

The
Incredible
Mrs. Chadwick

THE MOST NOTORIOUS WOMAN
OF HER AGE

by

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in his heart lingered on for a while. He knew that he had really done nothing wrong. What haunted him was that he wanted to. It was a case of mental adultery. As a disease, it took two weeks to run its course and then turned into acute lust. He appeared at Betsy's door free of sniffles and panting for action.

Unfortunately, his friendly clairvoyant already had a customer and he could not be admitted. Betsy came to the door to apologize.

"But do come again, Mr. Lamb," she urged. "I must be away this week. My sister, Mrs. Brown in Cleveland, is ill. When I return I do want to see you." She looked deep into his eyes and saw the fire smoldering. "Mr. Lamb," she murmured, "if you could help me..."

"Just tell me how!" exclaimed Joe, willing to take on dragons.

"Well, I have done rather well this year but, as you know, I have had to send money to Cleveland to help pay my sister's medical bills. And now, just when I should be taking the train there, I find myself temporarily short of money. I know this is imposing on our slight acquaintanceship, but I was wondering if you could let me have twenty dollars to see me through? You would, of course, be repaid as soon as I get back."

Joe was embarrassed. It almost seemed a demonstration of her mind-reading powers. Twenty dollars was exactly how much he had in his pocket, no more and no less, for it was payday and that was how much he earned per week. When he got home there would be food to buy and rent to pay and dear knows what else. On his way to Madame De Vere's he had also thought that it might be a good idea to buy his wife a little present.

"Well," he stammered, "I—I..." He lowered his eyes.



Betsy aged about thirty



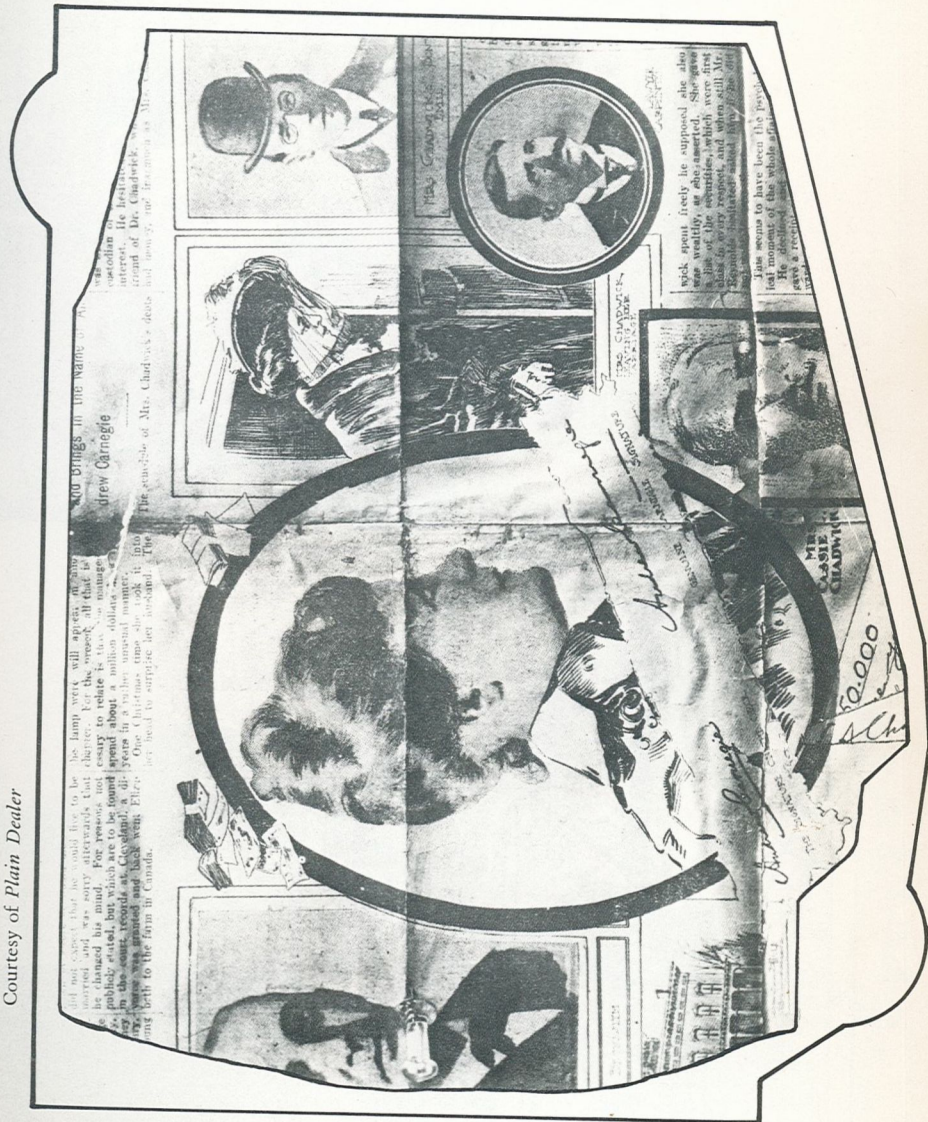
The dining room,
the house on
Euclid Avenue

