Interesting to Women.

NEW HATS FOR FALL.

No. 1—Blue felt cloth golfing or cycling hat, trimmed with velvet to match. Blue and white wings. No. 2—Picture hat of purple velvet trimmed with silvery shaded foliage and wreath of roses. No. 3—This flat hat, in Tam o' Shanter style, is of black braid, trimmed with dark red velvet and black wings at the side. No. 4—Pretty hat of beaver felt, trimmed with soft silk shirred several times in the centre. Soft puffings of silk form bandeau at the back. No. 5 is of cherry colored velvet, trimmed with a wreath of tiny black ostrict tips. No. 6—Toque of white beaver cloth, with crown and shirred brim of green velvet. Ostrich tip and shaded foliage at the back.
—(Lady's Pictorial.

SOME OF ITS PROBLEMS.

Modern Conditions Philanthropy Must Face—Brahmin's Ideas.

The transition from the family to the individual as the unit of society without a corresponding adjustment of the individual to the new conditions is at the bottom of a great part of the problems of philanthrophy, according to the Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer.

"In the patriarchal stage of society," said Mrs. Spencer at the School of Philanthrophy yesterday morning, "all marriages were like those of princes and princesses. They were family affairs. Contracting parties were responsible to their families and their families were responsible for them.

"To-day men and women marry when and whom they please, bring as many children into the world as they can, and, in too many cases, manage to slip out of the resulting obligations. Boys take upon themselves the responsibilities of fatherhood without realizing what they are doing, and when the burden becomes too heavy for them they take themselves off, confident that society will see to it that the mother and children do not starve.

"Under the older social system such people would probably have behaved themselves fairly well. They would have been kept in the right track by an external conscience, just as some people have been kept there by the environment of a New-England village, though they afterward proved unequal to the freedom of a mining town. The increase of liberty in modern society has not been accompanied by a corresponding increase in wisdom and moral power. This is why we have so many thousands of deserted wives and children, and the State has to take care of aged and infirm parents. Such conditions would be impossible under the patriarchal constitution of society, and are wholly inexplicable to those who are accustomed to the patriarchal system.

"A few years ago a distinguished Brahmin visited this country for the purpose of studying our philanthropic and educational institutions. It was my privilege to accompany him on one of his tours of investigation, and I cannot convey to you any adequate idea of his shocked sense of condemnation when he saw our institutions full of old people and little children. Where were the fathers and mothers of these children, he asked. Where were their uncles and aunts and cousins? It would be impossible in his country, he said, for any family to allow the most remote relative to be cast upon the public care.

"Yet ours is the better way. The evils are those inevitable to transition, and should not unduly discourage us. We cannot go back to mediæval systems, but we can educate people up to the standard required by the new ones, and we can adopt the Roman method of requiring that if a man does not wish to live with his wife he shall still continue to support her and her children."

While defining the individual as the unit of society Mrs. Spencer pointed out that for the philanthropic worker the family was the practical unit.

"The family is the organism," she said, "through which individuals are educated for social relationships, and no smallest detail should be undertaken for one member of the family without considering the others. Some of our efforts, it is to be feared, lead to the disintegration rather than to the building up of the family."

NEW-YORK MOTHERS IN CONFERENCE.

Sandy Hill, N. Y., Oct. 4.—One hundred delegates, representing various sections of the country, are here to attend the annual meeting of the New-York Assembly of Mothers. The session to-day opened with an invocation by the Rev. C. D. Kellogg, followed by addresses by the Rev. Dr. Sawyer, H. C. Allen, president of the Board of Education; Frances Lefft, principal of the local High School; Mrs. Minnie Fisher, of Syracuse, and Mrs. D. O. Mears, of New-York. Among the speakers this afternoon were Homer Foulke, recretary of State Charities, and Dr. J. R. Street, of Syracuse University. The election of officers will take place to-morrow.

AN ATTRACTIVE ARTICLE

Something that looks attractive, something that smells good, something exclusive, different and dainty

Cresca Figs.

In eastern lands the fig is known as the beauty fruit, because it keeps the whole body in such perfect tone that good health radiates in beauty.

Cresca Figs, luscious, delicious, 25c. the pound basket.

CRESCA FIGS

LOVELY AUTUMN GOWNS.

Imported and Domestic Creations Shown by Arnold, Constable & Co.

The fall and winter gowns which are on display at Arnold, Constable & Co.'s store, Nineteenth-st and Broadway, are distinguished by their extreme daintiness and wealth of detail. They are exhibited in the light and beautiful showroom on the second floor, and no effort has been spared to make an attractive display.

