

WOMEN'S AFFAIRS

A Modern Courtship.

I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau if his confidante...

A mocking-bird sang in a tulip bed— In his new summer-suit of gray...

He was "neat as an epi-gram"—this bird— In his new summer-suit of gray...

He flattered her good ministry— And a little good ministry...

But the little brown bird examined a rose— And I never have been quite sure...

Then he puffed out his breast with a pompous air— And told us of his fine pedigree...

For the British had crossed the sea— Ere the British had crossed the sea...

She was calm as the sea—when we cross in June— As calm as the stars above her!

But my wise little bird knew a better strain— That has never been known to fail...

He sang a brave song about "sugar and cream— And berries—and currant wine—"

You'll sit, till you ache, on your obstinate eggs— And a tyrant, I give you my word...

With an appetite perfectly shocking to me— Is your justly-hatched young bird...

"His stomach is simply a bottomless pit! His mouth is a cavernous door!"

"And he—that fine promise—where will he be? At his numerous clubs, is he sure?"

I could have said more; but I learned long ago— To trim my sails to the weather...

Mrs Pryor is a daughter of Judge Roger A. Pryor, of New Kent, and has many friends in this city...

THE SUMMER GIRL'S WORD.

"Dainty" Means Something that Not Everyone Can Aspire To.

The most expensive word that can properly be applied to a woman is the word "dainty."

"Dainty," a good word may be stylish, well-dressed, good-looking, half a hundred other things...

It means organically unimpaired, refreshment from laundering, lace unspotted from water, soap, starch in abundance...

It means absolute freshness of material, of ribbons, lace, muslin, garnitures of all kinds...

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HUSH.

O, hush thee, Earth! Fold thy weary palms! The sunset glory faded in the West...

Darkness and silence and delicious calm. Take thou the gift, oh, Earth! of Night's soft breast...

Lull'd by the music of her evening psalm. Cool darkness, silence, and the holy stars...

One far lone nightbird singing from the hill. And utter rest from day's discordant jure...

Will such deep peace thine inmost being fill? —Julia C. R. Dorr in Scribner's.

Woman's Sphere. "Wonders," writing in the Chicago Times-Herald, has this to say on the much discussed and abused question of "Woman's Sphere..."

BUYING A NEW HAT. The Bewildering Process a Woman Goes Through Would Drive a Man to Insanity.

"Chez la femme," says the old judge. Yes, look for the woman and you will find her looking for hats...

She cared not a fig—not even an under leaf— She sat a young woman on an under leaf...

And quietly plucked him—for test! She was calm as the sea—when we cross in June...

As calm as the stars above her! Only Star-eyed Science her lover...

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THE TONIC. If you should look the matter up, You'll find that it is so...

HER STANDARD. A woman says a hat. She tries on a dozen, sits down, gets up, and walks about...

IN THE MEADOW. The meadow is a battle-field. Where summer's army comes, each soldier with a clever shield...

THE WEAVER. Beside the loom of life I stand And watch the busy shuttle go...

TO GOOD USE. A Young Matron Puts Her Husband's Cigarette Habit.

Life is Too Short. Life is too short for any vain regretting. Let dead delight bury its dead...

Business Announcements. Some advertisements are funny enough to deserve gratuitous circulation...

EVILS OF STOUTNESS. Marion Harland Tells How to Avoid Them.

FROM FIG LEAF TO SHIRT WAIST. DIDN'T GET JAM IN HIS LUNCH.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPERS. Summer Receipts that Preserve Order at Home.

LOVE AND TIME. Across the gardens of Life they go...

