



# Reading for women and all the family



## "When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE

A New, Romantic Serial Dealing With the Absorbing Problems of a Girl Wife

CHAPTER CXL  
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By the time the famous black velvet curtains had fallen on the first act of the most brilliant musical success of the season I was as miserable, bored and disgusted as a woman could be.

Now and then, for fear people would notice how out of it I was I made some comment to Phoebe or Mr. West. A brief answer and then they returned to their interest in the stage and each other. No one spoke to me unaddressed. I felt as if every one in the theater must be noticing and, noticing, must be saying to every one else:

"What a dull, stupid, unattractive woman that one in gray chiffon seems to be. The people in her party don't notice her if they can help it. They must be bored to death by her."

My mouth seemed to twist of its own accord into the queerest grimaces, and I kept struggling to quirk it up at the corners so it wouldn't look as if I were unhappy to the verge of tears.

When the curtain fell it was no better. I buried myself in my program and turned the leaves over and over again with absorbed attention, but what I was reading I couldn't have told.

Suddenly Evvy's voice which had been keyed low, rippling along with throaty little gurgle meant only for Jim's ear, rang out in husky challenge:

"Bored, Donna Anna." It's a shame that your cavalier is so late. It isn't like Tommy, either, where a woman—like you is concerned."

Every one chuckled at the elaborate point Evvy made of hesitating when she had seemed almost to suggest that Tom was gallant to all women, and then swung her barb into a sort of compliment to me. My face burned, but before I could reply Evvy went on:

"Oh, here's Sir Thomas now. What will you give me, cousin mine, for the privilege of hiding away cozily here in the back of the box with you—Donna Anna?"

"Hello, every one—every one hello!" spoke up Tom Mason gen-

## Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



lally. "My, we are cozy! But I say, Jim, don't you want the choice place up in front for the last act? They say there's a wonderful dance."

"Jimmie wouldn't reprove his wife—or a guest—of a chance to see that dance to the best possible advantage for the world," gushed Evvy in her strangely husky voice.

Again everyone laughed. There was such a knowing note in Phoebe's mirth that I just ached, remembering the dear little girl Neal had loved, only a few weeks before.

"Well, I'll swap everything you or the stage have to offer for one friendly smile from our hostess," said Tom easily as he took his place in the hitherto empty chair just back of me. "Glad to see me, little lilac lady?"

Jim's name for me—the name I scarcely ever heard now! Yet it seemed to me that I was glad to hear it now from any lips, although I am sure that I would have thought it sacrilege for Tom Mason to use it so short a while as an hour before.

"Glad to see me, little lilac lady?" he asked again, bending closer. Then suddenly I noticed a woman in the audience looking at me with interest—as if I were a person to be reckoned with. A minute or two before, in sending her eyes across her box they had ignored me—the seeming "fifth wheel on the wagon."

Masculine admiration has a way of winning for a woman the recognition belonging to a "somebody." To be undesired is to seem undesirable—a nobody.

I had never dreamed I would do it, but now I flashed a glance that was almost grateful around at Tom Mason.

"I am glad to see you," I said in amazement that this could be true. The rest of the evening was like a new cook's first griddle cake—raw and doughy on one side, almost burned on the other.

Tom Mason's warm devotion saved me from being what my sensitiveness—or jealousy—feared, an object of pity to all observers. But nothing could make it really "palatable" to me. When, at our after-theater supper, Evvy languished

through the waltzes with Jim—whose ankle generally protected him from being ranked as a dancing man. I tried to comfort myself with twinkle little fox-trot with Tom. It didn't work. But I no longer felt an actual aversion for the men—even in the blue robe was forgotten until he recalled it at parting.

"We've had a happy evening, haven't we, Donna Anna? Much better than last night. You're looking even sweeter than you did then."

"Well, for an interior decorator, you're easily fooled!" I laughed. "I'm wearing the selfsame dress I wore last night."

"I know," he said seriously, "but it's suitable tonight. Last night you should have worn the blue robe. Aren't you ever going to—make me happy by letting me see how lovely you are in that?"

We were at Evvy's door, Phoebe was in another taxi with Dick West, Jim gone to see Evvy safely inside her house. For the moment Tom and I were utterly alone. He seized my hand and carried it to his lips, and as they burned against my palm the old distrust revived.

