

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE WIZARD OF OZ THE LAND OF OZ FATHER GOOSE Sto.

L.FRANK BAUM'S NEW WONDER STORY FOR CHILDREN Ohn Dough and The Cherub Rictures by John R. Neill.

IS THE CHERUB A GIRL OR A BOY?



LADY EXECUTIONER

RESENTLY Chick returned, looking bright and happy as ever, but when the child heard the tale of John's wanderings in the rain he received a sound scolding for being so careless.

"You mustn't pay any attention to the inventors," said the Cherub. "This Isle is full of 'em, and most

of their inventions won't work."

"I've discovered that," said John.
"But they're good fun, if you don't take 'em in earnest," continued the Baby, "and as it's going to rain all the afternoon I'll take you around the castle to make some calls on some of the cranks that are

harmless. John readily agreed to this proposal, so Chick took his hand and led him through some of the wide halls. stopping frequently to call upon the different inventors and scientific discoverers who inhabited the various rooms. They were all glad to see the pretty child and welcomed John Dough almost as cordially.

One personage presented the gingerbread man with a smokeless eigar that he had recently invented. Another wanted him to listen to a noiseless music box. and was delighted when John declared he could hear nothing at all. A third wanted him to try a dish of hot ice cream made in a glowing freezer, and was grieved because the gingerbrend man was constructed in such a way that it was impossible for him to eat. "Really," said John, "I don't see the use of these things.

"Oh, they're not useful at all," replied Chick, laughing, "but these folks are all trying to do something queer, and most of them are doing it. Now we'll climb this tower, and I'll show you what I call a really fine invention.

So up they climbed to the top of one of the turrets, winding round and round a narrow stalrcase until they came upon a broad platform. And on this platform rested a queer machine that somewhat resembled a bird, for it had two great wings and a big body that glittered as brightly as if it were made of

While they stood looking at this odd contrivance a door in the body of the bird opened and a young man stepped out and greeted them.

John thought him quite the most agreeable person, in looks and manner, that he had yet met in the Isle of Phreex, excepting, of course, his friend Chick. The young man had a sad face, but his eyes were pleasant and intelligent and his brow thoughtful. In a few polite and well-chosen words he welcomed his guests. "This is Imar," said Chick, introducing John, "and he has invented a real flying machine." "One that will fly?" asked John, curiously,

"Of course," said the Baby. 'T've had many a ride in it-haven't I, Imar?"

"To be sure," replied the young man. "I have often taken Chick to ride as far as 49 yards from the tower. If it did not rain just now nothing would give me more pleasure than to prove to you that my invention will work perfectly." "I see you have made it resemble a bird," remarked John, who was quite interested in the machine,

"Yes," said the dreamy Imar, "and the reason I have succeeded in my invention is because I have kept close to nature's own design. Every muscle of a bird's wings is duplicated in this machine. But in-stead of being animated by life, I have found it necessary to employ electric batteries and motors. Perhaps the bird isn't exactly as good as a real bird. but it will fly all right, as you shall see when I take

you for a ride in it. He then allowed John to enter the tiny room in the body of the bird, which was just big enough to allow two to sit close together. And in front of the seat were various push buttons and a silver lever, by means of which the flight of the machine was controlled.

"It is very simple," said Imar, proudly. "Even could enide the much The only fault of the invention is that the wings are too light to be strong, and that is why I do not take any long trips in it." I understand," answered John. "It's quite a dis-

tance to the ground, if anything happened to break." "True," acknowledged Imar, sadly, "and I do not wish to break my neck before I am able to make a bigger and better machine."

"That is not to be wondered at," said John, "Then he thanked the inventor and followed Chick down the winding stairs and through the halls until they again reached their own room, where they sat and talked darkness came and drove the incubator Baby to its snowy couch. As for the gingerbread man, he never required sleep or rest; so he sat quietly in chair and thought of many things until a new day dawned.

