

The Diary of an Engaged Girl

By Phyllis Phillips

THE FIRST RIFT IN THE CLOUDS
I nearly became disengaged this afternoon. How nearly, only Lindsey herself knows. And that is the wedding dress arrived, but a few hours ago. Thank goodness, mother had no inkling of how near her dearest dreams came to being turned into a nightmare.

It was all on account of my stupid and wilful obstinacy, anyhow. You see I managed to get out of all fittings for the day and skipped down to Dorry's studio right after lunch. We had a glorious reunion; smiles, giggles and many sighs. Those girls simply hate to have me enter the matrimonial ring. That's a fact. They wept over me as though I were some lamb being led to the slaughter. I laughed and handed them the same old saws: "Some day Mr. Right will come into your lives, too, and then you'll just know what it means," etc., until I suddenly thought how silly it sounded, sitting amid rare etchings and Flemish tapestries, to say nothing of Greenwich Village posters and battled curtains, much smoke and serenity, the kind of serenity that comes with bachelorhood only, to utter these ancient platitudes!

I grinned sheepishly, and then looked pensive. It all seemed so sort of stupid, my engagement now. After all, it was merely a matter of environment, and this was not the proper one for matrimony and its germs to flourish in. We soon dropped the subject, but I can still hear the shocked little scream of disappointment that friend Dorry emitted when she heard the news. She was just awfully blue for five minutes after, and until I started to jazz-step round the room in the old manner and as if no tragedy had happened in our midst. Then we three sat and laughed and laughed. Well, it's not at all anything to be proud of. Then—shades of the home to be and housekeeping—I pulled out my old case and fell to on the still unfinished head of Jean, just as if nothing had ever happened to interrupt my work and my visits to the studio and the pals I loved.

How we three girls did work those blissful three hours. It seemed but yesterday that I had left the Art League and I did some good work on that head. I made up my mind then and then that I would never, never sacrifice my career for any man and that as soon as the honeymoon was over I would tell Jack that I must go on with my work and fix up a studio at the very top of the house, come what may.

We quit work at about four o'clock and then, as if there had been no change in our scheme of existence, in walked Bixy. He went perfectly white when he saw me, and I felt awfully sorry for the poor boy, because he had heard of my engagement and had taken it hard—from all accounts. But I put my hands on his shoulder, like a sister would, and asked him with a wee choke in my voice, to congratulate me.

Not Bixy. He just pushed me off and suggested that engaged girls did not usually act in that manner, or something to that effect. Bixy could no more be harsh with me, or any girl, than he could fly, and after a little while he came round all right and laughed as hard as any of us, admired my work and told me that I would make the very finest little wife ever. I felt choky again, of course. In fact, I firmly came to the conclusion that I was marrying too young and had not given myself proper time to make up my mind about the man! What I wanted to really do was to play around and study my art for several years to come. Go to Paris, and, above all, be free, free as air, and happy.

I dreamed of a studio somewhere in the Latin quarter, with fame just around the corner, and eventually an artist husband, who would understand my innermost soul. Jack was far too simple and matter of fact for such as I—Jack was—Jack was—Jack was—Somehow or other I could not clearly formulate just what Jack was. He was red-cheeked and healthy, and hugged one very hard, and smelled sort of masculine and ordered one about a wee bit, in a curious way.

Well, after we had put away our easels we sat around and chatted, and drank strong coffee, and felt at peace with the whole world. It was almost dark when I realized, with a

start, that I had an appointment with The Man in a short hour from then. How I flew into my hat and coat and out of that studio only engaged girls will know. Bixy tore along behind me, for he was going my way. And horror of horrors! As we came down the studio steps, arm in arm, pally as you please, and giggling, who should pass by with hear averted and redder in the face than ever—but Jack.

My heart stood still—really and truly. He was furious; would never understand nor forgive me, and there would be no need of the wedding dress—nor the pink "nighties"—nor anything. Poor Aunt Cecilia, all over again. Tears came to my eyes as I realized what I had lost. How silly of Jack to walk by without noticing us, and how ridiculous of Bixy to dare to take my arm, the arm that by all laws of the land belonged to Jack. I made some hurried excuse to Bixy and hurried after the retreating figure of my future husband. I would put my foolish pride in my pocket rather than my wedding dress in pawn—and beg him to forgive me. Yes, I would even renounce Dorry—Jean Art, if need be, rather than that now enormously attractive wedding. So I hurried and finally caught up with the outraged one. Timidly I pulled his sleeve, expecting a haughty rebuff, and when he wheeled about and smiled radiantly down into my eyes. Almost hugged me with delight on the spot, and asked me what on earth I was doing there, so late, alone! He had evidently never seen me at all; and I had let my imagination run away with me, as usual. How happily I tucked my arm into his, mentally vowing to be more careful in the future and secretly pleased to be so close to my very own boy. It was a heavenly walk, and we just loved each other with our eyes all the way home. I guess Jack wondered what had happened to me, for I have never been so offusive nor so affectionate before. Little did the guileless man suspect the reason for my tenderness. Well, once more Life smiles, and offers me all.

