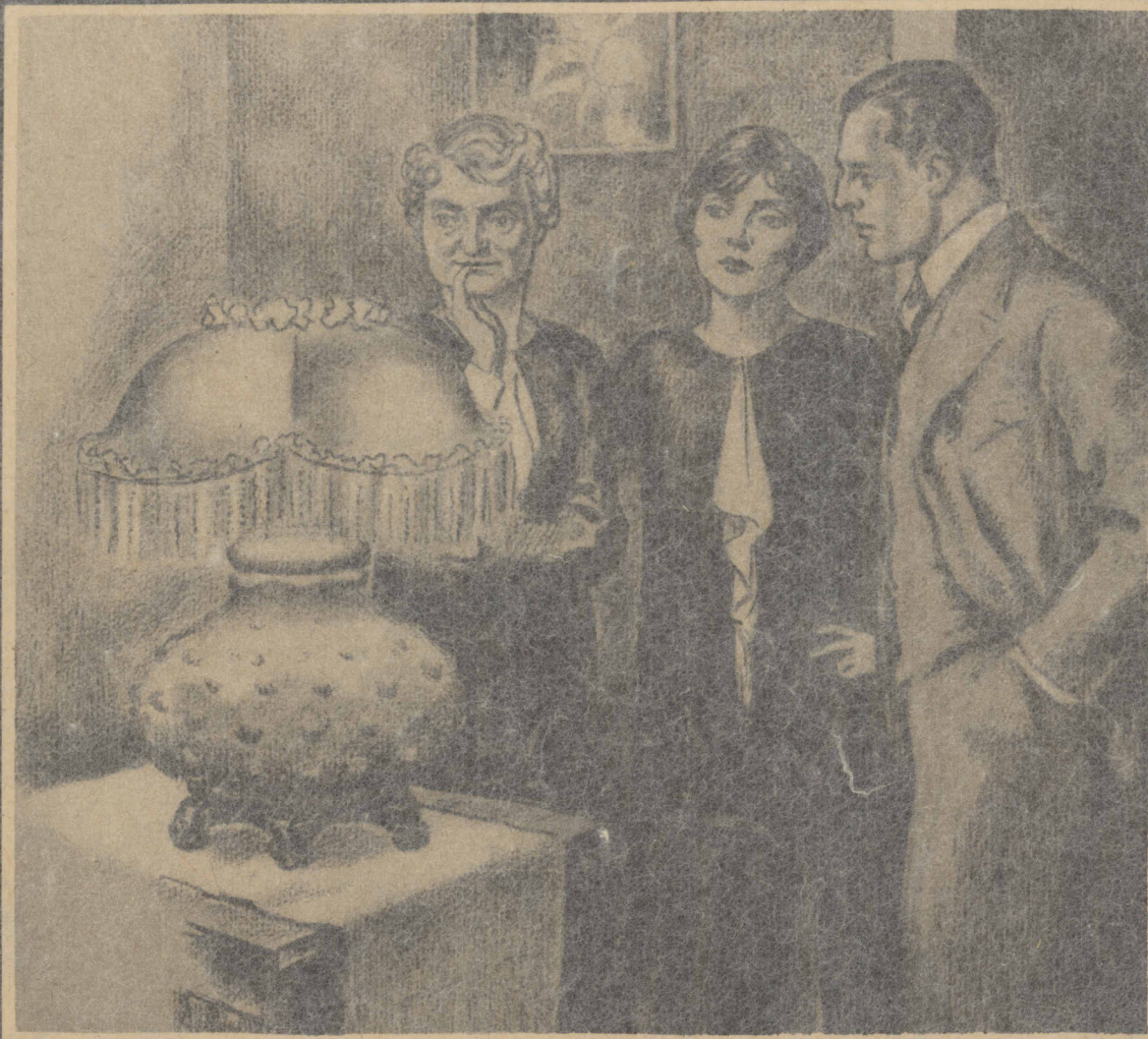


THE ENGAGED GIRL

By W. E. Hill



"If they're in love, it's a funny kind of love. They're so calm and matter-of-fact about everything, it's positively sickening. And she still goes out with her young men friends. Seems almost unnatural, if you know what I mean! Very different from her father and I when we were engaged. He would chase me screaming bloody murder from one end of the house to the other for his good night hug and kiss, I remember. And we were always spooning in dark corners!"



Members of the girl's family seem to think that now or never they can get rid of the things they don't want around the house. They go from room to room looking at this and at that, and Mamma will whisper to Mabel or Buddy, "I always detested this lamp your Aunt Hattie gave us!" And Mabel, or maybe Buddy, will whisper back, "Why don't you send it to Laura when she's settled? She'll probably be glad of it!"



Some girls just won't take the proper interest in household matters. It upsets their mothers terribly, as well it may, for what kind of a wife will Ethel make if she isn't the least bit worried or upset over the fact that the milk was stolen again from the very doorstep, and the luncheon rolls failed to be delivered? "Wait till you're married, young lady, and then you'll find you have to worry about things," are her dear mother's words.



"Martha, dear, I'm afraid your leaving home will about kill your poor mother. You must realize beforehand, dearie, what it means to scrimp along on a salary such as Lucien probably earns. And are you *sure* you are *strong* enough to stand commuting?" Some people are just naturally gloomy!



"She seems very capable." Not much enthusiasm, but it's the best the girl friends of the groom-to-be can do in the way of congratulations. An engaged girl, be she ever so nice, means one dancing partner less.



Florence is hell-bent on getting up a shower for her friend Maude, who doesn't want a shower, but no matter. Day and night Florence is working hard doing the cutest initials you ever saw (with a parrot intertwined) on four guest towels. It's to be a linen shower.



Time was when Edna would look over every strange man appraisingly, and say to herself, "I wonder if he'll be the one I marry!" She may look 'em over these days, but the reaction is "Thank heaven, I'm not marrying him!"



"I'm sorry, Gladys, dear, but I can't go shopping with you. Harold doesn't like me to get all tired out in the shops." The engaged girl just can't help a note of patronage creeping into her conversation with her dearest girl friend who is still unattached.



"Oh, you needn't expect us to be surprised! We knew it ages ago—as far back as last March, didn't we, Jenny?" Engaged young ladies expect to electrify the world with news of their plighted troth. It can't be done. Friends and relatives who have been sleuthing around knew it, so they say, months before the happy pair knew it.



"Douglas, dear," wrote the newly engaged girl to her once best boy, "I want you to know of my great happiness. Only you mustn't whisper it to a soul, because Arthur's mother doesn't know it." But Douglas just couldn't keep the secret. He didn't whisper it, he bellowed it (in strictest confidence, of course), and so the news leaked out. Boy friends are worse than girl friends about keeping secrets.