

CANNING EXPERTS TO GO TO FRANCE

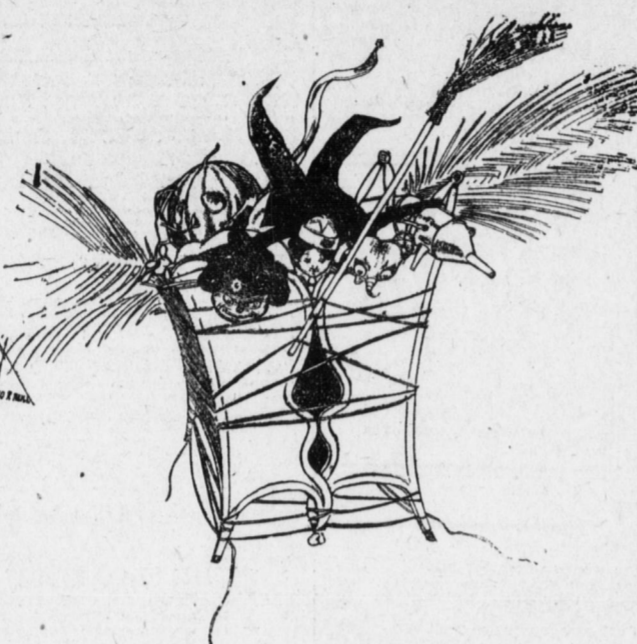
Will Carry Home Preservation of Food Into That Country

Washington, May 24.—When the Rochambeau leaves out of New York harbor Tuesday, bound for France, it will have on board four canning and drying missionaries to the French. They are missionaries in that they will carry the message of home preservation of food to a country which now does practically no canning at home. There it is a job for factories. It is a co-operative enterprise, the parties to it being the American Commission for Devastated France, the French Ministry of Agriculture and the United States Department of Agriculture. The party was made up following a cabled request from the French Minister of Agriculture, through the French High Commission, to Secretary of Agriculture Houston, requesting the loan of some home demonstration workers who were experts in canning. Two home demonstration agents in the French regions of Louisiana were selected for the job. They were notified Saturday, and started for Washington Monday. They are Miss Erin Dore, of Crowley, Acadia Parish, and Miss Caroline A. Boudreaux, of Scott, Lafayette Parish. With them goes Mrs. Bernice Carter Davis, formerly State Home Demonstration Agent for Texas, and Dr. Frants P. Lund, canning and drying expert in the Office of Extension Work South, Department of Agriculture. The party left Washington with a full canning equipment—numerous full sets of equipment, in fact. There was taken, also, some canning exhibits, a number of reels of motion pictures of canning work in the South, and everything necessary for a complete course of instruction in canning vegetables, fruits and meats in the home. A number of American manufacturers made contributions of both tin cans and glass jars and of various kinds of equipment. The Department of Agriculture has prepared the material for a bulletin on canning to be issued by the French government.

The Wonderful Stories of OZ By L. Frank Baum

The Tin Woodman Plucks a Rose

On the following morning they again appeared before Glinda, who said to them: "I have searched carefully through the records of the Wizard's actions, and among them I can find but three that appear to have been suspicious. He ate beans with a knife, made three secret visits to old Mombi, and limped slightly on his left foot." "Ah! that last is certainly suspicious!" exclaimed the Pumpkinhead. "Not necessarily," said the Scarecrow. "he may have had corns. Now, it seems to me his eating beans with a knife is more suspicious." "Perhaps it is a polite custom in Omaha, from which great country the Wizard originally came," suggested the Tin Woodman. "It may be," admitted the Scarecrow. "But why," asked Glinda, "did he make three secret visits to old Mombi?" "Ah! Why, indeed!" echoed the Woggle-Bug, impressively. "We know that the Wizard taught the old woman many of his tricks of magic," continued Glinda; "and this he would not have done had she not assisted him in some way. So we may suspect with good reason that Mombi aided him to hide the girl Ozma, who was the real heir to the throne of the Emerald City, and a constant danger to the usurper. For, if the people knew that she lived, they would quickly make her their Queen and restore her to her rightful position." "An able argument!" cried the Scarecrow. "I have no doubt that Mombi was mixed up in this wicked business. But how does that knowledge help us?" "We must find Mombi," replied Glinda, "and force her to tell where the girl is hidden." "Mombi is now with Queen Jinjur in the Emerald City," said Tip. "It was she who threw so many obstacles in our pathway, and made Jinjur threaten to destroy my friends and give me back into the old witch's power."



They all looked over the side

"Then," decided Glinda, "I will march with my army to the Emerald City, and take Mombi prisoner. After that we can, perhaps, force her to tell the truth about Ozma." "She is a terrible old woman!" remarked Tip, with a shudder at the

thought of Mombi's black kettle; "and obstinate, too." "I am quite obstinate myself," returned the Scarecrow, with a sweet smile; "so I do not fear Mombi in the least. To-day I will make all necessary preparations, and we will march upon the Emerald City at daybreak to-morrow."

