NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN

A "PRATT" CELEBRATION.

Seventy-fifth Anniversary of Institute's Founder's Birth.

The completion of a new chemical building and the purchase of two other buildings to be converted into a house of recreation for men students were announced at the annual celebration of Founder's Day, which took place at Pratt Institute yesterday morning. "The chemical building," Charles M. Pratt said in addressing the students, "is the best of its kind ever built, and will afford facilities for a new course in chemistry under the direction of Dr. Allan Rogers, formerly of the University of Pennsylvania. In this course the subject will be studied in its relation to industrial necessities. The wood working and carpentering departments have been moved into the basement of the new building, and the domestic art department into the building formerly occupied by the high school, which was closed at the end of the last school year. All these changes and additions have provided accommodations for a few more students, but large numbers had, nevertheless, to be refused admission."

The recreation building has not yet been completed. It is being fitted up with reading, resting and smoking rooms, rooms for billiards and bowling and a restaurant. All these pleasant things are intended for the exclusive use of the men. For the women no such provision has been made. They suffer from the fact that, so far as is known, none of them are in the habit of spending their leisure moments in corner saloons.

The improvements are all being made at the expense of the Pratt family, and will cost over $100,000.

Charles M. Pratt presided at the exercises, and addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. M. Nehemiah Boynton and Alfred C. Bedford. On the platform were the Rev. Dr. John Humpstone, George D. Pratt, John T. Pratt and H. J. Pratt. A telegram was received from Frederick P. Pratt, who has been spending the last year in California. The occasion was the seventy-fifth anniversary of the birth of the founder of the institute, the late Charles Pratt.

WOMEN IN THE SCHOOLS.

Half the school janitors get higher wages than half the teachers.

Maine pays her elementary teachers an average of $1 20 a day for 313 days in the year.

The first schoolmaster's "graft" has been discovered—the selling of high school diplomas for $5 apiece.

Out of the fifty-eight cities in the United States between 30,000 and 50,000 in population, Butte, Mont., pays the highest salaries to its women teachers, exclusive of principals.

Miss Mary Ross Potter has been appointed dean of women at Northwestern University, the place once held by Frances Willard.

A national educational congress is to be held in Mexico next year at the call of the federal government. Its principal object is discussion of the project of putting all public schools under the control of the federal government. At present they are under control of the various States, in some of which they are poor and some good. The little State of Jalisco, for instance, is one of the most advanced in the world in its school laws. In addition to compulsory free education, the State pays the expenses of any university student too poor to attend otherwise.

Ohio State University is to have a woman's building, the work of three women architects, Miss Mary McMahon, Miss Kenyon Hayden and Miss Florence Hite.

Informal TALKS

A WESTERN CLUB WOMAN.

"You Eastern women value your clubs," remarked a Western club president the other day, "but you don't begin to appreciate them as highly or get the good out of them that we women beyond the Mississippi do. I think it is because they come so easy—you take them almost as a matter of course. It is different with us.

"One day last winter I was attending a meeting of our federation in— Oh, well, I won't tell you where it was, for I dare say you never even heard the name of the place before.

"The morning session was over and I was off to a postponed meeting of directors. When in the hotel corridor I ran up against a nice little woman whose face was very familiar, although I could not place her at the moment. As she stopped to shake hands I remembered her as the wife of a prosperous stockman—a coming 'cattle king'—but living in a little log shack far out on the prairie, miles away from even the hamlet they called their headquarters.

She was looking flushed and tired.

"'Aren't you coming to the directors' meeting?' I asked her. 'It's in Parlor C.'

"'Why, to tell the truth,' she replied, 'I was looking for a quiet place to lie down.'

"'The morning's papers went to your head?' I hazarded, with well meant but foolish gayety, for the aforesaid papers had been deadly dull.

"She was too tired to smile, poor thing. 'I took a sixty-mile ride in an open sleigh with my baby yesterday,' she said, 'slept at a friend's house, where I left Mary; then got up at 3 o'clock this morning and drove thirty miles to the railway station, to take my train here, 105 miles more.'

"Accustomed as I am to the sacrifices Western women make for their clubs, I was touched by the picture of that frail woman riding through the chill dark of a January morning over the miles upon miles of rolling prairie. 'What made you do it?' I asked her, unscrewing the lid of my smelling salts. I had already tucked her up under a light afghan on a couch in a dark corner of one of the parlors. 'Wasn't it fearfully cold?'

