

Modes of the Moment



In the ultra-fashionable world where there is no limit to the bank account and fancy and desire determine what shall be worn, it is to be an unusually extravagant season in the matter of dress, for everything is specially designed or "specially created," and very few garments will be permitted to play more than one part. This being true, it will form a strong index as to what may be looked for among the women who are not blessed with unlimited means at their command, but who must carefully count the cost.

Our best advice to such is to have a few gowns, but to have these as perfect in every detail as possible. It has been said, and with much truth, that the Parisiennes buy fewer new gowns in the year than the women of any other nation, but they take such infinite pains over each individual toilette that it represents perfection, and is, for that reason, a delight to the wearer and to the onlooker.

Taffeta hats in the cabriole form have had a revival and are among the most popular in the East, in fact it may be said to be the first favorite

of the season, and it is made in every possible color, but always in a subdued shade. This style of hat is only suitable for afternoon wear—for visiting and for concerts, etc. It is essentially "dressy" and should never be permitted to accompany a severe tailor-made. The hat crowns grow higher day by day; many of them are exactly like large jam-pots, but others retain the charming Lamballe outline, only that they are higher and more aggressive than the crowns of last year. The mushroom shape seems to reign supreme, and it looks exceedingly smart when arranged with a large, puffed crown of some soft material and trimmed with a single feather, which sticks out at one side in a manner which may truly be described as "cheeky!"

There is a rage in Paris for these big single feathers, and very often they are beautifully shaded in the most delicate colors. It is also fashionable to place a group of three feathers directly in front of a high-crowned hat, but these feathers are not possessed of the same chic as the single plume.

STYLES FOR MISSES

The prevalence of the pinafore bodice in the new fashions makes the said fashions very suitable for adaptation to the young folks, who, indeed,



The Pinafore Bodice.

From the age of, say, four to 18 or 19, can be confidently expected to look their best in a dress of this kind.

For the first named small damsel the mother may take as her model our pictured frock where the pinafore bodice is outlined with a stitched band of its own material, or again of silk or velvet, while the chemisette

and little turn-down collar or lace relieve its simplicity in the prettiest way, and the belt is specially becoming to the little people who have not yet developed a waist. This dress—which is, of course, made all in one—will look equally well in velvet or cloth, serge or alpaca, and might again be copied in the checked fabrics, which are quite a feature of the latest juvenile fashions, in red and white for example, having a bordering band of red glaze and being finished off with a red leather belt.

Altogether the girls—as well as their elders—can make quite the best of themselves this spring, for styles are accommodating, and the most popular colors—delicate pink and old-rose shades, soft blues, and the promised increasing popularity of white—are well suited to a youthful freshness of complexion. The mushroom hat, too, is a perfect frame for young faces, either in its simplest aspect, with just a twist of satin ribbon to encircle the crown and finish in a chou at one side, while the other is occupied by a bunch of flowers, or when again a full crown of net is encircled by a wreath of blossoms. All these more elaborate and much favored modes which introduce intricate embroideries, shimmering silver tissues and ribbons, and far-spreading plumes and aligrettes must, of course, be passed over in the choice of suitable attire for the girls, though in the case of evening or presentation gowns for those who will soon arrive at the dignity of the twenties, just a suggestion of silver is not only permissible but praiseworthy.

Self-Explanatory.

"Will you kindly explain your condition?" asked the wife with such dignity as she could command after waiting up until three a. m.

"Zat'sh woman of it!" commented the husband thickly. "Can't un'shtan' shomepin' zat'sh perfly plain."—Judge.

Moved by Spirit of Landlady.

"I only write when the spirit moves me," remarked the attic poet.

"But suppose the spirit doesn't move you for a long time," suggested the worshiper at the shrine of genius.

"In that case the landlady does," replied the poet sadly.—Philadelphia Record.

Good Tip.

"Do you think I can reach the heart of the haughty beauty?" sighed the sentimental youth with the guitar under his arm.

"Better try tunneling, old man," advised his friend.

"Tunneling?"

"Yes, I heard her say you were a great bore."—Chicago Daily News.

Useless.

Jack—Here is where some learned professor tells us that the eating of onions brings us nearer to the spark of love.

Dick—But what good is the spark of love when the eating of onions keeps all the girls away?—Chicago Daily News.

Smiling at Reggy.

Reggy Sapp—Ah, Miss Wose, do you notice how the moon is smiling to-night?

Miss Rose—Yes, indeed! And it shows the moon has a fine appreciation of humor even if it is dead.—Chicago Daily News.

