

# The Wizard of Oz

By L. Frank Baum

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SYNOPSIS.

Dorothy lived in Kansas with Aunt Em and Uncle Henry. A cyclone lifted their home into the air. Dorothy falling asleep amidst the excitement, a crash awakened her. The house had landed in a country of marvelous beauty. Groups of queer little people greeted her to the Land of Munchkins. The house had killed their enemy, the wicked witch of the East.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"Who is Aunt Em?" inquired the little old woman.

"She is my aunt who lives in Kansas, where I came from."

The Witch of the North seemed to think for a time, with her head bowed and her eyes upon the ground. Then she looked up and said:

"I do not know where Kansas is, for I have never heard that country mentioned before. But tell me, is it a civilized country?"

"Oh, yes," replied Dorothy.

"Then that accounts for it. In the civilized countries I believe there are no witches left; nor wizards, nor sorceresses, nor magicians. But, you see, the Land of Oz has never been civilized, for we are cut off from all the rest of the world. Therefore we still have witches and wizards amongst us."

"Who are the Wizards?" asked Dorothy.

"Oz himself is the Great Wizard," answered the Witch, sinking her voice to a whisper. "He is more powerful than all the rest of us together. He lives in the City of Emeralds."

Dorothy was going to ask another question, but just then the Munchkins, who had been standing silently by, gave a loud shout and pointed to the corner of the house where the Wicked Witch had been lying.

"What is it?" asked the little old woman; and looked, and began to laugh. The feet of the dead Witch had disappeared entirely and nothing was left but the silver shoes.

"She was so old," explained the Witch of the North, "that she dried up quickly in the sun. That is the end of her. But the silver shoes are yours, and you shall have them to wear." She reached down and picked up the shoes, and, after shaking the dust out of them, handed them to Dorothy.

"The Witch of the East was proud of those silver shoes," said one of the Munchkins; "and there is some charm connected with them; but what it is we never knew."

Dorothy carried the shoes into the house and placed them on the table. Then she came out again to the Munchkins and said:

"I am anxious to get back to my aunt and uncle, for I am sure they will worry about me. Can you help me find my way?"

The Munchkins and the Witch first looked at one another, and then at Dorothy, and then shook their heads.

"At the East, not far from here," said one, "there is a great desert, and none could live to cross it."

"It is the same at the South," said another, "for I have been there and seen it. The South is the country of the Quadlings."

"I am told," said the third man, "that it is the same at the West. And that country, where the Winkies live, is ruled by the wicked Witch of the West, who would make you her slave if you passed her way."

"The North is my home," said the old lady, "and at its edge is the same great desert that surrounds this land of Oz. I'm afraid, my dear, you will have to live with us."

Dorothy began to sob, at this, for she felt lonely among all these strange people. Her tears seemed to grieve the kind-hearted Munchkins, for they immediately took out their handkerchiefs and began to weep also. As for the little old woman, she took off her cap and balanced the point on the end of her nose, while she counted "one, two, three" in a solemn voice. At once the cap changed to a slate, on which was written in big, white chalk marks:

"LET DOROTHY GO TO THE CITY OF EMERALDS."

The little old woman took the slate from her nose, and, having read the words on it, asked:

"Is your name Dorothy, my dear?"

"Yes," answered the child, looking up and drying her tears.

"Then you must go to the City of Emeralds. Perhaps Oz will help you."

"Where is this city?" asked Dorothy.

"It is exactly in the center of the country, and is ruled by Oz, the Great Wizard I told you of."

"Is he a good man?" inquired the girl, anxiously.

"He is a good Wizard. Whether he is a man or not I cannot tell, for I have never seen him."

"How can I get there?" asked Dorothy.

"You must walk. It is a long journey, through a country that is sometimes pleasant and sometimes dark and terrible. However, I will use all the magic arts I know of to keep you from harm."

"Won't you go with me?" pleaded the girl, who had begun to look upon the little old woman as her only friend.

"No, I cannot do that," she replied; "but I will give you my kiss, and no one will dare injure a person who has been kissed by the Witch of the North."

