

# Stairs of Sand

By Anna M. Regan

(Continued from Last Week)  
CHAPTER THIRTEEN

The many calls of the following days helped Sara to get a hold of her rebellious nerves and to assume the role of a loving and interested adviser. One day as she was rushing through a bit of shopping in the city, she saw a familiar figure approaching. It was Uncle Philo, dapper as usual, with a carnation in his buttonhole and a cane under his arm.

"Why, my dear girl, what on earth's the matter with you? I failed to recognize you at first!"

"I'm looking for a place to cry," she told him, half hysterically.

"To cry?" repeated Uncle Philo, in amazement. "Oh, yes, Hedda is soon to leave the paternal roof, eh? Come, let me take you to the hotel until you feel better. You really look all in!" And Uncle Philo, ever a squire of dames, handed her into a taxi, and was so kind and sympathetic that she did not wait to reach the hotel but had her cry out on his shoulder, using up her handkerchief and his in the process.

"Ah! feminine tears!" he sighed. "How many I've dried in my day! Such tender little hearts you ladies have. Cheer up child, Neil Cramer isn't half bad. You don't have to worry about him. I know he'll be very kind to Hedda. He was uncommonly decent to me—let me in on a deal that's been rich—but there, you run into the dressing room and fix up a bit, and then what do you say to a good lunch? Here we are! I'll wait in the lobby."

Sara wondered how she could eat such a hearty luncheon, and actually smile when her heart was aching so. But one could not be tragic with Uncle Philo. He was so apparently immune to trouble, and enjoyed life so fully. As she looked at the people around her she wondered what gnawing sorrows and racking anxieties were hidden behind those smiling faces. Did everybody go about carrying memories that stabbed? Problems that harassed and tortured? Fears for the future that they dreaded to face? Pain and disillusion one moment, joy the next! It was all such an eternal struggle, yet an eternal adventure; too!

When Sara returned to Cherry Lane Farm, she found many plans maturing for special entertainment for the bride-to-be. Carol was to entertain her the following night at the Log Cabin with Billy Miller's cousin as hostess. Hedda had called Beryl and asked her to come out and go with the crowd and to be sure to bring an interesting man with her.

While Sara was in her room changing her dress, Hedda entered with a thick letter in her hand.

"A messenger just brought this letter from Beryl. Have you time to hear me read it? Her affair with that cute cop is rushing on furiously."

"All right," Sara agreed, "I can be putting the finishing touches on Grandmother's new dress while you read it."

"Beryl says she has been wondering all the time what he would do when he couldn't get her into court. She says she was sure he'd be good and mad and she was so happy anticipating it. She says she was anxious to meet him again just to see what he'd say or do. Well, anyway, she had to go to court and must have acted pretty bad about the whole thing because her Dad came right out and said 'he pitied the man that married her.'"

"I never thought Beryl anything but... sweet and calm," said Sara. "Probably she has been spoiled though."

"She's all right if everything goes her way," Hedda observed. "She says her case moved swiftly and when she was called she pleaded not guilty, but the judge had the coldest eyes and she talked and talked and she couldn't answer him back. She says that yesterday the lawyer, her cousin Arn, walked in and showed her a shining disk. It was the cop's shield. He reminded her that he said he'd get it and he did. She told him to take it right back to the cop, that all she ever wanted was an apology. He refused to take it and her father would not have anything to do with it so she had to take it back herself. She went to his home to see him. He lives with his mother and a young sister in an apartment over on the east side. She said her heart was in her mouth as she knocked on the door. He opened it and looked in amazement at her. She stammered that she had something to say to him and asked him to come for a short drive. She told him to drive and, well, the explanation took so long that it was midnight when she reached home."

"Well, how is it, is he on or off the force?" Sara inquired, smilingly.

"She says," Hedda continued, "that he's off the

force for good. That he's been offered a better job. She thinks her father is behind that for he's such an air of secrecy about him for several days. The P.S. says that he's such a good driver that she's letting him drive her down to-morrow night."

"That's quite romantic isn't it?" Sara laughed. The following night, Reg and Carol, Beryl and her cop, Neil Cramer, Billy Miller and Lois, Hedda and Sara Leavitt made their way to Tessa McCue's little white-washed cabin of a wayside inn where she opened a friendly half-door to those who believed that a real dinner meant more than beer and sandwiches. Under its thatched roof farce flickered and drama flared, and Tessa McCue of the cloudy eyes and the lilting laughter was the girl who made jazz-seekers human. When the rough-beamed, smoke-darkened room, filled, she went around in front of the tables that lined the walls, speeding the waiters, sending orders to the cook, cajoling friends, welcoming strangers, lifting or lowering the speed of the crowd.

From many generations of blarneying, McCue's she had brought the high art of a soothing tongue, and both men and women gave back her smile. Someone had asked her to sing, and she stood with her hand on her hip, as Billy Miller and his party entered.

"Strike up the music!" she called to the man at the piano, and he rippled out the chords that preluded her singing.

All kinds of songs her patrons demanded, sentimental ballads, songs of the southland, and of the Ireland she had striven to transplant into her little cabin club.

When she had finished her group of songs and danced a requested number, she came over and greeted Billy and his party.

"How do you like it all, Billy? What are the people here saying about us?" she asked, somewhat anxiously.

"I haven't heard a word but praise for your venture," Billy assured her. "That's your husband at the piano, I suppose."

