

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 a mouse. The woodman killed the wild cat. The queer mouse became friendly. She sent thousands of her mice subjects to draw the lion away from the poppy field. Dorothy awoke from her long sleep. They started again on the Emerald City road. They came to a fence, painted green. There were farmers of green, houses of green and people dressed in green. It was the Land of Oz.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

The woman now called to them that supper was ready, so they gathered around the table and Dorothy ate some delicious porridge and a dish of scrambled eggs and a plate of nice white bread, and enjoyed her meal. The Lion ate some of the porridge, but did not care for it, saying it was made from oats and oats were food for horses, not for lions. The Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman ate nothing at all. Toto ate a little of everything, and was glad to get a good supper again.

The woman now gave Dorothy a bed to sleep in, and Toto lay down beside her, while the Lion guarded the door of her room so she might not be disturbed. The Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman stood up in a corner and kept quiet all night, although, of course, they could not sleep.

The next morning, as soon as the sun was up, they started on their way, and soon saw a beautiful green glow in the sky just before them.

"That must be the Emerald City," said Dorothy.

As they walked on, the green glow became brighter and brighter, and it seemed that at last they were nearing the end of their travels. Yet it was afternoon before they came to the great wall that surrounded the City. It was high, and thick, and of a bright green color.

In front of them, and at the end of the road of yellow brick, was a big gate, all studded with emeralds that



Guardian of the Gate.

glittered so in the sun that even the painted eyes of the Scarecrow were dazzled by their brilliancy.

There was a bell beside the gate, and Dorothy pushed the button and heard a silvery tinkle sound within. Then the big gate swung slowly open, and they all passed through and found themselves in a high arched room, the walls of which glistened with countless emeralds.

Before them stood a little man about the same size as the Munchkins. He was clothed all in green, from his head to his feet, and even his skin was of a greenish tint. At his side was a large green box.

When he saw Dorothy and her companions the man asked:

"What do you wish in the Emerald City?"

"We came here to see the Great Oz," said Dorothy.

The man was so surprised at this

answer that he sat down to think it over.

"It has been many years since any one asked me to see Oz," he said, shaking his head in perplexity. "He is powerful and terrible, and if you come on an idle or foolish errand to bother the wise reflections of the Great Wizard, he might be angry and destroy you all in an instant."

"But it is not a foolish errand, nor an idle one," replied the Scarecrow; "it is important. And we have been told that Oz is a good Wizard."

"So he is," said the green man; "and he rules the Emerald City wisely and well. But to those who are not honest, or who approach him from curiosity, he is most terrible, and few have ever dared ask to see his face. I am the Guardian of the Gates, and since you demand to see the Great Oz I must take you to his palace. But first you must put on the spectacles."

"Why?" asked Dorothy.

"Because if you did not wear spectacles the brightness and glory of the Emerald City would blind you. Even those who live in the City must wear spectacles night and day. They are all locked on, for Oz so ordered it



The Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman Are Nothing at All.

when the City was first built, and I have the only key that will unlock them."

He opened the big box, and Dorothy saw that it was filled with spectacles of every size and shape. All of them had green glasses in them. The Guardian of the Gates found a pair that would just fit Dorothy and put them over her eyes. There were two golden bands fastened to them that passed around the back of her head, where they were locked together by a little key that was at the end of a chain the Guardian of the Gates wore around his neck. When they were on, Dorothy could not take them off had she wished, but of course she did not want to be blinded by the glare of the Emerald City, so she said nothing.

Then the green man fitted spectacles for the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman and the Lion, and even on little Toto; and all were locked fast with the key.

Then the Guardian of the Gates put on his own glasses and told them he was ready to show them to the palace. Taking a big golden key from a peg on the wall he opened another gate, and they all followed him through the portal into the streets of the Emerald City.

CHAP. XI. The Wonderful Emerald City of Oz.

Even with eyes protected by the green spectacles Dorothy and her friends were at first dazzled by the brilliancy of the wonderful City. The streets were lined with beautiful houses all built of green marble and studded everywhere with sparkling emeralds. They walked over a pavement of the same green marble, and where the blocks were joined together were rows of emeralds, set closely, and glittering in the brightness of the sun. The window panes were of green glass; even the sky above the City had a green tint, and the rays of the sun were green.

There were many people, men, women and children walking about, and these were all dressed in green clothes and had greenish skins. They looked at Dorothy and her strangely assorted company with wondering eyes, and the children all ran away and hid behind their mothers when they saw the Lion; but no one spoke to them. Many shops stood in the street, and Dorothy saw that everything in them was green. Green candy and green pop-corn were offered for sale, as well as green shoes, green hats and green clothes of all sorts. At one place a man was selling green lemonade, and when the children bought it Dorothy could see that they paid for it with green pennies.

