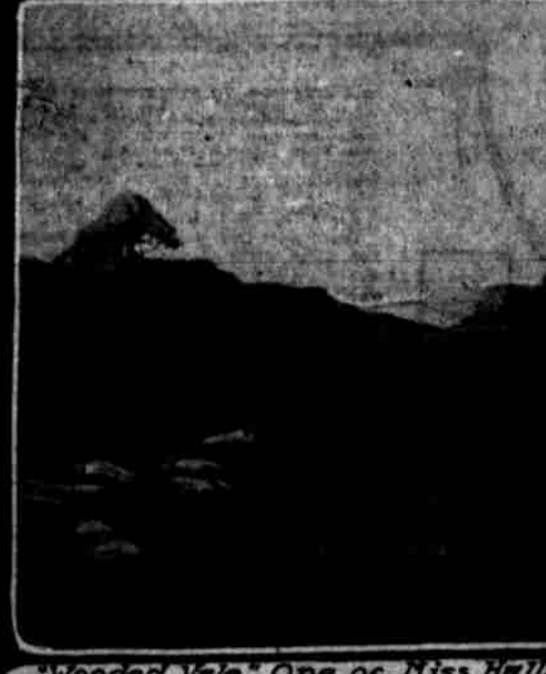


# JULIA WARD HOWE'S GRANDDAUGHTER A GIFTED ARTIST

# Through Unknown South America—A Woman Scientist's Perilous Expedition



Wooded Vale: One of Miss Hall's Landscape Paintings



Caroline Minturn Hall from a Painting

young American to fight beside his beloved hero, Byron, in far-off Greece.

In the peculiarly big understanding of nature, in her wonderfully intimate renderings of earth, one sees the descendant of the educator of deaf and dumb Laura Bridgman.

But in the selection of a "genre" of art that so seldom appeals to women; in her serious manner of painting, Miss Hall shows her grandmother's strong mentality.

It is not generally known that Julia Ward Howe herself at one time had artistic aspirations. To her artist granddaughter has fallen her most ambitious sketch, made in Santo Domingo many years ago. Miss Hall exhibits it with much pride and a pretty amusement.

Of all these things she talks interestingly, but it is difficult to keep her conversation to herself and her own life, because of the amusing stories that will come up from her wonderfully varied experience.

**HAD A SOLID TRAINING**

"My studies in Paris began ten years ago," said Miss Hall, "with three solid, uneventful years of academic training at the Delacuse School, where Calot, Delancey and, occasionally, L'Hermite were our critics."

After five years of this work, the young woman returned home and spent a year studying with Sargent Kendall in New York. Then she went again to Paris, with the fixed purpose of devoting herself entirely to landscape work, for which she had always felt a preference.

Since then her life has been an ideal one from an artistic, and, indeed, from any, standpoint. Taking an occasional turn in the schools, working under such great artists as Menard and Thaulow, in the beautiful French country, she has varied her days by traveling over Europe in company with her aunt, Mrs. Ward Howe Elliott.

An enchanted time for the young artist was a season spent in Rome, when her uncle, Frank Elliott, was painting his decoration for the Boston Library. Queen Marguerita, with many members of the court, came to see the finished picture in his studio.

But even with wealth and social position at her command, Miss Hall felt that she must be at work. After her return to Paris she took the first prize for drawing at the Delacuse School. During the last two years, however, she has worked entirely in her own studio, with the privilege, fully appreciated by the young artist, of submitting her work to Rene Menard for criticism.

Some of Miss Hall's most amusing stories are told of this matter and his notably keen wit.

"One of the first drawings that I took to Monsieur Menard represented an apple tree in blossom, about which fluttered two very rosy Cupids. The whole scene was flooded in the light of a glorious pink sunset."

"Monsieur Menard pronounced it a very good sketch for a moment with that irresistible twinkle of his eye. I knew what was coming, and blushed to watch the critic's attitude. He was almost sorry that my work interested him more, because it amused him less. He advised me to go home and work out my own salvation, and he now comes to me in 'tres bon voix' on the right road, in other words."

Critics consider that Miss Hall's best work is shown in a month's scene called "The Oaks." The drawing here is also excellent. Many people have expressed a certain vigorous feeling shown in "The Storm." As a drawing, this picture is particularly good in value.

It is understood that Miss Hall has an exhibition of her paintings and drawings of French landscapes in one of the New York galleries during the her work has called forth favorable comment from the French critics.

After last year's Salon she was invited to send her pictures to the exhibition at Columbia, S. C., where, France, an honor seldom conferred upon foreigners, it was soon after this that a Rouen critic said, in speaking of the young American, "Miss Caroline Minturn Hall, an interpreter of silvery landscapes, whose work we must not fail to follow."

