

# 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 Kendalls' library looked like a casket of glowing jewels.

To be Mrs. Kendall's private secretary had one disadvantage. Mrs. Jeremiah Kendall paid such high wages to her chief 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 Rose in the library, "I shall write a book, and 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 you will please come and see her before you go home."

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

She hurried a little, for she did not want to keep Hazel waiting.

Just now Hazel was confined to her room 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!" she called playfully. "Lunch and drink a cup of tea with me and talk. I want to grow fat some day. Do you mind?"

"Not a bit," laughed Rose, drawing a chair to the fire and taking a book from the table.

"You are such a gentle soul, Miss Kendall!"

"Appearances are deceiving, I know, fierce and unrepentant. I can know tonight in the night of the year. Phyllis had a message from Cinderella Rose. I want to go. Hazel smiled, but her eyes were full of brilliant tears.

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

"There is," said Hazel, blowing the tears away and inflating 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 later," said Hazel, drawing the little secretary close beside her. "I want to see you before you get a message to him before he goes 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 say good-bye to me before he goes. 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 Kendall, and I shall be happy to do the best I can," said Rose gently.

Hazel threw her arms about the fairer 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. You see, 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 cloth.

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

Rose kissed her hand and vanished. Three hours later she stood before her little mirror vainly trying to view her entire form.

Hazel Kendall'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 Kendall'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 Phyllis'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 Phyllis'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 fully 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 so many 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 figure 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 unobscured walk.

"How did you guess that I couldn't dance the modern dances?" she asked for 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 Phyllis's son who was home on leave. He was a lieutenant in the army, stationed in the southwest.

It must be Lieutenant Phyllis, she thought with an inexplicable throbbing heart 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 before her.

"Will you dance with me, Cinderella?" he asked, and when they were alone he looked at her tensely.

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

"Come into the conservatory," Mr. Brooke said to 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 dark blue eyes shining through the shadows of his mask.

"In another hour Cinderella, we will unmask," he said. "May I have the supper dance with you?"

Rose shook her head.

"I am sorry, prince, but I must go before the clock strikes 12."

"But I want to see your face," he protested.

"I am a Cinderella, indeed," she said in a sorrowful tone.

"And I am not to see you again?" he questioned.

"I am really Cinderella and I must go now," she said, leaving him.

"I shall know your voice anywhere," he called after her, and her heart answered.

"I should know yours among all the men in the world!"

Her lips were mute, and he only saw the ravishing smile below the edge of her mask.

When the ball was over Lieutenant Phyllis astonished his mother by demanding the invitation cards turned in at the door.

He sorted them over, compared them with those who he knew were present, and found Hazel Kendall's.

"Was Hazel Kendall here, mother?" he asked.

"No, dear, Hazel is laid up with a sprained ankle. Do put away these cards and go to bed!"

But Tom Phyllis put Hazel's card in his pocket and the next day went to call upon her.

Hazel had been carried down to the library, so that it was into the wretched light of the beautiful room that he was ushered by the butler.

Lieutenant Phyllis, announced Martin and Hazel, who held his card in her fingers, flashed a look at Rose.

"Don't go, dear," she said. "I want you to meet Lieutenant Phyllis, Archie's friend and mine."

At the very first sound of Rose's voice Phyllis went red.

"Perhaps you have not before," said Hazel mischievously. Miss Lathrop was of your mother's ball."

"Yes, we met there," said Phyllis eagerly, and Rose murmured something inaudible.

The Hazel, to cover their confusion explained to this friend of Archie's how she had sent Rose in the guise of Cinderella to seek Archie.

"We are to be married when Archie comes back," she concluded. "Rose has promised to be one of my bridesmaids."

"I have promised Archie that I would be his best man," he said quietly. "Martin brought the tea things in, and the three over a quiet cup cemented a triple friendship that was unaltered until Archie's return made them a quartet."

It was after Hazel's wedding and the young couple were leaving for their new home in the west when the bride kissed her prettiest bridesmaid and held her tightly.

"Oh, Cinderella-Rose," she whispered. "I am so happy about you and him!"

