

The Diary of an Engaged Girl

By Phyllis Phillips

June 4.—It must be that I was born all different from most girls, at least mother says so. I have nothing in common with most of our family, friends or relatives, and am constantly distressing well-meaning aunts and cousins on how to be a lady, on all occasions.

Today my prim Aunt Harriet caught me racing George Watson in the park. Poor dear, I can still see her expression of horror; my lack of dignity positively hurt her, I know. But what girl of nineteen could possibly resist running a race with an old friend on a glorious day in June, I ask you!

George and I went to art classes together for two years and of course we got to be pretty good chums. He is the dearest boy, and I really had quite serious yearnings in his direction several times while at school, but on two occasions my sense of humor saved me. One was when George got terribly sentimental while at the circus one evening—most ridiculous place on earth to wax tender in, especially when the object of your affections happens to be a girl like Lindsey.

It was too funny, though, for just as Georgey-Porgy was leaning toward me passionately I noticed one of the clowns also leaning forward passionately toward me. I looked at the clown and at the sight of same, plus my ardent lover, now plucking at my elbow, I burst into gales of laughter—laughter that caused everyone within a radius of a hundred feet to turn to look at me. It made George awfully angry, for he

thought that I was laughing at him and his love. Of course, there was a grain of truth in it, but, oh, that foolish-faced clown!

The other time that George was sentimental with me was when we were tearing up one of those Connecticut roads together last spring. There was a pretty stiff wind blowing, and he suddenly thrust his face into mine—this at a moment when we were tearing off eighty miles an hour—his collar burst open and gave me such a start that again I roared with merry glee. No, George and I were evidently never intended for each other. But we did enjoy that race to the lake at Seventy-second street this morning, in spite of Aunt Harriet.

The worst of it all was that as we were running and pretty well neck-and-neck at that, for I am a good runner, I stumbled and fell right into the outraged stomach of a portly female, whose scream of protest brought me from my most undignified position to a realization that I had almost knocked my own Aunt Harriet down.

To make matters worse, George rescued me from the hem of her quivering coat, and braced me with his good old arm. Aunt Harriet snorted, then rubbed my smarting cheek, and asked me with a melting glance of welcome in George's direction if this was my Jack!

I draw the curtain on the scene that followed. Her expression was wonderful to behold. Aunt Harriet has thin lips and a beaky nose. She is spare and acrid. (To be continued.)

Heart and Beauty Problems

By Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson

Dear Mrs. Thompson: In reply to Fortuna I must say I believe something has come over the people, which is similar to the confusion of tongues when they were building the tower of Babel. It seems like there is no one who can understand any one else in the whole world, not even the companions, and I sometimes feel like not even their own Father or Mother, or their own children.

It seems to me that no one understands me. I want to be a good woman and would like to have friends and be a friend to everyone, I even have several enemies, who will not even look at me, that I really love and would just love to have them as friends and would just do anything for them to hold their friendship, and have time and time again, but they treat me as if I were a rattle-snake, it seems to me often I have not a real friend in the world. I often get discouraged I wish I were dead.

Often my husband gets so mad at me and we have a fuss. He tells me things that hurt me so I can hardly endure it and I have come to the conclusion it is all because we do not understand each other, and I believe it is a curse placed upon us for our sins, if we could only see it in that way.

I have worried over this until I am almost a nervous wreck, and often when there is a misunderstanding with myself and some one, I cry and worry until I am almost sick, and worse than sickness of any kind I have ever gone through, but it doesn't help it one bit. Can you give me any idea other than my own what the trouble might be?

Worried Lou.

Dear "Worried Lou"—You say no one understands you. I don't believe it. If you are natural and sweet tempered, people will understand you all right. And if some people do not, why worry about them, for they're probably not worth your worry. Perhaps you are nervous and "peculiar" with your friends and family. People are so busy in this world they don't have time to stop to understand people are this way, and what might seem to be dislike is often just an outgrowth of the busy life they must lead.

If you seem nervous and run down you might see a physician or buy a good tonic—there are several on the market—but better still try with all your might to be happy despite other people. If you have money, help some less fortunate, that is bound to make you happy. If you do not have money to spend in this way help them with cheerfulness, encouragement and above all, smiles. They're worth so much. I dare say that if you make it a point to see the funny side in things that come your way, even if they are annoying, that you will notice a difference in your life in only a few days.