Among the dozens of costumes, imported and domestic, none has received more attention than an afternoon gown of reseda green messaline and lace. The waist is formed by a loose jacket of the silk, heavily embroidered in Oriental style, with a darker and lighter shade of green. Beneath this jacket there is a blouse of filet lace, with sleeves of lace of two different varieties. A long cape of the messaline falls over the sleeves nearly to the elbow. The skirt has a full yoke effect of the filet lace, from which bands at intervals are continued down on the silk. The embroidery scheme is again seen on the skirt, which is made over a chiffon lining in the reseda shade. The girdle is of emerald green velvet, caught by two old silver ornaments.

Another effective costume is made of blue and green plaid silk in the 1830 style. The trimming consists of bands and designs of dark blue broadcloth. White crochet lace makes the collar, and scallops are made to fall over a small bertha effect of the cloth. Tiny silk buttons—lavender, with a bit of white—give an artistic touch. Another striking touch is a narrow band of turquoise blue velvet at the throat. The wide cuffs are of the crochet lace. The full skirt just touches the floor all around, and is feather stitched down four ruches from the waist line.

The velvet flowers which are on exhibition in the showroom are beautiful novelties. They lack the heavy look that most flowers made from this material acquires. Perhaps one reason is that they are made up with silk. Roses, pansies, hyacinths and dahlias are among the imitations, and some of the sprays come in 1½-yard lengths.

The satin and crêpe department at this store contains a multitude of bewildering patterns. The most alluring is doubtless the white satins brocaded with large yellow, lavender, green or silver bowknots. This pattern is in demand for court trains. The painted taffetas and chiffons are a delight to the eye.

The showing of dressgoods is a special feature of the autumn display here. First the clan plaids should be mentioned, as this store is making a specialty of them. Other popular materials are satin cloth, figured satin, barbarette, small check tweeds and satin de chine.

EVENTS AT WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

More Than a Thousand Students Enrolled—Conferences To Be Held This Week.

Wellesley, Mass., Oct. 4 (Special).—Wellesley's twenty-fourth academic year opened to-day. The attendance numbers more than a thousand students, three hundred and fifty of whom are newcomers—freshmen and applicants for advanced standing. Entrance examinations ended on October 1. President Hazard, who has been abroad during the summer, received with Dean Pendleton on Saturday evening at the reception held to welcome the new students, also at the informal afternoon receptions held last week for visiting parents. Services on Flower Sunday, October 2, were in charge of the Rev. J. Thompson Cole, of Ogontz, Penn., who preached from the customary text of this first Sunday, "God is love." The freshman concert on Monday evening was given by the Albion Male Quartet, of Boston.

Billings Hall, the new and extensive addition to Music Hall, was opened for class use to-day. This new hall contains additional class and administration rooms, as well as a large library and an attractive concert hall. A new dormitory, Pomeroy Hall, built with the proceeds of a bequest from the late Mrs. Martha S. Pomeroy, of Washington, is also opened this autumn. It is situated on the western border of the college park, and accommodates seventy-five students.

Two large educational gatherings are arranged to take place here this week. On Wednesday afternoon the representatives from foreign universities who have been in attendance at the educational conference in St. Louis will visit Wellesley. On Friday afternoon and evening will be held here the first day session of the nineteenth annual meeting of the New-England Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools. President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard University will deliver an address at the afternoon session on "What Has Been Gained in Uniformity of College Admission Requirements in the Last Twenty Years?" and President William De Witt Hyde of Bowdoin College will speak at the evening session on "The Place of the College in the Social System." Between the two sessions refreshments will be served and a reception held. The second day's sessions of the annual meeting will be convened in Boston University Isaac Rich Hall.

PRETTY GIFTS IN THE SHOPS.

Any child would be pleased with the pretty little birthday books, not more than two inches square, in dark red leather. Each one has a boy's or girl's name on the front in gold letters, and, of course, one should be picked out with the name of the child to whom it is given. In the front of the book is a history of the name and of all the famous persons who have borne it. Then there is a page for each day of the year and an appropriate sentiment.

The latest way to drink afternoon coffee is from a cup of a "Mocha set." This set comprises a silver coffee pot, only large enough to hold two demi tasses of the strong brew, a tiny sugar bowl and tongs, cream pitcher and two white china cups in silver frames. All of these dainty articles come on a silver tray.

The up to date man must carry a wallet nowadays, and for the woman looking for a gift for husband, father, or brother nothing could be more appropriate. These wallets come in a variety of leathers mounted or unmounted, likewise in a variety of prices.

The "automobile set" is a necessity for those who motor any distance from the city. It contains knives, forks and spoons, two sizes of straw-covered glasses, silver dishes for sandwiches and salads, white enamel butter pot, fastened with a leather strap, flasks, salt and pepper boxes; in short, everything for a picnic luncheon. All these fit snugly into a leather case.

