

The Diary of an Engaged Girl

By Phyllis Phillips

May 16.—Just been having the grandest talk with Aunt Cecilia ever since Jack left me at the door. We went to see some old friends of his this evening, very old friends, as he impressed on me two or three times. Ted Sloan and his wife, both artists. What do you know about that? Live all comfy and happy in a studio apartment, just like Dorry, if you please. And Mrs. Ted can flit about from studio to studio all day. Her husband doesn't think it disreputable—nor does Jack—for her! Aren't males the weird animals?

We had the best time ever at their place, I must say, and I felt so at home with both of them. They are clever, unaffected young people, the sort that I love to meet and want to have as friends, rather than the dead, dull types that mother and Jack and Jack's people will be likely to thrust upon me. Nessa, that is Mrs. Sloan's name, made me feel as if I had known her all my life. She smoked ever so many cigarettes, by the way, and Jack even offered her his! The hypocrite—after all he has said about the "fifty custom" of smoking for women. How it makes them look fast and spectacular, etc., etc., and how he is delighted with me for not ever having cultivated the habit. Little, he knows, poor dear. Why, if the truth be told, I can make the smoke come out of my ears, not to mention my nose, and the fact that I can blow honest to goodness rings. He not only pressed his cigarettes on Nessa Sloan, he lit them for her, and then assured her many times that "she looked too cute and devilish for words!" I guess that's being true to one's principles for you, what? Of course I, prospective bride-like and acquiescent, smiled and also assured Mrs. Sloan that she looked sweet, etc. (mentally promising myself the same privilege later on). I also determined to have a good talk with Aunt Cecilia about things in general. She may be much wiser than I give her credit for.

Anyhow, she went through the same sort of sabotage that I feel sure I am about to go through, when once safely tied to Jack.

Mrs. Sloan, by the way, has bobbed hair, wore a vivid flame and peacock blue silk smock, and gray suede sandals. Everything that Jack most abhors—and yet he was so attentive to her. Even familiar on one or two occasions, as if they had been very good friends in the past. Mr. Sloan did not seem to worry at all. I think that they are an ideal couple. Both so free, so good-looking, and clever.

I wish the world could have seen the approving gleam in Jack's proprietary eye as I turned down a cigarette. It was too funny, really, after all his complaints to his hostess. I never batted an eyelash as I smilingly refused, and said that I simply would not know how to use them, and was sure that they would make me very ill. That was not a lie—for the horrid things were perfumed!

Several good-looking young artists came in later, and we danced. One of them evidently did not get on to the fact that Jack was my fiancé, and maybe he didn't flit! Well, I was in a receptive mood, and I let him. We danced several dances together, and he is some dancer, let me tell you. He asked me if I lived down in that part of town, and seemed awfully keen on my asking him to call. I just did enjoy him and his banter so much that I never mentioned Jack or the Great

RESTFUL RESULTS FOR MEN

Only a person who has experienced that awful "all night" cough that sometimes follows influenza can appreciate what a good night's sleep can be. Mrs. Annie Davidson, 2650 Myrtle St., Long Beach, Cal., writes: "The result of using Foley's Honey and Tar was a restful one for me." Foley's Honey and Tar checks harsh, racking coughs; eases wheezy breathing; stops tickling in throat; covers raw, irritated surfaces with a soothing, healing coating. For sale by A. G. Luken & Co.—Advertisement.

Fact to him at all. What is the use of always spoiling a good time by announcing the fact one is possessed? Personally I do not see the need of it at all. Jack does, but then that is what one might expect from him. (To be continued.)

Heart Problems

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I have been going with a girl since before Christmas. A little before Christmas she had a birthday party. Of course I gave her a pretty good present, which I am sure was better than some of the rest.

She named our partners herself and took me for hers. When the party got fairly started, she and another boy sneaked out and I suppose acted foolish. This made me think that she cared for him more than for me.

I have heard some remarks about her which I can not believe. We have been writing constantly, but now she doesn't answer my letters as she used to. Another thing, she doesn't speak to me on the streets when we meet except in a cold, civil way.

Do you think she is sliding away from me? She has told me several times that she cares for me. I think quite a lot of her, but if she doesn't act differently I don't know what I will do. Shall I keep on going with

her or leave her and go with some one else?

It is impossible to explain the way the girl acts. It seems evident, however, that she regards you as a friend only; if she loved you she would not be so indifferent.

Go with other girls, too. You will be happier this way and will make the girl like you better when she sees she is not the only object of your affections.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: Can you tell me what will darken streaked hair?

DISHEARTENED FRIEND.

To give the hair daily attention will help to keep in one shade. Every night and morning brush the hair thoroughly with about one hundred strokes of the brush. If your hair is thin buy a hair tonic and massage it into the scalp every other night. Healthy hair is rarely streaked.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am 20 years of age and engaged to a man of a sarcastic nature. What would you advise me to do when he displays sarcasm?

Unless your fiancé can control his tongue, you will be happier not to marry him. Sarcasm is cruel and cuts so deeply that there is not always a comeback. Silently leave the room

when he has said something unkind.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a girl of 16 and am going with a young man 18 years of age. I love him very much and it seemed as though he cared for me until several weeks ago when we were both at a dance. He did not seem angry at me because he danced with me and seemed as jolly as ever.

At supper time he took another girl to supper, but after supper he asked to take me home. I went home with him, but I acted as though I was angry because he took the other girl to supper. When he got home I asked him whether he loved me any more and he said he did. He kissed me good night and went away. But I have never had a date with him since. He doesn't seem to be angry for he speaks to me and dances with me at dances.

The night he took me home I told him some things about this other girl that I should not have told, but I didn't think of it until afterward. Would you write him a letter and ask him to forgive my words, or not?

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a school girl of fifteen. There is a young man whom I admire very much in school. I have been with him several times and he has proved himself a perfect

gentleman and one worthy of respect.

While with me he seemed to care for me. Lately he has been cool and indifferent toward me, giving all of his attentions to another girl. I still have the same attitude toward him as before.

Please tell me what I should do and if there is any chance of his ever coming back to me with the same feeling as before.

ROSY CHEEKS.

It is said there is nothing so dead as dead love. I think, therefore, that you should give up hope that the young man will come back. Keep busy and try not to think about him. One of these days you will find yourself interested in some one else. At fifteen you are much too young to have a sweetheart anyway.

Not all divorces are tragic; some are merely melodramatic.

If I ran a Hotel

—says Bobby

Everybody would have the same breakfast

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