

Over Her Left Shoulder

BY MARION CROSBY.

Dora Benton drew a jar of sizzling hot pork and beans to the front of the oven and lifted the cover gently.

"They are going to be just all right," she cried joyfully.

The kitchen was flooded with their rich fragrance. One whiff was enough to give anybody an appetite, even if it had not been a chilly September evening when everyone—meaning Dora and Henry and the three children—was sure to be hungry anyway.

Brown baked beans and all the good things that went with them made Henry's favorite supper. He would come in sniffing while his handsome face beamed happily, exclaiming in his deep, hearty voice, "Oh that supper smells good! And how's the whole precious bunch to-night?" meaning, of course, the three children, to say nothing of Dora.

"Hurry, children, set the table, please. Father will be home now in a few minutes." She worked busily marshaling her little helpers. "That's right, Maud, help Clara. Bobby, get some fresh water and bring the butter in from the ice-box. Oh, we're going to have a fine meal and all piping hot. Hurrah!" Dora waved the dish towel over her head and pirouetted in the open space between stove and window to the great amusement of her seven-year-old son, who was reluctantly starting out for the pump.

Dora was so graceful and pretty and slim that she seemed more like a young girl than a mother of three children and mistress of a rambling old farmhouse where the work, from one year's end to another, was hardly finished as she would wish it to be. She seemed even younger than usual to-night as she danced back and forth singing a gay song. A tiny moon-beam, coming through the window, fell on her yellow hair and gave it a softer sheen.

Suddenly, with a little frightened gasp, she stopped. "The new moon!" she cried. "And I looked at it straight over my left shoulder!" She had been very gay a moment before but now she quivered, her gray eyes were clouded and she went on with the supper preparations soberly.

"Right shoulder, good luck; left shoulder, bad luck!" she murmured while she cut the bread. "I just can't help worrying if I see the new moon over my left shoulder. Henry and I do want good luck so much. We have had our share of the other kind."

Little Maud came into the kitchen and industriously began filling a plate from an easily reached cool jar.

"Never believe in superstitions, Maudie," said her mother.

"No, Mother, never 'lieve in 'Stish-uns! What is they?" asked the chubby infant between bites of crumbly cookie.

"They are very silly thoughts, Maudie. But sometimes Mother just can't help thinking them. Now, I wish Father would come. It's so late we shall have to eat our supper without waiting. I'll put Father's in the oven to keep hot."

During supper Dora could not forget her "unlucky" first glimpse of the new moon. She hardly enjoyed the hot, tasty supper and spent most of the mealtime attending to the wants of the little ones. "I hate to have this feeling," she said to herself, "but I cannot help it. Aunt Martha taught me to be afraid of the new moon. I wonder what ancestor passed it on to her."

"Clara," she said, turning to her older daughter who was busy dishing up apple sauce, "have I ever told you about the beautiful locket I used to have when I was a little girl?"

"Why no, Mother," said Clara eagerly. "What ever became of it, and what was it like?"

"I wonder if I can describe it so that you will know how it looked? It was a long time since I lost it. It was a solid gold locket with a blue enamel medallion on one side, surrounded by a wreath of fine blue flowers. On the other side were your Grandmother's initials in blue enamel. It was her locket. She died, you know, when I was a child."

"It must have been perfectly beautiful," said Clara. "How did you lose it, Mother?"

"I lost it in the brook one day when I was crossing the little footbridge near Aunt Martha's house, down in the valley where I used to live. Dora's eyes had a far-away look as if they were gazing upon that old scene.

"I'll tell you, Mother!" broke in Bobbie, "next summer we'll all go down there and look it out! I wonder what ancestor passed it on to her."

"It is not very likely that you could find it after all these years, Bobbie. His mother did not tell the children that it had happened at new-moon time. Aunt Martha had said when told of the loss, 'Bad luck! You must have looked at the new moon over your left shoulder.' Dora had not tried very hard to recover the locket, since Aunt Martha was so positive that there was no use trying to get the better of 'bad luck.'"

