# Stairs of Sand

asking if she couldn't give me

some light work at least enough

for room and board. She wrote

the club ladies and said to have

me come down and she'd do what

she could for me. They gave me

ten dollars and a ticket and I came

observed Sara, "how much better

off they are than many other peo-

plada this world. Well, how did

door. Oh, such a terrifying.

trozen faced type he was, too. I

have to laugh as I think how

scarod I was of him," the girl

smiled wanly. "You see, I have

seen under his skin since. Well, he

left me in the parlor. Evidently

he didn't think much of me as a

prospective boarder for it was half

an hour before Mrs. Culten ap-

peared, tall, stately, silver-haired,

"We haven't any vacant rooms,"

"I gave her the letter from the

"You're Besslo Herron, Mrs.

Mack speaks of here?" she asked

· "I mid I was. I could hardly

breathe, she looked at me so cold-

ly and without a bit of kindness."

she said, "on account of Mrs.

on the third floor I could have, but

she couldn't pay me any wages un-

til the boarders came in June.

When I had climbed to the room

on the third floor, I found it had

one window, one door, one cot-

bed, one chair, a dilapidated chest

"Poor child." Sara breathed.

"I walked over to raise the win-

dow," the girl went on, "and there

spread out before me was a pic-

ture so beautiful that no money

could buy it. My window was

over the sunlit. sparkling ses and

I could tasto in the very atr, its

"lan't it true, there's always

something to compensate us just

around the corner," Sara observed.

food the gave the help was none

too good," liessie went on, "but

after i met ' Lisboth I went up

there once in a while in the eve-

ning when I wasn't to tired. Isn't

Mrs. Shattuck the kindest-hearted

womant - She always comes into

the klichen and talks with me.

She's so witty too. Then she'd

bring out churchs of home-made

"Aunt Anne would do just

"That kitchen up there is a

dream. All in white with flowered

curtains, and red geraniums and

pretty linoleum on the floor. You

me I never had a kitchen to live

in in my whole life. If I ever do.

have one I'm going to have it just

Sara came to the same place the

day following, with her casel and

drawing kit. The wealth of draw.

ing material around was confus-

ing. She was disappointed when

Bessio failed to put in an appear-

ance's the alternoon drew to a

Sara remained to enjoy the sun-

set over the dranes and the bay,

where wonderful fantasies of crim-

son and purple and gold and sap-

phire were spread before her, with

the nots and the poles of the dis.

tant fish were scattered here and

there about the placid waters like

turning in at her aunt's gate; the

lamplight in the cosy sitting room

and her aunt's pleasant face shin-

Did you get a letter!" she

Sara enjoyed the walk home,

bits of fairy om broidery.

ing a welcome.

cake or pie and milk and

and I would femat."

like Mrs. Shattlek's."

salty lang."

of drawers, a worn, faded rug."

her eyes moist with tears.

"I'll do what I can for you."

"She said there was a small room

black silk-clad.

she told me coldly."

club to read."

me. 4

Marck!"

this woman receive you?"

"No one ever realizes, do they,"

"A man in uniform met at the

down about the first of May."

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

(Continued from Last Week) Later, Sara stood looking out her chamber window, drinking in the night scene, The moon rolled, like a silver ball over the far rim of the horison, and upsetting, spilled shimmering, shining, daneing, fire in a broad path from sky edge to the beach.

"I do so believe!" Sara thought aloud, What the loyllest moon I ever new is shining tonight. I presume likely," she added, with a laugh: "It's the same moon Tyes always seen; it just looks lovelier, that is all seems to me. If must be beautiful to look at from the ton of the bluffs, the light on the water, I mean I must walk over there woon and watch it close at

Beautiful weather continued to August is the banner month at all northern seaside resorts. August at Tophem filled Grand View Inn to overflowing. On pleasant Sundays the long line of cars, flying through the main-read of the villare on the way to Proxincetown, met and passed the long line returning Bostonwayd. The sound of motor berns achood along the lane to Royce's Bluffs.

Sare found it distinctly safer and less nerve-racking to walk along the gracey lane than to follow the hard road, Cy Prait's soninclay, the light housekeeper, was harased by visitors, flocking up and down the lighthouse stairs. He expressed his opinion of those visitors, after their departure, with Auency and Prociding.

