A PAGE FOR FEMININE FANCY

"OVER AT THE BROWN'S"

Betty Brown Arranged a Wild Animal Hunt for Billie Brown's Birthday Party, and the Rooms Were Transformed Into a Jungle, in Which the Animals From Noah's Ark Were in Hiding.

BILLIE BROWN had a birthday this week, and Betty asked me to come over and help her entertain the boys and girls at his birthday party. Billie had demanded plenty of entertainment, but when Betty asked him what kind of a party he wanted, he shook his head sadly.

"There isn't any kind I really like," he said, "for I don't care much for anything except hunting and animals."

Billie is just 9, and he would rather look at the picture of a grizzly bear than do several pages of examples in arithmetic. Mrs. Brown has tried to make his interest in animals a help to him by persuading him to study about their habits and he has a scrapbook filled with pictures and stories he has cut from the papers and the magazines. There are pages of great beasts that he hopes some day to hunt, and more pages filled with pictures of guns and other hunting paraphernalia that he wants to own. He has a constantly growing menagerie in the barn and is rapidly becoming an authority to the small fry on rabbits, white mice and chickens.

Betty had him write the invitations himself, but she never told him what kind of a party she had planned, and he never guessed, even when she gave him a handful of brown papers that looked like gamebags when the flaps were folded over.

"Write this," she said: "'You are invited to come to William Brown's jungle Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock to take part in a wild-animal hunt.'"

Billie never wrote a word, but just stared at her with his big, round eyes.

"Oh, Betty," he whispered, "what kind of a party is it?"

But it was to be a surprise for him as well as the guests, and all he could do was to write the invitations in his big round hand. He wrote twenty of them, and every one of the twenty children came. The first boy tumbled in at the door at ten minutes of 3.

"Oh, am I late?" he gasped, breathless and rosy.

We had been busy all morning turning the rooms down stairs into the jungle. It was a lot of work, but, as Betty said, if you want a party to be a success, you must have it different, and variety is only another name for work. We made a splendid mountain in the library out of the stools, a chair, the couch and a table, and covered them all with green cambric. Boxes made very good rocks and caves, and small evergreen trees, palms, ferns and evergreen boughs were used in the forest. In among the trees were elephants, giraffes, lions and tigers from a couple of cheap Noah's arks and on the mountain were more lions, with sheep and goats.

When the guests had all arrived Betty gave each a game bag of brown duck. Some of the boys had brought their guns, pistols and bows and arrows, and even the girls had guns. Betty explained that they would start at the sound of the huntsman's whistle and stop when he blew it a second time. Each was to capture all the game he could find and slip it into his bag and everyone must remember how shy the wild things are and keep very still so as not to frighten them away.

The children were breathless with interest, and when Billie blew his whistle and I drew the curtain and they saw the jungle, they just grinned with appreciation. It was funny to see the way they stalked their game, and elephants, panthers, deer, monkeys and ducks went into the bags. The hunt lasted for an hour before all the animals were bagged or the children tired and then the hunters refreshed themselves from a spring of lemonade in a corner of the livingroom and counted their kill.

After that they shot at a target with bows and arrows and the boy and girl who made the best score shot at the two tissue paper bags which Betty hung in the doorways. The girls gathered about one and the boys beneath the other, and when the papers broke showers of motto caps fell to the floor. There was a scramble and when the caps were donned they were found to match and furnish partners for supper.

The table also had its woodland scene for ducks and geese were swimming in the pond made by placing a pan of water in the center and wreathing it with ferns and smilax. Small toy evergreen trees were arranged on the cloth and several deer nibbled at the foliage.

The menu was very simple, just brown and white bread-and-butter sandwiches, creamed chicken served in little boats made out of bread hollowed and buttered and browned in the oven and chocolate. Just before the dessert Betty carried in the birthday cake with its ten lighted candles and a tangle of pink ribbons. Each candle was in one of the little rose holders that you buy at the caterers' for five cents, and as Mrs. Brown saves them, she has to get only one new one every year.

