

NEWS OF CHURCHES

Music in the Churches

PINE STREET PRESBYTERIAN
Morning—Prelude, "Familiar Hymns"; offertory, "Behold the Bread of the Angels"; Gullmant; postlude, "Choral," harmonized by J. S. Bach.

MARKET SQUARE
Morning—Prelude, "Lamentation"; Gullmant; offertory, "Communion, Saint Saens; postlude, "Grand Choeur in B Flat Major," Faulkes.

DERRY STREET
Morning—Prelude, "Processional," Chauvet; anthem, "Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone," Havens; offertory, "Chanson Triste," Tschakowsky; postlude, "Grand Choeur in G Minor," Gullmant; solo, "Knights of the Cross," Shelley, Mrs. H. E. Gensler.

CHRIST LUTHERAN
8:30—Prelude, "Andante Religioso," Parkhurst; offertory, "Prayer," Gullmant; postlude, "Postlude," Koch.

FIRST CHURCH OF GOD
Morning—Prelude, "Invocation, D Flat Major," Wiesand; offertory, "Melody," Wittich; anthem, "My Shepherd," Nevin; postlude, "Recessional March," Faulkes.

ST. STEPHEN'S EPISCOPAL
Morning—Communion service, Adams; anthem, "Whosoever Drinketh," Field.

METHODIST
Fifth Street—The Rev. Edwin A. Pyles, 10:30, "The Silent Partner"; 7:30, "Love in Retribution"; 10, Sunday school.

CHURCH DIRECTORY
Fifth Street—The Rev. Edwin A. Pyles, 10:30, "The Silent Partner"; 7:30, "Love in Retribution"; 10, Sunday school.

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H. C. HECKERT, Secretary

The Wonderful Stories of OZ
By L. Frank Baum
The Nome King Laughs

In a moment the King returned to his throne and relighted his pipe, and the rest of the little band of adventurers settled themselves for another long wait.



quietly walked around and picked up the crumbs of cake which had been scattered, and now, as it was long after bedtime, she tried to find some dark place in which to go to sleep.

Presently the hen espied a hollow underneath the King's rocky throne, and crept into it unnoticed. She could still hear the chattering of those around her, but it was almost dark underneath the throne, so that soon she had fallen fast asleep.

Next called the King, and the private, whose turn it was to enter the fatal palace, shook hands with Dorothy and the Scarecrow and bade them a sorrowful good-bye, and passed through the rocky portal.

They waited a long time, for the private was in no hurry to become an ornament and made his guesses very slowly. The Nome King, who seemed to know by some magical power, all that took place in his beautiful rooms of his palace, grew impatient, and declared he would sit up no longer.

"I love ornaments," said he, "but I can wait until to-morrow to get more of them; so, as soon as that stupid private is transformed, we will all go to bed and leave the job to be finished in the morning."

"Is it so very late?" asked Dorothy. "Why, it is after midnight," said the King, "and that strikes me as being late enough. There is neither night nor day in my kingdom, because it is under the earth's surface, where the sun does not shine. But we have to sleep, just the same as the upstairs people do, and for my part I'm going to bed in a few minutes."

Indeed, it was not long after this that the private made his last guess. Of course he guessed wrongly, and of course he at once became an ornament. So the King was greatly pleased and clapped his hands to summon his Chief Steward.

funniest ornament in all the palace. It will hurt my poor friend's pride to be laughed at," continued the Scarecrow sadly.

"We will make rather absurd ornaments, ourselves, to-morrow," observed the machine, in his monotonous voice.

Just then Dorothy ran into their room, in a state of great anxiety, crying: "Where's Billina? Have you seen Billina? Is she here?"

"No," answered the Scarecrow. "Then what has become of her?" asked the girl.

"Why, I thought she was with you," said the Scarecrow. "Yet I do not remember seeing the yellow hen since she picked up the crumbs of cake."

"We must have left her in the room where the King's throne is," decided Dorothy, and at once she turned and ran down the hall to the door through which they had entered. But it was fast closed and locked on the other side, and the heavy slab of rock proved to be so thick that no sound could pass through it.

