

Cinderella Come to Life



The Only Celtic Prima Donna, Miss Maggie Teyte as Herself



how Cinderella came to get a glass slipper. Originally the dainty little thing was supposed to be made of fur. But in French it is very easy to mistake "vair" (the name of an heraldic fur) for "verre." This thing happened, and as the latter word superseded the right one, Cinderella has been getting a glass slipper ever since.

Along about the beginning of the nineteenth century there was a great run on Cinderella literature, and a large number of little books containing the story in poetic form were put out. One version appeared in London in 1808. It announced that:

Of famed Cinderella
In prose is made known,
How by goodness and virtue
She came to a throne.
Such a lesson we cannot
Too often rehearse;
So, young folks, now accept
Of her story in verse.

"Both dead were her parents," it appears from this version, and the two sisters she had were both proud and ill-natured.

They often went out
To the ball or the play,
Both dressed very handsomely,
And brilliant and gay;
While she in the chimney
Would meekly lurk,
Or kept cleaning the house
Like a maid of all-work.

Of course the poor girl had a terrible time, being scolded whenever the sisters had nothing better to do, until the fairy appeared and made her a coach out of a pumpkin, with horses and coachman that came out of a mousetrap. But that was not all—

"Can I in these rags,"
Cinderella exclaims,
Dance merrily with Ladies
And quality Dames?"
"Quiet your mind,"
Her kind godmother said,
And waved the nice wand
Gently over her head.

Her clothes in an instant
Rich muslin became;
The train all bespangled,
The body the same.
Her headpiece of diamonds
I cannot express;
And a pair of glass slippers
Completed her dress.

Naturally, Cinderella was the belle of the ball, and the prince danced with her; and she was so joyful that she forgot to go home at midnight, as the fairy had told her to do. So she found herself in a rage again, and had to get away so quickly that she left one of her slippers. The prince got himself ill with worry, and refused to be comforted until the girl whose foot fitted the slipper could be found. There was a hurry-up search, of which the poem says:

In vain tried each Countess,
And Duchesses, too;
Their feet were too large
For a magical shoe.

"Why may I not try, too,
As well as the rest?"
Exclaimed Cinderella.
They thought her jest;
But she wore it with ease,
While with wonder they view
The other, which soon
From her pocket she drew.

And as if that were not enough, the wonderful godmother again appeared and restored all the grand clothes and things, upon which the poem concludes:

No longer his fitness
The Prince did endure;
A smile from Cinderella
Completed his cure.
The Queen to his Nuptials
Did gladly consent.
The sisters were pardoned
While still very young, Miss Teyte made her debut

And She Is Kind as Well Becomes a Noble Prince's Bride.

This is a fair sample of the Cinderella our grandmothers knew. Some few years ago it was done into music by Massenet, the great French composer, whose work seems likely to become one of the few fairy operas that can be enjoyed by both children and grown-ups. Practically for the first time in America, the opera was given in Philadelphia at the beginning of the present season, and the name part, taken by Miss Teyte, served to introduce quite a little Cinderella, whose career is hardly less remarkable than that of the story book heroine.

Indeed, the personality of a woman of less than a hundred pounds, and barely five feet in height, who in her early twenties has made her name known in two continents in one of the most difficult fields open to her sex, cannot but be interesting. In this case it is not only interesting, but charming.

There is nothing of the spoiled songstress about Miss Teyte. In fact, she is not unlike what one might expect of a Cinderella come to life. Affable, cheerful, pretty, seemingly without a care and looking by nature on the brighter side of things, this is the daughter of Erin who comes pretty nearly being French by adoption.

Most of her girlhood was spent in England. It was discovered early in her life that she had a voice, and a good one, so when she arrived at the proper age she went to Paris to study. Edouard de Reszke had her for a pupil, and was enthusiastic. He promised to make her one of the greatest singers in Europe.

