

SOUTHERN MOONLIGHT.

Mellow moon of the South, maiden of
midnight glory,
With your tenuous veil of orient amber
spin,
Ah, but you tell me still the same love-
remembered story
Of the asphodelian slopes, and the young
Endymion.
—Clinton Scollard, in Lippincott's Maga-
zine.

...A HALT... ON THE ROAD TO SUCCESS

By KATHERINE GLOYER,
ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

If all sounds so easy when you read about it in books and terse quotations—the road to success. A few abstract, smooth-rolling paragraphs about perseverance and courage, with very little concerning the snags and the pitfalls, and nothing at all to say of the pain to use for stumped purposes and broken limbs of resolution.

I am young, and I awake early repeating to myself again and again: "I will make this day of great things!" And on that, "I will" I stop the trivial buttoning of my waist to crush my hand in determination; my chin unconsciously take on a John L. Sullivan angle, and my mouth goes rigid. Let him oppose who dares! Then I go on buttoning my waist and the button rolls off just the same, taking with it a large lump of my determination. And all day long buttons keep rolling off, figuratively, I hasten to add until by night, perhaps, there is not a single one left, and my determination, detached, has slipped off.

I go out alone at twilight for a thoughtful walk. Success germs are literally swarming all over me. I say to myself, softly, "I will succeed! Others have, so will I!" Again the hand clenches and something within me swells. "I will!" I say again to the sunset, and then to some fancied obstacle, "You shall not daunt me!" in such a tone that any but the rudest obstacle would surely scuttle scared away.

My idea of success is rather dim, but it puffs me up and makes me feel airy and apart from the world. The horizon of my dreams looks rose colored and far away—it is a great, big, world-encompassing dream that I take with me on my twilight walk.

I read sketch after sketch of lives of great men in the magazines, in the papers, everywhere. On all sides I meet with these little biographies of success. They stir me and stimulate me. So I say, "They did, I will. I will work hard as they worked hard, and I, too, will succeed. I will persevere without ceasing; I will make sacrifices to my work, worship always at its shrine; and then I will do things that shall make the world stop in its course and wonder."

One thing rankles a little. Always in the biographies there were pretty tales of the hero's determination, "sovereign bond" through his youth was to go to college; and just as sure as his path was littered with difficulties, so sure was he to trample them down and pass on triumphantly to the open doors of the college. Now, I, in my very young days, lugged to myself a dream of college life. It pillowed me to sleep many a night. Not that there seemed the slightest probability of its fulfillment, indeed, there was every reason to suppose it could not possibly come to pass, but what mattered that to my dream? (Indeed, would a dream be a dream, all pumped up with probability?) So I cherished it none the less and felt perfectly certain that I could not possibly be cheated of my rightful heritage. I saw pleading philanthropists trooping forward to help in such a good cause. But the day of graduation came to hand and I expected philanthropists had forgotten their cue and failed to appear upon the stage of my well ordered dreams. The stupid problem of work presented itself to me with the same harshness that it would to any ordinary non-heroine being. It was my unmistakable part to pitch in and help the family finances—it might sound well in books and biographies, but in real life it was prosaic, dully dull—and inevitable.

Of course, I might have chucked duty, borrowed money of some abundantly provided friend and gone on to college, leaving the family to shoe the wolf away without my help. And I admit that if I had been truly great I could have managed to get my college education and still have kept the family going with the proceeds of chocolate fudge or Welsh rabbit concocted at odd hours for classmates. But my greatness was not that great, and I quipped down with a hard swallow my college dream and delved into work—some small newspaper position, in which I close to see large possibilities. My eyes are of the kind that naturally adjust themselves to magnifying glasses.

And so my career began. It was hard, cruelly hard, with snags and tumbles unnumbered during that first year. But it could be only a little while, I thought, before some brilliant future would open up to me. I worked hard, so hard that sometimes there came tears of bitterness that blurred the magnifying glasses for a moment. It was work so distasteful, so unlike my dreams had pictured. But then my thoughts reverted to the biographies. All great people had been so hampered. I took comfort, resorted to

the "I will" process; I turned my thoughts successward and redoubled my energies. With perhaps a small feeling of pride in the self sacrifice, I gave up my friends and frivolities and stuck to my work.

