

"Our Mary" Finds Peace Through Coue-ism



"Love Leaves No Room for Hate," Sighs Temperamental Diva, Now Convert to Philosophy of Nancy Druggist, as She Kisses and Makes Up With Erstwhile Operatic Enemies

voices of the others were not raised in song or anything else.

Eight months later, returning from a concert tour to resume roles with the Chicago company, Mary made this announcement:

"During our concert tour I was stricken with bronchial pneumonia. For twenty days I was flat on my back. Ten days ago, before I was well, I got Coue's book. Now I cannot get along without it. Every night and every morning I religiously repeat that every day, in every way, I am growing stronger and stronger."

A few weeks later, Mary met Emilio Coue himself in Boston. It was at a reception and the room was crowded with Coue converts, but crowds mean nothing in Mary's life. She flew to him and seized both his hands. Her voice, which has at least never been accused of being inaudible, proclaimed her adoration of the famous Nancy druggist.

"Your formula has improved my voice one hundred per cent! Day by day, in every way, I'm singing better and better."

After that she went to the little French town to study under the master.

"No more enemies, no more fights," vows Mary Garden, as she counsels her friends "to love one another, every day in every way, better and better." Only a year ago, "Our Mary" was calling Muratore "a great big spoiled baby," and poor Polacco, conductor of the Chicago Opera Company, was being pummeled. Now, after embracing Coue-ism, she goes to the Opera Comique and stands up in her box to applaud Muratore, while Polacco is reported as engaged as her conductor for next season

"DAY by day, in every way, we're getting friendlier and friendlier!" carols Mary Garden, gesturing affectionately toward her old-time bitter enemies, Lucien Muratore, Lina Cavalleri and Ganna Walska.

Only one little year ago, "Our Mary" and the rest were making faces at each other over the back fence, calling names and announcing loudly that nothing—no nothing!—could ever induce them to play in each other's yards again.

"Great big spoiled baby!" said Mary to Muratore.

"You're no director!" retorted Muratore.

"Whatever I am, I'm the boss in this joint!" responded Mary, with a reminiscent look at her pretty fists. That was shortly after she had pummeled Giorgio Polacco, the conductor of the Chicago Opera Company, with them.

"I'm going home. I don't like you. I wouldn't sing in the same State!" cried Ganna.

Or anyway it was about like that, according to reports.

But now—!

Mary goes to the Opera Comique to hear Muratore in his Parisian debut, and stands up in her box to applaud him. Ganna sits near Mary, and the two stars exchange bows and smiles and loving looks. Lina Cavalleri, in another box, can hardly afford time to give a glance to her handsome husband on the stage, she is so occupied with beaming at "Queen Mary."

WHAT'S the answer?
Why, Mary's gone and got converted to Coue-ism!

"No more enemies! No more fights!" vows Mary, "Come on, let's love each other! That's it. Now, all together: 'Every day, in every way, we're getting better and better and better!' Attaboy!"

Yes, Mary's a Coue fan. No wonder. They say she looks ten years younger and is even more vivacious and charm-



Forgotten is the row with Claudia Muzio, and just to show Claudia that "all is forgotten," Mary embraced her on the street in Monte Carlo not so long ago

ing since she began to study the philosophy of the Nancy druggist. And "Our Mary" was always a human dynamo, remember.

Back in 1900, when Mary was an eager young student, understudying in Paris, came her big chance.

It was at the Opera Comique—that very theatre where today she effervesces with love for her enemies—and the date was April 13. "A Mile. Rioton" (whoever heard of her since?) was singing the title role in "Louise."

Mary watched and listened in the wings, thinking, no doubt: "My, what a way to sing it! What wouldn't I do with that opportunity?" as understudies do, and have done, and probably will continue to do, while the world wags on. And then—

Yes, you guessed it! Mile. Rioton collapsed in the third act. Mary jumped into the part, took the audience by storm, and sang Charpentier's "Louise" through to the last lovely note. And continued to sing it for one hundred consecutive nights thereafter. Maybe Mile. Rioton died. She might as well have done. The

"lass from Aberdeen" was the talk of the town.

Nine years later came Mary's great triumph in "Salome."

That was a night!