She came close to Dorothy and kissed her gently on the forehead. Where her lips touched the girl they left a round, shining mark, as Dorothy found out soon after.

"The road to the City of Emeralds is paved with yellow brick," said the Witch; "so you cannot miss it. When you get to Oz do not be afraid of him, but tell your story and ask him to help you. Good-by, my dear."

The three Munchkins bowed low to her and wished her a pleasant journey, after which they walked away through the trees. The Witch gave Dorothy a friendly little nod, whirled around on her left heel three times, and straightway disappeared, much to the surprise of little Toto, who barked after her loudly enough when she had gone, because he had been afraid even to growl while she stood by.

But Dorothy, knowing her to be a witch, had expected her to disappear in just that way, and was not surprised in the least.

## CHAP. III How Dorothy saved the Scarecrow

When Dorothy was left alone she began to feel hungry. So she went to the cupboard and cut herself some bread, which she spread with butter. She gave some to Toto, and taking a pail from the shelf she carried it down to the little brook and filled it with clear, sparkling water. Toto ran over to the trees and began to bark at the birds sitting there. Dorothy went to get him, and saw such delicious fruit hanging from the branches that she gathered some of it, finding it just what she wanted to help out her breakfast.

Then she went back to the house, and having helped herself and Toto to a good drink of the cool, clear water, she set about making ready for the journey to the City of Emeralds.

Dorothy had only one other dress, but that happened to be clean and was hanging on a peg beside her bed. It was gingham, with checks of white and blue; and although the blue was somewhat faded with many washings, it was still a pretty frock. The girl washed herself carefully, dressed herself in the clean gingham, and tied her pink sunbonnet on her head. She took a little basket and filled it with bread from the cupboard, laying a white cloth over the top. Then she looked down at her feet and noticed how old and worn her shoes were.

"They surely will never do for a long journey, Toto," she said. And Toto looked up into her face with his little black eyes and wagged his tail to show he knew what she meant.

At that moment Dorothy saw lying on the table the silver shoes that had belonged to the Witch of the East.

"I wonder if they will fit me," she said to Toto. "They would be just the thing to take a long walk in, for they could not wear out."

She took off her old leather shoes and tied on the silver ones, which fitted her as well as if they had been made for her.

Finally she picked up her basket. "Come along, Toto," she said, "we will go to the Emerald City and ask



Witch of the North.

the great Oz how to get back to Kansas again."

She closed the door, locked it, and put the key carefully in the pocket of her dress. And so, with Toto trotting along soberly behind her, she started on her journey.

There were several roads near by, but it did not take her long to find the one paved with yellow brick. Within a short time she was walking briskly toward the Emerald City, her silver shoes tinkling merrily on the hard, yellow roadbed. The sun shone bright and the birds sang sweet and Dorothy did not feel nearly as bad as you might think a little girl would who had been suddenly whisked away from her own country and set down in the midst of a strange land.

She was surprised as she walked along, to see how pretty the country

was about her. There were neat fences at the sides of the road, painted a dainty blue color, and beyond them were fields of grain and vegetables in abundance. Evidently the Munchkins were good farmers and able to raise large crops. Once in a while she would pass a house, and the people came out to look at her and bow low as she went by; for everyone knew she had been the means of destroying the wicked witch and setting them free from bondage. The houses of the Munchkins were odd looking dwellings, for each was round, with a big dome for a roof. All were painted blue, for in this country of the East blue was the favorite color.

Towards evening, when Dorothy was tired with her long walk and began to wonder where she should pass the night, she came to a house rather larger than the rest. On the green lawn before it many men and women were dancing. Five little fiddlers played as loudly as possible and the people were laughing and singing, while a big table near by was loaded with delicious fruits and nuts, pies and cakes, and many other good things to eat.

The people greeted Dorothy kindly, and invited her to supper and to pass the night with them; for this was the home of one of the richest Munchkins in the land, and his friends were gathered with him to celebrate their freedom from the bondage of the wicked witch.

Dorothy ate a hearty supper and was waited upon by the rich Munchkin himself, whose name was Boq. Then she sat down upon a settee and watched the people dance.

When Boq saw her silver shoes he said:

"You must be a great sorceress."

