

A ROMANCE AFTER A GREAT TRAGEDY

Of Mrs. "Carley" Havemeyer,
One of the Four Great Beauties, and
"Beauty" Beach, the Handsomest Man
IN THE '400.



FRED BEACH



MRS. "CARLEY" HAVEMEYER



MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR



MRS. PERRY BELMONT



THE LATE "CARLEY" HAVEMEYER



MRS. CLARENCE MACKAY

HE wedding of Mrs. Carley Havemeyer and Mr. Frederick O. Beach is an event that is awaited with expectancy.

The two persons chiefly concerned are discreetly silent on the subject. Their silence seems to lend consent, and those who ought to know are perfectly certain that the event will occur.

The entire Four Hundred is profoundly interested in the matter. Mrs. Havemeyer and Mr. Beach are distinguished ornaments of that ornamental body. They are especially identified with that section of it devoted to sport. They are members of the Meadow Brook set.

In the event of this wedding taking place one of the most curious romances of the de siècle New York society will be brought to a fitting conclusion. It is a romance full of color, mystery and intrigue. In it are involved millions, beauty, love, tragedy, even bloodshed.

Mrs. Havemeyer is one of the greatest beauties of New York society. If a competition were instituted between them a jury would have difficulty in deciding between the claims of Mrs. Havemeyer, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Clarence Mackay and Mrs. Perry Belmont.

To-day, in her young widowhood, Mrs. Havemeyer is even more beautiful than ever she was. Mr. Beach is a fortunate man and finds his reward for having waited patiently instead of accepting one of the many unattached damsels who have smiled down upon him. Oddly enough, he is known as "a society beauty," too.

The event which lends tragedy to this romance was the violent death a year ago of Charles F. Havemeyer, husband of the beauty whose remarriage is now under discussion.

Mr. Havemeyer was found dead in his dressing room, and a coroner's jury returned a verdict that he shot himself, and that there was no evidence to show that his death was not accidental. The manner in which the inquest was conducted, however, convinced no one either that death was accidental or that shooting was the method by which it was caused. The general impression was that the deceased committed suicide.

The coroner's jury was composed exclusively of fashionable members of the Meadow Brook set who are also members of the Four Hundred. It was the first occasion on record that a coroner's inquest had been graced by such a jury.

Mr. Havemeyer was the eldest son of the late Theodore A. Havemeyer, of the Sugar Trust, and nephew of Henry O. Havemeyer, the present head of that octopus. He was called "Carley" on account of his inability in youth to pronounce his Christian name.

On October 16, 1890, he married Miss Moss, daughter of Mr. Courtlandt Moss. She was not at the time very conspicuous in high society, but her mother was a Miss Woodward, of an old New York family. Mr. Havemeyer was captivated by Miss Moss's beauty when she was riding horseback on the roads of Westchester County. It was then that she appeared to the best advantage, for she has a superb figure in addition to her beauty of face.

She has a great mass of glorious, almost black hair, large vivacious brown eyes and a wonderful complexion, which, as a matter of fact, is entirely in harmony with the peculiar brilliance of her beauty. Her figure is tall, straight, sinuous, strong, but graceful. It was once copied as a model for an equestrian female figure in a prize given at a riding school.

After their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Havemeyer lived for a time in the neighborhood of the Westchester Country Club. In 1894 Mrs. Havemeyer was severely injured near Greenwich, Conn., by the running away of a team of fiery mustangs she was driving. She recovered completely.

In 1897 they went to live in the old Willets house, called Old Brick Farm, near Roslyn, L. I. This was near the Meadow Brook Club, where Mr. Havemeyer found his principal amusement. He was a big, rather good looking man, of very amiable character, but no great force of mind. Many people were sincerely sorry to hear of his death. He engaged in business on his own account for a short time, but was so careless that he forgot to pay his office rent one Summer, and his furniture was seized. After that he lived on a handsome allowance made by his father, up to the time of the latter's death, when he inherited a great fortune.

It was a subject generally discussed in society and the clubs that "Carley" Havemeyer and his wife did not dwell together in perfect peace. A handsome wife does not always bring happiness—not a plain one, for that matter. At one time it was reported that they had separated, but they were afterward reconciled.

The tragic death of Mr. Havemeyer occurred on May 10, 1898, at his house near Roslyn. According to the statements given out by the friends of the family it was a queer affair. On the morning of the day he left Roslyn to visit his mother in New York and returned in the afternoon.

