

Helping the Farmer
The Department of Agriculture had its origin in 1830, when the commissioner of patents began the distribution of selected seeds. In 1834 an entomologist was employed. The next year a chemist and a botanist were added to the staff and a propagating garden begun. This work was taken from the patent office by President Lincoln in 1862 and placed under the direction of Isaac Newton of Pennsylvania as the first commissioner of agriculture. During Cleveland's administration in 1880 Norman J. Colman, the first commissioner, became the first secretary of agriculture and a member of the president's cabinet.

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May Become a College
MANSION IN NEWPORT, R. I.
A few years ago Mrs. Edward C. Post, one of the wealthiest and most prominent women in Newport's fashionable "400," became a convert to the Catholic Church. Later she became a Carmelite nun and turned her magnificent home into a Carmelite convent. She is planning now to found a Catholic college for girls and her former mansion may be used for this purpose.

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STAIRS OF SAND
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)
again quickly when she heard her father's voice. "Is that you, Sara? I'm glad to see you but isn't it early?" "Yes, father, it is early," she answered, "but Lois is to care for you to-day, as we have all planned to make the trail to the top of the mountains and must get an early start." Sara hoped her voice was a singing one, with little sparks of cheer between the words. She then walked over and stood looking down at her father as he lay there inert and bulky. His eyes were like little dots of blue-colored glass. The blue of them sparkled now with tears. "Oh, Father—" Sara dropped to her knee beside him and took one of the stiff hands in her own. She held it for a moment to her lips, and then, above it, curled her mouth into a wistful smile. "Hope the pain hasn't been too bad, dear. Now I'll hurry down and fix you a good breakfast. For desert I'll bring you a dish of fresh cherries covered with powdered sugar. Remember how you always liked that?" She placed his hand carefully beside him. It was white and veined with blue. A strong hand once, which had helped move mountains of sand and crushed stone—and long, long ago she remembered seeing it caress the curls on Lois' head gently. Stiff now, white and helpless. Down in the kitchen she prepared cherries and cut bread. A large dish of his favorite breakfast food cooked the night before, she placed on the tray. Mouthful by mouthful she fed it all to her father. She tried hard not to look at those helpless hands lying beside him. She talked swiftly and a bit breathlessly of her plans for the day. Tenderly she brushed away a few crumbs from her father's chin and set the tray on the stand. "Lois will read to you, father, when the papers come," she told him. Later on she straightened the bed and fixed him as comfortably as she could. Five years now since he had been stricken. It was hard for her to remember how he had once been. Tall, strong, with a back like an ox, and a laugh like a siren. And then the day when she arrived home from school to see him broken, his arms and hands stiff, his legs heavy. "They feel as if they were made of lead," he had said, looking down at his legs lying straight before him on the bed. "But I'll be all right again soon." Sara remembered how his eyes looked that day. No defeat there then. But days passed, and then months, and then years. Five years and Jacob Leavitt's legs were still like lead. Her father had dropped to sleep, breathing heavily. Was he dreaming? And what were his dreams of his memories? Was he dreaming of Nat, his only son or of his youth when the woman who was his wife, had walked beside him. Sara closed his door softly and hurried up to her room to dress and start breakfast for all who were going up the new mountain trail to table rock. Again she took a look at the glorious sky that God had painted. God was in his heaven and all should be right on earth! Sara had seen defeat in her father's eyes lately. She must not let that show in hers. The sun made a golden square in the middle of her room, and Sara stood on it and drew on her clothes. Outside her door she met Neil Cramer and beside him she walked down the wide stairway. His smile warmed her heart. "You couldn't have had much sleep last night?" he questioned. "Just the same you are the first one up." "I'm so used to broken sleep. I never mind it. Are the rest up, Neil? By the smell of the things downstairs Aunt Em must be on the job so we'd better call them." "I'll go up and rustle them all out," Cramer agreed. "Rap on the door at the end of the hall. Lois should be up when we are ready to leave. Miller is to be here with the horses at seven-thirty, isn't he?" "Yes, promptly," answered Cramer. How comforting and dear Neil was, thought Sara. But he was not for her. She must remember that fact every minute of the day ahead when she would be near him, obliged to look at him, obliged to listen to his voice. Well, she'd be as hard as nails. Eight o'clock found everyone on a horse and everything packed on an extra pony with Billy Miller leading the others, a rein from his bridle guiding the pack horse. The sun had cleared away the mists and a beautiful day was promised. Two trails led to the main ridge upon which the table rock was located. They were both good trails too, considering how recently they had been opened to tourist travel. In some spots the trails would contract to an arm's length of space, outside of which limit they dropped sheer away. A fall on the part of a horse would mean a more than serious accident. But Western horses do not fall. A tourist has no real reason for fear, however scared he may become. Billy Miller told them much about what they would meet along the way. He liked going up the Cold Spring trail, because, he said, you come on top suddenly without warning. Then everybody, even the most stolid, said something unexpected. "You rode three miles on the flat skirting the Glen, two in the leafy and gradually ascending creek-bed of a canyon, a half hour of laboring steepness in the overhanging mountain lilac and laurel. Then you came to a great rock gateway which seemed to be the top of the world. Here was Bad Pass where the ponies planted warily their little hoofs, and the tourist kept eyes front, praying that his mount would not stumble. Beyond the gateway was a lush level canyon where a stop was made that all might drink from the clear bubbling spring that seemed to come out of the side of the mountain." Suddenly Reg Dempsey remembered that not so long ago he could whistle. He had had for years unusual talent along that line. There was scarcely a bird he could not imitate. Shucks, he could pucker up his lips, now, and some bird would answer. Again notes issued through his lips that amazed and fooled the best feathered songsters of the forest. Whip-wills spoke to him in reply. Orioles peered curiously at him from peaches high above him. Robins, Bob Whites, and in fact, all the birds within range of his voice, responded to his dulcet notes. "Why Reg," asked Sara, "how have you kept this wonderful gift to your self? You can beat the birds themselves." "You could pick up a lot of money as an entertainer," Cramer suggested. "Now, folks," Billy Miller interrupted, "the sun is getting high and it's going to take us two hours more to make Table Rock, so we'd better make a start." From this point the trail was laboring up and always up toward the blue sky, out of the lilac and laurel, and creamy yuccas, and the fine angular shale of the upper regions. Beyond the apparent summit you always found the other summits yet to be climbed. And, all at once like striking your shoulders out of a hatchway, you look over the top.

