

Stairs of Sand

By Anna M. Regan

CHAPTER NINETEEN (Continued)

Peppy was packed in pretty tightly; more had driven in at the last minute than had been expected, and there was a desperate rattle of fans made of folded country papers in the midst of old and elderly people, fat women peering through their silk dresses, fat men who couldn't stand their coats on, and lame old men shuffling down the aisle to greet other old timers.

Here, carefully placed at the end of a line of benches, sat a frail old lady, withered and small, in her thin black dress, thin hands trembling slightly on her lap, but her eyes—bright under the film of age peering up with wistful eagerness through gold-framed glasses, hoping that someone would recognize and greet Grandma Keeler.

"Yes," her quivering voice told them; "I'm still here!" Most of

the visitors were from near by. But there were a few surprises. Many eyes were turned on Mrs. Shattick when she entered with Janet Royce that was a very nice-looking woman in white summer silk—when you looked at her face, prettily pink with bright eyes under the white hat, surely there was something familiar about it? Mrs. Shattick, looking pale also, dignified, with her violet-colored hat and snow-white hair, had her hand on the visitor's arm.

She stopped Mrs. Blount.

"Do you know who this is?" Well, seems like I ought to know her. Isn't it—

"Yes, it is!"

"Janet Royce? Well, for the land sakes! How did you get here?"

The visitor and Mrs. Shattick were laughing as the two women kissed. Mrs. Shattick was telling how Janet had come. By this time, Janet was surrounded. Old people who remembered her only as a girl, wanted to hear about her father and mother.

"Well, we didn't dream we'd have any of you folks with us. This is fine to have the Royces represented."

"Old Ad? Greer, who used to drive our bus over to the Junction, came hobbling up. He was beaming as he said:

"We was a hopin' your Pa could think of him every time I go by the old bus."

And that was what other people told her.

"We've never got used to T. P. ham without the Royces."

Janet listened, happy and mixed with smiling pain. As she talked with these old people, more and more she seemed to miss her own people from among them. Why, after all—as her Aunt Anne asked her—had they needed to move away? Oh, of course, several other families were moving west at that time, and her folks were comfort-

ably off and could afford to take things easily. Yet, they had always been home-sick—her mother especially, for her old friends, and they belonged to Topham. Mrs. Shattick was proudly determined to have everyone see Janet. And the neighbors were interested in seeing her, too—Janet Royce who had married well and traveled over so much of the world.

A woman with stout, freckled arms and gray, bobbed hair, came rushing in from the kitchen.

"Well, Janet, you old carling! I never expected to see you here!"

"It was Em Keeler—married now, of course—who had been in her own crowd."

Old Mr. Henry came up to her, not much older than he had seemed to her when she was a little girl—who still remembered what he had said to her once when her little dog had died. "We'll have to find you another."

"Well, well, here's my girl back! Just as pretty as always."

She was glad to be well-dressed and well-groomed, and not all afraid to meet her old friends. Mrs. Shattick was taking her down the aisle toward the old lady, who tried to hold up a trembling hand.

"You remember Grandma Foster, don't you?"

Oh, certainly Janet did. She had been Grandma even in those long ago days, a spry old lady, at that.

Mr. Foster was seated in the row porch in front, and the paint was the same Janet remembered it in the fall, 42, years in drifts on the lawn, and legs coming home from school with David to get a luncheon before they went out to play. It had a look of deterioration. The paint was dingy—the lawn unkempt—still.

"You," said Mrs. Shattick, "there it is, Janet."

"We had so many good times in the dear old place," said Janet. "No, I don't believe any young people ever had better times than the crowd you went with, in spite of the gloom on today."

(Continued Next Week)

Grandma Foster, the oldest of the old-timers, and her small wrinkled face wore a look of content, as if now after this day she was ready to go.

As Sara Leavitt looked around on the happy faces, she resolved to bring about an Old Home Week in her own town of Glenville just as soon as possible.

After dinner was the time for the old cronies and neighbors to get together. Janet refused to follow Mrs. Shattick, but old Mr. Greer detained her and took her hand.

"This has been the best part of the day," he told her, "to see you here again, Janet. I tell you, you folks ought never to have left here. You ought to have stayed and married David. That's the way it should have been."

Janet answered with a smiling shake of her head. Mrs. Shattick told her Cy Pratt was waiting outside with Mrs. Blount's driver to drive them around.

