

# MRS. HAMMERSTEIN'S OWN STORY TODAY: the Mistress of a Tottering Fortune



DEB: 1890 MODEL.  
The Youthful Beauty of Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein at the Age of 16 Is Revealed in This Picture Taken When She Was a Choir Singer in Syracuse, N. Y.



BEAUTIFUL MATRON  
Charming Study of Mrs. Hammerstein at the Height of Her Glory as the Wife of Oscar the Impresario.

## When Oscar and Mary Played Leapfrog; the Chanler-Cavalieri Episode; the Inside of Stotesbury's

### \$40,000 "Loan"

THIS is the fourth of a series of articles by Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein in which she tells of the triumphs and disasters of her colorful life.

Here is the story of a woman who first married a wealthy Chicago packer, then was the wife of the most famous impresario of his time, and finally was found, penniless and forgotten, drifting about New York amidst the scenes of her former glories.

By MRS. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN.

IT is strange for me to realize that once I was the mistress of a great fortune. That was at the very height of my husband's career. Even then, however, the lurking fears of financial disaster seemed to mingle with joyous surprises.

At one time, when we had nearly \$4,000,000 to our

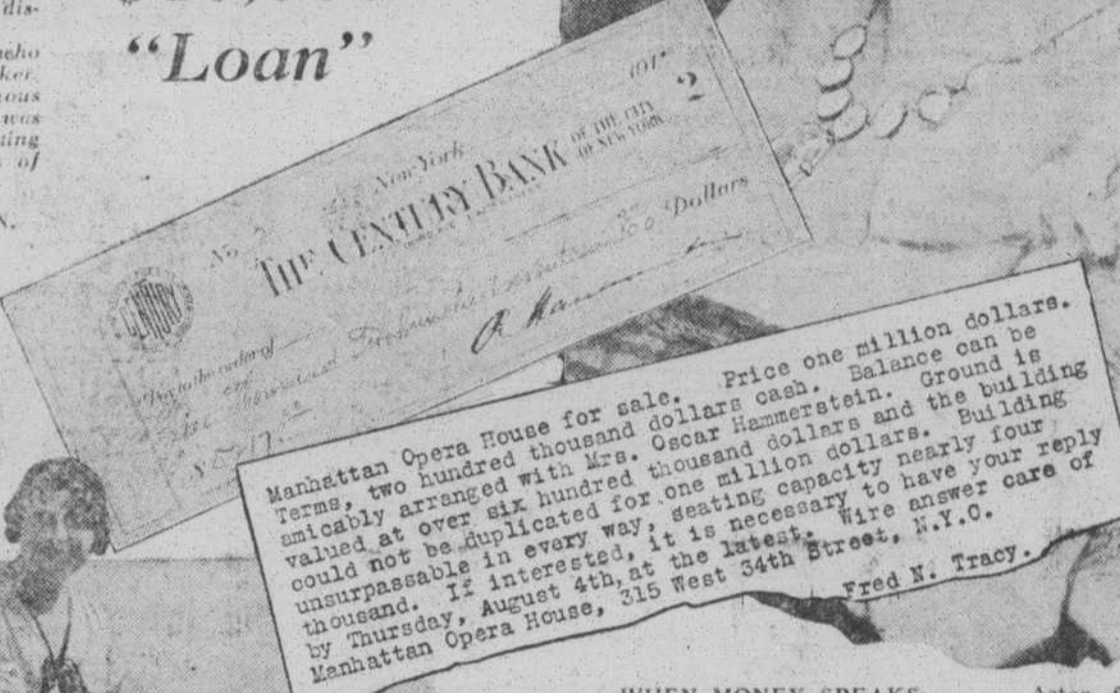


AT EASE  
Lina Cavalieri, the Opera Star, and Her Husband, Lucien Muratore, from a Snapshot Taken at Their Home at Beautiful Lake Como, Italy.

credit, I said to Oscar: "Let's get away from further worries and retire. There is nothing more in it for you. You have had your fling. Let's go somewhere and live happily."

His answer then, as always, was, "Not yet, Emma, not yet." He could not realize that his consuming passion for the opera would eventually destroy his fortune. Once his son, William, upbraided him bitterly for his wastefulness. In a letter he wrote:

"All that money (\$200,000 earned from the sale of property) has been wasted for the sake of one of your pet whims (the opera). These beautiful inspirations and ideas of yours look well enough on paper to you, but they invariably become flippers when attempted and put to a practical test. This castle-in-the-air method of business seems to grip you like an incurable disease and it certainly is expensive." Still, the glamor of our lives wiped



Manhattan Opera House for sale. Price one million dollars. Terms, two hundred thousand dollars cash. Balance can be amicably arranged with Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein. Ground is valued at over six hundred thousand dollars and the building could not be duplicated for one million dollars. Building unsurpassable in every way, seating capacity nearly four thousand. If interested, it is necessary to have your reply by Thursday, August 4th, at the latest. Wire answer care of Manhattan Opera House, 315 West 34th Street, N.Y.C. Fred N. Tracy.

