocked off the puntill so that it may vanish with a report on the floor, its hue and heat being extinguished immediately. The floor all around the furnace chamber is covered with brittle shining splinters and particles of glass, which crackle underfoot at every step. One of the men may bring you a mass of metal on a blowpipe and ask you to expend a few cheekfuls of wind upon it. The pipe takes no more blowing than a trombone, though it lacks a mouthpiece, and you may expand the bubble until it is black and cold, so fragile that it will break into a myriad pieces if you touch it. The molten glass is so ductile that it may be spun out into a thread, and the men often vie with each other to see who can make the longest and thinnest strand.

At the signal to commence work the men, already partly stripped to the waist, poke their four foot blowpipes through the hole of the crucible opposite to which they work, twisting it round until it has taken up sufficient of the rosy and viscid glass for one bottle. The man who is clever at his work will, of course, gather up neither too much nor too little for the thickness of the bottle required. He can tell without looking through the furnace holes when he has enough by the weight added to his pipe. Thus all around the fiery furnace there are figures moving continually across the lurid light, most of them dexterously wielding their blowpipes and balancing at the end of each one the exact quantity of vitrified matter to make a bottle. The amateur would find it difficult to balance the molten mass. The chances are that it would drop on the floor, never to be picked up again.

At the same moment you will see bottles in all stages of growth—some glittering gold, others cooling down to orange or red, some in the forms of plummet or dazzling tears, others as incandescent bosses threatening to become fragile bladders. It is all as charming as a pyrotechnic display. You will see the black blowpipe twirled round, blown down, held up like a gun barrel, then in the form of an incandescent lamp globe turned round on a beeswax cast iron implement called a marler, on whose edge the bottle neck is formed. It is held up once more, blown into, then shut up in a cast iron mold placed at the operator's feet somewhat below the level of the ground. This mold is opened and closed by a wire spring, which the operator presses with his feet, and directly the red hot bottle is inclosed he blows down the pipe once more so as to fill it completely.

A man goes round from mold to mold inserting a rod into the neck of each bottle and collecting a trayful to go to the annealing chamber. Here the bottles are stacked up for a gradual cooling process, which may possibly last thirty-six hours. This gives them the desired strength. The annealing process is a cure for their natural fragility and enables them to stand the test of boiling water.—London Globe.

Still Possible.
Clara—When Tom proposed to me he admitted that he had more money than brains.

Maude—Well, I've no reason to doubt it, although I understand he hasn't a dollar to his name.—Pittsburg Post.

AN ERRATIC PHILOSOPHER.

George Bernard Shaw and His Satirical Remarks.

George Bernard Shaw gave an example of his satire at the time of the recent big procession of suffragettes in Hyde park, London. A photographer caught him standing with hands in pockets looking at the parade as it passed along, and a friend who chanced to see him ascertained that his wife was in the procession. The acquaintance asked the brilliant but erratic critic and philosopher if he, too, had been parading, and Mr. Shaw promptly replied:

"No. I was not in the procession because it was a procession of women, and, thank God, I'm not a woman. I offered to parade if my wife would drive me in a wheelbarrow; but, like a sensible woman, she refused.

"It was really a fine procession. I saw it. But, while the women had an unusual average of good looks, the policemen's horses were much better looking. I suppose that was because



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

the horses were better cared for. That's right, for horses are really valuable creatures."

It was in Hyde park that Mr. Shaw first became noted as an advocate of socialistic ideas, for he used to join the groups of orators there on Sundays and express his original views, and he had usually a large following. Shaw furnished a biographical sketch of himself for an English journal some years ago, and it is said to be still correct except as to his bachelorhood. It ran thus: "I am a bachelor, an Irishman, a vegetarian, an atheist, a teetotaler, a fanatic, a humorist, a fluent liar, a Social Democrat, a lecturer and debater, a lover of music, a fierce opponent of the present status of women and an insister on the serious in art."

CHAIRMAN J. T. LLOYD.

Congressman Who Heads Democratic Congressional Committee.

