

"MARRY ME, A BRITISH LORD."

A SWINDLE OFT EXPOSED THAT STILL SUCCEEDS.

Bogus British Lords Who Wander Through This Country Marrying Credulous Women and Robbing Them of Their Money—Others Victimize Bankers.

One of the oldest of modern games of confidence is that in which the separator of fools and their money trades as a British nobleman. The French have shown their recognition of the game by calling every travelling Englishman "milord."

Lord Beresford Hope, just arrived from London, pocketed up with only a small sum of capital to become enormous successes. He had a paper pretending to show that financial houses in London authorized his drafts to the sum of \$500,000.

With these and a taking disposition he began to get busy with Mormons of wealth, the Gentiles of Utah being kept sedulously away from all chance to participate in the good things. Millions in time were the merest trifle to him.

Here is a partial list of his enterprises: the Intermountain Consolidated Railroad, \$24,000,000, no assets or property; half a million for improvements on the Ogden Bay and Transit; the Western California Coal and Iron Company, with railroads and options on Mexican coal fields, \$5,000,000; the International Trust Company, incorporated for a quarter of a century.

Lord Beresford Hope comes back to Utah and puts the money into it; the purchase of the Shoshone Power Company for \$5,000,000; mines and real estate propositions sufficient to fill in all the blanks of the great schemes.

The key which was to open this golden treasury was the completion of his purchase of the mine in Idaho on which he had an option for \$300,000. Just as soon as that mine became his in reality all the money he needed was ready to hand.

Just how much he raised in Utah to enable him to clear the mine is not known. The bankers and capitalists who now know that they have been swindled are very mum as to the extent of the depletion of their pockets due to a plausible talker with bogus nobility.

Whatever the sum may have been, and it is clearly a very considerable one, it represents the profits to Lord Beresford Hope when he made his getaway.

Lord Beresford Hope was a good man to conjure with. One of the most gifted of the artists of this bogus lord swindle was Lord Walter S. Beresford or Sidney Laeselies or any one of a dozen other names to be found in police records with the notation "alias."

He is dead now; at least, his last wife says that he is dead; but then one can never be sure. He combined marriage and the high finance, and success came to him along both lines.

Four of these swindlers find New York a good field for their operations, but Beresford had the courage to work his game right in this city. One of his first American exploits was to marry Miss Maud Lillenthal of Yonkers.

That was in 1891, and from that time for nearly fifteen years he operated extensively in all parts of the country, a career interrupted only by a part of a term in prison. This wife was fortunate in securing a divorce.

He married most frequently and whenever necessary to the furtherance of his games. His most notorious coup was in marrying Miss Clara Pelky in Fitzgerald, Ga. This was after his pardon on the forgery conviction and was accomplished in a community where his criminal career was known to everybody.

He also made use of Mexico for his getaway. One of the practitioners of this swindle is now in the St. Louis jail for a crime far more serious than that of deluders of women usually permit themselves to commit. This is Lord Barrington, likewise Lord Burgoyne.

He practised multitudinous matrimony in various parts of the country and for a long series of years with brilliant success. At last he was brought to book for a marriage in St. Louis and was for a time in the hot St. Louis jail.

He became John P. McCann, a saloon keeper and owner of horses. After that he spent a night with several bullet holes in it.

Lord Barrington was charged with the crime, convicted of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to hang. From some source money has been poured out to prevent the execution of the sentence and at present the case hangs in the St. Louis jail.

Men are not the only ones who have assumed nobility without patent or other right. There is the case of Lady Kirkham of Oakland, Cal., the daughter of a general officer on the retired list of the United States Army.

One English marriage she became the wife of the Hon. Walter Yarde-Buller, a brother of Lord Churston. It was not a happy marriage and ended in divorce.

After that she became a stormy petrel, always in trouble, frequently in jail, turning up at all sorts of places in the custody of the police. In this period of her career she became "Lady Cavendish."

This is not the first time he has announced Mexico as his get away. Also as Lord Harold Cavendish he made his first recorded marriage, in 1904, at Fort Worth.

THE CALL OF THE RIALTO.

THE CASE OF AN ACTOR WHO COULD NOT LEAVE BROADWAY.

Finally He Died There—If He Failed to Get Plenty of Opportunities for the Actor Who Can Be Depended On.

The call of the Rialto is potent to those who have once listened to it. Its power was shown in the case of a poor shab who died in Broadway the other day.

