

TOMORROW--the Second Day of the Most Important and Extraordinary Sale of the Whole Year

\$1.00 FRINGE at 15c. All the high class hand made black silk fringe...

16th and Douglas Omaha. J. L. BRANDEIS & SONS PROPRIETORS.

Children's and misses' beautiful Long "Hose" made of broadcloth...

The Entire Stock of One of the Most Fashionable Dress Making Establishments on 5th Ave., New York, on Sale Monday.

From this 5th Avenue, New York Dress Making Establishment, all the highest grades of fine IMPORTED NOVELTY DRESS GOODS AND SILKS

\$10.00 Novelty Dress Goods \$1.00 a yard. This dress making establishment only imported high grade, high art novelties in exclusive patterns...

The latest conceptions in Crepon, both black and colored, also two-toned effects, silk and wool novelty dress goods...

HIGH GRADE IMPORTED NOVELTY SILKS AT 75c PER YARD. Thousands of yards of high grade silks from this 5th Ave. dress making establishment...

\$10.00 SILKS--At \$2.50 and \$3.98 Yard \$10 yard silk, heavy rich brocades, all light grounds...

\$2.50 and \$3.98 Actual \$10 quality. Thousands of yards of odds and ends from this Fifth Ave. dress making establishment...

\$1.00 Silk Mousselin De Soie, 29c. Hundreds of dress patterns of silk mousselin de soie. These goods were marked to retail at \$1.00 yard...

\$1.50 Kid Gloves 59c. 5,000 pairs ladies' kid gloves, bought direct from the New York custom house...

\$150 Ladies' High Art Costumes and Dresses at \$15. All these high art, imported, model costumes are in silk, fancy silk and wool novelties...

\$15.00. \$15. 50 beautiful organza dresses, lawns, dainties and other summer fabrics...

\$25 Silk Waists for \$5.00. 200 silk waists--every one different, all of them this season's styles...

New style silk waists in corded taffeta, beautiful combinations, taffetas elaborately trimmed...

\$2.98 and \$3.98 SUMMER WAISTS--Choice of thousands of new patterns in waists, white waists beautifully trimmed with insertion...

49 Cents. Ladies', Misses, Men's, Children's HOSE. Three immense lots of ladies', misses', children's and men's fine hose...

\$4.98 for most fashionable on wire frames, trimmed with French flowers, chiffon, buckles and styles, including, black, so stylish now, go at \$3.98

ALONG THE COAST OF BRAZIL

Queer Features of Life Observed on and from a Steamer's Deck.

SCENES IN SUGAR AND COTTON LANDS

Cotton Factories which Pay Handsome Dividends--Pernambuco and Its Wonderful Reef--Sheep as Riding Animals.

(Copyright, 1899, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

PERNAMBUCO, Brazil, April 14, 1899--(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)--I am traveling along the coast of Brazil. My ship is a Brazilian steamer, which goes regularly from Rio to the mouth of the Amazon.

The distance is about 2,900 miles, and the voyage takes fourteen days. It is almost as far from Rio to the Amazon as it is from the mouth of the Amazon to New York.

The steamer is fast enough, but we stop at every port to take on and discharge freight, and we are all the time crowded with passengers.

By the Brazilian laws all coast freight must be done in national vessels. This ship belongs to the Lloyd Brazilian line, which has the monopoly of the coast trade of the country.

It has ships along the coast, steaming on the Amazon and multi-steamer which go from Rio Janeiro up the Parana and Paraguay rivers to Mato Grosso. My ship is the Manaus. It is a steamer of about 3,000 tons, and is a first-class ship in every respect.

It was built in England, and it has all modern improvements. My cabin is lighted by incandescent electric lights and the dining room is finished in marble and gold.

The bathroom of the steamer seems to be used by no one but myself, and the warm salt water shower bath which I have every morning are delightful.