Representative James Tighman Lloyd, chairman of the Democratic congressional campaign committee, was elected to the fiftieth congress from Missouri to fill a vacancy and has now seen about ten years of continuous service in the house. He was born in Canton, Lewis county, Mo., in 1857, was graduated from Christian



REPRESENTATIVE JAMES T. LLOYD.

university at the same place in 1878, taught school a few years, then studied law and was admitted to the bar. From 1879 to 1883 he was deputy circuit clerk and deputy sheriff of Lewis county, and in 1885 he removed to Shelbyville, which has since been his home. From 1889 to 1893 he was prosecuting attorney of Shelby county. He married Miss Molly Graves in 1881 and has several children. Chairman Lloyd is prominent in the Odd Fellows and Knights of Pythias and is a Methodist, having served as delegate to the general conference of that denomination. He was for several years Democratic "whip" in the house of representatives.

THE PILLORY.

Titus Oates and Daniel Defoe Both Suffered in It.

In the year 1837 the British parliament passed an act that put an end to punishment by pillory. Previous to the conquest this particular instrument of correction was in use in England and went by the name of the "stretch neck." It consisted of a wooden frame erected on a stool in which were three holes for the head and arms. For days together offenders against the common law were thus exposed to public view. From historic accounts it appears that this particular form of punishment was meted out to those convicted of frauds of every description not only in England, but in nearly every country in Europe. In the days of the star chamber, when religious feeling ran high, the pillory was the ordinary punishment meted out to those who offended against the church. In 1685 Titus Oates was sentenced to be pilloried for five days in every year during the rest of his life. Another famous sufferer was Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," who stood for three days in the pillory in Cheapside. It happened on occasions that the offender died while undergoing his sentence. During the time of exposure the condemned man was not allowed to receive food of any sort or description. The last occasion on which a pillory sentence was passed was in 1814.—London Globe.

A KING'S HOBBY.

The Mania of Frederick William I. For Collecting Giants.

Of all the manias that afflict mankind the most ancient and curious is probably that for collecting. The victims collect pretty nearly everything from books to shoe buckles and from pots to postage stamps, but giant collecting was the hobby of Frederick William I., king of Prussia.

Nature designed him for a recruiting officer; destiny made him a monarch. All were fish who came to his net—Saxons, Austrians, Hessians, Turks, Swedes, Englishmen, Irishmen, Africans—provided they were at least two yards long. Some of his specimens were seven feet long. Now and then he obtained one still more prodigious.

The Saxon cabinet minister Wackerbarth, foreseeing the possible advantages of standing well with so near a neighbor, in 1715 dispatched to Berlin a recognition of his Prussian majesty's birthday, Aug. 14, no less flattering than unique, since it consisted of a large bundle of tobacco leaves, two handsome Turkish pipes and a bagful of fragrant Latakia, all committed to the hands of seven foot passengers, with a missive imploring the king's gracious acceptance of these trifles and the Cupid who bore them.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Smile From a Stranger.

Most of us owe debts of gratitude to strangers whose kindly smile has sent sunshine into our aching hearts and has given us courage when we were disheartened.

It is a great thing to go through life with a smiling face. It costs little, but who can ever estimate its value?

Think how the pleasure of life would be increased if we met smiling faces everywhere—faces which radiate hope, sunshine and cheer! What a joy it would be to travel in a gallery of living pictures radiating hope and courage!

Who can estimate what beautiful, smiling faces mean to the wretched and the downcast, those whose life burdens are crushing them?

Many of us carry precious memories of smiling faces which we glimpsed but once, but whose sweet, uplifting expression will remain with us forever.—Success Magazine.

She Was Deliberate.

It is said that Dinah Mulock Crank, the famous author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," made a habit of leaving at her bank the manuscript of each of her stories as soon as it was completed. It would remain there perhaps six months, and then she would call for it and see how the story affected her after that lapse of time. If it pleased her, the manuscript was sent to the publisher. Otherwise it was rewritten or thrown away.

Ear Wiggling.

Only animals with large and drooping ears are able to wig them. A rabbit, for instance, can do what it likes with its ear, drooping one or both and laying them flat along its back when dashing through thick cover. Hares are still more brisk in their movements. But short eared beasts, like weasels and stoats, are unable to wag their ears in any degree, although they have enough ear to wig if they had the power.

Accurate.

"See here, landlord," said an angry tenant after he had signed the contract for a year. "This house is full of sewer gas."