#### WHEN MONEY SPEAKS

Above, is an Exact Reproduction of Oscar Hammerstein's Personal Check for \$5,217 and Below It is a Telegram Offer to Alexander Pantages, Noted Theatre Magnate, from One of Oscar's Selling Agents, Offering Him the Abandoned Manhattan Opera House for \$1,000,000.

out these ever-rising fears and financial troubles. It was thrilling, for instance, to be so close to the drama surrounding Lina Cavalieri and Robert Winthrop Chanler. Mr. Hammerstein and I were its closest witnesses and I wish to tell for the first time the elemental reasons of this romance which caused the fashionable worlds of Europe and America to quake.

I met Mr. Chanler in Paris. He invited me to his studio in the Montparnasse section for tea one day in 1927. There he confided to me he was still in love with Cavalieri, though from her viewpoint all feeling had fallen to ashes long before.

Bob was the grandson of John Jacob

Astor, founder of one of America's most patrician fortunes. We who knew La Cavalieri intimately regarded her as a fair and fickle prima donna. I do not think La Cavalieri loved the sheikish Chanler, but his social lineaments gratified her vanity and her aspirations. For Lina had been snubbed by New York's beau monde.

She became the bride of Bob Chanler, but society's grand dames sniffed the air superciliously. The marriage was noted for its brevity. One of La Cavalieri's ironic gestures of revenge, she thought, was to leave her husband. I'm sure it was because she wanted to give society the frigid shoulder.

Bob Chanler, on the other hand, did not reckon on his severest critic—his brother, John Armstrong Chanler, supposedly suffering from a form of hallucinations. It was when John heard of the breakup of his brother's marriage, with a reported \$100,000 settlement to Lina, that he sent him a telegram whose contents were destined to become famous. It read: "Who's looney now?"

What also helped to lighten the burden of our worries was Oscar's unfettered sense of humor. He had a way of venting his temperament in play, as Mary Garden well knows. Once, during rehearsal, he threw his hat at Mary and smacked her on the head in good-natured fashion. However, the smack was such a resounding one that Mary was never quite sure whether it really was intended to be good-natured.

On one other occasion, while his assistants were striving hard to direct rehearsals, Oscar, in his shirt sleeves, with his hat at a rakish collegiate angle, played leap frog with Mary, to the astonishment and amusement of singers, orchestra players and lookers-on.

There was another time, I remember, when Oscar was fighting against the threatened collapse of his fortune, that he displayed his flashes of humor. He was standing in the lobby of the Victoria Theatre, now the Rialto, in Times Square. An actor of the ham variety approached him. The actor told my husband he had found it so tough getting booked that he had decided to commit hari-kari.

"You put on great freak attractions here, don't you?" asked the Thespian, and then he proceeded to outline this plan: "I'll put on a shooting act for you for a thousand dollars. I'll do it with the understanding that you'll pay the money to my wife. At the end of the act I'll blow my brains out—see?" Oscar puffed on his cigar and regarded the actor solemnly.

"That's a great act," he said at last. "You'd probably bring down the house. But what could you do for an encore?"



Recent Photo of Mrs. Hammerstein Wearing Some of Her Few Remaining Jewels.

#### JUST PLAY-FUL

"During one rehearsal Oscar, in his shirt sleeves, with his hat at a rakish collegiate angle, played leapfrog with Mary Garden, to the astonishment and amusement of the singers, orchestra players and lookers-on."

performances he would discontinue. Mr. Stotesbury was surprised and chagrined at Oscar's intention to close the opera. He declared he would not think of permitting the opera house to close and promised my husband to make up for any losses he suffered. Oscar said he asked Mr. Stotesbury whether it was his wish that he make public announcement of the continuance of grand opera through the generosity of the Philadelphia millionaire.

"He said," Oscar's letter continues, "I wished me to do so, providing I would do so in a delicate way, and I told him I would do that and he could leave it to my judgment. Mr. Stotesbury gave me \$40,000 to cover the deficit of the remainder of the season. During one of the performances I made public acknowledgment from the stage to the audience that it was through the largesse of Mr. Stotesbury that the opera house had been kept open and that Philadelphia could be mighty proud of such a citizen."

"The newspapers hailed Mr. Stotesbury as a savior of the arts. At no time did he intimate that the newspapers were incorrect in their comments on his philanthropy."