By morning the sain had ceased and the sun arose in a blue sky and flooded the Isle with its warm and brilliant rays. The Incubator Baby was so happy this pleasant day that it fairly danced away to get its regular breakfast of milk and outmeal,

But John Dough's little friend was back at his side before long, and together they went hand in hand through the halls of the castle to the throne room of the kinglet. They found his Majesty already seated in the

throne, with the fat Nebbie asleep at one side of him and the girl executioner carefully sharpening her sword at the other side.

"This is my busy day," said the kinglet, nodding graciously to Chick and the gingerbread man. "There are too many useless people in my kingdom, and I'm going to kill off some of them. Sit down and watch the flash of the executioner's sword."

Then he turned to his guards and commanded; "Bring in the General."

Immediately they ushered before the kinglet a soldierly man clothed in a gorgeous uniform, ' His head was erect and his countenance calm and set. eyes seemed dull and listless, and he walked stiffly, as if his limbs were rheumatic.

"Sire, I salute you!" the General exclaimed, in a hollow voice. "Why am I brought before you as a prisoner-I, the hero of a hundred battles?"



"You are accused of being foolish," said the kinglet, with a broad grin upon his freekled face.

"Sire, at the battle of Waterloo-'Never mind the battle of Waterloo," interrupted his Majesty.

"I am told you are scattered all over the world as the result of your foolishness."
"To an extent, Sire, I am scattered. But it is the

of bravery, not foolishness." He unstrapped his left arm and tossed it on the floor before the throne. "I lost that at Bull Run," he said. Then he unhooked his right leg and cast it down. "That Sire, was blown off at Sedan." Then he suddenly lifted his

the Indian, sulkily. "Are not white girls called Rose and Violet when they have not that color? John Brown was white and Mary Green was white. If the white people deceive us about their names, I also have a right to "Now, by my-my-my-" The kinglet jabbed the fat

an with his sceptre.
"Halldom!" yelled Nebble, with a jump.
"I will allow no "By my halldom!" said the kinglet. "I will allow no one in my kingdom to tell an untruth. There being no wart on your nose you must die the death! Executioner,

do your duty!" The Failings tripped up the Indian so that he fell upon his face, and then the girl advanced solemnty with her sword.

Three times she swung the glittering blade around her head, and then she glanced at the kinglet and said:

"Well, what?" asked His Majesty.

man with his sceptre.



right arm, seized his hair firmly, and lifted the head from his shoulders. "It is true I lost my head at Santiago," he said, "but I could not help it." John was astonished. The old general seemed to

come to pieces very easily. He had tucked his head under his right elbow, and now stood before the kinglet on one foot, presenting a remarkably strange ap-His Majesty seemed interested.

"What is your head made of?" he asked.

"Wax, your Majesty." "And what are your legs made of?" continued the

"One is cork, Sire, and the other-the one I am now standing on-is basswood." "And your arms?"

"Rubber, my kinglet."

You may go, General. There is no doubt you were



"I lost my head at Santiago."

very unwise to get so broken up, but there is nothing left for the Royal Executioner to do."

The girl sighed and felt the edge of her blade, and the old general replaced his head, had his leg and arm again strapped to his body by the guards, and hobbled away after making a low bow before the. throne.

Just then a great noise of quarreling and fighting was ard near the doorway, and while all eyes were turned foward the sound, a wooden-Indian sprang into the hall. waving a wooden tomahawk over his head and uttering terrible war whoops,

Following him came a number of the Brotherhood of Failings, trying to capture the Indian. The Awkward tripped up and fell flat on his face; the Unlucky got in the way of the tomahawk and received a crack on the head that laid him low; the Blunderer was kicked on the shin so violently that he howled and limped away to a safe distance. But just before the throne the Disagreeable, the Bad-Tempered and the Ugly managed to throw a rope about the Indian's arms and bind them fast to his body, so that he ceased to struggle.

'What's the trouble?" asked the kinglet. "Sire," said the Indian, proudly, "once I had the honor to be a beautiful sign in front of a cigar store, and now these miserable Failings dare to insult me.'

"He claims his name is Wart-on-the-Nose," answered the Disagreeable, 'and any one can see there is no wart at all on his nose. 'So we decided to fight him." added the Ugly.

