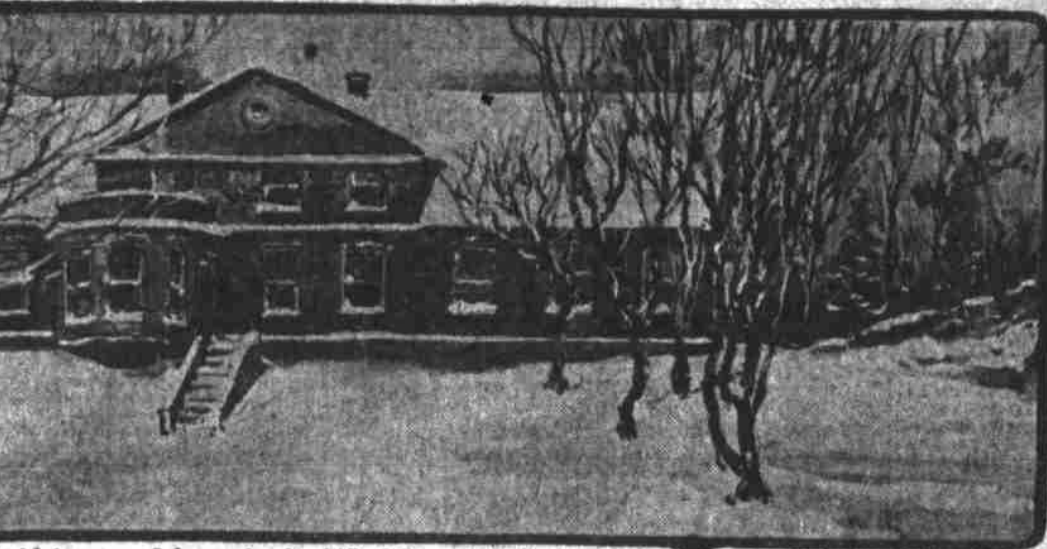


# "SHE HYPNOTIZED ME!" His CRY BEFORE SUICIDE

## Now the Madhouse Holds the Woman Who Exacted an Oath of Blood



Captain von Goeben, the Murderer and Suicide



Major von Schoenebeck's Villa Where He Was Murdered



Antoine von Schoenebeck, who Inspired Her Husband's Murder

IT IS the old, old story of life—this German tragedy which startled all Europe and caused proud officers of the German army to hang their heads in shame because of the villainous double crime of one of their number.

All the melodramatic elements enter into this remarkable story—a beautiful temptress, an unsuspecting husband, a double-dyed villain and false friend, a midnight encounter, murder and later—confession, disgrace, the madhouse and suicide.

"She tempted me," was the cry of the man who fell and sinned, just as the same excuse has been man's since Father Adam saw the gates of Eden close behind his reluctant going.

Did the woman's brain conceive this, one of the most diabolical, cold-blooded crimes of recent times? Did she actually hypnotize the cool, self-poised, selfish army officer to do her murderous bidding; to disgrace his uniform with the ineffaceable mark of Cain only to sink into the grave of a despised suicide as his reward?

And was it remorse or fear that toppled the brain of the arch-conspirator from its scheming throne and sent her shrieking and wailing to end her unhappy days in a madhouse?

"SHE hypnotized me," was the only excuse that was offered by Captain von Goeben when confessing to the midnight murder of his friend and hospitable host, Major von Schoenebeck, husband of the handsome temptress. And then he cut his throat.

The terror-stricken woman who huddles behind the bars of an insane asylum only shrieks and waves away the horrible specters that come to torment her.

Allenstein, the scene of the tragedy, is one of the most unattractive places in Germany—a somewhat squalid town of 20,000 or more people, and an army post on the Russian frontier.

Garrison life there is deadly dull; it is one of those places that become notorious as centers of gambling, of drinking and of scandal, when a lot of strong and active young men are removed from more fashionable and livelier stations; cooped up and confined to a never-ending, monotonous routine of drill and disciplinary regulations. There is little intellectual life outside a small circle; there are few social events, because of the scarcity of persons interested in the usual doings of social life.

