

Grandma Twitchell's Legacy

By Daisy Wright Field

"Be we goin' to have chestnut dressing with the turkey this year, er oyster, er plain? And be we goin' to have the cranberries so, er jell 'em?"

Truth Perkins dropped the stocking she was toting to stare sharply at her young sister Thankful, who was polishing some thin silver teaspoons.

"Turkey!" she sniffed, jerking out a needle, spitefully. "Now ain't that jest like you! As if I'd kill a turkey and invite in our relations to help us rejoice, right after such a fool trick as your losing Grandma Twitchell's legacy afore I'd laid an eye upon it. Turkey, indeed!"

"I don't see, Truth," ventured her sister, mildly, "as that has anything to do with our keeping Thanksgiving. What's our own foolish fault—and I ain't denyin' 'twas main foolish of me to lay out that five hundred dollars in a diamond ring, and then lose it—can't rightly be blamed onto Providence. And it seems to me we ought to go on bein' thankful jest the same fer such blessings as we have."

"You can go on bein' jest as thankful as you please, for all me," retorted the elder sister, "but it'll be without any turkey, ner a crowd of hungry relations to help you. I never did believe much in this bein' thankful fer what you hev to work for, and now I'm done with it. No more such foolishness goes on in this house, while I am Truth Perkins."

"But, Truth," pleaded the younger sister, quite flushing with the earnestness of her feelings, "think how poor o'd Aunt Becky will miss it and Cousin Hiram, and how Grandma Twitchell always enjoyed herself. And maybe folks will think—"

"Think what?" snapped Truth, as Thankful hesitated.

"Maybe they'll think you jest did it to please Grandma, so she'd leave us something. Nobody knows, you know, about us—I mean me—losing our legacy."

"No," answered Truth, bitterly, "I hated people to know what a fool you had made of yourself. And they can think what they please. I wish you'd drop the subject, and go see if that old hen's tryin' to set again. I declare a hen's the aggravatinest critter alive."

"I'm not goin' to drop the subject till I've told you why I put the money Grandma Twitchell was kind enough to leave me, in that ring. It was mine, the very first I ever had, and I didn't want to spend it foolishly," here Truth snorted, "and I thought I could keep it in the ring till I needed it bad fer something. Solomon Prese promised me my money back any time, and he's a man of his word. Besides, I'd never had a diamond ring in my life, and you had, and I—"

"Well, mine didn't bring me any luck, and neither did yours," answered Truth, her voice softening slightly.

"You know as well as I do that he died before I'd worn mine a month, and you lost yours. Diamonds ain't fer such as we."

"I didn't ever intend to wear it on my old brown hand, when I bought it," went on Thankful, but I couldn't resist the temptation that one time, and—"

"And you won't be tempted again. Well, there's no use crying over spilt milk, but I do say it would be silly to have a Thanksgiving dinner over it."

That ended the subject there and then, but it lingered on in Thankful's mind until the day before Thanksgiving.

That morning Truth announced that she would take that business trip to the city that she had long dreaded and delayed, and probably wouldn't come until the day after Thanksgiving.

Truth went to the city once a year, usually in the latter part of October, but she had grown to put it

The Three L's

Three things I try into the world of men—
The golden trine: Love, Labor, Loyalty.
These are the circle of the perfect life:
On these three swing all heavens eternally.
Bereft of them, you have not anything
Though you possess the world. But having them,
You have all things whatever else you lack.

Think on this trine. The gods have only these:
Love that makes glad the brother and the bride—
Labor that builds their safety in the world—
And Loyalty that holds the world in tune.

—Edwin Markham.

execute the condemned turkey, and afterward carry round the verbal invitations to Cousin Hiram and Aunt Becky. By nine o'clock the preparations for dinner were well under way, and the guests had arrived, coming early, as they usually did, in order to enjoy the long day to the utmost. Aunt Becky had laid her things in the little guest chamber upstairs and Hiram had hung his old brown coat and battered derby in the little hall-closet, and now they sat on each side of a little table in the warm parlor, deep in a game of chess, with which they always whiled away the time until dinner was ready. Thankful excused herself, and with a huge ginghams apron nearly extinguishing her tiny figure, was dressing the turkey.