"And he dared to resist," said the Bad-Tempered.
"I am a great chief," the Indian declared, scowling fiercely. I am made of oak, and my paint is the best ready-mixed that can be purchased." But why do you claim your name is Wart-on-the-

Nose?" asked the kinglet. "I have a right to call myself what I please," answered

"Isn't it time to change your mind?" "I'm not going to change my mind in this case," said the kinglet. "Chop off his head!" At this the girl screamed and drew back.

'Do you really mean it?" "Of course." "Oh, your Majesty, I couldn't hurt the poor thing!"

replied the Executioner. "It would be simply awful! Please change your mind, as you always have done." "I won't," said the kinglet, sternly. "You do as I tell you, Maria Simpson, or I'll have you executed next." The girl hesitated. Then she took the sword in both

her hands, shut her eyes and struck downward with all her might. The blade fell upon the Indian's neck and shivered into several pieces. "He's wood, your Majesty," said the Executioner. "I

simply can't cut his head off.

"Get a meat cleaver!" cried the kinglet. "Do you suppose I'll allow Wart-on-the-Nose to live when he hasn't any wart on his nose? Get the cleaver instantly!" the girl brought the big meat cleaver, and, lifting it high in the air, struck the Indian's neck as hard as

she could. The cleaver stuck fast in the wood; but it didn't cut far enough to do much harm to the victim. Indeed, Wart-

on-the-Nose even laughed, and then he said: "There's a knot in that neck-a good oak knot. You couldn't chop my head off in a thousand years." The kinglet was annoyed.

"Pull out that cleaver," he commanded. The girl tried to obey, but the cleaver stuck fast. Then the Failings tried, one after another; but it wouldn't

"Never mind, leave it there," said the Indian, rolling over and then getting upon his feet. "It won't bother me in the least. In fact, it will make a curious ornament." "Look here. Sir John Dough," said the kinglet, turning to the gingerbread man. "what am I going to do? said the Indian must die, because he has no wart on his nose. And I find I can't kill him. Now, you must either tell me how to get out of this scrape or I'll cut

bread as it is wood. I promise you." This speech rather frightened John, for he knew he was in great danger. But after thinking a moment he

your head off! And it won't be as hard to cut ginger-

Why, it seems to me very easy to get out of the difficulty. Your Majesty. The Indian's only offense is that he has no wart on his nose."

"But that is a great offense!" cried the kinglet. "Well, let us whittle a wart on his nose," said John, "and all will be well."

The kinglet looked at him in astonishment. 'Can that be done?" he asked.

"Certainly, your Majesty. It is only necessary to carve away some of the wood of his nose, and leave a

"I'll do it!" shouted the kinglet, in great delight. And he at once sent for the Royal Carpenter and had the whittle the Indian's nose until a beautiful wart showed plainly on the very end.

'Good!" said the King. "Good!" echoed the Indian, proudly. "Now none of those miserable Fallings dare say my name is not suit-

"I'm very sorry about that cleaver," remarked the kinglet. "You'll have to carry it around wherever you go." That's all right. I'll and to my name and call myself Wart-on-the-Nose-and-Cleaver-in-the-Neck. That will be a fine Indian name, and no one can prove it is not

Saying this, the wooden Indian bowed to the kinglet, gave a furious war-whoop, and stalked stiffly from the

"Bring on the next prisoner!" shouted the kinglet, and both Chick and John gave a gasp of surprise as Imar was brought into the room. The inventor of the flying machine, however, did not seem the least bit frightened, and bowed calmly before the throne. "What's the charge against this man?" inquired the

"He's accused of being a successful inventor," said one of the guards. "The other inventors claim no one who succeeds has a right to live in the Isle of Phreex."
"Quite correct." replied his Majesty. "Cut off his head, Maria,

kinglet.

"Alas, Sire! my sword is broken!" she exclaimed. 'Then get another.' "But I have no other sword that is sharpened," she

Then sharpen one!" retorted the kinglet, frowning. "Certainly, your Majesty. But a sword cannot

properly sharpened in a minute. It will take until toorrow, at least, to get it ready."

