

## A Carman Raps the Engineer.

Dec. 9th, 1918.

Dear Editor:

In regard to the high class specialist who rides and operates the big-hog, which hauls our necessities of life, and hauls passengers to various parts of the country, and self-classed as the highest skilled Rail Road mechanic, or as he terms it, a specialist.

By his fellow workers he has been justly named the Hog Head.

As to the matter of adjustment of wages and working conditions he is sorely grieved in that he did not get the hog end.

As to conditions they are just beginning to get to the place where they properly belong.

As to his claim that Mr. McAdoo picked out his beneficiaries and gave them the boost, we coincide with him, and justly he should have done so.

Now we hear the Engineer protesting against the Machinist, who stays at home, sleeps at home, and eats all his meals at home, receiving as much compensation for a 30 day calendar month or 300 hours as he receives for 15 days works at 7 1/2 hours or 105 hours.

The Machinist, starting as a helper at a small rate of pay, after 5 years faithful service if he has shown himself competent is classed as a Machinist at the rate of \$4.68 per hour. He is expected to work every day, at present 10 hours, which means darkness at work in the morning and darkness at the competition of his 10 hours labor.

Of course he has lots of time at night to get acquainted with his wife and children and life to him seems a pleasure, working day in and day out, month in and month out, and of the years the same; but not so with our friends the Engineer. A strange young fellow comes along, probably fresh from the country, secures employment as a fireman, is given a book of rules, put on an engine and makes 2 or 3 student trips, if qualified is O. K. and sent out on the road with a good rate of pay and with the idea instilled in him that he is a skilled mechanic of the second class. As soon as the book of rules is thoroughly memorized and an examination is called he is right there with all his critical knowledge and passes as a skilled mechanic, or in his own language a Specialist, and starts out with a rate of pay exorbitant to the compensation paid skilled mechanics.

As to his hours of service on duty let us compare him to the Machinist and Car Repair men:

His duties are very arduous and consume a great amount of time. Especially so of the Passenger Engineer, whose runs are about 3 1/2 hours going and 3 1/2 hours returning in a 24 hour period, but which in most cases is put in inside of 18 hours with a total of 15 round trips a month or an equivalent of 105 hours of actual ser-

vice rendered in a calendar month of 30 days, for which his compensation is in excess of \$2.00 per hour for actual time on duty. Does he have to lay off to get acquainted with his wife and children? Does he not consider that every other day at home is a pleasure day, enabling him to beautify his home surroundings and the enjoyment and pleasure of the companionship of his family is that worth nothing to him or is he only as the name implies, a hog head?

His idea of the Car Repair men seems to be very narrow, starting in at a rate of pay of 45 cents an hour as a car repair helper, after 5 years experience, during which time one is exposed to all kinds of weather, no matter how hot, how wet or how cold, he is required to work in the open and if he survives the hardships of these years necessary to be rated as a mechanic, he is advanced to a rate of pay of \$5.50 per hour, provided he can perform the work necessary to the re-construction of damaged cars in a mechanical manner and meet the requirements of the law.

I would like to know who it is, if it is not the Carman who, when the big hog lies clean upon the ground, probably put there through the carelessness of the high skilled specialist and cars in a twisted and mangled condition and traffic blocked probably in both directions, who is it that puts these conditions into service again and rights the big hog to the rails again so that the Hog Head may again occupy the cab? Is this a mechanical task and not worthy of recognition, or is it the skilled specialist that performs this work? No, you will see him stand idly by in all probabilities enjoying a good smoke.

In concluding, a good comparison of the high class specialist one that comes to our attention daily is the Housewife.

A sewing machine was perfected by a skilled mechanic on which the woman of today, by a little practice may become very efficient and turn out work of excellence, provided nothing goes wrong, but let anything go wrong and she has to look to the skilled mechanic before anything more can be done. A Steam Engine of today built and perfected by skilled mechanics (not specialists) is placed into service and good results are obtained from the specialist provided nothing goes wrong, but if it does, then the skilled mechanic is called into play to obtain results necessary so that the Hog Head may have employment.

These are but a few facts in defense of our claim for a just wage, in order that we may live, have the necessities of life and educate our children as they should be and enable us to bring our families to good and useful citizenship.

Yours truly,  
A CARMAN.