### A BORN COQUETTE

Into this gloomy atmosphere Major von Schoenebeck took his gaily-loving young wife, Antoine, a year or so ago. One of the most capable men in the army, he was highly regarded by his superiors, and had been stationed at Allenstein to help improve the condition of that garrison. Some time this year he was to have been promoted and given the command of a regiment.

Well into middle life, Major von Schoenebeck was not an especially congenial companion to the dashing young woman he had made his wife. He was quiet, studious, fond of his two children and his home life, and cared little for society or its amusements.

Frau von Schoenebeck at the time of the tragedy was a strikingly handsome woman of something less than 20 years. She was a brunette, of slender figure, luxuriant hair, sparkling eyes; her manners and conversation were fascinating.

As a girl she was a noted beauty in the Silesian town of Goerlitz, and this led to her selection, ten years ago, as the chief of a group of maids of honor who were to accompany the emperor of Russia and the emperor of Germany upon the occasion of a visit to that town.

dered to Allenstein the removal there was a hard blow. She missed the balls, the dinners, the opportunities for flirting and the display of fine gowns.

Repeatedly she secured her husband's permission to visit Berlin, and he allowed her to go without suspicion. While he deluded himself in the belief that she was being looked after by relatives there, her visits were generally productive of more or less scandalous reports.

Some of these reached the ears of the husband; there were disagreements, a coolness and a quarrel; but the experienced officer treated his wife only as an erring child and endeavored to bring her back to a saner life by getting her more deeply interested in her children's welfare.

It was about this time that Captain George August Hugo von Goeben arrived in Allenstein; he had been ordered there to command a battery of artillery.

Perhaps it was more because his arrival promised another victim to her coquetry, rather than any interest aroused by his personality, that Frau von Schoenebeck began at once to throw about him the allurements of her wiles.

Certainly Von Goeben was not attractive. About 37 years old, with a sallow face, a lame foot and taciturn manner, he hardly seemed a man who could charm a woman.

But he had come from the great outside world, with a recent knowledge of its happenings and its gossip, and

even such a presence was like a ray of sunshine in that stagnant atmosphere.

Major von Schoenebeck took the new comer to his friendship and extended to him the hospitality of his home. Both men were great hunters, and talked entertainingly of adventures and experiences while in the quest of game.

Visits of Von Goeben to the villa of the major were not always made while the master of the place was at home. It came to pass, in the course of time, that Frau von Schoenebeck would signal from an upper window to the captain almost the moment her husband left home for his round of duties.

Whether Von Goeben walked into the trap set for him with closed eyes, or merely in a spirit of adventure, is an open question. Cool, calculating, supposedly immune from the charms of women, he had long boasted of his freedom from conquest and of the flinty quality of his heart as regarded the other sex.

His final plea was that she had hypnotized him. In his letter of confession he asserted: "The woman must have used a kind of suggestion upon me. Without thought or inward resistance, I committed the greatest of crimes for her. I felt she would have me do it, and was happy in its doing."

"I never felt any qualms of conscience, although I knew from her own lips what a light life she led. Nothing could restrain me in my madness or prevent my idolizing her."

"With her eternal complaints over the mistreatment of her husband, she raised in me the fixed idea that he, who was only seen by me in the most hideous colors, must be got rid of. She would not permit a duel."

### SWORN TO MURDER

An understanding, whether discussed or not, had been reached between the two. The husband must be put out of the way. To Von Goeben's credit it must be said that he wished to give Von Schoenebeck a chance for his life; he wished to insult him deliberately and force him into a duel. The scheming wife would not permit that.

At one time Von Goeben purchased and gave to Frau von Schoenebeck enough poison to kill a score of men. He instructed her in its use, so that she might escape being charged with the crime. But, when it came to administering the poison, her courage failed.

Both knew, however, that the time for deliberate murder was drawing steadily nearer; it might come now at any time. Both steeled themselves, to be ready when the moment should arrive.

Major von Schoenebeck gave a little festival entertainment for one of his children; Von Goeben was there, in costume, and helped entertain the merry little ones. The next day he was invited to the villa again, for the afternoon and evening.

While her husband was temporarily absent from the room the wife made Captain von Goeben stand in the middle of the floor and swear a solemn oath that he would commit the deed that night.