In her return, America not only gains a promising artist, but a beautiful and charming young figure will be added to the social and literary life of her native land.

**SAVED THE HOLE HE ESCAPED THROUGH**

OF ALL the curious relics of the Civil War that have been preserved, perhaps the oddest is the hole through which a prisoner crawled in making his escape from prison.

Not long ago Major E. H. M. Byers, of Iowa, visited the old prison at Columbia, S. C., where for fourteen months he was a captive.

The old building had been demolished, but a carpenter was obtained, and there, under a layer of fresh earth, the hole which he had saved out with a blunt case-knife, and through which he made the thrilling escape which to this day has puzzled some of the Confederate guards.

The hole was cut out and presented to the major, who had it shipped to his home. It now occupies a conspicuous place in his drawing room, along with costly curios from abroad.

Probably no more thrilling escape figured in the great Civil War than that of Major Byers. Sawing their way out with a blunt case-knife, he and a comrade, Lieutenant Devine, of a Philadelphia regiment, secreted themselves for two nights and a day in a dark, stifling cubby hole over a porch, where they remained without water or food until they thought the soldiers had all been removed from the fort.

Surrounded by waiting platoons, they made a desperate dash for the gate amid a rain of bullets, and in the darkness made their escape.

ANY American art students have won success and attained greater or less distinction in Paris, yet few hold such an enviable record as Miss Caroline Minturn Hall, who is now returning to her native land after a career abroad that is rich in interest.

As the granddaughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Miss Hall inherited an eminent position and an artistic soul. Through her own efforts, she has established a reputation in Paris as one of the most promising woman painters, especially in her chosen field of landscape.

While living abroad this talented girl has been particularly prominent in shaping the destinies of the American Women's Art Association of Paris, of which she has been secretary, treasurer and vice president. To other students, especially the new arrivals at the shrine of art, her familiarity with every phase of American and French art and literature has made her friendship especially valuable.

One of Miss Hall's most treasured possessions is a sketch made in Santo Domingo many years ago by her grandmother. Many of those to whom she has shown it never knew before that the famous authoress of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" ever cherished artistic aspirations.

Miss Hall's mother is the second daughter of Julia Ward Howe, while her father is a nephew of Anne Hall, of New York, one of the most famous miniature painters of her day.

HARD WORK brings success, Miss Hall deserves all the honors that she has won.

Had she been inclined, she might have remained at home and passed her days as a butterfly of fashion. Wealth and acknowledged social position were hers, as well as a family prestige such as comparatively few young women enjoy. The call of art, however, was more attractive than any other consideration.

It has always been the aim of Miss Hall to perfect herself in whatever she has undertaken. In illustration of this trait, when she went to Paris she determined to master French as the first requisite to success.

To do this, she studied diction every day for two years under masters from the Comedie Francaise. Not only is she able now to speak the language with faultless accent, but has acquired a thorough knowledge of the French character, and is able to grasp the most enthusiastic art conceptions of the masters.

It is perhaps in her keen observation more than anything else that Miss Hall shows herself Julia Ward Howe's granddaughter. Indeed, an interesting study of heredity might be made from this gifted girl and her work.

Most of all in she the granddaughter of Samuel G. Howe. The poetry of that wonderful character seems to shine in the silvery light that subtly floods the simple, noble scenes that Miss Hall always chooses to render. They are full of the same romanticism that carried the



Straw Canoes in which She will Cross Lake Titicaca From the Phila. Commercial Museums

FEW women would care to undertake alone a journey through the greater part of South America, through its wild as well as its civilized sections, over its snow-clad mountains, yet Mrs. W. P. Wilson, of Philadelphia, is making just such a journey at the present time.

Animated by a desire to study at close range the educational systems of the various countries, the social conditions prevailing, the home life of the people and, especially, the status of the women of South America, Mrs. Wilson will spend five months in travel and investigation.

Far into the interior of several countries she will penetrate, journeying by train, steamer, in primitive stage coaches and on the backs of horses and burros. Five times she expects to cross the snow-capped ridges of the Andes, where the mighty condor wings his

majestic flight; again, she will plod wearily across sun-scorched deserts and traverse fertile plains. Straw-thatched canoes, such as Pizarro saw when he invaded Peru centuries ago, will bear her over lakes wherein the treasures of the Incas may be buried.

During her visit to these strange places she will take thousands of photographs.

Without hesitation or apprehension, Mrs. Wilson has set out upon what is probably the most daring and remarkable trip ever undertaken by an American woman.