Sara, in her dally walks, kept far affeld, avoiding the traveled roads: "The frequented a path that akirted attinging creek, for a little way and elimbed the pine-clad hills on the other side. Late one aftarnoun, who was resturning-clongthis path wheat the observed a young girl sitting on a rock near the pathway. Surprised in meet anyone in this rather remoto place Bara stopped and ipoke to her.

"Good afternoon," she mid. specially nice ylaw from here, lan't there?" The girl's clothes were undesir-

ably dowdy, and except for a pair of large brown eyes she was not particularly profits. She was white-faced with a red spot on each sheek. Lung trouble, Sara concluded.

"It's the smell of the pines and the tang of the sea, that I'm so keen about," the girl answered. - 4% your home here?" Sara

askeda

said, sandly. "It's as much my home as any place. You're not of this country either, I feel sure." "No," said Bars. "I'm visiting

my sunt, Mrs. Shattick. You can just see her white house from hero on that farther hill," "Oh; you're the girl 'Lisbeth

rayes so much about," the girl umlied. "She said you drow her picture and that it was so good she sent it to her mother."

"I make sketches or draw free hand maxiaing Lithing will sell," Sara informed her, "Oh, what a wealth of pictures one could get from here. I must bring my easel and kit out tomorrow. I think in the early morning."

Will you be here tomorrow at this time?" the girl asked. "It's the only time in the day I can get AWAY

"Yes, I'll he here then. Are you a boarder at the Inn?" Sara was sorry after she has asked the question for the girl became ombarranced.

"No, I just work there doing chamber work or I wash the dishes and halp in the kitchen-whererer Bres Cultum sends me."

for me, but are you strong shough to do such heavy work? Burn meked

asked her. "My mother died four years ago. Aunt was sitting in a rocker when I was sixteen, my father I with an open letter in her hand. do not remember," the girl's voice This letter came this afternoon trailed off. "As long as I can refrom Ruth." she explained. "They member mother and I had a room don't neither of 'em know just with a nice family in South Boston. what they want to do. He has At mother's death a small heursome friend or other in Boston and took care of her expenses. I who says he'll get him into a pretwas forced to leave school and sety fair job there if he'll come on. cured a lob in a five and ten They That maybe he couldn't get a thing

Kept me mostly in the basement to do here." where the air wan't good. The Maybe he couldn't either, Aunt pay was so poor I had to go with-Anne, and then you'd be sorry you work decent clothes, had no money brought them back here." for amusements of any kind, society over afford trolley fare ing real estate here, and he says he or cocasional ridge to the sarks. will take him in as partner. But bout New Years I had a bad cold see it hung ou, although I kept

of course there won't be a thing The state and and the state an mre about it." Bles Ant word wa to

After supper Sara and her aunt returned to the sitting room, to tike up again the question of whether it would be better for the Hechts to go to Boston or to move back home. Their talk was interrupted by a thud in the kitchen and Libeth opered the door: "Come quick, Bemie's fainted!"

"Cy Pratt makes quite well sell-

By Anna M. Regan /

They found the girl slumped down on the floor beside the table. Sara went down on her knees beside her. Her dark lashes rested on cheeks that were as colorless as marble. Even her lips looked white, but she was breathing.

Mrs. Shattick brought a glass of water and Sara rubbed her face with it. She opened her eyes and regarded Sara blankly.

"I can't go on there-what will I do?" Delirious, obviously!

Sara and her aunt picked her up and carried her to the couch in the sitting\_room. How could anyone weigh so little! They were scarcely conscious of having anything in their arms.

The 'unting fit did not last long. When Bessie again became interested in the affairs of this world it was to see a glass contain. ing something not unpleasantly fragrant held directly beneath her nose and that some one was commanding her to drink.

So she drank, and the fragrant liquid in the tumbler descended to her stomach and thence to her fingers and toes; at all event those chilled members began to tingle agreeably. She attempted to sit

"No, not you stay right where you are!" said a voice, the same that had urged her to drink.

"But really-I-I'm quite ail "No, you mind me and be still

... Lisboth ! " "Yes'm. Here I be."

