

A PAGE FOR FEMININE FANCY

CORNER IN ANCESTORS

MARSHALL FAMILY.

Has Its Statesmen and Soldiers—One Second Only to Washington in Patriotic Services—Members of First Organization in Cause of Freedom—Anecdotes of the Chief Justice.

By ELEANOR LEXINGTON.

"Whose son art thou, thou young man?" Saul's question concerning David, whose heroism made him anxious to know something of father and family, is a question constantly repeated. A man distinguishes himself and we inquire about his antecedents.

John Marshall, chief justice, always and forever remembered for the sentiment, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute," did more, perhaps, than any other man, after Washington, to make the United States government what it is. He made the name of Marshall illustrious, and all bearing it are rightly interested in the history of their common ancestors.

The traditional founder of the family was William C. Mareschal, who was of Norman pedigree, and with the Conqueror's army in 1066. From him descended William Mareschal, the great Earl of Pembroke, who was a leader of the twenty-five barons who exacted Magna Charta from King John. After the king's death, he was appointed guardian of the young King Henry III, and protector or marshal of England.

The pilgrim ancestor was John Marshall, a descendant of William Marshall. He came to America in 1630, and settled in Virginia. In a list of names lately published, "of families of historic and social eminence in the United States" appears "Marshall of Virginia." Another settler near William Marshall, born in Ireland in 1728. He was perhaps a descendant of the Marshalls of Bath, Scotland, who went to Londonderry. Samuel Marshall was one of the founders of Windsor, Conn., and a neighbor of Matthew Grant, ancestor of General Grant. The Marshalls and Grants intermarried, and the former were also connected by marriage with Washington thru the Lewises. Washington's sister Betty was the wife of Fielding Lewis, and there was a marriage connection with a third president of the United States, Jefferson; his niece, Lucy Goode, was the wife of Colonel William Marshall of Virginia.

The earliest organization in the cause of freedom was the Culpeper Minute Men—"raised in a minute, armed in a minute, marched in a minute, fought in a minute," but not vanquished in a minute. A member of this regiment was Colonel Thomas Marshall, son of "John of the Forest," and great-grandson of John the Pilgrim. Colonel Marshall's son, John, afterwards the chief justice, then but a youth of twenty, also joined the ranks. The shirt men, they were called, on account of their green hunting shirts, home-spun, home-woven, home-made. One of the horrors of war was being reduced to one shirt, or no shirt; this was the case in the case, one day, when wrapped in a blanket, he received an invitation to dine with Washington.

"Come, boys, we've just got to fix me up," he said to his companions. Between them they managed to make up a fairly presentable wardrobe. These were Valley Forge days when provisions were as scarce as clothing. The only luxuries were the apple pies which the Dutch women brought into camp—pies hard that they could be used for football.

The chief justice was never a Beau Brummel in attire at any time in his life, and one morning when at the market, where he always went to make his own purchases, he was accosted by a youth:

"The old man, would you like to earn ninepence carrying a turkey home for me?" The rusty old gentleman took the gobber without a word, walked behind the youth to his gate and pocketed the ninepence. When told who had been his messenger the young man exclaimed: "Impossible! Why did he bring my turkey home and take my money?" "Probably to teach you a lesson in



Marshall

breeding and independence. He will give the money away before he gets home." The Marshall family has had its dramatist, Francis Marshall; its artist, Thomas Marshall; its novelist, Jane Marshall; its author, Henry Marshall; its poet, George Marshall, whose "Sacrifice of the Altar" is one of the rare volumes of the world, only two copies being extant, of which one is in the library of Lambeth palace. William Marshall was a writer on agricultural subjects. The manuscript one work which he submitted to Dr. Johnson was criticized by him, on account of a passage sanctioning work on Sunday during harvesting. This passage was cancelled, and in a preface the author wrote: "This is what Dr. Johnson approves, or let me put it in the most cautious terms, that of which Dr. Johnson does not disapprove."

