



By L. Frank Baum

(Copyright by the M-G-M Studios, Inc.)  
(Copyright by L. Frank Baum & W. W. Dowling)

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 cross 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 a log 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 carried by the scarecrow on 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 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. They met the guardian of the gates. He described the power of the Wizard of Oz. All put on green spectacles as a sign of respect and glory of Emerald City brightened them. The wizard decided to receive one of the party each day. All went to the green rooms. Dorothy went to the throne room. In a chair sparkling with emeralds she beheld an enormous head without body, legs or arms, larger than the biggest giant. "I am Oz, the great and terrible," said the head. Oz told her that when she killed the wicked witch of the East he would send her home. The scarecrow, admitted to the presence of a beautiful lady, who said she was the wizard. The woodman beheld a terrible beast with a head of a rhinoceros and five eyes. The wizard promised him a heart if he would slay the witch. The lion saw a ball of fire and a voice from the object promised him courage if he slew the witch. The search commenced. The witch saw the party when it entered her domain and caused a pack of wolves to attack it. The woodman killed the wolves. She sent crows which the scarecrow scared and killed. Bees were dispatched next, but the woodman rescued the stings. Finally winged monkeys took them prisoner and conveyed them to the witchery. Dorothy threw water on the wicked witch, destroying her. Dorothy rescued the lion, woodman and scarecrow. She found a charmed golden cup and started back to Oz. She became lost.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

Then Dorothy lost heart. She sat down on the grass and looked at her companions, and they sat down and looked at her, and Toto found that for the first time in his life he was too tired to chase a butterfly that flew past his head; so he put out his tongue and panted and looked at Dorothy as if to ask what they should do next.



"Suppose We Call the Field Mice."

"Suppose we call the Field Mice," she suggested. "They could probably tell us the way to the Emerald City." "To be sure they could," cried the Scarecrow; "why didn't we think of that before?" Dorothy blew the little whistle she had always carried about her neck since the Queen of the Mice had given it to her. In a few minutes they heard the pattering of tiny feet, and many of the small gray mice came running up to her. Among them was the Queen herself, who asked in her squeaky little voice: "What can I do for my friends?" "We have lost our way," said Dorothy. "Can you tell us where the Emerald City is?" "Certainly," answered the Queen; "but it is a great way off, for you have had it at your backs all this time." Then she noticed Dorothy's golden cap, and said: "Why don't you use the charm of the cap, and call the Winged Monkeys to you? They will carry you to the City of Oz in less than an hour."

for they are full of mischief and think it great fun to plague us." "Won't they hurt me?" asked the girl, anxiously. "Oh, no; they must obey the wearer of the cap. Good-by!" and she scampered out of sight, with all the mice hurrying after her. Dorothy looked inside the golden cap and saw some words written upon the lining. These, she thought, must be the charm, so she read the directions carefully and put the cap upon her head. "E-pe, pep-pe, kak-ke!" she said, standing on her left foot. "What did you say?" asked the Scarecrow, who did not know what she was doing. "Hello, hello, he-lo!" Dorothy went on, standing this time on her right foot. "Hello!" replied the Tin Woodman, calmly. "Zi-zy, zuz-zy, zik!" said Dorothy, who was now standing on both feet. This ended the saying of the charm, and they heard a great chattering and flapping of wings as the band of Winged Monkeys flew up to them. The King bowed low before Dorothy, and asked: "What is your command?" "We wish to go to the Emerald City," said the child, "and we have lost our way."



Quelala.

