

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 East. Dorothy took the witch's silver shoes. She started for the Emerald City to find the Wizard of Oz, who, she was promised, might find a way to send her back to Kansas. Dorothy released a scarecrow, giving him life. He was desirous of acquiring brains and started with her to the wizard to get them. The scarecrow told his history. They met a tin woodman, who longed for a heart. He also joined them. They came upon a terrible lion.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Little Toto, now that he had an enemy to face, ran barking toward the lion, and the great beast had opened his mouth to bite the dog, when Dorothy, fearing Toto would be killed, and heedless of danger, rushed forward and slapped the lion upon his nose as hard as she could, while she cried out: "Don't you dare to bite Toto! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a big beast like you, to bite a poor little dog!"

"I didn't bite him," said the lion, as he rubbed his nose with his paw where Dorothy had hit it.

"No, but you tried to," she retorted. "You are nothing but a big coward."

"I know it," said the lion, hanging his head in shame; "I've always known it. But how can I help it?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. To think



The Cowardly Lion.

of your striking a stuffed man like the poor Scarecrow!"

"Is he stuffed?" asked the lion, in surprise, as he watched her pick up the Scarecrow and set him upon his feet, while she patted him into shape again.

"Of course he's stuffed," replied Dorothy, who was still angry.

"That's why he went over so easily," remarked the lion. "It astonished me to see him whirl around so. Is the other one stuffed, also?"

"No," said Dorothy, "he's made of tin." And she helped the woodman up again.

"That's why he nearly blunted my claws," said the lion. "When they scratched against the tin it made a cold shiver run down my back. What is that little animal you are so tender of?"

"He is my dog, Toto," answered Dorothy.

"Is he made of tin, or stuffed?" asked the lion.

"Neither. He's a—a—a meat dog," said the girl.

"Oh. He's a curious animal, and seems remarkably small, now that I look at him. No one would think of biting such a little thing except a coward like me," continued the lion, sadly.

"What makes you a coward?" asked Dorothy, looking at the great beast in wonder, for he was as big as a small horse.

"It's a mystery," replied the lion. "I suppose I was born that way. All the other animals in the forest naturally expect me to be brave, for the lion is everywhere thought to be the King of Beasts. I learned that if I roared very loudly every living thing was frightened and got out of my way. Whenever I've met a man I've been awfully scared; but I just roared at him, and he has always run away as fast as he could go. If the elephants and the tigers and the bears had ever tried to fight me, I should have run myself—I'm such a coward; but just

as soon as they hear me roar they all try to get away from me, and of course I let them go."

"But that isn't right. The King of Beasts shouldn't be a coward," said the Scarecrow.

"I know it," returned the lion, wiping a tear from his eye with the tip of his tail; "it is my great sorrow, and makes my life very unhappy. But whenever there is danger my heart begins to beat fast."

"Perhaps you have heart disease," said the Tin Woodman.

"It may be," said the lion.

"If you have," continued the Tin Woodman, "you ought to be glad, for it proves you have a heart. For my part, I have no heart; so I cannot have heart disease."

"Perhaps," said the lion, thoughtfully, "if I had no heart I should not be a coward."

"Have you brains?" asked the Scarecrow.

"I suppose so. I've never looked to see," replied the lion.

"I am going to the great Oz to ask him to give me some," remarked the Scarecrow, "for my head is stuffed with straw."

"And I am going to ask him to give me a heart," said the Woodman.

"And I am going to ask him to send Toto and me back to Kansas," added Dorothy.

"Do you think Oz could give me courage?" asked the Cowardly Lion.

"Just as easily as he could give me brains," said the Scarecrow.

"Or give me a heart," said the Tin Woodman.

"Or send me back to Kansas," said Dorothy.

"Then, if you don't mind, I'll go with you," said the lion, "for my life is simply unbearable without a bit of courage."

"You will be very welcome," answered Dorothy, "for you will help to keep away the other wild beasts. It seems to me they must be more cowardly than you are if they allow you to scare them so easily."

"They really are," said the lion; "but that doesn't make me any braver, and as long as I know myself to be a coward I shall be unhappy."

So once more the little company set off upon the journey, the lion walking with stately strides at Dorothy's side. Toto did not approve this new comrade at first, for he could not forget how nearly he had been crushed between the lion's great jaws; but after a time he became more at ease, and presently Toto and the Cowardly Lion had grown to be good friends.