I wonder, after all, if Jack didn't see me with Bixy? He is very clever, you know, and very tactful. (To be continued.)

Heart and Beauty Problems

By Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a city girl 21 years of age and have been going with a young man 24 for the last six years. I haven't gone with any one else during that time. He lives in a neighboring city about 15 miles distant and comes to see me two or three times a week. The weather never gets too bad for him to come. He drives a large car and comes from a good family.

He is bashful and has never approached the subject of matrimony, although I know he loves me. I have been invited and have gone to the home of his parents several times and have always been treated fine.

His extreme bashfulness is getting the better of me. It seems to me that after having gone with me alone for such a length of time he should have mentioned marriage. I think I am getting old enough to marry. Do you think this is all due to his bashfulness? Since this is leap year, do you think I would lower myself in his estimation if I would propose?

My parents also think it very queer and sometimes rebuke me for going with a young man who has no intentions of marriage. This of course hurts my feelings very much, as the young man has a very good character and I love him very dearly.

SUNSHINE.

It is the man's privilege to suggest marriage and not the woman's. Your position is maddening, because after six years of courtship other men think

ROUGH STRAW IS HIGHLY FAVORED THIS SEASON, PARTICULARLY IN SMALL HATS



Rough straw is having great vogue just now. It is to be seen in many of the most fashionable small hats for early wear. Here is one of the newer spring models in all straw showing the favored turban shape in a brown novelty weave. A brown feather fancy is perched at a very coquettish angle to form the crown.

Ice Crop, 826 Tons to Acre, Holds U. S. Record

(Department of Agriculture Bulletin)
"Speaking of acre yields," said a specialist of the United States department of agriculture the other day, "how many crops are there that can beat 826 tons to the acre? With ice eight inches thick, that would be the acre yield of a well-harvested pond or creek." And the specialist, who was concerned with encouraging farmers, especially dairymen, to harvest enough of the last winter's plentiful crop to keep the milk cool in the summer, estimated the acre value of the ice harvest. "The Commercial value would average about \$3 a ton,"

he said. "That would make an acre of ice worth \$2,478. Of course, the farmer could not expect to sell the ice for that, and would need only a small part of an acre; but that is what it might cost him if he had to buy it during the sizzling days of summer. During warm weather the use of ice in cooling milk and cream for shipment is often the means of saving many of these products from spoiling. Milk should be cooled to a temperature of 50 degrees, or even lower, before shipping, to insure the product arriving at its destination sweet. Ordinarily this temperature can not be obtained without the use of ice.

There is nothing difficult about harvesting ice. Few tools are required, and the work comes at a time when farm work is least pressing. Where there is a pond or stream available, every farmer should take advantage of the opportunity to harvest this crop.

What's in a Name

(Copyright)

MILLICENT.

The affected young miss who changes her name from Mildred to Millicent, in the fond belief that the two are interchangeable, is really rechristening herself. The two names are utterly dissimilar.

Millicent, which is translated to mean work strength, comes from that remarkable word "amal," meaning work, which appears in some similar forms in all languages. We have our word "moll" from it. Many feminine names have been evolved from amal, the first probably being Amalaswinth, the unfortunate queen of Lombardy, whom the Romans could not protect from the treachery of her favorites. Historians called her Amalasuntha.

you are engaged and do not invite you places.

I think, however, that you should be patient, since the young man shows by his devotion that he cares for you. At the age of 24 he is very young to assume the responsibilities of marriage. Of course if you have an opportunity to go with other young men, too, do so.

It is simply a tradition that girls propose in leap year. Perhaps some do, but I would not advise it.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a boy going on 17 years of age. There is a girl who lives not far away from here whom I love very dearly. I think she loves me, too, but is afraid to own it, as she stays with her uncle who is very strict with her.

How can I gain her friendship, as I would be much happier with her?

LONG FELLOW.

Do not talk of love to the girl. Naturally she is afraid to be your friend if you talk of such things. If you ask her to go walking with you some afternoon, her uncle will probably permit it. In this way you can become better acquainted and the first step will be taken toward a closer friendship.

LARGE HERRING CATCH.

London, England.—During the herring season just closed 452 Lowestoft boats secured over 264,000 crans of the value of \$3,630,000.

Gem Nut Margarine

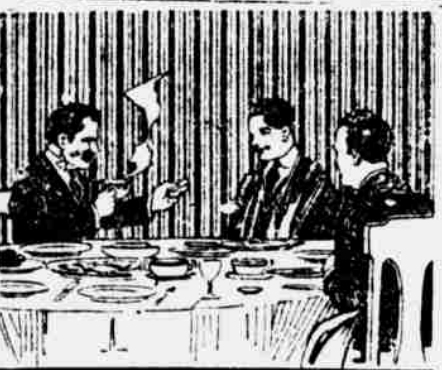
is made by the largest manufacturers and distributors of oleomargarine in the country.