The new envelopelike pocketbooks are certainly very fetching, with their gold chains and their mock jewels. They are supposed to stay quite flat, even when filled, but considering the complement of memoranda, keys, samples, "L" tickets, etc., that the majority of them are called upon to hold, most of those one sees bulge more or less.

FAREWELL TO MRS. MILLER.

Friends of the Bird Lover Give Luncheon in Her Honor.

A score of close friends of Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller gathered yesterday at a farewell luncheon for her at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. On Friday Mrs. Miller will leave, with her daughter, Miss Mary M. Miller, for California, to live near Los Angeles.

Mrs. May Riley Smith presided, and, after the luncheon the guests drew back their chairs and spent an informal hour in showering friendly tributes upon Mrs. Miller. Mrs. John K. Creevey, one of the guests, said that, in her estimation, Mrs. Miller has done more than any other naturalist to create a prejudice against the wearing of birds in millinery. Nearly all of the women at the luncheon made short, informal speeches, telling of their regret for Mrs. Miller's departure. In reply Mrs. Miller said: "It used to be that one had to die to have fine things said about them, but now one has only to go to California."

The guests included Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, Mrs. Helen Hiscock Backus, Mrs. Lillian W. Betts, Mrs. Thomas Rushmore, Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton, Mrs. Kate Upson Clark, Mrs. C. H. Smith, Miss Mary Miller, Mrs. St. Clair McKelway, Mrs. Barclay Hazard, Mrs. Joseph Dunn Burrell, Mrs. John K. Creevey, Mrs. J. Herbert Low, Dr. Grace Peckham Murray, Mrs. Hastings, Mrs. James M. Bayard, Mrs. Samuel R. Weed, Mrs. Ovington, Mrs. Walter Page, Mrs. Albert Bickmore and Mrs. Bruce. A letter of regret was read from Mrs. Bartram, a telegram from Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright, and Elizabeth Akers Allen sent the following original poem, written for the occasion:

We need not add to our farewell regret,
"I shall remember you," in formal words;
While winged things sing and soar, can we forget
The Lover of the Birds?

And when the balmier season fills the day
With whistles, trills and ripplings, soft and clear,
The birds' sweet wedding songs—shall we not say,
"Would she were nigh to hear"?

She cannot be forgot who has the gift
To link her name with every bird we see;
Even the snowbird dancing in the drift
Will chirp her memory.

What name could be more tenderly enshrined
Than hers, twined always with the happiest things?
Even in winter it will bring to mind
Sweet thoughts of songs and wings.

Goodby—through all your life may you be blest
By feathered friends to charm your ears and eyes;
And then be wafted to your happy rest
By birds of paradise.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A Tissue Paper Pattern of Girl's Dress, No. 4,784, for 10 Cents.

Simple frocks are always smart for little girls, and those of the one-piece sort, or made with waist and skirt in one, are peculiarly well liked for play time and school wear. This one includes a big sailor collar, which is always becoming to childish figures, and can be made from a variety of materials, being quite appropriate to simple wools as well as linen and cotton fabrics, but as shown the material is blue linen chambray, the collar and shield of white, with trimming of blue and white braid. The quantity of material required for the medium size (eight years) is 5½ yards 27 inches wide, 4¾ yards 32 inches wide, or 3 yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard of contrasting material 27 inches wide for collar, cuffs and shield and 4¼ yards of braid to trim, as illustrated.

NO. 4,784—GIRL'S DRESS.

The pattern, No. 4,784, is cut in sizes for girls of four, six, eight, ten and twelve years old.

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

TRIBUNE SUNSHINE SOCIETY

GOOD CHEER.

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given 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.

THE LAST VOYAGE.

My work on earth is wellnigh done.
I wait the setting of the sun.

I hear the surging of the sea
That beats upon Eternity.

I see far off the shadowy realm,
And thither turn the trembling helm.

The winds that blew so cold and drear
Grow softer as the end draws near.

The distant gleams of silver light
Relieve the darkness of the night.

There stand upon the misty shore
Faint forms of loved ones gone before.

The voice that once said, "Peace, be still,"
Now whispers softly, "Fear no ill."

I sail alone, yet not alone,
The Saviour takes me for His own.

I wait His greeting when I land,
I wait the grasp of His loved hand.
—(Dr. Thomas M. Clark.

The above verses were selected by one of the oldest T. S. S. members, who is waiting in faith "for His greeting."

SYRACUSE BRANCH.

The T. S. S. branch of the Working Woman's Club of Syracuse is under the charge of Miss Emma Bartholame this year. In spite of all the splendid work done for women by this progressive club there was still room for the exercise of those kindly acts done in the name of "Sunshine." The words "working woman," which designate the club, are meant to include busy people of all kinds, whether in the mercantile establishment, the factory and shop, the schoolroom, the office or the family. Housekeepers, wageworkers and salaried women are all invited to meet on common ground, with one object—to dignify labor; and one aim—the development of a high and noble womanhood.

