

# THE CRIMINAL ROMANCE OF "LORD BARRINGTON"

THE REMARKABLE CAREER OF GEORGE F. BARTON, BOGUS NOBLEMAN.

## ABOUT TO HANG FOR MURDER OF A FRIEND

Life of Crime and Adventure Extending Over Two Continents to End on the Gallows—His Quest for an American Heiress.

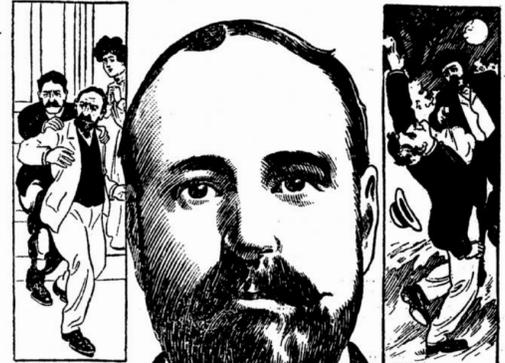
St. Louis.—By affirming the decision of the lower court the Missouri supreme court has sealed the fate of "Lord" Barrington, one of the most notorious criminals of the age, and he will be hanged on March 15 for the brutal murder of his friend, John P. McCann, nearly three years ago.

George Frederick Barton, or as he persists in calling himself, "Lord Frederick Seymour Barrington," has had a most extraordinary criminal career, extending throughout England and half way across the American continent. He is only 45 years old, but the police records show that he has spent nearly three-fourths of that time in prison. The record of his crimes covers one successful and one attempted murder, five distinct cases of bigamy, two cases of forgery, innumerable proofs of burglary, cheating at cards, obtaining money by false pretenses, and even common pocket-picking. Through it all "Barrington" has stoutly maintained that he is an Englishman of high birth, with a brilliant army record and a father whose estate and title he would succeed. Not one of these statements is founded on fact.

Barrington employed the English lord game successfully to win the hearts of three American women, but when his story of unlimited wealth, his marvellous word picture of his fictitious ancestral home, rivaling in grandeur and magnitude the rich architectural beauties of Conbe Abbey, Blenheim, Chillingham, Walmar and other castles presided over by wealthy American girls who married titled Englishmen, became Miss Wilhelmina Grace Cochrane into becoming his wife, it was the beginning of the end.

In quick succession he was turned out of a fashionable hotel for failure to pay his board bill, kicked out of his brother-in-law's home when his deception was discovered, sentenced to break rock for six months in the city workhouse, released by pardon, and then arrested, tried and convicted of the murder of a man who had taken him in and given him a home.

Lord Frederick Seymour Barrington. Barrington's life history reads like a criminal romance, with one climax following closely upon another. We first hear of him as a seven-year-old boy in Tunbridge Wells, England, setting fire to the commons. He was thought



Lord Frederick Seymour Barrington.

too young to merit punishment for the offence. He first broke into prison at the age of ten years, when, on July 7, 1870, he was sentenced to five years and ten days in the reformatory for embezzlement. In the summer of 1875, when he was 15 years old, he was released from the juvenile prison, but on September 7 of the same year he was sentenced to 12 months' imprisonment for stealing his master's watch. By good behavior he got out on three-fourths time, but before the time was out he was in trouble again. On July 19, 1876, at the Maidstone assizes, he was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for burglary. After serving four years of his term he procured his release upon forged pardon papers.

He was at liberty long enough this time to make his first matrimonial venture. He married an English girl, got possession of all of her property and deserted her. It seemed impossible for him to keep out of prison, and on October 31 he was again sentenced at the Maidstone assizes to ten years' penal servitude and seven years' police supervision for burglary. After serving out the full ten years he made his way across the Atlantic ocean to try his hand at crime in America.

