

The Diary of an Engaged Girl

By Phyllis Phillips

Well, such funny things have happened. I am here in my room, at twelve-thirty, once more disgraced. I am also disillusioned. I have discovered that even fiancés are not always what they seem to be! After the family left for the theater this evening, I got desperately lonely and called up Brix. He came like a shot, and we grinned at each other like a pair of pirates, as we found ourselves alone for the first time in aeons. How that man understands women. Me, in especially.

We sat and talked for an hour, and I told him all about the way I felt—restless and eager to live alone for years to come.

He sympathized, as he always does, and told me that that was the joy and the curse of being an artist.

Then we discussed the situation sanely, and he advised me to get onto myself, and let the artist in me have a chance. He knew of a studio to let, moderate, and all that, and suggested that I take it the next day, and paint there in peace every afternoon, instead of walking or visiting. It was a wonderful paradise he opened up to me.

I am going to do it tomorrow. I must have the right to self-expression or go mad. I have so many things to do, and simply cannot stand my present sort of existence any longer.

Then Brix asked me to come out and have a dance with him and little. I got my things on and we slipped out of the house, feeling deliciously clandestine and wicked.

We went to a restaurant that he knows of, and got a cosy table in a corner all by ourselves where we could watch the people. Brix and I have so many tastes in common. The

longer I am engaged to Jack the more I realize this.

You see types are our passion. And there were so many different ones in the place. I felt very much a woman of the world as we sat and speculated in that idle and chummy fashion that only artists know, about the occupants at the other tables. Brix thinks it's too bad that I am not allowed out more by myself at night. He says it's impossible to develop either style or a point of view without mingling in one's own way with one's fellowmen. I know that he is right.

Sometimes I am so utterly in sympathy with Brix's moods I almost forget that he is a man; but I can't truthfully say that I think he ever for one moment forgets that I am a woman. NO—hardly.

The soft light and the dreamy music invited us to get sentimental, and we did. Brix told me that he had always loved me, but was not in a position to marry. Hated the thought of the chains involved in that state, anyhow. Confessed to the same emotions, and we were very happy and sad!

We danced a few times, and he held me so close that I felt quite helpless. Such dances.

It's queer to realize that one can be fond of two men at the same time, and yet I'm quite sure that it is possible. Brix is so romantic, so tender, and so grateful for a look or the slightest caress given in passing.

We just sat and allowed our souls to be soothed by the music, and said but little after the last dance. But then there was a great understanding between us somehow.

Once I leaned over and peered at the dancers in the next room, and I saw—my Jack dancing with a girl. (To be continued.)

Heart and Beauty Problems

By Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a young man 21 years of age, married and have a daughter a little over one year old. I do not get along with my wife any too well. We often quarrel and both of us get as angry as fire. She, without any excuse at all, starts trouble every time I enter the house, morning or night.

There is another girl whom I know I love, and I am sure that she loves me. She has said time and time again that she would never marry unless she could marry me. I don't know how I can get loose to marry this other girl. I know she would make an ideal wife because nearly every day I see her she says she wishes my present wife no harm but she does want to be my wife a little while before she dies, and that as it is now it is as unpleasant for her as can be.

Please advise me what to do.
EVERGREEN.

My sympathy goes out to your wife. It is enough to make her cross all the time to have a husband who does not love her and the strain of caring for a baby. There is a great possibility that her irritability comes from some physical disturbance.

Your faith in the other woman is unwarranted. She is not honorable because she is stealing the love of another woman's husband. Something is wrong with her self-respect or she would treat you as an acquaintance and stop all close relationship between you.

Be more considerate to the mother of your child. A little love will work wonders in your home. Your wife will be less irritable and more the girl you loved when you married her.

You, as well as the other girl, have lost your self-respect and sense of honor.

As a Woman Thinketh

By Helen Rowland

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Every man thinks—

That, if a woman tells her age she must be fibbing—and if she doesn't, she must be antique.

That, if she is sweet and cordial to him, she is trying to arouse his interest—and if she is cold and indifferent, she is trying to pique his vanity.

That, if she believes all the flattering things he says, she must be a soft-headed little fool—and if she doesn't, she must be a hard-hearted little cynic.

That, if she is arrayed and ready to receive him when he calls she has been sitting there waiting for him—and if she isn't, she is upstairs priming for him.

That if she permits him to kiss her, any man could—and if she doesn't, NO man could!

That if he offers her an inexpensive gift, she will think him penurious—and if he offers her a costly one, she will think him serious.

That if she wears fluffy clothes and high French heels, she is probably frivolous and vain—and if she goes in for mannish tailored suits and common sense boots, she is probably unfeminine and unnatural.

That if she agrees with everything he says, she is angling for him—and if she disagrees with anything he says, or insists on having her own way, she is "nagging" him.

That if she isn't in love with him, she must be in love with somebody else and that if she isn't in love with somebody else she must eventually fall in love with HIM!

That there are only two kinds of women in the world—

Those who talk Ibsen and Schopenhauer and feminism—and those who talk styles and baby-talk, and read Harold Bell Wright.

Those who are more inisipid than custard—and those who are more insidious than champagne.

Those who say "Come hither"—and those who say "Sir!"

Those whom he dare not kiss—and those whom he dare not stop kissing.

Those who are trying to "lure" him—and those who would try to "reform" him.

Those who are "too good for him" and possess all the virtues and perfections of angels—and those who possess all the piquancy of caviare and all the perfidiousness of little demons.