Mary, bursting with personality and power, dominated the performance to such an extent that her fellow artists on the stage forgot that the thing wasn't real and became part of the fascinated audience.

WHOEVER it was that played Herod struggled hard. He was game, and hung on as long as a strong, though not very brilliant, man could. But the third act finished him. He didn't even vaguely remember that he was supposed to be a king famous as a crafty, bloodthirsty, evil-dispositioned cuss. He stood behind the footlights with his mouth hanging open, watching Mary act—

It was this dynamic stuff that led the directors of the Chicago Opera Company to give Mary the reins two years ago. She succeeded Herbert M. Johnson as business manager, and Gino Marinuzzi as artistic director of the collection of



Tangible evidence of the deep and abiding peace that has come into Miss Garden's heart since she became a convert to Coue's philosophy was furnished at the Opera Comique, when she and Lina Cavalleri beamed on each other and Lina's handsome husband on the stage

temperamental stars that twinkled in the organization.

Her predecessors had resigned. Nobody agreed as to why.

Somebody said they couldn't get on together.

The singers in the company said it was because Marinuzzi and Johnson told Ganna Walska her voice wouldn't fill the auditorium and they wouldn't let her sing, and Harold McCormick, backer of the Chicago Opera Company, who'd taken all the trouble to bring Ganna there to make her American debut, didn't like it.

"I left because I couldn't stand the wrangling," Marinuzzi declared, running his fingers through his hair, "They have given me nothing but sleepless nights. Now I am just a conductor. I will not assign any more roles. Oh, their voices have been in my ears twenty-four hours a day, each with a grievance, each one objecting to a role I had assigned to some one else. They all bring their troubles. I go home and pace the floor until five o'clock in the morning. In a few hours there are rehearsals. I get no rest. I cannot listen to their talk any longer."

ANYWAY, Mary got the job.

"I'll settle their temperaments!" vowed the diva, whose only regret in life is that she was born a woman and not a man. The blue fire blazed in her eyes and she tossed her red locks.

"I'm a fighter. I'm an Angli-Saxon. Battles are the breath of life to me!"

It can't be denied that Mary got plenty of breath out of the connection.

She says she didn't have a clash with

Ganna—she wasn't even in Chicago at the time of the Polish artiste's fiasco. "The trouble with Walska is that she doesn't know what she wants!"

Ganna had been going to sing Zaz and Mary always said she wanted to do that. They say Ganna left just before Mary got there. Also, there was Haro McCormick, whom rumor was linking up with Mary, the way rumor will.

Dorothy Jardon, of New York, had a tiff with the new director.

The Italian maestro, Polacco, was pummeled with the diva's fists and told to get out quick, his playing was bad, very bad—go, go, GET!

Lina Cavalleri either was or wasn't jealous, according to which side told the story.

Muratore complained that Mary made him learn roles and then didn't let him sing them, or if she did, she didn't let him keep on singing them. She rushed up to him one morning, all smiles, happy enough to kiss him—and the next, there was nothing but dark glances and blank silence for him. It got on his nerves. He couldn't sing. Not for \$5000 a night could he stand that!

"Never!" echoed Lina, his devoted wife.

"Oh, fiddle-dee-dee!" said Mary, or words to that effect.

Muratore and Cavalleri left immediately for New York. They were furious, all three of them, including Mary. They were never going to speak to each other again!

Mary resigned as director the following April, although she continued to sing with the company, where, however, the



"Our Mary" has made up with Giorgio Polacco, with whom, if memory serves, she had an interesting difference of opinion while he was the conductor of the Chicago Opera Company

"Coue restored my health, he made me feel years and years younger, and he did wonders for my voice!" she exults.

"Love leaves no room for hate."

So Mary forgets that she ever had a difference with Claudia Muzio, for instance, and embraces her on the streets of Monte Carlo.

Mary cheers and applauds Muratore when he appears on the boards of that very theatre where she won fame that thirteenth of April when the century was new. She bows and smiles at Ganna Walska. She beams at Cavalleri.

"Certainly I believe in love," she once told an interviewer. "No woman can accomplish big work unless she knows love. It broadens and sweetens her nature as nothing else has power to do. No good work is possible without it."

