

THE
LOST PRINCESS
OF



by
L.
FRANK
BAUM

Illustrated by
Jno. R. Neill



EARL R. NEILL

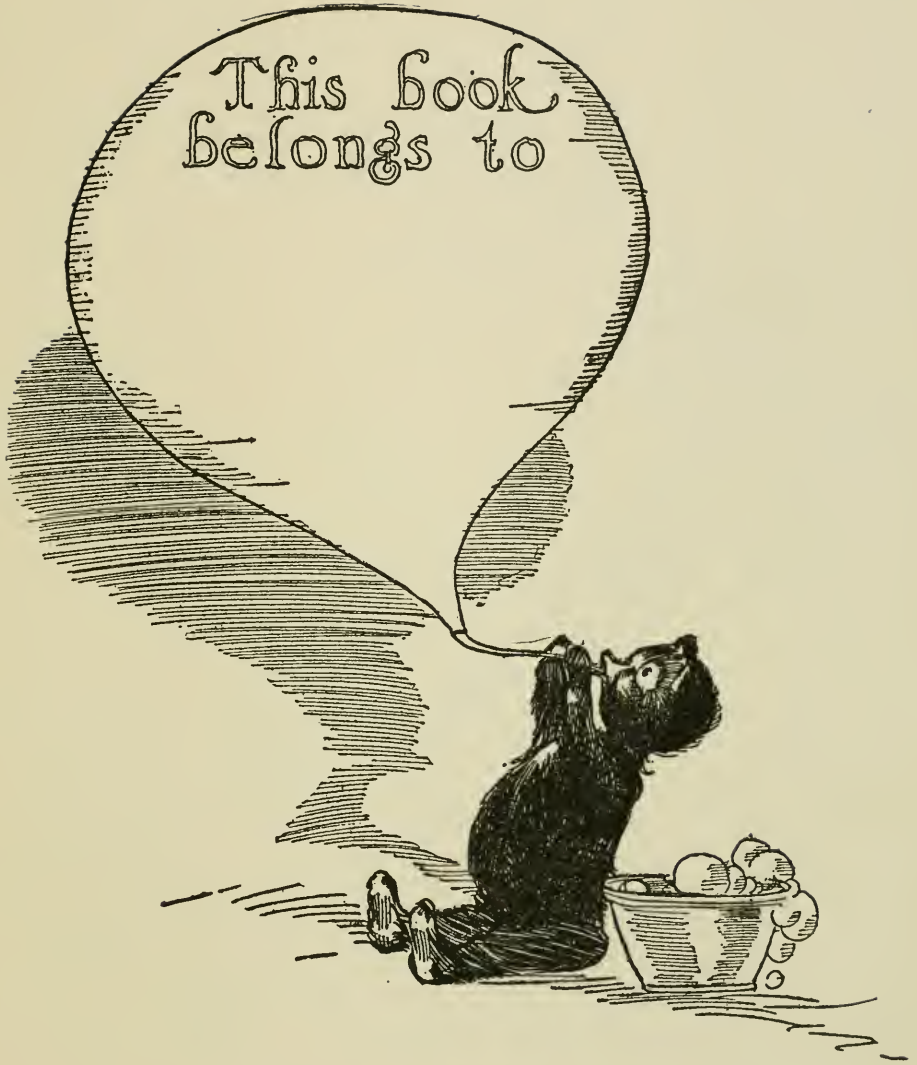


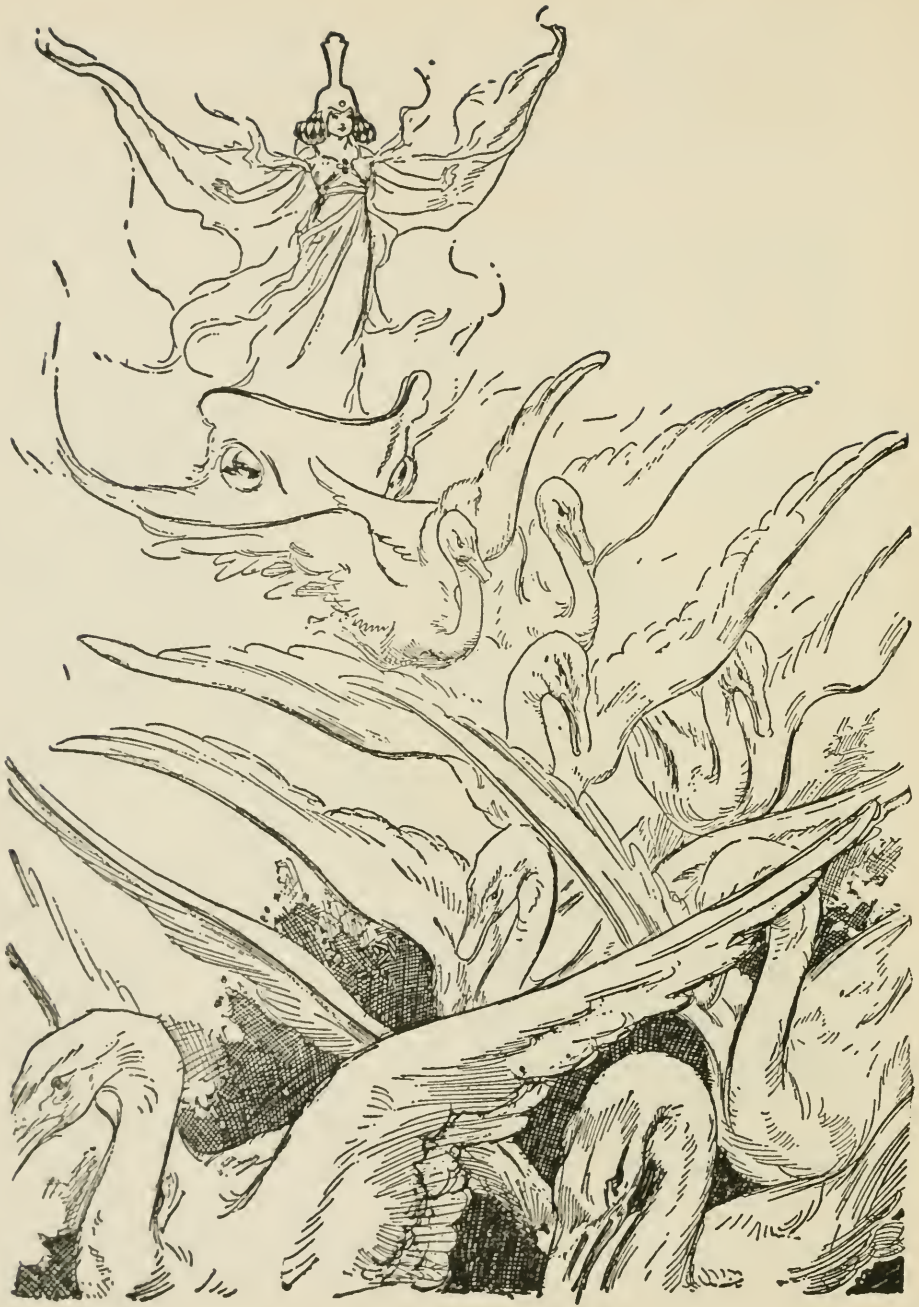


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THE LOST PRINCESS OF OZ

BY

L. FRANK BAUM

AUTHOR OF

The Road to Oz, Dorothy and the Wizard in Oz, The
Emerald City of Oz, The Land of Oz, Ozma of Oz,
The Patchwork Girl of Oz, Tik-Tok of
Oz, The Scarecrow of Oz,
Rinkitink in Oz



