

**LONGEST OF POWER LINES.**

**That of Kern River, Cal., to Carry Electricity of High Voltage.**

The longest high power line in the world, carrying 60,000 volts of electricity, is on the eve of completion in California. By means of it a great quantity of electric energy, amounting to 25,000 horsepower, is to be carried 125 miles across two mountain ranges for the operation of two street railway systems in the city of Los Angeles. When a little more than a year ago the Edison Electric company undertook to harness the waters of the turbulent Kern river for this purpose and carry the power to be gen-



POWER HOUSE AND A TOWER OF THE KERN RIVER POWER LINE.

erated so long a distance in the face of so many obstacles some engineers thought it an impossible feat. Eighteen miles of road had to be constructed through a rough mountain section before a single piece of machinery could be landed at the point of the principal operations. But in spite of the recognized difficulty of the project the engineers went ahead with it, and a short time ago the last steel tower of the Kern river line of the Edison company of Los Angeles was raised. There are over a thousand of these towers in the 125 miles of the route between Los Angeles and the plant up in the mountains where electricity is generated. The towers range from thirty to seventy feet in height. When eastern manufacturers were asked for insulators for these towers, weighing fifty pounds, standing three feet high and bearing porcelain disks as large as a small table, they gasped, figured for days and then made them.

Some fifteen miles above the mouth of the Kern river canyon a cement conduit was constructed along the canyon sides for eight miles. Near the mouth of the canyon a power house was built, and the rushing water of the river was conveyed in the big conduit to the enormous wheels at the power house by means of a steel tube nine feet in diameter, 1,723 feet long and having a drop of 565 feet.

There is but one other engineering project in the world where the attempt is made to carry the electric current at so high a pressure as 60,000 volts. That is in Missouri and is but three miles long. Consequently the engineering problems involved are not to be compared with those of the enterprise for supplying power to the Los Angeles traction companies.

**A STRANGE CEREMONY.**

**Diving for the Cross, as Practiced in Greek Seaport Towns.**

They have a queer ceremony in Greece on Jan. 6, the festival of the Epiphany, in seaport towns. The idea is connected with the baptism of



DIVING FOR THE CROSS.

Christ, and is a transformation of an old Greek ceremony associated with the worship of the sea god Neptune. On the morning of the festival the people gather at the water front, and the soldiers form on lighters, which, with one side of the quay, make a hollow square, the water occupying the space within. Inside are a few boats containing boys, who are stripped and ready for a plunge. They are mostly sponge divers. Music is heard, and a procession is seen approaching, at the head of which is the bishop in his robes and carrying a cross. In one hand he bears a sprig of laurel. He throws the cross in the sea, and the boys dive for it. The one who obtains it kisses it, carries it to the bishop and receives the laurel branch as his reward. The bishop in turn kisses the cross, and the people also reverence it, when all return to the church, and the ceremony is ended.

**A Sensitive Point.**

"So that foreign nobleman has ceased his attentions to that girl." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "She told him that her face was her fortune, and he said that under the circumstances he declined to be classed as a fortune hunter."—Washington Star.

**How St. Albe Helped**

By INA WRIGHT HANSON

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There are whims and whims. My particular one might be discovered in Mrs. Jerome's house party invitation, which read, "Yourself and St. Albe."

My motor car never for a moment had replaced my racer, St. Albe. In my affections, I loved him for his swiftness, his beauty, his gentleness. More than I loved woman did I regard my horse, but that was before I had met Elsie Hylar at my hostess' country home.

I had always believed that I should recognize my mate as soon as I saw her or at least when I heard her speak. Miss Hylar's pure, Madonna-like face held my eyes, her voice set my heart strings a-tune, and in the evening, when I waltzed with her, I knew her for my very own. I almost told her so. Afterward I was glad I had not.

It was a month long house party, so I should have plenty of time to woo



ST. ALBE, NOTED FOR HIS QUIET NERVES, SORTED AND RAN.

my darling, but from the first matters went not to my liking. A ghost seemed to stalk in our midst, and from my dear lady's lambent eyes looked out a haunting fear. Her voice, face and sweet disposition seemed a perfect trinity to compel any man's admiration, and at times she had the whole crowd literally at her feet; then, presto, the intangible something which made her a woman apart from her sisters.

I exercised St. Albe every day, usually preferring to drive him hitched to my easy going phantom. I never went out that I didn't try to get Miss Hylar to accompany me, but she never accepted. The seventh time her excuse was too flimsy to bear investigation, and she ran from the room.

I was puzzled. She wasn't cold to me except in connection with my horse. As I stood frowning Mrs. Atherton patted my shoulder in her motherly way. "Better not waste time on what can't be helped," she counseled. Another day I overheard Mrs. Jerome and Miss Cecilia laughing about the "poor little Gumpie," as they called Elsie.

Doubtless if I had asked a direct question I should have found out sooner, but I couldn't bring myself to discuss her, and they, supposing I understood, talked in metaphors and left me ignorant.

One golden morning I left her huffily and went after St. Albe, Miss Cecilia's mocking laughter trailing after me. I drove away—miles away. Coming back, I was still pondering on the situation. What had Jerome meant with his epigrammatic "better chuck it, Den?" As one joins mosaic work, I put together Mrs. Atherton's advice, Miss Cecilia's laughter, Jerome's words and various hints from the others, but when I had my pieces fitted I failed to read the design.

