

ARTISTIC ATROCITIES and FAKE ANTIQUES

European manufacturers of alleged antiques look upon the people of the United States as their best customers and their factories are running overtime in order that there may be produced sufficient specimens of the old and unique to supply the American trade. Some \$9,000,000 worth of old tapestries were to be delivered in this country before Christmas day that the buyer living under the Stars and Stripes may satisfy his artistic longings and point proudly to things said to have one time belonged to households which were modern about the time that Charlemagne was the political boss of the world.

The antique business is not confined to tapestries. It has assumed alarming proportions in almost every other line. It has become so widespread that the legitimate dealers are already suffering, for the cunning makers of the spurious articles have done their work so deftly that the casual observer cannot detect the difference. A brass ship's lantern made in London in the early nineteenth century at \$5.50 sounds like a bargain, as does an egg-boiler of the first empire at \$12.50, until you discover modern material therein. I bought a fine specimen of dagger in a Spanish colony and was mightily pleased with it until one day the handle slipped off and I found the mark showing it to be constructed of American cast steel. An odd bit of cotton cloth picked up in Hayti was also a valued possession until I learned that it was made in New England and shipped to the black republic in order that it might return to the United States in the hands of such unsuspecting purchasers as myself. So widespread is the fraud perpetrated by unscrupulous dealers and so continuing is the imposition upon collectors who essay to pick up old silver, china and period furniture in the United Kingdom and continental Europe that the United States Department of Commerce and Labor is warning Americans in its publications to beware of the frauds.

One of the crazes affected by some Americans just at present is the collection of miniatures and decorated snuff and match boxes. These and similar articles are manufactured by deft and dexterous copyists and are sold by the gross to dealers who represent them to be genuine, if the dealer happens to be a European devoting his time and attention to the American tourist trade. The manufacturer also ships these articles to this country for sale on their merits as copies of originals.

"Old marks" on china are practically meaningless in this day of subterfuge and fraud. The amateur collector of china should beware of the oily dealer in Europe. Genuine examples of Dresden, Chelsea, Worcester or Bow are worth more than their weight in gold. Many pieces purchased because of their refined decoration and simple gilding and because they bore the golden anchor have turned out to be fakes produced by well-known firms on the continent. Even examples of more recent china ware, as Derby, Worcester, Spode, Coalport and Rockingham china and Wedgwood, Spode, Mason and other potteries are faked and sold at exorbitant prices as genuine. These do not especially attract the collector, but they are freely bought by travelers.

There is a way, however, of protecting one's self. Expert advice may be sought and a written guarantee demanded. The English courts have held, quite recently, that if a false description of an antique is given in an invoice, the purchaser is entitled to full recovery. Any evasion, or hesitation on the part of a dealer to give such a guaranty may usually be accepted as a token of his dishonesty.

Forgery of old English silver is not common, owing to fear of the law. Sophistication of hall-marks in Great Britain is a hazardous occupation. Even again, the almost prohibitive price of old English silver confines its purchase to the wealthy. However, there are fakers who will remove a hall-mark from any old bit of silver of little value and insert it into a piece of modern manufacture for which an immense price may be obtained. For these, Americans are found who will pay about twenty times the real value.

Investigations by United States consuls abroad show that in Holland old chests, cabinets, desks and chairs of little value are collected, and after being veneered with cheaply made marquetry, are sent to England. Old oak beams from demolished churches and granaries are likewise in constant demand for conversion into Jacobean refectory tables and Queen Anne furniture. Mid-Victorian pedestal sideboards are amputated into specimens of Robert Adam and conventional inlay suitable for Sheraton furniture is cut out by machinery and supplied in any quantity to those who have the skill and inclination to fabricate an-

tiques. Grandfather clocks are frequently made up of such incongruities as a modern dial with a forged maker's name and date, and old case patched up and set off with modern inlay, and perhaps works about 50 years old. The Stradivarius violins are almost as numerous as the modern instruments, while old armor and medals, all of modern make, are produced by the wagon load. Cheap and inartistic Japanese ware is flooding Europe for the purpose of interesting the Americans who like to buy such things, and more Chinese stuff, alleged to have been taken from the palace of the emperor during the Boxer troubles, is for sale than has been produced in the oriental empire during the last twenty years.

It is a great modern enterprise, this making of antiques, and the greatest practitioners of the art are the shrewd European dealers who depend upon American purchasers to fill their coffers. Were it not for the people of this country the industry could not exist.

