OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

A SCIENTIFIC BABY.

Brought Up by His Father on Simple Fare and Exercise.

Master Freeman Lincoln Meinertz, the scientific baby, gazed with infantile stolidity at the company awaiting him when he came back from his morning constitutional in the park yesterday. Four writers and two photographers were roosting on the scientific baby's front steps. He didn't seem to mind at all, but his father, Captain Soven Ingvar Meinertz, looked harassed.

"It is too much," said he, in a worried way; "it is too much fame. I never intended to put my experiments in the press. A young man comes in here one night and says he was interested in babies, and wants to know how I brought up this one, and the next day it was in the paper, and we haven't had any peace since. But the worst is that Freeman can't get his sleep for the people that are here to see him."

A discussion on this point followed with the two photographers. The artists wished to take Freeman's picture in various poses. The captain said it was time for Freeman's nap, and it was part of his training to take his nap on time. Freeman, meanwhile, as the argument proceeded, calmly dug up portions of the front yard on his little shovel and threw them in at the basement window.

"I don't know why people are making so much fuss over this boy," said the captain. "I haven't compared him with others of his age. I don't say he's bigger or heavier or stronger than the average boy of his age. I only know he has never been sick."

"How old is he?" asked some one.

The captain glanced at the clock.

"At 8 o'clock this afternoon he will be thirty-two months old," said he, in a businesslike way.

Freeman weighs thirty-three pounds and is thirty-seven inches high. His hair, which touches his shoulders, is the color of ripe wheat. He can handle half-pound dumbbells and three-pound sandbags in scientific gymnasium style. He is a very pretty and happy urchin, which speaks well for his father's scientific bringing up.

The captain is a yachtsman, and makes enough in the summer to live on the year around. The first summer of the baby's life the father was able to have the youngster with him during his employment. This summer he was not able to make such an arrangement, and so he stayed at home.

"I thought I would rather economize a little more and spend the second summer with the boy. After he is three years old nothing will make so much difference. A child that grows and develops splendidly for the first three years of its life is not going to be in much danger after that with ordinary good care."

Captain Meinertz admits that Freeman had a pain in his stomach once. That was when he was eleven months old. The event was so unusual that they sent for the doctor right away. Before the doctor came Freeman had got done crying and gone to sleep.

"I had experimented by giving him a little German zweiback to try his teeth on," said the captain, "and it was too hard and made his stomach ache."

Freeman eats practically nothing but barley, oatmeal, white bread and crackers. The barley and oatmeal are in a fluid state, about the consistency of cream. The bread is stale enough to be almost hard. He drinks the barley and oatmeal water on alternate days. For four feedings, which make a day's nutriment, Mr. Meinertz takes two heaping tablespoonfuls of oatmeal and two teaspoonfuls of sugar, and boils them in a quart and a half of water for an hour and a half. He mixes in four teaspoonfuls of condensed milk, and this mixture makes food enough for Freeman for twenty-four hours, in addition to as much bread or crackers as he wishes to eat. He usually eats four slices of bread during the day, in addition to his quart and a half of barley or oatmeal water.

"Now, there isn't anything special in this diet," said Captain Meinertz. "I've got no rules about his diet at all, except that he shall not eat meat before he is twelve years old. He might have eggs, milk, fruit or vegetables, if he wanted, but he won't eat them. He ate five cents' worth of bananas this summer. He ate one peach, but he never would touch another. Occasionally he will eat a little baked apple or stewed prunes. There is only one other food he shows a liking for, and that's potatoes. He would eat them all the time, but I won't give them to him because they're too starchy. He won't take beef tea unless I put it on potatoes.

"Any good, well cooked simple food that the child will take is right to bring it up on. I don't believe in meat, anyway, for a child under twelve, but if we lived on a farm and killed our own meat, I should object to it less. Here in the city we can get fresh fruit and vegetables, good bread, eggs and cereals, but I am afraid of the meat and the milk for a child. I have used condensed milk and no meat at all for this boy.

"My object in all my care of this boy is to prevent his being sick. The doctor I go by says that any child born of healthy parents need never be sick if certain rules are followed. I have followed those rules, and the boy has never been sick. It is all nonsense that every child has got to go through certain children's diseases. Children can be made immune to all those diseases. Every sickness retards, diminishes and dwarfs the development of the human being. I made up my mind this child should have no sickness."

