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 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 the brightness and glory of Emerald City blinded them. The wizard decided to receive one of the party each day. All were put in green rooms. Dorothy went to the throne room. In a chair sparkling with emeralds she beheld an enormous head without body, legs or arms, bigger 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, was promised brains when he killed the witch. 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 received 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. She used the cup to call the winged monkeys who took them to the Emerald City. The charmed cup's story was told.

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

Then he led them into his little room and locked the spectacles from the great box on all their eyes, just as he had done before. Afterward they passed on through the gate into the Emerald City, and when the people heard from the Guardian of the Gate that they had melted the Wicked Witch of the West they all gathered around the travelers and followed them in a great crowd to the palace of Oz.

The soldier with the green whiskers was still on guard before the door, but he let them in at once and they were again met by the beautiful green girl, who showed each of them to their

Oz, the Great and Terrible.

old rooms at once, so they might rest until the Great Oz was ready to receive them.

The soldier had the news carried straight to Oz that Dorothy and the other travelers had come back again, after destroying the Wicked Witch; but Oz made no reply. They thought the Great Wizard would send for them at once, but he did not. They had no word from him the next day, nor the next, nor the next. The waiting was tiresome and wearing, and at last they grew vexed that Oz should treat them in so poor a fashion, after sending them to undergo hardships and slavery. So the Scarecrow at last asked the green girl to take another message to Oz, saying if he did not let them in to see him at once they would call the Winged Monkeys to help them, and find out whether he kept his promises or not. When the Wizard was given this message he was so frightened that he sent word for them to come to the throne room at four minutes after nine o'clock the next morning. He had once met the Winged Monkeys in the Land of the West, and he did not wish to meet them again.

The four travelers passed a sleepless night, each thinking of the gift Oz had promised to bestow upon him. Dorothy fell asleep only once, and then she dreamed she was in Kansas, where Aunt Em was telling her how glad she was to have her little girl at home again.

Promptly at nine o'clock the next morning the green whiskered soldier came to them, and four minutes later they all went into the throne room of the Great Oz.

Of course each one of them expected to see the Wizard in the shape he had taken before, and all were greatly surprised when they looked about and saw no one at all in the room. They kept close to the door and closer to one another, for the stillness of the empty room was more dreadful than any of the forms they had see Oz take.

Presently they heard a Voice, seeming to come from somewhere near the top of the great dome, and it said, solemnly:

"I am Oz, the Great and Terrible. Why do you seek me?"

They looked again in every part of the room, and then, seeing no one, Dorothy asked:

"Where are you?"

"I am everywhere," answered the Voice, "but to the eyes of common mortals I am invisible. I will now seat myself upon my throne, that you may converse with me." Indeed, the

"Doesn't Any One Else Know You're a Humbug?"

Voice seemed just then to come straight from the throne itself; so they walked toward it and stood in a row while Dorothy said:

"We have come to claim our promise, O, Oz."

"What promise?" asked Oz.

"You promised to send me back to Kansas when the Wicked Witch was destroyed," said the girl.

"And you promised to give me brains," said the Scarecrow.

"And you promised to give me a heart," said the Tin Woodman.

"And you promised to give me courage," said the Cowardly Lion.

"Is the Wicked Witch really destroyed?" asked the Voice, and Dorothy thought it trembled a little.

"Yes," she answered, "I melted her with a bucket of water."

"Dear me," said the Voice; "how sudden! Well, come to me to-morrow, for I must have time to think it over."

"You've had plenty of time already," said the Tin Woodman, angrily.

"We shan't wait a day longer," said the Scarecrow.

"You must keep your promises to us!" exclaimed Dorothy.

The Lion thought it might be as well to frighten the Wizard, so he gave a large, loud roar, which was so fierce and dreadful that Toto jumped away from him in alarm and tipped over the screen that stood in a corner. As it fell with a crash they looked that way, and the next moment all of them were filled with wonder. For they saw, standing in just the spot the screen had hidden, a little, old man, with a bald head and a wrinkled face, who seemed to be as much surprised as they were. The Tin Woodman, raising his ax, rushed toward the little man and cried out:

"Who are you?"

"I am Oz, the Great and Terrible," said the little man, in a trembling voice, "but don't strike me—please don't!—and I'll do anything you want me to."

Our friends looked at him in surprise and dismay.

"I thought Oz was a great Head," said Dorothy.

"And I thought Oz was a lovely Lady," said the Scarecrow.

