JULIA WARD HOWE.

CONSIDERED BY EUROPEANS AS THE FOREMOST WOMAN IN AMERICA.

Home From a Winter in Rome, She Hastens to a Club Meeting as Soon as She Gets On Shore—Her Standard for Americans Still the Highest and Best.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, after her winter in Rome, passed a few days in Boston before going to her Newport country palaces. The season abroad had not lessened her devotion to the club idea, for hardly had she set her foot on shore when she found herself at a club gathering, in this case the annual meeting of the New England Women's club, of which she has been president for so many years. This in itself—this hastening to a club meeting immediately after a tedious ocean voyage—would be possible to few women in their eightieth year. Yet if she could have her own way, Mrs. Howe would not have hesitated to follow her ocean voyage with a journey to Denver.

After six months abroad, Mrs. Howe seemed in the best of health and spirits, and was ready to talk about the women's clubs in which she had been interested while at Rome. It was not, however, as some have thought, a regularly organized club with a cut and dried constitution, but an informal coterie with aims somewhat less definite than those of most clubs. It was Mrs. Maud Howe Elliot who first proposed to her mother, saying, laughingly: "I know that you will miss your clubs over here, and we must see what kind of literary gathering can be arranged to take their place."

What had been suggested half in fun soon became an accomplished fact, and a group of a score or more of ladies met eight or nine times during the winter to listen in true American fashion to papers on various subjects. Although ladies of several nationalities were in the coterie, all were able to speak or understand English, and, therefore, most of the papers were given in that language. The two given by Mrs. Howe herself were on "Optimism and Pessimism as Efficient Social Factors," and "A Plea for Humor." Paul Loyson, son of the famous Pere Hyacinthe, spoke to the coterie on "The Religion of Ancient Rome Traced Back to Its Latin Beginning." Signor Segele spoke in Italian one day on the difficult problems of dealing with the abandoned children, of whom there are so many in Italy, and another Italian gentleman spoke one afternoon on "The Origin of Modern Musical Notation." Philip Sinclair Hedderley, a talented Englishman, on another occasion gave a paper on "Pope Urban VIII." In the course of one of these

JULIA WARD HOWE.

afternoons Mrs. Howe was asked to recite "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and she tells me with a laugh at her own expense, that when she had finished, young Loyson inquired, innocently, of Mrs. Howe, who wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

It is perhaps superfluous to say that Mrs. Howe returns to America as good an American as ever, for the pleasure she has had and the courtesies that she has received in foreign countries. The American standard is still to her the highest and best, both in matters of thought and matters of life. "If our own people," she says, "wish to have an idea of what the French may become they must keep their faith in all that America finds precious and valuable—in free institutions, in popular education, and, above all, in the hearts of the people. Let Americans who go to Paris remember that they should there represent republican virtue and intelligence."

Mrs. Howe is very eloquent on this subject, adding that there would be little chance of misunderstanding with France if American tourists, instead of devoting themselves to shopping and amusements in Paris, would try to make friends with the best people there. "Better than the full trunk and empty purse, which usually mark a return from Paris, will be a full heart and a hand clasping across the water another hand, pure and resolute as itself, the hand of order, the hand of brotherly progress and charity."

It may not be generally known that Mrs. Howe has written a number of patriotic lyrics hardly second in beauty to "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." The volume in which many of them appear was published in the exciting year following the war, when the nation was hardly in a condition to give the fullest appreciation to poetry. The edition of "Later Lyrics" was soon exhausted, however, and in a volume of poems to be brought out the present season will be included several of these earlier patriotic poems.

As an active worker in the American Peace Society, whose doctrines she has promulgated in public addresses, both in this country and in England and France, Mrs. Howe would naturally prefer arbitration to war, but if a wrong can be righted only by the sword there is no more earnest patriot than the author of the "Battle Hymn" in supporting the policy of her country.

THE BACHELOR GIRL.

