



BARON SCHLIPPENBACH.

He is soon to be Russia's Consul General in this city.

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When the government at St. Petersburg decided recently to hand over one of the big keys to Russia's trade to a new consul general in New York City the honor fell to Baron Schlippenbach, for fourteen years Russia's consul in Chicago. To this newly promoted agent of the Czar the metropolis is no stranger, for years ago he held here the office of vice-consul. But although New Yorkers knew him then, there are few who will not need an introduction to him now. Times change; so do Russian diplomatists.

Looking at Baron Schlippenbach, no one would suspect that the quiet, unassuming nobleman, well groomed and apparently a prosperous business man, who is sent back to reign supreme where he was once a subordinate, is a man who likes to play with dolls. No one would guess that he has more fads in his list than any other official, perhaps, who ever aspired to link two great nations more firmly together.

In Cæsar's day the envoys of the provinces to Rome yielded to the softening influences of the Southern capital and became changed men. The same might be said, thought not to the same degree, of the representative of modern Russia. Once his hands were hard and rough; now they are as soft as a woman's. Once it was his joy to heave a line in competition with the most expert of his compatriots in the Czar's navy, or to test his nerves by standing at the cannon's mouth while a battleship belched forth the deadly contents of its magazines. Now he prefers to swing a golf club, and the orchestra's music at a charity ball is sweeter to him than the roar of guns. Nevertheless, he stands ready to battle for his country at any minute.

In truth it might be written down that there are in reality two Barons Schlippenbach. One is the cautious, guarded official, representative of a sovereign whom he tries to serve without making a single misstep. The other is the frank, open handed, jovial exponent of the untitled democracy in which his official life is being passed.

DOLLS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD.

While he is a loyal Russian, he is half an American. He foresees a tremendous mutual advantage in a closer communication between his own people and the citizens of the United States. It is the height of his ambition to strengthen the friendship between the two populations.

Collecting dolls is one of Baron Schlippenbach's fads. He has gathered, from all points of the compass and from nearly all countries of the globe, so many befrilled and befurbelowed doll creations that his apartments would not hold them all and he had to put the overflow into a storage house.

International marriages is another of his pet fancies. He would like to see more Russian-American marriages. The baron himself is a bachelor, wealthy, bearded and attractive in appearance. He is a great admirer of American women. If any one asks him why he remains a bachelor, he laughs heartily, strokes his brown beard, and replies:

"Oh, that is an easy conundrum. For the young ladies, I am too old; and for the older ones I am too young. I have always been willing to marry."

The baron's wine cellar holds almost as high a place in his affections as his collection of dolls. It is taxed more frequently. This is not because the baron is a tippler; far from it. The spigot of his wine cask is drawn oftener than his dolls are put on dress parade for the reason that Baron Schlippenbach is known as "a good fellow" and is bounteous in his hospitality toward those whose friendship he values.

Officially the baron must receive all who visit him. To all he is cordial and frank, but while he listens to learn the mission of a stranger he studies the face and bearing of his caller. Long experience has made him expert in this, and there are few who leave his office that do not also leave a pretty correct analysis of their characters in the mind of the consul.

While his official hospitality is thus dispensed, with prejudice toward none, the baron is extremely exclusive in choosing those who may enjoy the contents of his wine casks or his \$5 a pound tea, brought overland from China to St. Petersburg and transshipped to Chicago. Some of the knottiest problems of the consulate are said to have been worked out satisfactorily over a teacup scarcely larger than a woman's thimble. It's a fad of the baron to sip as he thinks.

Personal pleasure is a thing of secondary consequence in both the official and private life of Baron Schlippenbach. The interest of Russia comes first. No one who is not a friend of Russia or a likely candidate to become one could expect to find a way into the "sanctum" of the baron's almost palatial quarters at No. 87 Rush street, Chicago, surrounded by the homes of wealthy pioneers and society people of the town. But if a person is a friend of Russia and, besides, is enrolled among the baron's "Four Hundred," as it were, the latch-string to his "den" always hangs out.

An oak door, almost as wide and thick and heavy as in the days when the moat and drawbridge were the vogue, swings off the hall and admits the guest to the baron's reception room. This room is fitted up with Oriental rugs, oil paintings—all the gifts of artist friends—and bric-a-brac from nearly every corner of the earth.

HIS CHICAGO "DEN."

There is nothing austere about this room or the connecting one in front, into which the light of the street shines through a big French plate window. Off the front apartment, through a fringe draped doorway, is the "den" of Schlippenbach the man, not Baron Schlippenbach the consul. Although he is a bachelor, the rooms which the public enters are homelike and suggest domesticity. There are comfortable lounging chairs, more bric-a-brac and paintings and mementos. There are little tables, too; some of teak, carved with all the ingenuity of the East Indian. The baron taps a quaint gong that rings a silvery note, and in strides noiselessly a tall, straight-as-an-arrow man, with jet black hair and curled and waxed mustache.

"What shall it be?" asks the host. Before you can reply he suggests: "A little vermouth?" at the same time nodding to the sphinx, who looks as big as a giant, that awaits his master's bidding. Whether the baron has a "nod code" is a mystery, but seemingly he has, for whether it is crème de menthe or vermouth or sparkling champagne, he merely bows and it is brought.

