

On the Streets of Omaha in Record Breaking Below Zero Weather



THE HACK DRIVER.



THE MOTORMAN.



THE EXPRESSMAN.



THE LETTER CARRIER.

"Out in the cold world, out in the street, begging a penny from each one I meet." HIS is a story of contrast, sharp and well defined, over against the proposition of the beggar out in the street. It is not of the persons who seek a dale from each one they meet. This is a passing study of the hustlers "out in the cold world," who echo the laugh of hope with high defiance to everything that untoward fate may threaten or ill luck promise. Now and anon it is not unprofitable to fix the thought of the half that does not know how the other half lives on the stout-hearted folk who carry light concern for the struggle to which they are committed by choice or circumstance. The example should be worth much to people inclined to ease, to walking on the sunny side and to setting careful foot only on the high places. Let us make a round of visits to those who exemplify in themselves that happiness is only a relative term and who daily prove that "a light heart lives long."

You need provender to restock the family larder. Here comes the grocer's and the baker's man and the frost-plumed envoy of the meat trust. No dallying with the

delectable forty cents for them. They may hardly give consideration to the degree of cold, for discontent lies that way. Most unprejudiced and serviceable of the middlemen, to serve best their employers means the ignoring of the weather conditions that would discourage nine-tenths of those who hear their hustling feet. Clocks mean little in their count of time; only the demands of business govern. They see the lamplighter quench the corner bea-

con; they note his passing round to light it again. Cog in Civilization's Machine. When waiting for a car in the early morning and kicking smooth a foot-place with impatience, mark the rough-clad man who drives up throws out a hitching weight and blankets his horse, and takes station to wait the customer who wants a service in the hauling line. The expressman and his animal have passed the days of beauty and of buoyancy, but they are a cog in the great wheel of human endeavor whose absence would be felt. It is cold, indeed, when they fall to get into the line of usefulness on the street. Whatever may come is thankfully set about, and self-respect stifles any hint of a whimper.

Pale faced brewers work in a damp warmth that is inseparable from the heating of malt and the brewing of beer. Their third hand, the beer driver, ruddy faced, pillar limbed and feather fronted, spins merrily through the coldest atmosphere, bringing to thirsty thousands the amber brew that gains the bank account which builds great plants and pays the weekly wage that keeps scores of homes in comfort. Their busy time is short, but their work is heavy. If rest come to their pleasures they have won its favor in the expenditure of bodily muscle and brawn. Rough bookkeeping there is, too—enough of it to make them realize that fingers stiffen in the wrestle with Jack Frost. And if an ear freeze, take a hair of the dog that bit you and rub it to a normal size and condition again.

Having a large lot and a proud frontage, here comes relief on a snowy morning. Your perplexity is another man's chance. He will shovel the snow for a pittance while you view the frosty prospect from the warm side of the window. You wonder if he likes it, but you can't swear that he doesn't as he shovels and sweeps and moves on to the next neighbor's in search of another quarter. Bounding good health may be his, or may not; there are those at home who await with more than passing interest the result of his cold canvass for a chance to win the wherewith to supply their needs.

When Affliction Drives. Passing the corner of street or alley, note the man with the crutch or the maimed limb. He may be selling papers or shoe laces, collar buttons and handy little knickknacks, but he is cheerful and vigilant all day long. Courtesy of the ever patient, never falling kind is his main leverage with

the public. Blow high or blow low, whether the weather be just nippy or cold as Esquimos would object to, the street corner salesman is chipper and catty. He is an optimist on whom the god of hope has set his seal. His troubles he keeps to himself, as a rule; and many a one of these young and old men, supporting others dependent on them, would freeze in their tracks before pleading for charity. They exercise the gifts that nature has bestowed and mourn not with whining voice the ones

withheld. There be heroes' hearts in many men like these. Weather is Not for Them. The plodding policeman, the active newsboy, the street car conductor, the trackman of the city railway company, the always busy letter carrier covering miles with tireless feet and handling precious messages with care, lessened not because of stiffened fingers—all these feel the keen sting of the frost king's waves of cold in the service of their various vocations. There is in them

that quality of stubborn endurance which always marks the man or the race fit to survive. Hailing over the wind swept crossing, have you ever cast an eye to the stalwart man armed with the steel weapons of the knight of swift commerce? A coil of wire over his shoulder, rippers at belt and rubber gloves on hands, he works away in the teeth of the biting breeze. His is an important task; indeed and his skill is most largely in demand when roughest weather prevails.

As the whistling train goes screaming through the night when the sound of its rushing thunder is borne far in the crisp and chilling atmosphere, we may turn over in bed in half drowsy comfort. But how many will give a thought to the enginemen and the brakemen? Keen-eyed, alert and watchful, they serve well the sleeping traveler and make worth clipping the bond owned by the snugly ensconced magnate far away. He in days ago may have faced the weather, too, and those who now "rattle across moridian lines and down the parallels play" are as full of high hope and courageous vim as ever was man who gained fortune's favors by duty well done in hours of darkness and of fierce test. As they feel their way along through stress of cold and blinding weight of storm, they catch glimpses of those other heroes of the rough life, the track walkers and section men. The worst weather is their time of most responsible endeavor. From division superintendent to the man who draws \$1.19 a day, tales of shirking in these ranks are rare exception.