Traveling in a Brazil. This is the rosy side of the picture, otherwise there is comfort with a difference. The ship is crowded with passengers, and such passengers. Those who travel on the regular steamers have no idea of the people who swarm the coast.

They are of all colors and conditions of men. Let me begin at the top deck. This is filled with emigrants, who are on their way to work in the rubber forests of the Amazon.

There are at least 1,000 of them, nearly all of whom are of the same race, and they have their families with them, and there are at least fifty babies and many small children.

The babies in most cases are stark naked, as is the case with all the children under 4 years of age. These little ones sprawl over the deck in all sorts of attitudes. They play games, now and then wrestling together.

I saw one 4-year-old boy who was playing horse riding a knobby stick between his naked legs. As he trotted over the deck another naked boy saw the horse and coveted it. He grabbed it, and there was straightway a fight, which ended in both children being captured by their parents and carried sprawling to opposite sides of the deck.

Some of the babies are quite pretty. I should like to play with them, but I do not consider it safe. Today, for instance, I saw a woman suckling one of these nude little ones and at the same time going through his hair and picking out certain insects which are not to be mentioned in polite society.

It was a case of doing two things at the same time, and as far as I could judge, doing both of them well.

On the lower gangway, where every one had to pass, another woman was slung her hammock. She lies most of the time stretched out in it with a little one under a week old in her arms. Yesterday afternoon as I went by she was giving the baby a bath. She had placed a large gourd on the deck and had scooped the little one in it. She was pouring the water over the baby and scrubbing it vigorously. The infant

cried lustily, looking, in its nakedness, the personification of grief.

Speaking of hammocks, they are slung everywhere. The decks of the ship. They are tied to the rigging one above the other like the bunks in an Atlantic liner. Every hammock has two or three persons in it. Sometimes the hammock contains a man and his wife, sometimes a mother and her children. They have no seats, and men, women and children sprawl about the deck in all sorts of positions all day and all night. They eat on the deck, squatting at their meals more like animals than men. Each family has round the bowl of the shape of a sieve. This is filled with a mixture of rice, manioc and meat. As a general thing they eat with their fingers, although sometimes a family has one or two spoons, one knife and one fork.

Queer Table Manners. And what do we first-class passengers eat and how do we eat it? Well, we have plenty of food, and if the marble and gold taste good there would be no lack of appetite. I am, however, something of an old hand for it is, perhaps, an old-fashioned snob. I don't know. At any rate I cannot get used to the table ways of these middle-class Brazilians. It disturbs me when the negro woman who sits beside me at the table goes fishing in the mixed pickle for the onions with the fork she has just been using, and having caught several and eaten them, passes the bottle across the table to her fat Brazilian grandma, who acts the same way. I can't get used to seeing the stripes of guava jelly for dessert being picked up by the girl on my left on her toothpick and then transferred to her plate, nor do I like the way some young men have of putting their toothpicks in their oily hair just over their ears, where our bookkeepers carry their pens, to bring them out at the end of the following course. I don't much like the use of the toothpick by all the passengers between the courses and I am prone to frown as I see the toothpick holder passed from person to person in order that all may clean their teeth after the fish and steak. The other day I saw a man take a toothpick out of his hair, and place it back of his little girl's ear for a time and then return it to the holder, in order that it might be ready for some one else. The man who did this was evidently rich, for although his shirt showed signs of much wear, it was sprinkled with diamond studs and precious stones of assorted colors. He had a diamond pin in his black string necktie and also diamond rings.

As to the meals themselves we have four a day. The first is at 6 o'clock. It consists of tea or coffee and a cracker. At 9:30 there is a breakfast, which is much like a dinner in its number of courses, and at 4:30 comes dinner. At 8 tea is served. The breakfast begins with a soup, then follows fish or meat fritters, then braised beef and vegetables. There is always a bowl of farina or roasted manioc found on the table. This is sprinkled over the meat by some of the guests. The Brazilians like it, but it tastes like sawdust to me. There is also a mixture of dried beef and black beans cooked up in a stew and tongue served in different ways. The dessert is usually guava jelly, Edam cheese, oranges and bananas. The dinner bill is just about the same, the course being almost entirely of meats.