Mr. Meinertz lays his whole success to the exercise and the light, air and sunshine in which the boy lives. He has his dumbbell practice, to strengthen arms and wrists, and his sand bag practice, to give him a strong grip, regularly in cool weather, but not in hot. When weather will permit he is kept outdoors all the time, except when he is asleep. He is taken to the park daily, to spend hours on the clean grass, and takes long walks with his father.

Warren-st., Brooklyn, where the family lives, at No. 686, has plenty of light, air and sunshine, although it is a rather poor street. But Mr. Meinertz wishes ardently that his circumstances would permit him to live in the country.

"It is doubly hard to bring up a healthy child in the city," said he; "and one of the most dangerous things is asphalt. Every filth stands on it. It can't get away. And the children are sitting and lying on it all day. That's the reason I take my boy long distances to the park."

Freeman gets a cold bath every day, about 11 a. m. He wears wool next his skin, summer and winter, with a difference in the weight. He wears low shoes always, to make strong ankles.

Captain Meinertz is a rather small but muscular man, a Danish sailor. He has kept a diary of every day of the boy's life, and if the boy makes the kind of man his father thinks he will, the diary may be published for the benefit of others, who want to do likewise. Mr. Meinertz's mother had twelve children, all of whom she raised to maturity. They were not allowed meat before they were twelve years old. Mr. Meinertz is raising his boy according to her ideas and those of a homœpathic physician whose book he follows.

IN THE MARKETS.

Most of the fruit and vegetable business in New-York is now in the hands of Italians, who, with their innate love of bright color schemes, make attractive displays of their products in the big market stalls and on stands in front of groceries and small markets along the avenues.

There is still a fine showing of corn in the market. It is white and tender and better than that of the early season, selling at 30 cents a dozen ears. Hubbard squashes, new beets, young carrots, parsnip and eggplants are among the Long Island vegetables selling at low prices. Savoy cabbages, from New-Jersey, are fine, at 10 to 12 cents a head. Spinach, 10 cents a quart; tomatoes, 12 cents a quart; sweet potatoes, 15 cents a quart; Spanish onions, for 5 cents each. Salads of all sorts—lettuce, romaine, escarole, chicory and watercress—are selling from 5 to 10 cents a head.

Among novelties in fruits are alligator pears, unusually large and fine, at 30 cents each. They make an excellent salad. The first of the damson plums are now in, selling for 65 cents a large basket. They will be cheaper next week, when it will be time to preserve them. There are some Delaware peaches in market at 75 cents a small basket, and an abundance of up-State peaches at $1.75 a large basket, just in condition for preserving. Catawba and Concord grapes are 25 cents a basket; Delaware and Niagara grapes, 30 cents a basket. There are all sorts of apples selling at low prices. Oranges, lemons, limes, grapefruit, pears and grapes are the products from California.

There is no change in the prices of meat, poultry, game or sea food since last week.

A COACHING PARTY.

Miss Adèle Ritchie entertained a party of friends at a coaching party and breakfast yesterday morning. Miss Ritchie tooled her own coach, the Flashlight, which left the Hotel Majestic, 72d-st. and 8th-ave., at 11 o'clock, and by her skilful management of her four horses, Fantana, Florodora, Earl and Girl, she narrowly averted an accident as she drove up to the hotel from the 72d-st. entrance of the park. An express wagon failed to heed the warning horn, which gave the coach the right of way, and if Miss Ritchie had not quickly turned the horses down 8th-ave. there might have been a serious accident.

Miss Ritchie was gowned in a little red and white checked frock, with a yoke and short sleeves, finished with frills of lace. Her hat was a small straw shape, matching the red of the dress and turned up at one side, with a shaded plume, which fell on the hair at the back. A large corsage bouquet of yellow orchids completed the costume.

