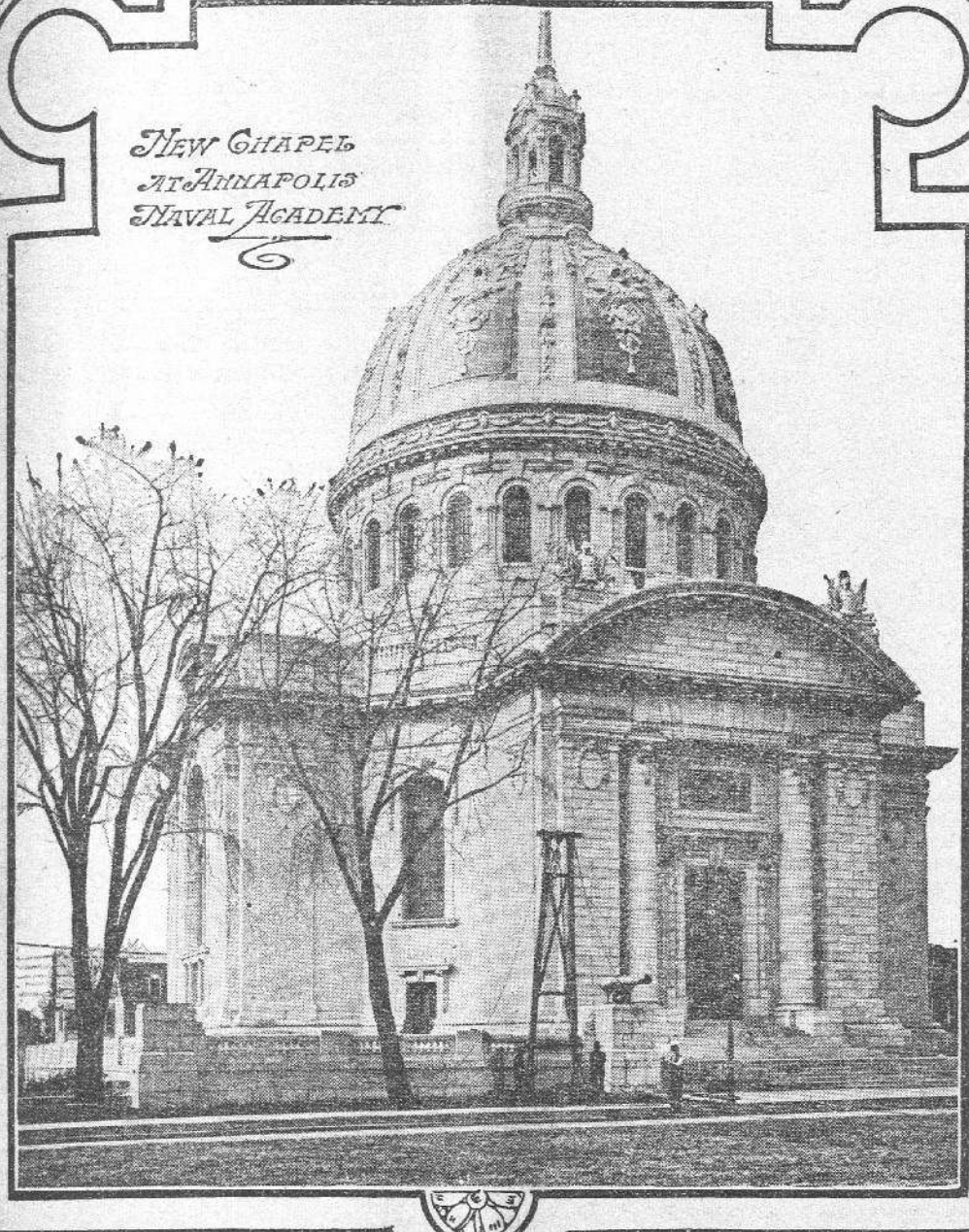


NEW CHAPEL AT THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

NEW CHAPEL
AT ANNAPOLIS
NAVAL ACADEMY



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ANNAPOLIS, MD.—In ample time for the ceremonies of graduation week, the new chapel at the United States Naval academy has just been completed. The finishing touch was the placing in position on the terrace of several cannon captured from the Spanish during the late war. The chapel is one of the most beautiful buildings owned by Uncle Sam. Its stately and ornate dome is especially admired.

