## PAGE SIX

## CATHOLIC COURIER AND JOURNAL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1931.

## TELEPHONE MAIN 1507

Felts Plus Feathers for Fall Wear

YTANBY & HERIE NICHOLAS

OF THE FALL

## Electrotype Co. **Of Rochester Does Fine Work**

The history of the Rochester Elec trotype Company parallels closely the development of wood engraving as far back is the middle of the Nineteenth Century, Shortly after 1855, James Lenhox emigrated from Edin-Burgh, Scotland, where he was foreman of the storeotyping department. of the Win, and Robert Chambers Publishing Company. He came to New, York City and found employ-ment in the storeotyping department of Harper Brothers. In these early days, stereotypes ware made by a plater process instead of the paper mische process now in use. Half-tones and sinc etchings wore un-known. Wood eugravings were the Arnova, wood eugravings were its principal means of reproducing illus-trations, and stereos were used as explas of the original wood blocks and type natter, .Realizing the many limitations of the plaster method, James Lonnox, with his associate, Cyrus Knight, be-

gan experimenting in an effort to im-prove the crude electrotyping process which had previously been invented Int 1657, after a year of porsistent work Janes Lennox moved to Roch-enter, where he bought a small plan-

 sefer, where he bought a small plantary serectly ing business.
As the owner of his own plant, he was free to continue his experiment without interference, and approximation of the selection.
While perhaps he did hot realize it at the time, the development of his effort.
word free, the development of his effort.
The production of the development of his effort. methods, and stimulate the printing industry toward its present huge proportions

Buce the day when James Lennox Anished the first parfect electrotype, his skill and precision has been passed along from father to son un-tik iddays the third generation is at the helm. Refinements and improvemonts have been winds, of course and the most modern equipment and methods are in use genral to pro-duce the finest possible electrotype. Today, the wroodcut is again be-

coming a medium of high artistic ex-pression. And it is through the per-fection of electrotyping that the fine defail of the original woodcut is being preserved for reproduction, The Preserved for reproduction, The Rochester Electrotype Com-puty Inc., is located at 170-172 North Water Street.

# Stairs of Sand

charling the standing of the second states when

CHAPTER SIXTEEN (Continued)

### (Continued from Last Week)

Just how rough it was, Sara realized when she emerged from the station to board the Blount buggy. Jeth himself had driven it over from his livery stable.

"I wouldn't do this for anybody but you, Cy," he vouchsafed, in a reproachful shourt.

"Wouldn't do what?" asked Cy, looking first at the ancient bag of bones and then at the battered buggy. "Let old Peg out on a night Tike this."

"Humph! I should think night would be the best time to let her out . . . there! There! never mind. Get aboard, Miss. I'll put your satchel on the floor near you. Jeth, hist that boot, will you?"

The "boot" was a rubber curtain buttoned across the front of the buggy, extending from the dashboard to just below the level of the driver's eyes. Cy helped Sara aboard, and then climbed in himself; the end of the reins was passed through a slit in the boot, and Blount, after inquiring if they were slipshape, stepped in, gave the command "Gid-dap!" and horse and buggy moved around the corner of the station out into the darkness.

A stanza of a poom that Sara had learned in the lower grades of school returned to her.

"I see the lights of the village Gleam through the rain and the mist,

And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me That my soul cannot resist."

Of the next few minutes Sara's memory will always be a strong smell of stable arising from the laprobe which had evidently been recently used as a horse blanket; the sound of hoofs, in an interminable "jog, jog,-splash, splash," never hurrying; a series of howls from Blount urging his steed to hurry; the roar of rain on the buggy top and the shricking gale which rocked the vehicle on its springs and sent showers of fine spray driving in at every crack and crewice between the curtains.

The view ahead, over the boot, was blackness, bordered by spidery trees and branches whipping in the wind. Occasionally they passed houses sitting back from the road, a lighted window glaming cozily. And

ever, as they moved, the slorm scened to gath er force. "Be there pretty soon now if the horse holds out, Cy informed Sara, shouting into her car. "That house top the grade with lights ablazin" is Mrs. Shattick's. She's bound to be worryin' some."