### Who Was He?

On Oct. 28 an aged gentleman, supposedly about 80 years of age, was taken from the train at North Platte in a helpless condition. He died there on November 9 without being able to tell anybody who he was, where he was from or where he was going. There were no letters or papers on his person to identify him, and he died helpless and alone among entire strangers. A man on the train said he heard the old gentleman say he was going to Gering, but could give no further information.

The old gentleman was cared for as well as possible and given a Christian burial. But doubtless there is a family somewhere in this section of the country anxiously awaiting word from grandfather or father. If anyone in this neighborhood has any information concerning the elderly stranger

who died at North Platte they will confer a favor by communicating with Mrs. E. Pulver, North Platte Hospital, North Platte, Neb.

### Card of Thanks.

We desire to express our sincere thanks to our friends and neighbors for their many kind acts and expressions of sympathy during the illness and following the death of our beloved wife and mother, and for the beautiful floral offerings.

F. C. LAKE and Children

For Sale—Twenty-eight head of pigs, average 35 pounds. Thomas E. Doolittle, Phone 782P022. 95-2 Poland China Brood Sows for Sale. C. P. Howard, Phone 797P031. 94-3

## Evans Tells of War Ship Surrender.

The following is taken from a letter written by E. H. Evans, on board the battleship Texas to his parents:

That period denoting the commission of the Texas, in its present post, in the front line of the allied navy, will doubtless constitute the most memorable in the lifetime of the men composing her complement; none the less so because the tasks have been in detail, mental, trivial and arduous and ever under the unhappy condition known as military discipline.

Yesterday, November 21st, marked an epoch in this period. The mutiny and taking over of seventy-four ships of the German high seas fleet, in the forenoon, was of interest and importance; the receipt, upon return to port, of several weeks mail was a matter of joy and satisfied anticipation, but the announcement that the censor ban had been removed with instructions to seal all letters, was not only of interest but satisfaction and joy. It was the termination of a sacrifice and the restoration of a cherished right and privilege. It bore immediate results in a deluge of outgoing mail that expressed a huge accumulation of thought and feeling.

One advantage of a military life is, that one becomes so wearied with the sameness and restrictions, that anything in the way of adventure and danger is courted, and it is not the least exaggeration to say that it was a matter of the keenest disappointment to officers and men of the Texas that the war terminated without a general and deadly engagement with the German fleet. However, when a major portion of its fighting strength steamed into our port yesterday between two columns of allied ships, comprising the most pretentious armament ever assembled, one could not but realize that our victory was the greater, when not attended by the loss of life and limb, and in the accomplishment

of the same ends. Whatever freedom of the seas have existed the fleet has guaranteed. The surveillance of the German fleet has been so effective and it has been rendered so impotent that a general demoralization came to exist. This was such that when the fleet was ordered out to battle on October 28th the men refused to come and at that time instigated the revolution that is now all consuming in Germany.

The taking over of the German ships was attended with only casual blood shed.

We were lying in the Firth of Forth and steamed out in early morning. I was on gun watch from 4 to 12:30 when we returned. When our crew was relieved for breakfast the deck was being scrubbed down. Our gun captain, who eats lots of beans, admonished a big 200 pound sailor, the possessor of much zeal, who was manipulating the hose, to have a care where he squirted water. A little more argument and down came the hose nozzle on the gun captain's head, who emerges after an attempt to retaliate with two important gashes, which required a non-regulation regime for the surgeon and his subsequent attendance with needle and thread. In a few moments the victor of this encounter came below and met a big six-footer, late from husking nubbins in South Dakota who says, "I've a notion to hit you," and in an instant definitely formulated his thoughts and said, "I will hit you," and thereupon with a few telling sledge-hammer blows, closed both eyes of his adversary which brought about another unscheduled visit from the surgeon.

We went about 50 miles out to sea, the American squadron composed of the New York, Texas, Arkansas, Wyoming and Florida. The entire fleet consisted of about 400 ships. The day was a normal autumn day, clear and cold enough so as to cause the sail sprays to sting as they splattered the face. About nine o'clock our colors were raised to the top masts which is the emblem of battle. A German ship soon came within eye-sight and closed behind another, then another. A long line of ten dreadnoughts, fourteen cruisers and fifty destroyers. They flew no colors from the mast heads. Our ships soon turned and fled back to port. Several sea-planes and dirigibles hovered overhead. Our ships paralleled the dreadnoughts which proceeded methodically, deviating in no detail from the instructions given, and now lie in port, a testament of a false cause and a tribute to the vigilance and perseverance of the allies "all in the hole."