She was roused from her recollections by a dire little sound at her elbow. "Oh, Maudie, how could you!" She brought a cloth to sop up the white stream. "Well, well, I suppose you're tired, dear," she said comfortingly. "Oh, it is all tired to-night. I wish Father would come!"

It had been a wearying day. Even the children had been hard, for besides helping gather fruit in the orchard they had wrapped hundreds of apples in paper and packed them carefully away in the attic.

made Dora feel braver, and at the next step of thunder she clasped her hands together so that she could not clap them over her ears. Then she went to each window and rolled up the shades. "There, you can stay up!" she declared, jumping back to the point where, though still afraid, she was compelling herself to act bravely. In spite of herself, she was fascinated by the majesty of the storm, seen through the unshaded windows.

"I believe that when you face things you are afraid of, you are not nearly as frightened as when you try to hide," she said, speaking aloud to the dog.

"He beat his tail in answer, then rising slowly, gave a quick, low growl and backed a few paces away from the threshold. The next minute there was a loud pounding on the door, someone vigorously rattled the doorknob and a strange man burst into the room.

"Icy, call off your dog, lady!" he shouted, as he shoved the door shut against wind and rain. "I'm a respectable traveler, ma'am, but in a storm like this you would have to let any villain in! I thought each one of those bolts would be the last of me. Terrific!"

The intruder was an elderly man with jolly blue eyes and a ruddy countenance. Water ran down from his hat and overcoat in streams, and he settled in puddles on the rug. He went right on talking without waiting for answer, mopping his face with a large handkerchief.

"Say, it was a good thing when you threw up those window-shades. Steady me, you know, out there in the dark. My car was nearly blown away. Keep the road. I am on my way to Mr. Benton's place. Can you tell me how far I have to go?"

"Mr. Benton's place? This is Mr. Benton's place. I expect my husband home any minute."

Even as she spoke, the door was thrust open a second time and Henry nearly knocked the stranger over as he literally flew in before the impact of the storm.

"Hello, there!" he said in astonishment. "Who—who are you?"

"My name is Stevens."

"Well! Well! I have been all this evening at Deer Creek looking for you. Heard you were due there."

"And I have been in Centerville, ten miles away. Thought I wouldn't go home without seeing you about that land. Said I would drive out, storm or no storm, and here I am. Didn't know this was your place. Blew in."

"This is my wife, Mr. Stevens. How about supper, Dora? Perhaps Mr. Stevens will have some with me."

"Sounds good to me," answered the visitor, "if it is not too much trouble, Mrs. Benton."

A little later Henry followed Dora into the kitchen and whispered gleefully, "I've got the steam coffee. 'Good luck, little woman! We closed the deal. The old gentleman is anxious to Nova Scotia to live and is going to wind up his affairs. He held out for more than I offered but then he came down a little and I guess we can manage. And I can get a whopping good crop off that land next summer."

It was good luck after all! Henry was home safe and sound. The storm was over. It had blown the owner of the land right to their door and now they were assured of the wish of their hearts. Dora knew just how much difference that extra piece of land would make in their year's receipts.

After supper, Henry escorted Mr. Stevens to his car, gave him minute directions as to turns, short cuts and bad stretches of road, and in a trice the little man was gone.

"I am going to take a look at the attic roof," he announced upon coming back to the house. "I should be surprised if it were leaking, after this downpour." He lifted a hand-lamp from the hall table and disappeared up the red-carpeted stairs.

Dora passed lightly back and forth from dining room to kitchen, softly singing as she cleared away the dishes. "Oh, I am glad that Henry is home—I am glad that Henry is home—Everything is all right now—and it was good luck after all!" she chanted below her breath. Once she stopped by the great chimney that went up between the living room and the dining room, and listened to a rhythmic drip-drip, drip-drip, and could hear Henry as he set heavy crocks to catch the water.

"We'll have to have new shingles pretty soon," he said, returning to the cozy room. "Perhaps next year we shall be able to afford it. Here is what is left of the morning's paper," he continued. "I found it up in the attic. The children must have taken it by mistake for wrapping apples."

