

THOUGHTS ON BUSINESS

BY
WALDO PONDRAY WARREN

DO MORE

THE man who makes the best progress is the man who does more than he is told. Some men think they have done their full duty when they perform certain routine work. They consider that they are being paid fifteen dollars a week for fifteen dollars' worth of work—and they measure out the correct amount with as much care as the grocer measures out rice, putting in and taking out a few grains until the scales balance.

But the progressive man goes about his work with the spirit of the athlete. The satisfaction of accomplishing a feat, and the knowledge that with each trial more skill is developed, form one of the best incentives to good work. The athlete does not confine his practice to a certain number of runs and jumps, but keeps at it until he has achieved some greater degree of skill than he ever had before. He delights in attempting harder and harder feats because it means more and more skill.

Thus does the truly progressive man love his work. He does not consider that he is working merely for his salary, nor for the house, but for himself—for the development of his individual capacity and skill. He delves into things not required of him, because he wants to gain power to do more—because that is the normal impetus of a progressive mind.

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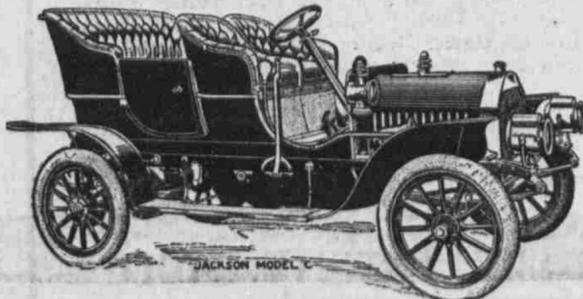
All the work of construction has been done under the supervision of the state and the state has jurisdiction over the land, so the settler is given full protection. You may have exhausted all your other rights to file on government land, but you can still file on this Carey Act land.

The following residents of Box Butte county have bought land in this tract, to whom we refer you: K. L. Pierce, H. E. Jones, John Anderson, R. B. Green, and Frank Potmesil, of Hemingford; Wm. King, W. C. Thompson and James Feagins, of Alliance.

Our next excursion for the land will be November 17th. Round trip \$30.45. Call at Watkins & Feagins office in the Rumer block and talk with our representative for further information.

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fore They Are Roasted—Cooked at
the Mill by Experts.

There is not much to a peanut, to look at it. It grows on a farm and is ready to eat after it has been roasted. A careless deduction would link up the farmer, the commission merchant, then the grocer or Michelangelo. That would be a mighty careless deduction, though. The first time a lot of unroasted peanuts are encountered rub one on a piece of dark cloth and observe the white mark it leaves. That is talcum powder. They powder peanuts to make them look pretty, which is just why sister powders her face, and in that particular peanuts and girls are both alike.

Any farmer can grow peanuts, but no farmer can sell them to the consumer. The peanut he grows is not fit to put on a stand, at least not until it has been touched up. Look at the peanuts on the next push cart and see how even they run as to size. They have all been sorted. Observe how clean they are and how white this lot is, how gray that lot is and how uniform all the different lots are. They have been sorted.

When the peanut is grown it is gathered and carried to a miller, who puts it in a great bin and later carries it over to his mill, where he has a contrivance just chock full of brushes. These brushes get almost every fleck of sand and dirt out of the peanuts, which is more than the farmer could have done if he had spent the summer trying. Then the brushed peanuts go on to another sort of mill, and by being tossed about they get their hulls polished, and while that is being done they are peppered with talcum powder, so that by the time they come out of this machine they are as white as they are to appear in public.

But the peanut is not ready for market yet. It is alongside a lot of larger or smaller ones, hurting the appearance of the larger ones, while it does not enhance the value of the smaller ones. To even up matters the output of the talcum powder polishing machine is run out on to a great canvas belt, which travels for fifty feet or more slowly. On either side of this belt are boys and girls. These sort the peanuts as they pass; this squad picking out the biggest, that squad taking the next largest, and so on down till the smallest are left. Shells that have dodged the powder rag are thrown back into the mill, and broken hulls are thrown away.

