

The Diary of an Engaged Girl

By Phyllis Phillips

My first assignment was to go down and get some sketches of the crowds bathing at Coney Island. May I say that no more pleasant job could have been selected for me on a mid-July day?

Filled with delight I blew out of Dean's office and bled me to the very boat that Jack and I had had such a jolly time on a few days before—and yet was it not a century before?

Just for luck I sketched some of the funny couples on the boat going down. It gave me something to do, and helped to while away the time.

Once arrived at the Island I wandered about wondering just which people to sketch, for they were all so interesting and amusing.

I nearly died when I came across Mr. and Mrs. Pee-Wee (dwarfs from some side show or other) enjoying themselves by being whirled about in the old tubs over the bounding waves that Jack and I had so hilariously sampled. They looked so tiny and were so jolly as they were tossed this way and that, and the crowd enjoyed it so.

Quick as a wink I caught them at their funniest, to my great joy, and then strolled on to see what else there was to see.

I felt like an old hand at the game, and yet very new to it. It was wonderful to be really, truly prowling about, unchaperoned, untroubled, and, above all, unknown. There is no more inspiring feeling than that which comes from being able to lose oneself totally. Only artists and dreamers get this, I fear. To be able to lose one's identity—Nom de Chat! What bliss.

I roamed thusly for two hours, and by that time had a fair selection of peachy cartoons for Mr. Dean to pick and choose from. And was I tired? Not so as you could notice today—one does not get tired from anything so quickly as from ennui! Doing the work that one loves does not tire one.

As a Woman Thinketh

By Helen Rowland

SEEN THROUGH A BRIDAL VEIL

The Bride has gone!

The Little Bride, light-hearted, radiant, debonair, has gallantly stepped upon her Ship of Fate, today.

And set sail for the Port of Heart's Delight, and the Harbor of Eternal Love!

What does she see, I wonder, as she looks out at Life, with those young eyes of hers?

What does she hope to find, at the end of her Rainbow of dreams?

What does LOVE mean to her?

Does it mean the transient glamour of the wedding-day, the perfumed rapture of the betrothal kiss, a momentary flash of glory—like the rose-tinted sunset?

Or does it mean the quiet, steady radiance of an altar-flame—the peaceful glow of consecrated candles?

Does it mean the thrill of achievement, of conquest, the glitter of a wedding-ring?

Or the perfect fulfillment of a divine destiny?

Is it a rosy dream of an eternal honeymoon, in starlit gardens sweet with heady incense—

Or is it a quiet pleasant vision of a lamp-lit room, an open-fire, monogrammed silver, bright new dishes, and piles of snowy hemstitched linen, proudly displaying HIS initials in every corner?

Will it inspire her to sit and dream of Him, all day, to spend long hours at her looking-glass making herself more radiantly beautiful for his eyes; to live only for his compliments and kisses?

Or will it bring her down to same reality, make her forgetful of self and of her petty vanities, and prompt her to concentrate on economy and cooking, and on all the dear delightful, tiresome details of making a man COMFORTABLE?

Will it goad her into foolish jealousy, and into asking suspicious and searching questions, every time he is late for dinner—

Or will it fill her with such complete and satisfying confidence, such sublime faith, that though he never came at all, there would be no question in her mind, whatever?

Will it make her exacting, critical, capricious, arbitrary, demanding—a pretty and expensive parasite,

Or will it make her kind and thoughtful, generous, and forbearing?

What does she seek—

Thrills, adoration, and the blinding mist of love's rapture.

Or heartache, and the quiet, gentle hand-clasp of perfect understanding?

Wild uncertainty—or sweet security?

Eternal courtship—or life-long companionship?

Worship—or comradeship?

Ah, Little Bride, so gaily setting sail upon your Ship of Fate,

Unless love is RUTH of these,

It is not Perfect Love!

Yet, they are as far apart, and as different.

As Purgatory and Paradise—

And you, alone, must find your own Paradise.

You, alone, must seek the pot-of-gold.

At the end of your rainbow of dreams!

You, alone, know what LOVE means to you!

not really. Whild being bored wearies one in mind, body and estate.

It got fierce and hot during the afternoon, and I finally went in and had some food and a long, cold drink. Then I sat back, well pleased with my work and my day, and listened to the music and watched the crowds, dancing and perspiring.

