

Cranberries for Thanksgiving

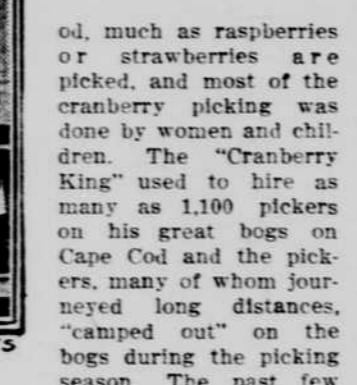


NEXT to a goodly supply of turkeys the most important requisite for a successful Thanksgiving is a plentiful measure of cranberries of just the proper tart flavor. As well as without turkey as without the appetizing cranberry sauce. However the people of the United States have scant cause to worry because of this feature of their holiday menu. It has been years since a failure of the cranberry crop was reported and cranberry growers have been so increasing their productive areas that despite the increase in demand, due to the country's increase in population and other influences, there continues to be year by year a pretty lavish supply of the crimson berries, and most seasons find them available at very reasonable prices.

Cranberries, like so many of the other good things of life, are distinctly American delicacies. To be sure, cranberries grow wild in some other quarters of the globe—for instance in Europe, but it is only in the United States that they have been cultivated as an article of food. Even here the growing of cranberries is confined largely to three states—Massachusetts, New Jersey and Wisconsin. How important an industry it is may be surmised, however,



A SEPARATOR FOR SORTING CRANBERRIES



PICKING CRANBERRIES BY MEANS OF THE NEW MACHINES

od, such as raspberries or strawberries are picked, and most of the cranberry picking was done by women and children. The "Cranberry King" used to hire as many as 1,100 pickers on his great bogs on Cape Cod and the pickers, many of whom journeyed long distances, "camped out" on the bogs during the picking season. The past few years, however, has witnessed a revolution. Now almost all cranberries are picked by the aid of machines, and because it is tiresome work manipulating these machines it has come about that most of the women and children have been forced out of the industry and the task is largely in the hands of men, the more skillful of whom receive from \$3 to \$5 per day. The picking machine most extensively used has the appearance of a huge wooden scoop, the bottom of which is made up of a row of metal bars, tipped with sharp prongs and set close together. In operation this scoop is shoved with some considerable force into the tangle of cranberry vines and then is drawn up-ward and backward with the result that the vines which have been caught slip between the metal bars but leave the berries, which are too large to pass through the openings, as do the vines, and in consequence are stripped from

Origin of Thanksgiving Festivities

By SAMUEL WILLIAMS

THE autumn of 1621 wanted on a prosperous community Plymouth, Mass., was both healthy and wealthy. Sickness though it had destroyed one-half the company of pilgrims had ceased, and the crops, as a whole, had been good, the peas alone failing. All the houses in the settlement had been put into condition and a goodly stock of furs and prepared lumber had been made ready for export to England by the next ship. The waters swarmed with fish and sea fowl were abundant. The call of the wild turkey was heard in the woods and the patter of the foot of the deer was nothing strange.



THE GUESTS REMAINED THIRTY DAYS

The summer was past, the harvest ended. The pilgrims decided upon a period of recreation. The governor sent out four hunters, who in one day secured game to last the colony a week. Hospitality was extended to Massasoit, of the neighboring settlement, who brought 50 people with him. The guests remained 30 days. The company engaged in rounds of amusements, in which military drills and religious services formed a part. Thus, heartily and loyally, was inaugurated the great New England festival of Thanksgiving. For two centuries it has continued to be observed, at first merely in the eastern states, but it has now become national, its annual return finding a welcome from boundary to boundary, both at top and bottom and either extremity of the nation.

Netherlands also appointed different days for public thanksgiving, from time to time, and in some historical works there is record of a dispute as to which of these colonies deserved the credit for having first inaugurated the day. Most of the best founded historians, however, give the credit to the New England states.

The Dutch governors of New Netherlands appointed occasional days of thanksgiving in 1644, 1645, 1652 and 1664, and the English governors followed their example in 1755 and 1769, and the Protestant Episcopal church in the United States in its prayer book, ratified in 1789, recommends for Thanksgiving day the first Thursday in November, unless some other day be appointed by the civil authorities. There were also occasional recommendations by other religious bodies, but no regular annual recommendation by the governor of New York before 1817. The struggle of the colonies for independence marks the beginning of

tion by the governors of New York began in 1817. From that time the observance gradually crept southward and westward, and in 1853 Governor Johnson of Virginia adopted it, and though in 1857 Governor Wise of Virginia declined to make the proclamation on the ground that he was unauthorized to interfere in religious matters, in 1858 a Thanksgiving day was proclaimed in eight of the southern states.

The day had thus naturally grown to be a national institution of almost universal observance, when the Civil war brought to sudden ripeness this along with many other tendencies, and President Lincoln put upon it the seal of his official proclamation. President Lincoln's first proclamation was in 1862, on account of the first important victory of the national arms. He issued a similar recommendation in 1863.

