

THE BEST OF THE WEST

Monotony That Gets On Pipe Line Walkers' Nerves—The Sheep Herders' Life Gay in Comparison.

Lincoln, Neb., April 7.—The most monotonous existence in the world is that led by the pipe line walkers of Kansas, Oklahoma, and Missouri. For a great many years the army picket, the sheep herder and the railroad track inspector have debated the question of which of the three has the most monotonous life. It is absolutely necessary that the pressure be maintained. The greatest menace of the maintenance of proper pressure is the possibility of leaks and pipe bursts, and to see that there are no breaks several hundred men are employed. Their business is to get up at daylight and walk till darkness comes, hunting for trouble.

The lines are divided up into sections of twelve or fifteen miles, and a detailed list is made of the lighting homes, heating them and supplying industries with cheap fuel. The pipe lines radiate in all directions from the gas centres. It is absolutely necessary that the pressure be maintained. The greatest menace of the maintenance of proper pressure is the possibility of leaks and pipe bursts, and to see that there are no breaks several hundred men are employed. Their business is to get up at daylight and walk till darkness comes, hunting for trouble.

Most of the patrolmen are young fellows who think they have fallen into a trap. A good many of them are college boys who come West to the prairies for recreation or to regain their health. They get both, but after a few months of it the loneliness and the nature of the work gets them and they depart.

There is nothing to do but walk, walk, walk, except when a break is found. Then it is a hike to the nearest telephone and a hurry call for the repair gang. If nothing happens then all the pipe line walker need do is to fill out a blank report with "nothing doing" on it and mail it.

The sheep herder has his dogs and his sheep, the army soldier his frequent companions and his frequent glimpses of life. Sometimes he has a wreck to prevent or to help to scrape up, but the pipe patrolmen have little to break the monotony.

The pipe line follows neither the railroad nor the wagon road. It strikes in a bee line across the country, allowing only for elevations, which it usually skirts, but hills are few in the broad flat prairie region.

When a man first tackles the job he is enchanted. Just to take a brisk tramp across country in the fresh air smelling of the good, green earth and to be paid \$2 or \$3 a day it seems too good to be true. After a few weeks it begins to pall. One gets to dreading about it, gets to see, walking and sleeping, and that same blur of trees and land and trees, and then more land and more trees, until he begins to forget the rest of the world and the people and the country he has known.

Several former regulars in the United States army, men familiar with the dreary routine of Western frontier posts, have tried it and thrown up the job after a few weeks. One of them said: "When I go bushouse I am going by the regular route."

The fact that the ear is kept constantly strained for long hours betrays their presence through the hissing sound is another feature of the work that adds to the unattractiveness of it. The men are not employed for one purpose, to look for breaks in the pipe line, and when one has but one thing to do and the accident he is always expecting seldom happens, the perpetual anticipation is what breaks them down.

Every time a grasshopper in a field or a cricket on a log on the trees starts his machinery it full speed, the fear that the line has gone to smash seizes one.

"Every time the trees rustles," said a patrolman, "you think there is a leak ahead. Every heavy drone of the insects strikes with its suddenness. You start out in the morning with the fear of disaster, and if a twig cracks under your feet you get the jumps. If a break would come along once in a while it would not be so bad."

"Often the loneliness that gets into your bones inspires one almost to the point of actually going out and snatching a section of pipe so as to break the monotony. The thing not only gets on your mind, but it stays there. The perpetual introspection grows oppressive."

"Finally you begin pinching yourself to see if you are alive. Then you begin talking to yourself so that you can hear. That is the point where you must like to the telephone and write in your resignation prepared to have the insanity commission give you a free ticket to State."

The Standard Oil Company, as well as other producing concerns, has not employed pipe line walkers for a number of years in America. A scientific device made on the same principle as the valve by which cable companies are able to ascertain where a break is located in an ocean cable, makes men unnecessary. The gas companies cannot utilize the device because of the volatile nature of their producting the ease with which it can be used, and must pay the heavy expense for watchmen.

Big Game To The Last



Mr. Roosevelt—Steady, Kermit! We must have one of these.—Punch.

CLIMBS POST HIS VERY OWN

Albert Walters Defies Policemen Until They Work a Ruse and Take Him to an Hospital.

