

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. The lion confessed he had no courage. He decided to accompany them to the Wizard of Oz to get some.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Dorothy thought she would go next; so she took Toto in her arms and climbed on the lion's back, holding tightly to his mane with one hand. The next moment it seemed as if she was flying through the air; and then, before she had time to think about it, she was safe on the other side. The lion went back a third time and got the tin woodman, and then they all sat down for a few moments to give the beast a chance to rest, for his great leaps had made his breath short, and he panted like a big dog that has been running too long.

They found the forest very thick on this side, and it looked dark and gloomy. After the lion had rested they started along the road of yellow brick, silently wondering, each in his own mind, if ever they would come to the end of the woods and reach the bright sunshine again. To add to their discomfort, they soon heard strange noises in the depths of the forest, and the lion whispered to them that it was in this part of the country that the Kallidabs lived.

"What are the Kallidabs?" asked the girl.

"They are monstrous beasts with bodies like bears and heads like tigers," replied the lion; "and with claws so long and sharp that they could tear me in two as easily as I could kill Toto. I'm terribly afraid of the Kallidabs."

"I'm not surprised that you are," returned Dorothy. "They must be dreadful beasts."

The lion was about to reply when suddenly they came to another gulf across the road; but this one was so broad and deep that the lion knew at once he could not leap across it.

So they sat down to consider what they should do, and after serious thought the Scarecrow said:

"Here is a great tree, standing close to the ditch. If the tin woodman can chop it down, so that it will fall to the other side, we can walk across it easily."

"That is a first-rate idea," said the lion. "One would almost suspect you had brains in your head, instead of straw."

The woodman set to work at once, and so sharp was his ax that the tree was soon chopped nearly through.



The Kallidabs.

Then the lion put his strong front legs against the tree and pushed with all his might, and slowly the big tree tipped and fell with a crash across the ditch, with its top branches on the other side.

They had just started to cross this queer bridge when a sharp growl made them look up, and to their horror they saw running toward them two great beasts with bodies like bears and heads like tigers.

"They are the Kallidabs!" said the

Cowardly Lion, beginning to tremble. "Quick!" cried the Scarecrow, "let us cross over."

So Dorothy went first, holding Toto in her arms; the tin woodman followed, and the Scarecrow came next. The lion, although he was certainly afraid, turned to face the Kallidabs, and then he gave so loud and terrible a roar that Dorothy screamed and the Scarecrow fell over backwards, while even the fierce beasts stopped short and looked at him in surprise.

But, seeing they were bigger than the lion, and remembering that there were two of them and only one of him, the Kallidabs again rushed forward, and the lion crossed over the tree and turned to see what they would do next. Without stopping an instant the fierce beasts also began to cross the tree, and the lion said to Dorothy:

"We are lost, for they will surely tear us to pieces with their sharp claws. But stand close behind me, and I will fight them as long as I am alive."

"Wait a minute!" called the Scarecrow. He had been thinking what was best to be done, and now he asked the woodman to chop away the end of the tree that rested on their side of the ditch. The tin woodman began to use his ax at once, and just as the two Kallidabs were nearly across, the tree fell with a crash into the gulf, carrying the ugly, snarling brutes with it, and both were dashed to pieces on the sharp rocks at the bottom.

"Well," said the Cowardly Lion, drawing a long breath of relief, "I see we are going to live a little while longer, and I am glad of it, for it must be a very uncomfortable thing not to be alive. Those creatures frightened me so badly that my heart is beating yet."

"Ah," said the tin woodman, sadly, "I wish I had a heart to beat."

This adventure made the travelers more anxious than ever to get out of the forest, and they walked so fast that Dorothy became tired, and had to ride on the lion's back. To their great joy the trees became thinner the further they advanced, and in the afternoon they suddenly came upon a broad river, flowing swiftly just before them. On the other side of the water they could see the road of yellow brick running through a beautiful country, with green meadows dotted with bright flowers and all the road bordered with trees hanging full of delicious fruits. They were greatly pleased to see this delightful country before them.

"How shall we cross the river?" asked Dorothy.

"That is easily done," replied the Scarecrow. "The tin woodman must build us a raft, so we can float to the other side."

So the woodman took his ax and began to chop down small trees to make a raft, and while he was busy at this the Scarecrow found on the river bank a tree full of fine fruit. This pleased Dorothy, who had eaten nothing but nuts all day, and she made a hearty meal of the ripe fruit.

