

Publicity That is Still Private—Your Friends Will Not Know That You Want Another Job If You Advertise for It Anonymously.

PART TWO.

QUEER BARON BORN IN A POORHOUSE.

Decided to Become a Tramp Because Knowledge of Title Made Him a Target.

OFTEN ARRESTED FOR BEGGING.

As He Comes from an Old and Rich Family and is a Noble He Thinks The World Owes Him a Living.

Special Correspondence.

BERLIN, July 25.—Baron Bennigsen has just been released from prison after serving a term of six weeks' imprisonment for using a false name. The Bennigsen family is one of the oldest in the nobility of Germany and this baron is the present head of the family.

In the eighteenth century they were at the zenith of their wealth and prosperity and kept a royal court. The baron's grandfather was a spendthrift and the reckless way in which he squandered his princely income involved the family in serious difficulties. Baron Bennigsen, the grandfather, in course of time got through all his money and had to sell the family property to cover his debts. His misfortune broke his spirit and his health and he died in destitution, leaving his children without a penny. His son adopted various humble occupations and lived up by sinking into absolute pauperism.

Unaccustomed to hardship and privation, disease overtook him at an early age and he died when he was thirteen before his father's death. The family were compelled to seek refuge in the poorhouse. The baron died there at the age of 30, and his son, the present baron, was born in the poorhouse shortly after his father's death. The baroness died within a week and Baron Bennigsen was thus left an orphan. He raised himself up in the poorhouse, in company with other juvenile paupers. Questioned after his release from prison a few days ago, Baron Bennigsen, who is now 45, gave the following account of his life.

A PAUPER'S BOYHOOD.

"My first recollection is that I was the smallest inmate of the poorhouse in which I was born. The old pauper women in the institution looked after me and had me in their charge. Every one in the place knew I was a baron, for my birth certificate and my family papers were in the custody of the officials there, and no child of my age existed regarding my claim to rank and title. At an early age I can remember being sent to the little pauper school attached to the poorhouse, where I, in company with other boys, received the beginning of an education. Later I had to go to the public state schools in the village, and here my troubles began. I had to wear a little suit of uniform indicating that I was a pauper, and I still have a bitter recollection of the scorn with which the other children looked down on me. They bestowed on me such names as 'pauper boy,' 'pauper founding,' 'charity boy,' and so on. I remember how keenly I felt the humiliations and how I resented the hard fate which had made me inferior to the children of agricultural peasants and laborers. I can recall, with a little pain, the scorn which was heaped on me in the school. The moment school hours were over I was compelled to return to the poorhouse, and I used to look with envy upon the others talked of excursions into the woods and fields and all sorts of boyish amusements which were in common. When the teachers found me out, they would send me out on a long walk, and I would have no idea how I should get home. I had no money, and I would have to work to earn my living. I should have liked to have a taste for any particular kind of work, but my recollection is that I had a distinct dislike of everything in the way of a trade, and a year later I was apprenticed to the village shoemaker, who had taken me from the local authorities for a pre-emptive strike on my technical education. Although I received the same amount for my trade as he would have paid me as a pauper and made me feel that he regarded me as belonging to a class of society immeasurably inferior to himself.

SHOEMAKER'S APPRENTICE.

"At the age of 14 the official in charge of the poorhouse summoned me to him to discuss my future. He told me that although I was a baron I had neither money nor property, nor that in these circumstances either, and that if I had to work to earn my living, I should have to work to earn my living. I should have liked to have a taste for any particular kind of work, but my recollection is that I had a distinct dislike of everything in the way of a trade, and a year later I was apprenticed to the village shoemaker, who had taken me from the local authorities for a pre-emptive strike on my technical education. Although I received the same amount for my trade as he would have paid me as a pauper and made me feel that he regarded me as belonging to a class of society immeasurably inferior to himself.

MITCHELL SCARES BRITISH MINE OWNERS.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, July 27.—Labor leaders here were somewhat astonished when they learned that John Mitchell of the Miners' union of the United States had arrived in England. They had the feeling of his approaching visit, although they were aware that he was to attend the Miners' international congress in August next at Paris. On his arrival Mr. Mitchell had no time to make any official pronouncement regarding the miners' agitation in the United States, as he was in a hurry to see for the first time his ancestors' home in Ireland.

THE BRITISH MINE-OWNERS' ASSOCIATION.

