

The Diary of an Engaged Girl

By Phyllis Phillips

The storm broke loose from all sides this morning. Everyone took a shot at me, except Aunt Cecilia. Mother was loud in her denunciation of what she calls "my loose ways," and even that wretched small sister looked condescendingly over at me as she heard me being grilled, munching her toast with all the aplomb of a woman of the world, as she sat bedecked with my jade beads. (Lifted from my dresser in my absence, no doubt!)

I observed a stony silence. My attitude being, let them rave. All the great women of history have been maligned, and without doubt I, too, have been predestined to disaster.

When mother in desperation at my silence told me that she was going to cancel the trip to Europe I bit with a vengeance and poured a flood of reproaches and abuse on all their heads. Ending by promising to run away and lead the life I longed to lead, if I was not allowed to go to Europe.

We had it out thoroughly, I can assure you. No one won, however. All hands were unconvinced when I finally stood up and walked from the room haughtily.

I take it that the devil is never far from a woman's elbow, for I got to the hall I suddenly walked to the telephone and called up Brixy.

He promised to meet me for lunch and counsel me, and with a lighter heart I proceeded up to my room.

My heart has turned to stone. I feel like a true heroine. There is no madness that I could not undertake at this moment. I yearn to fly, even with Brixy, and taste all the joys and woes of life immediately. Of course I know we'd have woes for we would quarrel abominably.

I had it out with myself, later, and adored. I put on my most becoming costume, and then sauntered out of the house, still filled with unreasonable plans and desires.

Brixy laughed merrily over the remembrances of last night—and the frosty glances of my family. And pretty soon we were both enjoying the humor of the situation.

After lunch he escorted me to Dorcy and Jane's studio, and here I found those two dear girls up to their eyes in art and paint, though delighted to see me.

We had a grand gossip, and I told them the events of the past twenty-four hours, which gave them several thrills. Then I mentioned the studio that Brixy had told me of, and my intention of casting all traditions to the winds, and becoming as one of them, even if it cost me my life and fiancé!

The three of us then sat down and planned. Later on we went over and took the studio. I felt as though I had been suddenly transplanted to heavenly regions, as soon as the deal was transacted which made me the possessor of my very own place. That is all any free-thinking woman wants in this world, after all. It's too bad that we have to fight for it so hard.

Then I returned to the bosom of my family, which was absorbed, the parental part of it, in trying to locate me by phone.

I was still a princess at table later on, and no one picked on me. Didn't dare to, I guess.

Jack came at eight, and I descended, still in the clouds, and gave him two very cool fingers. It was thrilling, playing this new role of mine. He was most affectionate, and treated me, despite my zero temperature, as though I were a naughty little girl. Imagine his dismay when in the middle of a conversation I asked him quite casually, for a smoke. His face was a study, but he had to hand me his case, willy nilly.

I was asserting my individuality. I too now walked with the free spirits of the earth. Gone was the Lindsey of a day ago, forever.

He watched me gravely, as I puffed and even blew rings in a languid manner. Then he suddenly came over to where I sat and kissed me full on the mouth, breaking up a perfectly beautiful ring in the making.

It was then that I asked him if he had enjoyed himself the night before. Men are so artful—would you believe it? He never turned a hair at

my question. Just said off-hand, "Oh, yes, he had had a pretty good time, doing not much of anything!"

That spurred me on to action, and I told him of seeing him the night before, dancing with another girl, and several other things.

Quite coolly then he told me that the only thing that had stopped him from bringing the girl, his cousin, in to introduce her to me was the fact that Brixy and I had been so lost in each other's eyes when he caught sight of me, that he had decided to let us enjoy ourselves—alone.

I had nothing more to say—after that.

We discussed Europe the rest of the evening. Then Jack went home, and here I sit—thinking.

(To be continued.)

Heart Problems

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I have been married four years. Mother would not give her consent to the marriage and so we promised if she would give us her blessing she might live with us.

We started out together, but from the first day mother bossed so that after six months I was sick in bed with a nervous breakdown. The doctor said mother would have to leave the home and my husband insisted that she go.

A year after I was married our first child was born and mother came back to help care for her. She seemed to have learned her lesson and was much more reasonable for a while.

Now my second baby is born and mother is so unreasonable that she will not let my husband or me have one word to say about what is to be done with our children. Mother is so hateful to my husband that he says either he or mother will have to leave the home. He has given me one month in which to make my choice.

I love my husband and cannot bear the thought of losing him. If I had not promised to keep mother, I would say that she must go. I have always believed, however, that we are punished for the promises we break.

What can I do? JOSEPHINE.

The promises you made are not all on the side of your mother. To let your husband go would be breaking your marriage vows.

It is very clear that your mother should go and her happiness be sacrificed rather than the happiness of you, your husband and the two children.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I have been going with a boy for a long time and he has always shown me a pleasant time, but lately he has become rather wild and so I cut him. Did I do right or otherwise? Would it be wrong to have dates with a fellow who has not a very desirable reputation? All respect me. SNEEZE

One does not appreciate a good reputation until it is sacrificed. I think you were wise in giving up a friendship which ceased to be desirable. If you yourself want to be re-

spected, see that your friends are respectable.