It soon looked to Janet that they were going out of their way to go to Mrs. Shattick's and then all at once she saw why. Mr. Pratt was taking her past her old home. "Know this place, Janet?"

Mrs. Shattick cried: "Well, I guess we do."

She had roused herself and was looking out at the small brown house—they were all looking at it as Cy slowed down the car.

It was not so much the house as the row porch in front, and the paint was the same Janet remembered it in the fall, 42, years in drifts on the lawn, and legs coming home from school with David to get a luncheon before they went out to play. It had a look of deterioration. The paint was dingy—the lawn unkempt—still.

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(Continued Next Week)

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Janet felt the eager pressure of a hand on her arm and turned her head to hear Em Keeler say:

"Janet, here's someone you ought to know."

Janet saw a man holding out his hand, and looked into pleasant brown eyes—he was stocky, not very tall, a little bald.

"Well, Janet, don't you know why David?"

"The whole place was suddenly familiar, now. Then there was a call:

"Farm in line for the dining room, Captain and Mrs. Silas Long leads."

Mrs. Shattick thought proudly that they were greeting Janet as a guest of honor. And that was just as it should be. It seemed to her she was the most interesting visitor at the "Homecoming." She was seated at the first table next to the principal of the school. Yes, Sara, head of the group that served, was calling some girl to wait on them. She was a pretty, graceful girl, too. Janet answered all the professor's questions and talked to him with her bright animation. She told him odd, interesting incidents of old local history.

"Do you know one I really miss, Aunt Anne," she cried. "I miss old Sid Farley. I think we children thought more of him than any other man in town. He always wore a civil war uniform with cold buttons on it."

"He was quite a character. Well he's been buried quite a long time now."

Mrs. Shattick beamed with pleasure that Janet should have remembered so much when she had been gone so long. To Janet the little town that had been a dream to her, was real again. She felt as if she were acting for her father and mother, as well as for herself, that once again the family was whole.

"Janet, I recollect when David and you were little tykes and you used to go down to the old mill pond to fish. You'd generally hunt me up to put your worm on. You said they wiggle so. Do you remember that?"

Janet said she did. Hours and hours they would spend down there looking for buried pirates' treasure.

Janet's whole heart seemed to open again, tender and flower-like—every little word touched her. She felt with poignancy the sweetness of returning to old relationships, and saw with tenderness the signs of age on all those well-remembered faces. An old, lost sense of home and peace unfolded her. She sank down into it, into the surrounding affection, the intimacy of knowledge that encompassed her from the beginning.

All the people at the dinner, awkward, old country people, and all, felt now a heightened sense of human unity. Old Jeth Blount was as much a part of the place as All Long, its wealthiest man. All met recognition. It was affection, not importance, that counted today. There was applause for

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Thanksgiving Dinner

By BETTY BARCLAY

AGAIN we have cause for thanksgiving. These times are not what they might be, but they are an excellent accompaniment for the meat course of the Thanksgiving dinner.

Housewives will soon begin to plan this big Autumn meal. They know how to roast their turkey, goose or chicken and how to bake a pumpkin pie so that it will taste just right. Here are some recipes, however, that will turn an ordinary Thanksgiving Day dinner into a real banquet. Best of all they are the kind of balancing dishes most housewives are constantly looking for.

Thanksgiving Salad (Serves 8)

- Cranberry Jelly**
- 4 to 6 oranges
Mayonnaise
- Mix cranberry jelly in individual molds. Chill. Turn out on salad plates, which have been covered with crisp lettuce leaves. Have oranges pared, with all membrane removed. Slice and cut slices in halves. Arrange a circle of orange around cranberry molds. Serve with mayonnaise.
- Lemon Sherbet**
- (Makes about 1 1/2 quart)
- 2 cups sugar
1 quart water
1/2 cup lemon juice
2 egg whites
- Boil sugar and water together for 5 minutes to make syrup. Add lemon juice and egg whites to a

blush. Add stiffly beaten egg whites and finish freezing. This is an excellent accompaniment for the meat course of the Thanksgiving dinner.

Cranberry Dessert

1 junket tablet
1 tablespoon cold water
1 cup cranberry jelly or marmalade
1 pint milk
3 tablespoons sugar
1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Prepare the junket according to directions on package. Pour at once into individual dessert glasses and let stand undisturbed in a warm room until firm—about 10 minutes. Then chill. When ready to serve add cranberry jelly or marmalade to each dish. A topping of sweetened whipped cream may be put over the cranberries if desired.

