



GIRL IN THE PUMPKIN

PROPERTY ROOM.

NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY

No. *374*.....

Date *27* ^{*th*} *September 1904*.....



Cinderella.

ONCE upon a time there was a lord whose wife died, leaving him a beautiful daughter. This girl had a fairy god-mother, and for a time things went well with her; but one day the god-mother had to go to the other end of the world on fairy business, and then everything seemed to go wrong. Her father married

again, this time an unkind widow with two grown-up daughters, who were more

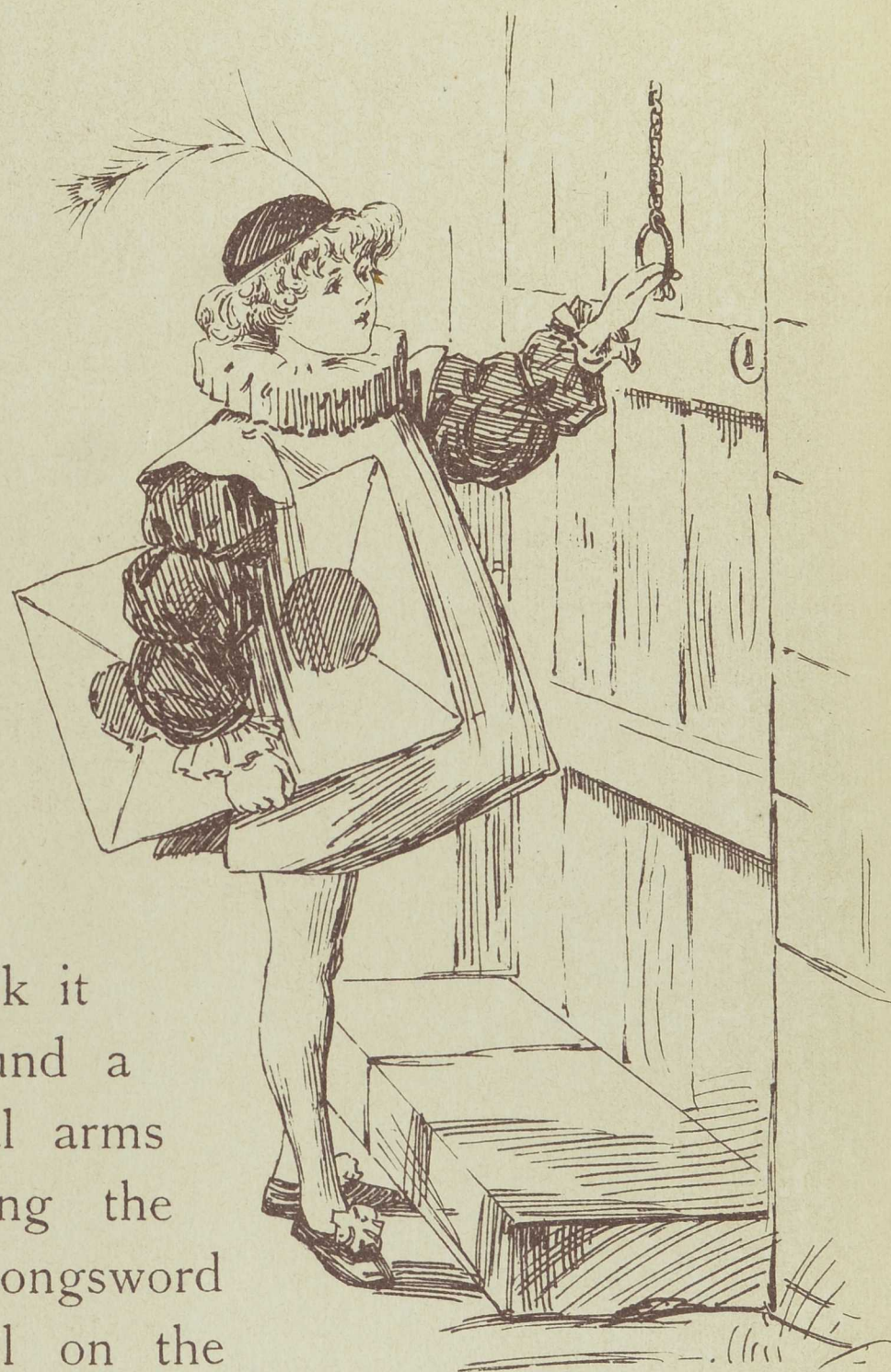
unkind. They treated their step-sister shamefully: dressed her in old clothes, and made her do the dirty work of the kitchen. She had to sleep by the kitchen fire, among the cinders, and so they took to calling her Cinderella. Poor girl! she was very good and patient, but she sometimes felt tired of her life, and wished her fairy god-mother would soon come back.

