

NEW YORK'S MOST EXTRAVAGANT WOMAN

ONCE hailed as "the most extravagant woman in New York," Mrs. Julia Watt Morris Curtiss Lawrence, petted member of Society—that of the upper case "S"—and erstwhile possessor of many millions, is to come into her own again.

"The Spender," as she was once known among her intimates, for years enjoyed the somewhat doubtful distinction of being able to find more ways in which to keep Uncle Sam's legal tender in general circulation than any of the wealthy women she numbered among her friends. She set a pace for extravagance that left all competitors in the spendthrift class far in the rear.

Where the ordinary multi-millionaire owns one yacht, she had two, maintaining them with a full complement of men the year round. Her country and city residences also she managed on the same prodigal scale. They were always open. The same number of servants were employed, the same number of horses and automobiles were in service when the mistress was away as when she was residing there.

In her purchases she was equally regardless of cost or utility. Anything that took her fancy was ordered sent to one of her numerous addresses. It mattered not what the price of the article was or whether she needed it. In fact, often she would trouble to open the package after it was delivered.

The mere act of purchasing, apparently, was sufficient to satisfy her caprice. Indeed, it has been stated that a large storehouse at one of her country estates is completely filled with packages fresh from milliner or modistes that have never been opened.

Out to Mere \$50,000 a Year.

Five years ago, in spite of her enormous income, she found herself deep in debt, and at the instance of her son, Louis H. Morris, a conservator was appointed for her \$20,000,000 estate. Her annual allowance was to be \$50,000, but even this amount was found to be woefully inadequate for her needs, and again she found herself beset by creditors.

Wherefore Justice Brady of the New York Supreme Court has lately decided that she may again assume entire control of her properties, the conservator has been released from his duties and she will speedily enjoy again the income of her vast estate.

Those who were familiar with her meteoric spending methods in former

days are awaiting with interest the result of the court's decision. Will Mrs. Lawrence again merit the title of "The Spender," they ask, or will she retire quietly to the seclusion of one of her country places now that she has regained control of her fortune?

The answer is not yet forthcoming. There are those who do not hesitate to declare that the first is much more probable. They point out that during the years when the control of Mrs. Lawrence's millions was in other hands she found that an income of \$50,000 a year was entirely incompatible with her requirements. Do what she would she kept getting deeper and deeper into debt, until, according to her own testimony on the witness stand, she was unable to pay even her gas bill or any other individual bills that required an immediate cash outlay.

On the other hand, there are many that believe that her days of spendthrift prodigality are over. They give as their reasons for this opinion that Mrs. Lawrence is now happily married, which was not the case during the period that she attained celebrity through her extravagance. Also, they argue, she is no longer as young or thoughtless as she once was and she has learned much through her experiences.

\$500 a Day Pin Money.

But whichever is right—and the result of the court's decision will soon be made plain—it is certain that a long time will elapse before any one eclipses her record as a spender.

"Five hundred dollars a day is not too much for a person with my income to spend for pin money," once said Mrs. Lawrence, in the days before the court interfered with her mode of life. And she more than lived up to the statement.

Indeed, it was largely the fact that she had far exceeded this amount that originally led to the appointment of a conservator of her great estate. As already mentioned, even with her enormous income she managed to incur debts that aggregated hundreds of thousands of dollars, and many of her properties had to be sacrificed to meet the demands of her creditors.

As the only daughter of Thomas Watt, whose father, Archibald Watt, once owned the greater portion of the northern end of Manhattan Island, Mrs. Lawrence was born with the proverbial silver spoon in her mouth. But the wealth that she inherited from her fa-

"Five Hundred Dollars a Day Is Not Too Much for Pin Money."

—Mrs. Julia Watt Morris Curtiss Lawrence.



month and florist bills ranging from \$200 to \$500 per month were shown on the list of her buying. In some months it was shown Mrs. Lawrence's hair-dressing bill alone amounted to more than \$500.

She was also in the habit of giving away large sums in cash and checks to the parasites who continually surrounded her, according to Mr. Morris, and these items ran into the hundreds of thousands.

Mr. Morris also told his mother would enter a store, and with a total disregard for the value of money, order great quantities of goods sent to one of her country places or to her New York home.

"Mother had a habit," he told the Judge, "of ordering a dozen sets of furs, or shoes, or hats or what not. Out of this array she would perhaps select one of each and then neglect to return the others. Of course bills were rendered for the balance. One room in the town house and another in the place at Casco Point, near Fairfield, Connecticut, was filled with such goods purchased by my mother, packages which have not even been opened."

