The GRAND OLD WOMAN and the GRAND OLD MAN

THE CAMERA'S NEWEST MESSAGE FROM JULIA WARD HOWE AND MARK TWAIN

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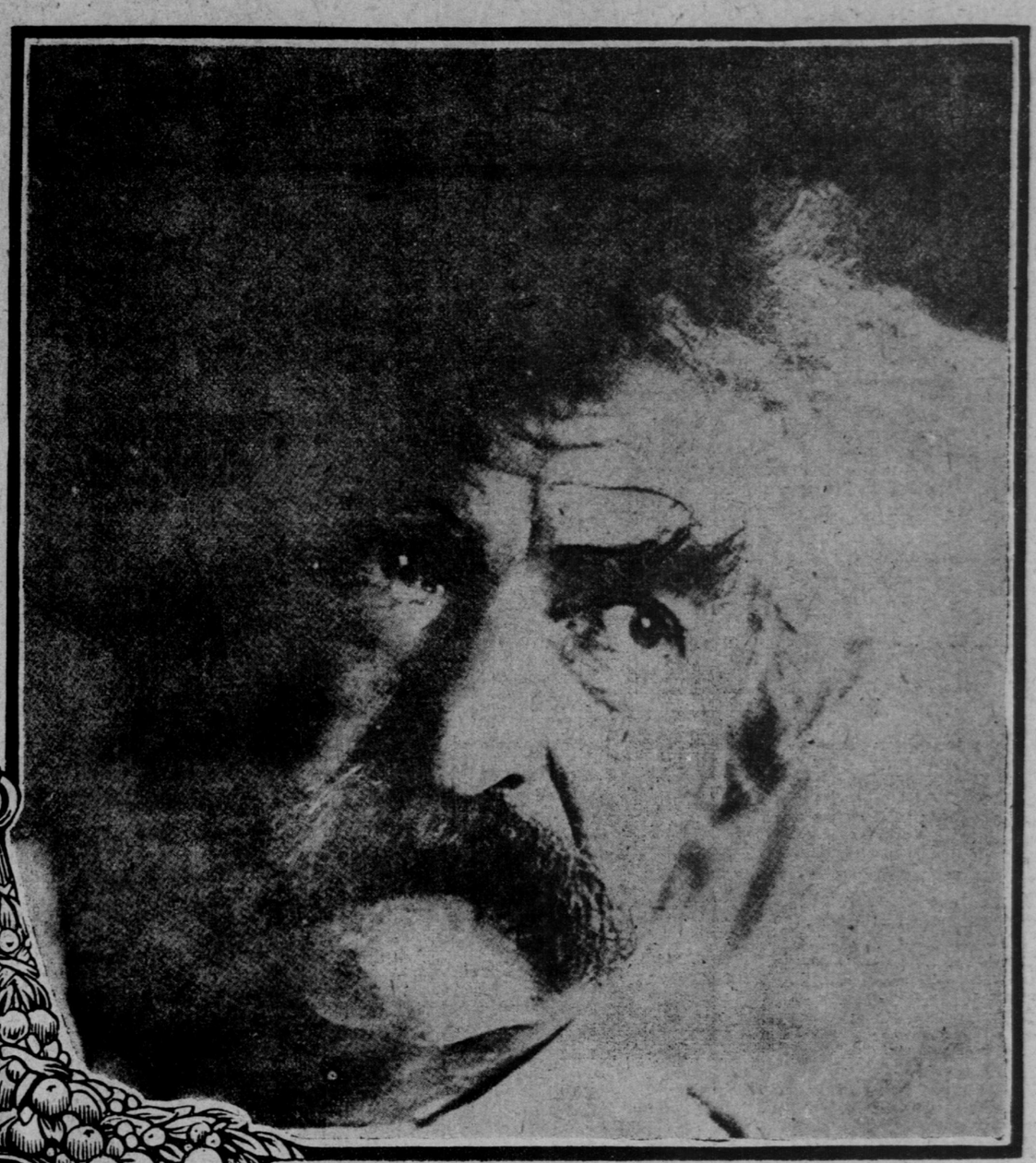

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JULIA WARD HOWE'S life achievements may be summed up in this sentence: She wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." It is greatness and glory enough for any woman. A writer has said if a stranger should ask who is the most prominent woman in Boston the answer would be Julia Ward Howe.

