

Making the Ice Crop for a Great City While the Frost King Reigns



PLOWING THE ICE.



BREAKING UP THE RAFTS.



GUIDING THE RAFTS TO THE CHUTES.

HOW doth the busy little ice man improve each freezing hour, that he may improve each shining hour next summer, when the sun's warm rays beat down on the children of men and the sight of an ice wagon is as welcome as money from home. One has but to take a little trip to Cut-Off lake on the trolley or on foot to see how the ice man comes into his own and how he packs away large sections of coolness for distribution in the days when the bosom of Cut-Off lake is covered with ripples and small raft and lightning bugs. Today the lake is covered with a thick shell of concealed matter formed by the crystallization of water subject to atmospheric changes. This concealed matter is known as ice, something which has no particular social standing in winter time, but which is courted by the populace along about July time.

The ice man loves extremes. When the thermometer registers 5, 10, 12 or 14 below, then the ice man chuckles a few chuckles, eats a hurried meal or a hot roast beef sandwich and then lies himself to the ice field. He gathers many laborers around him, gives them tools wherewith to gather the ice and promises them simoleons on pay day. The extreme cold weather warms his heart, for the ice man has a heart. An eminent scientist has examined the ice man and has declared he has a cardiac region which responds to extreme heat or cold. When the weather glass registers 300 above, then again it is a token for the ice man to be glad, for he knows that the law of demand will yield him many coins

for the ice he plucked from lake and river. To thoroughly appreciate ice cutting one must go out to the lake in a proper frame of mind and get into the atmosphere of the life—have a thought for the forces of nature which caused the ice to be, and a due regard for snow-covered sections of this ice where the first crop has been cut. Aside from the atmosphere that covers the lake and is composed of hydrogen and oxygen, there is an atmosphere that is only in evidence during the ice cutting season—that atmosphere which artists get into their paintings and poets into their poems. Having gotten into the right frame of mind, the searcher after truth and nature will find much that is interesting even at ice cutting time.

At the conservative figure of \$5 per ton, at least \$1,000,000 worth of ice is being taken from Cut-Off lake alone this season. This is based on figures reasonably correct. The large Swift ice house on the southwest end of the lake holds 60,000 tons, while the Swift house across from Courtland beach has a capacity of 80,000. The two houses operated by the Omaha Ice and Cold Storage company on the southeast end of the lake have a combined capacity of 55,000 tons. That makes 195,000 tons stored on the lake.

Even in ice cutting there must be system and organization. When that system begins to operate, then the ice goes into the chutes at the rate of 3,000 tons a day with a reasonably large force at work. That is at the rate of about seven tons per minute during the day's work.

The first work in cutting ice is the mark-

ing by plowmen with horse ice plows, these plows marking off long strips twenty-two inches wide. Then these strips are marked in the opposite direction at spaces of forty-four inches, the marking showing a section 22x44. A channel is opened in the ice from the field being worked to the elevator at the shore. After the markings have been made by the plows the marked sections are separated into large sections, eight strips wide and about thirty long, making a solid piece of ice about sixteen feet wide and about seventy-five feet long, this section having already been marked off into small sections 22x44 inches. Having released the large sections from the main body of ice, men with long poles and hooks guide the small floating islands of ice into the opening of the channel by walking along with what corresponds to low paths. Although these large sections weigh many tons one man can push one along with little effort. The rhythmic motion of these little islands of ice, as they float and glisten under the sunlight, has a soothing effect for tired nerves. One of these large sections weigh from fifty to seventy tons. Having floated the large sections to a point near the elevator at the shore, other men divide them into smaller parts and in turn pass the smaller sections on to another gang which cuts the ice as marked out by the plows, namely into the 22x44 inch pieces.

