

JULIA WARD HOWE, NEW ENGLAND'S GRAND OLD WOMAN

As an Example of the Splendid American Womanhood of the Last Century She Is Still Conspicuous.

SPRING still blooms in the heart of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, although next May will bring to her the eighty-ninth anniversary of her birthday. Eighty-nine is almost four-score and ten years. At threescore and ten it was once the fashion to be feeble and tottering and to mumble with toothless gums and sad face the aged Solomon's plaint of "vanity of vanities." Vanity of vanities! Well, it wouldn't be wise to talk in that way to Mrs. Howe. She is the last of a remarkable group of thinkers and writers who have made New England famous. She knew Charles Sumner, Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Bronson Alcott, Margaret Fuller, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry W. Longfellow, Henry David Thoreau and all of that brilliant circle. A Bostonian only by adoption, she was familiar with the bright social and literary circles of early New York, which included Washington Irving, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Nathaniel P. Willis and her contemporaries. Intellect has lent some of the charms to her placid old face, but its magnetism is due to something more potent. A thinker and a writer, Mrs. Howe is endowed with a soul illumined by her love of humanity. That is one reason she has always found the world worth while.

Born to wealth and social position in a handsome old fashioned house on the Bowling Green when the lower part of New York was the home of fashion, she was the daughter of Samuel Ward, a rich banker, who had liberal ideas in regard to the education of girls. He had three of them, and Julia and her sisters became the most accomplished as well as most attractive young women of their time. They were taught by private tutors, and French, German, Italian and Greek were among their studies. Mrs. Ward died when her children were young, and their training devolved on the father and an aunt, who was a woman of wit and high cultivation. From these two the lovely Julia derived some of those ideas in regard to women's independence which later made her so earnest an advocate of the rights of her sex.

Though many young men of wealth and fashion fluttered about her, it was not until Dr. Samuel G. Howe appeared on the scene—that there was the slightest indication that the heart of the brilliant belle had been touched. The couple were wedded in 1843, and the marriage was an ideal one. Husband and wife had the same serious views of life, the same zeal to serve their fellows. Of the Howes, as indeed of all

great souls, the motto might have been "Ich dien." The famous Laura Bridgman was the pupil of Dr. Howe, who was a pioneer in the work for the education of the blind. Laura Bridgman, who was deaf, dumb and blind, by means of the Howe system was taught to read and write and communicate with those about her. It was the most splendid achievement of its kind, and the entire civilized world marveled. For years Dr. Howe was chief of the Boston Institution For the Blind and a man of distinction in the scientific and literary world. Of his personal character it is enough to say that those who knew him were wont to speak of him as "our Bayard," so unselfish and chivalrous was he.

Before her marriage Mrs. Howe had done some literary work. The honeymoon of a year was spent abroad, and the social position of the bride and groom was sufficient to admit them to the most exclusive circles in London. There they met Sydney Smith, Landseer, Dickens, Wordsworth, Hallam, Miss Edgeworth and that other wonderful woman, Florence Nightingale, to whom, although now a pale and fragile invalid of eighty-seven, the king of England, with a courtly message, sent recently the most splendid order which it is in his power to grant to any woman not of royal blood.

The Howes visited Rome, and it was while there that their first child, a daughter, was born. Rome seems always to have fascinated the gentle poetess, for one of her most beautiful poems, "The Dead Christ," verses that breathe the deepest suffering as well as the most beautiful resignation, were suggested by the visit to the Holy City. A second visit to Europe, in 1850, resulted in a volume of poems, "Passion Flowers," and since then Mrs. Howe's contributions to literature have followed one another quickly. Not all have been in verse. She has written a life of Margaret Fuller, edited the memoirs of her husband and invited various volumes of travels. One of her dramas was staged and in later years she has given the world a glimpse into her life in "Reminiscences."

