

HISTORY OF SCANDAL IN SENATOR PLATT'S FAMILY

THE scandal in the family of United States Senator Thomas C. Platt of New York ever reaches the courts there will be the greatest kind of a shaking of dry bones, not only in his family but also of others. Sensation has followed sensation since the marriage of the aged senator to the dashing widow Janeway and more than once she has been pitted against the clever sons of the senator and each time the woman has won. Now again is the fight on and the outcome is one to be watched with interest.

Long before the wedding of the widow to the senator, Washington was astonished by the magnificence of Mrs. Janeway's entertainment at the nation's capital, and they caused no end of gossip, for shortly before occupying the mansion on I street at which Senator Platt was a frequent visitor Mrs. Janeway had been a mark in the Congressional library. The gossip became so personal that even her daughter left her and entered the home of the deaconess in New York. There she remained until after the wedding of her mother to the old senator.

The wedding of Senator Platt and Mrs. Janeway was sensational to say the least. The announcement of their engagement had been made by the widow and the date set. The sons of the senator immediately started to prevent the wedding, but the woman foiled them at the last moment. A friend of Mrs. Platt the other day told the story of the sensational marriage and declared that Mrs. Platt had frequently boasted of how she had bought it about. This friend said:

"Mrs. Janeway had persuaded the old senator into an announcement of their wedding for October 16, 1903, and was at her home in Washington celebrating her triumph with a few intimates. There were midnight banquets at her handsome home, Platt's gift in I street, which kept the neighborhood awake till daylight.

"But suddenly the house was closed and the widow Janeway hurried to New York City. Taking rooms at the Holland house she summoned the surprised senator to her presence.

Mrs. Janeway Tipped.

"Mrs. Janeway had been tipped by a watchful friend that a plan was about to defeat her marriage scheme on the very threshold of its fulfillment. She knew that the sons of the senator, unalterably opposed to the marriage and conversant with every incident of her life in Washington, had devised a plan to save their father from the alliance.

"Their scheme was to spirit the prospective bridegroom out of the way for a few days while, with his avowed consent, they would bring pressure upon the widow Janeway to force a financial compromise.

"It was news of this scheme that brought Mrs. Janeway in hot haste to New York. As the wedding had been publicly announced, she had to make the arrival of the bride-to-be a week in advance of the date caused no surprise.

"But the old senator, pledged to the scheme of his sons, was astonished and completely lost his wits at the sudden advent. She gave him no time to recover, so opportunely to confer upon the unexpected development with his sons and their astute legal counsel. Her husband was peremptory:

"Come to me this moment or you will rue your disobedience to your dying day," was her demand upon the senator.

"He meekly obeyed the summons, and before he left Mrs. Janeway's room in the Holland house that afternoon, the service had been hastily performed that made them man and wife.

"In boasting of this exploit," continued the informant, "Mrs. Platt dropped no hint as to the means she employed to bend the senator to her will.

"It took me only a moment to convince the old reprobate," said Mrs. Platt, "that there was no escape for him, and that he would be forced to marry me without another hour of delay."

"Her manner in telling this indicated clearly that certain facts or documents in her possession rendered the aged senator powerless in her hands. My! How she laughed as she told me how the poor old man begged for delay, if only for an hour! She refused to give him a minute, and before he realized what had happened a messenger had been dispatched to summon the minister.

"Poor old Platt went through the mockery of a wedding that followed like a man in a daze.

"But even a bitterer humiliation was in store for the senator. The service was barely over and the officiating minister had just bowed himself out of the room, when the triumphant bride touched the bell and ordered a carriage.

"Get into your overcoat, senator," she ordered, and take me down to the conference. Senator Platt fairly staggered under the shock. It was the first intimation that the determined woman knew of a conference of her enemies, called for that very afternoon at the senator's office.

"The sons had instructed their lawyer to be present with a complete draft of the agreement, which was to be forced upon the widow Janeway. Platt had consented to sign it, and a day later the surprise was to be sprung upon her.

Knew the Whole Game.

"But she had been informed upon even more in the game and had timed her capture of the senator as to attend the conference of the afternoon in her position of bona fide bride.

"Senator Platt, powerless to delay his enforced bride even by an hour, was equally powerless to avert the humiliation of his sons. So together they drove to his office at No. 49 Broadway, where the lawyer and one of his sons was in waiting. On the table lay the agreement ready for signature.

