

MRS. HAMMERSTEIN'S OWN STORY TODAY: On the Crest of Romance, Fortune, Fame

How She Met the Impresario, Was Persuaded to Divorce Wealthy Julian Swift, and Then Married the Famous "Star Maker"



ALL ALONE Her Past Glories Only a Memory, Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein Is Seen on a New York Central Park Bench. To the Right, Above, Is a Silhouette of Her Maternal Great-Grandmother, Sylvia Morse, Whom She Cherishes Highly.



AMBASSADE DE FRANCE AUX ETATS-UNIS.

Key Berenger

Mrs. Gardner

Dear Mrs. Hammerstein:-

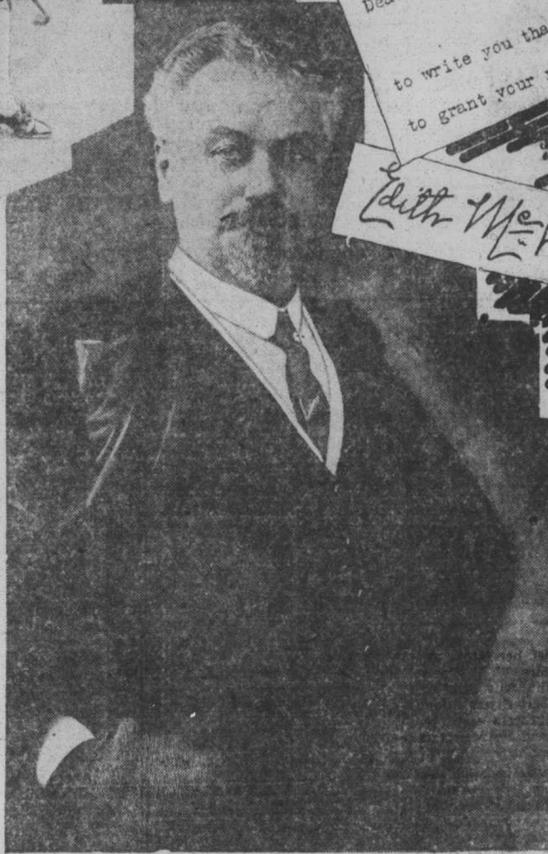
Mr. John D. Rockefeller Jr. directs me to write you that it is with regret he finds it inadvisable to grant your request. Mr. Rockefeller

GENERAL OF THE ARMIES WASHINGTON

John J. Pershing

Edith McFormick

"WE REGRET, BUT—" Signatures of Famous Persons and Fragments Taken from Letters Addressed to Mrs. Hammerstein. Most of Them Were in Response to Her Requests, Made to Numerous Notables, for Assistance in an Attempt to Re-establish Her Husband's Operatic Ventures.



THE STAR-DUST SPRINKLER

A Characteristic Photograph of the Late Oscar Hammerstein—a Cigar Manufacturer Whose Passion for Grand Opera Made Many Singers Famous and Made and Ruined Him.

MUSIC lovers of two continents, who still revere the memory of Oscar Hammerstein, famous impresario, were shocked recently to learn of the arrest of his widow in New York.

In spite of protests of friends and claims of a frame-up, she was convicted of a disorderly conduct charge and sentenced to a day in jail. When her disaster became known, society and clubwomen rose to her defense. Her stepson, Arthur Hammerstein, well-known producer, immediately came to her assistance and assured her she would be cared for "as long as she lived a decent life." She had engaged him in bitter litigation for years.

This is the first of a series of articles by Mrs. Hammerstein, concerning her life during the trials and triumphs of her husband's career. It was written for this newspaper shortly before her unfortunate debacle. Her story reveals the glittering background of a woman who was first the wife of a millionaire Chicago packer, then married to the greatest opera producer of his time, and finally has lived alone and neglected amidst the scenes of her former wealth and triumphs in New York.

By MRS. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN. THERE is some measure of contentment in reflecting on the glories that used to be when I enjoyed the prestige of being the wife of the most famous—and most eccentric—champion of music in his day or our own. Gone are the silks and the satins, the ermines and the emeralds. Gone are the millions and the magnificent homes we had. Gone are the opera

houses which Oscar Hammerstein built at the expense of vast fortunes. Alas, that is the ghastly tragedy of human existence. One is elevated to the heights only to be cast pell-mell into the abyss of utter privation. That such a reversal of fortunes as befell me should have happened was beyond our most fearful expectations

on that bright May afternoon in 1910 when Mr. Hammerstein and I first met. It was in the dining room of the Hotel Savoy, London at the height of its pomp and splendor. I had gone to Europe to attend the coronation ceremonies for King George V, successor to King Edward. I had taken refuge at this ultra-social func-

tion of the early twentieth century because my husband and I had reached the parting of the ways. I was then married to Julian Walton Swift, the grandson of Gustavus Franklin Swift, founder of the world-famous Chicago packing house of Swift & Company.

His parents were the social peers of fashionable Wareham, Mass., while I, descended from an old Puritan family whose lineage dates back to William of Orange, had been a choir singer in the Methodist Episcopal Church of Syracuse, N. Y. Our marriage proved unhappy. I had wearied of life with Julian. He was a playboy par excellence. He and his blood relatives spent \$2,000,000 in merely having good times. I sought a more definite aim in existence. In this mood I sailed for London and forgetfulness.

