Princess Waldemar an Artist.

The most interesting member of the Danish court is the Princess Waldemar. She is an artist, her special line being scenes from animal life, and judges declare that if she had been stimulated by necessity she might have rivaled Rosa Bonheur. She is to be found in her studio every morning, brush in hand and clad in a long painter's blouse, at 7 o'clock, absorbed in her favorite occupation.

The Up-to-Date Baby.

It isn't correct any more to have things daintily pretty for the newborn baby just in order to have them daintily pretty. It is no longer the proper thing to swathe the little body in yards and yards of muslin and lace and put him to bed in billows of down and silk perfumed with rose or violet. Up-to-date mothers no longer vie with each other on the point of delicate elaboration. They do not vie at all any more. Their one object is to make everything as sanitary and comfortable as possible for the new-comer. Sometimes they give a sigh for the pretty bow or frill of lace, but after all, everything in the new fashion looks so clean and sensible and wholesome they come to see the other was only a perverted taste, and take no pleasure in it. Things have advanced in the last few years. The nursery is one of them.—Marsha Houk, in Woman's Home Companion.

Styles in Collars and Stocks.

The general preference at present seems to be in favor of high, close stocks for outdoor wear, and flat, easy collars for the house gowns and silk waists. At the neckwear departments of the big drygoods houses they sell examples of this latter model out of heavy yellow Irish, Dutch or Italian lace, in combination with velvet or mirror velveteen; and from France they are sending over delicate lawn and linen flat collars, with white embroidery around the edges and on the points. These are fastened with big old-fashioned cameo or seed pearl brooches.

Should a woman prefer something quite as airy though less severe than a perfectly flat collar she can do no better than wear one of the new tucked silk muslin collars, the pattern of which only came into being a short time ago. The band of muslin that clasps the neck is tucked to give it stiffness and body, and the ends are tucked almost to their tips, where they are finished with rows of hemstitching or a broad hem, briar stitched down. In some cases a single thickness of colored liberty silk is tacked on the inside of the neckband, and often enough of cafe au lait muslin is employed instead of the ivory white.

Instead of French knots, once so popular in the decoration of fancy neckties, the humor now is for prettily beaded or pearl sprinkled stocks, and in some of the fashionable new spring tailor dresses the most wonderful adjustable jewelled collars of leather have been introduced. A beautifully dressed suede or glace kid is used for this purpose. The collar is cut from one strip of delicate skin, trimmed with flat cabochon, turquoise, pearls or steel beads, lined with a soft satin, and is hooked on with any gown with which it will harmonize.

Women faithful to the stiff linen collar wear starched Roman bands, such as the clergy use, and with this a broad folded bunting tie of the richest, softest bird's-eye silk. This is, however, rarely seen, save in the make-up of a smart automobiling costume, when the tie is red or that new shade of haberdashery blue known as Irish eyes.—New York Sun.

Saving the Children.

One of the most interesting and valuable forms of "child saving" work is that done by the Illinois State Training School for Girls. It is in Geneva, Ill., one hour's ride from Chicago, and was established to take young girls from vicious lives and reform them.

The school is divided into six "families," each of which has a dormitory, assembly room, kitchen, dining room and laundry. The head of each family is called the mother, and is selected for her tact and kindliness as much as for her ability to train the girls in the duties required. Each girl is drilled in baking, cooking, washing, ironing and sewing. They also milk cows and make their own butter.

It is proposed to establish a dressmaking and cutting department in the institution, for many of the girls have a liking for sewing, although they did not know how to take a stitch when they came into the home.

In addition to this training the girls receive a common school education in the branches of reading, writing and arithmetic.

It is not all work at the school, however. The grounds are ample and beautiful, and the girls go out every day, while for rainy days they have two large playrooms. Part of their work, even, is regarded as play by them, as they thoroughly enjoy the gardening, sewing and cooking. Under the training of a skilled gardener they grow most of the vegetables used in the school, and have the finest flower garden in the locality. The vegetables and fruits not needed for summer consumption they can and preserve for winter.