Courtesy of Plain Dealer



Betsy in her late forties

Courtesy of Plain Dealer



Courtesy of Plain Dealer

Press clippings from the
time of the trial

Courtesy of Plain Dealer

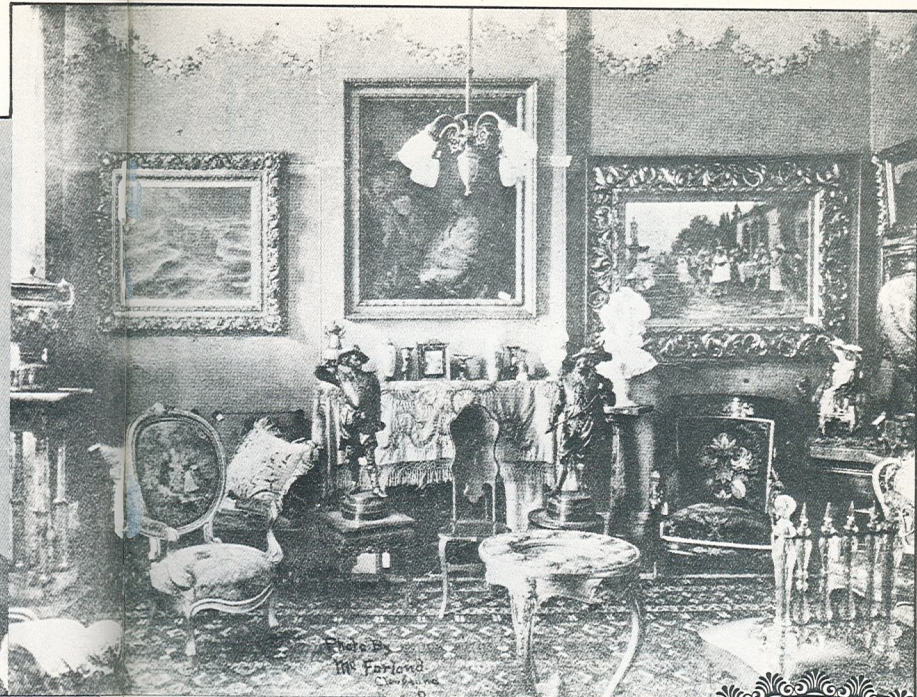


Dr. Leroy Chadwick

The Chadwick house on
Euclid Avenue

The drawing room

Betsy/Cassie in 1904



Courtesy of Plain Dealer



Courtesy of Plain Dealer

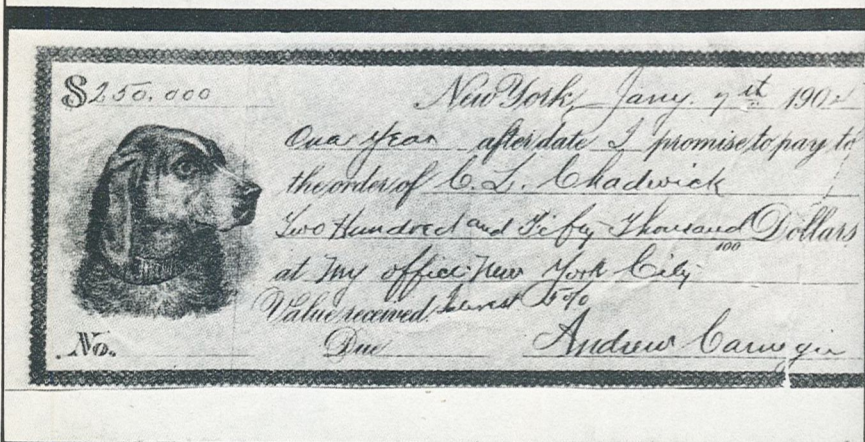
Courtesy of Plain Dealer

Betsy in her prime



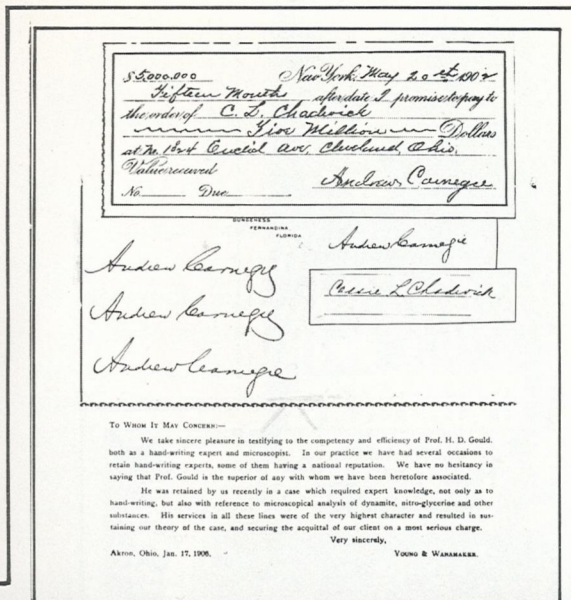
Courtesy Oxford County Museum

On this forged note the daughter of an Ontario section boss swung her biggest single hoax. She had hinted that she was the illegitimate daughter of Carnegie, that she was heir to millions in bonds.