A Matron's Lecture on the Most Independent Woman.

Woman is by nature dependent. Indeed, there is no such thing as an all-around independent woman. Few men are wholly independent. Many young women calling themselves girl bachelors think that they have sought and found real independence. Then there are the aggressive spinsters who are firmly convinced that they alone of all womanhood are truly independent. They join in with the girl bachelors and pity their married sisters for being tied to a man. The married women do not answer them for they are satisfied with their lot as a rule. And well they may be, for the most independent woman in the world is the woman who is not only married but also mated. Some people say that a woman poorly married is happier than the woman not married at all. A matron gave two girl bachelors some points along this line not long ago. They spoke to her in a rather patronizing way about her not being able to join in one of their larks because she was married. It was like touching a match to [illegible]

"Such talk shows your ignorance," she exclaimed in a tone that carried conviction. "You girls and your boasted independence afford me no end of amusement as well as food for serious thought. You see I can read you like books because before my marriage I was an independent bachelor maid myself. I thought I wouldn't exchange my sweet liberty for the best husband and the finest home in the land, or at least, I tried awfully hard to make myself believe that I believed just as you two girls and your kind are trying to do."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked one of the girl bachelors.

"Sour grapes," said the other, with a gesture of contempt.

"Merely this," answered the matron, "that it is against nature for woman to be wholly independent, and when we go against nature she squelches us in one way or another. Now you claim to be two girl bachelors, don't you? And you represent the two types of so-called independent women. One of you is independent by choice, the other through necessity. Fan has a very generous allowance, and she has elected to leave her home and spend her life in study and also to do absolutely as she pleases. Nell has been forced to leave her home and earn her own living, and she, too, has set her head to think, speak and act as she sees fit. There you are, and you are two out of thousands. You are both attractive to men and have had and now have no end of beaux, and you say that you can't fall in love with any of them, that you are proof against such nonsense, but I warn you you aren't. You are merely bent on shutting love or anything like it out of your heart. Some day a man will come along who will drive such notions out of your head in a hurry."

"Bosh!" exclaimed the one called Fan. "You don't know what you are talking about. I lead a life of absolute independence, and the man doesn't walk the earth who could make me give it up."

"And so do I," chimed in Nell. "Them's my sentiments, too."

"It would be preposterous to say that the average bachelor girl is not independent in a way," answered the matron, serenely. "There are lots of meanings to the word independent, you know. I'll grant you that the bachelor girl is a creature of independent mind, of independent means, of independent manner, but she is not, never has been, and never will be independent when it comes to her heart, her affections. Man can do without love in this life, but woman can't. Not every man is subject to control by other people or things, but every woman is. The more a woman talks about her independence and brags of it and plumes herself on it, the more firmly am I convinced that at that very moment is this woman dependent for happiness on the affection of someone. Usually it is a man. Berate me all you have a mind to for speaking this way, but I am having the satisfaction of knowing that I am striking home. You see I was once a bachelor girl myself, and all of my friends said that I was a fool to give up my career and marry."

"Have you regretted it?" asked both girls.

"Well, I should say not," answered the matron. "There is only one truly independent life for a woman and that is a life with the man she loves. Love is the only thing that can set a woman free. An all-wise universal Father has made this so to preserve the race. I never knew what independence was until after I was married. Single women are apt to mistake license for independence. I know every trend of thought that the so-called bachelor girl, the so-called independent woman, has. She gets up early in the morning thoroughly in love with the lot she has chosen and starts out on her day's work. She meets rebuffs, gets discouraged, grows physically so weary that she longs to fly to some one who loves her better than all others, and have a good cry.

"It is simply because her woman's nature is revolting against a life of independent loneliness or lonely independence, just as you please to look at it. All that is best in her is stretching out after a home of her own, after family ties. When she made herself independent in mind, manners and finances, she enslaved her affections, chained them up, rendered them inert. No woman can be really independent until she unchains her affections and opens her heart to receive the love of some true man.

