The Wonderful Stories of "OZ"

By L. Frank Baum

The Scarecrow Wins the Fight

When the Nome King so angrily blew his shrill whistle, the army immediately filed out of the gold and silver doors in great numbers, and marched up a winding stairs and into the throne room—led by a stern-featured Nome, who was their captain. When they had nearly filled the throne room, they formed ranks in the big underground cavern below, and then stood still until they were told what to do next.

Dorothy had pressed back to one side of the cavern when the warriors entered, and now she stood holding little Prince Evring's hand while the great Lion crouched upon one side and the enormous Tiger crouched upon the other side.

"Seize that girl!" shouted the King to his captain, and a group of warriors sprang forward to obey. But both the Lion and Tiger snarled so fiercely and bared their strong, sharp teeth so threateningly, that the men drew back in alarm.

"Don't mind them!" cried the Nome King; "they cannot leap beyond the places where they now stand."

"But they can bite those who attempt to touch the girl," said the captain.

"I'll fix that," answered the King, "I'll enchant them again, so that they can't open their jaws."

He stepped out of the throne to do this, but just then the Sawhorse ran up behind him and gave the fat monarch a powerful kick with both his wooden hind legs.

"Ow! Murder! Treason!" yelled the King, who had been hurled against several of his warriors and was considerably bruised. "Who did that?"

"I did," growled the Sawhorse, viciously, "you let Dorothy alone, or I'll kick you again."

"We'll see about that," replied the King, and at once he waved his hand toward the Sawhorse and muttered a magical word. "Aha!" he concluded; "now let us see you move, you wooden mule!"

But in spite of the magic the Sawhorse moved; and he moved so quickly toward the King, that the fat little man could not get out of his way. Thump—bang! came the wooden heels, right against his round body, and the King flew into the air and fell upon the head of his captain, who let him drop flat upon the ground.

"Well, well!" said the King sitting up and looking surprised. "Why didn't my magic belt work, I wonder?"

"The creature is made of wood," replied the captain, "your magic will not work on wood, you know."

"Ah, I'd forgotten that," said the King, getting up and limping to his throne. "Very well, let the girl alone. She can't escape us, anyway."

The warriors, who had been rather confused by these incidents,

"HELP—HELP!" SCREAMED THE KING

now formed their ranks again, and the Sawhorse pranced across the room to Dorothy and took a position beside the Hungry Tiger.

At that moment the doors that led to the palace flew open and the people of Ev and the people of Oz were disclosed to view. They paused, astonished, at sight of the warriors and the angry Nome King, seated in their midst.

"Surrender!" cried the King in a loud voice. "You are my prisoners."

"Go 'long!" answered Billina, from the Scarecrow's shoulder. "You promised me that if I guessed correctly my friends and I might depart in safety. And you always keep your promises."

"I said you might leave the palace in safety," retorted the King; "and so you may, but you cannot leave my dominions. You are my prisoners, and I will hurl you all into my underground dungeons, where the volcanic fires glow and the molten lava flows in every direction, and the air is hotter than blue blazes."

"That will be the end of me, all right," said the Scarecrow, sorrowfully. "One small blaze, blue or green, is enough to reduce me to an ash heap."

"Do you surrender?" demanded the King.

Billina whispered something in the Scarecrow's ear that made him smile and put his hands in his jacket pockets.

"No!" returned Ozmo, boldly answering the King. Then she said to her army:

"Forward, my brave soldiers, and fight for your Ruler and yourselves, unto death!"

"Pardon me, Most Royal Ozma," replied one of her generals; "but I find that I and my brother officers all suffer from heart disease, and the slightest excitement might kill us. If we fight we may get excited. Would it not be well for us to avoid this great danger?"

"Soldiers should not have heart disease," said Ozma.

"Private soldiers are not, I believe, afflicted that way," declared another general, twirling his moustache thoughtfully. "If your Royal Highness desires, we will order our private to attack yonder warriors."

"Do so," replied Ozma.

"For-ward—march!" cried all the generals, with one voice. "For-ward—march!" yelled the colonels. "For-ward—march!" shouted the majors. "For-ward—march!" commanded the captains.

And at that the private leveled his spear and dashed furiously upon the foe.

The captain of the Nomes was so surprised by the sudden onslaught that he forgot to command his warriors to fight, so that the ten men in the first row, who stood in front of the private's spear, fell over like so many toy soldiers. The spear could not go through their steel armor, however, so the warriors scrambled to their feet again, and by that time the private had knocked over another row of them.

Then the captain brought down his battleaxe with such a strong blow that the private's spear was shattered and knocked from his grasp, and he was helpless to fight any longer.