Did you get the doctor on the phone?" "Yes'm. He sald he'd be right

down soon's ever he could. He was kind of fusay at first; said he hadn't had no supper and his office was full of patients, and all such talk as that. But I headed him off, my land of mercy yes! Says I, there's a young girl here too terrible that's worth more'n all your cases: she ain't had a thing but rum since I don't know when!" "Heaven's and earth! What did

you tell him that for?" "Wby, it's so, ain't it, Mrs. Shattick? You said yourself sho

nooded food." "But what did you tell him about the rum for? Never mind. never mind, now, don't stop to argue about it. You go out and make some tes, hot tea, and toast some bread. And hurry, 'Lisbeth,

hurry? \*\* "Yes'm, but--

"Hurry . . ! And 'Lisbeth, if you seorch that toast-bread I'll sorane off the burned part and make you cat it. I declare I will. Now you lie right still Bessie-"

"Yes, but really, Mrs. Shattick -l cannot let you take so much trouble. I must go on, back to the Inn -or somewhere. I-Oh, dear

"What's the matter, dear?" Sara

"Nothing, nothing, my head is rather dizzy-confused. I shall be all right again, shortly. I'm ashamed of myself."

"There, there! don't try to talk any more. The doctor will be here any minute now. I'm afraid he's liable to have a queer idea of what's the matter with you. The idea of 'Lisbeth tellin' him you hadn't had anything but rum for she didn't know how long! There, there! Don't talk. I'll talk for both of us. I have a faculty that

When the doctor arrived a little later, he found his patient drinking hot to and cating buttered toast. She was wrapped up sitting in a big rocker in front of the fireplace. Mrs. Shattick introduced the pair and explained matters to the extent of her knowledge. Bessie added the lacking details. The dodor felt her pulse and took her temperature. The owner of the pulse and temperature made feeble protests, declaring that she must go back to the Inn. She couldn't think of patting everyone to so much trouble.

"My young lady," the doctor or. deroil, "you're to go straight to hed and stay there for ten days or even two weeks, with all the cream and fresh oggs you can consume. At the end of that time you can probably get out on the porch for a couple of weeks more. After that I'll decide when the time comes. I want to say further my dear young lady, you couldn't have fal-Ien into better hands. I've known

Mrs. Shattlek for forty years." "But. Doctor. I haven't any money to repay Mrs. Shattick with.".

"I'll take care of that, Bessle," Mrs. Shattlek decided. "Sara and I. will and something alee for you to do when you are well.".

Bessie woke early the next morning, at least the was sure it was surir mill who heard a clock down stairs strike nine. She had

enjoyed a wonderful nightle rest and felt quite herself again,

Whow! Her shoulder was a trifle stiff. Yes, and her ankles and knees were lame. Perhaps after all she'd better not get up yet. She decided to lie there a little longer, perhaps somone would bring her some breakfast. and she remembered that she wasn't at the Inn; she was occupying a room at Mrs. Shattick's. No doubt they were keeping breakfast for her. Dear me, dear me!"

She climbed stiffly out of bed and began to dress; to correct this statement, she prepared to begin to dress. Just then she made a startling discovery. Her clothes were gone!

It was true. They were gone, every last item of them. Bessie looked helplessly around the room and shivered. A voice outside her chamber made answer.

"Here's your clothes. The Doctor told me to take them out of your room so's you'd stay in bed this morning."

Lisboth came in and deposited the clothes on a chair.

"Mrs. Shattick said if you was awake to ask you how you was?" "Oh, tell her I'm much better, thank you."

"That's good," 'Lisbeth returned. But don't be in any hurry coming down, will you?" Lisboth hurried back down\_ stairs to her work.

Shakily, Bessie got to her feet and drased slowly. When she came downstairs there was no one in the sitting room and she had no opportunity to look about at the pleasant room, with the sun streaming in through the eastern windows, and a canary warbling merrily in one of them.

Sho sat down on the sofa as she heard voices in the kitchen. Mrs. Shattick bustled in.

"Mercy on us!" she exclaimed. "What in the world are you doin' downstairs here?"

Bessle hastened to explain that she was feeling quite herself, really, and so had, of course, risen and dressed. She was quite sorry if she had kept breakfast waiting.

"No my dear child, you haven't at all. That and I had our coffee and rolls and went into the garden while it was cool. We picked a mess of cherries and a large dishpan full of the prettiest strawberries you ever did lay your eyes on. There's lots more to ripen, too. Now, I know you must be famished. I know how I should feel if I hadn't eaten a thing since yesterday, but toast-bread. right out to the table."

Bessie followed her to the dining room, where 'Lisbeth grinning broadly, served her with oatmeal and boiled eggs, toast and coffee besides a large dish of strawberries and thick cream.