"I'll never wear that blue robe. Won't you take it back. So won't you take it back," I begged.

"I'll never take it back. So won't you wear it," he asked.

"There was a serious note under all

That being the case, he continued. It is up to Harrisburg to do its part in the widening of streets, the regulation of building, the changing of territory about the Capitol, to prevent the erection of structures that would mar the beauty of the development.

He pointed out that the proposed bridge is the first soldiers' and sailors' memorial worth talking about in the United States that has got beyond the talking stage and is nearing construction. He said that the bridge with its memorial pylons containing the names of the soldier dead, would be unique to Harrisburg, because the conditions here are peculiar in that they permit of a great public park being connected up with a most beautiful bridge. He outlined the care with which the approaches have been designed, one from Cameron street and another from Royal terrace, for the benefit of Hill people, and said he felt sure the city would do its full share.

Mr. Brunner said he had never known a situation like that here, where the city and state authorities are in such perfect harmony, and he was pleased to announce that he had been authorized to go ahead with the park development plans and those for at least one office building. He predicted that in a great many Harrisburg people would begin to see the ideal embodied in the sketches he presented bring to materialize and take form.

The meeting was followed by a conference of state and city officials at 4 o'clock, this afternoon in the office of the Governor.

**T. B. Donaldson to Head State Insurance Office**

Thomas Blaine Donaldson, of Philadelphia, long active in alumni affairs of the University of Pennsylvania, will probably be appointed insurance commissioner of Pennsylvania late to-day.

Mr. Donaldson has been connected with the Insurance Department ever since the Tener administration. When the code of insurance laws was enacted in 1911, Mr. Donaldson was named as special deputy commissioner in charge of winding up of companies and associations which had been doing a shady business or were insolvent and had uncovered a chain of concerns which were put out of business by the courts.

The commissioner-to-be is a close personal friend of the Governor and an authority on insurance laws. He graduated from the university in 1899 and was for years active as an officer of the general alumni society.

Mr. Donaldson is a relative of William M. Donaldson, the banker of this city, and well known to many Harrisburg people.

**Legacy Cheats Poorhouse; Beneficiary Was on Way**

Seranton, Pa., March 11.—While on his way to the electric railway station to take a car for Clark Summit and the Hillside Home yesterday, Harry Congdon, 32 years old, dropped into the post office and called for money. He was given a letter from an aunt in Syracuse, which apprised him that he had come into about \$1,000 willed by a relative who died recently.

When Congdon received the unexpected fortune he had 12 cents in his pocket and a one-way ticket to the poorhouse. The same letter which notified him of his good luck also contained an invitation to go to Syracuse and make his home with his aunt.

**Washing Won't Rid Head of Dandruff**

The only sure way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, get about four ounces of ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

Do this tonight, and by morning most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and of his good luck also contained an invitation to go to Syracuse and make his home with his aunt.

**FATHER HELPING ALL HE CAN**

"Two of my sons are in the war. I am doing all I can to help my country, as well as May's Wonderful Remedy, which I can thank for my present good health. I suffered 5 years with most serious stomach trouble and bloating. Am recommending it to all sufferers." It is a simple, harmless preparation that removes the catarrhal mucus from the intestinal tract and allays the inflammation which causes practically all stomach, liver and intestinal ailments including appendicitis. One dose will convince or money refunded. H. C. Kennedy and Clark's Medicine Store.

**Women Engineers Form Trade Union**

London, March 11.—Women engineers, one of the discoveries of the war, have banded together in the Women's Engineering Society, a trade union, which was decided upon what the women term a "forward" movement.

The women, who are doing technical work in government and controlled factories, as well as in privately owned institutions, want among other things:

Admission to the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, to become members of institutes of civil engineers, naval architects, iron and steel and other bodies now closed to women, to serve on the boards of universities, and to become eligible for technical branches of the higher civil service.

"Women have no desire to take men's places," is the way they put their position. "But there will be need for engineering products throughout the world, and there will be work for women as well as for men."

**COMPLETE INVESTIGATION**  
Further investigations into the cause of the Heaton freight smash-up last week, are being conducted on the scene of the accident this afternoon.

