

Thanksgiving at Brook Farm

By Emily Grant Hutchings

THINGS had gone from bad to worse at Brook Farm. First it was the drought that ruined the crops of a whole season, then the frost that caught the fine young peach orchard. The following year Dan received to circumvent fate by staking all his hopes on "hog and turkey" and what was the result? The cholera took the hogs and the brook, swollen from a cloud burst in the hills, swamped and almost wholly destroyed the corn crop.

It began to look as if old Mrs. Hastings was right about Kitty marrying Dan. The predicted disasters were all there, with the best prospect in the world more disasters to come. Dan could have stood it, yes, and all that was to come on his own account; but it galled him to watch his brave little wife gradually droop and grow pale under the burden of hard work and disappointment. She had the same strong blue eyes and the same patience that he displayed in the face of hardship. It was the taunting of her rich relatives, particularly of her mother, that plucked the roses from her cheeks.

In one respect, at least, the family predictions had failed utterly. Everybody in the country had heard that Dan and Kitty were wild, that he had been known to get roaring drunk, that he was dangerously lucky with cards, possessed of the born gambler's instinct, and that when a horse race was on, he could easily forget he had a wife waiting for him at home.

"If ever a man was disappointed in trying to do his duty, I'm that man," he complained to Kitty when this fresh trouble came upon him. He rarely complained, no matter how dark the outlook; but to have seven prize chickens go in a single night, and that loss followed up by the carrying off of the turkeys! It surely did look as if the long line of trials was without the proverbial turn.

"I know it, Danny, dear," Kitty put a brave arm around his neck and patted his turned cheek. "We'll just have to round 'em up at night and put 'em in the hen house."

"Hen house won't do no good unless we line it with tin." For once in his life, Dan spoke harshly. Kitty winced at the sudden rebuke. He was usually so tender with her, feeling all the while as if he owed her a boundless debt of affection in payment for the comfort of her father's house, that she had cheerfully foregone for his sake. Now she looked at him half angrily. He need not be so hasty, even if her suggestion were worthless.

"You don't seem to understand what's getting 'em," he went on. "That's what makes me up so. I counted on making a big stake with Thanksgiving turkeys, and as for them Cornish Indian game capons, they're worth more in the New York market than turkeys any days in the year. We kin deduct \$15 from the Thanksgiving money right now, and so tellin' what the pesky critters will do for tonight and every night for the next two weeks."

"What's a-takin' 'em, Danny?" Kitty's arm was around his neck again. She had forgiven the one hasty speech. He was so manifestly not angry with her, but with the fate that pursued him.

"Mink!" There was no need for further comment. What could a mere farmer, an awkward, two-legged man do when his henery was the center of attraction for a "perfect swarm" of mink? To his astonishment, his wife's eyes grew suddenly bright.

"Mink?" The funny little critters that they make furs of? That's what his new set's made of, and, Danny, she paid \$75 for just a neck piece and a muff. Who'd ever think anything so common as chicken feathers would cost so much?

"There it is again. The minks comes in and steals my turkeys and your ma takes their hides to dress herself up in." It seemed like the irony of fate that Kitty's mother should profit by all his losses. Kitty's mother, who had given the mink matter that came to him, Kitty's shallow, purse-proud mother, who took intense delight in the insulting "I told you so" when each new mishap befell him.

"Danny, I've got an idee. We can't make no money fadin' 'em. We kin make 'em with hogs and poultry. Suppose we try mink."

"I've got all the mink I want, right now," Dan spoke sharply again. What business had a woman to offer advice, foolish advice at that? To keep within her household sphere, to be loved and petted, to take his mind off his toil and his trouble, to provide good dinners for the inner man, and be the sunshine of his life.

Dan was willing to work, to work early and late for her. He would gladly have clothed her in satins and furs; but the masculine in him resented her interference in the business side of his life. Besides, how could a man go into the mink raising business?

Kitty pushed him resolutely into a chair and plumped herself down on his knee. Her "idee" was not to be put away so lightly. In that position she could have her say. Dan knew when he was "at upon" by his wife. It was a little way she had when she wanted to persuade him against his will.

"I was up to Saint Looey, the fall before was married, and I heard about them buyin' all kinds of pets and sellin' them to the men that makes up the furs. I heard 'em say that a fine mink skin would fetch \$5 a yard. They have the traps set the bait to sell, and you don't have nothin' to do but take in the hides and go 'round and collect your money."

