

CLOVERDALE COURIER.

VOL. 11.

CLOVERDALE, TILLAMOOK COUNTY, OREGON, SEPTEMBER 19, 1915

NO. 10

A CHEF AND A CHAUFFEUR

Story of the Newly Rich.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

When the Doolans fell heir to Uncle Peter Doolan's accumulated millions they gave away the modest grocery business in Sunset and sped to New York, prepared to storm the citadel of society. Once there, established in a luxuriously appointed mansion, they promptly lost their identity as the Doolan family and became known as the "Peter Paul Dulands."

"If it wasn't for Cherry, here, we never could have done it," sighed Mrs. Duland, looking affectionately at her daughter.

"Done what, mother?" Cherry asked sharply. She was a slender, fair girl with an apple blossom complexion, dark blue Irish eyes, long black curling lashes and dusky hair.

"This!" Mrs. Duland waved a fat white hand, sparkling with precious stones. "Society!"

Cherry dropped to her knees beside her mother's chair.

"Mother," she said tensely, "we are not really in 'society,' as you call it. We have a few friends as rich and lonely and out of place as ourselves, and so we cling together, but we are all unhappy! Let us go back to Sun-

set!"

"Cherry, stop! Give up all this?" Mrs. Duland's voice was horror smitten.

"It's deadly dull," drooped Cherry.

"Dull! What's the child wanting?" grieved Mrs. Duland, forgetting her newly acquired accent. "You, with your fine clothes, automobiles and theaters and dancing and all! What would your poor father say?"

He would confess that he was tired of the glitter and emptiness. I know he would rather be back in Sunset, even in the old grocery store with his cronies around him and"—

"Be still, child," interrupted her mother harshly.

"And you, too, mother. I know you miss the old neighborhood life and the village meetings and"—

"Hush, Cherry!" broke in Mrs. Duland in a panicky tone. "The very idea of my giving up all this—for the kitchen!"

"But you wouldn't have to work any more. We could build a nice house and have servants"—

A tap at the door interrupted Cherry's coaxing. A servant stood there, a very smart parlor maid, of whom the Dulands were rather in awe.

"Excuse me, ma'am, but there's a person to see about an advertisement," she said.

Mrs. Duland looked puzzled. Then her face cleared.

"Oh, yes. I told Peter to advertise for a chef and a new chauffeur. That Frenchman was so reckless I couldn't stand him. Send him up, Mary."

Mary vanished, and Mrs. Duland turned to Cherry, who was standing by the window looking dreamily out at the passing show on the avenue.

"See here, Cherry Duland!" hissed her mother through set teeth. "If your homesickness is due to your pining for that good for nothing Jimmy

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.

Lee, who's nothing but a clerk in the Sunset pharmacy, why?"

Another tap at the door, and Mary ushered in a tall young man, who ducked a nervous bow ... Mrs. Duland put up a lorgnette and surveyed him coldly.

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Duland could not visualize clearly through the lens and in secret reverted to her old fashioned steel bowed spectacles.

All she saw was a tall figure, a blur of dark features. She heard a level, rather monotonous voice.

"Well," she said kindly, "I understand you are looking for a position?"

"Yes, madam."

"Are you a chef, or, of course, you are a chauffeur?"

"Both, madam."

"Both?"

"Yes, madam."

"The idea!" breathed Mrs. Duland, staring from the applicant to Cherry's still form in the window. "What is your name?"

"James—James."

"James James? Well, James, what experience have you had in driving cars?"

Modestly James told Mrs. Duland that he was a recent graduate of a well known school for automobile drivers and his experience was limited to a four weeks' engagement with Mrs. Hollinsworth Smyth.

"And why did you leave, James?"

"Mrs. Smith died suddenly, madam."

Mrs. Duland was startled.

"Automobile accident?" she asked sharply.

"Providence," corrected James respectfully.

"You had better see Mr. Duland, James. He will know better what your requirements should be. This is his office address."

"Thank you, madam."

"If Mr. Duland is not satisfied that you can drive our car you might return here, James. Perhaps you can cook better than you can drive."

"Yes, madam, thank you," said James, and he respectfully withdrew.

"Cherry, what did you think of him?" Cherry came from the window, her eyes shining, an odd look in her lovely face.

"Of the chauffeur—or the chef?" she asked, dimpling with smiles.

(Continued on last page)

Decline in Status.

"I heard Mabel say when she was engaged that she had selected the very flower of her admirers. I wonder what particular one she likened him to?"

"Well, when they were first married she considered him the very pink of perfection, but now the baby has put his nose out of joint, he's just a plain poppy."—Baltimore American.

Ginseng in China.

For many years past foreign doctors in China have endeavored to convince the Chinese that there is little or no virtue in ginseng as a remedy beyond its having a slight tonic quality. But, although they have been successful in introducing foreign drugs and medicines, they have failed to reduce the use of ginseng, as the Chinese still have great faith in it.

Babies in Pillows.

Babies are carried on, or rather in, long pillows by the peasant women in Hungary. A babe is laid on the pillow, the end is lapped over and is usually long enough to come up to the infant's chin. A string is then tied around the pillow, holding it close about the youngster, thus making a snug and comfortable little bed.

His Tact.

"Dubwaite is not a brilliant conversationalist."

"No. Still he has a certain amount of tact."

"Yes?"

"When there is a lull in the conversation he gets up and puts a new record on the phonograph."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Dante's Fierce Retort.

The secret of Dante's struggle through life was in the reckless sarcasm of his answer to the Prince of Verona, who asked him how he could account for the fact that in the household of princes the court fool was in greater favor than the philosopher.

"Similarity of mind," said the fierce genius, "is all the world over the source of friendship."

Nestucca Valley Bank

GLOVERDALE, OREGON

Pay bills by check and Avoid all Liability of Dispute.



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

NESTUCCA VALLEY BANK

E. L. McCABE, Cashier.