New York, N. Y., April 7.—Physicians in Bellevue hospital fear there is something wrong with Albert Walters' head. The trouble is on the inside, Walters declares he is the owner of an ornate lamp post at Astor place and Lafayette street, and yesterday, seeking the benefit of those nine points of the law which are said to lie in possession, he climbed his post straddled the cross piece, wound his legs about it like corkscrews and posed there like a sailor in the topmast of a sinking ship.

In reply to questions of public spirited citizens he said he had not discovered the north pole. He was up a lamp post, and he knew it, and the policeman asked him what in the world he was doing up there.

"You stay on your post and I'll stay on mine," said Walters. The policeman tried to coax him down but he wouldn't be coaxed. A kindly man came from a neighboring saloon and displayed a glass of beer, but it had no effect on Walters. He wouldn't move for anybody, and that made the policeman peevish.

The policeman came and tried a few levers, adding much to the merriment of a large gathering.

Both police guardians pestered Walters so that he finally took off his shoes and threw them at the limbs of the law.

Then one policeman, who wants to be a detective, resorted to a mean ruse.

"Oh, see the airship!" he cried, and he looked at the sky in the direction indicated by the policeman and also wound his limbs from his post. They all grabbed him and yanked him out of the rigging and in a jiffy he was in the police station.

Dr. Laton, of St. Vincent's hospital, ordered the man's removal to Bellevue. There he had his mental organs examined, for one minute he declared he lived at the Waldorf-Astoria, the next one he said he dwelt in the green fields and purple hills around Middletown, Conn., and in the next minute he confessed to an abode at No. 237 Bowersy.

Washington, April 7.—Theodore Roosevelt will be relieved of the necessity of paying postage on his voluminous personal and official correspondence if a bill soon to be reported by the house committee on post offices and post roads becomes a law.

The committee has had the bill under consideration for some time, but has shown no disposition to report it favorably. At a recent meeting of the committee Congressman Victor Murdock stirred things up by announcing that if action on the bill was not taken soon he would move to discharge the committee and take the matter up in the house. This brought Chairman Weeks and other members to time. They announced that the bill would be considered at a meeting this week. It will be reported favorably. There does not seem to be any member of the house who had any doubt about the passage of the bill.

"Pass? Why of course it will pass," said Mr. Murdock today. "A bill to give ex-President Roosevelt a purple robe embroidered with diamonds would not fail of getting through the house of representatives at this particular time."

MOTHER TALK

Another Tall Bear Story

Chicago, April 7.—There was Jimmy, the bear grown to man's size, fat and comfortable. When I spoke to him he came over, got up on his haunches and looked me square in the eyes with a sort of a leering, quizzical expression, as if he was saying, "Howdy, old chap! Seems to me that I met you somewhere before, though I can't exactly remember where."

That's the way Ernest Harold Baynes, naturalist, tells about his last visit, after having been away for years, to the big black bear now quartered in the New York Zoological Garden, which was reared from boyhood at Mr. Baynes' home in New Hampshire.

Mr. Baynes delivered a lecture on animals in the Young Women's Christian Association building, No. 188 Michigan avenue. He is on his way to the Northwest.

His first visit—eighteen months after Jimmy had been turned over to the "zoo"—was much more satisfactory. At that time Mr. Baynes was evidently still fresh in Jimmy's memory, for, although the bear was curled up in a sound sleep, he jumped to his feet at the first sound of his old friend's voice, rushed to him, shook hands, clung to his clothes and gurgled with delight.

No Nature Faker. If after listening to the marvellous stories of animals told by Mr. Baynes, any one should call him a "nature faker" his accuser would find himself nonplussed by records in the shape of photographs which speak the language of the truth almost as eloquently as does the naturalist himself.

While packing his grip Mr. Baynes showed some of the photographs. They do not require much persuasion to induce Mr. Baynes to talk about animals and birds. He is vice-president of the American Society, and it was through his influence that President Roosevelt, in one of his messages to Congress, asked for—and eventually secured—legislation setting aside tracts of land for the preservation of the buffalo.

Mr. Baynes also is the originator of the idea of supplying food for wild birds in winter, when food is scarce, and the plan which was put in practice by him in Massachusetts several years ago has been adopted in many sections of the country.

