

SHIFTING SANDS

By Sara Ware Bassett

Copyright by The Penn Pub. Co.
WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

The youthful and comely "Widder" Marcia Howe has as her guest her late husband's niece, Sylvia Hayden. A stranger, exhausted, finds his way to Marcia's home. Secretly, he asks her to hide a package containing jewelry. She does so. Elisha Winslow, town sheriff, brings news of a jewel robbery nearby. The stranger gives his name as Stanley Heath. Sylvia discovers the jewels, and naturally believes Heath is a robber, but, for Marcia's sake, decides to say nothing. Marcia feels she has altogether too deep an interest in her guest, but is powerless to overcome it. Heath wires "Mrs. S. C. Heath," New York, saying he is safe. He also orders a man named Currier to come at once. Sylvia, in her room, bedsacks herself with the jewels. At Marcia's approach she hides them there. Heath asks Marcia to bring them to him. They are gone! He makes light of the loss. Sylvia restores the jewels to their original hiding place. Elisha Winslow discovers them and has no doubt they are the stolen gems, and Heath is a thief. Leaving the jewels, Currier investigates the hiding place—and finds the gems! He returns to New York with them, but his references to "Mrs. Heath" have convinced Marcia her tender dream has been a foolish one. Elisha and Elzezer come to arrest Heath. Marcia is indignant, and unwittingly reveals to Sylvia the secret of her love. The jewels, of course, are not to be found. To Sylvia Marcia admits she loves Heath and has faith in his innocence. She tells him she believes him innocent, but urges him, if he is guilty, to confess. He admits nothing.

CHAPTER IX—Continued

"Not your real life. You would, of course, lose standing among your supposed friends; but you would not lose it among those whose regard went deeper. Even if you did—what would it matter?"

"But to be alone, friendless! Who would help me piece together the mangled fragments of such a past—for I should need help; I could not do it alone? Do you imagine that in all the world there would be even one person whose loyalty and affection would survive so acid a test? Do you know of anyone?"

She leaped to her feet.

"Why do you ask me?" she demanded, the gentleness of her voice chilling to curtness. "You have such a helpmate near you—or should have."

"I don't understand," pleaded the man, puzzled by her change of mood.

"Perhaps we'd better not go into that now," was her response. "I must go."

"Wait just a moment."

"I cannot. I must get dinner."

"Never mind the dinner! Sometimes there are things more important."

"To think of a man saying that!"

The ring of the telephone chimed in with her silvery laughter.

"I'll go, Sylvia," she called with a promptness that indicated the interruption was a welcome one.

"It's long distance," she called to Heath. "Mrs. Heath wishes to speak with you. Slip on your bathrobe and come."

Heath took the receiver from her hand.

"Joan? This certainly is good of you, dear. Yes, I am much better, thank you. Bless your precious heart, you needn't worry. Currier will be back late tonight or early tomorrow morning and he will tell you how well I am progressing. Yes, he has the jewels. Put them in the safe right away, won't you?"

"I can't say when I shall be home. Something has come up that may keep me here some time. I cannot explain just now. It is the thing you have always predicted would happen to me sometime. Well, it has happened. Do you get that? Yes, I am caught—hard and fast. It is a bit ironic to have traveled all over the world and then be taken captive in a small Cape Cod village. I'll let you know the first minute I have anything definite to tell."

"Good-by, dear. Take care of yourself. It's done me a world of good to hear your voice."

Heath returned the receiver to its hook and in high spirits strode back into his room.

Marcia's chair was empty.

She was nowhere to be seen.

CHAPTER X

The days immediately following were like an armed truce.

Marcia watched Sylvia. Sylvia watched Marcia. Heath watched them both.

When, however, no further reference to the events of the past week was made, the tension slowly began to lessen, and life at the Howe Homestead took on again its customary aspect.

Stanley Heath, warmly wrapped in rugs, now sat out on the sheltered veranda where he reveled in the sunshine.

