Cinderella and the Slipper

By JANE OSBORN

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CATHY MARKS of the "Notions" of Carey, Lombard and Carey, stood motionless at her counter, her deep brown eyes smouldering with defeat.

Last night Randley Vance, the most popular floor-walker in the building, had failed to take her home; he had taken Gertie Hamon, the new girl of the "Perfumes." Gertie, with her loud clothes and louder voice.

Just then Jim Graylin, star shoe salesman, came down the aisle.

"What's wrong with my girl this morning? Not tears on her birthday?"

"Of course not, silly!"

"Come up to my department during your lunch hour, Cathy, I have something for your birthday! Oh, no, it's not a ring," at Cathy's sudden frown, "I won't be asking you that tiresome question again. See you later!"

Thinking of Jim, Cathy forgot Randley Vance for a moment but just then the strong odor of perfume assailed her nostrils and she looked up to encounter the insolently smiling face of Gertie Hamon just across the aisle. Noting the expensive dress Gertie was wearing, she decided that it must be the attraction. If she only had better clothes, maybe Randley would like her better. Randley was the best dressed man in the store; too well dressed for his salary, Jim said. He seemed to have a better car and more money in his pockets than the other men, too.

That noon Cathy went up to Jim's department. He brought out a box, lifting from its tissue wrappings a pair of dainty golden slippers.

"Oh, Jim . . . !"

"Let's see your foot, Cinderella!"

"But—but—" she demurred.

"This is your birthday, isn't it?"

The slipper was a perfect fit and there were cobwebby hose of gold to match.

She was so excited she didn't want any lunch. Randley Vance was waiting for her at her counter. Her cup of joy seemed running over when he asked to take her to the Buttercup that night.

There was still some of her lunch hour left so she went up to the third floor to look at dresses. Randley should be proud of her. The dress was gold—a tiny tight bodice—the skirt a shower of scallops that looked like golden petals. A sort of exhilaration that she had not felt in weeks came over Cathy as they entered the Buttercup.

"Cathy," Randley murmured, bending down close to her, "you look like a gorgeous buttercup come to life!"

They had been dancing only a few minutes when Cathy saw Jim dance by with a strange girl.

Randley was approached at that moment by a pallid-faced young man who said nothing Cathy could understand though Randley excused himself and led Cathy to a seat, saying he'd be back. While she was waiting, Jim and the strange girl danced by again and Jim looked at Cathy with a questioning expression. She smiled at him reassuringly and he went on. A moment later, the pallid-faced person came back and told Cathy that Jim had to go to Newcastle in a hurry and wanted her to follow in a car with the stranger. Cathy demurred, but the stranger produced a note from Randley saying he'd explain everything later.

As Cathy went out with the stranger she noticed that Jim was watching her.

The stranger and Cathy, in Randley's car, started toward Newcastle. Once Cathy looked back and saw a car following them.

"Isn't Newcastle a—a roadhouse?" Cathy asked.

"You said it, sister! If this car behind us happens to be a cop—let me do the talkin', see?"

"But we're not speeding!"

"You are kinda simple, ain't you, Kid? Guess Vance was right—"

At Newcastle, the stranger hopped out of the car. As he did so, the car that had been following them drove by slowly and Cathy recognized Jim's voice—Jim and the strange girl. With a sudden deft movement, she stooped down and took off one of the tiny golden slippers and threw it into the other car before her companion saw her.

"Guess it wasn't no cop after all," he said in a relieved voice. "Wait here for Vance!"

The next moment Cathy was alone in the semi-darkness; alone in a strange place. Would Jim find her slipper in the car? Would he understand that she wanted him to help her? Suddenly she saw Randley's slim well-tailored figure emerge from the darkness across the street, and into the bright glare of a street lamp. As he did so, an officer stepped from the darkness also and tapped him on the arm. Cathy did not hear what his words were, but she heard Randley say:

"Bootlegger? I beg your pardon, officer; I just drove up from the Buttercup with my girl; she's right out here waiting for me."

Cold fear took hold of Cathy as she realized they were coming toward her; she understood now. The next moment someone was opening the car door and whispering her name.

"Did you want me, Cathy?"

And there was Jim—Jim, holding up the tiny golden slipper.