**SNOW CLAD Mt Aconcagua, in the Andes, to be Crossed by Her on Burros**

From the Phila. Commercial Museums



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PERHAPS it is well to introduce this enterprising woman more formally to those who read her extensive plans and who will await her return with interest.

In its brief but comprehensive style, "Who's Who in America" presents her biography thus:

Lucy Langdon Williams Wilson, professor of biology in the Philadelphia Normal School since 1892. Born at St. Albans, Vt., August 18, 1861; graduate of the Normal School, Philadelphia and Vermont; student University of Pennsylvania (Ph. D.). Married, in 1888, W. P. Wilson, director Philadelphia Commercial Museum. Has charge of nature work, School of Practice, Philadelphia Normal School.

Mrs. Wilson is also an authoress, a number of books of value to teacher and pupil having come from her pen. An accomplished linguist, reading and speaking with ease Spanish, French and German, she expects to find no difficulty in communicating with the people of every part of South America.

Her trip was not decided upon in haste. For more than a year she has been studying at long range the countries which she will visit, familiarizing herself with existing conditions, their literature and languages.

Not only will she devote herself to an investigation of social conditions and educational systems, but will carefully observe geographical conditions and their bearing upon commercial geographies, imports, exports and transportation facilities.

It may readily be seen that the task to which Mrs. Wilson has set herself is no inconsiderable one, and one which promises to result in the accumulation of a vast amount of useful information.

At present, however, interest crystallizes about the trip itself, the strange places she will visit, the adventures that are likely to be encountered; the primitive methods of transportation she will be obliged to adopt, and the curious people among whom she will go in her quest for knowledge.

Her first stopping place will be Rio Janeiro, capital of Brazil, a city nearly as large as Boston and Washington combined. Immediately back of the city a range of mountains, 3000 feet high, shelters a landscape of delightfully even climate, where many wealthy persons have their country seats.

In these fertile uplands the greater part of the world's coffee is raised, being shipped by inclined railway down the mountains to the port of Santos, a night's sail from Rio. In this little harbor, for it is hardly more than a tidalwater creek, dozens of vessels are already being loaded with coffee for the American and European markets.

It is Mrs. Wilson's intention to visit several sections of the interior of Brazil by rail. To the northwest, in the State of Minas Geraes, is a rich mining territory, where iron, manganese, coal and many other valuable

**Many Llamas to be in her Pack Train**

From the Phila. Commercial Museums

mineral deposits are found. To the west and southwest lie the coffee and cereal districts.

As it extends further south, the trip will increase in interest. Four days south of Santos by steamer, the traveler will reach Montevideo, capital of Uruguay, a very attractive city, where many Europeans and some Americans reside.

Uruguay is a small republic, and of recent years has been free from those periodical revolutions that stir up other South American States occasionally. Its people are devoting themselves industriously to cattle raising, which is the principal occupation, and of about a million people, the largest and most important centre of South America.

Laid out after the pattern of the best cities in Europe, Buenos Ayres reminds the visitor of Paris or Berlin, rather than prominently presenting South American conditions and architecture. One may find among its enterprising business men representatives of nearly every nation on earth, thousands of Europeans and a large number of Americans helping make up its cosmopolitan population.

Travel through much of Argentine is made easy by railroads, which sweep through immense stretches of cattle country and wheat lands. Millions of acres are devoted to grazing horses, sheep and cattle.

Horses are so cheap there, in fact, that the paradox of beggars literally going about mounted, importing aims, is frequently presented.

Throughout the southern section extend great plains called pampas, and upon these are found great numbers of a peculiar animal called the guanaco. They are related to the family of the llamas, familiar through many parts of the southern continent, inhabitants of that region, especially the Indians, eat the meat of the guanaco, which is said to resemble venison.

Here, too, one finds the Argentine ostrich, which, flourishing at one time, is being gradually killed off by hunters. Methods of hunting the ostrich are peculiar. The hunter goes forth armed only with a bola.

This is a rope to one end of which is attached an iron ball about as large as the fist. Hunters learn to cast the bola with dexterity, so that the ball swings round the legs of the bird, and it is thrown, helpless and plighted, to the ground. Mrs. Wilson expects to witness such hunts and to take photographs of them.

A tour of the Argentine Republic will complete Mrs. Wilson's investigations on the eastern side of the country, and she will then make her way up the long and picturesque western coast.

From Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso, the principal port of Chile on the Pacific coast, is about the same distance as from New York to Chicago, and the railroad between the two places is completed, except a short section



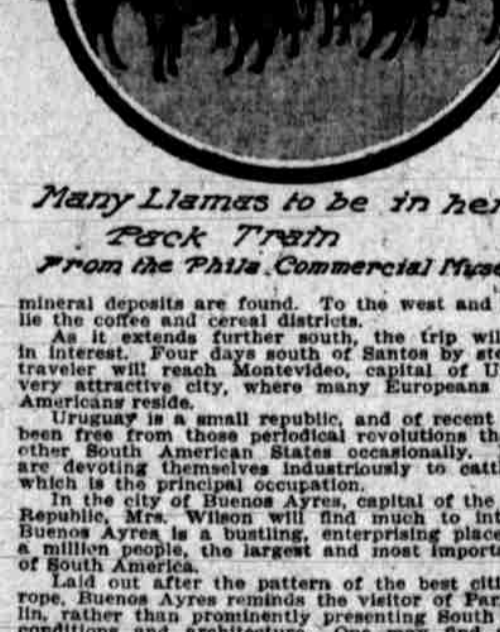
Mrs. Lucy L. W. Wilson, who is Traversing South America



Some of the Natives Mrs. Wilson Will Meet From the Phila. Commercial Museums



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across the main Cordillera of the Andes, over which travelers still have to go by burro or slow stage.

This journey over the mountains, requiring about a day and a half, reveals some of the grandest scenery in the world. Mrs. Wilson will cross the divide at an elevation of 15,000 feet, and at the summit will see the green-sloped peak of Aconcagua, which rises from the valley below the Cordillera to a height of 23,000 feet, giving a sheer face of more than four miles to the view as one stands at the summit of the pass.

Aconcagua, which is almost a perfect cone, is covered with eternal snow, and is clearly visible from Valparaiso Harbor, 130 miles away, where the rays of the setting sun give it a rosy tint of great beauty.

In the course of her travels Mrs. Wilson expects to cross the Andes five times, occasionally on burros. This wonderful range of mountains, which are rocky amid its peaks and crevasses secrets that man has never fathomed, an exploration of the range has never been complete.

Among those lofty fastnesses the mighty condor still has its home; birds once seen over thousands of miles of surrounding country, but now so few that the remaining members of the family rarely venture from the remote crags of the Andes.

Some time ago a scientist of Europe desired to replenish and increase the small supply of condor eggs. Although he offered tempting sums, not one of the hardy mountaineers would venture upon the dangerous quest, against a powerful and desperate feathered foe in the most remote of mountain wilds.

In the Andes Mrs. Wilson will find many interesting specimens of animal life. The bear, jaguar and puma prow through the forests primeval; the llama scurries about in the lower altitudes. The peculiar, stumpy-looking tapir is to be seen, as well as the anteater. Vicuñas, alpacas and chinchillas are found there in greater numbers than anywhere else.

In Southern Chile are the richest estates in the country. The climate is very similar to that of California, and the soil seems particularly favorable to raising fruits of all kinds, so that Chilean wines are notably of great excellence, and are consumed not only throughout South America, but are beginning to make their way in the European market. Many other fruits are raised which are unknown in the United States.

From Valparaiso, journeying north, Mrs. Wilson will take steamer to Antofagasta, and then transfer to a narrow-gauge railroad, over which she will plod through the great Atacama desert and up into the mountains of Bolivia.

This State contains the highest peaks and some of the richest mineral deposits of the Andes, with an almost unexplored forest region to the east abounding in all kinds of hardwoods and especially in rubber, the output of which is still by small boot thousands of miles down the Amazon and its tributaries.

Journeying on toward Peru, Mrs. Wilson will cross Lake Titicaca in one of the primitive straw-covered canoes of that country, which in build and manner of operation are now the same as when the Spanish invaders under Pizarro first beheld them long centuries ago.

Of great historic interest is the neighborhood of this lake, as it was the scene of the earliest South American civilization. Upon its shores stood the temples of the Incas, and into its waters it is said that great quantities of treasure were cast when the Spaniards overturned the ancient empire early in the sixteenth century.

From this lake Mrs. Wilson expects to travel by stage coach or on horseback to Lima, passing through picturesque and fertile valleys. Lima sets upon a throne of beautiful foothills, about ten miles from the ocean.

At Guayaquil, Ecuador, Mrs. Wilson will find one of the principal centres of the Panama hat trade. This is one of the leading industries in Ecuador and northern Peru. The hats are woven of a fine straw known as "paja toquilla," which grows in marshy land all along the coast. The same plant is found in Colombia, Venezuela, Central America and the West Indies, but in those countries seldom possesses the fine texture which leads to the great value of the Ecuador hats.

From this section of the Pacific coast a steamer trip of three days will take Mrs. Wilson to Panama, and a forty-five-mile railroad journey will transport her across the Isthmus to Colon, from which place vessels leave weekly for New York.



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