Japan's Financial Condition.

Japan's settled accounts for the year ended March 31 shows a surplus of revenue over estimates, while outlays have decreased owing to the rapidity with which the army and navy are being reduced to a peace footing. No further loan will be necessary this year and perhaps not next.

BANK VAULTS STUFFED WITH FORGED NOTES

FINANCIERS OF FAR EAST DUPED BY SKILLFUL COUNTERFEITERS

Experts from the Bank of England and the American Bank Note Company are now on the way to China to assist in separating the spurious from the genuine notes held by the Big Financial Institutions of the East—Powers may join in the attempt to stop skillful counterfeiting, which threatens the currency of all nations.

The most stupendous counterfeiting operations in the history of the world are coming to light in the Orient. The amount of money involved is great almost beyond reckoning, and the method of forgery so far reaching, clever and dangerous that all the financiers of the east are alarmed.

The gigantic scheme, so successfully carried out that no living man knows its extent, is practically laid at the door of the Japanese. Point by point the fact that the little brown men flooded all Manchuria and stuffed the Russo-Chinese bank with spurious money during the war with Russia is being established by experts. Sixteen million pounds, or \$80,000,000, of the worthless stuff is said to have been detected. Nobody can guess how much more is extant.

Japanese engravers and printers have manufactured a counterfeit bank note that has defied experts for two years and puzzles them still. The Russo-Chinese, the Hongkong and Shanghai, the Imperial Bank of China and the Indo-Chinese bank—all these have felt the sting of the Japanese money viper. What effect it will have as yet is only conjectured. Even Europe has suffered.

Appeal has been made to the Japanese government to enact and enforce stringent laws to exterminate the swarm of shrewd counterfeiters in Nippon, and who elude the watchful officials of that empire. It is claimed scant attention has been paid to this request. Japan has had many things to look after since her costly conquest of the Russian bear.

Now Doubt the Truth.

Experts from the Bank of England and the American Bank Note Company are now on the way to China to assist in ferreting out the tremendous amounts of bogus money known to be mixed with the genuine. Their findings, if made public, are expected to startle the world. They may be so momentous that they will be suppressed to prevent the tottering of the strongest financial institutions in Asia. Bankers of the Orient fear, with good reason, that they are holding, locked in their burglar-proof vaults, tens of millions of pounds in counterfeit notes which they took for genuine, and which will spell ruin when disclosed.

In Kobe has been located a counterfeiting plant which is said to have cost \$100,000. It has ceased operations, but worthless notes, so near perfection that only the minutest fault can be found by adepts, are declared to be still coming from the land of cherry blossoms, chrysanthemums and fighting men. Other plants and ingenious imitators are presumed to be continuing the crooked work. Last summer in the Russo-Chinese bank doubt arose as to a certain note. It was for \$10, Mexican money, and numbered 0664. It was as perfect a reproduction of the genuine original as could be conceived. The bank's experts pored for weeks over it and a good note and could find not even the slightest discrepancy. Yet the bank note officials had strong cause to believe it a forgery.

Worst Fears Realized.

Similar doubts had come up in the Imperial Bank of China and at the Indo-Chinese bank. Persistent efforts, however, revealed no visible peculiarity of a note—certainly none sufficiently flagrant to be observed in the regular transaction of business.

Utterly in the dark, the bankers turned to this side of the water for light. To determine whether the suspected notes were real or spurious, and several of them and a number of unquestionably good ones were sent to the American Bank Note Company, New York, and also to the Bank of England, says the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Consternation has been caused by the replies sent to the oriental banks. To what extent they have been receiving these counterfeiters during three years and how many of them the banks themselves were and are holding, as supposedly good money remains to be learned. Sixteen million pounds—\$80,000,000—is an

American expert's estimate of the amount already found.

Four Plates Used.

It has been established that these counterfeiters were placed in circulation at the opening of the Russo-Japanese war, and possibly before. Instead of having stopped the tide has risen until the afflicted bankers are afraid of their own paper, because they cannot be sure of it.

During the war it was openly charged that the Japanese government carried on and closed its eyes and ears to them. Every Japanese or Chinese of the coolie class appeared with plenty of money. The banks were besieged, and the report was rife that the little brown men were securing a goodly portion of their fighting expenses from the four banks referred to.

Experts to Investigate.