Breakfast was served in the Dustet Room at the Hotel Claremont, and the table decorations were violets and rosebuds.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

The long coat makes the best of all wraps for small children. It covers and protects the frock, its long lines render it becoming, and it is altogether satisfactory, both from the standpoint of use and that of appearance. This one is made of dark red cloth, trimmed with silk braid, while the buttons are exceedingly handsome ones of smoked pearl. But the model is simple enough to be adapted to almost everything seasonable. For the coats of play and harder usage navy blue and brown corduroy and velveteen and cheviot are well liked, while for the more dressy ones broadcloth, velvet and velveteen in the lighter colors are used.

NO. 5,167—TISSUE PAPER PATTERN OF CHILD'S LONG COAT, FOR 10 CENTS.

For a child of six will be required four and one-fourth yards of material 27 inches wide, two and one-fourth yards 44 inches wide or two and one-eighth yards 52 inches wide, with four and one-half yards of banding. The pattern, No. 5,167, is cut in sizes for children 2, 4, 6 and 8 years of age.

The pattern will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. Please give number of pattern and age distinctly. Address Pattern Department, New-York Tribune. If in a hurry for pattern send an extra two-cent stamp and we will mail by letter postage in sealed envelope.

SOME REMARKABLE GOWNS.

Macy's Autumn Exhibit an Assortment of Lovely Creations.

If Flora McFlimsy, of Madison Square, had lived in these days, she would never have been forced to stay at home for want of something to wear. Instead of waiting for a new shipload of things to come in from Paris, she would just have run over to R. H. Macy & Co.'s, Broadway, at 6th-ave., 34th to 35th st., and supplied the deficiency. There are things there of which, probably, Flora McFlimsy, in the benighted days in which she is supposed to have lived, never dreamed—wonderful Paris creations, plainer, though still sufficiently elaborate, domestic gowns, and smart tailor mades, severely plain, or swerving more or less from the strictly tailor made effect.

The Paris models literally defy description. They are endlessly elaborate. Unexpected little touches of color are one of the noticeable features. Little frills are another. Sometimes a skirt will be ruffled almost to the knees, and at another there will be only a couple of little frills around the flounce. Generally the frills are of lace, and sometimes a narrow strip of the material is edged with lace. On one skirt a lot of these little lace edged frills had bands of insertion between them. They were put on a little above the hem, framing at intervals an embroidered rose set in blue ruchings. Below them was a decoration of chiffon roses, the ground being of white chiffon. Below this again was a chiffon flounce, decorated with more ruffles. The bodice was decorated with more chiffon roses and more ruffles.

A still more elaborate robe than this was of white net, embroidered in high relief, in shades of pale mauve, and strapped with panne velvet in a darker shade of mauve. The embroidery was near the foot, the strapping above it, and at the foot the net resolved itself into lace, in which the flower design was accentuated by applications of the velvet.

There are many princess gowns among the Paris models, and "every one loves them," the saleswomen say, and they are not all of the severely tight fighting order either. An embroidered gown of pink chiffon seen yesterday was fitted only around the waist line. Above that the material fell into the old familiar and well beloved lines of the blouse.

There are charming empire gowns, too, but these are an extreme style, and there is not much demand for them. In coats, where fashion has paved the way for things unfitted, the Empire style takes much better.

Among the domestic gowns voiles, eolennes, messalines and crepes are conspicuous. There are also many handsome broadcloths. The sleeves are very elaborate, and for any kind of ceremonious gown they are always short. There are many velvet suits, and to some of these are effective touches given by a collar and cuffs of white broadcloth embroidered in the color of the gown.

One of the smartest things among the tailor made suits is a masculine looking gray mixture with the coat cut, as far as feminine eyes could see, exactly like a man's, even to the pocket. But this was on the outside. Inside the garment was pocketless.

The assortment of opera and evening coats shows some lovely things in pale broadcloths or white, with touches of color in the collar and cuffs, vest and buttons, the last having a most important ornamental value.