"We will carry you," replied the King, and no sooner had he spoken than two of the monkeys caught Dorothy in their arms and flew away with her. Others took the Scarecrow and the Woodman and the Lion, and one lay, just before the wedding, my grandfather was flying out with his band when he saw Quelala walking beside the river. He was dressed in a rich costume of pink silk and purple velvet, and my grandfather thought he would see what he could do. At his word the band flew down and seized Quelala, carried him in their arms until they were the middle of the river, and then dropped him into the water. "Swim out, my fine fellow," cried my grandfather, "and see if the water has spotted your clothes." Quelala was much too wise not to swim, and he was not in the least spoiled by all his good fortune. He laughed, when he came to the top of the water, and swam in to shore. But when Gayelette came running out to him she found his silks and velvet all ruined by the river. "The princess was very angry, and she knew, of course, who did it. She had all the Winged Monkeys brought before her, and she said at first that their wings should be tied and they should be treated as they had treated Quelala, and dropped in the river. But my grandfather pleaded hard, for he knew the monkeys would drown in the river with their wings tied, and Quelala said a kind word for them also; so that Gayelette finally spared them, on condition that the Winged Monkeys should ever after do three times the bidding of the owner of the golden cap. The cap had been made for a wedding present to Quelala, and it is said to have cost the princess half her kingdom. Of course my grandfather and all the other monkeys at once agreed to the condition, and that is how it happens that we are three times the slaves of the owner of the golden cap, whosoever he may be." "And what became of them?" asked Dorothy, who had been greatly interested in the story. "Quelala being the first owner of the golden cap," replied the monkey, "he was the first to lay his wishes upon us. As his bride could not bear the sight of us, he called us all to him in the forest after he had married her and ordered us to always keep where she could never again set eyes on a Winged Monkey, which we were glad to do, for we were all afraid of her." "This was all we ever had to do until the golden cap fell into the hands of the Wicked Witch of the West, who made us enslave the Winkies, and afterward drive Oz himself out of the Land of the West. Now the golden cap is yours, and three times you have the right to lay your wishes upon us." As the Monkey King finished his story Dorothy looked down and saw the green, shining walls of the Emerald City before them. She wondered at the rapid flight of the monkeys, but was glad the journey was over. The strange creatures set the travelers down carefully before the gate of the city, the King bowed low to Dorothy, and then flew swiftly away, followed by all his band. "That was a good ride," said the little girl. "Yes, and a quick way out of our troubles," replied the Lion. "How lucky it was you brought away that wonderful cap!"

lay, just before the wedding, my grandfather was flying out with his band when he saw Quelala walking beside the river. He was dressed in a rich costume of pink silk and purple velvet, and my grandfather thought he would see what he could do. At his word the band flew down and seized Quelala, carried him in their arms until they were the middle of the river, and then dropped him into the water. "Swim out, my fine fellow," cried my grandfather, "and see if the water has spotted your clothes." Quelala was much too wise not to swim, and he was not in the least spoiled by all his good fortune. He laughed, when he came to the top of the water, and swam in to shore. But when Gayelette came running out to him she found his silks and velvet all ruined by the river. "The princess was very angry, and she knew, of course, who did it. She had all the Winged Monkeys brought before her, and she said at first that their wings should be tied and they should be treated as they had treated Quelala, and dropped in the river. But my grandfather pleaded hard, for he knew the monkeys would drown in the river with their wings tied, and Quelala said a kind word for them also; so that Gayelette finally spared them, on condition that the Winged Monkeys should ever after do three times the bidding of the owner of the golden cap. The cap had been made for a wedding present to Quelala, and it is said to have cost the princess half her kingdom. Of course my grandfather and all the other monkeys at once agreed to the condition, and that is how it happens that we are three times the slaves of the owner of the golden cap, whosoever he may be." "And what became of them?" asked Dorothy, who had been greatly interested in the story. "Quelala being the first owner of the golden cap," replied the monkey, "he was the first to lay his wishes upon us. As his bride could not bear the sight of us, he called us all to him in the forest after he had married her and ordered us to always keep where she could never again set eyes on a Winged Monkey, which we were glad to do, for we were all afraid of her." "This was all we ever had to do until the golden cap fell into the hands of the Wicked Witch of the West, who made us enslave the Winkies, and afterward drive Oz himself out of the Land of the West. Now the golden cap is yours, and three times you have the right to lay your wishes upon us." As the Monkey King finished his story Dorothy looked down and saw the green, shining walls of the Emerald City before them. She wondered at the rapid flight of the monkeys, but was glad the journey was over. The strange creatures set the travelers down carefully before the gate of the city, the King bowed low to Dorothy, and then flew swiftly away, followed by all his band. "That was a good ride," said the little girl. "Yes, and a quick way out of our troubles," replied the Lion. "How lucky it was you brought away that wonderful cap!"

