

# The Wizard of Oz

By L. Frank Baum

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## CHAP. I The Cyclone

Dorothy lived in the midst of the great Kansas prairies, with Uncle Henry, who was a farmer, and Aunt Em, who was the farmer's wife. Their house was small, for the lumber to build it had to be carried by wagon many miles. There were four walls, a floor and a roof, which made one room; and this room contained a rusty-looking cooking stove, a cupboard for the dishes, a table, three or four chairs, and the beds. Uncle Henry and Aunt Em had a big bed in one corner, and Dorothy a little bed in another corner. There was no garret at all, and no cellar—except a small hole, dug in the ground, called a cyclone cellar, where the family could go in case of those great whirlwinds arose, mighty enough to crush any building in its path. It was reached by a trap-door in the middle of the floor, from which a ladder led down into the small, dark hole.

When Dorothy stood in the doorway and looked around, she could see nothing but the great gray prairie on every side. Not a tree nor a house broke the broad sweep of flat country that reached to the edge of the sky in all directions. The sun had baked the plowed land into a gray mass, with little cracks running through it. Even the grass was not green, for the sun had burned the tops of the long blades until they were the same gray color to be seen everywhere. Once the house had been painted, but the sun blistered the paint and the rains washed it away, and now the house was as dull and gray as everything else.

When Aunt Em came there to live she was a young, pretty wife. The sun and wind had changed her, too. They had taken the sparkle from her eyes and left them a sober gray; they had taken the red from her cheeks and lips, and they were gray also. She was thin and gaunt, and never smiled, now. When Dorothy, who was an orphan, first came to her, Aunt Em had been so startled by the child's laughter that she would scream and press her hand upon her heart whenever Dorothy's merry voice reached her ears; and she still looked at the little girl with wonder that she could find anything to laugh at.

Uncle Henry never laughed. He worked hard from morning till night and did not know what joy was. He was gray also, from his long beard to his rough boots, and he looked stern and solemn, and rarely spoke.

It was Toto that made Dorothy laugh, and saved her from growing as gray as her other surroundings. Toto was not gray; he was a little black



Dorothy.

dog, with long, silky hair and small black eyes that twinkled merrily on either side of his funny, wee nose. Toto played all day long, and Dorothy played with him, and loved him dearly.

To-day, however, they were not playing. Uncle Henry sat upon the doorstep and looked anxiously at the sky, which was even grayer than usual. Dorothy stood in the door with Toto in her arms, and looked at the sky, too. Aunt Em was washing the dishes. From the far north they heard a low wall of the wind, and Uncle Henry and Dorothy could see where the long

grass bowed in waves before the coming storm. There now came a sharp whistling in the air from the south, and as they turned their eyes that way they saw ripples in the grass coming from that direction also.

Suddenly Uncle Henry stood up. "There's a cyclone coming, Em," he called to his wife. "I'll go look after the stock." Then he ran toward the sheds where the cows and horses were kept.

Aunt Em dropped her work and came to the door. One glance told her of the danger close at hand.

"Quick, Dorothy!" she screamed; "run for the cellar!"

Toto jumped out of Dorothy's arms and hid under the bed, and the girl started to get him. Aunt Em, badly frightened, threw open the trap-door in the floor and climbed down the ladder into the small, dark hole. Dorothy caught Toto at last, and started to follow her aunt. When she was half way across the room there came a great shriek from the wind, and the house shook so hard that she lost her footing and sat down suddenly upon the floor.

A strange thing then happened. The house whirled around two or three times and rose slowly through the air. Dorothy felt as if she were going up in a balloon.

The north and south winds met where the house stood, and made it the exact center of the cyclone. In the middle of a cyclone the air is generally still, but the great pressure of the wind on every side of the house raised it up higher and higher, until it was at the very top of the cyclone; and there it remained—and was carried miles and miles away as easily as you could carry a feather.

It was very dark, and the wind howled horribly around her, but Dorothy found she was riding quite easily. After the first few whirls around, and one other time when the house tipped badly, she felt as if she were being rocked gently, like a baby in a cradle.

Toto did not like it. He ran about the room, now here, now there, barking loudly; but Dorothy sat quite still on the floor and waited to see what would happen.

Once Toto got too near the open trap door, and fell in; and at first the little girl thought she had lost him. But soon she saw one of his ears sticking up through the hole, for the strong pressure of the air was keeping him up so that he could not fall. She crept to the hole, caught Toto by the ear, and dragged him into the room again; afterward closing the trap-door so that no more accidents could happen.