Decorative Conceits and Favors For the Thanksgiving Festivities

The pious, hard-driven, worn-out, but thankful Puritans who sat down at their tables on November, a few centuries ago, and made the first Thanksgiving Day, never knew to what lengths they were to drive the ingenuity of their poor descendants. But it wasn't their fault after all, that the preparer of the Thanksgiving feast today has to attend just as much to the turkey's surroundings as to the turkey itself. It was good enough for them to have a well-stocked larder from which could come the turkey, the celery, the pumpkin pie, the cranberries and all the other goodies which history puts down to their credit. Even the comparatively recent New Englanders were content with all these as long as they looked tempting and tasted good. But today, even the important fowl itself is hardly more important than the ribbons, the candies, the favors, the adornments of all kinds, which must appear on the Thanksgiving table.

ones in papier mache or tissue paper which are candy boxes. Fruits and vegetables of all kinds seem to be suggestive of the season of feasting, and many good intentions are found among the candy box collections. Goblinessque little men are made of paper fruits and fixed up to have a very grotesque appearance, and funny little figures are made of peanuts, and mounted on cards. Nuts are tied up in ribbons and are found to be prize packages for the receiver, for in them are neatly packed little stick-pins, whistles, etc., all carefully concealed within the paper shells.

The place cards allow of a great many new designs, and an especially new feature among these is some small mirrors. The chrysanthemum is the leading flower among the paper bowers, and those in yellow or orange seem to be the most desired shades. Other imitations which are especially "life-like" are the painted piece of the pumpkin pie, the tin of Boston baked beans, the plum pudding and the ear of corn.

"Don't bother about having too much to eat," an up-to-date daughter was heard to say to her New England mother the other day. "I want plenty of room for the ribbons and the candy boxes."

It's the same way with other daughters of an esthetic turn of mind, rather than a practical one, and it looks as if their ambitions to "make things look pretty" may be realized this year, for there is a goodly array of Thanksgiving favors and table decorations of all kinds.

Of course the turkey reigns supreme, even if it is in paper, and is seen in all sizes, all kinds, roasted to a beautiful dark brown as the cook-book says, or standing important and majestic with its big fan-shaped feather tail high in the air. In most cases the favor turkey is meant for candy, but certain new china turkeys are mustard cups.

The pumpkin is next in importance and is seen in many of the novelties. There are large paper pumpkins for centerpiece and all sorts of small

LENT INSPIRATION.

"I am gratified," said the first prominent citizen, "to observe the undercurrent of joy in the Thanksgiving proclamation of the governor. Hitherto the proclamations have been along the old cut and dried, stilted forms, but in this instance there is a certain tone of joyousness, of thankfulness, of pure gratefulness that is really inspiring."

"Yes," agrees the second prominent citizen, "but it's no wonder the governor felt good when he wrote that proclamation."

"No. He has started on what seems destined to be a good administration, already there is talk of promoting him to some higher office in the gift of the people."

"And besides," interrupts the second man, "the governor owns one of the largest turkey farms in the state."

Wore on Visitor's Nerves

"No, I'm not particularly enthusiastic over my vacation," said the lady with the young face and the beautiful gray hair, in answer to her friend's question. "I fear I'm growing old—old in mind and impulses. I mean, I've been losing one of my pet fancies—depression perhaps it was—and that is always disconcerting."

"The chief charm of youth, to me, has ever been its originality. Per-

haps this was an "off" summer for the youth who gathered at the little shore place where I spent the summer; anyway it was a bit disappointing to find them all members of the 'Oh you' family.

"I'll admit the first two or three times one hears a guy youngster hall another with a jovial 'Oh you Harry,' or 'Polly,' as the case may be, it sounds rather smart, but given 20 or

30 young people living in the space of two city blocks for three months, with the one constant greeting, 'Oh you Bessie,' 'Oh you kid,' and its novelty passes on one.

"Needless to say this particular crowd of young folks devoted many of its rightful sleeping hours as well as its waking ones to larks and escapades of all sorts, and an ancient body like myself never appreciated being awakened at any and all hours of the night by the tuneless cry, 'Oh you Mary—Paul—Jane' from the next door

plaza. They went nightly in a body to the post office—a small town's most popular meeting place—and on their return left their several members at their respective homes with the never-omitted parting salute from all—"Oh you—"

"In the morning neither cockcrow nor dashing waves, not even your neighbor's cook nor a fish peddler disturbed our morning naps, but some 'up and coming' youngster up the street, or perhaps nearer by, began walking the various members of the crowd by calling, 'Oh you Dick, Patty,' and so on till the whole set were awake. So was every one else."

"I did learn the names of one young man and his sister, but as for the others, were I to meet any of them on Broadway or the Bowery or any other place I should be tempted to greet him with, 'Oh you Harry, Oh you kid.' Perhaps I was an 'Oh you something' this summer myself."

Trying to paint the town red shows a certain amount of greenness.

RIDES ON THE BRAKE BEAMS

Newboy Traverses Country From Coast to Coast and From Canada to the Gulf.