"'It was 60 below,' she answered, simply enough. 'I wouldn't have dared take Mary out in it, but I'm tough. Last winter, when my husband had his back sprained, I broke the ice at the spring with an axe for the cattle every day for a fortnight, with the thermometer 65 below most of the time.'

"'The cattle would have died if I hadn't done it. And last summer I helped with the haying when it was 103 in the shade, and anything you like in the sun. I'm tough! Only believe you can do a thing and you can.'

"The strained look was beginning to disappear from her eyes and her thin cheeks were growing less flushed. She was much more interesting than any directors' meeting!

"'But what was it made you want to do it?' I persisted. 'Was it the paper on forestry or the discussion on American policy in the Philippines, or the poem on the ruins of the Roman Forum, or what, what made you want to come so much?'

"It didn't take her half a second to answer.

"'Why, it wasn't any one of those,' she exclaimed, as if in surprise that I could have supposed those features, attractive as they might appear, would have been sufficient to tempt her.

"'It was that symposium on art in the public schools. You see the women in our neighborhood have been tremendously interested in what they're doing in the schools East—placing busts in the schoolrooms and hanging pictures on the walls and tinting the corridors, you know, and the speaker to-day being a New-York woman they all wanted me to come and hear her. There are only seven scholars in our school—some of the time there's as many as eleven, but then again they drop off to five—and the schoolhouse is a one story shack with a mud roof, like we all live in. Still, we think it's worth while making the best and not the worst of it, so we have formed a little circle among ourselves to raise money to beautify it.

"'The secretary lives twenty-one miles from the president, and the treasurer lives eighteen miles from the secretary, and there aren't any two of the members who live nearer than twelve miles apart.

"'But we wouldn't be Westerners if we didn't do as well as talk. I've set my heart on a cast from the frieze of the Parthenon and Barye's lion, and Mrs. Tolman wants a photograph of the Grand Canal, and Mrs. Griscom is raising money for a bust of the young Augustus—plaster, of course—and, well, you see, I should have had to hear that symposium on art in the public schools even if the mercury had stood at 100 below.'

"'You brave little thing,' I couldn't help crying. 'So you were willing to take a journey of nearly two hundred miles, through the dark and freezing cold, for the sake of carrying back points on schoolroom decoration to half a dozen ranch women? And all that way to go back again! Here'—and I opened my handbag and fumbled around till I found a $10 bill I knew was there—'take that and put it toward the Parthenon frieze.'

"And then she fluffed up her pompadour, and we went to the directors' meeting."

SHORT HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

Hamburg Steak Often Adulterated—When First Class Is Not Cheap.

Food adulteration, as many know, has now extended even to Hamburg steak. Once upon a time the economical woman could sincerely feel that she was buying sweet, wholesome meat at a small price in this form.

Hamburg steak taken directly from a good piece of meat and chopped by the butcher before one's eyes is not especially cheap, and the cheaper variety found for sale already chopped is badly adulterated and often unfit to eat.

If any one wishes to be really economical and has the time to spare she will be wise if she buys a low priced meat like the round and puts it through her own patented meat chopper at home. The butcher charges extra, a "good extra," too, for the chopping, and his meat chopper will probably not be as clean as that at home.

Hamburg steak will be more tender and better in every way if it is broiled instead of fried. Frying certainly makes it tough. It should be served rare and with plenty of rich seasoning. It is nice for a simple meal. Serve with fried onions. If fried onions are not used it should be served with some kind of sauce, with watercress or other garnish.

There are two other forms of steak similar to Hamburg and excellent for a change. The first is called Hanoverian steak. To prepare it, chop a piece of lean beef—about a pound and a half off the sirloin, if convenient.

Grind it exceedingly fine in a meat grinder. Add a tablespoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper. Form the meat into six flat cakes, rub them with melted butter and broil four minutes on each side. Put one ounce of butter in a frying pan on the stove, add half a cupful of finely chopped onion and cook without browning for six minutes. Then add four large tomatoes peeled and cut into small pieces. Season highly with salt and pepper, using about one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper. Add also half a teaspoonful of sugar and cook ten minutes. After arranging the steaks on a platter, pour the sauce over them and serve.

