

# Stairs of Sand

By Anna M. Regan

(Continued from Last Week)

## CHAPTER 2.

When Sara was ready to go down to breakfast she listened at Hedda's door, and hearing her stirring about, rapped and entered. Hedda was a picture of blond loveliness; cheeks rosy pink, blue eyes still misty with sleep, golden ringlets that clustered and clung to her beautifully shapely head.

Sara clasped her in her arms and held her close for a moment.

"Now, young lady, tell me just what you were doing last night while I sat here wondering what in the world happened to you."

"Please don't worry ever again about me, dear sister, if I happen to be a minute late. Have more confidence in me and I'll always try to be worthy of it."

"I am sure, Hedda, you would worry if I didn't come home and you didn't know where I was. Hurry and tell me what kept you so late. Father's bell will ring in a few minutes you know."

"Well, I had finished all the errands for you and Grandmother at five o'clock, so I telephoned Mr. Johnson and for once found her home. She insisted that I'd come over there to dinner and sent her father's car for me. Such a dream of a car, too. She had no engagement for the evening so we had a heart to heart visit and discussed everyone we knew. That beautiful Carol Dempsey is getting a divorce from Reg."

"You went to school with her I know Hedda, but since they moved to the city and her father made so much money and gives so much of it to her she travels in too fast a set for you to be interested in."

"She told Beryl she was through with all that. She said she was going to give up that kind of a life and live quietly from now on. She said she was coming down here for a month."

"Coming here?" Sara took instant alarm. "She'd better wait for an invitation, perhaps. Hasn't she a father and a home to go to?"

"Remember, Sally, she'll pay her well, wherever she stays. Her father and mother are absolutely against divorce and warn her to keep away from them if she gets one. Her father told her she was destroying his digestion and clean outlook on life."

Sara laughed. "Of course our digestion and outlook on life doesn't matter. Well, we will have to talk to Father and Grandmother about her coming here. She would pay well, I'm sure, and we could use the money. The quarries didn't make as well as usual this last month."

"Sara, why tell Dad about her divorce and everything. Just tell him she's coming here to board for the summer."

"Maybe it would be better," Sara agreed. "But we might as well tell Grandmother at once for certainly she'll find out anyway."

"Grandmother will stand by, she always does, Sara."

"You mean she sits and looks on and we do the standing?"

"Now, Sara, I feel sure you'd rather bear a burden than be one."

"I don't know," said Sara. "Some burdens have a very easy time of it."

"Dad must be made to understand how little money we have and how debts are piling up. Carol's money would be a God-send this summer. Oh, isn't it heart-breaking to have to guard every penny so miserly—oh, dear, I'm so tired of it all!" Hedda's blue eyes filled with tears.

"Hedda, I want you to know that poor Dad has been wonderful, tied down and invalid as he has been for so long. He has managed the business, insisted on full reports from all bosses, paid all bills, and really kept an eye on everything."

"Yes, and what good is all this?" cried Hedda, excitedly. "We grow poorer every year, don't we? We're so tied to this old place. Have no money to buy decent clothes or to travel with—"

"Hedda, dear, no person in the world can do exactly as he likes. I often think what a glorious thing it would

be if I could go away for a month every summer. Here, I'm so completely swallowed discussing and deciding everything for everybody."

Hedda stifled the thought that Sara was somewhat to blame. She was in always in too much of a hurry to help everyone. Didn't give the others a chance to find proper solutions for their own troubles.

"We shouldn't complain," said Sara. "It means so much that we have each other and the dear old home. Maybe a few paying boarders would help solve our financial troubles."

"We must never," Hedda eyes blazed indignantly, "let Cherry Lane Farm be turned into a dumping ground for just anyone that might apply."

"All right, sweetheart," Sara smiled, "I forgot to tell you, I received a hundred dollar check for that last group of drawings. They weren't so good either. Now, Hedda, dear, you and I can each have a pair of shoes."

"Dear sister!" Hedda laid a soft cheek against the other girl's. "You're the goose that lays the golden eggs."

Sara smiled. "Yes, I'm the goose all right. Nat warned me to have some money for him tonight. He says he must have some new clothes."

"What does he do with his own money? You know he never offers to help us no matter how badly off we are."

"And he never will, I feel sure. He's so spoiled by everyone—it's a pity too, Hedda. As a salesman he makes good always if he'd stick to some job. Unnecessary good always if he'd only stick to some job. Unnecessary worries like this are so hard to bear. I feel I couldn't go on without your loving sympathy and help."

"Sara," said Hedda, recalling her wandering thoughts. "I've saved the most exciting news until the last!"

