

THE average individual the term awful story. The man was dead; he had ing under high pressure, with just so To tap one of the feeders with a view To the casual observer, the act of ex- ence and narrow escapes, he loosens the the same pole. If this should happen and "electric lineman" carries no sig- handled a "hot" wire carrying 500 volts | much labor to perform in a limited time, of running a line into a residence is the tending a line fast wires nificance beyond the fact that he is Strange to say there was not a mark upon must needs take greater chances than he least hazardous part of a lineman's dea man who climbs poles and "fixes the man's person, yet every nerve in his should. True, the lineman, is fitted out tail. The most serious work comes in ex- with danger so dire that even the oldest With splicing tools he laps the "live"

things." body had been literally burned out. It is not easy to say whether death to a then they are cumbersome, and if it is taking out an overcharged wire and re- Avoiding the touch of more than one The electrical lineman is all this and more. From morning until night he is lineman is due to his own carelessness or raining so much moisture accumulates as placing it with a heavier conductor. In wire, though hands and feet are incased it is raining he must not allow the "hot" surrounded by a thousand deaths, each that of the company. Technically the lat- to render these non-conductors practically either case it is a question of "cutting in" in rubber, the lineman slowly mounts wire to touch the cross arm, for it would more certain and more horrible than the ter certainly cannot be held responsible sting of the Rocky Mountain rattler or the for such casualties, yet the linemen work- work, so off come the gloves and then-? carrying 8000 or even 10,000 volts. prick of his southern brother, the cobra

de capello, sometimes called "the veiled death" of India. To be an electric lineman in Portland is to court death every minute of the working hours. It is the most hazardous occupation in the world and only men of

on nerve may follow it. Have you ever watched a man climb a pole? Then you must have noted the outward ease and carelessness with which ht goes about it. But it is all on the surface, for that man is a bundle of guivering nerves, kept under control by that most powerful of human driving powersnecessity

The term "hot wire" carries no significance to the mind of the layman, but to the electrical worker it is pregnant with meaning, and that meaning is death, horrible, torturing and distiguring. Portland has been comparatively free from such tragedies, yet they are possible at any and all times.

What Constitutes a Hot Wire!

With the constant improvement in elecrical appliances has come a corresponding ncrease in the tension or voltage. In Portland some of the companies employ a current running as high as 25,000 volts, chile others go as low as 10,000. Only a few years ago a current at 1000 volts was poneldered a remarkable accomplishment in electrical engineering. Today linemen understand that a "hot wire" may mean voltage ranging from 2000 to \$000, and there may be two or three or perhaps four of these "hot" wires on one pole.

It is no wonder therefore that an electric lineman views with inward dread the ow workmen found him sitting on one he is not likely to die poor. Few banks of the cross arms, apparently engaged in have more actual cash outstanding than

prominent in finance and politics, walked into the office of Harris, Gates & Co., at 10 Wall street. He looked hard at the board for a minute or two. He saw that his pet stock, Northwest, was 40 points below the price at which he had bought the 500 shares he was carrying. He walked over to Mr. Pulsifer, the manager.

"What can I do for you?" asked the latter. They were curt in their speech those days, the men of Gates' surroundings.

"Have you a wire to Providence?" "Yes, we have."

"Well, I wish you'd ask Providence why the devil it doesn't look after me a little better," said the man from St. Louis. He turned and walked out of the office without a smile.

"Bubbles in his think-tank for sure!" commented the manager. . . .

It is a common saying that Russell Sage owns more ready cash than any other man in America. Few people know the reason. Conservative bankers estimate that he has loaned out on collaterial at most times cash to the extent of \$25,000,000, while in times when rates are tempting he adds from \$2,000,000 to \$5,000,009 to this interestdrawing principal. His income on this alone amounts to over \$1,250,000 per annum. handling of a "hot" wire. It has not been His income from gilt-edged investments is a very great while since a telephone line- at least as great. His one luxury is a an in Portland met the death he had team of fast horses. He pays \$12,000 cen so long courting. There was a wire ground rent for the real estate on which rossed" somewhere in South Portland his Fifth-avenue house is built, and his was sent to look for it. He found annual expenses outside of that amount to t and also denth, sudden, horrible. Fel- about \$12,000. It will readily be seen that

epairing the line. They called to him, but there came no at \$80,000,000.