Moving in the circle in which she did in Boston, she became interested in the abolition movement at an early date. She knew and talked with John Brown. In 1851 she went on a visit to Washington. Already the preparations for war were stirring the land. One November day she went out driving and passed a line after line of soldiers gathered for exercise in military tactics, and as she saw them march and counter-march and listened to the swell of the music—the sound of many voices singing martial songs mingled with the beat of the drum and the blare of the trumpet—

for the first time she began to realize that war was at hand. Driving back through the lines, the carriage was delayed by a detachment of men moving to some new position. As they swept past her with their rapt, flushed faces and sparkling eyes, the strong young voices keeping time to the tread of marching feet with the words of "John Brown's Body," an inspiration came to her in the same plaintive rhythm. She hurried home and wrote her immortal poem, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." It was at once accepted by eager hosts that made it their creed and war song.

Mrs. Howe was forty-two years old

when she wrote the hymn and became famous. Nowadays every young woman just out of college expects immediate literary success, but in those days there were no publishers with energetic agents with a genius for making reputations.

When the civil war was over the Howes, who had become greatly interested in the Greek fight for liberty, visited that country. To this day the Greeks of Boston remember the aid which this noble couple strove to give their struggling countrymen, and on her birthdays a bouquet, subtly suggestive of the east and its spicy loveliness, is laid at the shrine of the dear little old lady in Beacon street by some level browed, handsome lad from the little Greek settlement near Back Bay.

On their return from Greece the agitation in favor of woman suffrage attracted Mrs. Howe's attention. Mrs. Lucy Stone was one of her friends and soon had her enlisted in favor of the new reform. Her faith in it as a remedy for many of the evils in the body politic and as a measure of protection to helpless womanhood has never wavered. Mrs. Howe is today as staunch a woman suffragist as she was in 1868. Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and all those brave and splendid women who bore the

Her Intellect Uncloaked, Her Mental Grasp Still Vigorous, She Finds the Life of Today Worth Living.

brunt of the early battle for women's advancement have passed away, and Mrs. Howe has lived to see political equality for women a real condition in four states of the Union, while everywhere the old oppressive laws that were a menace to womanhood have been repealed and new measures of protection added to the statutes. Institutions of learning that were relentlessly closed to woman welcome her now with joy. All trades and professions are open to women, if not on equal terms with men, at least tentatively so, according to the ability or special aptness of the individual. No matter how quietly or how naturally a reform may appear to be made, it is safe to conclude that it has been preceded by much agitation and by many a bitter struggle between the forces for and against. So it has been with the woman's movement. The pioneers who spoke for it in public, who petitioned legislatures, who prayed for it in private, had a sorry time. When hostile audiences were at a loss for logical arguments in refutation of the speakers they would assail them with stale vegetables and still staler eggs. To stick to a cause that is sneered at by one's friends and screeched at by the populace requires moral courage, and Mrs. Howe has been the leader not only in one but in many reforms. Unhappy prisoners, the poor and suffering everywhere, unfortunate child laborers, the persecuted Armenians, the oppressed in Russia, all have been objects of her large and luminous charity. Nor has time quenched her enthusiasm, although one by one it has robbed her of many of those whom she loved.

Her children and her children's children come to her. Three daughters, Mrs. Laura E. Richards, Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott and Mrs. Florence Howe Hall, and a son, Professor Henry Marion Howe of Columbia university, remain with her part of each season. Fashionable Newport is far away. Mrs. Howe cares nothing for fashion. She has lived so long and gained so much of experience that men and women must base their appeal for her friendship on something more than rank or money. When the forefathers of most of those who make up New York's smart set are painfully accumulating the first few dollars of their vast fortunes her own social position in the great world was assured. The blood of the Marions of the south and the Williamsses of Connecticut is in her veins.