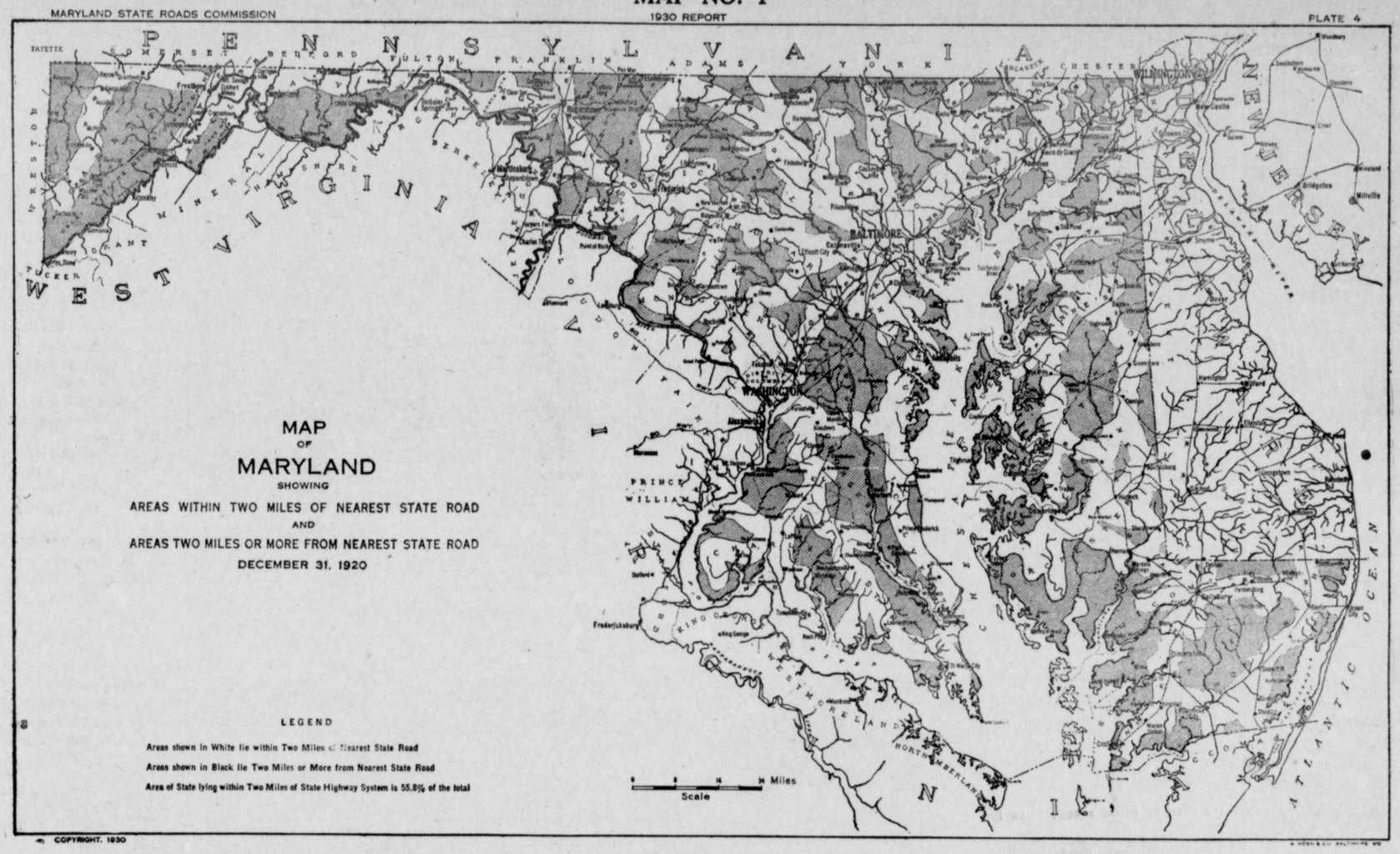
"Jim—Jim! I don't ever want anybody in the world but you!"

