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# J. L. BRANDEIS "BOSTON STORE" & SONS

Nearly Our ENTIRE BASEMENT Devoted to This Sale— Seventy Clerks

## MONDAY IS THAT EXTRAORDINARY CURTAIN SALE

Entire Stock of Eastern House, That Retired From the Drapery Business, Including All Their Portieres, Couch Covers, Tapestry Yard Goods, Table Covers and Lace Curtains

We bought the entire stock at practically our own price. It is just another one of those cases where it is so well known that Brandeis always buys for cash, no matter how large the quantity, that the best bargains in the United States come to us.

The Entire Stock Will Be Sold Monday at These Wonderful Bargains

**ALL THE FINE PORTIERES**  
Gobelin tapestry and verona Portieres, velour, damask and mercerized portieres, worth up to \$15 a pair—in pairs, not singly—each

**\$1.98 and \$2.50**

**ALL THE COUCH COVERS**  
60 and 72-in. wide couch covers in the best known makes and all new patterns, actually worth up to \$10 each at, each

**\$1.98, \$2.98 and \$3.98**

**PORTIERES, Silk Piano Scarfs, Table Covers and Oriental Draperies—none sold less than \$4—as long as they last at, each**

**98c**

**All the Silk Tapestry**  
Silk plush, velour, mercerized tapestry, damask and brocatels and other drapery and upholstery goods—made to sell at \$6.00 a yard; at, a yard—

**35c 69c 98c**

**ALL THE Lace Curtains**  
Cable Nets, Filet Nets, Bobbinets, imported Nottinghams, as many as six pairs of a kind. Many would be a bargain at \$4 pair—hundreds of pairs at, each—

**49c AND 98c**

**All the Large Pieces FINE SILK TAPESTRY, Wool Damask, Brocatels, Etc.**

worth up to \$4 each, at, each

**98c**

### BRANDEIS STORES

**All Drummers' Sample LACE CURTAINS**  
worth \$1 pair, each

**15c**

**Full Size COUCH COVERS and TABLE COVERS**  
worth up to \$1.25, at

**69c**

**All the Fine Velour and Imported Tapestry Squares, worth up to \$1.50 each, at, each**

**25c-39c**

**All the Silk Gimp, Silk Cord and Velour Borders, worth up to 15c yard, at, yard**

**1c-2c**

**Full Size Stripe SCRIM CURTAINS**  
worth \$1.25 pair, go at, each

**25c**

**All the PIANO SCARFS,**  
worth up to 50c each, as long as they last

**10c**

**All the Fish Net, Silkoline and Novelty Net, worth up to 25c a yd., at, yard**

**5c**

### BRANDEIS STORES

#### BLOWS MADE TURKEY BLOOM

History and Feasting Originate in a Lively Rumpus.

**FATHER WASHINGTON SWORE**

And the Gobbler Secured a Clinch on the National Thanksgiving—Great Events Spring from Trifles.

The first national Thanksgiving day ever observed by the United States of America owes its historic interest mainly to one broken nose and an oath. To the oath we owe the supremacy of the turkey as our national feast day bird, and to the broken nose we owe the only evidence that has come down to us that George Washington ever swore. Yet all these important things are collateral to the main fact that we narrowly escaped losing Thanksgiving after all and that all the famed men of that day got into a very bitter quarrel over it and ate a turkey dinner at daggers drawn, so to speak.

The idea of having such a national holiday at all originated in the fertile brain of Alexander Hamilton, Hamilton was then secretary of the treasury, and in August of 1789 he broached the matter at one of the meetings of President Washington's cabinet. This much we know from the correspondence of General Knox, and in spite of the historical interest attending a most unique episode in our history, the whole matter is involved in more or less obscurity and the worn old tomes that tell it all lie in dusty nooks on library shelves.

The late General Hamilton, whose death so recently threw many notable New York families into mourning, had a very full collection of the correspondence bearing upon the celebration of this republic's first Thanksgiving. To be sure, there had been Thanksgivings in this country from time immemorial before our government was born, but the first celebration of a genuinely national character was the one appointed by George Washington of glorious memory. This correspondence is now in the possession of the Schuyler Hamiltons and is authority for a vast amount of hitherto unpublished history.