"Who told you all that? I never heard such a thing," Dan was alive with interest. "Could this new visitation of Providence be an angel in disguise? At least the thing would bear investigation."

"Cousin Tom took me down to see the place. I see furs piled up like little mountains, \$500 worth of furs in one pile. Silver fox skins that fetched \$1.00 apiece in the city, and sea otter skins that sold for twelve that much. I don't know how I came to forget all about it."

"And you say a fellow kin get the traps and the bait that is bound to fetch 'em?" Dan was all excitement now. He was on his feet, the clinging apron still around his neck.

"Kitty, it it don't do no good, sellin' 'em, we kin at least get rid of the pests that's eatin' the turkeys and capons."

gambler, and everybody's a rich man and a banker, and everybody'd be a fool that wouldn't side with 'em. Kitty took the words out of her mouth.

"With the man that's got the cash?" "Well, all I've got to say is, when you're ready to get down often your high horse and come home and get a divorce, Henry'd be waitin' at the church door with a kerchief for you. I thought as Thanksgiving was comin' on, I 'se might cut and tell you the good news. I know mighty well you ain't got nothin' else to be thankful fur. He told Jane Peters last night that he'd never marry no one else as long as you was on top of 'em."

"That was his way to let poor Jane down easy. He didn't want her no more, and he'd let her go, and of he did, I wouldn't give Dan's little finger for all his money and his horse and his barn."

The disagreeable visit over, Kitty busied herself with her household duties. Some thing told her that the time in the lane of trials and disappointments was at hand. She was not afraid to stay alone with her baby and her faithful watch dog; but she did so want to save the turkeys and chickens. There was a big steel trap down in the cellar, and she had set it in the house when she and Dan were married. It was a relic of Dan's father, who was known to have queer notions about things.

In the box with the trap was a bottle that bore the label, "Mink Bait." Evidently this was not the first visitation of mink in that section of the country. Kitty studied the directions for setting the trap and applying the bait. Then she selected the most suitable place for the trap, not far from the roosting place of the turkeys and only a little way from the chicken house.

When Dan got home, late the following night, she had something to show. It was a dead mink thirty inches in length. It was an ornery good luck for the traveler. Dan had put all his ready cash in traps, traps for mink, raccoon, opossum and-to his wife's astonishment and disgust-and skunk! Kitty Ellis never dreamed of such a thing as that there were people who would pay \$2 for a pelt of a polecat, nor that women would wear furs made of the horrid little feline's hide. She had yet to learn that if the skunk is treated with proper deference and respect in the catching, he is no worse than a common house cat, and also that all the "black marten" fur that is sold in the store is skunk fur.

Dan could not wait until the following day to try his traps. He was a man of boundless enthusiasm and energy, the sort of a fellow who is likely to go to the bad if he has not the proper outlet for her superabundant vitality. At the time of his marriage, he had formed ties and associations that, with too much prosperity, might have led him to fulfill the worst of his mother-in-law's predictions.

"Why, Kitty, it's great, simply great!" he cried when the second shipment was ready to be sent to St. Louis. "As for variety of kind, the woods is full of them. We'll make a fortune outen the very things that was robbin' us, and all because I listened to my little girl, thank the Lord for her!"—The New Southwest.

Why, Kitty, it's great, simply great!" he cried when the second shipment was ready to be sent to St. Louis. "As for variety of kind, the woods is full of them. We'll make a fortune outen the very things that was robbin' us, and all because I listened to my little girl, thank the Lord for her!"—The New Southwest.

Sandy's Crossing Delaware

By Louise B. Rhodes

THE program of songs and essays prepared for Washington's birthday day failed to interest the pupils of the Weston school as the new teacher had hoped it would. A spirit of restlessness possessed the older boys. It was not until Sandy Adams described the crossing of the Delaware that the school settled down to real attention. Sandy was a boy of many enthusiasms. His description was full of vivid details and was still the topic uppermost in the minds of the children as well as of the older people.

Some one had stolen forty head of cattle from Simon Douglas' farm on the edge of the village and although all the men in the neighborhood had turned out in search of the animals, the missing animals had been found.

As soon as the pupils of the village school were released they joined the groups of excited farmers scattered about the streets discussing the robbery. But the farmers, instead of discussing the probable identity of the thief, were busy with speculations as to the road over which the cattle had been driven. The boys soon tired of their elders' wise remarks and drifted into groups of their own.

