A PAGE FOR FEMININE FANCY

"OVER AT THE BROWNS"

A "Clearing House" for Christmas Ideas—Betty Brown Gave a Luncheon From the Thanksgiving Dinner Left-Overs and Invited a Group of Girls to Bring Suggestions for Holiday Gifts and Celebrations.

"I've got 110 ideas for Christmas," gleefully exclaimed Betty Brown and she waved a handful of cards that looked like a colelction of miniature stockings, variegated as to color and exceedingly stiff as to style, above my head.

"I don't pretend to be one of the world's great women," she continued, with great modesty, "But I do think I can walk in the middle of the procession without an undue expenditure of mental effort. It has occurred to me annually that I torture my brain to a wasteful extent in an endeavor to decide what I can give people for Christmas. There isn't much time for rest in this world is there? We have scarcely finished eating our Thanksgiving turkey and here Christmas stares us in the face. I'm glad it does. It serves as spice to the humdrum monotony of Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays that are sure to come around every week.

"I'm not one of those methodical people who keep a book for every happening, and if I were I would never know where the book was, so I haven't any record of stray ideas and suggestions that have come to me during the year to draw on, and the last of November always finds me a bankrupt and with pretty heavy bills coming in. Inspiration came to me the other day when I was going out on a Washburn Park car. I am sorry I didn't take the number of the car, but I suppose inspiration is like lightning and doesn't strike twice in the same place. I had been forced to listen to the conversation of the man behind me, because he would talk in generous tones that gave his views to everybody who had ears. His theme was the benefit of co-operation and he gave a lively series of ragtime variations on the old proverb, 'It is a poor rule that won't work both ways.'

"You get lots of ideas in the street car and you hear a lot of gossip, whether you will or no. I don't pay much attention to chatter unless I have to, but I feel that I can take possession of any idea I find straying around without a collar and chain to it. So when I heard Mr. Man talking about letting other people do your work for you I just clapped my two gloves together and said, under my breath, 'I'll do it.'

"That is why I had a luncheon today. It wasn't a very large or very formal affair, but it was productive of much good. I invited the girls by telephone, and in my loudest capitals and heaviest italics I told them it was to be a pro-Christmas affair and that each of them was to bring ten suggestions for Christmas presents. I invited eleven of them, and if each did as she was told I would be the richer by 110 ideas. Oh, there are great advantages in co-operation!

"I got several tiny evergreen trees in the woods and set them in the center of the table to look like a miniature grove and put cotton batting around the box they stood in and sprinkled diamond dust on it to serve as an understudy for snow, but there wasn't a blessed thing on one of the trees, for the girls were to tell me how to trim them. For place cards I cut these stockings out of red and green cardboard and fastened half a dozen of them with a program pencil on a red cord so that each of the girls could make her own notes and list.

"The girls all brought their workbags and they bulged out in the most promising way. You know sometimes people don't enter into the spirit of a party and everybody has a horrid time and the hostess has hysterics, but these girls were darlings. They confessed they were just as much at sea as I had been and they regarded the Christmas clearinghouse, as they dubbed the luncheon, a regular life-saving plank.

"What did I have for luncheon? H-sh! Thanksgiving left-overs; but don't tell! The soup that followed the cocktail was made from the turkey bones which had been boiled with celery tops and an onion and skimmed and seasoned until even the most suspicious guest would not connect it with our Thanksgiving dinner. A slice of lemon went in each bouillon cup and bread sticks were served with it. Before the bones were boiled all of the meat was cut away and made into cutlets. How did I make them? Just as I would make croquettes, mixing a white sauce with the chopped meat, but molding them in flat oval shapes, in which, after they were fried, a bit of macaroni was slipped to serve as a bone. The cutlets were arranged around a drift of mashed potatoes that had been browned in the oven, and parsley and lemon slices were the garnish. Cranberry ice, which was Thanksgiving cranberry sauce thinned, strained and frozen, and green peas, went with the cutlets, and after that there was a cheese salad made by mixing chopped olives with cream cheese and molding it into little balls placed on a lettuce leaf and topped with French dressing and a whole olive. For a sweet I cut rounds of angel cake and spread them with strawberry jam, and on that went a spoonful of vanilla icecream with a strawberry sauce over it all. Crisp little cookies were passed with it and then we had coffee, candies, marshmallows dipped in red fondant, and salted pecans.

