

The REGAL SPLENDOR that Wrecked a FORTUNE

Lord and Lady Curzon at the Delhi Durbar



Lady Curzon's Estate Dissipated in Magnificent Entertainment

HUGH CRABBE, who had been one of the employes of the Levi Z. Leiter estate, a few weeks ago sued the Zeigler Coal Company for the trivial sum of \$410, on account of services rendered. That pitifully small claim disclosed, through the evidence adduced in support and rebuttal, for the first time the inner financial secrets of the disposal of the vast fortune of the dead Chicago millionaire.

It revealed, before all the world of wealth, fashion and power, the true explanation of the grandeur of Lord Curzon, famed as the most splendid viceroy who ever reigned over the empire of India, and of the late Lady Curzon, the beautiful and devoted Mary Leiter, who was his vicereine.

More than that: It showed that Mary Leiter, as Lady Curzon, in her capacity of loyal wife and daring social leader, so impoverished herself that, after the magnificence of her reign in India, and while she was on the eve of her untimely death, she was in dire straits for available funds.

The curtain drawn upon the glories of their Indian vice-royalty, the Curzons were so poor that they did not dare return to Lord Curzon's imposing London house, or even to his ancestral mansion, Kedleston Hall, in Derbyshire. Apartments in a modest hotel were all the fallen rulers could afford.

But the fact became apparent, too, that of all the millionaires and heirs of millionaires whom a century has launched into prodigality, pretty Mary Leiter secured the most gorgeous return for her extravagance that modern history has witnessed. Beside her temporary magnificence, a diamond magnate like the late Barney Barnato was a cheap vulgarian, while her brother, the dashing Joe Leiter, with his futile "corner" of wheat, seemed merely a naughty, wasteful child.

MARY LEITER was the daughter of a hard-headed old father who, with all the affection and pride in his children that kept alive the body of Balzac's Pere Goriot, was blessed with all the shrewdness and firmness which unhappy Goriot lacked. When Levi Z. Leiter lived, he stood by every one of his children in their necessities, even assuming the burden of his son Joseph's disastrous adventures in the wheat pit.

But when he died, he charged against each of them whatever sums they had received from him during his lifetime, an arrangement eminently just to every one, but as immensely painful to any one who, like the son, Joseph, discovered he was charged, out of his share, with the interest upon \$2,000,000 which his father had poured into the terrible wheat pit before Joseph could be dragged out with anything like honor.

So now Joseph, as the pitiful suit at law for the pitiful \$410 disclosed, receives only \$4,000 a year as his income from the Leiter estate, while his sister Daisy, who married Lord Suffolk, and his sister Nancy, who is Mrs. Colin Campbell, with no wheat afterwards to discount their shares, get \$125,000 a year each.

About an equal amount, annually, goes to Lord Curzon and the children who remained to him after the death of his beautiful wife.

With Mary, as with her brothers and sisters, Levi Leiter was as just as he was generous. The marriage settlement which enabled Mary Leiter to make the

match she had set her heart upon provided for the investment of \$1,700,000 in trust for her and her husband and children.

When her father died, that \$1,700,000 was as duly deducted from her one-fourth part of the estate; and her income, apart from the interest accruing from the marriage settlement, was only \$68,000 a year.

But until any payment was due, not a cent could she or her husband obtain, even for the most pressing of their needs; and if, at any time, some error of accounting should have brought about an overpayment, it must be deducted from the next subsequent interest due.

Thus it happened that Lady Curzon, retiring vicereine of India, and the great vicereine, her lord, must betake themselves to humble hotel lodgings upon their return to England, that Lady Curzon, only a short time before her untimely death, must appeal to Hugh Crabbe fruitlessly for ready cash; and that, when she died, Lord Curzon was overpaid, in receiving a share of the estate, to the extent of \$10,700, and wrote to express his "horror" when he was informed that the next instalment of his income would be minus just \$10,700.

Those were the financial considerations that lay back, unknown, of the dazzling splendors which attended the reign of Lord and Lady Curzon in distant India—a reign that, for all the fulsome praise and description lavished upon its succession of grandees, is still wholly unappreciated in the marvels that attended the path of the first American woman to wear the royal robes of a ruling queen.

She had married a young nobleman of high standing who, as the French are prone to remark, needed only money in order to be rich. She made him rich;

and then, as the English have it, he needed only position in order to be powerful.

In times when India is not presaging a crisis—which come around during those generations when India is only hungry, instead of starving—that hopeless yet not desperate empire can get along with mere talent, instead of genius, in the vicereine's palace.

It is impossible that a man and a girl can associate constantly in an office without eliminating that reserve which would exist if the man had met the girl only in her home, or in a purely social way. The fact is that, in a short time, the man gets to know the girl better than her own mother knows her.

Mrs. Allegretti voiced seriously the allegation which has been made regarding the office girl from the hour when the first stenographer graduated from her "college" and applied for a job "downtown." The jealousy wives have had of hubby's typewriter has never been withdrawn from the line drawings of the comic page; but it remained for the wife who asked the courts to make her independent of her husband to explain that the office girl is a love pirate because she is just born that way, not because of her own volition, she wants to fly the pirate flag.