The British mine-owners' association views Mitchell's appearance in England with much alarm. They believe that he has come over here to discuss the question of international cooperation with the Miners' federation of Great Britain, and there is nothing the owners dread more than such a compact. Mr. Mitchell will visit the leading centers of the mining industry of England and Scotland before he returns to the United States. The owners here believe, although they will not express the opinion publicly, that he has a mandate from the executive of his union in America to bring about co-operation if it is practicable. So much alive in fact as proprietors in this country to the dangers of the situation that they are likely to send a delegation to the United States almost immediately to discuss the subject with the owners' federation there.

appreciated had no need of me when the time came to pay a wage, and I had argued with me in the room for another apprentice. I left the village of my birth, which I hated with all my heart, and feeling rich in the possession of \$25, made my way to Berlin. Here I sought occupation as a shoemaker, but found none. When my small fund of money became exhausted I was forced to find work of some kind, and I took advantage of a chance offered me. I became a waiter in a third-class restaurant in a very unfashionable quarter of the city.

"I had to wage here, but was forced to live on the tips given by the humble patrons of the establishment. These were few and far between, and when a tip amounted to one cent I looked upon the donor as a remarkably prosperous personage. As a rule the tip given was a penny, equal to one-quarter of a cent. My earnings amounted to an average of about \$1 a week, and if my employer had not given me food and lodging I could not have lived. From this post I advanced to a similar one in a second-class restaurant, and from here I rose to fill the same position in a first-class restaurant frequented by the most fashionable set of society.

"After a time the proprietor of the restaurant whom I had shown by papers, revealed to some of the regular guests of his establishment the secret of my rank and birth. From this moment life in the restaurant became impossible. The guests would call me 'Herr Baron,' and some of them who were rich parvenus took a peculiar delight in bullying me, and soon I quit the place in despair.

"The time when I was a waiter was the greatest height of prosperity which I ever attained. Somehow or other my title was always discovered, and I was at once made a burden to me. When all the money which I had saved as a waiter was exhausted I had to save myself from starvation by taking a post as elevator boy in a big hotel, and I had to wear a uniform and to descend several hundred times a day. The work did not suit me at all, and I welcomed the change which made me a waiter in the same hotel.

REACHED HIS IDEAL AT LAST.

"In the interval of unemployment which had followed on the vacation of my position as waiter, I had managed to get a gentleman. Both as a waiter and as a hotel porter I had accumulated considerable sums of money, which enabled me to live in the style of a gentleman. I lived at fashionable hotels and traveled in the most luxurious cars to the most expensive watering places. I ate sumptuous dinners and gave princely tips to the menials who waited on me. Altogether I lived like an aristocrat, and so you can imagine that it was very difficult for me to stand the step of a waiter, and I had to collect one-cent fares. Moreover, it offered me no opportunity of saving enough money to enjoy another period of a life of luxury. I abandoned the occupation. From this period luck seemed to have turned against me more than ever. I suffered the depths of destitution and turned my hands to all sorts of occupations. I went to Hamburg and worked at the docks as a casual laborer, and in the summer I went down into the country to assist in the harvest. The labor I worked at was so arduous that my mind was exhausted and the kind of occupation did not suit me at all.

"Rebelling against my fate, I rebelled that I would do no more work and compel society to maintain me. I began to travel about the country, begging enough money to provide for my maintenance. I have become a philanthropist, but on the whole I find it preferable to doing work unaided by my aristocratic hands. I live a life of leisure and my journeying is not without its pleasures. I do not live in luxury, but I receive sufficient to enable me to eat and drink and sleep in comfort.

Sometimes my mode of life brings me into conflict with the police, but I have learned to put up with these inconveniences with indifference and equanimity. I have become a philosopher and in this frame of mind I can assure you I derive a certain enjoyment out of life as a tramp. It affords me a certain satisfaction to know that I should have done if I had occupied my proper position in society as a Baron. It pleased me to think that after fate and a hard world had treated me so, I should have found a means of living at the expense of society in general. Holding these views, I do not suppose that I shall ever be anything else but a tramp.

THE POLICE RECORDS REVEAL THAT BARON BENNIGSEN HAS BEEN IMPRISONED 82 TIMES FOR MEDICINE AND WANDERINGS WITHOUT VISIBLE MEANS OF SUBSISTENCE.

GEORGE WEISS.

The Position of Marquis and Marchioness

While Former is Ruminating in Exile How to Get Fun Out of Life on the Beggary \$10,000 a Year His Creditors Allow Him, She Still Enjoys the \$50,000 A Year Settled on Her at Her Marriage.



