

HERE IS THE NEW CINDERELLA CREATED BY BARRIE



Maude Adams, as Cinderella, passes the second test, and the Prince, who is in reality a policeman, declares that the little drudge alone shall be his bride.

The Dream of a Hunger Haunted Little Slavey in London Presented by Miss Maude Adams

NATURALLY a play written by Sir J. M. Barrie and presented by Miss Maude Adams would be expected to be fanciful, a bit whimsical and pleasantly pathetic. So "A Kiss for Cinderella," at the Empire Theatre, takes its audiences off into the realms of the imagination. Of course Miss Adams is Cinderella.

Cinderella, a hunger haunted little slavey, who is doing her bit in war time by taking care of four fatherless little waifs—an English, a French, a Belgian and a German child—works in the daytime as a drudge in an artist's studio. In the evenings she returns to her humble little abode, which she has grandiosely labelled "Celeste et Cie," a name which she has borrowed from a shop window.

Here she performs various services for the neighbors—a bit of tailoring, laundry work, shaves, hair cuts and guarded medical advice for muscular rheumatism, &c. In every instance her charge is a penny, a standard of value in this squalid quarter of dark London in war time. The walls of the little shop are lined with four roughly made wooden boxes, which serve as cribs for the four orphans.

When Cinderella's work is finished and the shop is closed for the night it is her custom to have chats with the children "about things," and naturally the conversation always turns to the great ball. As to just what is going to take place at the ball Cinderella and her little worshippers have very definite ideas, all translated in terms of their own experience. Practically her only contact with the better things of life has come through her work in the studio, where the artist, Mr. Bodie, has given her the name of Cinderella because she is a pathetic little drudge, but which she imagines applies to her "because she has such pretty feet."

The Policeman.

The opening scene of the play is in Mr. Bodie's studio. The curtain rises on this scene in a late afternoon in winter. The lights are out and Mr. Bodie is doing by the fire. The door opens and our hero, a young policeman, enters. The policeman throws the rays of his lantern on Mr. Bodie's head.

Mr. Bodie—I beg your pardon, officer. Policeman—Not that, sir—not that at all! Mr. Bodie—But I insist on begging your pardon, officer. Policeman [heavily]—I don't see what for, sir. Mr. Bodie—Because I have walked uninvited into the abode of a law abiding London citizen, with whom I have not the pleasure of being acquainted. Policeman—But it is me that has done that, sir. Mr. Bodie—So it is! I beg your pardon. And now, what can I do for you? [Rises and turns toward the policeman.] Policeman—Look here, sir [speaking sternly and pointing with his lantern rays toward the door and the lighted passageway] It's that. Mr. Bodie—I don't follow. Policeman—You are showing too much illumination. Mr. Bodie [pushing the idea]—Oh, well! Surely— Policeman [with professional firmness]—It's the regulations. A party in the neighboring skylight complains. Mr. Bodie [striking hurriedly over to the passageway and turning off the switch]—If that will do for to-night I'll have it boarded up. Policeman—Anything, so long as it obviates the illumination.

Policeman [his suspicions aroused]—Aha! What's the party's name? Mr. Bodie [with the suggestion of a smile]—Cinderella. [The policeman, unmoved, writes the name methodically in his book. Mr. Bodie twinkles.] Haven't you heard that name before?

Policeman [with official incisiveness]—Can't say I have, sir; but I'll make inquiries at Scotland Yard. Mr. Bodie—It was really I who gave her the name, because she seems such a poor little neglected waif. After the girl in the story, you know. Policeman [somewhat abruptly]—No, sir, I don't know. In the force we find it impossible to keep up with current fiction.

Mr. Bodie [suspiciously matter of fact in his manner and tone]—A girl with a broom. There must have been more in the story than that, but I forgot the rest. Policeman [anxious to come at once to serious business]—The point is, that's not the name she calls herself by.

Mr. Bodie—Yes; indeed it is. I think she called herself something else when she came, but she took to the name of Cinderella with avidity, and now she absolutely denies that she ever had any other.

