

SERIAL STORY

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. The scarecrow in pushing the raft became impaled upon his pole in the middle of the river. The scarecrow was rescued by a friendly stork. They entered a poppy field, which caused Dorothy to fall asleep. The scarecrow and tin woodman rescued her and her dog from the deadly flowers. The lion fell asleep and being too heavy to lift, was left. On the search for the road of yellow brick which led to the Emerald City they met a wild cat and field mice. The woodman killed the wild cat. The queen woman became friendly.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

At this the Queen of the Mice stuck her head out from a clump of grass and asked, in a timid voice:

"Are you sure he will not bite us?"

"I will not let him," said the Woodman; "so do not be afraid."

One by one the mice came creeping back, and Toto did not bark again, although he tried to get out of the Woodman's arms, and would have bitten him had he not known very well he was made of tin. Finally one of the biggest mice spoke:

"Is there anything we can do," it asked, "to repay you for saving the life of our Queen?"

"Nothing that I know of," answered the Woodman; but the Scarecrow, who had been trying to think, but could not because his head was stuffed with straw, said, quickly:

"Oh, yes; you can save our friend, the Cowardly Lion, who is asleep in the poppy bed."

"A lion!" cried the little Queen; "why, he would eat us all up."

"Oh, no," declared the Scarecrow; "this lion is a coward."

"Really?" asked the Mouse.

"He says so himself," answered the Scarecrow, "and he would never hurt any one who is our friend. If you will help us to save him I promise that he shall treat you all with kindness."

"Very well," said the Queen, "we will trust you. But what shall we do?"

"Are there many of these mice which call you Queen and are willing to obey you?"

"Oh, yes; there are thousands," she replied.

"Then send for them all to come here as soon as possible, and let each one bring a long piece of string."

The Queen turned to the mice that attended her and told them to go at once and get all her people. As soon as they heard her orders they ran away in every direction as fast as possible.

"Now," said the Scarecrow to the Tin Woodman, "you must go to those

and looked at them as if they would like to ask questions; but no one came near them nor spoke to them because of the great Lion, of which they were much afraid. The people were all dressed in clothing of a lovely emerald green color and wore peaked hats like those of the Munchkins.

"This must be the Land of Oz," said Dorothy, "and we are surely getting near the Emerald City."

"Yes," answered the Scarecrow; "everything is green here, while in the country of the Munchkins blue was the favorite color. But the people do not seem to be as friendly as the Munchkins and I'm afraid we shall be unable to find a place to pass the night."

"I should like something to eat besides fruit," said the girl, "and I'm sure Toto is nearly starved. Let us stop at the next house and talk to the people."

So, when they came to a good sized farmhouse, Dorothy walked boldly up to the door and knocked. A woman opened it just far enough to look out, and said:

"What do you want, child, and why is that great Lion with you?"

"We wish to pass the night with you, if you will allow us," answered Dorothy; "and the Lion is my friend and comrade, and would not hurt you for the world."

"Is he tame?" asked the woman, opening the door a little wider.

"Oh, yes," said the girl, "and he is a great coward, too; so that he will be more afraid of you than you are of him."

"Well," said the woman, after thinking it over and taking another peep at the Lion, "if that is the case you may come in, and I will give you some supper and a place to sleep."

So they all entered the house, where there were, besides the woman, two children and a man. The man had hurt his leg, and was lying on the couch in a corner. They seemed greatly surprised to see so strange a company, and while the woman was busy laying the table the man asked:

"Where are you all going?"

"To the Emerald City," said Dorothy, "to see the Great Oz."

"Oh, indeed?" exclaimed the man. "Are you sure that Oz will see you?"

"Why not?" she replied.

"Why, it is said that he never lets any one come into his presence. I have been to the Emerald City many times, and it is a beautiful and wonderful place; but I have never been permitted to see the Great Oz, nor do I know of any living person who has seen him."

"Does he never go out?" asked the Scarecrow.

"Never. He sits day after day in the great throne room of his palace, and even those who wait upon him do not see him face to face."

"What is he like?" asked the girl.

"That is hard to tell," said the man, thoughtfully. "You see, Oz is a great Wizard, and can take on any form he wishes. So that some say he looks like a bird; and some say he looks like an elephant; and some say he looks like a cat. To others he appears as a beautiful fairy, or a brownie, or in any other form that pleases him. But who the real Oz is, when he is in his own form, no living person can tell."