When cut into the 22x44-inch pieces the ice is ready to be placed on the elevator and put into the house. The elevator is a revolving apparatus, suggesting a large turn mill, one end dipped into the water

to catch the ice cakes and the other end at an angle of about forty-five degrees. These sections of ice, each weighing from 500 to 600 pounds, are carried aloft on the elevator and released at the top, where they go sliding along over metal strips along a slightly inclined runway, where men impede the progress with hooks and keep the runway cleared by passing the ice into the house.

It is just funny to watch those cakes of ice sliding along that runway. If, as Emerson said, "haste is vulgar," then ice on a runway is vulgar, for it runs along with increasing motion until it bumps into another piece of ice and comes to a dead stop, or is stopped by one of the men with long poles. And those men with poles have to be alert, for a cake of ice weighing 500 pounds moving along a runway like a cat sliding down a banister is no trifling matter. Occasionally an inexperienced man gets his feet in the road of one of these sliding cakes of ice and then something happens. If the man is quick he may grab a beam and save himself from falling. Sometimes he is knocked over and has just time to get out of the road of another piece of ice coming along with brakes off. To the observer it seems that these cakes of ice are in a hurry to be packed away in the big house, but the truth is the movement of the ice is accelerated by the force of gravitation and a pair of metal runners.

The elevator is operated in one place on Cut-Off lake by a eighty-horsepower engine, which really moves three elevators, one being used for loading railroad cars.

When the ice is released from the elevator it is guided by a series of runways, the highest one being used last when the house is nearly full. Take, for instance, the 80,000-ton Swift house opposite Courtland beach. The runways are a series of platforms outside the house at different stages from the ground up. Ice men find it convenient to pack ice from the ground up, starting at the ice six inches toward the center of the house for every sixteen feet of ice. This protects the sides of the building. To glance into that large building before it is quite full is to see a rather imposing spectacle. One might imagine all the ice in the world was packed in there.

Going back to the workmen. Each ice house has a superintendent, who divides his men according to the class of work. Last week there were 150 men working at the southwest Swift house, while a force of 212 men was at the other Swift house. The Omaha Ice and Cold Storage company had about 200 men at both houses on Cut-Off, making a total of nearly 600 cutting ice on that lake. The Swift company maintains during the ice cutting season a dormitory across from the beach, in which building 150 men are given lodging free and furnished meals at 20 cents each. Coffee is furnished the men each morning at 10 o'clock without price. A uniform wage of 20 cents an hour is paid the cutters, who work ten hours a day.

The Omaha company has a bunk house for the plowmen, who begin plowing the ice at 5 o'clock each morning so as to have

ice marked off ahead of the cutters. The plows are drawn by horses and cut into the ice a few inches to mark off the cakes. Men with large saws cut the long sections referred to before. Calvin Hasard, who drowned in the lake last week, was a plowman. He was crossing the lake before daylight and stepped onto thin ice formed after ice had been cut.

The men seem to thrive at the ice cutting business.

"The people uptown are asking how ice cutters like their work," was a remark made the other day to Robert Furrey, manager for the Omaha company.

"This is the healthiest business on the earth," Mr. Furrey answered.

"Why, pork and beans taste just like pie when you are cutting ice. You eat and sleep—well, you just can't get enough to eat, it seems. Pale people should work on the ice a spell."

Men of all ages engage in the work. Several old men were seen on the ice last week, while many headless youths were there.

A humorous incident occurred during the week at one of the Omaha company's houses. Robert Furrey wanted a few more men to fill out that day. He saw five likely looking candidates for his pay roll wandering along over the ice toward his scene of operations.

He turned around to give attention to some detail of the work, then turned again toward the approaching five men. Just in time to see the quintet go down as one man into the water inside the

"water box," a boarded enclosure near the elevator. Five soaked men were fished out, taken over to the bunk house, dried out and given some hot coffee. Then Mr. Furrey got out his time book and made motions like a man about to add five names to his list of employees. But he did not add the names. The five men got cold feet. No ice cutting for them. Furrey told them about the pork and beans tasting like pie, but that had no effect. They went their way and did not turn back once until they reached Locust street.