Permanent interment will probably be in the quieter, more commodious base in the Orkneys.

The Florida returns to the States tomorrow. The other ships will probably remain and attend to the naval details of the armistice and with that prospect in view, Sandall, Bartholomew and myself wish our friends a Merry Xmas.

E. H. EVANS,  
U. S. S. Texas, Nov. 22nd, 1918.

### STRAIGHT STREET

By MAY NEWCOMBE.  
(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

From time immemorial what had once been a country cow path straggled through the nucleus of what finally became Groverdale. As houses were built here and there along its sinuous length, it assumed, or absorbed, or was given a name: "Crooked Lane."

When the first small stores began to find a location on a line with the depot, the town commissioners cut a broad line west, condemned curves and windings and laid out a compass-correct thoroughfare. It was not a pretty appellation they bestowed on the new thoroughfare, but it was fully appropriate as a contrast. It became Straight street.

To do business on Straight street was to be quite in the business sphere, to live farther out in its residential section was to be acknowledged and accepted socially. One day a stranger entered the town, a jaunty, fairly well-dressed fellow, about twenty-two. He was straight as an arrow, supple, swift of gait, bright-eyed, wide awake, suggesting a person seeking a brand-new environment and on the alert to seize its best opportunities. A whimsical smile crossed his expressive face as he glanced at the sign on a lamp post.

"Straight street," he read, as though it had made a pleasant sound. "That suits me and I take it as a harbinger of fortune. It's the road I've had in mind."

The young man started looking for a room, a cheap room. Side thoroughfares invited in this direction, but he maintained his tramp along the street called "Straight" until he finally found an apartment suited to his thin purse, and then cast about for work. His brisk, cheery ways and frank, open personality caught the fancy of the bookkeeper of a large factory and Abel Morse, as he gave his name, was employed.

He became a favorite all around. There was one peculiarity about him—he took long jaunts, and it might have been remarked that he never left Straight street. Beyond were the dance halls, drinking places, tawdry side shows and rollicking crowds, but, in town or leaving it, Straight street became his beaten path. One moonlight night he was pacing its middle pavement, for the sides were blocked where new cement was being laid. Abruptly a spirited horse attached to a high trap turned into the street. The animal became frightened at the presence of a road roller and made a wild dash across the rubble stone and filling-in debris. A handsome girl held steadily to the tense, straining reins, but the horse was frantic. As the vehicle was all but upsetting, the young man sprang at the head of the speeding animal. He clung to the bridle, was dragged, swung, almost trampled, but halted the frightened steed at last.

"Oh, don't let him get hurt, trampling among the cinders and glass!" called out Miss Eva Powers, his driver, and Morse led the horse to the center smooth roadway. "You had better let me drive him home," he said, and that was how it came about that the first saw at the sumptuous Powers' mansion, modest, petite Mary Lane, seamstress.

Thereafter when he called to see Mary at home or to chat with her in the garden, Miss Powers smiled indulgently and Mary was flattered and pleased at the attentions of the manly, good-looking young fellow. There came about a rapidly occurring series of events. The war came on, Mary was proud about her lover when he was the first to enter the service. Miss Powers gave him quite a public reception when he came from enlistment, a first lieutenant. Somewhere Abel Morse had learned discipline, self-control and the power to lead men. He and Mary had become engaged. He was popular with his comrades, a model to the young men of the town and in direct line for further advancement.

He had just left Mary one afternoon and was crossing the garden to the street when a hurrying, flushed and hard-breathing man almost ran into him. Then the latter halted, stared and regarded Morse with a certain insolent, triumphant look.

"Double luck! Well, well, Ned Durand! and a blooming lieutenant! I've heard of you. I saw you before. And transformed into Abel Morse, U. S. A. Some rise in the world, eh, from convict 2244? What is it worth to shut my mouth?"

"Hold that man!" burst forth sharply, and Miss Powers came rushing into view. Her direction was to Morse. "He has just entered the house, and has stolen a case of jewels. There they are, in his pocket. Bring him to my father, and we shall see how far his unmanly threat will carry him!"