"That is very strange," said Dorothy; "but we must try, in some way, to see him, or we shall have made our journey for nothing."

"Why do you wish to see the terrible Oz?" asked the man.

"I want him to give me some brains," said the Scarecrow, eagerly.

"Oh, Oz could do that easily enough," declared the man. "He has more brains than he needs."

"And I want him to give me a heart," said the Tin Woodman.

"That will not trouble him," continued the man, "for Oz has a large collection of hearts, of all sizes and shapes."

"And I want him to give me courage," said the Cowardly Lion.

"Oz keeps a great pot of courage in his throne room," said the man, "which he has covered with a golden plate, to keep it from running over. He will be glad to give you some."

"And I want him to send me back to Kansas," said Dorothy.

"Where is Kansas?" asked the man, in surprise.

"I don't know," replied Dorothy, sorrowfully; "but it is my home, and I'm sure it's somewhere."

"Very likely. Well, Oz can do anything; so I suppose he will find Kansas for you. But first you must get to see him, and that will be a hard task; for the great Wizard does not like to see any one, and he usually has his own way. But what do you want?" he continued, speaking to Toto. Toto only wagged his tail; for, strange to say, he could not talk.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

sleep and opened her eyes. She was greatly astonished to find herself lying upon the grass, with thousands of mice standing around and looking at her timidly. But the Scarecrow told her about everything, and turning to the dignified little Mouse, he said:

"Permit me to introduce to you her majesty, the Queen."

Dorothy nodded gravely and the Queen made a courtesy, after which she became quite friendly with the little girl.

The Scarecrow and the Woodman now began to fasten the mice to the truck, using the strings they had brought. One end of a string was tied around the neck of each mouse and the other end to the truck. Of course the truck was a thousand times bigger than any of the mice who were to draw it; but when all the mice had been harnessed they were able to pull it quite easily. Even the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman could sit on it, and were drawn swiftly by their queer little horses to the place where the Lion lay asleep.

After a great deal of hard work, for the Lion was heavy, they managed to get him up on the truck. Then the Queen hurriedly gave her people the order to start, for she feared if the mice stayed among the poppies too long they would fall asleep.

At first the little creatures, many though they were, could hardly stir the heavily loaded truck; but the Woodman and the Scarecrow both pushed from behind, and they got along better. Soon they rolled the Lion out of the poppy bed to the green fields, where he could breathe the sweet, fresh air again, instead of the poisonous scent of the flowers.

Dorothy came to meet them and thanked the little mice warmly for saving her companion from death. She had grown so fond of the big Lion she was glad he had been rescued.

Then the mice were unharnessed from the truck and scampered away through the grass to their homes. The Queen of the Mice was the last to leave.

"If ever you need us again," she said, "come out into the field and call, and we shall hear you and come to your assistance. Good-by!"

"Good-by!" they all answered, and away the Queen ran, while Dorothy held Toto tightly lest he should run after her and frighten her.

After this they sat down beside the Lion until he should awaken; and the Scarecrow brought Dorothy some fruit from a tree near by, which she ate for her dinner.

CHAPTER X The Guardian of the Gate

It was some time before the Cowardly Lion awakened, for he had lain among the poppies a long while, breathing in their deadly fragrance; but when he did open his eyes and roll off the truck he was very glad to find himself still alive.

"I ran as fast as I could," he said, sitting down and yawning; "but the flowers were too strong for me. How did you get me out?"

Then they told him of the field-mice, and how they had generously saved him from death; and the Cowardly Lion laughed, and said:

"I have always thought myself very big and terrible; yet such small things as flowers came near to killing me, and such small animals as mice have saved my life. How strange it all is! But, comrades, what shall we do now?"

"We must journey on until we find the road of yellow brick again," said Dorothy; "and then we can keep on to the Emerald City."

So, the Lion being fully refreshed, and feeling quite himself again, they all started upon the journey, greatly enjoying the walk through the soft, fresh grass; and it was not long before they reached the road of yellow brick and turned again toward the Emerald City where the great Oz dwelt.

The road was smooth and well paved, now, and the country about was beautiful; so that the travelers rejoiced in leaving the forest far behind, and with it the many dangers they had met in its gloomy shades. Once more they could see fences built beside the road; but these were painted green, and when they came to a small house, in which a farmer evidently lived, that also was painted green. They passed by several of these houses during the afternoon, and sometimes people came to the doors

and looked at them as if they would like to ask questions; but no one came near them nor spoke to them because of the great Lion, of which they were much afraid. The people were all dressed in clothing of a lovely emerald green color and wore peaked hats like those of the Munchkins.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

As His Mistress Had Done

Chinese Cook, Like All His Race, Capable Only of Imitating the Acts of Others.