extensive consolidation of industries. He | acteristics of Mrs Hetty Green. The comof the few people who have refused to come into possession of a very considerbecome a member of the Morgan syndi- able amount of those bonds. cate. He gave as his reason his belief

LITTLE STORIES OF BIG MEN

ne would be hurt. cific last Spring at 118. The reason he sold go away. After a moment's hesitation the it was that he thought it was too high. He hought his stock at 8, so he frankly confersed that he didn't see any better thing to do with it at 118 than to sell it. So he sold. That is one of the reasons he is able to lend out huge sums of money.

in receiverships. . . .

Sir William Van Horne, chairman of the

Canadian Pacific, and president of the Cuba Company, began his business career selling oranges on the Illinois Central. After that he sold books on Alton. Yet he is one of the most accomplished of the big-men of this continent. He is a connoisseur on art and all things that pertain to it. He is himself a painter of rare | Texas Central. ability, and he has fitted up in his house at Montreal a studio where he may be too busy in "the world of affairs." He has also the most complete collection of of a new variety that grew in the forests

it he will be happy for a month. . . .

her own mind and makes a good guess among them about 20 "camera artists."

O NE day when the market was at its that he is one of the very few financiers ton & Texas Central, some years ago, the photograph. He was talking, this time, this building, sir," said the elevator boy, worst, a certain St. Louis gentleman, in Wall street who does not believe in the aforesaid committee found out these charbelieves that most of the industrial en- mittee sent out notices to the bendholders proach. However, since, as Kipling says, terprises of the recent past are founded | outlining the plan for a reorganization. I it would take three yddite batteries to on unsound business principles. He is one Now it happened that Mrs. Green had stop one New York reporter, they stopped at 14. Sure enough, there was no

with rubber gloves and rubber boots, but tending a system into new territory, or lineman would fain pass the job up, wire some six inches over the "dead"

worthless. But the lineman must do his on a "live" or "hot" wire, that may be the pole, reaching at last the object line. burn off; neither must he allow it to sag

The committee was holding a meeting. A that the pace was too fast and that some- | boy came in and announced that a lady wanted to see the committee, a lady who Mr. Sage says that he sold Missouri Pa- would not be refused and who would not committee told the boy to send her in. a million dollars!" She came in The members of the committee saw the woman in the door. They looked at her and she looked at them, and she looked not so kindly. She shortly announced that she owned most of the bords He sells at boom times the stocks he buys | they were doing the talking about, and she wanted to know what right they had

> to make a settlement of the fate of those bonds for her. "If there are to be terms," said Mrs.

Green, "I think I should make them, being the holder of the bonds."

The committee looked at her again. The ommittee straightway surrendered at dis cretion. Mrs. Green gained a place on the reorganization committee of Houston &

. . . When J. P. Morgan comes back from

answer; then one look at the face, full of The reason he holds few stocks of any at the minds of others. When a reorgani-an agony that cannot be pictured, told the kind is not hard to find. It lies in the fact zation committee was appointed for Hous-man to interview, and a harder man to "Thirteen? There ain't any thirteen in porters.

was therefore almost impossible of apswooped down in a body on Mr. Morgan.

One of the artists opened the ball: "Excuse me, Mr. Morgan," said he, "but would you mind if I took your picture?"

The financier swung around, facing the mob. "What-take my picture! I'd rather loss

Whereupon a certain youth of the Journal (lately rechristened American), spoke up and said:

"You've lost fifteen million already, Mr. tures."

There was a laugh, and it was on the man who had dined with the Kings. He whose thoughts are running on much the joined in it, and thereafter he consented same things. The old man asked ques.

him for fifteen million in fifteen seconds porter though of certain stocks. The rewas worth talking to.

Little drops of water, Little grains of sand, Make up Morgan's ocean, Also Morgan's land.