Sara looked in to say good morning and tell her how glad every one was that she felt better. "I'll be right out there in one moment," Mrs. Shattick told 'Lis\_ beth, "to help shell the peas. I say, there's the Doctor."

The doctor scolded Bessie for getting up against his orders. After a pretty thorough examination, he said:

"You're better this morning, but you're not out of the woods vet. What you need is time to gain strength and that means you must have rest and quiet and good food. Besides, you must forget to worry. Let me do that for you for a while, 'I don't know of a place you could get well in faster than here with Mrs. Shattick to nurse you-"

"Oh, I am comfortable," Bessle confessed. "I never slept better in my life than I did last night. I never ate a better breaklast than this one

The doctor whistled.

"Now," Mrs. Sattlek planned. "I know I should feel the same as you do about this, Bessle. This house of mine isn't a hotel and doesn't pretend to be, but if you think you can be comfortable here for a couple of weeks, and it will make you feel happier to pay later -say two dolairs a day for the privilege, why-well?"

The doctor slapped his knee. "Splendid!" he exclaimed. "Mrs. Shattick, as usual you've said and done the right thing. Now, Miss. I'll see you again tomorrow morning. You may go outside for a while, the day is so nice."

He was at the door before Bes sie realized what he was about. "But dector," cried Bessie."

-i-really I-Oh. dear!" The door closed. She turned to Mrs. Shattick in bewildered consternation. She smiled at her readuringly:
"No that's all settled," Mrs.

Shattlek concluded. "Now, alt down again, Bessle. and dalah your breakfut-'Lis-

### Makes Record In Membership In Two Months

In April and May This Year Ninety-Six Organizations Joined Never Before Affiliated With Council.

Rochester is the latest Diocese in America whose men have become affiliated with the National Council of Catholic Men. Walter Johnson, Na-tional President of the Council, and Charles F. Dolle, Executive Secretary, are most enthusiastic over the interest and enthusiasm shown here. and they have high hopes that the men of the Diocese will become a vital and vibrant factor in the Coun-

But the Council has other reasons to rejoice, for in April and May this year, the National Council of Catholic Men established a record for new memberships obtained in any similar period since the first year of its or ganization. In these two months 96 organizations that had not hereto-fore been affiliated with the National Council of Catholic Men sent in their memberships. In the same period, 49 that had once been affiliated but had temporarily withdrawn, restored their memberships, and 79 renewal affiliations were received. When the 69 societies included in the Federation of Catholic Societies of Louis iana are added, the total of new affiliations in the two months' period

is brought up to 165.

This is satisfying evidence that the National Council of Catholic Men becoming more widely known and its purposes better understood and it is an evidence of appreciation on the part of Catholic lay groups of the country of the need of uniting their strength and numbers in a medium of common action in all those things that are of common Catholic concern This is precisely what the Bishops designed the National Council Catholic Men to be and the evidence a desire on the part of the Catholic tay groups to co-operate in the fulfillment of their wish is gratilying to the Bishops, as it is to us. beth bring iff some hot coffee."

"Aunty, you won't mind if I have the hammock out in the rose arbor?" Sara asked from the door. "The view is wonderful from there, Bessle."

A little later, reclining in a hammock with numerous cushions around her. Bessie drew a long sigh of utter contentment. She had tried for years to guide her back into at least a liveable port, from now on, she decided, she would leave that part to God.

. Down below across a few fields, she could see the Inn. its veranda looking lonesome and forsaken in the brilliant light of day. Beyond it was her beloved sea, gleaming like a jewel. Farther away were rolling hills, browned by the August sun, also scattered clumps of beachplum and bayberry bushes. There were no trees, except a grove of scrub pine just at the edge of the village. She caught glimpses of the sea between the higher hills and over the tops of the lower ones. In the opposite direction lay a little cluster of roofs with a church spire rising above them. The road, leading from the village, wound in and out between the hills, until it ended at another clump of buildings with ells and sheds, and a sturdy white lighthouse.

· One sunny morning Cy Pratt had finished shining up the great lantern with its glittering facets and lenses, and went down the winding stairway to the floor below, where, to his surprise, he met Sara Leavitt.

"Aunt Anne sent me over to look at the light-house, Mr. Pratt. Besides, she wants to talk over a matter with you sometime, soon, if you can find time to come up there."