Todd Brewster, ex-convict, thief, left Groverdale that evening a cowed skulker, with evidence sufficient behind him to send him back where he belonged. If he dared even to menace Abel Morse again. Within a week the assumed name of the latter was legalized.

To heartbeats and to drumbeats, a real soldier led his comrades through the little town in farewell. From the Powers automobile Mary Lane kissed her hand to this beloved fiance, and Eva Powers, who alone with her father knew of his buried past, waved her hand in fervent recognition and encouragement that told him that whatever came, honor and glory were his portion.

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E. H. EVANS,  
U. S. S. Texas, Nov. 22nd, 1918.

### COMMISSIONERS' PROCEEDINGS.

December 9, 1918.

Board met pursuant to adjournment present Springer, Herminghausen and Koch and county clerk.

Claims were allowed as follows:

- Mary Kuhnhausen, care of Mr. Kuhnhausen, \$12.50.
- C. L. Lant, road work, \$66.00.
- W. H. Buckley, road work, \$15.00.
- A. P. Anderson, road work, \$21.60.
- Oscar Daniels, road work, \$3.00.
- Ed Williams, road work, \$9.00.
- Joe Aleson, road work, \$5.40.
- Alfred Rasmussen, road work, \$1.80.
- Art Lake, road work, \$2.70.
- Frank Carver, road work, \$1.50.
- R. L. Rhine, road work, \$38.70.
- T. F. Zimmerman, road work, \$134.
- T. F. Zimmerman, road work, \$6.
- Sundry persons, road work Dist. 55, \$70.00.
- C. L. Grant, road work, \$66.00.
- J. W. LeMasters, repairs, \$10.75.
- Neb. Tel. Co., rent and tolls, \$30.83.
- Sundry persons, road work Dist. 15, \$374.60.
- J. H. Guinn, road work, \$5.00.
- D. E. Atkinson, road work, \$19.25.
- Jas. Bechan, road work, \$57.00.
- A. Abercrombie, road work, \$57.50.
- Leypoldt & Pennington, coal, \$50.40.
- Wm. Lyman, plumbing, \$7.72.
- H. Rosendahl, engine work, \$221.
- C. P. Carson, road work, \$81.25.
- Alf Slack, road work, \$87.00.
- J. W. Rose, road work, \$33.75.
- F. O. Johnson, road work, \$35.25.
- Paul G. Meyer, office rent, \$7.50.
- J. B. Hemphill, printing, \$15.00.
- Robt. McWha, road work, \$147.00.
- W. M. Lundquist, road work, \$31.50.
- Institute for Feeble Minded, \$159.75.
- N. P. Elec. Co., \$82.51.
- J. W. Cox, grader man, \$10.50.
- Jesse Long, road work, \$15.00.
- Hans Jorgensen, road work, \$138.05.
- Elmer Crosby, road work, \$12.00.
- S. E. Knott, road work, \$84.00.
- Arthur Brewer, road work, \$74.00.
- Ray Brewer, road work, \$84.00.
- Derryberry & Forbes, mds., \$10.96.
- Walter Wilson, road work, \$77.25.
- J. Mogensen, refund taxes, \$14.15.
- L. E. Riley, road work, \$22.50.
- Hershey Auto. Co., mds., \$6.00.
- Derryberry & Forbes, mds., \$13.75.

Adjournd to Dec. 16, 1918.

### For Sale.

Down Jersey Boats a few good ones left. Sired by Elkstruder Giant 2500 lbs. If you want a good boat see Wm at my place. Pedigrees furnished with each one.