So Dorothy was forced to return to her chamber. The Cowardly Lion stuck his head into her room to try to console the girl for the loss of her feathered friend.

"The yellow hen is well able to take care of herself," said he; "so don't worry about her, but try to get all the sleep you can. It has been a long and weary day and you need rest."

"I'll probably get lots of rest to-morrow, when I become an ornament," said Dorothy, sleepily. But she lay down upon her couch, nevertheless, and in spite of all her worries was soon in the land of dreams.

to herself as she heard the King disclose his secret. Editor's Note—Next weeks, in "Dorothy Tries to be Brave," we shall hear of Dorothy's attempt at the Eleven Guesses, and of what luck she had. Can you guess?

Col. Donovan Declares Cossack General in Pay of Japanese

New York, Oct. 4.—The Cossack general, Kalmikoff, whose troops flogged an American soldier in Siberia recently, is "in the pay of Japan," according to a statement of Colonel William J. Donovan, former commander of the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth Infantry, published by the New York Herald today.

Colonel Donovan, who recently returned from a trip through Japan, China, Korea and Siberia, stopped off here for a few hours on his way to his home in Buffalo, after conferences with State and War Department officials in Washington. Colonel Donovan made it clear, however, that he had not made his trip to the Far East as a Government emissary.

Asserting that in his two months' stay in Siberia he had "seen things that made me open my eyes," Colonel Donovan continued: "It is generally known that General Kalmikoff and Semenov are the agents of Japan. It is known that they are not only in the pay of Japan, but have received arms and assistance from Japan. Japan has three divisions of 12,000 men each in Siberia. Her evident goal is to erect an economic and military barrier in North Manchuria and Siberia, which will entirely blockade the corridor leading into European Russia. Japan is changing from an agricultural to an industrial nation, and in Siberia and China she finds the natural resources and raw materials which she must have."

Colonel Donovan declared he did not believe there was a likelihood of war between the United States and Japan, because the "idea of the militarists of Japan that we are a nation of soft money-makers has been dispelled by what we have done in the European war." He asserted that if the United States acted with a firm hand "an open door in the East" could be assured.

RAISULI BEING DEFEATED
Madrid, Oct. 4.—Military operations against Raisuli bands in Morocco are proceeding favorably, according to an official statement issued here. The bandits are reported to be in retreat and to be abandoning their dead and wounded.

DEATHS AND FUNERALS
HEART FAILURE
Funeral services will be held on Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock over the remains of G. Stevanov, who died very suddenly last evening at his home, 1215 North Front street, of heart failure. He was 70 years old and is survived by his widow, Mrs. Emma Stevanov, a daughter, Mrs. Anna Robert, The Rev. Fred Appleton, record of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, will officiate. Interment will be in East Harrisburg cemetery.

MRS. ELIZABETH HILL DEW
Mrs. Elizabeth Hill, aged 49 years, died on Friday, after a lingering illness. The funeral will be held at 10 a. m. Monday at the home of her niece, Mrs. William Burkholder, 3225 Fulton street. The Rev. John Daugherty of St. Paul's will officiate. The body will be taken to Columbia for burial by Hoover & Son.

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"I have guarded Ancient Egypt's mysteries and have kept her secrets with sealed lips for thousands of years. Mighty Dynasties have risen, flourished and have fallen. Ramesis, the ruler of rulers; Cleopatra, the much loved; Caesar the Great, and the mighty Napoleon have sought my counsel. But, this is the Twentieth Century. Let me see your wonders?" So they showed him the railroads, the submarine, the wireless, the boats of the air, the power of electricity, and the accomplishments of chemistry. "All this is very interesting, but I would see a modern city. Cairo is so musty." Whereupon he was led to the mecca of the Susquehanna Valley—Harrisburg. "Ah!" said he, when he saw the river wall, "Wonderful. I can use this when the Nile overflows its banks. But, what is that pleasant aroma, like the fragrant lotus, wafted to my nostrils?" "They are brewing coffee at the Cafeteria." Straight away this Spinx spoke. "You have kept the best for the last. Lead me to it."
The Cafeteria
3rd and Walnut Streets HOTEL COLUMBUS BUILDING
11 to 2 P. M. 5 to 8 P. M.