

# Stairs of Sand

By Anna M. Regan

## CHAPTER 12 (Continued)

In the middle part of the ascent of Doug's Hill, Sara saw her Aunt stop suddenly and heard her utter a gasping exclamation.

"What is it, Aunt?" she asked, bending over, "anything the matter?"

"Nothing unusual," she said, breathing quickly. "When a body gets to be an old as I am they must expect to have pains, I suppose."

"Pains? What sort of pains? Do you want to rest? Sit down?"

"Of course I don't. You wouldn't want me to sit down in the middle of the road, would you? But when a doctor tells me I don't know when I have a pain because he can't find anything wrong where I say the pain is—well, then I say he'd better look where it isn't. Because smoke comes out of a chimney doesn't signify the roof is on fire. . . . There! I'm all right again. Go on."

The next day after dinner, Bessie was reclining in the hammock in the rose arbor and Sara was sitting on an easy chair there, watching for the mailman when Cy Pratt turned in the gate and came up the walk and turned to where the girls were.

"The weather's better today than Sunday's weather a better," Cy said. "But I guess he looked wrong. I never saw sky so clear or

sunshine so bright as the last four or five days."

"The weather is truly gorgeous," Sara agreed. "I really think you have more nice weather here than we do in Glenville."

"All the old salts have been prophesying that we are going to pay for it pretty soon," Cy continued. "The weather man has been issuing bulletins for a week and every day they grow blacker and blacker. He vows he never saw a stretch of weather like this at this time of the year without a sou'wester or some other spot following in its wake. He says the 'Equinoctial' is due now anytime. That's it'll be in the night most any minute. That's the almanac storm in the almanac. But that never made any difference with old-timer's faith in it. If it didn't come one week they waited until the next and finally when it did come they'd declare that when they prophesied it would come."

"My father used to say 'when the glass is high that's the time to watch it.'"

"What can Aunt Anne be hurrying so for," Sara exclaimed. "Auntie don't hurry, no, please," she called. Mrs. Shattick's face was pleasantly excited looking.

"I have good news," she told them. "A bulletin just put out in the post-office, said Miss Hazette. He can lead won the popularity contest conducted by the Examiner in the towns of Topham, Trenton and Glenham."

"How nice!" Sara said. "Oh, that's wonderful news!" Sara took Bessie in her arms. "Congratulations, my dear Bessie. That's sometimes your lot right."

and indigent sailors at Topham, by the daughter of a native of the town, was pronounced by rich and poor, as just the proper thing to be done, for their town had unquestionably given more of her sons to that calling than any other town along the coast.

Captain Shattick Long headed the subscription for the purchase of a little with ten or hundred dollar bills. Mrs. Shattick appointed him secretary and treasurer of the purchasing committee, which proved a wise move and relieved her of a lot of responsibility.

Sara had occasional pangs of homesickness and intended to return to Glenville about the first of October. Mrs. Shattick had been persuaded by a persuasive salesman to buy a small radio. Bessie and Sara were in the homey sitting room, one evening, listening in. A beautiful tune—Sara's heart and mind raced back to Glenville and an across long miles to her dear ones in far off California.

She felt she couldn't sit still and hear it another second. It was raining, beating hard against the windows and she knew the darkness would be impenetrable. She decided, however, to brave the storm and walk down to the postoffice.

"I have an errand at the drug store and a letter to drop in the office, Bessie, so I'm going to put on my rubber and a slicker and walk down there. I have always loved to be out when the rain comes."

"I do not think Mrs. Shattick would want you to go. Bessie returned.

"I'm pretty sure she would let me down again. You see, she took up a hot drink, said she had a cold."

As Sara went down the hill to the village, it was no dark, she couldn't avoid puddles that often went over the tops of her rubbers.

As she opened the drug store door, she saw a man standing at one side. There was something about him that caused a closer scrutiny. He looked up, looked her over slowly, gravely. She recognized him as the young man who had come up to the town on the train with her. It seemed months ago. After she had made her purchases and turned to go, she again found the gaze of the young man fixed on her—not in any way and could recall, however.

His face was before her as she raced home through the storm. He looked, well, just the type she would like to know, like to have for a friend. It was just possible that he was twenty, too. Life was certainly baffling—so much like a game of tag, with life and the individual the players.

