

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 Dorothy 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 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. They met the guardian of the gates. He described the power of the Wizard of Oz. All put on green spectacles and the bright, new and glory of Emerald City blinded them. The wizard decided to receive one of the party each day. All were put in green rooms.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

She left Dorothy alone and went back to the others. These she also led to rooms, and each one of them found himself lodged in a very pleasant part of the palace. Of course this politeness was wasted on the Scarecrow; for when he found himself alone in his room he stood stupidly in one spot, just within the doorway, to wait till morning. It would not rest him to lie down, and he could not close his eyes; so he remained all night staring at a little spider which was weaving its web in a corner of the room, just as if it were not one of the most wonderful rooms in the world. The Tin Woodman lay down on his bed from force of habit, for he remembered when he was made of flesh; but not being able to sleep he passed the night moving his joints up and down to make sure they kept in good working order. The Lion would have preferred a bed of dried leaves in the forest, and did not like being shut up in a room; but he had too much sense to let this worry him, so he sprang upon the bed and rolled himself up like a cat and purred himself asleep in a minute.

The next morning, after breakfast, the green maiden came to fetch Dorothy, and she dressed her in one of the prettiest gowns—made of green broadcloth satin. Dorothy put on a green silk apron and tied a green ribbon around Toto's neck, and they started for the throne room of the Great Oz.

First they came to a great hall in which were many ladies and gentlemen of the court, all dressed in rich costumes. These people had nothing to do but talk to each other, but they always came to wait outside the throne room every morning, although they were never permitted to see Oz. As Dorothy entered they looked at her curiously, and one of them whispered: "Are you really going to look upon the face of Oz the Terrible?"

"Of course," answered the girl, "if he will see me."

"Oh, he will see you," said the soldier, who had taken her message to the Wizard, "although he does not like to have people ask to see him. Indeed, at first he was angry, and said I should send you back where you came from. Then he asked me what you looked like, and when I mentioned your silver shoes he was very much interested. At last I told him about the mark upon your forehead, and he decided he would admit you to his presence."

Just then a bell rang, and the green girl said to Dorothy: "That is the signal. You must go into the throne room alone."

She opened a little door and Dorothy walked boldly through and found herself in a wonderful place. It was a big, round room with a high arched roof, and the walls and ceiling and floor were covered with large emeralds set closely together. In the center of the room was a great light, as bright as the sun, which made the emeralds sparkle in a wonderful manner. But what interested Dorothy most was the big throne of green marble that stood in the middle of the room. It was shaped like a chair and sparkled with gems, as did everything else. In the center of the chair was an enormous head, without body to support it or any arms or legs whatever. There was no hair upon this

head, but it had eyes and nose and mouth, and was bigger than the head of the biggest giant.

As Dorothy gazed upon this in wonder and fear the eyes turned slowly and looked at her sharply and steadily. Then the mouth moved, and Dorothy heard a voice say:

"I am Oz, the Great and Terrible. Who are you, and why do you seek me?"

It was not such an awful voice as she had expected to come from the big head; so she took courage and answered:

"I am Dorothy, the Small and Meek. I have come to you for help."

The eyes looked at her thoughtfully for a full minute. Then said the voice:

"Where did you get the silver shoes?"

"I got them from the wicked Witch of the East, when my house fell on her and killed her," she replied.

"Where did you get the mark upon your forehead?" continued the voice.

"That is where the good Witch of the North kissed me when she bade me good-by and sent me to you," said the girl.

Again the eyes looked at her sharply, and they saw she was telling the truth. Then Oz asked:

"What do you wish me to do?"

"Send me back to Kansas, where my Aunt Em and Uncle Henry are," she answered, earnestly. "I don't like your country, although it is so beautiful. And I am sure Aunt Em will be dreadfully worried over my being away so long."

The eyes winked three times, and then they turned up to the ceiling and down to the floor and rolled around so queerly that they seemed to see every part of the room. And at last they looked at Dorothy again.

"Why should I do this for you?" asked Oz.

"Because you are strong and I am weak; because you are a Great Wizard and I am only a helpless little girl," she answered.

"But you were strong enough to kill the wicked Witch of the East," said Oz.

"That just happened," returned Dorothy, simply; "I could not help it."

"Well," said the head, "I will give you my answer. You have no right to expect me to send you back to Kansas unless you do something for

me in return. In this country every one must pay for everything he gets. If you wish me to use my magic power to send you home again you must do something for me first. Help me and I will help you."

"What must I do?" asked the girl.

"Kill the wicked Witch of the West," answered Oz.

"But I cannot!" exclaimed Dorothy, greatly surprised.

"You killed the Witch of the East and you wear the silver shoes, which bear a powerful charm. There is now but one Wicked Witch left in all this land, and when you can tell me she is dead I will send you back to Kansas—but not before."

