



# THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE

LIMITED.

Managing Director - - ARTHUR COLLINS

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## *Children's Pantomime* CINDERELLA

BY

Sir F. C. BURNAND, J. HICKORY WOOD & ARTHUR COLLINS

PRODUCED BY ARTHUR COLLINS



MR. HARRY FRAGSON

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# £100 FOR AN IDEA

**M**ESSRS. RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS, Ltd., are in search of an original suggestion for another **POST-CARD COLLECTORS' PRIZE COMPETITION**, to follow their **Third Competition** just closed, in which **£3,000** in Prizes have been awarded to the successful Competitors.

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in which Prizes aggregating from **£3,000 to £5,000** will be distributed, and with this object in view offer **£100 For the Best Original Suggestion for such a Competition.**

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- £** **50 For the Best Original Suggestion for a new Competition.**  
**25 For the Second Best Original Suggestion.**  
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and if the available space is insufficient, the suggestion may be continued on a sheet of note-paper, and the two posted together in an envelope addressed as above.

The latest date for receiving suggestions is February 15th, 1906. Cheques will be posted to the successful correspondents within fourteen days, and their names published in the "Times," "Daily Telegraph" and the "Daily Mail," on the competitions being announced.

In the case of identical successful suggestions from different Competitors, the one reaching us first will be entitled to the prize.

Competitors may send any number of Suggestions, but each one must be sent on a separate "Tuck" Post-card.

The Names and Addresses of winners of the Prizes in the Third £3,000 Collectors' Post-card Prize Competition will be posted free to any address on receipt of application on a "Tuck" Post-card.

All questions connected with the Idea Suggestion will be decided by Messrs. RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS, Ltd., and their decision must be accepted as final.

Whatever the nature of the "New" Post-card Collectors' Prize Competition, all "Tuck" Post-cards posted from January 1st, 1906, will be eligible for this new Competition or Competitions.



## To POST-CARD COLLECTORS

In view of the fact that "TUCK" Post-cards are now collected in every part of the world, and in response to numerous applications that have reached us, we propose instituting a

## "TUCK" POST-CARD COLLECTORS' REGISTER

in which will be entered, without any charge, the names and addresses of Collectors who desire to exchange "TUCK'S" Post-cards only with other Collectors in either the United Kingdom or in any part of the World.

If you wish to take advantage of this Register send your name and address on a "TUCK" Post-card, addressed:—

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If you propose to limit your correspondents to send you only special kinds of TUCK'S Post-cards, such for instance, as "Oilette," "Aquarette," "Raphotype," "Glosso," Views, Actresses, etc., state this on your application Post-card, and if you desire to further confine your exchange to special countries, give the names of such countries or places.

As a proof of *bonâ fides*, each applicant for entry will please send as reference the name and address of a lady or gentleman resident in the same town.

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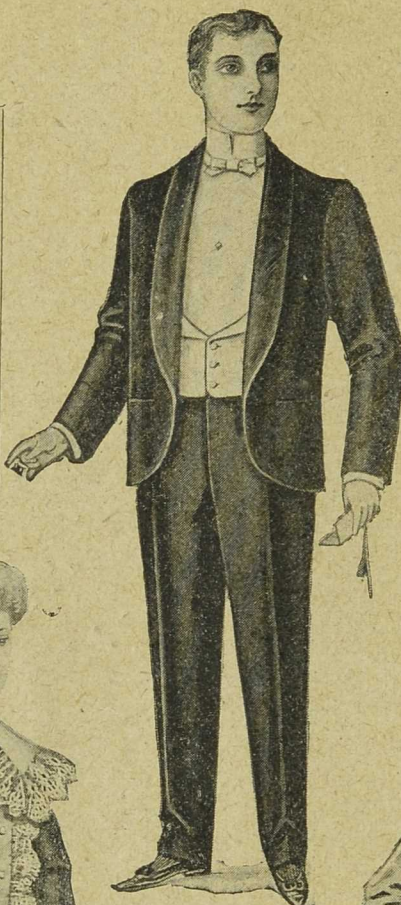
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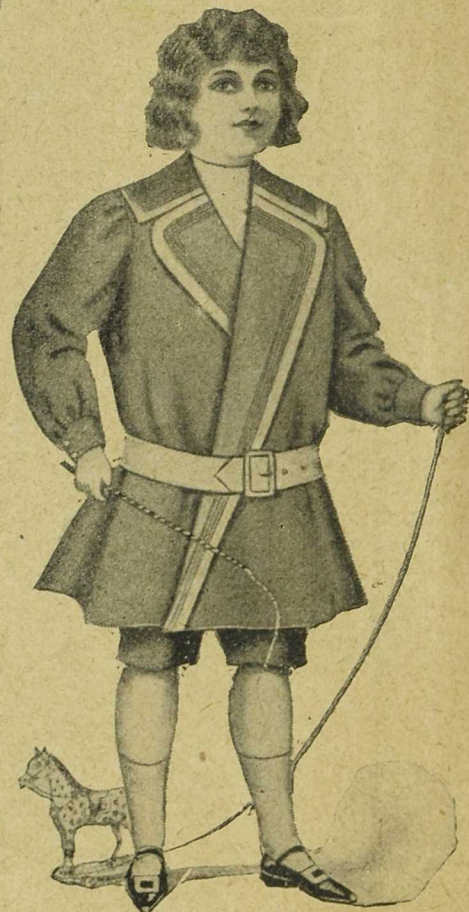
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Managing Director - ARTHUR COLLINS.

*Business Manager and Secretary* - - - - - SIDNEY SMITH.

## Children's Pantomime

# CINDERELLA

BY

Sir F. C. BURNAND, J. HICKORY WOOD & ARTHUR COLLINS

Produced by ARTHUR COLLINS



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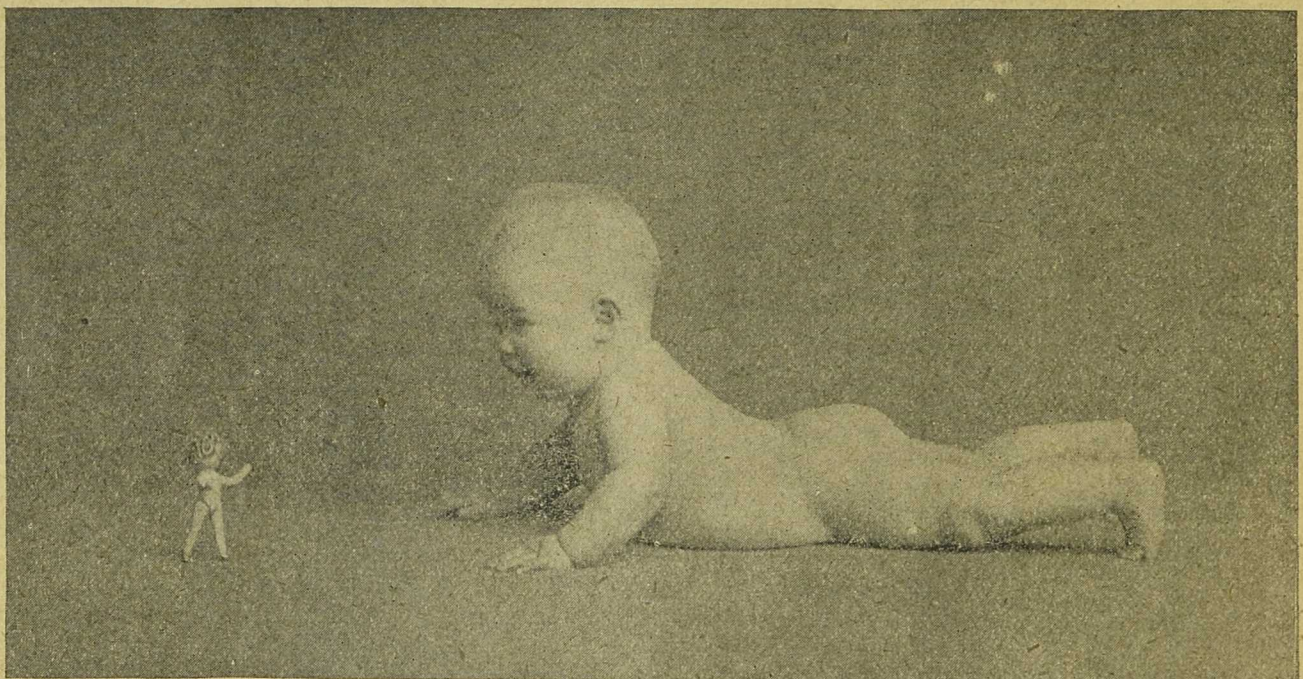
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## Characters.

---

The Baroness de Bluff ( <i>née Bunkum</i> )	-	Mr. WALTER PASSMORE
Alfonso ( <i>A Page of Romance</i> )	-	Mr. HARRY RANDALL
Dandigny ( <i>Prince Jasper's Private Secretary</i> )	-	Mr. HARRY FRAGSON
The Baron de Bluff ( <i>One of the Old Nobility</i> )	-	Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS
Samuel Snap	-	Mr. JOHNNY DANVERS
Sentry	-	Mr. ARTHUR NELSTONE
The Spirit of Midnight	}	Mr. ARTHUR CONQUEST
The Cat		

---

Prince Jasper ( <i>Lord of the Isles</i> )	-	Miss QUEENIE LEIGHTON
Fioretta	{ <i>Afterwards "Cinderella," the Baron's Daughter</i> }	Miss MAY DE SOUSA
Hippolyta ( <i>Sporting</i> )	{ <i>Daughters of Baroness de Bluff by previous marriage</i> }	Miss POLLIE EMERY
Ænone ( <i>Æsthetic</i> )		Miss EMILIE SPILLER
Claribel ( <i>Cinderella's Fairy Godmother</i> )	-	Miss DAISY CORDELL
Ferdinand	-	Miss MINNIE ABBEY

---

Trim	{ <i>(Servants of the Baroness de Bluff)</i> }	QUEEN & LE BRUN
Trott		
Growler ( <i>A Cab Driver</i> )	-	Mr. TOM WOOTTWELL
Beadle	-	Mr. EDWARD MORGAN
Father Time	-	Mr. ALEC DAVIDSON

---

Miss BOB ROBINA	Miss MABEL MITCHELL	Miss CHARLES
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*Refrain.* Come to your bootblack who's a-pining!  
Come, for my heart is black and drear;  
Where is your smile so sweetly shining,  
Just as your boots were, bright and clear?  
Down at my stand I daily miss you,  
Work has no charm while you're away,  
My heart is darting, smarting at parting;  
Meet, then, oh meet me, love, to-day!

The above Songs may be had from any Music Seller, or from the Publishers direct for 1s. 8d., Post Free.

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*Refrain.* It's the Drum, it's all the Drum!  
And when I play they have to come  
All the ladies set their caps  
At the man who gives the taps.  
And they listen to the last  
To hear the regiment go past,  
With the magic rum—tum—tum—  
They love the Man behind the Drum

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## *Synopsis of Scenery.*

### Part I.

Scene 1	THE VILLAGE OF WHARE	-	}	<i>R. Caney</i>
Scene 2	FIORETTA'S BOUDOIR	-		
Scene 3	- THE PRINCE'S PRESERVES	-		<i>Henry Emden</i>
Scene 4	BARONIAL HALL	- -		<i>Bruce Smith</i>
Scene 5	WONDERLAND	- - -	}	<i>Henry Emden</i>
	(a) THE MAGIC GARDEN			
	(b) PUMPKIN GROVE			
	(c) THE BUSY LIVES			
	(d) THE FAIRY'S WARNING			

### Part II.

Scene 6	CINDERELLA'S DRIVE	- -	}	<i>Henry Emden</i>
	(a) THE VALLEY OF GLOOM			
	(b) HOME OF THE FIREFLIES			
	(c) WATERS MEET			
	(d) FLOWERLAND			
	(e) THE FAIRY STREAM			
Scene 7	OUTSIDE THE GATES	-		
Scene 8	THE CRUSH ROOM	- -	}	<i>R. McCleery</i>
Scene 9	THE PRINCE'S BALL	- -		
Scene 10	AT THE PALACE	- -		<i>R. McCleery</i>
Scene 11	-	<b>Grand Transformation:</b>		
		THE ADVENT OF HYMEN. THE BRIDAL WREATH.		
		THE BOUQUET.		
		"LOVE'S CASKET" ( <i>R. McCleery &amp; Philip Howden</i> )		

### Harlequinade:

Scene 12	- A STREET ( <i>E. Nicholls</i> ).	Scene 13	- ON THE RIVER ( <i>Julian Hicks</i> ).
	Scene 14	- CHAMPS ELYSÉES ( <i>Julian Hicks</i> ).	

### Produced by ARTHUR COLLINS.

Written by SIR F. C. BURNAND, J. HICKORY WOOD and ARTHUR COLLINS.

Music Composed, Selected and Arranged by J. M. GLOVER.

Scenery by HENRY EMDEN, R. CANEY, BRUCE SMITH, R. McCLEERY,  
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Engineer, C. V. BRETHERTON. Wigs by CLARKSON. Animals by HALES

Stage Manager, ERNEST D'AUBAN

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## PART I.

### SCENE I.

*The Village of Whare.*

*(Villagers, &c., discovered waiting arrival of Mail)*

CHORUS.

*(Original. J. M. GLOVER.)*

For the Mail! For the Mail!

We are eagerly waiting,  
And delay on the way  
Is to us aggravating.

Our fathers and mothers,  
And sisters and brothers,

Are messages sending,  
And cousins by dozens;  
And then there are, too,  
Those sweet billets doux

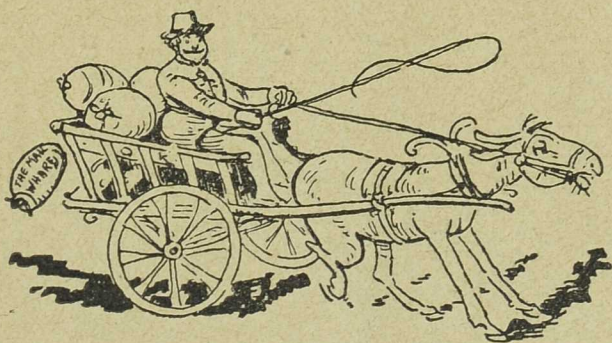
With crosses and love at the ending;  
Small crosses for kisses  
That no lover misses

Whenever a letter he's sending.  
For the Mail! For the Mail!

We are eagerly waiting,  
And delay on the way  
Is ag-ga-ra-vating.

*[Post Horn heard off.]*





*Omnes.*

Hark! What sound is that we hear?  
Coming nearer and more near.

It is! It is!  
The Mail is here!  
Hurrah for His Majesty's Mail!

*[Post Horn crescendo, until—*

*Enter Village Postman very slowly in donkey cart.*

*Omnes.* Hooray!

*[They surround Postman as he gets out of cart, and take out letter-bags.]*

*Enter BAGGS from Post Office.*

*Baggs.* Here are a lot of letters for the Baron. Where's his page? Alfonso!

*Omnes.* Alfonso!

*Enter ALFONSO with paper and pencil.*

*Alfonso.* All right—all right—don't make such a row about it. I'm here, ain't I?

*Baggs.* Why didn't you come before for the letters?

*Alfonso.* Because I'm busy. It is Miss Fioretta's birthday. I am composing an ode to her. Listen! *[Reads.]*

Oh! Darling Mistress Fioretta,  
She's stole my heart, she's such a pet—ah!  
If she were a cigarette  
To my lips—

*[Thinks.]* To my lips—That's as far as I've got—"To my lips"—

*Baggs.* And *she* hasn't got as far as that—*[All laugh.]* Poetry be hanged!—here are your letters. *[Gives him letter]* One from the Baron—

*Alfonso.* So it is. *[Opens it.]* Hallo!—  
*[All start.]*

*Omnes.* Read! Read!

*Alfonso.* *[As if utterly astonished and overcome]* "I will be home to-morrow." To-morrow is to-day

*Baggs.* Impossible!

*Alfonso.* It must be. *[Reads]* "Tell Susan to put hot-water bottle in best bedroom, as my wife is used to one."

*Omnes.* His wife!

*Baggs.* Wife!!! Why, the Baron is a widower!

*Alfonso.* *[Starts again]* Aha! *[Strikes attitude]* Listen! *[Reads]* "I have just married again."





*Omnes.* Oh!

*Alfonso.* [*Reads*] "My wife the Baroness is wealthy; she has no incumbrances. And when you first meet the Baroness don't mention my dear daughter Fioretta."

*Omnes.* Oh!

*Baggs.* Poor Fioretta!

*Alfonso.* Yes! This means trouble for *her*. I expect the Baron has been passing himself off as a gay bachelor.

*Omnes.* Shame!

*Alfonso.* Well, it can't be helped now. Off you go! Tell everybody the news. Bring the Mayor out to read an address, and get the village choir and the band ready. I'll go and tell Susan about the hot-water bottle. And, for goodness' sake, try and look as if you were pleased about it. Three cheers!

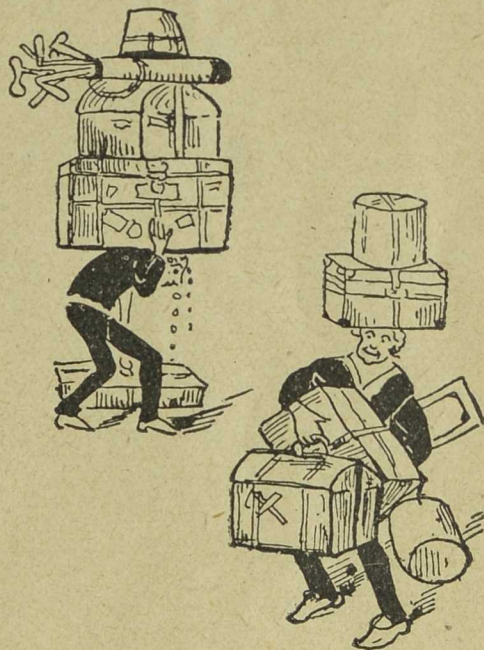
*Omnes.* [*Loud*] Hooray! [*Less loud*] Hooray! [*Weak*] Hooray!

## CONCERTED NUMBER.

(*Original. J. M. GLOVER.*)

*Alfonso.* Oh! let the joyful tidings spread  
And make the welkin ring,  
The Baron once again is wed,  
So joyfully we sing:  
For Fioretta we are sad,  
To show it we don't dare,  
But if we're very far from glad,  
We'll look as if we were.

*Omnes.* Tra la! Tra la!  
For the new mamma!  
We *can't* be glad  
But we'll *say* we are;  
We'll sing and dance  
All bright and gay,  
Pretend it is a joyful day  
And shout Hooray  
In the usual way  
For the new mamma!



[*Dance and exeunt.*]

*Enter TRIM and TROTT, wheeling on trucks, large piles of luggage—American trunks, safes, etc., etc. They stop C. of stage and sit down.*

*Trim.* I suppose that's the new guv'nor's house?

*Trott.* I hope so—I don't want to go any farther with this lot.

*Enter ALFONSO, comes down stage without seeing them.*

*Alfonso.* If [*meditatively*] the Baron gets married again, and the first thing he asks for is hot water, he'll never be out of it again for the rest of his life.

[*Sees TRIM and TROTT*] Hallo! you seem to be moving before quarter-day?

*Trim.* We're *not* moving—we're sitting still.

*Alfonso.* Well, then, you'd *better* move! You mustn't block up the middle of the road like this.



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*Trott.* Oh! don't you worry about us! We've come as far as we're going.

*Alfonso.* Good gracious! Is it? [*Looks at Luggage*] Yes! it is!—the Baroness de Bluff!

*Trim.* Your new mistress.

*Alfonso.* Do you mean to say that one woman is going to wear all those dresses?

*Trott.* One woman! Why, there's—

*Trim.* [*Stops him; aside to him*] Shut up! We are not to mention the two daughters.

*Trott.* [*Aside*] True! Mum! [*To ALFONSO*] Yes! But she doesn't wear them all at once.

*Trim.* Come on! We'll take these things into the house.

*Alfonso.* No, you don't! Take them round to the back, and leave them in the yard till we get a new wing built.

*Trott.* Oh! You wait till the missus comes! *She'll* soon settle you!

[*Exeunt TRIM and TROTT with the luggage.*]

*Alfonso.* Alfonso, my boy, I can see *one* thing—you'll have to put your foot down for the sake of Miss Fioretta. And I'll do it—I'd do anything for her! [*Sits and writes.*]

“Sweet Fioretta, tho' she's far above me,  
Some day, perhaps, may condescend to love me.  
Sweet Fioretta, tho' I'm far below her—”

Below her! I don't like that—it sounds like “Blow her.” I'll try again  
[*Writes.*]

*Enter HIPPOLYTA and ÆNONE.*

*Hipp.* I suppose this is the place. H'm!—old-fashioned, but not bad eh, Ænone?

*Ænone.* Oh, Hippolyta, I think it's a delightful place—so romantic. I should love to paint it.

*Hipp.* Right! it wants painting. If I'd one to spare I'd give it a sporting coat of pink.

*Ænone.* Oh, Hippolyta, how *can* you be so slangy in such beautiful surroundings? See! Where that youth is sitting, just there. [*ALFONSO looks up*] So much colour. Isn't he a lovely splash in the foreground?

*Alfonso.* [*Rises*] Here, who are you calling a splash? I'd have you to know that I'm the Baron's page, and a personal friend of the family.

*Ænone.* Indeed! Tell me, are you a lover of Nature?

*Alfonso.* No; that's not her name.

*Hipp.* Oh! bother Nature! Ask him if he can take a horse across country.

*Alfonso.* I could if I led it.

*Ænone.* Ah! “the simple life!” The boy's full of romance.

*Hipp.* Oh, nonsense! I'll soon knock the romance out of you. We'll put on the gloves every morning—square accounts. I'll give you a bit of a dusting





*Alfonso.* No! I have never yet attempted to strike a woman, and I won't do it.

*Hipp.* Oh! don't be afraid of hurting me! I am the feather-weight champion's pet pupil.

*Alfonso.* That strengthens my resolution. I will never raise my hand to you except in politeness! *[Touches his cap.*

*Ænone.* Can you draw?

*Alfonso.* Yes, miss—the garden roller—every morning. But you'll excuse me—you're perfect strangers to me, you know.

*Ænone.* "Strangers yet"—but not for long.

*Hipp.* We are the bride's—er—that is—the bridesmaids.

*Alfonso.* Oh! *[Puzzled]* Is your visit here to be lengthy?

*Hipp.* It all depends—we shall probably remain here until we get married.

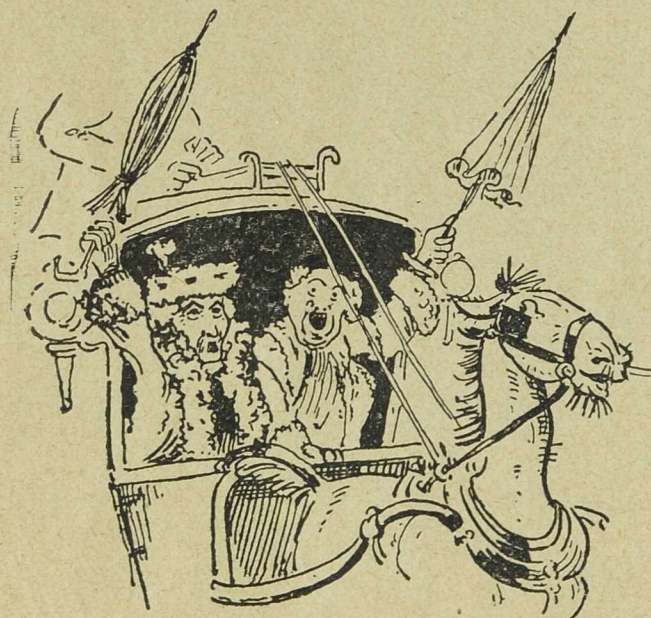
*Alfonso.* *[Aside]* They're here for life! Poor Miss Fioretta!