Let blizzards screech their loudest, and above their howling and roaring will be heard the rattle of the black diamonds as coal wagon drivers fill the bins in cottage and in mansion. Late delivery is better than none at all, and many an hour of rest is lost by the coal heavers who court the blasts of winter on the high seats of the fuel dealer's wagons from early dawn till late at night. "A man's man for a' that; the ragged coat and a' that." The outdoor life in winter is perforce a hard life; but there is happiness in degree in it for men of sturdy grit and grain. They will be found to contribute in large measure to the general comfort and to deserve well of those who perhaps give them all too little consideration. Here's to them all, and may their hours of repose bring a satisfying share of warmth and love and the joy of family and home.

Some Who Are Out Betimes.

Early risers for one cause or another oftimes meet or see busy youngsters plodding along with pack on hip. They are the human messengers of the world—grinding force which brings to the breakfast table what tyrants order or traitors plan; the mirage of foreign marriages or ministerial misery; pictures of the victories of peace or the weltering work of war. When the mercury has gone far toward the limit of cold the newsboy is as early afoot as when the lark sings loud and high. Diminutive bodies carry strong hearts and slender limbs are tough for service. Many a weary round is finished, many an humble morning repeat eaten and many a study of lessons under way before the folks the newspaper serves are yet ready to open the newspaper he has folded, counted and carried to scattered homes in the freezing hours of dawn. The all-night policeman knows him, the people at home love him. Fortune is his when opportunity offers in man's estate. He is the avante courier of high empire; as careless of rain, sleet, snow and frost as he is faithful to the fruits he serves. Quietly he comes and goes. He will make a noise later on.

If you are waiting for the fire to kindle up with generous warmth, take note of the man in the milk wagon. At the time when sleep lies heaviest on the eyelids he is standing up ready to go to the barn and take from the patient cow her lactation richness. "Many a little makes a muckle" in his business. It requires many deliv-



THE PAPER CARRIER.



THE NEWSBOY.



THE POLICEMAN.



THE KINDERGARTNER.

The Cotton Crop of the United States Will Be Six Billion Pounds

(Copyright, 1905, by Frank G. Carpenter.) Uncle Sam, Money Maker. WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 8.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—We raised enough cotton last year to make a suit of clothes for every man, woman and child upon earth. The crop is estimated at 12,000,000 bales, or, in other words, at 6,000,000,000 pounds. It will bring to the south \$450,000,000. More than \$200,000,000 worth of it will go across the water, and its value will return in hard gold dollars to Uncle Sam's pockets. The balance will be used in our own factories, north and south. We

have now more than 1,500 cotton mills, which annually eat up about 2,000,000,000 pounds of cotton. They employ hundreds of thousands of hands and make a product which sells for more than \$300,000,000 per annum. This gives some idea of what cotton means to the United States. It is one of our king crops, and the great money crop of the south. If it can be increased the whole country will be the richer; if it falls off we are that much the poorer. Within the past few years the Agricultural department has had its scientists studying cotton. It has established experimental

farms in different parts of the south. It has the best of farmers making experiments of their own in some sections, and as a result it has made discoveries whereby it is said that the product can be increased fully 50 per cent without any additional expense except the cost of picking. Uncle Sam is now playing patriarch. He is taking more care of his children than ever before. Through the great government departments he is teaching them how to save and invest their money. A great work of this kind is being done by the

Agricultural department, and that especially in the line of cotton raising. I had a talk today with Dr. H. T. Galloway, who has spent years in the southern states studying cotton and the possibility of increasing that crop by better methods of cultivation. Dr. Galloway is the chief of the bureau of plant industry, and all his work is done for the government. Said he: "The United States will always be the chief cotton country of the world. Our climate and soil are just fitted for cotton, and we have recently invented labor saving machinery which will enable us to hold this industry against any nation on earth. As it is, the crop is steadily growing. Until the civil war we had never raised more than 4,500,000 bales. In 1898 we produced more than twice that amount, and our reports from the south now show that we shall have more than 12,000,000 bales this year. All the cotton raised by the world does not figure up more than 15,000,000 bales, so that three-fourths of all the cotton used by man is now raised here."

Increasing Our Cotton. "What is the department doing along such lines?" I asked. "It is giving the planters of the south object lessons. It is showing them how to fertilize and cultivate. It is making experiments in seed selecting, and it is breeding better seed every year. We have experimental stations in all the cotton states, and we have already made an enormous difference in the amount of cotton grown. The chief trouble with southern farmers is that they are one-crop farmers. They work the soil with one crop until it is worn out, and at harvest the average yield of cotton throughout the cotton belt is only 150 pounds to the acre. At the same time, in the same region, some farmers are getting as much as 500 to 800 pounds per acre, which at a value of 9 cents a pound means an increased profit of from \$27 to \$74 per acre over their immediate neighbors. This comes from cultivating the land properly and sowing the right seed."

