

The Gateway of Delight

BY IDA CLIFTON HINSHAW.

Once upon a time—as the good old-fashioned story-book always says—and it has not been so very many years ago, there lived in one of those great wonderful cities of the West, which spring up as if by magic, and grow at a giant's strides, a most winsome girl, whose perfect magnetism created a crush wherever she went as if a real and truly Princess had arrived—Millicent McMath.

Her father, Jacob McMath, had gone to Missouri in '49 in one of the many boat-shaped white covered wagons that crossed the prairie across the vast prairies from one of our Southern States, but a year later he went on to California. His mode of travel in those days was quite unlike that of later years, when in his own private, luxuriously appointed automobile, he traveled over one of the finest railroad systems of the world, and of which he was president.

Many hard strenuous years of grinding toil, and poverty of an undiluted kind, lay back in his past, before he had "struck it rich." He had not only been "struck" in a deal, but he had personally taken to those in trouble. He was an observant man, and a forceful, magnetic speaker. His personality made itself felt, no matter how distinguished or learned the gathering. He was, in fact, the person to whom all eyes turned in a room.

On the engagement of Millicent to the brilliant young attorney, who was to be announced. The public was intensely, absorbingly interested in this clear-eyed, winsome girl, unspoiled by adulation and money.

Long Ago, There was no beautiful to-day for him. "Who said you?" he demanded brusquely. He was rich "beyond the doubt," that morning, that those about him had turned, and looked about in startled excitement, as if half fearing that they would be spectators to some accident.

He had been amazed, but delighted, when she had spoken to him, and had found out that it was "little Millicent," and they had walked on to a little square and sat down and talked "old times," in the two hours he had, before he should get back to his hotel before going to the steamer, he would not allow her mother to talk of her, although he knew that in his heart he was hungry to see her. But he—"Uncle Dick"—and her mother, often talked of her, for she had been so well for a long time. He had promised to go to her mother as soon as he landed and tell her that he had seen her—Millicent. That she was well and happy, only she missed her every day and that she still loved her, and that she had named her little girl, Marjorie, after her. It comforted her now to know that she had had this news—her beautiful mother—for she had longed for that and had delivered the message. A month afterwards she had read in the English edition of The Herald of her mother's sudden death, and she had been so shocked and so grieved that she had never been able to get home, and she had succeeded in saving a child's life, at the loss of his own.

Superstitions in the South

BY EDWARD A. TRESKOT.

Though this is the twentieth century, with universal education and a supposedly enlightened age, one comes in almost daily contact with evidence of witchcraft—a mass of superstitions, among both white and colored, rich and poor, that not only prompt but control their actions. Yet the everyday person to-day, be they man or woman, high or low, white or colored, is charged with superstitions, more or less, and it is these superstitions, in fact, that control their actions. Yet the everyday person to-day, be they man or woman, high or low, white or colored, is charged with superstitions, more or less, and it is these superstitions, in fact, that control their actions.

Another way of bringing about the same result has been observed. Instead of the use of a sieve while in the midst of the consideration of spiritual matters, the accused is taken to a specified hour, a special invitation being extended to the suspect. At that hour amusements were first indulged in, only to later assume a spiritual air. A sieve is then brought in and spun around on the floor in front of the guests. The accused would be the one to do the spinning and while doing so would cry out:

By Saint Peter—by Saint Paul—by the Lord who made us all—Let this sieve, before the guilty, fall, and the one before whom it fell was declared guilty.

For the Hostess

BY CHARLOTTE K. INGRAM.

A MUSICAL MEDLEY.

The invitations were written upon small sheets of note-paper upon which had been sketched bars of music from some popular songs.

At the end of the program was the "symphony game," which consisted in seeing who could form in ten minutes the greatest number of words out of the letters in "symphony." This was followed by a competition to determine who had the most acute ear among the company.

CHAPTER II.

In a large Southern city it had been suddenly raining for two days. But, as if ashamed of this outburst of temper, capricious April suddenly burst forth into one of her rare smiles, like the rays of a costly diamond, with April's tears in the radiance of the sun. The birds sang jubilantly.

On this same street, which was one of the city's most fashionable, just three blocks away, straight to the north, were several of the city's handsomest residences.

Neat between two of the most imposing was a tiny brown cottage, like a wee homely brown sparrow, in the midst of birds of paradise. The house had been built by a young man, who had been a student at the law, and who had come to the city—until a month previous, when they had been notified that the widow of the young owner, an Englishman, was coming to the city.

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