"We exchanged Christmas thoughts all thru luncheon and all afternoon, and I'm just brimming over with ideas on what to give and how to give it, besides games and menus. We're going to have a thimble bee and meet every week, so as to grasp anything new that comes up. I'm generous and I'll share my knowledge with you; only it would be better if you would have a Christmas clearinghouse yourself. If you don't want to bother with a luncheon, why, just have a little thimble bee to which some of your friends can bring their Christmas work and all the ideas they can carry. I wish I could find that man who sat behind me in the Washburn Park car and tell him how thoroly I indorse his views on co-operation. When you are bubbling over with gratitude it is almost painful not to be able to express it, isn't it?"

A SERVANT GIRL REFUSES MILLIONS

MARY MEYER,
The Servant Girl Who Refused to Be Rich.

Mary Meyer, a German Working Girl, Who Earns $5 a Month, Has Refused to Accept Legacy of Many Millions, and Will Marry Her Master's Gardener, Who Makes $5 a Week.

Would you believe that any girl would refuse a legacy of a million dollars? It sounds incredible, and yet Mary Meyer, a servant, in southern Germany, has refused to accept an inheritance of some millions and prefers to remain a servant.

The story is a romantic one and runs back twenty-five years to the time when Mary's father secretly married his sister's governess. The couple soon found that the small allowance given him by his father would not support them, and he appealed to the elder Meyer. The father, stern and unsympathetic, took the ground that the ex-governess was an adventuress, refused any aid and threatened disinheritance if a divorce were not obtained. The young man, in danger of arrest for debt, deserted his wife, who was given $7,500 to agree to a divorce.

The divorced wife, embittered and having a strong dislike for her baby daughter, on account of the father's desertion, placed the little one in charge of a peasant woman. For a time she paid for the care of the baby, but soon the payments ceased, the mother disappeared and the child was turned over to an orphan asylum. Mary was brought up as a domestic, and for the last few years has been living a quiet, contented life with a comfortable, well-to-do old couple on a small estate on the Rhine.

Meyer married a wealthy woman who died childless. As he saw his own end approaching, his conscience smote him with the thoughts of his deserted baby daughter. He instituted a search for her, but it was not successful. When he died, he made her his sole heiress, subject to an allowance to his first wife, and left instructions that both should be sought for.

In the meantime, the divorced woman married a man of wealth. Her husband died, leaving her childless, and she, too, remembered the deserted babe, and began to seek her. She soon encountered the trustees of the Meyer fortune, and finally their united efforts were successful.

But the sight of the bashful, uncultured serving girl chilled the mother's romantic enthusiasm and the meeting between them was somewhat constrained. The smart woman of the world offered to make the girl her heiress if she would live with her and submit to the necessary tutoring to give her polish and education.

Mary thought it all over, lawyers came and impressed upon her the folly of refusing the fortune. Her master and mistress emphasied the gravity of her choice. She thought of this and then of the coldness of that stranger mother, of her comfortable, happy life with the good old couple and of her love for the gardener. She could never marry him if she passed the golden portels thrown open for her. And so to her mother and the executors of her father's will she said "No." She signed a document rejecting the millions and will remain a domestic servant with a monthly wage of $5 until she becomes the gardener's bride. The gardener earns $5 a week and will find a home for his bride in a four-room cottage, but Mary Meyer was wise enough to know that there is more chance for happiness in a cottage than a castle.

WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW

Middle-aged Habits.—How can I overcome the tendency to settle into middle-aged habits? To be sure I am 45 years old, but I don't look my age and I don't want to, altho I feel myself growing indolent and careless.—Spinster.

Many women become middle-aged from the simple reason that they allow middle-aged habits to steal upon them, and relapse into a state of physical indolence just at a time when they should fight against this tendency to give up exercise. The best preventatives of growing middle-aged, are cheerfulness, a strict determination not to worry over trifles, and a sense of humor that saves one from depression. A cold tub every morning, a walk every day in rain and sunshine, face massage with cold cream at night, ten minutes' physical exercise immediately on rising, friction of the hair to stimulate its growth, will keep any woman free from wrinkles, and will preserve the contour of her figure.

