

CLYDE

JOSEPH STORIO
Clyde, July 17.—Joseph Storio, aged 41, a plumber here for 20 years, died here Monday. He leaves his wife, Mrs. Joseph Storio, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pasquale Storio of Castelle, Italy, a son, the editor of a newspaper, and four brothers, Michael and Clement of Chicago, Louis and Theodore of Syracuse, Paul, Virginia and Valerio of Castelle, Italy, and a sister, Mrs. Frank Marinelli of Syracuse. His funeral was held at 10 o'clock Thursday morning in St. John's church and the services were attended by many friends.

LAPIDAR
DISCOVERY OF SWISS PRINCE BRINGS RELIEF TO THOUSANDS
Thirty years ago a Swiss priest, Father Kounale, discovered LAPIDAR—a marvelous herb remedy composed of harmless leaves, flowers and roots from the high Alps...

STAIRS OF SAND

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

The surgeon demurred. "I advise against it," he urged. "It will only distress you and will do him no good. The morphine we have given him may soon take effect, then you may go in."
"But we must have someone he knows with him when he wakes up. Then he won't be so frightened," Sara insisted.

At the door of Nat's room Sara turned to him. "Please phone Uncle Philo and Carol's mother. Then for Heaven's sake get this note to Hedda before she and Grandmother hear of the accident from someone else."
"Go out and stay all night with Hedda," Carol told them.
"But you, Sara—you are shaking like a leaf."
"I'm all right. Life we can only keep Nat."

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life was young.
"But where is Miss Leavitt?" he demanded in chagrin. "Why wasn't I called?"
"She didn't know you were here, sir."

"Where is she now?"
"Her uncle came and took her home after her brother died. Her brother knew her and clung to her but couldn't speak a word. At the last it was terrible."
Cramer shuddered and drew his hands across his eyes. He had an uncomfortable feeling that he had let Sara bear the brunt of awful things alone. But she was always so determined not to spare herself. He had intended to do all that was possible for those dear friends in their affliction. He decided to hurry out to Leavitts for they might need him.

The weeks that followed were like a nightmare to Hedda and Sara Leavitt. The shock of Nat's tragic death had taken a heavy toll of grandmother and the invalid father sending them down into the valley, and sometimes it seemed to the girls that both invalids were to follow Nat very soon. Nat was enthroned as a martyr, and Sara compromised with the doctor's orders for absolute quiet for her father and grandmother by admitting only relatives to see them. "Don't mention anything disturbing," she warned each one.

The only person beside the family who was allowed to see the invalids was Neil Cramer. He could be relied upon never to make tactless references or to ask disturbing questions.
During his frequent calls he talked cheerfully about impersonal matters, while Hedda sat in the room, dividing her adoring looks between him and the patients.

Since the night of Nat's death, Sara had carefully avoided being alone with Cramer. The fear was not only for what he might do and say, but for himself. While the personal encounter between them had been apparently swallowed up in the graver issue, she was acutely aware of the quiet, determined pursuit on his part, and the occasional tendency on hers, to fling herself and all her worries into his strong arms, and to be able to feel the assurance that God was in His Heaven, and that all was right with the world.

She never stopped to ask if she was in love with him, she only reminded herself a dozen times a day that she must not, even for a moment, stand between Hedda and her happiness. The very concentration of her effort to put him out of her mind only defeated its purpose.

Hedda, fully reassured by Cramer's frequent visits, was entirely unconscious of the turn affairs had taken. Even her sorrow over her brother's untimely end was mitigated by Cramer's frequent visits. Sara's problem of undoing the harm she had done remained unsolved. Seeing that her present policy of avoiding him was not proving successful, she resorted to the expedient of putting herself in his way, in order to disillusion him.

It proved a harder task than she thought. In the face of his unflinching kindness, she found sharp speeches dying before they passed her lips.

Going to the city on an afternoon trolley, Sara found Cramer a passenger bound the same way. As she had a seat to herself Cramer asked if he might sit with her. He slipped his arm along the back of the seat and looked at her with undisciplined admiration.