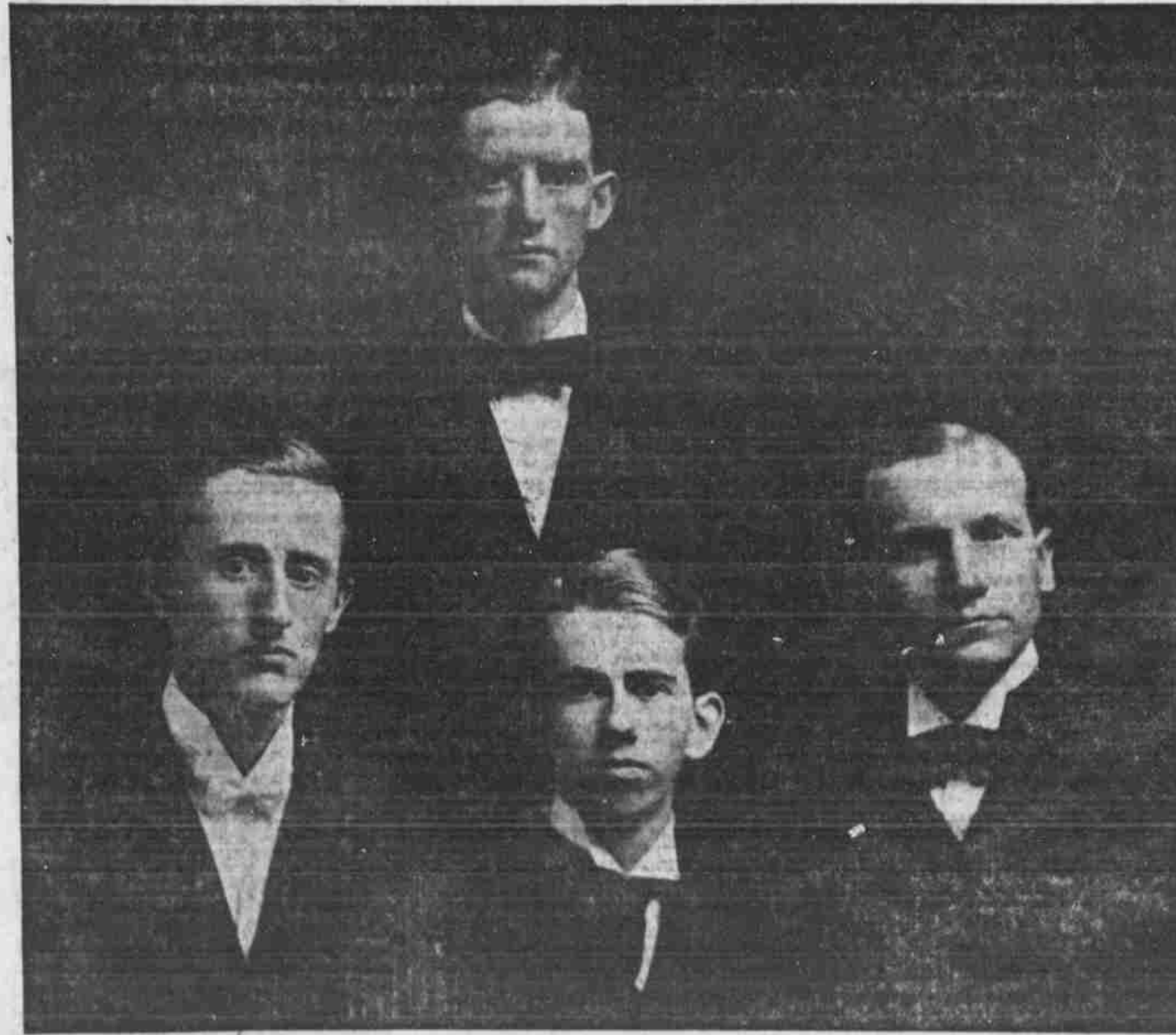
"I would bet you five women would have quit the game that early if they wanted work," remarked Mr. Furrey.