New York—Harry Blanche, nineteen, who sells newspapers in New York when he is not riding on the brake beams of a railroad car, has recently returned to the city from a 20,000-mile trip to 250 American cities. Blanche is ambitious to be known as the "King of the Newsboys," and in order to prove his kingly he sold newspapers in all of the cities he visited, and brought back with him the badges of the newsboys' unions and organizations in all of the cities he visited.

The boy left the Grand Central station on June 1 for Albany. He walked



Harry Blanche.

into the area of trains through a passage which was being used by workmen. He wore overalls and easily passed for one of the gang. He has no use for freight trains, and always rides, not on, but beneath passenger cars. Railroad men do not look for stowaways there as frequently as they do on freight trains.

During the four and a half months that he has been away from New York Blanche went as far south as Jacksonville, Fla., and as far north as Quebec, Canada, and as far west as San Francisco, and as far east as Boston.

WANTED SATAN SENT NORTH

Good Example of Scottish Humor in Remark Made by Railroad Porter.

Scottish humor is dry rather than boisterous, and I always think there is exquisite drollery in the story of the Stonehaven railway porter and the Salvation Army "captain." To catch the hang of a little yarn readers must remember that Stonehaven lies to the south of Aberdeen. The London train had drawn up at Stonehaven on account of a slight mishap a mile or two ahead, and Andra, the old porter, had got into conversation with a Salvation Army officer who had popped his head out of the compartment to ask the reason for the delay.

"Aye aye," mused Andra, after giving the desired information, "ye'll be for Aberdeen, I'm thinkin'?"

"Yes, my man," was the reply: "I'm bound for Aberdeen—a very wicked place, I'm told!"

"What might ye be goin' to dae there, sir, if it's as bad as 'that'?" asked Andra, rather amused at the visitor's words.

"Ah," was the pious answer, "I'm going to drive the devil out of Aberdeen."

Like lightning came from the old porter the pawky retort:

"See an' drive him north, cheil; haud him well to the north!"—Exchange.

BABY WASTED TO SKELETON

"My little son, when about a year and a half old, began to have sores come out on his face. I had a physician treat him, but the sores grew worse. Then they began to come out on his arms, then on other parts of his body, and then one came on his chest, worse than the others. Then I called another physician. Still he grew worse. At the end of about a year and a half of suffering he grew so bad that I had to tie his hands in clothes at night to keep him from scratching the sores and tearing the flesh. He got to be a mere skeleton and was hardly able to walk."

"My aunt advised me to try Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. I sent to a drug store and got a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of the Ointment and followed directions. At the end of two months the sores were all well. He has never had any sores of any kind since. I can sincerely say that only for Cuticura my child would have died. I used only one cake of Cuticura Soap and about three boxes of Ointment."

"I am a nurse and my profession brings me into many different families and it is always a pleasure for me to tell my story and recommend Cuticura Remedies. Mrs. Egbert Sheldon, Litchfield, Conn., Oct. 23, 1909."

Mass Play Modified.

City Editor—Any radical changes for the better in football this season? Sporting Writer—Verily. In understand that not more than one ticket speculator will be allowed to tackle a single patron at the same time.—Puck.

Stiff neck? Doesn't amount to much, but might disagreeable. You've no idea how quickly a little Hamlin Wizard Oil will lubricate the cords and make you comfortable again.

There are a good many heroes in novels who couldn't earn a living in real life.

Mrs. Winslow's Scolding Straps.

For children's necks, wrists, ankles, etc., these straps are the best. They are made of the finest material and are very comfortable and durable.

The man who deceives himself is an easy mark for others.

Lewis' Single Binder gives the smoker a rich, mellow-tasting 5c cigar.

Many a fellow does all his betting with his mouth.

IS A CHARMING YOUNG WOMAN

Helen Taft, the President's Daughter, Has a Sincere Manner and is Utterly Unaffected.

Washington.—One of the principal topics of conversation among members of the social set in Washington this fall is the debut of the president's daughter, Helen. If Miss Taft achieves the popularity at Washington this winter that was hers while a student at Bryn Mawr, she will make for herself an enviable record.

In appearance the president's daughter is tall, well built and very dignified, with clear white skin, which is usually well-browned by outdoor exercise. Her hair is brown and wavy and her eyes brown as berries. She is so fond of wearing brown that she won for herself at Bryn Mawr the sobriquet of "nut-brown maid."

In manner, Miss Taft is as cordial and frank as a child. She has a clear, resonant speaking voice, and she enunciates her opinions on all sub-



jects very decidedly. She can converse as entertainingly about her life in foreign lands as her father. She has crossed the Pacific four times.

The coming White House debutante has one accomplishment that is most unusual in girls of her position in life. Indeed, few among the smart set with whom she associates know as much about the art. She is a first-class cook. Not a cooking school product, mind you, but a graduate of her mother's kitchen. She can bake pies, make bread and cakes, etc., and is an all-around good housekeeper.

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