HAS LONESOME JOB

Men Who Watch Tubes Convey-
ing Natural Gas Disgusted.

Task at First Appears Pleasing, But
Soon Becomes Monotonous in Ex-
treme and Loneliness Often
Leads to Insanity.

Lincoln, Neb.—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 led the loneliest existence, but their life is gay compared with that of the pipe line walker.

The pipe lines carry natural gas to the cities, where it is utilized in lighting homes, heating them and supplying industries with cheap fuel. The pipe lines radiate in all directions from the gas centers. It is absolutely necessary that the pressure be maintained. The greatest menace of the maintenance of proper pressure is the possibility of leaks in the pipes 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 trouble.

The lines are divided up into sections of 12 and 15 miles, and a man is detailed to watch each one. He must walk from one end of his section to the other and then back again during the day. The jobs pay from \$60 to \$100 a month, and there is nothing to do but walk and listen.

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 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 up call for the repair gang. If nothing happens then all the pipe line walker need to 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 sentry his frequent reliefs and the track walker hears companionable sounds and gets many 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.

When a man first tackles the job he is enchanted. Just to take a brisk tramp across the country in the fresh air, smelling of the good, green earth and to be paid two or three dollars a day for it seems too good to be true. After a few weeks it begins to pall. One gets to dreaming about it, gets to

see, waking and sleeping, only that same blur of trees and land, land and trees, and then more land and trees until he begins to forget the rest of the world and the people and the things he has known. Some of the patrolmen almost reach the point of forgetting their own names, but usually they quit before they get to that point. 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 bughouse I am going by the regular route."

The fact that the ear is kept constantly strained for leaks that betray their presence through a hissing sound is another feature of the work that adds to the unhealthiness of it. The men are employed for just 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, it gets on the nerves. The nervous anticipation is what breaks them down.

Every time a grasshopper in the fields or a cricket in the creek bottoms or a locust in the trees starts his machinery at full speed the fear that the line has gone to smash seizes one.

Lays Egg in Nest of Lace

Aristocratic Little Bantam Dislikes
Plebeian Home, So She Goes
Wandering.

Everett, Wash.—Seattle may have it all over Everett in population, and expositions, and aviation stunts and little things like that, but when it comes to bantam hens who have such aristocratic leanings that they prefer to lay eggs in a nest composed of rare old lace attached to costly feminine garments, and enter strange houses to do it, then must Seattle acknowledge that it cannot hope to equal this young and growing metropolis.

Police Captain Charles Knapp, who lives on Norton avenue, is something of a chicken fancier, when he is not sleuthing around town in the performance of his duty. Among the fancy chickens he owns is a bantam hen, nameless up to date, but just as close to the captain's heart now as if she had a dozen names.

The hen had a hunch that she might lay an egg providing she could get away from the plebeian atmosphere of a hen-house, where chickens make a regular practice of laying eggs. The little bantam, therefore, cackled a few times, spread her wings and went over the fence, landing in the yard of a neighbor of Captain Knapp.

A door in the neighbor's house was open. The hen walked in. Encoun-

"Every time the trees rustle," said a patrolman, "you think there is a leak ahead. Every heavy drone of the insects startles 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 awhile it would not be so bad."

"Often the loneliness that gets into your bones inspires one almost to the point of stealthily going out with an ax and smashing 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 hike to the telegraph office and wire in your resignation or prepare to have the insanity commission give you a free ticket up state."

