

Nebraska Advertiser

W. W. SANDERS, Prop.

NEMAHA, NEBRASKA

Every day has its new heroes, and a good many of them are firemen.

A professor of morals will be the first essential if the country ever has a correspondents' school.

The affair of the Congo seems to be one of those matters which will never be settled until it is settled right.

A British report says that America is facing a timber famine. At any rate, it is not a presidential timber famine.

The marriage of a prosperous medicine manufacturer to an actress gives assurance that there is hope for the American drama.

A Boston man is offering \$50 reward for a treatment that will cure a parrot of the habit of repeating profanity. Why not try the ax?

We have it on the word of an English scientist that the north pole, presumably having grown weary of waiting to be discovered, is coming south.

There being a considerable stretch of real estate intervening between France and Turkey it is perfectly safe for the two countries to make faces at each other.

Three Chicago men claim to have discovered a process by which human bodies can be turned into metal. There are plenty already who are evidently made of brass.

As regards the hen, furthermore, she has one conspicuous advantage over the cow. It is harder to counterfeit, adulterate or otherwise impair the usefulness of her output.

Several more desirable customs than the manufacture of dynamite bombs would be welcomed from anarchistic immigrants. This is a habit which should be left with the old folks at home.

A southern paper remarks that no one ever saw a "merry widower." This is a very gallant, if not very accurate, statement, for naturally, gallantly speaking, why should there ever be a merry widower?

The price of coal is decreasing, says a news report. However, this was to be expected. Now the really wonderful thing would happen if the price of coal were to decrease in the autumn instead of the glad springtime.

A problem in all countries is to keep the young men in the small towns. The remedies suggested are many, but we fail to find the most practical and the most potent. The way to keep the young men anywhere is to keep the pretty girls in the same neighborhood.

It is said that Madame Adelina Patti plans another farewell tour of America. America is pretty well accustomed to this sort of thing, but the former diva should remember that even over here we have a little saying about the turning of the patient worm.

It is very discouraging. Here is the Lady's Pictorial of London saying: "We do not want all women to be smart and energetic; she who can be merely gentle and charming and gracious—and shall we not even say helpless?—maintains the ideal of womanhood for man to worship." More mollycoddles.

Here is another indication that business is improving at home and abroad. The commercial papers announce that room on vessels has been engaged for shipping 150,000 tons of pig iron from Alabama furnaces to Mediterranean ports. This means not only that there is a growing demand in the old world, but that in supplying the requirements American producers will have a fair market and will be enabled to give employment to more American labor.

Commenting on the danger of trusting women to run motor cars, an Ohio mayor suggests that the only proper machine for a woman to run is the sewing machine. We should be more willing to confine our women to these useful contrivances if they had electric motors to drive them. It would be well if some of the power spent in driving automobiles were applied to necessary domestic engines, which in many homes overtax the feet that push the treadles.

After all, John Hay did write "The Breadwinners," a novel that had considerable vogue 25 years ago. It was published anonymously before the author had made a reputation as one of the greatest secretaries of state the country ever had, and the secret was kept, although suspected, until at last, states the Youth's Companion, Mrs. Hay has consented that the credit which belonged to her dead husband shall be given to him in an account of the book in "A Manual of American Literature," recently published.

IN RADIUM FACTORY

INTRICATE PROCESS OF MAKING PRECIOUS ELEMENT.

Tons of Ores Treated for Two and Half Months in Large Sifting Tanks to Obtain Minimal Fragments of Salts.

London.—Physical theories have, in the course of the last few years, undergone something like a revolution, due to the discovery of radiations, given out from certain substances, which radiations, although invisible to the eye, manifest themselves by the most varied effects. The typical representative of these substances is radium, or rather its chemical compounds, as the element itself has not yet been isolated. Owing to the scientific interest attaching to this wonderful substance, and the practical uses it is liable to be put to, especially in medicine, it will not be amiss briefly to record the complicated processes required in its manufacture.

Apart from their being some of the most interesting substances known to men, radium salts are the most precious of all chemical compounds, one kilogram of radium bromide being estimated at about \$80,000,000. Owing to this extreme costliness, it will be understood that the amount of radium generally handled in laboratories must be rather minute; and, as the effects of radium are of extraordinary intensity, those small quantities are quite sufficient to show any phenomenon hitherto discovered.