He also told how his mother had an account with three New York florists, and that cut flowers of the most expensive sort were sent daily to the various country places and to the town house even when his mother was away.

With a stable full of horses for use while she was in town, Mrs. Lawrence, or Mrs. Curtiss, as she then was, engaged a number of carriages for use as a New York liverman for every day in the year at the rate of \$10 each day. These carriages were hardly ever used, as she had her own horses and carriages both in the city and country, but the bill was allowed to run.

An Army of Servants.

At each of her country places there were permanently employed two coachmen, three cooks, two chauffeurs, two laundresses, three housemaids, a lady's maid, four footmen and two butlers. This did not include the gardener and his staff. In her town house there were two butlers, one page, two cooks, two footmen, two chauffeurs, two coachmen, two laundresses and a man and woman who acted as caretakers.

Altogether it was estimated that Mrs. Lawrence's expenditures amounted to more than \$750,000 annually, in some years far exceeding that amount.

As Julia Watt, Mrs. Lawrence was considered one of the most beautiful women in New York. She first married Peter H. Morris of Boston, but obtained a divorce from him in 1897. Three children were born of the union—Louis H., now 23 years old; Keith, 22, and Hilda Charlotte Edgerton, 21.

In the year following the granting of her divorce she married Dr. Rollin A. Curtiss. He had been her physician and her children's tutor some years previously. But the couple were not happy and another divorce was the result in 1904.

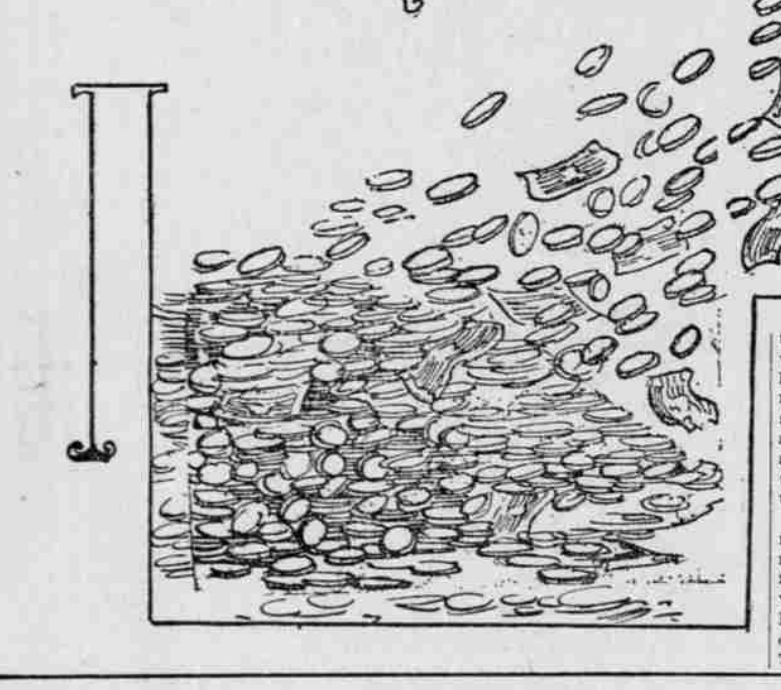
It was following this period that Mrs. Lawrence, then Mrs. Curtiss, gained her reputation as "New York's most extravagant woman," being enabled through the death of her aunt, Miss Pinkney, to indulge her luxurious tastes to the fullest degree.

It was in 1910 while she was cut off from the control of her estate that she met Dr. George Alfred Lawrence, one of the most noted neurologists in the United States, who was called in to treat her for a serious nervous complaint. He cured her and straightway the two fell in love with each other. They were married quietly in Wilmington, Del., in February, 1911.

And now Mrs. Lawrence is to have control of her millions, by decree of the court. Will she repeat her previous performances or will she settle down to a life of simple luxury and content? It remains to be seen.

"An income is like a reputation," once said Mrs. Lawrence wittily, "one must live up to it."

And there the matter stands.



THE CHEAP SKATE

BY JOSEPH BROWN COOKE.

EVERYBODY knew that Semple was a simple-minded soul. He was meandered along the macadam of life in a manner mighty momentous. But nobody ever guessed that he was a good sport.

And so, when Semple said he wanted to get next to Nasturtia, everybody lit up and grinned.