When it comes to reading the language of the trail, Mr. Baynes is a veritable Sherlock Holmes. If he finds an empty nutshell in the forest he can tell whether it was left there by a red squirrel, a gray squirrel, a chipmunk or a field mouse. It is all very simple according to Mr. Baynes, for each of these animals has a distinct method of getting the most out of a nut.

"It is practically impossible for an animal to make a permanent record of his actions," said Mr. Baynes. "The characters are plainly written, and if human eyes are sharp enough the story of that animal's actions and purposes can easily be deciphered."

Mr. Baynes showed photographs of a field of snow which the ordinary observer would mean nothing, but which he revealed the imprint of the bird's wings on the snow at the point where it emerged, while the point where it dove into the snow, as a swimmer plunges into the water, appeared simply as a slight cavity.

The Turf. Of all the pets with which Mr. Baynes has surrounded himself from time to time, including wild birds which become so tame that they would eat breakfast at the family table, a deer that followed him about like a dog, deer, many skunks, raccoons, coyotes and even Jimmy, the bear—none of these had such a strong hold on the naturalist's affections as the red fox which grew from infancy to full size in Mr. Baynes' home.

Although the red fox had been reared with the greatest care and had the best kind of an education, he was at heart only a fox, who smiled and smiled, but was a villain still, as was amply evidenced by the numerous and sundry bills which Mr. Baynes settled for raised chicken coops. Mr. Baynes never sells an animal and never permits one to be killed if it can be avoided, and so when the time came when Mr. Red Fox had grown too aggressive for domestic life Mr. Baynes carried him away—eight miles from his home—and turned him loose in the forest. The animal seemed suspicious of

WOOD TOUR IN THREE YEARS

New Zealand Couple Taking Their Time at it -- Not All New Zealand's Radicalism Good.

New York, April 7.—Three years is the time that Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Field of New Zealand are allotting themselves for a trip around the world, and they are beginning the third year today with their departure from New York for England.

Mr. Field is a retired merchant of Nelson, New Zealand. He went to the colony from England fifty years ago and prospered. He was here eight years ago on a short tour, but this time he determined that he would see the world in a leisurely fashion, planning his itinerary so that he and his wife could see whatever they would like to see.

They will make a stay of several months in England, and will then make a tour of the Continent and go home by way of Suez and India. They have been at the imperial since last Friday.

To Australia. "First we went to Australia, and there spent some time travelling in the northern part of the country," said Mr. Field. "Then we went to Hongkong and Shanghai and Manila, and thence to Japan, where after visiting the principal ports we settled down to live four months in the country. Next we came over to San Francisco and visited the falls of the Yosemite. We spent some months in Los Angeles, went down into Mexico, and visited most of the places of interest in the West before coming on to Chicago, and we have been here since Friday."

"We have had the opportunity this time of living in all eight months among Americans, and we have been delighted that we have done so. I was particularly anxious to see at short range the social, political, business and political life of this country. I must confess that I don't think anything the worse of the United States as a result, there is, of course, a great deal of evil in the country, but there is a tremendous lot of good as well."

"Yes, there is a degree of likeness between the New Zealand and the American, but New Zealand is a very small country. Our whole population is only about 1,000,000. We have been very progressive, but in the way of legislation, and the labor party has a strong hold. This has resulted in a great deal of experimental legislation which is of a very good and productive character. It has not seemed to have been hurt by any amount of such legislation. There have been many mistakes in the way of legislation, some of them very serious ones, and that they have not materially injured the country is only one of the wonderful characters of the country itself."

"We have a good bit of trade with the United States. We ship a lot of our kauri gum, out of which varnish is made, and we buy American manufactures to a very large extent."

"New Zealand does wonders in the way of exporting. We carry generally about 25,000,000 sheep in the country, and we send to England every year about 5,000,000 frozen carcasses of sheep and lamb, as well as 400,000 tons of butter. Altogether our exports amount to about \$18,000,000. Our population is growing very rapidly, being recruited from England and Ireland. We don't see many foreigners. I fear that you see too many of the rougher element of population of the Continent of Europe for the good of your country."

London, April 7.—Mrs. Desmond Humphreys, the novelist, who writes under the nom de plume of Rita, has sailed for the United States on the White Star liner Oceanic. The primary object of Mrs. Humphreys' visit is to acquire a knowledge of the publishing methods in vogue in America.