"I bet you met another interesting man on the trolley?"

"No, it was the same one. The one coming out with Nat, today."

Instantly Hedda Leavitt's banners were flying. Her blue eyes glowed.

"What's his name, pray?"

"Neil Cramer," whispered Hedda. "He has a marvelous build and such a charming smile. I know, Sally, you'll think him splendid. I'm in such a hurry for you to see him."

"Go on. Tell me about him," Sara insisted.

Nothing had ever surprised and amused Sara more than the way her young demure sister had blossomed out of late. She watched her now with laughing eyes as Hedda plunged into the recital of her meeting a strange man on different trolley rides to the city.

"You see," Hedda's voice was low and thrilling, "it was the third time we had gone in on the trolley together. I suppose he noticed how much I admired him. Really he's the handsomest man I ever laid eyes on. His teeth are so white they simply flash at you when he smiles."

"Go on, child. What did he do after he flashed his teeth at you?"

"The ride into town seemed so short he was such an interesting talker," Hedda confided. "You see, he works for a company that's laying out an exclusive resort for millionaires up on Mt. Sharon. The company's main office is in the city so that's the reason he goes in on this trolley so often. I wonder what Grandmother will think about his coming here to see me?"

Aunt Emmy, who had been mammy and all-around servant to the Leavitt family for many years, in fact she had come with the girl's mother when she had come as a bride from South Carolina, pushed open the door unceremoniously.

"Hurry, child, how come you do an hear yose daddy's ringin' and ringin'. I fixed his breakfast as you-all does an' took it in but he desisted me to bring you, Miss Sara so here I is. Yo're Gran-mother is desceded in front of the fireplace eatin' hers. She just natchly ain't sayin' nice things about you two gran'darters either. Can't you smell those cones a' burnin'?"

Emmy rushed out and flew down kitchenward as fast as her overweight body would permit.

"Why it is eight o'clock, Hedda. I don't blame poor Dad. I always read to him a while at this time. When I get him in good humor I want to ask him if he will let us have Carol here as a boarder. You handle Grandmother in the same way. Let's go, dear."

Mr. Jacob Leavitt felt somewhat peeved when he found that it was not sickness that caused Sara to come to him so late. To him it was pure neglect. He had grown queer since he had become an invalid, tied to bed and chair. He enjoyed particular care and attention from Sara because he felt his invalidism entitled him to it. His mind remained unimpaired and his energy demanded an outlet. The handling of the sand and stone quarries provided this outlet, the men managing the working and marketing of the products of the sand and stone taken from the quarries were often summoned to Jacob Leavitt's bedside to give full accounts of their stewardship; Sara was often called to dictate long letters, or to copy long columns of figures from one ledger to another or to telephone new orders to the quarry bosses.

Cherry Lane Farm, under his regime, had run down and down, until it had reached a point, where it could go down no farther. The once prosperous homestead was now a neglected waste; the old home sagged and creaked in every joint. The walls needed paint, the gutters wanted mending. Inside the house, conditions were somewhat better. To be sure pictures and furniture seemed to have taken permanent root. But here and there were evidences of something new and young creeping in. The first change had come when Sara had returned from Art School and asked for a small room off the parlor, for a den. The request seemed so unnecessary to Grandmother Delight. Why the room had been so handy for storage. Sara persisted until she gained her point. She promised to leave in it as much of the stored goods as possible. She packed all of these in a corner and put a screen around them. She put a bright chintz cover over an old couch and an easy chair by the window. Nearby she placed her easel.

Gradually there were more changes, most of which Grandmother could not see. The parlor was converted into a homey livingroom with low lights and dainty shades, soft, inexpensive draperies of harmonizing colors and several bright pillows.

When it was finally decided that Carol Dempsey could come to Cherry Lane Farm as its first paying guest, Sara's first concern was where to put her. The guest room was next to her Grandmother's room and she felt that she would be frequently disturbed if Carol were so near. She removed her own belongings to the spare room and fixed her own room for Carol.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 5)

## The Pope's Encyclical On Labor

(Continued from Page Two)

and in the light of the general principles stated above, as well as of that which we are now about to formulate, we feel bound to add that to our knowledge there are some who fear that the State is substituting itself in the place of private initiative instead of thinking itself to necessary and sufficient help and assistance. It is feared that the new syndical and corporative institutions possess an excessively bureaucratic and political character, and that, notwithstanding the general advantages referred to above, it risks serving particular political aims rather than contributing to the institution of a better social order.