**Prices in Rhineland Will Remain High For Long Period**

Coblenz, March 11.—It will be many years before prices in the Rhineland will fall to a pre-war level, according to German economists, a view shared by officers of the Third Army of Occupation, who have been detailed to study the situation. Since the armistice was signed there has been a general increase in prices with but few exceptions to show a downward trend. Reasons given why lower prices are not to be expected are the increase in the cost of raw materials, the higher wages demanded and the eight hour day.

**TAKING STRIKE VOTE**

Newark, N. J., March 11.—A vote of 4,500 employees of the Public Service Railway Corporation, operating traction lines in Northern New Jersey, to decide if they will strike to force recognition of their union was begun last night at headquarters of the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees of New Jersey. The result will not be known until late to-night, as the polls will be open until this afternoon.

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# The Flavor Lasts

## MEMORIAL BRIDGE TO BE WORLD'S GREATEST

(Continued from First Page.)

"Now we have something very good, but couldn't you do a little bit better for a little more money," and again the surprised architect and designer, unused to that kind of talk, agreed they could and the bridge as you see it in model at the Capitol and in drawing on the walls of this room is the result.

"These men," said General Snyder, "have expressed to the board that no place in the world is there a bridge that can be compared with this, and here he expresses the sentiment of his fellows on the board that the State can afford, and will afford, to erect here the finest structure of its kind anywhere."

**Mr. Greiner Speaks**

Mr. Greiner said he was not engaged to design the bridge but to look after the engineering and the unseen parts of construction that if they were not right would leave the structure weak and unstable. He agreed with Mr. Snyder in saying that the viaduct will be the finest in the world.

"There are others more elaborate and more ornate," said he, "but there will be none to surpass this in inherent beauty of line and design. It is our purpose to get a full dollar's worth for every dollar expended in beautiful substance in the erection of this structure."

**Mr. Brunner's Address**

Mr. Brunner, one of the noted architects of the world, addressed the meeting at length, going fully into the plans for the park, the office buildings and the bridge as outlined, using a series of drawings to illustrate his remarks. He said the bridge is the result of collaboration between himself and Mr. Greiner working harmoniously to the same end.

Mr. Brunner went fully into the details of the great development, as recently pictured by the Telegraph and described by his at length and said that it is his thought and the thought of the members of the Board of Public Works that the improved park shall not only provide a fitting setting for the Capitol, with additional office building to be erected to meet the needs of the State, but to beautify Harrisburg and provide in the center of the city a great rest spot and playground for the people, together with a plaza for public demonstrations, inaugurations and other State functions.

He complimented Harrisburg on what it has done in the way of parks, and said that the Capitol Park will be a city park in the city, just as our country parks are suited to their surroundings. He expressed his gratification over the good feelings that exist between the city and the State and said that the Board of Public Buildings and Grounds had said to him: "Mr. Brunner, in designing the park extension do not think of the State alone, but make a beauty spot for Harrisburg as well."

## Meat: Russia and the Allies

Russia crumbled away and failed the Allies largely through lack of food, according to an American eyewitness.

With plentiful reserves and resources virtually untouched, her people starved at home and at the front because there was no adequate organization to place food where it was needed.

Animals on the hoof were shipped thousands of miles to the various fronts, wasting transportation facilities required for other purposes. They arrived shrunken and emaciated, to be killed and dressed amidst filth and confusion behind the lines. Half of those brought from Siberia, it is said, perished on the way; many more were unfit for food.

On the other hand, the American packers turned live stock into meat in large sanitary plants located in the producing sections, and shipped the product under refrigeration so that it reached the trenches in France in perfect condition, without waste.

**Says Our Authority:**

"Had such facilities for cold storage transportation been available to the Russian supply committee as were placed at the disposal of the quartermaster of the United States by Swift & Company, there might have been a different story concerning Russia's part in the final drama of the war."

A large-scale packing industry would be an asset to Russia, in war or in peace, as it has proved to be to the United States.

The cost of this large scale industry in the form of profits is only a fraction of a cent per pound of meat.

## Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Harrisburg Local Branch, Seventh & North Streets  
F. W. Covert, Manager