It is as though, over the cradle of the newly born girl babe, some crabbed fairy, uninvited, slipped in after all the other good fairies had dowered the babe with beauty, industry, neatness, intelligence and man's devotion, and had breathed upon her the curse of her destiny, that all these enviable gifts should end by making her a wicked pirate.

It remained for Mrs. Nellie Higgins, the wife of a wealthy lumber dealer in the town of Campbell, Mo., to treat the modern office girl as they used to treat pirates in the days of Captain Kidd. On November 7, only a couple of weeks after Mrs. Allegretti made her protest against the very existence of the bewitching pirate, Mrs. Higgins calmly shot Miss Victoria Maynard, her husband's stenographer, in the hand and the neck, asserting she did it because the girl was trying to steal her husband's love.

The pretty "pirate," with a bullet's path close to her jugular, is likely to get well, but she will not be able to say a word in her own defense for a long time to come. The only plea of "not guilty" since Mrs. Allegretti coined her damning phrase of "love pirate," has been entered by Mary McLain, the girl whom she directly accused.

Miss McLain gave out her own, intimate, private diary for publication, in order that it might be her exculpation. That epigrammatic diary has run the gamut of notoriety from one end of the country to the other—and all its readers have been impressed far more with her wit than with her innocence.

"Married men," she remarks, "are insufferable when newly married. They become decently endurable after five years of domesticity, and after that they keep growing younger until they die. At 45 they are almost human."

"If kisses were \$10 bills, what a merry world this would be!" "Those sad-eyed men make me weepy. Ginger! All the fellows that think I'm cute are married or baldheaded, or both."

"The preachers come. Two are quite old, but one is attractive looking. He is the one that asked to see my bathing suit. One old gentleman said I was his honey bug when I passed him the money, and he winked like a floorwalker."

She summed up the girl's side of it thus: "If every girl from the time she is 14 kept a diary until she was 18, and wrote all she really thought about life as it seemed to her, every orthodox theory about girls would go crashing down the toboggan of conventionality in a heap."

With these as samples of the argument for the defense, the case of the accused love pirate has not gained to any noticeable extent. But the verdict of the open court of public opinion takes in much more evidence than the words of a Mrs. Allegretti, the deeds of a Mrs. Higgins, or the diary of a Mary McLain. And the question of the office girl as a predestined pirate is still an open one.

How say you—guilty, or not guilty?



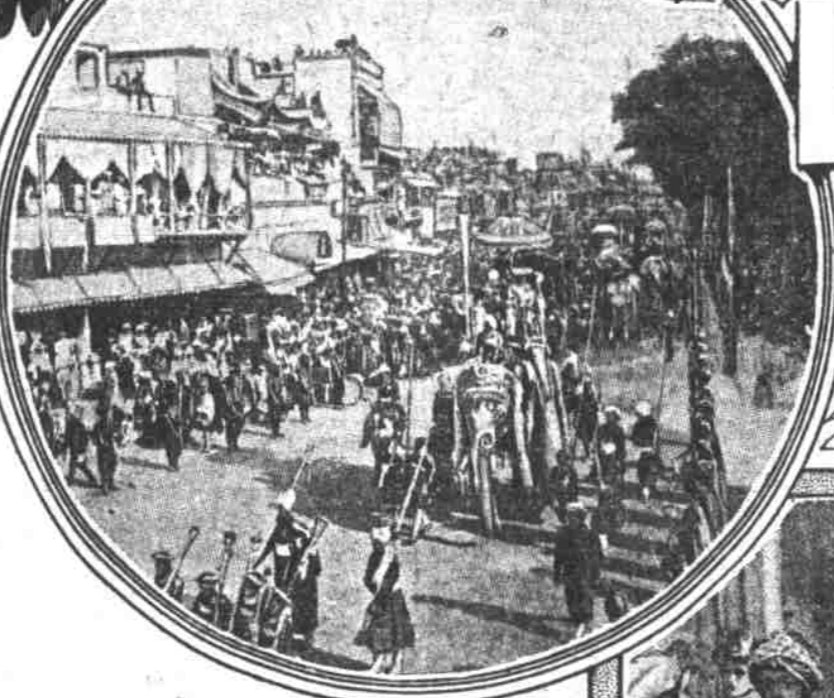
The Countess of Suffolk (Daisy Leiter) Has Retained Her Fortune



Mrs. Colin Campbell (Nannie Leiter) Another Wealthy Sister



The Late Lady Curzon as Vicereine



A Triumphant Entry into Delhi



The State Ball in India



Lord Curzon in Viceregal Robes

built the imposing "Government House," which the young couple were to occupy as their residence in Calcutta. He recalled the architectural beauties of the dwelling of Lord Curzon's family, Kedleston Hall.

He could imagine nothing that was better calculated, in its vision of stately grandeur, to impress the Indian potentates over whom the vicereine should hold sway, than the palatial breadth of that great structure, except that, in planning the four immense wings of the palace at Calcutta, he gave them three stories, to match the central building, instead of the two in Kedleston Hall.