The second is beef a la tartare. Use only beef of the finest quality, as this curious dish is never cooked. Take any tender piece of steak and season every pound of it, after mincing it fine, with one tablespoonful of salt. Divide the meat equally into four pyramids and place them on four small tea plates. Make a hollow in the middle of each pyramid, put into it one raw egg yolk and garnish with tiny slices of onion or minced onion and pieces of pickled beet. Skin and bone six anchovies. Divide into two fillets and roll each fillet up. Place three of them on each plate or on top of a pyramid. Serve with bread and butter. This dish is not seen as often in America as in Europe, but it will make a very good and nourishing luncheon dish. After the plates of meat are served, each guest mixes the egg yolk in the centre with the meat and the garnish of vegetables, seasoning further to suit his taste.

WAYS OF COOKING CORN.

A good many housewives believe that corn should boil some time when it is to be served on the cob. This is a mistake. Boiling corn toughens it. Here are two good ways of cooking corn in the favorite American fashion—on the cob. One is to husk it and silk it carefully, to place it in cold water and bring it gradually to the boiling point. When this is reached—that is, when the water actually begins to raise in big bubbles in the centre of the kettle—the corn should be taken up. Another way of cooking it is in the husk. Pull off the outside husks and all the silk. Leave on the delicate inside husks, wrap them over the corn and tie them on with a white string or coarse thread. Place them in cold water, gradually bring it to the boiling point and then cook the corn for three or four minutes. Cooked in this way it seems to be sweeter and to retain more of its natural flavor than when cooked without the husks.

When cold leftover corn is to be served in fritters, pancakes, stew or succotash it should always be scored first and then partly cut down through with a knife. The juice and pulp that remain clinging to the cob can then be scraped off evenly. Corn scrapers are now made for this purpose.

When about to stew leftover corn in milk, remember that it must not cook too long. A few minutes will suffice.

The following rule for corn cakes is one used by a Connecticut housewife. They are very delicate.

Score and scrape twelve raw, milky ears of corn. Beat two eggs, separating the yolks and whites, until very light. Add a little butter, plenty of salt and pepper and just enough flour to prevent the cakes from "running" too much. Cook as pancakes on a buttered griddle. These cakes are unlike fritters or ordinary cakes, which call for corn already cooked.

BAKED SWEET POTATOES.

During the cool days of autumn baked sweet potatoes will be welcome for luncheon. For a change bake them in the following way: Peel medium sized smooth potatoes, taking care that the parings are very thin. Drop the potatoes if they look as if they were going to turn dark into acidulated water. Have the oven very hot. Wipe them dry and bake them until soft in the centre. If a hard, firm crust is wished drop them into boiling water just before baking, after taking them from the acidulated water. If only a soft crust is desired drop the potatoes into cold water instead of hot. As they are put into the oven wipe them dry, in either case. Some cooks say that potatoes should not be wiped dry, but put in the oven while wet. They contend that the steam arising from them while wet hastens the cooking. If sweet potatoes, when peeled and treated in the way just described are placed upon an agate or earthen baking dish and then rubbed with a very small bit of butter they will be browner when taken out.

Sweet potatoes baked in this way will be still better if on being taken from the oven they are "stuffed" in the following fashion: Cut each potato in half and scoop out the inside. Season highly with pepper and salt, moisten with a bit of butter and put it back in the jackets. Serve very hot.

SHORT ITEMS.

In Denver people who have broad balconies that are in a somewhat secluded location sleep out doors at night. Even those who are not consumptives do this and feel very much better for it. They have what they call "sleeping porches." These are, of course, shaded with awnings. Eight solid hours of fresh air every day, taken in this way while sleeping, would certainly be a boon to many a hard working person.

Dwarf furniture is pretty and appropriate in the nursery. The children do not have to reach up or climb on chairs to get what they want, neither do they have to sit in chairs with their feet dangling. Pretty little wash stands, especially intended for the nursery, are seen in some of the department stores. They are in white enamel or maple and have little bowls and pitchers in blue and white.

Artistic covers are now made for the unprepossessing telephone book that hangs beside the telephone in the hall. They are made of simple cretonne that will harmonize with the surroundings.

It is said on good authority that one can have beets as nice and fresh at Christmas as in summer if they are put away carefully covered with earth, and, as they are needed, soaked overnight in water before cooking. Add some sugar as well as the usual salt just before sprinkling over them the drawn butter dressing.

Molasses is now sold in cans. It is better than the ordinary kind. Having been thoroughly sterilized and entirely free from the acid quality which comes from contact with air, it will not need soda but baking powder to give lightness to the gingerbread or cake made with it. If this kind of molasses, however, is exposed to the air for any length of time it will require some soda.

BOTANICAL CLUB EXCURSIONS.