CHAPTER XV  
The Discovery of  
OZ, The Terrible

The four travelers walked up to the great gate of the Emerald City and rang the bell. After ringing several times it was opened by the same Guardian of the Gate they had met before. "What! are you back again?" he asked, in surprise. "Do you not see us?" answered the Scarecrow. "But I thought you had gone to visit the Wicked Witch of the West." "We did visit her," said the Scarecrow. "And she let you go again?" asked the man, in wonder. "She could not help it, for she is melted," explained the Scarecrow. "Melted! Well, that is good news, indeed," said the man. "Who melted her?" "It was Dorothy," said the Lion, gravely. "Good gracious!" exclaimed the man, and he bowed very low indeed before her. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bishop Opposes Woman Suffrage. Bishop James A. McPaul of the Roman Catholic diocese of Trenton is another prelate who does not think very highly of woman suffrage. In discussing this interesting topic recently the bishop said: "Most women to-day are opposed to departing from their own domestic sphere and usurping the place occupied by men, and men, as a rule, have so much regard and affection for their mothers, sisters and wives that they detest anything tending to bring women into the rough struggle with men. After all has been said in favor of woman suffrage and against it, every true man and woman realizes that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

DINING-ROOM AT THE WHITE HOUSE.



EXPLOIT UNCLE SAM

PRESS AGENTS ARE THICK IN WASHINGTON.

Thrive in Nation's Capital in Greater Number and More Dignity Than Anywhere Else in the World. Aside from legislation, adjudication and administration, the big colony of government officials and appurtenances thereto in Washington is mainly engaged in publicity promotion. Washington the beautiful may truly be said to be the home of the press agent. He thrives there in greater number and more estimable dignity than on any other spot on the face of the earth. Press agents there have their trade reduced to a scientific basis. Their glorious example for emulation is none other than the United States of America, one of the firmest believers in printers' ink engaged in modern development. To be without a press agent in Washington is almost as bad as being without a two-gallon-top hat. A man can get along without a top hat by borrowing one from his neighbor in the next hall room, but press agents are fixtures that cannot be borrowed. What press agent could be reeled to tout another man's game? None.

The government goes in for the press agent strong. It hires him in the highways and in the byways, and when he once gets on the payroll he remains there for life. Congress raves and caves about the press agent, but he is just as hard to eradicate as the boll weevil or the tick in cattle. He is not as obnoxious a parasite, but every congressman, and by the way they all have nice young men, preferably those with newspaper training, as secretaries, is against the government press agent. This sentiment got so strong not so long ago that one Mr. Joseph Bucklin Bishop, Panama canal publicity promoter got "fired" by law. Mr. Bishop was hired for \$10,000 a year to keep the newspapers informed on the progress on the Panama canal. Now, no newspaper would have believed those figures if they were not of public record. The figures were too high. Mr. Bishop came in for a fine line of personal publicity in the senate, and when he was "fired" and made secretary of the Panama canal commission, notice was served on all departments to cut out the press agents. Did they do it? Well, rather not.

The appropriation for the maintenance and operation of the government printing office this year was \$5,600,000, with an additional \$90,000 for officials who draw salaries, not wages. The government printing office turns out thousands of tons of literature. Some of it is of doubtful value, and as a whole it cannot be compared with the splendid literary products of the bureau of engraving and printing, where authors are confined to \$1, \$2, \$5, \$10, \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1,000, \$5,000 and \$10,000 bills, with acres and acres of United States, Philippine and Panama bonds and postage stamps as a side line.

