

### HIS HAPPY THOUGHT.

It Let the New Train Dispatcher Off Without an Accident.

An operator for a western railroad who had served his company long and well was called into the office one day and asked if he thought he could hold down the job of night dispatcher. He promptly replied that he could and was told to report for duty that night, and his chief instructed him in what he was to do. Just after the chief left the office it began to blow and snow, and the trains commenced to run late. The new night dispatcher soon had developed a bad case of "rattles" and at most cried. He did not want an accident, and he could not handle the trains. So a happy thought struck him. As fast as a report came in he replied, directing the conductor to take a siding and wait for orders, and it was not a great while until he had every train on the division sidetracked. Then he took a book, lighted his pipe and sat down to wait for daylight. In the morning the chief appeared, with anxiety written all over his face.

"Any accidents, Johnny?" asked the chief.

"Not an accident. I've got 'em all on the sidetrack, snowed in and waiting for orders, and you will have to get 'em out. I am going to blow this job." It took the chief and his force nearly all day to get the trains straightened out and traffic resumed on the road.

### CAT AND FOX MEET.

And Reynard Retires the Worse For the Meeting.

In a recent number of a German sporting paper a forester describes a scene which he witnessed in a clearing in the forest.

He came one afternoon upon a big black cat occupied apparently in the pursuit of mice, and from the shelter of a tree he watched its movements through a fieldglass. After a few minutes an old fox made its appearance. Slinking slowly forward toward the cat, it lay down within a few steps of it, ready to spring.

The cat had observed its enemy, but beyond keeping a sharp lookout on its movements it made no sign. Shortly a young fox joined the old one and almost immediately bounded at the cat, which sprang aside and struck its assailant so efficaciously across its face with its sharp claws that it retired as quickly as it came. After an interval the old fox, advancing slowly and carefully, made its attack, but the result was the same. The cat, splitting and hissing, struck out hard, and the fox retired discomfited.

A minute afterward it again sprang forward, but this time the cat got the best of it and was left in peace.—London Globe.

### Trotter and Thoroughbred.

"The trotting horse is infinitely more practical and useful, speaking on broad lines, than the thoroughbred," said a well known horse breeder, to a Washington Herald reporter. "A thoroughbred has the speed for burst of time, but when it comes to do hard work every day, day after day and all the year around, it cannot compete with the trotting horse. The thoroughbred is rattle brained, has no sense, is beyond all control. It doesn't know when to stop or what to do in a race; it simply runs until it cannot run any longer, whereas the trotting horse is under the control of its driver from start to finish and obeys orders at any time. The thoroughbred naturally exceeds the trotter in a burst of speed, but in the long run it cannot compete. As a general proposition, it is accepted among horsemen that the trotting horse is superior to the thoroughbred for general purposes."

### HORNER VERSATILE ATHLETE

Michigan Man Has All Around Record. May Compete in Boston.

Joe Horner, Jr., of Grand Rapids, who may compete in the American indoor championships in Boston on Feb. 12, is perhaps the most versatile man Michigan university has ever had. His records show wonderful all around ability. He can put the sixteen pound shot 45 feet 7 inches, throw the discus 131 feet 8 inches, do a broad jump of 23 feet and holds the American record for the javelin throw.

### Changing Her Mind.

By an unwritten law it is held to be the privilege of woman to change her mind, a license of which she rarely fails to avail herself. The German proverb has it that "women are variable as April weather." According to an old English adage, "A woman's mind the winter winds change oft." In Spain it is much the same: "Women, wind and fortune soon change, and she can laugh and cry both in a wind." The old Latin poet Catullus was of opinion that "what a woman says to her ardent lover ought to be written on the winds or on running water." Even the gallant Sir Philip Sidney wrote:

He water plows and soweth in the sand, And hopes the flickering wind with net to hold Who hath his hopes laid on a woman's hand.

—Kansas City Star.

### It Looked Suspicious.

A witness in a railroad case at Fort Worth, asked to tell in his own way how the accident happened, said:

"Well, Ole and I was walking down the track, and I heard a whistle, and I got off the track, and the train went by, and I got back on the track, and I didn't see Ole. But I walked along, and pretty soon I seen Ole's hat, and I walked on and seen one of Ole's legs, and then I seen one of Ole's arms and then another leg and then over one side Ole's head, and I says, 'Well, I be hinged! Something mister happen to Ole.' Everybody's

### SAVED HIS CAPITAL.

A Bank President Who Did Not Forget His Old Time Friend.

"Come in in the morning and the bank will have something for you to do," said the president of a New York bank to a meek looking man whose hair was white and whose eyes were marked by deep crow's feet as he left the office with a bright look of satisfaction on his face that had not been there before.

"Let me tell you a story," said the president as he motioned to me to remain. "I was living in a western city, and three city lots composed the capital that I looked to give me a start in business. I held on to them for a long time while working for \$35 a month in a real estate office until they had advanced in value to \$3,000, when I sold them to a St. Louis man.

"It was nearly 3 o'clock, and I hurried to the bank. I made out the deposit slip and laid it, with my gold and bank book, in front of the receiving teller.

