

NEW RECORD IN SHIP LAUNCHING

Five Vessels Slip Off Ways in Forty-Eight Minutes at Hog Island

Philadelphia, May 31.—Establishing a world's record in ship launchings at one tide in one yard, five 7,800-ton cargo ships, slipped off the ways at Hog Island in 48 minutes yesterday before a Memorial Day crowd estimated at 150,000, and were given Godspeed with the crashing of the time-honored bottle of champagne over the bows of four.

One ship, the Pipestone County, was christened with water brought from Pipestone creek, Pipestone county, Minnesota. The Pipestone County was the fourth ship off the ways, and hardly a handful of people realized that it was entering on its career as a "dry" ship.

Before Secretary of the United States Senate and Congressmen and the multitude, the Maiden Creek left the ways at 1:37 p. m. and the Luxpalle, the last ship, at 2:25. The other vessels were the Necker, Lehigh and the Pipestone County in the order named.

The sponsors were Mrs. Mary Baird Fox, Camden, N. J., for the Necker; Miss Lois Geiger, Pipestone county, Minnesota, for the Pipestone County; Mrs. R. Emma Reiser, Reading, Pa., for the Maiden Creek; Mrs. William R. Thomas, Catawauqua, Pa., for the Lehigh, and Mrs. J. D. Andrew, wife of the manager of the hull division at Hog Island, for the Luxpalle.

Daniels Makes Speech Payin tribute to American enterprise born of war's necessity, which will mean the restoration of the American merchant marine, Secretary Daniels, the principal speaker at the ceremonies attending the launchings, declared that the nation is only on the threshold of a new era of ship construction and the development of world carrying trade, placing America in vital touch with the commerce of the world.

"We could not if we could as a nation," said the Secretary, "longer live between the two oceans dependent upon foreign bottoms for our overseas commerce, and we would not if we could." America will not quit it, adding that it will be put on a firm and solid basis.

"We will build big ships and bigger ships which can be manned by small crews and have a large steaming radius," said Mr. Daniels. The Secretary told of a visit he made to the great British shipyards on the Tyne and Clyde, where ships were built that carried English flags and flew the Union Jack over the world, and that to-day we stand on the banks of the Delaware, rapidly becoming the river which will outdistance every river in the world in the product of its ships.

The day of isolation has passed for America, Secretary Daniels said, and never again will it be indifferent to the concerns of humanity in any part of the world. The small build naval ships, powerful enough to protect our merchant marine, was his promise. "We shall build more ships and with brotherly interest and with confidence which will lead us out of the struggle, we shall unite with free men everywhere to preserve the fruits of the victory the valor of our men has won."

Thomas S. Peters Dies in Harrisburg Hospital After an illness of several weeks Thomas S. Peters, 32 North Second street, prominent in Masonic circles, and at one time in the real estate business, died last evening at the Harrisburg Hospital. He had been ill for weeks and suffered several strokes of paralysis.

Mr. Peters was born in Harrisburg November 26, 1857. He received his education in the public schools of the city and then engaged in the real estate and insurance business. He served as county assessor and in the Common Council of the city from 1893 to 1895. Mr. Peters was connected with the following organizations: Robert Burns Lodge, No. 464 F. and A. M.; State Capitol Lodge, No. 70, I. O. O. F.; Cincinnati Commandery, No. 96, K. of M.; the Royal Arcanum and B. P. O. Elks. He was one of the organizers of the Harrisburg lodge of Elks and of the Ancient Order United Workmen.

Surviving Mr. Peters are his brothers, Charles H. Peters, of Pittsburgh, George Doehne Peters, of Pittsburgh, Sawyer Peters, this city, and a daughter, Anna Katherine Peters. Funeral services will be held on Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock at 908 North Second street. Burial will be made in the Harrisburg Cemetery.

Steelton Churches St. John's Lutheran—The Rev. G. N. Lauffer, pastor, will preach at 10.45 on "Ye Also Shall Bear Witness," and at 7.30 on "Zeal and Repentance." Sunday school 9.30. Intermediate and Senior Christian Endeavor, 6.30. Main Street Church of God—The Rev. J. E. Strine, pastor, will preach at 10.45 on "Being Strong," and at 7.30 on "The Kingdom." Sunday school, 9.45. First Methodist—The Rev. F. A. Tyson, pastor, will preach at 10.45 on "Hearing" and at 7.30 on "Face About." Sunday school, 9.30; Epworth League, 6.30.

First Presbyterian—The Rev. C. B. Segelken, pastor, will preach at 11 on "The Quest For the Best." The baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class of the high school will be at 7.30 on "Is the Young Man Safe?" Sunday school, 9.45. Central Baptist—The Rev. Leroy Stephens, of Lewisburg, will preach at 10.45 and 7.30; Sunday school, 9.45.