He appeared to be in the best of health and spirits and played with his little six-year-old son "Teddy," making pictures for him. Then he went to his bedroom to dress for dinner.

At 7:30, according to the statement furnished by the friends, Mrs. Havemeyer was startled by the report of a pistol coming from her husband's room. She went in and to her horror found her husband lying dead on a chair, with a smoking pistol in his hand. She, it was said, had just returned to the house.

The coroner, who was largely dependent on the good will of the fashionable residents, summoned immediately a jury, consisting of the friends of the deceased. It included E. D. Morgan, foreman; Oliver N. Bird, James B. Eustis, Jr., C. Albert Stevens and W. C. Enslin. It was purely a private affair. The jury confined itself to the negative verdict that "there was no evidence to show that death was not accidental."

So poor "Carley" Havemeyer, after a brief career of illness and unhappiness, passed away. He was only thirty-one years old. The best that society could do for him was to hush up the manner of his death.

On last New Year's Day, nearly eight months after this tragedy, the beautiful young widow gave birth to a son. New York society heard with intense interest of this event.

Mr. Frederick O. Beach, whose fate is interesting society, is himself interesting. He is commonly known as "Beauty."

He is about five feet ten inches high, straight, slim and well built. He has fair hair and a long, drooping mustache. Probabilly his figure would serve for an artistic model of manly beauty. He does not an-

near to be much over thirty, although he is. He is an all-round sportsman, but his chief ability is as a horseman. He can ride to hounds, drive a four-in-hand and do everything else in that line in first-class style.

Few know who Mr. Beach's family were, or whence he derives his income. He owes his position solely to his beauty, and he is the only man in society of whom that can be said. It is whispered that he derives an income from selling a certain brand of varnish. Just as some well-known society men are "champagne pushers," so Mr. Beach is in the more respectable business of "pushing varnish." He does not allow it to interfere with his social duties, but whenever an Astor or a Vanderbilt needs varnish, Mr. Beach is on hand to supply it.

Mr. Beach gets all that is best out of money without the degrading necessity of earning or even possessing large quantities of it. He has but to utter the wish and multi-millionaires invite him to occupy their yachts, to take the whip on their coaches and to lead the dance in their palatial ballrooms. Even the mothers of prospective heiresses have beamed upon him, but he has preferred to bestow his smiles upon handsome matrons.

In New York he is usually to be found at the Knickerbocker Club. He is also a member of the Racquet, the Metropolitan and the Meadow Brook.

He could plaster the walls of a house with the invitations he receives in a season and decorate it with cotton favors. Whatever he does he does well. He is always on time, whether it is to drive a coach, or hunt, or lead a cotillon. He is always dressed well and appropriately to the occasion. He applies to society affairs the same precision that Admiral Dewey does to a naval battle.

He is a great friend of William K. Vanderbilt and amuses that uncomfortably rich gentleman with poker and other games. It is said that Mr. Vanderbilt's great steam yacht the *Vallant* will be the scene of the expected honeymoon of Mr. Beach and Mrs. Havemeyer.

In regard to the Havemeyer part of this romance, it is interesting to point out that the violent death of "Carley" Havemeyer was only one of a long series of misfortunes which have dogged that family.

So well known is this that there are many superstitious ones who believe that there is a "Curse of Sugar" and that it will haunt the Havemeyers until the last of them die out. If one could believe in such a curse, it would not be difficult to find a cause for it in the vast Williamsburg refineries of the Sugar Trust.

Henry O. Havemeyer, after an unhappy married life, was separated from his wife.

George Havemeyer was killed in the refineries.

Mrs. Clara Havemeyer obtained a divorce.

Henry Havemeyer died in Paris in poverty.

Thomas J. Havemeyer, who died recently, lived for fifteen years with a wife he was afraid to acknowledge.

MARTHA WASHINGTON'S FATHER-IN-LAW THE GREATEST HUMORIST OF HIS TIME.

NO doubt Martha Washington's first father-in-law had the queerest inscription put on his tomb that has ever been found in a graveyard. It seems he was rather proud of it, and was so determined to have it that he ordered his mausoleum from England when he was in perfect health. It was of the purest white marble, elaborately carved, and cost a small fortune.

He lost a good deal of sleep framing up the epitaph, and when it was completed it read as follows:

 + Beneath this marble tomb lies ye body of the
 + Honorable John Custis, Esq., of the City of Will-
 + iamshurg and Parish of Burton, formerly of Hun-
 + gers Parish, on the Eastern Shore of Virginia and
 + the County of Northampton, the place of his Na-
 + tivity.
 + Age 71 years, and yet lived but seven years,
 + which was the space of time he kept a Bachelor's
 + House at Arlington, on the Eastern Shore of Ver-
 + ginia.

