Stairs of Sand

By Anna M. Regan

(Continued from Last Week)

CHAPTER 10

When Hedda Leavitt accompanied by Neil Cramer reached Cherry Lane Farm they found Sara, Carol, Reg and Lois in the living-room playing bridge. Everyone was in a flutter as they arose to welcome the couple. There was so much to talk about. Time had not stood still at the Farm. The past two weeks to Hedda were crammed with all the wonderful things of dress and luxury that she had never dared dream that she might see with her mortal eyes. She was questioned closely concerning the happy day, by them all.

"Neil," Sara asked him, "we've planned a trip up the mountain to-morrow and we want you to go with us. If you'll go you can stay here all night as we plan to start early."

"Going horseback?" Neil asked.

"Miller's had a dozen trained, western ponies shipped here," Reg informed him. "And plans to bring tourists here who enjoy mountain climbing."

"Who's going?" Hedda inquired.

"Reg and Carol, Hedda and Neil, Billy Miller and myself," Sara informed them. "We'll eat our lunch on Tablerock at the top of the crest."

"Cant' you stay Neil, and go with us?" Hedda asked wistfully. "Neil has been offered a very good job by a firm in California."

"Going out to California to work?" Sara heard her voice ask.

"Yes, I've had a very good offer from a firm out there. The manager of it worked with me here. He's a fine fellow, too," Neil explained. "I'm so pleasantly located there, I rather hate to change. I'm taking plenty of time to make up my mind. So I think I'll stay to-night and go with you tomorrow. It sounds good to me."

"That's fine," Reg nodded. "But let's all be ready to leave at sunrise."

"Hedda," Sara laughed. "Now for a piece of news you could never guess in a blue moon. Aunt Emmy is going to be married!"

"Married?" all asked in chorus. "Who is she going to marry?"

"Just listen, I was sewing in my room this afternoon," said Sara, "when the door opened and there stood Emmy. Her good-natured brown face framed by her stiffly starched sweeping cap. One arm rested on her hip, the other encircled a broom handle, her usual attitude for conversation. I dropped my sewing to listen."

"Miss Sara, honey," she said. "I's thinking about getting married again."

"I dropped my work to the floor and my mouth flew open. After two experiences and all her troubles, had she not enough? She's at least sixty-five years old, too."

"Emmeline," I said and could say no more."

"Well you see it's disway, Miss Sara. Wash is de onliest man I could ever love, and he's so lonely!"

(Yes, I thought, lonely for Emmy's warm kitchen and delicious cooking.)

Emmy continued: "And every little chile loves him, too. You know I'd feel so safe when I goes off, ef I just knew Wash was dere to pertect little Mose and tell him stories now and den."

"Can't Wash work while you're away?" I asked.

"Oh, yes'm I reckon, but you see Wash has always been porely as he ain't never had a good home." Her mind was made up.

"Well, I said cheerfully, "what do you want for a wedding present?"

"Miss Sara," she began, "I's been to the altar twice in ma life, and both times I didn't do it right, nohow, so now I jest decides I must has a veil weddin' with orange flowers fer trimmin'. Maybe honey chile, you'd help pore Aunt Emline ter get this all ready."

"When is the happy day to be?" I asked.

"On Wash's birthday. I've all time made him a lile present so's this would be a storodinary casion lake with maself thrown in."

"So," Sara laughed, "I'm to be the manager of seeing Emmy's third matrimonial bark started down safe, quiet waters."

"Some job, Sara," Reg laughed.

"Will she stop working here?" Hedda asked.

"No, indeed," Sara continued. "She'll have to work harder than ever then, for there'll be Wash and a young grandson of his to support beside two grandchildren of her own. Besides her work here and her own work she plans on doing all the washings she can do nights. She says Wash will bring and carry."

"So nice of him to do that much," Carol laughed.

"Will there be a wedding breakfast served?" asked Hedda.

"Oh, sure, in that grove over in Jimtown," said Sara. "We're all invited as a matter of course. Emmy has several fruit cakes baked already."

The door bell rang loudly through the house. Sara hurried to answer it. When she opened the door a wild-eyed man stood there.

"Oh, Miss Sara, will you come down to the Missus? She's bin tuck turrible bad. I sent Cull fur the doctor first thing. He's there now, I reckon. It would be a comfort for Hetty to see you as she sets such a store by you."