Ten and eighteen years of age are the limits of commitment, and a girl committed to the school remains in its custody until she is twenty-one. After a year's residence she may be placed with a private family, from which she reports from time to time. Her earnings are sent to the institution, and the money is banked and held in trust for her, necessary expenses being deducted. Every child of the school receives a bankbook for this purpose. From such earnings one of the girls now has $129 to her credit, and the aggregate runs into hundreds of dollars.

In almost every case absolute reform is effected, and many of the girls are respectably and happily married.

Mismated Pearls Worn.

There is no doubt about feminine enthusiasm over the earring. Prodigious pearl buttons are, with the exception of a few novel shapes, the kind to wear, and their vogue is very largely due to the fact that a pair of truly magnificent forty-dollar pearl ear studs could really not be identified from a pair worth four or forty thousand unless a jewel expert is called in to pass upon the comparative merits. This was illustrated the other day when the custom house officers seized a brace of splendid pink beads that had not been declared, and the jeweler who examined them at first pronounced them genuine, so admirable was their make. Until very recently the fashion in ear studs demanded that the pair of pearls should first of all be of unusual size, then as nearly as possible perfect spheres, and finally exact mates in color.

It fell to the lot of a doting young husband to change this mode. His wife's birthday was due about Thanksgiving time, and on discreetly inquiring her preferences as to a suitable gift he was told that nothing short of a pair of pearl ear studs bigger than any her friends had would just fill the aching void in her jewel box. He wrote and telegraphed and telephoned, and cabled, in a way doting American husbands have, and his order was for a pair of the biggest pearls in the market. A New York dealer got one in Paris and one in London, and both were guaranteed to be as big as ordinary gooseberries. There proved, however, to have been a little hitch in the instructions, that nevertheless had been interpreted literally as to size, for one pearl was as black as London soot and the other as white as snow. There was no doubt about their size, though, and the wife, rather than hurt the feelings of her faithful knight, put the mismatched pearls in her little pink ears and went to a dinner of exceptional splendor.

The next morning she woke up and found herself as a leader of fashion, and since that dinner party the women with "mated pearls," as they are called, have been negotiating exchanges at their jeweler's or among themselves. Mated pearls are not "in it" with mismatched pairs, and though a black and white bead are at the top of the list, a green and a pink, a white and a yellow, are acceptable seconds in style.—Chicago Record-Herald.

FASHION NOTES

Lace mitts are still good form, and they can be found in black and white and in different lengths.

A hat made of strings of pearls interwoven with bands of lace is one of the striking creations for the spring.

A handsome parasol is of white silk, covered with black chiffon, put on plain, and then in the centre of each gore there is a medallion of black lace. A narrow border of heavy white lace further carries out the scheme of black and white.

A charming evening gown for a young girl is of rich miroir satin, veiled with either white, gold or colored net, showing a delicate design, of lace or ribbon applique in a floral design alternating with roses or camellias sewn on in a studied carelessness.

Modish separate skirts are effectively trimmed with folds of moira extending from the waist line to the head of the flounce. One idea is to set a fold on either side of the seams an laid very flat. Then the flounce is finished with bands of the same material, running horizontally and widening toward the back.

Lace still continues fashionable, and for street and evening wear is held in highest favor. Tambour lace, relic of several decades ago, occupies an important place on the list, although it is not truly lace—that is, needle made lace—as it is worked with a sort of crochet hook, with the net stretched on the frame. The patterns, however, are very effective.

Some of the new little frocks which are made up for small girls open the full length of the front and a little to one side. The waist is made with the little straight stock and dicky effect with trimmings of Hamburg and broad lapels turning back at the front, the one at the right being carried over a little and the end forming the beginning of the opening. The skirt is simply made, gored in the front, and without a gather, the fullness of the back being given by two rather broad box plaits which begin under the collar, which is sailorlike in the back and are carried the full length of the skirt.

FEW BANK CROOKS LEFT

THE BURGLAR'S INGENUITY DROVE HIM OUT OF BUSINESS.

Mechanical Devices Outwit Skill — Compelled Now to Go Back to and Follow Petty Thieving—The Modern Safes Will Resist Dynamite—The Electrical Alarm.