Suddenly the firm tread of feet was heard on the little stoop outside and Truth stood within the room, a light powdering of snow upon her black bonnet and shawl. Thankful turned quite pale, as she looked up mutely for a reason for this unexpected and startling appearance.

"We'd never spent Thanksgiving apart before, and when I come to think of it, I couldn't see no good reason why we should this time, so I—"

"Thankful Perkins, be you cleaning a turkey?"

"It's Peter," defended Thankful, weakly.

"Was you expectin' to eat him all by yourself? Well, I never!"

Thankful straightened up, with a look as near defiance as her sister had ever seen on her face, and answered: "No, I had no intention of spendin' this Thanksgiving alone. I have invited the usual guests, and they are in the



Menu for Your Holiday Dinner

Cream of Tomato Soup
Saltine Crackers
Roast Pork with Chicken
Mashed Potatoes
Spiced Peaches
Homing Creamed Onions
Cole-slaw
Pumpkin Pie with Quince Jelly
Fruit Nuts Coffee

The soup should be served very hot in cups, each cup set on a plate, with two or three saltine crackers, and brought in from the kitchen after the family is seated at table.

Pork and chicken, roasted together, make a delectable dish and an excellent substitute for turkey. Select either loin or spare-ribs and roast the pork side by side in the pan with a stuffed chicken, basting frequently. Another way is to cut up a fowl, stew or steam it until tender, then lay the pieces in the pan with the roasting pork and allow the chicken to brown nicely. In serving, cut a slice of pork and a piece of chicken on each plate.

Homing requires such long cooking that it should be cooked the day before and reheated, or cooked overnight in the fireless cooker. In fact, reheated hominy always tastes better than that which is freshly cooked.

Cole-slaw is a refreshing and wholesome addition to a dinner. A firm, crisp head of cabbage should be used for the slaw. A half-hour before serving dinner, cut the head through the centre, removing the core and slice the cabbage as finely as possible. Mix the cabbage with the cream salad dressing, made thus: One-half of a

A Community Thanksgiving

If there are families in the community who do not have family dinners on Thanksgiving Day, perhaps a community Thanksgiving Day can be planned.

After the bountiful dinner which always is of so much interest on this holiday, the following program may be given:

Thanksgiving hymn.

Short address on Thanksgiving by minister or teacher.

Solo.

Short talks by old settlers—The History and Early Days of This Community.

Pantomime—Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving hymn.

Three or four pioneers of the community are asked to give short talks concerning the early days of the community. These personal remembrances will prove most interesting to all. The boys and girls as well as the men and women will more fully appreciate the growth and the development of the community and the pioneers themselves will enjoy recalling incidents of their younger days.

A Thanksgiving pantomime can be made very entertaining. The object is to have each letter of the word "Thanksgiving" stand for a word denoting something for which the community is thankful. The meaning of the word is acted out on the stage but no words are spoken. The success of the pantomime depends entirely on clever acting.

Prepare twelve letters comprising the word "Thanksgiving" by cutting them out of cardboard or having them drawn or painted in black or red on heavy squares of stiff white paper.

In beginning the pantomime, the chairman of the day, who introduces each of the 12 pantomimes, holds up the card bearing the letter T. He then explains that the first pantomime represents a word whose first letter is T and that were it not for this particular blessing, our Thanksgiving Day dinners would be incomplete.

The curtain is then raised and boys represent turkeys by strutting about and gobbling and end by chasing a little boy and girl off the stage. The curtain is lowered quickly and the chairman before introducing the second pantomime lets the company guess informally the word just represented.

In introducing the second pantomime he holds up the cardboard bearing the letter H and explains that all farm communities look forward to the event described by the next word to be acted as it marks the fulfillment of the farmer's dreams. The curtain is raised showing a simple harvest scene, and then lowered.