Nasturtia was a grafter. She was a sweet-scented, soulful little vanity bag, who maneuvered the No. 10 Visible Writing outfit in the front office all day and angled for table d'hôte dinners at night. She had never lived west of Third Avenue in her life, she was a perfect lady, and she didn't care a damn. Wasn't that nice of Nasturtia?

This part ought to be in a foot-note, but the Editor says that foot-notes are barred in straight fiction. This is sure straight—nothing crooked about Nasturtia! Her real name is not Nasturtia, thought "Nancy" too common, and thought "Nancy" too common, and got her new name out of a garden where Nasturtia grow. Sing, Nasturtia! No, don't get it, child; it means singular, and it is singular, too!

Now you know all that you really ought to know about Nasturtia, especially if you are young and trusting. So, we'll get right along with the story. In fact, we must! The secret of success in short-story writing is action! We must get action! All the mail-order courses say so. And we do get it, too! Every time! Occasionally at the cashier's window, usually at the "bring-down" door. But you bet we get action somehow!

So simple Semple sidled up to Nasturtia. He said: (that's her other real name). "Miss Mooney, we've known each other so long and—er—so pleasantly that I—er—wondered, if—er—trifle unconventional perhaps, but I—er—know a jolly little Bohemian place—just artists and writers and—"

You see, he was trying to ask her to go to dinner with him. And she understood. Her beautiful head, crowned with its glorious mass of Titian hair, bent forward a trifle over the keys. She was sure, from her switch to her shoestrings.

Semple simply smiled.

She dropped her eyes modestly to the floor—picked them up and re-inserted them—deflily. Then she whispered, softly: "Ain't you th' sassiest one! Yuh know I never go out with no man, 'ceptin'

ther, large as it was, became small when compared to that which came to her on the death of Miss Mary G. Pinkney, whose favorite niece and heiress she was, who when she died some years ago, left a fortune variously estimated at from \$10,000,000 to \$20,000,000, with the probability that it was much nearer the latter than the former figure.

Prior to her death Miss Pinkney had made many lavish gifts to her niece of money and property. Nothing that her favorite wanted, no matter how costly, was denied her, and it is said that Miss Pinkney on several occasions paid her debts when they became too pressing. This, in spite of the fact that without

assistance from her aunt, Mrs. Lawrence's personal income was considered a large one even in a city like New York, where large incomes are more common, perhaps, than anywhere else in the world.

Woman of Adventures.

Three times married and twice divorced, Mrs. Lawrence has been much in the spotlight of publicity during the past dozen years, as much by reason of her varied matrimonial ventures as through her lavish expenditure of money. Nor has she lacked exciting experiences of other sorts.

Once she very nearly fell into the hands of a band of adventurers, and

only through the barest accident escaped marrying one of their number. As it was, probably no one outside of her immediate family and her lawyers will ever know of how much she was duped before the premature denouement of the plotters' plan enabled their victim to escape.

It was this final straw, however, which persuaded Mrs. Lawrence's son, Louis H. Morris, to apply for the appointment of the conservator of her estate, whose duties the court has lately discontinued.

At the time of the application her son stated that he was fearful lest his mother should wed one of the "hang-

And How He Got Into Deep Water By Flirting.

(Distinctiveness of diction imperative.) He backs Nasturtia up against the wall with easy grace and seats himself opposite her. She can see the whole room. All he can see is the Pomeranian complexion carefully massaged into her finely chiselled features. (That's pretty subtle, Pompeian people please answer Page rates on application. We can meet at the house of Panza.)

The girl is sweetly sweet. Semple says: "Garsong!"

In an instant the obsequious waiter is standing deferentially by his side. "Deenay poor dith. Yang blong soap-ur!" says Semple.

"Very good, sir," says the waiter. "Two dinners an the entry white wine."

I cannot see foot-notes. Yet I ought to explain that Semple is speaking French. It is necessary in these little Bohemian places. The waiters are always foreign, you know. Mostly Irish.

But to proceed. The action goes on. The place is hot and full of actors and artists. From the actors we get the

action—from the artists the hot air. They were hot air artists. There were also a few other people. They paid cash. In the next room a fellow was singing "All Alone." Everybody wished he was. The orchestra—that is to say, the piano and fiddle, tried to drown his noise. But, no. The place was very Bohemian.

The dinner was served. There was a dead fish, laid out reverently on two slices of tomato. It was said to be an Identikit complete.

