

Fifteen Years At News Stand Is Good Record

Fifteen years at a News Stand is the record recently achieved by Joseph M. Russo at W. Main Street and Exchange, in front of the Rochester Trust Company.

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Stairs of Sand

By Anna M. Regan

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

As Mrs. Shattick started across the hall to call Lisbeth the next morning, Sara opened the door.

"Aunt Anne, what's that deep below I heard as soon as I woke up?"

"Fog horn over to the light," her aunt informed her. "But what are you awake so early for? I s'pose you forgot it's Sunday morning."

"I've been in the habit of getting up at six so I could give Father his breakfast at seven," said Sara. "I guess I'll dress and take a walk outside."

"Cy was up and gone at sunrise," her Aunt said. "Lisbeth has to bake ritz biscuits before we can eat breakfast, so you can take all the time you want. What church do you attend, Sara? We've only three near-by."

"That little white church at the foot of the hill looks so much like the Little Catholic chapel at home," Sara remarked. "I go there once in a while with Billy and Lois."

"Lois a Catholic?" Mrs. Shattick retorted.

"Yes, indeed," Sara explained. "And I was glad when she became one for Billy's sake. When both have the same religion there's one less thing to quarrel about."

"I'm surprised. Delight would allow it. Well, I'm a Baptist and always have been. Delight should be, too. Our new church was built over to the Junction a mile away. More live over there that had money, so we lost out. Cy said he and Mil and her husband would come this way and pick us up if we wanted to go to church. So I told him, all right, we'd be ready."

"You go with them, Amty. I must write some letters this morning, if you'll excuse me. I may drop down to the little chapel below. It will somehow bring me closer to Lois and Billy."

"Very well, if that's the way you feel. I always say everyone has a right to their own ideas on religion. I will call when breakfast's ready."

Sara spent most of her spare time her first day at her aunt's home out of doors. While the day was very warm, cool breezes from the sea tempered the air and made it very comfortable. Mrs. Shattick believed in a rigid observance of the Sabbath. She always attended church services twice and as this was Lisbeth's Sunday out she served the meals with food prepared the previous day. The rest of her time she read her Bible or studied her Bible lesson.

Sara tried, without success, to induce her Aunt to take a walk with her out to the lighthouse or up to Royce's Cliffs.

Quite an extensive view was to be seen from the

Shattick home. The house itself was spotlessly white, the blinds green and the yard as spotless as New England farmers are noted for being. There was a white fence shutting it off from the road, the winding, narrow road which even yet held puddles and pools of mud in its hollows, souvenirs of the downpour of the before. Down close to the water front, Sara saw a large white building with long verandas, boxes of flowering plants encircling its railing. She could barely distinguish the name "Grand View Inn."

Why, that was the name of the place Mr. Pratt had shown to the young man that came down on the train with her last night. She would ask her Aunt about it.

The ocean filled the whole eastern horizon, a shimmering, moving expanse of blue and white, with lateral stretches of light and dark green.

Between Mrs. Shattick's and those other hills were several small pine groves. To the south were higher hills, thickly wooded. The sky, too, was blue with its swiftly moving white clouds like bunches of cotton fluff.

The landscape was bare enough, perhaps, but somehow it appealed to Sara. It seemed characteristically plain and substantial and essential, like—well, like the old Cape Cod captains, of former days, who had spent the dry land portion of their lives there and had loved to call it home. It was American, as she was, American in the old-fashioned meaning of the word, bluff, honest, rugged, real.

It surprised her, therefore, to find how strongly this commonplace "longshore" spot appealed to her imagination. She liked it and wondered why.

When supper was over and they had entered the pleasant sitting room, Mrs. Shattick brought forth several pictures to show her niece. One of the photos was of her late husband, Captain Shattick, a sturdy man with an abundance of unruly gray hair and a chin beard.

"This picture," Mrs. Shattick handed Sara a large photograph of a dark eyed, sweet-looking young girl, "is your cousin Ruth, takin' in her wedding rig the day she was married. This next picture is Al Hecht, her husband. He ain't no way grand-looking, but he's good and honest. Ruth and he grew up together here. He worked in the depot when they were married. His wages wasn't much but they come to live with me so that was all right. His uncle, an old bachelor had run a store in North Dunham for years and every one thought he was well set. As soon as Ruth and Al were married he started coaxing Al to come up and take over his store 'cause he wanted to retire. I was against it but Ruth's father wouldn't let me say a word. Finally they up and went there. His uncle left a thousand dollars worth of stuff there and no business. Al worked like a slave and tried every way to get trade back again.