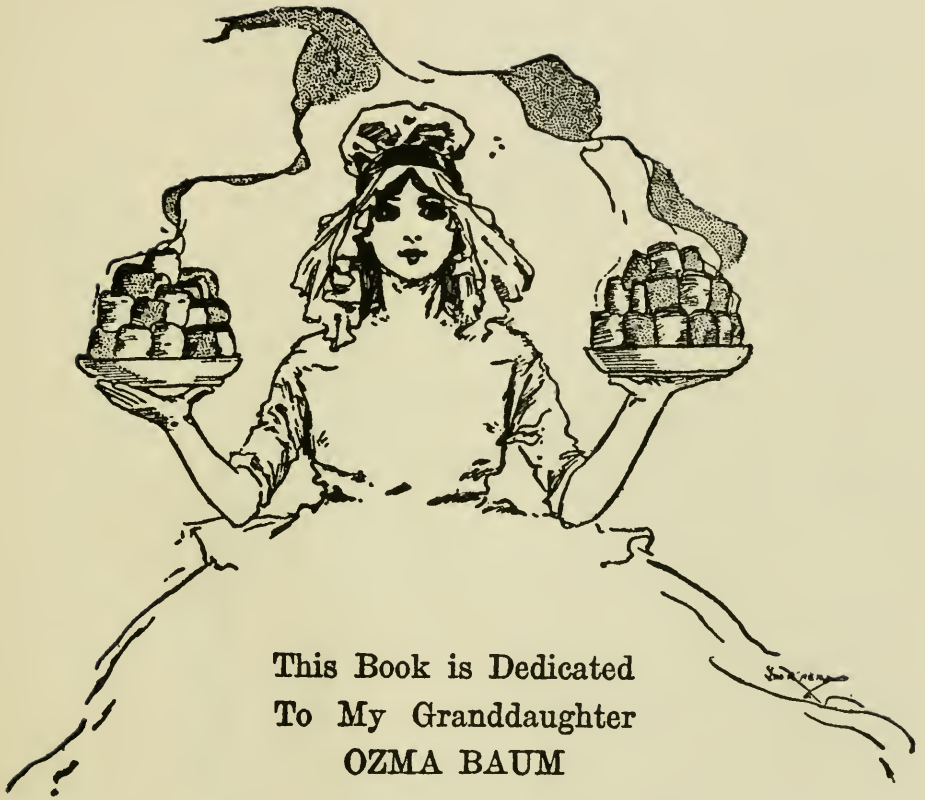
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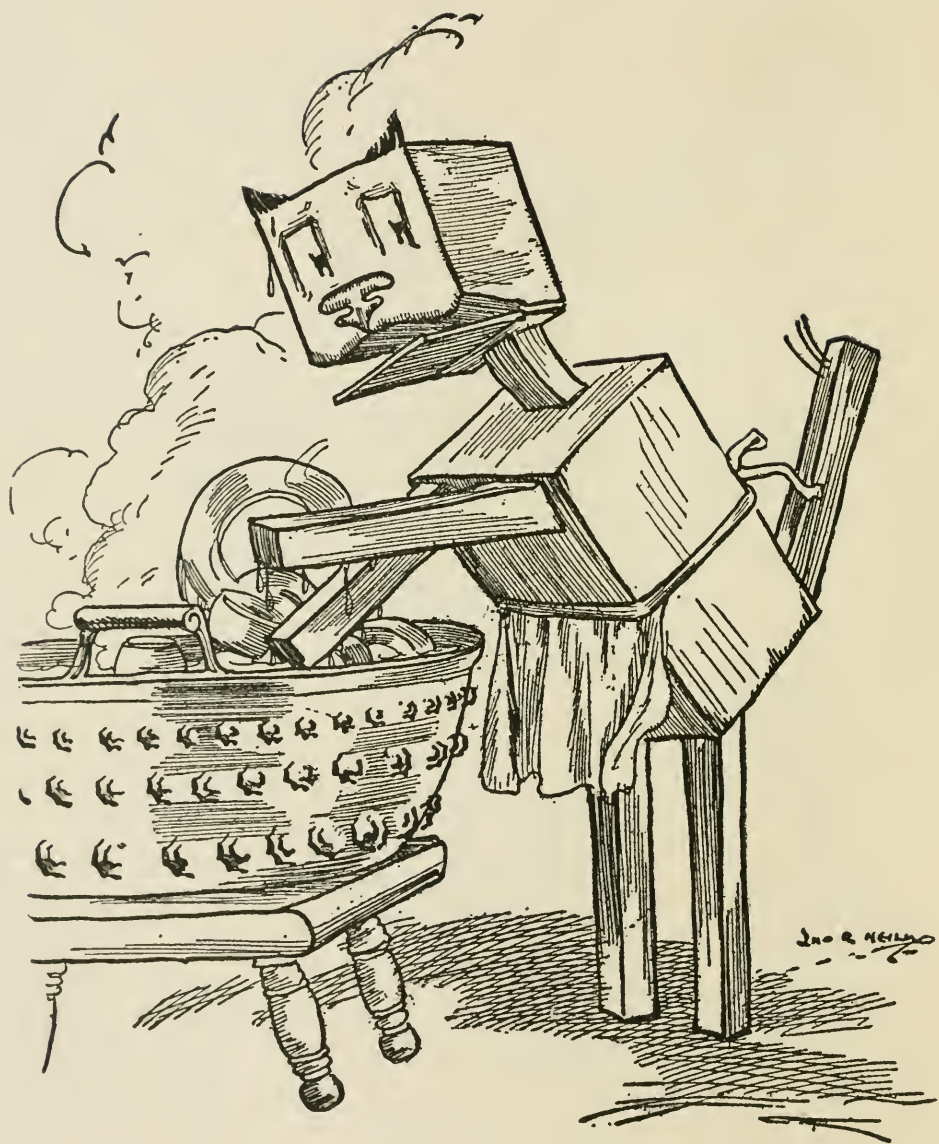
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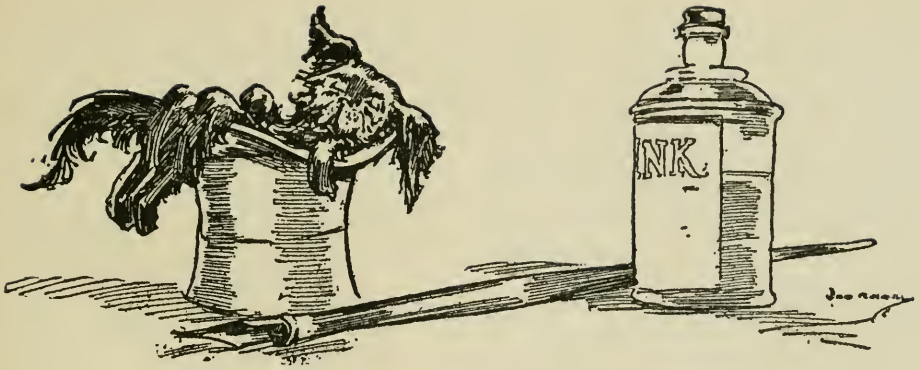