**Congress Takes Action.**

It was in September of 1789 that the matter was brought to the attention of congress. Representative Boudinot of New England moved that in view of the blessings so abundantly bestowed on the country by the Almighty a day of Thanksgiving be set apart by the president. The resolution was supported by Representative Sherman of Connecticut, but the one against it was supported by Representative Sherman of Connecticut. Many members of congress denounced the proposition as effete and monarchical, and we have the authority of Representative Muhlenberg of Pennsylvania for the statement that some members grew so personal in their discussions of the matter that blows were exchanged on the streets of New York. It appears

from the Hamilton letters, and the fact will certainly surprise the historian, that Jefferson and Hamilton immediately differed as to the desirability of the holiday. Jefferson, as appears from his letters, was opposed to the idea, because it seemed undemocratic. He was then, of course, fresh from his long residence in free thinking France, and at the very culmination of his skeptical progression. Anything that savored of prayer and church observance in the government was opposed to his extreme views in the matter of separation of church and state. He expressed these views of his with moderation and good sense in a concise letter, for he had as yet hardly assumed the reins of office. Unfortunately, the letter which Washington is said to have addressed to Alexander Hamilton on the subject appears to be lost. It is not among the newly discovered papers of the Hamilton family and will in all probability never be discovered.

However, the resolution went through congress and Washington duly appointed the last Thursday of November, 1789, as the first of one long line of national Thanksgivings. Immediately another acrimonious contest was begun. How was the day to be observed? It was proposed to have a monster procession of dignitaries, headed by Washington himself, on horseback. Jefferson's opposition to anything of the kind, as his letters show, effectively prevented such spectacular perambulation. It was finally determined that the day was a domestic holiday and should be observed in the privacy of the home after the good old New England manner. And they all came, from John Adams, the vice president, who came from Massachusetts, the mother of Thanksgivings.

**Mrs. Washington Plans.**

The settlement of the controversy was most gratifying to Mrs. Washington, who at once made arrangements to hold a levee in true colonial fashion in the presidential mansion. Everyone of prominence in the new government was asked, from Chief Justice John Jay down. And they all came, too, for George Washington was a gentleman, and to be asked to his house was a social distinction, apart from the fact that he was president of the United States.

Now it seems that Alexander Hamilton, eager to do anything calculated to put Thomas Jefferson to confusion, had been organizing all manner of festivities and observances likely to make Thanksgiving a noisy holiday. Jefferson, on the contrary, had held somewhat aloof from the whole thing, for he took great pride in his superiority to all affairs of a religious nature, and he looked upon Thanksgiving as a religious contrivance entirely. The documentary evidence on this side of the case is unhappily meager, and we know only that by the time the day arrived there had been engendered much unpleasant feeling between the cabinet factions, and this unpleasant feeling was communicated to the respective partisans of the two cabinet leaders. The friends of Jefferson did what they decently could to ignore Thanksgiving altogether, as John Adams' letters show very emphatically. Hamilton's partisans, on the contrary, did all in their power to make the day a success, and when the state of affairs was made known in Bol-

ton and in Philadelphia, the battle was hastily entered into. Washington had the mortification of seeing that his day of thanksgiving for the blessings of Almighty God had become a source of no end of contention.

However, the day dawned bright and even warm for New York. The bells of Trinity were rung for an hour, and there was a parade of one regiment reviewed by Hamilton from Faunce's Tavern. Then the cheering part of the day began by indulgence in various forms of stimulating perorations, and every one no doubt, was very thankful. Washington went to church in the morning, and at high noon began to receive his visitors. It was well on in the afternoon that Hamilton's little dinner began. It was rather a famous little dinner in its day and generation, although it is never talked of nowadays. It was eaten at Faunce's, and was the first official Thanksgiving banquet in our history. Hamilton was to respond to a toast, and then go off to the president's mansion, but it seems the secretary of the Treasury was behind time, and there occurred at the dinner table what would now be called a disagreement among gentlemen. We have much and detailed information about it in the Hamilton letters. In the first place Lieutenant St. Clair, a nephew of famed Arthur St. Clair, took occasion to say upon his honor as a gentleman that he was sober. An unblinking personality, and one who we know no more than his name was Tidal, and that he was an alderman and notary, impeached the veracity of Lieutenant St. Clair's assertion, and defied him to prove it. The lieutenant thereupon threw a bottle at nobody in particular, and missed his aim. In an instant, as they say in novels, all was confusion, and then, like a god out of a machine, in walked Alexander Hamilton. The scene that met his gaze, according to John Adams' account of it, was shameful. Viands and glassware and gentlemen were all massed together. However, they were separated, and Hamilton, reading the effect of the scandal in the Hamilton letters distinctly says so, but we have the same authority for maintaining that it was agreed that a gentleman is at times justified in insisting that he is sober.

**Dispute About the Turkey.**

The next thing that happened, according to the letters, as they say in novels, was the turkey. Where was the turkey? It had not been brought upon the table. There were loud shouts for turkey, but none was forthcoming. A proposition to dispense with that fowl was mooted down, and Alexander Hamilton swore—the Hamilton letters say he swore—that no citizen of the United States of America should abstain from turkey on Thanksgiving day. Well, they got a turkey somehow and ate it. Then they drank and cheered and sang songs, and sang songs and cheered and drank. They know how to observe Thanksgiving in those days.