"You look so troubled my dear," he said tenderly. Sara ignored the epithet. The ride to the city was so short!

"Sara, let's put behind us for an hour or two at least, all unavailing sorrow and present cares. What you need is to get away from all that for a while. Why don't you come over to the Arlington and have dinner with me, and then go to the theatre afterwards? We'll take in a comedy. It will do you good to have a hearty laugh."
Sara's firm resolve to keep the situation in hand wavered. She was so tired in mind and body that the prospect of an evening of diversion was more than she could withstand.

"I have two or three errands to do," said Sara. "I must phone Hedda, too. Where could I meet you after that?"

"You can come into the Goldsboro when you finish. I'll be waiting for you in the lobby," Cramer promised. She felt a sudden weak comfort in his tone of authority, and in the strong arm that guided her so protectively through the crowd. There was something consoling in his earnestness and confidence.

"All right," she told him. "I'll be at the hotel at seven."

A few minutes later as she came out of a store, she caught sight of two familiar figures hurrying down the street. One was small and thin, and carried a shiny new grip. The other was tall and awkward, and carried two suitcases. Sara darted after them.

"Lois!" she cried. "Billy!"
The young people turned and viewed her with consternation.

"Lois!" she was going to Minda's to spend the week end, stammered Lois. "Billy came down to see me off."
Sara looked from one to the other. "Billy didn't need a suit case for that. What is this, an elopement?"
Billy made a faint denial, but Lois lifted a defiant face.

"Well, what if it is?" she said angrily. "They wouldn't let me see Billy at school, and they won't let me see him at home. I'm past eighteen and I won't stand it another day."

"But Lois, you promised me, last fall—"
"Yes, I promised to wait if you'd arrange for us to meet every week."

"And you, Billy?" she appealed to him. "Aren't you ashamed to be sneaking off with Lois like this, when you know the trouble it's going to cause everybody?"
"I didn't want to do it like this, Miss Sara, honest I didn't. But all your folks are so down on me and I just can't bear to have Lois unhappy. I took Lois out to my Grandmother Miller's at Fernville. She lives alone and is so old. Finally she said if we'd come out and be married by Father Smith we could live with her until we found something better."

"She's the dearest old lady, Sara, not a bit like Grandmother Delight."

"We're to be married out there in the rectory tomorrow night at eight o'clock," proclaimed Billy.

"If everything is sealed and signed," said Sara, "I'll promise to be over and stand up with you."

"That'll be fine. Get word to Billy's mother, Sara," Lois pleaded. "Maybe she'd come with you. Billy's all broken up about her."

The trolley was about to start. Lois gave Sara a quick embrace, and half sobbed a "Good-bye."

Lois was right when she predicted that the wrath of the family would fall on Sara. Uncle Philo did not hesitate to say that Sara had no social standards whatever. Grandmother refused to speak to her for a week, notwithstanding that she brought her trays and helped her dress. When she did speak it was to say that she did not understand where Sara could have gotten her taste for common people, certainly not from the Leavitts.

It was Hedda's attitude that hurt Sara the most. Hedda looked over and over "You know, Sara, you being all the time and you can't try to stop them. You

17,000 Polish-Americans Ask That Pulaski Be Honored By Bronze Tablet in Library

Representatives of Polish Societies in Rochester Obtain Permission of Library Board to Honor Fellow Countryman Who Died for America.

A beautiful bronze tablet, made by one of the largest jewelry concerns in the world, and properly inscribed, will be placed inside the entrance of the new Hudson-Norton branch library, now nearing completion. The tablet will be in memory of General Count Casimir Pulaski, Polish patriot and Revolutionary War hero who gave his life in the fight for American liberty, and whose name and deeds are loved wherever Polish people live and labor throughout the world. Permission to erect the tablet was granted by the Rochester Library Board upon the request of representatives of 17,000 Polish-American citizens in Rochester.

The new library, diagonally across from the Benjamin Franklin High School, and not far from the new St. Stanislaus parish school, will cost about \$30,000, and will be a very beautiful building, when completed. It will be used by a great many Polish people, and they are very proud of the building.