"Worried Lou," when you think of the starving Armenians, of the people who are entirely alone in the world without even families who do not

Headache-Depression?

FROM KIDNEY DISORDERS

Headaches and depression may be due to several causes. Perhaps yours mystifies you? May be kidney and bladder disorders is the cause? If so, you surely want relief and restoration.

Indiscretions in eating and drinking bring on such troubles very gradually, sometimes—at other times quickly.

Balmwort Tablets

will bring the desired benefit if such symptoms are present as these: If the secretion that passes is highly colored, strong of odor, insufficient or too copious, followed by pain, burning, irritation, smarting, etc. If chills or fever come and go, if the head aches, the eyes burn and rheumatic pains, general discomfort and nervousness, testage you, Balmwort Kidney Tablets ARE NEEDED BY YOU

Not secret, not new, just right and true. Sold by all druggists—Advertisement.

**"MALE
—and—
FEMALE"**

COMING
IN
4 DAYS

day is Sadie's lucky day and 7 her lucky number.

IMOGENE.

Not so frequent in usage but none the less lovely and possessing a good deal of poetic charm is Imogene. The name has no definite history and etymologists find it difficult to account for it, but the generally accepted theory is that it is another form of the Imagina which is found in Germany in early times.

There was an Imagina of Limburg in 1400 and various other instances of the use of the name by German women. How England secured the name of Imogene is open to speculation. It is probable that Shakespeare's heroine established her vogue there, though etymologists contend that it was used by British ladies before the master playwright wrote his version of the old story of the deserted and betrayed wife, which he so strangely placed at the court of the last independent British prince.

At any rate, Shakespeare called his heroine Imogene, thus establishing her vogue forever. The name is still a great favorite in England, but has widespread popularity here, due, perhaps to its rather poetic associations. Also it usually degenerates into "Gene." A few devoted admirers of Shakespeare (and others unwittingly) give the name to girl babies in baptism, probably ignorant of the fact that as Yngoge, the name was once bestowed on a daughter of Emperor Pandarus of Greece and the wife of Brutus, according to Geoffrey of Monmouth. She was mentioned in Anne of Brittany's funeral oration in 1514.

Imogene's talisman stone is the jacinth. It is said to protect her from danger, especially of lightning. Worn when traveling, it will insure her a happy, successful journey. Wednesday is her lucky day and 6 her lucky number.

W. C. T. U.

The annual spring institute of the various societies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in Fayette county was to be held at the Everett Methodist church Wednesday and Thursday, March 31 and April 1. The gathering was to be in direct charge of Mrs. Roscoe Pearce, of Madison, Indiana, state superintendent, who will favor the institute with a lengthy address.

The annual spring institute of the Grant county chapter of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was held Monday and Tuesday at the Home Park M. E. church in Marion. Mrs. Elizabeth T. Stanley, of Liberty, state president of the W. C. T. U., was in charge.

TOO LATE.

NEW YORK.—Passengers arriving on a Spanish liner that was authorized to allow the export of lemon peel without special permit. Now that highballs have been abolished the yellow peel is no longer an accessory in bar rooms.

The Land of Lucky Women

By Helen Rowland

(Copyright, 1920, By The Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

Sh! Don't read this to your husband!

But—

This is the only country in the world—

Where a man takes off his shoes, and creeps upstairs, when he comes in late evenings—

Where the man pushes the baby-carriage—

Where a man says: "I'll see what my wife says about it," before accepting anything from a dinner invitation to a job.

Where a man actually brags that his wife "made him," and boasts of how skillfully and cleverly she "runs him."

Where a man whimsically refers to his wife as his "Better ninety-nine per cent," "The Boss," or "The Head of the House."

Where a man's success is measured chiefly by his wife's clothes.

Where a man can get out of doing anything on earth he doesn't want to do—by using his wife as an alibi.

Where a man keeps his money and his religion in his wife's name.

Where a man will cheerfully marry



Cuticura Quickly Soothes Itching Scalps

Cuticura kills dandruff, stops itching, causes dry, thin and falling hair. Treatment: Gently rub Cuticura Ointment, with the end of the finger, on spots of dandruff and itching. Follow next morning with a hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap. Repeat in two weeks. Nothing better than these fragrant, super-creamy emollients for all skin and scalp troubles.