QUESTION FOR MONDAY.

Keeping Flowers Fresh.—What is the best way to keep flowers fresh? I never can wear my violets as long as other people, and I would like to learn how they manage.—Dollie.

It is rumored that the Rothschilds propose to spend 10,000,000 francs in the setting up in Paris of dwellings for wage-earners, in which the rentals shall be extremely moderate and out of which the owners do not intend to make any profits. Similar work has been done in the Peabody buildings in London and in various extensive enterprises of the sort in a number of leading cities.

Visitors in Colorado next summer will have an opportunity to ride to the top of Pike's peak in electric cars, contracts having been made for changing the cog road equipment from steam to electricity. Each passenger coach will be supplied with a gasolene motor, which will generate enough power to propel the car. The change will necessitate an expenditure of about $250,000.

CORNER IN ANCESTORS

DRAPER FAMILY.

Name Suggests French Origin, Altho Yorkshire Was the Cradle of the Drapers—A Youthful Buccaneer and His Spanish Bride—Lofty Patriotism Distinguished the Family—Heraldic Symbols Betoken Fidelity.

By ELEANOR LEXINGTON.

A draper was a clothier, a fuller, one who manufactured cloth and fulled it, ready to be made into clothes—a weaver of cloth.

It is in the same class as the names spinster, webster, shefster, lister, brewster and baxter—spinner, weaver, cutter, dyer, brewer, baker.

The word somes from draper, to make cloth; draper is a clothmaker. The family would seem to be of French origin. The name, as a surname, was first Drap—Drap, the reader may remember, was one of Queen Mab's maids of honor. Drapier was the name Dean Swift chose for a nom de plume for a famous series of letters.

Variations of the name are le Drapour, Drapur, Dreapur, Drapar, Drapper, Drapert, Drappert. The pioneer in this country was James Draper, who came over about 1647 from England and settled in Roxbury, Mass. He brought his wife with him, Miriam Stansfield; she traced her descent from Wyon Maryon, comrade in arms of the conqueror, who got for him the township of Stansfield, in York county.

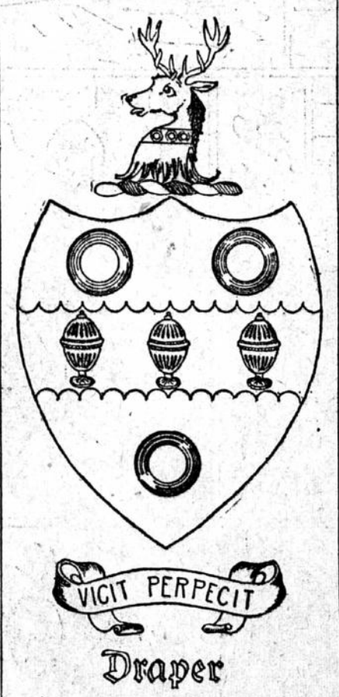
Yorkshire was the cradle of the Drapers. Other immigrants were William, John and Henry le Drapour, brothers. Henry was living in Virginia in 1623. There was a Thomas Draper also in Virginia. Roger Draper settled in Concord in 1639. Bartholomew Draper came over in the Ann and Elizabeth.

The Draper family have their tales of romance. One concerns Captain Samuel Draper, the wild son of a Yorkshire clergyman. He ran away from home, became captain of a ship, turned pirate, and in true cavalier fashion, carried away captive a beautiful Spanish maiden and married her. She always sailed with him, and their children were named for the ports in which they were born—Boston, New York and Newburyport Draper were the three sons. One legacy, which the captain bequeathed to his children was an old coat, which they were charged to keep as evidence in case a fortune befell them. It was the crest—a stag's head—stamped on the silver buttons of the coat, which was important. Not many years ago descendants of the captain were told that if they could prove that Samuel married the Spanish maiden, a fortune awaited them. This they were unable to do, but they are still dreaming of castles in Spain.

It was at Boston Drapers house, in Boxboro, that the Continental troops assembled to start for Lexington, and the punch bowl from which they drank is still in existence.