The Army of Glinda the Good looked very grand and imposing when it assembled at daybreak before the palace gates. The uniforms of the girl soldiers were pretty and of gay colors, and their silver-tipped spears were bright and glistening, the long shafts being inlaid with mother-of-pearl. All the officers wore sharp, gleaming swords, and shields edged with peacock-feathers; and it really seemed that no foe could by any possibility defeat such a brilliant army.

The Sorceress rode in a beautiful palanquin which was like the body of a coach, having doors and windows with silken curtains; but instead of wheels, which a coach has, the palanquin rested upon two long, horizontal bars, which were borne upon the shoulders of twelve servants. The Scarecrow and his comrades decided to ride in the Gump, in order to keep up with the swift march of the army; so, as soon as Glinda had started and her soldiers had marched away to the inspiring strains of music played by the royal band, our friends slipped into the sofas and followed. The Gump flew along slowly at a point directly over the palanquin in which rode the Sorceress.

"Be careful," said the Tin Woodman to the Scarecrow, who was leaning far over the side to look at the army below. "You might fall." "It wouldn't matter," remarked the educated Woggle-Bug; "he can't get broke so long as he is stuffed with money."

"Didn't I ask you—" began Tip, in a reproachful voice. "You did," said the Woggle-Bug, promptly. "And I beg your pardon. I will really try to restrain myself." "You'd better," declared the boy. "That is, if you wish to travel in our company."

"Ah! I couldn't bear to part with you now," murmured the Insect, feelingly; so Tip let the subject drop. The army moved steadily on, but night had fallen before they came to the walls of the Emerald City. By the dim light of the new moon, however, Glinda's forces silently surrounded the city and pitched their tents of scarlet silk upon the greensward. The tent of the Sorceress was larger than the others, and was composed of pure white silk, with scarlet banners flying above it. A tent was also pitched for the Scarecrow's party; and when these preparations had been made, with military precision and quickness, the army retired to rest.

Great was the amazement of Queen Jinjur next morning when her soldiers came running to inform her of the vast army surrounding them. She at once climbed to a high tower of the royal palace and saw banners waving in every direction and the great white tent of Glinda standing directly before the gates.

"We are surely lost!" cried Jinjur, in despair; "for how can our knitting needles avail against the long spears and terrible swords of our foes?"

"The best thing we can do," said one of the girls, "is to surrender as quickly as possible, before we get hurt."

"Not so," returned Jinjur, more bravely. "The enemy is still outside the walls, so we must try to parley. Go you with engaging terms to Glinda and ask her why she has dared to invade my dominions, and what are her demands."

So the girl passed through the gates, bearing a white flag to show she was on a mission of peace, and came to Glinda's tent.

"Tell your Queen," said the Sorceress to the girl, "that she must deliver up to me old Mombi to be my prisoner. If this is done I will not molest her farther."

Now when this message was delivered to the Queen it filled her with dismay, for Mombi was her chief counsellor, and Jinjur was terribly afraid of the old hag. But she sent for Mombi, and said to her what she had for all of us."

"I see trouble ahead for all of us," muttered the old witch, after glancing into a magic mirror she carried in her pocket. "But we may even yet escape pocket. "But we may even yet escape pocket. "But we may even yet escape pocket."

"Don't you think it will be safer for me to deliver you into her hands?" asked Jinjur, nervously. "If you do, it will cost you the throne of the Emerald City!" answered the witch, positively. "But, if you will let me have my own way, I can save us both very easily."

"Then do as you please," replied Jinjur. "For it is so aristocratic to be a Queen that I do not wish to be obliged to return home again, to make beds and wash dishes for my mother."

So Mombi called Jellia Jamb to her, and performed a certain magical rite with which she was familiar. As a result of the enchantment Jellia took on the form and features of Mombi, while the old witch grew to resemble the girl so closely that it seemed impossible anyone could guess the deception.

"Now," said old Mombi to the Queen, "let your soldiers deliver up this girl to Glinda. She will think she has the real Mombi in her power, and so will

return immediately to her own country in the South."

Therefore Jellia, hobbling along like an aged woman, was led from the city gates and taken before Glinda.

"Here is the person you demanded," said one of the guards, "and our Queen now begs you will go away, as you promised, and leave us in peace."

"That I will surely do," replied Glinda, much pleased; "if this is really the person she seems to be."

"It is certainly old Mombi," said the guard, who believed she was speaking the truth; and then Jinjur's soldiers returned within the city gates.

"The Sorceress quickly summoned the Scarecrow and his friends to her tent, and began to question the supposed Mombi about the lost girl Ozma. But Jellia knew nothing at all of Ozma, and presently she grew so nervous under the questioning that she gave way and began to weep, to Glinda's great astonishment."