TRIO—HIPPOLYTA, ÆNONE and ALFONSO. *[Exeunt.*

"Gone where they don't play Billiards" (*Harrington and Sam Mayo*).

Published by HOPWOOD & CREW, Ltd., New Bond Street, W.

*Jingling of hansom bells heard off until enter hansom, drawn by old creak of a horse. BARON and BARGNESS, who are inside, wave sticks and umbrellas out of front.*



*Baron and Baroness.*

*[Together]* Whoa! driver, whoa!

This is the house!

*Growler.* *[Looks through trap]* Don't get excited! I ain't goin' to take you a yard further than I can help.

*[Gets down from perch, as three or four small boys run on.*

*Boys.* Hooray! Here's a job!

*[Some rush to hold horse. Others to open doors to let the BARON out. GROWLER lashes them off with whip, BARON descends and boxes their ears.*

*Boys* *[Retreating]* Yah-h! Hasn't got a copper!

*Baron.* *[To them]* I'll soon find "a copper" for you if you don't clear off *[Gives coin to GROWLER]* Here you are, cabby.

*Growler.* What do you call this?

*Baron.* Oh dear! Why can't a cabman find something more original to say than that?

*Growler.* Yes, I expect it's a fair old chestnut to the likes of you!

*[Boys gather round.*

*Baron.* I don't want any argument—

*Growler.* No more don't I. I wants my fare. *[Squares up]* Come on!

*Boys.* Give him beans, cabby!

*[Squaring up. Boys gather round and cheer.*



Baroness. [*From inside cab*] Marmaduke, what's the matter?

Baron. My dear, arbitration has failed and the cabman declares war.

Baroness. Does he? Help me out, and I'll "demonstrate."

[BARON helps BARONESS out of cab.]

Boys. [*Gathering round her*] Hooray! Talk to him, lidy!

Baroness. If you boys don't go away I'll spank you! Go home and tell your mothers to smack you, with my compliments. [Boys retreat.]

Baron. [*To GROWLER*] You'd better go while you're safe.

Growler. What? Go without my fare? Not *me*!

Baroness. [*Turns on GROWLER*] I'm your fare, ain't I?

Growler. [*Struck all of a heap.*] Not my legal fare—

Baron. [*Aside*] Oh, dear!

Baroness. Oh! I'm illegal, am I? Oh, indeed! you mustn't think you can bully me like *that*. How *dare* you threaten a lady?

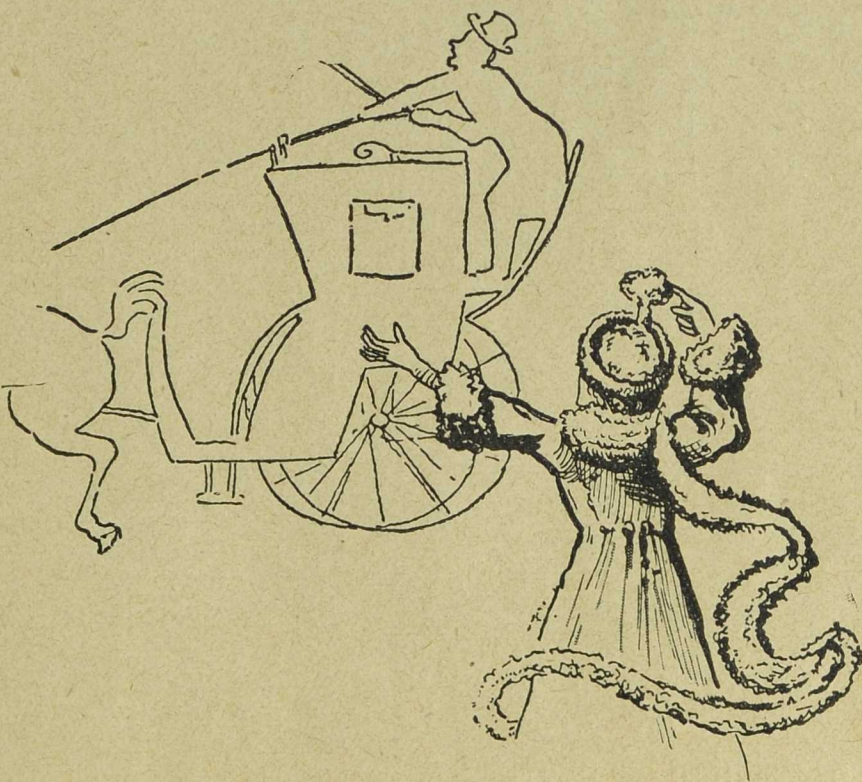
Growler. I ain't threatening *no* lady!

Baroness. Oh! *very* nice—you mean to imply I'm no lady, do you? You mustn't say such things to me. I'm not accustomed to be spoken to in this way by a man like you. Oh! I assure you I've ridden in a cab before to-day—I know where the radius ends to half an inch, and I've got a taxameter in my pocket at this very moment.

Growler. But——

Baroness [*Very rapidly, while GROWLER retreats before her to cab. During speech, GROWLER climbs on box and drives away.*] None of your low language to me, or I'll have your license endorsed. Oh, I've met men like you before, and I'm up to all your little tricks; you're the sort that drives country people from Victoria to Charing Cross round by Maida Vale and charges them accordingly; but you don't drive me that way, and you don't *charge* me that way either! No, no, you don't treat my husband like that nor any of my relations so long as I'm about to see they're not put on! Yes! and I *will* see they're not put on so long as Providence grants me the power of speech and the woman's will to stand up to such hulking ruffians as you. Yes! you do well to get back on your box and look ashamed of yourself. It's drivers like you who make us poor women terrified in cabs and wear our boot soles out climbing omnibuses. You're over-paid—that's what you are; and be thankful you're not given in charge. Talk about the power of the human eye! Give *me* the power of the human tongue!

[Exit GROWLER with horse and cab.]





Boys [*Running after them.*] Hooray!

[*Exeunt* Boys.]

Baroness. Oh, Marmaduke, I feel so faint!

[*Reclines on him.*]

Baron. Cheer up, dearest! The cabman feels worse.

Baroness. I did my little best for you. Don't you wonder, Marmy, however you got on without me?

[*Revives and crosses.*]

Baron. Yes, dear! [*Aside*] And, after this, I'm wondering how I shall get on with you.

Baroness. [*Looks round*] Marmaduke! It strikes me that there is something distinctly wanting in this home-coming.

Baron. Why?

Baroness. Why? Where are the decorations? Where is the cheering crowd of tenantry? Where are the village maidens strewing roses? Where are the joy-bells ringing in the old church tower? And, above all, where is the red carpet? As a bride, I have always been accustomed to these attentions, and——

Baron. [*Startled*] What's that?

Baroness. I mean—er—that *all* brides have a right to such things. I feel distinctly hurt.

Baron. Well, you see—they had such *very* short notice, but—[*Brass band heard off*] Listen! What is it? It is! It *is*! The village Band! Cheer up, Angel! My people are rising to the occasion.

*Enter Comic Band, playing—very badly—some well-known song. As they finish, enter Rustic Village Choir, and sing to BARON and BARONESS.*

#### MOCK MADRIGAL.

(Original. J. M. GLOVER.)

We are the village choir,  
And we're singing by desire,  
While the wedding bells are ringing,  
And the little birds are singing,  
We're a hearty welcome bringing,  
Singing Roundelay!  
To the bridegroom and the bride, oh!  
Now the wedding knot is tied, oh!  
Fol de riddle—fol de rido!  
Hail! all hail the day!



[*Chord from Band.*]

Baron. Hallo! we're going strong! Here comes the Mayor!

*Enter MAYOR and various Village Dignitaries. They all carry addresses.*  
MAYOR reads.

Mayor. On behalf of the officials and the inhabitants of the Village of Whare, I beg to offer the Baron de Bluff our sincere condolences on the occasion of his marriage with——

Baroness. What? Did you say *condolences*?

Mayor. Eh? [*Looks again*] Oh, no! it's congratulations.







*Baroness.* That's better! [*Takes address*] We'll take the rest as read! *And the others!* [*Takes addresses and passes them on to BARON as she speaks*] The Worshipful Company of Dustmen! The Ancient Order of Rat-catchers! The Amalgamated Bricklayers! The Guild of Gluttony! The Society for the Propagation of Porous Plasters! The Licensed Victuallers—and the Police Force! Very gratifying.

*Baron.* Very! [*Presenting BARONESS*] Good people all, I thank you for your welcome. Let me present to you my bonny blue-eyed bride.

*Omnes.* [*Very feebly*] Hurrah!

*Baroness.* Ladies and Gentlemen, I take your cheers as cheered. I accept your addresses, and will see them correctly entered in the Directory. You will take my speech as read.

*Enter HIPPOLYTA and ÆNONE.*

*Hipp.* Have you told him?

*Baroness.* No—not yet!

*Hipp.* I'll tell him! [*Goes towards BARON*] I say, Governor!

*Baroness.* [*Pulls her back*] No! We must break it gently to him.

*Ænone.* Yes! I'll go and kiss him!

[*Goes towards BARON.*]

*Baroness.* [*Pulls her back*] Good gracious! No! More gently than *that!* [*Goes to BARON.*]

*Baron.* Who are those two peculiar looking women? I've seen you with them before!

*Baroness.* Oh, friends of mine! I'll explain later.

*Enter ALFONSO, goes to BARON.*

*Alfonso.* Well, guv'nor! You've fairly done it *this* time.

*Baron.* Don't be impertinent to a happy bridegroom. Er—have you told Fioretta?

*Alfonso.* Not me, I've left that for you.

*Baron.* Oh, dear!

*Alfonso.* Cheer up! Don't forget you're a happy bridegroom.

*Baroness.* [*To Omnes*] Dear friends and neighbours! As a slight recognition of your magnificent reception I propose to give a house-warming.

*Omnes.* Hear, hear!

*Baroness.* The house-warming will be held this day week, in the Baronial Hall, and I hope then to have the opportunity of bidding you all welcome.

*Omnes.* Bravo!

FINALE.

a. Adapted to "L'Amour Boiteaux" (Fragson.)  
Published by CHAPPELL & CO. Ltd., New Bond Street, W.

b. "A Little Boy called Taps"  
Published by FRANCIS, DAY & HUNTER, Charing Cross Road.

END OF SCENE I.

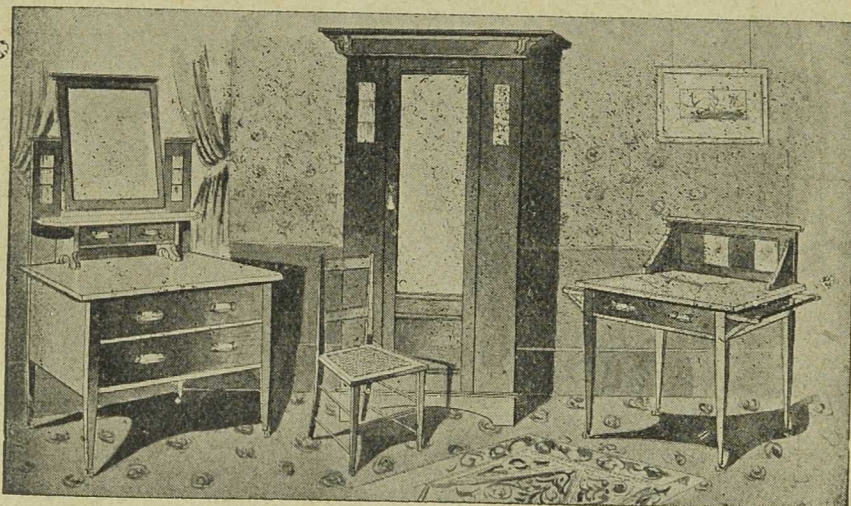




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POST FREE



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Or Monthly Payments of **7s.**

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Worth	Per Month
£10 . . .	£0 6 0
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30 . . .	0 17 0
40 . . .	1 5 0
50 . . .	1 8 0
100 . . .	2 5 0
200 . . .	4 10 0
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10 per cent. discount for cash.

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AND  
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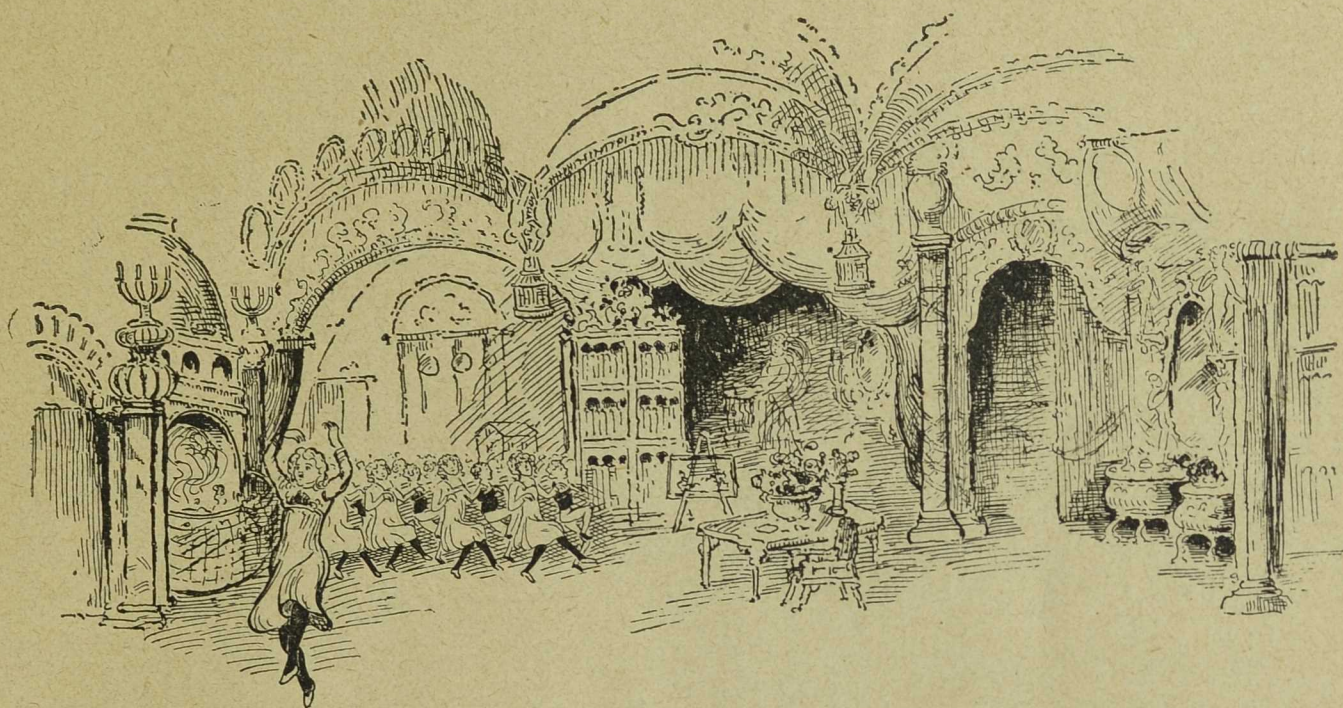
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## SCENE II.

*Fioretta's Boudoir.*

*Enter FIORETTA with Children.*

SONG—"Lindy" (*Coles and Johnson*).

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter ALFONSO.*

*Alfonso.* This is a nice thing the Baron tells me to do. "Go and break the news gently to Fioretta that I am married again." Break the news gently! I'd like to break his neck gently!

*Re-enter FIORETTA.*

*Fior.* I don't think I ever saw children enjoy a meal so much in my life!  
[*Sees ALFONSO*] Ah! Alfonso! Any news of daddy?

*Alfonso.* [*Hesitating*] Oh, yes [*Confusedly*] there's news.

*Fior.* [*Earnestly*] When is he coming back?

*Alfonso.* [*Still more confused*] He's not [*Stammering*] coming back. [*She starts*] He's [*Suddenly*] come back!

*Enter BARON, cleaning a boot.*

*Fior.* [*Seeing him*] He's here! [*Runs to embrace him*] Oh, daddy, you naughty, naughty daddy!

*Baron.* [*Over her shoulder to ALFONSO*] Have you told her?

*Alfonso.* No!

*Fior.* I'm very cross with you for not coming before. Why, whose are these boots?

*Baron.* Boots?—ah—yes—she asked me to clean them for her.

*Fior.* And who is she?





*Baron.* My—that is—the cook! [*ALFONSO laughs.*] I thought I'd help Alfonso—I wanted a little exercise. Here, you finish them, and give 'em to the cook. [*Gives boots to ALFONSO.*]

*Alfonso.* [*Aside*] The cook! He'll never be able to tell her!

[*Exit ALFONSO with boots.*]

*Fior.* Daddy, dear! What's your secret?

*Baron.* [*Frightened*] My secret? [*Aside*] I must invent something. [*Aloud*] I've got—er—visitors to meet you.

*Fior.* Visitors?

*Baron.* I fancy they mean to stay for some time.

*Fior.* Are they ladies?

*Baron.* Oh, quite, I assure you. One has a title.

*Fior.* What's her name?

*Baron.* I'm not quite sure.

*Fior.* What?

*Baron.* Well, you see, she has just changed it. However, she will tell you herself—it will be more of a surprise.

*Fior.* And the other ladies?

*Baron.* They are *her* friends.

*Fior.* *Her* friends! Not *yours*?

*Baron.* [*Hesitating*] Well——

*Fior.* [*Firing up*] How dare she invite *her* friends to *our* house?

*Baron.* To be sure! I never thought of that! What *right* has she? What *right* has she? I'll ask her. [*Exit BARON in a hurry.*]

*Fior.* [*Sadly puzzled*] I never heard there was insanity in our family; but, if there is, daddy is certainly developing it. [*Noise without*] Well, I must go and look after the children. [*Exit FIORETTA.*]

*Enter BARONESS.*

*Baroness.* I never had such a turn in my life—never! I walked into the dining room and there I saw twenty children having tea. Twenty children—all jam and sticky fingers. Well, of course I knew nothing of the Baron when I married him, except what he told me. I took him on trust, and—well—as I say—those children gave me a turn. I wondered if I'd married a boarding school. However, it's all right—they told me Fioretta had invited them. I don't know who Fioretta is—one of the maids, I suppose. I shall have to talk to her about it. Still, it's all right as it turns out, for I turned the *children* out very quick, and I'll turn Fioretta out for her impudence when I find out who she is. Oh! I can see there's a great deal in this house that I shall have to turn to and put straight.



SONG—BARONESS.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter ÆNONE and HIPPOLYTA.*

*Ænone.* Ah! *this* is the room I choose for myself.

*Hipp.* So do I!

*Ænone.* What do *you* want with a room like *this*? A stable is more in your line.



# Guy's Tonic



## The Sign of Health

When the Stomach and Liver are not performing their functions efficiently, and Indigestion, Biliousness, Sick Headaches and similar symptoms trouble us, the face is often flushed, puffy or sallow. There is a yellowness around the eyes, which are themselves dull and tired-looking. The Skin is marred by blotches, pimples and eruptions, and presents a dry, harsh or muddy appearance. In short, the state of the Complexion is a sure index to the state of the Health.

Guy's Tonic will do more to restore an impaired Stomach and Liver to a normal working condition—a condition that will produce a clear and healthy Complexion—than any other medicine.

Guy's Tonic tones up and strengthens the Digestive Organs until perfect Digestion is soon recovered. It stimulates the Liver to healthy activity, and exerts a Restorative influence upon the Nervous System.

This *comprehensive* action of Guy's Tonic not only makes it Successful after everything else has failed, but is the reason why the good effects of Guy's Tonic are lasting.

Guy's Tonic creates Appetite, prevents Pain and Stuffiness after eating, Flatulence (or Wind), Nausea and Heartburn, aids Digestion, corrects Biliousness, and cures Indigestion—absolutely. There is no other remedy so safe, so pleasant, so remarkably Effective.

Guy's Tonic, price 1/1½ and 2/9 per Bottle, is sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere. Give it a trial to-day.

*for*  
**Health & Beauty**



*Hipp.* Oh ! you artistic fraud !

*Ænone.* Oh ! you athletic humbug !

*Enter BARONESS.*

*Baroness.* Girls ! Girls ! You mustn't quarrel ! I thought we had agreed to drop all that now we have got into respectable society.

*Ænone and Hipp.* Yes ! But she——

*Baroness.* [*Shouts*] Be quiet ! [*Pause*] Upon my word, you sometimes make me forget I'm a lady ! Ungrateful girls ! Surely you admit that I've done very well for you ?

*Hipp.* You've done very well for yourself.

*Ænone.* Even an artistic soul requires cash occasionally.

*Baroness.* My dear girls, I will see that the Baron eventually makes you a fair allowance. At present I am full of affection, but short of ready money.

*Hipp.* Look here, ma, you mustn't keep the Baron on a false scent any longer. You'll have to stand up boldly and acknowledge us. You'll only have to say——

*Both.* [*Striking an attitude with arms together*] "These are my jewels !"

*Baroness.* Ah ! He'd rather you were cash. Leave it to me—I'll arrange. [*She takes them up stage, talking earnestly.*]

*Enter FIORETTA.*

*Fior.* It's very mysterious. The children say that a cross lady came in and drove them all away. Who can these visitors be ? Nobody will tell me anything, yet everybody seems to look at me as if they were sorry for me. I wonder why ? [*BARONESS, HIPPOLYTA and ÆNONE come down ; she sees them*] Oh ! I suppose *these* are the visitors !

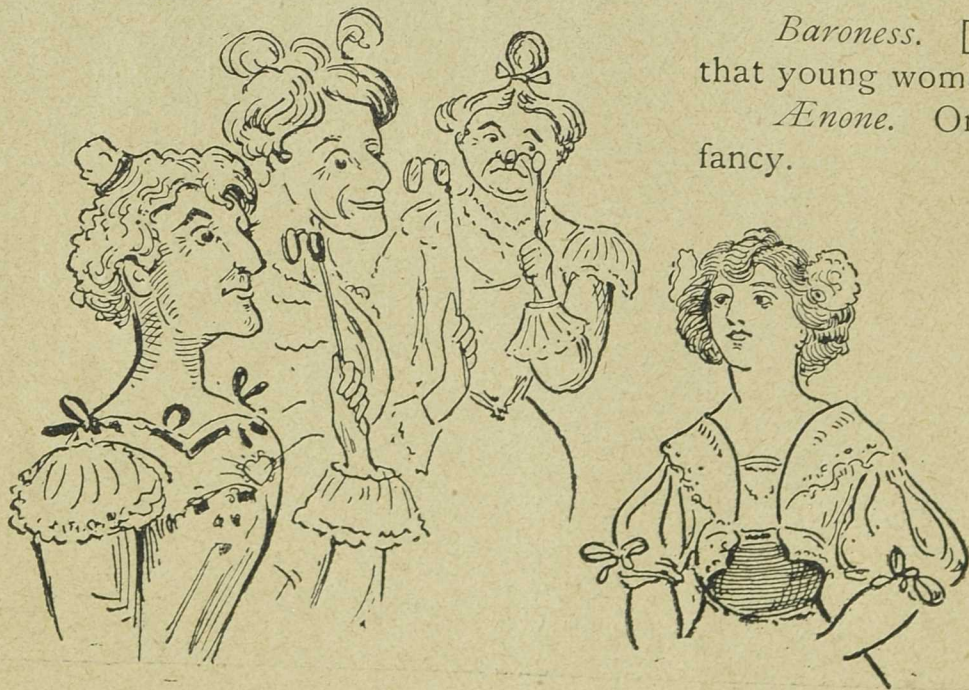
*Baroness.* [*Sees her*] Who is that young woman ?