F. Hopkinson Smith Thinks We Are Wrong

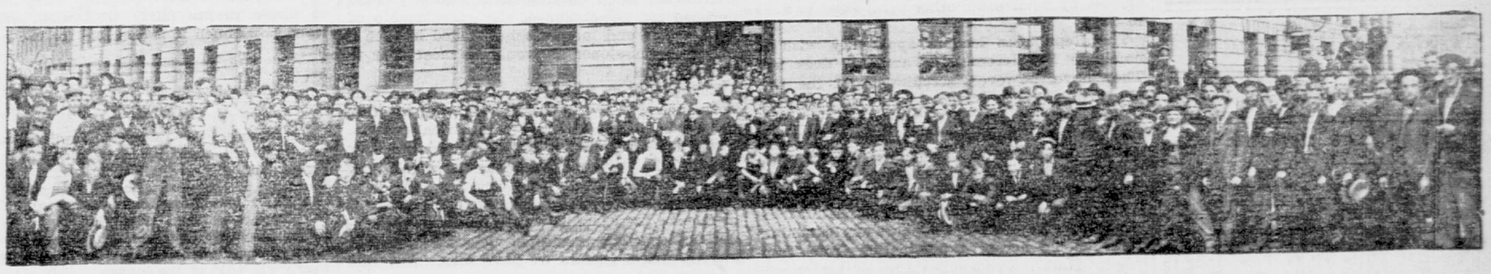
Points out where, puts his fingers on our weak spots and writes "without mitts," as he says.

In the October

Ladies' Home Journal

15 Cents at All News-Stands

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA



NOONDAY MEETING AT WESTERN ELECTRIC WORKS.

CHURCH AND RELIGIOUS NEWS AND NOTES.

RESULTS OF THE TENT CAMPAIGN—NEW BUILDINGS AND CLERGYMEN.

(By Mary Kay, for the Evangelistic Committee.)

Only a few short weeks ago members of the Evangelical Committee were looking forward with eager expectancy and serious consideration some with half doubt, more with wholehearted hope, to the work of the tent campaign then in prospect. Now they pause to look back with joy, thanksgiving, regret and still with hope. Joy and thanksgiving for the work accomplished, regret that the season for closing is at hand and hope for possible partial continuance during the winter and certain resumption another spring.

The work is by no means abandoned, only discontinued, because of the cool weather, which renders tent work impracticable. Meanwhile so loath are the people who have attended the meetings to be deprived of the privilege that plans are under discussion for the erection of portable tentlike buildings suitable for winter use. The meetings at Washington Heights were to be closed last Sunday. So insistent were the people on their continuance that the Rev. Dr. W. McCord, associate rector of St. George's Episcopal Church, volunteered to superintend one week's further services.

And now the question arises, What are the results? What is the situation to-day compared with that of last May?

It was prophesied by many that evangelical work could not be done to any great extent in New-York City; that the city officials would not grant licenses for out of door preaching; that money could not be raised for tents; that land could not be obtained for such purpose; that if tents were set up there would be no listeners; that people in this city did not care for that sort of thing.

How have the prophecies been fulfilled?

The city officials, from the Mayor down, with rare exceptions have given Christianity the best possible chance to prove what it can do to save New-York to a better life at least, if not to Christ. The police have been most willing, helpful and reliable in their co-operation, several manifesting active sympathy with the work. Money has been provided sufficient to carry on the work as originally contemplated. Plots of land have been obtained without trouble; in fact, more were offered than could be used. Five tents were erected in neighborhoods representing various types of people, and have been crowded nightly and on Sunday afternoons. One hundred tents could easily have been filled with eager listeners.

Results? The evangelists are characterized by a spirit of consecrated humility. They are content to do the work and leave results with God. "Keep humble, don't exaggerate figures," was the warning uttered early in the campaign.

Figures can be given, however. It can be reported that 1,051 meetings have been held, with a total attendance of 400,000; that there has been a distribution of 200,000 tracts, 500 Bibles, 5,000 Gospel Portions, and 100,000 "Get Right With God" cards.

There may still be some fighting in Hell's Kitchen, but there is also much praying. There may still be some shooting, but there is more shouting. Go to Catharine Slip and hear the scrub women vying with one another in their boasts of the number of consecutive days they have passed without getting drunk. Enter one of those noisome tenements, and hear that man with no vestige of decency apparent on his face, hear him singing with his little dirty children, "Jesus loves me, this I know." Wander over to the upper East Side, "Little Italy," and witness the sight of converts by the score being received from utter darkness of irreligion into the Church of God. Take the car to The Bronx or to Washington Heights, and see the crowds of clean, respectable, even aristocratic people, filling the tents at every service.

