

## OPERATOR RESIGNS

THOUGHT HE HAD CAUSED BIG COLLISION OF TRAINS.

Sent Out One He Had Orders to Hold, and for 30 Minutes Shuddered in Fear at Calamity That Impended.

Pallsade, Col.—Richard Boydsten, who was an operator at Tunnel, the next station above Pallsade, had ordered physicians and wreckers to take care of the dead and injured on Denver & Rio Grande passenger train No. 6, which for 30 minutes he believed had, through his carelessness, been sent over the mountain side near Debeque, with a consequent loss of dozens if not hundreds of lives.

Boydsten has auburn hair, and although it has not changed color, he declared that he would have sent a bullet into his brain when he learned of his error had he had a gun. Boydsten sent in his resignation at once and says he will return to Chicago to work behind a cigar counter, his former occupation.

"I realized almost immediately after the passenger had passed Tunnel what I had done," said Boydsten. "I had orders to hold the east-bound passenger for a freight which had just passed Debeque. I forgot to deliver the order to hold No. 6. I knew that it would result in the worst wreck in the history of the road, for the two trains were bound to meet on the hill in the canyon. I called Debeque hoping against hope that the freight had not passed out of the yards, but was too late.

"I have read in magazines of the awful experiences of operators who had made just the mistake I did, but I don't believe they tell half the awful feeling a man has who thinks that he has sent a hundred passengers to certain death. I prepared for the worst, sent an order to Grand Junction for a wrecker and asked for a dozen physicians. Then I waited. I could not leave the key to look for signs of a burning wreck, for the dispatcher kept asking for more particulars.

"Finally, when I felt certain the wreck had occurred, I looked in the drawer for a gun, intending to kill myself, but it was not there and I decided to await the inevitable. Just then Debeque called and said the freight had backed into the yards, closely followed by the passenger.

"It seems the reflection of No. 6's electric headlight was seen by the engineer of the freight just as he was approaching the steepest downgrade in the canyon. He thought at once something was wrong, reversed his engine and stopped the train within a short distance of the passenger. Had he gone over the brink of that hill no power on earth could have stopped his train and many lives might have been sacrificed."

## CATCHERS OF CATERPILLARS

Pittsburg Boys Who Have Been Ridding Park Trees of the Insects Strike for Higher Wages.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Schoolboys who enlisted to help Forester L. Grimes rid the city's trees of the destroying caterpillar went on strike for more money. Mr. Grimes held out against the demands until he began to worry over the inroads of the insects, and then he posted on park trees and about the schools a notice that the pay would be advanced from 10 to 25 cents a quart.

False bottom measures will not go, however, for a standard measure is part of the equipment of each of three receiving stations. This move was prompted by a North side boy, who was caught buying the cocoons from his schoolmates at cut prices and selling them short measure to the city. He had a false bottom measure.

Comparisons of daily individual harvests share interest with top spinning and kite flying.

## CHANTICLER HATCHES CHICKS

Drives Hen Off Nest and Crows Regularly While Keeping the Eggs Warm.

Omaha, Neb.—Mrs. Thomas Harte of 2210 Sherman avenue has a red bantam rooster that is a real mother to its brood. Four weeks ago Mrs. Harte's red bantam hen showed a desire to go into the business of hatching eggs. Thirteen were placed under her and she got along nicely for a couple of days, when the rooster drove her off and sat on the eggs himself.

So persistent did he become in his ambition to do the duty of the hen, that he was allowed to remain upon the nest and the hen was given another batch of eggs to care for.

A few days ago the rooster came off the nest, bringing nine little fluffy chicks with him. Every morning, according to Mrs. Harte, he, like chanticler, would crow loudly, but not once did he desert the eggs long enough to let them get cold.

## KNEW NEED OF FRESH AIR

Ben Franklin Showed That He Understood the Subject as Well as Any Modern.

Another means of preserving health to be attended to is the having a constant supply of fresh air in your bed chamber. It has been a great mistake, the sleeping in rooms exactly closed and the bed surrounded by curtains. No outward air that may come to you is so unwholesome as the unchanged air, often breathed, of a close chamber. As boiling water does not grow hotter by long boiling if the particles that receive greater heat can escape, so living bodies do not putrefy, if the particles, so fast as they become putrid, can be thrown off. Nature expels them by the pores of the skin and the lungs, and in a free open air they are carried off, but in a close room we receive them again and again, though they become more and more corrupt. A number of persons crowded into a small room thus spoil the air in a few minutes, and even render it mortal as the Black Hole at Calcutta.

