

The
**Marvelous
Land of Oz**

by L. Frank Baum



The Marvellous Land of Oz

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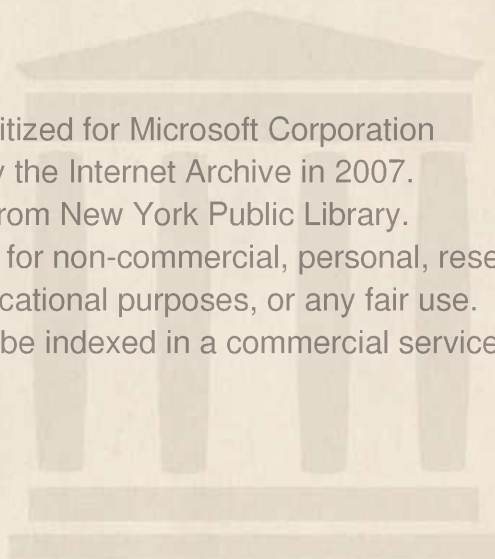


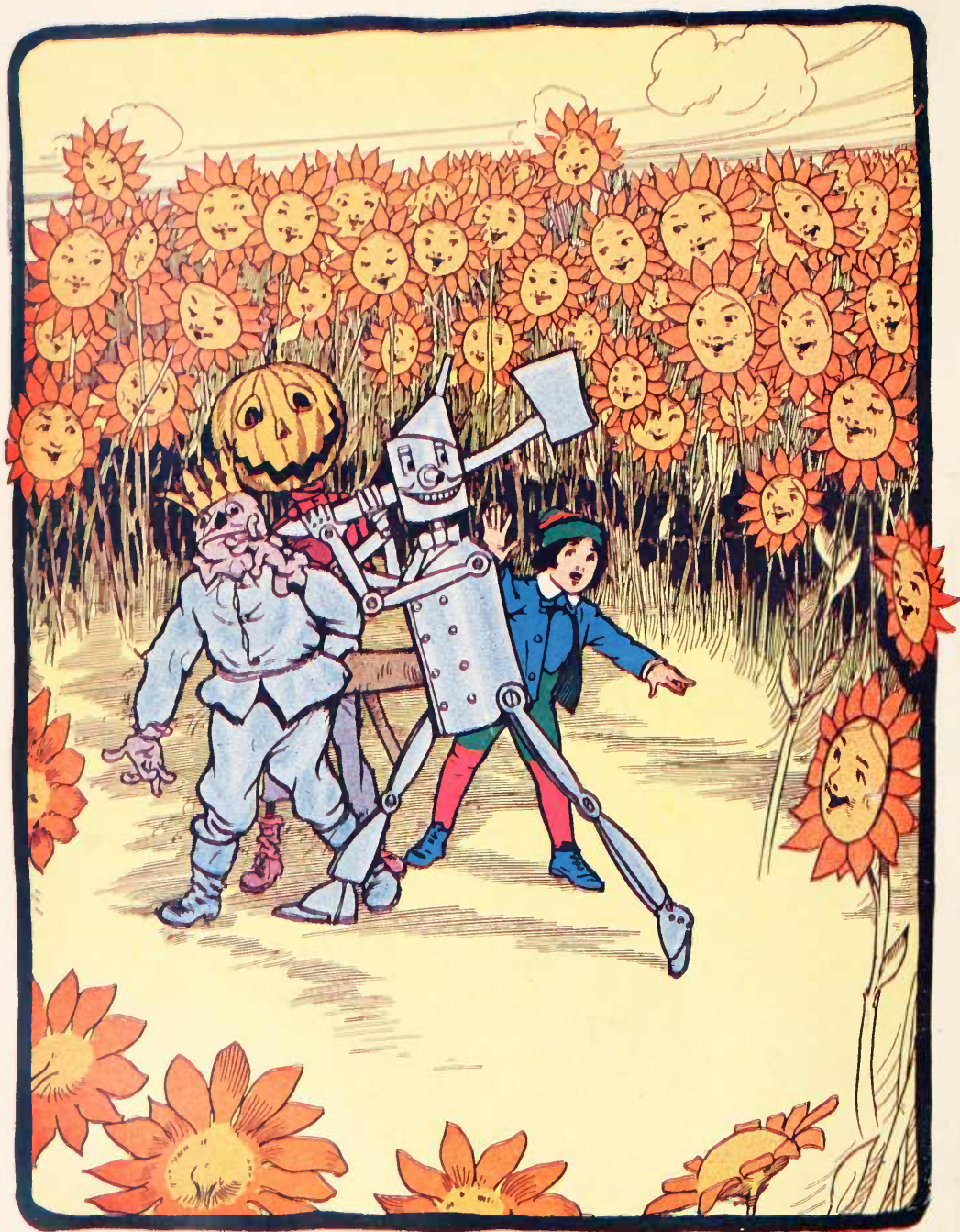
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THE FACES LOOKED UPON THE ASTONISHED BAND WITH
MOCKING SMILES.—p. 137.