The family also has its explorer—James Wilson Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California; a bronze statue is to be erected upon the spot where he made the first discovery.

Besides its brave men, the family has its fair women—one, a beauty and toast, was Emily Marshall, whom no woman before her or since ever eclipsed in physical loveliness. It was her that an entire theater audience rose at her entrance, and in whose honor the public schools of Philadelphia were given a half-holiday that the children might see her. "Do you know that in my youth I was the most remarkable woman in Boston," an old man once said, "because I was not in love with Emily Marshall." Burke gives over fifty Marshall coats-of-arms. The one reproduced is argent, a salient azure, between a laurel leaf in chief and one in each flank, vert; and in base, a heart gules. Crest, a dove with an olive branch in its beak. Motto, Virtute tutus. Variations of the name are Mariscal, Mariscal, Marshall, Mareschal, von Marshall, Marshall, Marschal, Martiall, Mershall, Marshall and Marshal.

MISS EVA BOOTH U. S. COMMANDER

General Booth's Unmarried Daughter Has Been Placed in Charge of the Salvation Army Work in the United States—A Woman of Rare Executive Ability, Thrift and Power.



EVA BOOTH.

Commander Frederick Booth-Tucker, who for eight and a half years has led the Salvation Army in the United States, having been appointed secretary at the international headquarters of the army in London, will bid farewell to New York at a public meeting Tuesday, and will sail for London on the steamship Oceanic the following day.

In London, Commander Booth-Tucker will represent all countries outside of Great Britain. This will make it necessary for him to travel in all parts of the world, and it is expected that in his new capacity he will frequently visit the United States. Commissioner Eva Booth, daughter of General William Booth, succeeds Com-

mander Booth-Tucker in charge of the American work. Eva Booth has been in Salvation Army work since she was a child in short skirts. She often has been spoken of outside of the family as the cleverest of General Booth's seven children. Before she went to Canada to assume charge of the forces there, she was in command of the London district of the English division of the army—a most responsible task, bringing her into contact with the worst slums of the wickedest city in the world. As a child she was a hero in the Salvation Army riots, when attempts were made to drive the shouting lassies and tambourine players from the fashionable watering places. She has a mezzosoprano voice of great power and can compose hymns as well as sing them. Many of the most popular songs in the army were sung by her before they were set to music for general use.

Promotion gradually came to her, Eva Booth was sent from London to organize Salvation work in the English provinces. She went to the mines in Cornwall, where some of the most successful work of her career was accomplished. She was not content with appealing to miners who would receive her at their homes. She went into the great caves beneath the sea coast to talk while they worked to men who would not permit her to enter their homes or allow their wives to do so. Not until a prosperous branch of the army was established in Penzance did Eva Booth quit that field of endeavor. She is the only one of General Booth's daughters able to engage in the active work of the Salvation Army who has never married. Based on the rays of her mission work in the London slums there were whisperings of a romance that led her ultimately to place the Atlantic between herself and the man she might follow her example in shouldering the cross. But the rules of the Salvation Army about matrimony are very strict. She did not choose to disobey them even at the cost of being a spinster. She is therefore still unmarried; a strong, attractive woman in the sunny thirties, wholly absorbed in her work.

She is a woman of more than average executive ability. She has a fancy for enterprises on a big scale. She likes work, and woman-like, she prefers to boss the work she is engaged in. The broad sense of the plan made by General Booth for increasing the usefulness of the Salvation Army in the United States appeals to her. She is familiar with every detail of the colonization bill of the Salvation Army now before congress, which will involve the future welfare of thousands of families in the east and south and to go to Oregon and other states in the remote west and settle on the public domain. The Salvation Army has a plan, incorporated in this bill, to lend them money to do it. Senator Hanna has introduced the bill, with hope of securing action on it last session, but his death prevented. The bill was introduced by Senator Hoar, but too late to pass. It will come up at the next session. Upon Eva Booth, as the new commander for the United States division of the Salvation Army forces, will devolve much of the responsibility for its passage.