The Torrey Botanical Club has arranged four field excursions on the four Saturdays of October. The first will be to Plainfield, starting at 11 o'clock from the Liberty-st. ferry; the second to Richmond, Staten Island, leaving the Staten Island ferry at 1 o'clock; the third to Mosholu, N. Y., leaving 125th-st. and 8th-ave. at 1:20 o'clock, and the fourth to Forest Park, Long Island, leaving Brooklyn Bridge at 1 o'clock.

TRIBUNE SUNSHINE SOCIETY

GOOD CHEER.

Have you had a kindness shown—
Pass it on.
'Twas not meant for you alone—
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears.
Pass it on.

THERE ARE OTHERS.

In the world where we live there are many dark days,
And trouble and grief you may see;
But to sink in despair you will find never pays,
Whatever your troubles may be
There comes tribulation that all must endure,
Things happen which make us feel blue;
Although it's no cure,
You may always be sure
That somebody is worse off than you.

You may want to go somewhere away from mankind,
Because of some grief of your own;
But wherever you go it is certain you'll find
Small comfort in being alone.
Whatever your trouble, don't let it appear,
Meet your friends, and act cheerfully, too;
You'll have joy, never fear,
In bringing good cheer
To some one who is worse off than you.
—(Frank Beard.

Selected by M. M.

NO. 6 BRANCH.

The president of Manhattan Branch No. 6 reports as follows:

We held our monthly meeting on Monday last week. Six birthday letters were sent, with 50 cents in stamps inclosed; six handkerchiefs, for the Ever Ready Branch; two members in our own branch were financially aided; one received $3 toward her rent, and the other $1 35 for medicine. We are working for the Little Mothers' bazaar, besides making three dozen waists for poor girls and many other things not worth mentioning. We intend to do everything we can for Sunshine during the coming winter, but there are two families on our visiting list who need more immediate help than we can give. In one family there is extreme need. The mother has seven children, the eldest fourteen years, and the husband was taken to the insane asylum two days after the baby was born. The woman is making a hard struggle to keep the family together, but finds it impossible to procure proper clothing and shoes. Mrs. Kiddie was at the Settlement House when two of the barefooted children came for food, and she was so sorry for them that she at once bought each one a pair of shoes.

I have another family with five children. The father has worked only ten days since last May, having been most of the time in the hospital. He is not able to do heavy lifting, but he could do light work if it could be found for him. The Charity Organization Society gives both families a small amount of groceries each week, but that is not much where there are so many children to feed. Yours in Sunshine, CAROLINE DORSCH.

INDIVIDUAL HELPS.

Mrs. Brown, of New Jersey, an invalid member, reports that during September she passed on a doll dressed by herself, twenty souvenir postals, fourteen cheery letters, three handkerchiefs, one apron and artificial flowers.

An active member of the same State, who is constantly sending forth sunshine, has supplied a quantity of new wools and knitting needles to a Long Island member who is going to do holiday Sunshine work for the general distribution; has sent cheer to two invalids on their birthdays and has promised new articles for Christmas. She has also subscribed for a monthly magazine for a hard working country woman who finds the winter days oftentimes lonely.

Mrs. T. J. Thompson, of Nagasaki, Japan, passes on all the reading matter she receives from friends in the United States to American missionaries in the town where she lives. She has also been able to aid the families about her where the husbands and fathers had gone to war, and to send comfort bags to these same Japanese soldiers.

RUMMAGE SALE.

The Mothers' Sunshine Club, A. T. S. S. branch, will hold a rummage sale on the afternoon of Thursday, October 5, in the Sunday school room of the church of the Saviour, 106th-st. and Madison-ave. Any contributions of second hand clothing, shoes, hats, etc., will be gladly received. The room will be open from 9 until 12 o'clock each day to receive anything that may be sent. The money realized from this sale will be used to buy new material, like outing flannel, etc., for the Sunshine work of the "Mothers" at their weekly meetings. The garments thus made will be distributed among the many poor who live in the locality of this mission church.

IN THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE.

President of the T. S. S.: I am impelled to ask for hints or helps in a temperance entertainment, feeling certain that from such a large circle I can get much that will be interesting to an audience in a small town.

We are to vote in November for license or no license, and am sure if we can bring the matter before the people we can close the saloons; therefore, anything that can be recommended in the way of songs, recitations, dialogues or pamphlets will be heartily welcomed. I do not mean that I expect persons to forward such publications, but to inform me as to where I can get them, and any suggestion will be thankfully received. There is a poem that Gough recited on water that I would be especially glad to get, and will gladly pay the expense necessary for procuring it. Yours in Sunshine, Mrs. JAMES MAXWELL.