The Nome King had left his throne and pressed through his warriors to the front ranks, so he could see what was going on; but as he faced Ozma and her friends the Scarecrow, as if aroused to action by the valor of the private, drew one of Billina's eggs from his right jacket pocket and hurled it straight at the little monarch's head.

It struck him squarely in his left eye, where the egg smashed and scattered, as eggs will, and covered his face and hair and beard with its sticky contents.

"Help, help!" screamed the King, clawing with his fingers at the egg, in a struggle to remove it.

"An egg! an egg! Run for your lives!" shouted the captain of the Nomes, in a voice of horror.

And how they did run! The warriors fairly tumbled over one another in their efforts to escape the fatal poison of that awful egg, and those who could not rush down the winding stair fell off the balcony into the great cavern beneath, knocking over those who stood below them.

Even while the King was still yelling for help his throne room became emptied of every one of his warriors, and before the monarch had managed to clear the egg away from his left eye the Scarecrow threw the second egg against his right eye, where it smashed and blinded him entirely. The King was unable to flee because he could not see which way to run; so he stood still and howled and shouted and screamed in abject fear.

While this was going on, Billina flew over to Dorothy, and perching herself upon the Lion's back the hen whispered eagerly to the girl:

"Get his belt! Get the Nome King's jeweled belt! It unbuckles in the back. Quick, Dorothy—quick!"

Dorothy obeyed. She ran at once behind the Nome King, who was still trying to free his eyes from the egg and in a twinkling she had unbuckled his splendid jeweled belt and carried it away with her to her place beside the Tiger and Lion, where, because she did not know what else to do with it, she fastened it around her own slim waist.

Just then the Chief Steward rushed in with a sponge and a bowl of water, and began mopping away the broken eggs from his master's face. In a few minutes, and while all the party stood looking on, the King regained the use of his eyes, and the first thing he did was to glare wickedly upon the Scarecrow and exclaim:

"I'll make you suffer for this, you hay-stuffed dummy! Don't you know eggs are poison to Nomes?"

"Really," said the Scarecrow, "they don't seem to agree with you, although I wonder why."

"They were strictly fresh and above suspicion," said Billina. "You ought to be glad to get them."

"I'll transform you all into scorpions!" cried the King, angrily, and began waving his arms and muttering magic words.

But none of the people became scorpions, so the King stopped and looked at them in surprise.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"Why, you are not wearing your magic belt," replied the Chief Steward, after looking the King over carefully. "Where is it? What have you done with it?"

The Nome King clapped his hand to his waist, and his rock colored face turned white as chalk.

"It's gone," he cried helplessly. "It's gone, and I am ruined!"

Dorothy now stepped forward and said:

"Royal Ozma, and you, Queen of Ev, I welcome you and your people back to the land of the living, Billina has saved you from your troubles, and now we will leave his dreadful place and return to Ev as soon as poss'ble."

While the child spoke they could all see that she wore the magic belt, and a great cheer went up from all her friends, which was led by the voices of the Scarecrow and the private. But the Nome King did not join them. He crept back onto his throne like a whipped dog, and lay there bitterly bemoaning his defeat.

"But we have not yet found my faithful follower, and Tin Woodman," said Ozma to Dorothy, "and without him I do not wish to go away."

"Nor I," replied Dorothy, quickly: "Wasn't he in the palace?"

"He must be there," said Billina; "but I had no clew to guide me in guessing the Tin woodman, so I must have missed him."

"We will go back into the rooms," said Dorothy. "This magic belt, I am sure, will help us to find our dear old friend."

Editor's Note—Next week we shall learn "The Fate of the Tin Woodman," and of the return of Ozma's rescue party to the Land of Ev.

30 CASES LISTED FOR TRIAL COURT

Three Alleged Murderers Will Be Among Those Who Face Juries

Thirty cases have been listed for the special session of Criminal Court to be held during the week of November 10. District Attorney Michael E. Stroup in issuing the list has included all cases which have not been disposed of, so that there will be no continued trials to be disposed of when the next district attorney takes the oath of office in January.

Three murder trials are listed, the defendants being Theodore Martin, Sim Belso and Cathleen Stewart.

Petit jurors who served at the September sessions of criminal court have been notified to be present again for the special session.

Monday—Joseph Harman, lar. as b.; Harry M. Keller, wil. des. of wife and child; Morris Kramer, arson; Cathleen Stewart, murder.

Tuesday—Theodore Martin, murder; Harry E. Schaum, agg. a. and b.; John Sarvera, fel. a.; Conrad Troutman, agg. a. and b.; Charles E. Bowman, dis. h.; Barton Stewart, sod.; Benjamin F. Smith, a. and b.; Charles A. Hoak, ad.; Robert Eckles, fel. a.