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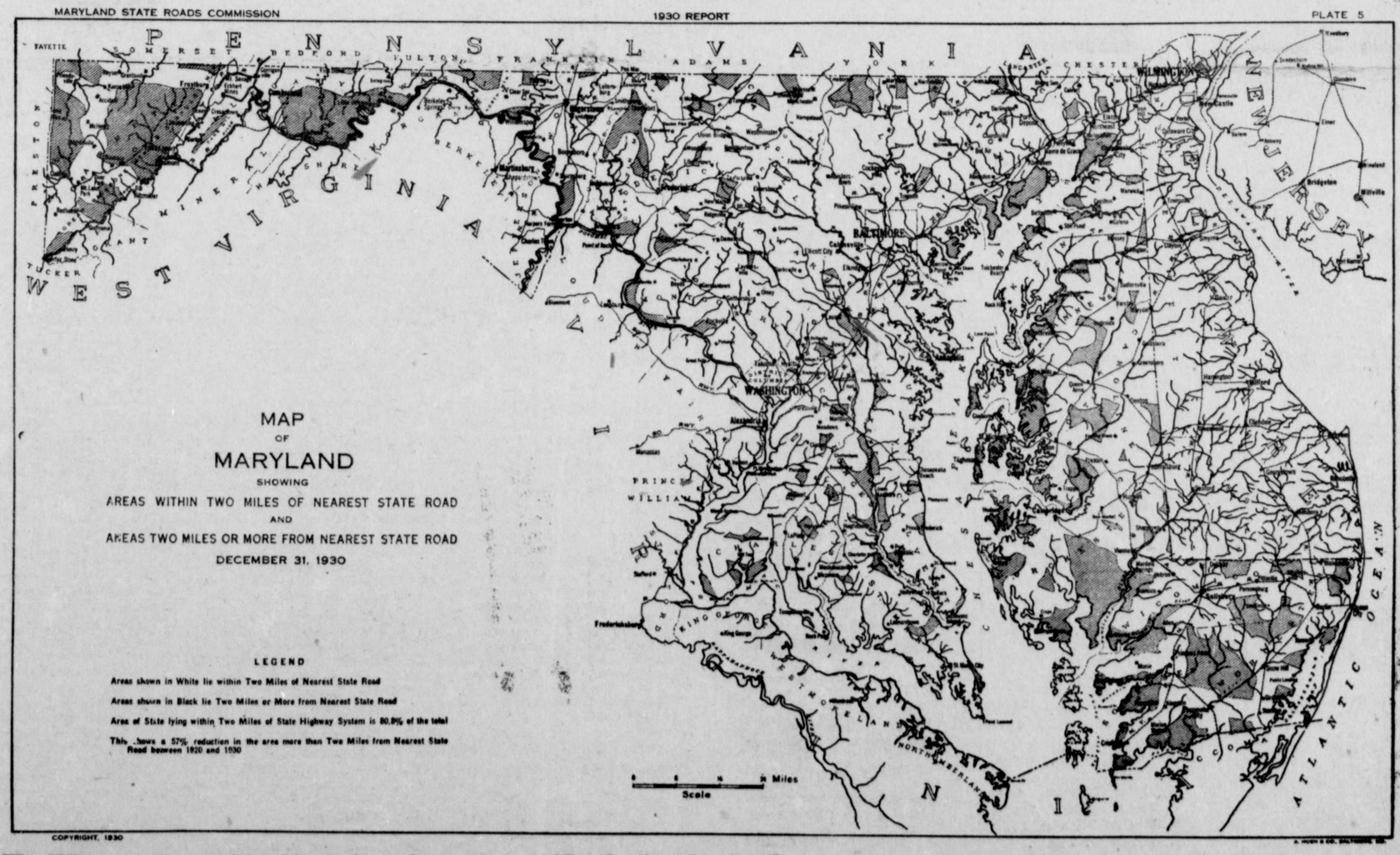
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MAPS SHOWING THE EXTENT TO WHICH THE RITCHIE STATE ADMINISTRATION HAS TAKEN THE MARYLAND COUNTIES OUT OF THE MUD

MAP NO. 1



MAP NO. 2



The White portions of Map No. 1 show the sections of Maryland within 2 miles of a state road when Governor Ritchie was first elected—the White portions of Map No. 2 show the great increase in the sections of Maryland now within 2 miles of a state road—the State's arterial highway system leads to Baltimore and the other trade centers of Maryland, thereby greatly increasing the annual volume of business of the cities of the State—both passenger and automobile bus routes extend over every section of the arterial highway system for the service of all of the people of every section of the State—Maryland leads the nation in good roads. Write the State Roads Commission, Federal Reserve Building, Baltimore, for a copy of the 1930 State Road Report which shows where the roads have been built and at what cost. This report shows that all of the counties of the State have been treated fairly and gives Maryland's standing in road building as compared with the other states.

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