"Mrs. Platt's own description of the amazement that greeted her entrance is graphic. She told me the lawyer sank back speechless for a moment in his armchair, while the senator's sons now few literally dropped in astonishment.

"I have come for a glance at the famous agreement, gentlemen," said the dashing visitor in a voice of honeyed sweetness. It satisfied them that all was well; that the old senator had done even more than they had asked and had won the lady to a sensible view of the situation.

"Regaining his nerve the lawyer bowed gallantly, raised the copy of the agreement from the table and placed it in the outstretched hands of the supposed widow, Raising her veil, she swept the typewritten lines with eyes that sparkled with triumph.

"Suddenly she ceased reading, smiled in the noted lawyer's face, and in innocent tones asked:

"But what have I do do with all this? The only woman named here is Mrs. Janeway."

"Quite right, madam," replied the mystified lawyer, "and you are Mrs. Janeway you will be—"

"Why, how utterly ridiculous," interrupted the lady, "how could you make



Photo on the left shows Mrs. Thomas C. Platt, who, it is said, is trying to get a divorce from Senator Thomas C. Platt, but which was denied her. In the center is Senator Thomas C. Platt, and on the right Mrs. Francis J. Carmody, whose husband, Mrs. Platt says, was the one that started the marital tangles.



Another cloud appeared upon the horizon of the widow Janeway's life at this time in the person of Miss Mae C. Wood, still another of Senator Platt's proteges, who later threatened him with an action for breach of promise, made public his letters, and compromised at a fat figure.

Miss Wood held a \$1,400 position in the postoffice department at Washington through the senator's influence, lived in expensive style, went and came as she pleased, and announced herself as "the future Mrs. Thomas C. Platt."

All this time the residents of the exclusive section in which Mrs. Janeway lived were watching the construction of a handsome residence on I street, within a stone's throw of the Army and Navy club.

Not until its completion was the name of the owner disclosed. It was Mrs. Janeway. Senator Platt's money settled all bills and furnished the superb dwelling from cellar to garret in sumptuous style.

Mrs. Janeway took prompt possession and entertained extensively. It is true that society shunned the I street house, but guests were readily found to crowd the splendid parlors. Young girls were especially numerous at these gatherings. So were senators and congressmen without their wives.

Mae Wood Appears.

By this time Mrs. Janeway had resigned her position in the Congressional Library, and rumors were afloat of her approaching marriage with Senator Platt. For a time Mrs. Janeway said nothing; then she openly announced her engagement to the senator, and he meekly confirmed the news.

Meanwhile Miss Mae Wood, back from Europe, read the announcement in the daily papers fixing the date of the wedding. Filling a satchel with the Platt love letters she hurried to this city. But she arrived too late to defeat the plans of her successful rival.

Miss Wood threatened and published the love letters and frightened a compromise settlement of many thousands of dollars out of the old senator, but the widow Janeway's triumph could not be annulled.

Mrs. Platt's first reception at the Arlington hotel was a memorable fiasco. It was preceded by an exodus of women who had notified the hotel management that Mrs. Platt's arrival would be the signal for their departure. The official list of guests at the first reception included every prominent man and woman in the official and social life of Washington. As a matter of fact the actual total of guests was under 100.

Thereafter, Mrs. Platt has each season held only such receptions as her position actually compels.

Miss Snow, now Mrs. Carmody, gave up her religious work in New York and returned to her mother when the marriage with Senator Platt was definitely decided.

such a mistake? I am Mrs. Thomas Collier Platt."

"For one moment, as Mrs. Platt told her story, you could have heard a pin drop in the silence of that office. Then, as the truth dawned on the lawyer, he tore the copy of the agreement into shreds and strode to the door, exclaiming:

"Madam, why didn't you say so at first?"

Coachman Hedges Employed.

This was the first time Mrs. Platt foiled the senator's sons and since then there has been continual warfare. The sensational trip to the Pacific coast which now figures in the scandal was opposed by them as was also the employment of Coachman Hedges, but in every instance the woman has won.

The Coachman Hedges plays one of the steller roles in the scandal. He was an expressman and the ease with which he handled one of Mrs. Platt's big trunks attracted her attention. Soon after this he was installed in the Platt household, where he remains today more as a companion to Mrs. Platt than as a coachman.

