

# Real Romances Shipped as a Sailor

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**B**ENEFICENTLY vigilant at the gateway of his Ellis Island stockade stands your Uncle Sam, culling the immigrants. Right across the street—the narrow street of harbor water—on her little star shaped hummock, rises Miss Liberty, tireless armed despite her years of constant torch up-lifting.

"Let them all come in, Samuel," adjures Miss Liberty in beautiful petulance. "What's the use of being such an old particular every time you have a big rush of visitors? What's the need of so much red tape? Let them all in!"

"All of the right calibre, Libbie; all of the right calibre get in, but not one that isn't; no, sirree," opines Uncle Sam.

So goes the incessant discussion at the nation's greatest portal, where eddies a madstrom of hopes, fears, loves, hates, ambitions and cunning schemes. The place is the clearing house of every human motive and passion, and tens of thousands every year deceive, lie, steal and almost commit murder in their mad effort to pass the Republic's boundaries. It is the crossroads where journeyers are either right about faced or hidden welcome with an immediate introduction to Mr. Opportunity for which there is no charge.

### Adventures of an Earl.

There being no other meeting pot point equal to it, no wonder the ladie pours out all sorts of tales of men and women and conditions, with the metal varying from the sizzling hot of romance and adventure to the cooling or dead cold state of the sordid humdrum. All kinds and descriptions are embraced within the official records of deportations kept at Ellis Island, but at best these records deal with the perceptible superficial. The hidden manifestations of action are not required to be analyzed and filed in the regular department annals. Were the cases related in their complete fulness and depth they would catechize, ear and interest in a way that would separate them at once from the story of the trial and the colorless. Listen to one picked at random.

Down in the stockade of the steamship Baltic as she swept into New York Bay on Saturday, July 5, 1913, was an English earl shovelling coal. It's hard on the palms of soft hands and fretful to the even tenor of proud spirits to have a dirty mass of fuel to heave several hours a day for five days. Naked to the waist and griny like his associates in the stifling space allotted to the coal passers, Lord Weddiford found it a tougher task than he had expected when he decided in London a few days before that his love for the wife of Captain William Hallock, of the Royal Artillery, was deep enough to warrant the hardships he was enduring. At this particular moment of his shovelling in the sooty depths Mrs. Hallock was on the promenade deck, a first cabin passenger. Lord Weddiford could have been there, too, easily enough, but he feared restraining cablegrams, interloping detectives and, worst of all, the close scrutiny of morals, purse and purposes under the official searchlight of Ellis Island. Alone he could pass muster. Alone Mrs. Hallock could pass muster. But together—no, the scandal of their simultaneous disappearance was still the one topic of the gossip circles. They could not be discovered together or they would never be permitted to enter Uncle Sam's land.

Lord Weddiford had pursued Mrs. Hallock for half a year, fully convinced that he loved her as no woman had ever been loved before, and that unless he could gain her regard he might as well toss away his life as he would a worthless ornament. He had received little nibbles of encouragement now and then, but every time he began to glimpse a surety of happiness a shifting mood of the lady dashed him from the foothold in her affections he supposed he had gained. Just at the moment he had arrived at the depths of despair, which is the forerunner of the beautiful coming out of a love tangle, he was almost choked by his horse in Hyde Park by receiving from Mrs. Hallock an out and out proposal to elope.

### The Elopement.

He had been cantering along the Row wearily hoping to see his fair lady, even though the seeming husant nothing in accomplishment. Suddenly he espied a cab enter the park, and in another moment it had drawn up alongside his horse. Out of the window appeared the face of the beautiful Mrs. Hallock. She wasted no time.

"My Lord, I am about to run away to America. I may expect to talk calmly, but I never was more angry in my life. I have been coldly cut by my husband for a week past. He's a fozey and becoming more of a recluse in his habits every day. I want life, I want joy. Some of my women friends have told me you will die for me. Will you come to America and marry me after an American divorce?"

