

THOUGHTS ON BUSINESS

BY
WALDO PONDRAY WARREN

SELECTING A MAN

PICKING out the right man for the place, it often measures the difference between success and failure in a business. More often it measures the difference between a moderate success and a phenomenal one.

Twenty or more years ago a carriage factory was started with the idea of doing things in an original way, and a man was chosen to carry out the idea. He had had no previous experience in that line, but he had the right idea and grasped the plan enthusiastically. The work began on a simple scale, so that the inexperienced man was able to feel his way. The business grew until it attained great proportions. The same man is still at the head of it, not as the owner, but as the manager. He proved to be the right man for the place. It would be difficult to imagine how he might have made the business more successful in that particular line.

In thinking of this the thought occurred to me, suppose some other man had been chosen in the beginning. Suppose he had had wide experience, but a different idea. He might have made more rapid progress at the start, or he might have turned the whole business into other channels and have given it a different character. He might not have been able to grow up with it, or might have left it after the first year's trial. The present greatness of the business might have been unknown to-day if it hadn't been that the right man was chosen when the business was small.

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Woman Suffrage Stirs Chicago.

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Old Gabby's Auto Funeral—Tab-
let Where Lincoln Was
Nominated.

[From Our Chicago Correspondent.]

FTER Napoleon was whipt at Waterloo and was gettin' away he turned to his aids and remarked, "Well, gents," he says, "I tell you what it is, there's no use talkin'." This was the opening sentence of a boy's composition on Napoleon at Waterloo.

The words might be para-phrased by the suffragists of Chi-

cago. They have kept at it until they have succeeded in capturing a lot of Chicago men. The latter have organized a club to assist the movement. The wave is rolling on. On every spare wall and fence in the city there are big yellow posters with the picture of the woman who is supposed to typify Chicago, the one with a shield in front of her, on which are the words, "I WILL." It is the work of the committee for the extension of municipal suffrage to women. Pamphlets advocating the measure are handed out at the butcher shop. If a man buys a pair of shoestrings they are wrapped in a woman suffrage pamphlet. A similar wrapper goes with every pound of sugar or coffee bought. A bachelor who lives in Hyde Park avers that he saw this advertisement on a billboard near his place: "Good Morning. Have You Used Woman Suffrage Soap?"

The other night there was a meeting downtown which called for police protection to keep the crowd away. It was addressed by Brand Whitlock. No woman spoke—just Brand Whitlock. Do you know Brand? He used to live in Chicago before he went to Toledo, O., where he is now mayor. Brand was here in the days of Eugene Field. His hair is like the raven. His eyes

are brown—liquid dreams. His voice has the mellifluous sound of a quart of molasses running from the spigot on a winter's day. In easy, graceful gait he reminds one of Oscar Wilde. When the suffragists captured Brand Whitlock they beat the antis several city blocks and a few acres thrown in.

Brand as a vote catcher has more medals than a factory can turn out even if the factory works more hours than the law allows. The suffragist stock has gone up more points than an inflated stock on the exchange. That is why the suffragists are saying, "I tell you what it is," etc.

It is a bit singular in view of all the arrangements made for the observance of the centenary of Lincoln that it has just occurred to somebody in this town that the site on which stood the wigwam where Lincoln was nominated had been overlooked. The building stood at the northwest corner of Lake and Market streets. The structure was an architectural monstrosity. The vicinity at the time was not inviting. One of the streets on which the building looked in a sort of cross-eyed way rambled off in a diagonal course and stopped somewhere in a lumber yard near the lake. It was the market for produce. The sidewalks were jammed with chicken coops, apple barrels and fish stalls. Between this street and the south branch of the Chicago river right back of the wigwam the delegates and visitors got the benefit of a combination odor that aroused the sensitive olfactory. It is now recalled that it was at this point where one branch of the great fire crossed on its way to the northeast corner of the town. The site was forgotten in the rebuilding of the city. A commercial building was erected on the spot. It had a spacious front of yellow limestone, which in the course of time became receptive to the damp atmosphere and oozed it back until the front of the building looked like wine and sun tanned leather. Even Fernando Jones shut his eyes when he passed that way. New Chicago forgot, if it ever knew, that this was the site of the wigwam where Lincoln defeated William H. Seward for the presidential nomination. Forty-nine years after, when the whole country gets to talking about celebrating the one hundredth birthday of Lincoln, the city

wakes up and considers the propriety of placing a tablet on the building that stands on the site of the famous wigwam.