Policeman—Parentage—if any? Mr. Bodie [reflectively]—There's another sad thing. I seem to remember vaguely her telling me that her parents when alive were very humble persons indeed. Touch of Scotch about her, I should say—perhaps from some distant ancestor, but Scotch words and phrases still stick to the Cockney child like bits of egg shell to a chicken.

Policeman [with energetic precision writes]—Egg shell to a chicken. Mr. Bodie [fagan the twinkle]—But I find she has lately been telling the housekeeper quite a different story. Policeman [in the manner of a lawyer]—Proceed. Mr. Bodie [with a veritable chuckle in his sparkling eyes]—According to this her people were of considerable social position [with great emphasis]—a baron and baroness, in fact.

Policeman [unmoved]—Proceed. Mr. Bodie—The only other relatives she seems to have mentioned are two sisters of unimpressive appearance. Policeman [sternly]—If this story is correct what is she doing here? Mr. Bodie [rising and for a moment turning his back on the policeman]—It is to conceal the smile!—I understand there is something about her father having married again and her being badly treated. She doesn't expect this to last. It seems that she has reason to believe that some very remarkable change may take place in her circumstances at an early date—at a ball for which her godmother is to get her what she calls an invite. This is evidently to be a very swagger function at which something momentous is to occur, the culminating moment being at midnight.

Policeman [taking notes]—Godmother. Mr. Bodie [with a certain aloofness]—From Badgersy. Mr. Bodie [whimsically]—She'll make you think of Badgersy. Policeman [austerly]—She had best try no tricks on me. Mr. Bodie—She'll have difficulty in answering questions. She's so used to asking them, I never knew a child with such an appetite for information. She doesn't search for it in books; indeed, the only book of mine I can remember ever seeing her read was a volume of fairy tales.

Policeman—What kind of questions? Mr. Bodie [tensely]—Every kind. What is the censor? Who is the Times? When a tailor measures a gentleman's legs what does he mean when he says 28 1/4—32, 17? What are doctors up to when they tell you to

say "99"? In finance she has an almost morbid interest in the penny. Cinderella [almost hopeless]—I don't suppose I could have my three wishes, godmother? Godmother—I am not very powerful these days, Cinderella. But what are your wishes? Cinderella—I would like fine to have my ball, godmother. Godmother—You shall have your ball! Cinderella—I would like to nurse the wounded, godmother. Godmother—You shall nurse the wounded. Cinderella—I would like to be loved by the man of my choice, godmother. Godmother—You shall be loved by the man of your choice. Cinderella [with a soul sigh of contentment]—Thank you kindly. The ball first, if you please.

The Fairy Godmother. The Policeman looks Cinderella up. It is the very night which Cinderella has promised the children shall be the grand occasion. As she explains to the Policeman, "it had to be some time, so to-night's the night." The slavey is almost delirious with excitement and she plaintively admits that she is "all mixed up," her hands burnt with the fever of starvation and the blood races through her veins, so that she is unable to distinguish between reality and make believe.

The hour is at hand when the flunkey bearing the "invite" should be at hand. But he does not come, and the Policeman, who must be on his rounds, offers to keep a sharp eye outside for the godmother, who is apt to lose her way in the narrow, crooked little street. But Cinderella cannot remain indoors. She wanders out in the cold and seats herself on the curb to await the coming of the godmother. The Policeman in a moment of compassion



When Peter Pan becomes Cinderella at the ball.

Mr. Bodie—Sure to be [looking at his watch]; it isn't six yet. Policeman—Well, leave her to me. Mr. Bodie [a bit ruefully]—I can't help liking her. She's so extraordinarily homey. You can't be with her many minutes before you begin thinking of your early days. Where were you born, officer? Policeman [with a certain aloofness]—From Badgersy. Mr. Bodie [whimsically]—She'll make you think of Badgersy. Policeman [austerly]—She had best try no tricks on me. Mr. Bodie—She'll have difficulty in answering questions. She's so used to asking them, I never knew a child with such an appetite for information. She doesn't search for it in books; indeed, the only book of mine I can remember ever seeing her read was a volume of fairy tales.

