

# The Home Market is the Best

## IN SHIPPING LIVE STOCK

TO

# SOUTH OMAHA

You Save Much Shrink  
 You Save Much Time  
 You Save Much Money  
 You Build Up Home Industries

**Cattle** receipts in 1907 were 1,158,716 head and were the heaviest in the history of this market. Over .94 per cent of these cattle were sold here.

**Hogs** for the year foot up 2,253,652 head. Local packers bought fully 97 per cent of this big supply and would have used thousands more if they could have gotten them.

**Sheep** supplies for 1907 reach a total of 2,038,777 head and Packers and Feeder Buyers took fully 85% of this number. South Omaha is the 2d largest sheep market in the world.

**Horses** received during the year, 44,020 head. These were practically all sold here and from this point were reshipped to almost every state and territory in the nation.

### WOMAN A TAILOR FOR MEN

Chicago Boasts One Who Has Prospered at It.

### MISS HILLS A COUNTRY GIRL

Business Grows Until Now She Has a Shop Where She Sometimes Employs as Many as Fifty Women.

CHICAGO, April 4.—Chicago is said to have the only tailoring establishment for men in the country which is owned and managed by a woman, Miss Florence N. Hills, the name of this woman seamstress. She has been in the business for the last eight years, and during the busy seasons employs fifty workers, mostly women, with a scanty sprinkling of men. Miss Hills, when a reporter saw her, was talking, sewing, eating her luncheon and having her shoes polished at one and the same time.

"Never have time to stop, too much to do; such a short while to live," she assured her visitor. "When I die I can't come back again, you know. Wish I could, then I'd take time to rest once in a while. I keep my appointments. That's the reason I have succeeded and that is the reason I don't have time to waste. If I broke my appointments, never had things ready when I said I would, then I might have time to kill like a lot of tailors I hear complaining of dull times. Don't know what dull times are in my business. The only difference is that some seasons I have to employ twice as many helpers as others.

**Like Her Business.**  
 Pick up the business because I liked it.

I had always been fond of sewing. My grandmother taught me how. She had come out west when it was a new country and had been compelled to make all the clothes for her family. She said she always hated to make the girl's things, but she just felt in clover when her husband and sons had to be fitted out. I inherited it from her, for when my father died and I had to go out to work it came as natural to me to make men's clothes as it does for a duck to take to water. We lived in the country then and I had to go around sewing by the day. At the end of six years I had worked up such a tailoring trade in that community that I hadn't any time to give to making women's and girls' clothes. One of my patrons moved to Chicago and the next spring wrote me to come on and do my regular two weeks' work for her husband and sons. She said she had been all over the city with her boys and hadn't found a place where she could get as good looking suits for the same money that it cost her when I made them.

**Woe Her Spurs Fairly.**  
 "I never had been more than ten miles away from our farm in my life, so you may know what a visit to Chicago meant to me. I was all eyes during those two weeks, but it didn't keep me from doing good work. I'd never made such stylish suits before in my life. My sewing was all right, but it was the first opportunity I had ever had for getting style. The minute I struck the town I knew it would never do for me to start in to make those suits until I had looked around. After I had visited several of the men's furnishing shops with the woman I was to work for and seen the clothes on the boys I was to make for I decided I'd take a few lessons in pressing. I went to a high class shop, and, asking for the manager, told him about my being from the country and wanting to take a few lessons in pressing so as to help my

work when I got back home. He was very condescending, but he took me in. It was three days clear gain for him. He worked me like a horse and never even offered me a chair to sit on, much less a penny in wages.

"When I finished the suits for the boys in that family the father liked them so much that he said I might take him in hand. He had a couple of suits that he liked sent home for his wife to see. Of course I looked them over pretty thoroughly before they were returned. I duplicated both suits, and they didn't cost half the money the tailor charged. It seemed to me like cheating and swindling in those days to charge people so much for your work, but since I've come to live in the city and found out about the expenses of living I charge along with the rest. I do the best work, have the best styles and charge the best prices.

**Back to Chicago to Stay.**  
 "Three years after that first trip to Chicago mother and I came on to stay. Opened a little shop on a back street with the promise of five regular customers. I sewed while mother did the housework and acted as delivery girl. We were on the lookout for slack seasons, but none came. As soon as one suit was off my hands there was another to take up. Before the end of the first six months I wrote for the woman who had helped me in the country to join me here. She is the forewoman in my work rooms now, and three of her nieces are regularly employed in the business. Those four were my first assistants, and if they've ever had a discontented day since they came I've never known it. When business men complain of not being able to keep their help I point at those four and ask the reason.