While the other boys sat about the ferry landing, Sandy Adams, not yet wholly recovered from the effect of his essay, wandered about by himself, mentally comparing the rude, freight, shifting Missouri before him to the peaceful Delaware, which he had never seen. All at once his attention was attracted by indistinct hoof marks in the sand of the river bank.

"Hi, Larry," said Sandy, "I've been looking for you. Come over here. We'll have to hurry to cross the river before dark," said Larry. "I hate to leave these fellows and the cattle, but they can't get far before we can get some one after them."

"We can make it hard for the men to get out of the shack," said Sandy, "I'll slip up on the roof and creep through the door latch and make a bar of it."

Swiftly and silently he accomplished his purpose and the boys re-embarked. It was not until they were safe on the other side of the river that they dared wonder about the thieves got the cattle across the river.

The hut was found as the boys had left it and the men within proved to be in a drunken slumber. They were secured and the mystery of the abduction of the cattle was easily explained. One of the men, an old John's nephew, who had often helped

Every garment personally selected by our own buyers in Paris.

We announce beginning Monday remarkable reduction sale

All our exquisite Imported Ladies' Costumes, Gowns, Wraps, Feather and Marabout Boas at Less Than Half Price



As we approach mid-season for evening costumes and wraps we find we have too many high-class imported garments on hand, and we offer them at a tremendous sacrifice Monday. These Gowns, Wraps and Boas were all selected by our own buyers in Europe. A distinct air of chic Parisian fashion in each article. It is a rare event from every standpoint.

ELEGANT IMPORTED GOWNS AND COSTUMES

A \$250 Worth gown of satin and silk net, pearl and brilliant trimming, at \$135	A \$250 Felted Poret gown of spangled and iridescent net, over pink, at \$100	Five Gowns, worth up to \$125 each, at \$75	\$39
A \$215 Worth gown of black and white tulle, with cut brilliant ornamentation, at \$100	A \$200 Pasquin gown of wadded chiffon velvet and baby Irish lace over silk, at \$75	Twelve Gowns, worth up to \$100, each, at \$50	\$35
A \$150 Worth gown of Bordeaux colored chiffon and chiffon velvet, at \$100	A \$125 silk mull and lace lingerie Princess, at \$50	Twenty-three Gowns, worth up to \$65, at each	\$25

THE STUNNING EVENING AND OPERA COATS

A \$250 Felted broadie silk, with wide all silk lace, at \$125	A \$150 Fringed Bordeaux velvet coat, with heavy white silk lace, at \$85	Eleven Brelling coat of allover Renaissance lace, with black and white trim, at \$50
A \$250 Ignace coat of white chiffon broadie and heavy hand-lace, at \$125	A \$150 Highland coat of chiffon velvet and silk braid, with Renaissance trimming, at \$85	Eleven white Broadie Opera Coats, worth up to \$75, at \$50
A \$150 Holchenberg coat of white broadie and heavy braid lace, at \$85		Nineteen white Broadie Opera Coats, worth up to \$60, at \$50

FINE MARABOUT AND FEATHER BOAS
ON SALE IN OUR CLOAK DEPARTMENT—SECOND FLOOR.

A six-strand 100-inch brown and white Marabout and Ostrich Boa, former price, \$32.50, at \$19.	A four-strand 72-inch all brown Marabout Boa, former price, \$28.50, at \$16.50.	An 84-inch all white Ostrich large full Stoll, former price, \$42.50, at \$28.00.
A large, full shape Peltine Marabout and Ostrich Boa, former price, \$22.50, at \$12.50.	A three-strand all white 60-inch Marabout, former price, \$12.50, at \$8.50.	A 76-inch all white Ostrich, large, full shape, former price, \$22.50, at \$15.00.
A five-strand 100-inch brown and white Marabout Boa, former price, \$19, at \$9.95.	A three-strand brown 60-inch Marabout Boa, with white tips, former price, \$12.50, at \$8.50.	A 72-inch all black Ostrich, large, full shape, former price, \$12.50, at \$11.50.
A brown and white Peltine, with three strands and full cape collar, former price, \$25, at \$12.50.	Ostrich and Marabout large curled Ruch, velvet ribbon trimmed, all white and black and white, former price, \$25, at \$15.50.	Black or white Ostrich Tippet, silk velvet streamers, former price, \$19.50, at \$13.00.
A four-strand 85-inch Marabout Boa, with black and white ends, former price, \$15.50, at \$9.50.		A black or white Ostrich Tippet, silk velvet streamers, former price, \$15.50, at \$9.95.