This great mass of literature produced by the government printing office is circulated. Some congressmen get as high as 30,000 copies of such publications as farm bulletins, dairy reports and garden dissertations. Bourke Cochran, Herbert Parsons, Nick Longworth and a few other congressional lights who live in cities get exactly the same quota. They are not very useful to their constituents, but they do come in handy in persuading a country congressman that he ought to be for a certain bill in committee, particularly if he needs about 10,000 copies of a treatise on the chinch bug.

To produce this big crop of literature the government payroll is weighted down with a few hundred rapid and ready writers. The writers for the most part are newspaper men who prefer nine o'clock rising to following the patrol wagons and meeting trains in search of items for the local paper. One of the most indefatigable of this class of regenerated newspaper men is Maj. John M. Carson, chief of the bureau of manufactures. Maj. Carson's bureau gets out the consular bulletins. Information on every subject under the sun is sent out by the room all ready for use in the paper. To encourage those writers who are

not as adept with the typewriter as with the scissors and paste pot, the major puts out a newspaper edition, printed on only one side with can be clipped and sent out without much of a struggle. Maj. Carson's willing adjunct is E. J. Gibson, a Philadelphia newspaper man, who devotes much of his time advertising the possibilities for American trade in Patagonia and Hindoostan. Maj. Carson's efforts are pale in insignificance by the energies of the willing young workers surrounding Gifford Pinchot, chief forester. Mr. Pinchot believes the nation is condemned to the eternal bow-wows if the forestry and waters be not conserved. Conserving them in great glee are about fifteen able writers under the direction of Thomas R. Shipp, secretary of the conservation commission. Herbert A. Smith is the forest service editor and Findlay Burns is the chief of the bureau of publications. Roy Pullman is the scout in the field, and everything from a cub reporter to the old fellow who remembers when horses were put to the town fire truck are on the job. The forestry service publicity is timely and up to the minute. If there is a forest fire Editor Shipp sees to it that a forest fire reporter is equipped with a camera and notepaper and sufficient mileage to tell the nation what a crime it is to allow forests to be burned up. Statistics on our natural resources are found by the volume in Shipp's head and the outside coat pockets of his willing band of press agents. The agricultural department is more given to newspaper writing than any of the branches of the government. The bureau of plant industry takes particular delight in making the lot of the Washington writer and country editor an unceasing frolic. Binomic investigations of tropical and subtropical plants, taxonomic investigations, alkali and drought resistant plant investigations, pomological dope and an infinite variety of equally interesting subjects are at the finger tips of Secretary Wilson's able young truth tellers. George Pullman Hill is the chief of the bureau of publications. Lawrence Crandall's specialty is good roads. Macadamized roads and oiled roads and all other roads save Rhodes scholarships are given the widest publicity by Mr. Crandall.

TYPHOON SPEED TOO FAST  
Wind of 135 Miles an Hour Causes Government to Hunt for a New Anemometer. No anemometer could stand a pressure much greater than imposed on the instruments of the Philippine weather bureau in the typhoon which swept over the islands recently, when according to the cable advices, the wind reached a velocity of 135 miles an hour. The record storm in the United States was that which brought death and destruction to Galveston, September 8, 1900, and then after the anemometer had marked 135 miles an hour, the instrument was blown to pieces. So Prof. Willis Moore, chief of the weather bureau in Washington, has turned his attention to the construction of a machine on a new principle, designed to withstand any storm. Prof. Marvin, who is in direct charge of the instrumental division of the weather bureau, is soon to be charged with the conduct of an interesting set of experiments at Mount Weather, on top of the Blue Ridge, to ascertain the real error of the present form of anemometer; its points of weakness and the best form of instrument to replace it. The weather bureau already has the nucleus of a good physical laboratory at this station and it is hoped that it will be possible to evolve an anemometer that will withstand any gale, be accurate and yet self-recording.

Washington's Oldest Woman.

Washington's oldest woman. She is Aunt Betsy Smith, who went to the capital at the close of the war of the rebellion. She was 15 years old at the time of the outbreak of the war in 1812, and can remember many incidents of that period. She has three times changed hands as wedding gift to mother, daughter, and granddaughter of her old mistress. She is now 112 years old and though not able to walk is otherwise pretty spry and is taken care of by her daughter, who is really almost as old as she ought to be.