Wednesday.—Bruce H. Taylor, op. m. wh. int.; J. G. Bennett, agg. a and b.; Ana Skojic, lar.; Julia Stiki, a. and b.; James Vaughn, lar.; Roy Turpin, f. and b.; Sarah Finfrock, com. sc.; Charles H. Mauk, 3 cases, fal. pre.

Thursday—George L. Roehring, fal. pre.; Mark E. Shadle, agg. a. and b.; Minnie A. Altland, com, sc.; Sim Belco, murder.

Find Seven Bodies of Men Entombed in Ohio Coal Mine

By Associated Press

Amsterdam, Ohio, Nov. 1.—Rescue parties last night found the body of James Gray, foreman, and six other bodies of the twenty entombed miners in the Youghiogheny and Ohio Coal Company's mine No. 2 as they reached the entrance to entry No. 15.

All had been suffocated by smoke or gas and had not been touched by the fire, which has been burning in the mine since Wednesday morning.

King Bids Adieu by Radio to President

On Board the Steamship George Washington, Nov. 1. — King Albert of the Belgians sent the following radio message of adieu to President Wilson, immediately after the George Washington sailed:

"President Wilson, White House, Washington, D. C.

"The moment of departure has come, and it is with great regret that I leave the hospitable shores of America, I am glad, however, to have had the great pleasure of seeing you and it is comforting to me to feel that you will soon be in full health and vigor and able to continue your great work.

"The Queen and I will never forget the cordiality of the welcome extended to us by the people as well as by the Government of the United States.

"I assure you once more of my highest regards and friendship."

Hears of Plan to Take Over Plant, He Closes His Shop

By Associated Press

New York, Nov. 1.—Demands that provision drivers receive from $102 to $245.50 a week were among those made yesterday by 500 inside butchers in what was denounced by Adolph Gobel as the first step in a "Bolshevist" movement to take over his plant in Brooklyn. Mr. Gobel, who announced he had closed his doors temporarily after the butchers had gone on strike, said he was "informed by an insider" that the unionists planned, after accomplishing their purpose by a series of strikes, to allow him six per cent. on his investment and divide all profits over that amount among themselves.

This strike was said by Mr. Gobel to be primarily an effort to force drivers and outside salesmen to join the union. The drivers, according to Mr. Gobel, recognized the demands made for them as excessive and refused to join the strikers. They now receive $49 to $80 a week.

British Fleet Sinks Three Bolshevik Ships

London, Nov. 1.—An unconfirmed report has reached the Globe that three Bolshevik vessels were sunk when the Bolsheviki attempted to land on the coast in the neighborhood of Petrograd, the vessels being bombarded by a British fleet.

The capture of Petropavlovsk from the forces of Admiral Kolchak by the Bolsheviki is claimed in a wireless dispatch received from Moscow. The dispatch says the town fell Thursday.

PLANS PROGRAM TO BE GIVEN LABOR SESSION

Steering Committee of the International Conference Gets Down to Work

By Associated Press

Washington, Nov. 1.—The steering committee of the International Labor Conference to-day proceeded to map out the future method of work and to choosing committees to which the big items on the program will be referred for study and report.

The permanent organization of the conference was completed yesterday with the election of Secretary of Labor Wilson of the United States, as president.

At a short meeting yesterday after the conference session, Arthur Fontaine, of France, chairman of the organizing committee, was elected presiding officer of the commission and a preliminary discussion was had on its work.

When the conference reconvenes Monday a fight is expected over the relative advantages of a straight eight-hour day as compared with a 48-hours week. The latter was recommended by the organizing committee as a result of its analysis of expressions of opinion from all the governments represented in the conference. This committee in its report declared that the 48-hour week allowed more elasticity in the arrangement of hours of work facilitates the adoption of half holidays on Saturday, and of a weekly rest day. A number of the labor delegates, however, plan to make a fight for the straight eight-hour day.

Advice to the Lovelorn

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am an orphan girl 19 years of age and go about with a young man two years my senior who confesses that he loves me. He claims that I am the one and only girl for him. Now, I do not care for this young man at all but my friends urge me to not give him up because he is a respectible young man. Will you please give me your advice?

PUZZLED.

My dear, it seems to me that there is only one thing possible for you to do since you frankly admit that you do not love the young man. Marriage without love is an intolerable thing and should not be considered for a minute. On the other hand, there is no reason why you should not continue being good friends. Talk the matter over frankly with him. Tell him that you are willing to be the best sort of a friend for the present and that maybe, sometime in the future you can care for him as he wishes you to.