The modern burglar alarm not only renders it utterly impossible for one to disturb a vault protected with it without detection, but it also gives a signal at the first attempt to raise a window, file a bar or enter a door. So thoroughly does it protect the depositories of great wealth that it has defied all of the wonderful skill of the cracksman, until today the few living experts of that class of crooks are found either in abject poverty or devoting the genius which brought them millions twenty years ago to the practice of crime of the most petty character. One can scarcely fail to notice the utter absence of great bank robberies during the past five or ten years. A few have been successfully performed in that time, but with one single exception the money was obtained during banking hours from the cashier as he glanced down the barrel of a six-shooter. The exception was when a stranger engaged a bank cashier in conversation while he hooked out a roll of bills with the aid of a piece of wire from under the official's nose.

The electrical burglar alarm of today, the great modern safes, which will even resist dynamite, are the result of a series of bank robberies extending over a period of twenty or thirty years, which were conceived and successfully carried out by a band of criminals, many of whom are alive today. Strange as it may seem, these men have driven themselves out of business. The almost fabulous wealth which they stole made the invention of mechanical devices which would outwit their skill necessary, and they came in the course of time, until today a robbery like that of the Manhattan bank or one like that of the Ocean bank in New York city, where over a million dollars in money and securities were carried away, is wholly impossible without collusion with the custodians of the vaults.

Twenty years ago bank officials were not one whit less vigilant than they are now, but the brain of the crook had gone ahead of the brain of the honest man, a condition hard to understand today, when the very reverse is the fact.

One of the best living illustrations of the old school of crooks is Maximilian Schoenbein, better known to the police of the world as "Count" Max Shinburn. After defying the vault and safe makers of the world and looting banks in this country and abroad for an aggregate gain of $5,000,000, this great criminal fell a victim to modern science. He was released not long ago from the Clinton, N. Y., prison, after a five years' term for robbing the Middleburg bank, penniless, gray with age, broken in health and spirit. The story of the man's life is like a romance, and is full of chapters which one finds it hard to believe. In his prime he was truly the greatest criminal in the world. Ruloff, the butcher, who fought his way to freedom scores of times over the bodies of his own victims, excelled him in daring perhaps, but no criminal that ever lived had his mechanical genius.

Shinburn is a German, was taught the trade of a machinist and locksmith by his father, came to this country before he was seventeen years old, and had launched on a career of crime before he was eighteen. He had wonderful skill as a locksmith and was taken up by two noted criminals, George Bliss and "Fairy" McGuire, whom he met in a New York gambling house. They used him in robbing a New Jersey bank, and the success of the venture was due primarily to his skill. He progressed rapidly, and as his ability became known in the "crook" world his services were in constant demand. He probably engaged in twenty robberies before his name became known to the authorities. He had scarcely attained his majority when he was planning out big robberies for himself. At that time the only safe in general use in banks and business houses in this country was that made by the Lilly company. Shinburn figured that a man who could master the secret of the Lilly combination lock could loot every Lilly safe in the country.

He decided to go and work for the Lilly company. Bliss and McGuire agreed to keep him in funds while he studied. Such an expert machinist as Shinburn had no difficulty in getting the job he wanted. It took him over a year to obtain all the knowledge he needed for the successful consummation of the series of robberies he had planned, but he kept at work with patience. The most important discovery he made at the time was that a person with acute hearing could, by putting his ear near the lock of a Lilly safe and turning the dial, discover at what numbers the tumblers dropped into place. He made a careful study of difficult combinations, and is credited with a discovery that is alleged to have driven the Lilly safe out of the market. He removed the combination from a safe and then placed an impressionable piece of paper under it. Then he turned the dial slowly and found that whenever a combination number was reached the impression on the paper became more distinct. By using a microscope Shinburn was able to tell what the combination numbers were. With this mass of valuable information Shinburn and his associates plundered Lilly safes all over the country, finally driving the Lilly company out of business. Time and again the man was arrested, and several convictions are on record against him, but no prison was ever strong enough to hold him for long. With the police of the country after him, Shinburn went to New York city and invested a large sum of money in the stock market. He was warned to fly, as the authorities were closing in on him, but he calmly waited to see how his investment would turn out. A sudden rise in the market brought him a fortune, and with over a million dollars of stolen money he sailed for Belgium, with which country the United States had no extradition treaty at that time. He purchased the title and estate of a decrepit nobleman and blossomed forth as Count Shinburn. He spent thousands of dollars on entertainments, the magnitude of his operations on the bourse staggered the native speculators, and his enormous winings and losings were commented on all over Europe. For fifteen years he kept up this gait; then came a series of misfortunes, and the great bank burglar was penniless once more.

