

# CLOVERDALE COURIER.

VOL. 10.

CLOVERDALE, TILLAMOOK COUNTY, OREGON, JUNE 11, 1915

NO. 48

## CINDERELLA ROSE

How She Met Her Prince  
Charming.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Rose Lathrop addressed the last envelope, slipped its inclosure inside, sealed and stamped it and yawned wearily.

It was 5 o'clock of a March afternoon, and the Kendals' library looked like a casket of glowing jewels.

To be Mrs. Kendal's private secretary had one disadvantage—Mrs. Jeremiah Kendal paid such high wages to her chef and her chauffeur, her butler and her French maid that she economized on the salary of her secretary. So Rose Lathrop, who should have received at the least \$20 a week, accepted \$10 and made the best of it.

"Some day," dreamed Rosa in the library, "I shall write a book, and then—then I shall go back to mother and father."

There was a tap at the door, and a trim little maid entered.

"Miss Lathrop, Miss Hazel says will you please come and see her before you go home?"

"Tell her, Celeste, that I will be there in ten minutes."

She hurried a little, for she did not

want to keep Hazel Kendal waiting.

Just now Hazel was confined to her rooms with a badly sprained ankle, the result of an automobile accident.

When Rose entered Hazel's boudoir, wearing her shabby little blue serge suit and blue velvet toque, Hazel looked up from her nest of embroidered satin cushions.

"Oh, good afternoon, Cinderella Rose!" she called playfully. "Do come and drink a cup of tea with me and talk! I want to growl at some one. Do you mind?"

"Not a bit," laughed Rose, drawing a chair to the fire and sitting down. "You are such a gentle bear, Miss Kendal!"

"Appearances are deceitful. I feel so fierce and unreasonable. You know tonight is the night of Mrs. Carter Philly's bal masque. Oh, Cinderella Rose, I want to go!" Hazel smiled, but her eyes were full of rebellious tears.

"I am so sorry," said Rose, putting down her teacup. "I wish there was something a poor Cinderella could do to help you."

"There is," said Hazel, blinking the tears away and biting into a pink frosted cake.

"Oh, tell me! I shall be so happy if I can," said Rose, remembering all the pleasures Hazel had put in her way.

"I'll tell you—listen," said Hazel, drawing the little secretary close beside her. "Tonight is Mrs. Carter Philly's bal masque. I am all ready to go, and now I cannot. But somebody will be there who is going away. I want to get a message to him before he sails tomorrow. Will you take it, Cinderella?"

"How can I?" asked Rose blankly.

"Wear my dress. We are the same size. Deliver my message to him. I thought perhaps he would come and

## BANKING BY MAIL

Several of our customers are people we do not know by sight though we have done business by mail with them for years. We believe we have given them satisfactory banking service and can give you the same satisfaction.

Mail us Your next Check or Checks

It saves you time, and TIME IS MONEY, especially at this season of the year. No need to come to the bank in person.

SECURITY AND SERVICE our Motto

TILLAMOOK  
COUNTY BANK  
TILLAMOOK, ORE.

say goodby, but it is too late now. And, oh, Rose, it is all my fault, and I don't blame him a bit! But if I could get a message to him tonight he would come before midnight."

"Tell me what to do, Miss Kendal, and I shall be happy to do the best I can," said Rose gently.

Hazel threw her arms about the blue serge shoulders and kissed the fair face under the little hat.

"You are a darling, Cinderella," she cried, and then went on rapidly: "My costume hangs in the wardrobe yonder. I was going as Cinderella, with my hair in curls and such picturesque rags and tatters, Rose!"

She gave Rose many other instructions and finally sent her home in a taxicab, with a great bundle of clothing.

"I shall be terribly frightened," whispered Rose ere she went, but added, "I shall send your Prince Charming to you, Miss Kendal."

Rose kissed her hand and vanished.

Three hours later she stood before her little mirror vainly trying to view her entire form.

Hazel Kendal's idea of Cinderella's rags was, indeed, amusing.

Rags and tatters, but picturesque ones, of rose and gray china silk, with smoke colored silk stockings and slippers.

Rose slipped on the gray silk mask and enveloped herself in one of Hazel Kendal's evening cloaks.

The taxicab engaged for the evening waited at the curb in front of the shabby boarding house.

Rose leaned back on the soft cushions and was whirled uptown to Mrs. Carter Philly's mansion.

She laughed as she thought of the letter she would write to her parents. If they could only see her now in all her ragged splendor!

Later, up in Mrs. Carter Philly's dressing room, Rose felt a thrill of fear at going down among so many strangers, but the crowd of girls and women in picturesque costumes accepted her as one of their own set and playfully tried to guess her identity, and presently she was in the brilliantly lighted ballroom.

While gayly attired figures came and went Rose's eyes were on the alert for one who might be Archie Brooke.

It was very confusing, for there were

two young men dressed as Prince Charming. One was short and dark, the other tall and fair, but their features were concealed.

Just then the tall prince came up to her.

"Ah, Cinderella, you must have saved a dance for the prince!" he said.

"There are two princes," retorted Rose.

"But only one Prince Charming," he laughed and whirled her away in an old fashioned waltz.

"How did you guess that I couldn't dance the modern dances?" she asked after awhile.

"My mother doesn't approve of 'em," he said and then hastened to cover his blunder by remarks about their companions.

Rose was remembering something Hazel had told her about Mrs. Carter Philly's son, who was home on leave. He was a lieutenant in the army, stationed in the southwest.

"It must be Lieutenant Philly," she thought with an inexplicable throb of relief that this was not Hazel's Archie Brooke.

It was a wonderful dance, and when it was over he begged for another later on, and Rose was left to dance with the other men who crowded around.

All at once, in an interval, the other prince stood bowing before her.

"Will you dance with me, Cinderella?" he asked, and when they were gliding around he whispered tensely:

"Is it you, Hazel?" and then Rose knew that he was Archie Brooke. "You said you were going as Cinderella," he added in an unhappy tone.

"Come into the conservatory, Mr. Brooke," said Rose, and when they were there she slipped Hazel's note into his hand.

"Hazel sent you this; she is sorry," she said, and he tore open the missive.

"I must go now—before it grows any later!" he exclaimed. "Will you excuse me, Miss Cinderella?" And he vanished.

Rose stood by the fountain watching the darting goldfishes in the basin.

She was wishing that other Prince Charming was there—the sound of his deep voice thrilled her yet.

She looked up and he was there, his

(Continued on last page)

## Nestucca Valley Bank

GLOVERDALE, OREGON



The Art is  
not in Mak-  
ing Money,  
but in Keep-  
ing it.

Open an account with this Bank and keep your money in  
your own locality.

NESTUCCA VALLEY BANK

E. L. McCABE, Cashier.