While the children were looking at the cake, we brought in the dessert. It was ice cream candles, white in pink candlesticks and as there was a tiny wick in each candle they burned beautifully. The children's faces were a study when they looked around the table and saw the light at each cover.

After the candles on the birthday cake were blown out Betty threw a pink ribbon to each child and told him to pull and, lo, the top came off the cake—for it was only iced pasteboard and held a clear candy animal for each youngster as an appropriate souvenir for an animal hunt.

The children didn't want to go home and played about in the jungle until their parents began to come for them. And after his last guest had gone Billie turned to Betty and said solemnly:

"I don't believe I'll ever have another party, for you can't beat this no matter how hard you try."

THE LITTLE BOLERO IS A FAVORITE IN FURS

Smart Women Wear Cloth Skirts to Match Their Fur Coats and Expend Their Energies on One Handsome Street Suit—The Lace Bertha Rivals the Fichu—Waists Are Enriched With Sets of Austrian Cross-stitch Embroidery—Ruffled Skirts and Waists.

TIME was when a fur coat was considered beautiful because of its intrinsic value, and might be made in a regulation shape and worn on all sorts of occasions, from shopping to visiting. But alas! such times are past, and the woman who makes any pretensions to dress will have her fur coats quite as suited for particular occasions as are her gowns. The plain fur coat is rarely seen, but when by chance one is fashioned along simple lines it is collarless and worn with some specially handsome neckpiece and muff.

The little bolero is finding much favor in the furs as well as in cloths. It is especially good in the thick furs like chinchilla because these have a tendency to give a thick waistline which must be overcome either by a fitted girdle in leather or velvet or by shaping the coat on loose lines. The chinchilla bolero may be shaped to just reach the high girdle of the waist, and an especially effective model has the skins overlapped so that the markings are arranged in design down the shoulders and continue down the sleeves, and in the front the skins are crossed in surplice fashion. The sleeves open with a long puff of velvet from wrist to elbow, and in the opening slit are set full ruffles of lace. The fur coat, especially in the gray furs, is frequently worn en suite, and in this instance the accompanying costume is of gray supple cloth. The skirt is decorated with leaflike appliques of the velvet that trims the coat, these outlined and connected by a heavy black cord braid. The bodice is of the cloth with a high black satin girdle and a smart black satin tie.

At last the monkey fur has appeared. We have been threatened with it from the beginning of the season, but apparently it existed only in the minds of fashion writers or in the shops of the furriers. Monkey fur has been out so long that in the regulation swing-round-the-circle of fashion, we quite expect it back again, but we doubt from the quality of the fur if it can receive much prominence. It is really better suited to muffs than to anything else.

The Lace Bertha.

The girl with a real lace bertha, or, better still, a real lace cape, should rejoice and be much glad, for her possession will convert even a simple frock into the most modish of costumes. The bertha rivals the fichu effects in popularity, with a shade in favor of the former for youthful wearers, for it certainly is more girlish in line than the fichu draperies. If one is not possessed of valuable laces or the wherewithal to procure them, very satisfactory substitutes may be found in imitation laces, the coarse style of which may have the design outlined in colored silks or marked with appliques of colored embroideries.

Austrian Embroidery.

The Austrian embroidery pieces are so exquisite as to demand attention. A set comprises ten pieces, which are applied to waists as trimmings.

One of the handsomest of these waists is built of very dark-brown canvas. The Austrian work is used for cuffs and upper-arm pieces. Then there are shoulderstraps extending from the shoulder to the neck, and there is a pretty cross-embroidered stock. A strip extends down the middle of the box plait in the front. And there are two handsome pieces of embroidery applied to the front in the shape of great heart-shaped pieces upon the bust.

In making these sets, let them be as brilliant as possible, and see to it that the cross-stitch idea is rigorously preserved. Do not attempt to introduce a variety of stitches, for the result will be far less neat than the one style was followed thruout.

