



Original Summer Girl.

After much biologic research. From evidence strong, I believe That I have found out. Beyond shadow of doubt, That the first Summer Girl was Eve.

She had unconventional ways. She lived out-of-doors, and all that; She was tanned by the sun. Until brown as a bun, For she roamed 'round without any hat.

To a small garden party she went. Where the men were exceedingly few; But she captured a mate. And settled her fate. As often these Summer Girls do.

Now, my statement, of course, I have proved. But as evidence that isn't all; A Summer Girl she is conceded to be. Because she stayed there till the Fall. —Carolyn Wells, in July Smart Set.

Easy for Him. "You understand, of course," pursued the lawyer, "what is meant by a 'preponderance of evidence'?" "Yes, sir," replied the man whom he was examining with reference to his qualifications as a juror. "Let me have your idea of it, if you please."

What I Would.

I would have a poet's book, In a shady summer nook, Where I could around me look, As a lover may.

I would read a fervent page, Then explain, a very sage, All about the poet's rage. As a lover may.

Diet for the Stout.

A diet in which there is little sugar, less starch, and a moderate amount of fat, if adopted gradually, diminishing first the sugar, then the starch, then the fat, will generally, with exercise, reduce the weight to the normal.

His Request.

"Pardon me," said he, meeting her on the sands, "but are you not the young lady to whom I was engaged last summer at this very place?"

Economy.

"What's this?" exclaimed the young husband, referring to the memorandum she had given him. "One dozen eggs, one pound of raisins, bottle of lemon extract, a tin of ground cinnamon, and half a pound of sugar. What do you want with all these things, Belinda?"

The Simplicity of Affinity.

Pauline—Georgiana has such depressing ideas about friendship. Penelope—What goes she say? Pauline—She says half our friends are the people who tolerate, and the other half are the people who tolerate us.—Indiana Journal.

"Ah! Life is such a burden." "That's true—but we couldn't very well exist without it." —Lucy Larcom.

WOMAN AND HER INTERESTS

ing it to me? I have forgotten it, and as it worked so well I wish to try it on a young lady from Chicago who is here." —Stray Stories.

Facts About Royal Women.

Until the Queen Regent of Spain issues invitations for the recent grand ball, which old countries said reminded them of the best traditions of the old hospitality of the Court of Spain, she had not emerged from her retirement since the death of Alfonso XIII.

The women were arrayed in brilliant new gowns, and the men, by command, appeared in knee breeches. The large dining hall of the palace, hung with unique tapestries, was the ball room, and when Her Majesty and her daughters appeared the Diplomatic Corps stood waiting.

When Wilhelmina, Queen of Holland, is

visiting foreign countries she is always seen alike with her maid, which she carries with her on her morning walks, and takes with her in the carriage in the afternoon.

There are the weeks that try men's souls—the weeks when Marion and Reginald think that it will be "just as easy" to get his own breakfast in the flat.

How a Man Kept House.

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Instantaneous.

They talked about the margin wide. Between the wants of men, and how some had simple tastes, and some fastidious were again.

Madame Wu.

Much has appeared in print of the Chinese Minister's opinion of American women, their dress, opinions and habits, but comparatively little is heard of his little wife, says the Baltimore Herald.

Hints for the Stay-at-Homes.

Next to a bath in the sea of brain and lemon bath is the coolest kind of a bath for this weather, says the Commercial Advertiser. A bag of bran placed in the tub and used as a sponge is the simplest way of preparing what the Parisienne calls a "brain do-so."

The Old Man and the Leaves.

Behind, the cold blue blade of sunless seas. Before, a field bestreeped of all its sheaves. And underneath the gaunt November trees An old man raking up the falling leaves.

The Future of South Africa.

S. C. Crowright-Schreiner, the husband of Olive Schreiner, and the brother-in-law of the Hon. W. P. Schreiner, late Premier of Cape Colony, expounds in the July number of the North American Review the principles which should control "the settlement in South Africa after the war."

The Dead Bee.

Dead amid the dewy clover Lies a bonny little rover Who would shape his course afar Without compass, without star.

Be it meanness or unmetness.

Be it meanness or unmetness, Be it meanness or unmetness, Be it meanness or unmetness, Earth has one less optimist.

"I wish I had your head," said the sweet girl graduate. "I wish I had your heart," rejoined the rising young man. "Another trust was formed then and there." —Chicago News.

SHIRT WAIST CLUB FOR RICHMOND

Movement by the Men to Discard Their Coats in Hot Weather. SUGGESTION IS APPROVED.

Leading Members of the Commonwealth and Other Clubs Favor It, and an Organization May Be Formed Soon.

The suggestion that a "Shirt Waist Club" be organized in Richmond has met with general approval, and it is probable that soon it will be the proper thing to discard the coat for the summer days in places of business and on the streets, and allow men to appear in their shirt waists.

The paper is sternly put aside next morning, and although the coffee still seems "queer," the eggs are all right, and Reginald writes to Marion: "The flat looks almost as well as when you were here; I'm getting along in great shape, and you need not feel a bit worried."