Lady Curzon, arriving at the viceregal palace, came not only as the first lady of the land, but as if she were entering upon a home that had been erected in anticipation of the coming Curzon dignities, 100 years before. And indeed, with the enormous arches supporting gigantic figures of the British lion, and serving as the outer gates; with the vast dimensions of its ceremonial apartments, and with the well-nigh limitless extent of its corridors, the vicereine's palace at Calcutta is more imposing to the eye than any of the royal palaces of England itself, excepting Windsor alone.

There was a permanent bodyguard of 120 men, in long red coats and immense turbans, and a horde of servants waiting to perform her royal bidding. On state occasions India's kings and princes bent low before this American woman in humble homage.

On the great occasion of Lady Curzon's reign in India, the durbar at Delhi, the ceremonial of which she and her husband were the ruling figures was one never approached in splendor by any display of modern times, if, indeed, it was equaled by any pageantry during the ages that are past.

On the British side of the ceremony the scene was set with thousands of troops belonging to the powerful white army of India, without whose presence England's dominion in that reluctant land would not be worth an hour's purchase. At the state service the instrumental music was provided by fifteen full regimental bands, while a choir of 500 soldiers, the picked voices of the whole army, sang the anthems through megaphones.

Upon one side of the wide plain was a brilliant throng of officers in their gay uniforms and women in magnificent gowns; on the other was a mass of color investing the 600 men of the military orchestra and the 600 in the huge choir.

Between them was an entire army, standing in close formation, the regimental uniforms distinguishing its units in phalanxes of dark green, red, khaki and white, with the glitter of gold in dazzling points everywhere interspersed.

The procession of the native princes, which was held on January 7, 1903, was, however, the spectacle of barbaric splendor in honor of the vicereine and vicereine which spread the fame of the Delhi durbar throughout the whole world, with Lady Curzon as its central figure, as though she were some human jewel of beauty, radiant with proud joy.

ARMY DID HER HOMAGE

Before her paraded an army of the quaintest warriors the modern world has ever seen, bearing weapons of ages long ago; mighty elephants decked out in gold and silver, every one bearing a fortune on his swaying back; camels in bright scarlet and yellow; horses whose caparisons were of silks and brocades; a society leader must envy a long, seemingly interminable vision of tossing plumes and swinging tassels that left the impression of dazzling splendor and bewildering variety.

There were 140 elephants, 150 camels, twenty carriages, forty palanquins, 1300 horses and between 6000 and 7000 men. There were camels ridden by men who bore enormous standards; there were armed soldiers who marched on stilts, that their height might the more dismay their foes.

Three-score horsemen, who came from Jaipur, reverted to the middle ages of Europe in the steel helmets and coats of chain armor that were their regular native uniform; from Jodhpur came a dozen in complete coats of mail; the retainers of Kishangarh were attired in long, quilted coats guaranteed to turn aside a sword cut; warriors with lances, warriors with bows and arrows, all armed and accoutred, not for mere display, but in good faith, as the weapons they would expect to assume if they should engage in battle that very day.

Before her, at the receptions incident to the durbar, the heirs to India's thrones bowed as to their queen; and queen she remained until she retreated with her husband to England. And, in the sudden poverty with which she must pay for her brief royalty, to lodgings in a hotel.

The durbar was but one of the many magnificent incidents of the Curzon rule in India. It was a fairer and more splendid than any other that had ever taken place in India, and it was a woman who had the nerve to go the limit in expenditure, and who she did, go, perhaps, the worth of her money.

There was never a more splendid view than that in India than that of the Curzons; every day seemed to bring new triumphs and added magnificence. It is a wonder that so much of the Leiter fortune was toward maintaining this magnificence, even had any American woman had ever known before.

Is the Office Girl Unconsciously a Love Pirate?



"GUILTY or not guilty? Gentlemen—and ladies—of the jury, how say you?" The prisoner at the bar of your justice protests her innocence in every eloquent flash of her appealing eyes, in every bewitching curl of her alluring hair, in every attractive curve of her youthful, Hebe form. She is the office girl—the dear office girl of song, story and the comic supplements—the dearest girl who is sister, daughter and sweetheart of the millions who are the mass of the nation. In the open court of public opinion she stands accused of the shocking crime of piracy—that offense against society which it was believed, until a few weeks ago, had been completely eliminated from the modern calendar of crime.

Is she a love pirate? Does she sail the seas of our vaunted civilization, pitiless in her course, under the banned and baneful colors of Venus, her only device the sinister one of Cupid with his bow? The prosecution has already produced its evidence.

THE prosecution's chief witness is Mrs. Benedetto Allegretti, wife of a Chicago candy manufacturer. She sued for, and secured, a decree of separate maintenance this fall. She blamed it all on pretty Mary McLain, who was her husband's office clerk. "The girl in the downtown office is a constant

menace to the wife at home," Mrs. Allegretti declared bitterly. "She is a love pirate, whether she intends to be or not. She is the bird of brilliant plumage that fascinates and lures men from the grave respectability of the home."