

The Diary of an Engaged Girl

By Phyllis Phillips

I grow more appreciative of the gift of the gods—and the goodness of my family and friends—the more I work. It takes some character that way, don't you know? I am learning to be less hasty in my judgments and more tolerant of people who are not of my own or closely related profession. This is a big stride for me.

I even read by beloved Beaudelaire with a new and riper understanding. I think that a revolution is going on within me. It is good for me, I know. Mr. Reade tells me that I will make a first-class cartoonist in a very short time if I keep on with my present speed, and above all, keep up my interest. He says that he has never been more pleased with any of his other artists than he has with little me! Now ain't he just too grand?

There is another artist who works for the paper. He is also very young and bursting with ambition. He hails from the west and has been reared by his mother. He is low voiced and timid, but, Lordy, how that boy can make a pencil talk!

Sometimes we meet each other in the great whirling world of happenings and exchange the time of day with each other, or toddle off and sit and talk over a cup of the coffee that cheers. He has told me all about his

home and his life there, and just how it and he and his art stood still until he came on here, and Mr. Reade "found" him, as he did me. Roger Waring is his name, and he had the misfortune to be an only child. That is hard on a person right from the start. I would not be half so educated, nor so decent, if I had not had Nanny to torment me and let me know all my little weaknesses and conceits. That's why one has brothers and sisters—to tell one truths and keep one sweet and unspiced and human. Honor bright! I see it all now. Specially after knowing Roger and realizing how much he has suffered through lack of playmates in his town, and the home training to be derived therefrom. I am trying to be a sister to him, and I think that he appreciates this on my part, although once in a while I catch a far-away look in his eyes, and fear—Well, what's the use of crossing a bridge before you come to it? Roger and I did a joint half-page of pictures of a prize fight last night. Mother almost fainted this morning when I told her that I had dared to be seen in such a coarse place! The sketches were bully though and made everyone in the office laugh most to die!

Such a time as I had at the fight, too. Words fall me, but let me tell you, right here, if anyone thinks that women are soft-hearted and fade-awayish when it comes to brutality and blood, let me ask them—he or she—to step inside of a place where a prize fight is going on. They will learn some bitter truths about the weaker sex! I did. My, how some of the women present enjoyed the roughest part of the fight! And truth to tell, so did a certain Lindsey! Yes, sree. And did not faint at the sight of blood, which flowed freely.

I always knew that I had savage blood in me somewhere.

Heart Problems

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a girl 16 years old. I am deeply in love with a man 43 years old. He is married and has three children, but he has ceased to love his wife and says he is unhappy and wants to marry me.

This man is wealthy and says he will give me everything I wish for. He seems to care a great deal for me and gives me money and tells me to buy what I want. He wants to get a divorce, but does not know on what grounds to ask for one. He wants to leave enough money to support his

me.

He is SO irresistible. There will thou encounter the Human Newspaper. She arises at dawn, and peepeth around the corners, that she may miss nothing. She spreadeth the scandals free of charge. She keepeth tabs upon the goings and comings and flirtings of the damsels, and appraiseth the matron's diamonds. The coolings of the newweds, and the quarrels of the long-married do not escape her. She is SO efficient.

There will thou meet the Willy Summer Widow, who snitcheth the MOST attractive man, and beareth him off in triumph.

And the dining room pest who monopolizes all the waiters, and demandeth the best table, near the ocean window, and the best cut of the mutton.

And the "Angel Child" who filleth the air with howlings, and covereth the piazza chairs with stickiness; and the pet arm-bound, that barketh and yippeth throughout the night, and getteth under the feet by day; and the quartet of "Gay Bachelors," who torment the ears with motor horns and the nostrils with gasoline, and fill the night with laughter and song and poker-parties!

Verily, verily the Summer Resort is a place where a man will resort to anything for amusement, a damsel will resort to anything for attention, and sane human being would cheerfully resort to murder!

Where a woman spendeth half the days making herself alluring—and the other half searching for something to "lure."

Where the moon shineth upon the beach, inviting lovers to bask in its radiance, and there is no one to LOVE! Where the ozone induceth sleep, and the revellers drive it away!