As he handed Dora the paper, a yellow envelope fell from his folds. The lost letter! For a moment as she held it in her hand the shadow of bad luck fell once more athwart her thoughts. Perhaps it contained unhappy news. "It is Cousin Ella's handwriting," she said, "Aunt Martha's daughter. I have not heard from her in ages."

"Well, what does she say?" laughed Henry. "You will never know unless you open it."

This is what she said: "Dear Cousin Dora,—Do you know anything about a gold and enamel locket with the initials A. L. W. in blue on the back? I know those were Aunt Alice's initials—your mother's. We have been changing the old place considerably of late. The latest thing is a new stone bridge across the brook that runs through the pasture. In digging through the sand and stones to the supports, one of the workmen found this beautiful locket. I have polished it up and real-ly it is hardly hurt at all. It must have been wonderfully well made. The workmanship is exquisite and I consider it a real treasure. Cannot you and all your family come down and see it at Thanksgiving time? If it is yours, we shall be glad."

Drive down the day before and let us have a regular, old-time family reunion on Thanksgiving. I am giving you notice far enough ahead so that I am sure you can come. It will be so good to see you again. Do not disappoint us, please."

Affectionately yours, Ella.

Dora lay back in her chair for a few minutes without speaking. Then she said solemnly, "Henry! The next time I see an omen that I think means bad luck I am going to get ready for double good luck instead. I have had a lesson to-night. I wish I could tell Aunt Martha."

And then she told him the full story of her superstitious fears and useless suffering, all because she saw the good moon over her left shoulder. And Henry laughed.

Preparing The Holiday Dinner

WE are obliged to admit that Thanksgiving Day calls up visions of roast turkey, cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie, so firmly have history and tradition fixed the dedicated use of this annual menu upon us. Although we follow tradition and custom, we may have individuality in our Thanksgiving bill of fare with nearly every dish prepared from products grown on the farm.

Here then is a suggestive menu:

Red Apple Cocktail
Roast Turkey with Bread Crumb Dressing
Potted Pluff
Creamed Silver Skins
Brussels Sprouts, Buttered
Cranberry Ice
Squash Pie
Fruit
Nuts
Raisins
Coffee

If a decided change from the conventional menu is desired, guinea hen may be substituted for turkey. Hominy is then served instead of potatoes. Or, as Thanksgiving comes this year during the game season, roast venison makes a very pleasing change. The use of venison would cause a further change in the vegetables and creamed celery should be substituted for the creamed silver skins.

RED APPLE COCKTAIL.
Select firm red apples; Baldwin's are very good. Core and pare carefully leaving a ring of the skin, about 1/4 of an inch wide, completely around the apple. Have boiling some sweet apple cider to which a tablespoon of red mint candies has been added. Cook the apples until tender then lift them carefully to avoid breaking. Serve in cocktail glasses. A tablespoon of lemon juice added to the cider will give a pleasant tang to the apple which should not be too sweet.

POTATO FLUFF.
Put mashed potatoes through a ricer into a casserole or earthen baking dish. Dot the top with butter and sprinkle in spots with paprika. Place in the oven to brown lightly. Serve very hot.

CREAMED SILVER SKINS.
Scald small white silver-skin onions and the outer skin will slip easily from them. Cook until tender in boiling salted water. Make a cream sauce, allowing 1 cup sauce to 1 pint of onions. Use 1 cup milk, 1 1/2 tablespoons fat, 1 1/4 tablespoons flour. Cook to a smooth sauce and add one egg yolk of finely chopped green pepper then the cooked onions. Serve on triangles of very crisp toast.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
HARVEST TIME IN BUNNY HOLLOW.

"Hi, there, you little Babel!" It was farmer Jones who called, and he laughed when he saw how he had startled the Cottontail bunnies—why, they nearly jumped out of their skins. Let's see—here were Molly and Sally Cottontail; and Bobby and Billy. And they had stopped under the big chestnut on their way from school to see how soon the nuts would be ripe.