Contrary to popular belief, Mrs. Howe is a New York woman by birth. Her father, Samuel Ward, was a distinguished and wealthy New York banker. His daughter was born in 1819, and on her mother's side was a descendant of the French Huguenot exiles who settled in South Carolina. Her maternal grandmother was a niece of General Marion, the Revolutionary hero of that State. Her father's family claimed descent from Roger Williams.

Until six years old Miss Julia played on Bowling Green, when her father, with Jonas Minturn, moved to the wilds of Bond street, then a country suburb of New York. In childhood she was considered a literary prodigy, for by the time she was twelve she was familiar with English and German literature and was a constant reader of the best classical and modern works.

As to the origin of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," Mrs. Howe's daughter, Maud, relates that on her mother's return from Washington during the war, where the inspiring "John Brown's Body" was the principal song of the day, she wished to write some verses of her own that might be sung to the stirring tune. Mrs. Howe lay down that night with her brain full of battle themes and finally sprang from her bed at dawn next morning ready to put her thoughts on paper. In the dim gray light she found writing material and wrote, scarcely seeing the lines of the famous hymn as she composed and transcribed. Then she returned to her couch, saying to herself as she fell asleep, "I like this better than anything I have ever written."

Of the result of her verses Mrs. Howe says: "I carried them to James T. Fields, then editor of the Atlantic Monthly. The title, 'Battle Hymn of the Republic,' was devised by him, and the poem was soon published in the magazine, but did not receive any special mention.

"It was a year or more before my lines in some shape found their way into a Southern prison in which our men were confined. An army chaplain, who had been imprisoned with them, came to Washington soon after his release and in a public address told how the hymn had been sung by himself and companions in confinement. People then began to ask who had written the hymn, and thus my name became associated with it."

ALL the world knows of Mark Twain as the greatest living humorist, but all the world does not know that at heart he is a tragedian. Under all his humor are vast depths of pathos and sorrow. His one dominant trait is sincerity. Of this, however, only intimate friends are aware. He seems to take a melancholy pleasure in hiding his real feelings. To this end he keeps the world laughing. When he delivers his lectures and addresses it will be observed that his face is hauntingly sad. The greater the merriment among his auditors and the more uproarious their laughter the more mournful he appears.

It is this underlying note of sadness in his nature that puts him in touch with the world. His sympathy with human nature is so keen that readers and listeners are moved and thrilled in spite of themselves by almost any recital or story from his pen or lips. Were he less modest, less an artist, he would be writing tragedies every day in the year.

Mark Twain is like the ocean—deep, universal, profound. What does the laughing child with its little shovel digging sand on the beach know of the mighty tragedies of the sea—the wrecks, the heroes strewing the ocean's bed? About as much as the average reader knows of Mark Twain's Miltonic soul, where sadness dwells. So it was with Lincoln and Shakespeare and Balzac; deep in their natures were living tragedies. Their griefs were masked by humor. This sympathy with every human creature, its joys and its sorrows, was the secret of all their greatness.

Mr. Clemens, born in 1835, began life as a printer, and in the sad longings of his misunderstood boyhood he wandered up and down the country from St. Louis to New York, ostensibly working at his trade and playing jokes on his fellow-craftsmen. But in his mind up his intellectual sleeve was a vast panorama of things that he hoped to see, to be and become. When he read of heroes he expected to outdo their thrilling feats. When poetry brought the tears to his eyes he felt even more of the divine inspiration within him. His ambition was unbounded, but he scrupulously kept it to himself, thinking all the time of it as a joke on those who thought they understood him best.