From Rio to Pernambuco. Our first port of call after leaving Rio was the town of Victoria, the capital of the little state of Espirito Santo. Next we came to Bahia, where I stopped for some time and then made my way north on the same line to Maceo and at last to this city of Recife, or, as it is generally called, Pernambuco. Maceo is a pretty, bright-colored town of about 25,000 people, the capital of the state of Alagoas.

Alagoas is about as big as West Virginia and very rich. There are many people on the square mile of Maine. It is an agricultural state, raising sugar, cotton and tobacco. In

the warehouse at the wharves I saw sugar piled up like sand on the floors and in the market place great quantities of tobacco twisted up in ropes of all sizes from cables to clothing.

Tobacco is here sold to the customer, directing how much of the twist he wants.

In this trip I see more and more the extent to which the negroes have intermixed with the Brazilians. The majority of the half million people of Alagoas have colored blood in their veins, and of the town of Maceo there are many more colored than white. During my stay I did not see a score of pure whites, although there were negroes in great numbers. Little negro babies of 2 and 4 years sprawled upon the cobblestone streets. Negro boys rode yellow mules loaded with kerosene oil cans slung to the sides of the animals in the original boxes in which they were shipped from Philadelphia. The cans contained water, and such boys are the water carriers of the city, who go from house to house selling water at about a half cent a gallon.

There were many fat negro women on the streets. They walked along with immense bundles on their heads, their bosoms pushed out in front as full as that of the fat woman in the dime museum. There were little yellow girls and boys by the score going to school and with them other girls and boys of a sallow white.

I visited the market. It covers a square, but the chief business seems to be done by women and in many cases by old slaves. The younger generation of the colored race, as a rule, shiftless, and the best of the negro population is that which once served as slaves.

The trade of the market was what a Connecticut Yankee would call a whitening business. Most things were sold by the handful. The chief merchandise was manioc, rice, corn and beans. These are the staple foods of the people. The Brazilians are, indeed, greater bean eaters than the Bostonians. The latter insist on having beans Saturday and Sunday, while the Brazilians take their beans twice a day year in and year out.

Leaving Maceo we next stopped at Pernambuco, or I should say Recife. There is no such city in existence as Pernambuco. That is the name of the state. The real name of the city is Recife. The word "recife" means "reef," and Recife gets its name from a wonderful reef which runs out into the sea for a distance of several miles, enclosing a great natural dock, which forms its harbor. This reef is a stone wall formed by nature, enclosing a tank less than half a mile wide and several miles long. The wall rock at low tide is perhaps ten feet above the water. At high tide it is almost covered, but the Brazilians have built another wall on top of it, so that the sea dashes itself against it in vain. I shall never forget my ride into this harbor. There was a heavy sea outside and the waves gashed their teeth as they threw themselves against the stone wall, spitting out, as it seemed, masses of snow-white foam in their anger. The spray was thrown thirty feet into the air. It fell over into the quiet water of the harbor and as we lay there and looked at it the sun came from behind a cloud and made countless rainbows with every wave. It was, in fact, a geyser two miles long spouting up all colors, shades and tints.

Brazil's Great Cotton Port. Recife is one of the busiest ports of Brazil. The city has about 200,000 inhabitants. It sits right on the sea, being cut up by arms of the ocean, so that its people call it the South American Venice. It is a busy port, about 1,000 ships coming into it every year. It is the first place at which the steamers from Europe, and it has a vast trade, especially in cotton and sugar. The state of Pernambuco is about as large as New York. It is a great cotton state. The cotton is raised on small plantations, few farmers growing more than two or three bales annually. Still the output is large. The lands are cultivated

chiefly with the ax, the hoe and the bowie knife. The trees are first cut down and burned. The holes are dug for the cotton seeds, and after this little more is done except to keep down the weeds until the cotton is ready for picking. They are then plowing to speak of and no farming in the sense of the word. Lands are very cheap, and I do not doubt but that cotton growing after modern methods would pay.

