

A BUNCH OF LIVELY OLD LADIES

WHO WRITE



JULIA WARD HOWE



LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON



MARY EDDY BAKER



AMELIA E. BARR



ISABELLA BEECHER HOOKER

PHILADELPHIA reporter was sent to interview a spry old man who had lived more than a hundred years and rounded the century corner in good order mentally and physically. In proper dignified and lofty reportorial style the newspaper young man asked:

"To what do you attribute your extreme longevity?"

And the spry old man answered: "I reckon it's perseverance. I jes' keep on livin'."

In that picturesque sentence of five homely words the centurion put the kernel of the whole system of philosophy which oriental teachers, self-styled ecologists and "them new thotters" of all shades are trying to inculcate through tons of literature and oceans of talk.

The best part of the spry old chap's philosophy is that it works.

Numerous persons of both sexes are reaping returns from the jes' keep on livin' system of philosophy. The list includes many women, and among them the number of ladies who write and have always taken warm interest in human progress is very notable.

Enthusiasm and interests outside of our own little roofed-in cabin keep the mind ever young.

The dean of American literary women is of course Julia Ward Howe. I

have lately seen a halftone portrait of her made for an encyclopedia in 1892. The picture here given is one of the latest of this wonderfully intellectual old woman, and about the only difference in the two is that the recent one shows her thinner in the face than she was fourteen years ago. The illustrious author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" will be eighty-eight years old next May 27. She lives in a pretty, flower-embowered home in Boston and is an active official and worker in various organizations for the advancement of her own sex.

Two years younger than Mrs. Howe is Isabella Beecher Hooker, handsomely and last surviving member of the original Beecher family. The Beechers, as became them, were woman suffragists, but Isabella gave her life to working and writing in favor of the ballot for her sex. One of her books is "Womanhood." She has lately written some recollections of her family and of her own memorable life experiences. Mrs. Hooker lives at Hartford, Conn.

A remarkable example of the woman who "jes' keeps on livin'" and working some twelve hours a day is Mary Baker Eddy, founder of the Christian Science cult. Elbert Hubbard recently made one of his "Little Journeys" to the

home of Mrs. Eddy at Concord, N. H., and saw this eighty-five-year-old woman as she entered her carriage for her daily drive. She wore a white satin dress, and Mrs. Elbertine says she was erect, slender and handsome, with a beautiful complexion, having the appearance of a woman of fifty. Yet her life is full of care and responsibility, for to her organization of a million followers she is, as it were, a pope, unlike the pope of Rome, having no precedent to guide her.

Here, too, is a picture of Amelia E. Barr, that brave old novelist who has filled with entertainment many a weary hour for at least a million people. Mrs. Barr was born in Lancashire, England, though she has lived in the United States over fifty years. Amelia Eddy Barr was seventy-five years old last March, and she is still busy as ever she was writing stories. Some of her later ones reveal a bent toward psychological investigation.

There is pathos in the story of Mrs. Barr's life, as well as inspiration for other struggling women workers. She came to America in 1854 with her husband and went to Texas to live. In 1876 Mr. Barr and the four sons died of yellow fever at Galveston. Mrs. Barr was left with three daughters to provide for. She went to New York and became a teacher, giving private

lessons. Henry Ward Beecher encouraged her to write for publication. His himself accepted articles from her for the Christian Union. He also introduced her to the Harpers, and she wrote for their publications several years. In 1884 the plucky mother met with an accident that disabled her for a long time. Then, pinned down to her invalid chair, she wrote her first novel, "Jan Volder's Wife." That was in 1884. She was then fifty-two years old. As a writer of novels Mrs. Barr is almost as ready as the late Mrs. Oliphant, who, it was said, could keep three serial stories running at the same time, furnishing a weekly installment of each. Amelia Barr's life is so quiet that few of her readers know she lives with her daughters at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.

Louise Chandler Moulton is one of Boston's favorites. She is seventy-one years old. Her first book, "This, That and the Other," was published when she was only nineteen. She has achieved great variety of literary work, but will always be best known by her poetry. It is often of an introspective and emotional character, sometimes deeply melancholy. Mrs. Moulton is also favorably known as one of Boston's literary critics.