SPECULATING ON MARGIN.

American and English Ways of Doing It Are Very Different.

In America a speculator's capital (with an exception to be noted below) is necessarily at least the size of his margin in his broker's hands, though it is to be feared that in only too many instances it is just this and nothing more.

On the London stock exchange another method prevails which, says *Mcody's Magazine*, it is probable has done more in the long-ago past to give stock speculation its bad name than all the episodes of an unsavory nature which have ever occurred on American exchanges. In London after the inevitable introduction to a broker the new customer gives his order, but makes no deposit at all.

The broker is supposed to learn something of his new client's means and how far he should be allowed to commit himself. Twice a month the English have what they call their settlement days. A customer long of a stock whose commitment has gone somewhat against him is then required to pay the difference, as they are called, between his purchase price and the current quotation.

He must also pay a charge called a contango for holding the settlement over into the next fortnightly period if he does not wish to close the commitment. As a consequence of this way of doing business a speculator may be trading on a few points margin in reality, or in fact on no margin at all; he may be utterly penniless without his broker's knowing it.

That this method works out with fewer losses in England than it would do here is due to the fact that the social and economic strata to which an Englishman belongs are much easier to determine than the corresponding facts among us, and also that an in-

roduction means more there than here, as the introducer is regarded as to a certain extent responsible morally for the business department of his friend.

It is worth while observing (and this is the exception referred to above) that in certain instances the methods pursued in American stock exchange houses are the same as those obtaining in London. Little as the fact is known, it is not an infrequent custom for very wealthy speculators to have no fixed margin or even no margin at all with their brokers.

If a man of this sort loses on a commitment he sends his broker a check for the loss; if he wins his broker remits to him for his gains. The broker dislikes to offend a very powerful client by troubling him for funds and hence takes risks with his account which he would not dream of taking with the account of smaller men. Instances of this sort sometimes become public in cases where the broker is forced into bankruptcy, whether owing to this cause or not.

BUNGALOW ON STILTS.

Novel Hot-Season Home to Be Erected at Great River, L. I.

A bungalow on stilts is to be erected in Great River, L. I., adjoining the estates of W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Bayard Cutting, Frederick G. Bourne and other wealthy men. Undoubtedly it will be the oddest hot-weather residence ever constructed.

It is to be built by Harry de Bow Barnes, who has an office in the Marble building, at 34th street and 6th avenue, and who lives in the Bronx, the *New York World* says.

He engaged W. H. Buckhout, a Hackhack architect, to prepare the plans. Mr. Buckhout described them last night in this way:

"Four hollow steel poles or masts, each forty-five feet in length and eight inches in diameter, will support a platform twenty-five feet square. The poles pass through the corners of the platform for five feet and act as a brace for the bungalow that is built upon the platform. A spiral staircase gives access to the bungalow through the medium of a door in the under side of the platform. This stairway is fitted with a gateway that can be closed at will by the occupants of the bungalow, so as to shut out undesirable callers.

"Both the platform and the bungalow are to be of seasoned oak. The structure itself will be fitted with all sorts of hot-weather conveniences. Every precaution will be taken to insure the safety of its occupants from winds and thunderstorms. It will also be fitted with an anti-swaying device that has been invented by Mr. Barnes himself."

If the experiment turns out to be a success, as Mr. Barnes believes it will, it is possible that bungalows on stilts will become popular.

Wrong View of Marriage.

"There would be less divorce," said ex-Governor Pennypacker, at a dinner in Philadelphia, "if there were fewer men like William Windle."

William Windle embarked on an excursion steamer for Point Breeze, and a few miles out, as he paced the upper deck and drank in the bracing ozone, he spied his friend, Jackson.

"Why, Jackson, how are ye?" he exclaimed. "Are ye out for pleasure, or is yer wife along?"

A man is always looking for a job. No matter how much pay he is getting, he thinks he is entitled to more, and he will finally run across an employer who will appreciate him.

RINKING IN ITS NEWEST FORM.



ROLLER-SKATERS TURNING A "ROUNDOABOUT."

We illustrate the latest development of the new craze, a form of roundabout turned by energetic roller-skaters, who, it will be noticed, "strap-hang," and so not only turn the arrangement, but are prevented from falling should their feet leave the ground. The machine is in use at the Hampstead Roller-Skating Palace—*London Illustrated News*.

WEAR ANCIENT GREEKS' GARB.



RAYMOND DUNCAN, WIFE AND CHILD.