"Be right up this evenin.' Miss Mill and Ezry'll be home by then. Interested in looking over the light?"

"I'd be delighted to go up and see everything." Cy explained that he'd just

cleaned the lantern. "Say!" he added, opening a door which led to a balcony, "look out there, worth lookin' at, ain't

It was. The day was dry and

clear, a light wind from the west, and not a cloud. The horizon swept clear and, unbroken for three quarters of a circle, two of these quarters the sharp blue rim of the ocean meeting the sky. The white wave crests leaped and twinkled and danced for miles. Far below on the yellow sand of the beach, the advancing and retreating breakers embroidered lacy patterns which changed con-

stantly. "Worth lookin' at, ain't it?" repeated Cy. Sara nodded.

"I like to set up here and sorter—well, kind of think about things, cometimes do you calculate we're any nearer to heaven up aloft here, than down on the ground yonder; higher to them, I mean ?"

Sara confessed she couldn't tell. (Continued Next Week)

#### Delicious Side Dishes By BETTY BARCLAY

An attractive side dish or two will change a drab meal into an attractive one. Try either or both of these recipes and see how true this is:

Stuffed Eggs

Shell hard cooked eggs and cut in halves lengthwise. Remove the yolks and mash well. Add to mashe volks chopped mustard cucumber pickle, sufficient of the mustard dressing from the pickle to moisten the egg yolks, and salt to taste. Fill egg whites with prepared mixture Sprinkle lightly with paprika.

· Cole Slaw ½ small cabba,e shredded pimento, chopped 1 cup home-made style pickles

% to %-cup mayonnais e or cooked salad dressing Mix lightly together, cabbage pimento and pickles. Add enough mayonnaise to moisten the mixture. Serve cold.

Coffee Surprise

1 package coffee junket

1 pint milk Prepare coffee junket according to directions on package. When chilled and just before serving add a top-ping of whipped cream and chopped

#### Sugar in Meat Cookery By BETTY BARCLAY

Used as a condiment or seasoning ot as a sweetener, a small amount of sugar improves the flavor meats; seals the flavor behind a delicously crisp brown crust; colors, flavors, and enriches the gravy; adds slightly to nutritional qualities and tenderness, and permits cooking at

Mock Fillet Mignon

Mix thoroughly 1 1/2 pounds of finely ground chuck or rump steak with 1 tablespoonful of finely ground suet, I teaspoonful of salt, 1 teaspoonful of sugar, 12 tenspoon of pepper, and paprika to taste. Make up into flat cakes one inch thick. twist a thin slice of bacon around each cake, and broil or pan broil 15 to 20 minutes.

Sausage With Glazed Apples Shape sausage meat in flat cakes. Dip them in flour mixed with a teaspoonful of sugar and pan broil slowly. Meantime cook unpared apple rings in a syrup made by cooking together for five minutes, 1 cup-ful of sugar, ½ cupful of water, 1 teaspoonful of butter. When the rings are tender place them on a hot platter with a sausage cake on

Lemon Egg-Nog (Serves 1)

6 tablespoons milk ½ cup cold water 1 egg 2 tablespoons sugar

2 tablespoons lemon juice Grated nutmeg Combine milk, water, egg and ugar. Beat thoroughly, pour in emon juice and mix vigorously. lemon juice and mix vigorously Serve in a large glass topped with a grating of nutmeg.

### CORNING

Gymnasium Work In Parish Hall

Corning, Oct. 9:—Rev. Lawrence Gannon, assistant paster of St. Mary's Church in this city, is organzing a number of gymnasium classes n the parish hall, and in doing this is following a suggestion made by the Rt. Rev. John Francis O'Hern, D.D., Bishop of Rochester, Bishop O'Hern is a zealous champion of all kinds of clean sports, and a firm be. iever in the old axiom that a sound body helps make a sound mind.

An experienced physical director is conducting classes among the boys of the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th grades and for the men of the parish. letic teams will be developed and schedules of games arranged.

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6 CLINTON AVE. SO. BTONE 268 Rochester, N.Y. By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Spectator Sports Weat



and yellow fashions this tailored dr with velvet scotch beret to match. green wool jacket tops this handed one-piece frock which is collared cuffed with white pique. Black pumps, a purse of black velvet w sliver mountings and eggshell does street ploy a complete this charm,

If we love the cross of J Christ, we shall find it light and t



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