One Street Gown.

There is a growing tendency among women who dress smartly to expend their money upon one handsome street dress, trusting to one very nice costume to carry them thru the winter. Frequently this is a black camel's hair and no wiser choice could be made, for it can be trimmed in so many ways.

If one will get a gun-metal camel's hair and make it up with a full skirt, trimmed with wide bands of taffeta put on like ruffles, and will finish the waist as a tight-fitting bodice, trimmed with bands of taffeta, one has the beginning of a suit that will hold its style all the winter.

For the accessories one can choose wide girdles of varying kinds with buckles that show green one day and red the next, and are, again, all silver. These great deep buckles are used to secure wide velvet belts and belts of fur and girdles of suede and deep calfskin girdles. Stocks are also made of the same material.

Odds and Ends.

To use up one's odds and ends of silk ruffling, one need only study the fashion pictures of the moment, for skirts as well as waists are ruffled; and ruffles trim stocks, sashes and all the small articles of dress. It is an era of ruffles and frills, small and wide, for both styles are fashionable.

Hints Here and There.

Among many carriage coats offered by an English firm, the one that attracted most attention was of rough, hairy gray cloth, lined throughout with ivory satin. There were a collar of sea otter, richly embroidered gray cloth vest, turned back front and cuffs with clusters of applique flowers faintly pink.

There is a new kind of mourning crepe, especially light and fine, which is said to be absolutely weather proof, because no dressing is used in its preparation. The crepe is of pure silk, and its crinkle and slight stiffness lie entirely in the texture itself.

A dainty tea gown is of baby blue nun's veiling, accordion plaited, with shirred yoke and top of sleeves, over which fall a pretty collar and fichu of Beige Point d'Esprit net, trimmed with lace medallion squares and frills, edged with Valenciennes lace. The wide accordion ruffles on the sleeves are finished with the lace.

Almost regal is a wrap of Irish crochet over soft white satin, veiled with chiffon. The upper part forms a cape of ermine, with two skins finished with tails depending from the back and front, while there is a frill all around of tucked chiffon with a fringe of ermine tails. A handsome muff of lace and ermine accompanies this wrap.

A dolman for evening wear is composed entirely of exquisite Irish crochet, mounted on white satin, with half a dozen deep bands of chinchilla adorning it horizontally. The topmost band encircles the shoulders, and the lace above forms a yoke, which has been embroidered by hand in delicate greens, white and gold.

Evening gowns of crepe lumineuse and French blonde are extremely dainty, and far more durable than the diaphanous tulle which costs more and rarely serves for a second occasion. But not every one knows that a strong cotton tulle comes in all colors, and is used by the Parisian modistes as foundation skirts for the silk tulle frocks. Owing to the clinging nature of skirts for some years it was not in use, but the bouffant modes of the day have restored it to favor; as also the old-fashioned tarlatan.

A BROADCLOTH SUIT, THE PERFECTION OF FIT.

The elegantly graceful lines of this coat of moss-green chiffon broadcloth are well defined on the beautiful form of this lithe young woman, who has evidently adopted the new corsets that give the higher lines. The coat is trimmed with dark-green velvet, the reveres opening over a vest of white silk canvas with buttons of green enamel set in silver. A short applied yoke is of the velvet, and a band of the velvet decorates the elbow-high cuffs. The large hat is of dark-green velvet, faced with folds of white silk, a handsome white plume passing thru the brim.

CORNER IN ANCESTORS

SHARP FAMILY.

FAMILY OF GREAT ANTIQUITY—PROVERBIALLY CLEVER AND TALENTED, WITH LEANING TOWARD THEOLOGY — TAKE RANK AS PREACHERS, POETS, MATHEMATICIANS, ANTIQUARIANS, EGYPTOLOGISTS—ANECDOTE OF THE ARCHBISHOP—AGE OF CHIVALRY NOT PASSED AS LONG AS GRANVILLE SHARP SURVIVED.