**Weds American Girl.**  
He turned up in Brooklyn as Sir Frederick Sydenham Burgoyne. He was suave of manner and spoke Eng-

lish, Spanish, German, French and other foreign languages fluently. He was of a stoutheaded turn of mind and had spent his years of prison life in the mastery of foreign tongues. So when he described, in his faultless English, the beauties of his imaginary villa in Burgess Hill, Kent, to Celeste Elizabeth Miller, Brooklyn, she was ready to believe him. That was in 1891. Miss Miller married him and returned with him to England, after having disposed of all her property. She went with him to London, where she lived with him for a few sad weeks. He rented an apartment and furnished it luxuriously, buying the furniture on time payments and selling it off in a few days to get the necessary money to keep up appearances. He finally succeeded in getting the last dollar his wife possessed, and then deserted her, leaving her with a small child to provide for. He was arrested soon after while paying court to a clergyman's daughter, and sentenced to another long term in prison.

The disillusioned girl made her way back to Brooklyn and took in washing to earn a livelihood for herself and child. The next official entry in Barrington's record shows that he was released from the Dartmoor prison on December 15, 1900. There is no record of his movements during the next two years, but we again get trace of him in Brooklyn, where he reappeared and tried to get his deserted wife to take him in. But one experience was enough for her, and she turned a deaf ear to his entreaties.

He was employed for a brief period as a coachman in New York, but soon drifted to Jersey City, and from there to Philadelphia, where, in December, 1902, he married a wealthy young woman. Her name has never been given to the public on account of the prominence of her family. Elaborate preparations were made for the wedding, and she wore a \$500 tulle gown when the ceremony was performed. He lured her on to Cincinnati, where he deserted her on his costly wedding outfit. Some of her clothing was found in his trunk, which were held by the Southern hotel, in St. Louis, when he failed to pay his board bill.

**Appears in St. Louis.**  
From Cincinnati he went to St. Louis. There he appeared under the name of Lord Frederick Seymour Barrington.

Just before his discharge, however, Barrington came in contact with McCann, whom he murdered. McCann was a follower of the race track, and at times had considerable money. He worked as a manager of a Broadway saloon. The proprietor of the saloon soon found that he had made a mistake in trusting Barrington and discharged him.

**"Lord" Meets His Victim.**  
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It has now been nearly three years since Barrington first appeared in St. Louis. With the exception of less than three months of that time he has been in prison. In spite of the long years that he has spent in the jails and penitentiaries of two continents he is in many respects a remarkable man. He speaks his native language with a fine British accent. He has mastered German, French and one or two other foreign languages. At his trial he surprised everybody in the courtroom by taking a verbatim report of the evidence in shorthand. He has spent the spare time of his long years of confinement in study. He has written thousands of pages of manuscript in the Clayton jail, but he steadfastly refuses to give a hint of what he is doing. He says simply that he is writing a book to be published after he is released from prison. It may be a history of the 50 years that he has spent behind the bars as an atonement for his many crimes.

**Cruel Murder of His Friend.**  
Barrington and McCann left the latter's residence about seven o'clock on the evening of June 19, 1903. They went first to a summer garden on the outskirts of the city, and about ten o'clock boarded a suburban car for Bonifas station, 20 miles from St. Louis. They left the street car together, about quarter past 11 o'clock, and walked off into the woods. Five minutes later two shots were heard, and the voice of McCann could be heard pleading for mercy. But his appeals were in vain, for after he had been shot down, the murderer cut his throat to make sure of his work.

This murder proved that Barrington was most skillful as a plotter of crimes. The surroundings were ideal for the perpetration of a murder. Bonifas is a lonely place in the Missouri

and ceremony by his titled relatives. One wing of the splendid castle, he told her, had been reserved for their living quarters, and only his mother and intimate relatives would occupy the great palace with them.

Lord and Lady Barrington, as they were known, went back to the hotel to live. Their honeymoon was of just a week's duration. In that time, however, Miss Cochrane had written home glowing letters of her happiness, telling her parents how proud they should be that their daughter had married a member of the nobility. Alas! for the poor girl!