ANGLESEY CASTLE. The Scene of its Owner's Wildest Extravagances.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, July 27.—Vastly different at present are the respective lots of the marquis and the marchioness of Anglesey. As Americans know, in one part of the continent the famous actor-peer and spendthrift dandy is wondering how on earth a young man who has been in the habit of spending something like \$1,000,000 annually is to get any fun out of life on the beggary \$10,000 a year which his creditors have allowed him. In another part of the continent, however, his beautiful wife is congratulating herself that the afore-mentioned creditors cannot touch her \$50,000 a year which the marquis settled on her soon after their marriage. But the marchioness of Anglesey has no intention of dividing with her husband, now that her income is tenfold larger than his. For several years the two have lived apart, and as they are flesh and blood Vanity Fair products and not creations of romance, misfortune, instead of uniting them, is likely to drive them further asunder.

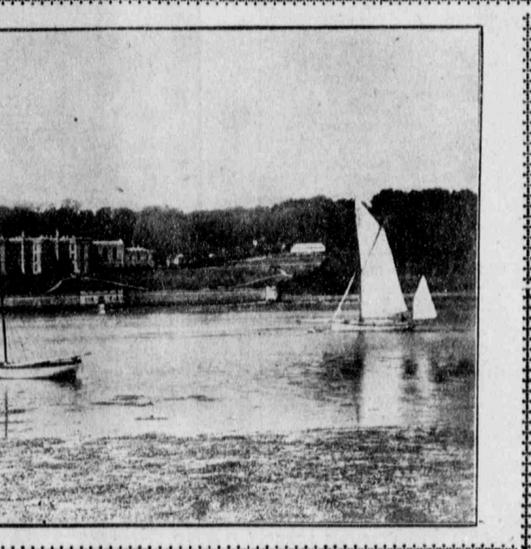
HIS MARRIAGE INVESTMENT.

Since his creditors swooped down upon him much has been written about the eccentric career of the marquis but little had been said of his marriage which turned out as disastrous as most of his other ventures. Besides being ungenerously treated by the creditors, the marquis is famous for his abundant red hair which is of the kind that artists and poets rave over. She is a daughter of Sir George Chetwynd, a nobleman of the last century, and her mother, Lillian Chetwynd inherited her mother's beauty and from the smart and rapid set in which she moved she acquired the notion that she would lead a life of ease and that the right and proper thing to do with a pretty face like hers was to marry wealth and title, independent of other considerations, and make a brilliant match. That is what society called it when her engagement to the future marquis of Anglesey was announced. On her side at least there was scant evidence of love about it. To her friends she frankly admitted that she regarded her fiancé as somewhat of a boob, but as he offered her the best chance of realizing her ambition she considered the matter closed. To her friends she frankly admitted that she regarded her fiancé as somewhat of a boob, but as he offered her the best chance of realizing her ambition she considered the matter closed.

The marriage was a failure almost from the start. "The Ideal Husband" was one of the plays staged later on by the marquis at Anglesey castle and the title role he regarded as one of his greatest histrionic triumphs, but in real life he fell far short of realizing it. Before the honeymoon had warmed, an open rupture occurred between them. Both found the matrimonial fetters irksome. Although the marquis was proud of his wife's beauty, it did not render him indifferent to the charms of other women. And the marchioness did not find her husband sufficiently diverting to make her forego the pleasures of more congenial amusements. Among women she chose as her bosom friend Princess Hohenlohe, the daughter of Count Hatzfeldt, who is still known as "Baby Hatzfeldt," though there has long ceased to be anything infantile in her composition. Together she and the marchioness have furnished society with many sensations. At one time Paris professed to be shocked because they went to the various theaters of the gay capital unattended and in full evening dress, a toilette that is there considered by no means commode if fault for such occasions.

FAMOUS EMERALD WEDDING.

About two years after the famous "emerald wedding," society learned with astonishment that the marchioness had applied to the courts to have her marriage with the marquis annulled. On what grounds was never revealed for the evidence was all heard "in camera," but she was granted the relief she sought, and was once more free with



THE MARCHIONESS OF ANGLESEY.