She touched the engagement ring on Rose's finger. "Now I've lost my Cinderella! You will be a princess indeed now!"

Tom Phyllis's tall head bent over them.

"Didn't Cinderella marry the prince?" he asked. "Yet to him—and to the fairy godmother she was always sweet Cinderella!"

"Please don't forget the fairy godmother's husband," added Archie Brooke.

Loss of sincerity is loss of vital power.—Bovee.

Edwin Booth and Lincoln.

It has long been known that Edwin Booth felt deeply the grief that it was one of his own family who took Abraham Lincoln's life. This little story, which the editor of a well-known magazine is fond of telling, emphasizes that.

When I was a boy I lived in Chicago near Lincoln park. Once when Edwin Booth was playing in the city I went with another boy to hear "Hamlet." I was permitted to spend the night at my friend's house, but went home for breakfast.

At that early hour Lincoln park was deserted, but as I drew near St. Gaudens' great statue of Lincoln I saw a carriage approach, driven by a negro coachman. It stopped before the statue, the door opened and out stepped Edwin Booth—evidently to see what would happen. I stepped behind a clump of shrubbery where I might watch unobserved.

The great actor stood for a moment before the wonderful bronze with his head bowed. Then he took a rose from his buttonhole and laid it at the base of the statue. He entered the carriage and was driven away, utterly unconscious that the incident had been witnessed by one who would ever after cherish its memory. Youth's Companion.

Many Uses of Graphite.

Few people begin to realize the range of uses to which graphite is put, says the Scientific American, for it is an essential though minor ingredient in a great number of unsuspected connections as common as that of lead pencils. With many of these the graphite is himself unfamiliar, beyond the simple fact that this or that manufacturer purchases from him, for in such cases it is apt to represent part of a secret process.

Lead pencils, lubricants, electrical conductors and black polishes and paints are prominent conventional uses, but it is able to be present—perhaps much anywhere that anti-friction, insulating, heat resistance, electrical conductivity or noncorrosiveness is a desirable property, and the fact that without graphite the dirty fact, as we know it, would not be an example of its importance as an incidental ingredient.

A Wonderful Railway Journey.

A picturesque variety and romance appear the panoramas running the double cinematograph films past the train windows on the great African trunk line can never cross a rival. Six thousand miles, across sixty-five degrees of latitude, scores of climates, and the lands of a hundred different peoples or tribes, the second longest of the world's rivers and two of its largest lakes, the greatest dam ever built, conserving water for the world's best lands, the most imposing and ancient of empires, the greatest waterfall and the most important gold and diamond mines, and finally one of the last great expanses of real wilderness, the only place in the world where the wild beasts of the jungle may be seen in their primitive state from a train—all these are seen, traversed or experienced in twelve days.

Dirty Patagonia.

Patagonians are not giants, as some have supposed and as the geographers teach, and a man who has traveled there is large in comparison with the other South American natives, that is all. Everything is relative, you know. But they are very fat. That is why they can stand the cold so well. I have seen Patagonian men and boys bustling around unclad while I was wrapped in warm garments with the snow falling upon them in quantities and the wind blowing bitterly. They are kept warm by their fat and dirt. Patagonia is one of the dirtiest places imaginable. Don't go there if you hate dirt. That is my advice to all who contemplate a journey to the jumping-off place of South America.

A Bright Prospect.

"For five years," said the commercial traveler, "I had called upon a certain draper in Scotland and never got an order. I mentioned it to the head of the firm. We eye dead w. B. & Co., he said. Their traveler had for twenty years before he took an order, and if he'll continue to call for twenty years I'll say but by me may get one."—Manchester Guardian.

Fire-damp.

Fire-damp is the ordinary name for the carbureted hydrogen which issues from "blowers" or fissures in coal seams. It is inflammable and when mixed with air in certain proportions is highly explosive. Its ignition is attended by the danger of an attendant explosion of coal dust.

Of Course.

"With people cooking with electricity, one can no longer hear coals of fire."

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His New Job.

"I've got a new job. I'm a barber at a soda fountain."

"A barber at a soda fountain?"

"Yes, I shave the ice."—New York World.

Just the Other Way.

