



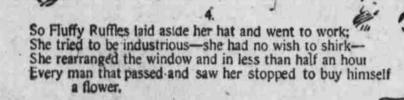
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She started out, and hopefully she thought, "To-day I'll find Some pleasant occupation just exactly to my mind;" When in a florist's window this sign she read with glee "A Salesgirl Wanted!" Fluffy thought, "Why, that's the thing for me!"

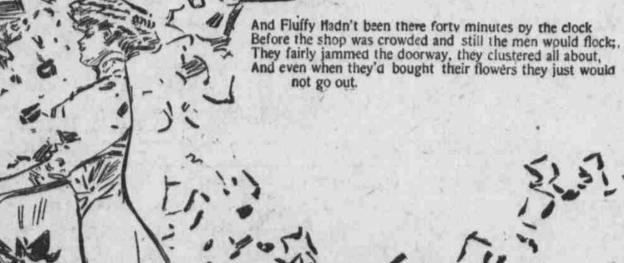
She entered rather timidly, and with a drooping eye She said, "You want a salesgirl, so I thought that I'd apply," "Why, yes," said the proprietor; then, with a puzzled stare He said, "I'd like to try you; Pray, take your place right there."



Miss Fluffy Ruffles didn't cry because she lost her place; Instead of that the smile appeared on Fluffy's pretty face. She donned a tailor-made costume that fitted like a glove, With hat to match—a lovely shade of soft and silvery dove.



The florist was distracted, for very well he knew
To have a girl like that around would never, never do;
So he said, "My dear Miss Ruffles, I'm sorry—but I find
You will not suit—ahem—you see"—Said Fluffy, "Never
mind."





(COLVERGHT, 1907, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.)