But it takes time to make a raft, even when one is as industrious and untiring as the tin woodman, and when night came the work was not done. So they found a cozy place under the trees where they slept well until the morning; and Dorothy dreamed of the Emerald City, and of the good Wizard Oz, who would soon send her back to her own home again.



CHAPTER VIII The Deadly Poppy Field

Our little party of travelers awakened the next morning refreshed and full of hope, and Dorothy breakfasted off peaches and plums from the trees beside the river. Behind them was the dark forest they had passed safely through, although they had suffered many discouragements; but before them was a lovely, sunny country that seemed to beckon them on to the Emerald City.

To be sure, the broad river now cut them off from this beautiful land; but the raft was nearly done, and after the tin woodman had cut a few more logs and fastened them together with wooden pins, they were ready to start. Dorothy sat down in the middle of the raft and held Toto in her arms. When the Cowardly Lion, stepped upon the raft it tipped badly, for he was big and heavy; but the Scarecrow and the tin woodman stood upon the other end to steady it, and

they had long poles in their hands to push the raft through the water.

They got along quite well at first, but when they reached the middle of the river the swift current swept the raft down stream, farther and farther away from the road of yellow brick; and the water grew so deep that the long poles would not touch the bottom.

"This is bad," said the tin woodman, "for if we cannot get to the land we shall be carried into the country of the wicked Witch of the West, and she will enchant us and make us her slaves."

"And then I should get no brains," said the Scarecrow.

"And I should get no courage," said the Cowardly Lion.

"And I should get no heart," said the tin woodman.

"And I should never get back to Kansas," said Dorothy.

"We must certainly get to the Emerald City if we can," the Scarecrow continued, and he pushed so hard on his long pole that it stuck fast in the mud at the bottom of the river, and before he could pull it out again, or let go, the raft was swept away and the poor Scarecrow left clinging to the pole in the middle of the river.

"Good-by!" he called after them, and they were very sorry to leave him; indeed, the tin woodman began



It Seemed as if She Was Flying Through the Air.

to cry, but fortunately remembered that he might rust, and so dried his tears on Dorothy's apron.

Of course this was a bad thing for the Scarecrow.

"I am now worse off than when I first met Dorothy," he thought. "Then I was stuck on a pole in a cornfield, where I could make believe scare the crows, at any rate; but surely there is no use for a Scarecrow stuck on a pole in the middle of a river. I am afraid I shall never have any brains, after all!"

Down the stream the raft floated, and the poor Scarecrow was left far behind. Then the lion said:

"Something must be done to save us. I think I can swim to the shore and pull the raft after me, if you will only hold fast to the tip of my tail."

So he sprang into the water and the tin woodman caught fast hold of his tail, when the lion began to swim with all his might toward the shore. It was hard work, although he was so big; but by and by they were drawn out of the current, and then Dorothy took the tin woodman's long pole and helped push the raft to the land.

They were all tired out when they reached the shore at last and stepped off upon the pretty green grass, and they also knew that the stream had carried them a long way past the road of yellow brick that led to the Emerald City.

"What shall we do now?" asked the tin woodman, as the lion lay down on the grass to let the sun dry him.

"We must get back to the road, in some way," said Dorothy.

"The best plan will be to walk along the river bank until we come to the road again," remarked the lion.

So, when they were rested, Dorothy picked up her basket and they started along the grassy bank, back to the road from which the river had carried them. It was a lovely country, with plenty of flowers and fruit trees and sunshine to cheer them, and had they not felt so sorry for the poor Scarecrow they could have been very happy.

They walked along as fast as they could, Dorothy only stopping once to pick a beautiful flower; and after a time the tin woodman cried out:

"Look!"

Then they all looked at the river and saw the Scarecrow perched upon his pole in the middle of the water, looking very lonely and sad.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Employing Hands and Brain

Edgar Allan Poe's Humorous Idea for Saving of Time in Literary Labor.

Many traditions and stories of Edgar Allan Poe are still current at the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, where he was a student, says James Bernard Lyon in the Home Magazine.

Poe was very proud of his penmanship. One day, so the story goes, a friend entered the room to find Poe writing busily with both hands.

"What are you doing?" asked the friend.

"Writing with both hands," said Poe.

"Both hands?" exclaimed the friend. "But how on earth can you make any progress in that way?"