"Sure, I'll go Jeremy. Step in a minute while I get my coat and the lantern. I'll be ready in a jiffy," she told the man as he stood there and twisted his cap nervously in his hands.

In a very few minutes Sara came out, cloaked and hatted, a basket filled to the brim with food and supplies from her pantry shelves in one hand, a lighted lantern in the other.

Neil had offered to go with her in order to be her escort on the return trip. Carol too, had insisted on accompanying her.

"Why," said Carol, "it's nearly midnight now, Sara."

"The paths around those quarries are none too safe in daytime," said Reg. "We're going to worry about you every minute until you return."

"I'll take old Shep with me, and it isn't the first time I came from there at night," Sara added.

The man took the lantern and basket and led the way along the narrow path which skirted the quarries and led across a lush meadow to the door of the second cabin where a light shone from a small window. As soon as the door was opened the wailing of a young baby broke upon their ears. The doctor was just leaving.

"Everything's over, Kester," the doctor explained. "A ten-pound boy, hale and hearty arrived five minutes after I came. Miss Leavitt, you're just the one I wanted to have here for a few hours now. I'll be over again early in the morning. Good night."

Kester and Sara entered the little one-room house and passed over to the bed in the corner where the young mother lay spent and worn after bringing forth her first-born, a man child, the baby lay bundled beside her, protesting loudly against this world into which he had been projected, without a voice in the matter. The woman's tired eyes lighted with pleasure when she saw her husband and Sara enter.

While the young husband knelt for a minute beside his wife, Sara soothed the crying infant and prepared to bathe and clothe it with the plain little garments laid out on a stand.

"You are always so kind to us all, Miss Sara," the woman's voice was weak. "We all wish so much that your life will always be happy."

Sara came around to the bedside and dropped a kiss on the woman's forehead. "It's so nice of you to wish me well, Hattie. Now I'm going to fix you up so you can get some refreshing sleep. Next Jeremy Jr. will be attended to. I have an engagement for tomorrow, but Lois will run over early to see that you are comfortable." Sara's capable hands soon had the mother and child cared for and sleeping soundly. A small timepiece said three o'clock when she picked up the lantern and stepped out into the night. Jeremy stepped out behind her.

"Jeremy, stay with your family," she insisted.

"I'll see you byond the quarries," he insisted. "Then I'll hurry back."

The half-hour was striking as Sara entered her home. She planned to get up at five in order to have everything ready for the trip up the mountains. For sometime now she had been preparing and serving her father's breakfast. Quite by chance she found that he awakened early, especially sunny mornings when the trees outside his chamber windows, were filled with singing birds, all sending forth their morning songs of praise.

Sara's alarm awakened her at the stroke of five. Slipping a robe on she went to an eastern window and looked out. Somebody—perhaps God had slashed a paint brush, tipped in melting rose, across the sky. There it was, the blue of it looking like a canvas, striped with the color that comes in rouge pots, and traced all over with the slim blackness of branches. Sara, looking, lifted her head and opened her eyes. A cool wind brushed her eyelashes. Her eyes were hot from heavy sleep, and the cool wind was like balm. She blinked several times and opened her eyes so widely that she could feel the skin stretch at their corners. She watched the roseping stripes melt. It was like paint running down the canvas.

"O, I'm looking at the world,
Through rose-colored glasses,
Everything is rosy now."

Sara hummed the words to herself, such an old song that. Silly thing. Sara turned away from the window and dressed. She opened the door of her father's room and stood in the doorway a moment, and went on

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6)

Priest Blesses 300 Automobiles In New Jersey

Pleasantville, N. J., Aug. 7—Three hundred automobiles were blessed in the annual ceremony in honor of St. Christopher, patron saint of travelers, at St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church, Pleasantville, at noon Sunday.

There were cars from nearly every state in the East, and the one from the most distant point bore a Wisconsin license plate. The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Peter J. Petri, rector of the Star of the Sea Church, this city, officiated at the service. He visited each automobile parked in the grounds about the church, sprinkled it with holy water and asked the blessing of St. Christopher. Each motorist then received a medal, bearing the image of the saint.

The Rev. Francis J. McGallion, rector of the church, assisted in the ceremony, which has been an annual event at St. Peter's Church for the last five years.

