

Electrotype Co. Of Rochester Does Fine Work

The history of the Rochester Electrotype Company parallels closely the development of wood engraving as far back as the middle of the nineteenth century. Shortly after 1855, James Lennox emigrated from Edinburgh, Scotland, where he was foreman of the stereotyping department of the Wm. and Robert Chambers Publishing Company. He came to New York City and found employment in the stereotyping department of Harper Brothers. In those early days, stereotypes were made by a plaster process. Instead of the paper matrix process now in use, hair-tones and line engravings were unknown. Wood engravings were the principal means of reproducing illustrations, and stones were used as copies of the original wood blocks and type matter.

Stairs of Sand

By Anna M. Regan

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 shout. "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 like 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 road narrowed and became a village street bordered and arched by tall trees which groaned and shrieked in the wind. The rain, as it beat in over the boot, had, so Sara fancied, a salty taste. 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 Marlowes, 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 guiltily. "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 Lizbeth to set a place for you."

Felts Plus Feathers for Fall Wear



What would have been believed in this day and age of ultra modernism hats should dare to go romantic, depicted and audaciously picturesque. But they have! What's more, the new chapeaux, which are so frankly mid-Victorian and a la Empress Eugenie, bid fair to set the pace for fashions in general in that advanced costume displays are reflecting a second Empire influence both as to silhouette 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 being overplayed, no, indeed, not with the wide-mindedness which exists among contemporary creators of fashion. What's really happening is that the Berlin, the bustle (via graceful drapings toward the back) and the higher waist-line 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 reluctance to accept them, as one might suppose, seeing that they are so radically different from anything styled for years and years, they are welcoming them with greatest enthusiasm. Of course, after one tries an example of the pokey little tip-tilted shapes with their decorative feathers it is easy to discover the wherefore of their popularity, for they are decidedly flattering, as a rule. The fall chapter in the story of millinery for fall and winter is being told for the most part in terms of felts and feathers with a promising future in store for velvet to wear with

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"She's a right-down good looker, whoever she favors," Cy 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 healthy, a southwester as I've ever been out in." "I'd wait-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 'Lizbeth to set the table." "Cy springing from his chair to greet Sara. "Yes, come right in, Miss," he urged, cordially. "Sit down by the fire and make yourself comfortable. 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, Miss." The dining room was long and low. The wood-work was white the floor green, painted boards, with braided rugs scattered over them. There were old-fashioned pictures on the wall, pictures which brought shudders to Sara'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 helping." "You tend the moisten," Mrs. Shattick, Cy urged. "I hope this teapot's full up. Hot tea tastes good 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. "Raintin' 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, quick." "No more pie, Mr. Pratt, but Aunt, 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 urged. "Cy, you'd better sleep here tonight. There's no let-up to the storm and your daughter knows where you are." "Yes," Cy laughed, "Mil' allows I spend most of my hours awake, here." He picked up a paper. On the front page was a picture of a young millionaire who had committed suicide because a poor girl in a dress-shop turned him down. "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. "They 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 look 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 no 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 creatures on the earth." "Cy, Pratt, I never heard such stuff!" Mrs. Shattick interposed.

We Relish Relishes By BETTY BARCLAY

- Good old-fashioned meat and vegetables are always in order, but a bit of relish tones them up wonderfully. Its sugar adds to the fuel value of meat, and the vegetables used are greatly to be desired when fresh vegetables are scarce. Beet Relish: 1 quart beets, sliced; 1 medium-sized white onion; 2 red peppers; 2 teaspoons salt; 1/2 cup grated horseradish; 1 pint vinegar; 1/2 cup sugar. Cook the beets until they are tender and the skins slip off easily. Cut or chop the beets, onion, and peppers. Combine the ingredients. Cook the mixture until it is clear. Seal it in clean, hot jars. Cabbage Relish: 1 quart cabbage, chopped; 1 quart green tomatoes, chopped; 1 cup red pepper; 1 cup green pepper; 1 pint white onion, chopped; 1 cup sugar; 1 quart vinegar; 5 tablespoons white mustard seed; 1 tablespoon celery seed; 1/2 teaspoon tumeric. Salt. Soak the cabbage and tomatoes separately overnight in salt water (1/4 cup 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, clean jars.

Pears Preserved and Pickled By BETTY BARCLAY

- Pickle or preserve 'em—they taste delicious either way. They call for sugar—but sugar is cheap and a wholesome quick-energy fuel. Try these recipes and see how excellent they are: Pear Preserves: 1 pound pears; 1 pound sugar; 1 pint water; 1 lemon, sliced thin. The fruit may be preserved whole, in halves, or in quarters. Boil the sugar and water for 5 minutes, add the pears and the lemon, and cook the pears until they are clear and transparent, and until the syrup is a thick consistency. Turn them into clean hot jars and seal them. If hard pears, such as Kieifers, 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 syrup. A few cloves or a stick of cinnamon is sometimes added for flavor. Pineapple juice used instead of water in the syrup gives a delicious flavor. Pickled Pears: 4 quarts pears; 2 pounds white sugar; 2 cups vinegar; 1/2 ounce stick cinnamon; 1/2 ounce whole cloves. Peel pears. Boil the sugar, the vinegar, the cloves, and the cinnamon for 20 minutes. Place a few of the whole pears at a time in the syrup, and cook them until they are tender, and cook them until thoroughly cleaned jars. Adjust the rubbers and fill each jar to overflowing with the hot syrup. Adjust the covers and seal the jars immediately.

"You see we hung round livery stables and heard he-man talk," Cy continued. "Livery stables were great schools. They educated 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 Sara's nodding a little so I think we'd all better take ourselves off to bed." "Come, Sara." (Continued Next Week)