

MEASURING A WOMAN BY THE BERTILLON SYSTEM.

How They Searched, Photographed and Took the Physical Measurements of "The Girl from Paris" at Police Headquarters.



"A Vicious Looking Steel Instrument Was Placed About Her Head in Many Different Positions."

"Clara Lippman, otherwise known as Mme. Julie Bonbon, the Girl from Paris. To be searched, photographed and measured by the Bertillon system. If she resists, get all the assistance necessary."

It was her first offence. She was the first woman to be measured by the Bertillon system in the new photographic gallery on the top floor of the Mulberry Street Station.

Mme. Bonbon, who hadn't done anything, looked like a very much frightened young woman and trembled perceptibly when Captain O'Brien spoke to her.

Mme. Bonbon is a very dashing and debonaire young woman as she capers about the stage, throwing killing glances into the orchestra stalls and disporting herself in a manner altogether fetching.

"But my hair isn't dressed!" she pouted. "That doesn't make any difference," said

looked like a pair of pincers was placed about her head in many different positions and the measurements recorded.

It was very difficult for me to decide whether the foot measurements or those of the arm were the most interesting to Roundsmen Crowe.

"So I must take off my shoes and stockings?" cried Mme. Bonbon. "Well, I don't

like to, but I suppose I must, as I've promised."

"We'd have to insist on your obeying this order, Miss, if you didn't do so," said the officer in charge.

Then she was shown the ballet attitude she must assume upon a narrow, raised platform, and she lifted her eyes to the ceiling in a "Tweedle-dee" pose.

"I can never do it!" she said. "Stand on one foot and hold the other up in the air in that fashion! Why, it's ridiculous! I shan't do it!"

Roundsmen Crowe tapped the signatures on the paper he held significantly.

going back of this."

So she mounted the stool and put out one very small and pretty pink foot, which was measured in different ways with a special rule.

Next came the arm measurement. Mme. Julie removed her bodice. Wrapped in her fur cape, with one arm bare to the shoulder, she came forth from the corner which served as a dressing room.

"You must stand by this block and place your arm flat upon it," said Roundsmen Crowe, "and those pointed nails will have to come off, too!"

But Mme. Bonbon would not hear of this. She stamped her foot—still shoeless—upon the floor and said she wouldn't play if there was anything of this sort necessary.

And Roundsmen Crowe, who is tender-hearted to a fault, finally agreed to let her have her way.

Two arm measurements were taken, and then the eye test began. This is most interesting. A large chart was brought out upon which there were several hundred colored representations of the human eye, all classified and described.

The roundsmen held the chart above Miss Lippman's brow and told her to look at him. This she did. Then they looked steadily at one another. No one spoke.

Suddenly he called out in a cold-blooded



Examining the Arm.

Roundsmen Crowe. "You will also have to take off your shoes and stockings and—er—waist."

This was beginning to look serious for Mme. Bonbon, but we all looked at the ceiling when she attempted to plead with us and led her into the photographic gallery and measuring room.

Across the wall of the other room there is an oak board over six feet high, marked off in metres and centimetres for convenience of measurement by the French scale.

The head measurements were interesting. She was placed in a higher chair and a vicious looking steel instrument which



Measuring the Prisoner's Eyesight.

way: "Class five—M—two—Areole—R.—Medium—Periphery—slightly blue—Peculiarities—great penetration and depth."

After this the ear measurements were taken, and the fingers were also measured. The face was examined for scars and the head closely examined for any peculiarities in formation.

Then Mme. Bonbon mounted the scales and was weighed. She registered 125 pounds.

And the card which had been filled out to file away among the criminal records, and which had a space left for the photograph, read as follows:

- Height, 57.5.
- Stretch, 57.
- Trunk, 82.5.
- Head, length, 18.2.
- Head, width, 14.7.
- Cheek, width, 13.
- Right ear, length, 5.5.
- Left foot, 22.
- Eye, class, 5M.2.
- Areole, R, medium.
- Periphery, slight blue.
- Age, refuses to answer.
- Apparent age, 16.
- Base nose, cl.
- Chin, pro.
- Teeth, no ab.
- Hair, black.
- Weight, 125.
- Build, medium.
- Name—(Clara Lippman.)
- Aliases—Mme. Bonbon, the Girl from Paris, the Laughing Girl, etc.
- Residence—Herald Square Theatre.
- Color—White.