It is odd to see the cotton as it is brought here to the warehouses. Much of it comes upon the backs of horses, the 200-pound bales being slung to the sides of the saddle. Some of it is brought in on ox carts and some on low wagons.

The cotton is bound with rough sackings. It is often tied up with vines, being re-packed after it reaches here. It is interesting to watch the loading and unloading of the cotton at the presses. The negroes carry the bales on their heads, often carrying 200 or 300 pounds for a block or more in this way.

Where Cotton May Be King. I am surprised at the extent of cotton planting in Brazil. The amount raised is on the increase, and the day may come when cotton will be king in parts of Brazil, as it is in our southern states. It is raised north of Rio de Janeiro all along the coast to some distance above Pernambuco. I have seen it being loaded at nearly all the ports. A great deal of it goes to the Brazilian government, which has a tariff on cotton goods which enables the cotton mills to make money. Within the last ten years 155 cotton factories have been established and the most of these are paying big dividends. One factory paid a dividend of 60 per cent its first year and 10 per cent a year for five years thereafter, at the same time greatly enlarging its plant. In the state of Alagoas, below here, there is a mill which produces 125,000 pieces of cloth a year. It has 450 workmen. The first year it was established it paid a dividend of 48 per cent. The second year it paid 50 per cent and the third year 40 per cent. In the state of Bahia there are fifteen cotton mills. There is one at Rio and they are to be found as far south as Sao Paulo. The southern mills are, indeed, greater than those of the north. In the state of Minas Geraes forty-six factories are in operation. Two hundred thousand workmen are employed and thousands of tons of cotton are annually consumed. I am told that these factories have something like \$15,000,000 capital. There is a single manufacturing company in Bahia which has \$1,000,000 capital. It operates six mills, running 140 looms and 21,000 spindles. It produces about 58,000,000 yards of cotton cloth annually. One of the big factories of Rio de Janeiro imports its thread. It belongs to an Italian company and is, I am told, doing well.

Wages are much lower than in our cotton factories. They range from 20 cents to \$1 per day. There are no strikers and the goods of the factories are made in twenty-four, thirty-two and thirty-six inch widths. This is also a sugar country. Pernambuco produces about 100,000,000 pounds of cane sugar a year. There are large sugar factories and there are many factories where the sugar is made into the native rum, for which there is always a steady demand.

Odd Signs of a Brazilian City. Recife is an interesting place. Its buildings are of bright colors, those of the business parts of the town being two and three stories. Many of them have walls of porcelanous tiles and some have ridge roofs that make you think of the houses of Holland. The town was once inhabited by Dutch, but the Portuguese drove the Dutch out, and long ago the city became entirely Brazilian. Its people pride themselves on being among the most enterprising of Brazil. The town has newspapers, a public library, tele-

phones, electric lights, street cars and public schools. It has a college, a gymnasium and an archeological and geographical institute.

The street cars are hauled by mules. It costs a cent and a half of our money a ride, and I don't get out at the line. Every one patronizes the cars, and whites, blacks and yellows sit side by side, as they do everywhere in Brazil. I rode down the other day with a black maiden of 15 years of age sitting beside me. At first I thought she was a servant, but, happening to glance down, I saw in her lap some books which showed me that she must be a teacher or possibly a scholar in the High school. One book was La Fontaine's Fables in French, another was an algebra and the third a geography in Portuguese.