Sometimes when he lay motionless in the steamchair looking seaward beneath the rim of his soft felt hat, or following the circling gulls with preoccupied gaze Marcia, peeping at him from the window wondered of what he was thinking.

That the fancies which intrigued him were pleasant and that he enjoyed his own company there could be no question.

No attitude he might have assumed could have been better calculated to dispel awkwardness and force into the background the seriousness of the two women, whose interests were so inextricably entangled with his own, than the merry, bantering one he adopted when with them.

He was a brilliant talker—one who gave unexpected, original twists to the conversation—twists that taxed one's power of repartee. Here indeed was a hitherto undreamed-of Stanley Heath, a man whose dangerous charms had multiplied a hundredfold and who, if he had captivated Marcia before now riveted her fetters with every word he spoke, every glance he gave her.

She struggled to escape from the snare closing in on her, then finding combat useless, ceased to struggle and let herself drift with the tide.

After all, why not enjoy the present? In loving this stranger of whom she knew so little, she had set her heart upon a phantom that she knew must vanish. The future, grim with foreboding, was constantly drawing nearer.

There were, alas, but two ways of life—the way of right and the way of wrong, and between them lay no neutral zone. This she acknowledged with her mind. But her rebel heart would play her false, flouting her puritan codes and defying the creeds that conscience dictated.

Meantime while Marcia thus wrestled with the angel of her best self, Sylvia accepted the situation with characteristic lightness. She knew more already about men than did Marcia—much more. Long ago they had ceased to be gods to her. She jested fearlessly with Heath, speaking a language with which he was familiar and one that amused him no end.

Marcia felt jealousy clutching at her heart.

One day, passing through the hall, she saw Sylvia's golden head bent over the table as she dashed off page after page of a closely written letter.

It was a pity the elder woman could not have read that letter, for it would not only have astonished but also have enlightened her and perhaps quieted the beating of her troubled heart.

It was a letter that astonished Sylvia herself. Nevertheless, much as it surprised her, her amazement in no way approached that of young Horatio Fuller when he read it.

Now, Horatio's mother was a woman of colorless, vaguely defined personality indicative of little guile and still less determination. She listened well, never interrupted; never offered comment or advice; never promised anything; and yet when she said, as she invariably did, "I'll talk with your father, dear," there was always infinite comfort in the observation.

That was what she said today after a conversation with Horatio Junior.

Accordingly that evening after Horatio Senior had dined, and dined well, Mrs. Horatio gently imparted to Alton City's leading citizen the intelligence that his son, Horatio Junior, wished to go east; that he was in love; that, in short, he wished to marry.

Horatio Senior raged; he tramped the floor; he heaped on the head of the absent Horatio Junior every epithet of reproach his wrath could devise, the phrases driving idiot and audacious puppy appearing to afford him the greatest measure of relief.

At last when breathless and panting Horatio Senior, like an alarm clock, ran down and sank exhausted into his chair, Mrs. Horatio ventured the irrefutable observation that after all Horatio Junior was their only child, and Sylvia Hayden was a nice little thing. This drew fire.

Horatio Senior sputtered something about "nothing but a penniless school-teacher—a nobody."

Very deliberately then Mrs. Horatio murmured pleasantly that if she remembered rightly this had been the very objection Horatio Senior's father had made to their own marriage.

At this Horatio Senior flushed scarlet and said promptly that his marriage had been ideal; that his Jennie had been the one wife in the world for him; that time had proved it—even to his parents; that she was the only person on earth who really understood him.

After this nothing was simpler than to discuss just when Horatio Junior had better start East.

Had Sylvia dreamed when she licked the envelope's flap with her small red tongue and smoothed it down with her pretty white finger she was thus losing Alton City's thunderbolts, she might, perhaps, have hesitated to send the letter she had penned and perhaps would not have started off so jauntily late that afternoon to post it.