Who, whether grandmother or girl in her teens, has not read that famous

old novel, "Tempest and Sunshine?" In the lives of some who read it long ago so much has happened that it seems as if it must have been another incarnation they, as schoolgirls, pored over the pages of "Tempest and Sunshine."

Or was it, perhaps, "Lena Rivers" that fascinated them so they neglected their lesson and got reprimanded for it?

"Tempest and Sunshine" was published fifty-two years ago. Just half a century has passed since "Lena Rivers" was issued, yet it is quite safe to say that today thousands of schoolgirls still shirk lessons to follow their entrancing pages. Grandmothers and school misses alike will be interested to know that the author of the two books named, Mrs. Mary Jane Holmes, is still living and, like Amelia E. Barr, is busy yet writing novels. In 1895 her stories "The Abandoned Farm" and "Connie's Mistake" were published.

It is said that more of Mrs. Holmes' books have been sold than those of any other American author. The count would probably reach 1,500,000. A sale of 50,000 copies is not unusual for the cheaper editions of many of her books.

Mrs. Holmes lives at Brockport, N. Y., near Rochester, where she is well beloved. She is a slender, blue-eyed woman, with a fine, strong face. Her age she has never reported for

publication in any of the encyclopedias, and in that perhaps Mrs. Mary Jane Holmes is wise. We only know that she was a dreamy child, who liked to get off by herself and think up stories. At the age of six this precocious infant studied grammar, and at thirteen she taught school. At fifteen she began to write for publication.

Who else of the old favorites? Well, there is Mrs. Mary A. Denison, born in 1826, publishing a new novel, "Her Secret," last year. Mary Andrews Denison is a native of Massachusetts. Rich store of remembrance and experience must those have who live long and keep alive through it all, not half way dying as the years advance. Mrs. Denison's husband, Rev. Charles Wheeler Denison, was appointed consul general to British Guiana. Thither went with him his wife and stayed till the civil war began. Then the pair returned to the states, and Mr. Denison became an army chaplain. Mrs. D. again going with him and doing her share of ministering to the sick and dying.

Mary A. Denison's first book was published in 1853. It was called "Home Pictures." How the title snacks of a bygone day, the day of pictures of women with long curls and meek, drooping heads, of "ladies' books," gilt edged and red morocco bound, that lay on the

front room table for show, too fine to be read. That old time Mrs. Denison was able to develop out of and stay in the swim through all changes down to the present day. She lives at Normandie Heights, Baltimore.

Clara Barton, founder of the American Red Cross society, published last year a new book, the "Story of the Red Cross." Miss Barton is eighty-five years old and able yet to tire out her secretary when she holds a dictation session.

Still working is Fanny Crosby, the blind hymn writer, though she passed her eighty-sixth birthday last March. In private life she is Mrs. Frances Jane Van Alstyne and she lives at Bridgeport, Conn. She has written songs as well as hymns, one of them being the familiar "Music in the Air." Of hymns alone she is the author of over 3,000. "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" is one of the best known of these. CHARLOTTE VAN BECK.

OLD FASHIONED JEWELRY.
To be quite smart and up to date a woman must now bedeck herself with her grandmother's brooch, bracelet or necklace, for old fashioned jewelry is quite taking the place of articles of modern manufacture.

Kate Clyde's Characteristic Sermonettes to Women; She Does Not Hesitate to Speak Her Mind on Certain Subjects

It seems to me there are three things I would teach a little girl, if I had one, and they are very simple and useful everyday things too:

First—To find things she is sent to look for or to get.

Second—To put away objects in the proper places.

Third—To be generally resourceful.

These performances sound simple, don't they?

You would be surprised, though, to see how many women are lacking in these particulars.

If there is anything more maddening than to ask a woman for a certain thing you know is in a certain place and to hear her say after a superficial search: "I can't find it; it isn't here!" why, I'd like to have you mention it, that's all.

Of course you get up and go and put your hand right on the article in question, and she just says, "Oh—h!" in a surprised kind of way.

Then you send the same individual out for a certain thing, and she comes home without it. You go out immediately afterward and find it just next door to where she went.