When Mr. Jones came up to them he said: "Say, Cottontails, would you like to have lots and lots of potatoes—enough to last all winter? Yes? Well, just you run and tell your daddy to come right quick and bring all the bags and baskets he can find; tell all the Bunny Hollow folks, too; there are plenty and to spare lying around the field and it's a shame to have them waste."

"Bless me! How the Cottontails did fly for home. Through Killdeer meadow—then through the big woods; they never rested until they came to their own doorway, overhanging with pretty red Virginia creeper. And they just banged their way into the house to see who should be first to tell the news."

Ma Cottontail told them she was surprised—and she asked where were their pretty manners? But when she heard about the potatoes, she was as excited as they were. And she immediately dispatched Billy to call his daddy—he was shucking corn; and Molly to ask Granny Wobblenose would she please, ma'am, mind the baby? So Ma could help in the field.

White Bobby and Sally ran round Bunny Hollow to tell the neighbors. In just about the whisk of a rabbit's tail the Hoppers and the Tarfoots; the Longears and the Wobblenoses and oh! I couldn't begin to tell how many others were gathered in the Cottontail's doorway. Timothy Tarfoot had his cart and Daddy Longears had his new red wheelbarrow.

On the way to the potato patch Maria Hopper said: "It's lucky for us that farmer Jones had such a big crop of potatoes." At which Daddy Longears replied: "Yes—and it's luckier still that he's so kind-hearted."

They worked like beavers. Baskets and pails; wheelbarrow and cart—all were filled in less'n no time. And the Bunny Hollow folks agreed to come again next day—that is, if the frost held out. Daddy Longears felt a little dubious about that—said he was sure there was a touch of it in the air even then. Jemima Wobblenose said:

"Nothing somebody else has dug out tastes half as good as that we dig out for ourselves. That is why the farm dog likes to dig out his own wood-chucks."

BURYING APPLES

BY A. RUTLEDGE.

As in a well-settled rural community I do not know more than a few people who use the following method of keeping apples for winter and early spring use, I must conclude that the method is not widely known. If it were, it certainly would be adopted, for there is nothing superior to it. The collar with the dirt floor is a mile behind it. This device can be employed to keep a considerable quantity of apples, but I had in mind just a few bushels for use on the family table.

Select a spot in the garden near a path. Be sure that the place is well drained, preferably on a slight slope. Sink a barrel or a box to a depth to be determined by the rule being that the topmost apples in the container should be about eight or ten inches below the level of the ground. In well-drained situations I have used receptacles that had bottoms and those that had none—there is no apparent difference—in the bottom put a little clean straw or hay. If the holder has cracks, tack pieces of paste-board over them. Some people line their receptacles throughout with paper, but if the holder is clean I have found this is not necessary.

Store only choice apples and lay them in by hand. A spotted apple may affect the whole adjacent group. If tumbled in, many of them, being bruised, will rot. When the container is sufficiently filled, spread loose newspapers over the apples, but don't tuck them down tightly so as to exclude the air. Fit a good top that extends like a roof away from the lips of the container, so that rain will be shed. This top need not be tight on the container, but it must not leak. It is well to tack a piece of tin, sheet iron or even oilcloth over it for safety. A stone on top will keep the wind from blowing it off. If the top fits snugly, cut an airhole near the top of the container, on the south side; this is for ventilation. If the container is not wholly sunk and if the apples are heaped high in it, pile the loose earth about it.

I remember buying a barrel of choice Baldwins in November and sinking the barrel as described; these being nearly used by March. Buying a second barrel then out of the storage, of the same grade as those purchased first, I found the buried apples far superior in condition. They seem to retain, under this treatment described, all their fragrance, their plumpness, their firm consistency and their delicious flavor. Though I have a cellar for storing fruit, I don't know what I should do without a box or barrel for burying choice apples in the garden.