The Ball. The ball is such as never before took place, for it is not as balls are but as they are conceived to be in a little chamber in Cinderella's head. The mean little street is semicircular into a wonderful ballroom, rectangular in shape, the walls hung with great curtains of gold. To the left is an enormous golden throne, towering twenty feet above the heads of the guests. Upon the dais are three comfy rocking chairs, such as one would find in the house where Mr. Bodie had his studio, save that each is of gold. On the right is a golden portico, draped with bright scarlet velvet, and upon each side is a gigantic gold lamp-post. As the ballroom emerges from the mist of imagination and becomes an actuality for Cinderella the four children are seen dancing about the room, clad in their white nightgowns.

As soon as the vast room and its portico figure in black velvet and scarlet brooches. He bears a striking resemblance to one of Cinderella's customers, and when he speaks in his office of announcing the familiar cockney accent is undeniable. "Oh, yes," he says. "Oh, yes," shouts this individual with hand upraised. "Make way for the Lord Mayor, namely myself!" and he bows with extravagant dignity.

But the children are still in the middle of the room and he claps his hand sharply to make them move. They have never before been to a ball, however, and they are not as well behaved as they might be. They impudently clap their hands in return, and then dash out of the ballroom, only to be gone a moment, for soon their curly heads are seen bobbing up in a sort of royal box built above the throne. From this point they witness with eager joy all that takes place during the ball, not infrequently shouting their approval or expressing their dismay when the interests of their beloved Cinderella seem to be in jeopardy.

Having proclaimed his own appearance to the Lord Mayor, the Lord Mayor now announces, in somewhat awed tone the entrance of Lord Times, Lord Times, it should be explained, is a very mighty personage in the imagination of Cinderella. She has heard Mr. Bodie exclaim his intentions of "writing in the Times" about every conceivable subject, whether it be a discussion of a war problem, a vigorous protest at the high cost of living or even about Cinderella's own suggestion that if the Venus de Milo had once had a baby in her arms and it had fallen when the arms were broken she could have "up with her knees and latched it." Therefore next to royalty itself in Cinderella's judgment stands this enigmatical personage.

"The Censor," announces the Lord Mayor in stentorian tones. Whereupon an ominous figure in black tights and wearing a black mask moves with solemn tread across the golden scene. Upon his shoulder he bears a ponderous axe with which to hew the news or cut off communication with aliens as the case demands. "Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Make way everybody for his Royal Excellency the King and his good lady the Queen," proclaims the Lord Mayor.

Immediately there is a great flourish of trumpets and the children give three cheers. Gorgeously attired like the king and queen in a deck of playing cards, with ponderous crown and glittering sceptre, the King strides sedately in, but his royal robes cannot conceal the bearing already made familiar to those who are sharing Cinderella's ball. He is the glorified incarnation of the Man with a Board in the previous scene.

Whereupon he drops back into his chair, and as the King asks "All ready?" the Prince resignedly commands, "Let loose the Beauties." First upon the scene is a charmingly simple girl in white, the physical embodiment of a picture which Cinderella has observed and admired in Mr. Bodie's studio—Greuze's "Girl with the Broken Pitcher." Next appears a wonderful trio of haughty world beauties, likewise recrudescences of the prints which Cinderella has seen at Mr. Bodie's—Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire," Da Vinci's "Mona Lisa" and Letorn's "Girl with a Muff." Last but not least, all is Sargent's "Carmenita" in all her golden splendor.

First the test of goodness must be applied. The thermo-meters are called for and each beauty has to submit to having her temperature taken. The Duchess of Devonshire is alone found to be dangerously ill, although there is an ominous shake of the head over the showing made by Mona Lisa. The Prince now eliminates the Girl with the Broken Pitcher, then the Duchess of Devonshire fails to pass the requirement for small feet and she flees weeping from the ballroom. Now only two contestants are left. "You must make some distinction

between them. You can't have two, you know," disappointingly announces the King. Whereupon the Prince turns to the Lord Mayor and taking two pieces from a tray suspends one bearing the figure "2" over the head of Mona Lisa, and the other with the figure "3" above the neck of Carmenita.

"But still no first!" wails the distracted Queen Mother. "Come, come, proud youth! You feel no palpitation at all?" quizzically remarks the King. "Not a palpitation!" is the bored reply of the royal "Buck." "Do you feel a palpitation this one's name?" asks the head of Mona Lisa, but that only corks the cork of the head, waving at Carmenita—"but it has passed!"