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

tering no opposition she strolled around until she spotted a nice, white bed. She hopped on the bed. It looked a whole lot better to her than a hen roost. On the bed were various articles of feminine attire. The articles included lace and various soft, fuzzy, altogether delightful garments women get out and examine critically about this time of the year. A hen is of the feminine gender, too. The hen liked the display. She scratched it together until she had a nice little nest. Then, with a contented cackle she settled herself in the nest and laid an egg. She stayed right on the spot, too, until an indignant woman appeared in answer to her satisfied cackles and firmly escorted the bantam over the fence again.

White Frog Reveals Spring.

Vale, Ore.—While workmen were trying to locate trouble in the pump at the plant of the Vale Electric company a white frog hopped out. The frog died soon after getting into the air.

The presence of the frog indicated a subterranean stream or spring of water.

The electric light company may now drill deeper in the hope of reaching a greater supply. It is said this is one of several frogs which have been found in the pump.

START TALK OF THIRD BIG BASEBALL LEAGUE

PHILADELPHIA REPORT, IF TRUE,
MEANS BITTER FIGHT BE-
TWEEN MAJOR ORGANI-
ZATIONS.

DESPITE the auspicious opening of the baseball season in the big leagues, there is a cloud in the sky of the national pastime. While said cloud has not reached threatening magnitude it is of sufficient size to make certain magnates sit up and take notice.

It is a third big league cloud! The report came first from Philadelphia. This is the way it read:

"The report is current here that Henry C. Osterman, formerly a car manufacturer of Chicago, is seeking to establish a third major league baseball circuit and that he already has pledged other capital in addition to his own in support of the enterprise. Johnny Kling is mentioned for a berth in the new organization."

There has been talk for two or three years that plans were on foot to organize a third major league. The American association clubs once or twice before, have been put forward as the nucleus for a big league. Of course another league would mean a bitter fight. It would cost lots of money, and whether the public would support three major organizations is a question. Mr. Osterman was quoted in a Chicago paper as saying that he had no intention just now of attempting to break into the big field, but he said he might be willing later, if he gets enough experience in his semi-pro venture in Chicago, to invest more money in baseball property. Mr. Osterman is connected with Jiggs Donahue the former White Sox player, in his semi-pro team in Chicago, having purchased Anson's park on which \$7,000 has been spent for improvements.

Pittsburg, home of the world's champions, Detroit, where the American league champions dwell, Cleveland, Cincinnati and Washington are the only cities that have one team in the big leagues. Of course Brooklyn has only one team, but Brooklyn is a part of Greater New York, and that gives the metropolis three clubs.

Naturally then, it might be expected that the cities to be invaded by a third major body would be Pittsburg, Detroit, Cleveland, Cincinnati and Washington. Where would the other clubs be located? Would the new league promoters attempt to break into Chicago, which has the Cubs and Sox; St. Louis with its Browns and Cardinals, or Philadelphia with the Phillies and Athletics? Boston is a good baseball town, but the Hub has two teams, and one of them, because of the inferior article of baseball it has given patrons, has suffered from poor attendance. No new league would attempt to break into Boston without the strongest kind of team.

Getting grounds would be a harder matter in several of these cities than procuring players. Land is valuable, and it must be close enough to the center of the city to pay.

There are plenty of players in the big leagues who are not satisfied, and with proper inducements in the way of salaries, might become outlaws, for of course the new league would be thus regarded, and accept berths with such an organization.

Two great catchers, for instance, would surely be available right now. No doubt Johnny Kling would gladly shake off all connection with the Chicago Cubs and gladly join a new major league. Kling probably could get the necessary backing to become a manager. At least he would be a manager-player.

Then there's big Larry McLean of Cincinnati. After the trouble he has had with Griffith does anybody doubt that McLean would jump to a new league? Of course there would be a legal battle over the players, and everybody knows what such things cost. The new league would have to sign many of the old players, and not a few stars. The old league would fight with all its might to make these men live up to their contracts. The new league could not expect to be classed as a major organization if it entered the field having only players from the minors.

