

**CINDERELLINE: OR,
THE LITTLE
RED SLIPPER**

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Cinderelline: or, The little red slipper by Florence Kiper

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FLORENCE KIPER

**CINDERELLINE: OR,
THE LITTLE
RED SLIPPER**

Practical Instructions for Private Theatricals

By W. D. EMERSON

Author of "A Country Romance," "The Unknown Rival,"
"Humble Pie," etc.

Price, 25 cents

Here is a practical hand-book, describing in detail all the necessities, properties, scenes and apparatus necessary for an amateur production. In addition to the descriptions in words, everything is clearly shown in the numerous pictures, more than one hundred being inserted in the book. No such useful book has ever been offered to the amateur players of any country.

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

CINDERELLINE
OR
THE LITTLE RED SLIPPER

BY
Mrs FLORENCE KIPER Frank

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TO THE
SUBJECT

CINDERELLINE

OR THE LITTLE RED SLIPPER

CHARACTERS

SYLVIVUS SYLVESTER, *a rich young poet.*

MRS. SYLVESTER, *his practical mother.*

GRAZIELLINE SMITH, *a young lady of the world.*

ISABELLINE SMITH, *a "home" woman.*

CINDERELLINE.

Amateur actors are warned not to perform this play until they have the written permission of the publishers. The royalty fee is five dollars for each performance, payable in advance.

SCENE: *The apartment of Sylvius Sylvester. It is studio, library, reception room in one. It contains a grand piano, an easel with an unfinished portrait, plaster casts, etchings, prints, etc. A large arm chair with a tiny footstool is in the center of the stage. To the left stands a small sofa with cushions. To the right is a rickety cobbler's bench with bits of bright colored leather scattered about it. The entire room is in pleasant confusion.*

The act is played in bright morning sunlight.

The curtain rises to the strains of the Wagner Wedding March. Discovered Sylvius Sylvester seated on the end of the cobbler's bench, working on a red slipper. He is a handsome youth in white flannels, over which he has tied a heavy leather cobbler's apron.

For a few moments after the rise of the curtain the music continues playing. When Sylvius speaks the music stops.

SYLVIUS.

A pretty little slipper! Red—heart's red!
Bring me my bride!—It's queer, now, how the Spring
Strives in a man. The woods are all awake,
And every glistening pond and stream is stirred
By the swift dip of little, mating birds.
[*Enter Mrs. Sylvester. She is fat, and garishly dressed.*]

MRS. SYLVESTER.

Sylvius Sylvester, what's the matter now?
You're moonstruck!

SYLVIUS.

Moonstruck, yes—dear little mother,
And sun-struck, wind-struck, rain-struck, Spring-struck,
too.
[*Seats himself on the bench, and again works on the slipper.*]

MRS. SYLVESTER.

Why did your father ever have his way!
He always argued, "Let the boy alone!"
And see now—! Well, thank Heavens, the fault's not
mine.
There's never been a poet in our family.

SYLVIUS.

But I'm a cobbler now. I'm making shoes.

MRS. SYLVESTER.

O my poor boy, why don't you stick to verse!
That's bad enough. But every day to change
Your occupation—sculpture, fiddling, shoes,
The milk-supply, the rings around the moon!
I'm fairly dizzy!

SYLVIUS.

I must see the world.

MRS. SYLVESTER.

You've money—lots of money. Take a trip.

SYLVIUS.

Why should I lug my body all about!
I sit within this room, and bring the world
Here to my doors.

MRS. SYLVESTER.

But something less—less common
Than making slippers!

SYLVIUS [*Mysteriously*].

Mother, can you keep

A secret!

MRS. SYLVESTER.

If it's some new scheme of yours,
I'd really rather not a soul should know.

SYLVIUS.

Well, then, I'll tell you. See this little slipper!

MRS. SYLVESTER.

O, yes, I see it plainly.

SYLVIUS.

Say the truth!

This slipper doesn't differ from its kind—
Now, does it?

MRS. SYLVESTER.

Yes, the heel is crooked.

SYLVIUS.

Ah, but I mean one scarcely would suppose
That in this little piece of colored leather
Shaped to the semblance of a human foot—
There's magic power!

MRS. SYLVESTER.

The boy is off his head!

SYLVIUS.

You don't believe it? You shall see yourself.
They're coming here to try it on.

MRS. SYLVESTER.

Who's coming?

SYLVIUS.

The ladies who would like to be my wife.

MRS. SYLVESTER [*Excitedly*].

The hussies—running after you!—I'll tell them
They're talking to a lunatic. No wife
Would stand the things I've stood.—The bold-faced
chits!

There's not a one that's good enough for you.

SYLVIUS.

She whom the slipper fits shall be my bride.

MRS. SYLVESTER.

The slipper fits! The slipper! If I'd used
A slipper oftener when you were young—

SYLVIUS.

Into the seams I've sewed my very soul.

MRS. SYLVESTER.

It wouldn't fetch a nickel at the store.

SYLVIUS.

One woman is there—one! And she shall come.
I shall kneel down and fit the slipper on her.
Then I shall know! And we two shall step forth
Into God's sunshine, out across the world.
I've made a poem on it. I shall read it.