When Hedges first came to Tioga Lodge he wore the livery of a servant. This soon gave away to a sort of semi-livery, which later disappeared as the frequent rides with Mrs. Platt increased, until eventually the young man dressed in the smartest tweeds. It was the trip to the Pacific coast when the neighbors realized what an intimate personal position Hedges occupied in the Platt household. When the party arrived at the special cars they were surprised to find Hedges on hand, dressed in the latest style of a traveling suit, giving directions and welcoming guests as if he was the one who was giving the trip.

In the party were Mrs. W. E. Busby and Mrs. Gay Robertson and both objected to a servant mingling familiarly with the guests, but Mrs. Platt informed them that Hedges was going on the trip as the "senator's man" and added that a livery would be too conspicuous. This explanation was accepted and the trip commenced but the guests were astonished when Hedges was given a place at the table with the guests.

"Of course, you ladies will not object to the presence of Mr. Hedges at table," queried the senator's wife. "You see, we are such a little party," she added, while her guests sat in silent wonder; "and it would give so much trouble to serve Mr. Hedges separately."

Hardly knowing what to think of the situation, the two guests bowed a voiceless assent, while Senator Platt, from the head of the table, stared straight before him in stony silence.

Entertained as a Guest.

Mrs. Platt carried her point, and throughout the trip, covering 20 days, Mr. Hedges played the role of tourist without a hitch. Notable men all along the route to San Francisco entertained the senator's party, and the name of "Mr. Hedges" figured in the published reports of the banquets and luncheons. Through it all Senator Platt said but little. Mrs. Busby and Mrs. Robertson, sympathizing with their host, said nothing at all.

In different cities, where the party stopped to see the sights, the coachman was the escort for Mrs. Platt and her guests. Senator Platt, aging perceptibly from day to day, was left alone often at the hotel. While in San Francisco he kept nightly vigil in his room at the Palace hotel, while Hedges, in faultless evening dress escorted those of the ladies who wished to see the sights. The details of these nights in the California capital may be told in legal proceedings are brought.

There were midnight trips to Chinatown, peeps at various phases of San Francisco's underground life, and rides through the sleeping city.

The present Mrs. Carmody, then Miss Margaret L. Snow, accompanied her mother and Hedges on a few of these night trips, and after marriage she told her husband the sights she had witnessed upon her feet, white with emotion and craved with passion.

"So you have planned this humiliation for me, have you, you old reprobate!" she cried, shaking her clenched hands in the senator's face, "but you shall not do it. I'll kill myself first, before your hateful face."

Daughter Averts Suicide.

Her hands averted the bosom of her evening gown, and an instant later the barrel of a revolver was pressed against her temple.

Senator Platt, stupefied by this tragic

turn of events, sat glaring at his wife with lack-lustre eyes. Helpless with amazement, Colonel Carmody did not budge from his chair. But the senator's stepdaughter was equal to the emergency. She was upon her feet and at her mother's side before the weapon could be discharged. Wrestling the revolver from her hand she dashed it to the floor, crying to Colonel Carmody:

"Francis, take that thing away and hide it, quick!"

Carmody hurried away with Mrs. Platt's revolver and hid it under a mattress in an upper room. His fiancée soothed her hysterical mother and led her from the library.

Sensor Platt, helpless witness of the extraordinary scene, was completely unnerved. But he sternly repulsed the consolation offered by Colonel Carmody, and retired to his room.

The conference of the Platt's and the Busby's was held and the charges made by Mrs. Platt were refuted by her own daughter when she was cross-examined. Even in the face of the overwhelming evidence in the shape of affidavits from members of the party, Mrs. Platt would not admit defeat, but suddenly brought up the name of Coachman Hedges and

That ended the investigation, and Senator Platt, swaying feebly on his feet, moved forward to press Mr. Busby's hand.

"Look at that," cried the senator's wife, with a mocking laugh; "see what an apology for a man I have married."

Later that night Mrs. Platt was heard in angry controversy with Coachman Hedges. She was denouncing him for cowardly failure to back up her story, while he, by way of excuse, was pleading:

"That's all right, but how did I know that Busby didn't have a gun with him?"

Hedges Still Employed.

It is said that Hedges was discharged that night by Senator Platt and that the order was promptly countermanded by the senator's wife. Hedges remained at Tioga Lodge, accompanied Mrs. Platt to Washington last winter, was her un-liveried companion there on long drives and at luncheons in public places, and is today in his old berth at Highland Mills.