The house in which she spends the summer is unpretentious, a red frame, to which have been added verandas and wings. The interior is simply furnished, but in the pictures and curios one has indications that it is inhabited by people of taste and culture. Out on the veranda overlooking the garden is Mrs. Howe's favorite place for writing or working. Sometimes she walks about in the green paths, shut in from the world by its tall hedges as thoroughly as if she were in a convent garden. Every Sunday she goes to church, and sometimes in the afternoon some of the fashionable folk from the Cliff drive out to see this sweet, unworldly old lady to whom the world owes so much. Perhaps the contrast between the fullness of her life, spent in doing good, and the emptiness of their own vaguely touched them. More probably it does not, for our place in the world is largely determined by our own capacity for being.

She does not live in the past, however, but in the present. Her interest is not in the old, but in the young. Spiritless old men and women, content to crawl into some quiet chimney corner and dream of the world as it was, are not for her. She turns to the world as it is today. Her friends are the workers in it. She feels compassion for those animated shadows of the past, but she believes that her work is not done nor will it be done until the last breath deserts that brave old body. Each day has its task for her. She still writes and delights to receive friends. Her mail is large, and she seldom permits any one else to answer a letter for her. Her books are brought to her every morning for study. In the evening she sits at the piano, the piano that has been her solace for so many years, and plays the sweet old melodies as well as the new. Each day an attendant reads the daily paper to her.

Her winters are spent in Boston, but with the 1st of June Mrs. Howe returns to her Newport home, a spot where she and her husband spent many pleasant hours and which is endeared to her by

If one looks about for a perfect type of American womanhood, nowhere could it be better presented. Of the best American stock, cultured, traveled and progressive, no other land could have produced a more perfect specimen of her sex than Julia Ward Howe. Yet she is something more than this, a woman dowered with a splendid gift which she has felt it her duty to use for the benefit of others. She has moved, with the world, and her latest poem is a song of peace, not of war. It is her dream that some day the nation's heroes will not "die to make men free," but live for them. She sings:

Hushed be the hum of toil and strife,
Unheard the boast of ease and wealth,
A distant music should uplift
The pulse of man's diviner thought.
Sound bugle, but no more to call
The nation's legion to the tasks,
Flowers, bloom your brightest though you fall
Where sculptured stone a burial marks.
ALICE BERRIAN.



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MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE, IN HER EIGHTY-NINTH YEAR.

Kate Clyde on Current Styles and Other Matters; Some Counsel That Will Prove to Be Useful

HOW far will the short waisted craze carry us, I wonder? It is decidedly the thing to have the girdle of your evening gown come halfway up your back, and the line in front is not much lower.

This style is becoming enough to slender women, but on those with even the slightest tendency to stoutness I cannot say I fancy it.

Like most exaggerated modes, it is more striking than artistic.

I am glad to see one thing—that the

baglike kimono sleeve, starting from the waist line, has not gained popular favor. The average woman, especially toward middle life, is too short waisted as it is, and what good does it do her to wear a cruel long waisted, long hipped corset if the effect she suffers such tortures to gain is rendered null and void by a "Mother Bunch" sleeve?

The kimono effect, which consists in a one piece drooping effect over the shoulder with a normal arm eye, is becoming to everybody, and you see this in many of the models for spring gowns.

The woman who fits over or who makes her tailor made gowns should bear this in mind: The waist line should

be fitted loosely in order to give the effect of small, flat hips, and the hips themselves should be taken in as snugly as possible to give the straight line effect.

Stout women will find this very much more youthful than the curving line of hip and bust. In fact, this "new figure" is becoming to every one except the very thin, and they can wear the new sack coat, with its jaunty fancy sleeve, or the empire model for dressy wear, with its slightly flaring back, but caught below the shoulders with a strapped effect.

Speaking of tailor made, I also want to say this—the plainest they are the better.

If you want to be right in fashion the coming spring, buy a striped or small checked suit made double breasted and semitight on one made almost tight fitting with a single row of buttons and a cutaway effect in front. With this wear stiff collars and shirt waists in the morning, and in the afternoon don't wear your tailor made at all. Put on a dress.