Cambridge, N. Y., Sept. 27, 1905.

Those who have any suggestions to make for this entertainment will please communicate direct with Mrs. Maxwell.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

A trunk full of fine sunshine has been received from Mrs. Godfrey and Miss Coe, of Connecticut; a large express box of quilts, clothing underwear, etc., from Mrs. Sanborn, of Burlington, Vt.; a box of infants' wear from South Brooklyn; a large package of unfinished fancy work, bound books, etc., from Miss White, of Manhattan; neckties from Mrs. Knoer; embroidery silks, without a name; magazines from Mrs. L., and six bags and dolls for Little Mothers, from "Rosemary."

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

The simple shirtwaist always fills a need and is always in demand, let there be as many elaborate blouses as may be. This one is among the best that the season has to offer and can be made with the rollover collar that is so very generally comfortable and so well liked or with a regulation stock as preferred. In this instance the material is a heavy cotton vesting and the lining is not used, but there is a fitted foundation which will be found desirable for silk and wool fabrics.

NO. 5,168—TISSUE PAPER PATTERN OF SHIRTWAIST OR BLOUSE, FOR 10 CENTS.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4⅛ yards 21 inches, 3⅛ yards 27 inches or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern, No. 5,168, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.

The pattern will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. Please give pattern and bust measure 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.

SEQUEL TO MUTINY.

A curious after echo to the mutiny of the Knaiz Potemkine comes from Bucharest. Most of the crew have settled permanently in Rumania, where they have readily found employment, and those of them who are married are now being joined by their families. The Rumanian government takes a benevolent interest in the arrangement, and the women and children as they arrive are taken to the police prefectures, where they receive residence certificates, necessary in the case of all foreigners. These certificates enable the holders to settle and to travel freely in the country.—(London Globe.

Housewives' Exchange.

AT OBERAMMERGAU.

It was from Innsbruck, in its lovely valley, with its majestic mountains all about, that we started to see the Passion Play at Oberammergau given in 1890. The Tyrol is the most westerly province of Austria-Hungary, but as far as any tourist can see it is a continuation of Switzerland. The mighty Alps pierce it, and between them lie long, narrow valleys. Quaint valleys they are, full of quaint peasant industries, canary bird raising, woodcarving and the like. It was through these valleys and mountains that we drove to the Passion Play.

It almost always rains in the Tyrol, and it rained that morning as we left Innsbruck. Yet it could not dampen our enthusiasm, for we had warm coats and rugs, and we were off for a lark, our own guides and managers, on a journey into the unknown. We followed the windings of the Inn for miles, going ever up and up, with mountain tops weirdly showing above great cloud masses. Now and then the sun broke through, and shone on high Alpine meadows, with red cows in them, or a peasant in Tyrolese costume, red or blue or green, exactly like a character in a musical comedy. Windmills there were, and villages here and there with blue houses—positively sky blue. And now and again the clouds lifted and the mountains parted, and some glorious, majestic view opened before us, till we clasped hands under the rug and were silent from sheer delight.

Our driver was a big, laughing man, most jolly and sociable. He talked all the time, though we could not understand one word he said. We spent that night in a quaint mountain inn in a quaint mountain hamlet, and next morning rose with delight to a world of glorious sunshine. At noon we ate at another mountain hotel, where the long table was filled with men speaking a dozen different languages, and by that we knew that Oberammergau was near. Some were driving in two great diligences, and many were walking.

Late that afternoon we drove into Oberammergau. There were no streets in Oberammergau, except the main one. The houses were just built anywhere the builders happened to like, and facing any way. The village ran back and forth across the Ammer as it liked, with footbridges every few yards across the river. There was no railroad in Oberammergau then—I hope there is not now. Beautiful fat cows, red and white, were wandering peacefully home from the pastures, their musical bells tinkling in the sunset. Little bakers' boys wheeled straw wagons full of bread, and some carried "stück brods" as tall as themselves. Shop windows were full of wood carvings, and the streets were full of all the nationalities of Europe. But mostly they were peasants from the surrounding mountains and valleys, jostling French artists, stolid Englishmen and people from Kalamazoo and Boston.