One day a little page boy was seen running along the road as though on an urgent errand. He came to the kitchen door, which was nearest, and told Cinderella that the king was to give a grand ball. "And here," said he, "is an invitation for all my lord's daughters." So saying he handed her a huge envelope with two great red



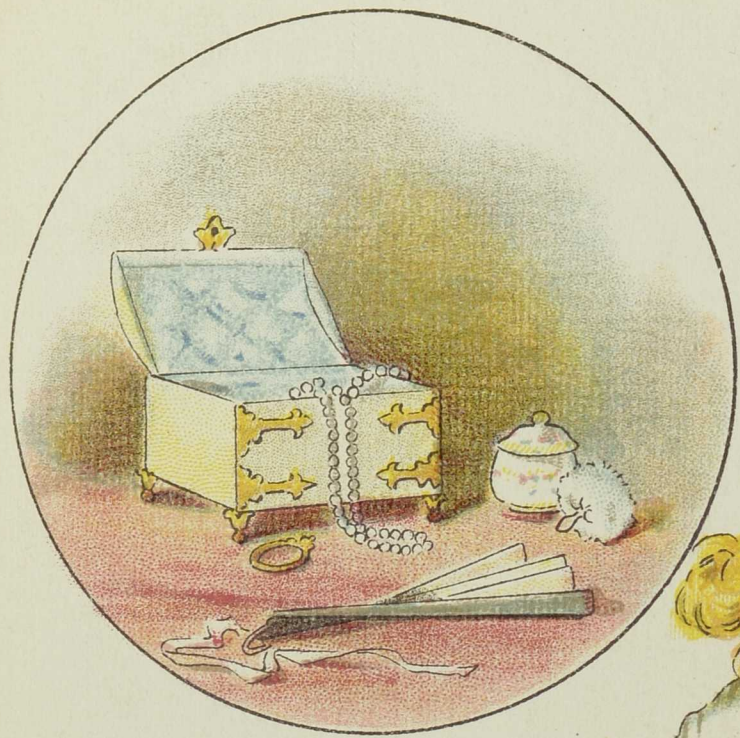


seals on the back, which he had held under his arm. Cinderella dared not open it, although as her father's only real daughter she had the most right to do so. She took it to her step-sisters, who opened it and found a big sheet with the royal arms in the corner, inviting the daughters of Lord Longsword to attend the ball on the prince's birthday. Cinderella



begged that she might be allowed to go, as she was clearly invited ; but they said it would be absurd, and she had no ball-dress.

When the day came the sisters, feeling particularly gracious, allowed Cinderella to help them dress and do their hair. Then she went back to her kitchen, and as she sat by the fire with her feet among the cinders, she did





wish hard that her god-mother were not too far away to come to her help. Just then she felt the gentlest tap upon her shoulder, and looking up saw her beautiful fairy god-mother floating through the air.

"So sorry I have been kept away so long," she said; "and more sorry to find how they have treated you. Now you want to go to the ball, and you shall, for you have been invited. We must be quick in getting ready.

Fetch me a sound pumpkin from the larder, and you will find six mice in the traps."

Cinderella brought the pumpkin and the mousetraps, and at a touch of the fairy's wand and the speaking of a word or two, the pumpkin became a fine coach. In the same way, the six mice were speedily transformed into splendid horses, and a big rat that was in another trap became a smart coachman. Then a couple of lizards were found in the garden, and as they clung to the back of the pumpkin they were changed into dapper young footmen. Cinderella's ragged clothes were touched by the wand, and they became at once a most fashionable dress of rich material; her shabby shoes were turned into slippers of purest crystal; and diamonds flashed on her neck and breast. The fairy told her she must enjoy herself at the ball, but must return before twelve







o'clock, for at that hour exactly her dress would turn to rags again, the coach would be a pumpkin, her horses and attendants rats and mice and lizards as before. Cinderella promised, and got into the splendid coach, her driver touching his hat as she told him to drive to the king's castle.

Her pretty face and figure had long been disguised by the shabby old rags she had been forced to wear, but now her charms were only set off by the more suitable dress her god-mother had provided. Even her father, who rarely saw her, would have failed to recognise her as his daughter; and there was little fear of her spiteful step-sisters