GIRLS WIELD BROOMS

A HANDY AND NOVEL WAY TO DEVELOP THE ARMS.

Thin Girls Who Desire Rounded Arms Need Not Go to a School of Physical Culture But Simply Sweep Hard Several Times a Day.

Those flowing sleeves for girls are unusualy pretty this year, but, judging from a conversation I chanced to overhear the other day, they are driving the girls with scrawny arms to distraction. I didn't mean to play eavesdropper, but I'm glad now that I was within hearing distance, for I made a discovery which I am sure will be of interest. You see, the sleeves are very transparent, and that is why the group of girls seemed filled with woe. They were all talking about how thin their arms were and discussing tennis and golf as a means of rounding them out.

"Golf never in the world will do it, girls, nor tennis, either," exclaimed one plump looking miss—the only plump one, by the way, in the group. "Look at my arm," and in a trice she had unsnapped her cuff links and, whisking the pink pique sleeve to her shoulder, displayed a beautifully modelled arm, dimpling in soft rounded curves.

"Yes, but yours were gifts of the gods," cried a scrawny one. "You don't know what it means to be bothered about them."

"I do, too! Wasn't I almost a scarecrow a year ago? You remember how thin I was for months after I left school. I tried everything—tennis, golf, massage and physical culture, until I didn't really care a fig whether I had plump arms or skinny ones."

"But do tell us what you did do finally to bring about such ideally lovely curves."

"I not only 'did,' but I still 'do' it every day of my life. Now don't laugh when I tell you that I have swept my sitting and bed room five times every morning since last August. Haven't you noticed that housemaids nearly always have rounded, shapely arms? The idea popped into my head one day while Nita was sweeping the halls. She had her sleeves rolled up, so I saw her arm from shoulder to wrist, and it was the most beautiful in symmetry that I have ever seen.

"I just didn't wait another minute, but bounded up the stairs into mamma's room and told her I had made a discovery, and that she must go right down town and order a load of imported brooms. I began that very hour. I swept my room over and over again. It tired me most to death, too. My back ached, my head hurt and the next morning I found the muscles of my arms were so sore I could not dress myself.

"In a week's time I noticed an improvement. My arms were more firm, and before a month had gone by I was in the seventh heaven of delight. But, just think, girls, I haven't neglected this exercise but twice since I began, and then I was on a sleeper going and coming from Chicago.

"Of course, it's an awful bother, but when one considers the comfort it brings, why, you never once think about that. I just hop out of bed into my cold plunge, and then the sweeping comes right after. It really is a tip-top exercise for one all over, too. My cheeks are all aglow when I finally poke the broom away.

"How many brooms do you reckon I have worn out? Just five, that's all, and my carpet has been renovated twice. So, you see, it is not any more economical than going to a physical culture madame, but it's a deal more gratifying in the end."

"But how on earth do you do it," asked one of the thin girls. "I don't know how to hold a broom."

"Hold it the best way you can. That's all the information I can give," laughed the pink bud. "But you want to buy those with good large sticks, because they do not cramp one's hands so. You must wear chamois gloves, or your palms will be blistered, and get some silk dust caps to slip over your hair. You've no idea how funny one looks gotten up so. And if you go to work with a long skirt on it will make you ever so tired dragging it around over the floor. Put on a golf skirt; they are just lovely for sweeping."

The thin girls were profuse in their thanks, and went away rejoicing.

The Stockings She Wears.

Resplendent in all the hues of the rainbow are milady's stockings. Silk ones in gay plaids have first choice, and then lisle. So low have the lisle been brought down in price that there seems no excuse for any woman wearing the clumsier cotton this season. Gay reds, blue and greens are blended together in plaids and stripes and find equal favor. Blue polka-dotted ones are very popular, and no woman seems to fear the opprobrius title, "Vas bleu." Many patterns in vogue years ago have been revived and vie with those of later model. Silk open-worked ones in long lacey stripes or patterns over the instep or up the front are very smart for evening wear with slippers. Plain bright shades in these last-mentioned predominate, while the plaids and stripes usually have a black background.

