RADIUM FOR THE POOR

NEW DISCOVERY REVOLUTIONIZES TREATMENT OF CANCER.

Sir Frederick Treves Has Announced That Not Only Can the Emanations of Precious Metal Be "Bottled," But That Water Can Also Be Impregnated With Its Curative Powers.

In the battle against cancer science has accomplished one of the wonders of the age. Into the lives of countless sufferers a sensational discovery just announced brings a new gleam of hope. Sir Frederick Treves, sergeant-surgeon to the King, whose name as a cancer specialist is almost a household word, has just made known the fact that radium rays can actually be bottled. In this manner they can be sent all over the country and used just as effectively as the precious substance itself. Radium is enormously expensive and exceedingly scarce. The new discovery has this extraordinary advantage, that it multiplies almost to infinity the existing stock of radium. The discovery will bring the treatment within reach of the poor, and will provide a far more widespread test of its efficacy than has hitherto been possible. In future the doctor will be able to obtain the bottled rays at small cost, using them in exactly the same way, and with the same results, as the radium itself. Further, a way has been found of charging water with radium emanations, and remarkable cures have been effected by its means.

In explaining the discovery, Sir Frederick Treves described it as "a complete revolution in the future of

SIR FREDERICK TREVES.

radium." He said: "There comes off radium a gas called the emanation, which has exactly the properties of pure radium, and we have proved now—the discovery was made some months ago, but nothing was said about it—that for curative purposes the emanation of radium is as efficient as radium itself. Radium gives off these emanations constantly, the amount depending upon the quantity of radium that is used. The emanation never weakens the radio-activity of the piece of radium from which it exudes.

Mr. A. E. Hayward Pinch, medical superintendent of the Radium Institute, stated that according to the most reliable authorities, an atom of radium would only shed one-half of its radio-activity in something between 2,000 and 2,500 years, so that it would be a good many generations ahead before there need be any worry about the degeneracy of the radium actually possessed by the institute. But more marvelous than the discovery that radium emits gases of equal curative power to the substance itself without destroying its own efficiency are the remarkable inventions made by the institute staff to capture and confine the emanations in tubes, plates and bottles. Sir Frederick Treves showed the company some flat plates, about as large as two postage stamps, into which 50 to 80 milligrammes had been sealed. These can be sent out to country doctors who want to treat patients. The emanation loses its radio activity very rapidly, declining to one-half of its original strength in three and a half days. Still, the doctor in Edinburgh who wants to apply the equivalent of 50 milligrammes of radium to a patient can have a tube sent to him overnight which will represent that strength on arrival to him the next morning. Fifty milligrammes of pure radium would cost £1,000; 50 milligrammes of radium emanation, of equal curative powers to radium itself, would cost him six guineas for 24 hours' use. This is bringing radium treatment, where there is no radium, within the reach of the most modest purse. "During the last 10 days," remarked Sir Frederick Treves, "the institute has sent out 13 pieces of apparatus, representing 860 milligrammes, in the form of radium emanation, which, if the actual substance were used, would represent £17,200 worth of radium." One of the four grammes of radium possessed by the institute (the total value of the four is £80,000) was recently set aside exclusively for the production of radium emanations. From this 160 milligrammes of emanation are secured in plates and tubes every day. Anticipating the calls for radium emanation that the announcement of this discovery will lead to, the executive committee have now decided to devote another ½-gramme of their precious substance exclusively to this work. Sir Frederick Treves frankly said he could not go beyond the expression "apparent cure" which he had applied last year to the results of radium treatment on cancer, tumours, etc., though the observations of the past year were "very hopeful."

Jimmy and his pals were playing marbles as the new minister came along.

"Boy, can you show me the way to the post office?"

Jimmy pointed the way and then returned to his marbles.

"Little man, don't you know it is wrong to play marbles That is a form of gambling. Come with me and I will show you the way to heaven."

"Ah, cheese it, mister; you show me the way to heaven. Why, you don't even know the way to the post office."

A. Latham has lost his place on the umpiring staff of the New York State League.

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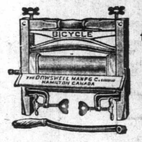

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J. L. SUTHERLAND
Open Evenings Till Xmas

The Cash Intrigue

By George Randolph Chester

(Copyright, 1909, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

CHAPTER XXV.