"Then," said the kinglet, "I'll postpone the execution until tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock. If you're not ready by that time I'll get a new Royal Executioner and you'll

"I shall be ready," said the girl, and walked away arm in arm with the sad young man, on whom she smiled

"It's all right," whispered Chick to John. "Imar won't get hurt, for the kinglet will forget all about him by to-"And now, my guards," said his Majesty, stretching his

arms and yawning, "bring hither my two-legged horse, that I may take a ride around my kingdom."

So presently the guards led in a big, raw-boned nag that had two legs instead of four, and these two set in the middle of its body. It seemed rather frisky and pranced around in a nervous manner, so that the kinglet had great difficulty in mounting the horse's back, where-on was a saddle made of purple velvet and cloth of gold.

"Hold still, can't you?" cried the kinglet.
"I can, but I won't," said the horse, in a cross tone, for it appeared the animal was able to talk.
"I'll thrash you soundly if you don't behave!"

screamed the kinglet. "I'll kick you in the ribs, if you dare to threaten me!" returned the horse, laying back its ears. "Why, you miserable little freckle-faced kinglet, I could run away with you and break your neck, if I wanted to!"

"That's true," said his Majesty, meekly. "I beg your pardon for my harsh words. Let us be friends, by all

The horse snorted, as if with contempt, and the guards finally managed to hoist the little kinglet to his seat upon the animal's back. away that mace!" cried the horse.

"Throw away that mace: cred the life and behave yourHis Majesty obeyed at quice.
"Now." said the animal, "you sit still and behave yourself, or I'll dump you over my head. Understand?"
"I understand," said the kinglet.
"Very good!" declared the horse. "When you're on
your throne you're a tyrant; but when you're on horselook now're a coward, because you're at my mercy, and

back you're a coward, because you're at my mercy, and you know it. Now, we are off." The beast pranced down the hall and out of the arched entrance, bearing the kinglet upon his back; and when they were gone John and Chick started to take a walk

along the beach of the seashore.

But no sooner had they stepped into the courtyard than an awful yell saluted their ears, and before them stood the form of the terrible Arab!

The Palace Romance

'He must have broken loosel" cried Chick. "Let us run, John Dough, before he can eat you."

At once John turned to fly, with Chick grasping his hand to urge him on. All Dubh had, indeed, succeeded in breaking through the iron grating of his prison, and had even managed to untle his hands. But his legs were still firmly bound together from his ankles to his knees, so that he could only move toward them by hopping.

Nevertheless, at sight of the gingerbread man, who was mixed with his precious Elixir, the Arab began bounding toward his vicitim with long nops, and had John and Chick not run so fast as they did it is cer-tain the Arab would soon have overtaken them. Through the throne room they fled, with Ali Dubh just benind them, and then they began mounting the marble stairways to the upper stories of the castle.

Their pursuer, nothing daunted by his bound legs, hopped up the stairs after them with remarkable

Hurry!" cried Chick; "hurry, John Dough, or you'll be eaten.'

They came to the second flight of stairs, and still the Arab followed. "We are lost," said John, in despair. "He'll surely get me this time."

But Chick tugged at his puffy brown hand and hurried him on, for the Incubator Baby at that very moment thought of a clever way to save the gingerbread man. Still nolding John's hand, the child ran through the upper passages to and began climbing up the steep stairs as fast as pos-sible. Luckly for the fugitives, these stairs to the tower were very difficult for All Dubn to climb by hopping. When he was half way up he lost als balance and tumbled down again, and this accident gave John and Chick time to enter the body flying machine, which still lay stretched upon the roof of the tower.

'Quick!" shouted the child, shutting and fastening silver door behind them. "Pull over that lever and away we go

"Is it safe?" asked John, hesitating, "Is it safe to be eaten?" inquired Chick. John quickly grabbed the lever, pulled it over, and the huge bird fluttered its wings once or twice and rose slowly into the air. It salled away from the roof

just as the Arab appeared at the top of the stairs.
"Stop!" screamed Ali Dubh. "You're mine, John Dough. Come back and be exten."
"Don't mind him." smid the Cherub, peeping at the through a little window in the bottom of the bedy. "And don't worry about this flying mabird's body. chine, either. Imar has fold me how to run it, and it will carry us somewhere, never fear. This button that I pushed is to start it, and there's another butsomewhere to stop "Where?" asked John.