A single person is said to spoil only a gallon of air a minute, and therefore requires a longer time to spoil a chamberful; but it is done, however, in proportion, and many putrid disorders hence have their origin. It is recorded of Methuselah, who, being the longest liver, may be supposed to have best preserved his health, that he slept always in the open air; for when he had lived 500 years an angel said to him, "Arise, Methuselah, and build thee an house, for thou shalt live yet 500 years longer." And Methuselah answered and said: "If I am to live but 500 years longer, it is not worth while to build me an house; I will sleep in the air as I have been used to do."

Physicians, after having for ages contended that the sick should be indulged with fresh air, have at length discovered that it may do them good. It is therefore to be hoped that they may in time discover likewise that it is not hurtful to those that are in health, and that we may then be cured of the aerophobia that at present distresses weak minds and makes them choose to be stifled and poisoned rather than leave open the window of a bed chamber or put down the glass of a coach. Confined air, when saturated with perspirable matter, will not receive more, and that matter must remain in our bodies and occasion disease.—From Benjamin Franklin's "Art of Securing Pleasant Dreams," Written in 1798.

## Effect of a Confession.

An Atchison married woman thought she noticed that a certain man of her acquaintance was paying her a good deal of attention, says the Atchison Globe. She had not had any "attention" for some time, and responded (or thought she did). Finally her conscience hurt her. She thought: "This is not treating George (her husband) right. Of course he is thoughtless and cannot always remember to kiss me when he leaves the house, or admire my new hat, or put his arms around me, or pay me the thousand and one little attentions a woman loves, but he is my husband, and I ought to be ashamed to hurt him by carrying on with this other man. I shall tell him all." She did, and what do you suppose that brute of a husband did when she tremblingly finished her story? He not only laughed, but he roared, and his wife is the maddest woman in Atchison.

## Boston's Mayor and the President.

President Taft attended the recent aero meet, at which Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston made a trip with Grahame-White. After the flight the plane was landed near the automobile occupied by the president, who congratulated Mr. Fitzgerald on his coolness and nerve.

"Are you not afraid to go up in such a flighty machine?"

"There is only one machine that I am at all afraid of," was the smiling reply of "Honest Fitz," and that is the Republican machine."

The president, composing himself with an effort, inquired:

"And could you see people on earth very plainly while you were away up in the air?"

"Well," replied "Honest Fitz," a droll twinkle in his eye, "I could see you without any difficulty."—Success Magazine.

## Eastern Ostentation.

Mr. Roosevelt, at a luncheon in Ossawatimie, praised the west's improvement.

"There is polish and elegance in the remotest parts now," he said, "whereas I remember once in my youth, at the table d'hote of a western hotel, a miner pointed towards me and said:

"Git onter de bloke eatin' pie wid a fork. He must be an English lord."

## A Terrible Thought.

Weary Willie—Wouldn't you hate ter be a horse? Dusty Rhodes—Yep; think of the number of feet he has to lift.

## SHARPERS MAKE A CLEAN-UP

Three Amateurs Get Roll From Inebriate and Later Arrested on Charge of Counterfeiting.

The three amateur sharpers smiled. They thought they had found an easy mark. He was well dressed and grossly inebriated. And he bore a tight roll of bills that looked like a bologna sausage.

"Boys," he thickly said, "I'm goin' to shend this wad of shtuff to th' gov'ment laundry an' have it dry cleaned. It's sho fearful dirty. Maybe one of you gents would kindly shee it's addressed to proper place?"

"Why, yes," replied the gang. "We'll take care of it."

"Thanks," replied the victim. "An' now I mush ask you to lemme have a few clean bills for emergensish, don't you know?"

So they searched themselves and gave him a twenty and a ten and a five. Then taking the soiled wad they hurried away.

Two days later the three clever ones were arrested for having counterfeited money in their possession.

But the guileless inebriate was seen no more.

## ANY PORT IN A STORM.



The Old-Time Yachtsman—The worst experience I ever had was when we ran out of port in a gale of wind.

The Amateur Yachtsman—Gee! I thought sailors always drank rum!

## Reversed the Order.

A young clergyman who was of a shy disposition was rather embarrassed at his first marriage ceremony, and unwittingly reversed the usual order of the service, thus making the bridegroom promise to love and obey his blushing bride. The error passed unnoticed at the time, but shortly afterward it dawned upon the father of the bride that a mistake had occurred, and he said to the clergyman: "I believe, Mr. —, you have made John promise to love and obey my daughter. Ah, well," he added, after a pause, and with a sly look at his better half, "I suppose it won't matter much; it generally comes to that in the end, anyway."