Centenary United Brethren—The Rev. Joseph Daugherty, pastor, will administer Holy Communion at 11 and will preach at 7.30 on "Christ's Love For His Own;" Holy Communion at evening service, Sunday school, 9.45; Christian Endeavor, 6.30. First Reformed—The Rev. H. H. Rupp, pastor, will preach at 10.45 on "Decorations Day or Memorial Day—Which?" "The Aftermath" and at 7.30 on "The Meaning of the Ascension." Thursday, 8 p. m., consistory at parsonage.

Grave United Evangelical—The Rev. J. E. Hoffman, pastor, will preach at 10.30 and 7.30; special services will be held for soldiers; Sunday school, 9.15; Christian Endeavor, 6.45.

EXPLORE CONEWAGO Members of the Harrisburg Natural History Society held their third annual Conewago field excursion yesterday, about 30 walking from Conewago to Falmouth. During the day about 70 different varieties of wild flowers and 40 different birds were seen. The trip included a visit to a colony of black-crowned night herons and to the "Governor's Station" a wooded section strewn with massive rocks.

The Wonderful Stories of OZ By L. Frank Baum

The Transformation of Old Mombi

The Witch was at first frightened at finding herself captured by the enemy; but soon she decided that she was exactly as safe in the Tin Woodman's button-hole as growing upon the bush. For no one knew the rose and Mombi to be one, and now that she was without the gates of the city her chances of escaping altogether from Glinda were much improved.

"But there is no hurry," thought Mombi. "I will wait awhile and enjoy the humiliation of this Sorceress when she finds I have outwitted her." So throughout the night the rose lay quietly on the Woodman's bosom, and in the morning, when Glinda summoned her friends to a consultation, Nick Chopper carried his pretty flower with him to the white silk tent.

"For some reason," said Glinda, "we have failed to find this cunning old Mombi; so I fear our expedition will prove a failure. And for that I am sorry, because without our assistance little Ozma will never be rescued and restored to her rightful position as Queen of the Emerald City."

"Do not let me give up so easily," said the Pumpkinhead. "Let us do something else." "Something else must rally be done," replied Glinda, with a smile; "yet I cannot understand how I have been defeated so easily by an old Witch who knows far less of magic than I do myself."

"While we are on the ground I believe I would be wise for us to conquer the Emerald City for Princess Ozma, and find the girl afterward," said the Scarecrow. "And while the girl remains hidden I will gladly rule in her place, for I understand the business of ruling much better than Jinjur does."

"But I have promised not to molest Jinjur," objected Glinda. "Suppose you all return with me to my kingdom—or Empire, rather," said the Tin Woodman, politely including the entire party in a royal wave of his arm. "It will give me great pleasure to entertain you in my castle, where there is room enough and to spare. And if any of you wish to be nickel-plated, my valet will do it free of all expense."

While the Woodman was speaking Glinda's eyes had been noting the rose in his button-hole, and now she imagined she saw the big red leaves of the flower tremble slightly. This quickly aroused her suspicions, and in a moment more the Sorceress had decided that the seeming rose was nothing else than a transformation of old Mombi. At the same instant Mombi knew she was discovered and must quickly plan an escape, and as transformations were easy to her she immediately took the form of a Shadow and glided along the wall of the tent toward the entrance, thinking thus to disappear.

"But Glinda had not only equal cunning, but far more experience than the Witch. So the Sorceress reached the opening of the tent before the Shadow, and with a wave of her hand closed the entrance so securely that Mombi could not find a crack big enough to

creep through. The Scarecrow and his friends were greatly surprised at Glinda's actions; for none of them had noted the Shadow. But the Sorceress said to them: "Remain perfectly quiet, all of you! For the old Witch is even now with us in this tent, and I hope to capture her."

"These words so alarmed Mombi that she quickly transformed herself from a shadow to a Black Ant, in which shape she crawled along the ground, seeking a crack or crevice in which to hide her tiny body. Fortunately, the ground where the tent had been pitched, being just before the city gates, was hard and

"Very well," returned the Gump, quietly; and it spread its great wings and mounted high into the air. Far away, across the meadows, they could see two tiny specks, speeding one after the other; and they knew these specks must be the Griffin and the Saw-Horse. So Tip called the Gump's attention to them and bade the creature try to overtake the Witch and the Sorceress. But, swift as was the Gump's flight, the pursued and pursuer moved more swiftly yet, and within a few moments were blotted out against the dim horizon.

"Let us continue to follow them, nevertheless," said the Scarecrow; "for the Land of Oz is of small extent, and sooner or later they must both come to a halt."