In order, however, to give an idea of the enormous amount of material required to produce, even such minute quantities as a few milligrams of radium salts, it may be said that whole



Sifting Tanks in a Radium Factory.

wagon-loads of diverse ores have to be submitted to a lengthy treatment in order to extract from them some minimal fragments. By discontinuing the various operations at a given stage the activity of the radium salt can be varied at will, according to the special purpose it is intended for, and a whole scale of different intensities can thus be readily produced.

At a special radium factory recently installed at Nogent-sur-Marne, the most varied ores are treated, and on their arrival are all taken to the crushers, whereas their further treatment varies according to the kind of material. The method described in the following applies more particularly to pitchblend, or rather to pitchblend residues as obtained in the manufacture of uranium—which are the most important of radium-holding materials. The "gross treatment" is carried out in wooden tanks and cast-iron tanks provided with stirring devices. Each ton of residue will require five tons of chemicals and 50 tons of rinsing water.

As radium sulphate always remains at the bottom of the vessel, it is found there at the conclusion of the different operations (lasting about two and a half months), when one or two kilograms of impure radium bromide will be obtained from each ton of residue. The activity of this radium-holding salt hardly exceeds 50 to 60. Products of higher activity are obtained by "fractionating"—namely, by submitting the mixture of salts to a series of successive crystallizations in pure water, and in water containing some hydrobromic acid.

While the first fractional operations are still carried out on a commercial basis, the more minute operations required to treat the products of higher activity are necessarily performed in the laboratory of skilled chemists. At the end of this difficult treatment only one to two milligrams of bromide are found to remain from each ton of original residues, but this minimal amount shows an activity 2,000,000 times higher than metallic uranium. The most important part of the factory is the laboratory, where chemical analyses and spectroscopic tests are carried out, in addition to measuring the activity of each product, as well as of the emanations they are liable to produce.

RAPID RISE OF GEN. BARRY.

Career of Army Officer Recently Named for Promotion.

Washington.—The rise of Brig.-Gen. Thomas H. Barry, recently nominated as major-general, vice Gen. C. B. Hall, retired for age, has been rapid. Born in New York in October, 1855, he was graduated from the Military academy in June, 1877. After three years' service in the cavalry and 17 years in the infantry he was transferred to the adjutant-general's department with the rank of major in January, 1897, and became colonel in that department in



Gen. Thomas H. Barry.

July, 1902, less than six years ago. As a brigadier general of volunteers he served in the Pekin relief expedition and in the Philippines. For those services he was made a brigadier general in the regular army in August, 1903, and now stands fourth in that grade, his seniors being Gens. Funston, Carter and Bliss, in the order named.

Gen. Barry is now in his fifty-second year, and will not retire until October, 1919. With the exceptions of Gen. Funston, who is his junior by ten years, and Gen. Pershing, who is five years younger, Gen. Barry is the youngest officer of brigade rank in the army.

For several months past Gen. Barry has been in command of the army of Cuban pacification, and it is announced that he will remain on that duty in spite of his promotion.

GETS IMPORTANT POST.

John R. Wise Appointed Superintendent of Chilocco Indian School.

Washington.—John R. Wise, for many years a resident of Washington, has been appointed by Secretary Garfield as superintendent of the United States Indian school at Chilocco, Okla. This is one of the largest and most important Indian schools in the northwest.

Mr. Wise was graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1888. He entered the government service in Washington in 1891 in the record and pension office. For over 12 years he was employed in the office of the commissioner of Indian affairs. He was designated by the secretary of the interior in 1898 as manager of the United States Indian congress held in connection with the trans-Mississippi



JOHN R. WISE

exposition at Omaha. For the last three and a half years Mr. Wise has served as assistant superintendent of the Carlisle Indian school.

Success Attainment of Ambition.

Success is the attainment of laudable desires, and the successful man is he who faithfully performs his duty towards himself and all the world besides, and by doing so confers happiness upon himself in the knowledge that he is fulfilling his divine mission here in the hope of an eternal reward hereafter.

Her Good Work Recognized.

Mrs. W. S. Peabody of Colorado is called the mother of Mesa Verde National park, because of the interest she has taken in the preservation of the relics of the mysterious cliff dwellers of Colorado.

IN MEMORIAM.



A laurel wreath for each good gray head, Honor for each of the scars they bear; Tears for the blood that they had to shed. Sighs for the ills that they had to share; Love for their hope when hope had fled From the weak who cowered in pale despair.

Fame, but not for the shame of those Who fell for a cause that was better lost. Cheers for their love of the gallant foes Whose bayonets by their own were crossed; Love for the grace that the hero shows To the vanquished foe who has paid the cost.

