

The Diary of an Engaged Girl

By Phyllis Phillips

Mrs. Edmonds wrote me a sweet letter today, asking me to come to tea there tomorrow, if Fame and my office would permit, and telling me how much she admired my work, etc. I felt quite flattered.

Laura came in to see me at said office at noon today, and asked me to come to lunch with her. She was awfully excited about something, I saw at a glance, and so I put away my work and went off with her.

Once settled over our chop and salad, she burst out with her great news, namely, that Morgan was urging her to cut all the stupid and solemn nonsense of a big and elaborate wedding, and marry him somewhere in Connecticut within a day or two!

Frank young animal that she is, Laura confessed that they were both far too deeply in love with each other to stand the strain of separation much longer, and therefore for the sake of all concerned it would be better for them to be made one. I agreed with her, of course, and this seemed to please her muchly.

The plan runs like this: I, little Lindsey, am to be the accessory before the fact, or something like that—may be chief witness would express the thing more clearly to the public. Be that as it may, Laura, Morgan and I are to elope to a small town in Connecticut, day after tomorrow, and there perform the deed. What follows after that is on the knees of the gods, and we should worry. My, it's so thrilling, all this! And to think of my being one of the leading lights in such a grand romance. It makes me believe in Prince Charming all over again, in spite of my newly acquired professional dignity and scepticism.

Sweet old Laura laughed her head off when I told her that I was most assuredly going to turn us all into copy, the day after our escapade. She is such an understanding soul, and not only wished me luck, but suggested that I make caricatures of the bunch instead of taking it seriously. That shows a divine intuition and generosity on her part, for she knows how uproarious and insatiable my sense of humor is.

Ah, the deadly cleverness of the

Heart Problems

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am twenty-four years old and am keeping company with two young men. One has asked me to marry him and I have asked for time to make up my mind.

He is a fine fellow and well-liked by my family. He has a fine position and owns an automobile. He never attended college, but seems just as bright as a college man.

The other young man attended medical school and graduated last spring. He does not make as much money as the first by any means, but he will certainly do well later because he has gone into an office with a physician of very good standing.

I like the one who has asked me to marry him and will feel badly if I have to give up his friendship, but I love the young doctor.

The doctor has said nothing about marriage, but I am sure he cares for me and is only waiting until he is in a position to marry. My parents like the doctor, too, but they prefer the other because he is ready now to marry.

What shall I do? Shall I accept the man who has asked me or shall I wait for a man in hopes that he will ask me.

RUTH.

If you are a frequent reader of my column, you have noticed many times that women are in trouble because they have married the wrong man not knowing until too late that the right man loved them.

Wait for love. I would advise you to tell the man who has proposed that you do not care enough for him to marry. If he cares to remain your friend and nothing more, accept him as such.

The young doctor may never propose, but at any rate you can know in your heart that you did not marry one man when you loved another.

What's in a Name

(Copyright)

BECKY

The saucy plump name of Becky is too generally in usage to pass over as a mere contraction of Rebecca. Becky is given in baptism quite as frequently as Rebecca and it is not usually regarded as a Jewish name. It comes however from the old Hebrew word Rahab which means "to bind."

The Bible tells us that Isaac's wife, who is supposed to represent the ideal noble wifehood, was named from this word with the idea of signifying the firmness of the marriage bond, but Rebecca was by no means confined to Biblical history. She has named the heroines of literature down through the ages.

Sir Walter Scott in his "Ivanhoe" calls the real heroine of his story, the gentle and lovable Jewess, Rebecca. But Thackeray is his never-to-be-forgotten "Vanity Fair" gives us the equally memorable Becky Sharp. It is probably safe to assume that all Beccys dated from this period. Their number are legend and acquaintances of the name, aside from its literary distinction, insures its perpetuation.

Becky has a curious talismanic gem. It is the loadstone which is said to bring her great happiness and many friends. Saturday is her lucky day and her lucky number.

Tan, Red or Freckled Skin Is Easily Shed

To free your summer-soiled skin of its muddiness, freckles, blotches or tan, the best thing to do is to free yourself of the skin itself. This is easily accomplished by the use of ordinary mercerized wax, which of course can be had at any drugstore. Use it night as you use cold cream, washing it off in the morning. Immediately the offending surface skin begins to come off in fine powder-like particles. Gradually the entire outer scar skin is absorbed, without the least harm or inconvenience. The second layer of skin now in evidence presents a spotless, whitened and sparkling beauty obtainable in no other way. One ounce of mercerized wax usually is sufficient to completely renovate a bad complexion.—Advertisement.

Male—and yet they are forever teaching us that the Female of the species is more deadly than the Male! Some Ubel, that.

Take Morgan, for instance. He is in love with Laura, wants her more than any other woman in the world (at the moment at least), and filled with this overpowering desire of her, also, no doubt, rather afraid that she may at any moment be stricken with the same disease as Lindsey—namely, Ambition, he decides that the only thing to do is to make sure of his treasure and marry her immediately. Sets his plan into motion by making violent love to her for two or three days running, thereby causing the dear girl to completely lose her head and decide that she wants him and his love more than anything else on earth and without any more waiting.

And so now little Laura is a furiously eager woman; she is awake to the desires of her own soul, and she is as abandoned and unashamed in her love as her mother is conservative. It is Nature's revenge on all conservatism, after all, and the best one possible. I love both Morgan and Laura for their frankness and their love of each other. It's beautiful and fine. I'm glad I'm to be the chief witness.