She didn't know his name! How she wished that she did know him! He came to the town a stranger—it would be thrilling to compare notes on his reaction to the place. His views of the vicinity would count. Cy Pratt called him a writer. She felt hot rebellion in her heart at the cruel fate that always interposed between her shut in life and a boarder, freer life with many worthwhile friends—especially young men friends. The dark young man filled her mind when she seated herself before her easel the following morning to sketch unusual bits of landscape around the village.

She wanted to have contact doses of them ready when Cy Pratt's office building was finished and everything ready to launch Desie into the business world. On this nice morning, Sara picked the lawn in front, on which to spread her kit.

"Well, you have many pounds to gain before you will be normal, haven't you, Bessie? Please run down to the mail box. The mailman dropped in some letters a couple of minutes ago."

"There was a letter for Sara from Lois, also one for Mrs. Shattick from her daughter, Ruth. Both letters were read and discussed and re-read over the dinner table.

"Everything seems to be going well at home," Sara disclosed with a far away look in her eyes.

"I yum," Mrs. Shattick spoke with some disgust. "Ruth says all left for Boston the morning she wrote this letter, yesterday morning, wasn't it? His friends got this job for him quickening he thought he could. He says to ship on their furniture, that it will be easy to get a small flat. So, Ruth, wants me to come right up there and stay with her until she gets the furniture packed and shipped. Al always manages to steer clear of that part of it. I don't see how I can go just now, either, very well."

"Why, of course, you must go Aunt Anne," Sara said decidedly. "I'm sure there's plenty of us here to take care of things for the few days you're away."

"This is our 'Old Home Week,' Sara, with Friday and Saturday as Visitors' Day. There's to be a dinner served at six both nights in the town hall basement. I promised to

help Mrs. Long, Saturday night."

"Why don't you go up to Ruth's on the evening train today? This is Monday. You could be through up there and come home, Friday night. Anything you want done, just tell us and we'll take care of it."

"Well, there's the seventy pupils I've shut up to fat, so to have 'em ready to sell before cold weather."

"Lisbeth could probably be able to give them intelligent care, wouldn't she?"

"Mrs. Shattick smiled. 'I wouldn't leave my old-time cat, 'Muggins,' in her care if he couldn't hunt some for his own living."

"All right, Auntie, you write down everything you do with those chickens every day, and Bessie and I will both solemnly promise to carry out your instructions to the last letter."

Sara was locking up on Thursday night, when a car stopped at the gate and a man and a woman got out and came up to the door. The woman, Janet Royce, now Mrs. Van Horn, a niece of Captain Shattick, horn and raised in Topham and now located in the far west, expected to stay at Mrs. Shattick's, having come back to town for 'Old Home Week.' Her husband had driven her down from Boston and had returned there at once.

"Aunt Anne is with Ruth," Sara informed her, "but she'll be home tomorrow on the noon train. So make yourself right at home. I'm sure she'll be delighted to find you here when she comes."

Although the almanac said September, a week of the hottest weather of the summer had descended on Topham. Heat flared back from the asphalt that was all now since the day of the old timers; but the burned and dusty would be the young boys, the hot and raked leaves of the hedges—those were familiar, at any rate.

How sweltering it was going to be for the old timers! They were to have six o'clock dinner in the town hall basement. Still, there was no place cooler.

"My what a nice building! We didn't have anything like this in our day," the visitors were saying.

**Apple and Carrot Dishes**  
By BETTY BARCLAY

Apples and carrots are plentiful, cheap and beautiful. Here are two novel salads in which they may be used to advantage.

**Apple-Cocoanut Salad**  
3 tart apples, pared, cored, and diced  
1/2 cup seedless raisins  
1/2 cup coconut, southern style  
1/2 cup mayonnaise  
Toas apples, raisins, and coconut together slightly. Moisten with 1/2 cup mayonnaise. Serve on crisp lettuce. Garnish with remaining mayonnaise and sprinkle with paprika. Serves 6.

**Cocoanut and Carrot Mold**  
1 1/2 cups grated raw carrots  
1/2 cup coconut, southern style  
1/2 cup mayonnaise  
Combine carrots, coconut, and mayonnaise. Blend. Pack tightly into individual molds. Chill. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with additional mayonnaise. Serves 6.