Senator Slater Plans To Resume Legal Practise
Senator Frederick J. Slater has completed plans for his return to the practise of law, and he has made an announcement to this effect. On August 10 he will become associated with the firm of Frank J. Dimes and William B. Hanks, Commerce Building. Senator Slater, a graduate of the University of Rochester and the University of Michigan Law School, was admitted to the Michigan bar in 1911 and the New York State bar in 1912. While at Michigan he was editor of the University's Law Review. Senator Slater was at one time connected with the Department of Correction, New York City; the Institute of Public Service and the American City Bureau. Since 1919 he has been engaged in farming and real estate development. He was president of the Monroe County Farm Bureau in 1921. He is an able, likable and dependable man in every way, and has a world of friends, all of whom will unite in wishing him the best of success in his future work.

Nazareth College News
Nazareth College is sending three delegates to the Summer School of Catholic Action, to be held during the month of August at the University of St. Louis under the direction of Rev. Daniel Lord, S. J. Miss Helen Guntert, class of 1930, president of the Sodality during her senior year at the college; Miss Mary Loney, whose paper at the Student Mission Crusade Convocation at Niagara Falls has evoked nationwide comment. On July 10, the day of her arrival in Rome, Sister Teresa Marie, Dean of the College, had an audience with the Pope. The dean is accompanied by Sister Anna Joseph, of St. Agnes Conservatory of Music. A highly successful and enjoyable mid-summer reunion and dance was held by the undergraduate body and class of 1931 recently. So appreciated was this new venture that it bids fair to become an annual event. The Junior class is making plans for the annual house party at Conesus Lake which precedes the opening of school for the entertainment of the incoming Freshman class. During these days of recreation, the new students are initiated into the spirit, customs and traditions of the College. All who may not yet have registered are urged to do so at once in order that the invitation list may be completed and plans finally matured. The registration dues for first class a large Freshman class. The College re-opens September 14.

Party at Iola For Children Happy Event
Under the auspices of the Catholic Women's Club, with Mrs. Anthony J. Ryan of 50 Hobart Street as chairman, the children at Iola Sanatorium were entertained at a party last Saturday. Games were played, in which all the children able to be about participated, and refreshments were served. Children confined to their beds enjoyed that part of the program, as all received ice cream. There was also a gift for each child as a souvenir of the occasion. Mrs. Anthony J. Ryan, chairman, was assisted by Mrs. Edward Reynolds, Mrs. Ray Berghold, Mrs. John Eilers and Mrs. M. E. Keogh. Ray Berghold was in charge of the sports program. A number of visitors were on hand to watch the party. The committee has charge of the religious instruction given to the Catholic children at Iola every Friday afternoon and Sunday morning.

