

**The Diary of an Engaged Girl**

By Phyllis Phillips

Haven't had a real visit with Jack, erably susceptible females. Artists independent? Who ever said such? Why, truth to tell, we cannot live without men, and we just jump at the thought of matrimony. That's the cold, unadulterated Lindseyish truth for you. It's high time one of us told the world. So there.

(To be continued.)

**What's in a Name**

(Copyright)

**LUCILLE**

Lucille is a poetic name which has come into every day usage in this country. It used to be considered a diminutive of Lucy, but as a matter of fact, it is a completely separate name which merely happened to spring to fame simultaneously with the shorter and more serviceable appellation.

It signifies light, coming from the Latin word lux.

Lucille comes to us through the masculine form evolved from lux. Ancient Britain is said to have had a king called Llelfwr Mawr who was Latinized into Lucius. Viscount Falkland brought fame to the name in England and Ireland and in the meantime Lucius was growing in popularity in Rome.

The Lucillian gens of the plebian order was formed from Lucius and from it arose the name Lucille. Several Roman Empresses bore this name and a Saint at Florence was so called. Lucille is the French version which was immediately accepted by England. Owen Meredith made the name famous by his poem of that name.

The diamond is Lucille's talismanic gem. It will bring her courage and physical and mental strength. Wednesday is her lucky day and 3 her lucky number.

She tells me that he is an idealist, in spite of his cold-blooded profession. That's what they all say. No, she is simply trying to make excuses for her fall, and it's no use; she is as human and fallible as the rest of us, and it's about time, too.

How Jean will laugh when she hears this news! Jean is now honeymooning down at Hope Hamlet—hence Dorry's visit to town. I can imagine the happiness of the couple, there on the beach, away from all eyes, and surrounded by the honeysuckle vines. After all, ambition is but a fifth of a woman's life, isn't it?

Dorry told me that she had met Dr. James right there on Long Island. She took a tumble one afternoon, and was just going by in his car, and saw her. That was the beginning of the end.

She says he was so clean and efficient, and handled her bruises so skillfully, that she admired him beyond words. Then he came to see her, and before you know it they were in love! What a combination of odors there will be in that home—ether and turpentine.

I wonder if he will permit Dorry to keep on with her painting. Heavens! What a bunch of inconsistent young things we are, after all. Honestly, the next girl or woman who comes to me and says that she hates the very word matrimony, or any such stuff, is going to be flattened out by me, and I'll tell her frankly that I shall expect her announcement card within a week.

We are all miserable bluffs, or mis-

**As a Woman Thinketh**

By Helen Rowland

(Copyright, 1920, by The Wheeler Syndicate, Inc. **WHO KILLED "COCK ROBIN"?** She was gone, forever. The patient, cheerful, bustling, comferting, old-fashioned COOK!

The maid-of-all-work, who slept in the little freezing attic room, sat in the old rocking-chair without any spokes in the back, ate what was left from the dinner-table, and worked fourteen hours a day.

"Home," without her, had become nothing but four walls and a vacuum-cleaner.

And now—

In voices choked with tears and restaurant food—

Everybody is asking drearily, wearily:

"Where are the maids of yesteryear?"

"Who killed COCK ROBIN?"

John declares, between sips of his cold canned soup, that Mary did it—

Mary, who expected the cook to do EVERYTHING!

Mary, who scolded her sharply when she broke a dish, and never had any mercy on her when she had a headache—

Mary, who called her to answer the door-bell, when her arms were in the wash tub and her hands full of soap—

Mary, who expected her to perform miracles, and treated her like a mortal!

I wonder!

Mary vows that JOHN did it.

Mary sighs bitterly that a woman may devote her life to "Art"—

And make her husband live in a studio and feed him on delicatessen stuff for years—and he will endure it without a murmur—

And think her "wonderful!"

But that the moment she makes up her mind to be a "sweet, devoted wife"—

The moment John discovers that home is his heaven!—and determines that it shall be just LIKE Heaven—

The trouble begins!

Mary declares that the legend over the kitchen door should read:

"All ye who enter here, leave hope of pleasing ANY man behind!"

That a husband expects a house to be run by magic!

He orders dinner for six o'clock and expects the cook to keep it hot and palatable until half-past eight.

And, when it comes on the table—does he ever smile and tell the cook how wonderful she is?

Nay, verily.

His comment runs something like this:

"Well, is THIS all we've got for dinner?"

"Great scott! STEW, again!"

"Why do we have to have so many fried things? Can't we have something broiled for a change?"

"Can't you teach that 'mechanic' not to put those hot dishes on the mahogany?"

"Ye gods! Do you expect me to eat all this stuff? I'm not an anaconda!"

Now, wouldn't that take all the heart out of a job—for you or ANY woman?

Of course! Any self-respecting human being would rather work in a factory or any office—

Than be the butt of all a woman's moods and all of a man's grouchies!

"Who killed 'Cock Robin'?"

Figure it out for yourself.

Only know that she is dead—

And that the "Captive Princess" in my kitchen—

Demands a rose-colored boudoir, two days off a week, and the wages of a French chef—

And won't wear my old hats—unless they are imported!

misses you and realizes how good you have been to him and how much he missed his boy, the evil ways of his relatives ought to disgust him and your family may be happily reunited.

If he still prefers the low moral life of his relatives after your separation, it will be best for your boy and yourself for you to sever all connection with him. Although your boy needs a father, it will be much better for him to have a father that associates with not to have a father at all than to loose women.

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(To be continued.)

100 Palais Royal Corsets

Guaranteed perfect fitting, elastic top, back lace, fancy brocaded material, well boned, and good elastic supporters. Wonderful value; just the model for Summer wear—

Saturday Only.....\$1.75

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# Saturday Special

## 300 All Silk Georgette Waists

Lace-trimmed Summer models; different styles to select from; every Waist new and up-to-the-minute in style; regular values to \$5.00—

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August 1st to August 10th

**Palais Royal**  
RICHMOND'S DAYLIGHT STORE

Fur Display

Monday and Tuesday, August 2 and 3

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**\$100,000.00 Worth of Distinctive Furs**

Will be Placed on Sale August 2nd to August 10th at

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Many months were spent in planning this, our greatest sale of Furs. You will be amazed at the variety, the qualities, the styles, and, above all, the truly remarkable values. Comparisons will prove their absolute supremacy. Monday and Tuesday, August 2nd and 3rd, will be opening days, at which time

**Luxurious Coats, Capes, Coatees, Wraps, Dolmans, Scarfs, Muffs, Sets and Individual Pieces**

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We advise buying now. With Furs destined to be more popular than ever, and with the scarcity of fine pelts, the importance of buying now cannot be too forcefully emphasized. Unusually low prices quoted during this sale. You cannot afford to overlook

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Near-Seal Coats \$150.00  
Plain Bay Seal Coats \$225.00  
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### MILITANT SUFF MISSING AGAIN



Miss Kitty Marion.

Miss Kitty Marion, militant English suffragette and birth control propagandist, is missing again. She disappeared in New York on July 13, after sending a note to a friend in which she indicated that she was about to end her life. Miss Marion was sent to Holloway jail in England 250 times for her militant methods in fighting for the political recognition of women.

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