**Jelly Roll Novelties**  
By BETTY BARCLAY

Make your own jelly rolls and surprise the family with your guests. Many women do not know how to make these delicacies, but really they are quite easy to prepare.

**Grape Jelly Roll**  
(4 EGGS)  
1/2 cup special cake flour, sifted  
1/2 teaspoon baking powder  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1 egg, unbeaten  
1/2 cup sugar  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
Grape jelly

Sift flour, measure, combine baking powder, salt, and eggs in bowl. Place over smaller bowl of hot water, and beat with rotary egg beater, adding sugar gradually, until mixture becomes thick and light-colored. Remove bowl from over hot water. Fold in flour and vanilla. Pour into two pans, 15x10 inches, lined with greased paper. Bake in hot oven (400 degrees F.) 13 minutes. Turn from pan at once onto cloth covered with powdered sugar. Quickly cut off fringed edges of cake. Spread with jelly and roll. Wrap in cloth until cool.

**Minikin Jelly Roll**  
(4 EGGS)  
1/2 cup special cake flour, sifted  
1/2 teaspoon baking powder  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1 egg  
1 cup sifted sugar  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
1/2 cup red currant jelly

Sift flour once and measure. Combine baking powder, salt and eggs in bowl. Place over smaller bowl of hot water and beat with rotary egg beater, adding sugar gradually until mixture becomes thick and light-colored. Remove bowl from over hot water. Fold in flour and vanilla. Pour into two pans, 15x10 inches, lined with greased paper, and bake in hot oven (400 degrees F.) 10 minutes. Turn from pans at once onto cloth covered with powdered sugar. Remove paper. Quickly cut off fringed edges of cake. Spread with jelly and roll. Wrap in cloth until cool.

**THE SCHOOL CHILD'S DIET**  
By BETTY BARCLAY

With boys and girls well started again at school, and facing a long winter of strenuous study and play, a matter that demands the thoughtful attention of every mother is the continued health of her children and their ability to meet the requirements that will be made upon their stamina.

In this respect nothing is more important than an adequate and properly selected diet. To supply the body-fuel required for both mental and energy, the school child needs what seems to many adults an enormous amount of food. In a study made of growing athletic boys at a boarding school it was shown that their average daily consumption was 5,000 calories, whereas the average adult engaged in sedentary occupations consumes around 2,400 calories.

Between-meal eating is in general to be discouraged, but there is one exception. This occurs in mid-afternoon when the body-fuel supply of the normally active child frequently runs low and needs replenishing. There a mid-afternoon snack is in order, and an excellent one is provided by that old-fashioned bread remedy, a piece of buttered bread and jam or buttered bread and sugar. The bread, and the sugar in the jam or on the bread, supply fuel for energy. The fruits in the jam furnish vitamins and minerals.

With an adequate amount of food assured, the next problem is to be certain that the child's diet is properly balanced. Comparatively few mothers are able to say very accurately just what proportions of the needed elements—protein, carbohydrates, fats, minerals and vitamins—are provided by the different foods that make up the family menu. Nutrition is an accurate knowledge, necessary.

It is really only necessary to remember that meats, use dairy products and eggs provide protein and fats; that sweet foods, bread, potatoes and other vegetables provide carbohydrates; and that the great sources of vitamins are milk, fruits and green vegetables. If the daily menu is sufficiently varied to provide all of these foods, and that each one of these food groups is represented at each meal, you can be reasonably certain that your child is properly balanced and that the following would be an excellent day's menu.

**Breakfast:**  
Cereal with cream and sugar  
Milk  
Bacon and eggs  
Tast with butter and marmalade  
Lunch  
Creamed Chicken  
Baked sweet potato  
String beans  
Bread and butter  
Applesauce  
Milk  
Dinner  
Cream of celery soup  
Roast Lamb with mint sauce  
Mashed potatoes  
Beets  
Lettuce with dressing  
Bread and butter  
Cup custard

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**Thanksgiving Dishes**  
By BETTY BARCLAY

Thanksgiving dinners are great, and, as a rule, good for you. The old standby, pumpkin pie, calls for a generous quantity of sugar, one of our best energy foods. Other dishes furnish minerals, salts and vitamins. Here are two particularly delicious Thanksgiving dishes.