Rita says that the glowing descriptions of the beauty of American women, their ingenuity in making display and the accounts of their magnificent dresses have aroused her curiosity and she is looking forward to a great time in that way.

The only thing she fears is the ordeal of the New York customs examination. For this reason she has reduced the amount of her luggage to the smallest possible dimensions. On her return home she will write her impressions of America. They will probably be entitled America Through English Eyes.

Mrs. Humphreys has a letter of introduction to President Taft. She intends to ask him to commemorate his presidency by bringing in a decent copyright law.

FADS EXCUSE FOR ROOSEVELT

Andrew Carnegie Returned to New York Thinks Strenuous One's Action Was Called for -- His Mother.

New York, April 7.—Physically feeble but mentally alert to all that is going on in the world, Andrew Carnegie arrived from Pittsburgh last evening over the Pennsylvania Railroad. As the train pulled into the station at Jersey City thirty minutes late, it was explained that a broken flange was found on the tracks near Harrisburg and the train was held up until it was ascertained that there was nothing the matter with it.

Mr. Carnegie descended from his private car Constitution with a friend and his butler on either side supporting him. Though his step was halting he appeared in good spirits and was not averse to talking. He used the freight and baggage elevator in getting down to his waiting automobile. While crossing the river on the ferry, Mr. Carnegie talked freely to the reporters until his wife interposed with mild expostulation, saying that her husband was very tired.

His Health. "Speaking of his health, Mr. Carnegie said that he had visited the petrified forest of New Mexico a week or ten days ago and that ever since he had had trouble with his legs. This trouble was followed by pains in the back, from which he was still bothered."

"Yes, I have been in Rome several times," he said in reply to a request for a statement on the Vatican-Roosevelt incident. "I have had two interviews with the King, but I never found it convenient to arrange a call at the Vatican. I can sympathize in some ways with Mr. Roosevelt and I think he has shown great discretion and given a fine exhibition of the American spirit to refuse to visit the Pope under imposed conditions. It is the only way an American could do."

"Do you think Col. Roosevelt's message to the American people through the Outlook was uncalculated for?" he was asked.

"No, I don't think so. Any man who has been at the head of a great nation would have been called on to give some message under the circumstances."

"Can you say anything about conditions in Pittsburgh?"

"Oh, don't mention that," and Mr. Carnegie raised his hand deprecatingly. "I am tired of talking about Pittsburgh graft. In some respects things may be as bad there as they are pictured. It makes me feel very sad."

Mr. Carnegie declined to comment on affairs in this city except to say that from what he had seen in the papers he thought that Mayor Gaynor was going to be one of the most notable figures in New York for many years to come.

He thought Mr. Gaynor's official conduct so far had worked for a better and more honorable party were Mrs. Carnegie and her daughter Margaret and Miss Brinkerhoff.

PRISONER TRIED TO HANG HIMSELF

Moncton Police Found Him in Time--Rogersville Boy Killed in an Auto Accident in Pawtucket.

Moncton, N. B., April 7. — Tying his necktie about the neck of Robert Shankley, a Scotchman, being taken care of by the Moncton police, in an effort to end his life last night at the local jail. His efforts were noticed by the police in time to prevent suicide.

Hurtled from an automobile in Pawtucket, R. I., was the fate of Arthur Gallant, a former Rogersville, N. B., boy, on March 31st. He was riding with a companion when the machine swerved as it struck the railway track, and overturned, throwing both occupants to the ground, killing Gallant. He was a son of R. E. Gallant, a former I. C. R. station agent at Rogersville, and was a student of LaSalle Academy at Providence, R. I., for the priesthood.

RITA TO WRITE ABOUT THE YANKS

British Novelist Sails for the United States for Material--Out for a New Copyright Law.

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THE POPE REGRETS MISSING ROOSEVELT

Rome, April 7.—Some of the prominent ecclesiastics who were received by the Pope today managed to introduce the subject of the Roosevelt incident. To these the Pontiff expressed the deepest regret that he had been prevented from meeting and speaking with the former president. He gave utterance to no opinion regarding the negotiations of the deadlock that followed. The incident continues to be a live topic of popular discussion and is emphasized in the Liberal press calls the new mistake of Cardinal Merry Del Val. The Messenger today says: "As long as this young and audacious Spanish cardinal dominates Leonine City the Italian Liberals must be on their guard."

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