

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 to think that 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, cigarettes 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 battened curtainettes, much smoke and serenity, the kind of serenity that comes with bachelorhood only, to utter these ancient platitudes!

I grinned sheepishly, and then looked pensively. 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 easel 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 pale 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 there 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, I walked Brix. 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 Brix. He just pushed me off and suggested that engaged girls did not usually act in that manner, or something to that effect. Brix 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 choked 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. 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. Brix 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 her 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 "nights" 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 Brix to dare to take my arm, the arm that by all laws of the land belonged to Jack. I made some hurried excuse to Brix 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 effusive 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 Brix? He is very clever, you know, and very tactful.

(To be continued.)

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 only trimming.

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.

Heart and Beauty Problems

By Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson

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 day, 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.

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 the value of \$3,630,000.

What's in a Name

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MILICENT.

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 "with strength," comes from that remarkable word "amal," meaning work, which appears in some similar form in all languages. We have our word "moll" from it. Many feminine names have been evolved from amal, the first probably being Anglaswinth, the unfortunate queen of Lombardy, whom the Romans could not protect from the treachery of her favorites. Historians called her Amalasontha.

but in Bergundy, she became Melisande, Melicerde and Melusine.

Spanish ballad lore reveals a Melisenda as the wife of Don Gayferos, who was taken captive by the Moors, and we hear of her through Don Quixote. Melusine was the nymph, wife of Lord de Leezignan, who, according

to old legend, retired from public view every Saturday and turned into a serpent.

Princess Melisende carried the crown of Jerusalem to the House of Anjou and through the Provençal connection of the English court, Lady Melisende Stafford, who lived during the

reign of Henry II, established the name in England. It soon came to be spelt Melicent, and finally Milliecent, prevailing as such today.

You don't expect to gather figs from thistles, but an old crab always expects his son to be a whale.

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