He went to Paris, met some fugitive American crooks there and planned the robbery of the Provincial bank at Vivieres, Belgium. The merest accident in the world resulted in the arrest of Shinburn and his pals; he was sent to jail for five years, but escaped in a month. Some of the big jobs that Shinburn engaged in were the robbery of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal company's office at Whitehaven, Pa., of $70,000 in cash by tunneling his way to the vault from an adjoining building; the robbery of the Walpole, N. H., bank of $50,000; the robbery of the St. Albans, Vt., bank of $20,000; the robbery of the Ocean bank on Greenwich street, New York, of $1,000,000 in money and securities; the robbery of the West Maryland bank of $25,000, and a score of others. Shinburn has shot a dozen men, been shot several times himself, and has broken jail fully a dozen times. It was over five years ago that Shinburn, an old man then, ran up against modern science. It was at the Middleburg, N. Y., bank. He and his associates fought their way to the doors of the vault and had blown away every obstacle with nitro-glycerine before they realized that they had set off a burglar alarm. Shinburn escaped on a handcar, but was arrested later in New York city.

Chauncey Johnson, a man who stole over $2,000,000 in his time, died penniless not long ago while serving a term in prison for stealing a pocketbook from a woman in a New York city book store. He took the pocketbook because he was in genuine need. In his time he was one of the most skilful and successful thieves in the country, but the field for his peculiar talents had disappeared. He stole $100,000 from the Hatter's bank at Bethel, Conn., and $400,000 from the Marine National bank. In 1863 he walked into a Philadelphia bank and with a long steel wire hauled $14,000 through the paying teller's window right under the official's nose. He took it in three packages and wasn't detected until he had the third package almost out. In 1867 he walked into August Belmont's office at Wall and William streets, New York, sauntered past clerks and office boys, reached Mr. Belmont's desk, took $25,000 worth of government bonds from it, put them in his pocket and walked out again. A month after this he walked into the office of the Adams Express company in New York just as the cashier was leaving his cage to go to luncheon. He slid in the cage as the cashier went out, put on the latter's office hat and duster, and while pretending to work over some books, rifled the cash drawer and safe of $10,000. He walked into a New York bank one morning and notified the bookkeeper that he had been discharged and that he (Johnson) had been employed in his place. While the indignant bookkeeper went to see the president about the matter Johnson vamoosed with $25,000. By a similar exhibition of nerve Johnson robbed a number of hotel safes while the clerks were on duty but a few feet away. But his face became known, and it finally became a police custom to arrest him every time he appeared on the street. Prison life had robbed him of his wonderful nerve, and he descended to the petty crimes of the street, pocket picking, etc. An almost similar case is that of Edward Rice, better known as Big Ed Rice. He was last arrested for stealing a pocketbook from a woman in a 23d street car in New York city. Once or twice before that he had been accused of picking pockets, but the crimes could not be fastened on him. When convicted of the street car robbery Rice broke down and confessed that he had turned pickpocket because there was nothing else for him to do. The only money he had for over a year was what he could raise by pawning the scarfpins, watches and articles of jewelry he had stolen from men and women in street crowds. This confession from a man who, with his associates, had stolen millions in his time was interesting. Next to Shinburn he was regarded as the most dangerous bank robber in the country.

Around the country today there are probably a score of other crooks who thrived and made fortunes by their nerve and skill in the palmy days of the cracksman. But their day has passed, and every year two or three of them are picked up for some trifling crime that fifteen or twenty years ago they would have scorned to think of committing. Electricity and the modern safe have driven them to the wall. Gradually they are dying off.—Washington Star.

SQUAWS UNDER THE HAMMER.

Features of the Annual Sale of Brides by the Comanche Indians.