"And I thought Oz was a terrible Beast," said the Tin Woodman.

"And I thought Oz was a Ball of Fire," exclaimed the Lion.

"No; you are all wrong," said the little man, meekly. "I have been making believe."

"Making believe!" cried Dorothy. "Are you not a great Wizard?"

"Hush, my dear," he said; "don't speak so loud or you will be overheard—and I should be ruined. I'm supposed to be a great Wizard."

"And aren't you?" she asked.

"Not a bit of it, my dear; I'm just a common man."

"You're more than that," said the Scarecrow, in a grieved tone; "you're a humbug."

"Exactly so!" declared the little man, rubbing his hands together as if it pleased him; "I am a humbug."

"But this is terrible," said the Tin Woodman; "how shall I ever get my heart?"

"Or I my courage?" asked the Lion.

"Or I my brains?" wailed the Scarecrow, wiping the tears from his eyes with his coat-sleeve.

"My dear friends," said Oz, "I pray you not to speak of these little things. Think of me, and the terrible trouble I'm in at being found out."

"Doesn't any one else know you're a humbug?" asked Dorothy.

"No one knows it but you four—and myself," replied Oz. "I have fooled every one so long that I thought I should never be found out. It was a great mistake my ever letting you into the throne room. Usually I will not see even my subjects, and so they believe I am something terrible."

"But, I don't understand," said Dorothy, in bewilderment. "How was it that you appeared to me as a great Head?"

"That was one of my tricks," answered Oz. "Step this way, please, and I will tell you all about it."

He led the way to a small chamber in the rear of the throne room, and they all followed him. He pointed to one corner, in which lay the Great Head, made out of many thicknesses of paper, and with a carefully painted face.

"This I hung from the ceiling by a wire," said Oz; "I stood behind the screen and pulled a thread, to make the eyes move and the mouth open."

"But how about the voice?" she inquired.

"Oh, I am a ventriloquist," said the little man, "and I can throw the sound of my voice wherever I wish; so that you thought it was coming out of the Head. Here are the other things I used to deceive you." He showed the Scarecrow the dress and the mask he had worn when he seemed to be the lovely Lady; and the Tin Woodman saw that his Terrible Beast was nothing but a lot of skins, sewn together, with slats to keep their sides out. As for the Ball of Fire, the false Wizard had hung that also from the ceiling. It was really a ball of cotton, but when oil was poured upon it the ball burned fiercely.

"Really," said the Scarecrow, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself for being such a humbug."

"I am—I certainly am," answered the little man, sorrowfully; "but it was the only thing I could do. Sit down, please, there are plenty of chairs, and I will tell you my story."

So they sat down and listened while he told the following tale:

"I was born in Omaha—"

"Why, that isn't very far from Kansas!" cried Dorothy.

"No; but it's farther from here," he said, shaking his head at her, sadly. "When I grew up I became a ventriloquist, and at that I was very well trained by a great master. I can imitate any kind of a bird or beast." Here he mewed so like a kitten that Toto pricked up his ears and looked everywhere to see where she was. "After a time," continued Oz, "I tired of that, and became a balloonist."

"What is that?" asked Dorothy.

"A man who goes up in a balloon on circus day, so as to draw a crowd of people together and get them to pay to see the circus," he explained.

"Oh," she said; "I know."

"Well, one day I went up in a balloon and the ropes got twisted, so that I couldn't come down again. It went way up above the clouds, so far that a current of air struck it and carried it many, many miles away. For a day and a night I traveled through the air, and on the morning of the second day I awoke and found the balloon floating over a strange and beautiful country."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Took Conceit from Dickens

Among some stories told the other day by W. P. Frith, the Royal Academician, who at 90 years of age smokes six cigars a day and sits up until midnight playing cards, is the following concerning Charles Dickens:

Frith, many years ago, was commissioned to paint a portrait of the novelist. "There was a hitch about the first sitting," says the nonagenarian. "Dickens had started growing a mustache which was considered almost a crime in those days. The delay in the sittings continued, and one morning, when we expected to find Dickens had relented and had shaved off his mustache, to our dismay he had started growing more hair on his chin.

"Landseer called that mrning, and he gave a great start when he saw Dickens' face. Dickens then took the bull by the horns. 'I say, old fellow, you don't seem to notice this,' he said, pointing to his mustache.

"'Oh, yes, I do,' was the reply. 'It enables me to see less of you, and that's an advantage.'"—London Tit-Bits.

The Busy Biographer.