No matter how simple this may be, it is a gown, and it is more dressy than all the elaborate lingerie waists and separate skirts that were ever made.

When you come right down to it, it seems to me the woman with a small dress allowance spends too much money on her waists anyway.

The tailor made waists she should make at home. She saves a good deal by doing this and then you can never get a good fit in the ready made article. The lingerie waists—well, to tell you the honest truth, I don't think she needs any.

If she buys either blue or blue linen and makes simple street gowns without linings of these serviceable colors she will always appear to better advantage than in the perishable waists.

Then for earlier spring wear there is the veiling dress, made with a guimpe. Nothing can be prettier. It can be worn in moderate weather all through the summer and finished the following winter as a house dress. Take my advice, now that you are preparing your spring and summer wardrobe. Divorce yourself from the separate waist as much as possible. For shopping and traveling it has its uses, but as a garment to be worn all day long it is decidedly passé.

If you need one waist to wear to the quickly as possible, and be careful that the boiling does not cease until the contents are thoroughly cooked and ready to be dish.

White enameled kitchen utensils often become to all appearances hopelessly ruined when food has burned to them. Place a mixture of strong soap powder and boiling water in such kettles and let them stand two or three days on the back of the stove without changing the water; then pour off the water and rub the inside with a soft cloth.

theater when it rains, let us say, because you don't want to spoil a dress, why, make a lace blouse that will wash.

China silk slips come ready made. So you need no lining. Choose an all over lace rather close in design, and make it up in a simple fashion with a few pin tucks and a vest of contrasting embroidery. The same embroidery can figure on the cuffs of the short sleeves and on the top of the neat high fitting collar. Here you have a practical blouse that can be worn winter or summer, and really one blouse of this fancy description is enough for any woman, because she only needs it for odd occasions.

The Art of Silence.

I cannot repeat enough the caution, Don't tell your troubles to your women friends. Your soul may be fairly bursting for sympathy, but, my dear, it doesn't pay.

You think the world has turned against you. You pour out your woes in your friend's sympathetic ear. She gives you good advice, and then, if she doesn't repeat sooner or later what you have told her, she remembers it to your detriment, which is to say that you have come down from your pedestal and now she is aware of your weaknesses.

Meanwhile your troubles clear up. They always do sooner or later. Once more you will lift your head high and present a smiling front to the world—that is, to all the world except one person. She knows exactly where you stand and always will know it, too, thanks to your moment of foolish weakness.

Take warning and, no matter how strong your wish to confide, wait a bit. If you only wait long enough things

"My wife in the balcony"

The difference between good and bad furniture could be shown (most home-keepers learn that by the experience of purchasing the wrong kind). The pupils would learn how to clean rugs at home, which may easily be done with soap and water if one has learned how. They would be shown how to dye things when they have lost their color, which is a very useful accomplishment. They would be taught how to paper a room and also how to paint its woodwork. They would also be let into the secret of the best stain for floors and the way to keep them in good appearance. In a word, a thousand and one useful things could be learned by the prospective housekeeper which ordinarily she would only find out after many sad failures. There might also be excellent lessons in buying rugs and choosing draperies.

The fact is the more I think of the subject the more its possibilities appeal to me.

The Male Prude.

Prudishness is bad enough in a woman, but in a man—well, to use a slang expression, it is a shriek!

introduced into the cotton filling, fill the need in a fashion which is much prettier and easier than a trifle more.

Stains may be easily removed from the inside of decanters, etc., by putting into them fresh tea leaves, direct from the teapot, with a little soft soap and hot water. Shake well and when clean rinse thoroughly in cold water.

To clean the leather coverings of chairs mix together equal parts of vinegar and linseed oil, apply very sparingly with a piece of dandelion and polish with a soft cloth.

their business affairs to him? If they learn that she has trouble to make both ends meet because she spends his money with the boys, will that make them respect him any the more? Will they not rather look him as a man who does not have to be taken seriously?