Previous Arrests—None. Marks, Scars, Moles or Deformities—None.

Peculiarities of Habit or Action—A marked disposition to smile.

Then Miss Lippman was photographed for the Rogues' Gallery. She sat upon a chair which was placed on a platform held rigidly to the floor by an iron spike which rested in a socket.

"Why do you have it fastened to the floor in that way?" asked this most interesting prisoner.

"Because some of our subjects struggle in such a manner that it would be impossible to hold them still unless the platform was solid."

Mme. Julie shuddered slightly at this and grew mournful.

"It is a g. d. joke to us," she said, "but I suppose that it will be a dreadful tragedy to many who will sit here after me."

Two photographs were taken—one of the full face and another of the profile, and then Mme. Bonbon was remanded to my care. I felt sorry for her, and I took her downstairs and tried to think if there were not some way in which I could let her go.

I saw a cab waiting at the door, and told her to have courage and that she might yet escape. Two policemen in the hall looked carelessly at us when we passed out at the door. Then we breathed more freely.

I helped her into the cab and told the driver where to take her. She smiled gratefully as I shook hands with her. I looked back at the grim windows of Police Headquarters. Evidently our escape was as yet undiscovered.

"There is only one thing that I want to say to you," said I, "and I hope you will take a little friendly advice. Don't do it again! Next time you may not get off so easily."

But all that she replied was, "Oh—La-la-la-la!" KATE MASTERSON.

An Explorer's Trip into African Wilds.

The wonders of Africa would seem to be without limit, according to the reports of J. E. S. Moore. Mr. Moore's statements are backed by the Royal Geographical Society, who sent him to the Dark Continent. The results of his researches border on the marvellous. The scenes he witnessed are thrilling in the extreme.

Mr. Moore's primal object in visiting Africa was to study the various organisms of marine type that had been found to exist in that famous and yet mysterious lake known to natives and Europeans as Tanganyika.

Tribal tradition in that section of Africa which surrounds Tanganyika has long told of the progress of a gigantic fish which would rush at the paddles of a canoe, drag them from the hands of the wielders thereof, upset the canoe, and by mere contact kill the struggling humans who were cast into the water.

For once modern experience verified ancient tradition. Mr. Moore learned that not only did this great fish exist, but that it performed exactly the deeds which it was credited with. In fact, he was a witness of just such an occurrence as has been described. The solution of the mystery is simple enough. The big fish was an electric eel.

In smaller form it is common in the South American rivers, where swimmers are in mortal terror of it. The African specimen, however, is of Broodingianian proportions, and darts through the water at a terrific rate. The source of electricity for electricity it certainly contains—seems to be in cells in the skin. These give forth a sufficient amount of electric fluid to stun a human being. It has been found impossible to catch a specimen, and the knowledge which has been gained concerning the fish is derived from one that died in a net upon the shore.

Mr. Moore enjoyed the inspiring spectacle of a desperate fight between a crocodile and a leopard, each specimen being of unusual size. The latter had gone down to Lake Tanganyika to drink, and the crocodile had quietly crept, unnoticed, to a position almost beside it. Suddenly the leopard spied his enemy and turned to make a leap which would place him out of danger. The crocodile was too quick for him, and then ensued a contest that Mr. Moore says no man can adequately describe.

In less time than it takes to tell it the leopard's left hind quarter was fast in the maw of the ferocious sartrian. Twisting its lithe body and uttering frightful cries, the leopard struck at his assailant again and again, striving to claw the eyes. Slowly the reptile dragged his victim toward the lake. The cries of the leopard, Mr. Moore states, were frightful.

The contest went on for more than an hour. At last the crocodile gave the leopard's leg a tremendous bite and severed it entirely. Screaming with agony and terror the leopard managed to drag himself into the adjoining undergrowth, while the crocodile, apparently none the worse for the encounter, disappeared in Tanganyika's depths.