*Ænone.* One of the maids, I fancy.

*Hipp.* Then she's too well dressed for her position.

[*All look at FIORETTA through eye-glasses.*]

*Fior.* [*Aside*] How rudely they stare ! [*Aloud*] Can I do anything for you ?





*Baroness.* Yes! Go away! When we want you, we'll ring.

*Fior.* You'll ring for me?

*Baroness.* Yes! What do you suppose we're going to do? Stand at the top of the stairs and shout?

*Ænone.* We ring once for you, and twice for the cook.

*Fior.* How absurd! Ha, ha, ha!

*Baroness.* Don't you dare to laugh in my presence, young woman! You'll find I'm no laughing matter. What's your name?

*Fior.* Fioretta.

*Baroness.* Oh! then you're the beauty who filled the house with a lot of noisy, sticky children?

*Ænone and Hipp.* Impudence!

*Baroness.* I'll make an example of you. Go to the housekeeper and tell her from me to pay you a week's wages. Then pack up your boxes and go.

*Fior.* Ha, ha, ha! And who shall I tell the housekeeper has sent the message?

*Baroness.* The Baroness de Bluff.

*Fior.* [*Amazed*] What?—you never mean——

*Baroness.* I *always* mean exactly what I say. You are now being finally addressed by Baroness de Bluff, wife of the Baron de Bluff.

*Fior.* His wife! [*Enter BARON and ALFONSO.*] Ah! Father!!!

*Baroness, Hipp. and Ænone.* [*Exclaim in surprise*] Father!!!!

*Alfonso.* There! [*To BARON*] It's like having a tooth out, *isn't* it?

*Baroness.* [*To FIORETTA*] Did you say father?

*Fior.* Yes! He *is* my father.

*Baroness.* [*To BARON*] So you've been married before, have you?

*Baron.* Yes, my dear! Didn't I mention it?

*Baroness.* No! You did *not*. Will you kindly explain?

*Baron.* Ah! Now I come to consider, I remember thinking what a nice surprise it would be for you to come home and find Fioretta. So I said nothing about her. She's a sweet child—Fioretta! Go and kiss your mother.

*Fior.* No, daddy! She isn't my mother—I can't!

*Baroness.* [*To FIORETTA*] Oh! Nobody wants you to, miss!

*Baron.* So now we all know each other. There's my certificate. [*Producing it*] It happened sixteen years ago.

*Baroness.* [*Pleasantly*] A regular surprise. [*BARON laughs*] Odd you should have thought of it—as I have a funny little surprise for you.

*Baron.* [*Stops laughing*] Eh?

*Baroness.* Two surprises, in fact. I also have been married before.

*Baron.* What?

*Baroness.* These are my two daughters!—and there's my certificate—  
[*Presenting it*] dated——

*Ænone and Hipp.* Mother!

*Baroness.* No necessity to show it. Girls, go and kiss your daddy.

*Alfonso.* [*Aside*] This is getting exciting. I'm beginning to feel as if I'd been married before myself.

*Ænone.* [*Goes to BARON*] Oh, sir! I lost my father while yet a child!

*Baron.* Poor little chap!

*Ænone.* You will take his place?



Baron. That depends where he is.

[ÆNONE kisses BARON.]

Hipp. [Goes to BARON] Cheer up, old man! I don't go in for kissing, but I'm sure we shall get on together. How does it strike you?

[Slaps him hard on the back]

ÆNONE and HIPPOLYTA join BARONESS.

Baron. [Wincing] Forcibly!

ALFONSO and FIORETTA go to BARON.

Baroness. Girls! Your chances of marriage are very small while this Fioretta's about.

Ænone. She must be kept in the background.

Hipp. The back yard——

Ænone. Anywhere, anywhere——out of our world!

Baroness. [To them] Leave all to me. [Suddenly] Baron!

Baron. Yes, my dear?

Baroness. Our revelations being complete——on my part——

Baron. And on mine.

Baroness. Quite so. We must come to business.

Baron. With pleasure.

Baroness. Of course. Your daughter——

Baron. Fioretta——

Baroness. Has taken care of the house. [To FIORETTA] You shall continue to do so. We supervise the upper house—the kitchen will be your department.

Alfonso. The cat!

Baroness. Precisely. Cat, cooking and coals, cinders——

Ænone. And when we want you——

Hipp. We'll call you.

Baroness. We will! We'll call you—[pause—then as if struck by brilliant idea] Cinderella!

All. [In different tones] Cinderella!

Baroness. By that name you will henceforth be known everywhere!



CONCERTED PIECE AND DANCE.

ALFONSO, FIORETTA, BARON, BARONESS, ÆNONE, HIPPOLYTA.

END OF SCENE II.



# HENRY GLAVE

80-100, NEW OXFORD ST.

(Five Minutes' Walk from this Theatre)



"THE KATE."

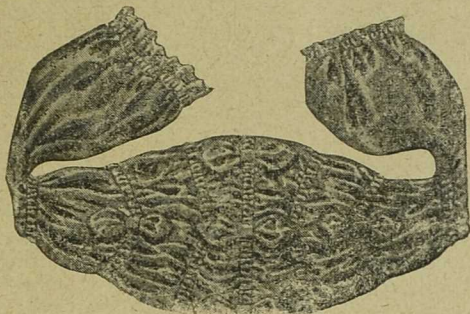
**Effective Chiffon Evening Bodice.**  
Lined Silk with full tuck sleeves. In Black and White. Wonderful Value, 21/9.



"THE FIFE."

**Stylish Walking Skirt** in Unspotable Face Cloth, being a Combination of Box Pleat and Flat Pleat, giving plenty of flare at feet.  
Special value, 21/9; if made to measure, 3/6 extra.

Stock sizes: 38, 40 and 42 inches long in Front. Colours: Navy, Brown and Black, also Black and White Check. Material for Bodice, 2/6 yard.



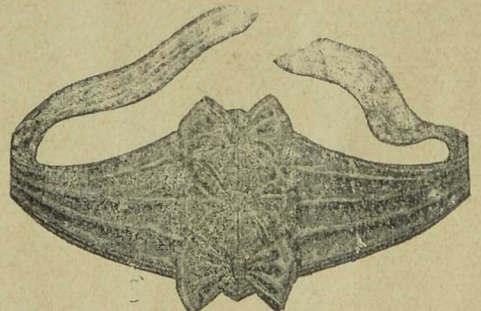
"PATRICIA."

Very pretty **Chiffon Taffeta Belt.**  
Perfect fitting, 4½-inch back, 3½-inch front, Black only, 1/6½.



"THE KINGSWAY."

**Rich Satin New Overskirt.** Trimmings Frills and Gathers, as Sketch.  
Wonderful Value, only 21/9. If made to measure, 3/6 extra.  
Stock sizes: Front, 42 and 44 inches. Material for Bodice, 1/11½ yd., 22 inch wide.



"SPECIAL."

**New Glace Silk Belt,** dip front,  
4½-inch back, all colours, 1/4½.



"THE JESSIE."

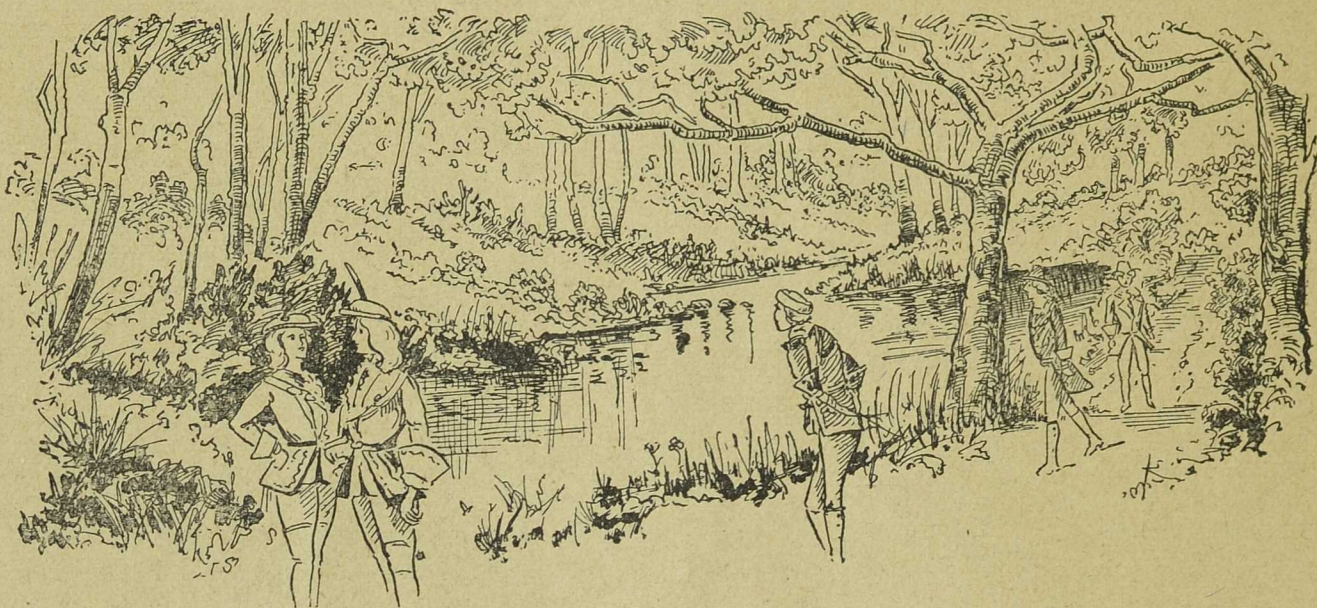
**Chiffon Evening Bodice** lined Silk, with Silk Belt at Waist. In Black and White only.  
Special value, 25/6.

**ESTIMATES  
PATTERNS  
PRICE LISTS  
Sent Post Free**

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**SPECIAL ATTENTION  
TO ALL  
POST ORDERS  
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### SCENE III.

*The Prince's Preserves.*

Shooting Party *discovered.* Villagers, Sportsmen, Gamekeepers, Beaters, dogs, cart loaded with game, &c., cross and re-cross stage during

PHEASANTS' DANCE.

(J. M. GLOVER.)

CHORUS.

(Original. J. M. GLOVER.)

*Omnes.*

If you want a little fun  
Go and get a little gun  
And some pretty little bullets  
Made of lead, lead, lead !  
Then you take a careful aim  
At the merry little game  
As it flies above your jolly  
Little head, head, head.

*Beaters and Keepers.*

Oh ! what a fag to carry a bag  
And follow the Johnnies about !  
They're very big pots, but the very worst shots  
That ever we saw come out.  
They make, we admit, an occasional hit,  
But it's always a regular fluke ;  
And we fancy until they've a little more ski  
There'll be very few birds to cook !

*Enter* FERDINAND, GUY, PHILIP, REGINALD.

*Ferd.* By Jove, Guy ! The birds are wild to-day !

*Guy.* They're wild with joy, because Dandigny is shooting at them.

*Philip.* I say ! Where is Dandigny ?

*Reg.* With the Prince, of course.

*Philip.* Since the Prince made him his private secretary, he has grown insufferably conceited. [Goes up.]

*Reg.* He's a regular young prig !

[Gun shot heard without.]

*Philip.* [Comes down] Hush ! He's coming !



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*Enter DANDIGNY as Sportsman with gun.*

*Omnes.* [*Surrounding him*] Dear old Dandy!  
So glad to see you!

*Dan.* [*Holding up gun and skinny fowl.*] Ah!  
congratulate me, my friends! At last I have murdered  
a bird!

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Dan.* You laugh at me, eh? Whatever I do,  
you laugh at me. [*In rage*] You laugh at me some-  
times—yes! But *always*—my gracious—never!

*Ferd.* It's all right, old fellow! [*Points to fowl*]  
How did it happen?

*Dan.* I will tell you. I shoot at the birds that  
fly about until I am weary—I am always too late for  
the one I aim at, and too soon for the one that follows him. At last I see on  
a fence before me a bird that sits still and says "Tuck! tuck!" (*Imitates noise  
of hen that has laid egg.*) "Aha!" say I, "I am challenged." Then I stalk  
him—and stalk him—and stalk him—and he says "Tuck! tuck! tuck!"—until  
my gun touch his tail—then—Bang! and he is at my feet.

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Guy.* Well, you might have brought the egg the poor bird laid!

*Dan.* I know nothing of eggs. He shall never more lay eggs, for I have  
slain him—I! Vive le sport!

#### SONG—DANDIGNY.

*Adapted to Fragson's Song, "Les Blondes." English Words by "Percival."*

*Published by CHAPPELL & CO. Ltd., New Bond Street.*

*Philip.* Where is the Prince? Why isn't he shooting?

*Dan.* Oh! He is—what you call—out of the sorts.

*Reg.* What's the matter with him?

*Dan.* Ah! A confidential servant never betrays his master's secrets.

*Ferd.* Especially if he doesn't know them.

*Dan.* His Highness tells me everything.

*Omnes.* Oh!

*Dan.* But yesterday we walk together arm in arm.

*Omnes.* Oh!

*Dan.* And he say to me, "Dandy, old chap, I'm off the colour"—and I  
say to him, "Princey, my dear boy——"

*Ferd.* Well, here he comes—so he can tell us the rest of the story himself.

*Dan.* [*Aside*] I think not! I invent that story as I proceed.

*Ferd.* Now, boys! Three cheers for Prince Jasper.

*Omnes.* Hip! hip! hurrah!

*Enter PRINCE.*

*Prince.* Thanks awfully for this enthusiastic reception! It is most  
gratifying. [*Aside*] and a confounded nuisance when you get too much of it.

*Ferd.* Will your Highness shoot to-day?

*Prince.* No! I'm tired!



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*Ferd.* Then what will your Highness be pleased to do?

*Prince.* I don't know. I shan't be pleased whatever I do. Everything's a bore; don't mind me. Away with you!

*Ferd.* Come, boys!—the Prince wants to be alone.

[*Exeunt All but PRINCE and DANDIGNY.*]

*Dan.* What can I do to cheer you up, Prince?

*Prince.* Ah! you still here? I thought you had gone with the others.

*Dan.* No! I stay behind and keep you company.

*Prince.* Why should you? You're not very interesting, Dandigny; but that's not your fault—nobody *is* interesting nowadays.

*Dan.* Shall I tell your Highness a funny story?

*Prince.* No, thanks! I've heard all your funny stories—and they're *not* funny.

*Dan.* How magnificently your Highness shoot to-day!

*Prince.* Ah! that *is* a funny story! I only aimed at one bird and missed that.

*Dan.* Ah! you terrify the bird awfully—and the feathers flew—pouf!

*Prince.* I know the bird flew! Don't try to flatter me!

*Dan.* Can I, then, do nothing?

*Prince.* No! The fact is—I'm weary of life.

*Dan.* Your Highness!

*Prince.* I mean—I'm weary of the kind of life I lead. Everybody flatters me, and nobody really cares for me. Whenever I speak everybody listens as if my words were wiser than anybody else's, which they're not! Whenever I make a joke everybody laughs, and all my jokes are very poor.

*Dan.* That is true.

*Prince.* Thank you, Dandigny, for an honest opinion at last; it's most refreshing.

*Dan.* Perhaps your Highness is in—love?

*Prince.* In love? How can a Prince be in love? He knows perfectly well that any girl will marry him, just because he *is* a Prince. He is never loved for himself.

*Dan.* Ah! that is where I have the advantage over your Highness.

*Prince.* The advantage! [*Reflects*] Ah! [*Starts*] an idea! [*To DANDIGNY*] You and I will change places for a time.

*Dan.* What? You mean that—

*Prince.* Yes! You shall be the Prince, and I will be your servant. Then, if I can only find a fair maid to love, I will win her on my merits. What do you say?

*Dan.* Whatever your Highness wishes. But it will be a great responsibility for you to fill *my* place.

*Prince.* Ha, ha, ha! Well, I'll do my best. Not another word, my mind is made up. Give the necessary orders. And *now* we shall see if I am as good a man as I am a Prince.

*Dan.* Ah! I know who will make the better Prince of the two!

[*Aside and Exit.*]

SONG—PRINCE.

"I want a Girl" (*A. Davonport and W. Davidson.*

[*Exit.*]



*Enter TRIM, TROTT and FIORETTA (CINDERELLA), carrying picnic baskets.*

*[They put baskets down.]*

*Trott.* Here's the place for the picnic.

*Trim.* A good job too—I'm tired.

*Cind.* And so am I! The basket was heavy. *[Sits on basket.]*

*Trott.* Well it can't be helped—no more can *you*—you're one of *us* now.

*Cind.* Yes! I am my father's daughter, and my step-mother's servant.

*Trim.* Why doesn't your father stand up for you?

*Cind.* Poor daddy! he can't even stand up for himself.

*Trott.* The missus has got her knife into both of you.

*Trim.* So you'd better do as she told you. Go and get some wood to light the fire.

*Cind.* I'm going. Daddy and I have still one thing in common. We *do* obey orders. *[Exit CINDERELLA.]*

*Alfonso.* *[Off]* Cinderella! Miss Cinderella!

*Enter ALFONSO.*

*Alfonso.* Have you seen Miss Fioretta—I mean Cinderella?

*Trim.* She's gathering wood to make a fire.

*Alfonso.* What? And you two great hulking ruffians hang about here while she does it?

*Trott.* Who are you calling a hulking ruffian?

*Alfonso.* You! Now look here! I give you your choice. Will you go and gather that wood, or must I give you both a good hiding?

*Trim.* Pooh! You can't give *us* a good hiding!

*Alfonso.* Look here! I'm the feather-weight champion for thirty miles round. Last week I hit a man—just once—and all his relations died. A year ago I challenged the whole world, and knocked it out in three rounds. In fact there's nobody left who dare fight me except you. I'm glad you called. Come on! *[Squares up.]*

*Trim.* Thanks—but I think I'll go and gather wood.

*Trott.* I'm with you. *[Exeunt TRIM and TROTT.]*

*Alfonso.* There's a lesson for a rising politician. *I* can't fight; but my motto is—if you're strong, say nothing—if you're *not* strong, talk a lot.

SONG—ALFONSO.

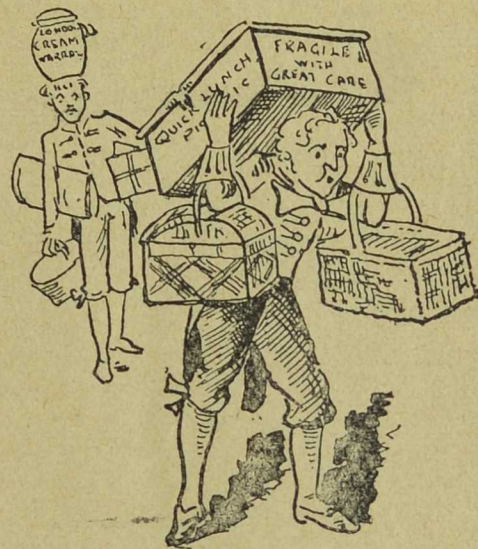
*[Exit.]*

*Enter BARONESS in fishing costume, ÆNONE in artistic costume, and HIPPOLYTA in shooting costume.*

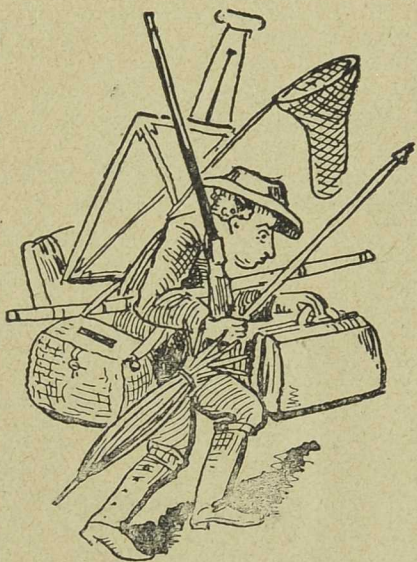
*Baroness.* Oh, dear! Where is that Baron? He's the slowest man I ever married.

*Ænone and Hipp.* Hurry up, father!

*Baron.* *[Off]* Coming, my dears! Coming!







*Enter BARON, carrying fishing-rod and tackle, easel, gun, paint-box, camp-stools and various bags, knapsacks.*

*Baroness, Ænone and Hipp. [All speaking at once in different tones, to BARON] Oh! do be quick! Give me my fishing-rod. Where's my gun? Set up my easel—etc., etc.*

*Baron. [Running about and trying to do everything at once] Yes, dear! Yes, love! In one moment.*

*[BARONESS fixes fly on fishing-rod, HIPPOLYTA holds gun ready to shoot, ÆNONE sits at easel with brush, etc. TRIM and TROTT re-enter and arrange lunch on grass.*

*Hipp. [To BARON] Now then, father! Off you go, and drive the birds.*

*Baron. Drive birds! Are they in a trap?*

*Hipp. You must beat 'em up.*

*Baron. Beat 'em up! You're talking of eggs, not birds.*

*Baroness. Marmaduke, I shall require you to help me with the net.*

*Baron. For your hair?*

*Baroness. No, for the fish.*

*Ænone. Father! Wash these brushes for me in the brook.*

*Baron. [Takes brushes] Certainly, my dear.*

*Baroness. You'll do nothing of the kind!*

*Baron. [Stops] Certainly not, my angel!*

*Baroness. I want to catch the fish—not to poison them.*

*[Fixes enormous fly on line, and prepares to throw.*

*Hipp. If you're going to fish with that you'll frighten them to death. Let dad go and drive the birds for me.*

*Ænone. No! not till he's washed my brushes out.*

*Baroness. Now, girls! Once for all! I've married the man, and he's mine! I've got him!*

*Baron. Ow! ow! [Dances about. TRIM and TROTT run to release him.*

*Ænone. Oh! "The Catch of the Season!"*

*Hipp. It's a line that's caught his ear.*

*Baroness. [To BARON] You silly old man! didn't I tell you to look out?*

*Baron. Yes, dear! But I thought you were fishing over there.*

*[Stands before easel.*

*Ænone. Get out of the way, father! I can't paint with you standing there.*

*ÆNONE and HIPPOLYTA turn towards one another, when the BARONESS shouts out.*





*Baroness.* Hallo, Baron! I've caught a fish! Be quick! Hurry up with the landing-net.

*Baron.* [*Runs about.*] Where's the landing-net? Has anybody seen the landing-net?

*Hipp.* Bravo! Here comes a bird at last!

[*Raises gun and fires; at same moment BARONESS falls in water. BARON falls on easel, upsets ÆNONE. TROTT and TRIM fall over lunch things. Confusion, until TROTT and TRIM pull BARONESS out.*]

[*Exeunt TROTT and TRIM.*]

*Baron.* What sort of a fish was it?

*Baroness.* I don't know—enormous—a forty-pounder—and it went off.

*Ænone.* I think we'd better have some lunch after that.

*Hipp.* A very excellent idea.

[*They sit.*]

*Baron.* [*To BARONESS*] My dear, are you quite dry?

*Baroness.* Dry? Rather! Give me a glass of wine.

[*Large beetles, wasps, spiders, rats, mice, etc., enter, steal food and run or fly away with it.*]

*Baroness.* Hallo! Look out there!

[*Chase of Insects.*]

*Baron.* Well! If this is a country picnic, give me a "quick lunch" in the Strand for choice!

*Enter PRINCE disguised as a Gamekeeper.*

*Prince.* Hallo! What are you doing here?

*Ænone.* Doing? No harm, young man!

