

The Diary of an Engaged Girl

By Phyllis Phillips

IN WHICH SHE MEETS HER FUTURE-IN-LAWS

Well, I'm still engaged and, therefore, still important in the eyes of my family and friends. Furthermore, I have discovered that some of my friends are a bit peeved at my getting Jack. Of course, Malsie and "Beb" Green never for a moment dreamed that I suspected that they had had hopes for Jack themselves. They don't seem to realize that the eyes are the windows to the soul and also to inmost designs of every girl as well. Also, that certain remarks are excellent indicators of personal feeling in the still unmarried woman's breast.

But of course I could afford to be sweet and sort of patient with them, for I am the lucky one and I realize that it must hurt a terrible lot not to land the fellow you have set your heart on. Well, Jack is certainly everything that a girl could hope for. He has rung me up every few hours since we got engaged, I guess, and never has anything but the same things to say when I come to the 'phone. It's too funny and I really want to laugh at him, but remember in time that he is my fiancé. One treats them differently from ordinary fellows. Last night he took me to call on his family. My—

To be truthful, I was a bit scared. No, not exactly scared, but ruffled and on the defensive. So many girls I know have such horrid in-laws.

Mother Jack is round and comely and sort of sweet. She made a fuss over me and called Jack her "joy and pride" so many times that I lost the count. She seemed pleased to hear that I liked a home and that I had some ideas as to how to run same.

Heavens! Just as if I would have been so stupid as to own up to anything else! The dear old lady told me lots of funny stories about her first attempts at housekeeping and we got on beautifully. But not so with Sister Laura, she of the dark locks and darker frown. She didn't fall for my style a bit, nor I for hers. She looks jealous and she acts "stuck on herself." Well, I should worry. She need not mean anything in my young life and, anyhow, Jack told me long ago that she was awfully "bossy" and he never minded what she said very much.

Everything went well until Laura told me that she had seen me on Fifth avenue with a tall, red-haired man some few weeks before (the man being Jack's mortal rival, "Brix," of course).

Idiot that I was, I got red and Jack saw it and it seemed to me as if the whole family, including the pet pup, was concentrating on that girlish blush of mine. I managed to say in my most matter of fact voice at last,

"Oh, yes, an old friend of mine." Laura never took her eyes off me, of course. Sisters are queer things—mean sisters-in-law, of course.

Somehow or other I feel that my best friend over at Jack's house is his pet pup. He is so impersonal I just love him.

Laura is also engaged, but her ring is not half so beautiful as mine and I think that she felt bad about it somehow. She is small and freckled and not a bit "peppy." Jack got all the snap of the family, I guess.

It was a very formal visit and I was really glad when it was over. I felt so free when we got into the open air again and Jack hugged me sort of naturally as if there were not fourteen generations of Edmonds behind him to squelch his ardor. I was glad that mother was out when I got into the house, for I just know that I would have told her my real feelings about

the in-laws and it would have upset her to say the least. Mother is so refined she wants the whole world to "get on well." I cannot see why that is necessary. If two people have a natural antipathy for each other as Laura and I have, I feel sure it's better to not bother to try to get on at all, but to keep apart. Theirs my sentiments.

Jack kissed me with that new and proprietary air when he left me. I haven't gotten used to it yet. I wonder if it's the little old imagination working or if there really, truly is less "zip" in his kisses than there was before we got engaged? Jack is so big and masterful. He's just grand—honor bright.

Here's where I get into bed.

P. S.—I have hung Jack's photograph on the wall at the bottom of my bed where I can see it when I wake up first thing in the morning. It's quite proper, you know, because he is my fiancé. I have always planned to fill that particular space with his picture when he came along. It looks so important there.

(To be continued.)

Heart and Beauty Problems

By Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson

Dear Mrs. Thompson: There is a woman in our town who has a very bad reputation and is married to a man equally as bad. There was a very good woman here who had a Christian influence over this man before he married and he thought a great deal of her, but she would not consent to marry him until he could prove to her that he was leading an honorable life. He tried to change his ways and succeeded fairly well until this sport-

ing woman cast her influences about him and he fell. She seemed to take great delight in leading him on and then turning him down. Then to spite the Christian woman this sport kept after the man until she prevailed upon him to marry her. His excuse for

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Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali, which is very injurious, as it dries the scalp and makes the hair brittle.

The best thing to use is Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, for this is pure and entirely greaseless. It is very cheap and beats anything else all to pieces. You can get this at any drug store, and a few ounces will last the whole family for months.

Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in, about a teaspoonful is all that is required. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, cleanses thoroughly, and rinses out easily. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and is soft, fresh looking, bright, fluffy, wavy and easy to handle. Besides, it loosens and takes out every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.—Advertisement.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1920

From 11:30 a. m. to 1:30 p. m. and from 5:30 p. m. to 7:30 p. m.

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Who will play for your approval

The Jazziest of Jazz Music

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