

Why Three Great Nations Disowned Anna Held's Saucy Daughter

It Required All But a Hague Conference to Straighten Out the "International Orphan," Though Every Bachelor She Met Offered a Solution

Liane-Carrera Was Born In Paris, and Is Her Chic Paris Clothes She Looks Parisian From Toes to Toes.

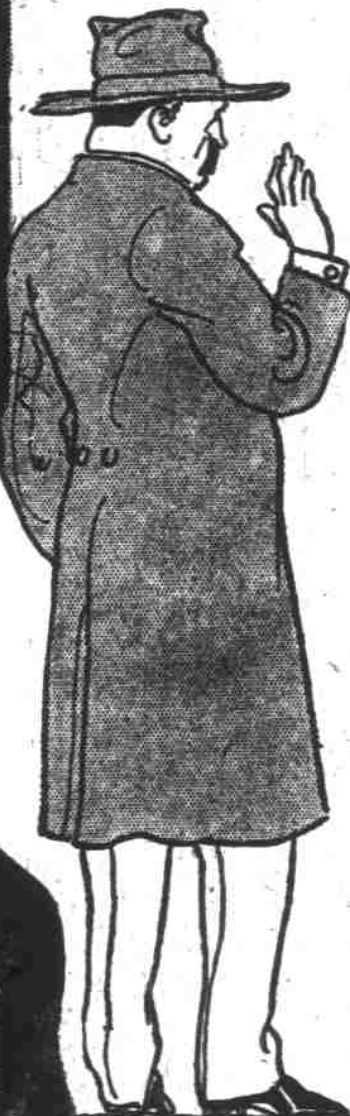


Liane Has Discovered That She Is an American Citizen After All, and Here She Is as an American Girl Debutante Photographed in Her "Made in America" Evening Gown.

LIANE CARRERA, the only daughter of Anna Held, who was the reigning French beauty of American stage history, is back in Paris at last! And what a time she had! The beautiful offspring of the beautiful star, who was brought by her mother to these shores when she was a child, having retired from her brief theatrical activities to live luxuriously on the competence left her at her mother's death, got a longing for the dear old France of her birth. So she closed the 110-acre estate near Peekskill, N. Y., where she lives, and ran down to New York in the cute little roadster to shop a passport. Being a naive and wide-eyed young woman, she had



The Identification Tag Liane Wore During the War as a Member of the U. S. Navy Recruiting Forces. On One Side Is the Date of Her Enlistment and Birth and On Reverse Side Her Thumbprint.



"She Lived in America and Wasn't an American; She Had Been Born in France and Wasn't French; Her Father Had Been a Uruguayan Citizen and She Wasn't a Uruguayan. What Was She?"



a vague idea that she would step up to a counter, pick out a passport that matched her big brown eyes, and say, "Send it and charge it." But it turned out to be nothing like that. She found herself at a musty desk in a dingy old office, where she was told to fill out a questionnaire and pin \$10 to it—and leave it. Next day she received notification in a Government envelope by mail that the passport was denied. She motored down immediately and demanded to know why. Well, for one thing, she wasn't a citizen—the rest of the reasons didn't matter. The clerk advised her that she was a citizen of France, since she was born there, and that she must apply at the French consulate. So she repaired there, and in most sibilant French she explained her difficulties. A young official with a giddy little mustache bowed and said it would be a pleasure. What was her father's name? Carrera? And in what province of France was he born? Well, he wasn't born in France; he was born in Uruguay—Montevideo, to be exact. The official was sorry—oh, he was heartbroken. But, unfortunately, the French ruling is that a child is the citizen of her father's country rather than of the country of the child's birth. It was a shame—but would the charming *ma'mselle* be seriously inconvenienced if she were informed that the Uruguayan consulate would undoubtedly be only too happy to certify her? She would not. The charming *ma'mselle* motored to the Uruguayan consulate,

And She Stated Her Case at the Uruguayan Consulate. She Was the Daughter of a Montevidean, Therefore, a Uruguayan. Here She Is Looking the Part.

