

What We Think of the "Old Folks"

Anna Held's Daughter and Oscar Hammerstein's Granddaughter Make Very Frank Criticisms of Mother Anna and Grandpa Oscar and Their Old Fashioned Ways



Liane Carrera, Anna Held's Daughter.



Oscar Hammerstein.

What I Think of Grandpa Oscar By Elaine Hammerstein Granddaughter of the Famous Impresario.

I CALLED a Columbia College boy down good and hard the other day for laughing at Grandpa Oscar Hammerstein's hat. Of course it's funny, but he had no right to say: "No fool like an old fool."

Grandpa isn't a fool at all. He is a genius. That's one thing the matter with him, and the other is he is old. I think it is narrowminded to make fun of the old people. They do the best they can; in fact, they do mighty well, allowing for the disadvantages they have.

Now just look at my granddad. That old-fashioned hat on top of his head isn't any older than a lot of the notions inside. The hat looks good to him and so do the notions. That's an awful hand-cap, and it's a wonder the old gent gets along as well as he does.

I asked that college boy how he thought he would get along if he had to go out in the world with that old hat and those old ideas instead of his own up-to-date ideas and clothes. Well, he had to give the old fellow credit for doing mighty well, considering.

That hat is all right. You wouldn't buy old Noah for his long whiskers; they are part of his get-up and he has a right to them.

People get real cross at grandpa because every few minutes he jumps up and builds a theatre somewhere. Anybody can see there are too many theatres, but what of it? Aren't there too many churches? I've heard of people turning some of the churches into moving picture houses. Now, I'll leave it to anyone if it isn't a better game for the pictures to get into grandpa's theatres than into some of these churches they are sticking up all over.

They say he puts the grand opera business out of key. I don't believe it. It is a crazy business anyway, like the circus. I don't think people pay to go to opera because they like to hear music, but because it is such a joke they want to go and see how people get away with it. Think of taking a man whom the good Lord meant to be a perfectly good Italian barber and paying him a thousand dollars a night to sing. Isn't that a joke? Sure it's a joke.

I'll admit that some of the old fellow's press agents' stuff was rather coarse work when you look back at it. But then, it was pulled off in the old days when crude stuff went.

Do you remember the time grandpa worked that old game of writing an opera in 24 hours? It was rough, but he got away with it.

He and some actor who needed some advertising made a bet of \$50,000 or \$100,000—it might just as well have been a hundred million, because it was all "stage money"—that he could lock himself up in a room 24 hours and compose a complete opera.

The hotel was glad to furnish the room free for the advertising. So was the piano company which installed a grand

piano. Next came about fifty pounds of paper, a gross of pens, pencils, erasers, etc., a quart of ink. Finally some things to eat and drink, including a gallon or so of coffee to help the genius keep awake. Columns and columns in the newspapers attended these preparations. At last grandpa was kept busy refusing the offers of all kinds of fakery and quacks who wanted to supply him with oxygen, as well as a spiritualist who was prepared to materialize all the dead composers to collaborate with granddad.

Well, the doors were sealed and a big committee of reporters held watch outside. A mighty scratching of pens was heard, punctuated by much pounding of the piano. At the end of the time grandpa emerged with a complete opera. This was bad enough, but he slept and snored some of the time and besides the opera I happen to know that he wrote a lot of business letters and used up two check books paying a lot of old bills he had neglected.

But it all went over and was taken without any grain of salt. So why should we of a more enlightened and subtle generation call it crude and coarse?

I'd be afraid grandpa would refuse to speak to me for saying all this, but he doesn't know me on the street anyway. Not long ago I met him on the boardwalk at Atlantic City.

"Hello, Mr. Hammerstein, do you know who I am?"

He scowled and looked me over and said:

"I know you are an empty-headed, impertinent little girl. I know that your heels are too high and your skirt is too tight and slit up to your knees. I know that somebody ought to put a vacuum cleaner on your face and remove some of the powder. I know that you have too much junk around the top of your head and not enough around the top of your

TIMES change, and the older generations do not change with them as much as they think. Many a parent who thinks herself up-to-the-minute only conveys the impression of a ten-year-old bonnet on a 1914 model dress to her daughter. No doubt our children hold opinions about us which would humiliate us profoundly were they not too polite to express them.