During my stay I visited the market. It is as fine as that of any American city, and meats especially are sold cheap. I saw excellent beefsteaks offered at 8 cents a pound and mutton at 10 cents a pound. Speaking of mutton, they have very good sheep and goats in this part of the world. The goats are raised for their skins, which are shipped in great quantities to our country to be made into shoes. Hides are also exported. A queer thing about the sheep is that one variety is used by the children for riding. It is a common thing in the country for each child to have its riding sheep. The wool makes a soft seat and the little goat gallop about without danger of being hurt much when they fall.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

GARMENTS FOR RUBBERNECKS. Shirts and Collars and Cuffs of Rubber the Latest Novelties.

The rubber shirt, with its accessories, rubber collars and cuffs, has struck St. Louis, and the chapriess will have another thing to decide whether the innovation is "good fohm," compared to which their recent experience with the striped collar was easy. If the expectations of the inventor and designer of the new fad are realized, says the St. Louis Herald, the latest creation will produce consternation in the ranks of the haberdashers, and possibly precipitate an uprising of indignant launderers throughout the country, resulting in eventual disaster to the inventor and manufacturer.

The material of which the new shirts, collars and cuffs are made is white rubber which has been passed through a sort of vulcanizing process, rendering it smooth, white and pliable. The material is of the same weight and appearance as linen goods, and is, the inventor claims, far more durable. It lacks the brittleness and propensity to discoloration that relegated its predecessor, the celluloid collar, into the obscurity of mere and yellow oblivion. Its chief merits are its cheapness and "staying powers." It is waterproof, and the sewer, should it become soiled, can restore it to its pristine purity by a simple application of clean water.

At present shirts, collars and cuffs are made up in two effects, the unglued and the glued. Every style of collar and cuff in the prevailing vogue is duplicated in the rubber article, from the plain "turn-down" to the latest design affected by the swell dresser. The factory is at present engaged in manufacturing shirts, collars and cuffs of every variety of color and design, copying the most fashionable effects, and these will be placed on the market as soon as possible.

The factory is located in Chicago, and there is one agency in St. Louis. Other branch agencies will be established as soon as the factory can turn out the goods in sufficient quantity. The retail price of the collars at present is 35 cents each. Cuffs sell for 75 cents a pair and the shirts at \$1.25. The articles are said to be far more cool and light for summer wear than linen and silk goods, and will not wither under exposure.

MAN OF VARIED OCCUPATIONS

Willis George Emerson, Mining Promoter, Politician and Novelist Visits Omaha.

IS DEVELOPING RESOURCES OF THE WEST

Talks of the Grand Encampment Copper District, and of Novel Writing, in Which He spends His Spare Time.

Willis George Emerson, well known in the Mississippi valley and the Rocky mountain region, was in the city yesterday. Emerson was the electoral messenger from Kansas in the Harrison and Morton campaign, when the state was carried by the largest republican majority ever given any candidate.

In the late national campaign Emerson was selected by the republican campaign committee to answer the arguments of "Coin" Harvey at Lockport, Ill. in Grand Rapids, Mich. The speech delivered there by Emerson was afterward printed and circulated as a campaign document by Perry Heath, now assistant postmaster general, who hands the distribution of campaign material was.

Aside from his political character Mr. Emerson is a promoter and organizer of various schemes for the development of the resources of the west and is further a writer of books. At the close of the last national campaign he moved from Chicago to Denver and engaged industriously in the mining enterprises of the Rocky mountain region. He sends syndicate letters on various subjects to 108 newspapers, but these are only a side issue to his mineral interests. He closed up his Cripple Creek operations last March and netted \$23,800 on one deal. He has lately become interested, together with Judge D. M. Hester, in the development of the copper mines of Grand Encampment district of Southern Wyoming. The Ferris-Haggerty mines, a part of these properties, are located about sixty miles south of Rawlins, Wyo. In the early part of last September a one-fourth interest in this property sold for \$250. On the 25th of the same month a grade vein of Peacock copper ore was discovered and more than \$30,000 worth of ore was taken out and shipped to the Blue Island smelter at Chicago and the Argo smelter at Denver. Other mines of this district are the "Doane," the "Charter Oak," the "Meta," the "Copper Queen," the "Victor," the "Buckhorn," "Leibetter," "Golden Eagle," "Cox" and the Kutz and Clatterton properties, all producing ore. These mines have all been opened up in the last few months and it is claimed that there ore has a higher percentage of pure copper than even that of the famous "Anaconda" of Butte. Mining experts have prophesied that there will be not less than 100 producing mines in the district before now closes. From ten to twenty-six men are going into the new district daily.