"Easy enough. It is a theory of mine that it is a waste of time not to

be able to use both hands at the same time. Both hands and brain can be trained, with care and attention, so that each hand may do its full share of work—each hand being employed on a separate task. It is not really an affair of the hands at all, in the last analysis, but an affair of the intellect. I am training my hands and brain now so that I can do twice as much work as the ordinary person in a given period of time. At the present moment I am writing a poem with my right hand; one that I confidently believe will startle the world. And with my left hand I am blocking out a wonderful story; a story which should capture thousands of readers.

"It will only be a short time before I will be able to take my examinations in this manner and dispose of two subjects simultaneously. It will save time and will give hands and brain their full duty."

"Easy Going"

Keep Clear Tracks Behind You

By JOHN A. HOWLAND

HERE is a type of man, old and young, who temperamentally is of the "easy-going" disposition. He may show the characteristic through laziness, mentally and physically, or because of an inherent good nature. He may yawn to himself and ask, "O, what's the use?" or he may, out of his sunny disposition and dislike of trouble, shoulder responsibilities and blame that are not his and try to preserve his innate good nature in the face of his unjust loads of censure.

But how much of this "easy-going disposition" in either type of man is a virtue? How much of it, in reality, represents a form of cowardice? How much of it in the aggregate of life and living is a bald, flagrant vice?

In my observations the only true course for the man of honest work and purpose is to keep clear tracks behind him. Walking in the open, he can have no cause for devious, tangled footprints marking his progress. There is no selfish reason within him prompting him to threaten against "snitching." Why should he enter into the offensive and defensive alliance out of which these false ethics, discounting truth, have sprung? To do so is to compromise with all that wars upon the right. As a man may be better for concession to the weakling, calling for his sympathy, so he is the worse for compounding with the dishonest one who would shoulder shortcomings anywhere that they might be unloaded safely to himself.

That individual, or that opinion to which the shirking one would put up the false front of virtue at the expense of another, must be an individual or an opinion vested with a certain right of inquiry. "Why did you do this?" This is the question which the dishonest one would shift to another for answer. To the one who assumes the obligation of an answer, directly or indirectly, the charge of false posturing must apply. And of greater significance is the fact that with this false assumption of false obligations on the part of another, the disposition of the dishonest one is to presume more upon his victim's weakness. The conscientious, easy-going one becomes the tool of the designing man.

"That was not Jones' fault," volunteered the honest Smith in the face of inquiry; "the blame of it rests on me."

Shall one wonder that both Smith and Jones are the better for the situation which calls for such a speech?

Or that Jones and Smith mutually would be the worse if out of such a situation Smith had retained a coward silence?



About Pulse in Human Being

By WELLS ANDREWS, M. D.

Each contraction of the heart, by throwing the contents of the left portion of the heart into the large artery called the aorta, causes a sudden change in the fullness of the systemic arteries, which is manifested by dilation of these vessels. When the finger is placed upon an artery, such as the radial at the wrist, slight compression by the finger enables us to detect an increased hardness in the vessel at each heart contraction. It is this increase of hardness which constitutes the pulse.

The amount of pressure required to flatten the artery completely indicates in a rough-and-ready way its fullness and is best estimated by compressing the vessel with the index finger, while the middle and ring fingers, placed farther from the heart, check off the pressure required to stop the blood flow.

The frequency of the pulse depends on the rate of the heart's contractions. This rate varies with age, position, sex and a number of physical influences. In the newly born infant the heart and pulse beat from 130 to 140 times a minute. The rate gradually falls, and after the sixth year it is usually below 100, and a further decrease of 30 beats a minute gradually occurs before the rate of manhood, 70 to 75, is reached.

When one is standing on his feet the pulse beats about 10 a minute in the male and seven in the female oftener than when one is sitting, and some five more over the rate of the recumbent position.

Movement and exertion of all kinds quicken the pulse and mental emotion or excitement in nervous persons runs up the rate very high. A hearty meal increases the fullness and frequency of the pulse, and so does the use of stimulants in health, though in acute diseases the reduction of the pulse rate is often the test of their beneficial action.

The pulse is less frequent during the night and during sleep. It rises in frequency during the early hours of the day.

Late Hours for Young Girls

By ELIZABETH McCULLEN

A young girl, writing to me for advice, asks how late she may with propriety stay out in the evening when accompanied by a male escort. I am afraid she will think me over-strict when I say that I think a young girl who has simply gone for a walk or a trolley ride with a young man should be in her home before half past ten.

