

THANKSGIVING FOR FAMILY

Mrs. Provident Leaves Matter to the Council's Decision.

EACH ONE PICKS A SPECIAL DISH

Oyster and Tomato Soup for the Start and Two Kinds of Pie for the Finish of the Dinner.

"We are all getting ready for our Thanksgiving dinner," said Mrs. Provident. "We held solemn convalescence and each asked for our special dish. Jack wanted good old mince pie, but was willing to let me make it without meat if I was sure it could be just as good. Jamie thought we must have less cream at first, but finally concluded if we'd be sure to have sweet pickled peaches and cranberry jelly and Jack's mince pie he'd get along without the ice cream. Marie debated over the salad and was the self-appointed maker thereof, deciding upon a fruit jelly. Father said it would not do to leave out the pumpkin pie, and I announced my first course to be a combination of tomato and oyster, thus giving soup and fish course in one. Turkey was the general dish, and we couldn't have that without onions, so it was the same old regulation Thanksgiving dinner after all, but as we all took a part in its development it seemed new at any rate to the children in the doing, and as to father and me, we are always glad when the good old things stand the test of time, and are accepted by the younger generation. We do not wish to deprive them of the right we had to experiment and change, and adopt all that is better in the new, but try to have them mingle this with the tried and tested work that the previous life has evolved. Jack made handsome menu cards by pasting a white one on a yellow one which gave a border of gold; on the upper left hand corner he pasted five grains of yellow corn and put under it 'Individual Portion at the First Thanksgiving Dinner,' below were the words 'We Give Thanks,' with the name of each member present at the board. Jack made a pumpkin vine and blossoms out of crepe paper that tried around a small pumpkin filled with white grapes and white cranberry jelly, the edge in which were white and yellow candies.

Marie's Fruit Jelly. Marie for her fruit jelly mixed a lemon jelly from one of the standard gelatine preparations whose directions are on the package; this she poured into a mould, inside of which a smaller mould filled with ice had been set, and the mixture set round; it made when hardened a bowl of lemon jelly. She removed the inner ice-filled mould by dexterously pouring out the melted ice and pouring in the mould a little warm water, which softened the gelatine just enough to admit of removing the inner mould. Into the hollow thus she put a mixture of chopped apples, celery and orange, cut in bits and dressed with a very small amount of French dressing, equal parts of oil and lemon juice, salt and pepper, shaken vigorously in a bottle until they made a creamy emulsion; over the top she poured some of the lemon jelly and set it out where it would be very cold. When ready to serve she dipped the mould in warm water a minute, ran a small spatula round the edge and down to let the air in, then inverted the mould over which the salad dish had been covered and a pretty form reposed in the dish, which she bore proudly to the table, together with some crisp bread sticks, which she had made the day before from roll dough.

Soup for the First. "But I am getting ahead of my story, for the first course should have been my soup. I cooked a can of tomatoes down nearly a half, adding a half of a bay leaf, three or four cloves, a bit of red pepper and just a very small piece of mace. A quart of oysters were brought to the boiling point, the oysters and seasoning added and served with croutons. The turkey was stuffed with the good old-fashioned dressing, crumbled bread, moistened with a tablespoon of butter to a cup of crumbs melted in a little hot water, but not enough to make the dressing very moist, as the steam of the turkey moistens it, and it should just drop apart a little when served. Season it with salt, pepper, a little thyme powdered or poultry seasoning and a little grated lemon rind. Do not stuff too tightly. Spread the turkey with butter and spread over a little flour or lay over very thin slices of salt pork; do this several hours before cooking; roast from three to five hours. If liked, chopped celery can be put on the turkey the last hour, which will make the dressing very moist. The cooked giblets must be chopped, the water in which they were cooked thickened with a spoonful of flour made smooth with cold water and the chopped giblets added. Serve with mashed potatoes.

Preparing the Pies. "I steamed my pumpkin then baked it a short time in the oven to give the rich flavor, scraped it from the rind and mashed it fine. To a cup and a quarter of pumpkin I added two cups of milk, half a cup of light brown sugar, the beaten yolks of two eggs, a level teaspoon each of cinnamon and salt, half as much ginger and just a pinch of cloves. Last, fold in the beaten whites of eggs, bake in a quick oven at first, then slow down and when the custard is very slightly quivery in the center it is done. "The mince meat I had prepared some time before, as follows: One cup each chopped apples, brown sugar and raisins, one cup bread crumbs soaked in a cup of water, one teaspoon each of cinnamon and mace, one cup currants and chopped walnut meats cooked together five minutes. When I made my pies I added two rounding tablespoons of butter, one beaten egg, the grated rind and the juice of a lemon and as much hot cider as was necessary to moisten it, with a little more sugar if necessary. "A cup of coffee and a bit of cheese finished our dinner."

PLENTY TO EAT IN MARKET

Offerings at the Stalls include About Every Substantial and Dainty. Even a little ingenuity ought to enable the housewife to get up a most nutritious meal with what the market affords just now. Everything is in ready for the Thanksgiving trade—everything—including many things not included in the original menu. The little cutaway grapes will be in Saturday morning or Monday at the latest and will sell for 25 cents a five-pound basket. These are the little red grapes that mix so well with the raisins and the nuts or in the salads if one but knows how. The naturally ripened navel oranges will be in the first of the week and will of course be sweeter than the forced fruit. Florida oranges are plentiful and sweeter than the others. Just a few pineapples are in and though scarcely larger than one's fist, sell for 25 cents each. They came as a local shipment. Louisiana and southern Texas are shipping the fresh vegetables and they are



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LEADER OF LIBBY PRISONERS

Death of the Soldier Who Burrowed Under Richmond Charnel House.