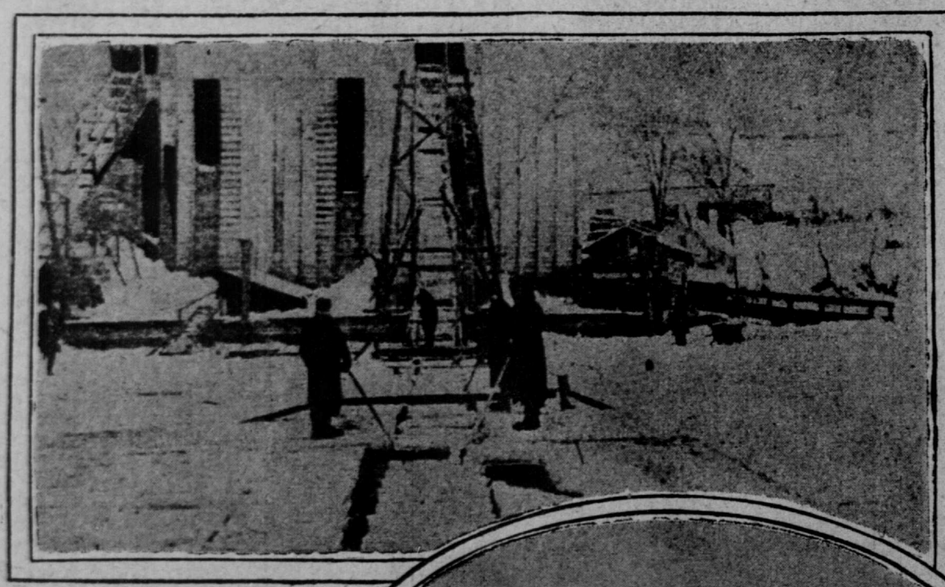
Next he became a steamboat pilot, which requires the gift almost of second sight—whether plowing the Southern floods with their snags and sand bars or following the twistings of the Upper Mississippi, where the channels change every week and deep water is only detected by the varying shades of the night.

Mark Twain next found himself perched among the mountains of Nevada at Virginia City, working as a reporter and now and then editor of John W. Mackay's newspaper, known far and wide as the Territorial Enterprise.

As a side amusement the young man acted as secretary for his brother, who had been appointed on the Governor's staff. Here, amid the somber silences of that spectral upheaval of mountain, forest and canyon, Mark Twain began his humorous, pathetic writing that started him on the road to fame.

CULTIVATING ICE

HOW THE SO CALLED SOLIDIFIED SEWAGE IS FORMED ON THE HUDSON RIVER



STORING ICE

PREPARING TO FLOOD THE ICE

PRELIMINARY CUTTING

FLOATING A LARGE CAKE

ICE farming is not the simple pastoral activity its name would seem to suggest. The natural cultivation of ice, as it is called, is just now attracting an unusual share of public attention and one is likely to hear more of it as the winter progresses. A spirited campaign is being waged to do away with the system. The Board of Health, and even the State government, has been appealed to. Meanwhile opinions seem to differ as to the merits of this picturesque industry.

The natural cultivation of ice consists, in a phrase, in increasing the number of crops of ice a body of water will yield in a season. By various ingenious devices the ice over any given area of water is made thicker than it ordinarily would be. Such ice farming has been in operation in the Hudson valley for many years. The results of careful farming or cultivation, measured by the yield of the river, have been enormous. The present crusade against this practice is based upon the belief that it makes the ice unhealthful, to say the least, and even a menace to the lives of those who drink iced water in this way.

The price of ice is more or less determined, in theory at least, by the temperature. As a rule a considerable quantity of ice is held over from one year to another. In other words, not all of the supply stored away in the icehouses along the Hudson is shipped to New York. When this is the case the failure of the ice crop in any one year is not so likely to affect prices. If the houses be partially filled before the new crop is gathered, and that crop partly fails, there is likely to still be enough to fill the houses.

With something of the general situation in mind it will be easier to understand the method of ice farming or cultivation. New the ice harvesters require the ice to be nine inches thick in order to handle it most effectively. After the ice has frozen to a depth of a few inches it increases in thickness very slowly. The temperature, for instance, may be sufficient to make ice, say, five inches thick, but the cold will not hold long enough to increase it to the required nine inches. The cultivation of the ice makes it possible to increase its thickness even with the temperature standing at a comparatively high point.

The cultivation consists in cutting holes in the comparatively thin ice, and so contriving the flow that a new layer or surface of ice will be formed on the original ice field. The operation can be repeated indefinitely until ice of the desired thickness has been formed.

Now it is against this ice cultivation that the energies of a number of the public spirited citzens are directed. At the head of this movement is the Merchants' Association of New York. Mr. Edward Hatch Jr., the chairman of the committee on the pollution of waters in New York, has called for assistance upon Dr. Eugene H. Porter, the State Commissioner of Health, to make an official investigation of the ice fields of the Hudson River and the condition of the water which makes the ice. It is claimed that the ice in the upper Hudson under ordinary conditions is none too pure, and under certain conditions is a serious menace to the health of the city.

The claim is based upon the fact that the sewage, or much of it, from Albany, Troy and other cities in the general vicinity drain into the Hudson. The water, it is claimed, is as a result vitiated and is entirely unfit for household use. The men back of the movement call the ice gathered from this section as "solidified sewage." The process of cultivating the ice is regarded by the same authority as exceedingly unhealthful.