You've got to kind of give Lord Weddiford credit for a quick decision following a dumfounding proposition. He didn't even "bat an eye," as the Irish saying is, but having now stretched his hand out to Mrs. Hallock to emphasize pledged loyalty.

"I am yours until death, and at your own terms, madame," he said, in tense, measured tones.

"You speak fair and inspire faith. Listen, then. We are watched now by detectives. My husband has had me fol-



"That's None of Your Damned Business, Sir!" Thundered Lord Weddiford.

lowed for a week, in the delusion that I could be trapped in something reprehensible. I discovered the espionage the first day and fired it at once. We quarrelled over it to-day. I warned him I would leave him and go to America. But although I talked bravely I felt I had not the courage to make the leap alone. Then I thought of you. I got this cab and came here purposely to seek you. And even now, with all your assurance of aid, there are difficulties that can hardly be overcome.

"There is no difficulty I cannot overcome if I have your love as reward," said Lord Weddiford simply.

"But I've talked about such cases as ours might be to our solicitor—made a supposititious case, you know. He says if two persons—a man and a woman—leave here under the suspicion that they in-

tended to remain in each other's company unlawfully, why, why—a cablegram from here to the immigration authorities in the United States will be sufficient to have them detained at a place they call Ellis Island, and if—they are not satisfied as to the—the situation they send the couple back—call it deporting them, I believe."

"Why, my dear girl, they cannot stop English subjects of rank and standing from entering America. Why, they can't do it."

"But my solicitor says they have done it. I can't bear to think of such a scandalous delay and investigation. And yet, I must do it. Will you? Isn't there some way we can arrange it and not face that horrid Ellis Island?"

"Madame, we shall go. I shall travel under an assumed name. Add further, if

it be absolutely necessary, we shall hold no conversation during the voyage."

"But, don't you see, my lord, they will know you have gone if you go to the ship. It is bound to come out. The detectives, watching us now, are almost sure to follow."

"Then," said Lord Weddiford, as solemnly as though it were an act of life or death, "I shall ship as a British sailor. I shall become one of the crew. I know enough of the sea to pass muster. They cannot hold an English seaman and they will never suspect I would so travel. It will seem easy, no matter how hard it is, when I think of you in the same deck Mrs. Hallock often watched the crew for a sign of her lover and wondered why it was she never caught a glimpse of him somewhere. So it was until they entered New York harbor.

There was just eight hours to make Liverpool and conveniently take the Baltic. An unusually liberal job-getting

part coin plays with the advent of the immigrant, and supposed the only inconvenience her shortage would cause her would be the necessity of making an advance draft upon her future husband when he joined her on ship."

And so when the immigration boarding officers assembled the first cabin passengers and began to question them Mrs. Hallock awaited her turn with little concern. She was the wife of Captain William Hallock and she was paying a bribe to the country. Money? Why, of course, she had plenty of money—she would have when she got on shore. But now? Well, why must she have it now? No, she did have only a few shillings now—whose business was it how much she had? She could get all the money she wanted. But the immigration officers shook their heads. In half an hour she

was at Ellis Island—detained pending possible deportation.

When the Baltic tied at her pier Lord Weddiford hurried ashore. There was no one to stop him. He was one of the crew, and so far as immigration regulations are concerned the captains of steamships are responsible for the "all rightness" of their crews. The English earl first went to a second class hotel and "cleaned up."

Arraying himself more in keeping with his station in life, he went to the Waldorf—the meeting place that had been decided upon with Mrs. Hallock. She had not yet arrived, and while wondering at her delay his eye caught a headline in the evening paper—

"Wife of Prominent Londoner Faces Deportation."

"Mrs. William Hallock Arrives in United States Penniless."