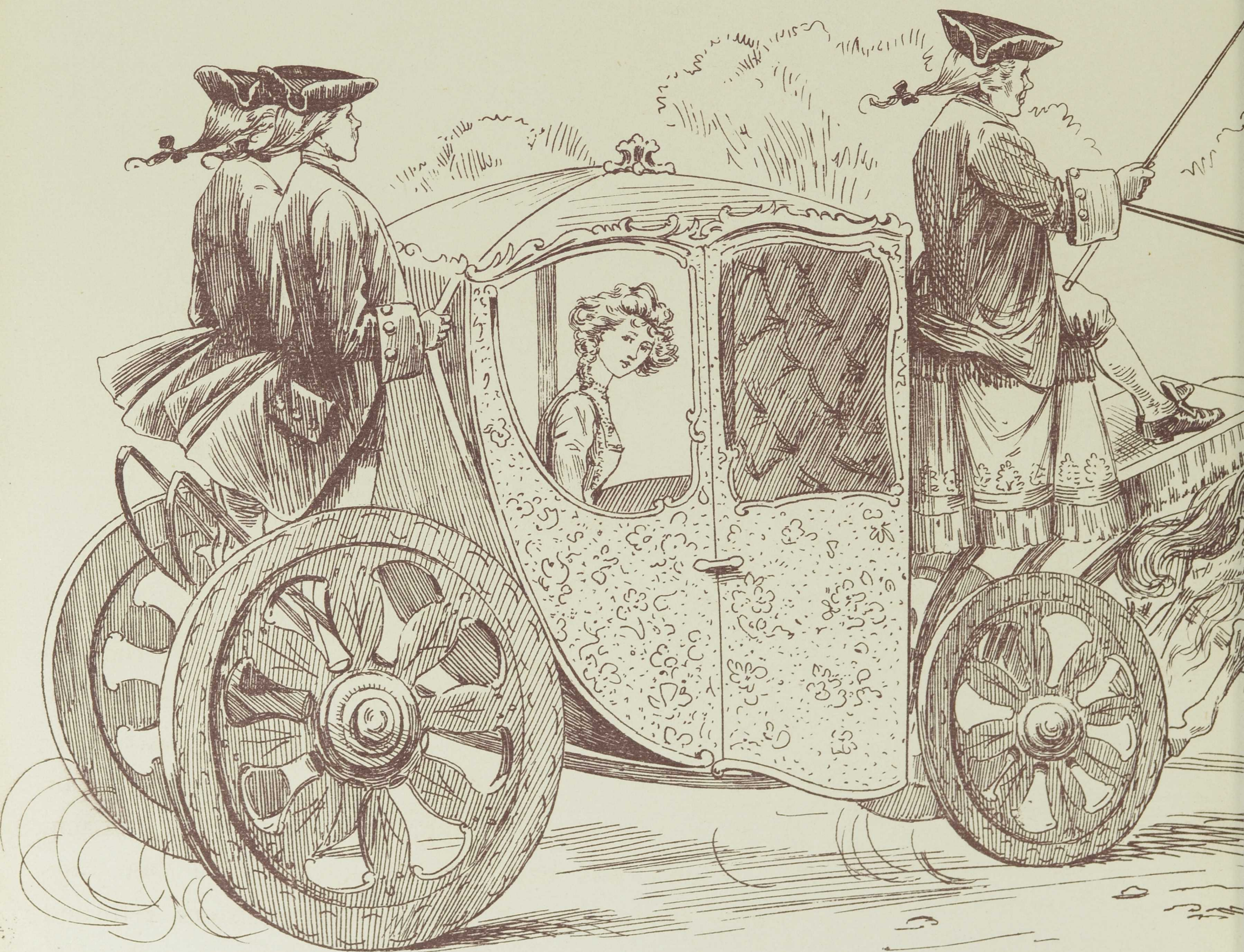
getting an idea that the newest arrival at the ball was the despised Cinderella. She stepped with grace into the coach, for she knew how to walk and manage her dress as though she had always been used to such a fine outfit. Her enjoyment began as soon as the coach door was closed, and her richly-harnessed team of horses drew the coach rapidly up the long hill-road that led to the king's castle and palace. No other guest had so fine a conveyance, and the people along the road stared in wonder as it passed, and regretted that it sped so swiftly on its way that they only caught a glimpse of the beautiful maiden within.

Arrived at the castle, the noble steeds trotted through the gates as though they had often been there before and knew the way quite well. When they drew