Serene in the firm belief that they have solved the problem of right living, Raymond Duncan, brother of Isadora Duncan, the famous bare-legged "artistic" dancer, his wife and young son, who came back to America after nine years spent in Greece, walked about the central streets of Philadelphia unmindful alike of the stares their strange costumes attracted and of the almost zero weather. The tunic and toga of the Athenian era formed the dress of the trio. All wore the sandals of the ancients. Vague and fleeting references to "model systems" and "harmonies" and "rhythm" were made by Duncan as he strolled. "I do not believe in what you understand as marriage," he remarked once, "but the true rhythmic union of a man and a woman is always conducive to better work. All true marriages should contain rhythmic harmonies. If discord appears no divorce is necessary. Simply separate."

PATRON OF ART.

Tragic Death of Spencer Trask Ends a Noble and Generous Life.

The death of Spencer Trask, the New York banker, who was killed in a collision between the Montreal Express and a freight train at Croton-on-Hudson, was the culmination of a series of misfortunes. Last June he was in-



jured in an automobile accident at Boston and lost the sight of one eye. A short time before that death took away his only children—two daughters. For years his wife has been an invalid and it was largely on her account that he made his home at Saratoga. His age was 66.

Mr. Trask was a native of the metropolis and had been in the banking business since 1869. He was the first financier to recognize the commercial value of electricity as applied to transportation and it was to him that Thomas Edison applied when struggling for recognition. Once the connection was formed the inventor and the banker became partners in many other enterprises. Mr. Trask assisted in establishing the Edison business in New York and Brooklyn, and he was also interested in the Edison illuminating business throughout the country.

Mr. Trask was well known as an art connoisseur and his home in Saratoga contained many art treasures. His estate, Yaddo, is considered one of the most beautiful in the country. Upon its site once stood the famous Dutch roadhouse of Meinheer Barhydt, a resort near Saratoga Springs favored by the presence of Presidents, Daniel Webster, Edgar Allan Poe and other celebrities.

Mr. Trask was very generous and in memory of one of his dead children founded and practically supported St. Christina School for Girls at Saratoga. He spent thousands of dollars in philanthropic work in Saratoga yearly. It was his intention, had he lived, to make Saratoga the Carlsbad of America.

In 1874 Mr. Trask married Miss Kate Nichols, who is well known to literary fame by her poems, plays and other writings. She is the author of

a poetic drama, *King Alfred's Jewel*, and of a nativity play, *The Little Town of Bethlehem*. Although a physical sufferer, she is vigorous mentally, and retains much of the beauty of her girlhood. Mrs. Trask is deeply interested in philanthropic movements and has been an earnest sympathizer with her husband in his patronage of art.

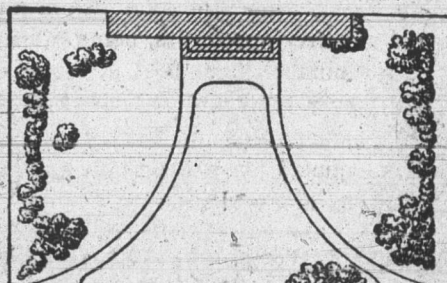
TAPA CLOTH.

Attire of the Native Hawaiians Before Civilization Arrived.

The "paper mulberry" tree (*Broussonetia papyrifera*) is the source of the famous "tapa cloth" of the Polynesian islands. This is a natural tissue and is derived from the inner bark and after being torn off in strips is scraped with shells and beaten with a mallet until it resembles a soft, flexible paper. The individual strips are united by overlapping the edges and beating the fibers together until large pieces of the tissue are formed.

It is said that before Hawaii was swept with the wave of civilization men and women were dressed in this natural bark cloth "tapa" or "kapa." The dress of the women consists of the "pa-u," or wrapper, composed of five thicknesses of tapa, about four yards in length by three in width, passed several times around the waist and extending below the knee. The dress of the men was the "malo," or girdle, about a foot in width and several yards long. A "kikel," or mantle, six feet square, was sometimes worn by both sexes. In former years these natural cloths were sometimes bleached to snowy whiteness or were dyed in colors and even printed or ornamented usually in checks or squares.—*Exchange*.

DECORATING SCHOOL GROUNDS.



As the object of the school is instruction, it is well that the school grounds should serve as an object lesson in trimness and in proper planting of trees and shrubs. The plan shown in the illustration gives an unbroken lawn space in front, with shrubby groups on either side.

Protest.