The little girl began to weep, she was so much disappointed; and the eyes winked again and looked upon her anxiously, as if the Great Oz felt that she could help him if she would.

"I never killed anything willingly," she sobbed; "and even if I wanted to, how could I kill the Wicked Witch? If you, who are Great and Terrible, cannot kill her yourself, how do you expect me to do it?"

"I do not know," said the head; "but that is my answer, and until the Wicked Witch dies you will not see your uncle and aunt again. Remember that the witch is wicked—tremendously wicked—and ought to be killed. Now go, and do not ask to see me again until you have done your task."

Sorrowfully Dorothy left the throne room and went back where the Lion and the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman were waiting to hear what Oz had said to her.

"There is no hope for me," she said, sadly, "for Oz will not send me home until I have killed the Wicked Witch of the West; and that I can never do."

Her friends were sorry, but could do nothing to help her; so she went to her own room and lay down on the bed and cried herself to sleep.

The next morning the soldier with the green whiskers came to the Scarecrow and said:

"Come with me, for Oz has sent for you."

So the Scarecrow followed him and was admitted into the great throne room, where he saw, sitting in the emerald throne, a most lovely lady. She was dressed in green silk gauze and wore upon her flowing green locks a crown of jewels. Growing from her shoulders were wings, gorgeous in color and so light that they fluttered if the slightest breath of air reached them.

When the Scarecrow had bowed, as prettily as his straw stuffing would let him, before this beautiful creature,

she looked upon him sweetly, and said:

"I am Oz, the Great and Terrible. Who are you, and why do you seek me?"

Now the Scarecrow, who had expected to see the great head Dorothy had told him of, was much astonished; but he answered her bravely.

"I am only a Scarecrow, stuffed with straw. Therefore I have no brains, and I come to you praying that you will put brains in my head instead of straw, so that I may become as much a man as any other in your dominions."

"Why should I do this for you?" asked the lady.

"Because you are wise and powerful, and no one else can help me," answered the Scarecrow.

"I never grant favors without some return," said Oz; "but this much I will promise: If you will kill for me the Wicked Witch of the West I will bestow upon you a great many brains, and such good brains that you will be the wisest man in all the Land of Oz."

"I thought you asked Dorothy to kill the Witch," said the Scarecrow, in surprise.

"So I did. I don't care who kills her. But until she is dead I will not grant your wish. Now go, and do not seek me again until you have earned the brains you so greatly desire."

The Scarecrow went sorrowfully back to his friends and told them what Oz had said; and Dorothy was surprised to find that the great Wizard was not a head, as she had seen him, but a lovely lady.

"All the same," said the Scarecrow, "she needs a heart as much as the Tin Woodman."

On the next morning the soldier with the green whiskers came to the Tin Woodman and said:

"Oz has sent for you. Follow me."

So the Tin Woodman followed him and came to the great throne room. He did not know whether he would find Oz a lovely lady or a head, but he hoped it would be the lovely lady.

"For," he said to himself, "if it is the head, I am sure I shall not be given a heart, since a head has no heart of its own and therefore cannot feel for me. But if it is the lovely lady I shall beg hard for a heart, for all ladies are themselves said to be kindly hearted."

But when the Woodman entered the great throne room he saw neither the head nor the lady, for Oz had taken the shape of a most terrible beast. It was nearly as big as an elephant, and the green throne seemed hardly strong enough to hold its weight. The beast had a head like that of a rhinoceros, only there were five eyes in its face. There were five long arms growing out of its body and it also had five long, slim legs. Thick, woolly hair covered every part of it, and a more dreadful looking monster could not be imagined. It was fortunate the Tin Woodman had no heart at that moment, for it would have beat loud and fast from terror. But being only tin, the Woodman was not at all afraid, although he was much disappointed.

"I am Oz, the Great and Terrible," spake the beast, in a voice that was one great roar. "Who are you, and why do you seek me?"

"I am a Woodman, and made of tin. Therefore I have no heart, and cannot love. I pray you to give me a heart that I may be as other men are."

"Why should I do this?" demanded the beast.

"Because I ask it, and you alone can grant my request," answered the Woodman.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHAT'S THE USE OF KICKING?

Writer in Eastern Journal Condemns the Practice, and Asks Above Question.

If kicking would help some it would be worth while, but it does not. On the contrary, it hinders.

Then why do rational, sensible men and women indulge in it?

There is a question that is worthy of more than a passing thought, for it relates to human comfort, prosperity, and success:

Why do you kick when things do not go to please you?

Is it not because you were taught to do so? Didn't your parents, your big brothers and sisters, and maybe the men and women you admired, grumble and complain, or kick, when things did not go to suit them, even when their fault was their own?

And are not your children learning in the same way from you?