They ate it. Then soup trimmed with the garnishings of yesterday's entrée. They absorbed it, noisily. Then more fish. Also dead. Very. By the way, the tree, garnished with the trimmings of tomorrow's soup. It was very Bohemian, Nasturtia smiled. It was not at Semple. She did not think he saw it, but he did. It was a sweet smile. He changed the five-spot over into the other pocket. She smiled again—and raised her eyebrows. Semple lowered his. He was getting wise. This kept up. Semple looked innocent, but he was getting wiser every minute. Again she smiled—over his shoulder—and blinked. No, child, Semple was not on the blink.

The catfay was served. Coffee at child's-café at this unique little place. It's spelled café—same as a saloon. Semple turned his head—and yet his head was not turned. I told you he was a good sport, but nobody guessed it. He looked over his shoulder. He saw the object of Nasturtia's adoration.

Hush! We must speak reverently now. God made it, therefore, let it pass for a man. That is adapted from Shakespeare. It is part of Portia's portion. We are very literary. There is true culture in all we wrestle with.

The man behind Semple continued to ogle Nasturtia, openly. She responded, coyly. She thought Semple was too easy to mortify. He was simple-minded. Had he not been he would not have been wasting his money on Nasturtia. But she did not regard it in that light. She considered herself irresistible. There was an old song "I may be crazy, but I ain't no fool!"

That was Semple. No fool he! He rose from his chair and begged Nasturtia to excuse him for a moment. Such things have happened for so long. Especially toward the end of dinner. Nasturtia beamed. Seals have beams, but the seals did not fall from her eyes. She was dazzled by the splendor of her new conquest. Alas and alackaday! Poor Nasturtia! She never noticed that Semple took his hat and stick when he left her. Her eyes were fixed on the O O A.

Foot-note at last, by GUM! Object of adoration.

A little boy came along with roses, absolutely fresh—from the ice-box. The O O A glanced at Nasturtia, then

flowers, 10 cents; waiter, six—Total, 50 cents.

"It was always a dime," whispered the O O A in a husky tone.

"Deenay rosa—terra final Twenty-five cents!" insisted the boy, stolidly.

A ravishing smile of gratitude stole from Nasturtia's half-closed eyes, and she raised the roses to her lips and caressed them languidly.

"Bah, Jove, old chap! Damn the expense, doncha know! Be a sport and use your wits, old top! The other fellow looks simple. Scratch an acquaintance with him when he comes back and stick him for all three dinners. Easy enough. Girl old friend. Haven't met for years. He's the peck-hole in the wall to the O O A who is exchanging significant glances with Nasturtia, and whispers to the cashier: "Old sweetheart of the lady. Quar-



I've Paid for My Dinner, and Here's a Quarter for the Waiter.



I—er—know a jolly little Bohemian Place—

SLEUTHING FOR THE FOOD CROOKS

(Continued From Page 2.)

be proven. The shipment of an assignment from a given manufacturer can usually be proven by the clerks and records of the railroad handling the goods. The dealer receiving them can establish the identity of the packages going into the hands of the inspector. The chain is thus complete.

If the pure food board decides that the case shall be prosecuted, it is turned over to the Department of Justice and through it the local United States District Attorney is instructed to proceed. The inspector produces the evidence upon which the suit is brought. Aside from this there is the procedure of seizure and destruction of unfit goods that may be resorted to. Here the violator merely loses the value of the goods, which may amount to a small or great financial loss depending on the circumstances.

It is this organization of 40 inspectors, built up in Dr. Wiley's time, who are the actual fighting champions of pure food for the sixty millions. They guard that portion of the milk of the Nation's babies that is shipped from one state to another; they guard the canned goods that supply the multi-

tude; they inspect the beverages that are drunk by all the people; they see that the medicines of the country are labeled in accordance with the contents of their returners—all this goes into your stomach and mine and that are not of local manufacture, with the single exception of meats, which are handled by another inspection service, are ever under the eye of these inspectors.

The Secret Service, which has as its object the prevention of counterfeiting, the Postoffice inspectors who make difficult the operation of fraud through the mails, the special agents who are eternally vigilant that the customs laws are not violated—these and other detective agencies of the Nation have grown famous through their exploits. It is doubtful, however, if any of these has a superior force, or of detectives of that body of men which is engaged by the Department of Agriculture to round up the crooks who seek to put unfit products into the stomachs of the people. Certain it is that none of the law violations which these other organizations seek to prevent mean so much to all the people as does the manner of food they eat three times a day.

(Copyright 1912 by W. A. DuFay.)