"Shortly after the closing of the Philadelphia opera season I came to Europe. When I retired I agreed to sell the Philadelphia opera house to Mr. Stotesbury. After the execution of the

BEAT THE DRUM!  
E. T. Stotesbury, the Wealthy, 80-Year-Old Philadelphia Financier, Rattles the Sticks with the Old Vigor. The Story of His "Loan" to Oscar Is Told on This Page.



#### A HERO SPEAKS

Photograph to Mrs. Hammerstein from Sergeant Mike Donaldson, the Most Decorated Hero of the World War. He Is Shown Wearing Only a Few of His Medals. Across the Photo He Has Written an Expression of His Friendship for Mrs. Hammerstein.

contract with Mr. Stotesbury there appeared in some American newspaper an item concerning Mr. Stotesbury and one of my former prima donnas. I am advised that Mr. Stotesbury was very much annoyed over the publication of this article. And although I was not at all responsible he seemed to believe that I was.

"It was after the appearance of this supposedly irritating story that my former lord bountifully apparently decided that the \$40,000 was a loan to me in my Philadelphia opera dilemma. I shall not pay him back one cent of it. I, too, have a point of honor at stake."

This Oscar's letter. There was a court action concerning the \$40,000, but it was settled out of court.

(To Be Continued.)

## HUMAN MECHANICS

### What Causes Ulcers of the Stomach

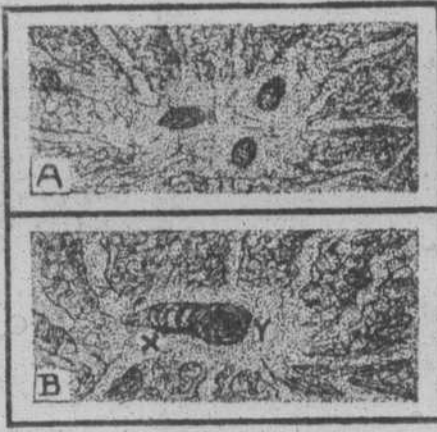
By HERBERT L. HERSCHENSOHN,  
(Physician and Surgeon)

THE wall of the stomach consists of several layers of different kinds of tissue. The innermost layer, that is, the lining of the stomach, consists of a mucous membrane in which are located millions of small glands which secrete the gastric juice. The purpose of the juice is to digest the food and to kill most of the bacteria which enter with meals.

The lining of the stomach rests upon a layer of loose connective tissue in which lie the larger blood vessels and principal nerves. The rest of the wall consists of three layers of muscle, each arranged so that the fibers run in different directions the same as three-ply wood is constructed.

By a gastric ulcer is meant the excavation which forms in the wall of the stomach as the result of the death of a part of the mucous membrane. The excavation may be shallow extending no deeper than the mucous membrane or it may extend down to the muscle layers and possibly through them.

There are two principal types of ulcer, the acute and the chronic. The acute come on rather suddenly, whereas the chronic make their appearance rather slowly, and last for an indefinitely long period. How do these ulcers occur? By experimentation upon animals it has been demon-



The Top Sketch (A) Shows the Lining of the Stomach in Which Three Acute Ulcers Have Formed. The Bottom Drawing (B) Shows a Chronic Ulcer, Healing at X But Extending to Another Part at Y.

strated that ulcers in the stomach, which have been produced artificially, usually heal rapidly, unless an excess amount of acid is present. The conclusions drawn were that the mucous membrane of the stomach is subject to frequent abrasions during the process of digestion by the coarser particles of food, but that under ordinary conditions they quickly heal without causing any apparent disturbance to the

individual. It is believed that these abrasions may, however, lead to the formation of ulcers when there is a continuous excess of acid. Very many other theories have been advanced, but none have been confirmed universally. Anemia, obstructed blood supply to the stomach, and foci of infection (teeth, tonsils, appendix, etc.) have all shared the blame for the appearance of gastric ulcers.

The acute ulcers are usually found in groups of two, three, or more. They are small, about the size of a pea to that of a dime, with clean-cut edges. The floor of the ulcer is smooth. The walls are terraced, that is, each layer is less affected than the one above it making the ulcer cone-shaped. The ulcer may bore its way to any depth. If the blood vessels are exposed a hemorrhage follows, but is usually not very severe. If the entire wall of the stomach is eaten through, peritonitis may result with serious consequences.

The chronic type of ulcer usually appears singly. It is most frequently seen near that part of the stomach which empties into the intestine. These ulcers are usually large averaging several inches in diameter. The edges are irregular. The floor of the ulcer may be either smooth or scarred. The chronic ulcer may persist for years, healing in one part, extending in another, traveling snake-fashion. A chronic ulcer is less likely to perforate than an acute one, but the danger of a hemorrhage is somewhat greater.