New Transportation Line. The object of Mr. Emerson's present visit to the city was to conclude arrangements with the Union Pacific officials for a new transportation line between Rawlins and the new town being built at the junction of the north and south forks of the Encampment river. This town will be the point of entrance to and departure from the new region. According to present plans, a six-horse Concord stage will leave Rawlins every morning and, by changing horses frequently, will reach the new town in eight hours. The stores which always spring up at the opening of any new mineral region have begun to make their appearance and railroad ex-

tenation is already talked of with a good deal of confidence.

Mr. Emerson believes that the output of the new region will soon be a factor in the copper markets of the world. "It would be unwise," he said, "for any copper combine, or the copper producers of the country, to overlook in their reckoning the product that will come from the Grand Encampment district."

Talks About Fiction. Asked about his literary achievements, Mr. Emerson replied: "My 'Winning Winds,' published seven years ago, and said to be a fair literary success, was not a financial success. Perhaps it was because the story was not good enough, but I am inclined to think the reason was that it appeared just at a time when there was a demand for books that could be sold for a low price. It was brought out by the publishers in a \$1.50 form. Then came 'Gray Rocks.' This book was both a literary and financial success. It ran into the nineteenth edition and today there is hardly a train in the United States upon which you cannot buy a copy of 'Gray Rocks.'

"These, however, were mere hasty efforts. Four years ago I began work on a new novel, which will be called 'The Barley Hillers.' It has been written and rewritten five times already and I will rewrite it about two or three times more before finally submitting it to Harper. Aside from being a story of the great southwest, a hitherto unoccupied field, 'The Barley Hillers' contains the great question of international marriage. It will be severely anti-anglo-american in its deductions and will strongly condemn adventures from foreign lands who come over here and use their titles as social Jimnies with which to pry into the sanctity of the American home; no less, however, contemplating this ambition on the part of the Americans, which I class as a weakness, if not a vice."

A Story Must Have a Good Plot. Mr. Emerson has opposed the modern tendency to delectate in fiction. He believes it is due to the inability of a large number of writers to devise really good and entertaining plots. "No story can live," he said, "which does not contain an interesting and well developed plot, around which may cluster a variety of entertaining incidents and the whole go to make up a living work of fiction. As instances of this there are 'Les Miserables' of Hugo, 'The Musketeers' of Dumas, Wallace's 'Ben Hur,' or any of the works of that prince of story tellers, Dickens. These successful works of fiction invariably have plots of the most fascinating and powerful interest. The ideas I have evolved in regard to the requirements of really worthy works of fiction may be grouped as follows: Artistic perception, the vision, rhetorical eloquence, which implies the elimination of all inelegances of expression; grammatical accuracy, strong character sketches, in which players within the lids of fiction stand out in bold relief, without an opportunity being given for 'little bear heads,' which may be heard if the reader will only listen attentively enough to hear them.

"There is another and last requirement in the construction of a novel. The author, after having worked his book over six or seven times, should judge it from the standpoint of completeness and harmony. Perhaps a bunch of La France roses will have to be removed and a spray of delicate lily of the valley substituted, or vice versa.

"It is not an idle pastime to write a work of fiction that is both a literary and financial success and will live. Whether 'The Barley Hillers' will claim this exalted position for itself no one can tell. However, it is an ambitious ambition to produce a work that will merit a place in the permanent literature of the English-speaking world."