"Ruth must have hated to leave you, and your pretty horse," Sara suggested.

"We'd all a stood it," Mrs. Shattick agreed, "cause it wasn't so far to drive up there and her father always kept a horse and buggy. He never would ride in an auto. But business went from bad to worse with them. Then her father passed away sudden and he left her quite a lump sum. But he told her to hold on to it and not sink it in a hopeless business like Al's."

"They are still over there, Aunt?" Sara asked. "I suppose they are tied to a lease and can't very well break it."

"A funny thing happened," Mrs. Shattick continued. "Al hasn't been able to pay any rent lately. Neither has the crippled barber on the other side. Their landlord must have got desperate, I s'pose. Listen, here is how folks around here figured things out. His name, the landlord's, I mean, was Stub Cribbins. He had been for weeks contriving a sure, fool-proof plan to make a cleanup. Considering the date of his insurance, it meant very close figuring, but no matter—it was necessary—neck or nothing with him now. One night a couple weeks ago after Al pulled down the shades he went to his desk in the back of the store to get the bills, paid and unpaid, together and look them over. He intended to turn over the little there was in the store to his creditors the next morning. Al had just sat down when the door opened and in walked Cribbins.

"Hello, Al," he said cheerfully, "I suppose you're ready to close, but I won't stop you long. I want the key to the outside cellar door for a few days. I'm going to work down here a bit."

Al handed him the key, thinking nothing of it. Cribbins then left, saying he was going into the barber shop and get his key.

Lamplight showed between the posters in the windows, so Cribbins walked in.

"Hello, Jed, old boy!" he sang out cheerfully like Ralsch, a dried up little man, was sprawled out in the barber's chair reading the county paper. He jumped to his feet scared stiff to see his landlord.

"I can't give you a cent tonight, Cribbins," he said. "I ain't collectin' tonight," Cribbins said. "I s'pose you're ready to shut up and go home? Well, I'll be a doin' the same thing myself in a few minutes."

"Can't give you a haircut or a shave, 'tain't likely, eh, 'Crib?' Ralsch suggested hopefully.

Cribbins grinned at that.

"Considerin' you cut my hair less'n a week ago, it ain't very likely, but you can sell me a bottle of ginger ale if you've got any that ain't made out of hair oil."

Ralsch scrambled from his chair and went to the counter where he dispensed soft drinks.

"Well, I swan!" he exclaimed. "If that ain't too bad! I'm all but of ginger ale, been meanin' to get some in for most a week, but I keep forgettin'! Got some good lemon tonic, if you want."

"Never mind now. Say, Jud," Crib chuckled—"Some one of these days you're going to forget to draw your breath."

"Aunt," Sara smiled, "how do you remember it all so well?"

"It was all told in the county paper," said Mrs. Shattick. "I read it all over so often, I must have learned it."

"What else happened?" Sara asked.

"The fisherman comin' in the next morning thought they were in the wrong town because the Cribbins' building was burned to the ground."

"Didn't anyone see it burn, Aunt Anne?"

"Nary one. You see it was kinder off to one side, and everyone was sleepin' sound. My goodness, it can't be ten o'clock, can it? I must have talked you to death, Sara. I'm so sorry!"

"I was anxious to hear all about Ruth."

"Well, there's Lisbeth comin' in now. I've engaged Jeh Blount and his team to drive us over to Ruth's some day in the middle of the week. I aim to move 'em back home here as soon as I can. I'd like to build one of them bungalow affairs for myself near the south fence and let them have this place. We'll decide that, too."

"Listening to you," Sara told her aunt, "has been

FALL SALADS AND DRESSINGS

By BETTY BARCLAY

Many women fail to serve a daily salad because for some reason or other they seem to look upon the salad dish as something rather difficult to prepare.

This is by no means true. There are elaborate salads that are delightful for special occasions, but on the other hand, there are scores of salads that may be prepared from ingredients usually on hand and that are very delicious and healthful.

The salad is the kind of light dish one needs on a hot day, but do not for a moment imagine that it is lacking in food value. The sugar, which is so commonly used in salads is the kind of quick-energy food needed to pep up a languid diner. The minerals, salts, and vitamins of the fruits or vegetables used in the salad are also very desirable from the standpoint of a dietitian.