Eagles Expect 500 To Be Initiated on April 18

At least 500 candidates will be initiated into Wayne aerie of Eagles at the big initiatory services to be held on April 18, members of the committee in charge said Friday. An active membership campaign is being

conducted by the lodge, with special rates for membership.

The initiation fee of the aerie is now \$5, and the benefits have been increased to \$100 for death and a dollar a day for sickness. Next Wednesday a smoker will be held in the lodge hall, at which time several important changes in the aerie by-laws will be discussed.

Invitations have been sent to state and national aerie officers to attend the initiatory services, and already re-

pites in the affirmative have been received from a number of these officers.

STRIKE OVER A MISPRINT. LONDON, Eng.—A compositor on a Warsaw paper for the Polish word which represents eagle, the national

emblem, set up the word which means donkey. He refused to correct the mistake and was dismissed. The Printers' Union called a strike.

All Siamese people enter the priesthood for a time.

FRECKLES

March Worst Month for This Trouble How to Remove Easily.

There's a reason why nearly everybody freckles in March, but happily there is also a remedy for these ugly blemishes, and no one need stay freckled.

Simply get an ounce of Othine, double strength, from your druggist and apply a little of it night and morning, and in a few days you should see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the light ones have vanished entirely. Now is the time to rid yourself of freckles, for if not removed now they may stay all Summer, and spoil an otherwise beautiful complexion. Your money back if Othine fails.—Advertisement.

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ESTAB.
1882
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STOVE POLISH

Save time and hard work by using E-Z Stove Polish, absolutely dustless, smokeless, odorless, gives a durable—ebony-black shine.

SHOES WEAR LONGER shined with E-Z Shoe Polish—any color—won't crack leather. E-Z Shoe Polish—genuine oil 50 shines—15c. Best Boot Blacks use E-Z. Don't risk cheap polish, dressing, cleaners—use only E-Z. Dealers or mail.

SHOE POLISH

For Sale by All Richmond Jobbers and Dealers

Makes Such Light, Tasty Biscuits

Just let mother call, "Biscuits for Breakfast!" We're sure there's a treat that can't be beat in store for us—light, tender biscuits—toasty brown and all puffed up with goodness! For mother is sure of her baking powder—Calumet. She never disappoints us because

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

never disappoints her. It's dependable. Results always the same—the best. Try it.

Calumet contains only such ingredients as have been approved officially by the U.S. Food Authorities.

You Save When You Buy It.
You Save When You Use It.

HIGHEST QUALITY AWARDS

RICHMOND'S DAYLIGHT STORE

Underprice Sale of New SPRING Coats

Wonderful Purchases Arranged for Easter Shoppers

\$40 Coats, \$37.50 Coats
\$35 Coats, \$32.50 Coats

\$25.00

All sizes for Misses and Women

POLO COATS
SILVERTONE COATS
VELOUR CHECK COATS
WOOL JERSEY COATS
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Highly serviceable coats in short, three-quarter or full length, in every fashionable style and type—large patch pockets, convertible collars, unusual belts and clever trims in every new Spring shade.

SEE SHABBY, FADED GARMENTS TURN NEW

"Diamond Dyes" Make Old Apparel Fresh and Stylish

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen cotton or mixed goods—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, feathers, draperies, coverings.

The Direction Book with each package tells so plainly how to diamond dye over any color that you can not make a mistake.

To match any material, have druggist show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card.—Advertisement.

Fesler's Right

J. W. Fesler answered the call of thousands of thoughtful citizens to make the race for Governor. An able Republican with a spotless record. We can win with

FESLER

Knows and Reverses the Law

for Governor

REPUBLICAN

Primary May 4, 1920

"The Folks are For Fesler"

joy keeps women young and beautiful!

HARD work ages women. The daily house chores, often distasteful, are the telling destroyers.

Why don't you let Joy into your home to do the hard work? Joy, a cool, firm, white soap, goes after pots and pans, dishes and windows, bath tubs and floors, in such a hearty manner that they fairly bristle with brightness! And, my! how clean and sweet the laundry is after washing with Joy!

You never saw anything clean as easily and quickly. There's no scrubbing necessary—just rub a little and Joy disintegrates the dirt, grease and grime almost instantly.

And economical! Joy lasts longer, does the job in less time and better. It doesn't get soft and sticky when wet, either. It's just a plumb everlasting good household soap, working like a wizard all the time. You'll sure like it. Ask your grocer today.

joy (White)
soap
"Works like a Wizard"

Louisville Food Products Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.



Romey's Big Special Sale of the Speedy Scooter Car

for Boys and Tom Boys

Second shipment—Backs every other car off the Boards



A sale for the kids only—Grown-ups, don't look!

There are too many sales for grown-ups—they get all the good things. They'll not get in on this, though—it's Your Sale, little folks, and a real surprise it is going to be, too, for by Saturday evening 100 boys and girls in this town will be the happy owners of 100 Speedy Scooters.

A \$1.25 VALUE IN THIS SCOOTER CAR FOR ONLY

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A BIG VALUE FOR LESS THAN COST