This little matter attended to, Hamilton made a speech and bled him to the presidential abode. Here there had been dignified observance of the day, but it seems that some inkling of the little row at Faunce's had got around already, and Washington put some questions to the secretary of the treasury about it. Both Knox and Randolph mention the exercised condition of the president, and Hamilton seems to have been influenced somewhat by his recent excitement. However it was, Washington at any rate became vexed, and indulged in some pointed remarks. Readers of the history of the period remember the effective way in which Parton, Marshall and Hilliard have touched upon the anger of our first president. Washington's displeasure always took the form of just resentment. He resented the whole Thanksgiving episode. John Jay gives the language of the Father of His Country on this occasion with some pretensions to exactness. Washington was incensed that a young soldier should have broken his nose in a tavern brawl while professing to be giving thanks for heaven's best gifts. Our first president went so far as to say that it was disgraceful "by God." "By God, sir!" was the most blasphemous imprecation in the Washington vocabulary, and he used it twice to Hamilton. The first occasion was on this unhappy Thanksgiving. At the second Hamilton quitted his master.

Thus, in a bundle of family letters, does the forgotten episode lie preserved. Like every other event of the time, it has passed out of human knowledge, and the printed correspondence of the great ones of the time, in which allusion to it is made, responds amid dust heaps and is never perused by the eye of man. But it was a great event in its time, and made Thanksgiving a memorable day to our forefathers in official circles. History is silent on the subject of the future career of the lieutenant's broken nose, but Thanksgiving day has come down to us intact—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**Cat Saves Five Persons.**

The pet cat of Goldie Altmendinger of Ann Arbor, Mich., saved the lives of the five members of the family and in doing so sacrificed its own life. Fire started in the building used by the Altmendinger family as a residence and bakery, and while the family slept the first floor and cellar became filled with smoke.

Scouting danger, the cat ran to the door of Goldie's bedroom and scratched until Mr. Altmendinger was awakened. He hastily arose, roused his wife and three children, and cast about for means of escape. The smoke poured up the stairway, cutting off escape by that route, but finally exit was made through a second story window. Mrs. Altmendinger catching the two younger children as they were tossed to her, Goldie fell on the railing of the porch and was injured, but will recover.

After the fire was extinguished the charred body of the cat was found at the spot where it had gone to awaken the family.

#### DOUBLE USE FOR TURKEYS

Not Only Fill Owner's Purse, but Kill Grasshopper Pests.

**KANSAS WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE**

She Finds Thanksgiving Bird Easy to Raise, Provided Certain Rules Are Observed—Command High Prices.

"Last year my crop of turkeys numbered 300, with an average weight of twelve pounds and sold at an average price of 2 1/2 cents a pound," a Kansas woman in New York told a reporter. "It is four years now since I began raising turkeys for profit, and they have done so well in supplying me with money, besides adding to the income of the farm by destroying grasshoppers, that I feel almost as if I had struck a gold mine."

"It was about six years ago that I bought my first trio of turkeys. I thought it would be nice to raise our own birds for Thanksgiving and Christmas. They ranged along with the chickens in a two acre field of alfalfa which my husband had planted near the house. He thrived fourteen bushels of seed from that little field and not one bushel from the 200 acre field he had further away from the house."

"It happened to be a grasshopper year and the seed of the 200 acres had been destroyed, while on the two acres the poultry had destroyed the grasshoppers. Knowing that the turkeys roam further than other poultry we determined to deny ourselves at Thanksgiving and Christmas for the sake of our next season's crop of alfalfa."

"From three my flock had increased to twenty-three, each of my two turkey hens having hatched and reared ten young poults. The second year as soon as the young poults were able to fly to their roost my husband would have the flock driven to the alfalfa fields away from the house in the morning. For the first few nights it was necessary for some one to light out and turn their heads homeward, where on their arrival we gave them as much whole and cracked grain as they would eat up clean."

**Feed in Alfalfa Fields.**

"After a week or so it was never necessary to drive them out in the morning and seldom necessary to start them back at night. Having found out that their breakfast as well as food for the entire day was to be had in the alfalfa fields, they proceeded there on leaving their perch."

"Our experience that year was so successful that my husband and I decided to increase the flock to 100, and after that to sell the increase. We calculated that 100 birds would be able to keep 300 acres of alfalfa free of grasshoppers."