Information has been received that the main counterfeiting plant itself has been located in Kobe. The outfit is said to have cost at least \$100,000. The most expensive machinery used in the making of money has been employed in turning out this spurious note, and some of the most skilled workmen in the world did the delicate engraving of the plates. The product of the plant is nothing less than a reproduction of the Russian bank note. In its perfection it passes the bounds of the word "counterfeit." It becomes a duplicate.

One of the leading experts consulted regarding the dilemma is George S. Hall, of the American Bank Note

"Then the big bank did its duty. The officials knew that every note it had in circulation was more than amply secured, and they determined that if the people wanted hard money for their paper they should have it. That night the bank remained open, and the procession of coolies kept up. The next day the bank did not close. And every hour for five days and five nights this rush continued.

"Extra funds from other branches of the corporation were hurriedly recalled and every note met. Then the drain slackened and the officials breathed easier. How many thousands of dollars in good English coin was withdrawn has never been divulged. Suffice it to say that when the year was rounded out and the statement of the bank made, the higher officials were surprised. They again set about to see if a forgery had not been perpetrated. Their investigation merely brought out the fact that practically every note issued by the bank had been returned, and that all appeared genuine. Then more notes began to come in. Genuine depositors and those holding the real notes began to be frightened by the rumors floating broadcast, and coming from the most part from drunken, opium-crazed coolies who had secured unaccounted amounts of money. These depositors began to present their notes for payment. Then the bank officials knew there had been a great crime. Inspection proved futile, and they decided to lay the matter before American and English experts. The result is now known.



company. He is now en route to China, where his mission will keep him occupied three months. His time will be devoted toward solving the problem uppermost there.

Five Days Run.

J. S. McCune, one of the best-known experts of England on forgery and counterfeiting, is also bound for Shanghai, which offers the most fertile field for the skill of such men. That appears to be the headquarters for the extended investigation now beginning. Mr. McCune claims Japan has been petitioned by several of the larger banking corporations of China, all of which are Europeans institutions, to enact a drastic law, similar to that of the United States, making it a high crime even to have a counterfeit note in possession.

"This is the condition in the far east," said Mr. McCune. "The bankers do not know where they stand. Runs have been started on them which were absolutely unaccountable. I recall in particular the case of the Hongkong and Shanghai bank in Shanghai.

About a year and a half ago a run started on this bank. The officials did not understand why. The institution is an English concern, and has practically unlimited capital. In the middle of a warm summer day a great rush of notes began. Every obligation was met without question. During the afternoon it kept up. The notes were for the most part presented by the coolies. They were universally of the five dollar class. The officials thought of a counterfeiting scheme, and had their experts investigate the notes. Several hours were devoted to a study of them under a microscope. The experts had to acknowledge that no discrepancy could be found.

"The Indo-Chinese bank in Shanghai was similarly affected. It occurred about a year ago. I remember it well. A run started through a rumor that forged notes were in circulation. The Japanese who were 'in' on the counterfeiting game were augmented by the holders of genuine notes, and in a swarm they descended upon the bank.

Where Will It Stop?

"This institution is understood to be backed by the French government. It paid dollar for dollar on every note. The run continued in tremendous volume, and the officials fixed upon a drastic move. They recalled every note of the bank that was in circulation, and for five days kept them from passing out to the public. It was hoped in this way to unearth the holders of the counterfeiters. It was unsuccessful, and the bank resumed the circulation of its notes.

"The Imperial Bank of China has experienced similar runs. Where this is going to stop the bankers cannot say. The only reason it has not caused a suspension of business in the far east is that every man thinks he has a genuine note and therefore does not worry. The only man now worrying is the banker, who is almost paralyzed by the thought that the millions of notes he is carefully guarding in his vaults may be merely a mass of counterfeiters made by the Japanese.

"The bankers look to the paper manufacturers to save the day. So far the only basis for declaring any of the notes forgeries has been a discrepancy in the paper. It takes something more than imitation to make the grade of paper required for bank notes. This last condition may be the means of putting a stop to the activities of the Japs, and likewise the greatest of counterfeiting schemes."

entered an undertaker's shop in Gorlitz, Silesia, and ordered the coffin.

She showed marks of profound grief and told a story which completely imposed on the proprietor. She said she wanted a coffin built to fit a woman of her size sent to her husband at Lobau. She gave the name of her recent fiancé as the consignee.

It was for her sister, she said, and she told how the poor girl had shot herself through the head because she had been cast off by her betrothed husband, a court official of Lobau. She also gave the undertaker to ship in to a myrtle wreath, a bridal veil and an elaborately printed card, printed with deep mourning borders, announcing, as she told the undertaker, her sister's death, but really her own, of course under her maiden name.

