

# Society Aghast at Lorillard's Sporting Successor.



## FROM A SNAPSHOT OF MRS. ALLIEN AT SARATOGA DRIVING HER THREE HORSES ABREAST AFTER THE MANNER OF A ROMAN CHARIOTEER.

Saratoga, Aug. 15.—It was with a shock of surprise that the colors of the late Pierre Lorillard were seen in Saratoga the other day.

This was succeeded by a shock deeper than surprise. A shock of disgust thrilled those who saw her—and knew.

The first sight of the cherry and black sent a group of men who were loitering on the porch of the Grand Union Hotel to their feet, where they stood with hats uplifted, reverently saluting the Lorillard colors.

They looked, and behold—a woman guided the horses.

They looked again, and beheld in her the woman to whom the late turf magnate left the famous Rancocas stock farm.

Mrs. Lillian B. Allien, triumphant as though she had reaped the reward of righteousness, was making a spectacular bid for admiration.

In an instant the situation flashed upon the men, themselves distinguished members of the American turf. They resumed their seats before the woman had passed, ashamed to have betrayed any feeling but indignation.

That feeling had been dominant in the breast of every thoroughbred on the turf and off of it but little more than a year ago, when, by the terms of Pierre Lorillard's will, she, the only person not of his blood mentioned therein—the woman who had estranged him from his wife—was left the celebrated Jersey estate.

The day that this was made public all society stood aghast with wonder—a wonder that framed itself into a single question:

"Why did he not give her Rancocas while he lived and leave mention of her out of his will?"

The question remained unanswered, for the millionaire tobacco manufacturer had ever been popular; he was dead, and his friends outnumbered his enemies.

Mrs. Allien had the decency to remain more or less in seclusion until at Saratoga the other day she blazoned forth in splendor so theatrical that her history sped through the place, rehearsed from end to end in all its sensational details.

On the porches of the great hotels men and women craned their necks to see the most startling outfit that had yet dazzled their eyes.

Three prancing bay-horses driven abreast charged down upon them.

Small boys, still in their circus days, thought it was an advance bit of one of the greatest shows on earth. They threw up their hats and yelled for joy.

Their sisters, with eyes big with admiration, studied the tall, graceful woman who held the reins.

She sat alone in a high, light mail phaeton painted a heavenly blue. It was, by the way, the only heavenly thing about the equipage.

In the spider behind her sat a tiger

in cherry hued livery, turned back with black at the collar and wrists. He wore the colors that had crowned the first American horse that won the English Derby.

The woman who now haunted them was in pink cloth that the mud had spattered, for the horses went at a terrific pace guided by a master hand through a rush of automobiles, bicycles, coaches, trucks, carriages and pedestrians.

Her picture hat of black, drooping with flowers, revealed a face still young, with dark eyes and bushy hair.

Exclamations, lorgnettes and opera glasses went up on all sides.

Women driving dog-carts or tandems of four-in-hands are comparatively common. But a woman driving three horses abreast in ancient Roman chariot fashion caused a rush for the porch railing.

"It's a circus!" piped the small boy.

But it wasn't, and in a breath every one asked, "Who is she?"

Men with families hesitated, well-bred women equivocated, but youths and maidens, their curiosity aroused by so much splendor, persisted.

The distasteful display of the notorious Mrs. Allien became the talk of Saratoga.

She is unwilling to be forgotten.

It seems but a few months ago that her history was flaunted in the eyes of every one.

The publication of Pierre Lorillard's will, with its clause leaving to "Lillian A. Barnes, known also as Lillian Barnes Allien," the celebrated Rancocas stock farm, in Burlington county, New Jersey, with all its appurtenances and all the racing stock there and in England, made the name of Allien notorious.

Before that it had been known that she was the millionaire merchant's constant companion, the only hostess ever seen on the Lorillard yacht or on the gorgeous houseboat Calman, or at the splendid country estate in Jersey, or at a certain house in New York just off Fifth avenue on Thirty-first street.

Certain people knew these things before the death of Pierre Lorillard.

It was common gossip that he and his wife, the beautiful Mrs. Lorillard had not been friendly for many years. It was known that all the family, including the son, Pierre, and the daughters, Mrs. T. Sullivan Taylor and Mrs. William Kent, were estranged and indignant.

But the publication of the will was followed by still more startling and sensational revelations.

The first and most amazing was that the Allien woman had no right to the title of "Mrs."

The peculiar phrase "known also as Lillian Barnes Allien" was accounted for.

So, too, was the perpetual and continual absence of Mr. Allien.

Immediately after the publication of the will people began to inquire into the history of the woman who had captivated the turf king.

Incidentally, they asked questions about her husband.

He was absent, had been absent, and continued to be absent.

The woman in the will became more and more mysterious. Elucidations of the enigma she presented became more and more plentiful.