"What do you think of that English notion of abolishing the House of Lords?"

"It's an outrage," answered Mr. Cumrox. "It's worse than bankruptcy. It's repudiation. We American millionaires who have made big matrimonial investments will never stand for it."—*Washington Star*.

There is a type of man who always wants to leach a living; he waits until another man fills up on Meed, and then cracks it.



She (reading)—And so they were married and that was the last of their troubles. Him (sotto voce)—Last, but not least!—*Cleveland Leader*.

"That man has broken more records than anyone else I ever heard of." "A runner?" "No; he owns a graphophone."—*Stanford University Chaparral*.

Highland Ferryman (during momentary lull in the storm)—I'm thenkin', sir, I'll just tak yer fare; there's no sayin' what might happen tae us.—*Punch*.

Teacher—B-a-i-t; what does that spell? Tommie—Don't know, ma'am. Teacher—Why, what do you catch fish with? Tommie—Oh, worms!—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"It seems to me that I have seen you before." "You have, my lord. I used to give your daughter singing lessons." "Twenty years."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal*.

"I have a chance to marry an old man who has lots of money." "Why don't you?" "He hasn't any bad habits, and comes of a long-lived family."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"I'll work no more for that man Dolan." "An' why?" "Shure, 'tis on account av a remark he made." "An' phwat was that?" "Says he, 'Casey,' says he, 'ye're discharged.'"

The Lady—My 'usband, sir, 'as sent me to say 'e won't be able to come and do the little job you arst 'im to; 'e's promised to go round the town with the unemployed."—*M. A. P.*

Mrs. Gramercy—I feel so wretched, I found a dark hair on the suit my husband wore last summer. Mrs. Park Don't worry, dear. If you remember, your hair was dark last year.—*Lippincott's*.

An automobile enthusiast proposes the building of a motor road from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with road-houses and garages every five miles. Why omit hospitals?—*New York Evening Post*.

"Gee!" said the observing small boy, "when I grow up I'm going after a political job." "What for?" asked the man. "So's I can go to the ball games every afternoon," he replied.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Concited Bridge Player—Come here and sit by me, Kittle. You can learn a good deal by watching my game. Kittle Quicktongue—No, thanks. I never could profit by other people's mistakes.—*Life*.

Blobbs—At the next station we stop ten minutes for refreshments. Slobbs—I wonder why trains stop only ten minutes at railroad eating houses. Blobbs—Probably for humane reasons.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Farmer Smallseed—Listen to this, Elviry. This paper says that they have found in Italian prisons the petrified remains of some of the prisoners. His Wife—Do tell! Them must be them hardened criminals we hear about.—*Harper's Weekly*.

"Things look rather run down around here," remarked the man who had just returned after many years to his native village. "Run down? I should say so," replied the friend of his youth. "There's a motor car comes through here about every three minutes."

Mother—Johnny, you said you'd been to Sunday school? Johnny (with a far-away look)—Yes, mamma. Mother—How does it happen that your hands smell of fish? Johnny—I carried home the Sunday school paper, an' the outside page is all about Jonah and the whale!—*Western Christian Advocate*.

Mother (viciously scrubbing her small boy's face with soap and water)—Johnny, didn't I tell you never to blacken your face with burnt cork again? Here I have been scrubbing half an hour and it won't come off. Boy (between gulps)—I—uch! ain't your little boy—uch! I see Mose, de colored lady's boy.

"Now, Mr. Blank," said a temperance advocate to a candidate for municipal honors, "I want to ask you a question. Do you ever take alcoholic drinks?" "Before I answer the question," responded the wary candidate, "I want to know whether it is put as an inquiry or as an invitation."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

"Did you ever stop to think, my dear," said Mr. Micawber, gazing at his plate of lobster salad, "that the things which we love most in this life are the very things that never agree with us?" "Will you be so kind," said Mrs. Micawber, "as to tell me whether you are speaking of the salad or of me, sir?"—*Tit-Bits*.

Tongs.

Silas (reading morning paper)—I see, Mandy, they're having another war of the tongs down thar in Chna-ta-own.

Mandy—Land sakes! Yow'd think, with all them Chinese laundries around, thet flationns would be handiest things tew fight with.—*Judge*.

He Was.

"Owen Flannagan! Are you Owen Flannagan?" said the clerk of the court.

"Yes, begorra," replied the prisoner, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "I'm owin' everybody!"—*London Mail*.

You cannot tell what a woman aims at by what she hits.