**Sentenced to Workhouse.**  
James F. Cochrane, her brother, came down from Kansas City to investigate the record of his royal relative, who pretended to be in this country to spy on the British consuls. It did not take him long to discover that Lord Frederick Seymour Barrington was a rascal impostor. Cochrane met his new brother-in-law in Mrs. Elliott's home and confronted him with the facts his investigation had revealed. Barrington was promptly kicked out of the house and arrested. A charge of disturbing the peace was lodged against him. He



Miss Wilhelmina Grace Cochrane.

was tried before an Irish police judge, who gave him an opportunity to even up an old score with the oppressors of his country, and he sentenced the pretentious English lord to six months in the city workhouse. Barrington went to the rock pile in shackles, where he was compelled to associate with hundreds of petty criminals.

There was a public feeling that he had been unjustly dealt with. While he was severely condemned for passing as an English lord for the purpose of explaining Miss Cochrane to marry him, there was still enough sympathy for him to obtain his pardon at the hands of Mayor Rolla Wells. After Barrington was released from the workhouse he was employed for a few weeks as manager of a Broadway saloon. The proprietor of the saloon soon found that he had made a mistake in trusting Barrington and discharged him.

A mysterious murder of an army officer in India somewhat similar to that of the McCann murder has been attributed to Barrington who is said to have served short time in the English army as a bodyguard to the captain who was murdered. That murder is said to have occurred in 1901, a short time before Barrington made his reappearance in America.

**A Remarkable Man.**  
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**"Lord" Barrington under many conditions.** In the police court answering a misdemeanor charge; in a four courts holdover dungeon; in iron on the workhouse rock pile; as the manager of a barroom trafficking upon the notoriety that his marriage and imprisonment gained; under the galling "sweating" of Chief Desmond; in the Clayton jail within the shadow of the gallows, has always been the same as McCann. He is inventing another, and always denying that he was George Frederick Barton, though the Bertillon pictures identify him positively. He seemed to care more for the appearance of his dress than for his liberty. For an hour he would refuse to be photographed, and then willingly consent to pose for a picture for the price of a shave.

river bottoms. Mighty trees grow there and the undergrowth grows thick. A large quarry pond, abandoned years ago and filled with water, stands near by. A more lonely place at midnight cannot be imagined.

After McCann's life had ebbed away the murderer had to dispose of the body. The clothing was stripped from it, and it was dragged through the underbrush to the brink of the 80-foot embankment overlooking the quarry. On shore, and the body shot downward. The splash below told the murderer that his work had been well done.

**Fatal Circumstantial Evidence.**  
A man trained in all the arts of murder could not have done the deed more skillfully. No eye had seen him fire the fatal shot. Only a faithful railroad watchman a mile away had heard the two reports of the pistol and the dying appeal of McCann for mercy.

But here his hand lost its cunning. Cleverness of plotting gave way to bungling. Barrington proceeded, with appalling stupidity, to wind enough circumstantial evidence about himself to hang 20 men. Covered with stints, wearing the murdered man's hat and

# The Dilly Dialogues

A HUMOROUS DISCUSSION OF AFFAIRS OF THE TIME

By CAMPBELL MAC CULLOCH

Dramatic Critic of the New York Telegraph.

Dilly and His Uncle Discuss the Sherlock Holmes Method of Detection.

"Pray tell me, dear Uncle," said little Dilly, anxiously, "what is the meaning of the word 'deduction' as applied to the practice of detection?"