LOST REGISTERED LETTERS FOUND IN QUEER PLACE

Missed From a Mangled Mail Bag, They are Recovered From Car Trucks.

It does not always follow that the disappearance of registered mail packages indicate a robbery of the mail. This was demonstrated on The Overland Limited train No. 2 Friday, November 5th, when a package of five registered letters from Schuyler disappeared between that point and Omaha.

The recovery of the lost package was as strange as its disappearance. The Schuyler pouch is picked up from a crane by means of a pouch catcher as the train passes. This pouch catcher is attached to the mail car and hooks onto the pouch suspended from the crane as the train passes. In this particular instance the pouch catcher did not make a good catch and the pouch fell under the wheels of the train and was cut in two. The mail was scattered along the track for a considerable distance, but the five registered letters, which were in a packet, could not be found when the other mail was picked up. The impression at once prevailed that the registered package had been found and kept by some one and it was reported as lost.

Postoffice Inspector L. A. Thompson was started out to investigate. His first visit was to Council Bluffs to make inquiries of the postal clerks on the car, and scarcely had he reached there when he received word that the registered package had been found by the car cleaner resting snugly on the trucks under the dining car, where it had been blown or thrown when the mail pouch was flung under the wheels at Schuyler.

That the package was not injured in the slightest, nor jarred from its position on the trucks, is simply another tribute to the Union Pacific's unsurpassed roadbed and perfect track.

Schools for Tuberculous Children.

Special schools for tuberculous children have now been established in Providence, Boston, New York, Rochester, Washington, Hartford, Conn., Chicago and Pittsburg. New York has three schools and Washington, D. C. two. The board of education of New York city is proposing to establish three more, and similar institutions are being planned in Detroit, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and Newark, N. J.

In cities like Providence, Boston and New York, where outdoor schools have been conducted for two years, the results obtained from the treatment of children in special tuberculosis open air schools seem to show the great advantage of this class of institutions. This, coupled with the experience of open air schools in Germany and England, proves that children can be cured of tuberculosis and keep up with their school work, without any danger to fellow pupils.

The Cost of Politics.

In his reminiscences of Grover Cleveland George F. Parker tells a story concerning prodigal expenditures in politics. A rich man who had been nibbling at the Democratic nomination for governor of New York asked William C. Whitney's advice. This is the advice: "Of course, you ought to run! Make your preliminary canvass, and when you have put in \$200,000 you will have become so much interested in it that you will feel like going ahead and spending some money."

Refrigerated Staterooms.

Refrigerated staterooms are found on three new ships engaged in the fruit service between New Orleans and Colon. Each room is fitted with a cooling "radiator" operated in connection with the refrigerating system that has been installed for preserving fruit in transit.

Lost One Should Fall.

It is well to moor your bark with two anchors.—Publius Syrus.

SECRET WORKERS

The Plan Upon Which Coffee Operates.

Coffee is such a secret worker that it is not suspected as the cause of sickness or disease, but there is a very sure way to find out the truth.

A lady in Memphis gives an interesting experience her husband had with coffee. It seems that he had been using it for some time and was an invalid.

The physician in charge shrewdly suspected that coffee was the "Worm at the root of the tree," and ordered it discontinued with instructions to use Postum regularly in its place.

The wife says: "We found that was the true remedy for his stomach and heart trouble and we would have gladly paid a hundred times the amount of the doctor's charge when we found how wise his judgment was."

"The use of Postum instead of coffee was begun about a year ago, and it has made my husband a strong, well man. He has gained thirty-five pounds in that time and his stomach and heart troubles have all disappeared."

"The first time I prepared it I did not boil it long enough and he said that was something wrong with it. Sure enough it did taste very flat, but the next morning I followed directions carefully, boiling it for fifteen minutes, and he remarked 'this is better than any of the old coffee.'"

"We use Postum regularly and never tire of telling our friends of the benefit we have received from leaving off coffee."

Look for the little book, "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.