"Yes, that's what I told you."

"Told me?"

"Yes. You asked me if there was gas in every room, and I said there was."—London Answers.

His Right Hand.

"My husband," said the fair bride, "says I am his right hand."

"I hope," rejoined her mother, "that he isn't like that man who never lets his right hand know what his left hand does."—Chicago News.

Easy to Suit.

Mrs. Eastend—You'll not find me difficult to suit, Nora. Nora (the new maid)—I'm sure not, ma'am; I saw your husband as I came in, ma'am.—Pittsburg Observer.

SEA BATHING.

The Effects of Salt Air and Water on the Human Body.

There is a reason why parents have in all times and in all ages endeavored to give their children the benefit of sea air and sea bathing. An Italian physician, Gerosa, tells about it:

It is agreed, he says, that all living organisms began their first existence in salt water and that as a result the human body (and indeed every animal body) is largely made up of salt. If you taste your blood or your tears, which are the extract of blood, you will find that both are quite salt in flavor. More than this, however, every living being possesses within his body, in the cellular stage, all those strange marine organisms which we study so curiously in museums. And, sealing, says Gerosa, that the amount of sea water contained in every body is equal to one-third of that body's weight, it is clear that in the infinitesimally rudimentary form all known marine life must be present in the blood. The result is that when we bathe in the sea or breathe the sea air we replace the amount of essential salt which is constantly decreasing in the system and, all unconsciously to ourselves, weakening it. Salt water, says Gerosa, is really the main principle of life, since it is the first condition of existence which the living organisms knew. It is therefore always good for the body, whether it be enjoyed at the seaside or brought in bottles from the sea. In particular it is very valuable in the case of weakling children, and there is no bodily stimulant so invigorating to the very young as sea water.

THE VOODOO IN HAITI.

Human Sacrifices to the God of the Serpent.

There is ample proof that human beings have been offered as sacrifices to the god of the serpent in Haiti. A French archbishop of the island describes a visit made by one of the priests to a voodoo assembly. The man had disguised himself as a negro, and he was thus able to mingle undetected with the crowd in the obscurity outside the sacred circle. After the white cock and white goat had been slain and offered up and their blood had been sprinkled on the company a burly young negro came forward and prostrated himself before the priestess. Then, still kneeling, he made his prayer:

"O maman, I have a favor to ask of thee."

"What is it, my son?" said the negress encouragingly.

"Wilt thou not give us, to complete the sacrifice, the goat without horns?"

The priestess gave a sign of assent. The crowd roundabout separated, and there was revealed a child sitting with its feet bound. The French priest rushed away in search of assistance in preventing the unholy rite, but the authorities on whom he called were strangely slothful. When finally, on the day following, they arrived at the place of assembly, they found the greswome remains of a sacrifice and a feast, among them the boiled skull of the child.—Marvin Dana in Metropolitan Magazine.

When Men Hurry.

"Singular," said a man waiting for a train on an elevated railroad platform and looking down a street to where a hundred men and boys had gathered around two wagons that had come together in collision, "there are a hundred men standing around those two wagons, just standing there, gawping, apparently with nothing else to do and not in a bit of a hurry, but let any one of those men come up the stairs to this platform when there is a train coming in and he'd rush and hurry and tear himself apart to catch that train and get gum if he missed it, though he knew very well that there'd be another train here in a minute. Let him miss a train by a second and he thinks the world is coming to an end; let him see somebody hoisting a safe up the outside of a building and he will stop and waste half an hour."

"How do you account for that?"—New York Sun.

Mme. de Struve's Wit.

Secretary Blaine had said of Mme. de Struve that she was the brightest woman he had ever met, and everybody who knew her agreed with this verdict. Her knowledge of English was remarkable, even for a Russian, and her sallies were famous. For instance, the day when Secretary Bayard was made head of the American diplomatic service his daughter, Miss Kate Bayard, said laughingly to a young secretary of legation, "Remember, I am now daughter of your chief!" to which came, quick as a flash, the retort from Mme. de Struve's lips, "Oh, we all know that you are miss-chief!"—Army and Navy Life.

His Terms Varied.

"I give a little reception next Thursday evening, and I should like some music, piano solos particularly. What would be your terms?" Thus a lady to a professional instrumentalist.