To be sure, all my efforts were not without their reward. The monthly stipend grew somewhat stouter, responsibilities were added to me, and occasional compliments began to drift my way from the editor's desk. My position was changed until, after three years, I began in a tiny way to be somebody. "Kind friends, sweet friends," began to meet me with pleasant words on my "wonderful success," and dear old ladies congratulated my mother on her daughter's "brilliant career," until her head was quite turned. I admit I felt at times a bit puffed up with importance, but in the noon glare of my consciousness I had to hide a smile at the absurdity of it all; for I knew in my dream-filled heart that this they called success was not even a faint shadowing of what I had determined on. I tried to write now and then things that my best fancy dictated, and though there were words of praise from a scattered few, I knew that the callous editor read them not at all, or, if he did, probably commented, "pretty good rot, I guess, if anybody likes that kind of stuff."

Four years, five years have gone and the horizon is still far, far away and a little cloudy; the brilliant future, it seems, is under lock and key. I stop a bit and look about me. I have never loosened my grasp for a moment on the dream of success, indeed I have fed it faster all the time and have worked toward it always; but so far as results go, I seem just as many leagues away from that future. I have written a dozen or more things that I thought really good, quite worthy to go to the magazines as fore-runners of what is to come from my pen in the day of my greatness. The dozen or more, somewhat soiled and travel worn, are still in my desk, having shown no disposition to stay long away from me.

I can think of nothing the subjects of biographies could possibly have done that I have not done. And now, taking a pause to look about me, I sit right down in the middle of the road—the same that I have been traveling at such a furious pace, seeming to get nowhere in particular—and ponder a little. Could they have been wrong, all these biographies, or is it that I am all wrong? With such perfect unanimity they told the same story, only the names and dates varying.

Now what am I to do, poor, mistled worker that I am? Having heretofore walked always with my nose down to the rules of success carefully laid out in the books, I think in future I shall turn biographies to the winds and begin living out a new, strange biography all my own. I shall work as I wish, unfettered, unguided by others' experience, and though, and probably, the little tin god Success may still turn up his little tin nose at me, I shall have my joy and my freedom. Biographies of the great ones may go hang!—National Magazine.

The Danger of Dust.

One other cause of illness prevalent in hot, dry weather is dust, and this, with a little attention, might be abated. The usual practice of municipal authorities is still to sweep the perfectly dry and dust-laden streets in the small and early morning hours by means of powerful machine brushes, with the net result that the dust—at least, its finer particles—is sent whirling into the air only to fall again; the particles are rearranged, not removed. The problem has been solved in the cities of London, Westminster and Paris, and perhaps in others, by washing the streets in the early morning and sweeping them afterward if necessary. This insures the removal of the dust without playing at the eternal Sisyphean task of stirring up over and over again the same dust particles, a sort of "scavenger's labor lost." With regard to country roads, the plan of applying a chemical substance greedy of water, such as calcium chloride, to the roadway has been tried with advantage. "Westrumite," a combination containing this substance, has been used in many places with success so far as bicycles and motors are concerned. The hygroscopic body absorbs moisture from the air, and thus keeps the roads damp. The question of the influence of such substance on horses' hoofs and on rubber tires has still to be considered.—British Medical Journal.

Fashionable London Fad.

It has become a fad in fashionable society in London for women to have their prayer books bound to match their dresses, which bit of frivolity so shocked Archbishop Diggle, of Birmingham, that he denounced from the pulpit the practice, and those who made it the fashion. Not all prelates show the same feeling, for on inquiry at Pater Noster row, the home of religious publications, it was found that an Anglican bishop had just given an order for a prayer book to be bound in cream color with silver monogram clasps for the use of his daughter. It is a fad that may not last but is now all the rage.

Naming the Czars.

It has been a tradition since the time of Nicholas I. to name the Czarsowitzes alternately Alexander and Nicholas. But the murder of Alexander II, caused his name to be considered unlucky, so there will be no more Alexanders on the Russian throne, as there will be no more Pauls or Peters. The Czarsowitzes, therefore, named Alexis, after the father of Peter the Great. He was a powerful and successful ruler.—New York Tribune.



MY FISH.

Papa and I've been fishing;
And we had fun!
Papa caught a lot of fish,
And I caught one.
The biggest fish you ever saw
About so—long!
You wouldn't 'a' 'a' boy like me
Could be so strong!
May be it was scared of me—
I can't say—
But after it had looked at me,
It got away.
—Farm Journal.

BOATS WITH EYES.

In China, where so many hundreds of people live their entire lives on boats, there is a very strange idea that an eye must be painted on the bow of the boat that it may see its way through the water.

An Englishman traveling in China sat in the front of a small boat with his feet hanging over the painted eye. The owner became very much excited and begged the traveler not to cover the eye of the boat, as it must see its way.

When the first railroad was built through China the native workmen were anxious to paint an eye on the front of the locomotive. They thought it was not safe to allow such a fierce looking creature as an engine to run about blind.