Of course I realize that if she is attending a little party or has gone to the theater, to return at the hour I mention would be impossible. But in all cases a girl should be able to reach her own home by midnight.

After-the-theater suppers are bad for the health and the night restaurants were never made for modest, sweet young girls. If the girl's mother or father plans to wait up for the return from the theater, why not make a plate of sandwiches and have a pitcher of milk or lemonade ready for a little midnight feast at home? With the chaperonage of a girl's mother or father it would be quite proper for her escort to join the family circle for half or three-quarters of an hour.

When young men are calling upon a young girl in her home in the evening they should leave before half past ten. The rule should be distinctly understood and a girl should not hesitate to remind delicately any young man who is transgressing it.

THE DIAGNOSIS



"Anything really serious with my eye, Doc?"
"No, no—simply a pig-sty."

Feeding Farm Hands.

Every farmer's wife knows what tremendous appetites farm hands usually have; and while they eat well they work well, too.

Here's a good suggestion about feeding farm hands. Give them plenty of Quaker Oats. A big dish of Quaker Oats porridge with sugar and cream or milk is the greatest breakfast in the world for a man who needs vigor and strength for a long day's work. The man that eats Quaker Oats plentifully and often is the man who does good work without excessive fatigue. There is a sustaining quality in Quaker Oats not found in other foods, and for economy it is at the head of the list. Besides the regular size packages Quaker Oats is packed in large size family packages, with and without china.

And He Suffered.

Little Willie, suffering from an attack of toothache, had paid his first visit to the dentist, accompanied by his mother. Father, on his return from the office that evening, was naturally much interested.

"Didn't it hurt?" asked Father.

"Sure, it hurt," replied Willie.

"Weren't you scared when the dentist put you in that big chair and started all those zizz-zizz-zizz things?"

"Oh, not so much."

"That was a brave boy. But, surely, you suffered?"

"Of course I suffered. But I just kept repeating over and over the golden text we had in Sunday school last Sunday."

"The golden text? What was it?"

"Why, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,'" replied Willie, glibly. "I kept saying that over and over to myself, and the first thing I knew it didn't hurt any more."

Poker Finance.

Mose Cooney (a winner)—Guess I'll cash in, boys.

Abe Mokeby (also to the good)—Guess I'll do de same.

Jefferson Yallery—Me too!

Bill Bingy (the banker, a big loser)—Well, I guess yo' each done got an udder guess a-comin', gentlemen!

Owin' to dis heah attempted an' u-called-for run on de bank, de instertion am now suspended an' won't resume operations till de panicky feelin' hab fully subsided an' de foolish depositahs continues doin' business as fohmahly. And it's youah deal, Mose Cooney!—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

On a Time Limitation.

In spite of the reputation for latitudinarianism he gained from his early trial for heresy, the late Prof. Jowett of Oxford was intolerant of pretentiousness and shallow conceit. One self-satisfied undergraduate met the master one day. "Master," he said, "I have searched everywhere in all philosophies, ancient and modern, and nowhere do I find the evidence of a God." "Mr. —," replied the master, after a shorter pause than usual, "if you don't find a God by five o'clock this afternoon you must leave this college."

A Work of Supererogation.

Henry dislikes being bathed and argues with his mother over every square inch of his four-year-old anatomy.

One night, when his patience was especially tried by what he considered wholly unnecessary work, he exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, couldn't you skip my stomach? Nobody ever sees my stomach!"—Judge's Library.

CHILDREN SHOWED IT

Effect of Their Warm Drink in the Morning.

A year ago I was a wreck from coffee drinking and was on the point of giving up my position in the school room because of nervousness.

"I was telling a friend about it and she said, 'We drink nothing at meal time but Postum, and it is such a comfort to have something we can enjoy drinking with the children.'"

"I was astonished that she would allow the children to drink any kind of coffee, but she said Postum was the most healthful drink in the world for children as well as for older ones, and that the condition of both the children and adults showed that to be a fact."

"My first trial was a failure. The cook boiled it four or five minutes and it tasted so flat that I was in despair but determined to give it one more trial. This time we followed the directions and boiled it fifteen minutes after the boiling began. It was a decided success and I was completely won by its rich delicious flavour. In a short time I noticed a decided improvement in my condition and kept growing better month after month, until now I am perfectly healthy, and do my work in the school room with ease and pleasure. I would not return to the nerve-destroying regular coffee for any money."

Read the famous little "Health Classic," "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "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.