Toward six o'clock she telephoned she was at the Doanes and Henry and his mother—the little old lady she had met on the train the day she arrived—wanted her to stay to supper. He would bring her home early in the evening. There would be a moon—Marcia need not worry.

Marcia had not thought of worrying until that minute, but now, in spite of knowing Sylvia was safe and in good hands she began, paradoxically enough, to worry madly. Timidly as a girl she summoned Stanley Heath to the small, round table.

"Sylvia isn't coming," she explained, all blushes. "She telephoned she was going to stay over in town."

They seated themselves.

It was the first time they had ever been alone at a meal.

"My, but you are a marvelous cook," Heath remarked, during the progress of the meal.

"Oh, not really. You're hungry—that's all. Things taste good when you are."

"It isn't that. Everything you put your hand to is well done. You're a marvelous person, Marcia."

"You are talking foolishness."

"Every man talks foolishness once in his life, I suppose. Perhaps I am talking it tonight because our time together is so short. I am leaving here tomorrow morning."

"Stanley!"

Across the table life caught her hand. "I am well now and have no further excuse for imposing on your hospitality. I have accepted every manner of kindness from you—"

"Don't call it that," she interrupted. "What else can I call it? I was a stranger and you took me in. It was sweet of you—especially when you knew nothing about me. Now the time has come for me to go. Tomorrow morning I am giving myself up to the Wilton sheriff."

"Oh, no—no!"

"It is the only square thing to do, isn't it?"

He rose and came to her side, slipping an arm about her.

"Marcia, dearest! I am doing what you wish, am I not? You wanted me to go through with it."

She covered her face and he felt a shudder pass over her.

"Yes. But that was then," she whispered.

At the words, he drew her to her feet and into his arms.

"Marcia, beloved! I love you—love you with all my heart—my soul—all that is in me. You know it—know that every moment we have been together has been heaven. Tell me you love me, dear—for you do love me. Don't deny it—not tonight—our last night together. Say that you love me."

"You—know," she faltered, her arms creeping about his neck.

He kissed her then—her hair, her eyes, her neck, her lips—long, burning kisses that left her quivering beneath the rush of them.

Their passion brought her to herself and she drew away.

"What is it, dear?" he asked.

"We can't. We must not. Something stands between us—we have no right. Forgive me."

"But my dear—"

"We have no right," she repeated. "We must not love."

"But we do, sweetheart," was his triumphant cry. "We do!"

"We must forget."

"Can you forget?" he reproached.

"I—I—can try."

"Ah, your tongue is too honest, Marcia. You cannot forget. Neither can

"You—know," she faltered, Her Arms Creeping About His Neck.

I. Our pledge is given. We belong to one another. I shall not surrender what is mine—never."

"Tomorrow—"

"Let us not talk of tomorrow."

"We must. We shall be parted then."

"Only for a little while. I shall come back to you. Our love will hold. Absence, distance, nothing can part us—not really. Tell me you love me so I may leave knowing the truth from your own sweet lips."

"I love you, Stanley—God help me!"

"Ah, now I can go! It will not be for long."

"It must be for ever, dear heart. You must not come back. Tonight must be—the end."

"You mean you cannot face tomorrow—the disgrace—"

"I mean tonight must be the end," she reiterated.

Through narrowed lids, he looked at her, scanning her averted face.

Then she heard him laugh bitterly, discordantly.

"I have, apparently, expected too much of you. I might have known it would be so. All women are alike. They desert a man when he needs them most. The prospect of sharing my shame is more than you can bear." Again he laughed. "Well, tonight shall be the end—tonight—now. Don't think I blame you. It is not your fault. I merely rated you too high, Marcia. The mistake was mine—not yours."

He left her then.

Stunned by the torrent of his reproach, she stood motionless, watching while, without a backward glance, he passed into the hall and up the stairs.

Even after he was out of sight, she remained immovable, her frightened eyes riveted on the doorway through which he had disappeared.