And Then Coffee

A steaming cup of coffee with your dessert will help you to remember the things you have to be thankful for. Make your coffee a little stronger than usual today. You may be surprised to find you have made it a little better than usual also. Those who prefer it weak may easily dilute it, while the real coffee lovers will enjoy it full strength. Percolate your coffee, boil it, or use the drip method—as you prefer. If you boil it, and want a perfect brew, put the ground coffee into the water and bring to a boil. Immediately reduce the heat and let steep from three to five minutes.

Economical Dainties

By BETTY BARCLAY

Who said bread and prunes were humble foods? They may be in some circles, but either may well form the base of a dish that is fit for a king. Try the following—and see how pleasing they are:

Coconut Bread Pudding

1/2 cup sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt
2 eggs, slightly beaten
2 cups milk, scalded
1 cup shredded coconut
2 tablespoons butter, melted
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup stale bread, cut into 1-inch cubes

Combine sugar, salt and eggs. Add milk gradually, then coconut, butter, and vanilla or nutmeg. Place bread in greased baking dish. Pour milk and egg mixture over it. Place dish in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 35 to 40 minutes, or until pudding is firm. Chill. Serves 6.

Prune Souffle

- 2 1/2 cup sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 egg white, stiffly beaten
1 cup coconut, southern style
1 cup cooked prunes, seeded and finely chopped
Fold sugar and salt gradually into egg whites; then fold in coconut and prunes. Turn into greased baking dish. Bake in slow oven (300 degrees F.) 45 minutes, or until firm in center. Serve hot. Serves 8.

Lemon Pudding

- 1 cup milk
1 cup coffee cream
12 drops junket brand lemon (yellow food color)
3 tablespoons sugar
1 junket tablet
1 tablespoon cold water
1/2 teaspoon lemon flavoring
- Dissolve the junket tablet in cold water. Warm milk, cream, and sugar to lukewarm (110 degrees F.) not hot, stirring constantly. Add the flavoring and the food color, then the dissolved junket tablet. Stir briskly a few seconds. Then pour at once into individual dishes. Let stand undisturbed until firm—about 10 minutes. Chill and serve.

Cakes and Muffins

By BETTY BARCLAY

The heat is over for a few months. Cakes, muffins, biscuits and pies are in order once again, and the many members of the family are anticipating these favorites. Here are two new recipes that will surely please.

Plantation Marble Cake

(2 eggs)

2 cups special cake flour, sifted
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
1/2 cup milk
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon each cloves and nutmeg
2 tablespoons molasses

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs; then flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Divide batter in two parts. To one part add spices and molasses. Place light and dark mixtures alternately, a tablespoon at a time, in greased pan, 8 x 8 x 2 inches. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 50 minutes, or until done. Frost with boiled frosting. Decorate with raisins and halves of walnut meats.

- Lemon Sauce**
- (Serves 4)
- 1 tablespoon cornstarch
1/2 cup sugar
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 cup boiling water
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons butter
Sprinkling nutmeg
Sprinkling salt
- Mix cornstarch, sugar and grated

The Senior Class Of Mercy School Names Officer

And Complete Staff Is Announced for School Magazine "Mercedes" — Eugenia Spro, Editor-in-Chief.

The senior class of Our Lady Mercy High School held their election recently. The results are as follows: President, Marie Hodgson; Vice-president, Marie Lavelle; Secretary, Eunice Schneider, and Treasurer, Catherine Stander.

The staff of the Mercedes School Magazine has been announced for the coming year. It is as follows: Editor-in-Chief, Eugenia Spro; Assistant, Anna Hoffman; Dorothy Meyerling, Lucille Lockner, Doris Paddock, Esther Cray, Mar. Ellis, Beth Lenjen, Rosemary La Londe. Advertising manager, Etta Marie Heberle, assistants, Marion Pallas, Margaret Grimes, Claire Louise Hivory, Dorothy Parsons, Dorothy Hill, circulating manager, Marie Lavelle, assistants, Ruth Garin, Jeanne Gove, Bernice Cahill, Anne Moran, Rita Marie Grupp, H. Dolard, J. Curran, M. Elok, M. Hartman, business manager, Eunice Schneider, typists, Marie Hodgson, Madeline Foley, artist, Loretta Baker.

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