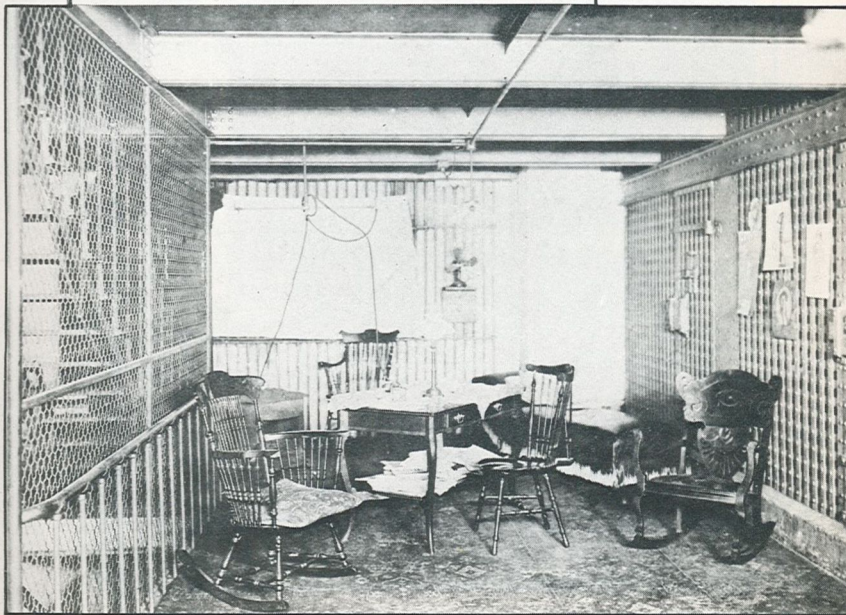
Courtesy Oxford County Museum

One of Betsy's greatest hoaxes



Courtesy of Plain Dealer

Two of Betsy's forgeries



Courtesy of Plain Dealer

Betsy's prison cell

Betsy in jail



Courtesy Oxford County Museum

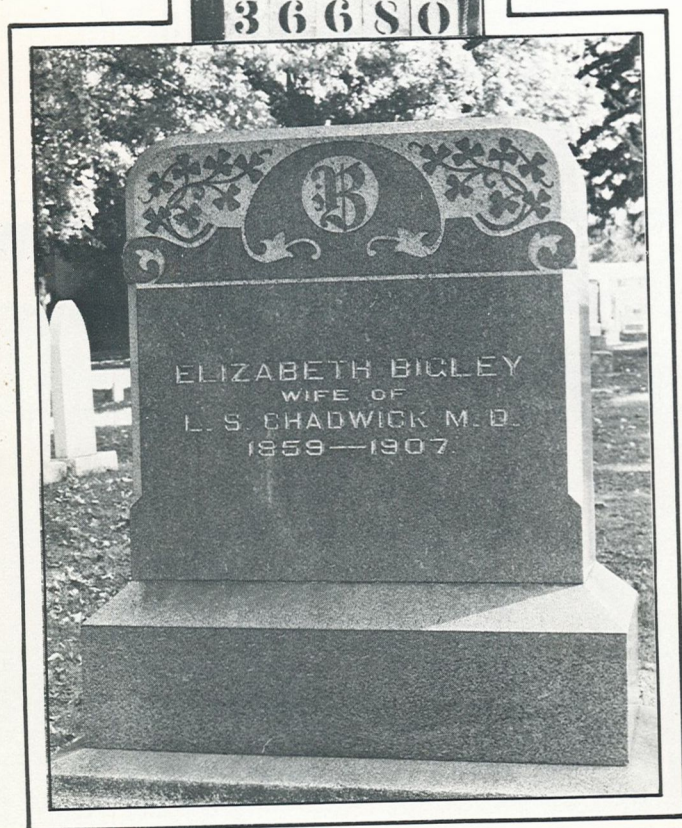


Photo T. Kil

The grave in
Woodstock, Ontario

“Yes, Joe, what is it?” asked Betsy, moving closer. She wore perfume. Joe’s wife took her Saturday night bath faithfully, but this was Friday.

“I—twenty is all I earn,” he blurted out frankly. “I—I could let you have five of it.”

“Oh, thank you!” exclaimed Betsy. “I know that will help. And the fact that it came from you will make spending it all the more meaningful.”

Joe took out one of the four fives in his pay envelope and put it into her little white hand. In return he got a kiss. Not one of your brazen hussy kisses on the lips, but a chaste little brushing of his cheek. By today’s standards, it wasn’t much for five dollars. But to Joe it was a tingling, exciting experience. In twenty-odd years of marriage, this was the first time he had been touched by a woman other than his good, drab wife. This kiss, this fleeting contact, had cost him twenty-five percent of his income, but what it did for his manhood was worth every cent. He left the house on Broadway whistling, head up and shoulders back. The only thing he regretted was that he couldn’t tell his wife why he felt so wonderful.

The week that Betsy was away (or, for we must keep our perspective, told Joe that she was going to be away) dragged slowly for him. Finally it was Friday and Joe was back on the doorstep.

This time he got in. Mrs. Brown in Cleveland was worse, he learned, and his new love was obviously worried. Her own health was being affected to the point where she had had to stop seeing clients.

The kiss on the cheek the week before became a fervent clinch as Joe put his arms around her in a gesture of sympathy and felt her respond to his embrace. He gave her ten dollars toward her sister’s medicine.

The following Friday he found her in tears. Her sister