Short Waterproof Coat.

We have something new in waterproof. This is nothing more nor less than the short waterproof cloak. It is of pale tan, with pipings, collar facing and buttons of dark green silk. The coat is double-breasted, loose fitting both back and front, and has very full bishop sleeves. The cut is, indeed, admirable for any sort of cloak, so that even if the uses of a short waterproof are not at once apparent, the garment is sufficiently smart to recommend itself on that score alone.

WOMEN'S REALM

WHAT TO WEAR AND HOW TO MAKE IT

May Manton's Hints Regarding Seasonable Toilettes.

In this season of startling combinations, black and white stands out conspicuously as always chaste and very rarely unbecoming.

The waist here shown is of black peau-de-soie that matches the skirt, its soft glimmer showing well against the yoke, collar and epaulettes of white satin veiled with embroidered chiffon applique. Narrow ruching of black chiffon edges the waist, epaulettes, collar and wrists.

The arrangement is simply made over glove fitted linings that close in center front.

The yoke plastron is laid on and permanently secured under the edges of the blouse fronts on the right, the left edges being finished separately and provided with hooks to close on the shoulder, arm-seye, and under the edges of the left front.

The seamless back has the yoke applied in pointed outline, gathers at the waist giving a becoming fulness in the center. The standing collar that finishes the neck is joined to the plastron in front and closes at the left side. The two seamed sleeves are

provided with fitted linings, the greatly modified fulness being arranged in gathers at the top, while the wrists are shaped in pointed outline.

The epaulettes are shaped in points at front and back, the notch at the top giving a double pointed effect that is very graceful.

Waists in this style may be of silk, wool or cotton fabrics, all in one material or coloring, or a combination of two or more as may be desired.

A fancy belt can be worn at the waist in place of the knotted sash ribbon here illustrated.

To make this waist for a lady of medium size, 1 3-4 yards of material 44 inches wide will be required.

Interesting Paragraphs.

Now that low shoes are the order of the day, the summer girl wages her old battle of trying to keep them tied. The patent fasteners that she used to clamp on her shoes played havoc with her laced-trimmed skirts and the ruffles inside her gown and never did their duty at that. They were always coming off, as the many odd clasps in her possession testify. If the bow is tied properly, there is no need of clasps. Tie once, and proceed as if to make an ordinary double bow knot. Just before the loops are pulled tight, wrap the left-hand loop under the knot and then pull the loops. This is an improvement on the old way of tying the loops, which, if done effectively, often caused the nails to become broken in the effort to undo the work. This bow can be undone by pulling the string, just as if it were tied ordinarily.

For an elderly lady an excellent traveling mantle is princess shaped, tight at the waist, the back forming puckered plaits below the waist. Heart-shaped shoulder slope, with velvet facings, joined to a round turndown collar, the whole edged with a stitched slope; sleeves open and turned down, mounted in hollow plaits, the open part of the front is trimmed with velvet facings, edged by a stitched slope.

For the present sunbonnets in all their quaintness, made from organdie or fine lawn, are the novelties most sought after and make the head covering most prized by the girls and women whose enthusiasm falls short of reckless exposure and defiance to the sun.

The new shirt waists are of butcher's blue. This shade is very bright, and does not fade easily. As the heavy, duck-like material in which the shade comes is apt to draw up very much when laundered, it should be shrunk before it is made.

When buying hosiery to match tan shoes, do not be too particular about the match. If the hose are darker it is better, since the shoes wear dark very quickly, and stockings lighter than the shoes are very undesirable.

What is called the "summer glove" is of the thinnest possible kid. These are not to be recommended to women whose hands perspire. Such a woman wants her gloves thicker than ever in the summer.