and there a darkish gentleman, in a diplomatic and stately Prince Albert, inquired solicitously just what he could do to serve her. And she stated her case. She was the daughter of a Montevidean, therefore a Uruguayan, and she would be very grateful if the darkish gentleman would kindly certify her for a passport. He would be delighted. He would be overwhelmed with joy. He reached for a blank and poised a golden pencil, autographed by his club in Montevideo when he left for foreign consular service. Now, then—and in what part of Uruguay was the entrancing signorita born? She begged his indulgence, but she was not born in any part of Uruguay—she had first seen the light in Paris, but her father had been a Uruguayan, and— Oh, that was too bad—it was too inexpressibly distressing. But the Uruguayan ruling was that a child was a citizen of the country where the child was born and not the country of which her father was a citizen. Yes—but the French ruling was— Yes, it was, but that was most distressingly inexpressible. The French ruling was quite opposed to the Uruguayan ruling, but France and Uruguay differed on so many things—oh, so very many things—it really was too deplorable, but what could the darkish gentleman do? Little Anna Held, Jr., walked out into the air dizzy. She lived in America and wasn't an American; she had been born in France and wasn't French; her father had been a Uruguayan citizen and she wasn't a Uruguayan. What was she? She returned to the American passport bureau, showed that she was a property owner and a taxpayer, that she was an enlisted member of the United States Navy, having served through the war in active recruiting duty; that she had never been naturalized because a girl cannot be naturalized unless—well, could she be naturalized? Whatever process were necessary, she would go through it—now—immediately. The clerk blushed. "Come, come," she chirped. "How can I become an American citizen?" The clerk cleared his throat and answered, a little unsteadily but quite rapidly: "By marrying an American citizen."

"Pish, tush," answered the saucy Liane. "In that event, I may say that I have had many opportunities to avoid all this confusion. But if I must marry in order to have an identity, or be a citizen of somewhere or anywhere at all, I am exceedingly provoked. Yes, I am quite put out." "Put out?" answered the clerk. "You can't even sneeze out. I have offered you the only—" "No. I paid \$10, and I think I have done enough for the Government already." "Well, then," suggested the clerk not so rapidly, "get yourself adopted by an American citizen. Then you will be his child, according to the law, and as his child you will be an American, sharing his citizenship." It was an idea. It was the first bright line and the first bit of encouraging intelligence Anna Held's daughter had heard that day. And she went forth again into the air and navigated to her lawyer's office. She explained it all to her lawyer. The lawyer shook his head. "No, Liane was neither a minor nor a pauper; such an adoption could not be bona fide and would not be recognized as conferring citizenship, since it was palpably accomplished for the sole purpose of speciously creating such citizenship. There was one other way out, however, whispered the lawyer (who was single), clearing his throat— Miss Held-Carrera stopped him with an upturned palm. She had heard that before. No, she was not marrying. Well, then, her lawyer had no further advice to extend, except that she unpack her trunks and remain here. It was really very nice here, and— Oh, adidiesticks! Liane wafted out and again found herself in the open. She pursed her dainty eyebrows, tapped her forehead for inspiration, and decided to do the thing she always did when she was in difficulties—go to see her dear old friend and adviser, who was almost a father to her, Flo Ziegfeld, Jr. Mr. Ziegfeld, who is now the husband of Billie Burke, was at one time the husband of Anna Held. After the death of Carrera, who was a millionaire plasterer who met and married Miss Held in Paris, she had come to America, and Ziegfeld had been her manager and later her husband. After the division of the estate, almost

all of which was left to the daughter, Ziegfeld had never been asked to exercise any of the functions of a guardian. In truth, the status of a former step-parent is rather nebulous, and it just became a relation of good friendship. Liane sometimes came to him with her worries and problems, and he was always kind and as helpful as possible. So she drove to the New Amsterdam building and went up to the office where the famous beauties are tabulated and card-indexed and all that, and she passed through without as much as asking leave of the fierce office boy who every day turns away hundreds of girls who think they are entrancing and want to prove it. She burst in on Ziegfeld, who looked up, smiled, and asked her why she looked so upset. And she flounced into a chair and explained that she had plenty of reasons—plenty of reasons—which she explained. "Isn't that a mess?" she exclaimed. "No. It's a cinch," said Ziegfeld. "A cinch, Daddy Flo? And what is a cinch, and if it is, how is this international puss-in-the-corner one of them?" "A cinch," said he, "is something easy. And this is simple. You see, when your mother came here, she was your mother, you were a baby. "When she married me she became an American citizen. And you, as her minor child, became an American citizen by virtue of the fact that your mother had become an American citizen." Liane kissed him and ran back to the passport bureau. The gentlemanly clerk perked up and straightened his tie. "Don't worry over your tie," she said. "I fixed it another way." And she explained. Next day she returned with a copy of her mother's wedding certificate and an affidavit from Ziegfeld. A Congressman was wired in Washington to push it along, and she got a nice passport as an American girl next day. So now she isn't subject to even the quota of France or Uruguay when she wants to return. She sailed on the Rochambeau and is at present the guest of Count De La Ronciere at his mansion in Paris. The Count is an old friend of her mother's. And there is a Countess. So, maybe, Anna Held's fair daughter will return to America still an American.