*Hipp.* Enjoying our little selves, young sportsman.

*Prince.* You'll pardon me, but this is the Prince's private land, and he allows nobody to picnic here without his permission.

*Ænone.* Ma, why don't you speak to the man?

*Hipp.* Impertinence!

*Baroness.* It's all right, my dears. The man's doing his duty! Marmaduke! Give him twopence.

*Baron.* With pleasure!

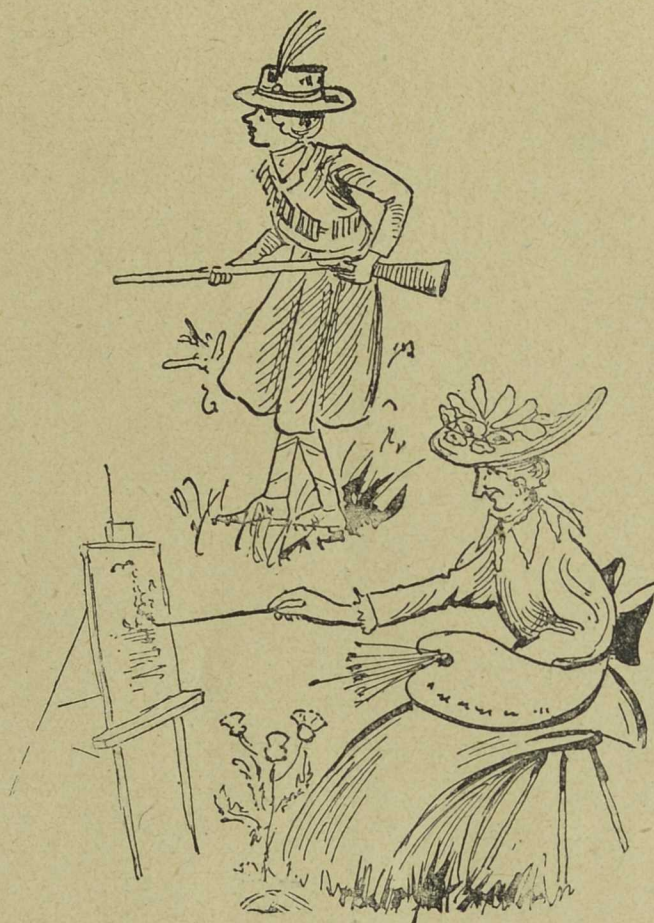
[*Gives PRINCE money.*]

*Prince.* [*Aside, looks at money*] I must keep this, it's the first tip I ever got; after all, there are advantages in being one's own servant. [*Aloud*] You'll excuse me, but my orders are peremptory, and you must go at once.

*Baroness.* Are you aware who we are?

*Prince.* I haven't the least idea.

*Hipp.* You'll feel very small when you know.





*Baroness.* I am the Baroness de Bluff.

*Prince.* Really! Well, I feel the same size.

*Baroness.* [To BARON] Marmaduke, are you going to sit there and say nothing while your wife is brow-beaten by a pampered menial?

*Baron.* [To PRINCE] I don't think you quite understand! I am the Baron de Bluff, and the Baroness is my wife.

*Prince.* I wouldn't insult the lady by doubting it.

*Ænone.* And *we* are her daughters.

*Prince.* What heavenly beauty!

*Hipp.* Oh, ma! he says we're heavenly!

*Prince.* Beg pardon! I should have said unearthly.

*Omnes.* Oh!

[PRINCE blows whistle. Enter Gamekeepers.

*Prince.* [Points to lunch] Remove all this rubbish at once.

[Gamekeepers remove lunch, etc.

*Baron.* I think we had better go—under protest—as “conscientious objectors” and “passive resisters.”

*Baroness.* [To PRINCE] But as soon as we meet the Prince, you're sacked. I'll stake my reputation on that.

*Prince.* Oh, don't do that! Believe me, it's dangerous.

*Ænone.* Upon my word!

*Hipp.* How he talks!

*Baron.* He might be the Prince himself.

*Prince.* As you say—I *might*.

CONCERTED NUMBER.

[Exeunt.

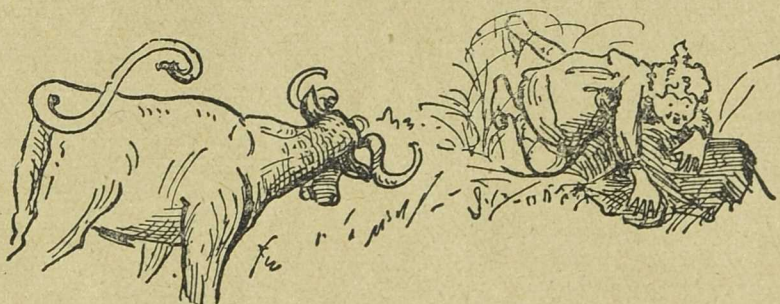
Popular Medley.

*Re-enter BARONESS with fishing-rod.*

*Baroness.* I'm going to have another try for that fish—it's a forty-pound salmon, and I'm not going to lose it for all the gamekeepers in the county!

[Fishes.

*Enter Bull.* BARONESS, frightened at Bull, falls into river. DANDIGNY rescues her. Dries her with pocket handkerchief. Fight and exit Bull.



*Baroness.* My preserver! [Looks at him] Good gracious! can it be? You are surely not——

*Dan.* I am the Prince, at your service. [Offers arm.

*Baroness.* Ah, Prince! on your strong arm I fear

[Exeunt to tune.

no bull in shining armour!

*Enter CINDERELLA with sticks.*

*Cind.* Here are the sticks for—Oh! everything is cleared away—and everybody gone! I wonder why! What had I better do now? Go home, I suppose! *Home!* No! I can't call it home now. There is no home where there is no love.



*Enter the FAIRY GODMOTHER as an old woman.*

*Fairy.* Give me a penny, child—for charity, give me a penny.

*Cind.* Poor old woman! why do you wander here alone?

*Fairy.* Alone? Why not? They say I'm a witch—and witches have no friends.

*Cind.* No friends? Poor old dame! I can sympathise with you there.

*Fairy.* Then give me a penny, child. Coals are dear, and it's hard work for an old woman to be gathering sticks.

*Cind.* It is indeed, granny! Here! [*Gives her bundle of wood*] Take these sticks I have just gathered; and here is my purse. [*Gives her purse*] There is little in it; but what there is you are welcome to. I wish it were more.

*Fairy.* Bless you, child! Bless you! [*Makes signs with stick in air*] This shall bring you luck—by this and that, it shall bring you luck!

*Shouts heard off until Enter Gamekeepers.*

*Gamekeepers.* Here she is!

[*They seize FAIRY.*

*Cind.* Oh! please don't hurt the poor old woman! What has she done?

*1st G.* She's always trespassing and picking up what doesn't belong to her! [*Points to bundle of wood*] See! where did that bundle of sticks come from?

*Cind.* I gave her those. If anybody is to blame, it is I. Let the poor old woman go.

*1st G.* Rubbish! She's a witch, and we're going to put her in the stocks!  
*Omnes.* Bravo!

*Cind.* [*Tries to defend her*] No! No!

*1st G.* It's no use! Come along, old lady!

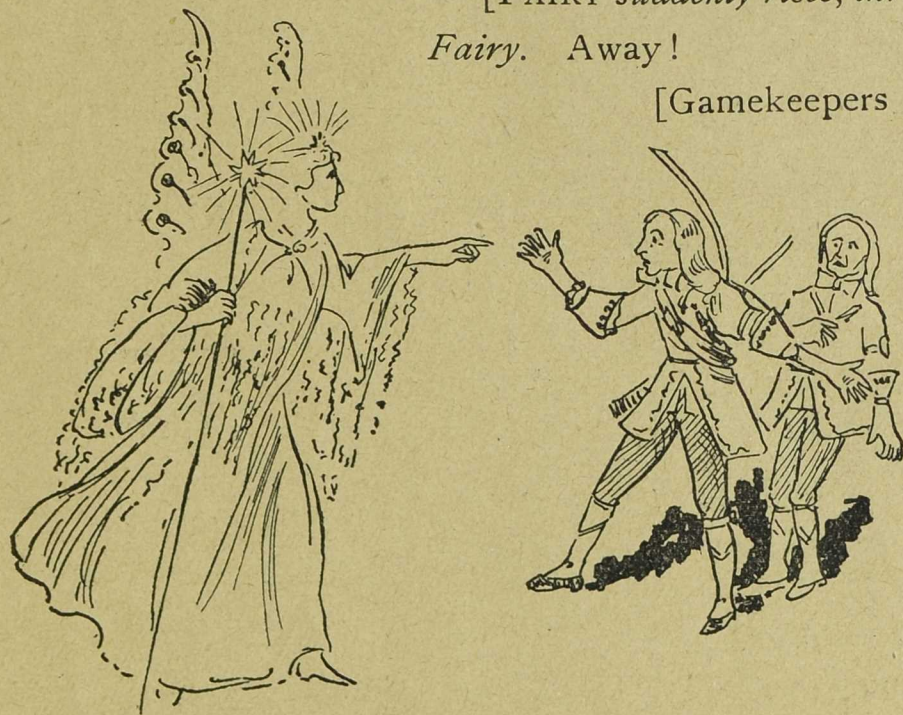
[*FAIRY suddenly rises, throws off disguise and waves wand.*

*Fairy.* Away!

[*Gamekeepers stagger back in fright. FAIRY advances and waves wand.*

*Fairy.* Weak mortals! Me you have no pow'r to stay!  
When I command, you have but to obey.  
Mine is the Fairy's magic power.  
Know  
My will is law. Away! I bid you, go!

[*Gamekeepers retreat before her. Exeunt Gamekeepers*





FAIRY turns to CINDERELLA.

*Cind.* [*Starts back in surprise*] Oh! Who are you?

*Fairy.* Your fairy guardian, dear.

*Cind.* A fay?

*Fairy.* To guide your footsteps I am here  
Your fairy godmother.

*Cind.* Oh, can it be!

*Fairy.* Your name of Fioretta came from me;  
But by whatever name you may be known,  
I am your godmother, and I alone.

*Cind.* And I'm your god-daughter? I prithee say  
Do you watch over me?

*Fairy.* Ay, every day.

Sweet maid, with heart of kindness all aglow,  
Who would, in charity, your all bestow,  
A nature such as yours, without a flaw,  
A heart that's cold as ice would surely thaw.  
Now take this gift—all price it is above;  
Here cometh one who beareth with him—Love!

[*Exit FAIRY, waving wand.*]

*Enter PRINCE.*



*Prince.* [*Sees CINDERELLA and starts*]  
Is it a vision? No! 'tis she! the maiden  
of my dreams!

*Cind.* [*Looks at PRINCE, aside*] She  
said—he brings me love—love.

*Prince.* [*Advances and bows*] At last  
we meet!

*Cind.* We do. But why “at last”?  
I've never tried to meet you before.

*Prince.* I have, often—ever since I  
first saw you in my dreams.

*Cind.* And then—were you intro-  
duced to me?

*Prince.* No; I couldn't find an  
opportunity.

*Cind.* Who are you?

*Prince.* As you see, I am a member  
of the Prince's household.

*Cind.* What? Are you the Prince's  
servant?

*Prince.* Ah! now I despair! A servant is no fit companion for *you*.

*Cind.* There you wrong me! I myself am only a servant.

*Prince.* You? Impossible!

*Cind.* It is true—and now I must go.

*Prince.* But you will meet me again?



*Cind.* No! No! Father would never hear of it.  
*Prince.* He never shall! Say you will meet me?  
*Cind.* No, I couldn't think of it—er—*Where?*  
*Prince.* Here! To-morrow!  
*Cind.* Oh! it's quite impossible! Er—what *time?*  
*Prince.* Any time! I'll wait for you all day.  
*Cind.* And now—good-bye!  
*Prince.* Don't hurry! I'm going your way home.  
*Cind.* But you don't know where I live.  
*Prince.* No! But I know I'm going your way home.

DUET—"Lazy Moon" (*Coles and Johnson*).

*After which, picture of CINDERELLA and PRINCE talking together, while shooting party crosses stage as at opening—cart, dog, beaters, etc. Short CHORUS, as they cross and*

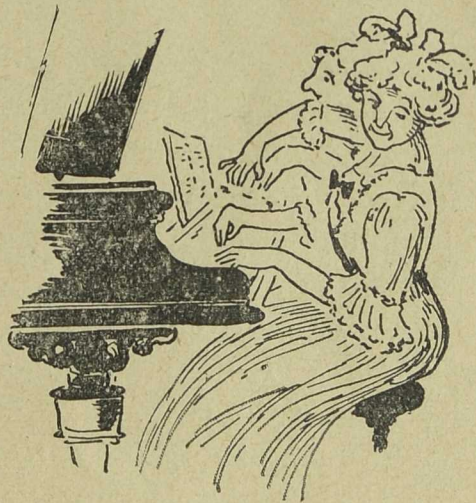
END OF SCENE III.

SCENE IV.

*The Baronial Hall.*

*Enter CINDERELLA with flower.*

*Cind.* Dear little flower! The token that  
 I hold  
 Of one whose love would be to me as  
 gold.  
 Sweet emblem! Do not fade and die,  
 I pray;  
 Or I shall think *his* love might fade  
 away.  
 Sweet flow'ret! Live! And be to me  
 the sign  
 Of his dear love that may some day be  
 mine!



*Enter ALFONSO.*

*Alfonso.* There she is—all alone! Now's my time to pluck up nerve, and tell her how much I love her.

DUET.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter BARON, HIPPOLYTA and ÆNONE followed by CINDERELLA.*

*Baron.* Cinderella! If I had all the money I owe, I should be a rich man.  
*Cind.* Poor daddy! The tradesmen *do* worry you with their bills.



*Enter BARONESS.*

*Baroness.* Alfonso! Where *is* everybody? The Prince may be here at any moment. Why are you sitting here doing nothing?

*Baron.* [*Holds up bills*] Do you call these nothing?

*Baroness.* What *are* they?

*Baron.* Bills!—and not a receipt on one of them.

*Hipp.* Ma! what do you think?

*Ænone.* Pa says that your extravagance has ruined him.

*Baroness.* [*To BARON*] So you call me extravagant, do you? *You*—who lured me into marrying you under the pretence that you were a wealthy man!

*Baron.* Well, if it comes to that—you always gave me to understand that you had a bit of money of your own.

*Baroness.* Girls! This is the last straw. He confesses that he married me for my money!

*Baron.* That you haven't got!

*Ænone.* You can see the man has no romance in him.

*Hipp.* Well, if he went for the stakes, he's got left at the post.

*Cind.* I don't think it's fair of you to talk to my father like that. He's the dearest——

*Baroness.* Cinderella! Go downstairs, and get tea ready for the Prince.

*Baron.* [*Rises*] Look here! Even a worm will turn. Cinderella's my daughter, and——

*Baroness.* Sit down, *worm*!

*Cind.* Don't let us have any more quarrelling, daddy! I'm going downstairs. [*Kisses BARON and exit.*]

*Enter ALFONSO.*

*Alfonso.* His Highness the Prince!

*Enter DANDIGNY.*

*Baron.* A very nice young gentleman, too!

*Baroness.* [*Aside*] 'Ssh! He isn't a gentleman at all; he's a Prince.

*Hipp and Ænone.* The Prince! [*They curtsey very low.*]

*Baroness.* Yes! The Prince, who saved my life when I was attacked by an animal that ought to have been Bovril long ago!

*Baron.* [*To DANDIGNY*] You saved her life! Oh, sir, I cannot thank you—I cannot thank you!

*Dan.* I understand. You cannot thank me—therefore you are the husband of the lady.

*Baron.* I am the Baron de Bluff.

*Dan.* [*Bows*] Monsieur le Baron! Charmed!

*Baroness.* [*Comes between them, to BARON*] That'll do, my dear! Go away! [*BARON retires. To DANDIGNY*] Don't bow to him, Prince; he isn't used to it, and it only spoils him. Let me present to you my daughters.

*Dan.* Your daughters? Is it possible? And which is the more young?

*Hipp.* I'm a little younger than my sister.

*Ænone.* And I'm not quite so old as mine.

*Baroness.* They are sweet girls, Prince!

*Dan.* They must be—if their disposition equals their beauty.

*Baroness.* [*Aside*] There he goes again! I'm sure his eyes are wrong. [*Aloud.*] Pardon me, Prince; but is your eyesight good?



Dan. I am a trifle short-sighted.

Baron. [To Girls] Girls! he's short-sighted. Go in and win! [Presents] This is my daughter Ænone—childlike and cheerful. [DANDIGNY puts up eyeglass—she pulls it down] Don't look through that. Give her a chance. [Presents] And this is my daughter Hippolyta—mèek but merry. [DANDIGNY puts up eyeglass again] Please don't! They can't stand microscopes.

Dan. [Looks at portrait on wall] May I ask who is the gentleman in the picture?

Baroness. Ah! that is my first husband!

Dan. Ah! lucky man!

Baroness. Needless to say, he is—(sighing sentimentally)—no more.

Baron. [Aside] Lucky man!

Baroness. Sit down here for a moment, and I'll tell you about him. [DANDIGNY and BARONESS sit under portrait] Ah! what a delightful man he was, and how we loved each other! [Picture shakes] So different from my second! Prince, I trusted that man, and he trusted me! We lived together as happily as birds in a nest. Yes! We were married ten years and never quarrelled once!

[Portrait falls on her. DANDIGNY, picks her up.

Baron. [Picks up portrait and removes it] When this man died, he played me the nastiest trick that ever one man played another.

Hipp. Prince! Won't you sing something?

Ænone. Oh, do! We all love music!

[BARON sits in chair and goes to sleep.

Dan. With pleasure—I will sing to you—and to the good papa—in his dreams. Shall it be French?

Hipp. [To DANDIGNY] Oh! very French.

Ænone. Ah! but something appealing to the heart.

Dan. Ah! I will do my best. This will be sentimental. "Pour Elle," for her!

SONGS.—DANDIGNY.

- a. "Pour Elle" (Justin Clerice and M. Feraudy, Comédie Française.)
- b. "Mal de Mer" adapted to "Les Jaloux" (Fragson). English Words by "Percival."

Hipp. and Ænone. [At nd] Oh, thank you so much! Where can I get a copy?

Enter BARONESS.

Baroness. Splendid! I couldn't come in because I had to look after those stupid servants; but it sounded beautiful from the basement. [Sees BARON] Well, I never! Just look at that man! [Shakes him] Wake up! Where are your manners?

Baron. [Yawns] Is he going to sing, or isn't he?

Dan. [To HIPPOLYTA] Will you not sing—so that Papa may sleep some more? I love to hear a young girl sing; for when she sings she is happy.

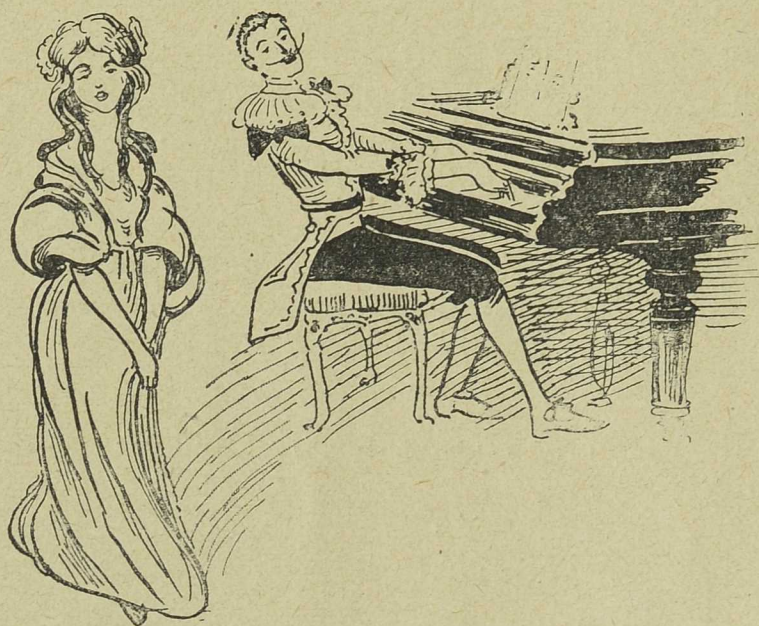
Baron. Yes, she's happy, but think of us!

Hipp. Prince, I will sing this.

[Hands him song.







*Dan.* Ah! it is *my own* song!

*Omnes.* What?

*Dan.* Yes, I am the composer [*To HIPPOLYTA*] Permit me to accompany you to the piano, and on it.

[*Leads her to piano.*]

*Ænone.* On it? Yes! That's how *she* plays—as if she was walking on it.

[*DANDIGNY plays symphony—HIPPOLYTA prepares to sing.*]

*Baroness.* [*Nudges BARON*] Wake up! Hippolyta is going to sing the Prince's song.

[*Goes to sleep.*]

*Baron.* Poor Prince!

[*HIPPOLYTA sings and breaks down. The song is taken up "off" by CINDERELLA. DANDIGNY goes on playing. All listen until—Enter CINDERELLA, singing. DANDIGNY joins in duet. BARON wakes up. DANDIGNY and CINDERELLA dance together until—*]

*Baroness.* [*Breaks in*] Cinderella! Go to the kitchen!

*Cind.* Ah! I forgot!

[*Exit CINDERELLA.*]

*Dan.* [*Looks after her*] She is charming! Who is she?

*Baron.* Oh! that is my——

*Baroness.* [*Interrupts*] Oh! *do* be quiet! [*To DANDIGNY*] Merely a servant, your Highness.

*Hipp.* That's all; but she has ideas above her position.

*Dan.* Yes—and appearances also!

*Ænone.* Oh! don't talk about her! Prince, we are dying to ask you a favour.

*Dan.* It is granted. What is it?

*Ænone.* You are giving a Ball at the Palace on the occasion of your twenty-first birthday.

*Dan.* Yes—he—that is—I am.

*Ænone, Hipp. and Baroness.* Oh! may we come?

*Baron.* [*Aside*] They won't miss much for want of asking.

*Dan.* Certainly! I will instruct my servant to send on the invitations at once.

*Baroness.* Why not telephone from here now? The machine's on the table there.

*Hipp. and Ænone.* Splendid!

*Enter ALFONSO.*

*Dan.* [*To BARON*] Will you kindly arrange this for me?

*Baron.* With pleasure. [*To ALFONSO*] Alfonso! telephone to the Palace and say that the Prince wants his secretary to come here with *five* invitations for——

*Hipp. and Ænone.* Four invitations!

*Baron.* But you're forgetting Cinder——

*Hipp. and Ænone.* Be quiet!



*Baroness.* Cinderella's *not* going! Alfonso! say *four* invitations for the Ball!

*Alfonso.* Make it six and give *me* a chance.

*Baroness.* None of your impudence!

*Dan.* [*Aside*] The charming Cinderella must come! Happy thought! I will drive the old ones there myself, and lose them on the way!

[ALFONSO goes to telephone and rings bell.]

*Hipp.* Come, Prince, if you've finished your tea, we'll have a game at lawn tennis.

*Dan.* I do not play, but I will try! Yes! Lawn tennis! That is the game where you are on one side—I am on the other. I say to you—I am love.

*Ænone.* Yes! You are love!

*Dan.* [*Turns to HIPPOLYTA*] And you say to me—I am forty!

*Hipp.* I say nothing of the kind!

[*Exeunt All but ALFONSO.* Rings bell hard.]



*Enter CINDERELLA.* She pauses on seeing ALFONSO at telephone, and listens.

*Alfonso.* [*Rings bell hard.*] Hallo! 1—5—6—8 Gerrard! Oh! are you there? Is that the Palace?

