

## THOUGHTS ON BUSINESS

BY  
WALDO PONDRAY WARREN

### RUNNING DOWN AN ERROR

**I**N talking with a successful business manager not long ago the subject of correcting errors came up. I asked him: "How do you treat an employee when you find that he has made a mistake?"

"It depends on the employee," he said, "and on the nature of the mistake. I have great deal more leniency for a mistake due to ignorance than for one due to carelessness. But I do not believe in abusing an employee for a mistake. I take the attitude that it is a serious thing, and that doubtless he feels badly about it. I don't try to smooth it over, but let his own self-conviction be his punishment."

"And what about correcting it?"

"Usually I require him to look into the matter and report to me, and show me just exactly how the mistake happened. He usually knows that point better than anyone else can tell him. I question him quietly until he admits that it was just because he let it go, or because he assumed some point without investigation, or some such reason. Nearly every mistake can be traced back to some source of that kind. When the real reason is brought to light we talk it over as the occasion warrants, and I make sure that he corrects the underlying thought which gave occasion for the error. This gives fair assurance that a similar mistake will not occur again. That is better than mere scolding."

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## Chicago Society In a Flutter.

Old Carter Harrison's Daughter Sophia,  
Wed in North Carolina—Dowry Faith,  
Cure Redivivus—Another Mil-  
lionaire in Stripes.

[From Our Chicago Correspondent.]

It is not strange that the wedding of Mrs. Sophia Eastman Harrison, quiet affair though it was, for it occurred in the unpretentious office of a justice of the peace in North Carolina quite recently, created a flutter in Chicago.

There is not a section of the city, from the stockyards to exclusive Lake View, where Sophia Harrison is not known by reason of her family connection.

She inherited the spirit of her father, the elder Carter Harrison, four times mayor of the city, a Kentucky blue blood. Her latest husband is Baker Edwards of Norfolk, Va.

Chicago had followed its famous daughter in her journey to the south, where she had interests in some sort of corporation that had its stocks and bonds. The town was not so much interested in this as it was in the news that drifted back, which hinted that "Sophy"—everybody in Chicago knows her as "Sophy," and she has never taken umbrage at the familiarity—was engaged. One of her brothers, Preston, was with her, and Chicago knows him as the handsome boy of the family—he has the shade of Hindustan in his face—and then it was known that Mrs. Eastman's sister, Mrs. Heaton Ousley, was also there to see "Sophy" married. Mrs. Ousley is one of the women in Chicago who know the social cult to its uttermost.

The marriage of "Sophy" startled slumbering recollections from their hammock. She it was who, as the mayor's home representative, received Princess Eulalie, Spain's offering to the opening of the Columbian exposition.

I was in the Egyptian parlor of the Palmer House the day that "Sophy," coached by her splendidly equipped sister, Mrs. Heaton Ousley, was, "unbeknownst" to the peepers, rehearsing



RECEIVING PRINCESS EULALIE.

royal kotows and salaams before the great mirror in the Rameses room. I saw her later kneel before the laughing Eulalie and anoint the epidermis of the jeweled Spanish hand—according to old Castile.

Helos for all the other girls in Chicago! How they longed to be "Sophy" Harrison!

A year or a little more time doesn't matter. "Sophy" was a fiancée. She became the wife of Barret Eastman. He was a dramatic critic and a handsome fellow. But, more than these, he was the son of his father, and his father harked back to the old school that swarmed about the White House when James Buchanan was president. And Buchanan made Eastman pere postmaster at Chicago.

When "Sophy" Harrison walked down the aisle of the church on the arm of her handsome father, who had the air of a Charles I. cavalier, while the "Lohengrin" march marked time to the altar, and was given away to Barret Eastman, Chicago—before the fire—was there to see. As the wedded pair came out to Mendelssohn measures old Fernando Jones, the only living pioneer of Chicago, tipped his hat and said the sun was in business that day for the Harrisons and Eastmans only.

Well, and again helos, the winds of summer came in over the lake, and autumn filled with glory, and winter



THE NORTH CAROLINA MARRIAGE.

moved in with its snow traps—the seasons have a way of coming in with regularity—and then Chicago put on a sorrowful garb, for it came about that the dashing favorite of the city had not been happily wed. The town actually became a Niobe. But now the bells are ringing, and the city is waiting at the gate to welcome home the city's favorite daughter.

If the spirit of the late Elijah H. Dowle is unfettered so that it can get

a look in, it must have put on an earthly grin a few days since when the League of Religious Fellowship got under headway

in this city. When Lige was here in the real adipse he called to the lame and the halt and to the sick in heart to come up to him and be healed by simple faith, although Lige usually managed to get his quid pro quo.