On this page Liane Carrera, the daughter of Anna Held, and Elaine Hammerstein, the great Oscar's granddaughter, depart from the traditional reticence upon so painful a subject and tell just what they think of mama and grandpa.



Oscar Hammerstein's Granddaughter, Elaine Hammerstein.



"My Mama—Anna Held."

lungs. I know a lot more about you and your type, but as to who you are personally I don't know nor do I care a darn. But just for the sake of politeness I will ask."

Then he bowed and said: "Permit me to inquire, madame, who in the dickens are you?"

I told him and he looked thoughtful. "Ah, yes," he said finally, "I have a memorandum about you, when you were born, and all. Why, yes, glad to know you. Come in and see me at the office some time and I'll buy you some peppermints. Now run home before you catch cold."

Was I mad? Not a bit. He means well. He's old and a genius and he can't help either one. I think he does mighty well. I'm proud of him.

What I Think of Mamma By Liane Carrera Daughter of Anna Held.

MY earliest recollection of my mother is of standing on the table and pulling her corset strings—pulling them and pulling them until I was red in the face. And for what? Because waists weren't being worn those days and mamma was trying to get rid of hers, and she did—oo-la-la! There wasn't enough left to hug, and what's a waist for if the nice men can't find it?

However, that's the way they did things then. A woman used to dress like a—what you call it, ze nut? They

were big at the top, then tapered down to nothing, then out big again, like a pillow, tied tight in the middle. No graceful lines, and how they must have suffered!

None of that for me. And the milk baths mamma used to take! Horrid, sticky things! Parbleu! Really not hygienic at all. But it helped her along to fame even if it did hurt her pores.

Another thing she had to do to please the press agent! He wrote columns and columns about them. He had a good imagination, you know. But what a way to become famous—letting the public peek into your bath, even if you are covered with milk. Mamma used to splash around in the milk until she had a tubful of butter. Such a life! Mille tonnerre!

Another thing she had to do to please the press agent was to set up a kissing record—to see how many times a person could kiss before the facial muscles refused to work. I think it was something like four hundred kisses that mamma and her opponent hit off before their lips sagged and went on a strike. Oh, the things they had to do in those days to make good! Think of doing such things now. Kisses are all right, very nice little things if you get 'em right, but to use 'em as an ad—not for me!

But in the old days, having become famous in that way, you didn't have to do much on the stage to please the audience. All mamma did was to sing a few songs and use her eyes. One song

she sang was "Won't You Come and Play with Me?" and she sang it in such a way that all the men in the audience voted unanimously in the affirmative. Wasn't that an easy way to "get" an audience—to make them think you were hankering for them?

I can see myself singing a song like that to a lot of old baldheads!

Then she used to sing "I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave," until the "tired business man" didn't care whether stocks fell off ten points the next day or not. Oh, it was easy money in those days. Just sing a naughty song to the men, and, sing! you were a headliner.

And then, again, they used to rely a great deal more on dress than they do now. If a pretty girl—a real pretty girl, too—came out to sing dressed moderately, they'd tell her to go back and put something on, unless it happened to be tight she was wearing. It was all fluff and feathers, with skirts and lingerie that looked like a cloud when you kicked up. And they called it art.

Seeking the Secret of the Perfect Light in Flaming Monsters That Swim Five Miles Below the Waves

SCIENTISTS have long been searching for a light which will be heatless, devoid of harmful rays, non-explosive and cheap. The lights of the firefly and the glow worm are perfect, inasmuch as they fulfill all these requirements. Investigators have tried, without success, to discover the secret of their production.

Firely and glow worm have now been rejected by the scientists of the French Institute of Oceanography for the blazing, monstrously shaped fish that swim five miles below the surface of the sea in a water pressure that would crush man as flat as a pancake.