"Why?" asked the girl.

"Because you wear silver shoes and have killed the wicked witch. Besides, you have white in your frock, and only witches and sorceresses wear white."

"My dress is blue and white checked," said Dorothy, smoothing out the wrinkles in it.

"It is kind of you to wear that," said Boq. "Blue is the color of the Munchkins, and white is the witch color; so we know you are a friendly witch."

Dorothy did not know what to say to this, for all the people seemed to think her a witch, and she knew very well she was only an ordinary little girl who had come by the chance of a cyclone into a strange land.

When she had tired watching the dancing, Boq led her into the house, where he gave her a room with a



"We Know You Are a Friendly Witch."

pretty bed in it. The sheets were made of blue cloth, and Dorothy slept soundly in them till morning, with Toto curled up on the blue rug beside her.

She ate a hearty breakfast, and watched a wee Munchkin baby, who played with Toto and pulled his tail and crowded and laughed in a way that greatly amused Dorothy. Toto was a fine curiosity to all the people, for they had never seen a dog before.

"How far is it to the Emerald City?" the girl asked.

"I do not know," answered Boq, gravely. "for I have never been there. It is better for people to keep away from Oz, unless they have business with him. But it is a long way to the Emerald City, and it will take you many days. The country here is rich and pleasant, but you must pass through rough and dangerous places before you reach the end of your journey."

This worried Dorothy a little, but she knew that only the great Oz could help her get to Kansas again, so she bravely resolved not to turn back.

She bade her friends good-by, and again started along the road of yellow brick. When she had gone several miles she thought she would stop to rest, and so climbed to the top of the fence beside the road and sat down. There was a great cornfield beyond the fence, and not far away she saw a Scarecrow, placed high on a pole to keep the birds from the ripe corn.

Dorothy leaned her chin upon her hand and gazed thoughtfully at the Scarecrow. Its head was a small sack stuffed with straw, with eyes, nose and mouth painted on it to represent a face. An old, pointed blue hat, that had belonged to some Munchkin, was perched on this head, and the rest of the figure was a blue suit of clothes, worn and faded, which had also been stuffed with straw. On the feet were some old boots with blue tops, such as every man wore in this country, and the figure was raised above the stalks of corn by means of the pole stuck up its back.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## CORNER FOR THE JUNIORS

### ORIGIN OF THE STORE SIGNS

Barber Pole and Three Golden Balls of the Pawnbroker Have Been Used for Years.

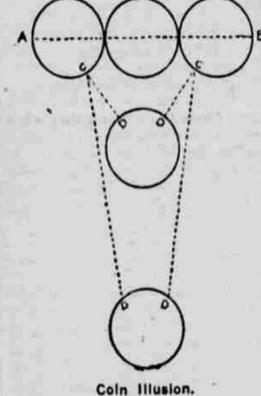
Two of the most common signs to be seen in our city streets are the barber's pole and the three golden balls of the pawnbroker. These have been in use so many years that their original meaning is, to many, quite unknown. It is said that the red stripe which winds around the barber pole is meant to represent a bandage bound about a human arm. For in early days the barber acted as a surgeon as well as a cutter of hair. He was able to fill this office because at that time it was the common belief that all illness was caused by having too much blood in the body. Consequently, it was thought, the best thing to do was to bleed the sick one. A barber was called, and he undertook the task of puncturing a blood vessel in the arm; then, after he thought sufficient blood had flowed, he would bandage the wound.

The three golden balls were used as a commercial sign by early Italian merchants who lived in the days when the powerful Medici family held sway in Florence. The three golden balls were a part of the crest of arms of the Medici family. There were some representatives of this family among the merchants. These used the sign above the doors of their shops, and it became a well-known emblem in the neighborhood of the city. Finally some of the Italian merchants found their way to England, and there opened the first money-lending establishments under the sign of the three balls. Later the use of the emblem became common to all money-lenders.

### NOVEL ILLUSION OF COINS

Excellent Pastime Can Be Demonstrated at the Dinner Table with Napkin Rings.