"It is closing time now," he said, "and you had better not make your deposit until morning."

"Charley," I said, for I knew him well, "that is ridiculous. It is a half minute before closing time, and I insist that you take my deposit. I don't want to be robbed of all I have on earth before morning."

"I will fix it for you," he said as he gathered up the money and bank book and disappeared in the vault with them. In a minute he was back, and I was astonished at his actions.

"I have put it my private box," he continued, "where it will be safe, and in the morning you can make the deposit if you want to."

"Next morning the bank's failure was announced.

"I hurried to Charlie's house, which was near by, and asked him about the bank.

"Yes, it has failed and won't pay a cent," he said. "Just five minutes before you came in with your money yesterday the directors decided not to open this morning. I was told to give out no information until business hours today, and that is the reason I didn't tell you. If you had made your deposit the money would have all gone. Now it is safe in my box and you can have it at any moment you please."

"I did get it, and it was the foundation of my fortune. The man who was just here is that Charlie and was the teller who saved my capital for me."

### The Sun's Vapors.

"Chromosphere" is the name given to a layer of incandescent vapors in the sun, enveloping the entire photosphere. Its depth varies at different times and in different parts and ranges from 6,000 to 9,000 miles. The chromosphere consists chiefly of hydrogen and an element known as helium, while heavier vapors, such as those of iron, calcium, titanium, magnesium, etc., are sometimes projected into it from the photosphere. The so called "prominences" are due to projections of hydrogen that are shot up to enormous altitudes, with velocities exceeding 149 miles per second. The name chromosphere is given to this solar envelope on account of its beautiful rosy hue. It is visible only during total eclipses of the sun or by the aid of the spectroscope and is said to have been first noticed by Father Sacchi during an eclipse.—New York American.

### The Only Difference.

Clorinda was as black as night and of heroic proportions, but in every possible way she copied her slender young mistress, for whom she had a great admiration. "I like to look jes' as much like you as I can," she often said. "Cause you looks jes' like a lady orter look, Mis' Henderson."

Clorinda intrusted all her shopping to Mrs. Henderson and scorned the bright colors and pronounced styles affected by her own friends. One day she asked her mistress to buy her a pair of low shoes. As she made the request she glanced with admiration at the slim little foot showing beneath the edge of a dainty skirt.

"Ah, I want 'em jes' exactly like yours, Mis' Henderson," said Clorinda, "no difference 'cep'tin' dey's gotter be wide nines, so maybe de buckle might 'pear better if 'twas a twenty nite larger'n yours."—Youth's Companion.

### Father's Method.

During a recent slight illness the five-year-old Teddy, usually so amiable, flatly and obstinately refused to take his medicine. After a somewhat prolonged and ineffectual argument with him his mother at last set the glass of medicine down, leaned her head on her hands and "played" that she was crying. A moment passed, and the tender hearted Teddy, unable longer to bear the sight of his mother's stricken attitude, inquired, "What's the matter, mother, dear?" Without removing her hands from her eyes she replied, "I'm grieved that my son won't take his castor oil for me." Whereupon Teddy sat up in bed and offered consolingly: "Oh, I wouldn't feel bad if I were you, mother, dear. Father will be home soon, and he'll make me take it."—Delineator.

## ICE SCOOTER RACING POPULAR

Devotees of the Unique Craft Increasing Every Year.

### HOW THE BOAT IS UTILIZED.

Can Be Used For Business and Sporting Purposes—Some of the Novel Sights Furnished by These Remarkable Craft.

By TOMMY CLARK.

While ice yachtsmen, skaters and other sportsmen who enjoy and delight in the fact that a glassy surface covers the water are helping to make sport history, the devotees of ice scooters are having their innings. There is perhaps no more healthy or heartening sport than that afforded by "ice scootering," which is exceptionally good on many lakes and rivers where the cold weather holds sway, and especially on the Great South Bay, New York. The ice scooter is essential



STYLE OF SCOOTER USED EXTENSIVELY ON LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK.

ly a New York creation and notwithstanding the few years in which it has been known has attained a remarkable stage development. While neither a yacht nor an iceboat, its ingenious construction is such that it combines the advantages of both and travels with equal facility on ice and in water. The craft, which is twelve to sixteen feet in length, carries a sail and jib, while two long steel runners are fastened to the bottom, which is shaped like a spoon. It can be steered either by a rudder, consisting of a long pole carrying a sharp edged runner, or by the jib, the latter method, although requiring more skill, being preferable, as it admits of greater speed being attained.

The scooter is valuable both for business and sporting purposes. In the former capacity it is extensively employed by the members of the Smith Beach (N. Y.) life saving stations, who, regardless of ice floes or open water, are enabled speedily and safely to cross the ten miles of bay to their mainland homes. Before the appearance of the scooter they were compelled to remain for weeks at a time on the beach owing to the impracticability of crossing the bay in catboats in wintry weather.

The scooter is also utilized in visiting vessels which may have become caught in the ice offshore and which would be inaccessible by any other method. Food and fuel are often carried to some skipper who has been unfortunate enough to become ice-bound and but for the assistance which the scooter enables the life savers to afford would be threatened with freezing or starvation.