"The reason is plain enough. It rests all on the shoulders of the employer. If

I worked my women and men as some of the tailors I know they would be going off and leaving me in the lurch at the busy season, just as they do in other shops, and I for one wouldn't blame 'em. I never have to consider the law in the management of my shop because I know a woman's strength and have always taken that as my guide. No woman has ever been employed in my shops for longer than eight hours a day. Out of that time there is always taken an hour for lunch and recreation periods of twenty minutes each, morning and afternoon.

**Rest Hour at the Shop.**  
 "I don't tell them they can have an hour for lunch and then encourage them to stay in and take a few stitches. They know that in good weather they are expected not only to get out of the room and into the streets for fresh air, but they are expected to stay out until the end of the time. The twenty minutes given mornings is only for sitting around the racks and giving their backs and fingers time to rest, but in the afternoon recreation they take turns making and serving tea and biscuits. Oh, it is my treat, but I find that it pays. Working just an hour are just the same as work animals. Give them good care and they give you good service.

"Another point wherein I differ from other tailors in Chicago, if not all over the country, I have no lady fines. You just find that it pays. Working just an hour are just the same as work animals. Give them good care and they give you good service.

on her return. I never have to advertise for help. I let it be known in my workroom that such a number of women will be needed at a certain time and there are always more applicants than I have room for.

**Women Have Advantage.**  
 "Do I think women make better tailors than men? Well, I know they do just as satisfactory work. There was a time when I preferred men for the machine work, but that was on account of their strength, not their skill. The machines were heavy, and for that reason it was hard to get a woman with sufficient strength to run them for any length of time without breaking down. Now that machines are no longer beyond the strength of the average woman I never think of hiring a man for the work. My reason for employing women rather than men lies almost entirely within my own personal peculiarities. I detest the odor of both whiskey and tobacco. I consider smoking and chewing a criminal waste of money and I have absolutely no patience with a man who drinks. It would be difficult for me to get fifty first-class tailors in Chicago who neither used tobacco nor whiskey. For that reason if for no other I would always prefer women. There are, however, several other reasons. One of them is that the hard-working woman is better understood and for that reason more easily managed by another hard-working woman than by the average man.

"There is no reason so far as I can see why a woman shouldn't tailor for men. I began with boy's clothes, and as the boys grew up I grew up with them. They became accustomed to me and I to them. At first my boys would all go off for a few seasons and then come slipping in for an alteration on a garment that had cost them several times over what I would have charged. From that beginning they were gradually put themselves back on my books,

to remain as long as they were in reach of me. Now that my reputation as a men's tailor has become as well established as my making of boy's clothes they appear to have lost all desire to change. Outside of my workrooms there are only two points in which I claim to differ from other tailors. I keep my engagements to the minute and a customer can, if he prefers, furnish his own goods. I import goods, go to London twice a year, but if a customer wants a suit made from his own material all right and good. That is a part of my business and I guarantee to satisfy him.

"When I came to Chicago eight years ago I owned one sewing machine, the furniture for two rooms and three hundred odd dollars in bank. Today I own my shop and workrooms in the heart of the city, a good working capital in bank, besides having enough invested to keep me in comfort the balance of my days if I should decide to step down and out. I began by working hard and now my business keeps me up to the notch. It is reliability and hard work that has given me success, and from what I know of the world, I'd have gotten it in almost any other field by paying the same price.

**REVERED 'ON A BATTLESHIP**  
 "Star-Spangled Banner" and Quarter Deck Reverenced Above All Else.

The longer you remain on a warship, either as a member of the crew or as a guest, two things become more and more impressive. One is the reverence for the quarterdeck and the other is the patriotic regard for the national hymn, "The Star-Spangled Banner." The quarterdeck seems to be almost a holy place. The officers salute it as they step upon it. No stain

is allowed to remain upon it. If a man, for instance, were found spitting upon it, well, hamstringing would be the fitting penalty for the feelings of those outraged by the performance were consulted.

Let one incident reveal the regard for the hymn on shipboard. We were steaming just below the equator on the way to Rio Janeiro one evening when showers made it impossible for the band to play on deck. The concert was held in a casemate and the humidity added great discomfort to the heat. Members of the crew off duty had stripped to their undershirts and trousers. The musicians had thrown off their coats. Their faces ran with sweat as they played.

Every concert ends with "The Star-Spangled Banner." It was time to play it. All the musicians stood up and the men who had crowded in to hear the music came to attention, but not one moved toward lifting his baton would the bandmaster make until every one of his men had put on his coat and hat. They might play Strauss waltzes and even Wagnerian selections in their undershirts, but no note of the national hymn could be played until every man was in dress befitting the occasion. All this is nothing unusual, but it is impressive to the man who sees it for the first time.

So, although there is no place for comfortable loafing and sometimes it is lonely, a civilian passenger on one of these ships after all can find entertainment and other things to interest him. Day by day he feels his patriotic impulses quickened. Day by day he is more and more glad that he is an American citizen.—Franklin Matthews (fleet correspondent) in New York Sun.

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