BOOKS IN SERIES.

While it is certainly a pretty sight to see a long row of books in a neat and uniform binding, like soldiers on parade, there is a distinct loss of individuality. As you glance over your books upon their shelves, it is pleasant to recognize them from their outward dress. They keep themselves better in mind if each one is not exactly like its neighbors. You are even likely to forget what you have if you cannot know them from across the room.

We often go to the bookstore looking simply for "something to read," and then it is an advantage to know each book at first glance. Of course this does not apply so strongly to the works of a single author. These belong in a uniform, and you know what is among them.—From Books and Authors, in St. Nicholas.

A POETRY PARTY.

Girls often like to have suggestions for methods of making their meetings attractive—something besides the usual "talk and refreshments"—what some eminent man of letters in a waggish way described as "giggie, gabble, gobble and git." A series of little meetings, each in celebration of some poet's birthday or other anniversary, would be an excuse for making interesting additions to the usual program. Thus there would be no great difficulty in arranging a Shakespeare party or a Milton party, in which quotations from the works of either poet were used in invitations, dinner cards, bills of fare and so on. Or an American poet might be chosen. Oliver Wendell Holmes would furnish lines of a cheering nature, fit for mild festivities; or you might introduce your guests to some of the beautiful poems of Celia Thaxter, or of Jean Ingelow. If you do not mind going outside of our own land.—From Books and Authors, in St. Nicholas.

PROPER BREATHING.

The Japanese, although men of very small stature, are among the strongest in the world. Any boy of fourteen or fifteen who will faithfully practice their system of producing strength will find himself, at the end of a few months, able to cope in feats of power with the average man of twenty-five, and all this without the dangerous practice of lifting very heavy weights. It should always be remembered that rest must be taken after each exercise. While resting try deep breathing. Stand erect, though not in a strained position, and at each breath draw the abdomen in and throw the chest out. As the breath is exhaled let the chest fall inward again, and the abdomen outward. From twenty minutes to half an hour is a long enough time to devote to this, and this includes the time spent in breathing during rests—for deep, correct breathing is in itself one of the best exercises possible. In inhaling draw the breath through either the nostrils or the mouth, as preferred; in exhaling always let the breath escape through the mouth.—St. Nicholas.

A BEAR AND A COW.

Mr. Ernest Harold Baynes, the Woman's Home Companion naturalist, relates of the amusing doings of a black bear cub. He says:

"Jimmy" had an interview with a cow the other day, and the result was amusing. The cow had a calf with her, so she was much bolder than usual. "Jimmy" didn't want her calf, but the cow didn't know that, and started after him with a strong suggestion of business in her eye. But "Jimmy" was not asleep, and before the horns came near enough to look dangerous he was safe in the crotch of a tree with a very impudent look on his naughty little face. Then with a growl, which might have been inter-

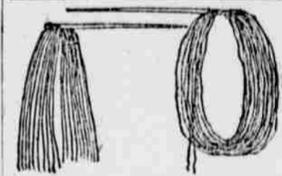
preted 'Who's afraid,' he came sliding down tall first, and went striding out to meet the cow like a pigmy to meet a giant. "Bossy" lowered her head and prepared for battle, but "Jimmy" fought according to rules of his own. As the cow came near the cub rose on his hind legs, and "squaring off" like a prize-fighter, he swung for the jaw with right and left in rapid succession, and landed twice. This trick astonished the cow, who stepped back in a hurry, and before she could recover "Jimmy," with what looked very much like a sneer, turned and bolted up the tree again. Finally I drove the cow away and we continued our walk."

A TRICK FOR GIRLS.

This is a trick for girls, though there is no reason why the boys should not do it, too, if they can. A little familiarity with needles and thread, by the way, can do a boy no harm and may be very useful to him.

The trick is most easily done with loosely woven thread and a coarse needle with a long eye. First thread the needle in the ordinary way with a thread two or three yards long. Draw the ends to the same length, untwist the threads a little about four inches from the needle and pass the point of the needle through both threads, as shown in figure 1.

Draw the needle, with its loop of threads, completely through both threads, as shown in figure 2, and



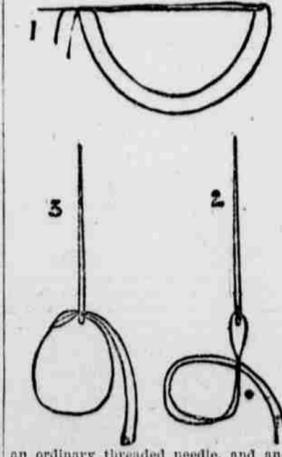
AS THE THREADED NEEDLE LOOKS.