Where there is no peace, no rest, and NO escape from BOREDOM!

Yet, each year, do we forget the torments and horrors of the year before, and gird up our loins and our wardrobe trunks for another season of "recreation!"

Selah!

Mrs. Solomon Says—

Being the Confessions of The Seven-Hundredth Wife.
By Helen Rowland

(Copyright, 1920, by The Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

My daughter, there is a place where all the BORES of the world are gathered together.

Lo, it is the Summer Resort, the kingdom of enuf and bluf—the land of skimmed milk and artificial honey!

Behold, there wilt thou find the pests and poseurs, alike.

There wilt thou find the Professional Optimist, in all his glory.

He goeth about wearing a maddening smile and a Pollyanna expression.

He seeketh to scatter sweetness and light in dim romantic corners, where darkness and solitude are preferred.

He interrupteth the piazza repartees with platitudes, and breaketh into the flirtation, with sermonettes on "cheer."

He saith: "It's a beautiful world!"

He is as welcome as a pet mosquito.

There wilt thou find the Amateur Humorist.

Lo, he "ducketh" the timid ladies in the water, and grabbeth the ankles of the fearful damsels beneath the waves.

He putteth sand in the shoes of the unwary, and splattereth the home-made complexion of the Hotel Beauty.

Yea, he is SO funny.

There wilt thou meet the self-appointed Society Sponsor.

She drageth the seeker of solitude from his lair, and introduceth 'EVERY BODY unto every body else.' She presenteth the damsel to her last year's 'discard' and the divorcee unto her ex-husband without mercy.

She is exceedingly KIND!

There wilt thou find the "Woman Tamer"—even the hewer of hoards and drawer of glances, who poseth upon the piazza in stunning white flannels, and a bored expression.

He chattereth idly of his "yaw" and his "mota-cah." He sitteth afar, and "sizzeth up" the damsels, and permitteth the prettiest of these to LOVE him.

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family and then we will go away somewhere and live.

I am a poor girl and need a home. My folks are mean to me, but they do not know about our plans. I do not want to tell them until we are married. Please give me your best advice. Do you think I am doing the right thing and could you tell me how he could get a divorce?

ANXIOUS.

Do I think you are doing the right thing? How can you ask such a question? I think you are planning the most contemptible and dishonorable thing a woman could do.

To steal another woman's husband is sinning in the lowest form. By the law of compensation you will pay dearly with suffering if you do such a thing. Do not think that riches will bring you happiness. Everything in your life will have a bitter taste and you will find yourself discarded as the wife has been.

It is a pitiful thing to think of a girl only 16 years of age deliberately planning to ruin her life by an immoral act. Let your better nature rule. Say "NO" to temptation. Never see the man again or talk to him if you do what is right now you will always be thankful. No life is blessed without honor.

Turn your back to mistakes you have already made. Let them be a lesson, but do not think you must go along the wrong path. The future YOU depends upon your decision now. Make the future YOU a good woman. The man cannot get a divorce. It is his wife who has grounds.

"GOVERNOR COX" WINS

St. CLAIRVILLE, O., Aug. 2.—Governor Cox, owned by James Gray of McConnellsville, O., won the free-for-all in the harness races staged at the

Independence Day celebration of the American Legion Post here Monday.

The victory came after a "deadlock." The horse named for the Democratic presidential nominee, was second in the first two heats. Then the judges ordered a change of drivers. He then took the next three heats, finishing the last almost in a walk.

What's in a Name

(Copyright)

MONA.

Mona has the unusual distinction of being a diminutive of a name whose original form is not in usage. It means "little nun" and at first glance it would seem that Monacella, the original form, should be the diminutive rather than Mona herself.

Monacella is a Welsh name, meaning honey-colored, or yellow. It was first made famous by Saint Monacella, a little nun who saved a hare hunted by Broomael, Prince of Powys. She is buried at Pennant Monagle and for that reason she is sometimes called Saint Melangell.