"Until taught by my own experience we had always believed that turkeys ate as

much as hogs, and for that reason no profit could be had from raising them for market. Now we calculate that one bird pays the cost of raising twenty. Where all the food has to be bought of course the profit would not be so large. Women from other sections of Kansas assure me that a turkey is no harder to raise than a chicken. Since it is so much larger and the price so much higher the profit must be greater."

"The grasshopper that we have to fight in the alfalfa belt is not the migrating one. It is a native and the increase from year to year in the alfalfa fields is wonderful. It destroys the seed crop by eating out a portion of the slender juicy stem supporting the tiny curled seedpod. So great a pest has the grasshopper proved itself to be in our section that several machines for gathering them have been invented. My husband and several of our neighbors now believe that turkeys are better than any of these machines, besides, having the advantage of being money producers."

"Turkeys in our section have two enemies. The first is the coyote, which fortunately can be seen at a considerable distance. At the sight of this enemy a flock of turkeys will rise as one bird and fly toward the house. During the time that we have been raising turkeys I have lost only seven from depredations of coyotes."

"The other enemy is the disease known as the blackhead. This disease is due to a germ that enters the body of the turkey through unsanitary food or drink. So far as I know there is no cure once the bird becomes infected. As with many other diseases in the poultry yard, one ounce of prevention is worth many pounds of cure. The best preventive so far as I have been able to judge from my experience is a strong constitution. Perhaps the best way to supply this strong constitution is to avoid inbreeding."

"For my purpose I prefer the bronze turkey and I am doing my best to get rid of the white stock with which I started out. I have found the bronze better foragers, harder as young poults, easier to fatten and heavier for the size of the frame."

"I have found turkeys about as easy to raise as chickens provided one or two simple rules are observed in the care of the young. For the first two weeks I confine my hens in dry, roomy coops, so arranged that the young birds can be shut in until they down on the grass has dried and when it rains. I believe that more young turkeys die from getting wet, either from dew or rain, than from any other one cause."

"After the second week I cut one wing of each mother hen and turn her and her poult into a small alfalfa field near enough the house to have them driven into their coop should there be an appearance of rain. When the poults are three months old they are able to look out for themselves and can be allowed to follow the hen with the flock. After the third month a turkey is about as healthy as any fowl I have ever raised."

"Perhaps I should also state that any of the poults that are not up to the mark in health and appearance it is best to kill

off or at least separate from the flock until it can be proved that they are worth keeping."

**Best Food for Poults.**

"The best food for young poults during the first week is wheat bread that has been soaked in milk. The first feed should not be given until they are thirty-six hours old. They should be given four times a day with a midday meal of well baked corn bread crumbled fine and mixed with chopped hard-boiled eggs and finely chopped onion, with the addition of some red pepper. This pepper should be chopped very fine and mixed in with the onion before being added to the other ingredients."

"I usually give this corn bread mixture at night and once a day. If, however, the weather is stormy or chilly I let the poults have it both morning and evening. It is a very rich and concentrated combination and should not be given too often. Under no circumstances should the corn bread be poorly baked."

"When I have it I also give my young birds hot chicken in place of the chopped eggs. The eggs and chicken take the place of meat, which is as necessary with turkeys as with chickens. After the first week I begin to mix a small portion of mixed grain with the wheat bread and bread by day increasing the ration until the day drops out and only the mixed grain remains."

"My favorite mixture is cracked wheat, hulled oats and cracked corn. In the fall when fattening the birds for market and after the grasshoppers have ceased to be plentiful I add about 10 per cent meat scraps. As long as the grasshoppers last the turkeys much prefer to gather their own meat."

"To persons beginning the business I would give the advice that they start on a small scale and learn from experience. In addition to the rules already given, they should take care to place the coops so that water will not settle in them. These coops should be made so that they can be moved from place to place, and should never be allowed to shelter two hatchings of eggs on the same spot in the same year. My husband has a succession of cow pens, using one one year and planting in it the next. I follow the same method with my turkey pens."

**How He Got Rich.**

"He tipped into our office and made several important signs before we were aware of his presence."

"Sir," he said, when he was sure nobody else was listening, "Sir, I wish to give you the opportunity of interviewing the wizard of the age."

"We replied with some feeble witticism to the effect that had he brought it wis him, but he continued:

"Ten years ago, a temperance lecturer assured me that if I would save the price of my daily drink, I would soon be able to own that brick block across the street. He also said that if every man would deposit my clear money, in ten years I should have saved enough to buy the department store at the other end of the block."

"Yes," we interrupted wearily. "We've heard it before. You followed his advice and today you'd like to borrow."

"To borrow nothing," cried the stranger. "Today I own those two buildings and the whole block in between them. And I'm the local agent for Killumcocon Whisky. Can I sell you a case, cheap?"—Cleveland Leader.