It is such a simple, sweaty, good-natured crowd, this one at Coney Island. It manages to squeeze so much fun out of so little. One can learn many great lessons of life by just coming here and being simple, too—every once in a while. It will keep one young and wholesome.

By six o'clock I was back at the office and submitting my drawings to Mr. Dean. He was highly pleased and picked out the best for next day's Evening Leader to run.

Then he showed me my snappy selections in the Leader of the moment, and I nearly burst with pride at sight of my first public appearance in any paper, signed and all that. Tears came to my eyes, but I don't think that Mr. Dean saw them. Don't care if he did; only an editor would understand a new girl artist's or girl writer's tears at sight of her first-born—in art or literature, that is to say, of course!

Gee, in the language of the loose, ain't it grand just to be alive—and doing?

(To be continued.)

Heart Problems

Dear Mrs. Thompson: Will you please give me the address of some one who will advise me concerning the movies? I am anxious to find out if a pretty girl with talent, but too poor to travel and find out for herself, can be a success.

BLUE EYES.

Get a movie magazine, which will furnish you with the addresses of the different companies. Then write to those which appeal to you the most, and are nearest home, stating your ambitions and enclosing a picture of yourself and stamps to return the picture and reply.

BOY DIES OF INJURIES.

ANDERSON, Ind., July 16.—Kenneth Lawson, 4 years old, son of Elwood Lawson, living seven miles southwest of Anderson, died at noon today from injuries suffered when he was kicked and trampled by a horse, yesterday. Kenneth and an older brother were playing in their father's barnyard when the younger boy was kicked and trampled by the animal.

Dr. Alice Masaryk, speaking at Eaton Square, England.

Dr. Alice Masaryk, daughter of

the president of the Czech-Slovak

republic, is giving a series of ad-

dresses in England, at which she

tells of the needs and aspirations of

her country. Miss Masaryk was

persecuted by Austria during the

war, at one time being impris-

oned nine months in a Vienna jail.

father loves you and your mother. Your chance of bringing about a reconciliation is to convince your mother that your father still loves her. She seems to have become very cynical and you will have to overcome her skepticism. If you can not get your mother to see that your father loves her and she persists in her attempt to get a divorce, my advice would be to go with your father. Your mother's bad temper is likely to make life very unhappy for you. You are sure of your father's love, and he probably needs you more than your mother does. When she misses you both, as she undoubtedly will, her remorse may cause her to love both of you again and your little family may be happy once more.

It is truly hard to have your earnings taken from you, for it leaves you little incentive to work. I think you ought to come to an understanding with your father and tell him that you will not be extravagant with your money. Ask him to help you to plan a budget of your expenditures, allowing so much for your board, to be paid out each week to your mother. The rest of your salary ought to be carefully divided among the following items: Clothing, recreation and savings. Do not forget the last item, for in these days of surprises it does not seem safe to have no nest egg to fall back on in case of emergency, and then, too, your father will be better satisfied if you promise to save a certain amount each week.

A good way to save is to go to the bank on the way home from the office after you have received your pay. If you put your money in the bank, you are not so likely to spend it for unessential items.

I think that if you go over the matter with your father in this business-like way, you will find that he will be willing to help you handle your pay yourself. But you must make up your mind that when you have once gained his confidence you must keep your word and do what you have promised with your money.

Dear Mrs. Thompson:

I am a girl of 12 years of age, and have a broken heart.

My mother and father don't get along together. Mother thinks divorce is the best. It breaks my heart. My father loves me, but mother says it is all put on. I love mother and father very much. My father says he can take care of me better than mother. Mother says if she gets a divorce she will take me. I have always been happy. I live on a farm of 128 acres. We have a car and I was very happy but am not now. We have all the modern things and I don't see why we can't be happy. Mother is good to me as a rule she has a bad temper.

Father is good to mother but she doesn't think so. Of course I can't tell you all that is in my heart. Please tell me what to do. Can I hold them together?

A Little Girl Sick at Heart.

Dear Little Girl Sick at Heart:

Your father and mother seem to be the victims of a misunderstanding. The main trouble seems to be with your mother. You say that you

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