The coffin with its contents was duly delivered at Lobau to the district sergeant, who was first paralyzed with horror and later with rage when the C. O. D. bill for \$7 was presented to him. He indignantly refused to pay a pifling, and then, in the German way, the police took a hand.

They at once saw something more in the case than a ghastly joke. The sergeant told them that the girl had written urging him to give her a meeting on the evening previous to the arrival of the coffin. He had taken no notice of the request, but the police had no trouble in establishing that she was on hand and waited until late into the night at the place she had appointed.

She spent the night in the railway station, and in the morning hired a sleigh to drive her to Reichenbach, a town near Lobau. She told the driver to wait for her at a hotel, but slipped away to the railway station and took a train to Gorlitz. There all trace of her was lost. The driver is still waiting for his pay.

The police are of two minds. Some of them believe she intended to shoot her faithless lover and then herself. Others think she intended merely to kill herself in his presence, figuring that his unavailing regrets would make him pay for the coffin and thus assure her the style of burial she craved for.

The Little Blind God and Golf

By Ralph Henry Barbour

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"Do you mean to say?" she asked, scathingly, "that you deceived me away out here to propose to me?"

"I've been trying to do it ever since we left the club house," he answered, ruefully.

She laughed. "Jack, what a miserable time you've been having! I suppose it explains your playing, which is—well, even worse than usual!"

"Well, if all you want in a husband is a fellow who can go around in 74," he replied, crossly, "you'd better marry Brown."

She half-closed her eyes, perked her head and studied the toe of her shoe.

"Do you really think so, Jack?" she murmured. "I've been thinking of it, but—be so stout, and gets so red in the face, that—I don't know—"

Jack bowed glared at her angrily. "Has that little fat idiot been making love to you?" he demanded.

She glanced up in simulated surprise. "Idiot? Why, Jack, he's the best player here!"

"Has he?"

"Well—really, you're very impertinent."

"Has he, Grace?"

"N-no, not exactly," she answered, slowly.

He grunted. "Sounds as though you wish he had!"

"Jack, you're very nasty," she said, severely.

Of course one couldn't be angry at Jack, though there was no harm in seeming so sometimes; he had such a nasty temper and was so—so unreasonable! But he was nice, too, in fact quite the dearest fellow in the world; and handsome. She looked approvingly at his long, lithe figure, at the dark hair that was almost black, at the broad shoulders and muscular arms from which the sleeves were rolled away, and sighed. It was too bad he was such a duffer at golf, though of course she didn't care about that so much as she pretended to; Jack was so lovely to tease! And besides, it wasn't really his fault. He worked hard five days in the week, and one really couldn't keep up his game doing that. And it was nice of him to come up to Riverton every week-end; he cared lots more for yachting than for golf, and would much rather spend his Saturdays and Sundays on the sound, she was sure, if it wasn't for—her. She really ought to be nice to him; he deserved it, only—Oh, dear, it was such fun to tease him.

"Shall we start back?" she asked. His frowns vanished at sight of her smile. "You haven't answered me yet," he reminded.

"Answered you—what?" she asked, looking away.

"Whether you'll marry me."

"Jack," she said, despairingly, "how many times is this?"

"Four."

"Only four! It seems as though you'd been proposing to me ever since I knew you—and that's six years!"

"And I'm going to keep on proposing," he said, doggedly. "You refused three times, but to-day you're going to say 'Yes, aren't you?' he begged.

She made no answer for a moment, but looked thoughtfully down at the sun-fleeced river at the foot of the green slope upon which they sat.

"Your proposals are so dreadfully matter of fact," she said, presently. Her tone sounded aggrieved.

"But you know I love you, Grace," he said, earnestly. "You surely haven't any doubt of that. I dare say I'm pretty much of a duffer at making love, just as I am at playing golf, but—Oh, hang it all, dear, I'd do anything in the world for you!"

"I wonder if you would?" she asked, musingly.

"Try me, then."

She shook her head doubtfully. "If I set you a very, very difficult task, just like the princesses in the old fairy tales used to do, and told you that if you performed it I would marry you, would you do it?"

"I'd make a stab at it," he answered, grimly.

"But if it was—was—oh, almost impossible?"

"If you said it had to be done before you'd marry me, yes. It couldn't be much harder than waiting."

Her eyes dropped, and a little blush spread over her cheeks. "I'll take you at your word," she said, hurriedly. "Help me up, Jack."