Everything Routine in Life of Modern "Bossy"

Golf has crowded the cattle out of the pastures and the cow of tomorrow will be lucky if she ever gets a look at the green fields. The production of milk has been reduced to a very mechanical operation and the cow's life will consist of a ramble three times a day from her stall to a revolving milking platform and then back to her stall. The animal is kept so immaculately clean that her sisters of the fields would not be able to recognize her. It is the latest method of producing milk and is based on the observations of a group of scientific gentlemen who have given much thought to the subject and the new method has been in operation for a time at one of the plants of a well-known company specialising on super-clean milk for baby's use. It represents a complete revolution of the life of the cow, but the animals soon get used to the routine and are said to like it. The cow is released from her stall and she walks along a tile-coated corridor to a revolving platform which accommodates 50 animals. As the platform revolves the animal is washed and then dried in a current of warm air and given other attentions to secure her perfect sanitary cleanliness and after this she is milked by machinery. By the time the great turntable makes a complete revolution the operation has been completed and the cow is automatically released and she steps from the moving platform and back to her stall. Her drinking water is sterilised and her food is analyzed and electricity supplies a substitute for the deficient sunlight.

Humble Egg Hailed as Foundation of Cookery

The French chef says: "All cookery rests on an egg. The egg is the Atlas that supports the world of gastronomy; the chef is the slave of the fresh egg. What is the masterpiece of French cookery, the dish that outlines all other dishes, the thing that is found on his majesty's table no less than upon the table of the bourgeoise, the thing that is as French as the Frenchman, and which expresses the spirit of our people as no other food can express it?—the omelette. Could you make an omelette without breaking eggs? Then cast your mind's eye over this extraordinary Monsieur Egg and all his antics and evolutions. Now he permits himself to be boiled plain, and even like that, without frill, he is excellent. Now he consents to appear in all ways, from poached to perdu, now he is the soul of a vol-au-vent, now of a sauce; not a piecrust fit to eat but stands by virtue of my lord the egg, and should all the hens in the world commit suicide tomorrow, every chef in France worthy of the name would fail on his spit, for fish is but a course in a dinner, whereas the egg is the cement that holds all the castles of cookery together."—Kansas City Times.

Archery Record

The National Archery association of the United States says that the best flight shoot record made by shooting an arrow with a longbow (wooden bow) is 424 yards 2 feet 8 inches. This was made by L. L. Dailey of Monmouth, Ore., at the annual tournament of the National Archery association held in Chicago, Ill., August 12 to 15, 1930. There is a report that in 1914 one Ingo Simon made a flight shoot in England of 462 yards 9 inches. In making this shot, however, he used a Turkish composite bow instead of the longbow, and, so far as we know, Mr. Dailey's shot, as given above, is a world record for a wooden bow.—Washington Star.

Socialism in Spain

(By Rev. Owen J. McGuire, formerly a Professor at St. [illegible] Seminary; [illegible])

Just before writing this article I picked up in Barcelona a copy of the Socialist Party organ, a daily published in Madrid, and in looking over it the thought occurred to me that I could not give the reader a better idea of Socialism in Spain than by placing this number of El Socialista in his hands. Since I cannot do that, I will give an idea of its contents, so far as they bear on the question: "Is practically every elector in Spain a Catholic?"

Of course, no Catholic can be a Socialist in any country. But in Spain there is something Satanic in the hatred of Catholicity manifested in the Socialist Press and in Socialist literature. The founder of the party in Spain was a consistent disciple of Marx. Long before we heard of Lenin and the Soviets he had preached to the working class that religion is a dope of which they must rid themselves. He founded this periodical, El Socialista, in 1884, and impressed on it his ideas and personality, to which it remains faithful. It was first a weekly, but for a generation has been a daily. It is at present the "official" organ of the Socialist Ministers in the Government, some of whom are among its contributors. For many reasons, therefore, it is of interest to know what it is. The number before me is that of Saturday, June 20th.

What They Want

(1) As is usual on the Continent, the first page is the editorial page. On this page the first leading article is on "The New Constitution—What It Should Be." This article says:

"It must be an advanced Constitution, with separation of Church and State, with all religions—as if there were several in Spain—subject to the State, with the school, one only, free and lay. . . . The men who are drawing up the Constitution must remember well to give effect to what the people wished when they overthrew the monarchy, which was the prototype of clericalism."