THROUGH the dark woods at Forest Lakes there came hurrying from the northern boundary of the estate an active figure, making his way steadily toward the big graystone house. Occasionally in the denser shadows he stopped to listen. He knew that a dozen or so of picked mountaineers had been left on guard, flintlike men, who would much rather shoot first and inquire afterward in these troubled times. He was congratulating himself upon his good fortune in escaping these men when as he rounded the corner of the house two of them stepped forward with leveled guns.

"Throw up your hands! Come in the light!" commanded the one nearest him and flashed the glow of an electric pocket lantern in his direction. "Are you Sumner Rollins?"

"Yes," replied Rollins, relieved, and began to lower his hands.

"Hold up your hands! Wait a minute!"

Rollins instantly raised his hands again, feeling rather ridiculous, while the guard stepped to the door and rang the bell. He had no more than rung it when the door opened and Elsie White stood revealed in the flood of light.

"Come in, Mr. Rollins," she cheerily invited. "I have been waiting for you these three nights."

"Waiting for me!" he exclaimed as he strode up and took both her hands in his own. "I don't see how that could be. I have been trying for a week to get word to you, but could find no way. I knew that with the telegraph control in the hands of Blagg no message was safe. How did you find out that I was coming?"

"I don't know," replied Elsie, dropping her eyes as she gently disengaged her hands and closed the door. "I just seemed to know it. You see"—and now she looked up at him frankly—"I knew that you were aware of our danger."

The light of joy leaped into his eyes. Once more he caught at her hands, and she blushed as she drew them behind her.

"They are waiting for you," she said. "I think that the danger is growing very near. There are armed soldiers just about a mile south of the gate."

"I thought I heard a murmur of voices as I came through the woods from the north," said Rollins, puzzled again, "but the sound seemed to come from the east, and it seemed to me, too, that an orderly night march of disciplined men would not betray itself in that way."

Elsie had opened the door of the library, and the tableau that met Rollins' gaze was so startling that he stopped transfixed. Behind the long library table at the far end of the room in a

"WELCOME TO OUR COURT!" CACKLED BREED.

high backed chair sat old Henry Breed, the richly jeweled crown upon his jerkily nodding head, the robe of ermine and carmine upon his emaciated form, the diamond tipped scepter in his hand. At one end of the table sat Jens Nelson and at the other end Dr. Zelphan, peering through his thick spectacles at Rollins and grinning through his bushy red beard, while Mrs. Rensselaer sat aloof in a corner, thinking her own thoughts.

"Welcome to our court!" cackled Breed. "Welcome to our court! What plenipotentiary have we here?" and his head nodded so violently that the heavy crown jerked off and fell upon the table.

Dr. Zelphan calmly caught it as it was about to roll to the floor, carefully pushed out a dent that had been made in the soft gold and restored the crown to Breed, who, after many bobbing attempts, placed it again upon his head.

"I shall examine the envoy's credentials and present him to your majesty in due time and form," sonorously announced Zelphan, with an evident enjoyment of the mockery that Rollins, in his shocked abhorrence, could not understand.

"Quite right," agreed Breed. "Quite right. Let all things be done in due form," and, apparently resolved not to interfere with proper observances, Breed drew his old, well worn Bible to him and began to mumble to himself garbled quotations, of which vengeance was the chief burden.

"I am the prime minister," Zelphan stated with burlesque gravity, arising and shaking hands with Rollins. "Our friend Jens, here, is the lord high chamberlain. Mrs. Rensselaer is the first lady in waiting. If you behave yourself, Rollins, we'll make you a duke or an earl or something. Pick out your title—anything you please."

Rollins smiled thinly, but he could not take his eyes nor his mind from the appalling wreck of Henry Breed, the richest man the world had ever known or perhaps ever would know, the man who, starting without a dollar, had in the course of an ordinary lifetime compassed half the wealth of a nation to his own use and through that half controlled the balance of it. And he was come to this end!

Nelson roused Rollins to immediate business.

"What is the news?" he asked abruptly.

Rollins turned to him with relief.

"I have a force of more than fifteen hundred good, solid men who will be here inside of half an hour to protect the vaults. I am quite sure that an attack will be made upon them tonight. I have been collecting my forces for a week against this moment and watching Kelvin through the spy of whom you told me. When they got the Gatlings into the garage today I knew the time was growing very short. We made a forced march tonight, making a straight cut to get here."

"They have Gatlings, you say?" asked Nelson, troubled.