"Here is some foolish trickery!" said the Sorceress, her eyes flashing with anger. "This is not Mombi at all, but some other person who has been made to resemble her! Tell me she demanded, turning to the trembling girl, "what is your name?"

"This Jellia dared not tell, having been threatened with death by the witch if she confessed the fraud. But Glinda, sweet and fair though she was, understood magic better than any other person in the Land of Oz. So, by uttering a few potent words and making a peculiar gesture, she quickly transformed the girl into her proper shape, while at the same time old Mombi, far away in Jinjur's palace, suddenly resumed her own crooked form and evil features."

"Why, it's Je la Jamb!" cried the Scarecrow, recognizing in the girl one of his old friends.

"It's our interpreter!" said the Pumpkinhead, smiling pleasantly.

Then Jellia was forced to tell of the trick Mombi had played, and she also begged Glinda's protection, which the Sorceress readily granted. But Glinda was now really angry, and sent word to Jinjur that the fraud was discovered and she must deliver up the real Mombi or suffer terrible consequences. Jinjur was prepared for this message, for the witch well understood, when her natural form was thrust upon her, that Glinda had discovered her trickery. But the wicked old creature had already thought up a new deception, and had made Jinjur promise to carry it out. So the Queen said to Glinda's messenger:

"Tell your mistress that I cannot find Mombi anywhere; but that Glinda is welcome to enter the city and search herself for the old woman. She may also bring her friends with her, if she likes; but if she does not find Mombi by sundown, the Sorceress must promise to go away peacefully and bother us no more."

Glinda agreed to these terms, well knowing that Mombi was somewhere within the city walls. So Jinjur caused the gates to be thrown open. Glinda marched in at the head of a company of soldiers, followed by the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman, while Jack Pumpkinhead rode astride the Saw-Horse, and the Educated, Highly Magnified Woggle-Bug sauntered behind in a dignified manner. Tip walked by the side of the Sorceress, for Glinda had conceived a great liking for the boy.

Of course old Mombi had no intention of being found by Glinda; so, while her enemies were marching up the street, the witch transformed herself into a red rose growing upon a bush in the garden of the palace. It was a clever idea, and a trick Glinda did not suspect; so several precious hours were spent in a vain search for Mombi.

As sundown approached the Sorceress realized she had been defeated by the superior cunning of the aged witch; so she gave the command to her people to march out of the city and back to their tents.

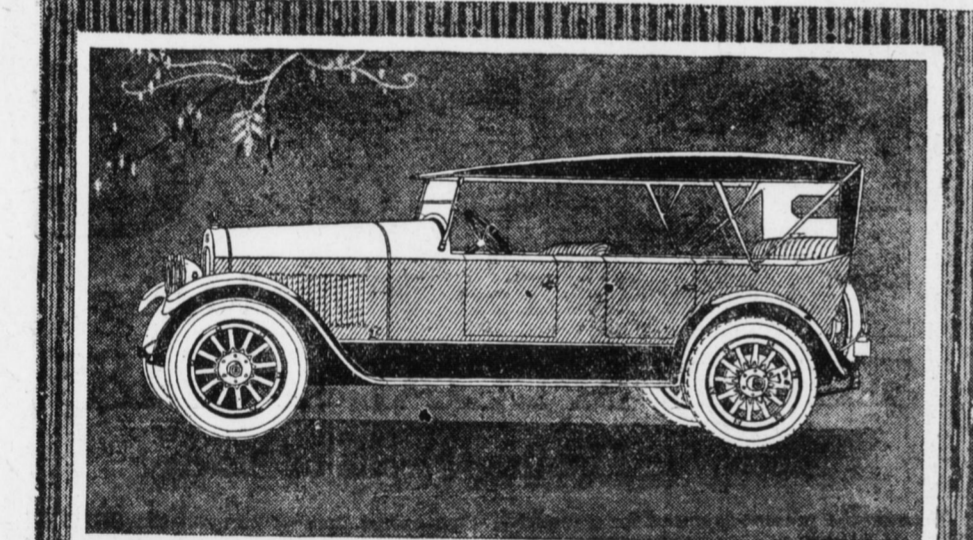
The Scarecrow and his comrades happened to be searching in the garden of the palace just then, and they turned with disappointment to obey Glinda's command. But before they left the garden the Tin Woodman, who was fond of flowers, chanced to spy a big red rose growing upon a bush; so he plucked the flower and fastened it securely in the buttonhole of his tin bosom.

As he did this he fancied he heard a low moan proceed from the rose; but he paid no attention to the sound,

and Mombi was thus carried out of the city and into Glinda's camp without anyone having a suspicion that they had succeeded in their quest. Transformation of Old Mombi. It is most exciting. The Old Witch seeks safety by changing herself into a beautiful rose, but our wonderful Glinda discovers the Witch. Then follow other transformations, the escape and finally Use McNeil's Cold Tablets—Adv.

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