Special Correspondence.

her youth and beauty to make another brilliant match if she wished. However, instead of this expected detachment, society received another surprise when a few months later it became known that the marchioness had again applied to the courts, and this time to have the annulment of her marriage squashed. Again English law proved compliant; the order was rescinded and the matrimonial noose was once more around their necks. What caused the marchioness to change her mind, or what were her motives in so speedily resuming a bondage after she had got rid of it, remain a mystery, for as before the proceedings were secret, but it has been malleously suggested that it was done to spite the marquis, who too openly rejoiced in his deliverance from the encumbrance of a wife.

SUPERSTITIOUS THIRTEEN.

Those who are superstitious about the number thirteen will probably discover something ominous in the date of the marquis' accession to his title and inheritance—October 13. The year was 1838, but that of course has no significance. On the same fateful day of the month, and just one month later, he executed his first mortgage for a trifle of \$50,000. He was then twenty-three years old. Deducting what he settled on his wife, his income from his estate, which covered some 30,000 acres, amounted to about \$50,000 a year. It was a princely heritage, but it fell far short of being enough to gratify his mania for collecting costly jewelry, pick-nicks and raiment, producing superbly staged plays and pantomimes in his own private theater, and indulging in various other expensive diversions. His annual expenditures averaged about \$1,000,000, so that in a little over five years he accumulated liabilities amounting to \$2,700,000. The trustees, to whom he has assigned all his property for the benefit of his creditors, have figured it out that allowing him \$10,000 a year, they will be paid off by 1911—provided he lives, for on his death his interest in the estate ceases. So, whenever he goes the prayers of those to whom he owes money, that he may be spared until his debts are wiped out, accompany him. Never before has his life been the object of so much pious solicitude.

FOLLY AND EXTRAVAGANCE.

The Marquis of Anglesey's folly and extravagance have furnished a theme for much unctious moralizing and all manner of condemnation and denunciation. He is as much the victim of social conditions and environment as the youth from the slums who goes wrong. His upbringing was of the very worst sort to fit him for the responsibilities

of his position and teach him something of the value of money. An only child, he was indulged in every whim or fancy that money could gratify. Of healthy home-training he had hardly any. Religious influences were equally lacking in his early life. His father was thrice married, and he was a son of the second marchioness. Before her marriage she was a Miss Boyd, a daughter of Curwen Boyd of Merton hall, Wigornshire, and the head of a well-known Jacobite family. She was an exemplary woman, and had she lived, things might have turned out very differently with the present marquis. But she died when he was a mere child and his father soon after married again, taking for his third wife a pretty American woman, the daughter of J. P. King of Sandhills, Ga., and at that time the widow of the Hon. Henry Woodhouse, a member of Lord Kimberley's family. It was another instance of a brilliant match that proved a failure. Incompatibility of tastes and temperaments were made manifest from the start, and both being of high temper they quarrelled continuously. In this atmosphere of domestic strife and contention the heir was brought up. His mother's sister married the younger of the Coquelin brothers, the famous French actor, and it has been suggested that it was from this connection that the marquis acquired his predilection for the stage. For this assumption there is no foundation. The influence this aunt exercised over him was the best that came into his young life, but there was not much of it, for, after marrying the French actor she saw little of her grand relations.

SENT TO ETON.

When the boy became old enough he was sent to Eton, one of the much vaunted English public schools that has become notorious in recent years for turning out ignorant and incompetent young aristocrats whose infinite capacity for blundering cost the British army so dear in South Africa. In this sort of education the finishing touches were put by a brief period as a subaltern in one of the regiments in which scions of the nobility acquire the art of going the pace and going it blind. Taking all these things into consideration it is little to be wondered at that when the young marquis entered into his inheritance he adopted as his motto, "Hans the expense," and lived up to it just as long as his creditors would let him.

HE KEPT NO ACCOUNTS AND HAD NO IDEA OF HOW MUCH HE EXPENDED FOR JEWELRY OR TRINKETS OR WHAT HE DID WITH MOST OF THEM AFTER THEY CAME INTO HIS POSSESSION.

But one thing has been made evident by the expert examination of the board found in Anglesey castle. Jewelers "played him for a sucker" to the tune of something like a million dollars. Many of the gems which he undoubtedly bought as a child have been discovered to be paste. So clever are the imitations that they have deceived those who first found them, and made glad the hearts of the marquis' creditors by reports of the fabulous value of the treasures they had discovered in Anglesey castle. The worth \$200,000, and it is doubtful if it will fetch that much at auction. But it must be remembered that before he turned his property over to his creditors he had made good the hearts of the Christians' where it fetched over \$200,000 and an additional \$50,000 worth was handed over to his trustees.