By ELEANOR LEXINGTON.

AMONG those who crossed the channel and helped build the Anglo-Norman as well as the Anglo-Saxon race were Roger, Denis, Richard and Hugo Sharp. This would argue that the Sharps are of Norman origin.

The variations in the orthography are Sharpe, Sharpp, Scharp, Scharpe and Scearp. The name, in olden times, was almost invariably written with the final e; now it is more frequently omitted. Sharples and Sharpless are names which doubtless have the same derivation, altho Sharples, by some authorities, is but a corruption of Chapples, a township in Lancaster, England, now called Sharples.

The Lord of Chapples or Sharples, by an ancient tenure, claimed from the lord of a certain manor a pair of gilt spurs annually; also the free use of the contents of his wine cellar for one week each year. The gilt spurs were claimed and paid until quite recently.

Among members of the family, distinguished in one way or another, were Abraham Sharp, one of the great mathematicians of the seventeenth century, and Charles Sharp, antiquarian and poet, whom Scott called the Scottish Horace Walpole. Two of his poems were inserted in the "Border Minstrelsy." Another writer was Richard Sharp, M.D., called by his friends Burke and Johnson, "Conversation Sharp."

The most famous preacher of his day was John Sharp, archbishop of York. He drew up the address of congratulation on the accession of James II., and became his chaplain. He was of the same stock as Thomas Sharp, the royalist of Little Horton, who never allowed his beard to be cut after the beheading of the martyr king.

One of the anecdotes told of the archibishop is that when he was accosted on the highway with "Your money or your life," he looked "with great composure at the robber and requested that he would remove that dangerous weapon and tell him fairly his condition."

"Sir, no words, 'tis not time for words. Your money instantly!"

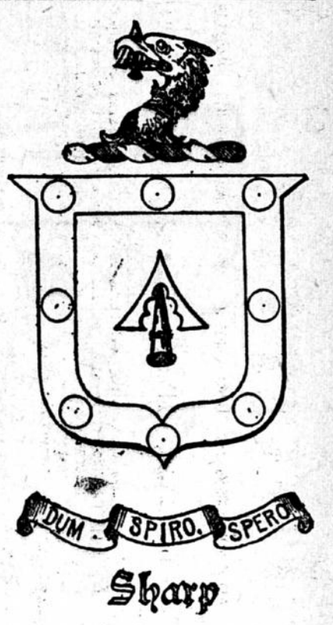
Thus pressed, the archbishop could do no less than give him his purse, with the offer to make the sum up to the required £50 if the gentleman would call upon him at his home, and he gave him his card. The bandit bold called, got the money, which he promised to return—and did so. To make out a good story, which is also a true one, the gentleman of the highway, under the good archbishop's influence, reformed.

"If everyone were like you nothing would be done; if no one were like you nothing would be well done." This was some one's clever tribute to the accuracy on the one hand and the conscientiousness on the other, of Samuel Sharpe, egyptologist. He was nephew and namesake of Samuel Rogers, the poet, and was always present at the famous Tuesday breakfasts given by Rogers.

The hieroglyphic inscription for the frieze of the Egyptian section at Sydenham was written by Sharpe. One paragraph reads:

"The chief architects erected this palace and gardens with its thousand columns, its thousand trees, its thousand flowers, its thousand birds and beasts, its thousand fountains and vases, as a book of instruction for the men and women of all countries and regions."