(To be continued.)

Bachelor Girl Sayings

By Helen Rowland

By HELEN ROWLAND.

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At this capricious season of the year, a man's "I-love-you" is worth about as much as a Bolshevik "I-O-U."

"Beware of the Greeks most when they offer gifts"—a woman most when she offers platonic friendship.

Warning a man against a dangerous, fascinating woman is about as effective as telling a small boy the "cherry-tree" story, and then handing him a hatchet to play with.

Nowadays, when a man makes up his mind to marry a girl, he doesn't pursue her, he merely stops running.

Where is the man who used to carry his wife's picture in the back of his watch, where he could see it? Gone, gone, dear heart, with the girl who used to carry her money in her stocking, where "nobody could see it."

The way of the transgressor, as a general rule, is to blame it on the woman—either the one who "drove" him to it, or the one who "lured" him to it.

Today's daughter doesn't play with dolls and plan to grow up and marry and have four children. She goes to the movies, and plans to grow up and be a "vamp" and have four husbands.

The secret of social reform may not lie so much in holding women up to the standard of angels as in holding

ROBES AND NEGLIGEES DE LUXE FOR THOSE IDLE HOURS

men up to the standards of women. An egotist is a man who goes through life piling himself.

City Lodges**ODD FELLOWS**

No initiatory will be given by the local lodge of Odd Fellows at its meeting tonight. Repairs are being made to the hall and no work will be given until the rooms are renovated. The work will be completed about the first of September.

ST. JOSEPH'S SOCIETY

St. Joseph's society will transact routine business at its meeting next Monday night.

SHRINE

Local members of the Shrine belonging to Mispar temple at Ft. Wayne and to Murat at Indianapolis, performed plans Thursday night for a series of entertainments to be given next winter, probably starting in September.

BEN HUR

Forty couples attended the hard times dance given by the local tribe of Ben Hur in its lodge rooms Thursday night. The dance followed a business meeting. The men were dressed in overalls and the women were garbed in gingham and calico. Music was furnished by Miller's orchestra.

Mrs. Garrett Thompson won the prize for the most popular lady in the contest held during the course of the dance.

Plans were completed for a special dance to be given August 5.

3 Western States Show**Big Depositor Percentage**

(By Associated Press)

WASHINGTON, July 23.—Three western states—Wyoming, Montana and Idaho—led all others on May 4 in the number of bank depositors per 1,000 population, according to figures compiled today by the controller of currency. Wyoming heads the list with 394 depositors for each 1,000 persons in the state, Montana ranking second with 348 and Idaho third with 233.

The average for all states was 190 per thousand or one deposit for every 54 persons in the country.

"SIMPLY GETTING ALONG FINE NOW"**Richmond man was badly run down and very nervous. Tells how Dreco built his body and health.**

Mr. Robert Cressman, living at 41 W. 6th St., Richmond, Ind., has a message for every man and woman who suffers from stomach disorders, nervousness, constipation, dizzy spells, and general rundown condition of the body. It is interesting reading. Here it is:

"Stomach trouble was undoubtedly the cause of my suffering. I suffered all the pains of indigestion after every meal. I also was constipated and had bad dizzy spells. I couldn't sleep at night and was always very nervous. Of course I became greatly rundown and things looked pretty black for me, but I heard so many people speak highly of the new herb remedy, Dreco, and I saw so much about it in the newspapers, that I decided to give it a trial. I took just one bottle of Dreco, and it did wonders for me; I have never seen its equal. One dose of it buoyed me up wonderfully; I am taking it right along, and am simply getting along fine, now. You can add my recommendation to the hundreds of others."

Dreco has time and time again proved its worth in all human ailments, which had their inception in the digestive tract. It seems to be just the right thing for such ailments as indigestion, gastritis, dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, sleeplessness, headaches, rheumatism and similar ills. Dreco is not a new fangled patented medicine. It is simply a combination of roots and herbs put up according to an old fashioned recipe in a modern, scientific way. It contains no dangerous mineral salts, or acids, and is safe and sure in its action.

Dreco is now sold by all good drugists and is highly recommended in Richmond by Clem Thistethwaite, seven drug stores.—Advertisement.

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Hot Springs results guaranteed. For Rheumatism and All Kindred Ailments.

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MILITARY FUNERAL FOR ROY GARDNER

his mother, Mrs. Eva Ferris, at Camden, Thursday.

Gardner had been railroading about a year and at the time of his death he had a freight run out of Richmond. He is survived by his mother, two brothers, Lester, of Eaton, and Myron, of Camden; three half-sisters, Misses Cora and Virgie Gardner, of Eaton, Ind., and one half-brother, Russell Gardner, of Eaton. He was a son of the late Thomas Gardner, of Eaton.

The body was taken to the home of

At Lima, Peru, the sun is scarcely ever hidden by clouds for a day throughout the whole year.

Sale of MEN'S SHOES

All our highest grade Men's Oxfords are now on sale. All Shoes carry regular guarantee.

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O YOU WOMEN who are judges of quality; whose touch tells of a fabric; whose eyes know tailoring; to whom the language of fashion is an open book; the garments we are showing now at reduced prices tell a significant story. They are bargains.