"You—know," she faltered, Her Arms Creeping About His Neck.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Roasting the Thanksgiving Turkey



FIRST, select a plump, well-fattened turkey. Either a young or an old turkey can be made excellent eating, but you must know which you have, for it makes a difference in the way you cook it. Allow from one-half to three-quarters of a pound in the weight of the turkey as you buy it for each person to be served—remembering that in the larger kinds you will get more meat in that proportion to bone. With a 15-pound turkey, for instance, you can get 20 very generous servings.

The dealer will usually draw the turkey for you, but certain things have to be looked out for at home. Cut off the oil sac, take out the windpipe and lungs, pull out any pin feathers and singe off hairs. Do this quickly so as not to darken or scorch the skin. Wipe the body cavity with a soft cloth wrung out of cold water. Scrub the outside with a wet cloth and soda or corn meal. Rinse off quickly and wipe the bird dry inside and outside. Never let a turkey or any other poultry soak in water. You lose flavor and food value.

Rub the inside with salt before putting in the stuffing. Slip a crusty end slice of a loaf of bread into the opening near the tail to hold in the stuffing, tuck the legs under the band of skin left for that purpose, and saw up the salt with soft white twine. After stuffing and trussing the turkey, rub the outside all over with butter, salt and pepper and pat on flour. Lay a piece of turkey fat over the breast. Place on a rack in an open roasting pan. Do not put any water into the pan. Water in a roasting pan makes steam, and steam around a roasting turkey or any tender meat draws out the juices.

Have the oven hot (about 450° F.) when you put the turkey in. Brown it lightly for half an hour in this hot oven and after the first 15 minutes turn the bird with the breast down so it will brown all over. Then reduce the oven heat to very moderate (325° F.) To cool the oven down quickly leave the door open a few minutes. Turn the bird from time to time, basting it with turkey fat and butter.

If the turkey is young, continue the roasting at this moderate temperature with no lid on the pan until the bird



Testing the Doneness of the Bird for the Great Feast.

is done. Baste with pan drippings about every half hour. In turning, be careful not to break the skin. A young 10-12 pound turkey will need about three hours in the oven.

For a turkey a year or more old, after browning in the hot oven, put the cover on the roaster, and continue the cooking in the moderate oven (about 325° F.). You will probably need to allow 4½ hours for a 15-pound bird a year or more old.

To test the "doneness," run a steel skewer or a cooking fork into the thigh next to the breast. If the juice does not show a red tinge, the turkey is done. Make gravy with the giblets and drippings.

The bureau of home economics, United States Department of Agriculture, which gives the foregoing suggestions, also supplies this recipe for a savory stuffing, and one for giblet gravy. For stuffing:

| | |
|---------------------------|------------------------------|
| 2 quarts dry bread crumbs | 1 pint chopped celery |
| ½ cup fat, butter | 2 tsp. salt |
| and turkey fat | 1 to 2 tsp. savory seasoning |
| 1 small onion, chopped | Pepper to taste |
| ½ cup chopped parsley | |

In the melted fat cook the onion, parsley and celery for a few minutes. Add the bread crumbs and seasonings and stir all together until the mixture is thoroughly heated. Pile the hot stuffing lightly into the turkey, but do not pack.

Giblet gravy: Simmer the giblets (liver, gizzard and heart) and the neck in one quart of water for about an hour. Drain the giblets and chop them fine, saving the broth. If there is too much fat on the drippings in the roaster, skim off some of the excess fat and leave about one-half cup. Into these pan drippings stir six level tablespoons of flour. Then gradually add the cool broth from the giblets and enough more cold water to make a thin smooth gravy. Cook for 5 minutes, add the chopped giblets and season to taste with salt and pepper.

Omens for Luck Are Still Guide

Superstition Rules Many Activities, Especially in England.

Old superstitions remain and new ones are added. When winners in the Irish Sweep were asked to say to what they attribute their good luck, a heavy percentage replied that they had a "lucky number" to thank. (The number 13 was considered both lucky and unlucky.)