Old Mombi had thought herself very wise to choose the form of a Griffin, for its legs were exceedingly fleet and its strength more enduring than that of other animals. But she had not reckoned on the untiring energy of the Saw-Horse, whose wooden limbs could run for days without slacking their speed. Therefore, after an hour's hard running, the Griffin's breath began to fail, and it panted and gasped painfully. Then it reached the edge of the desert and began racing across the deep sands. But its tired feet sank far into the sand, and in a few minutes the Griffin fell forward, completely exhausted, and lay still upon the desert waste.

Glinda came up a moment later, riding the still vigorous Saw-Horse; and having unbound a slender golden thread from her girdle the Sorceress threw it over the head of the panting and helpless Griffin, and so destroyed the magical power of Mombi's transformation.

"For the animal, with one fierce shudder, disappeared from view, while in its place was discovered the form of the old Witch, glaring savagely at the serene and beautiful face of the Sorceress. "You are my prisoner, and it is use-

less for you to struggle any longer," said Glinda, in her soft, sweet voice. "Lie still a moment, and rest yourself, and then I will carry you back to my tent."

"Why do you seek me?" asked Mombi, still scarce able to speak plainly for lack of breath. "What have I done to you, to be so persecuted?"

"You have done nothing to me," answered the gentle Sorceress; "but I suspect you have been guilty of several wicked actions; and if I find it is true that you have so abused your knowledge of magic, I intend to punish you severely."

"I defy you!" croaked the old hag. "You dare not harm me!" Just then the Gump flew up to them and alighted upon the desert sands beside Glinda. Our friends were delighted to find that Mombi had finally been captured, and after a hurried consultation it was decided they should all return to the camp in the Gump. So the Saw-Horse was tossed aboard, and then Glinda, still holding an end of the golden thread that was around Mombi's neck, forced her prisoner to climb into the sofas. The others now followed, and Tip gave the word to the Gump to return.

The journey was made in safety. Mombi sitting in her place with a grim and sullen air; for the old hag was absolutely helpless so long as the magical thread encircled her throat. The army hailed Glinda's return with

loud cheers, and the party of friends soon gathered again in the royal tent, which had been neatly repaired during their absence.

Next Story—"Princess Ozma of Oz." The witch now being Glinda's prisoner is held powerless through the aid of Glinda's golden thread. Mombi's attempts to falsify are frustrated through the use of the Magic Pearl. Old Mombi finally agrees to tell the truth—so don't fail to read the next story. Does Old Mombi produce the Princess? I wonder!



Glinda's eyes noted the rose in his button-hole

MEMORIAL DAY AT DIX Camp Dix, N. J., May 31.—Ten thousand boys in khaki, most of them just back from France, stood with bared heads yesterday, and while military bands played softly, "Nearer My God, to Thee," paid a beautiful tribute to the boys who did not come home as floral emblems from scores of military units were tendered and banked at the foot of the headquarters flagstaff. Then, as the strains of the hymn died away, the soft notes of a distant bugle sounded "taps." A chaplain said the benediction and the band played "The Star Spangled Banner."

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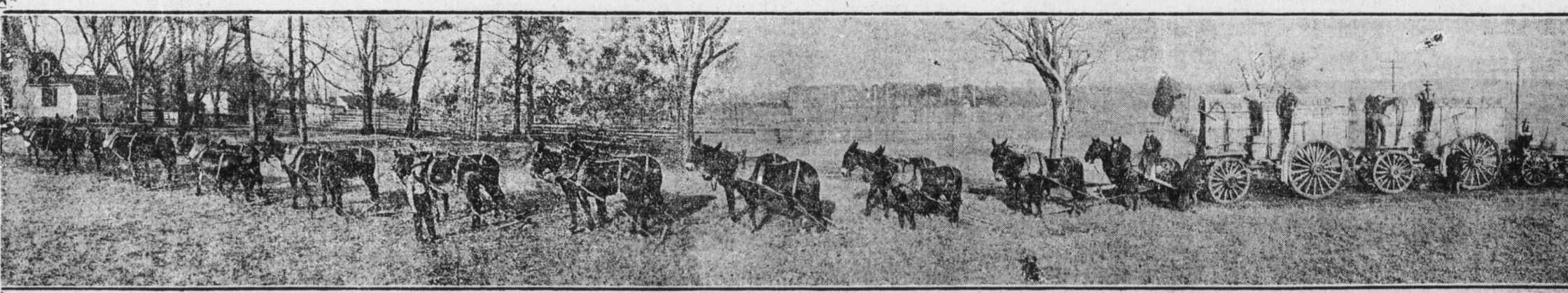
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