It seems safe to bet that there will be no new major league clubs in any of the cities of the old organizations soon.

Experience of Bush League Umpire.

The veteran umpire and second baseman, Dan Crotty, says that umpiring in the minors is a joy that no self-respecting gentleman should tackle, unless the poorhouse is his only alternative. He was holding the indicator at Newport, Kan., in the first game of professional baseball ever played in that city. The manager was a rowdy. Dan ordered him off the grounds. He didn't budge. He called for an officer and there was no response. It was up to him to show something, and he undertook the job personally. The manager put a long gun in front of his face and backed him all over the field and he was arrested and thrown into jail over night, on a charge of inciting a riot. Next morning he was released and was thankful that he had been arrested.

Latham in Morgan's Class.

Artie Latham is the only rival of Edward Payson Weston and J. Pierpont Morgan for giving age the laugh. On his fiftieth birthday in Marlborough, the former great third baseman stole second and third.

WON HIS FIRST GAME IN A CUB UNIFORM



Harry McIntyre, for Whom the Chicago Club Traded Three Promising Recruits to Brooklyn, Started Season With a Victory.

Being Where the Ball Is Hit, O'Leary's Plan

Detroit Star Says He Studies the
Opposing Batters and Baserunners

(Copyright, 1910, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

I learned how to win from Jennings. Now, before he came to Detroit the team was as flat as Aunt Jemima's pancake, but he threw about a quart of Fleischman's yeast into us, and we rose.

The recipe for winning is to mix ginger, yeast, pepper and horse radish with horse sense, and keep stirring all the time. Thinking and hustling, figuring on every point, watching all the time for an opening and taking all sorts of chances is what wins. One man can't win—unless he happens to be the fellow who can stir up a dozen others and keep them fighting all the time and never giving up. Without a leader the best team will slack up the pace once in a while and maybe get discouraged.

All the success I have had has come from studying batters while I was in the infield, and studying base runners when they got on the bases. A player almost can tell from the way the batter and the base runner act what they are trying to do, or going to try to do, if he only keeps his eyes open. I never



CHARLES O'LEARY.

try to catch the signs, but can tell by the actions and the situation what is coming off. Then I want a second baseman alongside of me who understands me and whom I understand, so we can work together. There are some men who prevent each other from doing their best work.

I make a study of where batters hit, and every day I get the fullest accounts possible of all the games played and study out where balls were hit to. Batters change rapidly. Sometimes a player hits to left field for weeks, and the next time we meet him in a series, he is hitting to right field. I find it important to know all the time, for sometimes it is five or six weeks from the time we see a player until we play against him again, and in that time he may have changed completely. I keep talking to pitchers who have worked against certain men and reading about them to see how they are batting. Then, too, lots of times, a weak batter will have

a batting streak and a pitcher or infielder ought to know this before starting a series against him. The best part of my success, I think, has been in being where the ball was hit, and a whole lot of this has come from studying batters and knowing their hitting direction.

I used to think fighting umpires helped win, but I want to say that is a mistake. Playing square with the umpires and treating them decently and playing fair with opponents is the only way to win. Fair play ought to be the foundation of the game. I play as hard and fight as hard for a game as anyone, but would rather lose than hurt another player, or to try to make an umpire look bad to a crowd.

IS THE BASEBALL FAN A NORMAL HUMAN BEING? JIM McALEER DOUBTS

Is a baseball fan a normal human being? We doubt it sometimes and so do others, especially when a fan is at a game. Jimmy McAleer, the Washington manager, tells a good story of how baseball turns the heads of some people. Says he:

"Just as it looked as if the St. Louis Browns were going to win the pennant in 1908, they took a sudden slump and the beginning of that slump was marked by my coaching a man to his doom at third base on one of those plays when you have a chance and must take it despite the risk. The St. Louis park was crowded and the home rosters were insane. There is no doubt about it, they were off their heads. As I was walking back to the bench feeling as blithe and happy as if I had fallen in a sewer, every man, woman and child in the park made remarks about me, but the only astonishing feature to that was the conduct of an old gentleman who had occupied a seat game after game right behind the St. Louis players' bench.