Holy Sepulcher Courtesy Cards For Motorists
The Board of Trustees of Holy Sepulcher Cemetery has announced that "courtesy cards" will be issued by the Board to motorists who wish to drive through the cemetery. These cards give the privilege of driving private autos through the grounds on Sunday, Holy Days, and holidays up to noon. The courtesy will be extended until October 31st. Now there's a word to linger over in the summer time. The very sound of it is a comfort when the heat of the season oppresses, creates a thirst in one and generally makes itself a discomfort. Nothing tastes just right this time of year unless it's cold. Even water doesn't help much if it isn't ice cold, and as for the more popular aids to slaking thirst, such as iced tea, lemonade, as their name signifies, they are no good without ice. In fact, it's the principal part of them often, or at least the principal reason for drinking them. When the average Rochester housewife thinks of ice, she thinks of the Rochester Ice and Cold Storage Utilities, Inc., 770 Emerson Street. The reason is obvious to those who know their ice. They know that they can get what they want from this well known local firm. They know they can get pure ice, clean ice and can get it delivered daily to their door. Service and cleanliness of product are outstanding features of the business carried on by the Rochester Ice and Cold Storage Utilities, Inc. There's a certain amount in being able to depend upon your supply of ice in the summer time when vegetables, meat, milk and other foods must be preserved by means of ice. The housewife knows the importance of keeping her supply of ice adequate. She knows the loss entailed in food when the ice supply is allowed to run low, and she also knows how to keep the supply up to normal, with clean ice, delivered promptly, by using the product of the Rochester Ice and Cold Storage Utilities, Inc. Telephone your order for ice to Glenwood 2700.

God Blacksmith, but Not "Long" on Spelling
A few days ago a friend and I were talking about it was too bad that most of the men well skilled in the old hand trades were disappearing from rural communities. The friend spoke of a local shoe maker whose trade had been handed down two or three generations, and who could make shoes that would outwear any machine-made shoe that could be purchased. Another trade that is largely gone is the old-fashioned blacksmith. Some one from Connecticut wrote me recently of a Yankee blacksmith, long on horseshoeing but short on book learning. This blacksmith had a sign posted up about which our friend writes as follows: "I wanted a copy of that sign very much so I took a child's sled as an excuse and went to the blacksmith shop. While the sled was being repaired, I asked the blacksmith, with some misgiving, if I might copy his sign. 'Why, sure,' he said, 'go ahead and copy. I cannot see why, but folks have been coming here to copy it, from all over, ever since I hung it up.' And here is what the sign said: Work and reap with utmost speed. Satisfaction guaranteed. Horshoe two in my line. That will stand the wear and tare of time."—American Agriculturist.

"Take Your Time"
Little Johnny had just got to the age when he could climb upon chairs, tables and high furniture, giving his mother near heart failure. One day she discovered him clinging to the top shelf of the kitchen cabinet, examining its contents. Utterly exasperated, Mrs. S—snapped him down and stood him on the floor with such speed that it nearly took his breath away. Looking calmly up at his mother this three-year-old remarked: "Take your time, mamma."—Rutland Herald.

Then came the remarks. Some uttered appreciative comments; some shouted aloud; Sara gasped; Reg uttered three times the word "oh," once breathlessly, Oh! once in awaking appreciation. Oh! once in wild enthusiasm. Then they all fell silent and looked. For the ridge, ascended from the far side in a gradual coquetry of foot-hills, broad, low ranges, cross systems, little flats and gentle ravines. The back trail appeared to drop sheer to the village below. The little town was like a little map, surrounded with the lush green of wide meadows and orchards of fruit. They filled their senses with it, steeped them in the beauty of it. And perhaps a little wistfully, as one talks of something to be dreamed of but never enjoyed, they spoke of how fine it would be some day to ride down into the land beyond the mountains, which seemed to them a land of mystery and enchantment, and see with their own eyes what lay beyond. Again Billy Miller warned of the waning day, the necessity of getting down by night-fall. Horses had to be fed and lunch eaten. Reg, an old traveler entertained them well during the meal with many adventures of his along trails from Alaska to Singapore. In their after-dinner smokes they all promised themselves that some day they would explore and find new lands of adventure. Soon the party was on the homeward trail again. As they broke from the forest, later, Reg's whistle filled the twilight air. This time it was the "mocking bird" that resounded across the valley. Sara rode close to Billy Miller, Hedda and Neil were behind the others. Sara, glancing over her shoulder saw that they were very much engrossed with each other. Happy Hedda! Her own heart lay heavy in her bosom. (Continued Next Week)

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