"Eef I go zere simply as a musician," was the reply, "and blay my selections und leave I gharze life guineas, but eef I must go as a guest und spend ze whole evenings talking to von pack of fools I gharze den guineas!"—London Graphic.

A Sure Thing.

She—Did father say anything about you being too young? He—Well, yes; but he said I'd age pretty rapidly after we were married and I found I had to pay your bills.—Illustrated Bits.

A happiness that is quite undisturbed becomes tiresome; we must have ups and downs.—Mollere.

MACARONI IN ITALY.

To the Working People This Food is a Luxury.

Every one pictures the Italian as eating macaroni. What if I tell you that the Italians, taking them as a people, do not eat macaroni, and yet it is virtually true. Macaroni in Italy costs 4 to 8 cents a pound, and it is too costly for common use. It is about as accurate to say that the Italians live on macaroni as that the Americans live on turkey. Macaroni to the working Italian is a luxury. You often see young fellows on a holiday indulging in a dish in a restaurant or before a street cook stand about as Americans would eat ice cream. A customary workman's dinner is a hunk of bread broken apart and "battered" with a few traces of tomato sauce. As for meat, it is the greatest rarity, and the only drink they can afford is water, which has the advantage of being cheap and filling. The Italians at home are not only temperate, but abstemious. Wine and beer and even tea, coffee and chocolate are forbidden to them on account of the expense. In all Italy we saw no one under the influence of liquor. So also there is practically no smoking. The government has a monopoly of the tobacco business, buys its supplies in quantities direct in America and elsewhere and charges three prices for everything. The few tobacco shops keep a piece of smoldering tow tied at the doorpost, so that patrons and passers may light their cigars by it.—Los Angeles Times.

WOMAN'S WIT UNCERTAIN.

As When This Wife Failed to Appreciate Hubby's Pleasantry.

"Don't always rely upon the ready wit of a woman," said the man who is sometimes pleased to consider himself an oracle. "That ready wit business is sometimes prone to get way off. For example, my wife and children had been staying in the country for several weeks, and I was regular with my letters, as every loving husband should be. Finally on the day before my wife was to start for home I concluded my letter to her with these words:

"This will be the last letter I will write to you for a long, long time."

"When I got down to my office the next morning I found a telegram from my wife waiting for me. 'What on earth do you mean?' read the dispatch.

"Later a registered letter came from her. She had blotted almost every line with tears. What it was all about I could not imagine.

"Then my telephone bell rang, and when I answered I heard my wife's voice speaking over the long distance phone.

"Oh, John," said she. 'Is that really you? I thought you had committed suicide!'"—Washington Post.

Remedy For Choking.

"Raising the left arm as high as you can will relieve choking much more rapidly than the act of thumping one's back," said a physician, "and it is well that every one should know it, for often a person gets choked while eating where there is no one near to thump him. Very frequently at meals and when they are at play children get choked while eating, and the customary manner of relieving them is to slap them sharply on the back. The effect of this is to set the obstruction free. The same thing can be brought about by raising the left hand of the child as high as possible, and the relief comes much more quickly. In happenings of this kind there should be no alarm, for if the child sees that older persons or parents get excited the effect is bad. The best thing is to tell the child to raise its left arm, and immediately the difficulty passes away."

The Popping Stone.

"The popping stone" marks the spot where Sir Walter Scott asked Miss Carpenter to marry him. It is situated in the beautiful valley of the Irthing, at Gilsland, an inland watering place near Carlisle. The popping stone is visited by many thousands during the summer months, and it is said many a laggard lover has had his courage screwed up to popping point at this romantic spot. In the immediate neighborhood may also be seen "Mumps Ha," which Scott immortalized in "Guy Ransmering," while a little farther afield the Roman wall and Lanercost priory prove attractions to visitors to Gilsland.—London Chronicle.

Hardships of the Very Poor.

Little Marion, having few real playmates, has supplied herself with several imaginary ones, with whom she has many surprising experiences. Her mother recently overheard her playing with her large family of dolls and entertaining a visionary caller.

"Yes, Mrs. Sniff," she said, heaving a deep sigh, "we are poor, terribly poor. We are so poor that I have to spank my babies to keep them warm."