In like manner all twelve pantomimes are introduced and acted out. It adds to the interest if the company guesses out each word as it is acted.

Local color can be added by making the letters express various local incidents, but the following is a suggestive outline.

T—Turkey—Two or three boys act like turkeys, gobbling and strutting about, and finally chase a little boy and girl who are watching them, off the stage.

H—Harvest—A harvest scene—Sheets of corn, pumpkins and branches of autumn leaves. Shade the lights to imitate moonlight.

A—Autos—Two small boys guide their wagons across the stage with much tooting of horns and manoeuvring.

N—Newspapers—A small boy walks across the stage crying, "Extra, Extra! All about the—" (insert some local joke).

K—Kinfolk—Mother joyfully reads letter aloud telling her all her kinfolk will be with her on Thanksgiving.

S—Shows—A very short one-act movie. A burlesque of the timeworn theme in which the heroine is kidnapped by the villain and rescued by the hero can be acted out to the great amusement of the audience.

G—Good Cheer—Several men and women, boys and girls come on the stage, greet each other heartily and show every evidence of happiness.

I—Income—A farmer and his wife count their cheques and make records in an enormous book labeled "Income."

V—Visit—A family group visits grandmother who is dressed up in style of long ago: it is an old-time Thanksgiving visit.

I—Infant—This can be a pretty scene, young mother with her little babe, asleep. The company may guess Infant or Innocence. The one who explains can say that but for the Innocents—the Infants—where would Thanksgiving gatherings be?

N—Nation—A beautiful girl is dressed as Miss Canada, and "O Canada" played during this tableau.

G—Giving—A very poor family is sitting down to a plain meal when in comes Lady Bountiful with a well-filled basket.

Each pantomime should take only one to two minutes. If the costumes and stage setting are carefully planned before the beginning of the pantomimes, tireless waits between acts will be avoided. Soft music played between and during the pantomimes adds much to the general effect.

The stage is banked in autumn leaves, piles of corn, corn shocks and sheaves of grain. These decorations will call to mind the original purpose of Thanksgiving, which is so essential

A NOVEL AND DELICIOUS CANDY

A friend of mine ate some cream peppermints at my house one day, and when I called on her a few days later she immediately proceeded to get out paper and pencil to "get my recipe" for the candy. I told her: "Four tablespoons of mashed potato and one pound of confectioner's sugar blended into a smooth paste." I went on to explain that the amount would vary some because of the difference in the moisture content of the mashed potato.

"That's all," I laughed.

It seemed hard for her to believe it. Of course that is only the foundation, or fondant, for the easiest made and most delicious home-made candy I have ever tried to make. I used to make the cooked fondant, but I never shall again.

When you have made the one pound of sugar and four tablespoons of mashed potato into the desired foundation candy, the next and most interesting step is to divide it into as many parts as you want varieties of candy and to flavor and color them. We like peppermint extremely well, and you could hardly tell it from the expensive cream peppermints on the market. A little of the fondant colored pink with red vegetable coloring adds attractiveness of appearance, and rose is a good flavoring for this. I also use green vegetable coloring, molding a bit of pale green fondant around a malaga grape. I like a candied cherry inside a bit of white fondant delicately flavored with almond, and our family's favorite of them all is maple-flavored fondant with a raisin inside, and a walnut or other nut pressed on top and bottom of the raisin-stuffed sweet.

A good filling for potato candy, and one right in line with its general homeliness, is candied apples.

Rather tough, juiceless apples are best for this. Into a cup of boiling white corn syrup put eightths of a cup of sugar, and a dash of salt. Let the apples simmer in the syrup until they are transparent. Color the syrup with red fruit coloring if you like, or not, as "suits the cook." A little lemon or orange juice, or the flavoring extract of either, is good to add while cooking the syrup, but is not necessary. It's a matter of taste. When the apples are transparent, drain them on a screen or sieve, dry them quite thoroughly, then use pieces of the candied apple for candy fillings.