A TEXAS WOMAN OWNS THE ADAMO

San Antonio's Famous Building, Which Cost the Lives of Crockett and Bowie, Has Been Bought by Miss Driscoll, Who Will Hold It in Trust Until the State Can Secure It.

Miss Clara Driscoll is now the owner of the Adams, the most historic building in Texas. Miss Driscoll is intensely patriotic and as her home is in San Antonio, the Adams, which she bought as historic associations for her. The people of San Antonio are proud of the Adams, where David Crockett and James Bowie were held and held out against an army of 7,500 Mexicans under Santa Anna, until their enemy proved too strong for them, and then, rather than surrender, every man gave up his life. But now as the San Antonians are of the history, told to every tourist, they did nothing to prevent the Adams from falling into the hands of private hands and when part of the old convent was turned into a wholesale grocery store, all but one satisfied himself with saying "I ain't it a shame!" or "It's an outrage!"

But there was one person in San Antonio who did something beside talk. Miss Driscoll organized a patriotic society, whose main object was to obtain possession of the old building and restore it. A sum of \$75,000 was required and when the society proved unable to raise the money, Miss Driscoll came forward and offered to use her own fortune for the purpose. Although she purchased the property with her own money, she holds the Adams only in trust, and whenever the state or any proper organization can take care of it, she will gladly give over the deed.

Miss Driscoll is as talented as she is patriotic, and she has written a story of Texas life, "Historian of the Chapparral," which is now being published and offered to the public early in the year. She has traveled much, but there is no country that means to her what America does, and no state that she cares for half as much as the old Adams.

She was hostess at the Texas building at the St. Louis fair last week, and one evening she gave a reception for which 2,000 invitations were issued. The six different flags which at one time or another have waved over Texas were used as decorations. There were the French color, the Spanish flag, the Mexican flag, the banner of the Texas republic with its blue field and one great white star, which was the name of "the Lone Star state." The national flag waved triumphant until the stars and bars of the confederacy dominated it for four years, but the seat of honor was given to the banner which flew over the state house when Texas wrested her freedom from Mexico, the most sacred relic in the state, according to Miss Driscoll.

WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW

To Whiten the Skin.—How do you use oatmeal to whiten the skin? I have heard that it was very good, but I do not know how to apply it.—Mrs. J. L.

To soften and whiten the skin there is nothing more beneficial than oatmeal. After a warm bath, it may be used dry, or pour boiling water over a few spoonfuls of it, and let it stand a few minutes. On going to bed, rub the hands and face freely in the starchy water and dry without wiping. Bran and Indian meal may be used instead with nearly the same effect. For the full bath put the bran or oatmeal into small bags, otherwise the difficulty of removing the particles which adhere to the skin is considerable.

QUESTION FOR MONDAY.

To Wash Blankets.—How can blankets be washed so they are as soft and fluffy as when they are new? I tried once and the result was a dirty, streaked flannel that was as stiff as a board.—Young Matron.

LONG-HAIRED FURS ARE IN GREAT DEMAND FOR THE ROUND BOAS AND BIG MUFFS

Among the Most Popular Skins for Incidental Furs, Are All Kinds of Bear, Moufflon and Fox—Muffs Are Finished With Falls of Lace Chiffon and Velvet Ribbon—A Season of Frivolous Hats.



OHIO WALKING GOWN.

Those long-fitted coats are delightfully smart and becoming to the tall and well-developed girl, and she alone it is who can wear them with good effect. Her shorter sister must leave them severely alone and content herself with the little "bobby" jackets that the Parisiennes are turning out in such numbers. The long-coat costume is developed in a violet panne chevrot, with the rollover collar in white suede, the same all strapped. Braid and buttons ornament the coat. The skirt is in nine gorges, clears the ground all around, and is plainly finished with a velveteen binding and a machine-stitched hem.