As St. Albe turned eastward I saw the girl of my thoughts sitting by the roadside. Her white face, her little shoe in her lap, her swollen foot, told the tale of a sprained ankle. I jumped out.

"Let me lift you up," I said. "I won't hurt the poor foot."

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed, her blue eyes black with some strong feeling. "I shall be able to walk pretty soon. Please go away."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," I replied, promptly growing angry. "I'm sorry to be so distasteful, but I guess you can endure me till I get you home or you can drive the horse yourself."

That ride was a memorable one. If St. Albe started into a gentle trot Elsie shrieked with fright. If I slowed him down Elsie knew he was going to kick. The toot of an auto horn in the far distance nearly threw her into spasms, though St. Albe knew an automobile better than he knew his mother.

I tried to reason with her, but she bade me keep my mind on my driving. At last she put her elbows on her knees and her face into her hands, the while she shook as with an ague chill.

"I can't help it!" she moaned. "I was born with it, as some are born with crooked feet. I can't help it. I can't!"

With her in this undignified position and myself grim, silent, but furious, I drove up to the house into a perfect

cloud of laughter, from which I escaped as soon as possible.

I understood my mosaic now, and I began weighing my desire for her against my pleasure in St. Albe. The latter it was evident she could never share with me. I avoided her for several days, while my anger cooled and my love increased. Then one morning as I drove out on the pleasant country road I overtook her. She was walking very slowly, aided by a cane.

As she turned her startled eyes on my glossy horse a blind rage suddenly possessed her. In less time than it takes to tell it I was out of the buggy, had Elsie in my arms, into the buggy and we were off!

Her face went white, and the fear in her blue eyes was mixed with unmitigated scorn and anger.

"You are a brute!" she said tremulously.

"I know it," I agreed.

"I can't reason about it! I can't help it! Oh, please put me out!"

The piteous voice appealed to what little manhood I had left. I stopped the horse and jumped out. As I held up my arms a paper careened across the road. St. Albe, noted for his quiet nerves, snorted and ran. Elsie screamed and shouted "Whoo!" But he ran the faster, while I scurried after in the cloud of dust, my heart fairly bursting with fear and remorse.

It seemed to me that I ran for hours. The road had many turns, so they were immediately lost to sight. At every corner I expected to come upon the tragedy. At last I fell breathless by the roadside, and while I waited, sick at heart, I heard the toot of the tallyho horn.

"Thank God!" I cried, for I knew it was the other guests who had early in the morning gone for a tallyho ride. "Thank God!" I cried, and, staggering up, I ran dizzily on.

As the road swerved sharply to the west a most surprising sight met my eyes. St. Albe was trotting swiftly toward me—swiftly, but under perfect control—and Elsie was his driver. Behind them came the tallyho crowd shouting itself hoarse.

Elsie drew proudly up beside me. The tallyho folks spilled out, all talking at once.

"Oh, you brave creature!"

"How did you dare?"

"Shan't I help you out?"

"Why, you don't look a bit scared!"

"Why, I am not scared, and I am so happy I think I shall die!" Elsie exclaimed when she could get a hearing.

"It's wonderful! The minute I felt the reins in my hands that horrible fear left me. I slowed him down, turned him around, and now I am going to drive him home. Oh, I'm so happy!"

Every one—at least every man in the house, barring Jerome—entertained me that evening. They seemed to take turns at it. At last I wrenched myself away and went into the garden where I had last seen her. She was not there, nor could I find her in the moonlit orchard. At last I gave her up and started for the stables. St. Albe was in the paddock, and I caught the flutter of white beside him.

Crying and laughing and murmuring, there was my darling with her arms around St. Albe's unappreciative neck.

"Just think of it, St. Albe," she was saying. "I've had my first proposal to-night and five besides. It's owing to you, you beauty!"

"And this is the seventh," I observed, taking the white arms and putting my own neck where St. Albe's had been. "If you accepted any of the six, you may as well tell him you have changed your mind, for I will have you. I will, Elsie beloved!"

"Why, Dennis, of course you will!" she answered, putting up her red lips to be kissed.

**Function of the House of Lords.**

The antiquated constitution of the house of lords and its comparative neglect of its duties irritate modern reformers both theoretical and practical and have led them often to call for its overthrow. But at the bottom of this charge of obsolescence and inefficiency is the fear that the peers may take it into their heads to be energetic and industrious, constant in attendance and active in operation. If they were so—if the lords chose to be as vigorous as they were in 1680 or 1782 or even in 1807 and 1832—the democratic element in the United Kingdom would have had hard work to complete the change which it has carried so far and on to carry farther. What the lords can do now was shown by Gladstone's home rule bill. His immense personal influence and the fear of an Irish revolt, added to no small amount of serious conviction, forced the bill through the commons. The lords met in numbers scarcely known for a lifetime. The case was put on both sides with great force and with that serious, lofty, high bred eloquence that has never become extinct in the upper house during many centuries. The bill was rejected by an immense majority, and the friends of the measure had the satisfaction of knowing that the verdict of England was against them and with the peers, and not a few voices raised the cry which is heard at steadily recurring intervals, "Thank God we have a house of lords!"—William Everett in Atlantic.

**Rather Suggestive.**

"You look worried, count." "And I am worried, monsieur. I go to ze rich young lady's house to ask for her hand, and I fall over ze burglar alarm." "Well?" "Zen I quick arise and tell ze father I make a mistake." "And what did he say?" "He asked where ze mistake was."—Chicago News.

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