Lofty patriotism always distinguished the Drapers. Captain William Draper and his son, William, were ploughing on the afternoon of April 19, when they heard the news of the battle of Lexington. Leaving their plough in the furrow, they went home. The younger one beat the long roll to call the men together, and then father and son went to Roxbury Neck, where troops were mustering.

When depositions were taken, by order of the provincial congress, as to whether the regular troops or the citizens began the firing at Lexington, it was William Draper's testimony that established the fact that the regulars fired first. John Draper was at Bunker Hill, and his descendants treasure his old musket—a memento of his valor. Richard Draper, a merchant of Boston, and member of the Old South church, furnished the lumber from which Faneuil Hall, the Cradle of Liberty, was built.



The arms reproduced, those of James Draper, pioneer, are argent, on a fesse eugraved, between three annulets gules, gules, as many covered cups or Crest, a stag's head, gules, attired, or, charged on neck, with a fesse between three annulets or. Motto—"Vicit Perpecit," "He conquered, he spared." The annulet, or finger ring, was an emblem of fidelity. The Romans wore rings as signs of knighthood, and one is usually given now at the institution of knighthood, and always at coronations of sovereigns.

The ink plant of New Granada is a curiosity. The juice of it can be used as ink without any preparation. At first the writing is red, but after a few hours it changes to black.

SIMPLICITY FOR STREET, ELABORATION FOR HOUSE

Such Is Fashion's Dictum, and Each Is Carried Almost to Extremes—The Demi-Tailleur Is the Happy Medium—Filmy Materials for Evening Wear—Often Combined With Cloth or Silk—Fascinating Comfort Gowns.

MILITARY STYLE FOR GIRLS.

Simple styles are best liked for the little folks, and among the winter models there are none better than this coat, whose collar, shape and trimmings have a strong military suggestion. Blue broadcloth is the material, and a black silk braid ornaments the deep cape, the collar and cuffs. Blue velvet buttons are chosen rather than the brass buttons we have learned to associate with military styles. A blue velvet muff with soft lace frills and bows matches the blue velvet hat, with its full ruching and bows of soft satin ribbon.

A GOOD EXAMPLE OF THE DRAPED BODICE.

The defined figure is certainly the order of the day, and it is wise that fashion has decided that this be achieved by the draped bodice, otherwise we would most certainly be cut off from the use of many of the fabrics we most admire. The old-time fitted waist is well-nigh impossible in thin fabrics, and besides women long ago decided that seams showing in waists were far from artistic, so we have little to fear of the darted and many-seamed waist coming back. This model in pink crepe de chine has its trimming of tiny frills arranged about the bottom of the skirt, and above that, little fans of the frills threaded together with a brown velvet ribbon which knots in perky little bows in the center of each fan. The drapery of the waist is arranged by a shirring in the center back and either side of the narrow vest; it is slashed out to show a thin lace yoke, the slashing ornamented with lace appliques and brown velvet buttops. A smart bow of the velvet ribbon is set at the top of the vest. The sleeves are arranged with a shirring well toward the front of the shoulder line and again at the back. At the elbow they end in a shaped ruffle covered with tiny frills, below which is set an undersleeve with cuffs of the velvet and lace. This latter may be worn or not at pleasure.

Street dress, and by that we mean costumes actually worn in the street when madame or mademoiselle goes forth afoot, shows a very marked tendency toward simplicity. And, as tho to preserve a proper balance, all other costumes are allowing, if possible, even greater elaboration as the season advances.

We have seen a season of elaboration follow close on one of almost Puritan simplicity, but 1904-5 gives us both in one season, and madame changes from one extreme to the other in the hour. There is plenty of good taste and no small bit of philosophy in this present mode. But who since Carlyle has been interested in the philosophy of clothes? Woman, the person most concerned, certainly is not.

But to return. The street costume par excellence is of mannish tweed or broadcloth or the dressier velveteens, the skirt laid in wide but shallow plaits that are stitched well down to hold the skirt trimly fitted about the hips. The skirt is invariably the rasterre or swing-clear length, and may be lightly flared with a thin haircloth set in the hem. The coat is on fitted lines, with perhaps a neat little fancy waistcoat to give the color note to the whole. A blouse of light-weight flannel or silk is worn under the coat, its fulness plaited into a prettily scalloped yoke, and velvet-covered buttons for trimming.

