

The Diary of an Engaged Girl

By Phyllis Phillips

As I prophesied, the hue and cry has been raised, because of sister Laura's elopement. (My, how that word does thrill the breast of a woman.) The hue and cry descended in the form of Mother Edmonds plus Father E. early this morning. Fortunately for my art I had just left the house and was far on my way to my office when it all happened, but our modern telephone system, which by the way always works quickest when least wanted, found me at my place of refuge, and mother let me know in an agitated voice that my future in-laws were at our home then, and very much perturbed at the disappearance of the family daughter.

I said as little as I could on the phone, for I knew that an argument would follow, and that I would get all hot up and unfit to work, so after mulling something about being sorry, and too busy to talk at the time, and about doing my best to come home early in the afternoon, I hung up the receiver (which I acknowledge is a dirty trick at any time) and went back to my drawing board.

It was four o'clock when I arrived home, bearing my evening paper with me, filled with the caricatures of Morgan and Laura. There I found Mother Edmonds prostrated, and waving a bedspread back and forth in a bewildered sort of way, to the accompaniment of my own mother's sympathetic words.

"To think that my own flesh and blood should play such a trick on me; to think it! And how I have watched over that girl! And as for that wretched man, well, they have made their bed—" and all the other things that outraged parents usually say when under stress of any kind.

It was in this part of the harangue that they spied me, and with a wild flourish of her telegram in my direction, Mother Edmonds called to me and read this telegram which Laura had sent her:

"Morgan and I married yesterday in New Haven; see Lindsey for all particulars." Passing the buck with a vengeance, didn't she? But I did not mind, for I knew that Laura would do the same for me at any time.

Of course there was nothing to do but sit down and give a fair and detailed account of the wedding, and explain how suddenly it had been decided upon, and all that. Mother Edmonds took it very hard (she would), and sorry as I felt for her, in spots, I had to smile inwardly several times during my recital of the adventures of Morgan and Laura, for she seemed to be sorrier about the most unimportant trifles, after all.

For instance, the fact that she had not been present at her daughter's nuptials did not seem to worry her half as much as the thought that said daughter had been married, yes, actually daintily married in an old dress. Her very oldest! And after all the plans she and Mr. Edmonds had been making for the ungrateful child's wedding, despite the fact that she was marrying out of her sphere—a wretched artist and all that. Then followed a long and dreary dissertation on modern daughters in general and their shortcomings, all of which made my ears pinken a bit.

Of what good to tell this irate lady of the wonder-look of joy that had shone in the eyes of this naughty daughter of hers when she and Morgan kissed after the ceremony, and all that? None whatsoever. Laura had defied the conventions and was

therefore an ingrate and outcast. Poor, dear, happy little bride, my heart flew out to her in her new-found happiness, and I was glad that she had evaded all the poms and agonies of a fashionable wedding, after all.

We finally managed to soothe Mrs. Edmonds, and when she finally left she had promised to send a telegram of forgiveness to her erring child.

(To be continued.)

Heart Problems

Dear Mrs. Thompson: Last summer I went out in the world to start work, which I always was anxious to do. I never knew there were girls such as I got acquainted with—oh, the pain, staying out till the morning, drinking and going out with strange boys! That is the kind of girls I met! I never went any place with them.

When I started I met the sweetest girl, so darling. She asked me to go to lunch with her and treated me so lovely I will never forget her. But she is one of the wild ones. I did not know it until I worked there a couple of weeks. Then the girls told me. I could hardly believe it, but it is so because I have seen it since then. She is my age, just 16, but looks much older and I much younger.

I can't sleep nights nor enjoy anything for she is on my mind constantly and it worries me to think she will never get what she has lost. Girls have told me she doesn't act wild around home and her mother thinks the world of her, not knowing what she is. I don't believe anyone can dislike her for she is sweet and darling even if she is wild.

Is there any way I could get her to do better? I hate to tell her she is doing wrong for it would seem so queer and then I believe she would tell her friends and they would laugh at me. I wonder if I could write to her mother and tell her all without writing my signature. I am afraid my folks would think I am absolutely crazy if they found out I did it. That is why I would like to send it without my name. Please don't think I am foolish for loving her, for I know you would too if you would see her. I think there will something dreadful happen to her and I know her mother would feel terribly if she didn't know. I have seen her mother at church and she is also darling. POLLYANNA.

Yes, I can see why you love the girl. She has a rich nature, full of good qualities. Unfortunately her love for excitement and her curiosity have not been well directed and she is heading toward disaster.

To interfere in any way would not be minding your own business. I believe, however, that you can tactfully express your opinion. Do not report the matter to her mother and do not be afraid of the consequences of your interference. What if the other girls do hear about it and you are laughed at? The fact that you have tried to help someone one should be enough to comfort you. Her pride will be so hurt by what you say that she will not

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mention the matter to any one, I believe.

It seems to me that you should talk to the girl herself. Do not hurry because what you say will be more effective if you wait until opportunity presents itself. Some time when you and she are together and she says something which would give you a start, tell her that you think she is spoiling a beautiful life. Express your appreciation of her good qualities and suggest that she could be so worthwhile if she sacrificed momentary pleasure so that the rest of her life would be better and happier. Suggest that some day she will marry and then she will want a spotless past so that she will not need to tell or hide from the man she loves something unworthy.