The Marvelous Land of Oz

Being an account of the
further adventures of the
Scarecrow
and **Tin Woodman**

and also the strange ex-
periences of the Highly Mag-
nified Woggle-Bug, Jack Pumpkin-
head, the Animated Saw-Horse

✦ and the Gump; ✦
the story being

A Sequel to *The Wizard of Oz*

By

L. Frank Baum

Author of *Father Goose-His Book*, *The Wizard of Oz*; *The Magical Monarch of Mo*; *The Enchanted Isle of Yew*; *The Life and Adventures of Santa Claus*; *Dot and Tot of Merryland* etc., etc.

PICTURED BY

John R. Neill

The end-papers from life poses by the famous comedians, Montgomery and Stone.

CHICAGO

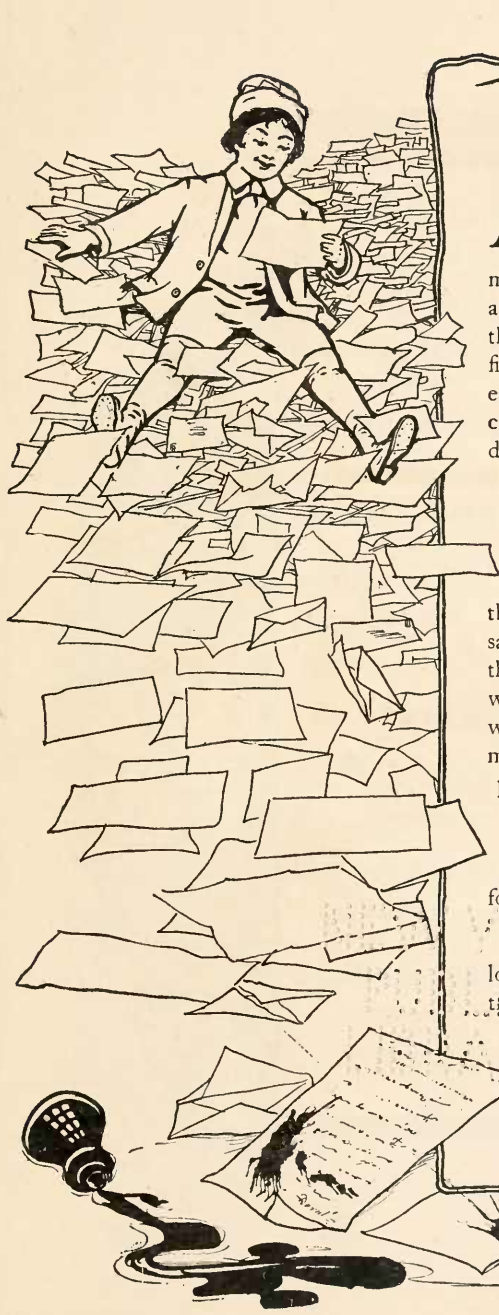
THE REILLY & BRITTON CO.

1904.