Lord Weddiford caught the last boat of the day for Ellis Island. He hurried to the Commissioner's office and in a few moments was brought to Mrs. Hallock. The Earl had mapped out his scheme and lost no time in springing his subterfuge. With a warning look at the lady who was being detained he turned on the immigration officers with well assumed indignation.

**A Ruse That Failed.**

"Why this outrage in detaining my sister because she happens to be without funds? She may draw upon me for an unlimited amount. I am only too glad to have her with me. Release her without a moment's more delay or I'll appeal to the British Consul. Only fancy such a beastly state of affairs when an English lady, just because she has forgotten to fill her purse up, is detained here among a lot of low class immigrants! It's outrageous, I say! Why, I—"

And Lord Weddiford up to this point came pretty near, as the saying is, certain quarters is, "putting it across." Mrs. Hallock had taken her cue and had advanced to his side with one arm placed trustfully about his neck and a glance of defiance turned on the immigration officers. The scene had attracted a little group. The officers wavered a trifle, looking from the man to the woman in an uncertain way, as though half convinced they had made a mistake.

"What is your name, sir?" finally one of them asked the Earl.

"My name? Why, my name—why, it's John Fortesque, and this lady's maiden name."

"John Fortesque his name? When did he change it?" A ruddy faced man in the uniform of the Baltic's officers pushed out of the group that had been listening to the dialogue. "Why, this man shipped across last trip as one of our crew. His name was William Ferguson with us. He was a beastly bad sailor for a man shipping as a seaman, so I fired him down to the stockhole. He's been shovelling coal all the way over. Join Fortesque—pretty good!"

And while Lord Weddiford and Mrs. Hallock were busy changing the color of their countenances as many times and thus as there are shifts in the rainbow hues another blow fell. A cablegram was handed the chief inspector. He read it aloud to the chagrined couple—"If Earl of Weddiford is aboard Baltic with Mrs. William Hallock it is unlawful elopement. Act accordingly. H. P. Collins, Solicitor for Captain William Hallock."

**They Are Deported.**

"Are you Lord Weddiford?" asked the chief immigration official abruptly.

"I am," answered the Earl with great dignity, "and now that the face is played out the lady and I will go ashore and save you further bother."

"Did you know the Earl was aboard the Baltic, madame?" asked the same official of the lady very suddenly.

"I—I—well, yes, I did."

"What was your purpose after landing?" The inspector looked searchingly from one to the other.

"That is none of your damned business, sir," thundered Lord Weddiford.

"It's our business to ask. Your business to refuse to tell us you decide so."

"But I'll not tell you. We'll go ashore now."

"No, Lord Weddiford; neither you nor the lady will go ashore. You will be made as comfortable as possible here in conformity with regulations governing such detentions until you are examined further. On the surface it would appear that you have grossly violated an immigration law by shipping as a sailor in order to escape examination on landing. In addition, the lady and you are apparently under a contract of elopement while she is still married. This hardly permits your entering the country. Normally you would not be considered desirable."

Lord Weddiford kept mails, telephone and telegraph busy for the best part of five days. The British Ambassador and the British Consul were invoked. Somehow they either refused aid or were dilatory in taking up the matter, for when the steamship Baltic steamed back to Liverpool on Thursday, July 21, the English earl and the wife of the captain in the Royal Artillery were aboard and marked on the Ellis Island records as deported.

"Never mind, dear," said Lord Weddiford consolingly to his companion as they passed out of the Narrows and Uncle Sam's land faded from their sight, "after this has blown over a bit we'll try again. Only this time you'll take one ship and I'll take the next one following. And we won't go to where there's an Ellis Island that pokes its nose in a man's affairs. We'll go."

"Well, I don't know. I'm not so sure about the wisdom of elopements as I was. When I come to think of those five miserable days among those immigrant surroundings I had to endure!"

"Endure—immigrant surroundings? Broke in Lord Weddiford indignantly.

"Have you ever by chance shovelled coal in the stockhole of an ocean steamship for five days?"