Unusual care has been taken this year in keeping the ice clean. Snow is scraped off first and all foreign matter removed from the top of the ice before it is packed. Health Commissioner Council has been active this season in this regard and a glance over the lake will show his orders are being enforced.

Within a few weeks or so the lake will break up and the acres of ice will dissolve to mingle again with the lower water from whence it came a while back. There will be no ice in the land then except such as was stored in the ice houses. The people will begin to shout, "Give us ice!" And the ice men will answer back, "Coming up!"

Then it will be summer time and pork and beans will not taste like pie to the ice cutters.

Creighton Law School and Its Debaters



Harland I. Mossman.

CREIGHTON LAW SCHOOL DEBATERS.

Hugh J. Boyle.

Charles Hafke.

LAST Monday evening the four young men whose pictures are shown above were selected to represent Creighton university in the debate with the University of South Dakota, which will be held at Vermillion, S. D., between March 1 and April 15, the exact date to be fixed by the South Dakota institution. Under the two-year agreement signed by representatives of both universities, the question for this year's debate was submitted by the University of South Dakota, and Creighton was given its choice of sides. The question turns on the wisdom of naturalization of the Japanese by the United States, and the local university, believing that the interests of this country will be best served by denying to the Japanese the right to become citizens of the United States, chose to defend the negative of the debate. The question is of more than ordinary interest at this time because of the rapid strides made by the Japanese in recent years along many different lines of activity, and particularly because of the disturbances which lately took place on our Pacific coast.

Creighton's speakers were chosen by the method in vogue in other large universities. The question for debate was announced and the first preliminary was held ten days later. Out of the number of speakers who entered this first contest the judges, Hon. C. J. Smyth, Hon. Lee S. Estelle and Rev. M. J. O'Connor, vice president of the university, chose six men, three of whom they placed on each side of

the question for the second contest, which was held last Monday evening, resulting in the selection of Harland I. Mossman, Arthur W. Proctor and Hugh J. Boyle as Creighton's team, with Charles Hafke as alternate. All the speakers are members of the law department of the university. Mr. Mossman hails from Sioux City, Ia.; Mr. Proctor from Omaha; Mr. Boyle from Darrington, Wis., and Mr. Hafke from South Omaha.

Next year the two universities will debate in Omaha, and Creighton will then select the question, leaving the choice of sides to the visitors.

The excellence of the work exhibited in these two preliminary contests is in keeping with the splendid record which the Creighton law department has been making this year. The new enrollment this year exceeds the total enrollment of last year, and this year's matriculation is nearly 50 per cent larger than that of last year. At its last meeting, held at Portland, Me., in August, 1907, the Association of American Law Schools admitted the Creighton College of Law to membership—the thirty-seventh school to receive this signal recognition out of the 100 law schools in operation in the United States. The Nebraska legislature, at its last session, passed a law permitting graduates of the Creighton law department to be admitted to practice in all the courts of the state without examination—another indication of the quality of Creighton's work.

That the department's reputation is not

merely local is evidenced by the fact that this year's enrollment is drawn from a large territory, bounded on the west by Colorado, on the east by Illinois, on the south by Kansas and on the north by Wisconsin and Minnesota. Its work appeals to lawyers, as is shown by the fact that a number of the students are the sons of lawyers, and that the course here compares favorably with that of other high grade law schools is shown by this, that a number of students, who make part of their studies in such schools, have this year enrolled at Creighton, where they have been well pleased with the training given.

Creighton's success is due in large part to the zeal and unselfish devotion of the members of the Douglas county bench and bar, who are co-operating with the university authorities in the effort to maintain a high standard of scholarship. This interest of the local lawyers lends zest to the work of the school and gives it a practical turn which is apt to be lacking in a school whose teachers have either never been practitioners or who have abandoned the practice to devote themselves exclusively to academic work. The staff is recruited, almost entirely, from the ranks of local practitioners, who received their theoretical training in the leading law schools of the country, and who are therefore in a position to give to the Creighton students the benefit of experience gleaned in many fields.