Why Omaha Should Be Thankful

(Continued from Page Three.)

chapter Captain Chittenden asks these questions: "What of the future? Is the useful purpose of the Missouri river in the upbuilding of the west already fulfilled? Is its great highway a closed book? Such, it must be admitted, is the general view."

"Answering back, I say, navigation of the Missouri river is already resumed to Kansas City. The steamboat is coming back to it in all its original glory. A great convention of notable men recently assembled at Kansas City, who are to unite powerful states, to induce congress to spend millions to redevelop this little Pacific Northwest, and the boys were won for Omaha forever. The wording of that contract, in part, remains as it was written in the Parker house memorandum, although I feel like growing red in the face when I recall the fact that some of the provisions of that contract, which was the salvation of Omaha, are being forgotten."

"I do not quite understand Captain Chittenden's idea of irrigating the lands of the great valley. I see no necessity for it as far as the lower Missouri is concerned. It is a great catch basin for rainfall and has large capacity for retaining moisture. Its soils are deep, and its fertility for farm growing practically inexhaustible. Chittenden probably applied his idea of irrigation to that part of the great valley where its trend to the westward marks the arid regions. It cannot reasonably apply to countless millions of acres in the lower valley, where the rainfall is ample. All that is needed for its dense population is protection from invasion and overflow, and restoration of light draught boats to transport its surplus foodstuffs through to the gulf of the markets of the world. Millions of people will dwell in this great valley some day, in answer to the demand recently voiced by James J. Hill for more farms in this great country

of ours for the hungry and home-seeking millions. Speaking of Henry T. Clarke reminds me of his old battle to drag the Union Pacific railroad to Bellevue as a starting point, before its construction had got fairly under way. All Omaha should thank him for his thoughtful and dangerous conduct in trying to get James F. Jay, the big railroad magnate of Detroit, in those days, to get an under hold on the Boston and New York control of the Union Pacific, did not quite succeed. That was about the time that Augustus Koenigs and myself were in the Parker house in Boston, endeavoring to write Jay a contract between Oliver Ames, Director Bushnell, Atkinson and others, and Omaha, which was ratified and concluded at a special meeting of the board of directors a few days afterwards in New York, Tom Scott presiding, whereby the Union Pacific headquarters, shops, and all little Pacific Northwest facilities were won for Omaha forever. The wording of that contract, in part, remains as it was written in the Parker house memorandum, although I feel like growing red in the face when I recall the fact that some of the provisions of that contract, which was the salvation of Omaha, are being forgotten."

The vast increase of its shops, the impending headquarters building, the outlay of many millions in improvements, and the large increase in the volume of skilled and well paid labor, are not the least of the causes of our present prosperity and growth. No less than \$5,000,000 a year is poured out of the coffers of this mighty corporation directly into the lap of Omaha every year in cash for the payment of labor and the purchase of supplies, scarcely a dollar of which comes from our own people, and yet—that is that we hear from the hoarse cry of discontent about these manufacturing corporations, which have, in truth, made

the people of Nebraska and Omaha the most prosperous, the richest, and the happiest people of their numbers who ever lived on earth in any age or time.

Omaha and Kansas Omaha long since became educational centers of influence, but they have rapidly developed upon broad lines of advancement to a position which enables our people to count them next to the churches and religious institutions, among their richest possessions. Want of space forbids a review of the religious work of Omaha in the last fifty years. The foundations were laid, as has been already stated, by young men from the old states, who did not forget the need of organized religious and moral forces in our civilization, and the result has been a rich harvest of good to the city and state. For these blessings of church and school, our people should be forever thankful. A few salient facts in respect to Omaha's schools and colleges will be, I am sure, of surpassing interest to all thoughtful men and women. Their number and character, the fine array of teachers, and the tens of thousands of students who are being educated in them, may be given upon reliable authority, as follows:

Public schools	No. Instructors	Students
Catholic parochial sch's	14	2,240
Evangelical	1	618
Girls school	1	618
Omaha university	25	111
Business colleges	2	1,000
School for deaf	1	209

The public schools of the two Omahas (included in the figures above) represent an investment of \$2,572,715, and the operating expenses for 1905 amounted to \$1,577,115, a very respectable sum. The data are not at hand for determining the value of private school property in Omaha, but Creighton university is quite wealthy, and, with its recent generous endowment basis for all time; the fine medical, dental and law schools are a part of the great institution of learning, Brown Hall, the theological seminary, Mount St. Mary's and the Academy of the Visitation, and others, which have handsome homes; Boyles and Rohrbaugh's business college buildings must be considered, also, the Catholic parochial schools contain an important

Who's Got the Button?