The greatest work of all has been done among the children. Hundreds and hundreds of little American citizens, who in a few years will be lawmakers and homemakers, have become home missionaries, carrying the gospel to their homes.

A magnificent work has all this time been carried on also at the open air meetings. So great and so encouraging has been the work there that it is possible a large pavilion may be erected to shelter the audience as they gather.

The five thousand men who are employed in the Western Electric Company's works near the Leyland pier, are addressed every noon by evangelists, singers led by a cornet. At the same hour of noon is a gathering of business men, bankers, brokers, merchants, clerks, cashiers and messenger boys, on the steps of the Custom House, attentively listening to the venerable cassocked evangelist.

Great representative masses of American citizens may be found crossing and recrossing Abingdon Square. Six streets centre here, and it has been estimated that one hundred people cross the square every two minutes during an hour's service. Thirteen hundred have been counted as stopping to look and listen to a stereopticon service. Fifteen steps from where the pictures stood out on the screen ninety-five streetcars, carrying two thousand persons, passed during a service, each of whom might catch a glimpse of one beautiful religious picture.

Mrs. Margaret Bottome has identified herself with the tent campaign, addressing meetings and especially working in the Flower Mission.

Mrs. E. W. Whittemore, known as "Mother Whittemore" by many women rescued through the Door of Hope, is also associated with the work.

Miss Helen Gould has been actively interested from the beginning.

The Gospel has been preached to all sorts and conditions of men, women and children throughout the metropolis. Rich or poor, black or white, Protestant, Catholic, Jew or Mahometan, no classes or masses have been overlooked or unapproached.

Results? Family worship in homes where God's name was never before heard, except in blasphemy.

Results? Men and women lifted from absolute heathendom to a Christian life.

Results? Backsliders reinstated, those who were "down and out" reclaimed.

Results? Dead or comfortably sleeping churches aroused or awakened to life by the part they have taken in the work.

Results? Pastors finding themselves in the midst of revivals in their own churches.

Results? The interest spreading all over the continent. New-York City is a fair sample of the conditions prevailing the country over, although the conditions here may be intensified.

Quoting from some of the conservative clergymen of the city:

"The unchurched multitudes in various sections of the city have received unmistakable evidence that the church cares for them and for their salvation."

"The church people who attended the services, and especially the ministers who engaged in the work, have learned that the unchurched are not indifferent to the Gospel call."

"It cannot now be said that the churches do not care for the great unchurched masses that throng the streets of this city. The church does care and has proved it."

"It is Christ's own way of reaching thousands with the Gospel who would hear it in no other way."

"It is an apocalypse of opportunity."

TWO NEW CORNERSTONES.

Harlem Presbyterians Plan "Roof Garden"—Another Unusual Church.

The beginning of two new Harlem church buildings will be celebrated to-day. This afternoon at 4 o'clock the cornerstone of the new structure of the Harlem Presbyterian Church will be laid at Mount Morris Park West and 122d-st. The church has been in 125th-st., near Madison-ave., for more than thirty years.

The Rev. Dr. Wilton Merle Smith, of the Central Church; the Rev. Dr. George Alexander, of the University Place Church; the Rev. Dr. John L. Caughy, the new Harlem pastor, and Mr. James Yearance will take part at the exercises to-day.

The building will face Mount Morris Park. It will be in the Byzantine style of architecture, and the large copper dome will be a feature.

The building on a plot 100x100 will be in two parts, the auditorium and the Sunday school rooms. The Sunday school building will serve as parish house and will have in the basement an auditorium for entertainments, kindergarten room, gymnasium and a dining room. On the first floor will be an office, reception room and the pastor's study. In other parts of the building will be accommodations for the several departments of the Sunday school, club rooms, parlors, etc. The roof of this building, almost flat, will be utilized in warm weather for outdoor meetings.

This is the oldest Presbyterian church in the upper part of the city. It was organized in 1844. Its first building was in 127th-st., east of 3d-ave. The second building, in 125th-st., was completed in 1874. This building was sold because of the increase of business in the street and because the old buildings were inadequate.

