

Tablet in Rome For N. F. Brady

The Italian Archaeological Society of Rome is erecting a bronze tablet in the Catacombs of St. Sebastian in honor of Nicholas F. Brady...

STAIRS OF SAND

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

fit and young after a vigorous rub, he assured himself that never before had life seemed so perfect and worthwhile...

As he leisurely dressed this radiant autumn morning, he gave vent to his satisfaction in song. He had sung two numbers at the opening of the day before and they had been well received...

A knock at his door, and he was handed a pale lavender letter that bore a faint odor of exquisite perfume. It was from Mrs. Philo Leavitt...

Comfortably seated in the Club dining-room, before a perfectly appointed breakfast table with a well trained waiter at his side, he visualized his future. He enjoyed feeling well groomed, fit in body and soul...

Later seating himself in a comfortable chair on the large porch that adjoined the Club House, he lit a cigar, and let his fancy play through the smoke rings. He rather prided himself on the careful way he had so far avoided being caught on the hook of matrimony...

John H. Donoghue Heads Plebe Class, 1930, West Point

John H. Donoghue, son of Mr. and Mrs. William P. Donoghue of 80 Jackson Street, was honored by being selected as the head of the plebe class at the academy...

plebe class at the academy. John is a member of St. Andrew's Church when home and was active in church work here. He is a graduate of Charlotte High School...

Items of Interest From WHAM

The Stromberg-Carlson String Ensemble is taking the place this month of the Rochester Civic Orchestra on the air over WHAM-WJZ and associated network stations...

From the summer home of American grand opera at Ravinia Park, located near Lake Michigan on Chicago's north shore, an NBC-WHAM network will bring another program of instrumental music by members of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra...

Monart's racy "Symphony in G Minor," one of three he wrote within six weeks, will be broadcast in its entirety by the Rocky Mountain Orchestra, Maurice Baron conducting...

Thirty-five complete bands, totaling 1,400 musicians, will play a group of noted marches in the Elks massed-band concert to be broadcast from the Seattle Civic Auditorium over WHAM and an NBC-WJZ network Tuesday, July 7, at 4 o'clock...

TO BE MARRIED Mr. and Mrs. William L. Northrup of Ashbury Street have issued invitations for the marriage of their grand-daughter, Dorothy Louise Northrup to Robert Henry Kalb, son of Mr. and Mrs. George R. Kalb of Pearl Street...

Mount Carmel Graduates 74; Prize Winners

On Monday evening last week graduation exercises for the Mt. Carmel school were held in the new hall of the parish. The Rev. Walter A. Poiry, rector of the church, presided. The salutarian was Joseph Guggino; the valedictorian, Josephine Ferrarova.

The program was enjoyed by a capacity audience of parents and friends. It included a dance by Antoinette Zota, a vocal duet by Sabina Mascioli and Sylvia Lupo, violin solo by Angelina Marci, Dutch dance by Laura and Margaret Montone and soprano solo by Jack Vella.

The class had 74 graduates. Carmine Scavia won the boys' scholarship medal and Catherine DiMascio the girls' scholarship medal. Other prize winners were: First Christian Doctrine medal, Angelina Marci; second Christian Doctrine medal, William Lechardell; attendance gold medal, Salvatore Bellinca and six boys' medal for excellence, drawn by Salvatore Julian.

Do not let yourself be drawn away by the world in these years of your vigorous and youthful manhood; remember the words of the blessed Christ, when He told me that they were like spears—fair outside, but within full of dead men's bones and of all corruption.

There are few things impossible in them to a successful issue is wanting themselves; perseverance to bring much more than the means.

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ing. That afternoon in the Glen for instance. She hadn't been a bit distant or reticent. He recalled the lights that had played in her eyes, tender, roughish, and merry. He thought of the way she had confided in him. More than once of late, however, he had found himself pushed definitely outside of her consideration. He couldn't understand why she acted in this manner.

"On the following Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Philo Leavitt's tea had reached its high pitch when Hedda and Sara arrived. Cramer welcomed their coming with relief. The rooms were so crowded, and for an hour the strident buzz of voices had filled his ears. At his elbow his hostess, smartly gowned and becomingly coiffured, presented to him an endless line of smart ladies, mostly elderly. It seemed to him that for a week he had done nothing but accept compliments and say meaningless things in return.