Others attributed their good fortune to spiders, "money spiders" particularly, and one individual believed he won because he had carried a piece of coal about with him since the dawn of 1933. One gave the credit to a fall of oak leaves upon him, and another wrote: "Last year was the first time that swallows built on my property, and my wife said immediately, 'Oh, don't disturb them, swallows bring good luck.'"

In England superstition is not confined to the countryside; it is to be found even in the center of business London. No member of the Rothschild family, for instance, will shake hands with a customer in his own bank or place of business. The Rothschilds consider it unlucky to do so.

Again, London's Bush house has eight of its pillars ornamented and one plain. The idea, derived from the ancient Greeks, is that God alone can achieve perfection and that man therefore could not attempt it.

Practically every member of the London Stock exchange carries a mascot. One especially favored is a crooked coin, a sixpence for choice. But for the crooked coin to bring luck it must have been given to you. You must not have received it in change.

For the last 70 years, a well-known diamond merchant asserts, the fortunes of his firm have been influenced by a large and beautiful sapphire. This merchant is K. D. Parikh of Antwerp and Bombay, and the sapphire, which came from the Kashmir mines, was bought by his grandfather 40 years ago.

The gem is named "Shani," which means "Luck Bringer." It is kept in a special safe, on New Year's day. Once it was sold and immediately misfortunes befell the firm. It was bought back, and all went well.

"Shani," which originally cost \$10,000, has gained so remarkable a reputation that \$60,000 was offered for it not long ago. The offer was rejected.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Pick Good Mother-in-Law for Marital Happiness

If you want to be happy in marriage, pick out a good mother-in-law. The tendency to marital happiness runs in families, according to findings of a survey of California marriages by Drs. L. M. Terman and Paul Buttenwieser of Stanford University, California, published in The Journal of Applied Psychology.

Nearly 87 per cent of the happily married who reported had happily married parents.

Do You Ever Wonder

Whether the "Pain" Remedy You Use is SAFE?

Ask Your Doctor and Find Out

Don't Entrust Your Own or Your Family's Well-Being to Unknown Preparations

THE person to ask whether the preparation you or your family are taking for the relief of headaches is SAFE to use regularly is your family doctor. Ask him particularly about Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN.

He will tell you that before the discovery of Bayer Aspirin most "pain" remedies were advised against by physicians as bad for the stomach and, often, for the heart. Which is food for thought if you seek quick, safe relief.

Scientists rate Bayer Aspirin among the fastest methods yet discovered for the relief of headaches and the pains of rheumatism, neuritis and neuralgia. And the experience of millions of users has proved it safe for the average person to use regularly. In your own interest remember this.

You can get Genuine Bayer Aspirin at any drug store—simply by asking for it by its full name, BAYER ASPIRIN. Make it a point to do this—and see that you get what you want.

Bayer Aspirin

5 P.M. is a test of how you FEEL

"How do I feel.... Swell!—why do you ask?"

It is all so simple, too! That tired, run-down, exhausted feeling quite often is due to lack of a sufficiency of those precious red-blood-cells. Just build up these oxygen-carrying cells and the whole body takes on new life... food is really turned into energy and strength... you can't help but feel and look better. S.S.S. Tonic restores deficient red-blood-cells... it also improves the appetite and digestion. It has been the nation's standby for over 100 years... and unless your case is exceptional it should help you, too.

S.S.S. TONIC Makes you feel like yourself again

Never Fails On Baking Days

CLABBER GIRL

BAKING POWDER

Buy A Can From Your Grocer Today

TALK IT OVER WITH US

Buying Wisely

In these days people are buying wisely. They study values more closely than ever before, they compare prices. The buyer today studies advertising carefully, and the seller can use advertising and obtain better results than when money is more carelessly spent. Advertising nowadays pays—both buyer and seller.