The other cornerstone laying will be that of the new Northminster Presbyterian Church, in 115th-st., near St. Nicholas-ave., also by the Rev. Dr. Wilton Merle Smith. The Rev. Dr. J. A. Hoadley, of the Thirteenth Street Church; the Rev. Henry Sloane Coffin, of the Madison Avenue Church, and the Rev. Dr. Anthony H. Evans, of the West Presbyterian Church, and others will take part. The Rev. William P. Shriver is pastor. The exercises will be at 3 p. m.

The Northminster Church building will differ greatly from the ordinary church structure. The lot cost $55,000. The present building, to be a part of the whole, will be the parish house. It will be built on sixty feet of the lot. In it there are to be contained a chapel, Sunday school room, kindergarten and library, in the basement. Two floors are given to an auditorium to seat eight hundred persons, above which are two floors for club and class rooms and a gymnasium.

TWO MADISON-AVE. PASTORS.

Will Be Greeted To-morrow by Baptists and Presbyterians.

Two churches in Madison-ave. will listen to new clergymen to-morrow. The Rev. Dr. Kerr Boyce Tupper, from the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia, succeeds the late Rev. Dr. George C. Lorimer in the Madison Avenue Baptist Church at 31st-st. At 73d-st. the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church will greet the Rev. Henry Sloane Coffin, professor in Union Theological Seminary and former pastor of the Bedford Park Presbyterian Church.

The Rev. Dr. Tupper will preach at both services to-morrow. The parsonage of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church will be in the Marie Antoinette. Dr. Tupper comes to New-York with the reputation of being one of the foremost preachers of his body. It is said that the church of which Dr. Tupper has become pastor may be rebuilt on institutional lines, though such action is not immediately contemplated. Dr. Tupper is a native of Georgia, a graduate of Mercer University, Macon, Ga., and held his first pastorate in Charlottesville, Va. Other pastorates were in Paducah, Ky.; Grand Rapids, Mich., and Denver. From the city last named he went to Philadelphia in 1896.

The Rev. Henry Sloane Coffin is connected with the Vanderbilt family. Soon after his graduation from Union Seminary he took charge of the struggling Bedford Park Presbyterian Church, in The Bronx. In six years it has become a strong congregation, with a property valued at $50,000. At the time of Mr. Coffin's call to the Madison Avenue Church the Presbytery of New-York went on record as having disapproved a heresy charge made against the young pastor.

WESTCHESTER PRESBYTERY TO MEET.

The Presbytery of Westchester, one of the largest subordinate bodies of the New-York State Synod, will hold its fall meeting at the First Presbyterian Church, Ossining, next Monday and Tuesday. This session will be of unusual interest, because there will be observed the thirty-fifth anniversary of the formation of the Presbytery, and many of the former members of it now preaching in other places and other States will return to greet their former co-workers.

The programme will begin on Monday evening with devotional exercises, followed by a sermon by the retiring Moderator, the Rev. John Paul Egbert, on "The Genius of Presbyterianism." The Rev. Dr. J. Ritchie Smith, for twenty-two years pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Peekskill, now of the Market Square Presbyterian Church, Harrisburg, Penn., will follow with an address on "The Progress of the Presbyterian Church Since Reunion." On Tuesday morning there will be devotional exercises, led by the Rev. Robert P. Gibson, followed by business meetings. The Presbytery of Westchester was erected by the Synod of New-York on June 21, 1870. The first meeting was held on October 4, 1870, in the First Presbyterian Church, Ossining. The offerings for the last thirty-five years amount to $1,437,496, the congregational expenses to $4,671,230, and the General Assembly, $25,696, making a grand total of $6,134,422. The two largest items in the benevolent offerings are foreign missions, $480,736, and home missions, $324,434. Education received $60,511. The Rev. Mr. Cumming has also prepared and will submit the most elaborate tables, one of statistical and the other of offerings extending over the entire thirty-five years, year by year. The former shows that in 1871 there were 57 ministers, 35 churches, 4,528 communicants and 4,660 Sunday school scholars. Three hundred and ten were added by examination and 234 by certificate. Each year has shown a steady increase in each of these figures until in the present year, 1905, there are 70 ministers, 40 churches, 573 added by examination, 348 by certificate, 9,422 communicants and 8,638 Sunday school scholars. There have been added to the churches by examination 11,305 and by certificate 8,668, a total of 19,905.

"LITTLE CHURCH" HONORS FOUNDER.