He obeyed, and waited while she shook her white skirt. She pointed to the bag which they shared between them, and turned toward the tree. He followed, looking at her questioningly. She was smiling gaily; a trifle cruelly, too, he thought.

"Well?" he asked.

"Well, coming out I beat, didn't I? Now we'll start over, Jack, and play in."

"Well?" he asked again, beginning to look worried.

"If you win, Jack, I'll marry you; if you lose, you're not to propose to me again—for a year, at least."

"You mean it?" he asked, gravely.

"Of course. You said you'd do anything to win me. What—what are you doing?"

"I'm going to change my ball," he said, looking at her, questioningly.

She nodded.

He tossed his stained and dented ball aside and selected a new one from the bag. "Perhaps I can do better with one of these rubber kind."

"His unfringed manner irritated her. 'You don't really expect to win?' she asked, mockingly.

"God, knows," he answered, simply. "It won't be for want of trying."

"If I get this hole it ends it, you know," she reminded.

He nodded soberly. "I know; but you mustn't get it."

She drove off, putting all her strength and science into the stroke, and watched the gutty sailing high and far, at first dark against the sky, then whiter against the green hillside. It struck and bounded farther toward the distant red dune. It was almost the best drive she had ever made, and she turned toward him in triumph.

He met her look calmly. "Great," he said.

She moved aside and watched him tee the dazzling new ball. The one he had discarded was lying on the edge of the dirt, and she idly plucked it up and dropped it into her pocket.

"It ought to be somewhere near the green," he said, nonchalantly.

Good drives by each laid their balls side by side 50 yards from the highest and most dangerous bunker on the course. The green lay straight ahead on top of a slight rise, with the club house to the right. It was possible, from where they were, to reach



He Read Her Guilt.

the green in one, and Grace did it, her ball bringing up just on the border. Jack took a long time over that stroke, and then, despite his preparations, sent his ball straight against the high bank, from whence it rolled down into the gravel. She thought he swore, and when she caught sight of his face she forgave him. Somehow his look of utter dejection drove all the pleasure from her prospective victory.

"Jack," she said, "I'm sorry."

He laughed mirthlessly as he picked up the bag. "So'm I," he muttered.

She left him at the bunker, and went on to the green. She could not possibly hole out in less than two, and so, if he reached the green in the next stroke, there was still a chance for him. She was glad. His head was just visible beyond the bunker. A lofter swing and the ball shot up over the bunker and came plumping down almost dead at the edge of the green, in line with the hole. He was peering over the top of the bank, but she knew he could not see the ball. With a gasp she leaned for an instant over the cup, and then, speeding across to where his ball lay, she sank down red of face and breathless on the grass.

When he came around the corner of the bunker she flourished her club.

"In?" she cried.

"What do you mean?" he asked, his face lighting up.

"It went in," she said, steadily.

He stared at her a moment, in bewilderment, and then rushed to the hole. Her hand crept under her skirts and moved swiftly to the pocket of her waist. He came toward her, radiant and triumphant.

"Do you want to hole out?" he asked, his voice a-tremble.

She shook her head dolefully. "What's the use? You've won, Jack. Help me up, please."

He obeyed.

Presently, as they moved silently to the club house, he said: "Look here, Grace, I'm—I'm sorry I beat you. Of course, if it hadn't been for that piece of—of sheer luck I'd never have done it. If you say so, we'll call it off and—forget about—"

Suddenly he halted and stared at the ball in his hand. "Why, this isn't mine, Grace! Mine was a new ball!" He turned in bewilderment. She felt the blood rushing into her cheeks.

"Perhaps it—perhaps you found some one else's somewhere," she murmured, trying to meet his eyes, and falling miserably.

He read her guilt, and his heart gave a great leap of joy. "Grace!" he cried, accusingly, ecstatically.

"What?" she whispered.

"This is my old ball. You—you—"

He moved toward her impulsively.

She looked up in confusion and entreaty. "Jack! Not—not here!"

Office Seeking a Man.

Dowagiac, Mich.—With a municipal election coming on in a short time this town is facing a peculiar situation in that not a man in the place is willing to run for a single office. Dowagiac is a town of nearly 6,000 population, and the cause of the scarcity of candidates is said to be the proposition of placing the city under a burden of expense for improvements. The Republicans, usually successful in local politics, have failed utterly to find a man for mayor, and Mayor Herkimer, the present official, undoubtedly will be obliged to remain in office, whether he wishes or not.