"Fourteen of them from the government arsenal mounted in automobiles If my men get here in time I want to ambush the expedition from behind the wall and have my sharpshooters puncture their tires and pick off their gunners. Kelvin is to be among them If we can capture him the whole problem is solved."

"But they have Gatlings," protested Nelson.

"We have ambush and strategy," insisted Rollins confidently. "If only my forces can arrive in time!"

"You have done wonders," said Nelson admiringly. "How have you managed it? I thought we were helpless."

Rollins shrugged his shoulders.

"Kelvin had one enemy he could not throttle, and that was the American press, which, after all, is the stanch foundation upon which our liberty has been founded and upheld. Upon the instant of his proclamation Kelvin had a censor ready to take ostensible charge of every newspaper office in the United States. He might as well have put infants there. In some cases the censors were intimidated, in others they were hoodwinked, in others they were bound and gagged and in some places killed. The eastern newspapers on the very first day issued my call to arms, and, though the telegraph was closed to us, within two days the appeal was being printed in Chicago and St. Louis, spreading farther west every day since the proclamation. In every village and every country settlement men are arming—the sort of men who always respond to the call of patriotism, the sort of men who know when their country and their homes are in danger and who are willing to die to defend them. Nelson, you can't whip men like that!"

Zelphan, whose whole bearing until now had been like the flippancy of an overgrown, mischievous schoolboy, smiled and nodded his head approvingly.

"It is the existence of such men as these followers of yours and yourself, Rollins, that reconciles me to America," he admitted. "I have damned you as a whole more than once as being a race of people who are plunging themselves into nerve bankruptcy; but, after all, there is something in the fundamentals of this country different from any other nation. There is a healthiness in the body politic which, if nature be given a chance, can throw off all its cancers. America needs just some such eruption as this to clear her blood and let the healthy molecules like you and Nelson here get to work. Nelson was fortunate enough to earn the scholarship grade entitling him to be supported by Breed through his college career and conceived himself bound in simple loyalty! Strange, isn't it?"

"I know," nodded Rollins, with a kindly glance at Jens. "Breed gave him to me for my secretary, and he was a spy on all my acts."

"He was more than that," went on the doctor. "He was passed on to Kelvin when Phillip I. became president, and when Jens found that Kelvin actually meant to declare himself emperor, to the exclusion of Breed and everybody else, he set up a system of spies of his own and helped Blagg place the bombs that were intended to blow Kelvin out of his throne! All this, mind you, in spite of the fact that he does not quite approve of everything that has been done by our royal friend back here and that he does not believe any one man should control so much cash."

"Cash!" suddenly broke in the shrill voice of Breed, and the crown bumped from his glistening bald head upon the table in front of him and rolled to the floor. "Cash!" and his wrinkled old face wenzened into an expression of desperate intentness. "The greatest force in all the world—the power that can totter thrones and disrupt governments; that can cause wars and support them and end them; that can build cities and devastate them! Cash!" His voice rose in a shrill crescendo, but before its quaverings had ceased there came another sound much more startling—the unmistakable, never to be forgotten "Marseillaise!"

There came a loud cheer, impregnated with the same fury as the song, and then the blows of rails and logs upon the heavy iron gates, a fusillade of shots from the rifles of the guards, screams of agony and answering shots.

"Too late!" groaned Rollins. "It is old Kelvin's army, but Blagg's! God help us!"

A piercing scream, as if it might have been that of a cat in mortal anguish, came from the end of the room where Henry Breed sat alone nodding his head and mumbling and mowing in his pitiful pomp

"Cash!" he shrilled "My cash!"

There was a metallic crash and another mad cheer. The gates had given way, and then the mob came pouring in. Rollins, who was unconsciously reaching for his pistol, found his fingers caught in a soft hand and felt a gentle pull. He obeyed the tugging immediately and allowed himself to be led toward the rear of the building.

"This way," Elsie White urged. "I must hide you."

"My men!" he protested. "They should be approaching the grounds by this time, and now I must lead them by a different way."

"Don't go!" she begged of him. "If they see you crossing the open spaces they will chase you and shoot you as they would a wild animal."

"I cannot help it," he answered calmly. "I must go."

He raced on through to the kitchen hall, but he did not let go of her hand, and, how it was he who led, He reached the rear door and threw it open.

"Come!" he said simply.

(To be continued)

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