Always "the people" and "their wish" was to root out clericalism, which simply means Catholicity to these writers.

For a Clean Sweep

(2) The next article, on the same page, is put in frame across two columns. It is headed: "Now for a Clean Sweep," and the subheading is: "Priests in a Lock-Out." It is a commentary on a news item from Vera Cruz, Mexico, where the Provincial Government has decreed to allow but one priest in its jurisdiction for every 100,000 of the population. So the number of priests there is to be 11. El Socialista wonders "where these black birds—aves negras—will now go. Formerly they would come to Spain. But now they will hardly be so doing. Spain is now her own mistress. But cunda el ejemplo aqui—may the Mexican example spread and prosper here, where we have too many delegates of the Lord." "In Spain, as it is notorious to every sagacious observer there are hardly sincere believers. Here Catholicism is the most elegant form of religious indifference. Count out the ruinary and the fanatic, apply the Mexican law to the needs of those who are sincere believers, and a couple of dozen unpar dedesenas of padras will suffice for Spain. The air of national purification requires that the mirrors be applied with energy to the clergy, as they have been to the army."

Publishing Lies

(3) Another article in frame at the foot of these same columns bears the heading: "The Frailes: How Industrious They Are!" "It seems that in Tudela, the friars have gone the length of coining money"—and the paper copies from another anti-Catholic organ a canard that the Jesuits of St. Francis Xavier's College in Tudela had set up a mint. The so-called "coins" were such as had been used by the students inside the College for years. But any stick is good enough for El Socialista to whack the frailes—who are not frailes either.

(4) Turning to page 4, I find four anti-religious articles. One occupies a column stereotyped as "Themes of the Moment." The "Theme" for this date is "La Religion." It takes for text a passage from Victor Hugo: "The light of civilisation can be extinguished by two invasions: the invasion of soldiers and the invasion of priests." The columnist begins: "It is a necessity to liberate the popular conscience from the most deadly of all prejudices: the lie of religion—(la mentira de la religion). Some, timid or reactionaries, claim that to attack this superstition is to divide the country. Many such defend it though their inner conscience reprobates it. But its influence renders vile all the institutions it informs. It already sees raised over its head the revolutionary axe, the crimson dawn of vindications of the people (always "the people"), which seeks the light of reason and justice and rejects the obscurity of the mysterious." So it continues to the end, entirely consistent with the ideas on religion held by the founder of the Spanish Socialist Party and of El Socialista. Religion is a dope.

Kill the Church

(5) The worst and longest article, also on page 4, is headed "The Church and the State." It covers two and a half columns of fine print. It begins: "There are some who think the religious problem will be solved by the separation of Church and State. It is not so. The Church may be separated from the State, prevented from interfering directly in matters of government, may come to [illegible]

[illegible] if only by indirect means, she will continue to exert a dominion in the State by the influence which she exercises in the formation of the conscience and mentality of the people." In Spain especially, he continues, this is the danger, "for Catholicism, be it of good or bad omen, is rooted in the soil and is absorbed from the atmosphere and ambient."

Hypnotic Income

It is not a question of learning it by intelligence, or accepting it voluntarily. The child is its victim from the day it begins to live. In the rural districts [illegible] for centuries breathed nothing but the fumes of hypnotic [illegible] votive oils. Christian doctrine—a doctrine of submission and [illegible] lethargy [illegible] founts of light and culture [illegible] middle and artisan [illegible] turies of [illegible] without lay masters [illegible] science—so that [illegible] but by imposition, the [illegible] ty of the individual, of the family, of the community, has been [illegible] and ruined. [illegible] at times with real [illegible] and asks how is this danger to be met? "How are the people to be saved from this [illegible]? By omitting the teaching of Christian doctrine in the home? In the church? In the school? [illegible] Making the schools lay, but allowing [illegible] Allowing this baneful influence [illegible] pass to the homes without [illegible]? [illegible]

Tolerance Impossible

I can but give part of his [illegible] "Socialism has a new [illegible] new philosophy of life. We can't understand why it should [illegible] free propaganda of the [illegible] We must [illegible] We have [illegible] world. It must be [illegible] that the Church [illegible] system, as the work of God [illegible] more do we need in justification of our policy?"