And he resumes his seat, while the children in exuberance of suspense, their hands and feet, "The two girls sisters!" The two girls sisters, the King, his temper somewhat cooled by the dashing of his cherished scepter and looks up at the pompous disturbers and demands of the Lord Mayor "How did those children get their linings?"

Before that functionary can have the children put out a warning begins to be heard from outside, and suddenly it swells into a mighty chorus of shouts, while bugles sound and there are cries of "Make way! Make way!" Another competitor, my King, the Lord Mayor shouts at the top of his lungs in order that he may be heard above the cheers from the palace. "Make way for the Lady 'Cinderella'!"

Now there is wild clamoring from the children's box, but the King is evidently greatly displeased. "Cinderella! I don't know her!" he fumes. "Now you'll see. Now you'll see somebody who will walk up the Prince," shouts one of the children. There is a final flourish of trumpets and the music swells to a point of triumph. All the court bows toward the left whence the other beauties have come and gone, but suddenly from an unexpected quarter the curtains are parted, and the radiant Cinderella stands revealed amid a setting which for simplicity of treatment, beauty of color and splendour of the few royal princesses have ever had.

It is a triumphal and dramatic entry and the remainder of the act is devoted to Cinderella's complete conquest of the Prince's heart, and the "Thermometer" test is applied to her and the whole court marvels when the King cries out "999," a perfect temperature score.

When the children have been summoned from their box to act as bridesmaids there is an appealing cry for the "Prince's favor," and from the golden portal opposite the throne the maidens forth an amazing procession, a man size pennant. The would-be guests beyond the footlights then call that in the artist's studio Cinderella had asked Mr. Bodie "What is him?" pointing to the Arthurian figure. "A knight," replied the artist, with whimsical mood looking at the girl's white breast, "as resembled a lady's place. 'The land that married well couples' had queried 'Cinderella' and awed tones. 'Yes' was the smiling response.

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Then follows the final scene, with the King and Queen, and the most extravagant of the courtiers, the only dancer who Cinderella has ever seen. And the music is the music of the hurdy-gurdy, and as would be a court ceremony. The refreshments, a family gift to the assembled courtiers, and the description of the night, and the scene, to each and every one, the only dancer who Cinderella has ever seen. And the music is the music of the hurdy-gurdy, and as would be a court ceremony. The refreshments, a family gift to the assembled courtiers, and the description of the night, and the scene, to each and every one, the only dancer who Cinderella has ever seen. And the music is the music of the hurdy-gurdy, and as would be a court ceremony.

Some of the Bright Things in the Text—A Ball Such as Never Took Place Before

The Queen also is an old friend—none other than Mrs. Maloney with her Irish brogue and her waddling gait. Again the voice of the Lord Mayor proclaims the entrance of a great personage—Prince Hard-to-Pleaze. He shouts, "Make way, everybody, except the King and Queen!" and then seeing the upraised hand of Lord Times as an admonitory reminder adds, "and Lord Times!" The Prince bears but slight resemblance in manner to our policeman, but it must be remembered that the prince-policeman has not yet seen the radiant one, and thus addresses his subjects: "My loyal subjects, all hail! I am as proud of you as you are of me. It gives me and my good lady great pleasure to see you here by special invite, feasting at our expense. There is a paper bag for each, containing two sandwiches, a thrill of delight from the children in the box, followed by a round burst of applause from all present when the royal host adds, "battered on both sides, a piece of cake, a hot boiled egg and a happle or a banana." When the glaze of the guests has somewhat subsided after the announcement of such bounty the royal one adds: "Ladies and gents, all pleasant though it is to fill up with portly figures in black velvet and scarlet brooches. He bears a striking resemblance to one of Cinderella's customers, and when he speaks in his office of announcing the familiar cockney accent is undeniable. "Oh, yes," he says. "Oh, yes," shouts this individual with hand upraised. "Make way for the Lord Mayor, namely myself!" and he bows with extravagant dignity. But the children are still in the middle of the room and he claps his hand sharply to make them move. 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