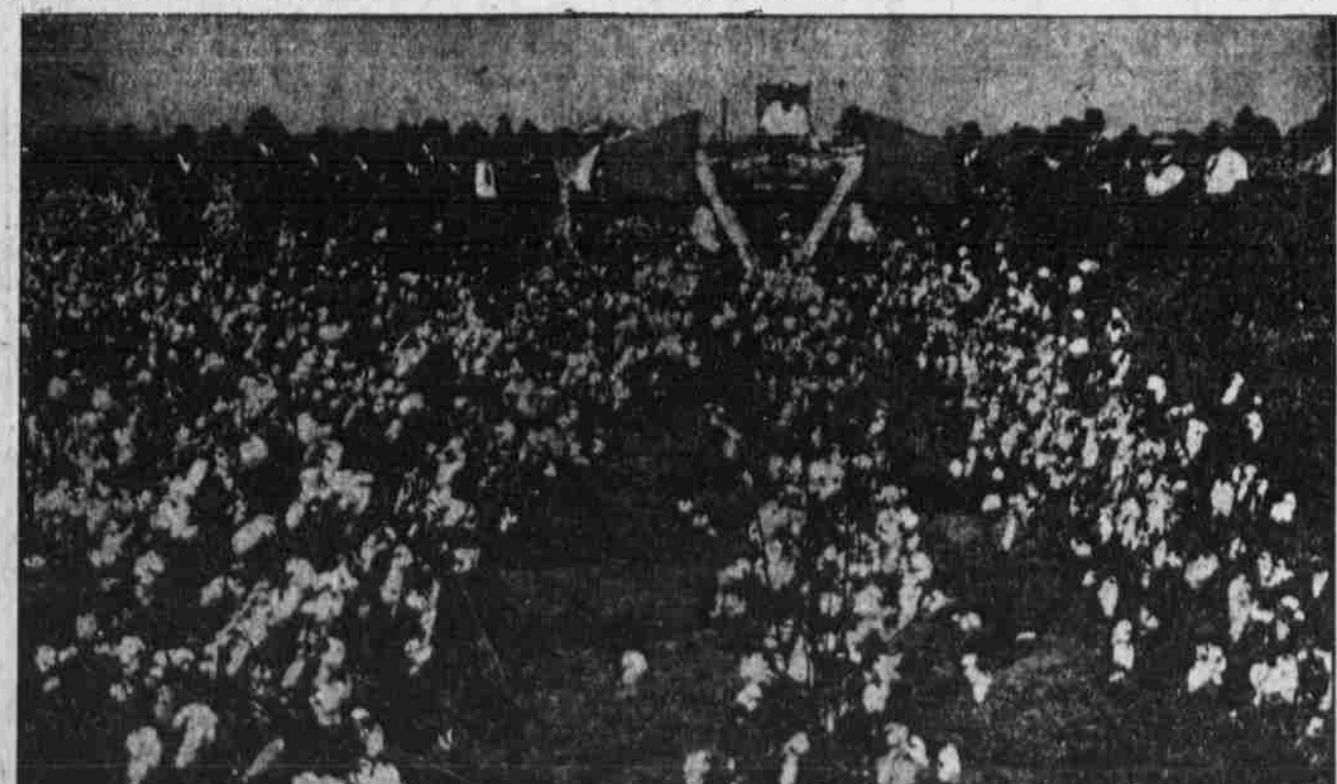
How One Man Made \$7,000. "I have just received a letter from Ter-

rell, Tex.," continued Dr. Galloway, "which shows what can be done by proper cultivation. The cotton product of that region has been steadily decreasing, owing to the lack of fertilization and the boll weevil. To show what might be done by better farming the department organized a demonstration farm at that place. It got one of the planters to set aside twenty acres for the purpose and to take charge of the work. The farmers and business men there became interested in the subject. They wanted the experiment tried, and raised a purse of \$700 to insure the planter against any loss. The man planted and

cultivated his twenty acres under the direction of the department and as a result he not only made the full amount of \$700, which should have been his ordinary profit upon that much land, but also \$1,500 additional. In other words, out of that twenty acres he made \$1,500 more than was made of any similar area in the cotton fields adjoining him cultivated in the ordinary way. He was so impressed with this that he planted 400 acres this year under the same management. He has kept a strict account of all his expenses, including labor, seed, picking, baling, stock feed and interest on the value of his farm, and the entire

cost for the year has aggregated \$6,744. As a result he has made a crop of 245 bales of cotton, which has already brought him in \$13,745, giving him a clear net profit of \$7,000. He has twenty bales yet to pick and this will give him \$1,600 more. At the same time lands cultivated in the old way have little more than paid their expenses." "Where are you making experiments of this kind, Dr. Galloway?" "We are making them all over the south. Our plans involve the use of fertilizers and the selection of seed. They include the rotation of crops, the introduction of legu-

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NEW COTTON PICKER THAT DOES THE WORK OF SIXTEEN MEN.



MILL AT COLUMBIA, S. C. THAT COST A MILLION AND A HALF.