For the last five years of his life he had not moved far away from that stretch of the street which is called the Rialto. His professional duties had ceased to call him away, for they were infrequent and of short duration.

He became a familiar sight. He was always somewhere about and was no more to be ignored than the lamp post.

His favorite resting place was at the corner of Thirty-eighth street and Broadway. His favorite promenade was the block to the north. It was between these two cross streets that he was to be seen in fair weather and foul.

When therein came he retired to the shelter of a doorway. In the fair hours he held his place on the curb.

Most of the actors who passed there knew him, and sometimes they stopped to talk to him. The younger men likely to suggest a drink and try to open the springs of human kindness in the hearts of the old friends who had not lost all sympathy for him.

Yet he was only a little over 45 when he first took his permanent place in the Rialto crowd. He grew shabbier all the time he stayed there. His trousers were fringed and his coat faded by rain and snow.

Luckily a sort of people appear in plays. There are all sorts of people as well as heroes and virtuous heroines as well as dashing and adventurous. So everybody is going to be engaged at a while.

It takes a manager longer, however, to find persons who look like what he wants than it does to engage good actors on whom one can rely. As the habit of engaging actors that look their parts continues to become more general, I notice that engagements are made later in the season.

It serves the same engagements somewhat later in the summer, he said, "otherwise I have no effect."

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MRS. O'SHEA DOES HER DUTY.

Instructs Mrs. Tarara in the Way With Her Husband and Disciplines Micky.

The summer dawn breaks over Riverside at 4 o'clock or thereabouts, and even at that hour the dim light discloses figures seated upon the benches or prone upon the grass under the half concealing shelter of the trees, and no one knows whether they have come out for an early constitutional or whether by grace of an unmolesing policeman they have been lodged in the park since the night before.

As the sun climbs, bringing out of obscurity the white coated youths lying at anchor in the river and touching up with green and gold the Jersey cliffs, comes Mrs. O'Shea from the Tenth avenue district and is looking for Micky, who has absented himself from the parental roof-tree since the day previous.

It is quite apparent that Mrs. O'Shea has dressed hurriedly; her shirt waist and skirt look the continually necessary to true dignity, the latter drooping dejectedly in the rear, a single large brass pin carrying full weight of responsibility; she greets the additional waltz to shoulder curves naturally adequate. However, not so hurried were her preparations as to make Mrs. O'Shea omit that unquestionable evidence of respectability, her black straw bonnet, with the blue velvet rose on one side and yard long strings tied in a neat bow under a double chin.

Indeed, it was seldom that she ventured out without this crowning glory, for was it not the bonnet which placed her upon a plane of immeasurable superiority to her Italian neighbors? What dago lady, who had never owned a hat in her life, would have the temerity to give herself airs in the face of such proof of social prominence?

The O'Shea pride was of a condescending quality, however, and when in making a turn in the path she came upon Mrs. Tarara—she near as she could pronounce it—she greeted her familiarly, and one who out of pure kindness of heart wishes to place a conscious inferior at ease.

"Good mornin' to ye, Mrs. Tarara," seating herself uninvited upon the same bench.

"Goota d' mornin'," responded the other somewhat uneasily, her meek eyes lifting shyly.

"This do be a foina place for summer resortin', eh, Mrs. Tarara, what with the boat swimmin' and bathin' beyant and the illigant drivin' facilities formin', though to be sure they might give us a band stand wild concerta on Chuesday evenin's, say. Ain't ye out airy, Mrs. Tarara?"

"Maybe," Mrs. Tarara was not disposed to be communicative, but after a pause, utter weariness, perhaps, and need of human sympathy, prompted confidence.

"Las' night Beppo he drunk. I 'frad and run out away, but the devil why didn't ye have 'im arrested?"

"No, no. He make d' mon. To-day Beppo he good man again. I go home and get his breakfast now."

"Sure, I suppose that's all ye can do." Mrs. O'Shea heaved a ponderous sigh.

"Tim O'Shea is after gettin' full himself sometimes of a Saturday night and it's all the thought of the \$1.50 a day he's makin' out of his workin' that restrains me. It's the power of money, Mrs. Tarara, that holds us female wimmen. If ye was more independint like we could be more independint."

"Beppo he good 'mos' alwis." "Good! Sure, with scorn. "I know how good they do be. Give 'em a square meal of vittals and a can o' beer and don't cross 'em and they'll be pie and cakes till ye see 'em kindly to fetch a hod o' coal."