Though worn and weary, we could not rest till we had found the Rathhaus, for it was there we must find quarters for the night. A long line was in waiting, but our turn came at last. Had we written? Yes, we had written. A solemn, long haired young man searched for our names in his book. We trembled lest they should not be there. But yes; we were saved. A golden haired, apple-cheeked, blue eyed little boy was called, and guided us to our lodging place. Our hostess showed us to a long room, with a curtain through the middle. There were other tourists on the other side of that curtain, but what cared we? The room was waxlike in neatness. There were clean water and towels and snowy beds. One window looked over that thronged main street, the other perched straight over a little waterfall, that lulled us to sleep that night with its tumbling waters. I shall not tell of the Passion Play, for that has been written about many times by better pens. But after it was all over and the strangers all gone we stayed on for a time alone with the peasants in pretty Oberammergau. And I think I have told you enough to explain why it was "the pleasantest vacation I ever had." J. R. L.

Tupper Lake, N. Y.

"HOPE'S" VACATION.

In this short letter you can get only mere glimpses of what was the pleasantest vacation of my life. But in my heart are mingled gratitude and joy—gratitude toward the kind Providence that planned for me to revisit the home of my childhood in Nova Scotia and joy that after long years I should again tread upon native soil.

We shall always remember that the year 1905 held within its clasp two weeks of unmitigated pleasure for my husband and myself. If having a fine trip from Boston to Yarmouth by steamer, and a magnificent sunset and sunrise on the water; if being welcomed and loved and made much of in the dear old home; if looking into fond eyes and faces not seen for years; if visiting beautiful places of interest, among which were the Lookoff, Prince's Lodge and the public gardens of Halifax, besides others equally noted—if all these could minister to our enjoyment, surely our vacation was a delightful one.

I must not fail to mention three scholarly sermons and a wonderful conference meeting, which added much to our highest good. After all, it is the kind of heart we carry into our vacations, as into our daily home duties, that determines our happiness. HOPE.

Collinsville, Conn.

HEATHER MEMORIES.

At this season housewives are usually in the midst of preparations for Jack Frost, and summer memories are shelved along with summer gowns. While busy at this work to-day I found, carefully laid away in one of the boxes, a bunch of white heather, pretty yet, though gathered years ago. Who with a drop of Scotch blood in his veins does not warm to the heather? There flow many drops in mine, and a flood of memories surged at the sight of the still fragrant flowers as I recalled my second visit to the Heather Isle and concluded that of many happy, eventful summers this one had been the happiest.

We reached Scotland safely, but were burned out of the seaside hotel to which we had gone on our arrival (and thereby hangs a tale), and were, perforce, obliged to do some visiting sooner than we intended.

Our friends had left their town houses and had taken an old fashioned farmhouse for the season. I see it now with the hardy Gloir de Dijon roses climbing high over its gray stone. They had taken their cook and coachman and one horse and trap, which held four. Every day we started out in the trap, always with well filled hamper, to visit points of interest. Now to Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, now along the well known Trossachs road, where the tourist stage coach passed us by with a handkerchief salute. In another direction to that beautiful loch in which lies the island of the four Marys, of whom the old song was written:

There was Mary Beatoun and Mary Seaton,
And Mary Carmichael and I.

And then, one day, a longer trip to where, under the shadow of Ben Cruachan, we had our hunt for white heather, luckiest of all symbols to the Scotch mind. The six in our party separated, each going in a different direction, each eager for the spoil, but I knew before we started that I should find it. It is a queer thing and sounds uncanny, but I closed my eyes that day and was led by the spirit of some Scotch forefather far over the hillocks to the spot where my good luck lay. Not since, in field or woodland, have I found anything that has given me such joy. I gathered a good share, and, coming back to the starting point, gave the "Catskill call," by which we had agreed to gather the clan, and proudly exhibiting my find pointed out its hiding place, from which all might glean.

When, after such days spent in the open we sat in the square old parlor, made dainty with drapings of pink art cloth, lighted by a rose colored lamp and warmed with a glowing grate fire, and would each contribute to the entertainment of the others with songs, recitations, anecdotes, etc., I enjoyed it to the uttermost.

At such times the mind would flash back to former vacation scenes; to the large hotel on the New-Jersey coast, a Saturday night hop in full blast, with its glare and glitter and empty show, and, comparing the now with the then, the verdict was formed: "This—this is true recreation." H. C. B.

Kingston, N. Y.

FERMENTED GRAPE WINE.