For the smaller furs that the first touch of winter demands, the long and round boas are tremendously fashionable abroad. All of the fluffy furs are delightful in these, for they throw into conspicuous relief the delicate tints of the complexion and the bright sparkle of the eyes above them. Bear is having quite a run in Paris; cinnamon (a very light brown), brown and black are all right in the forefront of fashion. Mouflon, a soft steel-gray fur that is exquisitely becoming to blondes, has made its appearance again on fashion's catalog, after an absence; while the popular fur is dyed to resemble the chestnut of Russian sables; so that the girl who desires the luxurious in her possessions can have it—or its nearest imitation—at a ready hand.

The muffs with all of these furs, those little pieces that the fair Parisienne terms her "incidental" furs, are as many and as various as can well be imagined. There are square ones with tassels on each corner; there are huge round ones like grandmother used to carry; there are the flat, pouched kind, and then there are all sorts of fancy muffs in velvet, silk, chiffon, ribbon and lace, with little furry animals draped across the muffs, and some of velvet ribbon, usually in two shades, are deftly draped among the frills.

With the revival of all of the pictures in a lavender the flor-mades are taking on a dressy touch that has hitherto been foreign to their particular style. The dashing modes of the Louis periods are to be seen in the soft chiffon cloths, and even the new double width onesome crepe de chine is now being made up in the draped models that

the tailors are giving their best attention to. And in contradistinction to the old modes the new ones demand that the dressy costumes be of silk or velvet and that the trimming be cloth. The novel chiffon faille française, our old friend come back under the chiffon guise, is seen in the Louis Seize mode with the seams strapped with cloth, graduated cloth bands upon the skirt, the characteristic ruffled faces with velvet, and the cloth appliques piped with the same.

There are some charming silk costumes that can readily be copied by the girl who sews. Over a fitted lining—one had better get a good dressmaker to make and bone this, for the new hats are quite different from the old—the silk or crepe de chine is applied with shirring down the center back, at the side seam and again down the front. The material is held loosely between the shirring so that it assumes a little downward droop, and there is a very deep and marked point in the front, while a braided sash that starts from the side seam finishes the back. This style will add a length and slenderness to the outline that only to see will be to adopt—and that enthusiastically.

Some of the new velvet gowns are worn with victorine and muff of the same fur, and a band of this same fur is run around the hem, forms fantastic cuffs on the sleeves, and is often introduced in the intricate braidings that so often appear upon the new bodies.

All Sorts of Hats.

It's a year of feminine frivolity as regards hats. Of all the seasons for exaggerations, not one, for years, has excelled this. High or broad crowns, wide brims, coquettish arrangements of plumes and flowers and rosettes, rich colors—and a dozen of 'em, apparently, on a single hat—and, yet, their very dash and daring make them beautiful in an infinitely charming way. Large hats of velvet are extremely good—splendid for theater wear. For, by that curious law of the attraction of opposites, hats that are big enough to blot out a stage are worn and then taken off in the theater, instead of the natural tiny hat that could stay on. Uncut velvet is stunning and comes in all the soft, rich colors and combinations of the dark ones—especially black. White hats lead for evening wear, touched delicately with silver or gold or delicate colors. Some have cloudy plumes, or blue introduced so deftly as to be almost like mother-of-pearl or the softest sunset colors. And the violet hats. They're too delicate, and, yet, too definite for day wear, but at night they come out in soft, bewilderingly beautiful shades and styles. Yet violet refused to be pushed back for street wear entirely, so those dark, rich "plums" have come to the fore. Made of velvet, and trimmed with roses of varying shades, that tone in perfectly, the "plum" hats have a certain beauty and suggestion of conservatism in their makeup. Red hats are good for afternoon wear; but there are two distinct tones of red—"brick dust," even more vivid than its name, and a pinky shade called "American Beauty." All sorts of things have been done with the black hats. Sometimes they're kept all black, but trimmed in a way that shows life and spirit instead of sober gloom. Sometimes white plumes, or white Irish crochet lace, make it into one of those striking black-and-white combinations that never seem to grow old. Sometimes only enough is left of the black to give that



TO WEAR WITH HER VELVET GOWN.