The annual distribution of Comanche Indian brides has just occurred at the Saddle Mountain mission, in southern Oklahoma. Fifty of the prettiest women of the tribe were sold at public auction as the wives of tribesmen who bid them in. This barbaric custom was to have been discontinued by the Comanches last year, but it went on more boldly than ever this season, being conducted under the very eyes of the white settlers.

The festival of the Comanche "pony smoke," as this ceremony is called, is of more than passing interest. Seldom are so many young squaws auctioned off as was done this year, but the surplus was great and needed thinning out, according to the head men of the tribe. Their parents, refusing to keep them any longer, the girls naturally needed homes somewhere, and it was deemed best by the medicine men to auction them off as wives, the highest bidders to take their choice. Big Bow, a monstrous fat and ugly redskin, acted as the auctioneer. He was assisted by a number of medicine men, who performed the marriage ceremonies after the sales had been made.

Five hundred Indians gathered at the Saddle Mountain mission last week. This mission is located 30 miles directly south of Mountain View, and on the range of the Wichita mountains. The girls who were sold had been confined in a lodge for three weeks prior to this meeting, and were well fed and extremely well groomed. They were all clad in gay colors, and their hair arranged in perfect Indian fashion. It was plain to see that their parents had prepared them to bring fancy prices.

The girls were in various moods; some hysterical, others calm, and not a few delighted with the experience.

Among others was a daughter of the famous Quahnah Parker, the noted Comanche Indian chief. This daughter, whose name is Amy, had displeased him by attempting to run away and marry a white man, and a cowboy at that, so Parker decided that the best to do would be to sell her at auction. This is the first time Parker, who is counted by his white neighbors a highly cultivated red man, has ever allowed any of his relatives to be sacrificed at the auction block. But the wrath of an Indian parent knows no bounds.

Sad and silent, Amy Parker was led to the block for sale. The first bid was 11 ponies. Jack Wild Horse, a well known scout of the tribe, was the bidder. He was immediately raised by a rival, likewise a scout. This latter claimant bid 15. Others then cut in, and Miss Parker was run up to 50 ponies. Her face grew pale when she saw that Wild Horse was determined to get her, as he is known as the most desperate savage on the reservation when drunk and angered. It is said that he has killed three wives when drunk. Wild Horse, however, won the young squaw for 63 ponies. The stock was turned over to Parker, and a medicine man married Wild Horse and the squaw according to the Comanche rites. The couple then went to El Reno, where a regular marriage license was issued to them and the ceremony performed by a paleface minister. Although the marriage took place only three days ago, a dispatch from Lawton says that she attempted to commit suicide after failing in an attempt to kill her new husband.

Other young women objected quite as strongly as Miss Parker did to being auctioned off, but it did them no good whatever. Big Bow went ahead with the sale until every one of them was sold. The lowest bid made for any of them was 20 ponies. This was the price paid for a half breed woman who had been married to a white man, but the latter having died, she reverted back to her parents again.

In all, over 1500 ponies changed hands in the three days of the big bridal auction. Not for many years have the squaws commanded such spirited bidding and big prices as in this latest event of its kind among the Comanches.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Saving Sense of Humor.

To have a keen sense of the ludicrous is not necessarily to be shallow. Some of the world's greatest humorists unite with that sprightly gift a deep tenderness and broad sympathy. Their lips smile at a spectacle of the absurd at the same instant that their eyes overflow in recognizing the pathos that is its so frequent accompaniment. It is this quick perception of a situation as a whole, this power to see all its aspects at once, that gives us just judgments tempered by mercy; severity lined with leniency, that acts as a saving grace to culprits.

The world would be better and happier if every one in it who is invested with authority over his fellows had this peculiar sympathy with wit, which makes it impossible for one to be a bigot and a tyrant. Humor and cruelty do not go together, although there is a kind of counterfeit humor, sometimes mistaken for the real thing, which is essentially oppressive, because it finds enjoyment in looking upon that which is at the same time grotesque and painful. But this is far removed from the gentle humor which mellow their judgments and humanizes actions.—Florence Hull Winterburn, in the Woman's Home Companion.

No Prejudice.

"You say your government shows no partiality in its appointments?"