"I don't remember. But never mind that; we don't want to stop just yet, anyhow." John stooped to look through the little window, and saw spread out beneath him the isle of Phreex. The Brotherhood of Failings stood upon the shore watch-

muni

"The door in the body of the bird opened."



ing the flight of the machine, and the kinglet was riding along calmly upon his two-legged horse with-out any idea that the Incubator Baby and the ginger-

out any idea that the Incubator Baby and the ginger-bread man were leaving his kingdom for good and all and he would probably never see them again.

The great bird flew stendily westward, and Chick laughed and chatted, and seemed to enjoy the journey immensely. They were flying over the ocean now, and before long the isle they had left became a mere speck upon the water.

"Where are we going?" John asked.
"I don't know," answered Chick.
"What land lies in this direction?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," said the Baby. John became thoughtful. "How long will this machine fly?" he inquired. "Who knows?" said Chick. "Imar was always afraid to go very far from the island with it. We'll just have

to wait and find out."

This was not very encouraging, but it was too late to return now, the Isle of Phreex being lost in the vastness of the great sea. Moreover, John reflected that he would be in greater danger there from All Dubh than in riding in an untried flying machine. The only thing to do was to continue the flight through the air until they sighted some other land—provided the machine did not suddenly break down. It seemed to be all right just at present, and John's admiration of Imar's genius in constructing it grew steadily as the bird flopped on and on

structing it grew steadily as the bird flopped on and on without a sign of giving out. Chick wasn't frightened, that was certain. The Baby laughed and sang little songs, and seemed as happy and contented as when upon firm land; so John gradually for-got his fears. The sun had sunk low upon the horizon, and was looking for a good place to dive into the sea, when the voyagers discovered something far ahead of them that glittered brightly upon the water. Neither could determine what the glitter meant, until they drew nearer and saw a small, rocky islet, upon which was



pure gold, having many crystal windows set in its domer "It is certainly a beautiful place," said John. "Let ut

land upon the fslet." "All right," returned Chick. "I'll see if I can find out which button stops the thing."

The Baby pushed one of the buttons, and at once the bird shot up higher into the air.

"That isn't it." cried John, in sudden alarm. Chick pushed another button, and the machine began

whirling around in short circles. 'Dear me!" said John; "what's going to happen to Chick laughed and pushed another button.

"One of 'em must be to stop," declared Chick, cheer-fully; "and there's only two more left."

The bird paused, with a quick trembling of its wings, and slowly fluttered downward.

"Oh, now we're all right," gayly announced the queer child, 'for there's only one button left; and when I push it. John Dough, you must pull back the silver lever and steer straight for the golden palace." Down, down they sank, and fortunately, the descent was made to the flat roof of a wing of the palace. When they had almost reached it, Chick, who

was watching the roof through the lit-tle window, pushed the last button, while John threw over the lever. Immediately the flying machine fell with a thump that made the ginger-

bread man's teeth knock together. "Wow!" said Chick. "That was a jolt and a half! I hope nothing's broken." "I don't helieve I will ever ride in H again," said John, smoothing the wrinkles out of his frosted shirt front and pulling the baker's hat off his eyes, where it had become jammed. "These airships are too dangerous to

Why, the bird has saved your life, and it may save it again," said Chick.
"For my part, I rather like flying through the air. You never know what's going to happen next. And see how lucky we are! This is the only part of the palace roof that is flat, and we struck it to a dot. If we'd fallen upon one of those spikes"-pointing to the numerous spires and minaretsour clocks would have stopped by this

You have a queer way of expressing yourself, my friend," and John, looking upon the child gravely. "The vast knowledge I gained by means of the Elixir taught me nothing of your meth-

ods of twisting language. "That's too bad," answered Chick. "I can't always figure out what you mean to say; but you always know what I mean, don't you?"
"Almost always," John acknowl-

Then don't complain," said the Baby, sweetly, and the gingerbread man looked at his feet with a puzzled expression, and then back into the child's smiling face, and sighed.

Continued next week.)