Made in U. S. A.



This Book is Dedicated
To My Granddaughter
OZMA BAUM





TO MY READERS

Some of my youthful readers are developing wonderful imaginations. This pleases me. Imagination has brought mankind through the Dark Ages to its present state of civilization. Imagination led Columbus to discover America. Imagination led Franklin to discover electricity. Imagination has given us the steam engine, the telephone, the talking-machine and the automobile, for these things had to be dreamed of before they became realities. So I believe that dreams—day dreams, you know, with your eyes wide open and your brain-machinery whizzing—are likely to lead to the betterment of the world. The imaginative child will become the imaginative man or woman most apt to create, to invent, and therefore to foster civilization. A prominent educator tells me that fairy tales are of untold value in developing imagination in the young. I believe it.

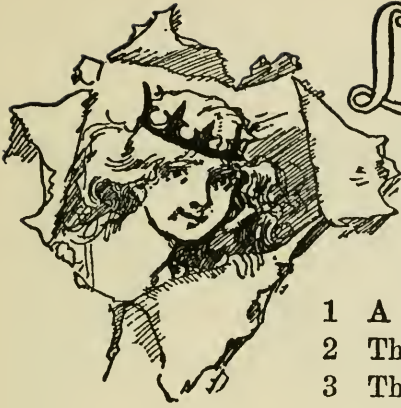
Among the letters I receive from children are many

containing suggestions of "what to write about in the next Oz Book." Some of the ideas advanced are mighty interesting, while others are too extravagant to be seriously considered — even in a fairy tale. Yet I like them all, and I must admit that the main idea in "The Lost Princess of Oz" was suggested to me by a sweet little girl of eleven who called to see me and to talk about the Land of Oz. Said she: "I s'pose if Ozma ever got lost, or stolen, ev'rybody in Oz would be dreadful sorry."