Place four coins in the positions shown at the top of this diagram, and



Coin Illusion.

attempt, or challenge some one to attempt, without measuring, to move the single coin down in a straight line until the spaces from C to D on either side exactly equal the distance from A to B.

It must drop as far as is shown in the illustration, which seems to the unaided eye to be too far.

This excellent illusion can be shown as an after dinner trick with four napkin rings.

How State Rooms Were Named. When they first had steamboats on the Mississippi river they had no sleeping rooms on board. Later a bright captain conceived the idea of having the rooms named for the states through which the boat passed. This proved such a success that travelers always made a rush for the rooms named for their own states and much consequent trouble arose. Finally the state names were discarded, but that was the beginning of the steamer. On some steamers to-day the name "Texas" clings to one room, but it is the room where the crew eat and travelers are not particularly interested in it.

### THE REASON.

By Ellen Mortimer.



In the top of the elm tree the oriole swings, And calls to his mate below; Oh, so lightly the breeze aways the bough as he sings. As if 't were afraid 'most to blow! There's a dear little nest closely hidden from sight That hangs from a bough near by; That's why Peter is singing with all his might From his place in the tree so high.

### BICYCLE RUNS COFFEE MILL

Illustration Showing Ingenious Man in which Kansas City Grocer Gets Power.

A Kansas City grocer has an ingenious arrangement by which he grinds coffee for his customers and gets healthy exercise at the same time. When considerable coffee is to be ground, he props his bicycle up as



Bicycle Furnishes Power.

shown in the illustration, connects its rear wheel by pulley to the coffee grinder, and stations a boy at the hopper to pour the coffee in, says Popular Mechanics. He then mounts the bicycle and begins to tread slowly, as if climbing a steep hill, then gradually increases his speed and bends low over the handle bars until the coffee mill is fairly humming.

### ALARM CLOCK CAUSES HAVOC

Creates Much Amusement for Passengers on Street Car by Sounding at Wrong Time.

There was once a nice lady who went down to the store and bought an alarm clock so that she could wake up early in the morning and her children wouldn't always be late to school. The man at the store was very polite, and he wound it up for her and set it off, and it made a most terrific racket. The lady said she'd never be able to sleep through that, so she bought it, and the man put it in a box and wrapped it up in paper.

The lady started for home and got into a car. The lady opposite her had a little fox terrier on her lap with a pink ribbon on his collar. He was sitting there just as quiet as a Teddy bear. Next to her was a lady with a little boy who was eating a little round cake. The fox terrier was watching his hand go up and down to his mouth, hoping there would be some left for him. That was why he was so good.

Suddenly the peace and quiet of the car was broken by a sound—a loud, insistent, penetrating sound. It came from the package the lady was holding. It was the alarm clock, which was going off as hard as it could. Then the little dog jumped to his feet and barked furiously at the package, and the little boy was so frightened that he dropped his cake, which rolled to the middle of the floor. Then like a flash the dog jumped from the lady's lap and gobbled up that cake in about three-quarters of a second, whereat the little boy wept long and loud. Meanwhile the clock kept on unwearily and all the people in the car turned round and stared, till the lady had to untie the strings and unwrap the parcel and turn off the alarm. The clock stopped ringing, the dog stopped barking, and the boy's mother gave him another cake, so everything was peaceful again.

### TO CARRY DYNAMITE SAFELY

Agent in Oregon Uses Method Illustrated to Deliver Explosives to Customers.

A dynamite agent in Salem, Ore., uses the method here illustrated in



Hauling Dynamite.

delivering the explosive to his customers, says Popular Mechanics. He finds the motorcycle and its attendant truck an easy and safe means of getting rapidly over the ground. It is hardly necessary to state, however, that he does not attempt to break speed records.

### Quakers' Meeting.

The players in this game kneel upon the ground on one knee and rest their hands upon the other knee, twiddling their thumbs all the time. The one at the head of the line asks the others: "Friends, did you hear of Brother Obadiah's death, and how he died?" The answer will be: "No, how did he die?" Then the leader says: "With one finger up, with one eye shut, and with one shoulder a-cry." As he speaks he must suit his actions to his words, and the company must follow suit. Should any one fail to do so they must pay a forfeit.