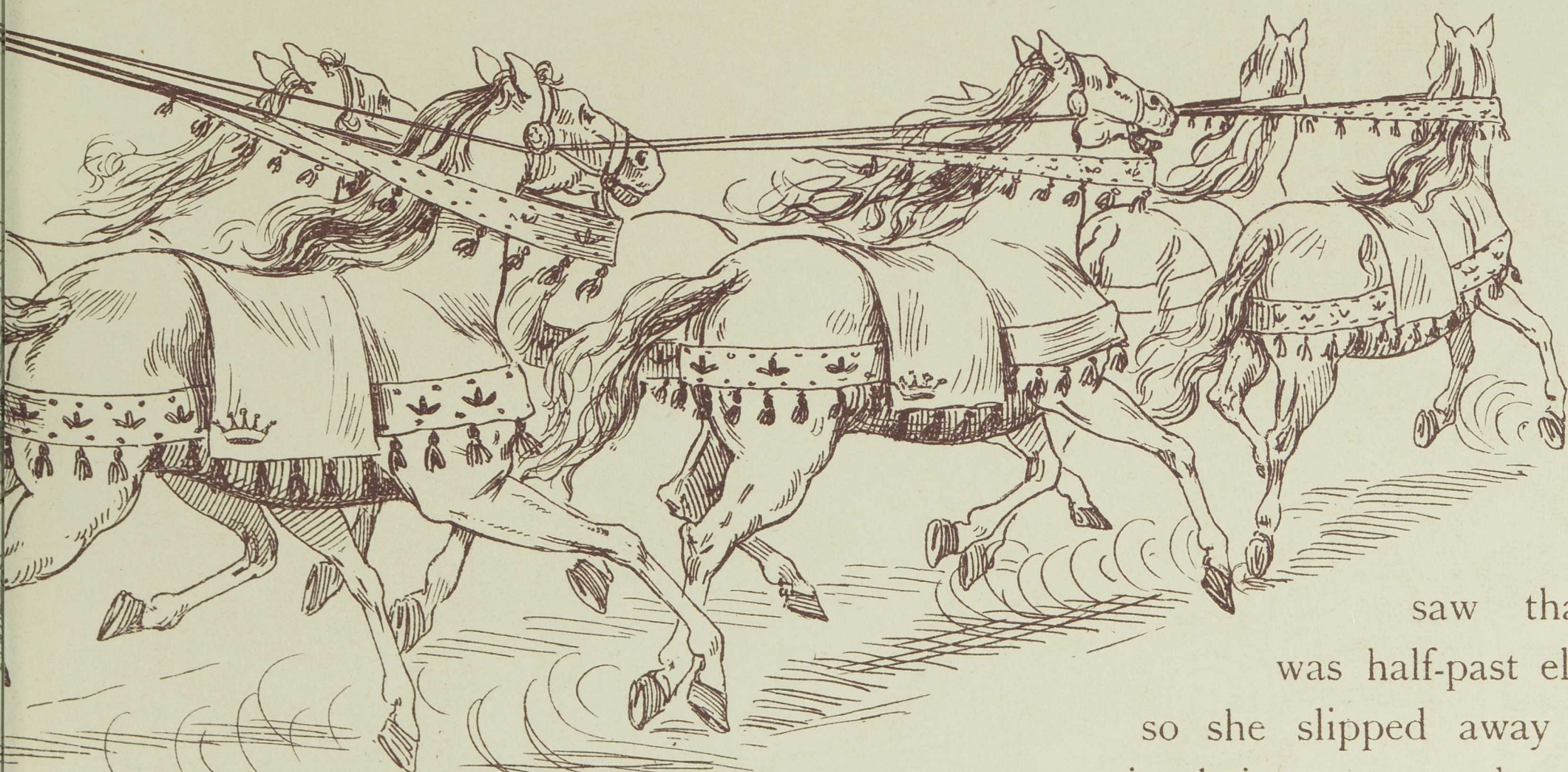


up at the grand entrance to the palace, and her footman got down and opened the door for her, she stepped out looking so sweetly that the king's attendants thought she must be a princess at the very least. It was their duty to have enquired her name and title, and to have asked her to show her invitation, but they were so awed by her beauty and magnificence that they could only bend their backs and bow their heads, as she passed up the marble steps into the reception hall.

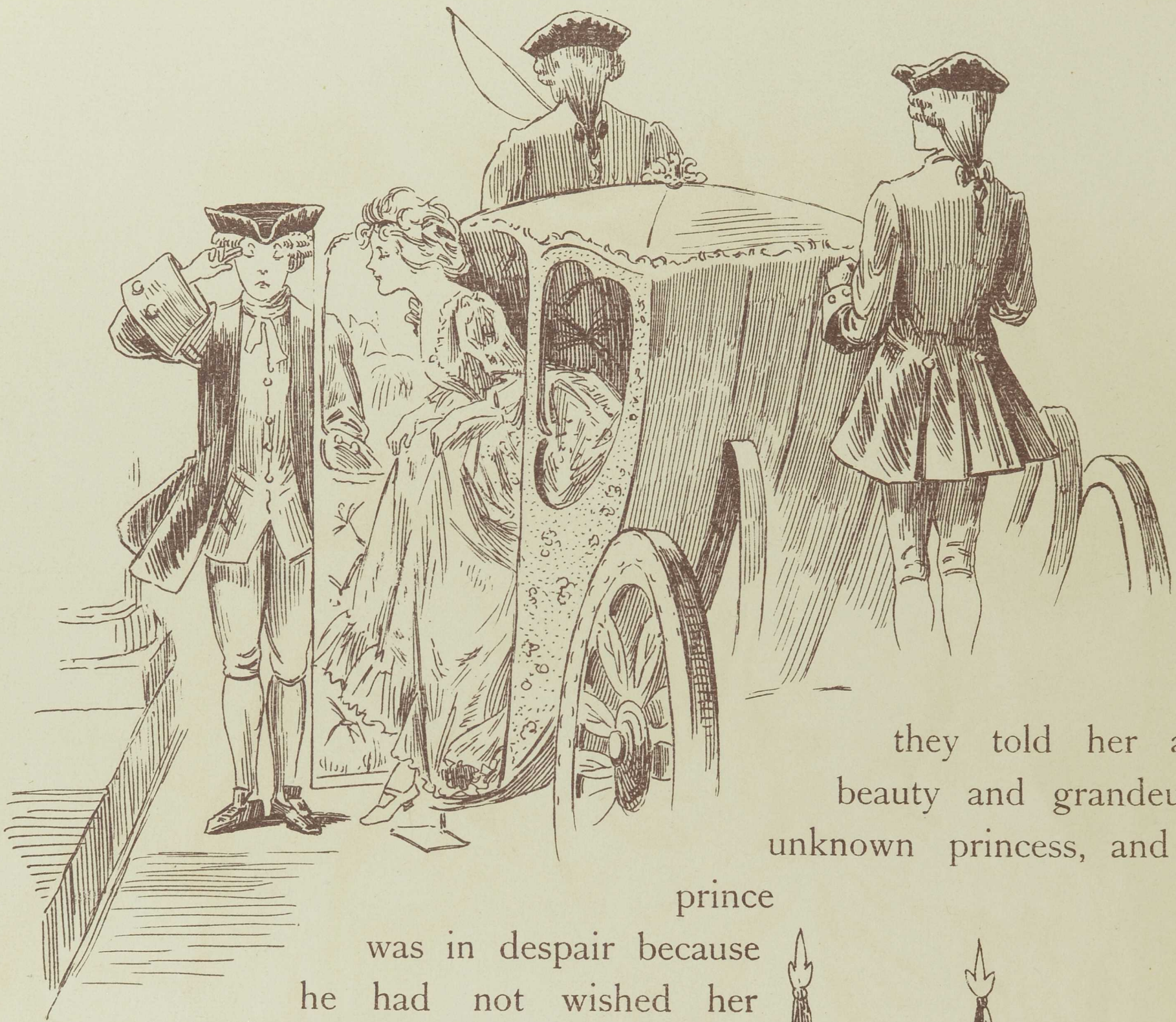
The king and queen saw her arrive, and sent their son, the prince, to receive her. He was so charmed with her that he begged to be her partner, and would dance with no one else all



