



Cinderella

By Frank H. Desch

So her wish was granted; the slipper fits and Cinderella may go to the ball after all. What a wonderful fascination they have for artists and poets, and for all of us—those stories of Cinderella and her slipper, and Aladdin with his lamp. As we move along in years our faith in them

tends to dim; we seldom find any magic lamp except the light of a little added understanding, and no magic slipper to relieve the tug of trying to lift ourselves by our own boot straps. But still the stories cling to us, bathed in the romance of our youth, and always a new race of youth is coming forward to revel in them anew.