### Buttonhole Trick.

Pass a string (about two feet long, with the ends tied together) through a buttonhole of your coat. After hooking a thumb in each loop of the string hook the little fingers into the upper strings of the opposite hand. The string will look very complicated when the hands are drawn outward. To pull out the string loose the hold of the right thumb and left little finger and draw the hands apart smartly. Then the string will appear to have been pulled through your buttonhole.

### SPOILED.



Biggs—Waiter, this steak is too tough to cut. Take it back.  
Waiter—Sorry, sir, but I can't; you've bent it.

### BABY HORRIBLY BURNED.

By Boiling Grease—Skin All Came Off One Side of Face and Head—Thought Her Disfigured for Life.

Used Cuticura; No Scar Left.

"My baby was sitting beside the fender and we were preparing the breakfast when the frying-pan full of boiling grease was upset and it went all over one side of her face and head. Some one wiped the scald with a towel, pulling the entire skin off. We took her to a doctor. He tended her a week and gave me some stuff to put on. But it all festered and I thought the baby was disfigured for life. I used about three boxes of Cuticura Ointment and it was wonderful how it healed. In about five weeks it was better and there wasn't a mark to tell where the scald had been. Her skin is just like velvet. Mrs. Hare, 1, Henry St., South Shields, Durham, England, March 22, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Consumptives Need Not Leave Home. Consumption can be cured, or arrested, in any section of the United States, and the percentage of cures in the east and the west is nearly the same. Any physician, therefore, who sends a person to the southwest without sufficient funds, or in an advanced or dying stage of the disease, is guilty of cruelty to his patient. Renewed efforts are being made to stop this practice, and to encourage the building of small local hospitals in every city and town in the country. Attempts are also being made in Southern California and in Texas to exclude indigent consumptives or to send them back to the east.

### Not Ambiguous at All.

The donkey is—or has been—associated with party politics in other countries besides our own.

In one of England's elections a candidate for parliament, the late Lord Bath, called attention to himself by means of a donkey over whose back two panniers were slung, bearing a ribbon band on which was printed: "Vote for Papa."

It must be added, however, that in each pannier stood one of Lord Bath's daughters.—Youth's Companion.

### Safe Advice for Husbands.

Rev. Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., thus advises husbands about their wives: "Never attempt to check the flowing tide of her talk. Let her talk on while you possess your soul in peace. Remember that a woman needs many more safety valves and outlets for her temperament. Be patient with her."

### Strictly Businesslike.

He—American girls who marry foreign titles don't deserve any credit. She—They don't ask any; they pay cash.

### SENSE ABOUT FOOD

Facts About Food Worth Knowing.

It is a serious question sometimes to know just what to eat when a person's stomach is out of order and most foods cause trouble.

Grape-Nuts food can be taken at any time with the certainty that it will digest. Actual experience of people is valuable to anyone interested in foods. A Terre Haute woman writes: "I had suffered with indigestion for about four years, ever since an attack of typhoid fever, and at times could eat nothing but the very lightest food, and then suffer such agony with my stomach I would wish I never had to eat anything."

"I was urged to try Grape-Nuts and since using it I do not have to starve myself any more, but I can eat it at any time and feel nourished and satisfied, dyspepsia is a thing of the past and I am now strong and well."

"My husband also had an experience with Grape-Nuts. He was very weak and sickly in the spring. Could not attend to his work. He was under the doctor's care but medicine did not seem to do him any good until he began to leave off ordinary food and use Grape-Nuts. It was positively surprising to see the change in him. He grew better right off, and usually he had none but words of praise for Grape-Nuts."

"Our boy thinks he cannot eat a meal without Grape-Nuts, and he learns so fast at school that his teacher and other scholars comment on it. I am satisfied that it is because of the great nourishing elements in Grape-Nuts."

"There's a Reason."

It contains the phosphate of potash from wheat and barley which combine with albumen to make the gray matter to daily refill the brain and nerve centers.

It is a pity that people do not know what to feed their children. There are many mothers who give their youngsters almost any kind of food and when they become sick begin to pour the medicine down them. The real way is to stick to proper food and be healthy and get along without medicine and expense.

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