



Snuff founded the fortune

Why 17,000 are after a SHARE in the FABULOUS "SNUFF FORTUNE"



Greed and Avarice

the fortune must therefore escheat to the state under the intestate laws.

HOW the Garretts accumulated their fortune is a story as romantic as the fight over the will.

A member of the Garrett clan came to Philadelphia with William Penn in 1682 and started a modest tobacco shop near the docks of the new city, where he sold snuff as well as fancy snuff boxes to the young men of the town. In time the Garrett snuff became so popular that the Garretts began to manufacture it and prosper from it; finally, less than a century ago, the firm of William E. Garrett & Sons was formed. That William E. Garrett had four children: two sons, William Evans Garrett, Jr., and Walter Garrett, and two daughters, Julia and Elizabeth.

When William Evans Garrett, Sr., died, he left his fortune equally to his two sons, one of whom was married to the Henrietta of the present contest; to his daughters he left nothing but the instruction that their brothers should care for them. When William, Jr., died, he left his money to his two sisters; when Elizabeth died, she bequeathed hers to Julia. And when Julia died, she left her \$12,000,000 fortune to Isaac Tatnall Starr as a sort of reward for his faithful services and advice.

All this does not tell how Henrietta came to be part of the Garrett tribe and fortune. To trace her lineage is at present no easy matter. One thing is certain: she was born to Christopher Schaefer and his wife, Henrietta Charlotte Kretschmar Schaefer, in 1849, and that she and Walter Garrett were married in 1872. They lived in Philadelphia.

Next door to them lived John C. Schaefer, Henrietta's brother, who died in 1913, leaving \$360,000 and no will. All he left was "a request," giving certain bequests to the Marcellus family and the balance "to you, dear sister, Henrietta. Do with it whatever may



Murder

and suicide

By Madelin Blitzstein

ACROSS the ocean in Nieblingen, Germany, a young man becomes infuriated, whips out an old army pistol, kills the uncle who has raised him from infancy, seriously wounds his kindly aunt and then, half-mad, rushes out into the dark forest and commits suicide.

From Augsburg, Bavaria, a timid little priest sets forth on a long journey to faraway Philadelphia, hopefully bearing in his trembling hands a birth certificate which he wants to establish as authentic.

In an obscure spot in the Andes Mountains, which a letter from this country takes 45 days to reach, a man waits patiently for the required papers which he will have to fill out and send back on another 45-day trip in order to establish his eligibility.

In every state of the Union, in France, Indo-China and 27 other foreign countries, more than 17,000 men, women and children are eagerly awaiting the results of a contest which has already led to the hiring of 550 Philadelphia lawyers, 2500 attorneys from other places, a small army of genealogists and handwriting experts, not to mention the accumulation of a vast store of "exhibits" that include old family Bibles, birth, death and marriage certificates, pictures authentic and manufactured, German and French prison records, and daily mail that requires the services of a special postman.

This mixture of new and old tragedy and comedy, romance and love and hatred, family feuds and family affection, greed and avarice and lust for money, has centered itself on a fortune made, of all things, out of snuff.

No one knows how long it will be before the will hearings, which have now begun in Philadelphia on Thursdays and Fridays of every week before Master William M. Davison, Jr., a Scotsman appointed by the orphans' court, will reach a climax. There are those

who estimate that the hearings will continue for two years; others say 15 is the more likely figure.