Chicago pursued the imitation prophet to his mortal end, and when he was no more "in the midst" of the railers modern Zion, which he laid out and where Dowle lace was made at such a ridiculously low figure that the tariff tinkers talked about putting the fro-fro on the free list, was handed over to a receiver by Judge Kenesaw Landis. Yes, the same Landis who piled up the assessment on Mr. Rockefeller's lubricating and lighting company! And people in modern Zion, which lay over on the west side of the south branch of Chicago river, went to work when the whistle blew at just everyday prices. Sic transit, Lige!

Now Bishop Fallows of the Reformed Episcopal church comes out with a thesis that many bodily afflictions can be eliminated by reading passages of holy writ which seem to bear on their afflictions. At the same time the afflicted must breathe deeply.

Expect soon to see the bustling population here—such as may think they have an infirmity—reading snatches from the good book and raising wind at the same time from their lumbar regions.

Mayhap—this is a good place to work in that word—the bishop sees in his faith healing propaganda an opportunity to encourage Chicago to search the Scriptures.

Doesn't it beat the Dutch how some folks who reach the crest of the advancing wave are never content until they take a header and get stuck fast in the mire and the clay?

Peter Van Vlissingen is the latest to make the descent. Not very many

years ago his name was on most of the vacant houses to let and for sale signs on the unoccupied lands and frog ponds adjacent to the city.

Peter was in the first boat on the high tide. For no conceivable reason other than that he was a natural born rascal he worked out a scheme of systematic and cunning forgery of notes and real estate trust deeds and mortgages, covering a period of many years. He sold the spurious paper far and near, even invading the old world. The fraudulent paper began maturing. He didn't or couldn't meet it, and that sure footed exposure which bides its time with the erring came down upon him and got him. In twenty years his frauds piled up to \$750,000. His arrest, indictment, trial and sentence occupied less than a half day. Part of this speed was due to Van Vlissingen. He threw up his hands and, as our English cousins say, laid over. Indeterminate sentence, from one to fourteen years, for Van Vlissingen. Another striped suit for a millionaire.

Who's next?

When the Chicago Times was the incarnation of Wilbur F. Storey it kept a hot griddle on hand upon which Mr. Storey placed anybody or anything he didn't like and prepared a roast with all the glee of a detective's ghoul. Lydia and her blonds came to town. Although the Times' critic, who, by the way, was an Englishman, wrote pieces about the show, they did not pester Lydia. It was not until Mr. Storey himself wrote one of his white heat editorial paragraphs in which Miss Thompson was metaphorically bruised that the latter became excited. Mr. Storey then lived in that very exclusive thoroughfare, Prairie avenue. One morning Miss Thompson and several of her company, who were better known for their muscular proficiency than for their musical attainments, wandered to the editorial mansion as Mr. Storey was coming through the gate. Making certain of his identity, she struck him once on the arm, and the incident closed. Mr. Storey came downtown, swore out a warrant, and Lydia was haled to a police court. She was fined \$5. That's all there is to the yarn about Lydia Thompson's cowhide attack upon the white-headed face of "Old Storey." It's different from the obits of Lydia Thompson printed the other day in New York newspapers.

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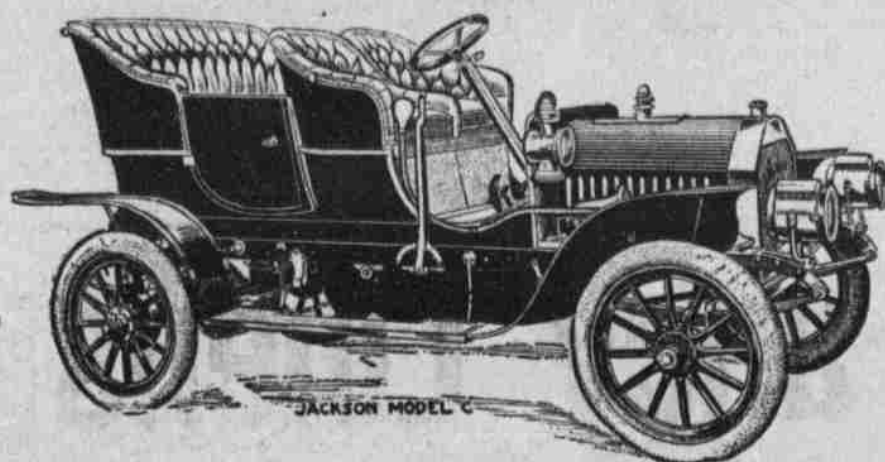
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