The United States Census Bureau says that last year there were 4,296,785,008 buttons made in the United States. And there will be 5,050,660,660 buttons made this year, and about 6,000,000 next year, according to the rate of increase for the last decade. This seems almost incredible, says Art in Buttons, when one considers that this is simply the output in the United States and takes no account of the buttons of special kinds that are imported every year. The average man buttons and unbuttons a shirt or forty buttons on his apparel twice a day.

According to the census report New York holds the first place in value of button products, having displaced Massachusetts, which was first in 1900. Connecticut is second, New Jersey third. To look at a nice array of buttons on a suit of clothes, a person not intimately acquainted with the

button or clothing business would hardly imagine that it is a purely vegetable product; in fact, the nut of a tree, which within the last twenty-five years has come to be of very great importance to the civilized world. The nut is known the world over as vegetable ivory, and the title is most appropriate. These nuts are known in their native land as Tagua or Corozo, and are a product of the northern part of South America and the Isthmus of Panama. The scientific name of the plant or tree phytelephas, and the tree itself closely resembles the palm, with magnificent wide leaves spreading out from the top of the trunk.

The young plants are among the most beautiful products of nature, and are much sought after by palm collectors. The flowers are of very showy color, and grow in the large pendular clusters five to six feet long, and are very fragrant, the odor being somewhat similar to that of almonds. These flowers finally wither away, and in their place grow the burrs which contain the seeds of the plant, and this seed is the nut from which the buttons are made. The burrs which contain the nuts or seeds grow on the tree just at that point where the palm-like leaves spread themselves from the trunk, similar to a different kind of a palm. These burrs and nuts resemble in a great many ways our common North American horse-chestnut, except that the burrs are very much larger and heavier, and contain, instead of one or two nuts, like the horse-chestnut, anywhere from eight or ten to thirty or more. These burrs, or cones, open when the fruit is ripe, and in bursting release the seeds (nuts), which drop to the

Take Hold of the Roots

In an old-fashioned Methodist lovefeast one of the brethren concluded his testimony by saying: "I feel that the Lord calls me, but the devil is up early, and after me every day. I'm about all I can do to keep out of scorchin' distance of him."

"Why don't you climb the tree of salvation, brother?" came from the "amen" corner.

"I've climbed that tree," was the answer, "but the old sinner set fire to it, an' smoked me out!"

"Take hold of the roots, then, brother!" the "amen" corner answered. "Take hold of the roots! An' of the devil pull the roots up, jump into the hole an' holler halleluia!"—Atlanta Constitution.

money value, which cannot be accurately stated. These facts indicate the educational growth of Omaha in the past fifty years, and evidence its power for good citizenship which words cannot measure.

Five hundred and sixty-one teachers are in our public schools, in charge of the moral and book education of more than 20,000 children. All but a very few of these teachers are women, as they ought to be. How much our people owe to the high character, refinement and capacity of the educational guardians of the children of Omaha, who are to constitute, in a large degree, its future manhood and womanhood, can only be appreciated by the fathers and mothers, and others who have closely observed their adaptation to their great responsibilities and labors. Let us never forget opportunities for doing for many years. Some of them have gone out from among us. Recent years—Anna Poos, for instance, deeply regretted by the entire community. But the school contains many who survive her who have strong hold upon the esteem, confidence and affection of the people of Omaha. Let us never forget to be thankful for the bulwarks of security which belong to our educational institutions. We ought to be grateful for the work of those whose lives and labors are of so much value to the home, to society, and to the state.

And now, in view of all the blessings which we have received, let us unite in a joyful thanksgiving for the richest of all possessions, the worthy wives and mothers and the fair daughters of our city, compared to whom all else is mere dross in the comparison—"God bless them, every one." Never mind the same. They don't count for much in the realm of the home, ever, which only queens and princesses, gentle mothers and loving sisters, have any right or reason to either rule or reign.

GEORGE L. MILLER

Gangadhillen