Velvet and furs are one of the combinations most affected among the sartorially smart this season. The exquisite velvet gown on the picture is of the black chiffon weave. The corsage follows extremely novel draped lines, with chemise and bertha in real lace. The skirt is full, a broad band of Russian sable being posed on the hem, which is interlined with the princess haircloth to afford sufficient body under the fur. The long stole is of real lace, mounted on white chiffon and lined with white satin, the border all around being of the same Russian sable as edges the skirt and makes the muff.

describable touch that it always lends to what it adorns. And for mornings and general tailor-made occasions, big, round sailors and tricorne are very much in evidence. Hats in purples or greens or browns. The old English walking hat is coming back. Hints of its style are already in, so subtly introduced that they have already paved the way for it.

Veils of the Moment.

The newest veil is called the "Melba," and looks more like an exquisite lace flounce than a veil. It is deep and wide and circular, and made mostly of Chantilly laces, with its flat, silky mesh and graceful patterns. Some of them have the pattern of the edge repeated, in a smaller way, at the top of the drouse, just where it lies over the brim of the hat. Chiffon veils—some of them—have scalloped edges and are appliqued with small velvet details. But their charm is the way they pull up on a drawing string and tie snugly around, or over, the crown.

Some of the prettiest automobile veils are double—a medium shade, with a lighter shade over it, and joined together at the top. Another double veil has the inner veil embroidered in large dots and shirred up to fit somewhat under the chin, while the outer veil flows free.

A curious trick—it's new, too—is to have the veils made of changeable stuffs. The second color doesn't show beauty note that is fascinating. La Pompadour's influence has reached even veils, for some show exquisite flowers scattered loosely over them, just as she demanded everything to look. They might almost be used in place of the filmy, delicate floating bits of beauty that take the place of the old-time scarf.

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THE HELLEU GIRL IS GIBSON'S RIVAL

The Smart Americans Who Cleverly Model Themselves After Popular Artists' Ideals Are Now Copying the Pictures of the Famous French Artist and Wear Their Hair in a Fluff of Color.

The Gibson girl and the Christy girl are out of favor and in their place is the fascinating Helleu girl. The American girl is quick to see what the public admires and just as quick to model herself after a popular artist's conception of what a girl should be. For several years we have had the American ideal, but the French artist has pushed her out of favor and that is why the girls are all wearing black velvet bands around their bare necks, filmy lace collars, and quaint director hats. A Helleu girl may be recognized by all these signs, but it is her hair that is the chief feature. It is worn very fluffy and is drawn down to the very arch of the brows. It is not flat, it is not parted but droops low in a bewitching froth and is caught up in an indefinite knot on the top of the head. There are no ornamental combs or pins and the coiffure is all fluff and color. Helleu is the greatest living master of hair women, and his portraits are largely beautiful portraits he has made. He will not draw a man; he says there is nothing alluring in their faces. He never poses his subjects, but etches them at work or play. The Helleu women are always doing something—reading, playing with children, sewing or dreaming of fair women. From the period of the director is the appropriate one for the American girl, and for that reason it is suggested so often in his portraits. When he came to New York he was besieged with women who wanted him to put them on paper until his orders amounted to over \$60,000. Helleu and his portraits are largely responsible for the revival of the director fashions, and the really smart girl will do her best this winter to look like one of his drawings in a director's frame. The longest name in the world is believed to be that of Miss Annie Keohopart, but drops low in a bewitching froth and is caught up in an indefinite knot on the top of the head. There are