Cuticura Toilet Trio

Consisting of Soap, Ointment and Talcum are indispensable adjuncts of the daily toilet in maintaining skin purity and skin health. By bringing these delicately medicated emollients in frequent contact with your skin as in use for toilet purposes, you keep the skin, scalp, hair and hands clear, sweet and healthy. The Soap, Ointment and Talcum 25c. each everywhere.

For sample each free, address: "Cuticura," Dept. 97, Littleton, Mass.

Send "Cuticura Soap" shaves without msg.

Big Demand

Housewives have demanded it for over thirty years. Always most reliable and wholesome.

Calumet Baking Powder is absolutely dependable. It is always the same—always superior—always pure.

A perfect food product made in the world's largest, most up-to-date and sanitary Baking Powder Factory.

Call for Calumet Baking Powder.

Buy it by the Dozen

Karo

IN THE BLUE CAN

THERE are so many daily uses for Karo (Blue Label)—for pancakes, cooking, baking—candy-making—that alert housewives buy it by the dozen cans.

This is practicing *real* economy.

Ask your grocer the price per dozen.
P.S. Have you ever tried Blue Label Karo on Grape Fruit? Delicious!

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY
17 Battery Place New York

a peniless girl, who doesn't know how to boil water or fry an egg—and let her practice on him.

Where a man permits a woman to choose his friends, his cravats, his pastimes, the house in which he shall live, the schools to which his children shall go, and the place where he shall lie after it is all over.

Where little girls are brought up to expect boys to wait on them and FOR them; and little boys are brought up to be pals and comrades to girls, instead of overlords.

Where a man has settled down for a quiet evening, will get up, put on his hat, coat and shoes, and go out for a spool of thread.

Where a man looks upon every woman as a "lady" until she proves herself otherwise, and regards every young girl as a "little sister," to be protected and respected.

Where a man will let a woman tell him what she thinks of him, and accept her anthology of his little failings with a good-natured grin, a kiss, or a wink.

Where laurels are considered as becoming to a woman as orange-blossoms, and a girl can be a "success," without wearing a platinum wedding ring.

Where a man will help pack a woman's trunk, and buy her ticket to Nevada, so that she can comfortably and pleasantly divorce him.

Where a man regards the tenderest portion of the fowl, the softest chair, the place facing the window, the lower berth in the Pullman, and his own

seat in a street car as the Divine Right of woman.

Where a business man never puts out anything from a new button or a new breakfast food, to a new play or a newspaper without first asking—

"Will it please the women?"

Flowers from the Garden of Melody Typifies Gennett Records



The APRIL numbers are now in stock. A few are listed below.

- 3000—An Old Garden (Sung by Mary Williams)
- If I Might Come to You (Sung by Mary Williams)
- 9021—Echoes from the Alps (His Majesty's Scots Guards Band)
- Weymouth Chimes (His Majesty's Scots Guards Band)
- 4557—Darkey's Delight (Banjo Solo)
- Poppies and Wheat (Banjo Solo)
- 9027—When the Harvest Moon Is Shining (Sung by Hart & Shaw)
- Swanee Shore (Sung by Clyde Leynor)

You will find other interesting selections on this list.

The Starr Piano Company

931-35 MAIN ST.

Palatin Royal

RICHMOND'S DAYLIGHT STORE

Jack Tar Togs



Rub 'em
Tub 'em
Scrub 'em

They come up smiling

The Label of Honor

COME in and introduce your eyes to a most exquisite display of Jack Tar Togs—and introduce your pocket-book to a genuine saving. There are Jack Tar Middies, and Dresses, of all styles and sizes—charming and beautiful, washable and durable—for all ages from Tot to Mother. Come in and see them, these wonderful garments—you'll love them at first sight.

Jack Tar Togs

Rub 'em - Tub 'em - Scrub 'em
They come up Smiling!

If you want your children to be properly dressed, pick out one of the New Spring Styles in a Jack Tar Dress. Sizes 6 to 16.

Palatin Royal
Richmond's Daylight Store.

CHARMING NEW Easter Blouses \$5.00 to \$19.75

Stunning new Easter blouses, gay with the spirit of springtime. Modish overblouses with new collar, girdle and tie sash ideas. Materials of Georgettes, Tricotine and washable satins. All desirable shades and various color combinations. Elegant beaded and embroidered effects. Good values at the prices mentioned, \$5.00 to \$19.75.