It is only recently that mechanism has been devised to keep these fish after they are drawn to the surface and to enable the scientists to give them proper study. Heretofore, upon reaching the air, the fish would swell and disintegrate in the absence of the accustomed pressure. To preserve their extraordinary shapes a corps of artists would quickly make casts of their bodies and copy the colors.

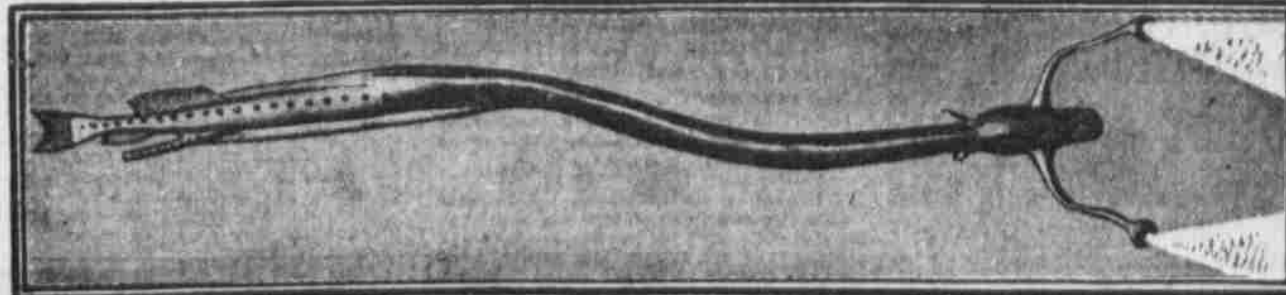
Now a long, immensely strong sphere has been constructed which can be baited and lowered to the enormous depths where the strange fish hunt. Electric attachments signal to the fisher far overboard when he has made a catch. The ball is automatically closed. It is then drawn up and immersed in a

tank of water. This tank is subjected to the same pressure as the depths from which the fish were taken. The sphere is opened by mechanical means and the weird denizens of the deep, alive and active, are studied through heavy glass windows in the tanks.

The majority of these fishes are black. All of them are wonderful light producers.

Their luminous organs light up the dark regions which they inhabit like flaming torches. Some have elongated snouts, on the tips of which are luminous organs emitting considerable volumes of light. Others have rows of luminous coils on top and below their bodies, as in the case of the deep-sea cannibal, shown

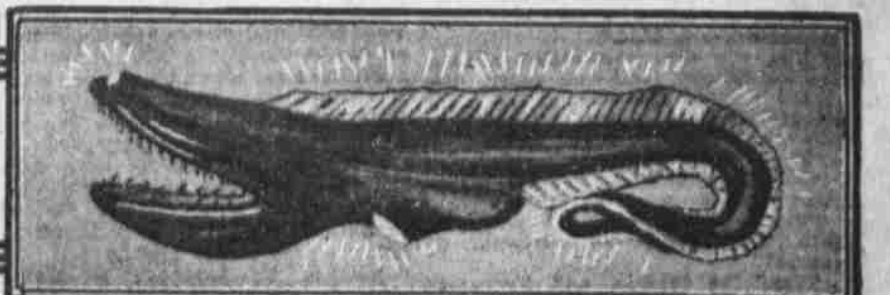
here, with reflectors and lenses which serve the function of projecting light in definite directions. These light-emitting organs are thought to be of vital importance to the life of the animal for the purpose of illuminating the surrounding water, to avoid foes, to recognize their own kind or to capture prey. Many of the pelagic fishes are extremely voracious, and some are known to devour fishes several times their own size on account of their distended stomachs. At 1,500 fathoms animal life is quite abundant. The greatest depth found by sounding is 5,269 fathoms, or 31,614 feet—nearly six miles. This exceeds Mount Everest in the Himalaya Mountains, 29,000 feet, by 2,614 feet.



A Fish Found Five Miles Below the Sea's Surface with a Twin Pair of Luminous Head-Light Organs.



A Five-Mile-Deep Fish Whose Entire Head Is a Flaming Searchlight.



A Deep-Sea Cannibal Which Can Swallow a Fish Larger Than Itself.