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Published, July, 1904



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Author's Note

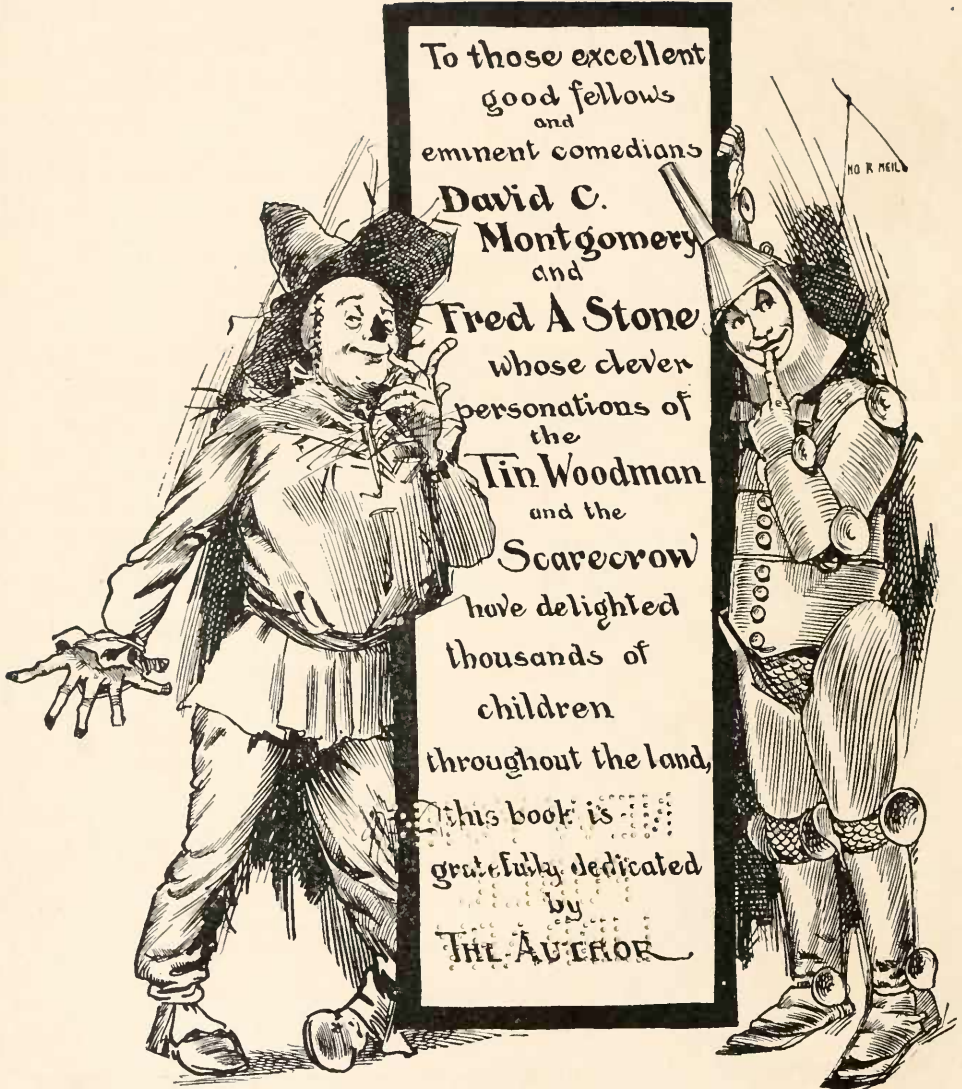
AFTER the publication of "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz" I began to receive letters from children, telling me of their pleasure in reading the story and asking me to "write something more" about the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman. At first I considered these little letters, frank and earnest though they were, in the light of pretty compliments; but the letters continued to come during succeeding months, and even years.

Finally I promised one little girl, who made a long journey to see me and prefer her request,—and she is a "Dorothy," by the way—that when a thousand little girls had written me a thousand little letters asking for another story of the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman, I would write the book. Either little Dorothy was a fairy in disguise, and waved her magic wand, or the success of the stage production of "The Wizard of Oz" made new friends for the story. For the thousand letters reached their destination long since—and many more followed them.

And now, although pleading guilty to a long delay, I have kept my promise in this book.

L. FRANK BAUM.

Chicago, June, 1904.



To those excellent
good fellows
and
eminent comedians

**David C.
Montgomery**
and
Fred A Stone

whose clever
personations of
the
Tin Woodman
and the
Scarecrow

have delighted
thousands of
children

throughout the land,

this book is
gratefully dedicated
by

THE AUTHOR

HO R MEIL

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TIP.