Learn how to prepare several kinds of dressings for different types of salads. A simple syrup made by combining the juice of two oranges and one lemon with several teaspoons of sugar is excellent for a fruit salad. Just before serving sprinkle this syrup liberally over the fruit and lettuce base.

A tomato dressing is good on any salad green or on cooked vegetables. This calls for six tablespoons salad oil, two tablespoons vinegar, one teaspoon tomato catsup, one-half teaspoon sugar, and a little salt, pepper, and cayenne—all mixed thoroughly together.

Here are three excellent recipes for Fall salads.

Pea Salad

1 can peas
3 tablespoons sweet cucumber pickles
2 tablespoons grated cheese
1 tablespoon finely minced onion
2 teaspoons sugar
Drain the peas. Cut the cucumber pickles in small pieces. Combine all the ingredients. Arrange on crisp lettuce and serve with mayonnaise.

Rosy Apple Salad

Select medium-sized apples pare and core. Cook in a covered pan in enough sirup made in the proportion of 2 cups water and 1 cup sugar to cover the apples. Red cinnamon candles added to the sirup give the apples an attractive rose color. After cooking chill the apples and fill them with cream cheese which has been mixed with salt, paprika, and a little finely chopped green pepper. Or form the cheese mixture into balls, roll in ground nuts, and place beside the apples. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise or French dressing.

Chicken and Tomato Salad

1 1/2 cups tomato juice
2 tablespoons cold water
2 tablespoon gelatin
1 tablespoon sugar
2 cups cooked chicken, diced
Salt and pepper
Soak the gelatin in the cold water. Strain the juice from canned tomatoes. Heat the sugar and onion with pepper. Add gelatin and stir until dissolved. Strain out the onion. Pour a little of the tomato mixture into a wet mold. When firm, add a layer of chicken. Cover with another layer of the tomato and set in a cold place to set firm. Then add the peas and rest of the tomato. Chill. Turn out on lettuce. Serve with mayonnaise.

Use Up the Tomatoes

Use up the tomatoes in your own garden or in a nearby store. They may be turned into delicious bites for the days to come. The sugar used in the following recipes turns these delicious bites into real fuel as well.

Use the smallest cucumbers you can procure, making two and one-half inches the limit of length. If the splices in thin plastic bags, use at least two bags. Place the cucumbers in a kettle with enough good vinegar of medium strength to cover them. Place the bags of spices on the vinegar, together with the salt and sugar, and the peppers cut rings. Heat the vinegar as slowly possible; when it is scalding hot, not boiling, the pickles are ready. Set away. If this recipe is carefully followed, satisfactory results will be obtained. If the vinegar boils, the pickles will soften.

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like reading an interesting story."

"My, my!" her aunt added, with a sigh. "What a curious thing life is, isn't it? There's nothing new in that thought, of course, but it comes to us all every little while. Just think of the difference in our lives, for instance. Although you're young, you've traveled a lot, while I have lived all my life here in this neck of the world."

(Continued Next Week)

Pickles—Sweet and Sour

By BETTY BARCLAY

Be sure to have enough pickles of your emergency shelf. These appetizing little relishes always appeal, as the sugar used in their make-up is real quick-energy fuel.

Cucumber Sweet Pickles
7 pounds cucumbers
1 ounce cinnamon
2 ounces cloves
1 tablespoon allspice
1 quart vinegar
3 pounds sugar

Pare, quarter and seed large cucumbers. Wash thoroughly, then soak for four days in salt and water (two tablespoons salt to one quart water), changing the brine every day. Put the spices in a bag. Boil the cucumbers with the vinegar and sugar and spice until the cucumbers are clear. It is best to watch carefully and remove each piece when it is clear. Pack in clean, hot jars or seal.

Cucumber Sour Pickles
100 cucumbers
Vinegar
1 ounce mustard seed
1 ounce cloves
2 teaspoons salt
1 cup sugar
2 redpeppers

Use the smallest cucumbers you can procure, making two and one-half inches the limit of length. If the splices in thin plastic bags, use at least two bags. Place the cucumbers in a kettle with enough good vinegar of medium strength to cover them. Place the bags of spices on the vinegar, together with the salt and sugar, and the peppers cut rings. Heat the vinegar as slowly possible; when it is scalding hot, not boiling, the pickles are ready. Set away. If this recipe is carefully followed, satisfactory results will be obtained. If the vinegar boils, the pickles will soften.

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