There are classes in English branches, basketry, French and German, needlework and embroidery, physical culture and dancing, instrumental music and painting, dressmaking, millinery and cooking. Lectures and entertainments are frequently given during the year.

The midday restroom has proved a great success. The attendance has been 739 during the three months of its existence. Here the wage earner may eat her luncheon, read the latest magazines, play the piano or take a short nap on a comfortable couch. The officers for the coming year are Virginia L. Jones, president; Arria S. Huntington, vice-president; Martha S. Podgers, financial secretary, and Mae Allen, librarian.

FOR CHEER.

Mrs. G. W. Marlor has sent $1 as October dues to the emergency fund; G. R., $5 as special cheer for a blind woman; Mrs. Underhill, 25 cents refunded for expressage, and Mrs. D. Davenport, 25 cents for the general fund.

WANTS.

A Germantown (Penn.) invalid would like some silk pieces to make the little articles she fashions as cheer for other "shut ins." A little girl of twelve years in Virginia makes a strong appeal for a hat so that she can go to church; a poor mother in Kansas writes that any kind of clothing for her five young children would be gratefully received. The corn crop, on which the family relied for comforts, is almost a failure. A New-England member needs a black underskirt of large size, and a Southern member afflicted with lung trouble would like a warm wrapper, plain and serviceable. Miss Anna M. Jackson, of Hall, W. Va., is a great invalid, but is trying to do what Sunshine work she can. The reading she receives is "passed on" to others as often as she has postage. Will some of the members who do some of their Sunshine work by writing cheery letters please put Miss Jackson on their lists? She says: "I feel all by myself out here, with no Sunshiners near."

Walter Bernstein, of Philadelphia, offers to send an outgrown garment to a New-Jersey boy who needs clothing.

CORRECT NAME.

The address for Guam gifts should have read Miss H. D. West, instead of "Wert," as incorrectly printed in the column.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

A. M. G., of New-York, has contributed some useful articles of clothing for distribution; Mrs. G. H. Coutts, of Connecticut, fancy paper shades and decorative articles; Miss Derby, postage stamps; Mrs. David Davenport, a box of different kinds of cheer, and Miss M. Riker, booklets. A basket of grapes and flowers came from Branford, Conn., for which the donor will please accept thanks, and books, games and fancy articles were the gifts of Mrs. E. L. Totten, Miss Mamie Flynn and Roger and Wesley Totten, of Jersey City. A very large contribution of silk pieces was made by Mrs. S. Bernstein, State president of Pennsylvania; helpful sunshine from Mount Kisco Sunshine Club and a jacket and vest from No. 6 branch. Large boxes of apples have been sent to the Little Missionary branch in East Eighth-st. and to the South Ferry branch, and a barrel to the "little mothers" by kind friends at Upland Farms, Oscawana, N. Y. Miss Harlan superintended the picking of the apples and Mrs. Tice furnished the team to haul them to the station. Another barrel of apples will be sent by Mrs. Hurd to the "Little Mothers" for Hallowe'en.

Teach me your mood, O patient stars!
Who climb each night the ancient sky,
Leaving on space no shade, no scars,
No trace of age, no fear to die.
—(Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The Bully of the Red Sea.

BY EDGAR TWINER AND REGINALD HODDER.

Lord Ringmer, learning that I was going out to the seat of war to try my hand at special correspondence, offered me a passage in his famous steam yacht, Sayonara, bound for Shanghai. Needless to say, I accepted his offer, especially as he informed me he would have some interesting company on board, including the wife and daughter of the British consul at P——ski, a Japanese ex-naval officer going home and an Indian prince or two.

Lord Ringmer is a daredevil young peer, ever in search of the novel and adventurous. His object in this voyage was to see something of the war in the Far East before all the Russian battleships were gone. Accordingly we steamed through the Mediterranean as rapidly as if we had been carrying Admiral Togo back to Port Arthur after a well earned holiday in Mayfair. We left Alexandria with full coal bunkers and proceeded more leisurely down the Red Sea toward the adventure I am about to relate.

On the second day about sunset we sighted a Russian cruiser—one of those prowling, interfering craft that overhaul you and want to see your ship's papers. She was cruising a mile or so away on our starboard beam, and as we watched her from the deck we observed that she suddenly came about and, putting on all steam, started to cross our bows. At the same moment a puff of smoke came from her and in a few seconds a shot ploughed the sea ahead. There was general excitement when it passed from one to another that we were the object of chase. Lord Ringmer darted up the ladder to the bridge, and, after a brief consultation with the captain, we heard him say in his irascible way: "Give her all you can and we'll soon show this bouncing pirate what the Sayonara can do. You say she has the heels of anything on this sea; now prove it."