The Church of the Transfiguration will observe its festival of foundation day to-morrow, and in the morning, at 10:30 o'clock, the rector will unveil a life size bust in bronze of the founder of the parish. The bust was modelled by A. Weinert.

The parish was founded fifty-seven years ago by Dr. George Hendric Houghton, and the first services were held at No. 48 East 24th-st. The present building, or rather a small portion of it, was dedicated in the early part of 1850. It has been many times extended.

A new ceiling has taken the place of the time-worn boards this last summer, new and elaborate decorations have been added and a complete steam heating plant has been installed. A new roof covers the church, concrete walks are to take the place of the old pavement in the close, and a new tiled floor is to be laid in the centre aisle. A bronze tablet is placed in the vestibule in memory of the founder.

A special sermon will be delivered to-morrow by the Very Rev. Dean Robbins, of the General Theological Seminary. Then the large vested choir of men and boys will render Martin's "Eucharistic Service," the bronze bust will be unveiled and Sullivan's "Te Deum" will be sung. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, during choral evensong, the choir will render Trimnell's anthem, "I Have Surely Built Thee an House," and Rossini's "Lord, Vouchsafe Thy Loving Kindness," and there will be a solemn procession of the clergy, acolytes and choir.

GENERAL ITEMS OF THE WEEK.

Openings at a few more churches are noted. At St. Mark's Church, 10th-st. and 2d-ave., the Rev. Dr. L. W. Batten, rector, the full list of services will be resumed to-morrow. The Rev. Dr. David James Burrell, of the Marble Collegiate Church, has returned from his summer vacation, and will preach at both services to-morrow. The Fourth Presbyterian Church, West End-ave. and 91st-st., will resume evening services to-morrow. The pastor, Dr. Pleasant Hunter, will preach at 11 a. m. A praise service will be held at 8 p. m. The Church of the Incarnation, Madison-ave. and 35th-st., the Rev. W. M. Grosvenor, rector, will resume to-morrow its full schedule of services, with complete choir, at 11 a. m. and 4 p. m. The special musical (monthly) services will be resumed in November.

"The Outlook for Liberal Religion" is the topic selected by the Rev. Thomas R. Slicer for his sermon at 11 a. m. at All Souls' Church, 4th-ave. and 20th-st., to-morrow. It will include a résumé of the work accomplished at the four day session of the national conference of Unitarian and other Christian churches at Atlantic City this week, with a report of a view of the field.

Dr. Ibuka, president of the Meiji Gakuin, of Tokio, a theological college of the Presbyterian and Dutch Reformed churches, will address the men's meeting at the Harlem branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, No. 5 West 125th-st., to-morrow afternoon at 4:30 o'clock. Dr. Ibuka is one of the leading educators of Japan, and an impressive and forceful speaker. He will speak in the Central Presbyterian Church, No. 212 West 57th-st., in the evening, on "The Present Situation in Japan."

The department of Biblical literature at Teachers College, under Dr. Hodge, offers a thirty period course in Sunday school instruction on Fridays at 5 o'clock, and a sixty period course in the history and literature of the Old Testament on Mondays and Fridays at 4 o'clock. These are both elective and extension courses, and are open to Sunday school teachers and other persons interested, without their having to matriculate for other courses at the college.

At the Broadway Tabernacle the Sunday school, under the leadership of E. C. Knapp, will hold the first session of the season at 9:45 a. m. to-morrow. This will be observed as rally day.

Dr. Madison C. Peters, of the Baptist Church of the Epiphany, will begin a series of sermons to-morrow evening on "Marriage and the Home." His first theme will be "Young Men and Marriage." Others to follow are "Young Women and Marriage," "The Duties of Husbands to Wives," "The Duties of Wives to Husbands" and "How the Marriage Ideals May Be Realized." Dr. Peters's subject to-morrow morning will be "The Motherhood of God."

"The Trial of Jesus, from a Lawyer's Standpoint" will be the subject of an address by Walter M. Chandler at the auditorium of the West Side Young Men's Christian Association, 57th-st., near 8th-ave., to-morrow afternoon at 3:30 o'clock.

Housewives' Exchange.

VACATION AT HOME.