**NEXT WEEK.**

**"When Immigrant Girls Face Runaway Lovets."**

POSTAGE PAID

FORTY-FOURTH  
**BRANT JUMP**

**Street Railway City Could ---Decision Case and T**

The Street Railway ing as a melodrama in the slay the villain.

**THE STREET R ITS LAST YEAR'S TA**

The situation is u possession a High Court or anything it pleases, a pany yesterday failed to paid into court at Torc R. M. Meredith on Frid it wants for the taxes c city street car service s would walk. The city, the power this morning 25, opened up.

Failing to pay the cusly failed to pay the ordinary taxpayers do, pany decided on a let letter was addressed to which was: "Distrain at your own risk."

This rather startling by City Solicitor Hendr "I am quite willing "and the order of the H is all I h.v.e to say." A he was still smiling.

However, the stree a portion of the plot ha this killing of the villai It has previously been rford. Accordingly, the is how the legality of t

The Street Railwa against the decision of the far future of the s heard in a very short way, within ten days. can seize for taxes. If appeal is successful, th hole.

At the present tim appeal. In the meant every street car in Bra late another extra coa

In the event of should follow the wor receive back its 50-ye conductors' brass but tion, after years of se long-suffering public, of court, it might be s before the courts, alth

If the city seized, city would appoint its

The situation at p will go to Toronto to is to be heard. The m the street railway situ

**WORRIED CITY CO**

**If the Structure be a Calamity Has Control**

The municipal a worrying about the e of raising Lorne bridc ern was expressed at cl meeting last night

lihood of an accident which would cut off the city from that di sort of a calamity di there was no alderm stance who stood har railway. The upshot was that nether Colb the bridge will be tou city has approved of

This is one matter ay the city has it on the way Board. When it apparently there must ality of a plan follow by the municipal auth

Ald Ryerson and were sponsors for a thing should be d raising of Lorne bridge

New Year. Ald Ry is anything should b bridge, it would be a trade.

Ald. Hollinrake stop, the contract w Ald. McFarland is more business in B

### New Light on Nelson.

TWO interesting letters from Nelson to Lady Hamilton were made public for the first time the other day by Miss Anne Miles, of No. 87 Priory road, Hampstead, London, who has the originals in her possession.

The first letter, dated August 22, 1788, twelve days after the battle of the Nile, was written at a time when Nelson was only slightly acquainted with Lady Hamilton. "I am penetrated with the Queen's condemnation to think of such an animal as I am," wrote Nelson. "God Almighty has made me the happy instrument of destruction."

The second letter addressed from Malta two months after he had won the battle of the Nile, was written when Nelson was personally taking part in the blockade of Malta, then occupied by the French.

In it Nelson asks for more ships, "ready victualled, stored and manned," to accomplish his plans. "I want to have force complete."

"I have ships enough if they were English, but the Portuguese (squadron placed at Nelson's disposal) are all with the rank of rear admiral, and will not serve under any of my brave captains."

### SCIENTIFIC SLEEP FOR CHILDREN.

SCIENCE has invaded the realm of are taught how to fall asleep quickly and surely.



A Sleeping Lesson in Progress at an Infants' School in Buckinghamshire.

The afternoon session of the school is broken by a half hour's rest and the children so that as worried city workers or troubled politicians they will also be able to woo Morpheus to their aid and then the sleeping lesson begins. As each as easily as they once fell asleep the lessons take place only in the warm in how to fall asleep, how to sleep and receive an afternoon nap, the instruction how to wake up before not sleep.

is not so difficult as it might be in other circumstances. Whether the instruction is supposed to extend into the later life of the children so that as worried city workers or troubled politicians they will also be able to woo Morpheus to their aid and then the sleeping lesson begins. As each as easily as they once fell asleep the lessons take place only in the warm in how to fall asleep, how to sleep and receive an afternoon nap, the instruction how to wake up before not sleep.

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