The date was put in after his death, of course. It is said that his impatience to rest under this monument really hastened his death.

When the end came he closed his eyes peacefully and died as only a man can die who knows what the ends means to him.

How much this epitaph tells us we do not know—whether it was the pleasure of living on the Eastern Shore of Virginia or happiness at being away from his wife. But she was a very cross and sour-tempered woman while he lived at Williamsburg, in the parish of Burton.

Could the old gentleman now see his tomb he would turn over in his grave, for every sightseer who goes to the place breaks off a piece to take away, until it is battered and scarred all over.

On the other hand, it might please him to know that his rare humor was widely understood.

Can the Municipal Assembly Settle the Vexing Servant Girl Question?

THAT august body—the Municipal Assembly—has been actually called upon to give some of the time when it is not discussing charters and dicker about appropriations to solving the Servant Girl Question. It is safe to say in all honesty that no more serious nor far-reaching question has ever come up for its grave consideration. Ever since Thomas Jefferson drafted those immortal lines: "All men are created free and equal," this particular question has been one of the greatest grievances of American home life. It is indigenous to this country. No other country on the globe is confronted with this vexatious problem.

This petition for radical measures was presented to the Assembly through the German Housewives' Society, and requests that it "cause an investigation into existing conditions, with a view of bettering the general surroundings of hired help, of creating between mistress and servant a more thorough appreciation of the necessity and advantage of mutual interest and of protecting each against unfairness and injustice, practised by one against the other."

The Sunday Journal, which presented a prize of \$50 last month to the "hired girl" and the "mistress" who, respectively, wrote the best letter on the rights and relations of the one to the other, has interviewed the president and the manager of the society and asked them just what the society purposes to accomplish. The society has been in existence several years, has a large membership and is serious. The replies are vitally interesting.

Mr. Samuel Sanders, manager and secre-

tary of the society, said: "I want it distinctly understood that this society is for the protection of the servant against the temper of her mistress. We condemn her laws laid down for the mistress as well as the servant, and this society always gives the servants protection."

"The servant needs protection. She is overworked; she gets late hours; she is more often a slave than anything else; her mistress goes to the theatre and theatre supper, and commands the maid to wait up until her return, perhaps at two o'clock in the morning."

"Is it any wonder the next day that the girl is slow and tired?"

"The servant girl is a human being, just as much as the mistress is. Our society recognizes this and proposes to exert its influence for the well-being of the servants."

"It is strictly a humane organization. Why, if a mistress gets up in a bad temper, feels cross and disagreeable, she vents it all upon her servants. She can do so. She is rich and powerful, and she can turn a girl away in a fit of temper without any adequate reason. The girl is poor, often homeless; when she seeks another place she has no references, and her late mistress perhaps says, 'Oh, such a temper!' while all the time it is her own temper causing the trouble."

"Our society comes to the rescue. We have been organized since 1895. Our aim is to help servants with lodging and physica and medicine in case of need. We want laws passed imposing fines or imprisonment upon the mistress when she does not treat

a girl right. Of course, if a girl is worthless, we don't want her, but we want it proved that she is worthless before we condemn her. We expect all sorts of trouble from the mistresses when our object is clearly understood. But still, in protecting the servant, we want it understood, too, we are incidentally guarding also the mistress. It is all nonsense about our wanting papers and police certificates, as is the custom in European countries. We are too cosmopolitan for that. We must deal with this question in uniformity with our own country's laws."

Mrs. Lee Rosenberg, the president of this society said: "Mr. Sanders has expressed my views exactly. We all feel just alike, and there is nothing that appeals to me more than the helplessness of the servant and the utter carelessness and irresponsibility of the mistress. It is time we women commenced some charitable work in this direction."

Mrs. Ernest Ebeling, wife of the restaurateur, holds very diverse views, and speaks frankly of her experience: "I have given up keeping girls. I find them all too 'saucy.' They all want to become one of the family, and they want more days out than their mistresses do. Why, it took all my time to watch a girl when I had one. So now I have a man in the kitchen, and I attend to the rest myself. I had to come to it, and I am very glad if the matter is investigated. New rules and regulations laid down."

"My man does the work in the kitchen, and he stays in it, and he knows