That was all, but quite enough foundation to build this present story on. If you happen to like the story, give credit to my little friend's clever hint. And, by the way, don't hesitate to write me your own hints and suggestions, such as result from your own day dreams. They will be sure to interest me, even if I cannot use them in a story, and the very fact that you have dreamed at all will give me pleasure and do you good. For, after all, dear reader, these stories of Oz are just yours and mine, and we are partners. As long as you care to read them I shall try to write them, and I've an idea that the next one will relate some startling adventures of the "Tin Woodman of Oz" and his comrades.

L. FRANK BAUM,
Royal Historian of Oz.

"OZCOT"
at HOLLYWOOD
in CALIFORNIA
1917.

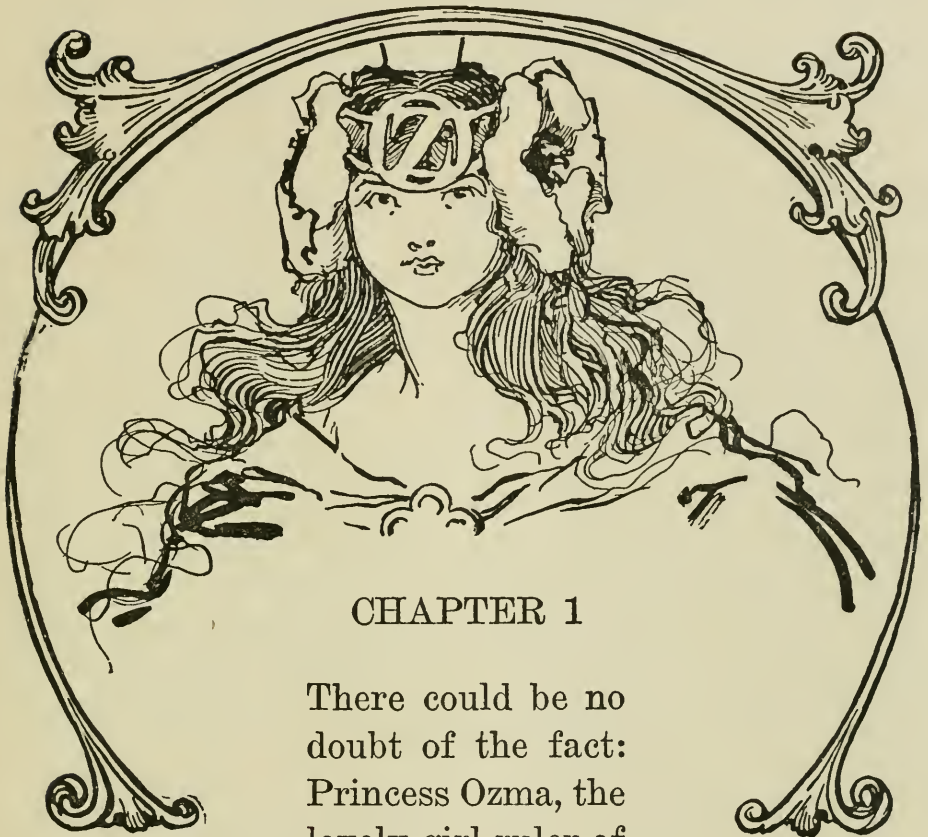


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A Terrible Loss



CHAPTER 1

There could be no doubt of the fact: Princess Ozma, the lovely girl ruler of

the Fairyland of Oz, was lost. She had completely disappeared. Not one of her subjects — not even her closest friends — knew what had become of her.

It was Dorothy who first discovered it. Dorothy was a little Kansas girl who had come to the Land of Oz to live and had been given a delightful suite of rooms in Ozma's royal palace, just because Ozma loved

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Dorothy and wanted her to live as near her as possible, so the two girls might be much together.