The skipper, who was a fierce old sea dog, sprang to the telegraph and rang down: "Full speed ahead."

The Sayonara, her course slightly changed, sprang into new life. It was the first time she had been called upon to show her white heels to a Russian, and the Red Sea had to stand aside. The smoke from her funnels seemed to scribble, "Good afternoon; can't stop," in our wake, and as if the cruiser had seen and deciphered the defiant valedictory the distant boom of a big gun reached our ears across the intervening space.

"It's a blank charge this time," said a voice at my ear, and turning I saw the Japanese officer by my side. All his ex-naval soul was in his black eyes as he added: "They do that, you know, not so much from fear of hitting us as to avoid giving their gunners away."

"Look," I replied, "the captain's holding a consultation on the bridge. Lord Ringmer and the chief are trying to dissuade him from flight."

"Don't you see," said the Japanese with a twinkle, "he feels responsible for his lady guests in the event of a shell or two coming aboard, and is protesting as a matter of form, but he's relying on the skipper to insist on a run. As a matter of fact, the captain of a yacht has no supreme authority with the owner on board, but the passengers don't know that."

During the first part of the chase the women on board enjoyed the fun, but when a fourth shot was fired and the scream of its flight was heard overhead they began to realize the gravity of the situation. Their faces blanched a little as they gathered in groups on deck and tried to smile in a way that harmonized in some sort with the exuberant spirits of Lord Ringmer. The Sayonara had now got up to her full speed and was increasing the distance between us and the Russian. We were congratulating ourselves upon this when another shot fell about a hundred yards astern of us. The women screamed in chorus, and those nearest to the Indian princes were gracefully supported to deck chairs. Lord Ringmer thoughtfully ordered brandies and sodas from below.

"What a lark if they should actually hit us," remarked the Japanese to me in a low tone, "and then have to admit to the British Government that it was a mistake—that they were firing at another vessel half a mile away, or something of that sort."

Again a shot whistled through the air. It came even nearer us than the other. Their fears increasing, the women surrounded Long Ringmer and begged him to stop the yacht for their sake.

"My dear ladies," he said, "it is for the skipper, and not me, to decide. He knows what's best, and I mustn't interfere with him. Besides, we're gaining on the Russian fast, and the danger grows less every moment."

But they would not be reassured. Some half a dozen of them made for the bridge and appealed frantically to the captain himself in vain.

"I am in charge of the Sayonara," he cried, "and I'll see her through. That rascally Russian cruiser is the one they call the bully of the Red Sea. Stopped a P. and O. boat last week. Stops everything British out of pure cussedness. But she shan't stop me. It's full speed ahead, I tell you." He rang the telegraph again to give additional emphasis to his remarks.

Suddenly there was a heavy crash astern. The Sayonara staggered, and splinters fell about the deck; a third had struck us. The consternation was extreme, and some passengers made a rush toward the captain, with the intention of forcing him to lay to. He saw them coming, and when he learned that the full extent of the damage was "stern railing carried away and a couple of yards of paint blown off" he fiercely defied them. Arguments that he was risking many valuable lives failed to move him, and at last he talked of putting the passengers in irons if they did not retire.

At this moment the Japanese, who had been standing by my side in thoughtful silence, abruptly started off for the bridge. Could he be about to add his persuasions also?

He made his way rapidly to the captain's side, but the later waved him back. The Japanese insisted, however, and begged to be allowed to offer a suggestion. By the time I had reached the bridge in his wake he had taken the captain aside and was whispering with his lightning tongue. Presently I saw a fierce grin overspread the skipper's face, and as he raised his defiant fist to the cruiser astern, the last rays of the sun gleaming in his eyes and on his set, white teeth, he was like a man who saw his way to triumph.

"I'm hanged if I don't do it!" he hissed between his teeth, while the fist shook angrily. "But," he added, turning to the Japanese, "you'd better speak to his lordship first."

The Japanese took Lord Ringmer aside and explained the matter to him.

"Bravo! We'll do it," cried Lord Ringmer. "A grand idea!" And he clapped the Japanese heartily on the back.

"Have I got your permission, my lord?" asked the captain in a tone that implied that this was something more than the mere management of the ship.

"Rather," was the laughing reply. "It's too good a chance to lose."

The captain immediately put his hand on the telegraph and rang down, "Stop her," but his face showed that it was no such high and holy feeling as submission and obedience to the Russian summons that prompted the action.

The Sayonara's engines ceased to throb, and in a few minutes the Russian cruiser overhauled us and stood some two or three hundred yards away. Then a boat was lowered from her and an officer was rowed over to us.

With the Japanese and Lord Ringmer at his elbow the captain received them very politely and explained that we and the Sayonara were entirely at his service.