*Cind.* [*Aside.*] The Palace?

*Alfonso.* Eh? *Who's* talking? Why? [*CINDERELLA listens eagerly*] I'm talking! Can't you *hear* me? Oh! Who *am* I? I see! I'm the Baron de Bluff" page. The Prince is here. Yes. He wants you to send on *four* invitation—[*Sees CINDERELLA*—No! *Five* invitation cards for the Ball. Right! Good-bye!

[*Leaves machine.*]

*Cind.* Oh, Alfonso! *Five* invitations! Am I going to the Ball, then?

*Alfonso.* Ah! that I don't know, miss; they only told me to order *four* the other one was an idea of my own. Let's hope it comes off.

*Cind.* Oh, you dear Alfonso! I could almost kiss you!

*Alfonso.* [*Advances*] Ah!

*Cind.* No! no! I said *almost*, not quite!

[*Keeps him off.*]

*Alfonso.* [*Goes back and picks up tray*] Yes! just my luck! Almost—not quite!—I never get any forrader.

[*Exit ALFONSO, with tray.*]

*Cind.* Poor Alfonso He's very good to me, and I'm afraid I worry him dreadfully. Oh! I wonder if I shall get a ticket for the ball!!

[*Exit CINDERELLA.*]

*Re-enter ALFONSO, showing in the PRINCE.*

[*Standing C.*]

*Alfonso (angrily)* Oh, I'll tell 'em you're here. [*Aside*] He shan't see Miss Cinderella.

[*Exit.*]

*Prince.* I've given Dandigny his head, and he's making the most of it. I've brought the invitations myself, because I want to know who my guests are going to be.



*Enter DANDIGNY, HIPPOLYTA and ÆNONE. ALFONSO speaking to BARONESS and BARON as they enter, and indicating the PRINCE. DANDIGNY is just about to bow to PRINCE, when PRINCE bows to him.*

*Dan.* Ah! je me rapelle! I had for the moment forgot! this is my chasseur, what you call my servant man.

*Baroness.* Oh! indeed! Prince! I have a complaint to make against that man!

*Ænone.* Yes, he was so rude!

*Hipp.* Awfully supercilious, don't you know!

*Alfonso.* [To PRINCE.] Now you're going to get into trouble!

*Baroness.* He actually ordered us away when we were having a picnic!

*Baron.* [To PRINCE.] Come here, sir, and face your master!

*Prince.* [Goes to DANDIGNY.] Well?

*Dan.* Did you order these people away, eh?

*Prince.* I did!

*Omnes.* He did!

*Prince.* [To DANDIGNY] It is against the law to picnic there, and the Prince has no right to break the law the Prince has made, *your Highness!*

*Alfonso.* If I were a Prince, I'd pack him off!

*Baron and Baroness.* [Severely] Hold your tongue!

*Dan.* Well, you see, its rather a difficulty——

*Baron, Daughters and Alfonso.* [In different tones.] Difficulty!

*Baroness.* I understand.

*Baron.* [To DANDIGNY] Look here, Prince—if it's not convenient for you to pay him off just now, say no more. We understand that *here!*

*Dan.* It is not quite that; but he's a very old servant. See? Je suis désolé that your picnic was spoiled. Let us hope that the Ball will—as you say—pay for all!

*Baroness.* Prince! We accept your apology!

*Bells ring and shouts of "Cinderella!"—"Alfonso!" are heard until*

*Enter BARON, in shirt-sleeves, struggling with collar-stud at back of neck.*

*Baron.* [Shouts] Alfonso! Where is that fellow! Confound it! I can't fasten this stud! Alfonso!

*Hipp.* [Off] Cinderella! [Enter HIPPOLYTA.] Where is that girl? I want her to fasten my dress up the back!

*Ænone.* [Off] Cinderella! [Enter ÆNONE.] Where's Cinderella?

*Hipp.* I want her.

*Baron.* And I want Alfonso. If you two girls had any decency, you'd offer to fasten my stud for me.

*Enter CINDERELLA and ALFONSO.*

*Baroness.* Are all our things laid out?

*Alfonso.* Yes! The carriage is at the door, and I'm going to drive you!

*Cind.* Father! Mayn't I go to the Ball?

*Baron.* Well, my child, so far as I'm concerned——

*Cind.* Ah! but you're *not* concerned; that's the worst of it.

*Alfonso.* Go on, guv'nor! Take her with you and chance it!

*Baron.* My dear child, don't think hardly of me. If I had my own way you should go—you should, indeed; but you see how it is with me, and——



*Baroness.* [Off] Marmaduke!

*Baron.* Coming, my dear—coming!

[Quick exit of BARON.]

*Cind.* It's no use, Alfonso! You've done your best—you've got me the invitation; but they won't let me go.

*Alfonso.* Yes, miss! We're both out of it.

They'll quaff their wine where diamonds glitter;

But as for us, our lot is bitter.

*Cind.* To think that they will be dancing in a beautiful palace, and I shall be here, sitting—all alone.

*Alfonso.* Not alone, Miss Cinderella. I'll come back as soon as I've driven them there!

*Cind.* Ah! I forgot *you*!

*Alfonso.* Ah! there you are, miss! You forget *me*, and I can't forget *you*.

*Cind.* Don't be silly, Alfonso!

*Alfonso.* Well, look here, miss, I've found an old Yeomanry uniform of the Governor's, and I can sneak into the Ball with that and the extra card; but I don't really care about it, and if I promise not to be silly, may I come and talk to you after they've gone? It might cheer you up a bit.

*Cind.* No, thank you, Alfonso! Don't think me ungrateful for all you've done, but I feel as if I'd like to go up into my own room—to be alone—and *dream*.

*Alfonso.* Ah! Dream of *him*!

*Cind.* What do you mean, Alfonso?

*Alfonso.* I wonder if you'd love me if I was a Prince?

*Cind.* Certainly not *because* you were a Prince. The only specimen I have seen I dislike very much.

*Alfonso.* Ah! But you don't dislike his secretary!

*Cind.* Alfonso! How dare you? If you speak to me like that again I shall be very cross.

*Alfonso.* I beg your pardon, miss. I'm down on my luck—I'm—I've no right to be—but I'm jealous. I know it's a liberty, but don't be cross with me. Everything's against me—

And if on me you should look black,

That straw would break that camel's back!

*Cind.* There, there! I'm not cross—only you promised not to be silly, you know.

*Alfonso.* I'm doing my best.

[Exit ALFONSO.]

CINDERELLA sits by fire. Door-bell rings.

*Enter ÆNONE and HIPPOLYTA from room, in cloaks.*

*Ænone.* There are the carriages! Good-night, Cinderella!

*Cind.* Good-night!

*Hipp.* If you're a good girl, you shall see our programmes in the morning.

[Exeunt ÆNONE and HIPPOLYTA.]

*Enter BARONESS, followed by BARON, carrying wraps, etc.*

*Baroness.* Oh, do be quick! The carriage is an extra sixpence for every quarter of an hour. Good-night, Cinderella!



*Cind.* Good-night!

*Baroness.* There's a piece of nice bread in the kitchen you can have for supper, and if you hear burglars after you've gone to bed, get up and bark like a dog to frighten them. Come, Marmaduke!

[Exit BARONESS.]

*Baron.* [Sneaks back to CINDERELLA on tip-toe] Good-night, dear!

[Kisses her.]

*Cind.* Good-night, daddy!

*Baron.* Don't be afraid! There won't be any burglars. They all know we haven't any money.

*Cind.* No, daddy.

*Baron.* And here—[Feels in pockets] here's a jam tart I put on one side for you.

[Gives it her.]

*Cind.* Dear old father!

[Kisses him]

*Baron.* I know I'm not a good father to you, child, but you see how it is with me, and—

*Baroness.* [Off] Marmaduke!

*Baron.* Coming, my dear, coming!

[Quick exit of BARON.]

Slams door. CINDERELLA listens. Carriage heard to drive off.

*Cind.* They're gone! I'm alone, but not lonely. No! Not while I can sit and think and dream precious dreams of him! The old witch said he would bring me love Has he, I wonder?

Ah, me! I sit and long for his return,  
And watch the fading embers as they burn;  
I've heard that Fairies in the firelight's glow  
To maidens their true lovers sometimes show.

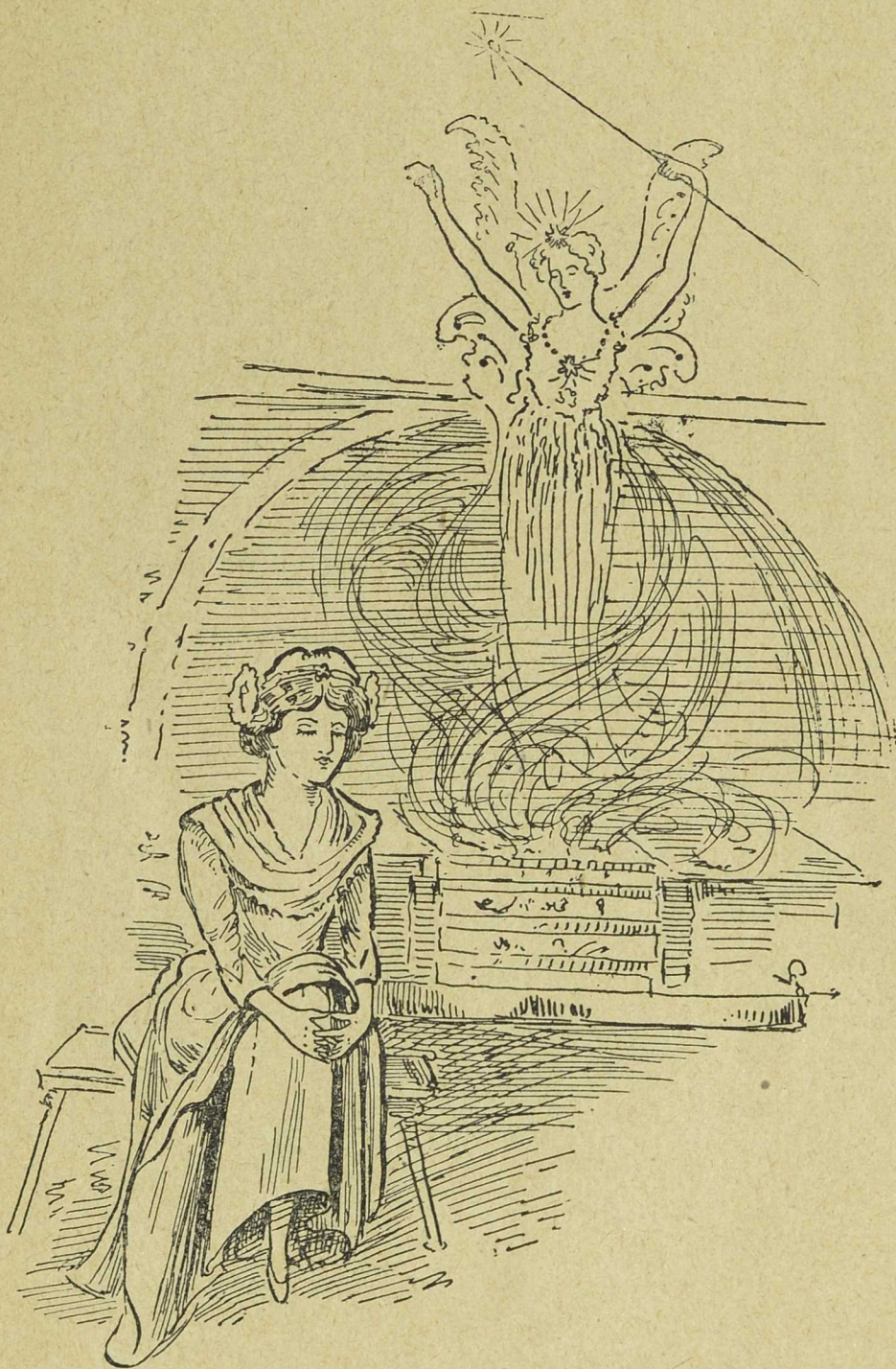
SONG—French Melody, "Caline."

*Sleeps.*

*Fairy.* [Voice off] Cinderella! Cinderella!

*Cind.* [Wakes with a start] Who calls?

*Fairy* [Off] Cinderella! Cinderella!





*Cind.* [*Jumps up and looks round*] Again! The voice in the air! Who's there?

[*Transparency, as FAIRY appears, floats down chimney to mantel-piece and pauses.*

Is this another dream, or do I see  
A real Fairy coming down to me?

[*FAIRY floats down to where CINDERELLA stands.*

*Fairy.* Poor Cinderella! Lonely and forlorn,  
Most patiently your troubles have you borne!

*Cind.* I have been aided by the happy thought  
Of our last meeting.

*Fairy.* Was it love I brought?

*Cind.* I hardly know. We parted as we met—  
Strangers—yet I his face can *not* forget.

*Fairy.* And yours he carries ever in his mind.  
Come, Cinderella—let us go and find  
This goodly youth together.

*Cind.* But you know  
He's at the Prince's Ball?

*Fairy.* Where *you* will go.

*Cind.* What? I go to the Ball?

*Fairy.* You won't refuse?

*Cind.* But look—at this old dress—and these old shoes!

*Fairy.* By Fairy hands you soon shall be attired,  
And at the Ball shall be the most admired.

*Cind.* And you will do all this for me?

*Fairy.* Yes!

*Cind.* Why?

*Fairy.* Kind words and gentle actions never die,  
And when to the old witch you lent your aid  
And never dreamt that you would be repaid,  
You aided one who has both will and power  
To help you at her own appointed hour.  
But you must trust me.

*Cind.* Oh! indeed I do!

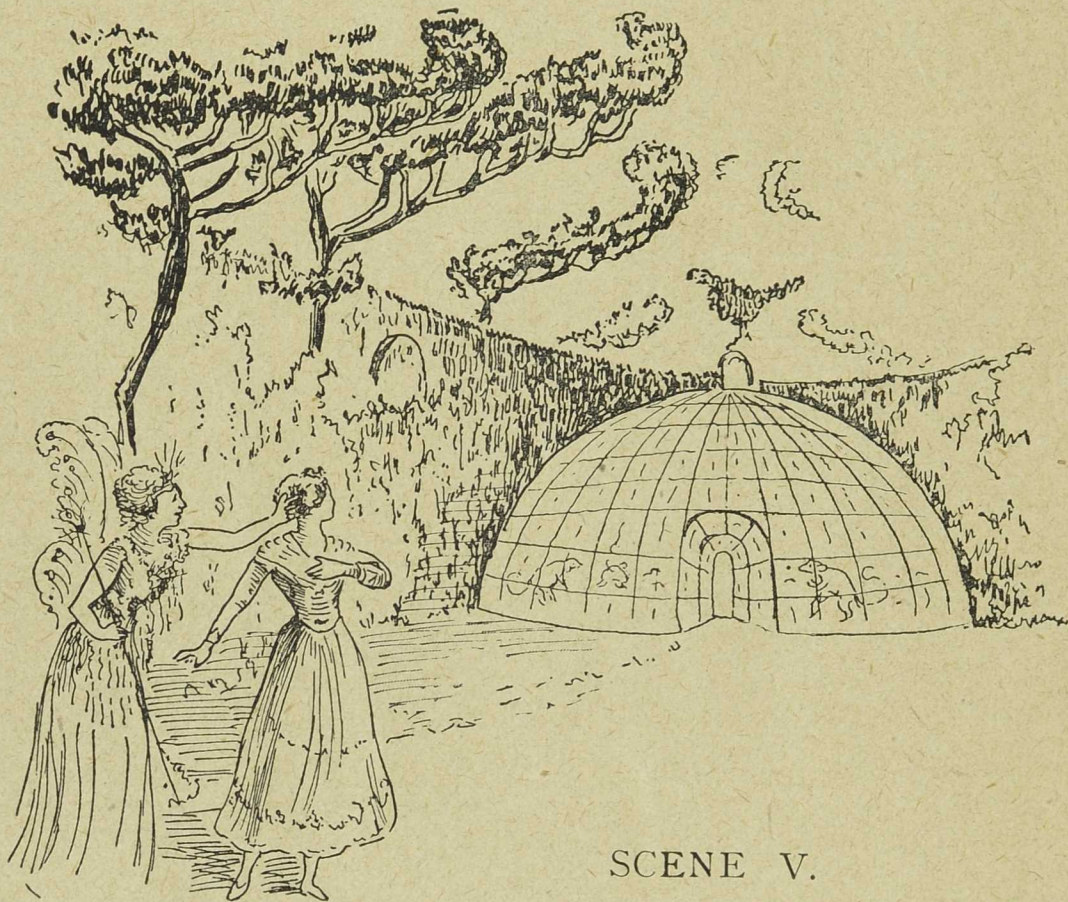
I feel that I have found a friend in you.

*Fairy.* That I will quickly prove. Come, child, your hand;  
Together we will fly to Fairyland.

[*Takes CINDERELLA'S hand and they float together up chimney.*

SCENE CHANGES.





## SCENE V.

### *The Fairy Garden.*

CINDERELLA and FAIRY discovered.

- Cind.* This is the garden where the Fairies roam ?  
*Fairy.* Yes! this is Fairyland, and 'tis my home.  
 [Lizard appears. CINDERELLA starts.  
*Cind.* Oh, Fairy! Tell me! What is that thing? See!  
*Fairy.* What is it, child? A lizard! One! two!! three!!!  
 [Six Lizards appear; she shrieks.  
 Well—what of that?  
*Cind.* [Shrinks] They're things I cannot bear!  
*Fairy.* My child, they're useful or they'd not be there.  
 Ugly they are, but harmless; they shall be  
 Transformed to beings splendid! You shall see.  
 [Waves wand. Lizards change to Footmen.  
*Cind.* Oh! what a marvel!  
*Fairy.* They obey your call.  
 And will attend you to the Prince's Ball.  
 [Centre of garden dissolves and large mouse-trap discovered, with  
 white mice in it.  
*Cind.* [Dances round trap]  
 Oh! Fairy—Fairy! see the darling mice!  
 Are they for me?  
*Fairy.* They are!—but in a trice  
 They will not be what now to you they seem;  
 [Waves wand—Mice change into ponies.  
 These are the Princess Cinderella's Team.  
 [Attendants lead Ponies off.



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*Cind.* How beautiful! Will wonders never end?

Dear godmother! You are indeed a friend!

*Fairy.* To all young girls who know how to obey  
I am a friend. To those who'd have their way  
Before they know what's good for them, I give  
A lesson to remember while they live.

*Cind.* Such lesson you need never give to me;  
I always *do* obey.

*Fairy.* Well, we will see! [*A large pumpkin appears.*]

*Cind.* Oh! What a pumpkin! Can I have a piece?

*Fairy.* That is your carriage.

*Cind.* Wonders never cease!

[*FAIRY waves wand and pumpkin opens to show carriage.*]

I can't believe it! Can I be awake?

I'll pinch myself—[*Pinches*] Oh yes, there's no mistake!

[*Garden gradually melts away and discovers Fairy Factory in activity. Pavilion with couch on one side.*]

#### CHORUS.

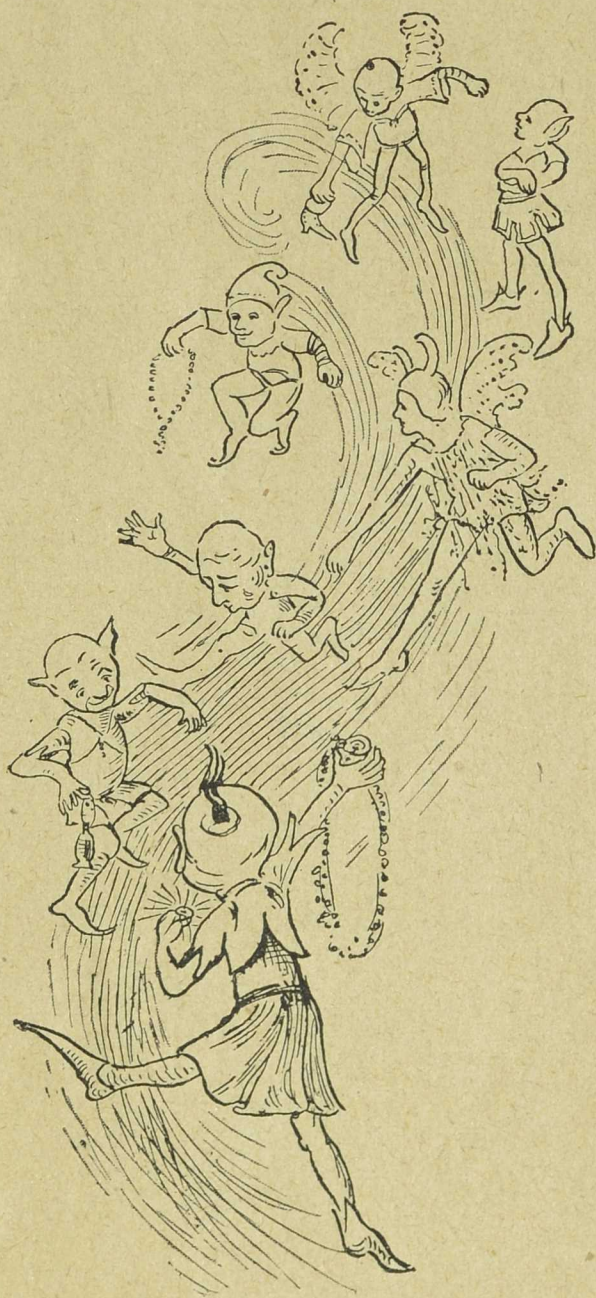
Here in the Realms of Fairyland,  
We hasten at our Queen's command  
Her bidding to obey.  
Here the Fairy Army works,  
Here no lazy demon lurks,  
Toil we night and day!

*Fairy.* Rest, Cinderella, rest. With you  
while here,  
Not Father Time himself dare interfere.  
Our Fays will do whate'er may be required,  
Awaking fresh, you'll find you're newly  
'tired.

[*CINDERELLA sleeps.*]

*Fairy.* [*To Elves.*] Attend, you little fairies  
and mark well  
The wishes of your sovereign, Claribel.  
For Cinderella make so grand a dress  
That, at the Ball, she may, as a Princess,  
Outshine all others, as the Fairy hand  
Outshines the mortal. Such is my com-  
mand.

[*Elves surround CINDERELLA and dress her. She awakes.*]





## CHORUS OF WORKERS.

*Fairies hand her glass to see herself; she is amazed at the effect.*

*Cind.* Oh, Fairy!! in the glass what do I see?  
Surely—*excuse my grammar*—'tisn't me!!

*[Enter group of Workers—Glass-blowers, Spinners, Bouquet-makers, Dressmakers, Carriage makers, Shoemakers]*

*Fairy.* Yes, Cinderella—humble kitchen maid—  
Is the Princess! So daintily arrayed,  
Perfect of figure, beautiful in face,  
She now must learn to move and dance with grace.

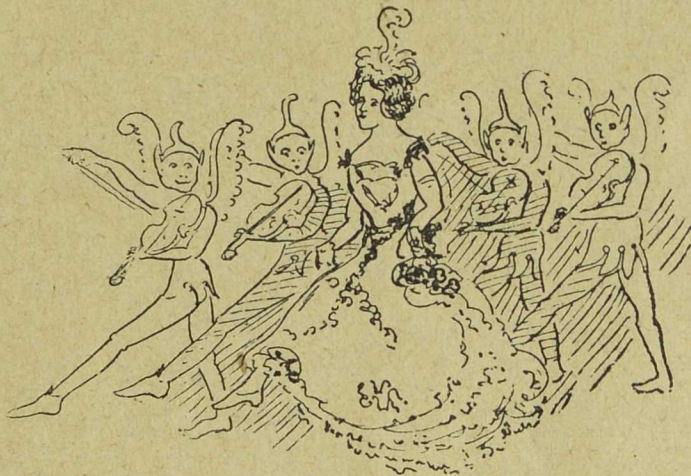
*Enter Dancing Elves.*

## MINUET.

*CINDERELLA tries to imitate them; as she does so, she notices old shoes*

*Cind.* Oh, dear! There's one thing  
we have quite forgot!  
My shoes are very old ones  
—are they not?