"He was a sweet-faced old party, with the mildest of eyes, a fringe of pure white whiskers and an air of amiable contentment that had not deserted him all season. But on this particular occasion he was absolutely transformed.

"And what a cusser he was! He exhausted the known list of adjectives descriptive of paranoiacs, he traced my ancestry back to the stone age and showed each generation was the worst in the list, used terms that would be barred at a drinking party and wound up falling exhausted. After the game I met him near the gate. I fully expected to see him produce a brick or a knife and show other signs of violent insanity, but instead he came up with his hand extended, and for five minutes did the most abject piece of apologizing the English language had ever produced. He actually cried in his mortification, and I never felt sorrier for a man who had done me an injury. I assured him I understood he had acted that way in the heat of passion, which was true, and then and there we became fast friends."

Jennings Likes Catcher Casey. Charley Schmidt won't be first or even second catcher of the Detroit Tigers this year. Oscar Stanage will be first receiver, with Joe Casey second on the list; then will come Schmidt and Beckendorf. Casey, a youngster, is regarded as a future top-notch by Manager Jennings. According to Hughes, Casey hasn't made a mistake so far. Stanage is given the first job on account of his experience.

Louisville Gets Hank Weaver. President Murphy of the Chicago Cubs let Pitcher Hank Weaver go to the Louisville club. Murphy still has a string on Weaver and may call him back if he is needed.

DOCTOR ADVISED OPERATION

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound

Galena, Kans.—"A year ago last March I fell, and a few days after there was soreness in my right side. In a short time a bunch came and it bothered me so much at night I could not sleep. It kept growing larger and by fall it was as large as a hen's egg. I could not go to bed without a hot water bottle applied to that side. I had one of the best doctors in Kansas and he told my husband that I would have to be operated on as it was something like a tumor caused by a rupture. I wrote to you for advice and you told me not to get discouraged but to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did take it and soon the lump in my side broke and passed away."—Mrs. R. R. HUXY, 713 Mineral Ave., Galena, Kans.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has proved to be the most successful remedy for curing the worst forms of female ills, including displacements, inflammation, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result has been worth millions to many suffering women.

If you want special advice write for it to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. It is free and always helpful.

MOTHER GRAY'S
SWEET POWDERS
FOR CHILDREN.
A Certain Relief for Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Diarrhea. Trade Mark. In 24 hours. A Small Druggist, 25c. Don't accept a cheap imitation. A. S. OLIMTED, Le Roy, N. Y.



A Reprimand.

Mrs. Brown was on her way to prayer meeting, and as she passed the Jones' home she saw Bobby sitting on the porch.

"Aren't you afraid out here alone, Bobby?"

"I'm not alone," was Bobby's answer. "Who is with you?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Now, Mrs. Brown," said Bobby, impressively, "if you was a good woman, you would know who was with me."

His Last.

Poet's Wife—My husband read this poem at a public celebration before thousands of people. Alas! it was the last poem he ever wrote.

Publisher—See. Did they lynch him or shoot him?—Leslie's Weekly.

An Enterprising Age.

"What are you affixing to these park benches?"

"We have the opera glass privilege. Drop in a nickel and see the comet."—Kansas City Journal.

Comfort and New Strength

Await the person who discovers that a long train of coffee ails can be thrown off by using

POSTUM

in place of Coffee

The comfort and strength come from a rebuilding of new nerve cells by the food elements in the roasted wheat used in making Postum.

And the relief from coffee ails come from the absence of caffeine—the natural drug in coffee.

Ten days trial will show any one—

"There's a Reason" for
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