## He Was Right.

An old Irishman had been employed on the docks as watchman for 35 years. One night his son came home and told him that the superintendent of the docks had decided to get a new watchman.

"Phwat's that? Get a new watchman, is it?"

"That's it, old man."

"An' he's goin' to foire me, is it? An' when am Oi to git me discharge?"

"Next month," replied the son.

"Sure, an' Oi tould ye the furrest day Oi went t' wurk there it wouldn't be a stiddy job, an' Oi wur roight."—Housekeeper.

## Declined to Interfere.

"Sir," began the nervous young man, as he entered the presence of the dear girl's father, "I want to marry your daughter, and—"

"Oh, don't come to me with your troubles," interrupted the old man.

"She told me six months ago that she intended to marry you, so you will have to fight it out between yourselves!"

## Ever Chivalrous.

"What do you think I ought to say to you for coming home so late—and in such a condition?" demanded the lady of the house.

"Perish zhe thought!" graciously replies the courteous husband. "Perish zhe thought! M' dear, surely you would not sh'pose I would ever shink you ought to shay zhe things I shink you ought to shay!"

## A Great Change.

"There goes a man," said Mlle. pointing to a commuter laden with parcels, who was hurrying to catch his train, "who was a great social lion before he got married."

"Alas, poor man!" rejoined Giles. "He looks more like a beast of burden now."

## Sounded Like He Might Be One.

"Rats! That dog is no more a bird dog than I am." "He's a slye terrier."

## A SHOESTRING DIET

EXPLORERS FIND MEAL OF OIL AND LEATHER GOOD.

Invasive Untraveled Arctic and Have to Do Best They Can for Food—Take Blubber Straight With Side Dishes of Sealskin.

New York.—Even shoestrings look good to hungry men in the arctic, especially if their food caches have been raided and ruined by bears and wolverines. Reports received by Herman C. Bumpus, director of the Museum of Natural History, from Dr. Rudolph Anderson and Vilhjalmur Stefansson show that the two scientists have suffered privations which made meals of leather and oil seem luxurious.

The Anderson-Stefansson party, which is making extended ethnological and zoological collections on the shores of arctic America for the museum, have traveled 40 miles east of the Mackenzie river, through regions hitherto untraversed by explorers.

In the letters the explorers tell of a trying journey up the Horton river. Six persons were in the party and they carried provisions for two days. The trip took 15 days and the hunting was bad. The party ate whale tongue, which, owing to its fibrous nature and the presence of sea salt, was, to say the least, unpalatable.

When the tongue was gone they ate sealskins, deerskins, sole leather and the tough skin laces used on their snow shoes. Then there was seal oil, about a teaspoonful a day for each man, to keep away the ravages of hunger. It was taken with deerskin or feathers, as few of the men could stand it "straight."

Finally somebody found a partly eaten carcass of a caribou, which supplied meat for three or four meals. When it was gone the men lived on whitefish blubber taken "straight" and a spoonful each of portions of the animal's stomach taken with oil at each meal. The stomach contained a peck of well-masticated moss and grass. It was of small nutritive value, but did wonders in helping the members of the expedition to eat the oil.

## WHERE FISHERMEN FLOURISH

Fill Their Nets Daily and Four Illinois Villages Ship Carloads to New York.

Browning, Ill.—This village is one of four that ship enormous quantities of fish to the Eastern markets. It is not unusual for three cars, containing 50,000 pounds, to be shipped in one day, and practically all of the fish go to New York.

Immense hauls are made by the fishermen. Two fishermen delivered at a fish company's wharf a few days ago 800 pounds of buffalo, 900 pounds of bullheads, 4,000 sunfish, 150 pounds of carp, 4,000 crapple.

A great number of fish markets are scattered along the bank of the Illinois River, where the fishermen discharge their catches from day to day. The fish are sorted, according to variety, cleaned and dressed and put into immense ice boxes and tubs. When shipping time comes the boxes are opened and the fish are packed in barrels partly filled with cracked ice and are shipped in refrigerator cars.

In past years the town was the center of an extensive clam fishing industry. The shells were shipped to Beardstown, Ill., and Muscatine, Ia.

## Dies as She Predicted.

Toledo, O.—As the grave closed over the body of Mrs. L. E. Sackett of Tiffin there passed from human ken one of the most remarkable cases noted by science, a case in which the supernatural seemed to have directed events. Mrs. Sackett died on the anniversary of her marriage and on the fortieth day of a fast.

The woman predicted when she commenced her fast that she would die on the fortieth day. Her husband shared her belief, and both spent the intervening time in preparation.