The Creighton College of Law is pecul-

arly an Omaha institution. Its founder, the late Count John A. Creighton, was closely identified with Omaha for many years; its building was erected by him and named after his brother Edward, who was a pioneer of Omaha and the west; its staff of instructors is made up exclusively

Gleanings from Story Teller's Pack

No Flattery Necessary.
YOU NEEDN'T begin jollyng me," said the gruff man to the man who had land to sell. "I'm not a man that can be affected by flattery. When I said to my agent, 'I told him, when he suggested your name to me, that it was a relief to call on a man who did not expect to be praised and flattered to his face all the time. I tell you, Mr. Grump, this city has mighty few men such as you. Nine men out of ten are simply dying to have some one tell them how great they are, but you are above such weakness. Anyone can see that at a glance. I'm glad of it. It's helpful to me to meet a man who rises superior to the petty tactics of the average solicitor. It's a real and lasting benefit, and an instructive experience.'"

Ten minutes later, after a few more such comments on the part of the agent, the man who could not be flattered into signing the contract was asking which line his name should be written upon.—Success Magazine.

Sort of Convincing.
Colonel Plummer of New York, who hates the sight of an automobile, bought the other day a handsome brown mare to match Barbary Belle. A day or two later he asked his groom what he thought of the new arrival. John replied: "She's certainly a fine lookin' 'oss, sir, but I'm afraid her temper's a bit too touchy."

"What makes you think so?" asked the colonel. "She don't appear to take kindly to nobody, sir; she don't like me to go into the box to feed her." "Oh, she'll settle down in a day or two. The surroundings are strange, you know. I do not think there is anything wrong with her temper."

"I didn't at first, sir," said John, "but you see she kicked me out of the box twice, and when you comes to think about it—that's sort o' convincin'."—Pittsburg Press.

No Liar.
A policeman saw a man acting rather suspiciously near a jewelry store in Germantown one evening, so, going over to him, he demanded to know who he was and what he wanted.

"I'm thinking of opening a jewelry store in this neighborhood," said the man, "and I'm watching to see if there is much trade."

The policeman went on his way satisfied. Next morning word was received at the station house that the jewelry store had been entered and robbed during the night. The policeman who had accosted the stranger said reflectively: "He may be a thief, but he's no liar."

Still at the Front.
John Henderson, a state senator of New York, says he was riding in the smoking car on a little one track road in the northern part of the state two weeks ago, and in the seat in front of him sat a jewelry drummer. He was one of those wide-awake, never-let-any-one-get-the-better-of-him style of men. Presently the train stopped to take on water, and the conductor neglected to send back a flagman. A hired express, running at the rate of five miles an hour, came along and bumped the rear end of the first train.

The drummer was lifted from his seat and pitched, head first, against the seat

ahead. His silk hat was jammed clear down over his ears. He picked himself up and settled back in his seat. No bones had been broken. Then he pulled off his hat, drew a long breath, and, straightening himself, said: "Hully gee! Well, they didn't get by us anyway!"—Cleveland Leader.

A Cure for Love.
W. E. Grange, author of the "History of Primitive Love," referred, in the course of a lecture in Boston, says the Herald, to the modern cynical view of love that prevails.

"I remember once," said Prof. Grange, "hearing two very ordinary men, a bricklayer and a plumber, discuss love in a smoking car."

"I hold," said the bricklayer, "that if you are terribly in love, the way to cure yourself is to run away."

"The plumber shook his head and sneered: "That will cure you," he said, "provided you run away with the girl."

Talked to the Wrong Man.
The other day an important-looking gentleman took a seat beside a quiet man in an Arkansas railway carriage, and began a conversation.

"I'm going up to Little Rock," he said, "to get a pardon for a convicted thief. I'm not personally acquainted with the governor, but he can't afford to refuse me."