The name on the package is a guarantee of quality.

Our distributive facilities insure the delivery of our product to the retail dealer in the choicest condition. Its flavor will delight you. It is made of creamy coconut oil, peanut oil, pasteurized milk and finest dairy salt.

Order a carton today.

Swift & Co., U. S. A.



The Coffee Mother used to make—I'll tell you how 'twas done—She boiled it slowly in the pot And served it when 'twas piping hot! Oh! mamma, what a drink you got—For she used Golden Sun.



If you want good coffee go to your grocer for it and not to some peddler who is here today and gone tomorrow. Grocers sell the best brands. The best roasters of coffee refuse to supply irresponsible peddlers.

The Woolson Spice Co. Toledo, Ohio

Buy Coffee of Your Grocer Only



"You're the best little cook in the world"

Aren't those words music to your ears—especially when you know that he means them?

And you can be sure that he does if you use Valier's Enterprise Flour.

It does full justice to your cooking ability and enables you to bake things really out of the ordinary.

Valier's Enterprise Flour

is special-milled from the finest hard winter wheat grown. It is rich in gluten, remarkably fine and has great rising powers. Of course such flour costs slightly more but it is economical in the long run. It gives uniformly better bakings and

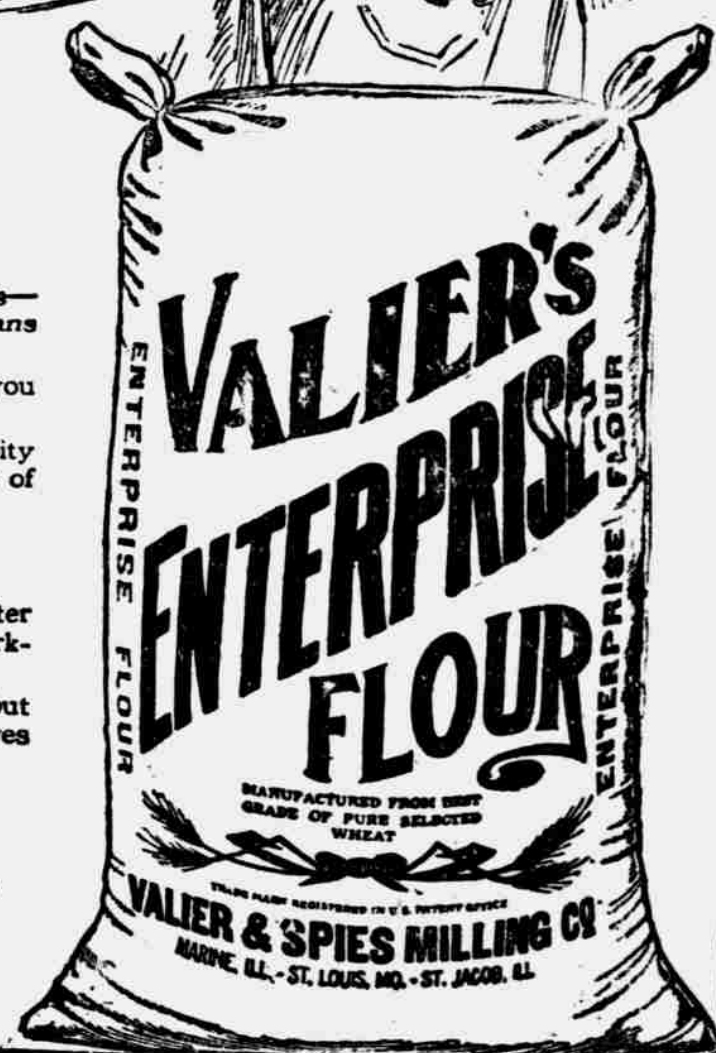
More Loaves Per Sack

Call up your grocer today. He carries Valier's Enterprise Flour.



"Community"

is Valier's high-grade popular priced flour. It has made home of friends.



Ladies' Black velvet Kid Oxford, leather Louis heel. Plain toe or imitation tip with long vamp. Specially priced at—

\$6.00

BOWEN & FIVEL

610 MAIN

Special Saturday
Roses and Carnations
50c PER DOZ.
Hoosier Store

EASTER COAT SALE
See our advertisement on Page 5, Thursday's Palladium. See our windows.

Fashion Shop
418 MAIN ST.
BETWEEN 5th & 6th

Steel's Bath Parlors
CRUM SYSTEM
SULPHUR VAPOR BATHS
Hot Springs results guaranteed.
For Rheumatism and All Kindred Ailments.
408 Second Nat'l Bank Bldg.
Take elevator 4th floor
Phone 2499