I arrived in London with two maids, a dozen trunks laden with the smartest gowns for the coronation functions, and with the realization that I was a pretty young woman of 28. The first man I ran into in London on that occasion was Teddy Marks, the New York millionaire sportsman. We were old New York acquaintances. He introduced me to Sir Donald Mann, a Canadian railroad magnate, who saw to it that I had a choice seat in Westminster Abbey at the coronation ceremonies. A few days later Jack Wilson, New York broker and friend of Marks, pointed out an important-looking man to me.

"There's Oscar Hammerstein," he said. I asked for an introduction and we met. The following evening, after returning from the races—a part of the coronation festival program—I again saw Oscar Hammerstein. I was dressed in a jet gown with beautiful pearls and I noticed, while casually flicking a cigarette, that he was watching me closely.

Finally he approached, bowed and gallantly doffed his immortal silk hat. He pleaded to sit down with me, and within a few minutes I had accepted his invitation to go for a drive in his French car.

It had happened! That was apparent. We had crossed the bridge of our fates. Our romance had begun. We fell madly in love with each other! He began to tell me a lot about his opera plans. He was just invading London, then, after having been bought out by the Metropolitan Opera interests in New York. He was building an opera house in opposition to the royally patroned Covent Garden. I was stricken with awe at his gargantuan schemes.

About that time a Philadelphia banker was giving me the rush of my life and Oscar protested he wanted more time with me. In a fervent letter—the first, incidentally, he ever wrote me—he said:

"My dear Mrs. Swift: I wired you yesterday that I would return at night, but I found your letter at my hotel. So you ran away and motored to Paris with a man and met another man! Are you going into the country with a man—say, are there any men left that don't want to take you out?"

"Well, here is one of them that will take you around any time you want to. So you had better not stay too long in Paris or you lose me. Paris is awfully dull. However, while in Paris I usually get into contact with many good-looking women. But you can give them hearts and spades."

As the days sped by, Mr. Hammerstein and I fell deeper and deeper in love. We revealed our pasts to each other, withholding nothing. Then came the day when he insisted that I become his wife. He demanded that I shatter the shackles which the marriage to Julian Swift fastened upon me. He offered to pay my passage to America, finance the work of private



GRANDEUR FROM A MACHINE. (C) Keystone View Co. Mrs. Hammerstein Before a Tobacco Stripping Machine—One of Her Husband's Many Fortune-Making Inventions. She Seems to be Contemplating the Time It Enabled Her to Live in Splendor Such as Revealed in the Photograph Directly Above, Taken at the Height of Her Social Success and Showing Her in Fancy Dress Costume.

HUMAN MECHANICS

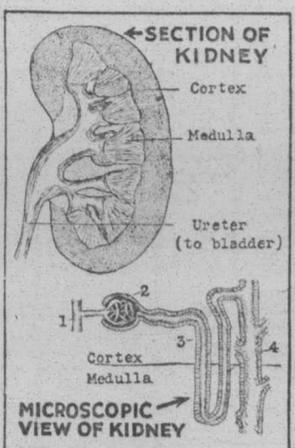
What the Kidneys Are for and How They Function

By HERBERT L. HERSCHENSOHN, (Physician and Surgeon)

THE kidneys are the safety valves of the body. It is their duty to keep the composition of the blood as uniform as possible. Water, salt and sugar, for example, are normally present in the blood to a limited degree, but any excess of these constituents above certain percentages must be withdrawn. For instance, urine is continuously being formed, the liquid part of it being merely the excess amount of water removed from the blood. In diabetes the blood contains an abnormally great amount of sugar. Again the kidneys try to relieve this burden by taking much of it out of the blood stream. But just how does this marvelous piece of machinery work?

If we cut a kidney lengthwise in half we notice that the outer portion is a dark reddish brown, whereas the inner is rather pale (Fig. 1). The outer part is called the cortex (meaning rind) and the inner is called the medulla (meaning marrow). Between the two a boundary zone exists in which are located the larger subdivisions of the main artery and vein of the kidney. Rays of tissues extend from the medulla into the cortex, giving the medulla the appearance of consisting of a number of pyramids.

The bulk of the kidney is made up of thousands of long fine tubes, called tubules, lying in such a manner that one end is in the cortex, the other end in the medulla. The part in the cortex



The Complicated Arrangement in the Kidney is Seen in the Sketch Above, Made from a Microscopic View.

ends in a round funnel-shaped expansion. It looks much the same as a large soft rubber ball that is pushed in by the fist until the sides touch. In this funnel lies a network of very

small blood vessels, the capillaries. Using the analogy of the fist in the ball, we can get a little clearer conception of this structure if we think of the arm as an artery, the fingers as the capillaries, and the pushed-in ball as the end of the tubule. The first part of the tubule takes a tortuous course, zig-zagging in all directions. It then straightens out, travels into the medulla, returns to the cortex, and then joins a large collecting tube. The collecting tube receives the ends of a great many tubules. This tube crosses the medulla and ends in a large funnel, which is the beginning of another tube, the ureter, which carries the urine to the bladder.

This system of pipes does not differ from the water-disposal system of pipes in a city. The entire city can represent one kidney. In each house are a number of pipes, one from each sink. These represent the tubules. The small pipes all empty in the basement into one large pipe. This is analogous to the collecting tube. One pipe from each house empties into the main sewer, the same part as served by the ureter.

In the body, however, the tubes are capable of absorbing some of the fluid which passes through them, and are also able to contribute products which are considered waste. The greatest part of the fluid, nevertheless, comes from that which filters through the capillaries at the beginning of the tube. The kidneys are essential to life. Yet it is possible to remove one kidney from the body without noticing any ill effects. The entire burden, of course, then rests upon the remaining kidney, which, despite the additional work which it must perform, is able to cope with the situation alone.

(To Be Continued)