"Chinese need to be taught to be more self-reliant," said the woman who employs a Chinese cook. "The other day I ordered my cook to make a pudding for dinner, stopping a minute to see if he followed my instructions, for I had taught him to make this particular pudding. He had seen me smell the eggs before putting them into a bowl and he began by putting the first egg to his nose. He seemed on the right road, so I left the kitchen for a minute. Returning I discovered that he had used five eggs instead of three as I had taught him. Taking him to task for not following my instructions he answered 'Yes, three here (pointing to the bowl) two here (indicating where he had thrown the others). Same as you.'

"It dawned on me that when I had

taught him to make the pudding I had found the second and third eggs that I had broken to be bad and had thrown both away. He had simply done what he had seen me do—after smelling the second and third egg he had thrown them away."

Earthquake Fears.

Mankind are strangely inconsistent in the matter of running risks. There is no danger that appalls the imagination more than the danger of earthquake, and yet those parts of the world that are most subject to earthquakes seem never to have been therefore shunned by human beings. An earthquake is an "act of God," and men are clearly helpless against it. Like death, no one knows when it may come; but, unlike death, it may never come to all, and therefore men fear it less than death.—London Times.

WAS IN NO HURRY TO LEAVE

Prisoner Put Coming Gastronomic Joy Ahead of a Brief Period of Liberty.

A colored man from Georgia had lived in Washington but a few years when he was arrested for some slight violation of the city ordinances. Upon hearing that the negro was in jail, the secretary of the colored Y. M. C. A. secured the services of a minister to go with him and sign the prisoner's bail bond. They reached the jail shortly before noon, and told the negro the object of their visit. In response to the proffered kindness he said:

"Mistah Johnson, I sho is glad you-all is gwine to git me out, but I wants you-all to fix it so I can't git out till late dis evenin'."

Of course the two Samaritans were somewhat taken aback by this unusual request. But a moment later they lost their breath when, in answer to the secretary's question, the Georgia negro replied in a whisper:

"Well, sah, dey's cookin' dinnah ready, an' dey's cookin' greens; an' I sho would like to git some o' dem greens befo' I leaves dis place!"—Lippincott's.

BACKACHE IS KIDNEYACHE.

Usually There Are Other Troubles to Prove It.

Pain in the back is pain in the kidneys, in most cases, and it points to the need of a special remedy to remove and cure the congestion or inflammation of the kidneys that is interfering with their work and causing that pain that makes you say:

"Oh, my back."

Thompson Watkins, professional nurse, 420 N. 23rd St., Parsons, Kan., says: "For some time I was annoyed with sharp twinges across the small of my back and irregular passages of the kidney secretions. Since using Doan's Kidney Pills, I am free from these troubles."

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

How She Knew. The cartoonist's wife was talking to a friend.

"I just know Fred didn't want to work at the office last night," she said.

"Why, how do you know?" was asked.

"Because in his sleep he said: 'Well, I'll stay, but I don't want to draw.'"

Lippincott's Magazine.

Is Poor Consolation.

"Yes, it must be a terrible thing to go through life without your limb. But you must remember it will be restored to you in the next world."

"I know it will, mum, but dat don't encourage me, for it was cut off when I was a baby, an' it won't come w'fen in a couple of foot of de ground w'en it's restored."

The angels are always waiting to open the windows of heaven over the head of the man who will bring the last tith into the storehouse.

I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent even when he is in the right.—Cato.

Tell the Dealer you want a Lewis' Single Binder cigar for its rich, mellow quality.

Live up to the Bible you know, and your Bible will grow.

THE SOURCE OF TROUBLE

must be reached before it can be cured. Allen's Lung Balm goes to the root of your cough, and cures it. Harmless and sure. At all druggists.

We live truly for ourselves only when we live for others.—Seneca.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Money talks, but it often fails to tell the truth.