"I should think so," said the Russian, a bull-necked, pompous man, who was, we afterward learned, the first lieutenant of the cruiser. "We had a very good mind to blow you out of the water. You can't snap your fingers at Russian guns, you know."

Lord Ringmer, as owner of the yacht, offered many apologies and begged him to accept the hospitality of the Sayonara. The captain, who had suddenly acquired a politeness quite foreign to his nature, then led the way to his stateroom to show the ship's papers. After ordering the steward to bring champagne and exchanging some whispered words with the Japanese, Lord Ringmer followed.

Some minutes passed, during which we inspected the cruiser through our glasses, as well as the deepening twilight would allow. Then our captain and the Russian issued from the stateroom, the latter talking volubly. The champagne had evidently found its way to his tongue.

"Ha! Ha! So that's why you wouldn't stop," he was saying in fair English. "Ammunition from Italy, indeed. And consigned to Tokio. Well, I must do my duty. Doesn't anybody here understand Italian?"

"Not a soul," replied the captain. "We shipped the stuff at Genoa in sealed boxes, never imagining that there was anything contraband, but on glancing through the papers covering it, my eye caught a few words which, in my limited knowledge of the language, seemed to me highly suspicious. Of course, I am not certain it is ammunition. If, as I understand, your commander is really well up in the language, he will be able to tell in a moment. And I need scarcely say that if the papers do disclose contraband of war, the boxes shall be opened and handed over to you at once."

"Very well," said the Russian, "I'll return to my ship and bring back the captain to settle the matter."

"Couldn't you send a message for him?" put in Lord Ringmer, with his sweetest smile. "There are several ladies here who have been so terrified by your shots that nothing will reassure them but that I should present the enemy to them in person."

The Russian looked flattered. He hesitated a moment or two, and then finally yielded with a smile, and, going to the side, gave some orders to the sailors in the boat below. With the Russian equivalent of "Aye, aye, sir!" they pushed off. Lord Ringmer immediately proceeded to introduce the Russian to some of the ladies, who received him in their most charming manner and kept him in animated conversation until the arrival of his captain.

This was a red faced, hectoring fellow, who seemed to think the Red Sea belonged to him. His first remark was anything but conciliatory.

"Now, then," he cried in perfect English, "where are those Italian papers? And where's that ammunition they consign? We'll soon settle this little job. Yes, and where's my number one?"

He glared round, and, catching sight of the delinquent surrounded by the women, he roared: "Now, then, sir, attend to your duty. You ought to have come for me yourself, instead of sending a message. However, I'll talk to you about that later. Now for those papers."

He frowned interrogatively at our skipper, who bowed meekly and led the way to the stateroom.

At this moment Lord Ringmer pinched my arm and whispered in my ear, "You must see this. It is in your line. Come with me."

Greatly perplexed I followed with him after the two captains and the Russian lieutenant. When we entered the stateroom the first thing that met our eyes was the Japanese sitting on the lounge and smoking a huge cigar. The Russian captain paused on the threshold, blew out his red cheeks, and grunted. Then, refusing a seat, he stood at the table with his lieutenant behind him.

Our skipper, as meek as Moses, opened a drawer as if to produce them; but what was my astonishment to see him swing round with the old dogged expression on his face and a revolver in each hand levelled at the Russians.

"You confounded bullies," he hissed, his eyes blazing with wrath, "up with your hands or you're dead men. You've played it on me long enough. Up with them or I'll shoot you like dogs."

The Russian captain staggered back with a startled, almost frightened, expression on his face. His lieutenant, however, was made of sterner stuff. With a deep curse he sprang at our skipper regardless of the death that stared him in the face; but he did not reach him. Before he could do so the Japanese dropped his cigar and leaped upon him from the couch. There was a moment's struggle and then a groan. The Japanese had used one of the wrestling tricks for which his country is famous and the Russian was helpless in a painful "lock."

"You do a risky thing," faltered the other of our visitors, raising his hands at a threatening movement of the revolver pointed at him. "Your government shall hear of this."

"Oh, no, they won't!" retorted the skipper. "Do you know that one of your shells struck us? How would you like your government to hear of that? Oh, no, my friend, there's no fear of either Russia or England hearing of this little affair; and now, your lordship, suppose you see whether these gentlemen have any contraband of war in their possession."

Lord Ringmer smiled and rapidly took the Russians' arms from them.

"Of course," he said as he did so, "we shall treat you very well on the voyage."

"On the voyage?" gasped the infuriated Russian captain.

"Yes, we are bound for Shanghai."

"Why, our guns will sink you before you get a hundred yards."

"With you on board?"

"Yes, with us on board. The lieutenant in charge is quite equal to risking our lives, I assure you. He will consider himself more than justified."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the Japanese. "Your guns won't sink us; they won't even hit us. That last shot of yours was an accident."