"Ah, my dear nephew," observed Uncle George, carefully filling his pipe with a choice brand of tobacco, in which hashish was generously predominant, "you have chanced upon a most perplexing query, and one that it will afford me much delight in explaining to you. Primarily deduction is one of the simplest processes, but in literature it takes on a quantity and even quality that lends to it an abstruse and fascinating quality, totally at variance with its true worth. If you will consult your small etymological compendium, compiled by Mr. Webster, you will observe that the word is but a synonym for inference. In other words, when a detective has a spell of deduction, he merely infers that something is, has or should have happened. It does not at all follow that anything even remotely resembling his theory has ever been thought of, so you will observe the extreme value of the science of deduction. Possibly the greatest victim of the disease was our fascinating entertainer, Mr. Sherlock Holmes. His was a master mind capable of determining guilt upon the merest fragment of evidence. One may imagine him proceeding as follows:

"Kindly hand me the files of Dope's Almanac, Watson. Ah, yes. I thought so. A most interesting case. Cholly Flabbergast has just shot his mother-in-law with intent to kill and a breech-loading rifle manufactured in 1879 at Berne, Switzerland. The motive was peace on her part. The funeral will take place Thursday and the family will request no flowers. Send for Balustrade and tell him to look for a small man wearing eye glasses, with a wart on the back of his neck and a stammer in one eye. He has also a pronounced stutter in his walk. Pass the cocaine."

"That is the Holmes method, my dear nephew. In polite fiction it is all the money, but in practice it works out, poor as it is. In fact, I may say that it falls generally owing to something inherently wrong in the structure. If we followed the Holmes method, as exemplified in literary procedure, we might expect to find a brutal looking man rushing into the nearest station house, throwing down a hatful of table silver, bursting into tears and sobbing on the desk rail:

"Lock me up, sergeant. I done it, and they ain't no use tryin' to hide it. Sherlock Holmes just sent a plumbler by in a hansom with a yaller dog snappin' at 'is horses' heels, and he's got me right."

"Where the fever-hearted sergeant would find the bell for the doorman, send the weeping culprit to his cell and that would be all, saving the formal proceedings in court the next morning. That is the true science of deduction, Dilly, and it is an ideal matter for the police. Unfortunately, however, it is only in modern literature that we find such ideal deucers as Mr. Holmes. The police method in daily use in our large cities, is just as efficacious and works with less mental strain. It involves but the simplest tools and mental processes. We will

imagine, for instance, that the home of Oliver Wadscutt, the blotted man, a nopolist, has been entered by burglars who made off with 15 feet of lead pipe and a marble clock. The news is reported to the police, and the gun-shoe men are instructed to call and see Oliver, discover just how much small change he is willing to offer for the return of his valuables, and if the sum is worth while, to bring in the guilty man. Presumably, Mr. Wadscutt, realizing his helpless position, agrees to be shaken down. The bold sleuths do not bother greatly with the Holmes method, my dear Dilly. They just snoot about a bit, examine the scene of the heinous crime, and then go down the street, enter a house and drag Bill the Bite from his warm bed.

"You will observe there is little deduction here. They have simply come to the conclusion that Bill did the job, and that if he didn't, it wasn't because he wouldn't if he got a chance, and so they arrest him. Arrived at the station house Bill is gently hurried into the squad room, and there a handy bluegown is taken from the wall and Bill is presented with several severe wallops on the head. If he confesses, the deduction theory is abandoned and Bill is taken to court for sentence; if well-behaved, he is treated to more of the same until he does or is unconscionable. Then the only difference is that Bill is sent to a hospital on a stretcher and the able sleuths go out and drag in 'Prof. Fat Muldoon, and Bat goes through the mill. One may really perceive the efficacy of this method of deduction, Dilly. It is only a question of time until one of two things occur. Either the detectives land the base criminal or Mr. Wadscutt forgets about the robbery and buys some new pipe and another clock.