the evening. He took her in to supper, and fortunately was soon called away on some great affair of state. I say fortunately, for Cinderella, glancing at one of the great golden clocks,



saw that it was half-past eleven, so she slipped away without it being seen that she was leaving, got into her coach, and was back in her kitchen and her rags before twelve struck. When her sisters returned



they told her about the
beauty and grandeur of this
unknown princess, and how the
prince

was in despair because
he had not wished her
good night. He had ordered
another ball for the next night, in the hope
that she might return. So the next night,
with the aid of the fairy, Cinderella again
went to the palace, and enjoyed herself
even more than before. But the prince
kept by her side so much that it was a
quarter to twelve before she could leave,
and her fleet steeds had as much as they
could do to get home in time. Just as
they reached the kitchen door the clock
struck, and at the instant, coach, horses,
driver, and footmen disappeared, and only







a pumpkin, a rat, some mice, and two lizards were left. Her beautiful dress had turned to the old kitchen-maid's garb once more. Her sisters at the ball were still discussing who she could be, and her chances of marrying the prince.

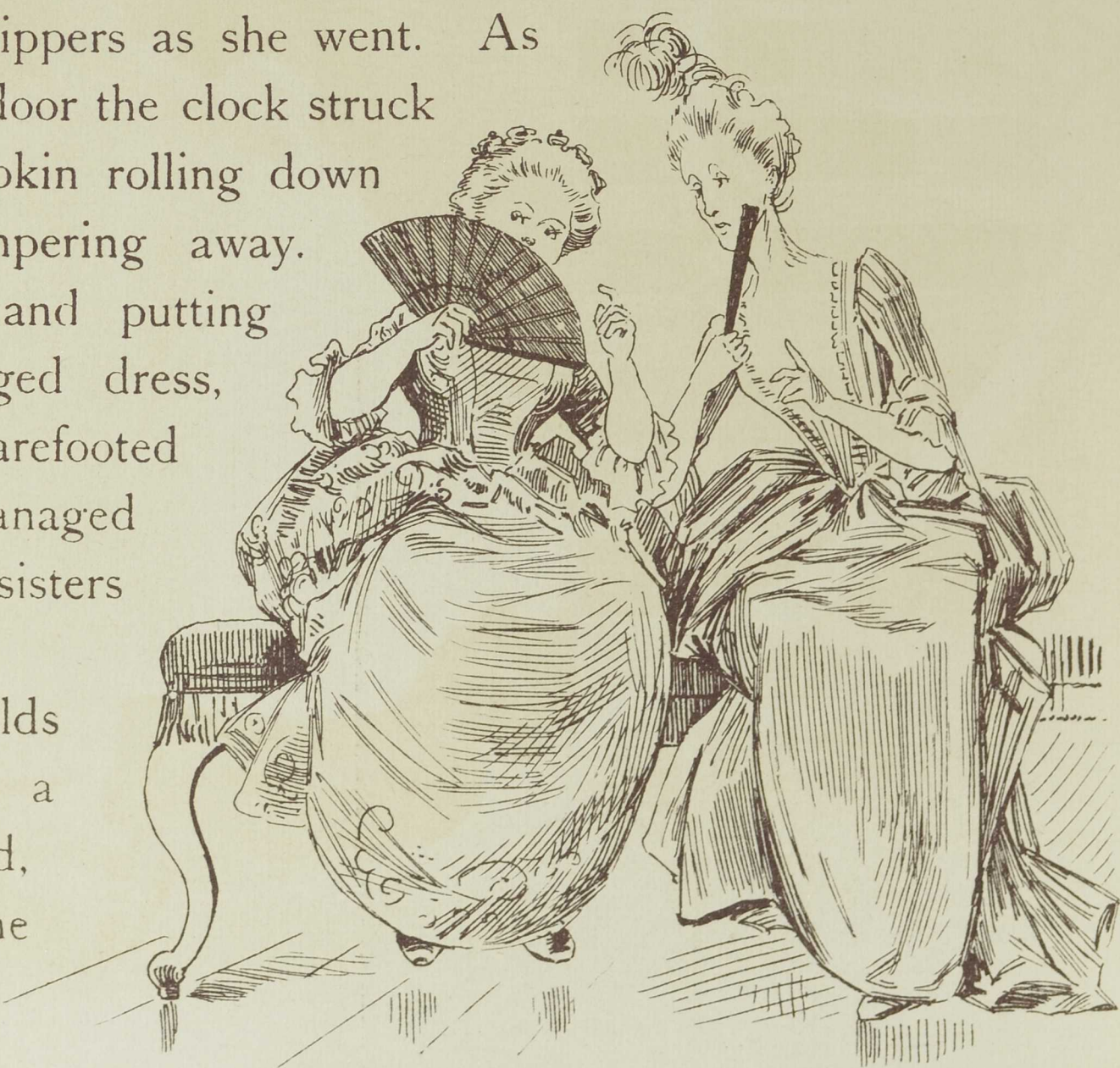
A third ball was given, and again Cinderella was the centre of admiration, and so closely did the prince attend her that when she called to mind her fairy god-mother's words and looked up at the clock, it only wanted a minute to twelve. She rushed from the ball-room and down the grand stair-