*Fairy.* In crystal slippers you shall  
trip it lightly;  
I have them here—for I'm  
the Fairy Whiteley!  
"Shoes forward! Quick!" The  
best you have to show!



*[Elfin Shoemakers measure CINDERELLA. The last one fits on one slipper. As they do this the FAIRY continues—*

One word of warning, child,  
before you go!

You must return before the  
midnight hour,

For after that the Demon  
Night has pow'r—

If you delay—your dress and  
jewels rare—

Your carriage—ponies—all—  
will melt in air.

*Cind.* I will obey—for all to you I  
owe.



*[At end of this speech second  
slipper is fitted on and  
CINDERELLA rises and  
vanishes with FAIRY  
GODMOTHER.*



*Enter Spirit of Midnight.*

*Spirit.* We'll trick her nicely! Ere it's  
time to go,  
She'll find that Time is swift and  
clocks are slow—  
She's made a promise that she can-  
not keep.  
Old Father time and I are very  
deep;  
She'll hear the midnight chime  
while at the ball,  
And lose her magic slippers—  
jewels--all!

*[Exit Spirit.*



*Scene Changes to—*

WONDERLAND.

THE FAIRY'S LAST WORD.

GRAND MARCH AND BALLET.

*(Original. J. M. GLOVER.)*

FAIRY leads CINDERELLA to carriage to which ponies are  
harnessed; as she does so—

*Fairy.* Be warned! Remember! Nothing leave to chance;  
Ere the first stroke of twelve you quit the dance.

*Cind.* I will not fail!

*[Gets in carriage.*

*Fairy.* Farewell! No longer wait! Away! away to meet your happy fate!  
*[As carriage moves the Figure of Time on clock is replaced by  
Figure of Spirit of Midnight, and all numbers are removed  
except twelve.*

CHORUS.

*(J. M. GLOVER.)*

Remember, Cinderella,  
The ghostly midnight hour,  
When wicked fairies walk abroad  
And wield their evil power.  
Beware, oh Cinderella!  
Do not forget the time,  
For dangers come to every home  
With midnight chime!

END OF PART I.



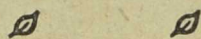
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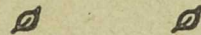
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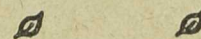
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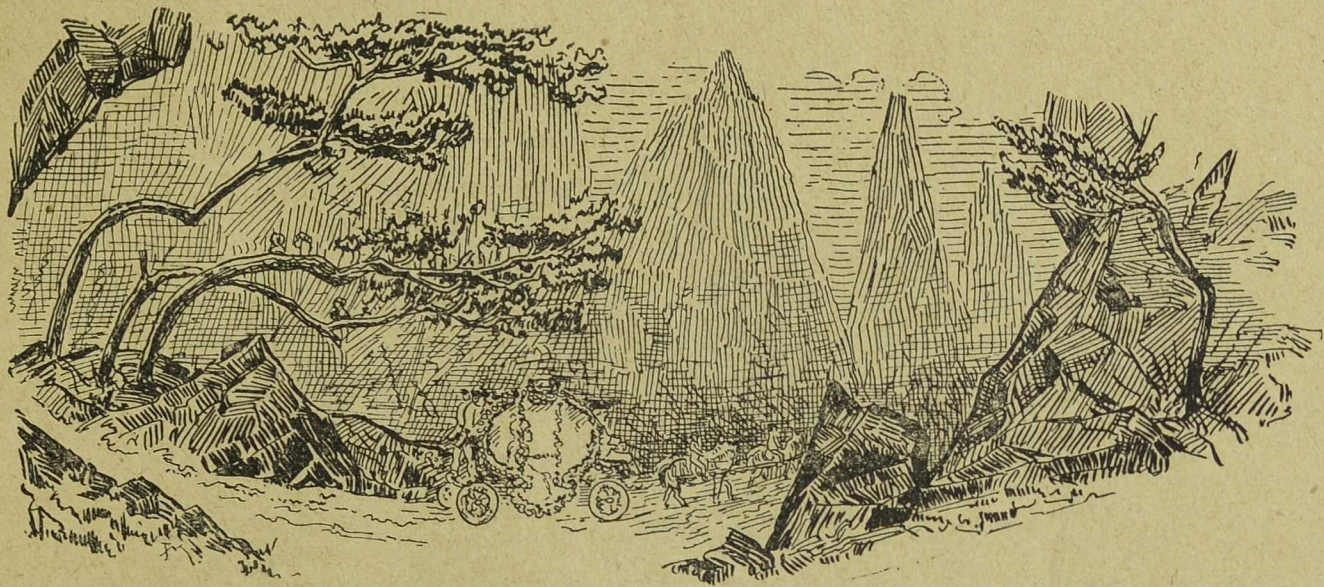
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## PART II.

### SCENE VI.

*The Valley of Gloom.*

CHORUS.

(J. M. GLOVER.)

Through the gloom to brightness  
Is the only way ;  
From the dark to lightness,  
From the night to day.  
Time is ever flying,  
Day is on the wane ;  
Though the day be dying  
It will come again.

*Enter SPIRIT OF MIDNIGHT.*

*Spirit.* Speed on old Time! that at the deep of night  
My blow may fall on her with deadliest might ;  
These fairies of the daylight soon shall see  
That when black midnight comes they're slaves to me.  
[Exit SPIRIT.]

*Enter CINDERELLA in carriage with Attendants.*

*Cind.* How dark it is! Do stop! Please stop! I say,  
I fear that, in the dark, we've lost our way! [They stop.]

*Enter FIREFLIES and dance round carriage.*

*Enter KING OF THE FIREFLIES.*

*King.* Sweet Princess Cinderella, have no fear,  
For I and all my tiny subjects here  
Are sent by fairy powers to light your way  
Through land of flowers, for a sweet bouquet.



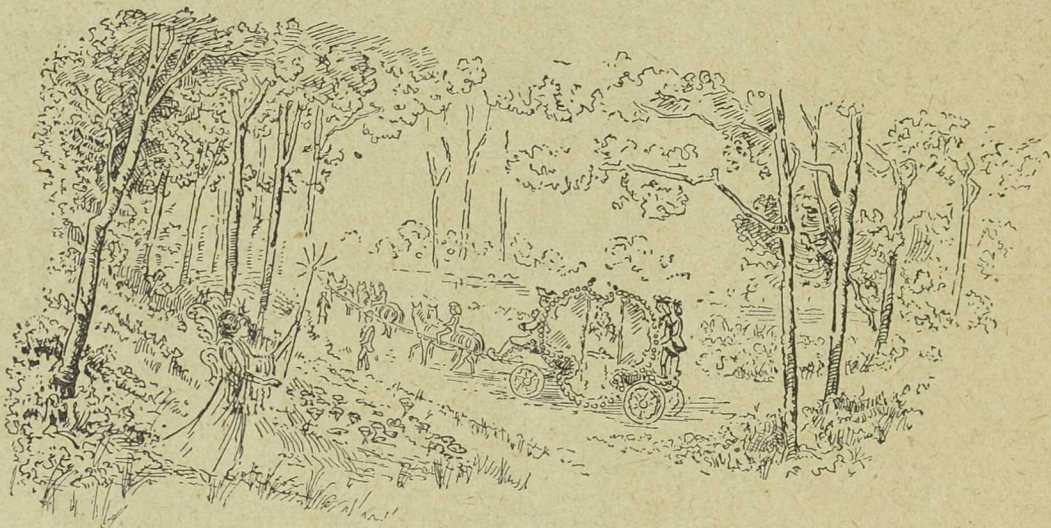
*Cind.* I thank you, sir, for this sweet compliment  
I thank both you and those by whom you're sent.

*King.* Lead on! [Panorama moves. Procession moves on.]

[At next halt] I've now fulfilled the Fairy Queen's command.

Farewell! You have arrived in Flower-land,

*Cind.* This! Flower-land! Oh! What a lovely scene!



*Enter* QUEEN of FLOWERS and Attendants.

*Queen.* Welcome!

*Cind.* And you are—?

*Queen.* I'm of flowers the Queen.

*Cind.* [Looks at the bouquet]

Surely the fairest Nature ever made!

But oh! how sad to think such flowers must fade!

*Queen.* Not so, my child; these flowers ever live  
That to the world they may great pleasure give.

SONG—CINDERELLA.

"Poppy Red" (*Castling Mills and Bennett Scott*).

*Published by* B. FELDMAN & Co., High Street, W.C.

*Queen.* Now to the Ball! And when the Prince you meet  
"May smooth success be strewed before your feet."

[CINDERELLA gets in carriage.]

*Cind.* Farewell! and though the flower petals fall,  
I'll never part with them—I love them all.

*Queen.* Delay no more! Your ardent lover waits!  
My butterflies shall guide you to the gates.

[Procession moves on. DANCE of Children

*Enter* FATHER TIME.

*Time.* I'm Time, to whom the young won't spare a thought;  
Each precious hour I give them is as nought;  
Yet will they turn to me when they are old,  
Each second they would hoard as though 'twere gold.



*Enter SPIRIT OF MIDNIGHT.*

*Spirit.* This Cinderella promises has made.

*Time.* Yet she'll forget me, I am much afraid  
For Time can fly much faster than she  
knows.

*Spirit.* Then midnight hour shall strike before  
she goes !

Then all her fairy clothes she'll have to  
lose :

Her lovely dress, her jewels, and her  
shoes ;

And, in the humble garb she wore  
before,

Home she'll return — a kitchen-maid  
once more.

*Time.* It shall be done. Fit punishment for  
crime

In young or old who trifle thus with Time. [*Exit FATHER TIME.*

*Spirit.* At midnight revels, dances hold their sway,  
Time flies apace, and hours soon pass away.  
To make man time forget, who has such pow'r  
As I, the Spirit of the Midnight Hour ?

[*DANCE and exit.*

END OF SCENE VI.

## SCENE VII.

*Outside the Gates.*

*Enter R. carriage driven by ALFONSO ; BARON and BARONESS inside.*

*Enter L. carriage driven by DANDIGNY ; ÆNONE and HIPPOLYTA inside.*

*Alfonso.* [*As London Cabby*] Now then ! Keep your own side of the  
road, can't you ?

*Dan.* [*As Paris Cocher*] Je suis à droite, c'est vous qui êtes à gauche.

*Alfonso.* Coach ! What are you getting at ? Pull to your left !

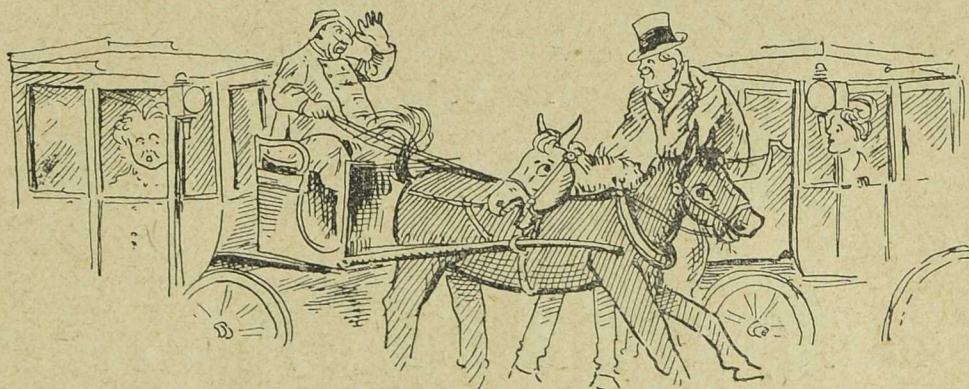
*Dan.* Certainement non ! Je suis à droite ! J'y suis et j'y reste.

*Alfonso.* Then I'll run into you and it'll cost you forty bob and costs !

[*To horse*] Come up !

*Dan.* [*To horse*] Gee !

[*They charge into each  
other ; collision ; wheels  
come off ; horses fall  
down ; BARON, BARO-  
NESS, ÆNONE and HIP-  
POLYTA get out. DAN-  
DIGNY and ALFONSO get  
off boxes.*





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*Baroness.* Oh, the horse is down !

*Baron.* Don't hit him—sit on his head.

*Baroness.* I'll sit on his head !

*Sits on horse's head, while BARON, ALFONSO and DANDIGNY unharness horse. When finished—*

*Alfonso.* [*Flicks horse with whip*] Come up !

*Horse jumps up suddenly and upsets BARONESS, who rolls on ground. Horse sits on her head.*

*Baroness.* Help ! help ! [*They pull horse off and release her*] What do you mean by hitting him when you saw I was on his head ?

*Alfonso.* Well, I wasn't going to let the horse lie there all night.

*Hipp.* Oh ! give over quarrelling and let's get to the Ball.

*Ænone.* Be quick !—harness the horses.

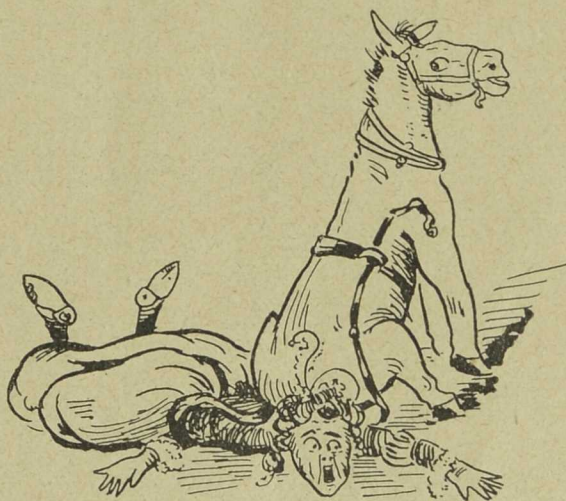
*Alfonso and Dan.* [*Go to horses*] Come up !

[*Horses run away. All try to catch horses in vain : in the end they run off, pursued by ALFONSO and DANDIGNY*

*Baron.* Well, here's a mess !

*Hipp.* We shall have to walk to the palace gates after all.

*Baroness.* And the horses cost us half a crown an hour—paid in advance !



*Enter SERGEANT.*

*Sergeant.* Now, then—what's the matter here ?

*Baron.* We are the Prince's guests and——

*Sergeant.* Can't help it. [*Points to carriage*] Clear these things out of the way—you're blocking the road.

*Baroness.* The idea ! Come ! We will walk to the palace.

[*They advance.*

*Sergeant.* Oh, no you don't !—not till you've moved these carriages !

*Hipp.* My good man—we are invited guests !

*Ænone.* And here are our cards !

[*Shows them.*

*Sergeant.* Can't help that ! You mustn't leave those carriages here.

*Baroness.* You don't understand. Our horses have run away and——

*Sergeant.* Can't help that. Move those carriages !

*Baron.* But we're going to the Ball !

*Baroness.* And we can't arrive there dragging our own carriages.

*Sergeant.* You can go where you like when you've moved the carriages out of the way.

*Baron.* I suppose there's no help for it.

*BARON and BARONESS get in shafts ; HIPPOLYTA and ÆNONE push behind, and exeunt with carriages.*



*Enter ALFONSO and DANDIGNY.*

*Alfonso.* Now we've lost the horses, and all because you would drive on the wrong side of the road.

*Dan.* Ah no! I drive on the right side!

*Alfonso.* Don't you know that, in England, the right side's the wrong side?

*Dan.* Ah! then when I meet the Englishman, my right side is my left side—eh? Ah! you are a peculiar people!

*Alfonso.* Oh! we're all right when you know us. We don't mind being led, but we won't be driven.

*Dan.* Won't be driven! Ah! that is bad for our trade.

*Alfonso.* I'm afraid your English isn't as good as it might be.

*Dan.* No! but you shall teach me English and I will teach you French.

*Alfonso.* It's a bargain! It's quite *à la*—à la—What's French for "entente cordiale"?

*Dan.* I will tell you, if you will tell me the English for "Hip, hip, hooray."

DUET—"Entente Cordiale."

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter SERGEANT and Tall Sentry, marching.*

*Serg.* Halt!

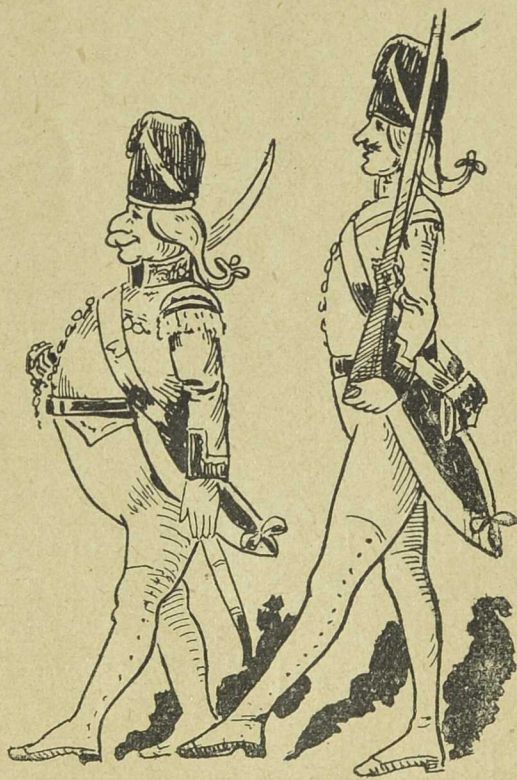
[*Posts Sentry at gates. Exit SERGEANT.*]

*Sentry does sentry-go from one side of stage to the other, taking long strides.*

*Enter BARONESS.*

*Baroness.* I've lost the others, and I've lost my way! What am I to do? [*Sees Sentry*] Oh! look at the army! He's a fine fellow, and he's a bit of company while I'm waiting. [*Goes to him*] Good evening, soldier! [*He walks and takes no notice*] Good evening, Corporal! How are you, Colonel? He's very chatty! [*Walks beside him and tries to keep in step with him; turns every time he turns; he neither looks at her nor speaks to her*] Been long in the army? I suppose not. Your uniform looks new. I have a great many relations in the army

myself. My father was head of the Intelligence Department of the War Office. Probably you didn't know there *was* one. Oh yes, it's a department where the War Office keeps all its intelligence—it's only a very small one. Then I have a cousin who's a Field Hornet in the Distillery—Artillery—and another cousin who went for a soldier only last week; but the soldier turned on him and gave him an awful hiding. And then there's my uncle—he's an army doctor—such a clever man! As a bone-setter he has no equal. The other day a patient went into his house on crutches and came out on a bicycle. Everybody was very pleased, except the man the bicycle belonged to. By-the-bye, if you ever meet Captain Jones of the 10th Fusiliers give him my love. Ah!





he's a lucky man! He's been in several engagements, but he's always managed to escape. One of them was with me. I say! don't you think we could talk better if we sat down? I suppose this is what you call being on active service? Do you mind if I run a bit? [*Runs beside him*] I think I could march with you better if I were cavalry. [*Exit Sentry, walking very fast*] How rude of him to leave me like that! I always understood that the army was fond of our sex! Well! This is very unlucky! The horse broke down, the carriage broke down, and I shall break down myself if I'm not careful.

SONG—BARONESS.

"The Blue Moon" (*A. Wimperis*).

*Exit.*

*The arrival of CINDERELLA.*

*As Ponies drawing carriage come on there is a fanfare of trumpets continued until CINDERELLA alights. The gates are opened wide. A sound of MUSIC is heard within as she enters, and Ponies with carriage and Attendants go off.*

END OF SCENE VII.







## SCENE VIII.

### *The Crush Room.*

*Enter* BARON, BARONESS, ÆNONE and HIPPOLYTA, *all dirty and dishevelled.*

*Baroness.* Well, this is a nice condition to arrive, at a Prince's ball!

*Ænone.* I declare I'm quite afraid to look at myself in the glass!

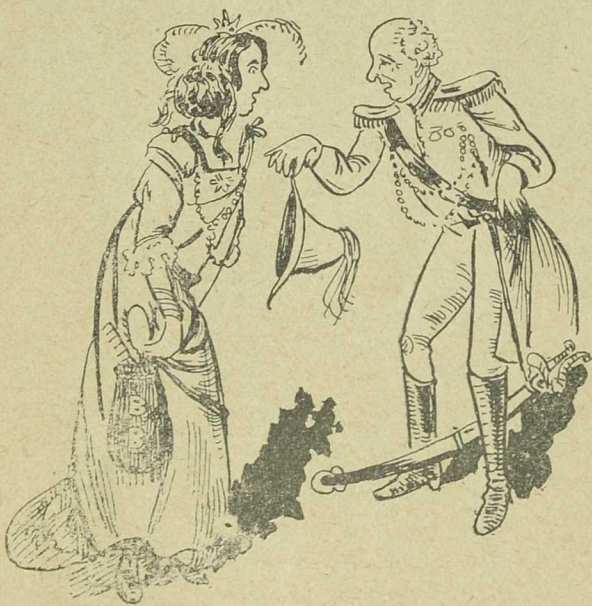
*Hipp.* You ought to be thankful you're not obliged to do it!

*Ænone.* I can't help seeing *you*—and that's worse!

*Baron.* Don't quarrel, girls; remember that it is better to be good than to be beautiful.

*Hipp.* Oh! be quiet!

*Baroness.* I won't have you throwing my girls' faces in their teeth!



*Ænone.* Oh! don't let's argue. I'm going to try and make myself look respectable. *[Exit.]*

*Hipp.* Then you've a hard day's work before you, my dear. *[Exit.]*

*Baroness.* I think I'll go and do the same; and, as for you, Marmaduke, if you have any sense of decency, you'll go and wash your face at once.

*Baron.* I will, with pleasure.

*Baroness.* Yes, and with soap—and plenty of it.

*Baron.* *[To Flunkey]* Here, take our things!

BARON and BARONESS give coat wraps, etc., to Flunkey. Flunkey throws them on ground and *Exit.* Another Flunkey enters with brush and dustpan, sweeps them up, and *Exit* with them. How very polite! I suppose he's the Lord High Chambermaid!

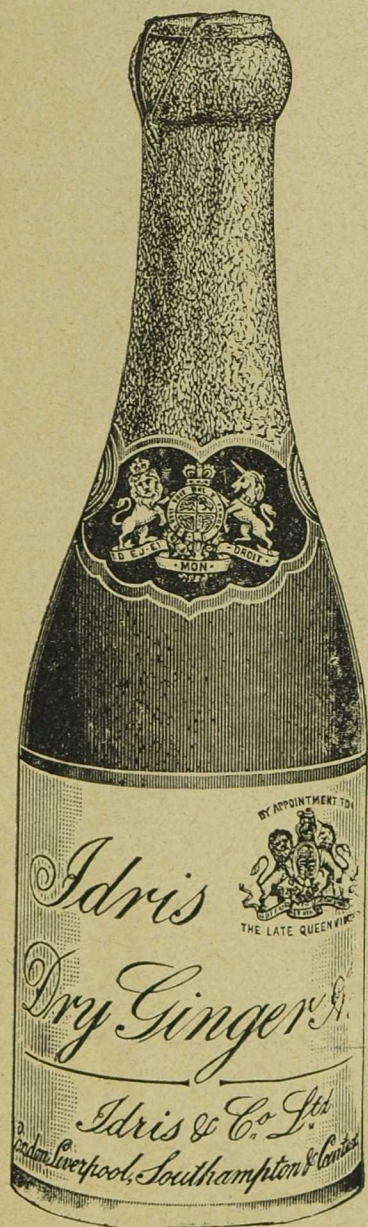


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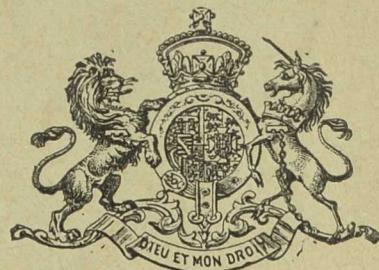
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SELTZER WATER	LEMON SQUASH	LIME JUICE
LEMONADE	CHAMPAGNE CYDER	CHAMPAGNE
DRY GINGER ALE	GINGER BEER	KOLA CHAMPAGNES

*Water obtained from the Company's own deep Artesian Wells.*

## IDRIS TABLE WATERS

*are supplied in Syphons and Bottles.*

CAN BE OBTAINED AT THIS THEATRE.