Before the captain departed that night, ostensibly for his own quarters, the two men made an agreement to go hunting the next day. But when he went out the door Von Goeben did not go home; he retired to the shadow of an outbuilding—and waited.

In his pocket he had a pair of thick woolen socks belonging to Major von Schoenebeck; they had been given him by the desperate woman.

When he entered the house again on his murderous mission he was to wear them over his boots, both to deaden the noise of his tread and to prevent the house dog from following the scent.

An hour, two hours, and more, he waited in the shadow. When he tried the front door he found it had been left unlocked. The big house dog was not in the front hall, its usual sleeping place; the woman had taken the animal to her own room, on the second floor.

# GRIDE THIS STATESMAN'S VACATION COMPANION



Sir Edward Grey, England's Foreign Secretary

He is even more silent and reserved today than ever; so much so as to excite comment. He rarely appears in the House of Commons unless compelled; seldom is he seen with an associate.

Few persons outside the circle of his friends know that back of the icy reserve of the powerful minister lies a pathetic heart tragedy and a romance of memory and devotion not often found in life.

"I AM TOLD," wrote T. P. O'Connor, recently, "that this man, who is probably the most powerful figure in the world, wielding more influence over destinies than any other minister in any other land, is lost to the world from Friday or Saturday to Monday of every week."

Sir Edward Grey, possessing one of the most brilliant minds in England, was always retiring and reserved. A fearful tragedy that darkened his life has made him a recluse whenever his public duties permit him to hasten away from the throngs of London.

It was two years ago that the blow fell on heart and home. His beautiful and accomplished wife, who was companion and helpmeet in the fullest and happiest sense, met sudden and violent death just when the future seemed brightest for the loving couple. Lady Grey was thrown from her trap while driving, and died several days later without having regained consciousness.

This talented woman had married Sir Edward Grey a few months before he entered Parliament, and had always taken a keen interest in his political work, rendering valuable services especially at election time.

To and strikingly handsome, with a kindly disposition and pleasing manner, she was one of the most popular women in all the kingdom, the call to duty it is probable that Sir Edward would have retired from public life after the loss of his wife. He was made to realize that his country needed him and remained at his post, although his heart was heavy and sore, with but little vacation from toil.

Since then, as O'Connor states, he has been lost to the world at every week and since. His leisure moments are given over to his grief; he takes it with him on his little vacations from toil.

There is a splendid mansion on his country estate, but he rarely enters it; the place holds too many sad memories. So he has built for himself a tiny cottage on the banks of the river Itchen, in a corner of Hampshire, where he may pass his leisure hours undisturbed.

It is really a little hut, constructed of zinc, this resting place of the famous statesman. But all about it nature is tranquil, beautifully soft and sympathetic to the aching heart.

To this little place Grey retires without a companion; not even a servant is allowed about him. The man who is so powerful in London takes with him a few loaves of bread and a few boxes of canned food, and spends his vacation hours either fishing or lying down in his hut, with books or papers relating to his work beside him.

One of the many promising young men discovered by William E. Gladstone, Sir Edward Grey has succeeded in spite of himself. He has never had any taste for politics; he would much rather fish and commune with nature.

When little more than grown he was elected to the House of Commons much against his will; but having been put into public life, he made a conscientious study of public questions. His maiden speech in the House was made when he was 22 years old, and he acquitted himself well.

Soon after that Mr. Gladstone remarked of him: "I have never known so signal a capacity for parliamentary life and so small a disposition for it." Sir Edward himself said: "I feel convinced of my unfitness for a pursuit which I detest, which interferes with all my private comfort and one which I only sign for an opportunity of abandoning decidedly and forever."

A man of striking personal appearance is the foreign secretary. Only about 45 years old, the spring of youth is still in his stride.

apartments. But in a short time he was on his way back to the scene of the tragedy, impelled by an impulse to take his victim's body and cast it into the river.

As he neared the gate, a corporal's guard approached to relieve the sentinel always posted there. To escape notice, the captain slunk back into a shadow, but too late; he had been seen.

When the major's body was found the next morning, suicide was suspected at first. But his revolver was found beside him, fully loaded; there was no other weapon near.

It was seen that he had died instantly, so that he could not have disposed of the death weapon after having used it himself.