That man is the progeny of the tall-

liss simian is the contention of Dr. Mangassarian of this city. He lectured

on the topic on a recent calendar date.

He drove the nail of his argument

through the plank and clinched it on

the other side. By actual blood tests,

diagonally and from every other point

of the compass, the speaker turned the

lens of his lantern on the origin of

animal creation. Every time the pic-

ture ran to man. The doctor showed

to his own satisfaction that if the

blood of a man were injected into the

blood of an ape it wouldn't hurt the

ape. But if the blood of an ape or the

blood of a man—he put the ape first—

were injected into the blood of a

monkey with a tail the animal would

blink out. The deduction was that

man and the ape are more closely re-

lated than the man and the monkey.

Then the professor worked his screen

again. He showed that the baby ape

and the human baby are mightily alike.

The simians in the audience applau-

ded. The simian section of the audi-

ence, indeed, had the best of the show

up to this point, but the professor

veered from the ape moment later

and showed just as conclusively, to his

own satisfaction, that in a certain pre-

historic age man had gills like the fish.

The fin of a whale when bereft of its

flesh resembled the hand of a man.

The contingent that angles for perch

on the government pier in summer

screamed with delight.

Then the professor took another chit.

He said that the antecedents of Ameri-

cans had flat noses and lived in trees.

Then the lecture came to a finale.

As the audience filed out many

were the queries heard—as, for exam-

ple, "Are you an ape or a monkey?"

and "How are your gills?"

A veteran Chicago cabman died the

other day. He was on the stand long

ago, when horse cars were in vogue in

the city. He had seen the cable come

and go and then the electric cars. He

was here when the first automobile ap-

peared in the streets. He had watched

the evolutions of traffic, but still he

took his stand night after night and

waited for his load. Then he was

missed. Some of his old cronies found

him sick unto death. He told them

that all he asked for was an assur-

ance that he would have an auto fu-

neral. This was promised. Then the

cabby, with a smile on his face,

asked that after the cortege had

passed out of the crowded streets

the boys should put on as much

speed as the law would permit. CAME NEAR BREAKING

And so it was THE SPEED RECORD.

It was the first automobile cof-

fin was placed in an auto ambulance.

The pallbearers rode in fine machines.

The mourners had taxicabs, the friends

runabouts and limousines. The pro-

cession wended its way through the

streets in a first class manner, but

when it reached the open man in

front pulled the stopper out of his

machine, and it came very near breaking

the speed record.

The "taxis" and the other makes kept up with the pro-

cession. It was the strangest funeral pro-

cession that was ever seen in this city,

but the friends of the deceased said

it was just what the old cabby would

have had it.

"Every woman can be a Venus."

The words were spoken by a woman.

She was lecturing before a woman's club

down in Indiana avenue. She

paused, and her audience held

breath. Some of the ladies looked

at their arms. The perfumed atmos-

phere of the room began to be

oppressive. The speaker came again.

"Nowadays," she added, "men haven't

the time to visit art galleries, but

women can bring the beauties of

the art galleries into the home."

Another pause. Then the speak-

er dittoed the first remark.

"Every woman can be a Venus," she

repeated. Perhaps it was well that

she diagrammed the sentence. "You

can't change bone, to be sure," she

said, "but you can change the mold of

the flesh to suit yourselves."

There was a flutter of dainty lace, fresh from sa-

chet receptacles. Generous applause

filled the room. Possibility had come

into full view.

MME. TAKAHIRA.
The Accomplished Wife of the Japanese Ambassador.

The renewal of discussion over the Japanese problem on the Pacific coast brings into prominence again the Japanese ambassador to the United States, Baron Kogoro Takahira, and his family. His tact in preserving good relations with the American government despite the friction over proposed anti-Japanese legislation in California has done much to prevent international relations from becoming strained. His accomplished wife is an aid to him in maintaining high social standards at the Japanese embassy. She was popular with the diplomatic set while her husband represented the mikado at the court of the king of Italy, where he

THE SIMIANS IN THE AUDIENCE APPLAUDED

MME. TAKAHIRA.

served before coming to the United States for the second time in a ministerial capacity, for Count Takahira was at Washington as Japanese minister prior to the appointment of Viscount Aoki to the post. His transfer from Italy to the United States occurred about two years ago, and both he and his wife were given an especially warm welcome on their return to the American capital.