It is my pleasure to have been a constant reader of your valuable paper for more than thirty years, and I cannot express my pleasure in this particular page. May I ask for some one to send me a recipe for fermented grape wine? I made grape juice from a recipe in this department given by Mrs. L. W. Meyers. It is excellent and reliable. (Mrs.) W. B. G.

Plainfield, N. J.

Swollen face, throbbing nerves, ugly teeth—the result of experimenting. The other fellow stuck to

SOZODONT

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STORAGE WAREHOUSE AND MOVING VANS.
Write or telephone for interesting booklet.

The Wanamaker Store.
Store Closes at 5:30 P. M.

Another Day of the Exhibition Of Foreign Wraps and Gowns

Friends out of the city have been asking how long this remarkable Fashion Exhibition was to continue. It should have ended on Saturday night, for the space occupied is emphatically demanded by the regular stocks from which women are buying so rapidly now. But, allowing it to remain today, admits of many women seeing the exhibition, who could not have come earlier.

The skill and taste, the organization and prestige which have produced and assembled the magnificent gowns and wraps in this extraordinary display, are all devoted to the producing and gathering of the popular-priced apparel at WANAMAKER'S. This is why there is so much style and character, so much originality and exclusiveness to any garment that you buy here—even at the very lowest prices.

The Wanamaker experts do not simply go into the market and buy the things that are produced for everybody who will buy them. The WANAMAKER policy is distinctly opposed to the commonplace, even in the lowest-priced garment sold. We supply the model; we suggest betterment; we give style-ideas. Then we make the lowest possible price.

That is the reason for Wanamaker leadership in Garments for Women.

See the Exhibition today. See the splendid stocks of every-day apparel, wanted by every woman in the land right now. Second floor, Broadway.

Fur Scarfs And Fur-lined Coats For Women

Some very handsome Persian Lamb Throw Scarfs are shown at special prices. The skins are choice and bright. The scarfs are in two sizes: 50 inches long, worth $20, now at $14; 42 inches long, worth $17, now at $12 each.

We still have a few more of the Fur-lined Coats at $39, which cannot be bought again this season for less than about that price, wholesale. Made of good black or brown serge, with body and sleeves lined with clear white-and-gray Siberian squirrel, dressed and sewed in Germany. Remarkable coats to buy for $39.

Second floor, Broadway.

Dressy Petticoats

This is a word about the fluffy, dainty petticoats that are to be worn under elaborate evening costumes—petticoats that a heavy tailored costume would crush. For these charming new styles are all ruffles and flounces—very full and bouffant. One, for example, in black, has a series of rows of quillings, in silk and satin, on a wide point d'Esprit flounce. Another, in white, has panels of silk shirring separated by insertions of point de Paris lace, with a deep edging of the same lace. Still another has a soft and pretty flounce of silk muslin, in cluster plaits. These are $19, $22 and $27, respectively.

Then here are others, less elaborate—some of them simple enough to be worn with a tailored costume:

At $5—Of taffeta silk, in changeable or rich dark shades and black; deep accordion or umbrella flounce, trimmed with hemstitching or stitched plaits.

At $6.50—Of taffeta silk, in all the new shades and black; deep graduated accordion-plaited flounce, trimmed with full ruche.

At $7.50—Of fine taffeta silk; deep flounce of cluster hemstitching; or shirred flounce, trimmed with two full ruches.

At $10.50—Of rustling taffeta silk, in white, light or dark colors, also black; deep umbrella flounce with small pinked ruffles, or trimmed with accordion-plaited ruffle and ruche.

Others, up to $30.

Second floor, Tenth street.

The Tooth Brush

We sell every good kind that is made. If you have a preference, we can meet it.

We have a tooth brush of our own, too. It is called the Wanamaker "Sensible" Tooth Brush. Some of its good points are: The splendid quality of the bristles, the perforated back, the curved shape, which enables the brush to reach all parts of the mouth.

It is a tooth brush that should be on the toilet table of every particular man and woman. It is thirty-five cents.

Tenth street.

Girls' Gymnasium Suits That We Make in Our Own Workroom

It's quite an old story—how we started making gymnasium suits with fit to them, instead of selling the clumsy meal-bag arrangements that hampered one's movements by their very bagginess, and looked like frights besides.

We've gone a step further, and are now making these suits in our own workrooms, where we can give still better care to the process.

We will sell you an individual gymnasium suit or outfit entire schools or classes. Some of the approved styles now ready in stock.

Blue flannel, trimmed with four rows of black braid; full bloomers; sizes for 8 to 16 years, at $3.75.