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Not. 1867

Co., Inc. Inc. 1818

The lights were at the top of a rather steep hill. It was a stiff pull for the ancient horse but finally

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the road narrowed and became a village street bordered and arched by tall trees which groaned and shreaked in the wind. The rain, as it beat in over the boot, had, so Sara fancied, a saity taste.

By Anna M. Regan

She received a warm welcome from her aunt. a little black eyed woman. After she had kissed and embraced her, she stepped back and looked Sara over from every angle.

"Not a mite like the Marlows, are you?" she concluded. "You must favor the Leavitts, I reckon. Although I recall your Grandfather Leavitt, you haven't a feature of him either. Delight and he came for a visit a few years after they were married.

"Aunt Anne, you're more like Grandmother's daughter than a sister," Sara returned.

"Hear me going on," Mrs. Shattick exclaimed guilti-"Cy you stand in front of the fire place and thaw out, while I show Sara to her room. I'll hunt up some dry duds for you then. Your daughter will have her supper over, so you, stay and eat with us. I told "Lisbeth to set a place for you."

"This is your room, Sara," said Mrs. Shattick, placing a lighted lamp on the bureau. "Cold water and towels and soap are on the washstand over yonder; but I guess you've had plenty cold water for one night. There's plenty hot in the bathroom at the end of the hall. After you change your wet things, just leave em spread out on a chair and I'h dry them in the kitchen. Come right downstairs when you're ready. Anything else I can get you? No? all right then. You don't need to hurry none. Twont hurt supper'to wait a spell long. er.'

She went away, closing the door behind her.

Sara, bewildered, wet and shivering, started about the room, which, to her surprise, was warm and cosy. Radiators and a bathroom.

Meanwhile Mrs. Shattick had descended the stairs to the sitting room. Before a driftwood fire, in a brick fireplace, sat Cy Pratt in his shirt sleeves, a pair of carpot slippers on his feet, and the said feet stretched luxuriously toward the glaze.

"Say, Mrs. Shattick," said Cy, "ain't this solid comfort? Nover anything else in this house. Lizbeth fotched the dry socks and slippers. She said supper was ready.

"Humph!" caid Mrs. Shattick artly. "That's been ready an hour and a half. We'll eat soon's Sara comes down. She's looking pert and quick, so she won't be long down. Felt a mite disappointed when I couldn't see a Marlow look about her."

"She's a right-down good looker, whoever she favors," Gy chuckled. "I started to say, that every time I go away from home something's bound to happen. Time before this I had my pocket picked in the Boston depot. Tonight it's about as healty a southwester as I've ever been out in."

"I'd west plumb crazy," said Mrs. Shattick, "only I knew you'd get Sara here somehow."

"Come right in, my dear," Mrs. Shattick invited Sara, "come on over to the fire while I tell 'Lisbeth to set things on the table."

"Cy sprang from his chair to greet Sara.

"Yes, come right in, Miss," he urged, cordially. "Sit down by the fire and make yourself comf'table. Aunt'll have something for us to eat in a jiffy. Pull up a chair."

Sara came forward to the fireside. She already had taken a liking to the big, kindly man who had so willingly helped her through the storm. The dining room door opened.

"Did you say come ahead, Mrs. Shattick, or was you just going to? Good? Right into the dining room,

Will would have believed that in this day and ago of ultra modernism hats shonEddare to go romantic, beplument and audaciously picturesque. Brat. they have" What's more, the new chapeara, whileh are so frankly mid-VEC-

torian and a la Empresa Eugenie. bld fair to set the pace for fashions. in general in that advance costume displays are reflecting a Second limpire influence both as to silhouerate and. the many little details which go to make up the unified ensemble.

Not that there is any danger of this matter of period influence heing overplayed, no, indeed, not with the wisemindedness which exists amorng contemporary creators of fashion. What's really happening is that the Deriha. the bustle (via graceful drap-Sug toward the back) and the higher walstline are serving as inspiration for an artful and subtle interpretation, on the part of present day designers.

An interesting situation in regard to the new hat fashions is that Instead of women showing a relucionces to accept them, as one might supposse, seeing that they are so radically different from anything styled for yezzrs and years, they are welcoming them with greatest enthusiasm. Of courses, after one tries on several of the perky little tip-filted shapes with their decorative feathers it is easy to discover the wherefore of their popularity, for they are decidedly flattering, as a runte.

