

Publicity That Is Still Privacy—Your Friend. Need 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 house in royal style. The present 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 he died in destitution, leaving his children without a penny. His son adopted various humble occupations and ended up by sinking into absolute pauperism.

Unaccustomed to hardship and privation, disease overtook him at an early age and he died in a poorhouse. He married before his misfortune overtook 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 was brought up in the poorhouse, in company with other juvenile paupers. Questioned after his release from prison on 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 I had not a bad time. 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 doubt whatever 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 institution, where, in company with other poor devils, received the beginning of an education. Later I had to go to the public state school 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 older children looked down on me. The children looked down on me, as I was called 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, too, how the flag of scorn was pointed out to me by the older children, and how I was the object of their derisive remarks. I had no share in the amusements of my contemporaries in the school. The moment school hours were over I was compelled to return to the poorhouse, and I used to envy with envy how the others talked of excursions into the woods and fields and all sorts of boyish amusements which I was denied. When the teachers talked of going out for the whole school I was the only one who did not go. I have no idea how these humiliations in childhood embittered my spirit, but I have no doubt that they made me hate the whole world almost before I had begun life.

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 no money nor property, nor that in these circumstances I should have to work to earn my living. He said that I had a taste for any particular kind of work, but my recollection is that I had a distinct dislike of every kind. However, I had to learn something in the way of a trade, and a shoe maker was apprenticed to this village from the local authorities for the purpose of teaching me. I received a preliminary lesson in the art of shoemaking, but he regarded me as a pauper and made me a class of society immeasurably inferior to himself.

I sat in his little workshop from morning till late at night hammering nails into shoes and dreaming of a far off time when I would regain the family wealth and be able to live in the style befitting a baron. At this period I cherished the personal ambition of educating myself in such a way as 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 Berlin.

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 are the 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.

The shoemaker to whom I had been

apprehended had no need of me when the time came to pay my wage, and in discharge of my debt he made 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 finally taking 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 not wages 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 my life in the restaurant became unbearable. The guests used to call me 'Herr Baron,' and some of them, who were rich parvenus took a peculiar delight in bullying me, and soon I quitted 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 life 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. Here I had to wear a uniform and to shoot up and down the shaft of the elevator several hundred times a day. The work did not suit me at all, and I welcomed the change which made me chief porter in the same hotel.

"After a time I lost this position owing to my lack of servility toward the guests, and after a further long period of unemployment, I was reduced to earning my living as an omnibus conductor. From early morning until late at night I stood on the steps of the clumsy vehicle as it wound its way through the main streets of Berlin, helping people to get in and out, and taking their one and two cent fares.

REACHED HIS IDEAL AT LAST.

"In the interval of unemployment which had followed on the vacation of my previous post I had enjoyed life as a gentleman. Both as a waiter and as a hotel porter I had accumulated considerable sums of money, which enabled me to live for a time in the style befitting a baron. 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 different for me to stand the steps of a shabby omnibus and 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 kinds of occupation. I went to Hamburg and worked at the docks as a casual laborer, and in the summer went down into the country to work as a day laborer. The labor here was not so exhausting and the kind of occupation did not suit me at all.

"Rebelling against my fate, I resolved 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. This mode of life has its disadvantages, but on the whole I find it preferable to doing work unsuited to my aristocratic hands. I live a life of leisure and my journeying is one of pleasure and not of necessity. 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 philosophy. 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 have treated me as I have, I 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 62 times for mendicancy and wandering without visible means of subsistence.

GEORGE WEISS.

MITCHELL SCARES BRITISH MINE OWNERS.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, July 27.—Labor leaders here were somewhat astonished when they learned that the Mitchell of the Miners' union of the United States had arrived in England. They had no warning 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 Berlin.

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 are the 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.