There seems to be a wild desire to reduce the seams of skirts. Now the new skirts have only one seam. These are difficult to hang, and should not be attempted except by an experienced dressmaker.

DO YOU SPEAK SOFTLY?

You Can Be Taught to Control Your Voice and Adapt It to the Room You Enter.

Do you speak softly? Has your voice precisely the proper pitch, and can it adapt itself on the instant to the room you suddenly enter? Have you learned that you must never whisper in a church—for whispering is always very audible there—but speak in a low, firm tone? Can you laugh properly and daintily, as an ideal girl should? Can you control your voice, using one tone for one occasion and another for another, at will? Can you talk animatedly and with enthusiasm, without throwing your arms about, your head too far back and without moving your body?

For if you cannot say yes to all these questions you are not a perfect and properly modern girl. There have been many criticisms, as well as praises, levelled at the American girl, and one of the chief of these has been for years that she talked too loud and too often did not modify her voice when occasion called. Now, American fathers and mothers say the time has come for reform, and the new cult of speaking softly has been started.

A foreign woman, continental to her finger tips, who has the softest, prettiest voice herself—Mme. Mendosez—is the apostle of this new cult, and to her "studio," on Fifth avenue, come each day troops of girls, singly or in classes of six and eight, that they may be in the fashion. It is, in fact, a rage in a mild way. Only those girls blessed by nature or by very early training with voices that are properly fashionable can afford to keep out of the procession, and all the others of the sets wend their way daily to the "studio."

It is not alone by example—though example has a great deal to do with it—that the cult of speaking softly is taught. The girls ranged about her, Mme. Mendosez asks each of them to speak in her ordinary conversational tone. Then, stepping to the piano near by, she strikes a note. If high in the treble it is meant for a girl whose tones are naturally harsh and guttural; if down in the bass, for a girl who speaks shrilly and in a half scream.

"That for you," she says, singling out a girl. "Now try and see how close you can pitch your voice to that."

No exact point of meeting is there and no similarity of tones sought after, but the deep voice and the shrill one, the nasal voice and the voice that seems to come from the bottom of the throat, are cajoled and pulled along until they commence to lose their disagreeable peculiarities and are on somewhat common ground.

Now, this is but the preface. It is not so much the object of the cult to change voices as it is to control them. And yet the two go together in a measure. Once, by this plan of vocal gymnastics, a girl can alter her tones at will, it is a simple thing for her to learn to speak softly. She comes to learn that by raising her voice hardly at all she can make her tones "carry" to a marvelous degree. She is taught the difference between rooms, how there is one tone for public assemblages, another for parlors, a third for still smaller rooms and yet another for the street.

As completely as if she were taking singing lessons does this system of the new cult of speaking softly range her voice up and down, keeping it meanwhile (if there is a tendency either way), out of her throat and her nose, until she is complete mistress of her tones, all the while holding forward as the main object soft speaking.

Women Economizing.

Chief among the tendencies of the moment as regards representative New York women is a most marked idea of economy. Economy in every way, even to the saving of the pennies, let alone the dollars, has come to be a growing enthusiasm. That this is not a theory but a genuine condition, and that women, with the biggest sort of incomes are actually practicing what they preach, can be learned from all the prominent tradesmen, as war is making many of them genuinely blue for the accounts of many of their best customers are falling decidedly off.

The idea of the day is that the country may sooner or later need money; that at all events scores of new charities and aid societies will probably spring up, and that they themselves should begin to save now in order that they may be prepared when the call for funds comes. That is the feeling among the women of the "sets," and they are showing their willingness to be ready to make all sorts of little sacrifices.

This has not been told in print for the reason that these women have, naturally, not talked about it, but it is, nevertheless, a fact. The average woman of fashion is having about a third as many new gowns as usual, and she is buying far less in the way of trifleries and novelties. A much smaller quantity of goods is being ordered daily from the butcher, the baker and the grocer, and there are some women who are actually keeping a close watch on the sugar and butter in their pantries, to see that neither of these articles is wasted. This, on the part of women who have never done such a thing in all their lives before. Servants are being discharged and establishments quietly reduced.