"The police method, my dear boy, is based upon the theory that all men are crooked, and that if they look innocent, they are all the more likely to be guilty, for who but a guilty man would think of trying to pass himself off as an innocent man? Besides it is well-known that there are many crimes that have never been discovered. Consequently every man probably has done something that he is ashamed of, and by the ordinary method of constabulary deduction, if they miss him on one thing, they are likely to get him on something else, and thereby gain a reputation for astuteness. That is why Doogan, the ward man, is a better sleuth than Sherlock Holmes, for Doogan goes on the principle that if he only keeps on arresting innocent men until he has long enough, he will eventually stumble on a crime that has long been hidden. That is why, Dilly, you may notice that your young friend, the Epstein lad next door, is continually being dragged away somewhere by Doogan. Doogan is sure that if the Vander Gould family plate has been stolen, the Epstein lad would have done it if he had been older, and so he arrests him on general principles.

"Contrast the Holmes method with this course if you will. Mr. Holmes would have undoubtedly have taken a few short jobs of the daffy mixture and would then have wrapped up some cigar ashes in an envelope, put a magnifying glass on the Burnham's dog, Fido, and would have arrested Michael Anderson within four hours. Of course we have no surety that Holmes would have been right, but still the great purpose of detection would have been achieved. Some one would have been arrested. I am not sure that I do not like the police method best, but ill-advised persons, particularly the servile and abandoned press, disagree with me. They would see the right man arrested once in awhile, and several innocent persons, who might have been guilty, left undisturbed."

"But are not detectives of some value to the community, dear uncle?" queried little Dilly.

"Indeed, yes," said Uncle George pleasantly, "they are of as much use as a board of naval strategy during a war in Manchuria."

**In Old London.**  
"It seems they don't use the ordinary transmitter on the London telephones."

"No, they talk right into the fog and take their chances."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

# Smashing of the Political Machine

By PROF. FRANK PARSONS, President of National Public Ownership League.

In the broad sense, a political machine is simply a political organization, so perfect as to resemble a machine in its effectiveness. If the purpose is bad the results will be evil, in proportion to the power of the organization. In a narrower sense, a political machine is a combination of politicians to keep themselves and their party in power. The semblance to a machine in this case is not only in the effectiveness of the organization, but also in the lack of intelligent discretion that characterizes its action.

The tendency of the political machine to degenerate into this low form has proved so strong that the narrower sense of the term has practically swallowed up the other, and in common talk the words carry a flavor of reproach.

Perhaps it would be well to keep this phrase for political organizations that have gone to seed; organizations that have become rigid, mere engines of war to capture and keep the offices for a party or ring.

The sooner such machines are smashed the better. The introduction of such machinery is of no benefit to civilization, but a grievous injury. The rising tide of independent thought and action that is sweeping over the country demolishing boss and ring and partisan governments in Philadelphia, New York and other cities, will carry the old machines far out to sea and bury them miles deep, where some future investigator may find them and describe them as fossil relics of a barbarous age.

But it must be remembered that organization means power, and those who stand for justice and right must avail themselves of it, as well as those who stand for graft or partisanship.

The machine is an excellent thing rightly used. It means efficient civic education of the people and splendid awakening of civic enthusiasm. But it must not be allowed to usurp the throne and compel men to serve it, simply to keep the machine and its owners in office. There must be independent thought and independent machinery enough to defeat any machine that lends itself to ignoble purposes.

On such conditions the political machine is likely to stay, but the day of its domination, regardless of the justice of its cause, is drawing to a close with the growing enlightenment and developing conscience of the people.

Frank Parsons.

# The New Rulers of the Kingdom of Denmark

Frederick VIII. and His Queen—Louise Richest and Tallest Princess in Europe—Both Sovereigns Popular and Highly Respected.

Good King Christian of Denmark had a long reign, a reign full of days and honors. Soon after he ascended the throne, the galling of Schleswig-Holstein by Germany made him very unpopular among his subjects, and he often longed to renounce the purple; but his queen was both brave and patient and bade him wait. Ever her counsel was: "Wait patiently; this wave of unpopularity will pass away, and you will be one of the most popular and beloved kings who have sat upon the throne of Denmark." Her words proved prophetic; the other day, when Christian IX. died, the nation mourned with sincerest grief.