DRIVEN INTO EXILE.

It is a fair domain from which this ignoble descendant of a noble house has been driven into exile by his extravagance and folly. To the smoke of grimed collars there came creeping through the Menai Straits on the flood tide Anglesey castle is a familiar landmark. From beneath its somber walls the lawn runs down to the water front where cannon grin in antiquated defiance from behind the old gray ramparts. To right and left of the castle the ancient trees cluster along the shore. High on the ridge above the white flagpole of the great suspension bridge, stands the monument of the gallant Uxbridge, first Marquis of Anglesey, who led the British cavalry, lost a leg and won undying fame on the bloodstained field of Waterloo. Across the straits the wooded hills sweep up until they are lost in the mist wreathed spurs of the Snowdon range. It was among the park oaks that the Druids gathered for their strange rites, and down by the private quarries the bones of the invading Romans are still found. Of the island from which his title comes there is little that is not his, while across the Welsh hills he has broad estates in Stafford and Cheshire and other counties besides.

He will be only 36 when, in 1911, with his debts repaid, he can again take possession of his ancestral property. He is not a bad man—only a vain and foolish one. In his retirement he may learn to overcome his besetting sin—love of luxury and display—and return to redeem the years he has wasted.

E. LISLE SNELL.

HORRORS AMONG AFRICAN LEPERS.

Cape Parliament Hears Growsome Reports as to the Conditions There.

UNSTRICKEN PEOPLE DETAINED.

Rigid Rules Prevented Them from Securing Their Escape from the Most Terrible of Surroundings.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, July 27.—Had it not been for the war and the state of things political in this country at present, undoubtedly more attention would have been attracted by a grim story, which came from South Africa the other day regarding the lepers on Robben Island, near Cape Town, for this account recalls vividly some of the most growsome pages of "Ben Hur."

Robben Island, where for many years the diseased outcasts of all South Africa have been isolated, invariably excites the curiosity of passengers on their arrival off Cape Town, and the mere mention of it creates a feeling of horror in the minds of residents in the Cape Colony. It was in the Cape Assembly the other day that Dr. Hewat, who is one of the most prominent medical men in South Africa, made some astounding statements regarding conditions in the leper island. The doctor said he knew of between sixty and seventy persons condemned to a life-long banishment there amid surroundings that were indescribable, but who in reality never had been a source of danger to anyone and who would not be if allowed to go at large. In consequence, the medical men said that they now refused to certify as lepers those only slightly affected, as he knew that to do so would be to banish them at once and for life to the dread island. And Dr. Hewat instanced the case of a man, who, after having been kept on the island for eight years as a leper, was finally discharged. It having been established conclusively that he had never been affected by leprosy at all. Then this practitioner went on to bring some amazing charges regarding the administration of the leper island. Patients sent to Robben Island for examination, he maintained, received no consideration at all at the hands of the advisory board there, and were left amid awful surroundings without help. The members of this advisory board, the accused continued, who should visit the island every three months, had, in fact, only visited it four times in three years. In consequence of this neglect, he declared, the unfortunate on the island were dying like flies from tuberculosis, due to over-crowding.

When several members of the Cape Assembly, shocked by Dr. Hewat's statements, visited Robben Island the other day, they were met by a half-crazed wretch who implored the visitors' help. A carpenter of Southampton, England, who went to work at Kimberley, contracted leprosy in a mild form, and promptly was dragged off to the leper island. This was three months ago. He now has lost all traces of the disease, but is as much a prisoner as if he were doing a life term of penal servitude. Meantime he is the more anxious to return to his family, at Kimberley, whom he has not seen since his confinement, as they are dependent upon what his son, who is only fifteen, can earn. Life on the island, he described as most horrible. There are few books for the use of lepers, and they pass the dreary days in musing on the terrible fate that has sent them there. This victim adds that the food supplied to the lepers is indifferent and the mode of serving it bad. The man's statements now have been incorporated in a government blue-book, and his release is likely as well as an official investigation into the conditions prevailing on the leper island.

DASHING RUSSIAN ADMIRAL.

Vice Admiral Bezbrazoff, in his operation of the Vladivostok flying squadron, has proven himself a clever and dashing sailor. While he has no great victories to his credit, he has been successful in keeping the Japanese shipping in a state of uncertainty that has undoubtedly proved of benefit to the Russian cause.

VICE ADMIRAL BEZBRAZOFF.