And the only thing that no man ever thinks about a woman, is that she may possibly be—

Just plain HUMAN!

What's in a Name

(Copyright)

PHYLIS

Phyllis might be classed with the flower names, or more properly perhaps, the sylvan names, of which Sylvia and Laura, and Daphne are classic examples.

Phyllis means "green bough." It

comes from the Greek word phyllis,

signifying green leaf or bough. The

tragic legend associated with the

origin of the name tells how Phyllis,

a Thalian damsel, hung herself because

her lover did not keep his promise of

returning from the wars to marry her.

She was changed into an almond tree,

in somewhat the same manner that

Daphne was transformed.

Domitian's nurse was called Phyllis

and the name also became popular in

Arcadian poetry. Like Sylvia, it was

bestowed so frequently upon pretty

rustic maidens that it came to be the

generic term for young girls. Later

it fell to the class of handmaids and

English literature is replete with ref-

erences to a "neat-handed Phyllis

in the kitchen."

In modern times, the name has re-

turned to its classic significance. Phyllis is given in baptism by those who

have a fondness for fanciful names.

Aside from its Grecian origin, it re-

mains completely English, adopted

now by America, of course. No other

countries have granted it popularity,

since it is impossible to elaborate or

contract.

The amethyst is the talismanic

stone of Phyllis. It promises her

steadfast friends, serenity, quick

intelligence and checks over-indulgences

of every sort.

Friday is her lucky day and 3 her

lucky number. The primrose, signifying simplicity, is her flower.

NAMED AFTER "BIG TWO"

LONDON, Eng.—Lloyd Clemenceau were the Christian names given to a baby christened at Hendon.

Old Folks Should Watch Colds

If you have pasted middle age, you should be careful to keep from letting a bad cold develop into something serious like the flu. Stop every cold before it gets started. You can feel perfectly safe if you keep a package of

LIGHTNING LAXATIVE QUININE TABLETS

Will Not Grip or Sicken

with you, and take them when you feel a cold coming on. Thousands of particular people have found a perfect remedy for cold and mild forms of the cold. Will not grip or sicken. Ask your druggist or dealer. They cost only 25 cents a package.

Those who are "too good for him" and possess all the virtues and perfections of angels—and those who possess all the piquancy of caviare and all the perfidiousness of little demons.

And the only thing that no man ever thinks about a woman, is that she may possibly be—

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The CANDY Cathartic

"Really DELICIOUS"

Cascarets
FOR CONSTIPATION
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Young Peoples' Union

This space will be devoted to the advancement of Young People's Society in our county, and will be devoted to lessening some interesting news, and everything pertaining to young people's work.

Motto—For Christ and The Church

Sunday, March 28.—Topic: Our Country's Need of Christ. Acts 4:11, 12; Rom. 10:12-15. (Home Missionary Meeting).

Some Bible Hints.

The country's builders must build on Christ's principles or their work will fail.

Where in all the world is the country that has succeeded without Christ? Nowhere. National salvation is in him. (v. 11).

Christ alone can weld our different nationalities together without him we are divided. (v. 12).

Our country needs Christ to be proclaimed; hence the need of preachers and money to support them. (v. 14.)

Suggestive Thoughts.

Christ is brought by men and women to men and women; He flows into our country's life through human lives, through acts of service.

The men of the woods, the lumberjacks far from home, influences need Christ deeply, and the church must take him to them. Why give the devil a free field?

The immigrant needs Christ. Often he comes from lands dark with ignorance, his own mind dark. He will understand the Christ of kindness. If we do not bring him into contact with Christ he will bring evil upon us.

The supreme need of the leadership of Christ must be established through the church. It is ours to say whether America shall be Christian or heathen.

A Few Illustrations.

The foreigner judges Christianity by the treatment we give him, and he has not had a square deal. We have cheerfully adopted the doctrine of the melting pot and have forgotten that the fires may burn us.

We have slums in our cities, festering spots. Better housing laws will help to cure the evil, but only Christ can transform the broken men and women that live in them.

Hungry children! Yes, many, in our cities. One church in Denver provides milk, crackers, and a cookie for 2 cents to children that have the money, for nothing to those that have not. This church cares for the children while their mothers are at work.

Thousands of miners—foreigners, mostly—are scattered throughout our land. They live in physical darkness, and often in spiritual night. Only the church can bring light, healthful amusement, recreation, and clean social life to them.

To Think About.

Why do we need home missions?

What home missions are needed in our community?

What responsibility have we for home missions?

A Cluster of Quotations.

Religion is the only force that I have ever heard of that does actually transform the life; and the proof of the transformation is to be found all over the world, and is multiplied and repeated as Christianity gains fresh territory in the non-Christian world.

Woodrow Wilson.

The interest of the hour is the gospel of Jesus Christ. If that does not save us, nothing else can.—Henry Watson.

I saw your church advertised as "home-like"; I was homesick and I came.—C. F. Reisner.

Help us to get churches adequate to hold folks of the negro race that would attend church. We need social centers and social workers. We want contact. You can't save us by contact.—C. A. Finley.

SNOW SHOVELING PENALTY

NEW YORK—Joseph Donath, whose mother claimed he would not work, was given the alternative by Magistrate Sweeter of going to work for the city shoveling snow at \$5 a day or going to some other place where he would not be paid for his work. He took the snow shoveling sentence.

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