As the Sayonara began to move there was a shout, and then another and another, from the stateroom. The words were Russian; our prisoners were asserting themselves.

"That won't reach the cruiser," remarked our skipper.

"No, but it will the boat," replied the Japanese. "It has! Listen!"

The boat he meant was the one that had brought our prisoners to us. The sea being very smooth, its crew had not troubled to make it fast to the Sayonara, but had lain on their oars alongside, holding to the gangway. Now, as our rapidly increasing movement compelled them to let go to avoid being swamped, they shouted loudly in answer to their officers.

"They'll get it hot," chuckled the skipper, "when they report themselves as returned without their captain."

A minute passed. Night had now closed in completely. As by the skipper's orders we were carrying no lights, we were quite invisible to the cruiser, but her long, black length, lit up by many electric lamps, was clear and definite to us.

"Hark!" cried Lord Ringmer. "They're speaking to us through their megaphone."

Startlingly plain the words reached us, "Lay to or we'll sink you!" Again and again they were repeated, and at the same time the cruiser began to move after us.

"They've got their boat and know everything now," said the skipper, with a grin. "Let them sink us! They've got to find us first."

But even as he spoke the cruiser's searchlight swept out. Presently it discovered us, and directly afterward a shot was fired from the cruiser; but as their aim was now only a few square feet of our stern it was not likely they would hit us.

"No more megaphone now," remarked Lord Ringmer.

He was wrong. The Russian megaphone was silent, but ours suddenly became eloquent. The Japanese was speaking through it to the men on the cruiser. He used their language, and he stabbed them, smote them, slew them with it. He told them that one little Japanese had run off with their captain and chief officer. He laughed at their gunnery, laughed at their engines, laughed at their flag.

Shot after shot was fired from the cruiser. Several splashed in the water near by but none touched us. And while the Sayonara was rushing ahead at full speed the Russian lights were fading away behind.

"Safe!" exclaimed the skipper at last. "We're out of range both of their guns and their electric searchlight."

We saw no more of the cruiser and our voyage proceeded uneventfully. At Colombo the Russians looked wistfully at the shore and pleaded hard to be allowed to land; but our skipper refused. He had sworn, he said with grim humor, to "Shanghai" them, and accordingly to Shanghai they must go. In the mean time, they could play deck quoits, chat with the ladies, or discuss naval strategy with each other.

As the Sayonara neared her destination the question as to whether our audacious action would lead to trouble with the Russian government was much discussed. We were all a little apprehensive as to this, but we had a strong card in the fact that the cruiser had fired a shell and nearly sunk us. And the Japanese supplied another almost as strong. He mentioned that before leaving a neutral ship which they have overhauled the Russians make her officers certify that they have been well treated and suggested that a similar certificate should be got from our prisoners. And our skipper, who saw how useful it might be, insisted on their giving him one.

They were the first to be put ashore in Shanghai. As they left the Sayonara most of us waved our hands in friendly farewell, but the Japanese was inexorable to the last.

"Goodby," he shouted. "Take the road to the north and keep on walking till you strike the Siberian Railway. That's your best way home."

Our skipper grinned, and then looked expectantly at Lord Ringmer, who was glancing through some Shanghai newspapers which had been brought aboard.

"Ah, here we are!" suddenly cried Lord Ringmer, "telegraphic item of the 15th: 'The Russian cruiser N——, lately patrolling the Red Sea, has passed through the Suez Canal on her way back to home waters. The N—— is the boat that has earned the title of the bully of the Red Sea, and her return is supposed to be due to the strong representations made by the British government through their ambassador at St. Petersburg as to her arbitrary treatment of certain British vessels.'

"More probably to the strong representations made by the Sayonara," commented the skipper. "But somehow I don't think we shall hear anything officially about the matter. The Russian government will hush it up for the sake of its own dignity."

Time and the newspapers will show.—(The Tatler.

PROFESSOR GRIGGS ON DANTE.

"The Divine Comedy of Dante" will be the subject of six lectures by Edward Howard Griggs, to be given on Saturday evenings, from October 29 to December 17, at the Lenox Avenue Unitarian Church. The course has been arranged by the Women's Alliance.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE OPENS.

Wellesley, Mass., Oct. 4.—Wellesley College was officially opened for recitations to-day. At the opening chapel exercises President Caroline Hazard announced that the college had been honored with a chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. Wellesley's chapter will be the "Eta."

GLASSWARE DORFLINGER ESTABLISHED 1857 TRADE MARK

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An Excellent Practice IS TO SCAN THE Real Estate Advts. that appear in The Tribune every day. Many a bargain appears there to-day, but gone to-morrow.

Housewives' Exchange.