It is a pretty sight to watch a scooter after travelling at full speed over the frozen surface of the bay plunge into open water, cutting a furrow across it and emerging on the surface of the ice again on the other side. Owing to the great sail area carried, the scooters on entering the water with a heavy wind are exceedingly difficult to handle.

The owning of the champion scooter is regarded as a great honor among the Long Island bay men, and every year new craft are built by the rival competitors for that distinction.

Sportsmen, particularly the more venturesome ones, employ the scooter for visiting air holes, where the wild fowl congregate. Hunting grounds ten or twelve miles away which would be otherwise inaccessible may be reached in less than half an hour by the scooter, which also answers admirably the purpose of a blind.

The average price of an ice scooter is about \$40, though the more elaborate and speedy ones cost as much as \$80 or \$100.

### Want Three Corned Race.

Graduate Manager Victor Zednick of the University of Washington recently announced he had opened negotiations with the athletic management at the University of Wisconsin for a triangular race between the eight oared crews of the University of Washington, the University of Wisconsin and an eastern school. Manager Zednick purposes to hold the race on Lake Mendota at Madison in the spring.

### HATS IN LONDON.

Unless You Wear One of Three Kinds You Are a Marked Man.

When some years ago one of the doorkeepers at a London theater retired from his craftly calling and was pensioned off by the management it appeared that this old man in all the years of his service had never given a "pass out" check to any one of the thousands of men who must have passed his doorway.

But he never made a mistake. No one entitled to return was ever refused, and no one could pass in at the end of the interval who had not passed out at the beginning of it.

The secret of the old man's success was a curious one. He depended on his memory entirely, but he had trained his memory in a very curious way. He did not remember the men by their faces, their clothes, their hats, their boots or by any peculiarity of gait or appearance. Manifestly such a feat would have been impossible, for ordinary "pities" are very much alike in these details.

He took the one detail on which men do differ and remembered them by that—he recognized them by their neckties.

Gaze around you in the railway carriage as you are reading this article and ask yourself if there is any of your fellow passengers that you could remember well enough to recognize again in, say, an hour's time.

You will find there are very few people you could be sure of. There may be one old man with a large and conspicuous white beard or a very young man with a pair of spectacles of unusual size. But nine out of ten have the same sort of hat, the same sort of clothes and the same sort of figure.

The Londoner, in fact, seems to be standardized. He is built on a settled pattern. He is modeled to a type. His necktie is his sole bit of variety.

Into this world of standardized human beings comes, let us say, a colonial. Mighty London, with her vast crowds swarming over four counties, swallows him up. Yet somehow he preserves his individuality. He is conspicuous wherever he goes. He feels that all London, as far as it has time, is staring at him.

Cabmen persistently hail him. The map sellers in the Strand pester him as he passes. Those very acute people—the "confidence" men—sight him afar off. But it is not his necktie that distinguishes him, or his face, or his clothes, or his walk. The conspicuous feature of the newly arrived colonial's outfit is his hat.

London permits three sorts of hat—the top hat, the bowler and in the summer the straw. Any break from this settled order is to make yourself conspicuous.—London Mirror.

### Too Big a Job.

While studying her Sabbath school lesson nine-year-old Elizabeth was much puzzled by the statement that Solomon "repaired the breaches of the city of David, his father." This was to her mind a remarkable statement and quite incomprehensible. After pondering it deeply she asked one of the older members of the family for an explanation, saying that she did not think any man could "mend the breaches of a whole city."—Lippincott's

### A High Day.

"Yassah, I suttinly would do dat job for yo', colonel, and proud o' de chance to extinguish mubse't. Would borrow right in on it dis minute, sah, if 'twazn't for one thing," said a certain lopsided colored citizen who was so unafraid of manual labor that he would often fall asleep in its presence. "and dat is, sah, dat I never likes to stigmatize mubse't by working on a holiday."

"Why, this is not a holiday," returned the would be employer.

"Yassah! 'Tis wid me, if you'll dars 'skuse me, sah. It's de university o' de day mub oldest boy was done sent to de penitentiary."—Puck.

### Wild Animals in New York City.

It is a remarkable fact that there are always more wild animals about than any but the expert has an idea of. For example, there are within twenty miles of New York city fifty different kinds—not counting birds, reptiles or fishes—one-quarter of which at least are abundant, or more particularly within the limits of Greater New York there are at least a dozen species of wild beasts, half of which are quite common.—Country Life in America.

### Getting Used to 'Em.

"I just have heard of the arrival of the third child in the Jones family," remarked the woman. "The announcement of the firstborn was made by beautifully engraved cards tied with tiny white ribbon, the second was by telegraph, and this third one, though a much wished for boy, was made merely by a postal card."—New York Press.

### She Could Talk.

Cynicus—That girl never says much, does she? Sillicus—Why, she talks all the time. Cynicus—That doesn't alter my contention.—Philadelphia Record.

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## Let Me Tell You Something

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The only place in the city where you can get a good blue serge, fancy worsted, cheviot or Scotch tweed suit to order that are actually worth from \$35 to \$40, for only

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