Aids Nature

The great success of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in curing weak stomachs, wasted bodies, weak lungs, and obstinate and lingering coughs, is based on the recognition of the fundamental truth that "Golden Medical Discovery" supplies Nature with body-building, tissue-repairing, muscle-making materials, in condensed and concentrated form. With this help Nature supplies the necessary strength to the stomach to digest food, build up the body and thereby throw off lingering obstinate coughs. The "Discovery" re-establishes the digestive and nutritive organs in sound health, purifies and enriches the blood, and nourishes the nerves—in short establishes sound vigorous health.

If your dealer offers something "just as good," it is probably better FOR HIM—it pays better. But you are thinking of the cure not the profit, so there's nothing "just as good" for you. Say so.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in Plain English; or, Medicine Simplified, 1008 pages, over 700 illustrations, newly revised up-to-date Edition, paper-bound, sent for 21 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of mailing only. Cloth-bound, 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

The highest medical authority on foods, Sir James Crichton Browne, LL. D.—F. R. S. of London, gives the best reasons for eating more Quaker Oats

In an article published in the Youth's Companion of September 23rd, 1909, Dr. Browne, the great medical authority on foods, says, about brain and muscle building—

"There is one kind of food that seems to me of marked value as a food to the brain and to the whole body throughout childhood and adolescence (youth), and that is oatmeal.

"Oats are the most nutritious of all the cereals, being richer in fats, organic phosphorus and lecithins."

He says oatmeal is gaining ground with the well-to-do of Great Britain. He speaks of it as the mainstay of the Scottish laborer's diet and says it pro-

duces a big-boned, well-developed, mentally energetic race.

His experiments prove that good oatmeal such as Quaker Oats not only furnishes the best food for the human being, but eating it strengthens and enlarges the thyroid gland—this gland is intimately connected with the nourishing processes of the body.

In conclusion he says—"It seems probable therefore that the bulk and brawniness of the Northerners (meaning the Scotch) has been in some measure due to the stimulation of the thyroid gland by oatmeal porridge in childhood."

The Scotch eat Quaker Oats because it is the best of all oatmeals.

THE CLEVER GIRL.



"When my little boy was two and a half months old he broke out on both cheeks with eczema. It was the itchy, watery kind and we had to keep his little hands wrapped up all the time, and if he would happen to get them uncovered he would claw his face till the blood streamed down on his clothing. We called in a physician at once, but he gave an ointment which was so severe that my babe would scream when it was put on. We changed doctors and medicine until we had spent fifty dollars or more and baby was getting worse. I was so worn out watching and caring for him night and day that I almost felt sure the disease was incurable. But finally reading of the good results of the Cuticura Remedies, I determined to try them. I can truthfully say I was more than surprised, for I bought only a dollar and a half's worth of the Cuticura Remedies (Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills), and they did more good than all my doctors' medicines I had tried, and in fact entirely cured him. His face is perfectly clear of the least spot or scar of anything. Mrs. W. M. Comer, Burnt Cabins, Pa., Sept. 15, 1908."

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

Dorothy and the Stork.

When little Dorothy Walsworth was introduced to her baby brother in the First Methodist Episcopal Parsonage in Yonkers, N. Y., she manifested intense interest, but was not astonished.

"I knew he was coming," she exclaimed; "I knew it."

Pressed for an explanation, the five-year-old said: "I was down to the Bronx zoo the other day and saw the stork in his cage. I recognized him by the black stripes on his wings that papa said were there. Well, when the stork was standing alone on one leg, I went close to him and whispered in his ear that I wanted him to bring me a baby brother or sister. He didn't say anything, but I knew he would do it, because he bent his head toward me and winked an eye."

A One-Part Melodrama.

"But you can't have a big scene with only one person in it."

"Sure I can," said the star. "After a struggle with myself I throw myself over the bridge."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Not to Be Envid.

"After all, a rich man only has three meals a day."

"And no time to eat 'em."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

In case of pain on the lungs Hamlin's Wizard Oil acts like a mustard plaster, except that it is more effective and is so much nicer and cleaner to use.

A girl never feels more important than when she is getting married, and a man never looks more inconspicuous.

"THE SOURCE OF TROUBLE must be reached before it can be cured. Allen's Lung Balm goes to the root of your cough, and cures it. Harmless and sure. At all druggists."

We live truly for ourselves only when we live for others.—Seneca.

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Money talks, but it often fails to tell the truth.

DEFIANCE STARCH

16 ounces to the package—other starches only 12 ounces per package. "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.

PATENTS

Watson F. Coleman, Wash. D. C. Inventor. U. S. Patent No. 1,100,000. Best results.

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