If she complains of how he has failed in something and let another man get ahead of him, doesn't that make them think he is a failure in brains?

Take it all in all, the foolish wife who belittles her husband prepares a boom for herself.

In no other partnership is it so true as it is in the matrimonial partnership that "united we stand, divided we fall," and many a woman who wonders why her husband is a failure in the world only has her own gossiping tongue to thank.

A Pertinent Suggestion.

It's a wonder to me that some one doesn't found a school for artistic home making.

Don't confuse art with "come in" with tying yellow lace on the backs. Oh, no! I mean something much more practical.

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Listen to this:

In New York there is a very smart riding academy which holds a music drill every Wednesday night. Last Wednesday my friend, who keeps her horse there, decided to go in spite of the fact that her husband was detained by business and unable to accompany her.

The ringmaster introduced her to a partner, a good looking man, who appeared excessively ill at ease. During the first few evolutions he said nothing at all and in order to break the ice my friend—who is a society woman of no little tact and charm, made a few commonplace remarks.

He grew very red and, leaning over in

his saddle, remarked stiffly, "My wife is in the balcony."

Now, if this were not a true incident I would not ask you to believe it, but it is, and it happened right here in New York, where we are supposed to be free from crudeness and provincialism and all that sort of thing.

We live and we learn.

Kate Clyde
New York.



LATEST PORTRAIT OF MME. ADELINA PATTI.

On Feb. 19 this still beautiful woman will celebrate her sixty-fifth birthday. She is the Baroness Rolf Cederstrom, better known to the world as Mme. Adelina Patti, the famous prima donna, and she is certainly a remarkable example of a twentieth century Mme. Recamier.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

When mending kid gloves use fine sewing cotton the exact color of the kid. The stitches will not show nearly as much as if silk is used. Always cut the cotton as each rip is finished, as pulling it to break it draws the stitches too tightly and causes the kid to tear again very soon.

Fur in the teakettle can be removed by filling it with water, adding sixty grains of sal ammoniac and boiling for

an hour. Empty the kettle, refill it with fresh water, boil it again, rinse it well in cold water. It will then be quite clean and fit for use.

When boiling vegetables be sure the water is at a boiling point before putting in the vegetables to be cooked. If it is cold or lukewarm, the freshness and flavor will soak out into the water. Place the saucepan over the hottest part of the stove, so that it will boil as

quickly as possible, and be careful that the boiling does not cease until the contents are thoroughly cooked and ready to be dish.

White enameled kitchen utensils often become to all appearances hopelessly ruined when food has burned to them. Place a mixture of strong soap powder and boiling water in such kettles and let them stand two or three days on the back of the stove without changing the water; then pour off the water and rub the inside with a soft cloth.

All blackness and stain will disappear. Be careful not to scratch or scrape the kettle before soaking in this way, as the enamel will crack.

Blue linings for the bureau drawers or shirt waist boxes in which you keep your prettiest blouses will prevent them from losing their whiteness. Sew blue linings may take the form of tissue paper or of plain cotton stuffs, which are laid first in the drawer and folded over the pile of white clothes. Or tuffed pads, with some delicate, subtle perfume in-

duced into the cotton filling, fill the need in a fashion which is much prettier and easier than a trifle more.

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so soft cloth. The same treatment is excellent for French polished furniture, but it must be remembered that the vinegar and oil mixture is to be applied sparingly and that "elbow grease" is to be used generously.

To save the fatigue usually experienced when ironing stand on a thick, soft mat. You will notice that this is a great preventive of aching feet on ironing day.

Valuable china vases should be filled with sand. They are less liable to be

upset and broken, as the sand makes them stand so much more firmly. If flowers or evergreens are to be stuck in them the sand should be made wet.

If you are doubtful whether a muslin or print dress will wash well, preface the washing by soaking it for about ten minutes in a pail of tepid water in which a teaspoonful of turpentine has been stirred.

Add a little soda to the water when boiling out enamel saucepans, and it will help to cleanse them.