A famous detective was summoned from Berlin and set to work on the case. All the clues that he worked out pointed to Von Goeben. When General Scott, commander of the garrison, ordered the captain's arrest, the guilty man broke down and confessed.

While in prison awaiting trial Von Goeben was subjected to repeated tests in order to determine whether he was insane. For four days Baron von Schrenck-Notzing, the celebrated alienist, was his cellmate for the purpose of studying his mental condition.

The Baron declared, as a result of his study, that the murderer was not crazy, but, as he asserted, had been hypnotized by Frau von Schoenebeck.

In due time a court-martial was convened to try the captain; it had not concluded its investigation when the unhappy man committed suicide. He knew what the verdict would be.

Perhaps the garrison officers were not averse to such an ending of the case; no attempt had been made to guard against the prisoner working out himself the expiration of his crime. In fact, he was allowed, rather openly, the use of knives and forks, and, it is said, the broken table knife with which he opened an artery in the neck was suspiciously well sharpened.

Antoine von Schoenebeck, the cause of it all, had not counted upon such a swift and direful ending of her plans. The mesh that enveloped her partner in crime spread its folds about her, too; but ineffectually stepped in to claim her before the hand of the law was ready.

Her guilt-burdened mind gave way, and she was carried, shrieking and struggling, to a madhouse. She has made desperate efforts since to end her life, and a close watch is kept upon her at all times.

When the end comes, it will be from the bars of the asylum, doubtless, that her blood-stained soul will go to its reward.

### Some Curious Facts

AN ORANGE tree will continue to bear fruit until it is 150 years old.

The average weight of ivory obtained from a single elephant is about fifty pounds.

New Zealand's frozen meat trade with Great Britain now equals about 15,000 sheep a day.

According to bakers, people eat 20 per cent. more bread when the weather is cold than when it is mild.

The leaf of the cocoanut tree is nearly thirty feet long, while a single leaf of the parasol magnolia of Ceylon is fifteen or twenty inches long.

At the present moment there are 184 monuments in Germany that have been completed to Prince Bismarck's order. Forty-four others are in process of construction or are planned.

The walled cities of China are well named, for the majority are surrounded by walls thirty to forty feet in height and from sixteen to thirty feet in breadth. The city of Hsian-fu is surrounded by a wall sixteen miles in circumference.

The principal factories of the mouth organ are at Trossingen, in the Black Forest, Germany. These instruments, it appears, are sold in greater quantities in the United States than in any other country. At Trossingen one firm alone has fifteen branch factories, employs 2000 hands, and turns out 6,000,000 instruments every year.

In some parts of West Africa the girls have long engagements. On the day of their birth they are betrothed to a baby boy a trifle older than themselves, and at the age of 20 they are married. The girls know of no other way of getting a husband, and so they are quite happy and satisfied, for wives they are honored with obedience, and the marriages usually turn out successful.

A section of the Canadian Northern Railway, running northwest from Sudbury and crossing the Vermilion River, is unique in that it is ballasted with gold. Every yard of the gravel used for ballast has been found to contain from 50 cents worth to a dollar's worth of the precious metal in the shape of fine dust, and a syndicate is installing machinery for its extraction.

The most curious almshouse in England is St. Mary's Hospital at Chichester. There eight old ladies live actually in the church, a fine old building dating from 1530. It was originally a monastery, but Queen Elizabeth turned it into an almshouse to endure as long as almshouses exist. The old ladies have two neat little rooms each down the sides of the main church, with windows looking out on the garden. They each have a coal supply, kitchen range, water and gas. At a chapel daily services are held. The choir stalls are beautifully carved oak, the original seats that the monks used.

The maintenance of the pride, pomp and circumstance of civic state costs the corporation of London a yearly sum of close upon \$20,000. The lord mayor receives \$20,000 and the income tax on that sum is paid for him, while he is allowed \$500 for the supply of new furniture, and his robes cost close upon \$1000. Then the rates, taxes and tithes payable on the Mansion House total upwards of \$15,000. Structural and other repairs represent an expenditure closely approaching \$10,000, and periodically there is a heavy "call" for special redecoration—the amount spent last year, for instance, on the Egyptian Hall being \$2500.