1 quart beets, dired 1 medium-sized white onigon

Cabbago Reliehi

1 quari cabbage, chopped 1 quari green tomatoes, claopped

pint white onlon, chopped

Soak the cabbage and tomatoes

separately overnight in sale wher (4 cap salt to 1 quart water). Drain

the vegetables in the morning and, add the other ingredients. Let them

stand for two hours. Simmer the mixture until it is clear. Seal In hot,

The diversions and amusements of

the world, its enjoyments and pleas-ures are but vanity compared to the

clean Jars.

1 tablespoon celery seed 1 teaspoon tumeric Salt

75 cup grated horseradish 1 pint vinegar

2 red peppers

% cup sugar

2 teaspoons salt

Seal it in clean, hot jars.

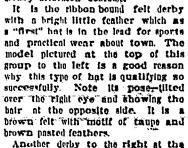
1 cup red pepper .... cup green pepper

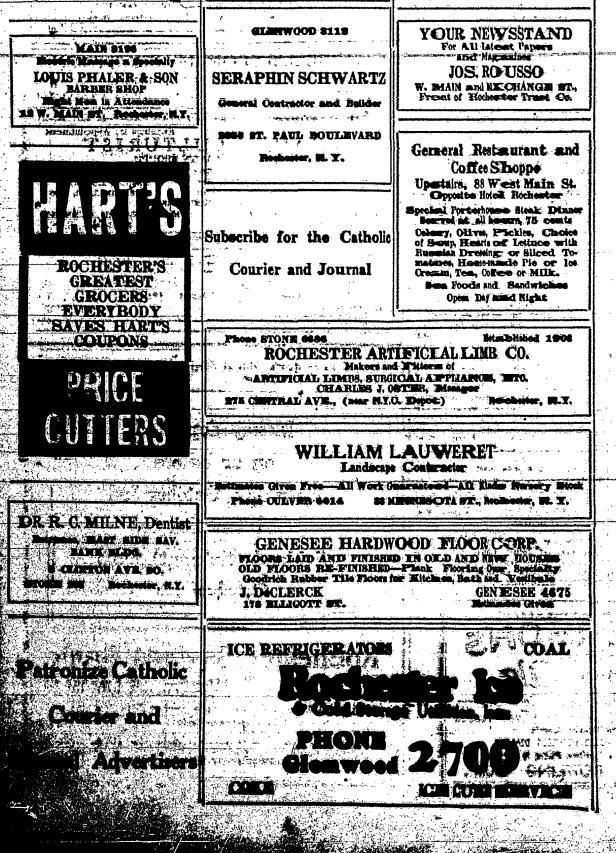
brown pasted feathers. Another derby to the right at the top of the picture bespeaks "what's \_\_\_\_ what." This one is a green velour, for green is competing with brown for fall. Do not let the glorified outrich plume which trims it take you by surprise, for so is it written in the book of fushion for fall and winter-felt trimmed with ostrich in a picturesque DIADDCE.

The hat below to the left is a black felt. If the camera were to register the other side it would revent a wavy colffure arranged to the "quéen's faste." The rich plumage is black shading to white for the flat nasted ostrich encircling the crown with pure while for



lressy afternoon costum





Miss."

The dining room was long and low. The wood-work was white the floor green painted boards, with braidedrugs scattered over them. There were old fashioned pictures on the wall, pictures which brought shudders to Sura's artistic soul. A bay window filled one side of the room and in this window, on shelves and wire standards, were many carefully tended plants. As for the dining

table, it was dark walnut, as also were the chairs. "Sit right down here, Sara," Mrs. Shattick ordered. "Cy, you sit across there and do the helpin."

You tend the moistenin," Mrs. Shattick," Cy . "I hope this teapot's full up. Hot tea tastes good urged. after you've swallowed cold rain as the young lady and I have ... How's your appetite when it comes to eatin' clam pie, Miss ?"

Sara's appetite was good, and the clam pie was good. So, too, were the hot biscuits, and the tea and the homemade preserves and the cake.

During the meal, Cy gave a detailed and exaggerated account of his adventures at Weymouth; on board the train, and during the drive home.

'Cy Pratt, how you do talk !" Mrs. Shattick interrupted. "Rainin' so hard Jeth had to hold the reins taut to keep the horse's head up out of the water so he wouldn't drown! The idea!"