—Woman's Home Companion.

Costs Sometimes.

"There's no use talking about it—a chronic disease is an expensive thing to have."

"That depends. Mine never cost me anything."

"What's your trouble?"

"Kleptomania."—Cleveland Leader.

The Biter Bit.

Hewitt—Who was that fellow who in a fit of absentmindedness tried to light his cigar from the electric light? Jewett—He's a joke writer who makes a specialty of jokes about countrymen blowing out the gas.—New York Press.

As soon as a man acquires fairly good sense it is said that he is an old fogey.—Atchison Globe.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the county court of Red Willow county, Nebraska. In the matter of the estate of Charles Getman, deceased.

You are hereby notified that I will sit at the county court room in McCook in said county on the 29th day of March, 1909, at nine o'clock a. m. to receive and examine all claims and demands against said estate with power to allow adjustment and allowance. The time limited for the presentation of claims against said estate is six months from the 15th day of September, 1908, and any claim not presented by that time shall be forever barred.—25-145.

J. C. McCOCK, County Judge.
J. E. Kelley, attorney.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In justice court before H. H. Perry, Justice of the Peace.

J. H. Pratt, defendant, will take notice that on the 3rd day of August, 1908, H. H. Perry, a Justice of the Peace of Red Willow county, Nebraska, issued an order of attachment for the sum of \$88.33, in an action pending before him, wherein George S. Scott is plaintiff and J. H. Pratt is defendant, and that property of the defendant consisting of money due and owing in the hands of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company, as witness, for work and labor performed by said defendant for said Railroad Company, has been attached under said order of attachment. Said case has been concluded for hearing to the 21st day of September, 1908, at one o'clock a. m.—25-38-38.

ORDER OF HEARING.

State of Nebraska, Red Willow county, ss. In the county court.

To all persons interested in the estate of Andrew R. Hammell, late of said county, deceased. You are hereby notified that on the 19th day of August, 1908, Edith V. Fowler filed her petition in the county court of said county for the appointment of John R. Hammell as the administrator of the estate of Andrew R. Hammell, late of said county, deceased, and that the said petition will be heard at the county court room in the city of McCook in said county, on the 12th day of September, 1908, at the hour of one o'clock p. m. It is ordered that notice of said hearing be given to all persons interested in said estate by the publication of this notice for three successive weeks in The McCook Tribune, a newspaper published, printed and circulated in said county.

Dated this 19th day of August, 1908.—8-21-08.

J. C. McCOCK, County Judge.
Cordell & McCarl, attorneys.

NOTICE OF SUIT.

Charles G. Wallace, defendant, will take notice that Marie Wallace, as plaintiff, has filed her petition in the district court of Red Willow county, state of Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are to obtain a divorce from him on the grounds that although of sufficient ability so to do he has, without just cause or provocation, grossly, wantonly and cruelly failed and refused to support or to in any manner contribute to the support of plaintiff for more than four months.

You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday the 21st day of September, (A. D.) 1908.—8-14-08.

MARIE WALLACE, Plaintiff.
By J. E. Kelley, her attorney.

NOTICE OF SUIT.

Elizabeth Kilgore, James V. Kilgore, Sarah Kilgore, Florida J. Berger, George L. Berger, Emma Bohnstadt, Arrilla Vandervort, Silas Vandervort, Mary Kimerling, Marion Kimerling, Oliver P. Whitted, Margaret J. Whitted, James A. Whitted, Mrs. James A. Whitted, his wife, Arthur E. Stone, Sarah A. Jones, Samantha Potts and James Potts, defendants, will take notice that George E. Everston, plaintiff herein, has filed his petition against the above named defendants in the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are to quiet the title of the plaintiff in the East half and the East half of the West half of Section thirty-three (33), Township three (3), Range twenty-eight (28), Red Willow county, Nebraska, and for a decree that the defendants and each and all of them be decreed to have no interest in or any claim, lien, or title to said premises or any part thereof, and that they may be barred and excluded from making any claim thereto.

You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the 28th day of September, 1908.

Dated this 21st day of August, 1908.

GEORGE E. EVERSTON,
By BOYLE & ELDRED, Plaintiff,
his Attorneys. [8-21-4]

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