L. Phaler & Son Are in Business To Serve Others

Most barber shops are equipped with facilities sufficient to do all work connected with the care of the hair. But not all are equipped with up-to-the-minute equipment, and very few have the facilities for quick service which characterizes the new barber shop of Louis Phaler & Son, 12 Main Street West, in the Powers Block.

The aim of the entire staff is quick and satisfactory service. Eight barbers and manicurists are ready at all times to give you whatever service you demand—promptly, efficiently and with as little delay as possible. The menu are to be consulted on planning the extensive shop and carrying out so elaborate and costly a scheme for the satisfaction of their customers.

The color scheme is in nice green class. Between the class mirrors, between the mirrors, the walls are green, illuminated with indirect lights, rests the eyes. The arms and other parts of the chairs also have the nice glass and all metal parts visible are chromium plated. Four unusual lighting fixtures in the mirror cabinet and 200 watt bulbs make perfect shadowless lighting.

At each chair is a compact cabinet for tools, towels, and other necessities. A compartment of the cabinet contains the electrical sterilizing outfit and all equipment for that is connected. Sterilization is effected by means of every ether brush being put through a washing and electrical sterilization process before it is touched to one's face. The tools are kept in the sterilizer at all times, when not in use—there being no other place for them to be left.

All business is a matter of reciprocity, of giving something in exchange for something else. He reaps most who sows most. The most notable successful business enterprises are those that have rendered valuable service to the people. Louis Phaler & Son are in business to serve others.

Good food is combined with good service. Meals are served promptly and carefully, with courteous treatment afforded to all. Hosts of tourists and private parties regularly patronize this restaurant.

Log of the Great Western
The original log of the Great Western steamship, which crossed the Atlantic in 1838, and only missed by a few hours being the first steamer to do so, came to light in Bristol. The log was found by an old sailor employed in the Bristol Corporation's offices among a lot of rubbish. An expert recognized the name of Mat. J. Heskin as that of the captain of the Great Western, and other experts have pronounced the log as genuine. The first steamship to cross was the Briton.

Roughness on Oceans
The zone of greatest storm frequency lies between latitudes 45 degrees and 65 degrees. The most severe storms are the hurricanes that begin in the tropical portion of the Atlantic. The North Atlantic lies in the path of the great procession of cyclones and anti-cyclones of the middle latitudes, and also in the path of the West Indian hurricane over its lower latitudes, and counterparts of these atmospheric disturbances in the South Atlantic. The Pacific is subject to sudden and violent storms, especially typhoons, but the frequency of storms is not so great as in the Atlantic.

should have held them and called Uncle Philo."
"But I tell you, Hedda, no one could have stopped them."
"We could have locked her up, or put her in a convent. She's only a child."

Fortunately for everyone, Neil Cramer had not been involved in the tangle. He had gone on record as having done all in his power to dissuade the young couple from their rash act.

So Sara took the blame in silence, getting what satisfaction she could from knowing that Lois and Billy were safely married, and judging from appearances, supremely content.

Except for the assistance of Crill Metish, Sara was left to run Cherry Lane Farm single-handed. She was up at dawn and frequently going until midnight. To be sure she had Aunt Emmy, although her rheumatic attacks necessitated frequent absences.

It was an unusually severe winter and everything that could freeze on the farm took advantage of it. When the pipes weren't bursting, chimneys were smoking. The problem of keeping stoves supplied with coal was never solved.

Sara minded the sleepless nights more than the turmoil of the day. It was when she lay staring into the darkness that life seemed to close in upon her from every side. Where were the happy places of earth where artists escaped to dream their dreams, free from the tangled existence of other people? Year after year she had hoped to go on with her drawing. She had promised herself with each problem solved, that now she could take up her own life again. But she had no sooner disposed of one burden than another came along to take its place.

Was there no end to it all? Her outlook on life was getting old—she had become a strange unhappy person whose loyalties were all in conflict, whose duties were at variance. Where was God? Grandmother was the only one around who seemed to know anything of a personal, loving God. And she was rather vague about His power over His creatures.

(Continued Next Week)

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