One ancestor of the Sharp family in this country was William Sharpe, who came over in the Starr, May, 1620, and landed in Virginia. He antedates even Mayflower pilgrims. Another settler was Thomas Sharpe, born in England in 1580. He was appointed assistant to Governor Endicott and came over in the Arabella. He was the sixth member of the Boston church. Another immigrant ancestor was Samuel Sharpe, who was the bearer of dispatches from Charles I. to the Massachusetts colony. He was the ruling elder of the church at Salem, so we find in the records. Another Thomas Sharpe settled in Connecticut about 1700. He, also, came



from England—possibly from Yorkshire, where the family is of great antiquity. About the same time came two brothers, John and Joseph Sharpe, to Chester county, Pa., where they bought extensive tracts of land. John married Ann Bryan. "Having declared their intention of marriage with each other before the meetings of ye people of God called Quakers, were married Dec. 16, 1726." One George Sharpe was disowned by the Quakers for attending the wedding of members who were married out of meeting. The Sharpes of Pennsylvania intermarried with the Hites—a family often visited by Washington and mentioned in the "Journal of My Journey Over the Mountains."

The family has its war record. Elijah Sharpe was in the continental army, with the rank of captain, and Robert Sharpe was with Israel Putnam at Paulas Hook. Robert carried the gun about which there has of late been much controversy, and which is now preserved by the Connecticut Historical society. The gun is of the Queen Anne period, and was purchased in 1721 by John Sharpe of Pomfret, Conn. His son, John, was with Putnam at that famous wolf hunt and his was the gun with which the wolf was killed—at least such is the family tradition.

It must not be forgotten that one of the sympathizers enlisted on behalf of the American colonies was Granville Sharp, son of the archbishop. In 1774 he published "A Declaration of the People's Natural Right to a share in the Legislature." When the rupture became complete he resigned his office in the ordnance department rather than assist in dispatching war material to the colonies. He was thus left without means. Some one said of him, "As long as Granville Sharp survived it was too soon to proclaim that the age of chivalry was gone." He was one of the principal promoters of the abolition of slavery on British soil, and the tablet to his memory in Westminster Abbey is inscribed, "To whom England owes the glorious verdict of her highest court of law that the slave who sets foot on British ground becomes at that instant free."

The arms reproduced are azure, a pheon argent within a bordure or, charged with eight torteaux. Crest, an eagle's head erased, azure, ducally gorged or, holding in the mouth a pheon argent. Motto, Dum Spiro Spero. These arms were granted to Archbishop John Sharp.

NOTE—Miss Lexington will be pleased to give any assistance to those interested in tracing their ancestry. Address her in care of The Journal.

WOMEN OF JAPAN AID IN THE WAR

Mme. Uriu, Wife of the Japanese Admiral, Writes of Japan's Leading Women—The Marchioness Oyama Has Donned Armor and Taken Part in a Real Siege—Mme. Okumura's Crusade.

MME. SHIGE NAGAI URIU, wife of Admiral Uriu of the Japanese navy, was educated, like her husband, in America, and with the present Marchioness Oyama and Miss Tsuda, the famous Japanese educator, was brought to this country under the tutelage of John S. C. Abbott, the historian. Mme. Uriu met her husband when he was a cadet at the naval academy at Annapolis and tho both had other spouses selected for them after the Japanese custom, they contrived to overcome the opposition of their parents and were married in Japan with Christian rites. Mme. Uriu has an exceedingly interesting article on "Japan's Leading Women and the War" in the January Harper's Bazar.

The Ladies' Patriotic association of Japan was formed some years back by Mme. Ioko Okumura, at a time when we enjoyed peace and quiet in Japan, she writes. Mme. Okumura's name is well known to every one in Japan, and her energetic spirit inspires us all to follow in her footsteps.

Before the Japan-China war broke out, this lady was much interested in the Koreans. Mme. Okumura deplored the conditions of the uneducated people of that peninsula. She went there herself and induced the government to build schools, and also taught the Koreans the Japanese language and literature. The Koreans thought much of her, in fact they all but worshiped her, calling her "Beloved Mother." After her return she was collecting a fund to establish a large girls' school when the Japan-China war broke out, and her interest took her elsewhere. She was in China at the time of the Boxer rising, and the advance of the allies on Peking.

On Mme. Okumura's return to her own country, she went on foot the whole length of Japan, persuading the people of the importance of forming a society to help the soldiers. She urged the ladies to economize every year, to the extent of at least one haneri (the fold of dainty silk worn around the neck under the kimona), in order to join her Patriotic association.