I have a strong feeling that living with a woman like that will enable you to earn heaven without doing any other good works, and I do believe across my heart but I do—that on the judgment day these lazy ones (for it's laziness pure and simple) will be given as punishment to find all the things they didn't get during life, and that, if they are kept out of heaven until they've found them all, they'll be out a good bit of eternity, that's all.

And as for putting things in the proper places—well—

I think a woman who throws things around is not fit to be married, which means a good deal, coming from me, because I believe almost any woman is good enough for the average man.

But—

Of all the petty annoyances—worse than mosquito bites—having to look in a fresh place every time for the same thing is maddening!

I had a maid once who did that sort of thing, and I cured her by subdividing the kitchen into all sorts of compartments marked with the name of some article. Even the corner where the broom was supposed to stand had a neat label on the wall marked BROOM. But you can't carry that scheme of interior decoration into the parlor or bedrooms, so the best thing to do is to graft it into the disposition, and to do that you have to start young.

As for being resourceful—that implies a certain degree of originality, and originality is painfully wanting in the average woman.

She can copy handwriting, dress, manners, but ask her to think for herself and invent something out of nothing and she comes to a standstill.

When you teach a child to think for herself you are doing a great thing for her. When you teach her to be self-sufficient you are practically giving her a living for the rest of her days.

There are women you can't down—except temporarily of course. They will wriggle themselves out of the hardest and fastest conditions and refuse to "stay put" in the midst of adversity. If they can't ride they will walk, and if they can't walk they will crawl, and if they can't crawl they will roll along the ground, but they will progress.

But there are others who can't budge an inch unless they have a coach and four—somebody else's coach and four, too, half the time.

And I claim it's mainly a question of early training whether the world possesses one more fool woman or a resourceful, clever one.

This talk about native ability is—well, I don't take much stock in it. As for intelligence, we are all of us born with pretty nearly the same amount.

The difference comes later on, when one vital spark is fanned into active

flame, while the other is left to smolder away under a pile of rubbish.

And rubbish is the word for the average nonsense parents permit to "clog" up a girl's brain.

Why not make her up and coming and resourceful, say?

She might as well be that as the opposite.

Entombed behind a teapot.

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A PARISIAN TOILET.

Champaigne silk veiling is the fabric used in this charming gown. The skirt fits closely about the hips and is trimmed with three embroidered flounces. The pointed bodice is softly draped with classic folds of the veiling. Above the flounces on the skirt is a festooned arrangement of satin caught at intervals with large fluffy rosettes.

It's all a question of the way the twig is bent.

There is a new branch, the manicure business, and it comes from the fact that we are becoming so dreadfully English.

Afternoon tea is now an essential in every up to date house. Your callers simply expect it, and on your afternoon at home you sit enthroned behind that teapot.

Behold, then, the new wrinkle. You wear elbow sleeves with your arms powdered snowy white, the backs of your hands bleached and the palms and nails tinted a dainty pink. Artificial? Oh, no! Not if it's done well, as they do such things in London.

On the contrary—providing the complexion of the face matches—it's very stunning, my dear.

Various are the ways in which women earn a living.

But just remember this! No woman need starve if she is able to instruct the rest of her sex in any art which will enable them to attract men.

That's why complexion specialists—However, that is neither here nor there.

What I want to get at is that a clever girl has recently opened a school of chafing dish cookery. Tells you how to muss up a dozen attractive dishes in ten lessons (\$2 a lesson). And that isn't all.

She teaches the pupil how to be graceful while bending over the spirit lamp, how to avoid setting herself on fire or upsetting the contents—on the carpet. More than that, how show off the graceful rabbit in a way that will show off the graceful curves of the arm and all that sort of thing.

It's a great scheme and ought to be labeled "How to Get Proposals Over the Chafing Dish." She has all sorts of dainty utensils for sale and a collection of fancy aprons, decorated with hand embroidery and pink and blue bows, and they're enough to interest any man—if the cooking doesn't.

I forgot to say that while a girl in years the instructress is, in reality, a widow.

This artful sort of education seems to be the peculiar province of the widow.

Why do not other ladies similarly situated take it up and give awkward girls pointers from their own experience on how to reach a man's heart through his stomach and dazzle him at the same time?

