Omaha Printers Successfully Test Arbitration

SITTING OF THE BOARD WHICH DETERMINED THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE JOB PRINTERS AND THEIR EMPLOYERS—JAMES M. LYNCH, PRESIDENT OF INTERNATIONAL TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, REV. JOHN WILLIAMS OF OMAHA AND SAMUEL FREGAARD, NATIONAL SECRETARY TYPOTHETAE, SIT AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE—Flashlight Photo by a Staff Artist.

Nebraska State Editorial Association Which Recently Met at Hastings

DELEGATES GROUPED ON THE COURT HOUSE STEPS TO BE PHOTOGRAPED BY HINES.

Real Heroes of the Ocean Steamship Service

My engines, after ninety days o' race and rack and strain
Through all the seas of all Thy world, slam-bangin' home again,
Slam-bang too much—they knock a wee—the cross-head gibs are loose;
But thirty thousand mile o' sea has gied them fair excuse.
—McAndrews Hymn.

"ONE of the real heroes of the sea," said the manager of a transatlantic liner, as he nodded at the retreating figure of his late visitor. "One of our engineers, and he and his kind save many a ship many a time at great personal risk, and are not even thanked for their efforts by the passengers. But that's because the latter don't know when or where nor how the engineers preserve their lives, for their deeds are unheralded outside the engineers' mess and the captain's room. Yes, sir, it's true that

They've words for every one but me—shake hands with half the crew,
Except the dour Scots engineer, the man they never knew.

The manager pondered a moment.

"I'll prove to you that these men are the real heroes of the ocean," he said; and these are the stories that he offered in proof:

A certain steamship in the Pacific trade had been sent out from its home port with the majority of its boilers out of commission. In midocean one of the few boilers capable of being fired got leaky tubes, and it became necessary, in order to keep the ship under any sort of headway in a hurricane-swept sea, to repair the boiler immediately. The fire was pulled out from under it, the manhole lid was unscrewed and removed, and the first engineer, wrapped from head to foot in a thick coating of asbestos, crawled into the redhot boiler and with chisel and hammer began tearing out the defective tubes. For two minutes he worked, and as he worked held his breath, for a single gasp of the fiery air in his lungs would have killed him. Then he crawled to the manhole and was pulled out by stokers.

Five minutes later he again went into the boiler. This time, after nearly two minutes' work, he succeeded in cutting away two tubes. On the third entry he removed three, and after that he spent another five minutes rest.

Then came the task of reaming in new tubes, and to do this he was compelled to enter the boiler five times. In each case he stayed inside nearly two minutes, and as he crawled out the last time he barely had breath and strength enough left to say to his chief before he fainted dead away:

"It's done, sir."

As a result of his experience in that hell of heat, the man was laid up in the ship's hospital for over a week. And to this day his sleep is constantly disturbed by dreams in which he is roasted in redhot furnaces.

This same engineer was in the boiler room one day when suddenly a valve, in among a great coil of pipes above the boilers, began leaking badly and filling the room with scalding steam. Instantly, and regardless of his own safety, he scrambled upon the pipes and breathlessly began making repairs. He had almost finished when, as unexpectedly as the valve had got out of order, a pipe joint, below the one on which he was standing, broke, and a stream of hissing steam enveloped his foot. When he endeavored to pull it away he found it to be tightly wedged in the joint. He had on low shoes and before his cries brought aid his shoe and sock were burned off his foot and lower leg parboiled. He was unable to resume work for three months, and today he walks with a perceptible limp. Yet he looked upon it all as a part of the day's work, and uttered no complaint.

It was in December of 1892, just around Christmas time, that the Umbria broke its thrust shaft and floundered helplessly in midocean. The part that broke was twenty-six feet long and weighed tons.

Under the direction of Chief Engineer Lawrence Tomlinson the pieces were secured and suspended by chains from the top of the shaft tunnel, and then, although the shaft threatened to fall on him at any moment, he crawled into the tunnel, found that the shaft was broken off square, so that it could not be riveted together, and spent hours in taking measurements for a collar to be welded over the break. He spent other hours in making and putting on the collar, all the time either lying on the flat of his back or working in a squatting position, so small was the space. All told he labored unceasingly for two full days. After that he slept for two hours and the twenty-two hours following he worked without pause until at last he had not only welded, but bolted, the jacket in place.

The job was finished late Monday night and the ship was got under way. Early Tuesday morning the head of a bolt broke off, the jacket slipped and once more Tomlinson had to crawl into the tunnel and make repairs.

Again the ship got under way, and again, after an hour of running, snap! went two bolts. And once more Tomlinson risked life and limb in the shaft tunnel.

To make a long story short, Tomlinson was crawling into the tunnel continually until the voyage ended, but, while the passengers did not know of his heroism until they landed and read of it in the newspapers, Tomlinson had the satisfaction, at least, of knowing that his work had prevented the shaft from knocking a hole into the ship's side and from leaving the vessel helpless and in peril in a stormy sea until a tow should chance along.

It was one of Engineer Tomlinson's fellow Scotchmen who pried open a safety valve and prevented a serious explosion on a liner that is sailing the seas today.

For some reason or other the donkey engine, used for hoisting cargo and luggage, had been started at sea and a trustworthy fireman put in charge of it. An hour or so later the second engineer, whose watch it was, distinguished an unusual noise among the multitude of sounds of the big ship—so keen is an engineer's sense of hearing. He located it instantly as coming from the donkey engine and he rushed thither. As he got near he realized that the safety valve had stuck and after he had slid down the narrow, oily companionway he found not only the safety valve stuck tight, but the fireman asleep at his post and the boiler all but ready to explode.

In less time than it takes to tell it he grabbed a crowbar and was up among the pipes, frantically trying to pry open the valve. How long he worked he does not know—"It seemed years," he said—but he finally got the valve open in the nick of time and prevented an explosion which would surely have blown a big hole in the ship's bottom.

Not infrequently the engineers are compelled to work in water up to their knees. The plates of many a ship, when it straddles a sea, move and cut at their rivets and leak mightily. Then the engineer must wade around in an engine room flooded from port to port and give heed to naught but the welfare of his engines. He must not think about the manifold dangers of sailing in a "leaky old tub," or of rheumatism, or other ills that will come to him from working for hours in brine and bilge water.

It is a trite saying of the sea that, wherever there is a ship engineer, there also is a bad case of rheumatics.

It is only when a cylinder head bursts or a large valve gives way, filling the engine rooms with scalding steam before the opportunity can be seized upon to repair the damage, that an engineer is forced to leave his post. Then it is that he has to charge for dear life up steep, narrow companionways, made slippery by engine

(Continued on Seventh Page.)