While still very young, Miss Teyte made her debut at the opera house in Monte Carlo, singing the prima donna role in "Don Juan." As a consequence of her instant success there, she was summoned to Paris a fortnight later to sing "Iris" at the Comique. Her appearance was a personal success, though the opera itself was not judged inspiring by the Parisians.

Next season she conquered in "Felicie and Melisande," and after that appeared at the Comique in a great many roles which had been taken by Mary Garden. The two, who sang together in Philadelphia, are among the very few English-speaking singers who have succeeded in pleasing the critical French audiences.

While at the Comique the coming Cinderella had her greatest real life romance. Among those who heard her was Eugene Pluvinet, a wealthy young barrister of Versailles. He sought an introduction, and then they were married, and have been living happily ever after, with prospects of continuing to do so for quite a long time.

Of course the English managers were not blind to Miss Teyte's success in Paris. So Beecham engaged her for a season he gave all by himself, and Covent Garden fell into line.

A Daughter of Erin Who Satisfies the Mind's Eye and Lends Reality to One of the Oldest and Most Popular of Fairy Tales

APPARENTLY this is the day of the petite prima donna. For several seasons there have come and gone the usual number of heavy "Elzas" and massive "Brunnhildes" to say nothing of the well-built "Toscas" and amply girthed "Carmens." Such as these have long been the staples of the operatic stage. It would be a bore to have to recall them. But how easy to remember Fritz Scheff and Emma Trentini, who gained so many admirers in a few years that they started out with their own companies.

And, this season, it is undoubtedly true that the smallest singer, Miss Maggie Teyte, has caused the most talk.

There are several reasons, indeed, why her appearance in America should be of rather more than ordinary interest. She is Erin's only representative on the operatic stage today, and she is the only English subject who has made a first-class success at Covent Garden in recent years. In London, it has been the rule that all nationalities except the natives could get on, until she broke it.

When she appeared in America, she gave life to a fairy character that has a place in the heart of every girl in the land. For that matter, she was the embodiment of the one heroine who has, perhaps, been most cherished by the women of all times—Cinderella.

EVERY girl loves to imagine that some day she will be invited to try on the little slipper—figuratively, if not literally, supposing, in the former case, that she has big feet. Surely there is something that has endowed the story with a wonderful vitality. At a remote period it came out of the east, like all the other things we know about, and in the course of about twenty-five hundred years has been adopted by nearly every nation under the sun.

About five centuries before the time of Christ the legend was told of Rhodopis and Psammetichus, one of the kings of Egypt. No version, perhaps, is more romantic.

Rhodopis was a Greek girl of wonderful beauty, who, early in life, was a fellow-slave of Aesop, the poet. From serf to courtesan, in those times, was a more or less natural evolution, through which Rhodopis went.

A native of Thrace, she was taken to Naucratis, in Egypt, where her name was linked up with that of the king, Psammetichus, in the manner of a fairy tale. But her real romance was with Charaxus, brother of Sappho, the poetess of Lesbos. Charaxus purchased her freedom and married her, probably in spite of determined opposition on the part of his family, much as if the same thing had happened today. At any rate, Sappho herself was not pleased, because she wrote a poem against Rhodopis and showed in other ways that she was rather considerably peevish by the match. Possibly Rhodopis didn't much care, because she was pretty enough to be independent.

Coming down a little closer to our own times, the German story tellers of the sixteenth century got hold of the Cinderella legend. They called the poor girl Aschenbroedel, and finally Grimm put her in his fairy tales.

The Living Death of Dowager Queens



The Dowager Empress of Russia

The Dowager Queen of Italy

The Dowager Queen of England

THE FUNNY part of it is that England wonders. It can't understand why, when Queen Alexandra has had her place on the throne of empire, she can't stay put as queen dowager, or queen mother, or whichever honorary station and title history may ultimately accord her. She herself prefers to be termed queen dowager, and so they call her; but when it comes to the reality of the dowager business, there doesn't seem to be a woman in England—and that includes Mrs. Pankhurst—who likes her political situation less.