THRILLING EPISODE OF CIVIL WAR

Toll of the Most Dangerous and Painful Sort Undergone for the Sake of Freedom—Career of General Rose.

There has always been a great fascination in the escape of prisoners from dungeons, or from their later development, lockups and penitentiaries. In fact, the romantic literature of the prison is considerable, ranging from Saintine's "Piccola" to Baron Frederik Trenck's memoirs, and from "Monte Cristo" to the story of General Rose, who led over 100 Union soldiers out of Libby prison, and while himself was captured, more than half the others reached the union lines. It is the death of General Thomas Elwood Rose, which took place a few days ago at Washington, that reminds one of what large human passions are concerned in the simple case from duration—the inextinguishable love of freedom, hatred of mean conditions, the spirit of action and the hope of results, which are involved to make men undergo dangers rather more than less than those of the field of battle, and toll of the widest and most painful sort that the gallant French who were heavy iron which he had to contrive a way to shed temporarily while he worked his way through heavy stone fortresses walls; but he had only himself to regard, and worked with a comparative leisure; while there were 400 men in the secret of Rose's attempt, and the work had to be done in feverish haste, amid foul air and in so great a danger of suffocation that it was almost a miracle that Rose did not die in the tunnel, on the very verge of escape.

General Rose's War Record. Rose enlisted as private in the Twelfth Pennsylvania regiment in April, 1861, when he was 21 years old, and he fought at Shiloh, Corinth, Murfreesboro, and was captured at Chickamauga, when he was colonel in rank and had commanded a brigade at Liberty Gap. He escaped at Waldon, and was retaken the next day, when he was sent to Libby prison in October, 1862. The conditions of that old ship-chandler's warehouse were not even now forgotten. A barn of a structure, with nine large rooms, where 1,200 prisoners were crowded in, sleeping on fashion, head to head, foot to foot, in squads. There was no furniture, scarcely a knife, cup or tin plate, or a blanket among a score of beds. The prison was flooded the cellars, and in the easternmost cellar was "Rats Hell," where the wharf rats thronged; and here Rose began his tunnel eastward, his objective point being seventy feet distant to a vacant shed near the James river. Rose admitted to knowledge of his plans, and the work was done all under oath, but the work was done by a selected company of fifteen men, who were undaunted in spirit and strong in body. These men cared nothing for eating nor for sleeping—to get out was their one passion. They had secured a rope that had wrapped a barrel of clothing, and they dug a hole into the open fireplace in the kitchen, replacing the bricks every night and covering their work with soot, and thence they made a passage by their rope ladder to Rat Hell. The details of the work may be imagined, and how desperately they worked for the seventeen days which followed the completion of his plans. Beneath the prison earth they removed under the old hay in the cellar. When, on February 6, 1864, he felt almost sure that the rebels had discovered the plot, Rose worked alone all Sunday, with no implement but a broad-bladed cold-chisel; and Monday morning he slipped and fell, and was not up until midnight. Air there was none except what his comrades could force into the tunnel by the swinging of blankets at the entrance, a matter of fifty-three feet; and even his stout heart and body almost gave up in the horror of suffocation. He dropped his chisel and crawled on his hands and knees, and never was anything more grateful than the cold earth that fell upon his face. He was almost at the last gasp.

Flight of the Prisoners. No attempt was made to escape until the next night, Rose and his first company of fifteen went out on the evening of February 9, and although it had been agreed that an hour should pass before fifteen others followed them, there were 300 that crowded the kitchen. There were 199 in prison who made their escape; of these fifty-nine reached the union lines, forty-eight were recaptured and two drowned. The men all took their own course after getting out; Rose himself went out of the city by the York river railroad, and finding the Chickahominy bridge guarded, he crept into a hollow log, and in the evening forded the Chickahominy, waded through swamps, dodged an alarm as he ran, and lesser adventures, fell into the hands of three confederates who wore federal uniforms. Escaping them, he was almost immediately taken again by a squad of confederates and returned to Libby prison, where he remained until exchanged in April for a confederate colonel, and July 2, 1864, he rejoined his regiment and served to the end of the war, taking part in the Atlanta campaign, at the actions of Pine Mountain, Kennesaw mountain, the siege of Atlanta, the battles of Franklin and Nashville, and in the pursuit of General Hood. He was three times brevetted, and later he was given a commission in the regular army, Eleventh Infantry, and served in Arkansas in the reconstruction troubles, at New Orleans also, and was engaged for years in the Indian service. He became a major in the Eighteenth infantry in 1892, and retired in 1894 by the age limit, and given the rank of lieutenant colonel for his civil war service.

Another Cure. A new cure for baldness is reported. It is a combination of light and heat. The surgeon plays the combination and wins either way. If he doesn't raise the hair, he relies upon the baldness to raise the hair. When the heat gets in its work on the unprotected scalp, the hair is invariably raised a bow!—no matter what else is tried. The light is focussed on the ailing section and the heat gets there without focusing. The surgeons are puzzled to determine which is the more powerful, the power, the light or the heat—but the patient doesn't care, as long as the single either way.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.