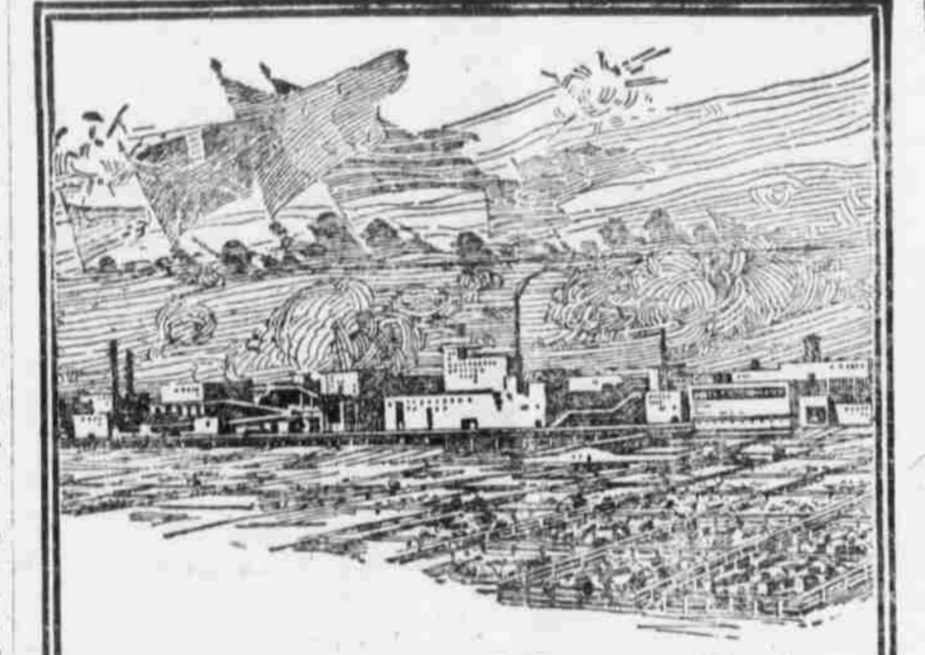
GUS LINDQUIST, Route 1, North Platte, Neb.

### Soldiers Must Have Work.

Unemployment is the greatest danger confronting the United States during the next four months, the labor reconstruction conference of the academy of political science as told at its meeting in New York Saturday by Nathan A. Smyth, assistant director general of the United States employment service. Thousands of soldiers are being discharged daily, he said, at the beginning of winter when outdoor jobs are few; wartime plants are being closed because of army cancellations of contracts, and manufacturers are hesitant in employing more labor because of uncertainties of taxation, high prices of materials, and "timidity" of credit.

Eventually, Mr. Smyth said the problem of placing America's soldiers and war workers will be solved thru an abnormally high emigration of Europeans to their native lands, the probability that immigration will continue to be slight and especially by co-operation of American agencies in connecting jobless men with manless jobs. He warned the members of the conference, however, that these agencies could only enable men to find open jobs and could not create work.

When your digestion is poor, when your bowels are constive, when your breath is bad, when your stomach is sick or disordered, and you feel languid and low-spirited, Prickly Ash Bitters is the remedy you need. It cleanses the vital organs, purifies the bowels and imparts a fine feeling of strength, vigor and cheerfulness. Price \$1.25 per bottle. Gummere-Dent Drug Co., Special Agents.



## An International Service Built on Tiny Profits Per Pound

Some industries have been able to get in step with war demands more quickly than others.

In many cases mighty plants have sprung up—but at a prodigious cost.

The packing industry was able to adapt itself to unheard of demands more quickly, perhaps, than any other industry. And this was because the vast equipment of packing plants, refrigerator cars, branch houses, etc., had been gradually developed to its present state of efficiency, so that in the crucial hour it became a mighty international system for war service.

And how had this development taken place?

Not by making vast inroads into the capital wealth of the country, but largely by using, from year to year, a portion of the profits, to provide for expansion.

Swift & Company's profits have always been so tiny, compared with sales, that they have had practically no effect on the price of meat (amounting to only a fraction of a cent per pound).

And yet the owners of the business have been content with reasonable returns on their capital, and have been able, year after year, to put part of the profits back into the business to provide for its expansion.

These fractions of tiny profits have been repaid to the public many fold in the form of better service, and better and cheaper meat, and made it possible for Swift & Company to meet, undaunted, the sudden cry for meat for overseas.

Could any other method of financing a vital industry involve less hardship to the people of the country? Could there be a better instance of true "profit-sharing" than this return in added usefulness and in national preparedness?

Swift & Company, U. S. A.



## "GOSH ALL FISH HOOKS, AS THE FELLOW SAYS"

We have more salt and more kinds of salt than all the dealers of North Platte put together. Better call and get your supply. Our sales of CARNATION FLOUR is constantly increasing.

**Leyboldt & Pennington**  
PHONE 206. Lamb Building, North Locust Street

Repairing, Cleaning and Pressing.

**GERLE'S TAILOR SHOP**  
We Take Orders for the Standard Custom Garment Co., of Chicago.

Will Make Garments in Our Shop if Desired.  
218 East 6th Street Over Keen's Gun Shop