During the rest of that day there was no other adventure to mar the peace of their journey. Once, indeed, the Tin Woodman stepped upon a beetle that was crawling along the road, and killed the poor little thing. This made the Tin Woodman very unhappy, for he was always careful not to hurt any living creature; and as he walked along he wept several tears of sorrow and regret. These tears ran slowly down his face and over the hinges of his jaw, and there they rusted. When Dorothy presently asked him a question the Tin Woodman could not open his mouth, for his jaws were tightly rusted together. He became greatly frightened at this and made many motions to Dorothy to relieve him, but she could not understand. The lion was also puzzled to know what was wrong. But the Scarecrow seized the oil-can from Dorothy's basket and oiled the woodman's jaws, so that after a few moments he could talk as well as before.

"This will serve me a lesson," said he, "to look where I step. For if I should kill another bug or beetle I should surely cry again, and crying rusts my jaw so that I cannot speak."

Thereafter he walked very carefully, with his eyes on the road, and when he saw a tiny ant toiling by he would step over it, so as not to harm it. The Tin Woodman knew very well he had no heart, and therefore he took great care never to be cruel or unkind to anything.

"You people with hearts," he said, "have something to guide you, and need never go wrong; but I have no heart, and so I must be very careful. When Oz gives me a heart of course I needn't mind so much."

CHAP. VII The Journey to The Great Oz

They were obliged to camp out that night under a large tree in the forest, for there were no houses near. The tree made a good, thick covering to protect them from dew, and the Tin Woodman chopped a great pile of wood with his ax and Dorothy built a

Swifter Than the Pigeon

Swallow Easily Outdistances Companions in Flight Between Compiegne and Antwerp.

A citizen of Antwerp has put to a test the celerity and homing instinct of the swallow—as compared with pigeons, a London correspondent of the New York Sun says. He caught a swallow in its nest under his roof at Antwerp, made a red mark on its feathers and sent the bird with a consignment of 250 carrier pigeons by train to Compiegne, in northern France, a distance of 147 miles.

The birds were released there simultaneously at 7:15 the next morning. The swallow without the slightest hesitation made for the north and dis-

splendid fire that warmed her and made her feel less lonely. She and Toto ate the last of their bread, and now she did not know what they would do for breakfast.

"If you wish," said the lion, "I will go into the forest and kill a deer for you. You can roast it by the fire, since your tastes are so peculiar that you prefer cooked food, and then you will have a very good breakfast."

"Don't! please don't," begged the Tin Woodman. "I should certainly weep if you killed a poor deer, and then my jaws would rust again."

But the lion went away into the forest and found his own supper, and no one ever knew what it was, for he didn't mention it. And the Scarecrow found a tree full of nuts and filled Dorothy's basket with them, so that she would not be hungry for a long time. She thought this was very kind and thoughtful of the Scarecrow, but she laughed heartily at the awkward way in which the poor creature picked up the nuts. His padded hands were so clumsy and the nuts were so small that he dropped almost as many as he put in the basket. But the Scarecrow did not mind how long it took him to fill the basket, for it enabled him to keep away from the fire, as he feared a spark might get into his straw and burn him up. So he kept a good distance away from the flames, and only came near to cover Dorothy with dry leaves when she lay down to sleep. These kept her very snug and warm and she slept soundly until morning.

When it was daylight the girl bathed her face in a little rippling brook and soon after they all started toward the Emerald City.

This was to be an eventful day for the travelers. They had hardly been walking an hour when they saw be-



"I Didn't Bite Him."

fore them a great ditch that crossed the road and divided the forest as far as they could see on either side. It was a very wide ditch, and when they crept up to the edge and looked into it they could see it was also very deep, and there were many big, jagged rocks at the bottom. The sides were so steep that none of them could climb down, and for a moment it seemed that their journey must end.

"What shall we do?" asked Dorothy, despairingly.

"I haven't the faintest idea," said the Tin Woodman; and the lion shook his shaggy mane and looked thoughtful. But the Scarecrow said: "We cannot fly, that is certain; neither can we climb down into this great ditch. Therefore, if we cannot jump over it, we must stop where we are."

"I think I could jump over it," said the Cowardly Lion, after measuring the distance carefully in his mind.