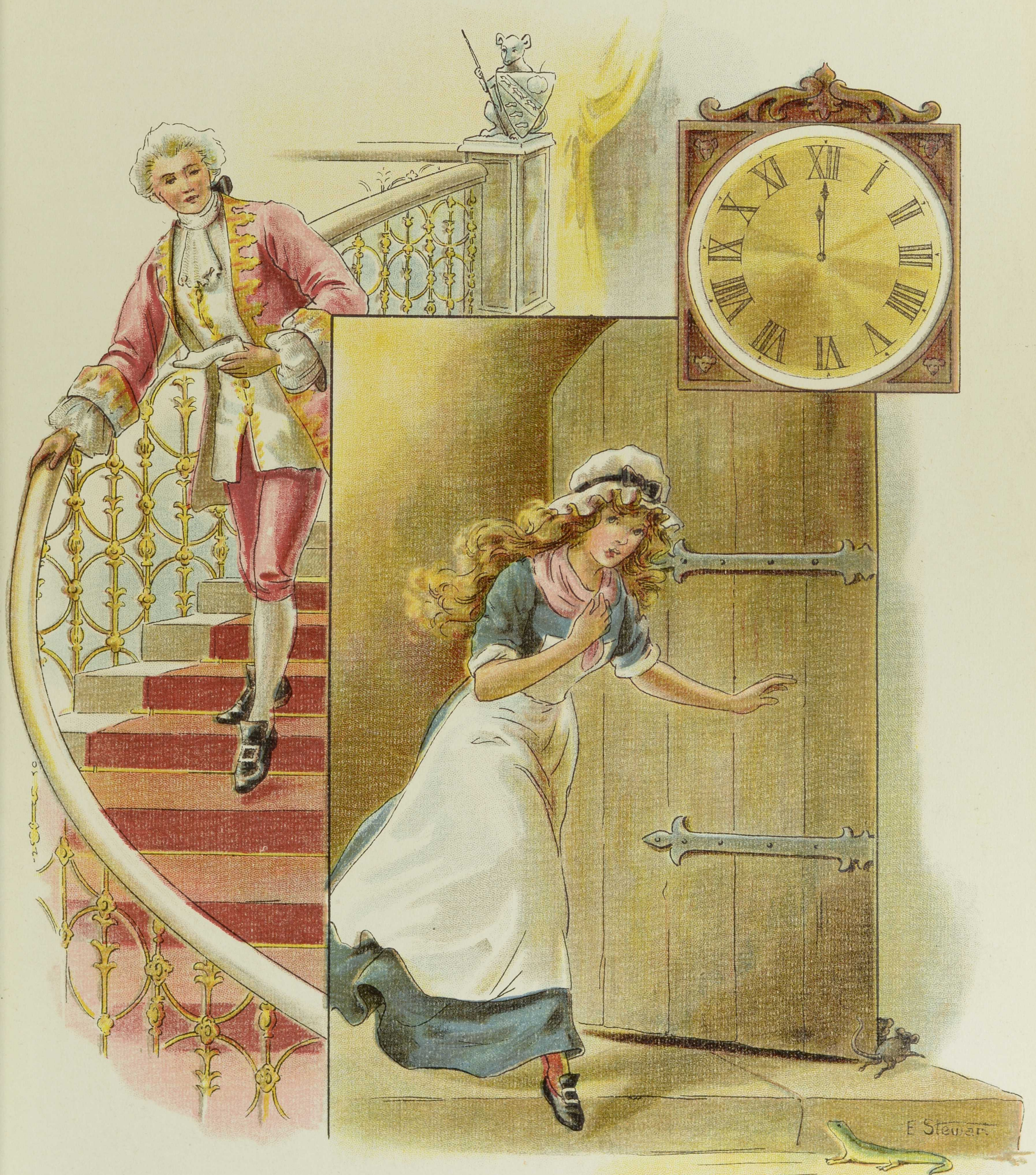
case, unluckily

dropping one of her crystal slippers as she went. As she stepped out of the palace door the clock struck twelve, and she saw her pumpkin rolling down the hill, and the mice scampering away.

Taking off her other slipper and putting it in the pocket of her ragged dress, the poor girl had to run barefooted to her home, and only just managed to get to bed before her sisters returned.

Next day the king's heralds went about proclaiming that a crystal slipper had been found, and inviting the owner to come