"No, this tolerance [illegible] preached by [illegible] solutely impossible. [illegible] ligion can be asked for only [illegible] Republicans [illegible] and boast that they [illegible] brains of a Nation, but [illegible] their wives to go [illegible] the priest, and that [illegible] form the thought and [illegible] their children. The [illegible] new generation [illegible] with the Church [illegible] Church are things of the [illegible] children, the youth [illegible] ready and that is to come [illegible] and must be saved." [illegible] an argument which is [illegible] "You speak," he says, "of [illegible] to the university. Very good. [illegible] lay teachers will have to [illegible] truths of science. [illegible] shown that the doctrines of Catholicism are monstrous [illegible] then, the State has taught [illegible] and youth what is truth [illegible] are you going to allow [illegible] is not yet old enough to [illegible] himself, to go to the church, to the convent, to the religious [illegible] to be told that all the State taught him on these matters is falsehood?"

Abolish Confession

"We must go much further than separation of Church and State and freedom of cults. We must prohibit absolutely all preaching in the Church on questions touching politics. We must absolutely prohibit the going to church, convent or conference all under eighteen years of age. We must abolish the confessional as an immoral institution."

There is still another anti-religious article on this same page, and also a half column review of a book on "The Evils of Primary Education," which is lauded as good Socialist and "Republican" doctrine. But enough quotation.

Now (1) all this I find in one number of El Socialista; (2) it is an ordinary number; I did not select it; I just went to the newsstand and bought the only one left; (3) El Socialista is the leading daily of the Party, and is considered of a higher tone than its sister publications throughout the provinces; (4) it goes into every corner of the Peninsula, and is constantly cited by these sister publications; (5) the Party is, as admitted by all—is the most numerous and best organized political group in Spain to-day; (6) several of its contributors are Ministers of the Provisional Government; (7) it aspires to be the governing Party at no distant date; (8) in yesterday's El Debate a Catholic writer says that this is quite possible within a year. Its strength will appear in the Constituent Assembly.

Now there are other [illegible] groups quite as radical on the religious problem as El Socialista. I will show this [illegible] article. But from what the reader has already seen, what an [illegible] with these [illegible] out to lecture American [illegible] reactionaries, that practically every elector (in Spain) is a Catholic?

[illegible]

GEORGE P. HOFFMAN COAL and CARTING CO., Inc.
BETTER GRADES HARD COAL AND COKE
OFFICE—136 BROOKS AVE. Phones—GENESEE 2007-0661

VIOLET MAY HARMON
Makes Distinctive, Stylish Garments to Fit and Suit Each Person
Coats Re-Lined, Alterations Made. Corsetiere
DEWEY DRESSMAKING SHOP
1886 DEWEY AVENUE GLENWOOD 1065-W

WHITMORE, RAUBER & VICINUS
GENERAL CONTRACTORS
Dealers in Builders' Supplies Sand and Gravel
51 GRIFFITH STREET MAIN 189

Our Retail Plumbing Department
"Is at the service of those desiring to purchase and install their own Plumbing Supplies and Accessories.
Barr & Creelman Co.
74 Exchange Street
Plumbing and Heating Materials Since 18[illegible]
[illegible]

GEORGE M. CLANCY CARTING Co. Inc.
STORAGE WAREHOUSE
[illegible]
Railroad St. Phone [illegible]

VULCAN ASPHALT CO., INC.
DuroLithic Mastic Flooring Contractors
582 ELLICOTT SQUARE BUFFALO, N. Y.

EDWARD J. FISHER
PAINTING AND DECORATING
Specialists in School, Church and Home Painting and Decorating
48 SARANAC ST. GLENWOOD 4796
102 MAPLEHURST RD. GLENWOOD 5845-J

WILLIAM J. MEYER CO., Inc.
Roofing and Sheet Metal Contractors
108 Griffith Street Stone 138

Subscribe To-day for the Courier-Journal

Van Dussen Hardware
PAINT AND VANISH
$1.75 Per Gallon
50c Per Quart
266 North Cor. Lyndhurst

BURKE & McHUGH CARTING CO.
Light Auto Cars [illegible] General Delivery
[illegible] Main [illegible]

E. H. Knapp & Son
ROOFING
HEATING—VENTILATING
SHEET METAL
[illegible] South Ave. [illegible]