Colonel Carmody's marriage to Mrs. Platt's daughter was duly solemnized soon after that tragic sight at Tioga Lodge. At that time Colonel Carmody, so his friends allege, was completely under Mrs. Platt's influence, being in her implicitly, supporting her loyalty.

Doubt did creep into his heart on the very eve of the wedding, his intimates assert, but his bride had promised him to live entirely apart from her mother, and he believed her. The marriage followed. Within three weeks "army had learned more of the secrets of the transcontinental tour, and faith in the dashing mother-in-law had turned to grave distrust. Personally, he urged the dismissal of Hedges, and from that moment, so his friends say, he was marked by Mrs. Platt for speedy vengeance.

The public's familiar with recent developments; how Mrs. Carmody suddenly left her husband, without a word of explanation, and how the husband has since been striving to communicate with her. His letters have been returned unopened by Mrs. Platt, and his messengers are refused admission to Tioga Lodge.

Mrs. Platt's Career.

The career of Mrs. Platt ranges from the village beauty to the wife of a United States senator. She was born in Portage Lake, Maine, and her beauty in her town was famous. She was known as "Pretty Carrie Thompson," and was still in her teens was married to a traveling salesman named Snow. Two years later, following the birth of her daughter, there was a divorce and Mrs. Snow went to New York. There she was taken ill and her physician was young Dr. Theodore Janeway. It was love at first sight and when she recovered her health the fair divorcee and the doctor were married.

Dr. Janeway died in 1897, and the still young and handsome woman met Senator Platt. The fruits of that meeting were made apparent when Mrs. Janeway and her daughter appeared in Washington as employees of the congressional library, the former at a salary of \$60 a month and the daughter at \$50. The Christian name of the widow had been changed from the plain Carrie to the more suphonic Lillian.

The first Mrs. Platt's health had broken, and the friend oftener at her bedside in the Arlington hotel was Mrs. Janeway. Office hours over at the Congressional Library, the handsome widow, modestly gowned, would hurry to the sick room and minister to the wants of the slowly dying woman until far into the night.

It was so touching a picture of devotedness that public attention was compelled. But worldly-wise Washington soon ceased to wonder at this disinterested friendship. The change in public sentiment came when Mrs. Janeway suddenly discarded her modest gown and blossomed out in toilets of amazing richness.

Diamonds and Silks.

Still she remained at her post in the Congressional Library. She worked among the books with hands literally ablaze with costly gems, and her plainest office dress was a masterpiece in lace and velvet, worthy of a Worth or a Felix. Her private brougham was the smartest in Washington, and her friends were statemen of large means.

Mrs. Platt died December 13, 1901, and the widow Janeway turned her attentions openly to the aged senator. She sold her brougham and drove to and from her work daily in the senator's carriage. She moved into spacious



J. K. Hedges, Mrs. Platt's Coachman, Who Will Be Arrested if He Appears in New York.

was a sensational scene between Senator Platt and his wife, which was witnessed by Colonel Carmody and Miss Snow. The senator told of the conference he had arranged, but before the words were fairly past his lips Mrs. Platt was upon her feet, white with emotion and craved with passion.

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apartments directly opposite the Arlington hotel.

About this time her daughter suddenly left home, came to New York city, threw herself into religious work and became a deaconess of the Protestant Episcopal church.

Joy of Bangor.

A large ripe, juicy and toothsome strawberry was brought into the office of the Bangor (Maine) Commercial the other day. The berry was picked by Frank Roudy of Bangor, and on the same stalk was another large berry just beginning to ripen.

At Last!

From the Boston Transcript.

"Yawn it massages your throat," is the recent injunction of a physician. At last we discover the uses of yawns and yawn combs.

A Deep Lake.

The deepest lake in the world is believed to be Lake Kalka, in Siberia. Nine thousand

square miles in area, or nearly as large as Lake Erie, it is 4,200 to 5,000 feet deep, so that it contains nearly as much water as Lake Superior.

Absent-Minded.

From Tales.

"You have three pairs of glasses, professor!"

"Yes; I use one to read with, one to see at a distance and the third to find the other two."

Does Not "Measure Up."

From the New York World.

Secretary Taft on the United States supreme bench, looks like short measure.



Latest photo of Miss Blanche Leroy Shoemaker, the New York business woman who has spurned the Duke de Choiseul Praslin, the head of one of the oldest families in France, because the duke's grandfather during a fit of jealousy killed his wife, during the reign of Napoleon III.