Miss Louise Hortense Snowden of Philadelphia, who received the degree of Bachelor of Science in June, was the first woman to receive honors at the University of Pennsylvania for a full four years' college course. She also received the first prize for the best preparations illustrating the anatomy or embryology of the animal.

HOUSE HOLD TALKS

The Value of the Lemon.

No woman should be without lemons on her toilet table. They are about as necessary nowadays as soap, so those who believe in them say.

"Lemons!" exclaimed one who believed in them religiously. "Why I wouldn't be without lemons a whole day for anything. I once heard of a Frenchwoman who was considered the most beautiful woman of her time, and she attributed her good looks to eating eight oranges a day for 365 days in the year.

"I'd be willing to declare solemnly that lemons will do far more towards beautifying a woman than oranges. Nothing in the world bleaches the skin, hands, and face like a little diluted lemon juice applied at night, and, strange to say, unlike most bleaches, it softens the complexion. Then, the finest of manicure acids is made by dropping a teaspoonful of lemon juice in a cup of tepid water. This removes all stains from nails and skin and loosens the cuticle naturally and much better than any sharp instrument. A dash of lemon juice (only a dash) in plain water is an excellent tooth wash, removing tartar and a teaspoonful of the juice in a small cup of black coffee will drive off a bad headache. Best of all, the juice of lemon taken with a teaspoonful of soda, cooking soda, after each meal, will reduce the fat of any flesh-ridden woman."

Patriotic Cosy Corner.

One might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion. A cosy corner is a fashionable, as well as a comfortable adjunct to every complete home these days. Why not combine fashion, comfort and the patriotism everybody is bubbling over with just now and have an American corner instead of a Turkish one? It certainly would be original, unique, different from any one else and a change, which is often a relief. The home decorator can easily carry out in red, white and blue the cosy corner our picture represents. Bunting answers nicely for back, sides and canopy, the sides to be finished with a band of stars. The seat may be upholstered in red, rep, denim or burlap, but preferably the latter. Small brass buttons should be used for tufting instead of the regulation upholstery button. A shield, bayonet, sword, badge of the Grand Army and relief corps, or anything suggestive of the army or navy may be used to advantage. Framed copies of the Declaration of Independence, the Emancipation Proclamation, or photo-

THE COSY CORNER.

graphs of our war heroes would add to the general effect.

A great deal of ingenuity can be employed in the decoration of the cushions. Any material will do, and red denim are favorite. The different flags of the navy, the eagle, the Union Jack, or the Standard will do to embroider on them.

If this is too much trouble the shops are full of patriotic cushions that can be bought ready made just now.

A down cushion covered with a flag would be effective and characteristic.

Bacon Bread Sticks.

Beat up the yolks of five eggs and gradually add them to the cup of butter, previously rubbed to a cream. When the butter and eggs are thoroughly mixed add to them three quarters of an ounce of sugar, two ounces of grated brown-bread crumbs, a little powdered cloves, half an ounce of picked currants, a spoon of grated lemon peel and the stiffly whipped whites of the eggs already broken in, the latter ingredient to be added after the others, and to be stirred in lightly. Turn the mixture into a buttered dish and bake about one-half or three quarters of an hour.

Sponge Cake.

One tumbler powdered sugar, beaten; one tumbler flour, level; four eggs, five teaspoonfuls of cold water, one teaspoonful baking powder. Take yolks of eggs, sugar, water, salt and the baking powder and beat all together until very light and creamy. Then add the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and the flour.

Jewish Wonders.

First toast and butter [illegible] on both sides and spread [illegible] chopped anchovies. Beat [illegible] of four eggs with half a [illegible] and thicken this sauce [illegible] over dressing [illegible] and serve hot.