THOUGHTS ON BUSINESS

BY

WALDO PONDRAY WARREN

RUNNING DOWN AN ERROR

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

"It depends on the employe," 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 employe 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."

Memorials of Edgar Allan Poe

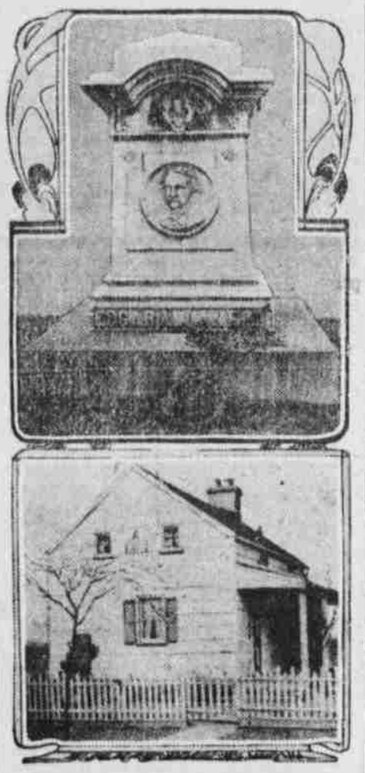
Not Many Imposing Reminders of America's Greatest Poet Exist—The Movements to Erect Monuments In His Honor.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

IT is a hundred years on Jan. 19 since the birth of the poet Edgar Allan Poe, and it has not taken the world so long as in some cases to discover that he was great. The general observance of the centenary in places like New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Richmond, which were closely associated with the poet's career, and in many other cities as well, points to the fact that his work has a strong hold upon the present generation, a generation, it may be remarked, not remarkable for its devotion to poets and poetry. At the same time it must be admitted that in the way of memorials to Poe we are at fault.

For some reason Poe has not received his due in this respect. Perhaps the centenary observances attracting so much interest now will prompt the American people to erect more adequate reminders than at present exist of him who is called the country's greatest poet. Already there is a hint of such a result in the proposal to place a memorial of Poe at the entrance to the library of the United States Military academy at West Point and in the plans of the Edgar Allan Poe Memorial association of Baltimore to raise funds with which to erect over his grave in that city an imposing monument. The resting place of this brilliant but erratic American is now marked by a very modest stone containing on its face a sculptured likeness of the poet. Poe died in Baltimore Oct. 7, 1849.

The grave of the bard is in the cemetery of the Westminster Presbyterian



THE POE COTTAGE AT FORDHAM AND THE POE MONUMENT IN BALTIMORE.

church at Fayette and Green streets, and in 1873, nearly a quarter of a century after his death, the people of Baltimore, led by a band of patriotic women teachers, erected the present memorial over it. The body of his wife, Virginia Clemm Poe, lies there now too. Mrs. Poe died in the little cottage at Fordham, N. Y., which was the poet's home from about 1845 to 1849. Her remains were at first laid in a vault in the churchyard of the old Dutch Reformed church of Fordham, but later were laid beside her husband's.

Poe was not honored at West Point while he was a cadet there. On the contrary, he was expelled from the institution on account of his inattention to discipline. Whistler, who was a West Point cadet, too, at one time, also got his walking papers from the academy. Now he is honored there by a memorial, the work of the late Augustus St. Gaudens. Whistler was perhaps the greatest of American artists, as Poe is generally ranked the greatest of American poets. It is certainly a singular coincidence that both should have been dismissed from the same educational institution and that both will now be honored there in sculptural memorials.

Opposite the Poe cottage in Fordham is a park which bears his name. The Bronx Society of Arts and Sciences has erected in it in connection with the centennial exercises a bronze pedestal commemorating his achievements and upon it placed a bust of the poet by Edmond T. Quinn. It is hoped that some time the cottage itself may stand in the park. Efforts to purchase it have been made by the city and by patriotic and literary societies and individuals, but the owner has defeated these worthy enterprises thus far by asking an exorbitant price for the little structure.

Richmond Va., where Poe lived as boy and young man, is raising funds for the erection there of a monument which may fitly commemorate his achievements.

SAVED FROM THE GRAVE.

How a Dream Rescued Woman From a Terrible Death.

Mr. Jones was a popular young business man in the city of B. His wife was a woman of strong emotion and most delicate perceptions. Between them there existed a rare sympathy which extended to all the faculties.

Mrs. Jones fell ill, and after a few weeks' agony, during which her husband waited on her with a constancy not often seen, she died—that is, she appeared to be dead. There was no question about it in the doctors' mind. A certificate was issued and an undertaker called in. But for the fortunate circumstance that Mr. Jones was opposed to embalming there would be no story to tell unless it were of another person apparently dead who was revived for a moment under the lunge of the embalmer's knife.

Saved from that fate, Mrs. Jones was laid out in her burial robe, placed in a coffin and on the third day was buried in a cemetery some distance away.

Her husband was greatly affected, so much that his relatives feared an attack of melancholia. His uncle, wishing to arouse his spirits and divert his attention, remained in the house the night after the funeral and was a valuable witness, as it proved, of an event so astounding as to be almost beyond belief.