There seemed to be no horses nor animals of any kind; the men carried things around in little green carts, which they pushed before them. Every one seemed happy and contented and prosperous.

The Guardian of the Gates led them through the streets until they came to a big building, exactly in the middle of the City, which was the Palace of Oz, the Great Wizard. There was a soldier before the door, dressed in a green uniform and wearing a long green beard.

"Here are strangers," said the Guardian of the Gates to him, "and they demand to see the Great Oz."

"Step inside," answered the soldier, "and I will carry your message to him."

So they passed through the palace gates and were led into a big room with a green carpet and lovely green furniture set with emeralds. The sol-

dier made them all wipe their feet upon a green mat before entering this room, and when they were seated he said, politely:

"Please make yourselves comfortable while I go to the door of the throne room and tell Oz you are here."

They had to wait a long time before the soldier returned. When, at last, he came back, Dorothy asked:

"Have you seen Oz?"

"Oh, no," returned the soldier; "I have never seen him. But I spoke to him as he sat behind his screen, and gave him your message. He says he will grant you an audience, if you so desire; but each one of you must enter his presence alone, and he will admit but one each day. Therefore, as you must remain in the palace for several days, I will have you shown to rooms where you may rest in comfort after your journey."

"Thank you," replied the girl; "that is very kind of Oz."

The soldier now blew upon a green whistle, and at once a young girl, dressed in a pretty green silk gown, entered the room. She had lovely green hair and green eyes, and she bowed low before Dorothy as she said:

"Follow me and I will show you your room."

So Dorothy said good-by to all her friends except Toto, and taking the dog in her arms followed the green girl through seven passages and up three flights of stairs until they came to a room at the front of the palace. It was the sweetest little room in the world, with a soft, comfortable bed that had sheets of green silk and a green velvet counterpane. There was a tiny fountain in the middle of the room, that shot a spray of green perfume into the air, to fall back into a beautifully carved green marble basin. Beautiful green flowers stood in the windows, and there was a shelf with a row of little green books. When Dorothy had time to open these books she found them full of queer green pictures that made her laugh, they were so funny.

In a wardrobe were many green dresses, made of silk and satin and



The Soldier.

velvet; and all of them fitted Dorothy exactly.

"Make yourself perfectly at home," said the green girl, "and if you wish for anything ring the bell. Oz will send for you to-morrow morning."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MATERIALS OF STURK'S HOME.

Immense Nest Broken Up In Alsatian Town Found to Contain All Sorts of Plunder.

The following details concerning the structure and contents of a stork's nest investigated on the summit of the Cathedral of Colmar in Upper Alsace may be of interest:

The city architect has just delivered a public lecture there on "Storks and Their Ways." He described a stork's nest which was about thirty years old; it measured six feet across and was five feet in height; it weighed sixteen hundredweight, or over three-quarters of a ton, and it was such a solid mass that it had to be broken up by using a pickax. The nest was made of twigs of wood and clay and the materials filled 24 sacks.

The walls of the nest were found to contain 17 ladies' black stockings, five fur caps, the sleeve of a white silk blouse, three old shoes, a large piece of leather and four buttons that had belonged to a railway porter's uniform.

How He Kept His Clothes Dry.

Among a large shooting party on a Scottish grouse moor was a certain elderly professor whose skill with his gun was hardly equal to the profundity of his intellect. Suddenly a heavy storm of rain came on, and as there was no shelter on the moor the shooters got thoroughly drenched through. At least, all but one suffered—the professor. He had mysteriously disappeared when the rain came on, and he did not rejoin the party until the sun was shining once more. To the amazement of the others the erudite one was as dry as a bone. The others, drenched and disgusted, inquired of him how it was he had escaped a wetting. "Directly the rain came on," replied the professor, "I went off by myself, stripped off my clothes, and sat on them until the storm was over."

Good "Front"

Put on as Much as Traffic Will Bear

By JOHN A. HOWLAND



HOW MUCH "front" do I need to put up?

This is a question which obtrudes itself upon the average young man who finds himself among his fellows on the competitive basis that exists in the modern large business. If the question were put to me in this form as a generality, I should be tempted to answer it in the same terse style:

"Just as much as the traffic will bear!"

I don't wish to destroy the conventions. Conventionality is a good thing so long as it is in harmony with conditions of fact. But hugging the conventional too long as an ideal must prove destructive to that person who in doing so loses his sense of proportion. For example, the model office boy 40 or 50 years ago carefully untied the string from a parcel and more painstakingly removed the manila wrapping from it, with the idea of preserving both string and wrapper for future use. Frankly, I would be pleased if conditions now were such as to admit of this old-fashioned office boy in modern business. But they are not, and to teach the potential small office boy this old convention in effect would be lying to him.