Perhaps no experience of Mr. Moore's will remain more vivid in his memory than his journey through the miasmatic forest, through a country teeming with poisonous snakes and savage animals, where pure water was difficult to secure, and where danger lurked on every side, to the entrance from which he looked upon the shores of the unexplored Lake Itwaka. This is a journey which the hardiest European long hesitates before taking.

Only two white men have ever reached the shores of this lake of death. Dr. Cross forced a path through the swamp and reeds that reek with fever and kindred ills near the southern end of the lake in 1889. Two years ago Nutt, the explorer, managed to gain the shore on the southwestern side. Both were so worn with fever and reduced by starvation that the perils of the lake tempted them not.



"So She Mounted the Stool and Put Out One Very Small and Pretty Pink Foot, Which Was Measured in Different Ways with a Special Rule."

The Gift of the Pope's Golden Rose

One of the most unhappy women in the world will shortly receive one of the greatest honors coveted by women.

This woman is Marie Therese, whose whole married life has been a cruel martyrdom to the most vicious and profligate husband in Europe—Duke Philipp of Wurtemberg.

The honor which is about to be conferred upon the wife of the future King of Wurtemberg will come from the hand of Pope Leo. It is the rare decoration of the Golden Rose. Although it is true that Duke Philipp, on the death of the present King of Wurtemberg and of his childless old uncle, Nicholas, will become the first Catholic ruler of that important South German State since the days of the Reformation, this mark of Pope Leo's favor is none the less a recognition of Marie Therese's noble qualities of mind and heart preserved in spite of her marital sufferings.

Few women of the common people have been subjected by their husbands to the indignities which the handsome and high-minded only surviving daughter of the late Archduke Albert has long suffered in silence at the hands of Duke Philipp. On several occasions she has been compelled to separate from him temporarily, while it is known that at least twice her old father was called upon to intervene in order to prevent him from maltreating her in the most brutal fashion. Since the death last year of Archduke Albert as the Generalissimo of the Austro-Hungarian army, Duchess Marie Therese is said to have had special need of protection from her husband's brutality.

The Holy Golden Rose is a mark of special favor and regard, which, since the twelfth century, has been annually presented by the Pontiff of the day to some great lady, exclusively of imperial and royal rank. No woman not a princess of the blood has ever been thus honored, and there is no foundation for the state-

men; that the Golden Rose has been presented either to General Sherman's wife or to Miss Gwendolin Calwell, now Marquise de Moustiers, both of these ladies having been distinguished with handsome gold medals specially struck for them by order of the Pope. Among the royal ladies now living who have received the Golden Rose are ex-Princess Eugenie of France, Queen Isabella and the Queen Regent of Spain, the ex-Queen of Naples and her sister, the Empress of Austria, the widowed Crown Princess of Austria, the Queen of Belgium, the Queen of Saxony, and the ex-Crown Princess of Brazil.

The Golden Rose is not, as generally believed, a single flower. It is a golden branch, to which thorns are appended, and is covered with leaves, buds and flowers, the topmost rose being the largest. The whole is deftly wrought in pure gold. Within the principal rose is placed a small receptacle, usually a tiny cup with a lily over it, in which the Pope, when blessing the flower, places pain and mawk. The branch is planted in a gold vase, of which the shape and design vary according to the fancy of the august donor. But it always has engraved on its side the armorial bearings and the name of the Pope who bestows as well as the armorial bearings and name of the lady to whom it is presented.

The decoration will be, as usual, conveyed to the Duchess by Count Edouard Soderhal, who is married to an American lady, and enjoys the well-deserved reputation of being the most attractively ugly man of the court of the Vatican. He is vested with bearing the Golden Rose with all the attributes and privileges of a full-fledged ambassador, and is accorded all the honors, military and otherwise, that are paid to dignitaries of that importance.

The blessing of the Rose by the Pope invariably takes place at the high mass on Midlent Sunday. The Rose is placed between two lighted tapers on a table in the sacristy and is presented by the youngest cleric of the Pope's household to His Holiness on his way to the Sistine Chapel.