Mona is a distinctly modern appellation. The original name was never transported from Wales, but Mona proved extremely popular with the English and is also much in vogue in this country. For some curious reasons it is considered rather affected and is much used by romantic young ladies.

The opal in Mona's talismanic gem. Contrary to superstition it will bring her good luck for the machinations of the wicked fairy said to be imprisoned in the stone will be directed toward her good fortune. Tuesday is her lucky day and 1 her lucky number.

England has 30,000 dependent blind persons.

German's Jutland Ships Arriving for America

(By Associated Press)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 2.—Four of the five German warships allocated to the United States for experimental purposes were in the thick of the fighting at the battle of Jutland, according to naval intelligence records here. The vessels are due at New York from Brest, France, this week and under a clause of the peace treaty they must be destroyed within one year after their arrival.

The light cruiser Frankfurt, now a wreck in machinery and being towed to the United States by the transport Hancock, was the first ship in the German battle line when it collided with the British grand fleet, while the 22,000-ton dreadnaught Ostfriesland was the ninth ship in the line, immediately in the rear of the flagship of the German commander-in-chief, Admiral Scheer.

Of the three destroyers, all of which

are being towed over as a result of their submergence with the German fleet at Scapa Flow, the G-102 and the V-43 were in the forefront of the fighting throughout the Jutland engagement.

Leading a division of four scout cruisers that bore the brunt of the British fire at the opening of the engagement, the Frankfurt, flagship of Rear Admiral Brodicker, was hit four times, but with a small calibre shell in each instance and stayed in the fight to the finish. The third cruiser behind her was sunk at the opening of the engagement. The Frankfurt, which has a speed of 28 knots, is believed to have participated also in raids on the British coast.

Although she was well up in line and her 12-inch guns worked throughout contact with the British fleet, the dreadnaught Ostfriesland, flagship of Vice Admiral Schmidt, commanding battle squadron No. 1, escaped without a major blow, so far as naval records here disclose, but was damaged later

by hitting a mine during the withdrawal to Wilhelmshaven.

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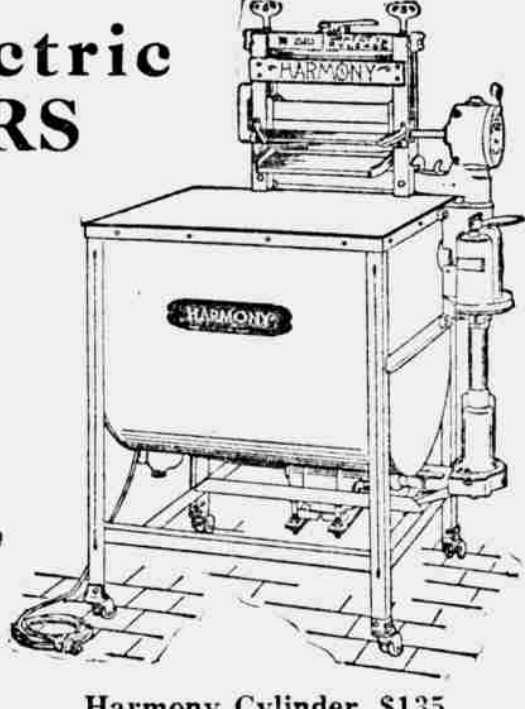
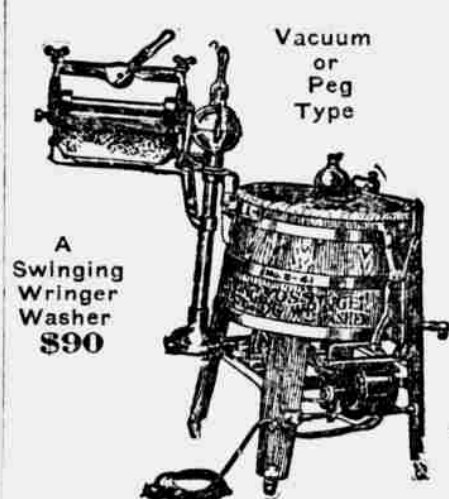
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NO MEALS WILL BE SERVED

and the store will remain closed all day tomorrow, Aug. 3.

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