Frost hit cost me \$75 for the week end. Snow Entertaining friends weren't you. Frost—Great Scott, no being entertained.—Life.

Loss of sincerity is loss of vital power.—Bovee.

# An Improvised Weapon

By EVERETT P. CLARKE

I had barely completed my studies at the medical school at Moscow when the revolution came from which Russia suffered so much and gained so little. I was heart and soul for the cause of freedom and became active in trying to force the government to grant the people a constitution.

It was not long before I was arrested and sent to Siberia. I shall never forget that long, dreary march.

And yet this long march to me was preferable to work in the mines at Kara, for in the former case we were in the open, while in the latter we were in the bowels of the earth. For five years I toiled with the others; then a change came.

Our condition was so miserable that many of us were constantly ill, but there was a period when our food was so bad and our quarters so poorly kept that an epidemic of disease broke out among us. Fortunately for the general good, but unfortunately for me, several of the physicians on duty at the station were taken ill. My name was down on the prison register as a physician, and one day I was conducted to the office of the governor, who, after a few questions as to my fitness, directed me to go to work among the sick.

Naturally while on this duty I meditated upon whatever chance for escape there might be in it. I was young, and my strength had not been especially impaired. I therefore considered plans which would require me to fight rather than to resort to subterfuge. But I had no weapon, and I knew that every precaution would be taken to prevent my obtaining one. However, having access to the medical store, I was able to appropriate an arm that not every one would have thought of as such. This was a syringe.

So much for a weapon. I must next lay my plan. But this I found impossible. At least I could not carry out any specially arranged plan. I could only take advantage of any happening that gave promise of success. My opportunity came one night when all but those who were on duty as keepers were in bed. I was called upon to visit a prisoner who required my attention. To get what medical implements I needed for him I entered the supply room and among other things, took a syringe and a quart bottle of aqua fortis. Fortunately I found a spatula, which I appropriated also.

Having done my duty by the patient, I left him, ostensibly to go to my room, for so long as I was on duty as a physician I was permitted to occupy a room in the surgeon's quarters. But instead of going there I walked out of the building and made straight for the inner gateway. There stood a sentry who blocked my egress. I had filled my syringe with the deadly liquid and, suddenly drawing it, gave him a charge in both eyes. As I had expected, he sent forth a cry that would arouse the guard, but before they could respond I was at the outer gate, a quarter of a mile away.

Here, the guard, having heard the signals and coming on the run, held his piece at me and called on me in stentorian tones to halt. I knuckled his musket aside, and before he could recover his aim I had put an ounce of aqua fortis in his eyes.

Had either of these sentries been pierced by a bullet he might possibly have been instrumental in my capture. But, besides the excruciating pain they suffered, they were blinded. Indeed, so intense were they on themselves that it is quite likely some time elapsed before those who joined them could learn from them what had happened. At any rate I was well out on fields of snow before I heard any one coming in pursuit.

There seemed to be but one chance for me. That was to leave the road, penetrate the forest which lined it and hide in the snow till the search for me should be given up. So long as I kept the road I would leave no visible tracks, but there was danger when I struck the loose snow. I ran like the wind, taking my chances on stumbling. All I heard sounds behind me, then, however a point where the road was much higher than the ground beside it, I ran swiftly to the embankment, jumped as far as I could and landed in a snowdrift.

Scattering the snow about me, I darted to the forest, a few hundred yards away. There I hid in a drift till the following night, when, not hearing any further sounds of those in pursuit, I continued my way westward, guided by the north star, which I kept over my right shoulder.

I had no provisions. Indeed, the only article I had provided myself with, besides my gun and ammunition, was a box of matches. Being attacked by a single wolf, I gave him a charge of aqua fortis in the eyes and brained him with a billet of wood. I then skinned him with my spatula and cut from him sufficient meat to keep me alive for some time. Though his skin was unobtainable, it served to keep me from freezing to death on several occasions during my journey for freedom. I was obliged to travel along the northern shore of Kara bay. One day, coming to a row boat, I appropriated it and pulled till I saw a ship near enough for me to attract the attention of its crew. They took me aboard and carried me to Sweden. I am now a practicing physician in the United States.

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