NEW PRIZE CONTEST.

At the great opening service at Mount St. Albans, Washington, D. C., on September 25, the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, after deprecating the Continental Sabbath, spoke of the sanctity of the marriage vow and the home.

In this connection, to quote a Washington paper, he declared "that the modern flat, the apartment house, and the great hotel life of the nation was a menace to the Christian home. He also thought that the fever for constant travel from city to city and the habit of being always on the go was a detriment to the permanence and sanctity of the Christian home."

Does not this quotation suggest a line of thought suitable for discussion in the Exchange?

T-st., Washington, D. C. ELIZABETH.

To the correspondent contributing the best article on the line of thought suggested by "Elizabeth," the Housewives' Exchange will give a prize of $5. Although the Exchange reserves to itself the right to publish (without compensation) all articles entered in this contest, it will award the prize to but one. In sending in their views contributors are asked to address their letters to the Housewives' Exchange, New-York Tribune, New-York City. Contributions must be written on one side of the paper only, must be accompanied with full name and address (if entered for competition) and must be received on or before October 15.

FLATS VS. HOMES.

The remarks of the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, as reported by "Elizabeth," do, indeed, suggest thoughts regarding the sanctity of home, and if we look at it in a practical way we may learn much that has escaped our attention heretofore.

It is an undisputed fact that the love of home is universal, even among the lower animals. We know that horses, dogs, cattle, pigs and cats will travel immense distances to reach what has long been home to them, even when the new location was a hundred times better for them than the old. Now, what is true of animals is also true of human beings. There are exceptions, but generally children become strongly attached to home, and this attachment clings to them in adult life. One may say: "But if the home is in a bad neighborhood, with foul surroundings, would a child removed from it to a healthy atmosphere desire or long for the old home?" Let me, in answer, instance the case of several children from the slums of New-York, living in a court where the sun seldom shone, where the odors of rotting vegetables and carrion filled the air. They were ragged and filthy. They lived mostly on the refuse of slop tubs. They had never seen the country and knew absolutely nothing of it. These children were taken to a farm, given new, clean clothing, fresh beds and the best of food.

Did they enjoy it? Not a bit. They were not used to such things, and instead of running, shouting, climbing trees, petting animals and so forth, they were silent, morose and absolutely refused to think it better than the dirty court. Their appetites rebelled against good milk and well cooked food, and before their three weeks' were up the disappointed philanthropic people who tried to make them happy were forced to send them back. Ten minutes after their return, dressed in their rags, fighting like dogs, they were smilingly happy.

The home instinct was too strong. I do not mean to say that in time a change for the better would not have come; but I quote it to show the influence of home, be it ever so humble.

If this be true of a home in such surroundings, how much more strongly should be the love for a good home, a Christian home, where paternal love holds sway? In such a home everything has an influence. There will be a favorite chair, a favorite corner or room, a favorite animal, a favorite walk or ride, a favorite wood or brook, all of which will be sadly missed and longed for on removal from them.

Shall we say, then, that home—the dwelling place—has no influence in shaping character, in moulding thoughts and feelings? Thousands who remember the home of their youth and the happy faces of father and mother and others will tell you that to have a home of their own, where they could again enjoy home in all its hallowed associations, has been the ruling influence of their lives.

Now, how can there be any affection for a home that is not a home? One year in one flat; next year in another, or it may be boarding, and changing boarding places as often as the moon changes—how can there be an influence for good upon either parents or children in such a life?

In our permanent homes we form friendships which are lasting and precious. We meet friends in their homes, exchange visits, and the influence of each home is felt in the other. But those who are here to-day, in another part of the city next month, can never form friendships that are lasting. Their friends are fleeting—soon forgotten—and have no influence in their lives. The Good Book, to which every good home looks for guidance, and from which the best is drawn to make home happy, tells us that the face of a friend shapes the face of a friend, which means that with the help of our friends' influence we become more friendly, more helpful to those about us. It is at home that we learn the blessedness of giving and helping.

But when we are continually changing our habitation the Good Book is apt to find no place and its influence becomes naught.

The Christian and philanthropic workers come from the homes—not from the flats and boarding houses.

Far across the ocean in heathen lands, in a home of their own, are those who are looking forward with joy at being in father's home once more. It is remembered with joy because it was to them the happiest place on earth, and it was the influence of home which caused them to devote their lives to the uplifting of the heathen to whom home is only a shelter. Its loving influence is also shown by that which was written by the youngest boy of the flock, who gave his life following his country's flag, when he said: "I would give my whole month's pay to sit at the northwest corner of mother's table once more." Said he, "Papa, I have been true to God every day since leaving home," and he died a Christian soldier, so made by the influence of the home of Christian parents.

Washington. H. A. DOBSON, M. D.