Keep on pulling until you have drawn the double thread out straight as it was at first. There will be two tiny knots where you have drawn the thread through itself, but they will be almost or quite invisible, so that the needle and thread will look like any other needle and thread. Now hold the needle, verted with the point up, in the right hand. With the left finger and thumb pick up one of the threads between the needle and the invisible knots—that is to say, an inch or two from the eye of the needle—and pull it in the direction of the arrow in figure 3—that is, pull away from the needle until you bring the little invisible knots up to and through the eye of the needle. Now you have the needle threaded with three threads. Continue pulling all three, always in the same direction, until the little knots slip through the eye again and bring two or more threads with them. Go on in this way, gaining two threads at each passage of the knots, until the eye becomes too full to hold any more thread.

The threaded needle now has the appearance of the right-hand drawing. The left hand one shows it after the loops of thread have been cut at the bottom.

This is one of the tricks that are more easily done than described. You will be surprised to find how easy it is to do if you did not know how to do it it would seem impossible.

But if you want to surprise people very much, indeed, just show them the threaded needle with the invisible knots, which you have prepared in secret and which they will take for



an ordinary threaded needle, and announce that you will put in the other twenty or more threads without seeing the needle. Then proceed as before, holding your hands under the table, or if you prefer allow yourself to be blindfolded. Of course, you must practice a little before attempting this in public.—New York Evening Mail.

A Collapsible Boat.

A boat large enough to carry six persons may be carried in a trunk or valise. This is because the principle of the pneumatic tire has been applied with much success to boat building.



New York City.—The surplice waist makes a notable feature of the latest styles and is always graceful and becoming. This one is exceptionally at-

tractive and includes also the new "leg o' mutton" sleeves. As illustrated the trimmed with applique and combined material is willow green cashmere, with a chemise and frills of cream lace, the cashmere being one of the most fashionable materials of the season, but many other materials are equally desirable. Chemisettes of lace are always charming, chiffon lined, but must be understood that these flounces and ruffles are never on the skirt, but under the gown itself, or else on the underskirt, always so arranged as to hold out the skirt, but not as part of the trimming. The smartest tea gowns are, as has been the fashion for some years, most costly and elaborate in material and trimming, but there are several new styles, says Harper's Bazar, that can be carried out for much less money in the flowered silks and nets this winter, and that are very effective. They are all on the picturesque order and have a Watteau pleat at the back, close-fitting elbow sleeves finished with wide embroidered linen or lace ruffles, and the skirt opening in front over an embroidered petticoat, and one style is draped at the hips in a way that suggests the pannier effect again.

Seven Gored Walking Skirt.

Full walking skirts have become the accepted ones of the fashionable world, and their variations are almost without number. This one is exceptionally attractive and combines box pleats with tucks, both being stitched flat well over the hips to avoid bulk at that point. In the case of the model the material is copper colored broadcloth stitched with corded silk, but all suit and skirt materials are equally appropriate, and, when liked, a trimming of braid or stitched bands can be added.

The skirt is cut in seven gores and is laid in a box pleat at the centre front, with succeeding ones at each seam, which are pressed flat for their entire length, but stitched to yoke



SHIRRED SURPLICE WAISTS.

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A Late Design by May Manton.



these in lingerie style are exquisitely dainty and much in vogue.

The waist consists of the fitted foundation that is closed at the centre front, full back and fronts with the sleeves and chemisette. The sleeves are extremely full above the elbows and, together with the waist, are shirred to give the broad shoulder line. The chemisette is separate and arranged under the waist, closed invisibly at the back. At the waist is worn a wide belt of messaline satin held by a buckle of dull gold.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and three-quarter yards twenty-one inches wide, four and one-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, or two and one-quarter yards of applique to trim as illustrated.

The House Gown.

The smartest house gowns must be on loose-fitting, graceful lines, and even a hint of crinoline is not evident, unless in the width around the skirt and the multitude of pleated and gathered flounces in lace or chiffon that are requisite to the finish of the skirt. It

A Visiting Dress.

A sumptuous visiting dress is a broadcloth of navy blue, a splendidly rich shade. It possesses two peculiarities. It has short sleeves, and at the same time it is trimmed with fur—a real novelty in the way of a daytime dress.

Green on Brown.

Shades of green, more or less delicate, are the chosen color for trimming costumes of the soft brown shades.

depth only, and in groups of tucks between, the fullness at the back being laid in an inverted pleat.