During her long fast Mrs. Sackett was very cheerful and contented, which puzzled the physicians who attended her. Until three months ago she had enjoyed good health, but then was stricken with a bad case of stomach trouble, and the fast was necessitated by her condition.

## Names Pig After Prince.

Richmond, Va.—John Armstrong Chanler, brother of "Sheriff Bob" Chanler of New York, and the originator of the query, "Who's loony now?" has again come into the spotlight.

At the Virginia state fair Chanler entered his prize pig, which he named Prince Doigorowski, after the Russian nobleman who has played a prominent part as the friend of Cavalieri during the recent publicity concerning the former sheriff and his songbird wife.

The pig's pen was elaborately bedecked with banners bearing the name of the Russian prince, and great crowds of sightseers gathered about the pen throughout the day. It proved the most amusing feature of the big fair.

## MAKE MUCH WORK FOR JAPAN

Formosans Are Good Fighters, Skilled Marksmen and Excessively Patriotic.

Aborigines of Formosa, who are being fought by Japan, possess many interesting traits. A writer in the Japan Daily Mail says: "These people are childishly superstitious and they place the most implicit reliance in and accord the most unreasoning allegiance to their chiefs. Therefore, if they once make act of surrender their fealty can be subsequently counted on. They worship the moon and the monkey, and it is on record that some years ago, when a Chinese ship approached Taito on the east coast the light at her mast's head was mistaken by the aborigines for the moon and they offered no resistance. This is compared by the Japanese newspapers to the experience of the Turks when they invaded Egypt; the symbol of a cat on the Turkish banners quelled all Egyptian opposition. The Formosan aborigines seem to illustrate the law of protection by mimicry. They wear no clothes, except a narrow waistband, and their skin has assumed a hue closely resembling that of earth, so that when they are in a forest and have donned their usual headdress—namely, a chaplet of leaves or a wisp of grass, they are scarcely distinguishable from their environment.

"They are said to be extraordinarily skilled marksmen, scarcely one of their bullets failing to find its billet. Such folks must prove very difficult to deal with in a military sense. The women act as baggage carriers, and their agility is extraordinary. They have by this time learned that the wire entanglements charged with electricity is a serious obstacle only when one comes in direct contact with it. Accordingly they throw logs of trees on the wires to cut the posts, and having thus destroyed the obstacle, they move over it unscathed for their raids on the Alyu lines. Their arms are mostly old-pattern rifles, but they have learned to use them with great skill. Their stock of ammunition, however, cannot last much longer, as strenuous precautions are taken to patrol the east coast, so as to prevent any smuggling of weapons of war.

"General Sakuma is quoted as saying that these aborigines, although they are little removed from savages, have a strong feeling of patriotism and are as brave as men can be. The soles of their feet are like leather, so that they can traverse ground of any nature. They fight always at positions from 6,000 to 8,000 feet above sea level, and in the thick forests that grow there immense difficulty is encountered by the troops. The Japanese have orders never to fire a shot without taking careful aim, and thus the war resolves itself into a series of duels between individuals."

## Cats Bring Him Wealth.

Frank A. Sterling of the Stag hotel, in Halsey street, is a firm believer in cats. He always has a tribe of the felines around his place and from now on is thinking of starting a breeding farm and sending one particular cat out to educate the balance of the bunch.

Here is the story and it is not told by Sterling, but of course, Sterling was the one that copped all the money. Last night one of Sterling's kittens drifted out of the place and got mixed up with the muddy sidewalk on Halsey street. Two minutes later the same kitten drifted back into the hotel, but with something between its teeth.

It looked like a small mouse the kitten had between its teeth. It was not. It was one of those little pocket-books that women carry on the inside of their big purses and it had \$1.64 in cash in it. "Looks pretty good to me," remarked Sterling. "Guess I'll train all the rest of the kittens the same way."

Now every morning the patrons of the Stag hotel are looking around before they get out of bed to see if the kittens have been in with any money. —Newark Star.

## Queen a Lover of Art.

Queen Elizabeth of Belgium is devoted to art. She is not an artist herself, but she is a keen student of the work of her subjects and passes several hours a day viewing paintings, sculpture and other objects of artistic creation. She buys a great many objects, but in her selection she does not rely on the advice and suggestion of others. She buys what she likes, and her tastes generally are approved by the scholars in Brussels whom she knows thoroughly, and with whom she argues capably on many disputed points. Recently she bought a still life picture painted by Mlle. Ronner, a young artist in Brussels, and has hung it in her private apartments. The composition of the painting is one of extreme simplicity, the chief colors being dark reds and blues.

## A Cruel Comment.

"What a transparent complexion Maud has!" "Yes. Anybody can see through it."