Blue cheviot, trimmed with three rows of white braid; sizes 8 to 16 years, at $4.75.

Second floor, Ninth street.

A Price Raid On Fancy Linens

The new Fancy Linens for Fall are coming in. We haven't room for our present stock and the new Fall goods, too—so we just rounded up six hundred odd pieces and marked them at one-half their former prices. All are absolutely perfect. Some are the slightest bit shop-worn; some are a little mussed—but one trip to the laundry will right those trifles.

A finger-bowl doily that was 12½c is now 5c, and a beautiful table cover, 1½ yards square, with handdrawn Berlin work and an edge of hand-made Arabian lace, that was $82, is now $35. That should give you an idea of the variety. The list of odd items is much too lengthy to print.

Perfect Fancy Linens at half price.

Linen Store, Third floor.

Post Card Albums And Sundries

Splendid assortment in Post Card Albums; holding from fifty-two to five hundred cards, at 20c to $5 each.

Wanamaker-Special Fountain Pens, No. 4 size; warranted 14k. gold; fine, medium and stub pens, at $1 each.

Handy Boxes, containing baggage, marking and key tags, small and long string tags, postal and small gummed labels, gummed muslin and transparent tape, tube of glue, paste, gummed paper eyelets, assorted suspension rings, assorted patent clips, rubber bands and twine, at $2 each.

Passe-Partout Outfits, 10½x7½x1 inches, containing six cardboard mats, 7x8¾ inches, twelve yards of gummed passe-partout binding, one tube of Dennison's Art Paste, one glass-cutter; at 50c each.

The No. 3 Passe-Partout Outfit is much more complete than the outfit at 50c. It is $2.

A line a Day or Five-Year Diaries:

7x8¾ in., Russia leather-bound, at $2; seal-bound, at $2; cloth-bound, at $1.50.

5x8 in., Russia leather-bound, at $2; seal-bound, at $2; cloth-bound, at $1.

4x7 in., cloth-bound, at 75c; Russia leather-bound, at $1.25; seal-bound, at $1.25.

4¾x6 in., Red or blue Persian-bound, at $1.50; blue cloth-bound, at $1.

4¼x7 in., seal-bound, at $1.50; Russia leather-bound, at $1.50; cloth-bound, at 75c.

Basement.

The KNABE--

The Piano That Satisfies and Delights the Artistic Ear :: ::

THE person of thoroughly artistic taste, makes certain demands upon the piano that shall be purchased and lived with. *Tone* is, of all things, the first consideration. It is one of those intangible things that cannot be described or measured. The builder of the piano either secures it, or does not. There are degrees of attainment, of course.

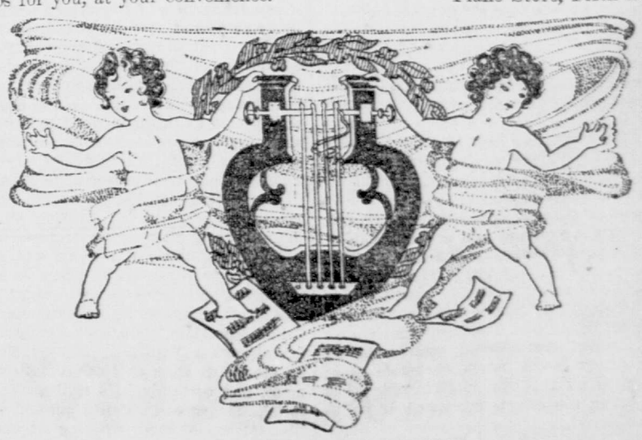
To the thoroughly artistic ear, it is known that the KNABE has attained *all*. The tone has a fullness, a richness and a quality which satisfies fully—leaves nothing to be desired. The musician "senses" it in his finger-tips—feels the depth that meets every desire—knows that it will never fail under any demand.

These are the things that mean greatness in a piano—things that the artist enjoys, for himself—things that even the man and woman lacking musical education themselves, enjoy possessing, for the pleasure of their musical friends.

These are the things possessed, in fullest measure, by the KNABE Pianos.

All models are shown by us—the superb uprights, and the magnificent grands. All sold, if you wish, on the very easiest terms. And we take the piano that you now own in part payment for the new instrument.

We shall be glad to demonstrate the exceptional qualities of the Knabe Pianos for you, at your convenience. Piano Store, Fifth floor.



JOHN WANAMAKER

Formerly A. T. Stewart & Co., Broadway, Fourth Avenue, Ninth and Tenth Sts.