Hour after hour passed away, and slowly Dorothy got over her fright; but she felt quite lonely, and the wind shrieked so loudly all about her that she nearly became deaf. At first she had wondered if she would be dashed to pieces when the house fell again; but as the hours passed and nothing terrible happened, she stopped worrying and resolved to wait calmly and see what the future would bring. At last she crawled over the swaying floor to her bed, and lay down upon it; and Toto followed and lay down beside her.

In spite of the swaying of the house and the wailing of the wind, Dorothy soon closed her eyes and fell fast asleep.

## CHAP. II The Council with the Munchkins

She was awakened by a shock, so sudden and severe that if Dorothy had not been lying on the soft bed she might have been hurt. As it was, the jar made her catch her breath and wonder what had happened; and Toto put his cold little nose into her face and whined dismally. Dorothy sat up and noticed that the house was not moving; nor was it dark, for the bright sunshine came in at the window, flooding the little room. She sprang from her bed and with Toto at her heels ran and opened the door.

The little girl gave a cry of amazement and looked about her, her eyes growing bigger and bigger at the wonderful sights she saw.

The cyclone had set the house down, very gently—for a cyclone—in the midst of a country of marvelous beauty. There were lovely patches of green sward all about, with stately trees bearing rich and luscious fruits. Banks of gorgeous flowers were on every hand, and birds with rare and brilliant plumage sang and fluttered in the trees and bushes. A little way off was a small brook, rushing and sparkling along between green banks, and murmuring in a voice very grateful to a little girl who had lived so long on the dry, gray prairies.

While she stood looking eagerly at the strange and beautiful sights, she noticed coming toward her a group of the queerest people she had ever seen. They were not as big as the grown folk she had always been used to; but neither were they very small. In fact, they seemed about as tall as Dorothy, who was a well-grown child for her age, although they were, so far as looks go, many years older.

Three were men and one a woman, and all were oddly dressed. They wore round hats that rose to a small point a foot above their heads, with little bells around the brims that tinkled sweetly as they moved. The hats of the men were blue; the little woman's hat was white, and she wore a white gown that hung in plaits from her shoulders; over it were sprinkled little stars that glistened in the sun like diamonds. The men were dressed in blue, of the same shade as their hats, and wore well-polished boots

with a deep roll of blue at the tops. The men, Dorothy thought, were about as old as Uncle Henry, for two of them had beards. But the little woman was doubtless much older; her face was covered with wrinkles, her hair was nearly white, and she walked rather stiffly.

When these people drew near the house where Dorothy was standing in the doorway, they paused and whispered among themselves, as if afraid to come farther. But the little old woman walked up to Dorothy, made a low bow and said, in a sweet voice: "You are welcome, most noble Sorceress, to the land of the Munchkins. We are so grateful to you for having killed the wicked Witch of the East, and for setting our people free from bondage."

Dorothy listened to this speech with wonder. What could the little woman possibly mean by calling her a sorceress, and saying she had killed the wicked Witch of the East? Dorothy was an innocent, harmless little girl,



"There Must Be Some Mistake."

who had been carried by a cyclone many miles from home; and she had never killed anything in all her life.

But the little woman evidently expected her to answer; so Dorothy said, with hesitation:

"You are very kind; but there must be some mistake. I have not killed anything."

"Your house did, anyway," replied the little old woman, with a laugh; "and that is the same thing. See!" she continued, pointing to the corner of the house; "there are her two toes, still sticking out from under a block of wood."

Dorothy looked, and gave a little cry of fright. There, indeed, just under the corner of the great beam of the house rested on two feet were sticking out, shod in silver shoes with pointed toes.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried Dorothy, clasping her hands together in dismay; "the house must have fallen on her. What ever shall we do?"

"There is nothing to be done," said the little woman, calmly.

"But who was she?" asked Dorothy. "She was the wicked Witch of the East, as I said," answered the little woman. "She has held all the Munchkins in bondage for many years, making them slave for her night and day. Now they are all set free, and are grateful to you for the favor."

"Who are the Munchkins?" inquired Dorothy.

"They are the people who live in this land of the East, where the wicked Witch ruled."

"Are you a Munchkin?" asked Dorothy.

"No; but I am their friend, although I live in the land of the North. When they saw the Witch of the East was dead the Munchkins sent a swift messenger to me, and I came at once. I am the Witch of the North."

"Oh, gracious!" cried Dorothy; "are you a real witch?"