We believe that to attain this long-sought lofty purpose the true and permanent advantage of the Commonwealth, there is need before and above all else of the blessing of God, and in the second place of the cooperation of all men of good-will. We believe, moreover, as a necessary consequence, that the end intended will be the more certainly attained the greater the contribution furnished by men of technical, commercial and social competence, and more still, by Catholic principles and their application. We hope for the contribution, not to Catholic action (which has no intention of playing any strictly syndical or political activities), but to our sons, whom Catholic action inspires with these principles and trains for the apostolate under the guidance and direction of the Church. Of the Church, we say, which in the above-mentioned sphere, as in all others where moral questions are discussed and regulated, cannot forget or neglect its mantle as custodian and teacher, given it by God.

### Reform of Manners

However, all that we have taught about reorganizing and perfecting the social order with be of no avail without a reform of manners. Of this history regards the clearest evidence. At one period there existed a social order which, though by no means perfect, was, nevertheless, in a certain measure to right reason according to the needs and conditions of the times. That this order has long since perished is not due to the fact that it is incapable of development and adaptation to changing needs and circumstances, but rather to the wrong-doing of men. Men were hardened in excessive self-love and refused to extend that order, as well their duty, to the degrading numbers of the people or the degradation of other orders, they grew impatient of every restraint and endeavored to throw off all authority.

It remains for us then to turn our attention to the social condition of the economic order, and to its bitterest adversary and aggressor. We mean socialism. On these we shall pronounce a frank and just sentence; shall examine more closely the root of the present grave evil; and shall indicate the first and most necessary remedy, which lies in a reform of morals.

### CHAPTER III.

#### Changes Since Leo XIII.

Important changes have taken place both in economic conditions and in regard to socialism. In the first place it is obvious to all that the entire economic scene has greatly changed. You are aware, venerable brethren, of the beloved children, that our predecessor of happy memory had chiefly in mind that economic regime in which were provided by different people the capital and labor jointly needed for production. He describes it in a happy phrase, "capital and labor go without labor for labor without capital."

Leo XIII's whole endeavor was to adjust this economic regime to the standards of true order; whence it follows that the system itself is not to be condemned. And surely it is not vituperable or vicious; but it violates that order whenever capital so employs the working or wage-earning classes as to divert business and economic activity entirely to its own arbitrary will and advantage, without any regard to the rights and interests of the workers, the social character of economic life, social justice and the common good.

#### Agricultural Classes

It is true that even today these economic conditions do not everywhere exist exclusively. For there is another economic system which still embraces a very large and influential group of men. There are for instance the agricultural classes, who form the larger portion of the human family, and who find in their occupation the means of obtaining honestly and justly what is needful for their maintenance. This system too has its difficulties and problems, of which our predecessor spoke repeatedly in his encyclical, and to which we ourselves have more than once referred in the present letter.

But it is the capitalist economic regime that with the world-wide diffusion of industry, has penetrated everywhere, particularly since the publication of Leo XIII's encyclical. It has invaded and pervaded the economic and social sphere even of those who live outside its ambit, influencing them by its advantages, inconveniences and vices.

When we turn our attention, therefore, to the changes which this capitalistic economic order has undergone since the days of Leo

(Continued on Page Five)

## Statue of Cardinal Mercier Unveiled at Louvain University And Eloquent Tributes Paid

### Irish Priest Spoke of Effect of Cardinal's Work in United States, Ireland, Canada and England King and Queen There

Brussels, June 12.—A life-size statue of the late Cardinal Mercier was unveiled in the presence of the Philosophical Institute of Louvain in the presence of the King and Queen here recently.

Populace of Cardinal Mercier gathered at the university from all parts of the world to pay a last tribute to their friend and great teacher. Speaking before the King and Queen, who were seated on thrones, illustrious men paid their debt of gratitude to the Cardinal.

The Cardinal's work was represented by Father Gony of the National University of Dublin, who spoke of the effect of the Cardinal's teaching in the United States, Canada, England, and Ireland. The Cardinal, said Father Gony, had shown the need of such moral leaders in the world.

Monseigneur Lamouisse, rector of the

## To Be Married

Invitations have been issued for the marriage of Miss Mary Hagg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Hagg, of New York, to Winston M. Foy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Foy, of New York. The wedding will take place at St. Patrick's Church, New York, on Saturday, June 17th, at 11:30 o'clock in the forenoon. Rev. John J. Kelly, pastor of the church, will officiate. The bridesmaids will be Misses Mary Hagg, and Miss Foy. The groomsmen will be Messrs. James Hagg, and Winston M. Foy. The best man will be Mr. James A. Fisher of Orangeburg, N. Y.

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