That is about all for the peanut now, excepting the roasting. It has to be roasted. There is a popular superstition that the Italian vendor roasts the peanuts in his little push cart. All he does is keep them hot. They are roasted at the mill, tons at a time, cooked to a nice by experienced men, who have thermometers and all sorts of appliances to show them when a peanut is "done." This roasted product is the one that the Italian buys, and when he gets it he pops it into his little fake roaster and warms it over. It takes a long time and a lot of work and hosts of boys and girls to get the nickel's worth of hot roasted peanuts in the red and blue striped bag, but there is a reason for it all, and the reason is that a sack of even run small sized peanuts will find a buyer quicker than a sack of big and little ones all mixed up together. The stomach likes the eye to make a good report, and the peanut commission merchant understands that a shining shell, with indentations filled with talcum, pleases the eyes, and he has no compunctions about the powder box, because he has found out that in roasting the heat drives off the surplus talcum, so that is why if one wants to find out for true about this trick of the trade it will be necessary to get hold of an unroasted and not a roasted peanut.

By way of good measure it might be added that the shelled peanuts, generally sold salted, have been run through a thrashing machine, which breaks the hull and blows it out of the way. Only "Spanish shell" nuts can be so treated. The tougher hulls have to go to Signor Italiano.—Kansas City Journal.

The Long Lived Pear.
The pear is really more hardy than the apple and needs less cossetting. There are trees still standing near Monroe, in the state of Michigan, which were planted by the French settlers before Penn founded Philadelphia. Pear trees can be kept in good bearing condition for 500 years and apples for at least 150 years. I have an apple tree 115 years old and its annual fruitage is as perfect as it was sixty years ago.—E. P. Powell in Outing Magazine.

The Comparison.
Towne—Yes, my wife is able to dress on comparatively little money. Browne—Oh, come now! Comparatively little? Towne—I mean a little compared with what she thinks she ought to have.—Exchange.

On a Big Liner.
"Let's go forward to the main deck."
"All right. Steward, call us a taxi-cab."—Washington Herald.

Nothing is farther from earth than heaven; nothing is nearer than heaven to earth.—Hare.

Humor

ONLY THREE TONS.

How His Thumb Nail Was Jarred Off
by Dynamite.

When a man entered the car with the thumb of his right hand somewhat ostentatiously done up in a white rag it was a foregone conclusion that some one would want to know all about it. Some one did. He was a man who seemed to take life seriously, and there was anxiety in his tones as he leaned forward and said:

"Sir, I observe that you have your thumb tied up in a rag?"

"Yes, sir."
"Which leads me to infer that the said thumb has met with some sort of accident?"

"It has."
"Cut it with a chisel, for instance?"

"No, sir; the nail got jarred off."
"Jarred off? I can hardly understand how that could have happened."

"Easy as rolling off a log, sir. I stood close to three tons of dynamite when they exploded, and the shock jarred the nail off my right thumb."

"Three tons, did you say?"

"Just three tons."
"Let me congratulate you, sir, on being a prudent man. If you had been standing beside six tons the nail of the other thumb would have been shaken off, and you might have lost a tooth as well."—Chicago News.

Excused.

The Teacher—And why didn't you come to school yesterday?

The Pupil—Please, ma'am, me mudder didn't know school commenced yesterday, and she borrowed Mrs. Green's almanac, an' it wuz a last year's one.

The Teacher—And didn't your father know the day that the schools opened?

The Pupil—No, ma'am. He don't know nuffin 'bout days.

The Teacher—How is that?

The Pupil—He works nights.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Idea.

"Now, Willie," said the boy's mother, "before you go to sleep you must try to recall any little sin you committed during the day and be truly sorry for it."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Willie. "I guess I was guilty of usury for one thing."

"Usury?"

"Yes'm, I found a nickel and used it."—Pittsburg Post.

Short, but Sharp.

Miss Cutting—I am usually so seasick when I cross the ocean that it takes away all the pleasure of the trip.

Snapleigh—And I am—aw—never sick on shipboard, doncher know. What do you—aw—think of that?

Miss Cutting—I think I'd almost be willing to have a head as empty as yours if I could escape the malady.—Detroit Free Press.

Queered.

Jack—I just had a reason why I wanted to kiss you.

Eva—And what was the reason?

Jack—Er—really I have lost it and—

Eva—Well, that will do. I couldn't think of allowing a young man who had lost his reason to kiss me. Good night!—Chicago Tribune.

Useful Verse.

Poet—You don't like my verses.

Editor—On the contrary, I am very much pleased with them.

Poet—But you never publish any of them.