**Splendid Cranberry Jelly**  
4 cups cranberries  
2 cups sugar  
2 cups water  
12 whole cloves  
2 inch thick cinnamon  
4 allspice berries  
1 pint orange, and wash the berries. Put in a saucepan with the water and spices. Cook until berries are soft. Put through a strainer. Heat. Add sugar. Finish as cranberry jelly.

**Pumpkin Pie**  
1 teaspoon cinnamon  
1 1/2 cups cooked pumpkin  
1 cup milk  
1/2 cup sugar  
Salt  
1/2 teaspoon allspice  
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg  
2 eggs  
1 tablespoon butter  
Put the pumpkin, milk, sugar, salt and spices in a double boiler. Bring to the scalding point. Beat the eggs well. Add them to the hot mixture. Stir until it starts to thicken. Add the butter. Pour the hot filling into a baked crust. Bake in a moderately hot oven until the filling sets.

**Cumberland Sauce for Duck**  
(Serves 4-6)  
1-3 cup orange juice  
1-4 cup lemon juice  
1 cup powdered sugar  
2 tablespoons currant jelly  
Grate rind 1 orange  
Grated rind 1 lemon  
1 tablespoon grated horse-radish  
Mix ingredients; beat thoroughly; heat and serve.

**Midnight Sandwiches**  
By BETTY BARCLAY

Your guests will enjoy one or two of these sandwiches at their after-dinner luncheon. As a matter of fact, the family will relish them as a before-bed bite, any time. Try them and see.

**Spicy Celery and Pickle Sandwich**  
2 large sweet pickles (3/4 cup), finely chopped  
1/2 cup celery, finely cut  
1 tablespoon mayonnaise  
2 teaspoons catsup  
Combine, chopped sweet pickles and celery. Blend with remaining ingredients. Spread this filling on slices of buttered bread.

**Savory Minced Cheese Sandwich**  
1/2 pound American cheese  
1 tablespoon butter sauce from mustard pickles  
1/4 cup mustard pickles, finely chopped  
Salt  
Paprika  
Allow cheese to stand in a warm place to soften. Mash the cheese and blend with butter. Add remaining ingredients. Spread on thinly sliced whole wheat or rye bread, buttered.

**Conference of Sodality at the Civic Center**

On the evening of November 4, a Sodality Conference was held in the ballroom of the Columbus Civic Center. The purpose of this conference was to arouse a new interest in the Sodality of Mary. Groups of representative young ladies were present, together with their parish priests, from 36 parishes in the city and from 7 parishes out of town. Altogether, there were about 500 young people assembled in the hall. Father Daniel A. Lord, S. J., who is the national organizer of the Sodality of Mary, outlined the parish Sodality.

He showed very clearly how this society of young women could be of great assistance, not only to the pastor in his parochial work but also to the individual Socialist as a means of personal sanctification.

The work of the Sodality corresponds to the desire of our Holy Father in regard to Catholic lay action. For the Sodality of Mary seeks to instill in the hearts of all its members a love for things Catholic and a desire to make Catholic thought and Doctrine better known throughout the world. In order to do this, leadership is required. We must have young women of sterling character, endowed with a virile faith, ready to carry the light of Catholic truth to those who err through ignorance or prejudice.

The new life which this conference seeks to instill into the Sodality will depend largely upon the interest of the directors. The grace of God comes to the people through the priests. And grace comes to the Sodality through its directors. The success of Sodality movement, which was started last Wednesday evening depends upon the priests into whose hands the individual Sodalities will be committed. Let us hope that a new interest has been aroused by this first successful meeting and that its effects will be felt in every parish.

**Macedon Parish Chicken Dinner Saturday Eve**

A fried chicken dinner to which the public is invited will be served Saturday, November 14th, in Macedon, of which the Rev. Dr. George St. Patrick's Church, Macedon, of which the Rev. Dr. George F. Kettell is pastor.

The women of the parish are in charge. The dinner will be served from 8:00 to 8:30 o'clock. Many people from this city are expected to attend, and all will be cordially welcomed.

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