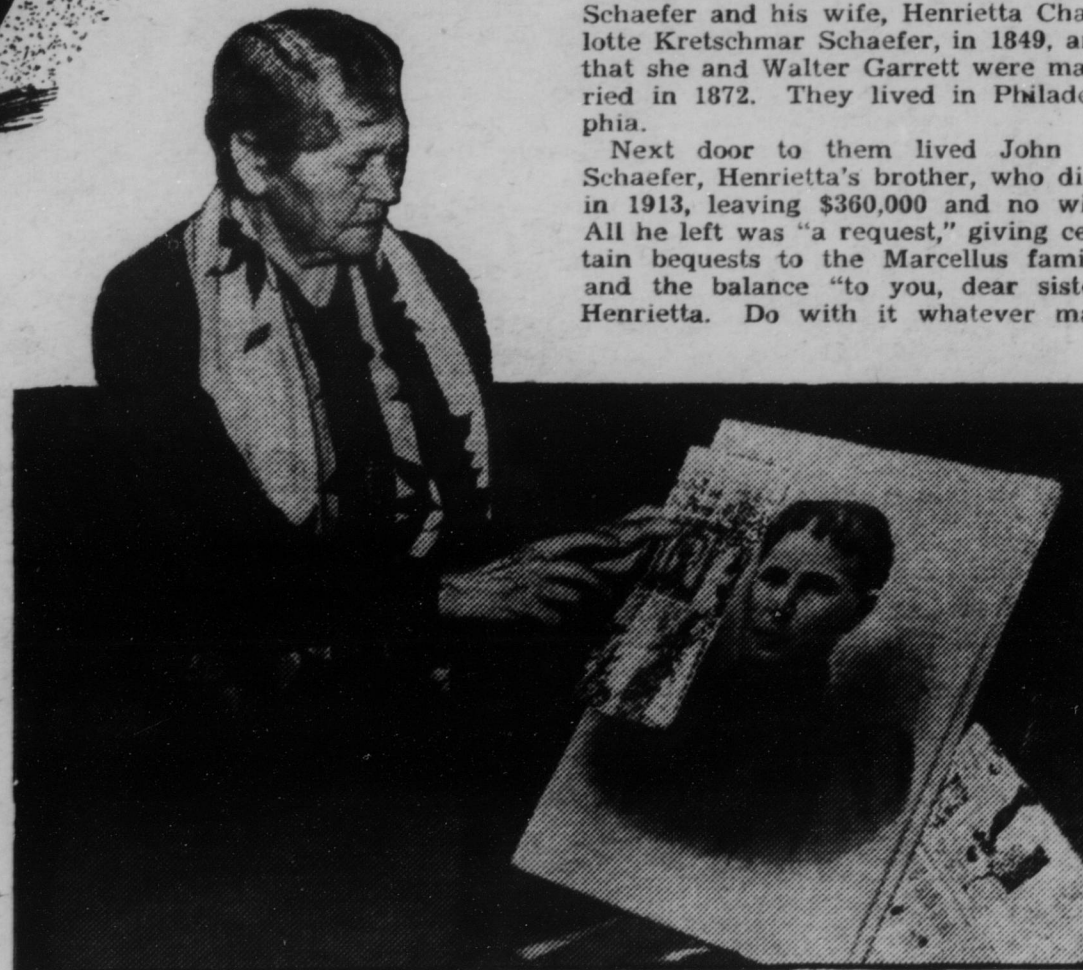
BUT one thing is certain: whoever finally gets the fortune will receive far more than the \$20,000,000 it is now valued at, since the estate, invested in Government bonds and triple-A stocks, has been increasing at the rate of \$500,000 a year.

The original \$17,000,000, now grown to \$20,000,000, was left by a little old lady, Mrs. Henrietta Edwardina Schaefer Garrett, who lived like a recluse and never came out of her brick house in the last 15 years of her long life. When she died, at the age of 80, in 1930, in the home where she had lived since her marriage in 1872 without electricity or telephone and with very few friends or acquaintances, she created the present treasure hunt by failing to make a proper last will and testament.

The only instructions which Henrietta Garrett left to the world—she had no children and no nieces or nephews—were:

"A Request: Dear Mr. Charles S. Starr—Give you my estate and belongings which are named in my book per a/c the following amounts: Give to Henrietta G. Ferguson the sum of \$10,000. . . ." Thus she disposed of a mere \$62,500 to friends and servants, but omitted the crucial residuary phrase: "All the rest I give to . . ." And there were no witnesses to her note.

Two years ago, when the orphans' court was to pass on the audit of Case No. 2552 of 1932, the claimants who had discovered they were relatives, close



Mrs. Katherine Elizabeth Schaefer Euler, 72, of Milwaukee, who claims to be an aunt of Mrs. Henrietta Garrett, comparing two family portraits in an effort to prove her relationship.

and distant, of either the late widow or her husband, began pouring in and asking their shares.

That marked the beginning of a Herculean struggle which enlisted several principal contenders: 1—the Garrett relatives; 2—the Kretschmar and Schaefer families, the maternal and paternal lines of Henrietta Garrett; 3—Charles Starr, who claims that the widow's quaint phrase, "Give you my estate," means that he is in reality the residuary legatee; and 4—the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, which asserts that since there are no close relatives

please your fancies. Your loving brother." Henrietta renounced the right to letters of administration and requested the appointment of Charles S. Starr and a bank.

The outstanding tragedy so far was the shooting of Lorenz Schaefer, 56, and his wife, by their nephew, Ludwig Schaefer, in Nieblingen, Germany, after young Ludwig had returned from a trip to America in April, 1935, to see about the will case. Ludwig wanted Lorenz to pay the expenses of the trip; Lorenz refused; Ludwig killed Lorenz wounded his wife and killed himself