

**The Diary of an Engaged Girl**

By Phyllis Phillips

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I have never sat through such a long ceremony, and I had plenty of time to sketch, which was a life-saver. Honest, that little pencil of mine saves me from many a boring situation in life. It also keeps me smiling for I see the humor of any and all situations, pretty nearly always, and jot them right down in my book.

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**Heart Problems**

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a girl 17 years old, and have been keeping company with a young man 20 years old. He has proposed to me and I have accepted. My parents don't want me to marry. They like this boy but don't think I ever dream of marrying him. I have promised to marry him in a very few months and am sorry of it as I am too young. I've asked him to wait but he says he can't. Please advise me immediately which is best for me to do, if he won't wait to give him up or marry him. I feel as if I want to see more of single life. I love him very much, but it seems if when other boys are around I'm sorry I ever promised him. Thanking you for your advice. RUTH H.

Dear Ruth H.: Sometimes, little girl, I wonder if I am really helping people by answering their questions in this column. Today your letter has made me thankful that I have the opportunity to give advice to people who really need it. You should banish from your mind all thought of marriage. First, you are too young to be thinking of such a thing; second you do not love the young man or you would never regret your promise.

You are quite right in feeling that you ought to see more of single life. In fact, you are upon the very threshold of life, and you stand a good chance to spoil the whole thing before the curtain goes up by a hasty marriage.

The young man evidently loves you very much but he would never be happy with you because I do not believe that you love him enough to make him happy. You owe it to him to tell him once that you do not love him enough to become his wife. Tell him frankly that you care for him a great deal but that you cannot marry him. It may hurt him a great deal at first but you will both be happier in the end if you avoid a marriage where the most essential element—love—is lacking.

Try to keep him as a friend, but continue to meet other young men. You are too young to confine your attentions to one young man. Genuine friendship with clean young men will be of great benefit to you and you should prize them highly.

Greensfork, Ind.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: Please don't tear this up before you read it. Some-  
how I want you to know of my good luck. In six days I will find myself on the way out west if everyone keeps healthy this time. It seems my cousin Ben, the one that died, had a budget and he hadn't any home, so since he came back he has made his home with them. I guess they adopted him. Anyway I'm still expecting some spins.

My father says I've earned a vacation. But I rather think my trotting around with a fellow who he does not

**PREBLE COUNTY DEBT  
\$1,017,544.38, SAYS  
AUDITOR'S REPORT**

Got down there and he showed me all over the grounds, and let me rubber as much as I wanted to. I was properly impressed by the different machines in the hangars, and would have liked to try each one of them.

Raymond told me to wait and see how much I liked flying, before chartering all the planes in the place, and I thought this good advice myself.

Then he led me to the hydroplane that we were to go up in, lifted me into one of the seats and got into the other himself. It was not like those nice, comfortable flying boats that most ladies go up in, and need not fear to do so, for they cannot look straight down, a clear drop, like one can from the eerie seat of a machine such as we went up in. The bottom of the boat should keep one from seeing down the dizzy heights. Of course, I did not know all this at the time, so went into that plane blithely enough.

It was a brilliant afternoon, and all the elements were in our favor, so Raymond informed me, and just as we were ready to start he decided that I had better put on a suit of his, as I might get tangled up if I persisted in keeping on my own garments.

Much against my will then I climbed out and went to a small hut with him. Here he handed me a pair of khaki trousers and jacket and everything to match, cap plus goggles.

I slid into them—and then slid myself up to him and asked him how I looked. I looked so funny to myself that I promptly made a sketch of myself as an aviator for The Evening Leader, which was a noble idea, as you will admit!

After that we started.  
(To be continued.)

like has most to do with it. It's all in knowing how to manage dad. Two solid months with my own mother's brother, a doctor at that. Gee! And a stop at Yellowstone. Do wish me a pleasant trip, won't you? I certainly wish you the happiest summer you've ever had and I won't annoy you with postals from the west either, I vow I won't. But I suppose you won't believe that. You don't believe me any more, do you? I am sorrier than anything about that, but I don't know what I can do. I want you to know I am a changed young man, even dad has to admit it, and I'm not writing again to start another correspondence. I'm going to expect an answer, but that's not saying I'll get one, I know. I hate being in bad with anyone, and you—well, I know what you think of me. Maybe you don't think about me at all. Hang my conceit.

It's late for an answer, but that kid sister of mine—though she was to blame for dad finding out my plans to leave last winter—has promised to watch for it and send it to me. I'd sure be pleased for I might still believe you were friendly then. I'll not write again if you answer. Well, I won't if you don't either. I'll keep my word.

With best wishes from a "good ride," no doubt.

RODNEY.

Well, Bob, your letter was a pleasant surprise. The last time you wrote you were sharp and unkind because I had doubted your identity. I could not be blamed for it because a life like yours is too romantic to be convincing. Please let's drop that subject. I like to hear from you even if I do not have space in the column to print your letters.

Your trip west will be most enjoyable without a doubt. I don't see why I can't have a post card telling me of your safe arrival and the kind of time you are having. I should like to hear.

Thank you for your best wishes regarding my summer.

Greensfork, Ind.

GREENSFORK, Ind.—Mr. and Mrs. Raymond McMullen and Mrs. Russell Grubbs attended the Epworth League social at Cambridge City Tuesday evening.... Mr. and Mrs. Everett Tipton spent Sunday and Monday with the latter's parents at Burlington.... Mrs. Vern Harrison of Indianapolis, came Wednesday evening to visit her sister, Mrs. Russell Grubbs.... Mr. and Mrs. Lafe Stigleman spent Wednesday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith.... Frank Ritter of Indianapolis came Thursday evening.... The ladies of the Christian church served supper to the lumbermen Tuesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Bond. There were 14 gentlemen present.... Mrs. Roy Johnson is suffering with quinxy.

**Coffee Drinkers Sometimes**

feel a twinge of dissatisfaction.

It may be a restless night or it may be a restless liver.

When disturbed sleep or digestion awaken suspicion of coffee as the cause, the safe, wise thing to do is to switch to

**INSTANT POSTUM**

Ten days usually tells—  
"There's a Reason"

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

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