But, as nations must, the people were ready to cheer for a new ruler to cry, "The king is dead, long live the king!" And let us, the public, likewise hail to King Frederick VIII.

Frederick ascends the throne at the ripe age of 63. Crown Prince Frederick and Princess Louise of Sweden were married July 28, 1889. They have eight children living. Their eldest is Crown Prince Christian, married to Princess Alexandrine of Mecklenburg; King Haakon of Norway,

Like his father, he showed preference for simple ways, and both king and crown prince habitually walked the streets unattended, unless it might be by a couple of Danish boardwalks. The royal pedestrians would stop and exchange greetings with passers-by in the most democratic fashion.

The new king and queen are possessors of much more wealth than were Christian and Louise, whose income from the civil list was not large and neither of whom had a private fortune. The present queen, though a great heiress, has brought up her family in a simple manner, and generally has followed the simplicity characterizing the home life of her husband's parents; though on state occasions she has been wont to appear in most magnificent toilettes, and is said to possess one of the finest collections of jewels in Europe.

The new queen is not beautiful, as was her predecessor, Queen Louise, but has charms of manner, perhaps an inheritance from her grandmother, Desirée Clary, a beauty for whose favor two famous men sued, Joseph Bonaparte and Gen. Bernadotte. She married the latter, became queen of Nor-



KING FREDERICK VIII.

who married Princess Maud of Great Britain; Princess Louise, married to Prince Friedrich of Schaumburg-Lippe; Prince Harald; Princess Ingeborg, married to Prince Charles of Sweden; Princess Thyra; Prince Gustav; Princess Dagmar. Frederick, like Christian, is the father of a large family.

It is said the children of Christian and Louise were brought up with almost Spartan strictness, this royal pair not believing in indulgence or pampering. The gossiping Marquis de Fontenay had no scandal to relate about their eldest son; in fact, she



THE NEW QUEEN.

said the "patriarchal purity" of King Christian and the crown prince "furnishes a source of comment and not a little amusement to the worthy Danes, who are noted as a nation for a lively appreciation of the fair sex." Fontenay further adds to the picture of an upright prince, informs us that Frederick is a model father, that he is studious, eloquent, open-handed but not extravagant. For the description of Frederick's spouse, we shall quote directly: "His wife is remarkable for her quick-wittedness and intelligence. On her first advent to the Danish court she shocked it a little by her mode of dressing and her freedom of manners, but she has now toned down and fitted herself into the simple burgher old-world milieu. She is, moreover, famous for being the tallest and wealthiest princess in Europe. Her stature is absolutely gigantic, being over six feet two, and, so far as her fortune is concerned, she inherited \$15,000,000 from her maternal grandfather, Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, besides the entire wealth of her father, the late King Charles of Sweden. She is extremely fond of Paris, a fact which is attributed to the existence of French blood in her veins."

As crown prince, the present king was very popular, his genial manners winning the affection of his people.

way and Sweden; and now her grand-daughter is queen of Denmark, her grand-daughter's son king of Norway.

The court life of Denmark, as we have emphasized, has been marked by simplicity. About once a week during the season an official dinner and reception was given at the Amalienborg, these the principal entertainments. In addition, there were three state balls, and there were numerous family gatherings, family reunions a great institution with the royal houses of Denmark. At the close of the season, a change to the country was made. Their majesties retiring to the freedom from restraint they both enjoyed. The white palace of Fredensborg, situated only a few miles from the capital, for years has been the royal residence in summer; as some one said, the royal summer residence not merely of Denmark but of Europe, for here was wont to gather royalty from a large doctress. Almost the whole population is native born.

CHRISTOPHER WEBSTER.

Easy.  
This problem of divorce  
A baby solved. Of course  
Not by contriving—  
By merely arriving.  
—Life.

**DECLINED WITH THANKS.**

Cannibal Chief—Won't you stay and take pot-luck with us?