For an hour or two that evening they talked chiefly about the dead and then went to bed. Mr. Jones, after tossing upon his pillow for a long time, fell into a troubled sleep. In the middle of the night he heard a voice calling his name. "George, George!" The tones were not familiar to him; they did not recall the voice of his wife.

Still conceiving himself the victim of a dream, he again went to sleep. It was daybreak before the voice was heard again, and this time it could not be ignored. He recognized it at last as the voice of his wife in sore distress calling upon him. She cried:

"George! Save me! Save me, George!"

He sprang out of bed, trembling all over. That despairing cry still rang in his ears. So real was it that, although he was awake and remembered perfectly the death, the funeral and all that happened in the preceding four days, he searched the room for her who had thrice called him by name.

Finding that he was alone, he rushed into his uncle's room crying: "Get up! Get up! We must go to the cemetery! She is alive! She is calling me!"

The uncle, skeptical as he was by nature, was carried away by Jones' impetuosity. Both men threw on some clothing, and, while one harnessed a horse to a light buggy, the other procured spades. Thus equipped, they drove to the cemetery at a gallop. The sun rose as they leaped out at the grave and began to dig.

Mrs. Jones had been buried the previous afternoon. Her husband shoveled away the earth in a frenzy of energy. It was firmly fixed in his mind that she had been buried alive and that he might yet be in time to save her. Inspired by his nephew's excitement, the uncle dug with a vigor almost as great as Jones'.

Begrimed and disheveled, they at last reached the coffin and wrenched off the lid. Jones shrieked. His wife was moving. She was trying feebly to turn over in her narrow bed. She gazed at him with eyes that saw not. She was unconscious of her situation.

He passed his arms about her and lifted her out. The two men removed her from the grave, placed her in the buggy and drove home. Physicians were called in. Under close medical care she slowly recovered. Every precaution was taken to guard her from the knowledge of what had happened, and all who were in the secret pledged themselves to silence lest the shock of that revelation of her burial and resurrection might prove fatal to her, but the story leaked out later, when Mrs. Jones got about again.—Baltimore Sun.

She Got a New Pair.

Sarcasticus and his wife were going to the theater.

"Will you please go in and get my goats off the dressing table?" said Mrs. S.

"Your goats?" queried the puzzled Sarcasticus. "What fangle have you women got now?"

"I'll show you!" snapped the wife, and she sailed away and soon returned, putting on her gloves.

"Are those what you mean? Why, I call those kids."

"I used to," replied Mrs. Sarcasticus, "but they are getting so old I am ashamed to any longer."

He took the hint.—Pearson's Weekly.

When a President Resigns.

The method by which a president may resign is provided for in section 151 of the revised statutes, reading as follows: "The only evidence of a refusal to accept or of a resignation of the office of president or vice president shall be an instrument in writing declaring the same and subscribed by the person refusing to accept or resigning, as the case may be, and delivered into the office of the secretary of state."—Washington Post.

Coming Events Cast Shadows Before.

Barber (looking for business)—Excuse me, sir, but your hair is going to come out soon by the handful. Jaggs (who was out all night and is just going home to face his wife)—You (hic) shpose I don' know (hic) that?—Bohemian Magazine.

Becoming.

Mrs. Grumps (suggestively)—Don't you think, dear, that his season's hats are becoming? Mr. Grumps—Yes; they're becoming so expensive that I'm afraid we'll have to get along without one for you this time.—Pathfinder.

An Emperor and His Interviews.

The Mixup Over What Kaiser Wilhelm Did or Did Not Say to Dr. William Bayard Hale and the Curious Political Situation Revealed.

SHAKESPEARE mentioned three ways of becoming great, but failed to state that some men grow great by keeping their mouths shut. There is Dr. William Bayard Hale, for example, the American editor and author who has just gained world fame by refusing to publish an interview with the German kaiser. While Dr. Hale is a man of very respectable attainments, having been editor of the Cosmopolitan, Current Literature and the Philadelphia Public Ledger and a special correspondent of the New York World prior to his present connection with the New York Times, to say nothing of two or three books he has written, it is safe to predict that nothing he ever might have said would have gained him one-tenth the reputation that he has attained by what he did not say. Herein may be a hint to other aspiring authors, but it is probable they will not take it, more's the pity.

A Berlin paper has stated that Dr. Hale got $50,000 for suppressing the kaiser interview, and Dr. Hale says he did not get a cent. The New York World, on which paper Dr. Hale was once a writer, published what purported to be the gist of his interview with William and on this being repudiated by Dr. Hale printed a statement acknowledging that "there was no convincing basis of fact for the so called synopsis." It also cabled Prince von Bulow admitting that the emperor could not have uttered such "stupidly absurd" sentiments. But the German emperor is in a broil with his people not so much over the Hale interview, which was suppressed, as the London Telegraph interview, which was not suppressed. Here cheek by jowl is the emperor adding to his fame by talking too much and his erstwhile in-

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DR. HALE AND THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

terviewer, Dr. Hale, increasing his by talking not at all. This leaves the young aspirant for reputation uncertain which course to pursue. He doubtless will compromise by talking too much, like the emperor, but the world will correct his error by paying not the slightest attention to what he says. Dr. Hale is an Episcopal clergyman with a high standing as such before he became an interviewer and editor and therefore knows all about sins by omission and commission. In his case, however, it is not the sin of omission, but the virtue of omission.