Editor—No, but I got a raise in salary on account of being obliged to read them.—Cleveland Leader.

Always Waste.

"Did you say that your cook was going into a decline?"

"No. I said from the way things were disappearing I concluded that she was wasting away."—Baltimore American.

Along the Great Highway.

"Youse orter make a hit in dat hat, Harry."

"I have, Freddy. Nearly every farmer 'long de route has offered me a job as a scarecrow."—New York American.



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Favored by Fortune.

Wife (who always looks on the cheerful side of things, to husband, who has put the lighted end of his cigar in his mouth)—How lucky you were, dear, to discover it immediately!—London Opinion.

Nobody.

"Everybody makes fun of campaign cigars."

"Yes, everybody."

"But did you ever see anybody refuse one?"—Kansas City Times.

A Little Too Thin.

Gentleman—It's no use your whining to me. I can see through you.

Beggar—So yer ought, gunner. I've 'ad nuffin' to eat for a week.—Tattler.

ROMANCE TESTED.

"I'd fly with you some idle unto," the maid romantically cried, "And, though 'twere bleak, No more I'd seek If you were by my side! All—all I'd leave, Nor would I grieve Whatever came to pass." "Ah, love," cried he, "Would you for me Leave e'en your looking glass?" A shade of doubt Her eyes about Seemed sudden to awake. She murmured: "Yes, Just that, I guess, I'd really have to take, But not a trink— Et cetera—just think! My seal would never flag!" She paused—"Oh, no; I couldn't go Without my powder rag!" —Kansas City Times.

The Truth of It.



Tom—Miss Woodley tells me her grandfather was a real estate conveyancer.

Tess—The idea!

Tom—Why? Isn't that true?

Tess—Oh, yes; I see what she means! The cart her grandfather drove was a conveyance for transporting real estate.—Philadelphia Press.

The Outcast.

You ask me why I weep and moan, like some lost spirit in despair, and why I wander off alone and paw the ground and tear my hair. You ask me why I pack this gun, all loaded up, prepared to shoot. Alas, my troubles have begun—the women folk are canning fruit. There is no place for me to eat unless I eat upon the floor, and peelings get beneath my feet and make me fall a block or more. The odors from the boiling jam all day assail my weary snout. You find me, then, the wreck I am—the women folk are canning fruit! Oh, they have peaches on the chairs and moldy apples on the floor and wormy plums upon the stairs and piles of pears outside the door, and they are boiling pulp and juice, and you may hear them yell and hoot. A man's existence is the deuce—the women folk are canning fruit!—Emporia (Kan.) Gazette.

Only One Reason.

"Papa, George wants to break our engagement."

"What reason does he advance?"

"He says he has a lot of reasons, but he mentions only one."

"And what's that?"

"He says he has seen somebody he loves much better than he loves me."

"And that's the only reason he gives?"

"Yes."

"Don't bother him about the others." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No?

"Learning to play the violin," muttered the persistent amateur, bending over his sheet music and making another stab at the instrument, "is no snap."

This being the exact psychological moment, the E string snapped.—Chicago Tribune.

To the Point.

"Well," said Nuritch, showing Kandor through his new house, "what do you think of the furnishing?"

"They show a great deal of taste," replied Kandor.

"Ah! Think so?"

"Yes, but it's all bad."—Philadelphia Press.

Can't Lose It.

"Of course," said the optimist, "if a man gets into the habit of hunting trouble he's sure to find it."

"Yes," replied the pessimist, "and if he's so lazy that he always tries to avoid it it will find him. So what's the difference?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Personal Knowledge.

"What do you think, Maud? Cholly Softy has been reading up lately, and he says he agrees with the scientific man who says that plants can think."

"Well, Cholly ought to know. Isn't he a cabbage head?"—Baltimore American.

Where Meals Reside.

Forlorn Freddie (the hobo)—Just think, little girl. I don't know where my next meal is comin' from.

The Little Girl (sympathetically)—Dear me! Ain't there a pantry in your house, poor man?—Puck.

A Bit Fishy, This.

Porpoise—What is the whale blowing about?

Dogfish—Oh, he got so many notices for his feat in swallowing Jonah he's been blowing ever since.—Boston Transcript.

Authorizing.

"What do you want with the automobile catalogue?"

"I propose to write some dialogue for it, and then it will be a motor novel."—Washington Herald.

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