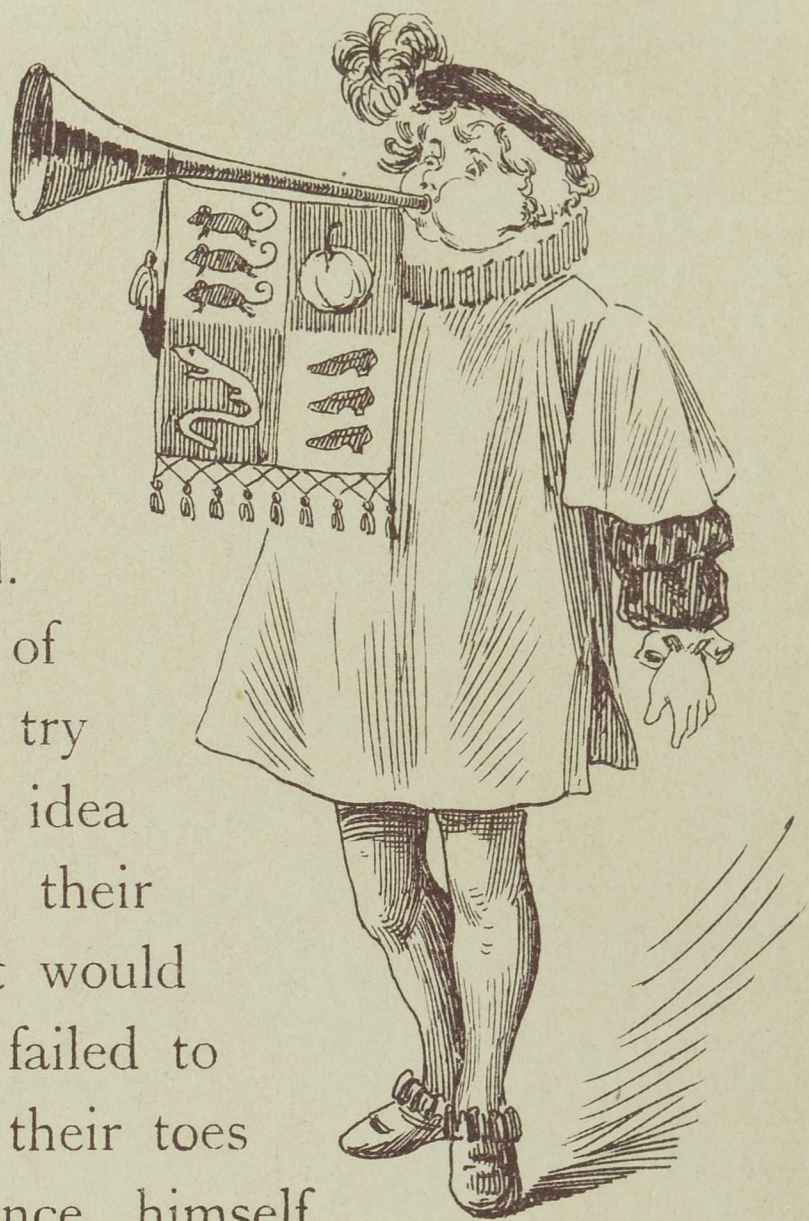


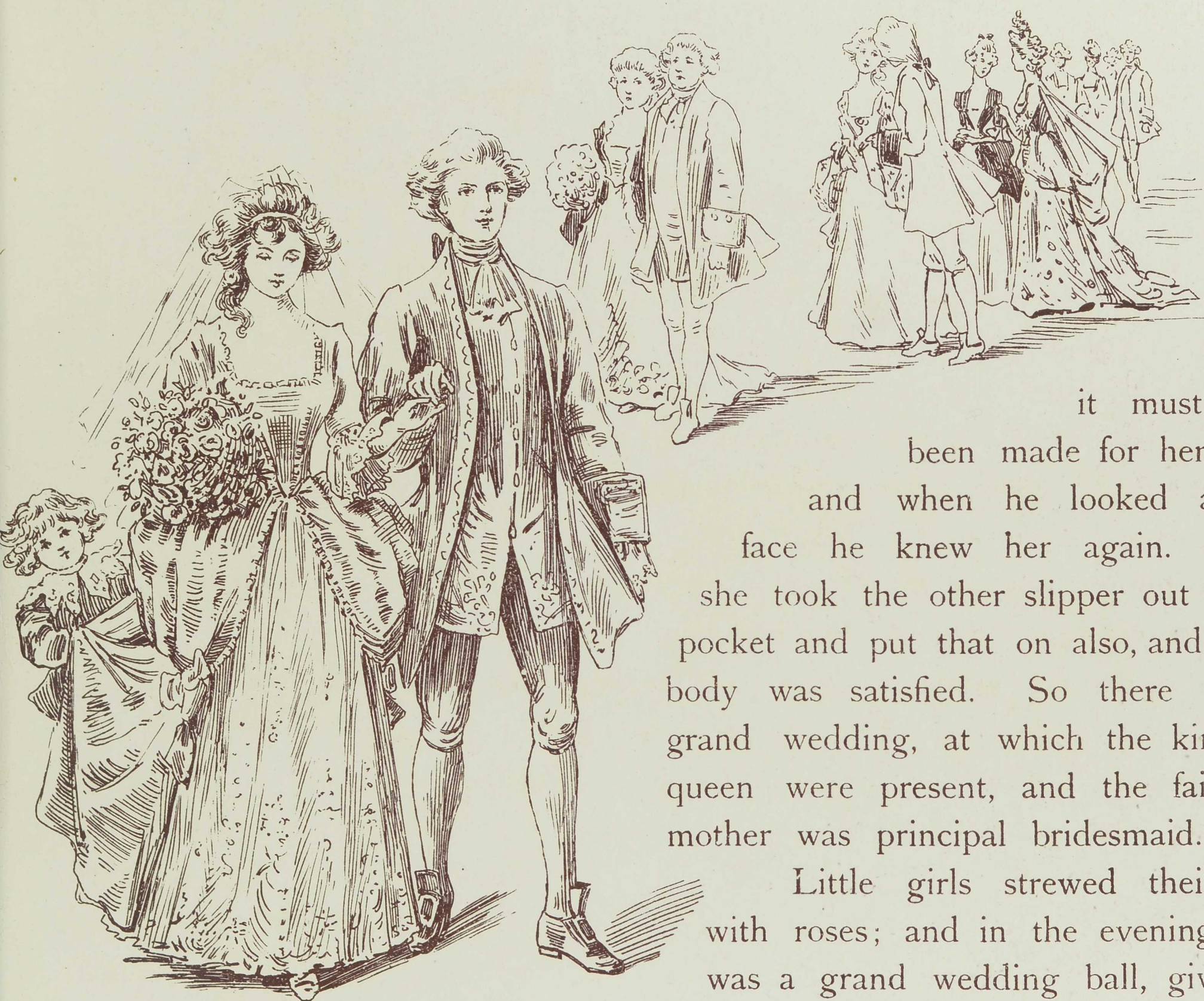


forward and claim it, for the prince desired to marry the lady whose foot would fit it.

Thereupon all the unmarried ladies put in a claim, but one after another they were dismissed, because being a fairy slipper it would only fit one foot in all the world. Cinderella's sisters tried—without success, of course—and when Cinderella proposed to try they turned up their noses, and ridiculed the idea of a kitchen slut's coarse foot fitting where their carefully tended and, as they thought, dainty feet would not. But when every lady that had tried had failed to get the slipper on—some of them even cutting their toes or heels to make their feet shorter—the prince himself went in search of the missing princess, vowing he would not rest till he had found her. At last he

came to Lord Longsword's house and demanded to see the daughter he had heard was kept in the background by her spiteful step-sisters. So they had to call her from the kitchen, and as the prince knelt before her with the crystal slipper they sneeringly told her she would break it if she used too much force to squeeze her foot in. But it went on with ease, and the prince declared that





it must have been made for her foot ; and when he looked at her face he knew her again. Then she took the other slipper out of her pocket and put that on also, and everybody was satisfied. So there was a grand wedding, at which the king and queen were present, and the fairy-god-mother was principal bridesmaid.

Little girls strewed their path with roses; and in the evening there was a grand wedding ball, given by the king in his

palace, at which the Princess Cinderella was more admired than ever.

In time the young couple became king and queen, and had a very happy and prosperous reign.

THE END.