"Then we are all right," answered the Scarecrow, "for you can carry us all over on your back, one at a time."

"Well, I'll try it," said the lion. "Who will go first?"

"I will," declared the Scarecrow; "for, if you found that you could not jump over the gulf, Dorothy would be killed, or the Tin Woodman badly dented on the rocks below. But if I am on your back it will not matter so much, for the fall would not hurt me at all."

"I am terribly afraid of falling myself," said the Cowardly Lion, "but I suppose there is nothing to do but try it. So get on my back and we will make the attempt."

The Scarecrow sat upon the lion's back, and the big beast walked to the edge of the gulf and crouched down.

"Why don't you run and jump?" asked the Scarecrow.

"Because that isn't the way we lions do these things," he replied. Then giving a great spring, he shot through the air and landed safely on the other side. They were all greatly pleased to see how easily he did it, and after the Scarecrow had got down from his back the lion sprang across the ditch again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

More Daylight

It Affects Every Person in United States

By THURDE RAYLE BRUCE

IN MY TRAVELS I have read with great interest the many articles appearing in the different newspapers and other publications on the use of more daylight, and have been pleased to see that the press has not only been liberal in the space devoted to this subject but that the vast majority of the publications are favorable. However, quite a few fall into the common error of thinking that the same thing could be accomplished without complications by changing the hour of work and that the advocates of securing more daylight by changing the clocks during the summer time fool themselves.

They overlook the fact that suburban trains are run to-day in accordance with the present schedule of hours in the commercial world. Mail trains are regulated to a large extent along the same lines and the office force as a rule time their arrival with the first mail. Therefore if the hours of beginning the day's work were advanced an hour everything would be out of line. If it became an established custom to advance the hands of the clock May 1 one hour, allowing them to remain until October 1, when they would be changed back to the present standard of time, it would not be necessary for the railroads to change their time tables and all schedules would be kept by the clock, the same as to-day, and the change would be forgotten almost immediately. In the summer at least those sections of the country that were robbed of a good portion of an hour by the establishing of standard time would have this time restored and every one given an additional hour during the summer time to devote to rest or recreation, as they may elect.

It must not be overlooked that as this proposed reform contains no politics or religion and is not of profit it is everybody's business and therefore nobody's business. Yet it is unique, inasmuch as it injures no one and does not call for the expenditure of Uncle Sam's money. So every one should do what he can to aid it. It affects every man, woman and child in the United States and it is a subject worthy of strenuous activity on the part of politicians, the press and all who act for the good of humanity.

More-daylight associations should be formed in every section of the country, as it is only concerted action that changes which are not of profit can be brought about.



Modern Public Desires Popular Melodies

By EDWIN L. ARKINS

A writer speaks of the low nature of many vocal solos rendered during hands concerts and asks if we lack composers of more inspiring songs.

It is not so much the lack of composers as it is of the people who appreciate higher class songs. The modern public desires melodies of this nature; in fact, the majority would not understand any other. If the songs that were popular two score or more years ago were produced to-day they would, no doubt, be jeered at and ridiculed. Surely the admirers of most of the modern songs could not comprehend the beauty and uplifting character of such as "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," "Silver Threads Among the Gold" and "Mary of Argyle." In order to cater to the degraded tastes of the majority of the people of to-day the maudlin songs are composed.

Nevertheless, those who have charge of these concerts should give to the public a series of numbers that have nothing of the debasing character in them, but which will have an elevating influence on the minds of those who appreciate them, regardless of the likes and dislikes of the rabble.

What Is Use of Getting Married

By SIDNEY BELL

What is the use of getting married? asks a correspondent. I'll tell you. It is to have a happy, comfortable home. That statement looks selfish, too, doesn't it? But look farther. To have that kind of a home there must be love, and that takes unselfish regard for each other. To make a home comfortable it must be comfortable for your husband or wife. That takes more unselfishness on your part. Children are the greatest blessings that can come into a home. They take still more unselfishness. You must care for them, love them, watch over them, seek to make them happy, and teach them to love the home. They won't love home unless home is made attractive for them. Neither husband nor wife alone can make home happy and comfortable.

If you will try to make your home as happy and comfortable for the other inmates of it you will do a great deal toward making it happy and comfortable for yourself. Then if the others will do the same—and you must get them to—you will no longer ask "What is the use of getting married?"