What's in a Name

(Copyright)

JACQUELINE
The most pleasant name in the lexicon of feminine appellatives is Jacqueline. Her origin dates far back in Biblical days when one of the twin sons of Isaac and Rebecca was called Jacob and the mother predicted that he would supplant the other. Thus his name came to signify "the supplanter" and Jacqueline, which is derived from this source has the same significance.

As the derivatives of Jacob spread throughout Europe, France adopted Jacques. The great church of St. Jacques at Liege spread the love of the name in Flanders and it was when the English and French were mingled together in the camps of the Black Prince and Henry V that the name spread into England.

The feminine Jacqueline had already arisen. Henry V called the wild Jacqueline of Hainault Dame Jack. She, like his Flemish sister-in-law, Jacqueline of Luxembourg, was named in honor of the saint of Liege. The nurse of Edward VI, whom Holbein drew by the soubriquet of Mother Jack was called Jacqueline. Jacqueline in France are very numerous and the name is extremely popular in England, where its ready diminutive, Jack, sounds good to Yankee ears.

Jade is Jacqueline's talismanic stone. It is said to bring her all-around good luck, and wearing it she will find her heart's desire. Friday is her lucky day and 3 her lucky number.

TALK 650 MILES WITH WIRELESS TELEPHONE
NEW YORK, July 27.—A series of wireless telephone conversations was carried on between Premier Squires and other prominent men of this colony, at the Marconia station signal hill, and Viscount Burham and others on the steamer Victorian, which was about 650 miles off Cape Race.

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Carrie Chapman Catt

The labors of Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt in the interests of woman suffrage that were to bring her to her present posts as president of the International Woman Suffrage Association began in her native state of Iowa in 1890, when Mrs. Catt, then Carrie Lane, affiliated herself with the Iowa Woman Suffrage Association as state lecturer and organizer.

From 1892 until the present, Mrs. Catt has been in the service of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, serving as president of that organization from 1900 to 1903 and being elected again in 1916. When she attempted to retire from the presidency of the International Alliance at Geneva last June she was re-elected by acclamation.

Mrs. Catt has lectured in nearly every state in this country and nearly every country in Europe. She has been among the most active suffrage workers in the campaigns here that have already proved successful and was a leader in the campaign that resulted in the submission of a woman suffrage amendment to the federal constitution. The bill was successfully passed in the house of representatives in May of last year and was approved by the senate the following month.

Mrs. Catt believes that women should have such business or professional training that if necessary they can support themselves. Here are some statements she made in an interview on the subject of women as wage earners:

"If women are equipped to be self-supporting, boys should be taught household duties, so if ever their wives have to go out to do their work they can do theirs at home."

"Women without children should work after marriage. The woman who sits idly in a boarding house or furnished room is immoral and a parasite."

Few men decline a nomination for office if they think there is any show of being elected.

Threshing Machine Explodes; Three Men Are Badly Injured

Roy Tamplin, living near Camden, O., was badly injured, and Sam Boomershrine and Frank Kerloff slightly injured, when the threshing machine they were cranking exploded Monday.

Tamplin was on the threshing at the time of the explosion and was hurled into the air. The other two men received only minor cuts and bruises. It was not known what caused the explosion but an investigation is to be made. Men of the community own the threshing. All of the men were taken to the hospital where their injuries were not considered serious.

ONE WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE

Of Interest to Expectant Mothers

Goshen, Ind.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with good results after I had suffered for some time with female trouble. Some years ago I had twin boys and took your Vegetable Compound before they came; also before my four year old boy was born, and afterwards, and think it fine for such cases. I tell others what it did for me and you may publish my testimonial."

—Mrs. Geo. A. Foss, 711 S. 9th St., Goshen, Ind.

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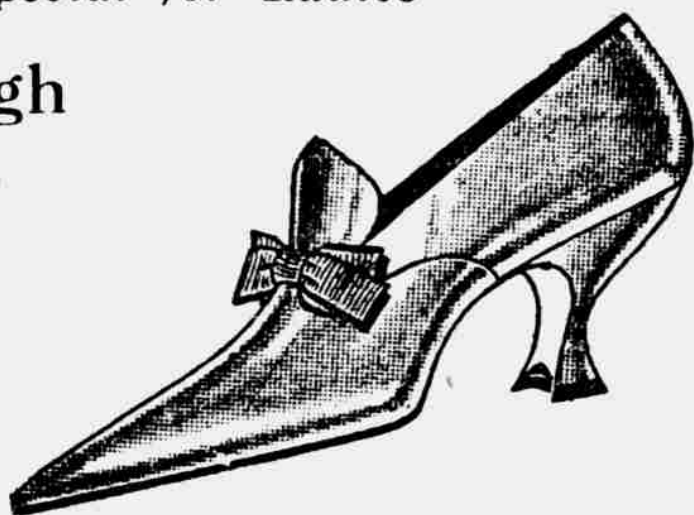
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