It is a week since Marion left. Reginald goes into the kitchen to prepare "eggs and coffee for one," and then into the dining-room. What a sight! Sideboard, buffet, dining table, even the chairs are covered with soiled dishes. Not a clean cup or plate remains in the closet, and there is not a square foot of space on the table, if there were any.

NO REASON WHY NOT.

At this season of the year, and, for that matter, nearly all the year around, girls wear on all occasions and in all places their favorite shirt waists, and nothing is more becoming. There is certainly no reason why gentlemen should not adopt a similar style, which will give comfort and be as easily changed as a few weeks ago a "Shirt Waist Club" was organized in Philadelphia, with originally about eighty members, composed of the most prominent business and society men in the city, who in starting the club, had taken it off a certain day they would leave their coats at home, appearing in their "shirt waists" and neat-fitting belts.

WILL ADOPT IT HERE.

Just such a club or custom will probably be inaugurated here, as several of the business and society men of the city have expressed themselves as being in favor of the style, and within the next week will probably organize into a club and in this way start the custom.

SKINS HIMSELF ALIVE.

S. O. Buskirk, who works for F. W. Pierce, a gardener, near Florence, Neb., sheds his skin once every year. About the middle of every June the epidermis on the palms of his hands and the soles of his feet begins to peel off.

Buddhist Good and Bad Marks.

A French traveller who has been studying the natives in Tonkin writes to a geographical magazine that many Buddhists give considerable time to keeping account of the merits and demerits recorded to them according to their conduct.

Always for England.

Mr. William Watson, upon being styled a "pro-Boer," recently published these few stanzas, as an answer to his accusers: Friend, call me what you will; no jot care I.

A Patriot's Request.

I had been instructed to report, by sunrise, at General Stonewall Jackson's headquarters for special courier duty.

The Return.

"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." —St. Matthew, xviii, 3.

God made a little child; so far he was

The angels might have learnt of him a grace; Nor gail nor guile were in him; heart and face One image bore of innocence. Alas! That'er to evil aught so pure should pass.

Long years rolled by, and of the child no trace

Was left save in Love's memory; in His place A man self-doomed, vowing hell as through a glass.

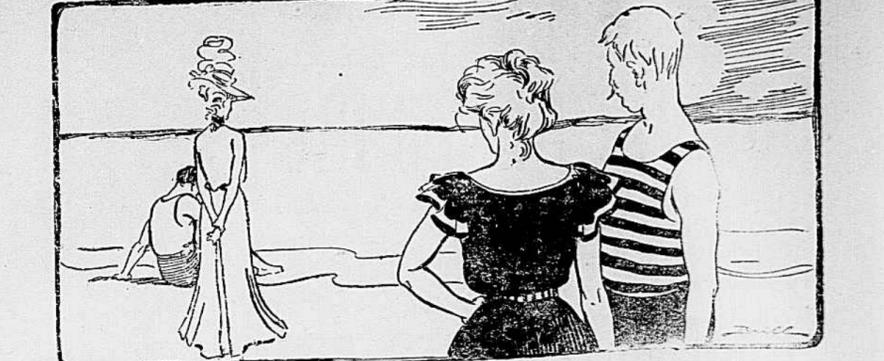
Askes for beauty! for the light of day

Dark dreams, strange wanderings into regions sad. Then God took pity on His work defiled, And, seeing that in himself no power he had.

Of resurrection from the mire and clay,

God changed him back into a little child. —Quiver.

Another trust was formed then and there. —Chicago News.



LACKING.

"Why does Miss Passee object to bathing?" "Oh! it's merely a matter of form."

CURRENT LITERATURE FOR BUSY READERS

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"I wonder why she eloped with a baseball player?" "Probably she considered him a good catch."

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THE ELECTRICAL KITCHEN.

"Cooking would be more of an art and less of a gamble if the heat could be put where it was wanted and nowhere else, and its intensity were under the perfect control of the cook. The oven that will not come up to the right temperature, or



"Did she lose her head when you proposed to her last night?" "Yes; I found it on my shoulder."

opening of a flower, leaf by leaf. The revised plan admits of no such sentimental and slow-moving processes. A child's mind is now opened like an umbrella, expanding equally and simultaneously at all points, and, fortunately for the child, it also resembles the umbrella in that it sheds a good deal more than it retains.—Martha Baker Dunn in the July Atlantic.

The Dead Bee.

Dead amid the dewy clover Lies a bonny little rover Who would shape his course afar Without compass, without star.

From the jonquil's golden chalice

And the lily's ivory palace, And the violet's divine, Cups of white and purple wine.

Smile, smile on thou faithless summer.

To forget thee early comes. Say, if thou hadst first departed Had he still been merry hearted?

On the boughs in rapture swinging

Graciously the birds are singing. I, who mourn thee, little bee, Will pronounce thee elegy:

Be it meanness or unmetness.

Be it meanness or unmetness, Be it meanness or unmetness, Be it meanness or unmetness, Earth has one less optimist.

Florentine Football.

The Florentine fetes last year presented one historical spectacle that was distinctly worth the trouble of reviving. We refer to the medieval game known as calcio, or kick, which is interesting to English and American youths as bearing at least a superficial resemblance to football. At the time of the fetes it was, indeed, spoken of as the football of Florence, but it differs from football in two ways that are em-

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