The shoemaker to whom I had been

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 \$10,000,000 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, I am told, 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 notoriously profligate the squabbling Anglesey 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, and that dainty little woman who in her younger years was known as the "pocket Venus" and who at the time of her marriage to Sir George was the widow of the last marquis of Hastings. Lillian Chetwynd inherited her mother's beauty and from the smart and rapid set in which she moved she acquired the notion that she was playing out, 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 booby, but as he offered her the best chance of realizing her ambition she considered that she would have been a fool not to have jumped at it. And her friends and society generally agreed with her. The fact that the bride and bridegroom were cousins (the marchioness of Hastings was the daughter of the second marquis of Anglesey and the present marquis is the son of the fourth) was regarded as a point in favor of their union. The marriage was quite the fashionable matrimonial event of the season. It was known as the "emerald wedding," because the rings figured so conspicuously and profusely among the wedding gifts. They were chosen for the reason that the marchioness, who, like her husband, was exceedingly fond of precious stones, is particularly partial to those green-hued gems.

FAILURE FROM THE START.
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 society. Among women she chose as her bosom friend Princess Hohenlohe, the daughter of Count Hatzfeldt, who is still known as "Daisy Hohenlohe," 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 comme il faut 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

Special Correspondence.

her youth and beauty to make another brilliant match if she wished. However, instead of this expected development, 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 her 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 then brought up, she had 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 Sandhill, 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 temperament 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 Couglin 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. To 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, "Hang the expense," and lived up to it just as long as his creditors would let him.

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 have been heaped upon him. But really 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 twice 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, Wig-township, near the head of the 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 Sandhill, 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 temperament 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 Couglin 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.

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It was his craze for jewelry which has been chiefly responsible for his financial smash. As regards that he is at least entitled to the credit of being catholic in his tastes. Diamonds, rubies, pearls, emeralds, sapphires, turquoise—nearly all the precious stones found in him a ready purchaser. Ca-

bled reports have already told fully what a weird and wonderful collection of them he acquired. His object appears to have been two-fold. He had something of the magpie about him—a strange habit of hoarding these costly trinkets and gewgaws which was shown by the unexpected places in which they have been found during the recent search in Anglesey Castle made for the benefit of his creditors. The other and perhaps more powerful motive was a veritable mania for self-adornment, which led him into another strange set of excesses—the pursuit of a semi-theatrical career. He seemed always to have been attracted by the theater, but at a certain point in his career he seized upon this as a means of exhibiting his priceless jewels. The little theater in Anglesey Castle with which he replaced the ancient chapel soon after succeeding to his estates was little more than very expensive seating for the bejeweled marquis. As *Aladdin*, the pantomime he produced in 1902 in his bijou theater he stood forth literally ablaze with gems. In the various scenes he wore different costumes, but each of them was similarly bedecked with precious stones of the most costly description. Many of the jewels which originally cost large sums are of no possible use to any ordinary wearer owing to the fantastic form in which they have been designed at the request of the marquis for stage purposes. Of this marquis is a chain 20 feet long covered with 520 charms, of various kinds, some of which are of little intrinsic value while others would be worth \$500. It will be broken up to be sold as nobly would want to buy a chain of charms that length.

WEAKNESS FOR JEWELRY.

The marquis seems to have realized in the last year or two that this weakness for jewelry would be the ruin of him if he did not resist it and was wont to go about attended by a bodyguard of half a dozen men under the command of his chief valet who were especially instructed to keep jewelers' drummers at bay. But despite all these precautions they contrived to get at him with disastrous results to his purse, for when confronted by a brilliant gem he could no more overcome the temptation to buy it than could a child be kept from a drink when left alone with a bottle of brandy.

He kept no accounts and had no idea of how much he expended for jewelry or trinkets or what he did with many of them after they came into his possession. But one thing has been made evident by the expert examination of the hoard 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 genuine have been discovered to be paste. So clever are the imitations that they have deceived those who first found them and made good the hearts of the marquis' creditors by reports of the fabulous value of the treasures they had discovered in Anglesey castle. The jewelry has now been sold for \$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 extravagances. The marquis, it is said, grined colliers there came creeping through the Menai Straits on the flood tide Anglesey castle is a familiar landmark. From beneath its somber walls the latest news of the war came 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 Exbridge, first Marquis of Anglesey, who, losing Wellington's 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 sea, the latest news of the war came 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 Exbridge, first Marquis of Anglesey, who, losing Wellington's 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. 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