*Baroness.* We'd better get out of this, or he may come back and sweep us up!

*Enter INTERVIEWER with camera.*

*Inter.* [*Hands card to Baroness*] May I introduce myself?

*Baroness.* [*Reads*] Samuel Snap, Representative of "The Boomers" Magazine.

*Inter.* Precisely. I am interviewing a few of the Prince's guests. Our illustrated interviews are our speciality. [*Taps camera*] May I have the pleasure?

*Baron.* What, like this? Certainly not!

*Inter.* Oh! but you may rely upon it that the photograph won't be a bit like you!

*Baroness.* We object to be interviewed—on principle.

*Inter.* Pardon me! I have my duty to do—and must do it.

*Baron.* Go away!

*Inter.* Your name is——?

*Baroness.* Mind your own business.

*Inter.* What characters do you represent?

*Baron.* What do you mean? This isn't a fancy dress ball.

*Inter.* I think I shall call you a deputation of the unemployed.

*Baroness.* What?

*Baron.* Go away, or I'll break your camera!

*Inter.* My dear sir! Understand this: I am here to interview you—and if you won't tell me anything, I must invent it.

*Baroness.* We'd better give in.

*Inter.* Good! Your name is——?

[*Takes notes.*]

*Baroness.* I am the Baroness de Bluff—née Bunkum.

*Inter.* Of ancient family?

*Baroness.* Oh, yes! We came over with Julius Cæsar and fought with William the Conqueror against the Crusaders.

*Baron.* My dear, for heaven's sake let us be accurate.

*Baroness.* Be quiet! I'm working this interview. I repeat we are of ancient lineage.

*Baron.* Yes, you can see the ancient lineage in her face.

*Inter.* [*Points to BARON*] And this gentleman is——?

*Baroness.* Oh! that's only my husband.

*Inter.* Ah! the husband! Will you kindly stand further back, sir?—a little further back still. More in the shadow. Thank you. [*Snaps camera at BARONESS*] Got you!

*Baroness.* You might mention that I am wearing the family diamonds. One of my ancestors stole—[*INTERVIEWER takes notes*—]won them at the Battle of Bannockburn, and they've been in the family ever since, except when we sent them away to——

*Baron.* [*Interrupts*] 'S—sh! My dear! be careful.

*Baroness.* [*Glares at him*] *To be repaired!* They are considered to be quite unique, because my ancestor managed to take them from a Scotchman.

*Inter.* Ah! may I ask what your dress cost?

*Baron.* I don't know! I've not been summoned for it yet.





*Inter.* [To BARON] Have you been abroad much, Baron?

*Baron.* Yes, I've lived a good deal abroad. I've had to.

*Inter.* Have you any orders?

*Baron.* Orders? For the theatre?

*Inter.* No; orders—from foreign potentates.

*Baron.* Oh, yes! I once had an order from the King of Siam.

*Inter.* Yes?

*Baron.* He ordered me to leave the country in six hours.

*Baroness.* Oh, you stupid man! [To INTERVIEWER] Talk to me, and leave him out of it.

*Inter.* [To BARONESS] Have you any hobbies?

*Baron.* Yes—getting married. I'm her third.

*Baroness.* Will you be quiet? [To INTERVIEWER] I am very fond of all kinds of sport.

*Inter.* Just so. Now our readers demand realism. I have everything ready here for a series of photographs; so if you will kindly place yourselves in my hands I will arrange everything.

[Brings two guns, two stuffed dogs; gives gun each to BARON and BARONESS, and places dogs at their feet. They pose.

*Baroness.* I am passionately fond of sport.

*Baron.* I am essentially an out-of-door man!

*Inter.* [Snaps camera] Good!

[Takes away guns, &c., and brings on motor. They put on goggles, veil, caps, &c., and pose.

*Baron.* We often run down to Margate after dinner.

*Baroness.* And we have never been fined for loitering.

*Inter.* [Snaps camera] Good!

[Removes motor, &c. Brings on yachting caps and telescopes; each take one. They pose.

*Baron.* I am an enthusiastic yachtsman.

*Baroness.* We shall probably try for the America Cup in 1999.

*Inter.* [Snaps camera] Good! [Removes yachting material and returns] And now—just one little domestic scene to end with. Our readers love domesticity in the upper circles.

*Baroness.* I'm not going to kiss him.

*Inter.* My dear lady, I would never dream of asking you to go to such lengths! Just a little domestic picture—such as—suppose, for instance, that you are just about to be parted—for a year. [BARON and BARONESS assume very joyful expressions] Yes, er—don't you think that's a trifle too happy? [BARON and BARONESS look very miserable] Ah! something between the two would be better! Cling together just a little—and gaze into each other's eyes. [they pose] That's better! The Baron and Baroness at home—good!

[Clicks camera. Exit.

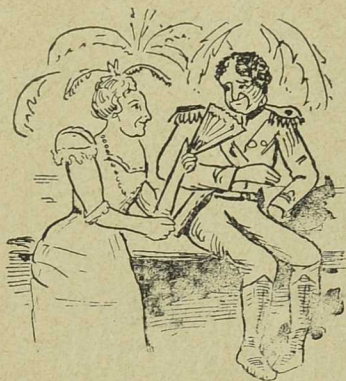
[BARONESS, who has her back turned, does not see him go. After a short pause—

*Baroness.* Oh, do be quick!—it hurts my face to keep it like this!

*Baron.* Then let it loose; he's been gone nearly a minute.

*Baroness.* [Turns] What! and you've let me stand there staring at you all this time!





*Baron.* Yes. I wanted to see how long you could look agreeable.

*Baroness.* [*Slaps his face*] Take that! [*Exit.*

*Baron.* [*Rubs his cheek*] I'm glad he didn't get that picture! [*Exit.*

*Enter* FERDINAND, GUY, ROGER, REGINALD, PHILIP, etc.

*Guy.* Well, boys! How do we go now? Is Dandigny still the Prince?

*Ferd.* Yes; we have had no instructions to the contrary.

*Roger.* And he insists on his privileges, too!

*Ferd.* Yes, confound him! I have to bow to him, and all the time I want to kick him.

*Reg.* Well, I suppose we must put up with it as long as the Prince chooses.

*Ferd.* Yes; but we'll take it out of Master Dandigny afterwards.

*Omnes.* Rather!

*Enter* DANDIGNY.

*Dan.* Gentlemen! do not forget that I am still your Prince. [*They take no notice of him*] Gentlemen! this reception of your Prince insults your manners. You will to me bow. [*They bow stiffly*] No, no! That is what you call "not half good enough." It is a "no class." Bow low—bow low! [*They bow lower—all except FERDINAND*] That is better! [*To FERDINAND*] But you—you have the stiff neck, eh?—You shall bow by yourself. [*FERDINAND bows*] Lower! Bend your back! Still lower! [*FERDINAND bows*] That is better! You seem to forget that I am the Prince.

*Ferd.* Thank goodness it won't be for long.

*Dan.* What is that you say? Here! For that you shall bow, and you shall bow to me until you split your neck—Go on!

*Ferd.* I won't! I've had enough of it.

*Omnes.* Hear, hear!

*Dan.* What does this mean? You forget that I am what you call the understudy. When the Prince is not here, then *I* am the Prince.

*Enter* PRINCE.

*Prince.* Yes—but the Prince is here! [*All look at him without bowing*] Come, gentlemen, where is your greeting?

*Dan.* According to our arrangement it is you who bow to me.

*Prince.* For just so long as I choose.

*Ferd.* Your Highness will pardon us, but we have wasted so many bows on your—understudy—that we have none left.

*Prince.* Ha, ha, ha! I see how it is! Well, gentlemen, I fear I have greatly taxed your loyalty to gratify this whim of mine. However, that is all over now. I am again the Prince. [*Omnes, except DANDIGNY, bow.*

*Prince.* Come, Dandigny, has this brief spell of authority spoilt you for your proper position?

*Dan.* Your Highness, let me be the Prince for a few hours yet. I am what you call just getting used to it.



*Prince.* No; your reign is over. We don't care for Princes who drive cabs in this country.

*Dan.* It was for your Highness! I wished to bring to the Ball a sweet country girl. Just for another hour—to open the Ball!

*Prince.* Not for another minute! Come, we must get into the old ways again, Bow, Dandigny, bow to your Prince! [DANDIGNY bows] No, no! more than that! As you did before you knew what it was to be a Prince.

[DANDIGNY bows.

*Prince.* That's better! And now, gentlemen, to the Ball!

*Omnes.* [As they pass DANDIGNY] Ha, ha, ha! [Exeunt.

*Dan.* I am Humpty Dumpty! I have had a great fall and I am smashed! Ah! how I have wasted my opportunities while I was yet on the top of the wall!

*Enter Girls.*

*Girls.* Oh! poor Dandigny?

*Ivy.* No more the Prince!

*May.* No! But he is still Dandigny!

*Omnes.* Yes, still the same dear Dandigny! [They surround him.

*Dan.* Ladies, ladies! you reconcile me that I am no more the Prince. When I was Prince, I must be haughty, distant, I am far above you, and may not love you.

*Girls.* Ah!

*Dan.* But now I am come down again from, what you call "a little bit off the top," I am once more Dandigny, and I love you all.

*Girls.* All of us?

*Dan.* Why not? I am Dandigny, am I not? Very well, then, I have told you all separately that I love you. It is none the less true when I now tell it to you all together.

*May.* But you told me I was the *only* girl you ever loved.

*Girls.* And me!

*Dan.* Yes! and so have I sung that song, "There's but one girl in the world for me," have I not?

*Girls.* Yes!

*Dan.* Very well, then! I am what you call a tuneful lyre.

*Girls.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Dan.* But I am Dandigny! I love all the girls and all the girls love me.

SONG—DANDIGNY and CHORUS—"Parisiana" (*Fragson*).

Words by "PERCIVAL." Published by CHAPPELL & CO. Ltd., New Bond Street.

[Exeunt.

*Enter ALFONSO in Yeomanry uniform.*

*Alfonso.* The Governor's uniform fits me very well! The best of these military clothes is that they give us good-looking men a chance.

*Enter BARONESS.*

*Baroness.* I hope I shall be a success. If I'm not beautiful, I'm quaint. [Sees ALFONSO] How delightful! Here's an officer.

*Alfonso.* It's the Baroness, and she doesn't know me! What a lark! I'll dance with her. [Goes to her] May I—er—see your programme?



Baroness. With pleasure.

[Hands it to him.]

Alfonso. [Looks at it] I see there's not been much of a run on you yet.

Baroness. Sir, I have only just arrived!

Alfonso. Ah! that accounts for it. Shall we have a waltz?

Baroness. I don't know. Do you reverse?

Alfonso. Beg pardon?

Baroness. Do—you—reverse?

Alfonso. Stand on my head?

Baroness. Ahem! We will not have a waltz. You'd better put yourself down for a square.

Alfonso. [Surprised] Put myself down for a square?

Baroness. Yes; don't you know any squares?

Alfonso. Oh, yes! I know Leicester Square and——

Baroness. Oh! I'm afraid we shall have to sit out.

Alfonso. What!—In Leicester Square? Impossible! It's entirely surrounded by agents.

DUET.

[Exeunt and return.]

Enter BARON.

Alfonso. [Startled] The Baron, and I've got his uniform on!

Baroness. Oh, Marmaduke! I'm so glad you've come. There's a most peculiar person here, who wants to dance with me.

Baron. Does he? He *must* be peculiar! [Looks at ALFONSO] Hallo! that uniform is familiar. He belongs to my Yeomanry regiment.

Baroness. What! and I took him for one of the Household Brigade!

Baron. [To ALFONSO] Pardon me, sir. I see you are one of us.

Alfonso. Ye—es. How *are* you? How did you know me?

Baroness. He knew the uniform.

Alfonso. [Aside] The deuce he did! [Aloud] Yes! The 24th Regiment!

Baron. Pardon me!—on your shoulder-straps it says the 25th Regiment.

Alfonso. Ah! my mistake. It's my brother who's in the 24th.

Baron. By the look of you, I should say you had your brother's clothes on.

Alfonso. Very possibly. You know what we army men are! Regular Bohemians! Wear each other's clothes, and all that kind of thing!

Baron. And—er—pardon me again, but who is your tailor? I—er—wish to avoid him.

Baroness. Tailor! *Those* are ready-made!

Alfonso. No! The fact is, that since I joined the regiment I've shrunk.

Baron. How is it we've never met before?

Alfonso. Eh?—Oh—I have been on active service abroad.

Baron. Abroad! Where?

Alfonso. In—er—China.





Baroness. But there isn't any fighting in China.

Alfonso. Isn't there?

Baron. I suppose that's why you went there.

*Enter ÆNONE and HIPPOLYTA, masked*

Ænone. Here we are, ma!

Hipp. Where are the young men to dance with? [Sees ALFONSO] Ah! you'll do to begin with! [Gives him programme] Here's my programme.

Ænone. [Gives him programme] And mine! Don't take more than seven!

*Girls enter, and BARON books dances.*

Baroness. Here they come!  
Girls, keep your masks well down  
and you may have a chance.

*Enter DANDIGNY and SUITE.*

Baroness, Ænone and Hipp.  
Oh! the Prince!

[They rush at him with programmes.

Dan. All in good time,  
ladies! At present I am what  
you call full up. Let us to the  
ball-room!

[Exeunt All but BARON and  
BARONESS.

Baron. Come along, my dear.

[They are going in last, when they are stopped by FLUNKEY.

Flunkey. Your cards!

[BARON feels in all his pockets while BARONESS watches him.

Baron. [After business] They're not here!

Baroness. As usual! I never travelled with you yet but you lost your  
ticket!

Baron. The worst of it is, you can't get under the seat here.

Baroness. I know where they are.

Baron. Where?

Baroness. They're in the coat that young man so kindly swept up.

Baron. So they are! [To FLUNKEY] It's all right, my dear boy! You'll  
find them in the dustbin! [Attempts to pass; they stop him.

Baroness. How dare you? We're friends of the Prince!

Flunkey. Then you must be identified.

Baron. I wonder if there's anybody in there who'll speak for us.

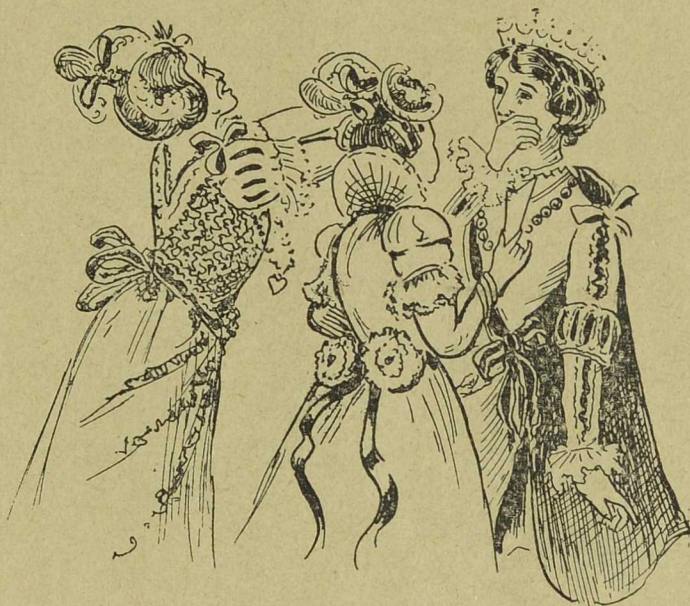
Baroness. I wonder!

Baron. There's a tall girl there that knows me, I think. [Calls] Hi!

Baroness. She evidently does know you—that's why she won't look at you.  
[They try to call the attention of people in ball room] Oh! there's Captain  
Crusher! He'll do it for us! [Calls] Captain! Captain Crusher!

Alfonso. What's the matter?

Baron. We've lost our cards, Captain!





*Baroness.* And these men won't let us in!

*Baron.* Unless you can identify us as the Prince's guests.

*Alfonso.* Oh, certainly! [*To FLUNKEY*] I know the lady very well indeed, [*Offers his arm, BARONESS accepts*] but the gentleman is a perfect stranger to me

*Exeunt ALFONSO and BARONESS. BARON attempts to follow—*

*FLUNKEY stops him*]

*Baron.* What are you doing? Do you know that lady is my wife?

*Flunkey.* I can't help *that*, sir!

*Baron.* Neither can I! That's the worst of it! Here's a nice thing! A brother officer walks away with my wife before my very eyes. [*To FLUNKEY*] How would you like it?

*Flunkey.* A *1*, sir!

*Baron.* Your hand!

[*Shakes hands.*

*Enter BOY.*

*Boy.* Anything the matter, sir?

*Baron.* Oh, a mere nothing! I'm an invited guest and they won't let me in because I've lost my ticket—that's all. I'm a particular friend of the Prince and he'll be very annoyed; but I don't suppose it matters.

*Boy.* Come in, sir! Come in! I'm a friend of the Prince myself. Any friend of the gov'nor is welcome here! [*To Flunkeys*] Stand back, there!

[*Flunkeys bow as they exeunt to Ballroom.*

END OF SCENE VIII.

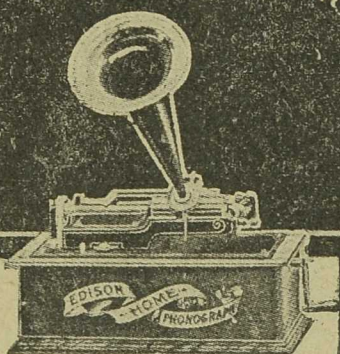


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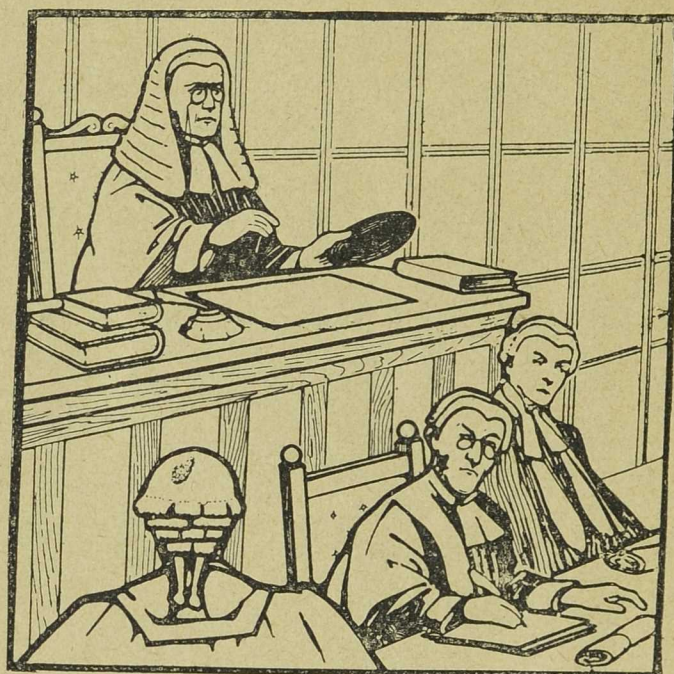
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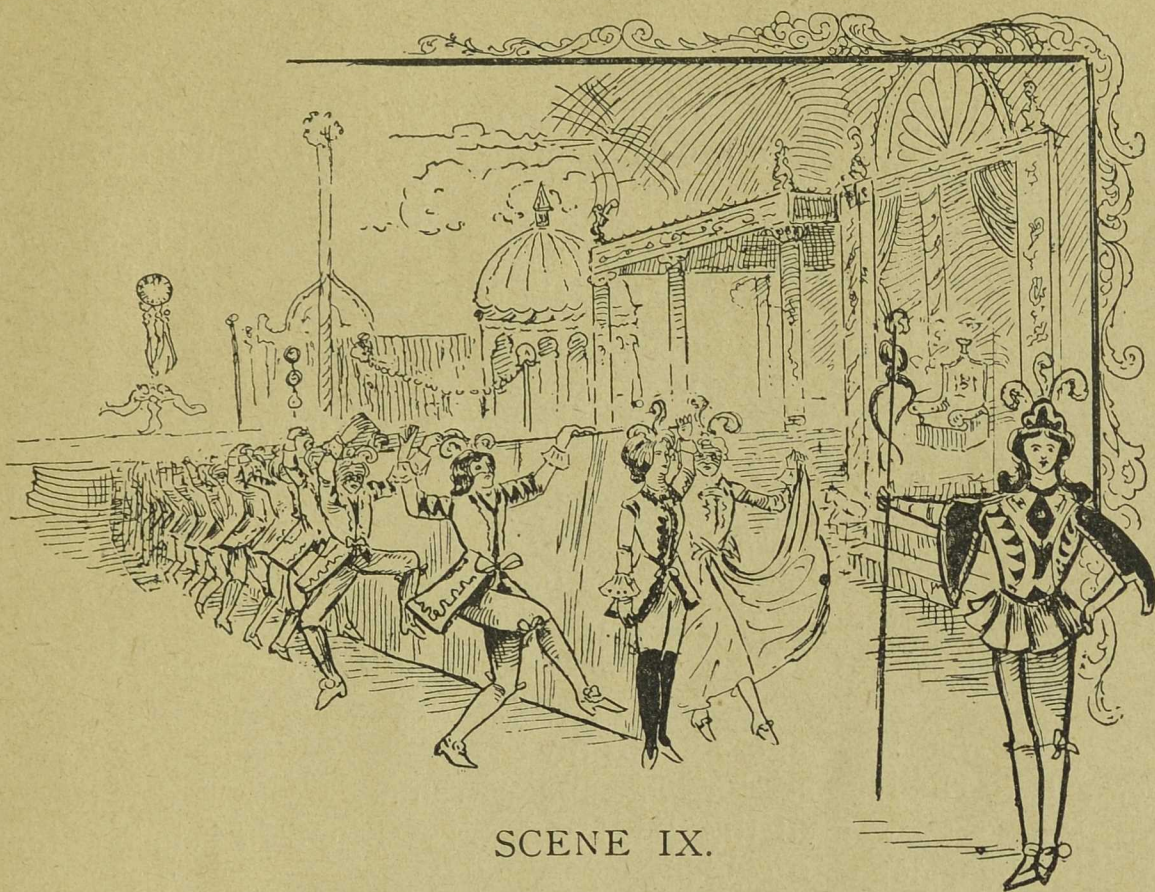
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SCENE IX.

*The Prince's Ball.*

MINUET BALLET *going on while Courtiers stroll about as it proceeds. Enter DANDIGNY and Suite and take their places.*

*Enter HERALD.*

*Herald.* Captain Crusher!

*Enter ALFONSO ; goes to DANDIGNY.*

*Alfonso.* Ah, Prince! Delighted to see you again!

*Dan.* Pardon! The Prince has not yet arrived.