"Yes, indeed," answered the little woman. "But I am a good witch, and the people love me. I am not as powerful as the wicked Witch was who ruled here, or I should have set the people free myself."

"But I thought all witches were wicked," said the girl, who was half frightened at facing a real witch.

"Oh, no; that is a great mistake. There were only four witches in all the Land of Oz, and two of them, those who live in the North and the South, are good witches. I know this



Toto.

is true, for I am one of them myself, and cannot be mistaken. Those who dwell in the East and the West were, indeed, wicked witches; but now that you have killed one of them, there is but one wicked Witch in all the Land of Oz—the one who lives in the West."

"But," said Dorothy, after a moment's thought, "Aunt Em has told me that the witches were all dead—years and years ago."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# Women's Chances

## Office Work Pays Girl Best Salary

By ELLA LOUNSBURY

**A**FTER carefully comparing the salaries usually received by women engaged in the various lines of business I have decided that stenography is the most remunerative business in which the average woman can engage.

You will hear on every side that the market is overstocked with stenographers and while this is true it is also true that the market is overstocked with people in all other lines of business.

A stenographer having but a common school education, if she is bright and comprehending, can command a salary of \$15 per week, while her college educated sister receives as high as \$25 per week, and occasionally where a stenographer gets to be private secretary to some high official she receives all the way from \$150 to \$200 per month. Of course these positions are in the minority, but it simply goes to prove that if a girl strives hard enough in this particular line there is no limit to her possibilities.

Take, for instance, the court reporter, public stenographer, as well as the girl who can report lectures, etc.; they make more money in a day than the average woman does in a week.

Even school teachers in the public schools do not average \$75 per month, as they lose two or three months every summer, while the stenographer gets a paid vacation every year.

The millinery business pays well to those who are engaged in a business of their own, but not every woman can afford to start in business for herself.

Nurses also make good wages when they work, if proficient, but they are not steadily employed, and nursing is one of the hardest vocations.

Some people contend that stenographers do not receive as high salaries as they claim. This is doubtless true in some cases, yet I know for an actual fact that a great many stenographers are receiving \$15 per week when they are not really worth \$10. It is simply a case of poor discrimination on the part of the employer, who may be paying the expert stenographer the same salary.

While stenography may not be considered a desirable vocation by some, viewed from a financial standpoint, stenographers have the decided advantage over the majority of women in business.

# Sinfully Low Wages of Working Girls

By ELIZABETH McCULLEM

Sinfully low wages are paid by many employers to their feminine workers. I realize that little can be accomplished by talk alone and that immediate and drastic measures should be taken. We women really do not deserve much sympathy, for we calmly submit to this injustice without doing one solitary thing to improve conditions. And as long as we persist in this stupidity, just so long can we expect to be imposed upon. For it is a certainty that as long as an employer can find the present unlimited supply of women applicants for \$5 and \$7 a week he isn't voluntarily

going to offer more.

The usual arguments, presented by these persons, when their attention is called to the existing state of affairs, is that the class of work is not worth any more than they are paying. Does not every one who is giving her strength and time to work deserve compensation that will provide for the needs and comforts, at least, of the body? Tell me, how long could one single big business concern continue operating were it not for those who fill the so-called minor positions? These scorned underlings are so important that, were it found impossible to secure their services at \$5 a week \$10 would have to be paid or the business would have to close its doors. It simply could not continue without some one to do this work.

The problem for the average worker, especially the woman worker, is very, very discouraging and hopeless so long as we tamely submit to injustice rather than fight for what is our due.

There is no use in fighting tuberculosis and crime, no use in preaching religion and expecting results, until the present material conditions of people are greatly improved.

Prohibit an employer from engaging a girl unless she can give evidence that she is dependent upon her earnings for a living. The woman with a husband or a father who is doing his duty in providing for her has no right to take work from those who must care for themselves.

# Is Pie Making a Lost Art?

By ELIZABETH McCULLEM

Pie is not the same as it used to be and a natural curiosity is aroused among the old residents. There were years in our American history when pie was a revered and much patronized institution. No other one table article had a larger or more admiring following.

There were pumpkin, mince, rhubarb, peach, cherry, pear, quince, apple-butter, squash, blackberry, raspberry, custard, potato, plum, lemon, orange, cream, cranberry and many other kinds of pie too numerous to mention. There were open-face pies, "hunting-cake" pies, pies with laced tops, plain pies, ornamental pies and flash pies for festive occasions. There were deep pie, shallow pies, medium pies with short crust, long crust or tough crust, much depending upon the cook and the guests to be entertained.