"Absolutely none!" said the official proudly. "Look at our poet laureate. We didn't allow the fact that he can't write poetry stand in the way of his appointment."—Washington Star

WITH THE "CAR CHASERS."

Railway Employes Who Keep Track of the Company's Rolling Stock.

Among the most important employes of the great trunk lines of railroads are the "car chasers." The title exactly describes their business. On some railroads they are called traveling car agents. The department head who employs them is also called variously the car agent, the car accountant or the superintendent of rolling stock. These officials have as many as 20 assistants on some of the great roads, nine or ten being clerks at $30 or $40 a month, and the rest being "chasers," who travel all over the country on free passes hunting up missing cars, and who receive $120 or $100 a month and expenses.

Great railroads have immense numbers of cars. The Central railroad of New Jersey has about 50,000 of all sorts, the Pennsylvania in the neighborhood of 100,000. These cars are at the present moment in every state in the Union. They go wherever the freight with which they are loaded is billed, and thus are scattered from Winnipeg to Mexico and from Los Angeles to Bangor. A most minute and thorough system obtaining on all railroads except the very smallest records every movement of every car.

These notifications are made by postal card. In each general office car accountant books are kept, and the movements of the company's own cars are recorded from day to day. Whenever a loaded car is emptied on a foreign road that road is to carry back a load of freight in the direction of the road to which the car belongs. It pays at the rate of seven-eighths cent a mile for this use of its neighbor's property in this way, and if it should happen that there was no freight to be supped in that direction in a reasonable time the empty car is sent along and the mileage is paid on it as though it were laden.

It is when cars are lost that a traveling agent is sent out. Sometimes it happens that the cars are on a little branch road, idle and overlooked; sometimes they have happened to get into the hands of a company that is short of cars and full of business and is using every foreign car that it can get. If it is in use by a company short of cars that company pays mileage on it until it sometimes happens that a car is worn out and paid for before it is returned, or else it is never returned at all. If a "car chaser" demands the return of his company's cars they are sent home, but often others are seized and used when his back is turned and he is traveling elsewhere. If a car is smashed up in a railroad accident it is either rebuilt, a new one is made or the price of the car is paid to the owners by the company on whose track the "smash-up" occurred.

Diminutive War Heroes.

Military experts generally of late have been recognizing as important the fact that some of the greatest military achievements in history have been made by men of small stature, notable among these diminutive heroes being Alexander and Napoleon, while in our own history Generals Sheridan, Wheeler and Funston have been less remarkable for their inches than for their pluck. It is doubtful whether some of the most famous men in army history could have got into the service if the height now demanded of enlisted men had been a test for them to pass. The world-conquering soldiers who followed Napoleon to Jena, Wagram and Moscow were little fellows; not one in ten of whom could have had a chance of enlistment in an American or British regiment; but they knew their business, and the more stalwart warriors of Austria and Prussia could not stand before them. No restrictions being placed on officers as to height, the little men have had to look for their vindication to the men who wear swords. The time may come when the rifle carriers also will be able to prove the truth of the old saying that "you can't tell by the length of his legs how far a frog can jump." In fact, new regulations lowering the limitations as to the height of recruits have already been favorably considered by the army leaders of several nations.—Chicago News.

Rather Mixed.

A duet in a noisy street car.

"Yes, she came yesterday morning."

Rattle, bump, bang!

"How nice! I knew you were expecting her. How long do you think she'll stay?"

Bang, rattle, bump!

"Why, I hope she'll stay right along indefinitely."

"She must be a dear. They are often so different, you know. I must call on her."

"Call on her? You wouldn't try to coax her away from me, would you?"

Bangity, rattlety, bumpity!

"Take her away from you! Why, I've got one myself."

"Eh! I thought you had two."

"Two! How could I have two?"

"Two! Aren't you talking about your husband's mother?"

"No; I'm talking about my new hired girl!"

Rattle, bump, bang.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

One Definition.

"What is the difference between a statesman and politician?" asked the little boy who wanted to grow up to be wise.

"A statesman," said the man of great practical force, "is the man who is studying what the constitution of the United States means, while the other people are hustling to get votes."—Washington Star.