"Is the fellow gullible?" asked the man.

"Of course, he is; but that makes no difference. His friends have agreed to give me \$500 if I get him out, and the thermometer is very low when I can't put up a good talk. Where are you traveling?"

"Going to Little Rock."

"Do you live there?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you might be of some service to me. What business are you in?"

"I am the governor."—St. Louis Republican.

An Uncertain Investment.
Morris Sellers Largey, the young Montana millionaire, who is devoting himself to the theatrical business, said at a dinner apropos of his new theater in New York: "I think that theatricals offer a fine field for shrewd investors. They are very steady. They are not as the slave trade was during the civil war."

"Perhaps you have heard of the slave who wanted to buy his freedom. This was before the war, and, since he was a very good slave, his master would not sell him to himself at any price."

"But as the war approached its end the master not ungenerously changed his mind. He sent for the slave one morning and asked him if he was still of the same mind about purchasing himself."

"The slave scratched his head, looked at the ground, and faltered: "Well, Marses Henry, ah did want buy mahself, but Ah been a-studyin' 'erbout it right smart lately, sah, an' Ah done come to de 'cision dat, in dese times nigsal prop'ly am too unsharin', sah, to put any money in."—New York Times.

No Pay for Old Sermons.
"In the last analysis there is nothing new that any of us can say," said Booker T. Washington in Cambridge. "The doctrines of love, of punishment, of reward, and of the future life are as old as the world."

"This reminds me of an old negro whom I met in the hills down south at a church where I was beseeching the audience to stand by their pastor and pay him a salary."

Nebraska Editor Lays Down Pen



J. F. ALBIN.

J. F. ALBIN, editor and publisher of the People's Banner at David City, Neb., has disposed of his newspaper plant to J. A. Constant at Sebutha, Kan. J. F. Albin came to David City from York county, Nebraska, ten years ago and took hold of the People's Banner, which at that time was neither a paying or profitable proposition, but under the careful management of Mr. Albin, whose ability as a newspaper man is far above the average, the Banner rapidly became one of the strong papers of the state.

During the first few years Mr. Albin published the Banner as a populist paper and it soon became the official organ of that party in central Nebraska. After the campaign of 1906, Mr. Albin, who is a careful student of events, concluded that he could best serve his country by advocating the principles of the republican party, and, as characteristic of the man, he renounced

his allegiance to populism and came out strong for the republican party, since which time he has done yeoman service for that cause. Under the careful management of Mr. Albin the circulation of the Banner has jumped from a few hundred to over 2,000, which shows that Mr. Albin has been successful and that the people of Butler county appreciate his work.

The only reason for Mr. Albin selling out after getting the Banner on a good paying basis is on account of poor health. He has not at the present time decided what he will do, but intends to rest up for awhile, then probably engage in the newspaper business again farther west. Mr. Constant has purchased the David City Journal and will combine the two papers, and, as soon as he can conveniently do so, will put in a first-class printing press and strictly up-to-date machinery and job printing plant.

I spoke as eloquently as I could. I watched my audience and saw that I had every one with me but this old fellow in the rear, who kept mumbling to himself whenever I finished an argument. Finally I called out to him, and asked why he opposed paying a salary to his hard-working minister.

"No, sah; no, sah; we shan't pay him no more salary this year. He's giving us the same sermons he gave us last year," he said.—Boston Herald.

Bertie Goetz on Nervy Men.
Robert Walton Goddard, at a meeting of the

Astor Trust company's directors, said of a certain broker: "The man's nerve is amazing. It shocks me. It reminds me of a money leader whom a friend of mine, a great rider to hounds, once restarted to."

"Yes," said the money leader to my embarrassed friend. "I will renew your note, but only on one condition, sir; namely, that during the next paper chase at Lenox you scatter from your bag these 5,000 pink slips bearing my name and the words, 'Money advanced on easy terms.' Is it a go, sir?"—New York Sun.