"Ach, let Whin I tell Tim O'Shea to do anything I take me life in one hand, fervently speakin', Mrs. Tarara, an' the rollin' pin in the other, and whin he sees the detarmined look of me, he takes it out in cussin', but he goes and does whatever I say, be dead."

"Yes, dat goots way, maybe." "Sure ye must be firm wid yer man, Mrs. Tarara."

"Yes, I 'ink so." "Now whin ye go home to him this mornin' he'll say to ye 'pappa, 'Where the devil have ye bin at all night, Mrs. Tarara?' and ye says to him, like this, says ye, 'None o' yer dam business,' and look him in the eye severe, and he won't have nothin' more to say."

"Yes, maybe I better go now." Mrs. O'Shea took in her a trembling hand, small enough, for it belonged to a slip of a girl, so slender and striking that one would think the sight of her alone would evoke kindness from a brutal husband.

"Now don't ye be after forgettin'!" The grey hair woman was moved to genuine concern as she looked down at the appealing little figure. "He drove ye out o' yer home last night an' made ye sleep in the park, and there ain't nothin' too bad he can say to him. Will ye be firm like I'm tellin' ye?"

"Yes, maybe." "What do ye be after sayin' to him now? Behave it over to me fer luck."

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WICKED LEMON SQUEEZERS.

TIN PAN ALLEY ACCUSED OF A GOLD BRICK GAME.

Mississippi Valley and the Far West Flooded With Circulars Offering Fame and Fortune Through a Successful Song for the Small Payment of \$25 or \$50.

Publishers of popular music have recently discovered that they are up against a new kind of trouble. Following on the heels of the former pawnbrokers, coat salesmen, bartenders and cigar dealers who have started in the business in competition with the old established firms have come a class of publishers who are known in the slang of Tin Pan alley as lemon squeezers.

The business of these people is that of publishing songs for amateurs at the writers' expense. It is a very bad business, to be famous as a song writer and hasn't the ability to grind out a lyric or score the lemon squeezers will help him out. They have always a supply of songs on hand, which for a consideration they will publish as the work of any one willing to pay the price.

These lemon squeezers seek their victims mostly in the Mississippi Valley and the Far West. They have flooded the Far West with circulars offering the fortunes made by writers of successful songs.

They paint the lowly origin of the writers of great hits and describe how they now live in luxury and state. In the circulars the lemon squeezers say that they published the first songs of many of these men and launched them on their careers of fame. Then they ask:

"Don't you think you can do what these men did if you try? Your first song may be a hit. It may be a very big hit. The way for you to begin is to let us publish your first song and for you to circulate it about your own home to become established as a song writer there and thus start the ball rolling. Why don't you try? Nothing ventured, nothing gained."

Then the lemon squeezers say that their attacks are made by a common friend to the ability of the person addressed, and that without doubt a career of distinction as a song writer is open for him if he will only lay out his own money to get a song and make the plunge. Also that the door of the Temple of Fame is open to all who will but enter, and that if a person has been confident in his own ability to write a song, "we can submit to you a quantity of choice manuscript from which you can choose a song and have it published under your own name."

The circulars wind up with a price list about as follows: "We will furnish manuscript and publish the song and furnish you with 250 copies of the song. We will send 25 cents each among your friends and townsmen will bring you \$25.00, a good profit on your investment. We will sell you all the additional copies you want at 10 cents a sheet. If you furnish the words and music we will correct it and publish the same and furnish you 250 copies for \$5. This will give you a profit of nearly one hundred per cent."

The profit to the lemon squeezer is large under any circumstances. The actual expense of getting out a song is not more than \$12, and seldom more than \$10. Very few of the songs will sing. Some of them lack metrical construction, rhyme, rhythm, content and melody.

That this business is within the letter of the law seems probable. Nevertheless it causes not a little hardship to the victims of the lemon squeezer.

Not long ago the writer saw a letter from a man in Ohio stating that he was blind and helpless, and had fallen a victim to one of these lemon squeezers. He had sent \$25 and had spent \$35 to get a song published. Out of the 250 copies sent him he had sold just twenty-two, and these no doubt had been sold at a price of about 10 cents each. He was in debt and in despair.

He had been persuaded to have the song published by the glowing accounts of the money he would make. He had been told that this business is within the letter of the law seems probable. Nevertheless it causes not a little hardship to the victims of the lemon squeezer.

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