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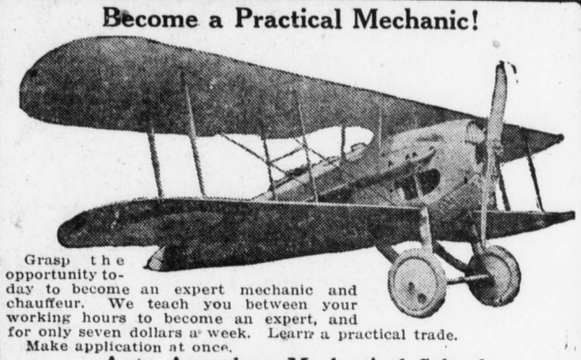

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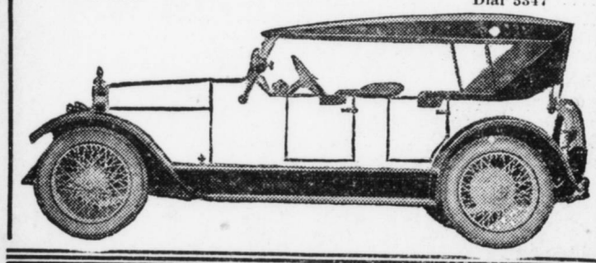

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Permanent Motor Parts Exhibit For Detroit

The leadership of Detroit in the automotive industry is further emphasized by the announcement just made that that city is to have a great building devoted to a permanent exhibit of motor parts and accessories and to the sales offices of their manufacturers.

The building selected to house the exhibit, and which will be known as the Motor Industry Building, is the former Ford service building situated at Woodward Avenue and Grand Boulevard.

The advantage of the location is apparent when it is known that it is but one block away from the new Durant building now being erected by General Motors at a cost of more than $5,000,000.

The Motor Industry Building was erected by the Ford Motor Company as a sales and service station.

A change in policy placed it on the market and it was purchased some months ago by Stormfeltz-Loveley Company, a leading real estate firm of Detroit.

Now it has been leased for fifteen years by Mr. Charles F. Van Sicklen at a figure said to approach $4,000,000.

Mr. Van Sicklen is well known in the automobile industry, having but recently retired as head of the Van Sicklen Speedometer Company.

The building is very attractive outwardly and is substantially built.

It has a frontage of 320 feet on Grand Boulevard and 97.5 feet on Woodward Avenue and is eight stories high with full basement. The ground floor will be utilized for automobile retail salesrooms and on each of the upper floors will be offices surrounding the exhibition space.

This arrangement will enable a parts maker or an accessory manufacturer to have an exhibit of his product immeditaely outside his office door.

The Ford Company vacates the premises November 1st and several large manufacturers are planning to occupy space immediately after that date.

The Stormfeltz-Lovely Company will act for Mr. Van Sicklen in managing the building.

Republic Dealer Gives Spectacular Service

Part of the policy of the Republic Motor Truck Company, of Alma, Michigan, is to render good service to owners of its trucks when they are in need of service. How earnestly this policy is carried out by individual dealers was illustrated a few days ago in spectacular fashion.

A Republic owner called on the dealer in Grand Rapids, Mich., for certain parts. His truck would be out of commission until the parts could be procured from the factory it so happened that they were temporarily lacking from the local stock, although an express shipment was then enroute from the factory. The express shipment was already behind schedule delivery time, and rather than keep the Republic owner waiting and his truck in idleness, W. B. Rayburn, the local Republic distributor, located in Grand Rapids an airplane which was not then engaged, and inside of ten minutes, was winging his way through the air toward the Republic factory at Alma, Mich. This trip was made in a little over an hour, and before a fast train could have made the run one way, the dealer was back in Grand Rapids with the needed parts. In consequence, the Republic truck was again in service the same day, saving many valuable hours for its busy owner.

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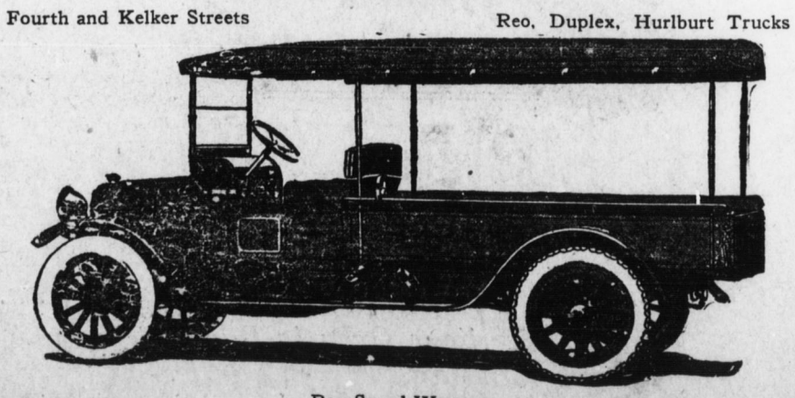

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