THE IMPERIAL PRINCESS MORI.
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Now that the war is in progress, the wives of the naval officers have set schoolgirls and others to knitting socks and tabi (the Japanese street slippers), or to collecting money wherewith to buy them. The young girls are so eager to send their work to the front that you will see them in Tokio knitting away in the electric cars on their way to school. They do not waste a moment even at luncheon time. They have already sent in over four thousand pairs.

The wives of the army officers, with Marchioness Oyama at their head, are also collecting subscriptions to send presents to the soldiers. We do this remembering that in the Japan-China war the soldiers all were cheered in doing their duty by receiving gifts from their friends at home.

A word here concerning Marchioness Oyama. Stematz Yamakawa Oyama began her eventful life in the midst of war. She was but a child at the time of the sieze of Aizu castle, in the war of the restoration. Aizu women were noted for their bravery, and little Stematz's older sisters actually wore armor during the siege, to be ready, if needful, to help defend the castle. Every one in the castle had certain military duties to perform. The children's part was to pick up the empty shells along the inner walls. Little Stematz was one of them and often got the praise of having gathered the most. A few years later she was sent to America and remained there eleven years, finally graduating from Vassar college. Since her return Marchioness Oyama's married life has been full of activity. Her social gifts and her talents and high education make her a fit leader in the circle to which she belongs.

Princess Mori is the chairman of the Relief society in which all other women's societies are merged. Since the Meiji era (1868-1904), she has been an indefatigable worker in all the ladies' societies. Whenever a society is formed we need her presence, and whatever she takes part in is almost bound to succeed, for she has long been actively engaged in educational and philanthropic work. She has ever shown herself most generous and charitable, visiting and endowing orphan asylums and personally comforting the sick. We often see her carriage drive by as early as 6 o'clock in the morning, and we all know then that the princess is at work. Ladies in Japan are not supposed to go out after the death of their husbands, but Princess Mori, for the sake of her charities, breaks all such old customs in spite of all remonstrances of old-fashioned folk.

Marchioness Nabeshuna follows Princess Mori's example in joining and helping all these societies. We call the two "the twin sisters," for they are always together and engaged in the same charitable work.

The foreign ladies in Tokio have enthusiastically joined us in this Relief society work. The ladies of the diplomatic corps and others have given a number of successful concerts and dramatic entertainments in aid of the fund. The proceeds were more than welcome, since we have so far found in Tokio alone over a thousand families in distress.

MARCHIONESS OYAMA.
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MME. URIU.
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An attempt on a large scale to introduce English song birds into British Columbia is at present being made. The Victoria Natural History society is taking out a consignment of 500 birds, consisting of 100 pairs of goldfinches, 100 pairs of larks and 50 pairs of robins.

More than 13,000,000 persons are enrolled in the Sunday schools of the country. In public schools the enrollment is more than 16,000,000, or only 3,000,000 more.

The judges at the London dog shows do not allow the rank of the exhibitors to affect their decision. Of King Edward's dogs none received more than a third prize at the last show.

WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW

Introducing People.—I just hate to introduce people, and I am so self-conscious that I know I do it badly. But I am not too old to learn what is the proper thing to say if you will tell me.—Nan.

One of the most difficult things a young girl has to do is to introduce people. As a rule she is not expected to do this, but there may be circumstances under which she finds herself with two older women whom she must make known to each other. The form of introduction now is always, "Mrs. So-an-So, may I present Mrs. Smith-Jones?" Mrs. Smith-Jones' name is not then repeated, as was done long years ago, and it is understood that the younger woman is presented to the older. This is a fine distinction not to be regarded except when the ages of the two women are markedly different. A woman who is tactful can always manage to say a few words after an introduction that shall put the two strangers at their ease with a subject of conversation. A young girl can hardly be expected to do so, but if she can, so much the better.