Her face clouded. "No, Harry wasn't well enough to play tonight!" She bent close to Billy. "I can't fool myself any longer that he's getting better out here. He's really reaching the end fast. A doctor is with him now."

"How can you keep going?" Billy asked.

Reg turned to Tessa. "Your place is charming, Mrs. Henry."

"I like it." Her eyes circled the cabin. "I built it for Harry. I worked for it, and saved for it, and planned and schemed for it. Now I have it. Can I keep it if Harry goes? He would have been a really great pianist if he was well and could have stayed in the city." She tapped her chest significantly. "But he couldn't stay there."

"Sing something, Tessa." The cry rang like a bugle across the room.

"What will I sing?" she stilled for time.

"Please sing 'Believe Me,'" Carol Dempsey urged. "Strike up the music," Tessa cried.

Everything in the cabin fell into sudden hush as she began to sing. Centuries of Irish lovers had woven for Tessa McCue the magic of her voice; but it was her own sadness, that throbbled in her singing.

"For the heart that has truly loved never forgets, But as truly loves on to the close," flamed through a room, where promises were made for a day and with the day, forgotten. Pictures of older, mellower places, of truer, more tender times, ran in the rhythm of her singing; and eyes that were not used to tears, grew soft before the pathos of a voice that throbbled its own sorrow before it sank to silence.

Sara was sobbing audibly.

"That girl's got something more than a voice," said Neil Cramer.

"It's what Maggie Cline and Lottie Faust, and all those old girls, Reg insisted, "who could put what they wanted over the footlights, always had."

"It," Hedda breathed.

"I don't care what you call it," Reg went on, "personality or power, or just plain get-up and get them. It's what registers and that girl has surely got it."

Someone called to Tessa from the other room and asked her to come quickly. She went white and without a word hurried in.

Conversation waxed and the music played softly. It took only a few minutes for the people to realize that something unusual must have happened to keep Tessa so long from the room. In a few minutes the door opened and a man entered. He quietly announced that:

"Mr. Henry had just passed on, and everyone go out as quietly as possible."

Not a word was spoken as the room emptied. Billy Miller and Lois and Sara went to the other room to offer words of comfort to the bereaved girl.

## Reconstructing the Social Order

Eleventh of a weekly series of articles on "The Encyclical 'Quadragesimo Anno' by the Department of Social Action, National Catholic Welfare Conference

Washington, D. C., Aug. 18.—Whether industry should continue under the ownership of the few and the control of still fewer and if not, what form of ownership and control should succeed it and how the change should come about is treated in the eleventh Encyclical of "Reconstructing the Social Order."

This, and not simply wages or a share in some degree in ownership, management or profits, in addition to the partnership contract, which should be high enough to permit the working people to have enough to support a family on that count to a degree of ownership.

A third change is that to recognize that some degree of property should be distributed in the hands of the whole community if they are to have a private and the change thus to public ownership.

A fourth change is that governmental authority is not to be soiling, not to be an interference, not to be a force that is to be active directly or indirectly with its code of social legislation and above all its code on the occupational organization of society. It is to represent the common interests and to help in the various elements. It is to be active directly or indirectly with its code on the occupational organization of society, it is to represent the common interests and to help in the various elements.

Partnership Wage  
A second step is to change the wage contract to partnership. Under the ownership of the few and the control of still fewer and if not, what form of ownership and control should succeed it and how the change should come about is treated in the eleventh Encyclical of "Reconstructing the Social Order."

Claim Permanent Tree  
Native of New England  
It is most generally known that the permanent tree is a native of New England, having been found growing in wild in New England and Canada, but it is much better known that it is a native of New England and Canada, but it is much better known that it is a native of New England and Canada.

Early Days of Steamships  
The first voyage of the steamship Great Western across the Atlantic lasted from April 8, 1838, to April 23, her average day's run being 215 miles. Although she made five double passages in 1838, six in 1839, and before she was disposed of in 1840 averaged and recrossed 74 times. No other ship had a finer record and more attracted more attention.

Gold Has "String" Attached  
Sooner or later the tourist who is really a tourist, and not merely a tripper, turns up in Johannesburg, the most interesting city in the southern hemisphere, says a traveler, and when he goes he wants to learn all about the gold he dig up in such great quantities from the Witwatersrand mines. The mining companies are ready for him, and trips down to the depths of Witwatersrand, 7,000 feet below the surface, are always to be arranged. They will even let you take away as much gold as you like—if you can carry it—but the take home with caution of putting it into half-ton safe to prevent accidents.

Growth of Fire Engines  
When the greatest part of London was burned in 1666, the engines were operated by hand, and water was ejected by means of a giant syringe. A tank and a pump worked by hand were introduced later but water could be squirted by this device only a short distance. It frequently happened that the engine itself was destroyed by fire. The pumps were gradually improved, and flexible pipes were used, but pumps driven by steam were not invented until the nineteenth century. Horse-drawn engines were employed until 1863, when the first self-propelled fire engines were built.

## Civic Center Girl Swimmers City Champions

Five from Columbia City Center Defeat All Rivals in Bureau of Parks Annual Aquatics Contest

Five girl swimmers, members of the Columbia City Center swimming and gymnastic team, won the annual city championship swimming contest held in the Bureau of Parks and Recreation on the day of the annual aquatics contest. The five of these swimmers, Maudie Burke and Olga (sister) and the other three were... (text continues with names and details of the contest)

George Clemens... (text continues with details of the aquatics contest and the performance of the swimmers)

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