A laurel wreath for each good gray head, Cheers for the heroes marching by; Tears for the blood that they had to shed, For each of the ills that they bore a sigh; Love for their faith when the streams ran red And despair was written across the sky. —S. E. Kiser.

SCYTHE HIS MEMORIAL

Remains in Tree Where Youth Hung It When He Went to War.

WHEN the territory about Waterloo, in New York state, was sparsely settled the principal industry was the hewing of timber from the forest along the Seneca canal. At a point known as Log Landing, midway between Geneva and Waterloo, the woodchoppers were wont to gather and tell their stories of early Indian fights, and here young Hyman Johnson, a farmer boy, first learned of the impending disaster to the union if the southern states were allowed to withdraw from their early affiliation.

One day in 1861 Johnson, who was then 21 years old, was mowing a lot on the farm. A neighbor drove up bearing the tidings that the call to arms had been sounded. Without hesitation the youth walked to the house and placed his scythe in the crotch of a young Balm of Gilead tree. His mother asked him what the matter was, and he said:

"Mother, Lincoln needs men. I am going to war."

"What, Hyman? You, my son, going to enlist?"

"Yes, but do not fear any harm will come to me. The war will be over in a month. The southerners cannot face the troops from the north for more than that time. When I return I will mow the rest of the lot. Leave my scythe in the tree until I return."

His regiment marched to the front to the stirring martial music, and was often in the fighting line. The mother, true to the words of her boy, left the scythe as it had been placed. Johnson came home a year later on a furlough, and laughed at the almost forgotten incident of the implement and its position.

He inspired hope in the hearts of those who thought of nothing else than his safe return by saying: "I will yet be back to mow that lot."

Soon after returning he was captured in a skirmish and became a prisoner in a southern pen, from which escape was impossible. Disease laid hold upon him and he died surrounded by enemies. He was buried in an unknown grave with hundreds of his comrades.

Meanwhile the tree grew apace and the blade became partially imbedded in the trunk of the tree. The handle rotted away, but the steel remained fixed in the wood.

A general proclamation was issued from the White House declaring one day should be set apart as a time for memory of those who had fallen while defending their country. It was the first Memorial day. Word of the proclamation was carried to Mrs. Johnson, but she had no grave to decorate. She vain would strew a few flowers upon the spot wherein her boy lay, but its location must ever remain a mystery. Kneeling in the garden, she offered a short prayer. Then she plucked a few lilies from the plot she tended daily, and, making a wreath, she bore it to the tree which gave such a grim reminder of her sacrifice to her country. With a caress she reached up and hung the wreath upon the scythe point.

Memorial day has long become an established anniversary. Many years have passed since Mrs. Johnson was laid to rest in the village cemetery. The old home is exactly as it stood in the day of the civil war, but is occupied by another family.

Takes Snapshots of Guests. A woman well known for her love of amateur photography as well as hospitality, has, ever since her marriage, carried out the plan of "speeding the parting guest" by taking a snapshot of them. The result is in the guestroom, where a frieze of photographs shows the gallery, making an interesting collection, and one that entertains every new visitor that the room shelters.

Again the Practical Joke.

A volatile bartender of Rochester, N. Y., noting that a patron, Edwin Barrett, slept soundly in the saloon, heated a copper coin until it had reached the white stage and then deposited it on the knee of the slumbering one. The joke was entirely successful, as the coin burned the flesh, caused blood poisoning and necessitated the amputation of Mr. Barrett's leg above the knee.

Smallest Visible Things.

Few persons would guess that the smallest things visible to the eye are the stars. Yet, according to a high authority, such is the case. Great as many of the stars are in actual magnitude, their distance is so immense that their angular diameter becomes insensible and they approach to the condition of geometrical points. The minute disks that they appear to have are spurious, an effect of radiation.

Greatness.

There is a kind of elevation which does not depend on fortune. It is a certain air which distinguishes us, and seems to destine us for great things; it is a price which we imperceptibly set on ourselves. By this quality we usurp the deference of other men; and it puts us, in general, more above them than birth, dignity, or even merit itself.—La Rochefoucauld.

What, Indeed?

What is the cruel pleasure which carries sorrow and bitterness to the heart of your brother? Where is the innocency of an amusement whose source springs from vices which ought to inspire you with compassion and grief?—Jean Baptiste Massillon.

Changed His Mind.

Once there was a bachelor man who said that talk was cheap, but one day he got married, and then he learned a heap. For when his so-called better-half doth speak of gowns and such he finds her talk is different—it costs him mighty much.—Chicago Daily News.

Lincoln Directory

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