It was said that Mr. Allien had come over from England to become the husband of Miss Barnes; that he had received \$10,000 after marrying her to conveniently disappear. He was reported to have died, to have gone to Africa or Asia or Greece, to have been swallowed up by an earth-

quake or a cyclone. He had disappeared and every one was trying to explain how.

At last came the real explanation, which for once outdid fiction.

Mrs. Allien had married a woman—the wife of one of Mr. Lorillard's employees on the Jersey estate. If any \$10,000 had been paid this woman had received it to discard male clothing immediately after the marriage ceremony and to reappear in a woman's gown.

Thus was explained the strange clause in the will.

There was no such person as Mrs. Lillian B. Allien in a legal sense and a bequest to her might have been doubtful. So the careful financiers had described her as Lillian A.

Barnes, adding, for purposes of better identification, Allien, the name under which she was generally known.

The story of the events that led to the pseudo marriage was much more commonplace.

It began with a meeting in Orange, N.J., where Mrs. Allien, then pretty Lilly Barnes, lived with her parents.

In those days the millionaire tobacco manufacturer was in the zenith of his fame. He had boundless imagination and, it would seem, an income to match it.

He spent money in a way to win admiration.

"To enjoy life," he said at that time, "requires about \$1,000 a day—and expenses."

Luckily he had both. Whether for that reason or some other the daughter of John C. Barnes fell deeply in love with the married millionaire.

Her parents raised every objection, so the story goes, to her being seen with him.

The tongue of gossip had already signaled her out when to appease it was announced that she was about to marry a Mr. Lewis Allien.

He remained as much out of sight as he has since up to the very hour of the wedding ceremony, which was private.

Immediately after "he" disappeared, never to be seen again, and she who was thereafter known as Mrs. Allien went for a long cruise with Mr. Lorillard on his yacht.

This was, briefly, the story that startled a world accustomed to all sorts of amazing episodes.

In the years that followed the pseudo marriage Mr. Lorillard and Mrs. Allien were rarely apart. They were either on his yacht cruising on the Mediterranean, or they were living aboard the "houseboat" Calman, entertaining a party of guests as only a man who held that it was the duty of the rich to spend their money as rapidly as possible knows how.

Within, the Calman was fitted up like a palace. It had rugs and pictures and divans, rare draperies, automatic harps, pianos and banjos, electric lights and fans, a refrigerating plant and a floating stable astern that carried a number of thoroughbreds.

And Mrs. Allien was always his hostess.

In those days it was said of her that she cared nothing for display, that she was by nature retiring, that she was a splendid horsewoman and happiest when she could be in a short hunting costume galloping over the hills of the Jobstown estate.

She was blonde and tall and reserved, said the gossips. She had magnificent jewels, but rarely was she seen to wear them in public. Her simple tastes were extolled by a few people who held that Mrs. Allien had never met Mr. Lorillard until five years after he separated from his wife, and, therefore, was not in any way responsible for their estrangement.

Those simple tastes the Mrs. Allien of today has evidently outgrown.

From one end of Saratoga to the other they talk of her gowns and her rigs.

Her entrance into the town was as spectacular as her first drive through it. She stole in as the celebrated Italian actress Duse once stole into New York to advertise herself more cleverly as time wore on.

There was no announcement that Mrs. Allien was coming to Saratoga, no hint as to who she was.

Suddenly a cottage fronting on the lawn of the chief hotel was thrown open, a retinue of servants filled it, and everybody began to wonder about the owner, a beautiful woman of about thirty-five.

Occasionally she was seen at an evening concert, occasionally she dined in the pagoda on the lawn.

Her costumes were gorgeous, and her jewels matched them.

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Sporting the colors of the dead man, who had loved her, she made a dash through the crowded Saratoga thoroughfares at its most crowded hour.

In defiance of all decency, in the eyes of the dead man's friends, once more she flaunted disgracefully the history and the price of her past.

The spectacular escapade of the notorious Mrs. Allien is universally condemned, even among the rapid throngs that infest and divide America's great watering place.

First Arrest Made.

Chicago, Aug. 30.—Judge Brennan today ordered a venire for a special grand jury to convene next Tuesday, to consider the tax-fixing scandal that have brought some officers into a turmoil. The warrants will also be issued against several persons as yet unknown. The action is a result of the unearthing by State's Attorney Dineen of what he thinks to be a gigantic conspiracy to defraud Cook county out of hundreds of thousands of dollars. Last week it was discovered that the tax accounts of the Masonic temple building apparently had been tampered with on the books of the county treasurer. A warrant was issued and served late today on Capt. Edward Williams, manager of the Masonic fraternity temple, charging him with uttering a forged receipt for the taxes on the Masonic temple. Capt. Williams gave bonds of \$5,000.

This is the first arrest in the tax-fixing scandal that has embroiled numerous employees of the county treasurer's office and prominent property interests.

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The following is a list of the names of the persons who were present at the funeral of the late Pierre Lorillard, which took place in a private chapel in New York City, on September 1st, 1902. The list is given in alphabetical order.

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