*Alfonso.* Not arrived! Then who are you?

*Dan.* I have the honour to be His Highness's confidential servant.

*Alfonso.* A servant! Have I, a Captain in the Yeomanry, been hobnobbing with a servant? Pah! *[Goes up.*

*Enter HERALD.*

*Herald.* The Baron de Bluff!

*Enter BARON with pretty Girl on his arm. [Exit HERALD.*

*Baron.* Ah, Prince! How are you? I've managed to dodge the missus you see; and I found this in the crush-room. *[To DANDIGNY, points to Girl]* Not a bad find, either! Pardon me, your tie's crooked! *[Arranges DANDIGNY'S tie; he moves it back]* Don't mention it to the Baroness when she comes in, because she has peculiar views on matrimony. Excuse me! your tie's slipped again. We're just going to the refreshment room. Coming? Eh? Just one! Well, as you like! It's your own liquor and you're very welcome! Your tie is crooked! Of course you can please yourself—you're a Prince, and——

*Dan.* Pardon! I am not a Prince.

*Baron.* Not a Prince! Then what are you?



*Dan.* I have the honour to be the servant of a Prince.

*Baron.* A servant! No wonder your tie's crooked? You will kindly not notice me when you meet me again! Come, Gertrude!

[*They go up.*]

*Re-enter HERALD.*

*Herald.* The Baroness and the Honourable Misses de Bluff!

*Enter BARONESS, HIPPOLYTA and ÆNONE.*

*Baroness.* Ah! here is the Prince.

[*Exit HERALD.*]

*Dan.* Pardon! the Prince is *not* here.

*Hipp.* Oh! what a funny man! He says he isn't there.

*Ænone.* He is so fond of a joke.

*Dan.* Alas! it is no joke. I am not a Prince. I am—what—you—call a—delusion.

*Baroness.* Here! what *are* you really?

*Dan.* I am His Highness's confidential servant.

*Baroness.* I knew it all the time! Girls, cross him off your programmes and let's find the genuine article.

TRIO—"Hark at Him!" DANDIGNY, BARONESS and ALFONSO.

[*They go up. Fanfare of Trumpets.*]

*Re-enter HERALD.*

*Herald.* His Highness the Prince Jasper, and Her Highness the Princess Pearl!

*Entrance of PRINCE, leading on CINDERELLA.*

BARON, BARONESS, ALFONSO, ÆNONE and HIPPOLYTA come down and look at them; as they enter—

CHORUS—"She's so charming!"

(J. M. GLOVER.)

[*After Chorus PRINCE and CINDERELLA talk.*]

*Baron.* And who is that pretty girl with the Prince?

*Baroness.* I don't know. Do you think she is pretty?

*Hipp.* I don't like her hair.

*Ænone.* And she's ever so much too thin!

*Baron.* Good gracious! Look!

*Omnes.* What's the matter?

*Baron.* She's the very image of Cinderella!

*Alfonso.* [*Shouts*] Cinderella!!

*Baroness.* Why this excitement, Captain Crusher?

*Hipp.* What do you know about Cinderella?

*Alfonso.* Oh—er—nothing! My mistake. [*Covers shoulder with cloak.*]

*Baron.* Very curious mistake! [*Aside*] I'll swear I've met that uniform before. If I could only see that number!

*Baroness.* Oh! she isn't a bit like Cinderella!

*Ænone.* Good gracious, no! Your eyesight's failing you.



*Alfonso.* [*Watches her*] It is! However did she get here—like that?

*Hipp.* Come, Captain, you haven't asked me for a dance yet.

*Alfonso.* I beg pardon!

[*They talk as dance ceases.*]

*Prince.* Do you know, Princess, that you remind me strangely of some one?

*Cind.* Indeed! Who is my double?

*Prince.* I don't know. I met her but once; she is but a humble maid, and yet—I thought her the fairest on earth.

*Cind.* You *thought* that! and now——?

*Prince.* And now—you remind me of her so much, that—you almost make me forget her.

*Cind.* Then I am sorry that I came. I would not like you to forget her.

*Prince.* Why? What is she to you?

*Cind.* Or, for that matter, what is she to you?

*Prince.* I hardly know—unless you are she. Tell me something of yourself, Princess?

*Cind.* I would rather talk of your mysterious maid. I love a mystery.

*Prince.* As I do. Princess, you are yourself a mystery. [*They go up.*]

[*BARON'S party, ALFONSO, DANDIGNY and two Guests come down.*]

*Alfonso.* This isn't *my* idea of a hop. There's no "go" about it.

*Baron.* It isn't a patch on the Kennington Road Cinderellas.

[*PRINCE comes down with CINDERELLA.*]

*Prince.* Friends! a cotillon is our next command,  
In which you choose your partner by the hand.  
Come, dancers all, and kindly take your places!  
When ended, you shall see your partners' faces.

*Adapted to "Serenade Rococo" (Helmund).*

(Published by BOSWORTH & Co., Prince's Street, Cavendish Square.)

*Cotillon, during which ALFONSO hands note over sheet to BARONESS.  
When she emerges BARONESS drops it. BARON picks it up and reads aloud.*

*Baron.* "Meet me at the Junior Turf Club, or let me see you home. The Baron is not worthy of you. Crusher." Oh! Indeed! Very nice! Crusher is his name, is it? Then *my* name is Smasher! [*Goes to ALFONSO and shows note*] Here! You! What does *this* mean?

*Alfonso.* [*Aside*] Here's a mess! [*Aloud*] That means absolutely nothing

*Baron.* [*To BARONESS*] And what have you got to say, madam?

*Baroness.* Not a word!

*Baron.* I knew it! She has changed towards me. [*Goes for ALFONSO*]  
As for you, sir——

*Alfonso.* Help!

[*Runs off, pursued by BARON. Exeunt.*]

*Baroness.* Oh! if there is bloodshed, *my* beauty alone will be to blame!

[*Runs after them. Exit.*]

DANCE continues as lines are spoken as PRINCE and CINDERELLA come down.

*Prince.* [*To CINDERELLA*] Tell me—who are you?



*Cind.* I dare not! You are a Prince, and——

*Prince.* You are a Princess.

*Cind.* No, no! I am—I may not say who I am!

*Enter SPIRIT OF MIDNIGHT, disguised.*

*Spirit.* So, Cinderella! Good! Time flies apace,  
You'll break your promise, and you'll meet disgrace.

[*Goes up.*]

DANCE, *in middle of which clock begins to strike.*

*Cind.* Oh!

[*Rushes off, leaving one slipper.*]

[PRINCE *picks up slipper and looks at it.*]

CHORUS.

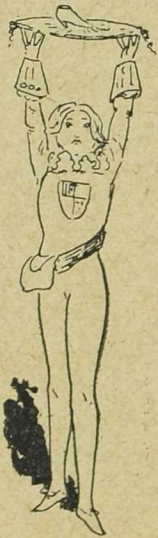
She's gone! She's gone!  
Oh! did you see?  
Whoever can the Princess be?  
Where did she come from?  
Where did she go?  
Whoever *is* she?  
Does any one know?  
She went as she came,  
A mystery!

*Prince.* [*Solo*] She's gone and left her true love all  
forlorn!

By none but her shall this fair shoe  
be worn.

*Omnes.* [*Repeat*] She's gone and left, etc.

END OF SCENE IX.





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## SCENE X.

*At the Palace.*

*Courtiers and Ladies discovered. Enter DANDIGNY and Herald, etc., with shoe. Each Lady goes to chair, tries on shoe and passes away during*

### CHORUS.

We } are ladies of the Court  
 They } of the fashionable sort ;  
 Each of { them } has lost a shoe,  
           us }  
 (Which is strange, if it be true!)  
 But the loss { we } do not mind  
               they }  
 If instead a Prince { we } find.  
                           they }  
 Each one sighs as she tries—  
 Fate to her has proved unkind.

Oh! for a foot that's tiny!  
 Oh! for a foot that's small,  
 That will go in a shoe  
 That is Number Two,  
 Like the one that was found at the Ball!  
 Oh! what lucky lady  
 The bride that His Highness picks;  
 But it won't be you,  
 For your kind of shoe  
 Is a five and a-half to six!

*Enter PRINCE.*

*Prince.* Well, Dandigny, have you selected my bride yet?

*Dan.* No, Altesse, there are charming ladies here, but though every one is ready to put her foot in it——

*Prince.* The slipper is too small, I suppose?

*Dan.* Ah! their feet—what-you-call—stand in their way! I have many what you call com-petty-toes waiting. The number of ladies who have lost their slippers is remarkable!

*Prince.* All playing at hunt the slipper--all except *the* one. Bring them all in.



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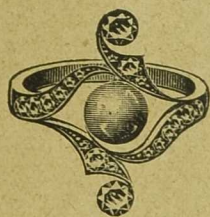
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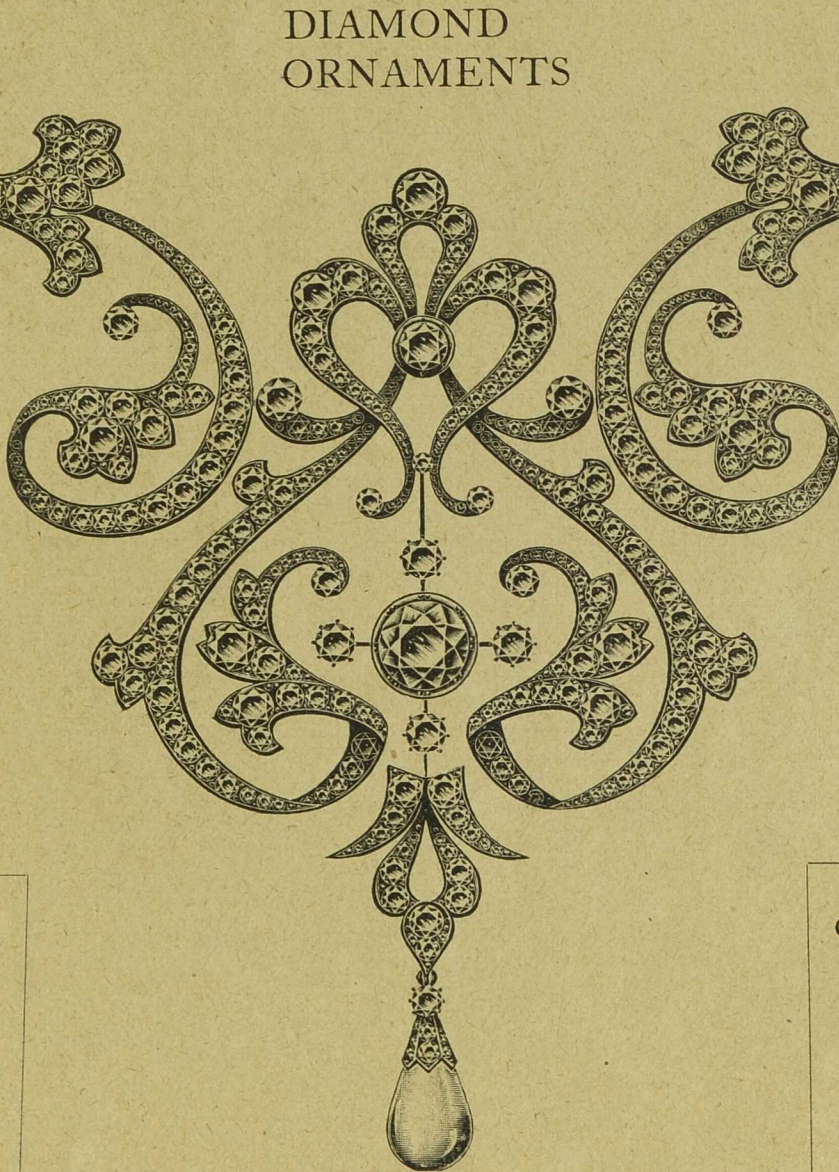
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*Enter ÆNONE, HIPPOLYTA, BARON and BARONESS.*

*Baroness.* Oh, Prince! We're so delighted!—you've found my dear child's slipper.

*Prince.* Oh! Which dear child owns the slipper?

*Ænone and Hipp.* I do!

*Baroness.* It's a dead heat.

*Baron.* Prince, I'm sorry—but you can't possibly dodge them both.

*Prince.* [*Looks at the Girls*] I'll risk it! Try it on!—Whichever it fits, I'll marry! If it fits you both—well, I'll marry you both.

*Baroness.* [*To DANDIGNY*] He wouldn't do it, would he?

*Dan.* No! He is—what—you—call—sarcasmic! [*To HIPPOLYTA*] Please sit down.

*Ænone.* [*Pushes her away*] No! Me first!

*Hipp.* Certainly, as the elder! [*Aside*] And she may stretch it for me.

[*ÆNONE sits; DANDIGNY tries shoe on.*]

*Dan.* [*Suddenly*] It is on!

*Omnes.* What?

*Prince.* [*Rushes forward*] Great heavens! it isn't on, is it?

*Dan.* All but the heel!

*Prince.* Oh! What a start you gave me! [*Bows to ÆNONE*] My dear lady, you were within half a foot of being a Princess.

*Ænone.* [*Rises*] I don't believe the shoe belongs to anybody.

*Hipp.* [*Sits down*] We'll see.

*Baron.* Hold your breath!

*Baroness.* [*Watching her intently*] Play the shoe-horn! She has—she has—put her foot in it!

*Dan.* [*Who has been trying to fit it on energetically*] *Ca ne va pas.* [*Pauses*] Ah! M'mselle, my sympathy!

*Hipp.* [*Angrily*] Bah! who could wear a slipper of glass? The Prince had better try China.

*Baron.* There goes our last chance! The old complaint! Too much foot and not enough slipper!

*Baroness.* Oh! what have I done that both my children should develop at the wrong end?

*Dan.* [*To PRINCE*] Do we now go to China, as M'mselle has suggested?

*Prince.* No! I'll find my bride at home—if I have to search the whole country! [*Commotion—noises, etc., heard off.*] What's the matter out there?

*Enter ATTENDANT.*

*Attendant.* A page boy, your Highness! He has the impudence to bring with him a kitchenmaid to try on the slipper.

*Prince.* Show him in! Everybody is welcome!

*Enter ALFONSO; he stands at back.*

*Baron, Baroness, Hipp. and Ænone.* Alfonso!

*Prince.* [*Eagerly*] Ah! you again? Speak!

*Alfonso.* I will! I've brought her! It's broken my heart, but it's for her. I've done it.

*Prince.* Bring her in at once.

*Alfonso.* I will, my Prince. But may you never know a heart like mine,  
bowed down by weight of woe. [*Turns.*]



*Enter CINDERELLA. ALFONSO leads her down.*

*Baron, Baroness, Hipp. and Ænone. Cinderella!!*

*Omnes. The Princess Pearl!*

*Prince. Quick! The slipper!*

*CINDERELLA sits; DANDIGNY puts on shoe.*

*Dan. Aha! Enfin! She has a fit!!*

*Omnes. Bravo!*

*[PRINCE raises CINDERELLA from chair and draws her to him.*

*Enter FAIRY.*

*Baroness. My darling Cinderella!*

*The Girls. Ma! how can you?*

*Baron, Ænone and Hipp. Don't be a humbug!*

*Fairy. Happy the bride on whom the sun shall shine,  
And, Cinderella, happiness is thine!*

*Prince. My Cinderella! Sweetheart—Princess—Wife!  
The dearest treasure that I have in life!*

*Cind. And, since it is my lot a throne to share,  
Gladly I'll reign; but reign not only there!  
Throughout our married life be it my part  
To reign supreme within my husband's heart.*

FINALE.

END OF SCENE X.

## TRANSFORMATION

CURTAIN.



## HARLEQUINADE.

Scene XII. - A STREET (*E. Nicholls*)      Scene XIII. - ON THE RIVER (*Julian Hicks*)

Scene XIV. - CHAMPS ELYSÉE (*Julian Hicks*)

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In Vicunas and Fine Worsted Cloths.

Range 1	...	15/9	to	18/11	} According to size.
" 2	...	18/11	"	26/9	
" 3	...	23/6	"	33/9	
" 4	...	27/6	"	41/6	
Hairline Trousers, 4/11 to 5/11					
5/11 to 7/11, 6/11 to 8/11, 8/11 to 10/9					
9/11 to 12/11, 10/9 to 14/11, 11/9 to 16/11					

## BOYS' CHESTERFIELD

In fashionable Tweeds of the latest style,  
for Boys of 6 to 12 Years.

13/9 16/11 18/11 22/6 24/6

**LATEST LONDON STYLES IN THE NEWEST MATERIALS  
AT STRICTLY MODERATE PRICES.**

**Head Depot: 271, 272, 273, 274, High Holborn.**

137, 138, 139 & 140, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, CORNER OF EUSTON ROAD.

41 & 43, LUDGATE HILL (OPPOSITE OLD BAILEY).

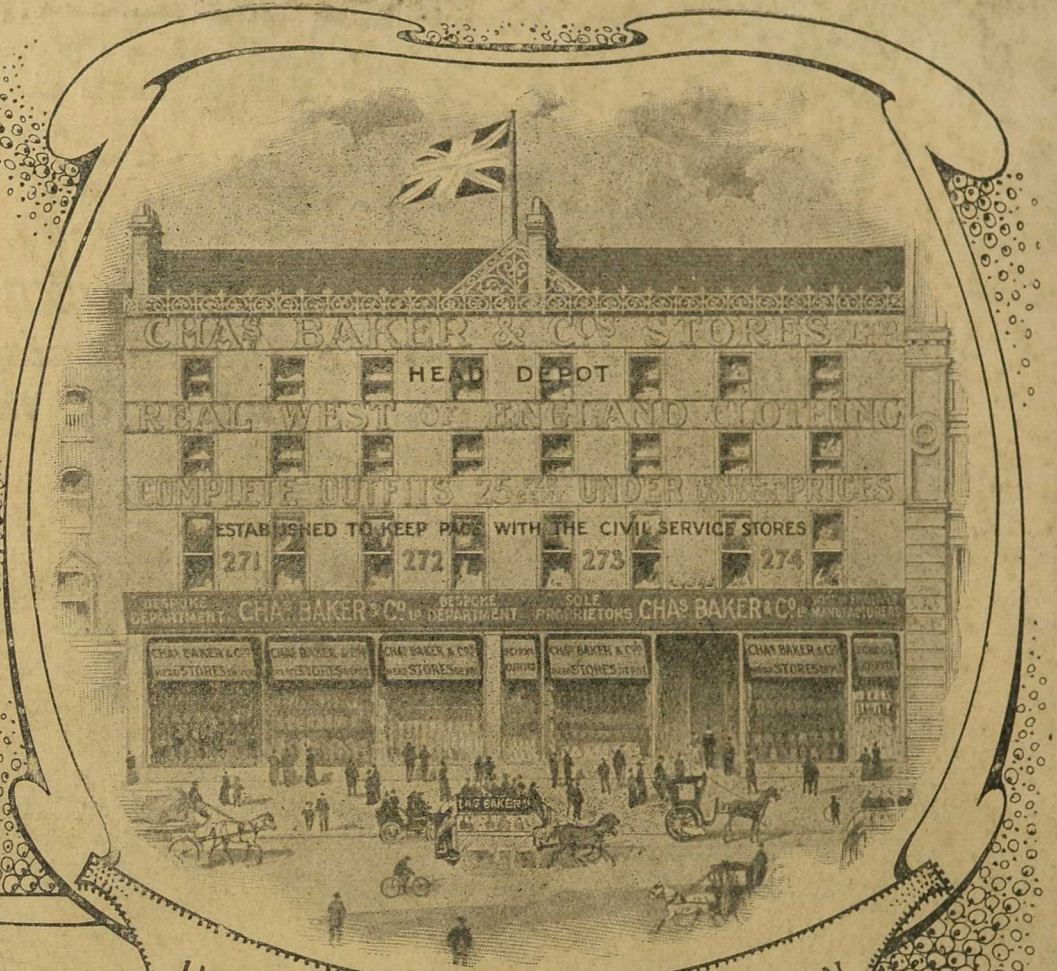
256, EDGWARE ROAD, CORNER OF CHAPEL STREET.

5, 7 & 9, SEVEN SISTERS ROAD, HOLLOWAY.

27, 29, 31 & 33, KING STREET, HAMMERSMITH.



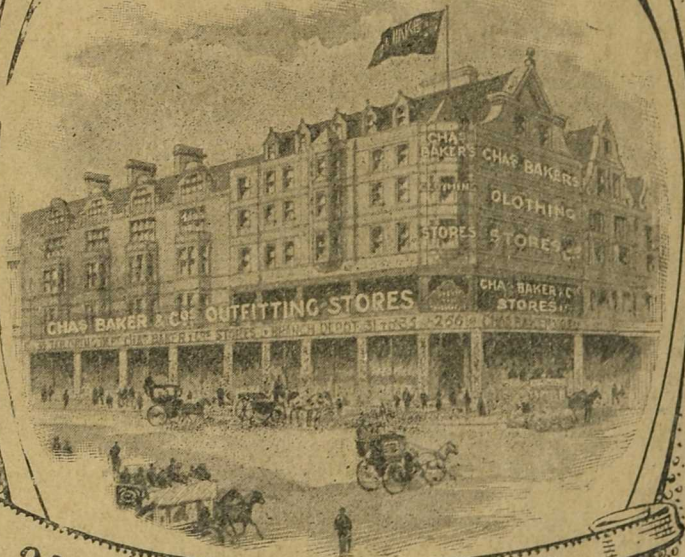
# CHAS. BAKER & Co's STORES LTD



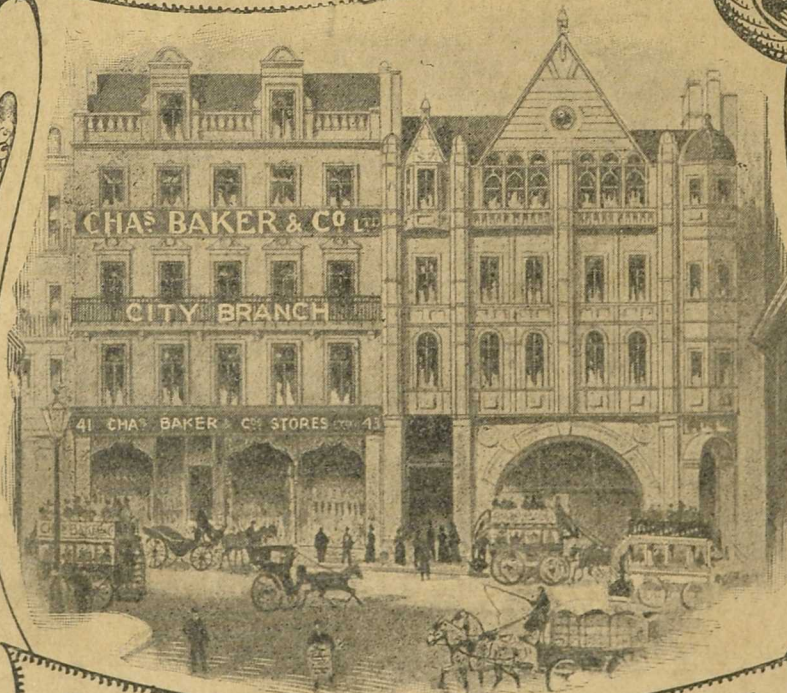
Head Depot, 271 to 274, HIGH HOLBORN



137 to 140, TOTTENHAM COURT RD



256, EDGWARE RD. Corner of Chapel Str.



City Branch, 41 & 43, LUDGATE HILL

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supply of  
HIGH CLASS  
TAILORING  
AND  
OUTFITTING  
of every  
description  
AT  
MODERATE PRICES.