Emerson ate pie and wrote it in his happiest way. He was good for a big piece at each meal, making occasional trips to the family larder between meals. Washington, the Adamses, Franklin and Lincoln were all pie fiends. Why is the man upon which such men fed relegated to the surviving few? Why is a southern senator laughed at when he insists upon pie for breakfast at his boarding house?

Is the cooking of the good old-time pie a lost art? Are we the victims of adulterated food-stuffs? Won't gas stoves produce the real goods, or are we as a people simply going backward? There are as many pie-faced men and women as ever, but most of them never faced a real pie—probably never will.

No one ever knew a pie-eating nation that had to hoist the white flag or take alien dictation. We need to reinstall pie, make sure that it is pie, and get back to the solid days when we were a pie-eating nation.

# ONE ON JOHNNY.



He was a balm-headed Johnny, with little cash. She was both pretty and pert. He said: "Do you know, Dolly, I am something of a mimic? I can take almost anybody off."

She said: "Then take yourself off, old boy. I'm expecting some one to take me to supper."

# All in Fight Against Tuberculosis.

Prevention of tuberculosis versus dividends is the proposition which some of our largest insurance companies are now trying to establish. The Metropolitan Life recently applied for permission to erect a sanatorium for its policy holders and employees afflicted with tuberculosis, but the application was refused on grounds of illegality by New York State Superintendent of Insurance Hotchkiss. The company is, however, conducting an active educational campaign by distributing 3,500,000 pamphlets among its policy holders. The Provident Savings Life Assurance society has also established a health bureau, where its policy holders may receive free medical advice. Several fraternal orders, notably the Modern Woodmen, Knights of Pythias, Royal League, Royal Arcanum and Workmen's Circle, have already established or are contemplating the erection of sanatoria for their tuberculous members.

# A Noble Love.

"Is the contract of dowry properly drawn up, signed and witnessed?" asked the count of Castle-on-the-Bum.

"Yes," sighed Gladys Golden.

"There are no loopholes through which your wise lawyers of Philadelphia might creep?"

"Not-a loophole," said the fair Gladys.

"And your father's holdings in Amalgamated Whalebone, American Cheese and Macaroni and Tin Soap-Plate 6s have not been affected by the recent depression?"

"No, dearest," answered Miss Golden, firmly.

"Then I love you," said the noble count; and two fond hearts beat as one.—Puck.

# Sit Up.

Much rot has recently been writ, and wags have rent their brains asunder, in trying to make food for wit this dreadnaught lid the girls hide under. What need have men to knock it so? They do not have to sweat beneath it. Is it because the fellows know the landscape has been robbed to wreathe it? We are no judge of ladies' lids, and care not what your choice or vote is; it's not what's on but in girls' heads that makes us sit up and take notice.—Bard of Benzie.

# About Time.

Dorothy—Can I have some water to christen my doll, mamma?

Mother—Oh! no. I don't like you to play with water.

Dorothy—Well, can I have some wax to waxinate her? I'm sure she ought to have something done by now. I've had her three months.—Windsor Magazine.

# An Escape.

"Are you sure that indicator registered the correct fare?"

"Yes," answered the taxicabman.

"You aren't kicking, are you?"

"No, I'm congratulating myself. If we went that far in so short a time we were mighty lucky not to get arrested for scorching."—Washington Star.

# Willing to Try.

She—Do you think it would take you long to love a girl?

He—I don't know. How long have you got?—Yonkers Statesman.

# IT WORKS

The Laborer Eats Food That Would Wreck an Office Man.

Men who are actively engaged at hard work can sometimes eat food that would wreck a man who is more closely confined.

This is illustrated in the following story:

"I was for 12 years clerk in a store working actively and drank coffee all the time without much trouble until after I entered the telegraph service. "There I got very little exercise and drinking strong coffee, my nerves were unsteady and my stomach got weak and I was soon a very sick man. I quit meat and tobacco and in fact I stopped eating everything which I thought might affect me except coffee, but still my condition grew worse, and I was all but a wreck.

"I finally quit coffee and commenced to use Postum a few years ago, and I am speaking the truth when I say, my condition commenced to improve immediately and today I am well and can eat anything I want without any bad effects, all due to shifting from coffee to Postum.

"I told my wife today I believed I could digest a brick if I had a cup of postum to go with it.

"We make it according to directions boiling it full 20 minutes and use good rich cream and it is certainly delicious."

Look in pkgs. for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

"There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.