So it is with much of the conventional generality of the old school which is still preserved by the didactic teacher. True worth must prove itself—yes. But where and how? That best and square street car conductor in all of a vast city, grown gray in the collection of passenger fares for his company, unquestionably has proved his true worth—as a street car conductor! But could not this same measure of true worth have been better expressed in some other field of community usefulness? That finest individual type among 10,000 street car conductors must be capable of something better than running a street car for 20 or 30 years. Why did he not discover a better field in which to prove himself and his worth?

At bottom it is the ego in a man, kept well in hand, which makes the individual man here and there tower as an individual above the heads of the masses.

Set two men at work upon two tasks that are identical in a general way. In one of them egotism is at a low ebb; in the other it is at high tide, coupled with an imagination. One returns to you silently, having done his work in a manner that is highly satisfactory in every way. The other, having accomplished no more than the first, returns to you with a cheerful story of the difficulties and handicaps which he found in his way. Pleasingly he recounts just how judgmentally and determinedly he tackled these obstacles and overcame them. And in words or in acts and expression he has left the intimation that, no matter what the difficulties of his work in the future, you may depend upon him to carry out his work.



Which of these two men—granting that the egoist has offered no more than the "traffic will bear"—has impressed you more? And if these men continue with you as employes the egoist playing upon you with fine tact and discrimination, which of them after a year or two are you more likely to choose for the difficult task?

Method of Sleeping Like a Child

By P. EVAN JONES

It is a sad but true fact that few men or women are able to enjoy the careless, dreamless sleep of a child. It is also a fact that if men and women would do good work and have pleasure in the doing of it, sleep, and plenty of it, is essential. And it is another and more serious fact that, probably owing to the strenuous life of the world to-day, insomnia is more prevalent than it ever has been before.

How to defeat this bugbear is the question and it is one that has been answered by authorities in numbers of ways. But when technical terms and learned treatises are all simmered down they may be confined within a few simple rules that, if carefully followed out, are most effectual when sleep is desired.

In the first place, the sleeping room should be away from noise. It should be an airy room and one in which there is but little furniture and few rugs. It should have neither artificial light, flowers, nor animals and should be well ventilated, as much air being admitted in winter as during the summer months.

The bed should be slightly inclined from head to foot and a moderately hard mattress is desirable. If any pillow at all is used it should be a thin one. The heavy, downy affairs into which the head sinks are undesirable for more reasons than one. They tend toward making a person round shouldered and the position they give to the neck interfere with circulation.

There is much diversity of opinion as to whether one should or should not eat before going to bed. Usually it is better to retire an hour or so after eating. It is never wise, however, to attempt to sleep when hungry. In a case of this kind a cracker and a cup of warm milk are desirable.

The limbs should always be outstretched—never cramped or folded, and one should sleep on the right side. Sleeping on the back is apt to produce nightmare and sleeping on the left side stops digestion and is bad for the heart. It is not good for the lungs to sleep on one's stomach.

Often a cold shower bath followed by a vigorous rub down with a Turkish towel will induce sleep when a person is inclined toward insomnia.

Making Sweet Home Bricks of Straw

By ELIZABETH McCULLEN

We have all felt the soul touch of John Howard Paine's fragrant lines, "Mid pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam," and, again, "Be it ever so humble," but to bring the home with the ring of true metal into our own lives, to live with others, stranger folk, to make sweet home bricks out of straws and ofttimes inharmonious straws at that, let more of the girls tell us how they have done it.

I think I have passed through the great third degree in this home making problem, but I would sure have fainted by the wayside long ago did I not insist upon remembering that "He maketh the desert to blossom as the rose," but I have solved the problem and would now gamble on myself to live in sweet harmony with a lion and her cubs and do co-operative housekeeping. The road was stony, but who cares for the stones when there are flowers at the "end of the way"?

Tempora Mutantur.
A certain young man, wishing to be very thrifty, quit eating meat. "Franklin abstained from meat," quoth he, "and so will I."
But he didn't stop to consider how prices have gone up since Franklin's day, and especially within the last few years. The result was that when he hadn't eaten meat for about six months he was so much money to the good that he lost his head and became one of the gilded youth.
The outworn ideals of yesterday should be taken up very guardedly, if at all.—Puck.

The Final Transaction.
"Father," said little Rollo, "what is the ultimate consumer?"
"He is the last person, my son, that an article reaches in its commercial existence."
"I know what you mean. He's a man who goes into a hotel and orders chicken hash."—Washington Star.

Like the Rest of Us.
"Please, mummy, just five cents," begged Johnnie.
"But, Johnnie, it was only this morning that I gave you five cents."
"I know, mummy, but"—putting his arms around her neck—"I'm so hard on money."—Everybody's Magazine.

The Reason Why.
"I wonder why men don't take more interest in the primary?"
"Possibly because it is a secondary consideration."—Baltimore American.

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