There is a 29-story building on the cor found at work on colors when he is not Europe he is generally met by 20 or 30 re- ner of Wall and William streets that has porters from the various local papers. only 19 stories. It belongs to the Atlantic The last time he came back there were Trust Company. Ex-Governor Francis, of orchids in the country. Six months ago he more than usual. Mr. Morgan had made Missouri, discovered this curious fact on heard, through his South American agent, himself a very conspicuous figure. He his last visit to New York. He went had diped with two Kings, worn knee into the building under the supposition of the La Plata. He has at present two breeches, created the International Mer- that he had found the Broad Exchange. botanists after that orchid. When he gets cantile Marine, and done various other He was looking for President Yoakum, of things that made him dear to the hearts Frisco, whose office is on the 13th floor of the editors. So there was a goodly of the Broad Exchange, Governor Fran-Mrs. Hetty Green is a lady who knows crowd of reporters walting for him, cls got into the elevator and started for the top.

with some of his business associates, and Mr. Francis stood back, saying nothing, The elevator went on.

With a care purchased by long experi- or come in contact with another wire on

THINGS SEEN AND HEARD IN WALL STREET ABOUT

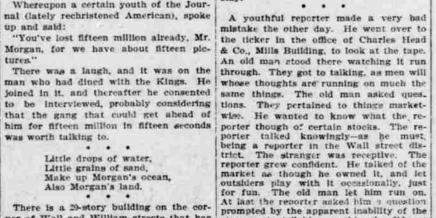
SEVERAL MILLIONAIRES

"Fourteen," said another passenger.

one, twisting them into a simple knot. If

The elevator passed number 12-and number 13. The elevator went on up to 30. On the way down the boy explained, "They were scared to have any thir-teen in this building. They think it's un-lucky. What do you think about $1t^{m}$

And as Mr. Francis wandered on down Wall street he thought it was a mighty queer place to find a childish superstition. Yet there it is, and there it is likely to stay.



stranger to tell him anything he did not know

man, quietly. That should have warned the reporter, man,

but it didn't. "What's your name-may I ask?" he

"It's Darius O, Mills," said the old man. "You may have heard it before." And about a minute later a young re-

porter slipped quietly out of the door to escape hearing the manager of the office telling the story to two or three other re-

and his leg another, death would be instantaneous.

Use the Same Poles.

In this city telephone and electric wires are placed upon the same poles, but on different crossarms. One constant source of danger to the lineman 's the breaking of glass insulators by malicious boys. In a high-tension current a leakage frequently occurs, forming a "ground," so that if the lineman accidentally touches the iron braces supporting the crossarm, his life pays the penalty. In any line work the junction pole is greatly dreaded, because the crossarms are at right angles, thus doubling the chances of a sudden death.

Value of a Lineman's Life.

I asked a prominent local superintendent the other day what was the percentage of deaths among linemon. The answer rather appalled me, for usually men's lives are not figured on a basis of dollars and cents.

"I can't answer that in the way you mean," he said, "because we don't calculate it that way. I should say that the percentage of deaths was about one to every \$125,000 outlay."

Rather a unique way of getting around a dangerous subject, wasn't it?

The cost of copper wire materially increases the lineman's hazard. For instance, the present cost of copper is 16 cents a pound. If, therefore, a plant is supplied with the latest electrical appliances, the daily cost of a high-tension service, say 20,000 volts, is not materially greater than a tension of 5000 volts, and greater results are accomplished. But lives count for little if they stand in the way of science and progress. If the lineman does not like his job he can quit it. Truly the electric lineman is a public benefactor. It is he who enables us to enjoy rapid transit; talk to our friends over long wires; lights our homes and our offices; keeps us cool in the Summer and gives us a hundred other conveni-"How long have you been down here?" ences, each one of which we fondly think "Oh-about forty years," said the old is essential to our perfect peace and comences, each one of which we fondly think

fort. But the lineman is a hero as well, for he faces death every working hour of the year, and as compensation therefore receives the princely sum of \$5 per diem. Long live the linemen! May mechanical science so improve the hazard of his occupation that, awake or asleep, the "Grim Reaper" will not be ever by his side. P. SLOPE.