I tell you it's a grand idea!

An impertinent reporter recently asked a successful woman lion tamer whether she wouldn't like to tame a husband.

And the lady gave the best of reasons for remaining unmarried. Said she: "I began with the lions when they were small. I could not do so with a husband."

Well, you know there's a lot in that!

AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.
A quiet and retiring citizen occupied a seat near the door of a crowded car when a stout woman entered. Having no newspaper behind which to hide, he was subjugated by her glittering eyes. He rose and offered his place to her. Seating herself—without thanking him—she exclaimed in tones that reached to the farthest end of the car: "What do you want to stand up there for? Come here and sit on my lap!" "Madam," gasped the man, "I beg your pardon, I—I—" "What do you mean?" shrieked the woman. "You know very well I was speaking to my niece there behind you!"

ASK HIS MOTHER.
He is so little to be so loved!
He yams unboiled, ungarded, unglowed.
Naked and shambles.
Beggar and blamless.
And, for all he could tell us, even nameless.
Yet every one in the house bows down.
As if the mendicant wore a crown.

He is so little to be so loud!
Oh, I own I should be wondrous proud.
If I had a tongue.
All swivelled and swung.
With a double back action, twin screw lung,
Which brought me victual and keep and car.
Whenever I shook the surroundings air.
He is so little to be so large!
Why, a trolley car or a ponderous barge
Couldn't carry the freight.
Of the monstrous weight.
Of all the qualities good and great!
And, though one view is as good as another.
Don't take my word for it. Ask his mother.

VARIOUS ITEMS FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

New York has a nice looking girl who operates her brush near some of the west side "L" stations and is doing a thriving business among women shoppers.

Lady Ernestine Hunt, daughter of the Marquis of Aylesbury, has started a horse ranch at Calgary, Alberta, Canada. There are over 20,000 acres in her tract. Lady Ernestine herself brought a consignment of her stock horses

across the ocean. Her ladyship has traveled nearly all over the world, encountering thrilling experiences.

Mrs. Frederick Thurston Mason is Philadelphia's most fashionable and exclusive dancing teacher. To join one of her classes it is necessary to have a card of invitation.

farm contains sixty-five acres, and she has eleven cows and two horses.

Miss Ethel Walton of Skowhegan is the only woman lawyer in Maine. She was graduated from the Boston University Law School. She is at present in the law office of her father.

The Wisconsin Federation of Women's Clubs has secured \$10,000 as an endowment fund to establish a chair of domestic science for the preparation of teachers in that field of work. Milwaukee Downer college accepted the

fund and was thus enabled to furnish the first normal course in domestic science in Wisconsin.

In the Methodist church at Manunk, Pa., pretty girls act as ushers and pass the collection plates, with the result that both the congregation and the collections are increased.

"Yes," remarked a gifted soprano, "I feared I should have to disappoint my audience last night."

"And you did, I'm sure," rejoined her friend, also a vocalist, compassionately. "Oh, no. I

was able to appear after all!" "Yes, I know, but they thought you would not!"

Miss Pearl McQueber has entered the engineering department of the University of Michigan. She is only eighteen years old, but is already a brilliant mathematician.

There has recently been opened at Dessau, Germany, a school for women chemists. Graduates can earn from \$20 to \$48 per month.

Mrs. Reginald Brooks, prominent in

New York society, was recently a conspicuous bidder and purchaser of thoroughbreds at a sale of racers held by H. P. Whitney and G. D. Morgan.

Frenchwomen have to pay \$10 a year for a permit to wear male attire. Six licenses have been issued.

The court of appeals at Ancona has decided that women in Italy have the right to vote. The decision was given in the case of ten primary school teachers of Sinigaglia, who had followed the example of the daughter of

Garibaldi's physician in asking to have their names placed on the registry of voters. The court of appeals takes the ground that there is nothing in the law of Italy forbidding women to vote.

The champion bulldog of Great Britain, Nuburist Doctor, is owned by a woman, Mrs. Edgar Waterlow. He has won more than 500 prizes, and his mistress has refused \$5,000 for him.

Fifteen Japanese ladies spent part of last summer camping on the shore of Lake Hopatcong, N. J.