The anomaly of the German situation, in which Dr. Hale has been embroiled against his will, lies in the fact that this people, intellectually and artistically in the forefront of the world and of the ages, submits to so archaic a thing as personal government, and personal government by so erratic and irresponsible a ruler as Wilhelm II. These interviews have brought sentiment to a head.

So long as the people are quiescent a king can impose upon the imagination of the world as a very important personage. The moment the people are aroused it is seen that they are the giant and he the pigmy. The German giant has at last awakened, and as a result the imperial pigmy is talking small. Surprise has been expressed in some quarters at the readiness with which the kaiser ate humble pie and effaced himself after the storm raised at home by his interviews. Yet it is not surprising at all. When a nation moves kings and emperors must either get out of the way or be run over. William has chosen the safer and the better course. J. A. EDGERTON.

OLDEN DAY SURGEONS

They Were Exempt From Jury Duty In Capital Cases.

IN A CLASS WITH BUTCHERS

Thought to Be Too Bloodthirsty to Calmly Pass on the Taking of Human Life—Executioners Performed Operations and Acted as Doctors.

When Great Britain's statute book was still in the Draconian state from which it was redeemed by Sir Samuel Romilly and the penalty of death was inflicted for the most trivial offenses, surgeons were exempted from serving on juries in capital cases.

It must not be supposed, however, that this was because their profession was believed to make them too humane for such work as was then imposed on jurymen. We are sorry to say it was for the opposite reason. They were exempted on the same ground as butchers, whose occupation, it was thought, tended to make them too bloodthirsty.

This ought not perhaps surprise us, since two or three centuries ago executioners not infrequently performed surgical operations. This seems to have been particularly the case in Denmark. At any rate, we have more knowledge on this point in regard to that country than any other.

In Janus some time ago Dr. K. Caroe of Copenhagen published a number of documents bearing on the subject. The most ancient of these bears date July 24, 1579, and is a license issued by Frederick II. to Anders Freimut, executioner of Copenhagen, granting him the right to set bones and treat old wounds. He was expressly forbidden to meddle with recent wounds. In 1609 it is recorded in the municipal archives of Copenhagen that Gaspar, the hangman, had received four rigsdalers for the cure of two sick children in the infirmary.

In 1638 Christian IV. summoned the executioner of Gluckstadt, in Holstein, to examine the diseased foot of the crown prince. In a letter addressed to Ole Worm, a leading Danish physician of the day, Henry Koster, physician in ordinary to the king, complains bitterly of the slight thus put upon him. He says that for two whole months the hangman, "who is as fit to treat the case as an ass is to play the lyre," had the case in hand, and the doctor was not asked for advice, and, although the case went steadily from bad to worse, the executioner received a fee of 200 rigsdalers and a large silver goblet—"rewards," says the doctor plaintively, "which the greatest among us would not have received had he succeeded in curing the prince according to the rules of art."

Again, in 1681, Christian V. gave a fee of 200 rigsdalers to the Copenhagen hangman for curing the leg of a page. In 1695 Andreas Liebknecht, the Copenhagen executioner, was in such repute or his treatment of disease that he wrote a book on the subject "in the name of the holy and ever blessed Trinity." In 1732 Bergen, an executioner in Norway, was authorized by royal decree to practice surgery.

Even up to the early years of the nineteenth century this extraordinary association of surgery with the last penalty of the law continued. Erik Peterson, who was appointed public executioner at Trondhjem in 1796, served as surgeon to an infantry regiment in the war with Sweden and retired in 1814 with the rank of surgeon major. Frederick I. of Prussia chose his favorite hangman, Coblenz, to be his physician in ordinary.

It might be suspected that this peculiar combination of functions had its origin in a satirical view of the art of healing, but in the records we have quoted we can trace nothing of the kind. Perhaps the executioner drove a trade in human fat and other things supposed to possess marvelous healing properties. He may thus have come to be credited with skill in healing, though the association surely represents the lowest degree to which the surgeon has ever fallen in public esteem and social position. Compared with the hangman, a gladiator and even an undertaker may be considered respectable.—British Medical Journal.

Scotts Bluff County News

(From the Gering Courier)

Mrs. A. C. Bracken of Alliance visited with relatives here for several days, returning home Saturday morning.

Judge Bruce Wilcox of Alliance was here this week in connection with the Butterfield-Kennedy land contest case.

The Courier received a card this week from Capt. Akers, who was then on the flyer to Mexico, twelve carloads, all bound for the isthmus of Tehauntepec. "Will cross the line into Mexico at 6 p.m. Have to be examined. Will pass Monterey in the night, but hope we may see it as we return. Shall arrive at city of Mexico early Sunday morning and attend church at the greatest Catholic church in the world, except St. Peter's at Rome."