Thanksgiving's Gettin' Nigh.
When Ma begins to fret an' fuss
An' 'cook an' bake an' stew
An' when th' woodbox won't stay full
No matter whatcha do.
When pantry shelves get full er ticks
With cakes an' bread an' pie
Why you kin put near finger
Ole Thanksgiving's gettin' nigh.

When all yer folks an' relatives
From thutty miles er-round
Especially the folks that's been
A-livin' in the town
Come traisp'n' back a-wa'ntin'
T' stay a week—oh my!
Why you can sutt'nly finger
Ole Thanksgiving's mighty nigh.

Thanksgiving.
By Christine L. Chisholm.
The offering of thanks for the year's blessings is an age-old custom which originated in England and was called the Harvest Festival. When the crops were in and the orchards bare, the Harvest Moon laughed down each night on gay gatherings in the little Cornish and Devonshire villages. The beautiful old custom was brought to North America by the Pilgrim Fathers who settled in New England in 1620, and after their first harvest, which was a bountiful one, held a week of Thanksgiving, entertaining Massasoit, the Indian chief and ninety of his warriors. The Indians contributed fruit and corn to the festival of thanks to the white man's God.

Thanksgiving is celebrated in a beautiful season; still, harvest moon Summer, when the big, Harvest Moon seems to be looking through a thin purple veil, and the bare fields and trees are dreaming something very lovely and are smiling in their sleep. Canadians have every reason this year for Thanksgiving. Canada is successfully passing through the after-war period of reconstruction, her crops are more abundant than they have ever been in her history, trade is increasing, and the general tendency is toward reduced prices.

Seeds are traveling everywhere. Some of them are the vagrant wanderers of the flower world. Some have hooks, some spears and some forks, while others have parachutes and wings. You may carry them for miles on your clothing. Sheep and dogs distribute them widely over the country. That is the way that Nature takes to prolong the lives of her plant children. Gather several kinds and examine them.

Cut out and burn the old raspberry and blackberry canes that have fruited.

A Little Child's Gratitude

By Mary Collins Terry

As the Thanksgiving season approaches, it behooves us to think about our children. Shall we let them look forward to that day as one in which physical and social indulgence alone will be the outstanding feature—a big dinner, lots of fun and company, or shall we make an effort to instill in them gratitude, a real thankfulness for the things which come to them day by day? A child is not a grateful little animal by nature, and the mother must by untiring guidance and care form this virtue in him if she would have him be a useful and happy member of society.

"Mumver, where milk tum from?" asks three-year-old Danny, stopping in the midst of his cooling drink on a warm August day. "Why, Mrs. Moore's black and white cow gave you the milk, dear. You remember we watched her going down the road last night. Tom brought the milk over and put it on our porch."

"What do you say to him for bringing your milk?"

"Thank you," said Danny triumphantly.

"And what shall we say to the good old cow?"

"Thank you," He waved happily in the direction of the Moore's barn and lane where he had spent many blissful evenings watching Tom drive in the cows.

Little by little our children can be led in this simple way to see the chain

of workers behind the food they eat, the clothes they wear, and in fact any and all of their material blessings.

It is only one step more to the loving Father who gives the rain and sun, who causes all growth, to whom our gratitude must go out for His care.

Let Thanksgiving day, then, be a day when our children remember in thought all those who have helped in gathering together the fine dinner for the day, and further still express this gratitude. No virtue is worthy if not outwardly expressed.

Perhaps there is a needy family who will not have so much for Thanksgiving day, and the children can help pack a basket and deliver it to them. The mother can sum up her little lessons and say, "So many people have helped us to have Thanksgiving dinner, now we must help someone else to have one." Thus shall we turn the little one's spoken gratitude into service.

"Tom has brought our milk every day, let us save this big red apple to give him to show him how thankful we are."

Thanksgiving is a fitting preparation for the beautiful festival of which follows so soon, Christmas. It is when a child truly feels and expresses gratitude that he in turn is ready to give and do for others. "LOVING AND GIVING"—will make sunshine in our world. "God so loved—That He gave."