

The Diary of an Engaged Girl

By Phyllis Phillips

Haven't had a real visit with Jack for so long, well, at least four days, that I feel as though I were entitled to several.

Was kept busy all day today; just had enough time at the tag-end of the afternoon to stop in and see Dorry.

Learned the fatal truth from her young lips—and it was nothing more nor less than I had suspected from the look in her eyes last time I went to see her. She has fallen a victim to the dread disease from which we are all suffering, namely, Love.

Assures me, most emphatically, and which of us hasn't, that it is only temporary, of course, and that she is more annoyed than in love, which proves conclusively to me that she is head and heels in love! She'd die if she knew this. But I should worry.

Truth to tell, I am most elated at her downfall—she has been so scathing in her criticism of us—and I think that she deserves to have a taste of the disease, herself.

I know the worst—he is a doctor! Can't you just picture him? And to think that Dorry laughed at Jean's choice, and mine! I positively shiver at her! Why, he'll dissect her every emotion and whimsy to a finish. I cannot think of anything more tragic, really, than the idea of Dorry tied up to a doctor.

She tells me that he is an idealist, in spite of his cold-blooded profession. That's what she'll 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 hill, 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 he 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-

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 Llewellyn 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 plebeian order was formed from Lucius and from it arose the name Lucilla. Several Roman Emperors 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.

Heart Problems

Sarah.

You are quite right in wanting your son to be brought up under the very best surroundings possible. Most certainly he cannot have the proper environment if your husband's relatives are of poor moral character.

It is an admirable quality in your husband to want to stick by his mother. It would be a better world if all sons were as devoted to their mothers. It is not fair to you and your boy, however, for you to associate with people who are not good.

My advice is for you to ask your husband to move to some other town. If you do so your husband will be away from evil influences and his love for you and the boy will keep him in the straight path. If he refuses to do so and conditions do not get better, I would advise you to leave him. Not a divorce but a separation. When he

As a Woman Thinketh

By Helen Rowland

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WHO KILLED "COCK ROBIN"?

She was gone, forever.

The patient, cheerful, bustling, com-

forting, 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 dreadfully,

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 men-

tal!

I wonder!

Mary vows that JOHN did it.

Mary elicits 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 a maid!

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 ana-

conda!"

Now, wouldn't that take all the

heart out of a job—for you or ANY

woman?

Of course! Any self-respecting hu-

man 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 grouches!

"Who killed 'Cock Robin'?"

"Figure it out for yourself."

I 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!

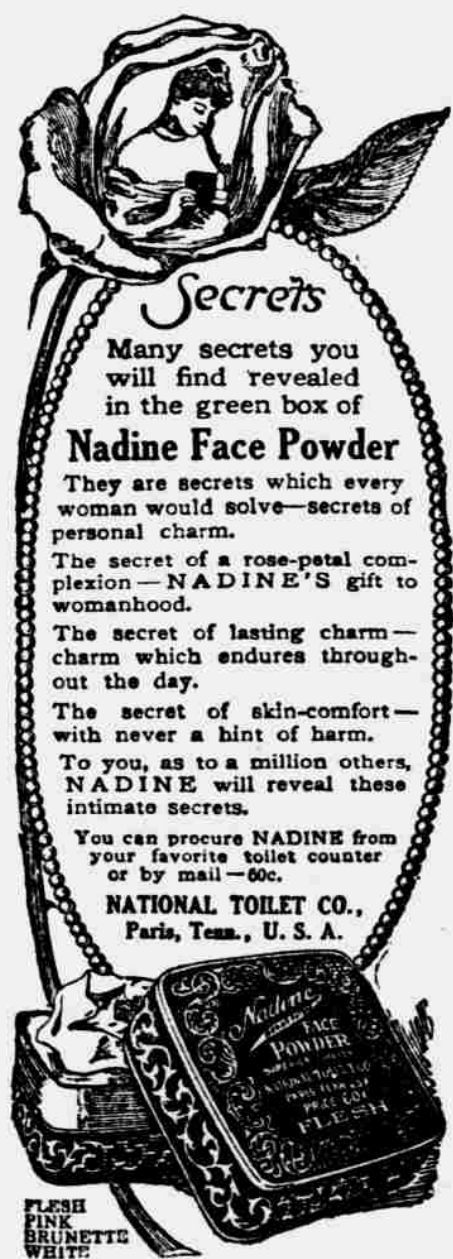
MILITANT SUFF

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.



Secrets

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Skunk Trimmed Squirrel \$975

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