But, really, don't you know, one is so surprised—one might almost say astonished—to see so admirable a character as that of the beloved dowager queen of Great Britain opposed to the—ah—the regular order of things, that one becomes quite puzzled over the character itself. Eh, what?

QUEEN ALEXANDRA certainly ought to behave herself; every precedent of her career distinguished her in the meritorious art of behaving oneself. She waited with an infinity of dutiful patience while her healthy old mother-in-law kept on



The Former Queen of Holland

reigning and barred her from the throne. She endured like a perfect Griselda, the ill concealed scandals of her husband. She played the part of beautiful and irreproachable queen, when she got her chance, up to the very last minute of King Edward's reign. And after that, she proved the nettle in the throne of her son and Queen Mary.

The British mind has become puzzled, and therefore irritated, over the persistence with which Alexandra has sought to assert herself as a person of some genuine importance. She isn't; so why can't she be seemly and refrain from trying to run things? Why couldn't she have given up Windsor gracefully? Why should she undertake to fill the places of King George and Queen Mary socially the minute they sailed for India? Why should she command the premier, and some of Mr. Asquith's most influential colleagues, to attend her house parties, as though she were imperious and genuine Queen Victoria, instead of dowager and supercilious Queen Alexandra?

and refrained from attempting to direct the political fortunes of the state, and that in a state where she could have inserted a mightily influential finger in the pie of political complications. Queen Emma, however, united with an ardent maternal devotion to her daughter an exceptional discretion for that daughter's sake. She cared not at all for herself and her dignities; she cared everything for Wilhelmina's security and happiness. And she knew that Holland's hope of continued independence lay in her daughter's occupancy of the throne; so she could trust any statesman who ruled the little kingdom, ringed around as it is with covetous neighbors, so long as it was her daughter.

The situation of Queen Amelie of Portugal, so long as her son was on the throne, was precisely the opposite. She had been at the side of her husband and her elder son when assassination struck both down. She had saved Manuel with her own body. She was the one strong will, the one unflinching spirit, that defied revolution. Hers has been the most potent queen dowager, and the most poignantly unhappy, history has known for many years. She was right in fighting for her power, as Emma of Holland was in readily abandoning it. The situation made Amelie a heroine where it is making Alexandra something of a villainess.

The queen dowager, unless she be some marvel of discretion and homely sense, like Queen Emma, is doomed to a sort of living death. All are like Queen Alexandra, only more so. And most of them find it possible to make better terms for themselves than she has done. Her stumbling block is her daughter-in-law, Queen Mary, who has not hesitated in using her royal power to crush every semblance of rivalry on the part of the excellent but ambitious woman whose enjoyment of covetous neighbors was all too short.

The fall from supreme command to ostentatious nothingness is too deep, too jolting, for most women to endure. They fight back. And where respect and obedience to parents is a cardinal virtue, habitually honored, the queen mother sometimes compels obedience that are far beyond her rights.

For years Russia's dowager, Marie Sophia Dagmar, mother of the czar, has been politically potent. Any one who knows how great an influence she has wielded through her son over court affairs in Russia, and remembers that Alexandra is her sister, can comprehend at once what secret hopes of power inspire England's dowager queen. Neither of those two women can ever resign herself to oblivion; the difference is in the political conditions of the two countries, plus one hard-headed daughter-in-law.

Italy's dowager, in spite of a reigning queen of unusual courage and a son of unusually positive character, has made for herself a position equal to Marie of Russia. It is generally believed she alone forbid the Abyssinian match. She is a queen mother of the old-time stamp, even more influential than Marie-Christine of Spain, who lived on the phantom of her old power, the dowager's life is the shadow of their former grandeur. They are queens, living yet dead, in it no wonder that attempts to win some sort of resurrection?

Poor Cinderella Felt Quite Sad and Sat Her Down and Cried