Theory That Pain Is Essential

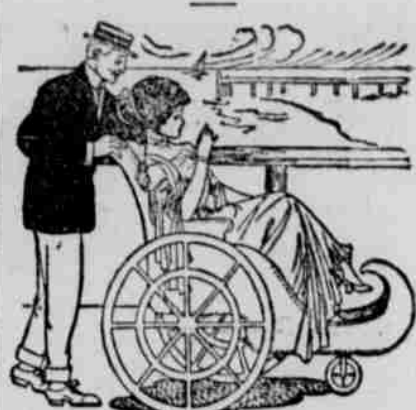
By AGNES CLARKE

Prof. Foster's theory that pain is essential and necessary for the higher development of the human being is not tenable.

There are isolated cases where great works have been accomplished by persons who were suffering mentally and physically, but the best work of the world has been done in the main by persons who were physically and mentally healthy and happy. It is not likely that troubles made the work of Washington or Lincoln more effective, and Poe probably sought the flowing bowl for the express purpose of obtaining that ecstatic mental condition which enabled him to produce what he sought to produce, rather than for the drowning of his sorrows.

A child that knows naught of grief or pain is about the happiest and best product of the planet, and the idea that such a life must be "tried in the crucible" to attain its highest measure is arrant nonsense.

SWEETLY PUT.



Myrtle—And you never tire of pushing my board walk chair?
Jerome—No, indeed. On the contrary, I feel like I am carrying everything before me.
Myrtle—Why, I am not everything.
Jerome—But you are everything to me.

HUMOR BURNED AND ITCHED.

Eczema on Hand, Arms, Legs and Face—It Was Something Terrible.

Complete Cure by Cuticura.

"About fifteen or eighteen years ago eczema developed on top of my hand. It burned and itched so much that I was compelled to show it to a doctor. He pronounced it ringworm. After trying his different remedies the disease increased and went up my arms and to my legs and finally on my face. The burning was something terrible. I went to another doctor who had the reputation of being the best in town. He told me it was eczema. His medicine checked the advance of the disease, but no further. I finally concluded to try the Cuticura Remedies and found relief in the first trial. I continued until I was completely cured from the disease, and I have not been troubled since. C. Burkhardt, 236 W. Market St., Chambersburg, Pa., Sept. 19, 1908."

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

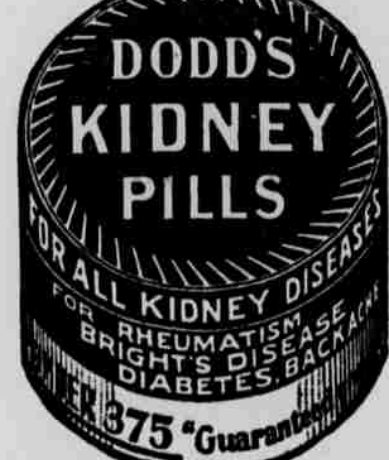
Mars the Next Field.

There are many who will part from the north pole with regret. All their lives it has seemed the one unconquerable salient of nature's fortress, the very synonym of the impossible goal of human endeavor. With the pole itself succumbing, the world is no longer the same, and everything seems within the realm of mortal achievement. We must now think of talking with Mars with more respect. The professor's mirrors may prove any day a reality.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Always use it to Break in new shoes. Sold by all Druggists. 25c. Trial package mailed Free. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, New York.

When a man is sick he has great trouble with his wife as to how much he should eat.



SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Biliary, Nausea, Dizziness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. *W. D. Wood* REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Townsite Opening

New town of TWO BUTTES, Colorado, will be opened October 22, 1908. Priority of selection determined by drawing. Town surrounded by 2500 acres of irrigated Cacey Act and State lands, besides vast area of best grazing land in Colorado. Ground floor opportunity for every kind retail mercantile business. Full information on application. THE TWO BUTTES IRRIGATION & RESERVOIR CO., Lamar, Colorado

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Falls to Bleeding Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp disease & hair falling. 25c. and 50c. at Druggists.

Associated with Thompson's Eye Water

A DOSE OF PISO'S CURE

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COLIC & COLDS is as safe as it is effective. Guaranteed to contain no opiates. It is very palatable too—children like it. All Druggists, 25 Cents