Maybe you had no thought of this before? Now that your attention has been called to it, and you have thought about it, if you do not act accordingly you will not be doing right, and to fall to do that which you know to be right is to sin.

Kicking is, therefore, a sign of ill-breeding, and one that young folks should take into account when choosing life partners, for a kicker in matrimonial harness loses the race, besides creating much confusion.—Newark (N. J.) News.

Cremation in Germany.

In 1908 the total number of bodies disposed of by cremation in Germany was, the British Medical Journal says, 4,050, as against 2,977 in 1907, showing an increase of 1,073, or 36 per cent. Among those whose bodies were cremated were 1,474 women. The classification according to religious creeds gives some interesting results. While the majority of persons cremated were described as Lutherans, there was a considerable body of Catholics, notwithstanding the prohibition issued by Leo XIII. For some reason, in Germany, as in France, cremation does not seem to appeal to Free Thinkers. In 2,517 cases, all coming under the head of Lutherans, the incineration was accompanied by religious rites.

Women Workers

Every Wage-Earner Should Join Union

By MARGARET L. FOLEY

EVERY woman wage-earner should belong to a trade organization. It is only through organization that anything is obtained. In every large community of intelligent working people a trade union is as legitimate as a savings bank. Capitalists combine into corporations and trusts to lower expenses and increase profits and wage-earners combine into unions to reduce the hours of labor and to raise wages.

Any person, whether capitalist or wage-earner, who does not protect his business interests by organizing with others like himself is almost certain to become a loser. The wage-earner cannot do without the trade union. It is the only hope that he has of permanently bettering his condition.

Women workers, especially when unorganized, are the most helpless class in the community, with the exception of the child worker, because of their inexperience in business life. They can be a great menace to the community where they work in competition with men, for when unorganized they invariably tend to lower wages.

Women start out in the labor world with the idea that their wage-earning period will be of short duration. They therefore often accept lower wages than would a man without considering that by so doing they are lessening the possibility for that man to marry and support a family according to the American standard.

Again the large number of women working after marriage is indicative of the fact that the competition of organized women with men is so great that the normal family relation cannot be maintained.

Every woman should strive for a living wage, an eight-hour day and good sanitary conditions, which are almost never found in unorganized trades.

Some one now advocates a muzzle for roosters. There have been muzzles proposed for dogs, for cats and, in fact, for almost everything except for the man who constantly finds fault with other people's business. Only a few years ago the poultry industry was in its infancy. Look at it now. The city folks are building up some of the finest grades of poultry to be found either in America or Europe. Most people think that it was the farmer who built up the poultry industry. Not so. Look through the many poultry shows and you will see that the city folks are ahead of the farmers. The large cities are full of fancy-poultry breeders. People came to our doors simply begging for fresh eggs, especially for the use of invalids and children. The price was no object. Fresh eggs were needed and not storage eggs.

Still we find people who kick about chickens while clamoring for fresh eggs. Why don't they use storage eggs? The coming winter will find these people paying more for eggs than ever. The only way to obtain the real fresh egg is to raise it.

It costs no more to feed blooded stock than the common stock of chicken. Hence the great amount of fancy poultry found throughout the suburbs of the big cities.

If people do not agree with their neighbors' views and ideas, why don't they move elsewhere? The unmuzzled howler is found all over the universe, from ocean to ocean. But show me one who adds a penny to industry.

A visit to the poultry and animal shows will convince anybody that the city people are showing the goods, not howling.

All doctors now agree that the sickroom should be a sunny one, if possible. It has been remarked in hospitals that patients on the sunny side get well quicker than those on the dark side. Sunlight gives vigor and life. Of course the window blinds should be drawn if the patient wishes for a dark room, as people do in pain, and in some cases a dark room is necessary, but these are the exceptions. In general a sunny room is a good medicine.

In all families there should be one who could perform the duties of a nurse. To do so requires tact and observation. She must use her eyes and remember every detail and, if possible, note them down in writing, to tell the doctor all about the patient in his absence.

These are the principal things the nurse should note: First, temperature; second, pulse; third, respiration.

Taking the temperature means ascertaining the exact heat of the body. This cannot be done by mere feeling with the hand. It must be done with a clinical thermometer, which is a very important help in medical practice. These thermometers can be purchased of your druggist and your doctor will instruct as to their use.

The temperature can be taken in various parts of the body, the most usual being in the mouth or armpit. The normal or natural heat of the body is 98.4 degrees.

The Berbers, the fanatical followers of Mohammed, are the ones who have made the trouble that Spain is experiencing in Morocco.

Berbers of Morocco Are a Bad Lot

By PROF. PAUL DU BOIS
University of California

Benefits of Sunlight in the Sickroom

By WELLS ANDREWS, M. D.

How the Poultry Business Rapidly Grows

By J. A. BOSTEDO

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