Of course, he reminded himself, it had all been most delightful, but today he felt the first touch of satiety. In the human current that swirled around him only a few men were visible. Now and then Philo Leavitt stopped long enough to offer and observation. Cramer had often visited the Leavitt's home and rather enjoyed the old fellow's witty remarks. Over more than one good dinner they had discussed the best families of the city and Cramer had gained much valuable information in this way regarding many people he later found useful in his business.

"Say, Cramer?" said Philo Leavitt. "They tell me you are doing a lot for my nephew Nat. He claims he's making money fast, and says it's been your help and advice that put him across."

"All he needed was a little encouragement," Cramer insisted. "Nat says it was a tip you gave him on a certain stock that won him five thousand dollars."

"Oh, yes, I remember now. One day I passed on to him a tip that had been given me, and as I never dabble in stocks of any kind, I told him about it. I'm glad Nat benefitted. But will it really be good for him? I hoped he had abandoned the old life and was well started on the upward path. I hope this money won't drag him down again."

"Well," said Uncle Philo, "Youth will have its fling, they say." At this moment, Cramer espied Hedda and Sara Leavitt and hastened across the room to greet them. Before he could do so, however, his hostess touched his arm.

"Mr. Cramer," she said, "every one is wild to hear you sing. Won't you humor them, please?" "But my dear Mrs. Leavitt, I have no music and no accompanist."

"I have loads of music and Hedda Leavitt can play anything at sight." He started to demur, when in the circle appeared Hedda Leavitt's piquant face, adding its silent appeal. "Do you think we can make it?" he asked, smiling over the heads of the others, into her eyes.

"Sure, of course," she answered. "It was queer how her bright eyes affected him. He felt they quaver brought out all his best points and revealed him to the world in his most becoming aspect. "They are going to flonize you," Hedda whispered, as they stood together at the music rack. "You were ours first, though," she said with a nod of triumph. "I am yours still," he replied softly, his lips almost touching her soft hair. Then, frightened at the color that surged into her face, he turned to the music.

He was in no hurry to bring things to a crisis. In all probability he would some day ask Hedda Leavitt to marry him but he felt like delaying the issue. Cramer found a song he knew and Hedda said she could manage the accompaniment. Stepping forward, he gave the signal to Hedda, and as a hush fell on the company, began to sing. He was surprised at the clearness and the volume of his voice and he felt that never before had he sung so well. As soon as he could escape after his song was finished he went in search of Sara Leavitt. He was piqued that she had not come to greet him and he was determined to find out the reason.

He looked through the house, and he had all most come to the conclusion that she had gone home, when he spied her in a rose-embowered arbor on the lawn in conversation with Carol Dempsey. The two girls presented a sharp contrast. Carol in vivid orchid and Sara in soft grey. It was evident that Carol was in the midst of a dramatic recital. "Come out and join us," she urged as she saw Cramer on the porch. "It's so much cooler out here."

"I think I'll go in and have a cup of tea," Sara said, rising. "Let me bring you both some!" insisted Carol. "How do you take your tea, Mr. Cramer?" "Clear," said Cramer. Turning to Sara, he added, "Can't we sit down and talk for a moment?" "Aren't you getting too far from the spotlight?" she asked.

"After all, I have found the sunlight," he replied, smiling. "I wanted to tell you that Carol has just gotten her decree," Sara spoke in a low whisper, "she's not sure she's happy over it."

Then he arose to accept his tea from Carol. "Won't you sit down?" he asked politely, hoping she would not. "Have you seen Nat today?" she asked Cramer. "Only for a moment, in Dwight's Drug Store. He was going in as I came out. He said he wasn't feeling well. I tried my best to have him come over here with me."

"He promised to meet me here this afternoon," Carol pouted, "It's getting late." A maid came to call Carol to the telephone. "And now," said Cramer, with a sign of contentment, "I want to hear all about everything. Tell me why I haven't seen anything of you of late?" "It's two weeks since you visited the Farm," said Sara, not looking at him. "I talked a couple of times last week but didn't catch a glimpse of you."

Sara sipped her tea, and her eyes twinkled at him over the rim of her cup. Sometimes she made him feel like a boy. That afternoon in the Glen, he had actually captured his lost youth. Not in years had he met anyone who filled him with such a delicious feeling of contentment as this girl at his side always enveloped him with. Sometimes off guard by a look or a word she betrayed a deep interest in him. He could so easily love her if she would let him see that side of her more frequently!

(Continued Next Week)