QUESTION FOR MONDAY

Indian Clubs.—Are Indian clubs any good to develop the arm? My arms are so thin that I want to do something, and my brother advises the clubs.—Jennie.

MISS VANDERBILT, A SENSIBLE GIRL

Heiress of $30,000,000 Put Aside Her Own Plans to Help a Poor Woman in the Steerage Care for Her Sick Baby—Debutante Who Can Cook as Well as Dance.

THE formal presentation to society of Miss Gladys Vanderbilt has an interest for more than New York, for Miss Vanderbilt is one of the richest young women in the United States and could count her fortune away up in the millions, if she had time. Miss Vanderbilt is the daughter of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, who left her $5,000,000 and the sum has grown much larger during her minority. In addition to this fortune, Miss Gladys will some day share the paternal fortune of $100,000,000, so that some day she will be worth some $30,000,000.

She has been brought up as simply as a millionaire's daughter could be educated, and now that she is 18 and has made her bow to the world, she is just as simple and unspoiled as when she wore her skirts short and her hair in a braid. She plays golf and tennis, likes to cook, is fond of horses and would rather write than read. When she was a mite of a school girl, she edited a magazine which showed such promise that great things were expected of her in a literary way. But Miss Vanderbilt will have no time for her typewriter this winter, as every day is as full of luncheons, receptions, dinners and balls as it can be crammed, for all New York seems determined that her first season shall be a gay one.

The formal introduction was made at a dinner dance just before Christmas at the Vanderbilt home on Fifth avenue, and the debutante wearing a simple white frock, stood beside her mother and greeted her guests. The entire Vanderbilt family has joined in arranging a series of functions for the debutante, which will close with a grand ball given by Mrs. Vanderbilt and which will rival the famous Astor ball.

Miss Vanderbilt has lived such a quiet life that she is one of the least known of the rich young women; but one hears many pretty stories of her thoughtfulness for others. Only this fall when she returned from Paris with dozens of trunks filled with the pretty fallals a debutante needs, she forgot her own plans in caring for a sick child in the steerage. She heard of the baby's illness thru the stewardess and personally went down to see if she could help the mother. Side by side, the work-worn peasant and the blooming American heiress watched the little life ebb away, and the flowers which had been sent to beautify Miss Vanderbilt's stateroom were used to soften the grim lines of the pine coffin. Miss Vanderbilt stood beside the mother as the little coffin was lowered over the ship's side, and her tender ministrations never faltered thru the long, rough voyage.

It is already whispered that the prince has come into the debutante's life and that her engagement to Robert Goelet will be announced at the close of the season. The Goelets and the Vanderbilts are great friends and the marriage would unite two large fortunes. Mr. Goelet is a brother of the late Beatrice Goelet, who is better remembered as "the child with the parrot," from the beautiful portrait painted by Sargent when she was a mere child. Miss Goelet and Miss Vanderbilt were close friends and Miss Gladys has known Robert Goelet all her life.

GOULD'S YULE LOG

While It Burned the Servants Were Independent.

THE George Goulds borrowed from England thru Dixie a good old custom—the burning of the Yule log. In the biggest fireplace in Georgian Court blazed merrily a giant of the forest almost twelve feet long and two in thickness. It was chosen for its greenness, and consequently burned until Twelfth Night. In accord with the custom, while it was aflame no single person on the estate was required to do any manner of work. Routine service was given, of course, but it was performed by volunteers from the ranks of the household. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Gould issued an order to a servant after the log was rolled into place on Christmas eve. The maids and grooms who, in the goodness of their hearts, waited on the family in the halcyon time knew what was wanted and did it without request. Mr. Gould two days after Christmas waited for his favorite saddle horse until he noticed none of the volunteer grooms were about. Then he walked calmly to the stable and saddled the nag himself. It was a delightful period of independence for the servants, and they showed their appreciation by taking turns in leaving nothing undone save in that lone instance.

Defective Page