With seventy summers in the background, it is difficult to decide which was the pleasantest I ever spent. The one which stands out most conspicuously, filling most of the requirements—rest, pleasure and duty—was that in 18—. The powers that be decided to put a sewer through our street. My doctor said: "Close your house and go away. You will have chills if you do not." Leave our home to the mercy of those dreadful men, have our lawn trampled upon, common use made of our piazza, and other depredations? Never! We will stay at home and protect our property.

Our house is a detached one, with iron picket fence in front. One Monday morning a small army of Italians began operations on our block, and we resigned ourselves to the inevitable. From that day till the sewer was completed our fence was decorated with coats, waistcoats and tin dinner pails. Saturday being payday, the paymaster, seated on a barrel, called each man by number and paid him his week's wages. In the evening our hose was brought out, and the fence had a thorough drenching, to relieve it of stray microbes. Every day we could see the men as they sat on the curb under the trees or in the shade in the vacant lots eating their luncheons, and could soon pick out those who brought the dainty ones, with the napkin or clean white paper. We made no protest against the use of our faucets for drinking water nor comment on the lager brought from a nearby saloon. We came to know each one by sight; the strongest, the best natured, the morose; they appreciated the small courtesies extended by the "old man and woman," and always bid us a cheery good morning and goodby.

I had talked the matter over with my maid, and agreed to give her every Thursday; she in turn promised to stand guard one day each week while we took an outing; when we failed to do so, we were rewarded with an extra dish or delicacy, usually ice cream, home made. When my few duties for the day were done, we took our seats on the piazza and began our day's pleasures by reading The New-York Tribune, for which we had been subscribers and readers since its first issue, when that grand old man, Horace Greeley, sat in the editorial chair. Books from our city library, which we exchanged from time to time, furnished reading matter. "The History of Colonial Literature" and "American Revolution," by Moses Coit Tyler, we especially enjoyed. We reread several of Dickens, a few modern works of fiction, the current magazines and our local paper. Our discussions on the relative merits were sometimes quite animated. Our maid served a 4 o'clock tea—hot on cool days, iced on hot days. Our block being "barricaded," our "carriage friends" could not reach us; we were spared the mortification of our decorated fence. An occasional neighbor would drop in and take a cup of tea with us. My workbasket was put out of sight, and I did no fancy work; the one drawback was our lonely evenings; but, taking it all in all, I am safe in saying it was as pleasant a summer as any previously, or those since, spent at the seashore, in the mountains or at Saratoga. The money saved gave us a week's outing the following winter at Washington, where we—but that is another story.

Newark, N. J. J. F. S.

HUNTING WITH THE CAMERA.

Happiest of all my vacation was one spent far far in the wilds of Northwestern Colorado. Twelve hours I travelled by rail from Denver, and then spent the night in a mountain hotel. The next morning a great four horse stage load of hunters started for the game fields, myself the only woman in the stage. That stage looked like the old days of road agents and armed expresses, for every man carried a rifle. Forty miles we pushed straight into the hills that day, with vistas of mountain peaks and uplands opening all around us, the air like wine, the sunshine like beaten gold. As the sun began to drop the does and fawns, starting on their night's travel, began to cross the road ahead of us or to start up out of the sagebrush to gaze at the great, jingling engine of destruction rolling by. It was two hours after dark before the cheery lights of a tiny mountain city, the county seat of a county half as big as Vermont, long years ago a mountain fort and a frontier post of Indian fighters, gleamed down the mountain road. They were a welcome sight, and thankfully we dismounted at a splendid mountain inn, with great antlered heads on every wall, and a gay company of hunters from every direction inside. Among them all it seemed as if there was one from every hunting ground in America, and the stories and jokes flew fast around the splendid meal spread upon the big table. That forty mile drive in the keen, pure air of the Rockies had made eating a pleasure almost divine, and I shall never forget how that venison, those baked potatoes, hot biscuit and coffee tasted.

I meant to tell you of my vacation, and here is my space all gone before I even get into it. Three days more I pushed on, in Uncle Sam's mail carts, till I reached a vast, solitary, rolling, gray upland, one hundred miles from the railroad. And there I hunted the deer for three weeks—but with the camera, not the gun. It was my happiest vacation.

Manhattan. M. J. R.

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