Dorothy was not the only girl from the outside world who had been welcomed to Oz and lived in the royal palace. There was another named Betsy Bobbin, whose adventures had led her to seek refuge with Ozma, and still another named Trot, who had been invited, together with her faithful companion, Cap'n Bill, to make her home in this wonderful fairy-land. The three girls all had rooms in the palace and were great chums; but Dorothy was the dearest friend of their gracious Ruler and only she at any hour dared to seek Ozma in her royal apartments. For Dorothy had lived in Oz much longer than the other girls and had been made a Princess of the realm.

Betsy was a year older than Dorothy and Trot was a year younger, yet the three were near enough of an age to become great playmates and to have nice times together. It was while the three were talking together one morning in Dorothy's room that Betsy proposed they make a journey into the Munchkin Country, which was one of the four great countries of the Land of Oz ruled by Ozma.

"I've never been there yet," said Betsy Bobbin,



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“but the Scarecrow once told me it is the prettiest country in all Oz.”

“I’d like to go, too,” added Trot.

“All right,” said Dorothy, “I’ll go and ask Ozma. Perhaps she will let us take the Sawhorse and the Red Wagon, which would be much nicer for us than having to walk all the way. This Land of Oz is a pretty big place, when you get to all the edges of it.”

So she jumped up and went along the halls of the splendid palace until she came to the royal suite, which filled all the front of the second floor. In a little waiting room sat Ozma’s maid, Jellia Jamb, who was busily sewing.

“Is Ozma up yet?” inquired Dorothy.

“I don’t know, my dear,” replied Jellia. “I haven’t heard a word from her this morning. She hasn’t even called for her bath or her breakfast, and it is far past her usual time for them.”

“That’s strange!” exclaimed the little girl.

“Yes,” agreed the maid; “but of course no harm could have happened to her. No one can die or be killed in the Land of Oz and Ozma is herself a powerful fairy, and she has no enemies, so far as we know. Therefore I am not at all worried about her, though I must admit her silence is unusual.”

Chapter One

“Perhaps,” said Dorothy, thoughtfully, “she has overslept. Or she may be reading, or working out some new sort of magic to do good to her people.”

“Any of these things may be true,” replied Jellia Jamb, “so I haven’t dared disturb our royal mistress. You, however, are a privileged character, Princess, and I am sure that Ozma wouldn’t mind at all if you went in to see her.”

“Of course not,” said Dorothy, and opening the door of the outer chamber she went in. All was still here. She walked into another room, which was Ozma’s boudoir, and then, pushing back a heavy drapery richly brodered with threads of pure gold, the girl entered the sleeping-room of the fairy Ruler of Oz. The bed of ivory and gold was vacant; the room was vacant; not a trace of Ozma was to be found.

Very much surprised, yet still with no fear that anything had happened to her friend, Dorothy returned through the boudoir to the other rooms of the suite. She went into the music room, the library, the laboratory, the bath, the wardrobe and even into the great throne room, which adjoined the royal suite, but in none of these places could she find Ozma.

So she returned to the anteroom where she had left the maid, Jellia Jamb, and said:

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“She isn’t in her rooms now, so she must have gone out.”

“I don’t understand how she could do that without my seeing her,” replied Jellia, “unless she made herself invisible.”

“She isn’t there, anyhow,” declared Dorothy.

“Then let us go find her,” suggested the maid, who appeared to be a little uneasy.

So they went into the corridors and there Dorothy almost stumbled over a queer girl who was dancing lightly along the passage.

“Stop a minute, Scraps!” she called. “Have you seen Ozma this morning?”

“Not I!” replied the queer girl, dancing nearer. “I lost both my eyes in a tussle with the Woozy, last night, for the creature scraped ’em both off my face with his square paws. So I put the eyes in my pocket and this morning Button-Bright led me to Aunt Em, who sewed ’em on again. So I’ve seen nothing at all to-day, except during the last five minutes. So of course I haven’t seen Ozma.”

“Very well, Scraps,” said Dorothy, looking curiously at the eyes, which were merely two round black buttons sewed upon the girl’s face.

There were other things about Scraps that would