With this suit is worn a fur set, the paddle-wheel scarf, loosely knotted and one end thrown over the shoulder, the muff very big and soft. Both in color and outline the suit is inconspicuous, and the fur set very plain and tailor-made in effect.

The Demi-Tailleur Gown.

The intermediate step between the severely simple costume and the elaborate, formal toilette is the demi-tailleur. Here the fancy may have full sway. All fabrics, from voile to broadcloth and velvet, are made to do duty nowadays in the demi-tailleur. The little bolero is often chosen as the coat shape, and, by the way, who was it announced the demise of the little bolero last fall? He (or was it she?) reckoned without his host, for this smart little coat shape is still with us, and bids fair long to remain. It flourishes especially in the demi-tailleur style. Even the severest weather cannot banish it, for madame has learned to slip on her heavy overcoat or redingote or cape right over this little coat when out of doors, and its removal leaves her fittingly clad for luncheon or reception or tea.

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Soft Fabrics Demand Elaboration.

Soft, filmy materials play so important a part in this season's fashions that elaboration must needs be a feature of the modes. Chiffons, gauzes, crepes, veilings and nets are all in high favor. One of the fancies of the moment, and a very charming one indeed it is, is the skirt of chiffon or net, with endless tiny tucks and ruffles, and the bodice of silk in a contrasting color. The sleeves oftentimes match the net skirt, while long tabs or sash ends from the waist reach almost to the end of the customary round train.

The printed chiffons or gauzes are in high favor, and these are often oddly combined with heavier materials. For instance, a white chiffon covered well with dull-pink roses and their foliage had a deep shirred flounce of soft taffeta silk in changeable dull rose and green. The bodice was of the chiffon, with short puff sleeves of the taffeta. The effect was delicate and harmonious, strange as the combination may seem to us. There was a certain practical side to it, too, tho we doubt if the designer thought of that, namely, that the silken flounce would prove far more serviceable than one of the delicate chiffon.

Parisian House Gowns.

In the general scheme of elaboration of all parts and parcels of the winter wardrobe we find a goodly representation of fascinating house gowns of various manners and intents. This part of her wardrobe the Parisienne never neglects. She instills a subtle charm into the various little sacks and gowns reserved for the privacy of her boudoir, and she is also supplied with other gowns a trifle more conventional which may be deemed quite proper for the family dinner on occasion.

The Parisienne's favorite for winter, for the penetrating gray days when one hugs the fire, is a long, graceful robe of Swiss eider, a chiffon weight eiderdown. One such was in a delicate soft blue shade—the Parisienne avoids harsh colors—the foot set with a four-inch band of blue satin, above which was a Persian trimming, showing pink, blue, green and gold. The robe falls very full from the shoulders, where it was shirred into a shallow yoke. A belt confined the fullness at the side, skilfully defining the figure, passing under the box plait in the back and again under the front fullness. The special point of elegance in this robe was its silken lining—a soft pink silk faintly printed in greens and blues.

Some Smart Trifles.

There's a sharp dividing line between gloves for evening and for street wear. Evening gloves have come out—like laces—in the daintiest of colors, instead of the all-white or the all-black, which were the rule last winter. Even pale sea-greens—so soft and clear as to suggest the green just under white sea foam—are found to match the sheer green laces and nets that whole party frocks are made of.

Street gloves keep to their masculine styles. Even the white gloves, for theater, for calling, for half a hundred purposes, are getting heavier, and fasten with a single button, as like the men's as two peas.

White and pearl and mode are the three most popular colors. Suede is good, but suede gloves must be pique suede.

Marabout boas and muffs in the palest of evening shades are stunning for theater wear.

A white evening coat has a bit of color in its collar, which is of sky-blue velvet. Another goes a step further and uses strong royal blue, in the prettiest of ways.

A new silk petticoat has a deep embroidered flounce put on with row after row of shirring. Green, brown, and blue silk petticoats as highest in favor just now for street wear. And those chameleon petticoats—different from changeable, because they're woven of more than two colors—are stunning. Some of the lingerie petticoats have flounces and ruffles cut out in deep scallops, tiny ruffles of narrow lace set on the under ruffle, and showing in the fan-shaped spaces.