The quantity of material required



SEVEN GORED WALKING SKIRT.

for the medium size is ten yards twenty-seven inches, nine yards forty-four, or five yards fifty-two inches wide.

A Notable Costume.

La Vicomtesse d'Harcourt, always smartly dressed, has a distinguished iron gray cloth cashmere, the long redingote showing a waistcoat of green cloth. A mordore velours coat was worn by the Countess de Bourg over her full brown taffeta skirt.

An Original Plan.

An original scheme consists of a reseda velour Directoire coat worn over a skirt made of narrow black ruffles.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS



FRIED BOLOGNA SAUSAGE.

This is much improved by being dipped first in cracker crumbs. All the slices are to be cooked in "deep fat" and then lifted out. Next put them into a shallow frying pan and scramble up beaten eggs with them.

BANANA SANDWICHES.

Among fruit sandwiches, banana takes the lead, and to this a slight variety can be given by spreading each lengthwise slice with whipped cream rather sparingly. Upon this sprinkle shredded coconut, pressing the latter well down with a silver knife. Boston brown bread thus treated will be excellent.

CANNED GRAPES.

Wash and pulp the grapes, dropping the pulp in one dish and the skins in another. Stew the pulp until soft, then sift through a colander, which will retain the seeds. Put the pulp and skins together, and allow one pound of sugar to each four pounds of the fruit. Put over the fire in a preserving kettle, bring to a boil, can and seal. Canned in this way, grapes will be found good for either sauce or pies.

KIDNEY OMELET.

Chop cold cooked kidney very fine; make an omelet mixture with three tablespoonsful of milk, three eggs, salt and pepper to season; put one teaspoonful of butter in a frying pan; when it is melted turn in the mixture; cook slowly until a crust is formed on the bottom; in the meantime, sprinkle over the omelet the chopped kidney and chopped parsley; fold the omelet in half, lift it to a hot platter and serve at once.

SOUR CREAM NUT CAKE.

Two eggs, one cup granulated sugar, half cup rich, sour cream, two cups flour measured before sifting, half teaspoonful soda, one level teaspoonful baking powder, pinch salt. Beat the eggs till whites and yolks are well blended, add sugar; dissolve soda in cream, stirring it then into the eggs and sugar; sift into the mixture the flour, baking powder and salt, and beat well. Bake in three-layer cake tin. Filling—One cup pecan or walnut meats.

APPLE AND ORANGE JELLY.

Use an equal number of apples and oranges. Wash the apples, slice and core them; put them over the fire in the preserving kettle with enough cold water to cover them and simmer them until they are reduced to a pulp. Pour the apple pulp into a jelly bag to strain out the juice. Measure the juice, and to each pint of apple juice add one of boiled orange juice and a pound of sugar, and boil them together, removing the scum that rises, until a little, cooled upon a saucer, forms a jelly. Then take the kettle off the stove, let the jelly partly cool, and pour into glasses. When cold, seal up like any other preserve.

STUFFED TOMATOES.

Twelve large, smooth, round tomatoes, one coffee cupful of finely chopped cold cooked meat, two cupfuls of fine bread crumbs, one-half cupful of water, one tablespoonful of minced onion, one large teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, one-half teaspoonful of powdered summer savory. Cut a thin slice from the stem end of each tomato; with a teaspoon scoop out the inside juice and pulp. Put a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, and place it over the fire; when it melts add the chopped onion, cook until it turns yellow, then add the tomato pulp and water; cook five minutes, then add the meat and half the crumbs. Season with salt, pepper and summer savory; remove from the fire, and when cool fill the tomatoes full. Sprinkle the top of each with the other cupful of crumbs and dot with butter. Arrange them in a baking pan and brown in a hot oven for forty minutes. Serve as soon as baked. Garnish with parsley.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Alcohol will take out candle grease. Lamb chops are delicious if dipped in lemon juice just before broiling.

A weak solution of alum and soda will revive the colors in a dusty carpet.

Soak lamp wicks in vinegar and then dry them thoroughly to keep the lamp from smoking.

Brooms should be occasionally dipped into boiling soda, and then they will keep longer.

Clean plaster ornaments by dropping in cold starch, brushing the powder off lightly when dry.

Equal parts of skimmed milk and water, warmed, will remove fly specks from varnished woodwork or furniture.

Just before a heavy frost comes gather the leaves of the rose geranium and scatter them in the linen shelves and drawers.

Don't forget to have your mattresses turned daily for at least one hour before making the beds. The mattress will last much longer.

Keep a bag in the kitchen in which all pieces of string may be placed as they are removed from the parcels. They may come in handy.