Carrots, first boiled, are good candied so, and used in the same way. These apple-and-carrot confections are delicious used plain, and add a decorative appearance to the rest of the candies. They also make very acceptable fillings, and are almost as good as the expensive candied cherries.

I like peanut-butter centres in some of my candies. I particularly like dates stuffed with the white fondant, then rolled in granulated sugar. You can think of dozens of combinations according to your taste.

The shaping of the candies by hand is easily done. Flat, thick little rounds like cream peppermints or wintergreens are made by pressing the edges of a bit of fondant with the thumb and finger of one hand while lightly pinching the top and bottom of the piece with the thumb and finger of the other hand. Little round marbles are easily made, and look pretty in bright pink, cinnamon-flavored (with the extract), or in pale green, which might be flavored with lime or pistachio. I used cream of tartar in some green "marbles" with good effect for Christmas.

Pressing the chocolate or coconut kinds into a flat mass and cutting into squares makes variety. A round candy hollowed on top, then dipped into chocolate, makes a very pretty shape. Let the chocolate drip off well, and dip the confection bottom side down, letting it drip from one side. A little paraffin, a teaspoonful to the half-cake of bitter chocolate, will make the covering firmer, and it also looks nicer.

Potato candy does not sound as good as it tastes or looks. It is just of the smoothest, whitest, most finely grained consistency that can be produced with any candy paste. I shall never make creamy foundations any other way. Try it, too, for icings for cakes. It's delicious, and "then some."

The Safe Test.

When in doubt as to whether a certain thing is good for you, make this the test: "Will it tend to make a stronger man of me, so that I will be in better condition to fight life's battles, or will it weaken me and tend to demoralize my purpose?" No matter how unpleasant or disagreeable the thing may be, everything considered, if it will make you a stronger man or woman, do it.

Being Thankful Is Very Fine, but Making Some One Else Thankful Is Better.

It makes no difference where you start; it's the finish that counts.

Every day that is born into the world comes like a burst of music, and rings itself all the day through; and thou shalt make of it a dance, a dirge—or a life march, as thou wilt.—Carlyle.

Thanksgiving Day

Thanksgiving Day will soon be here.

How glad I am it is so near!

The hay is all in barn or stack,

The grain is all in bin or sack,

The corn is husked, the fodder in shock,

While near the barn the pure-bred stock

Look on with calm contented eyes,

Their looks expressing mild surprise.

The turkey gobbler, straight and true,

And fat and heavy and juicy too

Walks round the yard with solemn tread

And thinks not of the days ahead.

The pumpkin pies are ready to bake

And lots of cookies, tarts and cake.

All these and many more there'll be

Upon the table set for me.

At last Thanksgiving Day is here;

We rise and greet it with good cheer.

Then off to church, then home to eat.

That Thanksgiving dinner can't be beat.

And when at last we go to bed

And all our prayers have been said,

And as we lie and think, we say,

"Thank You" again for this glad day!

Thanksgiving, 1921.

The world with all its goodliest gains,

Home, with its calmest rest;

Life's heaviest and life's lightest hours,

Without Him are unblest.

He shares our griefs; let us our joys

With Him devoutly share;

And every festive day we keep,

Be our Redeemer there!

"The fruitful season now is o'er,

The Autumn has resigned her store,

Ungrateful man to feed.

How rich the bounty heaven bestows!

To us unbounded goodness flows

In every time of need."

What you allow to live in your mind,

Harbor in your thoughts,

Are seeds which will develop in

your life and produce things like

themselves. Hate seed in the

heart can not produce a love

flower in the life. A sinister

thought will produce a sinister

harvest. The revenge seed will

produce a bloody harvest.—O. S.

Marden.

National Treasures.

The experience of the ages that are past, the hopes of the ages that are yet to come, unite their voices in an appeal to us; they implore us to think more of the character of our people than of its numbers; to look upon our vast natural resources as a means to be converted, by the refining alchemy of education, into mental and spiritual treasures; to give to the world the example of a nation whose wisdom increases with its prosperity, and whose virtues are equal to its power.