"Don't you want to live in the minds of posterity?"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "although it is a little discouraging to see how much more interest posterity sems to take in a great man's weaknesses and peculiarities than in his national achievements."

The Harder Task.

I can easier teach 20 what were good to be done, than be one of the 20 to follow mine own teaching.—Shakespeare.

IS NEW "RAIL KING"

Edwin Hawley Takes Harriman's Place In Traffic World.

Man Who Controls 7,932 Miles of Railroads, Began Life 40 Years Ago Selling Butter and Eggs.

New York.—Forty years ago Edwin Hawley was selling butter and eggs on commission in the little town of Chatham, N. Y., where he was born, 59 years ago. To-day he is the actual head of more miles of railroad than any man except, possibly, James J. Hill. Against the determined opposition of rivals, he has practically acquired a chain of railroads extending from sea to sea. It was said of the late E. H. Harriman by the gossips of Wall street that no one ever encountered him antagonistically without coming out somewhat scarred financially—until Edwin Hawley came along. One bout with the latter convinced Mr. Harriman that it was best to keep on his own side of the fence.

"I have no recipe for success," was Mr. Hawley's reply to a question one day. "I have no ambition except to work, work hard. And I am a good waiter, a mighty good waiter—and things come when you wait long enough."

He could not have given a surer and simpler recipe, though he had taken hours to explain in detail how he had worked his way upward. Work, hard work, combined with patience, brings sure reward to the man possessed of ordinary intelligence and discretion.

Edwin Hawley began his career by engaging in the commission business in a small way—selling butter and eggs. No riches appearing in that line, he went to New York and got into a little tugboat business. Here again the money was slow in coming, so slow that Mr. Hawley got out of it and became a clerk in the general offices of the Erie railway. After awhile he went to the Ohio & Mississippi, about which time he in some way became acquainted with the late C. P. Huntington, owner of the Southern Pacific railroad. This was the actual beginning of Hawley's rise in the railroad world. Mr. Huntington put him in charge of his New York office, which then had much to do with a large number of railroad and steamship lines. This gave Hawley the opportunity he needed, and his success with these properties was striking, attracting attention, as it did, to his executive and organizing ability. Later, when E. H. Harriman came into con-

Edwin Hawley.

trol of these properties, Hawley for some reason did not get the promotion he thought he deserved, and for which he was so well qualified, so he resigned and started out anew with no very kindly feeling for Mr. Harriman. Nor did the two men ever draw any closer toward each other in the after years.

The following is a list of the roads now credited to Mr. Hawley, and these have all been acquired since his quarrel with Harriman.

	Miles.
Minneapolis and St. Louis	1,027
Iowa Central	558
Chesapeake and Ohio	1,849
Chicago and Alton	994
Toledo, St. Louis and Western	451
Hocking Valley	347
Toledo and Ohio Central	441
Missouri, Kansas and Texas	2,798
Operated by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas	272
Total Hawley control	7,932

The first real control attributed to Hawley was the Minnsapolis & St. Louis in 1895, which extended to Albert Lea, the Rock Island continuing the remainder of the route to the southwest and northwest. It had not paid anything in years until Hawley got hold of it and made it earn dividends. Later he secured control of the Iowa Central, and, it is said, Russell Sage chuckled at the thought of having palmed off a gold brick on the young railroader when he induced him to take over the property. Hawley soon had it, too, paying dividends.

Hawley's wealth has been estimated at $20,000,000, but owing to recent successful operations he is believed to be worth much more than that amount. He lives very modestly and goes into society very little. He belongs to a few clubs and takes a lively interest in sports, such as riding, driving, motoring, golf and the like. He is financially interested in many valuable properties besides railroads, and is president or director in a great many companies, yet he allows his business affairs to remain where they belong when he goes out for recreation and to otherwise enjoy himself. If he has troubles he keeps them to himself.

A HINT.

The Boss—That's an ancient-looking coat you're wearing, Mr. Shrimp.

Mr. Shrimp—Yes, sir; it's the one I got when you last raised my salary!

Astonished the Company.

A famous dean was once at dinner, when, just as the cloth was removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of extraordinary mortality among lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than six eminent barristers in as many months." The dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remarks, and gave the company grace—"For this and every other mercy, make us truly thankful."

Good for the Nerves.

At a recent archery tournament in London 300 women took part in the contest, the game having become very popular. It is recommended by London physicians as splendid for the nerves. American women have never taken very kindly to the sport, but the renewal of interest abroad may effect a change in this country.

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

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