Here's the dearest little new collar just out—meant for a light silk blouse. It's not more than two or three inches deep and fits just around the turn of the throat. But the way it's made refuses to be set down in cold black and white letters. It is frills and fluff and tiny hints of roses and bits of the sheerest laces joined together like fairy work.

There are new scarfs, of soft, crepey stuffs, fringed, and printed with great shadow flowers, or with tiny groups sedately ranged along the border.

DUCHESS CECILIA PLANS TROUSSEAU

Her Wedding Clothes Will Include a Gown from Every Capital in Europe and America Will Contribute Hats and Shirtwaists—Dressmakers Are Already at Work on the Royal Outfit.

America will contribute to the trousseau of the Duchess Cecilia, the bride-elect of the crown prince of Germany, and the sailor hats, washable shirtwaists and shoes will all be sent from the United States. Orders have been given, the workpeople are already busy and the first spring order filled will go to Germany.

All the world will aid in the trousseau. London will send tailor gowns, Paris will furnish hats, embroideries will come from Japan, linens from India, laces from Ireland and gowns from everywhere. It was the duchess' mother who conceived the novel idea of having one gown made in every capital in Europe. The duchess, who is very young, will wear her first trained gowns after her marriage.

Out of compilment to the kaiser, whose fondness for blue is well known at court, the duchess has chosen blue as the predominating color for her wedding clothes. Most of her gowns will have a touch of scarlet, her own color. It may be used in buttons, facings or pipings, perhaps in the linings visible only when the skirt is lifted, but the scarlet note will be found in everything. The duchess will not have as many evening gowns as an American belle, for life at the German palace will be quiet, but there will be more street and house gowns and pretty negligees than smart ball frocks.

The Russian mother of the duchess has written to request the czar to send her the laces which are hers by inheritance and which have been locked in the vaults of the Kremlin. They are almost priceless, old and heavy with wonderful stitches, showing interwoven coats of arms, landscapes and animals.

"All Europe is at work on the trousseau," declared a world-famous maker of gowns, "but it is not every day a future empress is married, and we must make the most of it."

It takes many modistes to prepare a royal bride and a division of the work will not only simplify it, but also secure a trousseau that will be distinctive, for it will include the specialty of each country.

There is a story whispered about that the kaiser, anxious to secure a handsome outfit for his future daughter-in-law, offered to set aside a sum for her trousseau. But this was firmly tho kindly refused by the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, mother of the princess, on the ground that it was wholly unnecessary. The duchess, by the way, is one of the handsomest women in Europe and by far the best dresser in royal circles. As a Russian grand duchess she was known for the magnificence of her wardrobe.

THE COUNTESS INVENTS A NEW GAME

A Former American Woman, Countess Anna de Castellane, Has Originated a New Gambling Game Which Has Set All Paris Wild, and Is Played Nightly in Her Drawingroom.

Countess de Castellane has invented a new gambling game which is setting all Paris wild. The English name for the new diversion is "the Bug." The players gather around a table which is marked in numbered squares after the fashion of a roulette table. There is a small hollow in the center and in this is placed a Mexican beetle. Bets are then made by the players as to which square the beetle will fall on when it has been made to flip in the air. The bug is placed on its back and when it is touched, it snaps itself together and flies a distance of a foot or more. It is sure to fall on some square and experts on games of chance assert that "the bug" is the fairest game that can be played. There is no percentage, they say, in favor of either the player or the banker.

The countess introduced her game at her beautiful country place, which was once the home of the famous Madam de Sevigne, just outside of Paris, and it quickly won favor. Every evening after dinner the guests gather in the big drawingroom and make their wagers.

"Attendez," shouts the croupier, when the wagers are made. Then with a small wand he touches the bug on its back and instantly the beetle flips itself into the air. When it falls on one of the squares somebody has won and a great many other bodies have lost.

The invention of this amusement has added greatly to the popularity of the countess in Paris. for the Parisians, more than any other people, like to be diverted, and they make much of any one who is clever enough to amuse them. The countess, as everybody remembers, was formerly Miss Anna Gould of New York.

In one unbroken nocturnal flight the European bird known as the northern bluethroat has been proved to travel from central Africa to the German ocean, a distance of 1,690 miles, making the journey in nine hours.

Defective Page