"To the health of America's smart and beautiful women," toasts the guest, who may be a grand duke making a tour of the world incognito or a Chicago business man who would like to sell a few more harvesters or a few pounds more of bacon in the Czar's domain. A guest who sat at one of the baron's tables the other day looked as if he might be the original of a portrait of Emperor Nicholas II. Another, with broad shoulders and military bearing, might have been the chief of the secret

For Years His Private Secretary Was a Woman, but He Thought Her a Man.

police of St. Petersburg, but his identity and his mission were secrets of himself and the baron.

"May Russia know them better, and America's men, too," responds Baron Schlippenbach to the toast.

If you happen to be the guest and do not relish the vermouth or the crème de menthe or the champagne, or any kind of liquor which the baron's lavish hospitality affords, it is because your taste is not educated up to the finest product of European manufacture.

"Speaking of international marriages," says the baron, "did it ever occur to you that those contracted between Russians and Americans have invariably proved happy ones?"

ADVICE TO EXPORTERS.

But the baron makes no pretence of promoting Russian-American matches, much as he would like to see more of them. He has long been a lion in Chicago society. He is as much at home at a pink tea as at a charity ball or a "living picture" entertainment. In fact, at all society entertainments in behalf of charity he is a prominent figure. It is on such occasions that the public catches a glimpse of his galaxy of dolls.

If it had not been for the Russo-Japanese war the public might never have known of this fad of the Czar's trusted official. During that war, however, the Red Cross needed funds to enable it to succor the wounded on both sides. Chicago society people got up a big entertainment to help raise the money. Baron Schlippenbach was asked what he could do. Then he said he could sell dolls.

It was given out that the consul had the greatest private collection of dolls in the world; that he would exhibit them in a booth, and sell all he could for charity's sake. Before the day arrived for the entertainment to open the baron had one hundred times as many dolls as his original collection had contained. Originally there were dolls

from Japan, Russia and other countries; some dressed by princesses and duchesses, who knew his fad.

The additions to the collection were made by Chicago misses and matrons. They arrived at the consulate by bicycle and pony express and in automobiles, not by ones and twos and dozens, but by hundreds, almost daily—rag dolls, rubber dolls with dainty lace gowns, wax dolls and china dolls of every conceivable size. It reminded a Chicago clubman of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," with his army of "fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins, families by tens and dozens," and his other army of "all the little boys and girls, with rosy cheeks and flaxen curls and sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls."

The doll market was good, but in all the throng of thousands who attended the Red Cross entertainment there were not enough buyers of dolls to exhaust the baron's supply. After the fair he restored to his apartments as many as they could hold for his own amusement at odd times, and the rest he put in a storage house, where they still remain. Occasionally when the society women want a unique booth at some charity affair they borrow Baron Schlippenbach's collection, merely for show purposes, for the baron thinks so much of his gifts that he refuses to sell more, unless the Red Cross or Russia gets into straits and needs the money.

Baron Schlippenbach can talk business with just as much force as he used to expend while an officer in the Czar's navy. He will tell you that the door to Russia is open; that Russia wants to trade with the United States, whether it be by way of Vladivostok or St. Petersburg. Asked how New York merchants might obtain a greater volume of trade with Russians, this was his reply:

"It is a broad question. Generally speaking, they

could accomplish much more by effecting a closer communication with the Russian people. Specifically, they could do more by sending representatives to Russia to study the people, learn their wants and what they have to offer in return, and suit their business to what they discover."

Despite his ability to read character, however, a woman, young and handsome, was his private secretary for thirteen years, and all that time the baron thought she was a man. Not until death disclosed her sex in a far away town did Baron Schlippenbach discover that she was a woman.

"WOMAN" WAS A MAN.

This extraordinary woman was "Nicolaï De Raylan." She wore a man's clothing when she applied for and obtained a place as the consul's private secretary. She wore the same kind of garb during her long term of employment. In this time she married a Chicago woman, was divorced, and later married another Chicago woman. After about thirteen years of service in the consulate the woman, who had a masculine first name, became ill, and went to Arizona for her health. She died there suddenly, and the autopsy revealed her sex. She was buried there, but Baron Schlippenbach would not believe the report that she was a woman. Not until a commission of doctors from Chicago had exhumed the body was the consul convinced of the truth.

"De Raylan's" second wife then admitted the truth. Subsequent events showed that the young woman's right name was Anna Terlesky, and that her mother lived in Odessa, but had always written to the girl as "my dear son." The girl's estate of \$9,000 went to the mother, but the secret of Anna's reason for living in the disguise of a man has not been revealed. Some said she was a spy of the Russian revolutionary party.



GROUP OF BARON SCHLIPPENBACH'S DOLLS.



NICOLAI DE RAYLAN.

Woman who acted as the baron's private secretary for years, and all the while her employer thought she was a man.

Baron Schlippenbach began his diplomatic service in 1885. For a long time he was attached to the Russian Embassy in Tokio. From there he was transferred to New York City, where he was vice-consul. Afterward he was sent to Chicago. He was judge advocate in the Russian navy before becoming a diplomatic agent. He has travelled all over the world and speaks excellent English.

The baron was unofficially informed from St. Petersburg early in May that he would be transferred to New York, the transfer to date from May 1, Russian calendar, which would be May 14 in the Julian calendar. He expects the official notice, to come by a long mail route, to reach him before the middle of June.