"Fact," asserted Cy, with a wink at Sara. "And that wasn't the worse of it. T'was so dark I had to keep. feelin' the buggy with my feet to be sure I was still in it. Ain't that so, Miss \_\_\_\_ Here' Mrs. Shattick won't have you sit lookin' at that empty plate. Pass it over, auick.

"No more ple, Mr. Pratt, but Aunty, just a little more tea, if you please. It certainly touches the spot."

When the biscuits were gone and the cake plate empty, Mrs. Shattick rose from the table and led the way into the sitting room.

"Sit down by the fire, both of you," Mrs. Shattick "Cy, you'd better sleep here tonight. There's no urged. let up to the storm and your daughter knows where you are."

"Yes," Cy laughed, "Mil 'slows I spend most of my

hours awake, here." He picked up a paper. On the front page was a pic-ture of a young millionaire who had committed suicide because a poor girl in a dress-shop turned him down.

"Men aren't worth much ngwadays," said Cy. "Look

"Men aren't worth much nowadays," said Cy. "Look at him. It all comes o' being too much with women." "How do you make that out, Cy?" Mrs. Shattick asked...."There are born of women and raised by 'em naturally. "Some of them would never get raised if it depended on men to do it." "Women are all right in a way," Cy admitted. "But you can't deny they book at things different from what we do. Maybe it's because they've lived two by four lives. They don't know how to do things in a big way. They take so chances. They don't like any one that does take a chance. And all the boys of today are brought up that way. American men were once the take-chanciest that way. American men were once the take-chanciest creatures on the earth. Creatures on the earth.

tick intergomed.

The initial chapter in the story of millinery for fail and winter its being told for the most part in terms of felts and feathers with a pro-mising future in store for veivet to wear with	the drooping feather. One of the very latest Parisian fash- lons is the soft felt which concludes this group. The black ostricit which trings it accents the pisturesque. (@ 1921. Wetern Newspaper Datas )
We Relish Relishes By BETTY BARCLAY	Pears Preserved and Pickled By BETTY BARCLAY
Good did fashioned meat and voge- tables are always in order, but a bit of relish tones them up wonderfully. Its sugar adds to the fuel value of meal, and the vegetables used are gratify to be desired when fresh vegetables are scarce.	Pickle or preserve 'em-they taste delicious either way. They call for sugar -but sugar is cheap and a
Beet Relish	thay grát

they are:

Pear Preserves

pound pears pound sugar pint water

1 lemon, sliced thin

The fruit may be preserved whole. Cook the beets until they are ten-ler and the skins slip off easily. Cut in halves, or in quarters. Boll the sugar and water for 5 minutes, add or chop the beets, onlon, and pep-pers. Combine the ingredients. Cook the mixture until it is clear. the pears and the lemon, and cook the pears until they are clear and transparent, and until the symp is a thick consistency. Turn them into clean hot jars and seal them. If hard pears, such as Kieffers, are used, haid pears, such as Kieffers, are used, they should be cooked in clear water until tender, and the water in which they are cooked should be used in making the strup. A few cloves or a stick of clanamon is sometimes added for flavor. Pincapple juice used instead of water in the syrup of a deliving flavor. 1 cup sugar 1 quart vinegar 5 tablespoons white mustard seed gives a delicious flavor.

#### Pickled Pears

4 quarts pears

- pounds white sugar
- cups vinegar Ounce slick cinnamon

4 ounce whole cloves ---

Peel pears. Boll the sugar, the vinegar, the cloves, and the chinamon for 24 minutes. Place a few of the whole pears at a time in the syrup, and cook them until they are tender. Pack them into thoroughly cleaned. Jars. Adjust the rubbers, and fill ures are but vanity compared to the such jar to overflowing with the hot treasures which we are to enjoy in syrup. Adjust the covers and seal heaven.

"You see we hung round livery stables and heard he-man talk," Cy continued. "Livery stables were great schools. They eddicated a boy with man life and man's right place in the world. There's just two parts to a man's life anymore. First place, he does chores for his Ma. Second part, he does chores for his wife. After that he's generally useless for anything else."

"All right, Cy, you're some philosopher, but I can notice Sain's nodding a little so I hink we'd all better take ourselves off to bed." "Come, Sara."