JACK

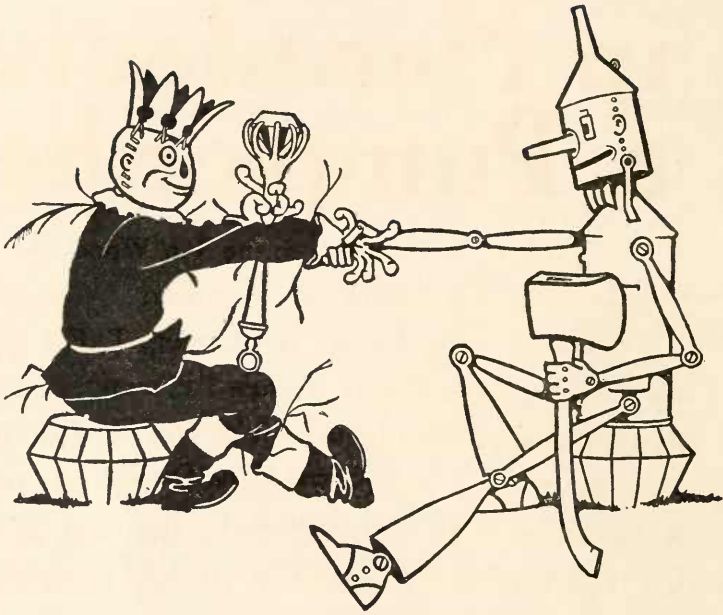
MOMBI

SCARECROW

TIN WOODMAN

WOGGLE-BUG

GUMP



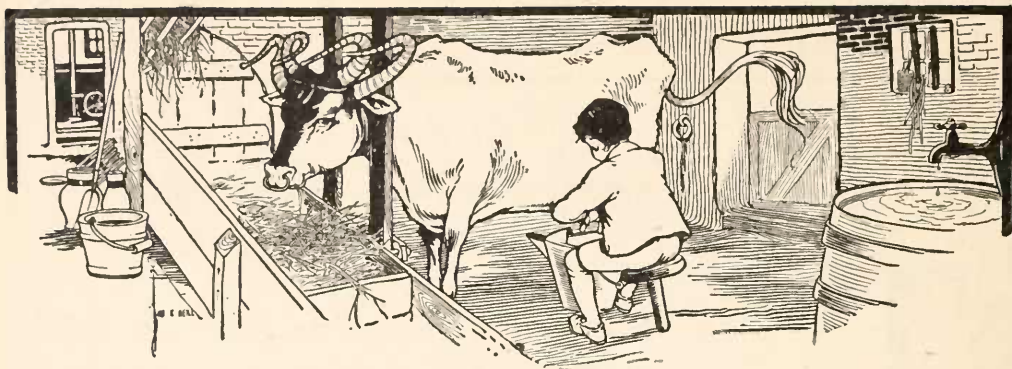


Tip Manufactures a Pumpkinhead

In the Country of the Gillikins, which is at the North of the Land of Oz, lived a youth called Tip. There was more to his name than that, for old Mombi often declared that his whole name was Tippetarius; but no one was expected to say such a long word when "Tip" would do just as well.

This boy remembered nothing of his parents, for he had been brought when quite young to be reared by the old woman known as Mombi, whose reputation, I am sorry to say, was none of the best. For the Gillikin people had reason to suspect her of indulging in magical arts, and therefore hesitated to associate with her.

Mombi was not exactly a Witch, because the Good Witch who ruled that part of the Land of Oz



had forbidden any other Witch to exist in her dominions. So Tip's guardian, however much she might aspire to working magic, realized it was unlawful to be more than a Sorceress, or at most a Wizardess.

Tip was made to carry wood from the forest, that the old woman might boil her pot. He also worked in the corn-fields, hoeing and husking; and he fed the pigs and milked the four-horned cow that was Mombi's especial pride.

But you must not suppose he worked all the time, for he felt that would be bad for him. When sent to the forest Tip often climbed trees for birds' eggs or amused himself chasing the fleet white rabbits or fishing in the brooks with bent pins. Then he would hastily gather his armful of wood and carry it home. And when he was supposed to be working in the corn-fields, and the tall stalks hid him from Mombi's view, Tip would often dig in the gopher holes, or—if the mood seized him—

Tip Manufactures a Pumpkinhead

lie upon his back between the rows of corn and take a nap. So, by taking care not to exhaust his strength, he grew as strong and rugged as a boy may be.

Mombi's curious magic often frightened her neighbors, and they treated her shyly, yet respectfully, because of her weird powers. But Tip frankly hated her, and took no pains to hide his feelings. Indeed, he sometimes showed less respect for the old woman than he should have done, considering she was his guardian.

There were pumpkins in Mombi's corn-fields, lying golden red among the rows of green stalks; and these had been planted and carefully tended that the four-horned cow might eat of them in the winter time. But one day, after the corn had all been cut and stacked, and Tip was carrying the pumpkins to the stable, he took a notion to make a "Jack Lantern" and try to give the old woman a fright with it.

So he selected a fine, big pumpkin—one with a lustrous, orange-red color—and began carving it. With the point of his knife he made two round eyes, a three-cornered nose, and



Tip Manufactures a Pumpkinhead

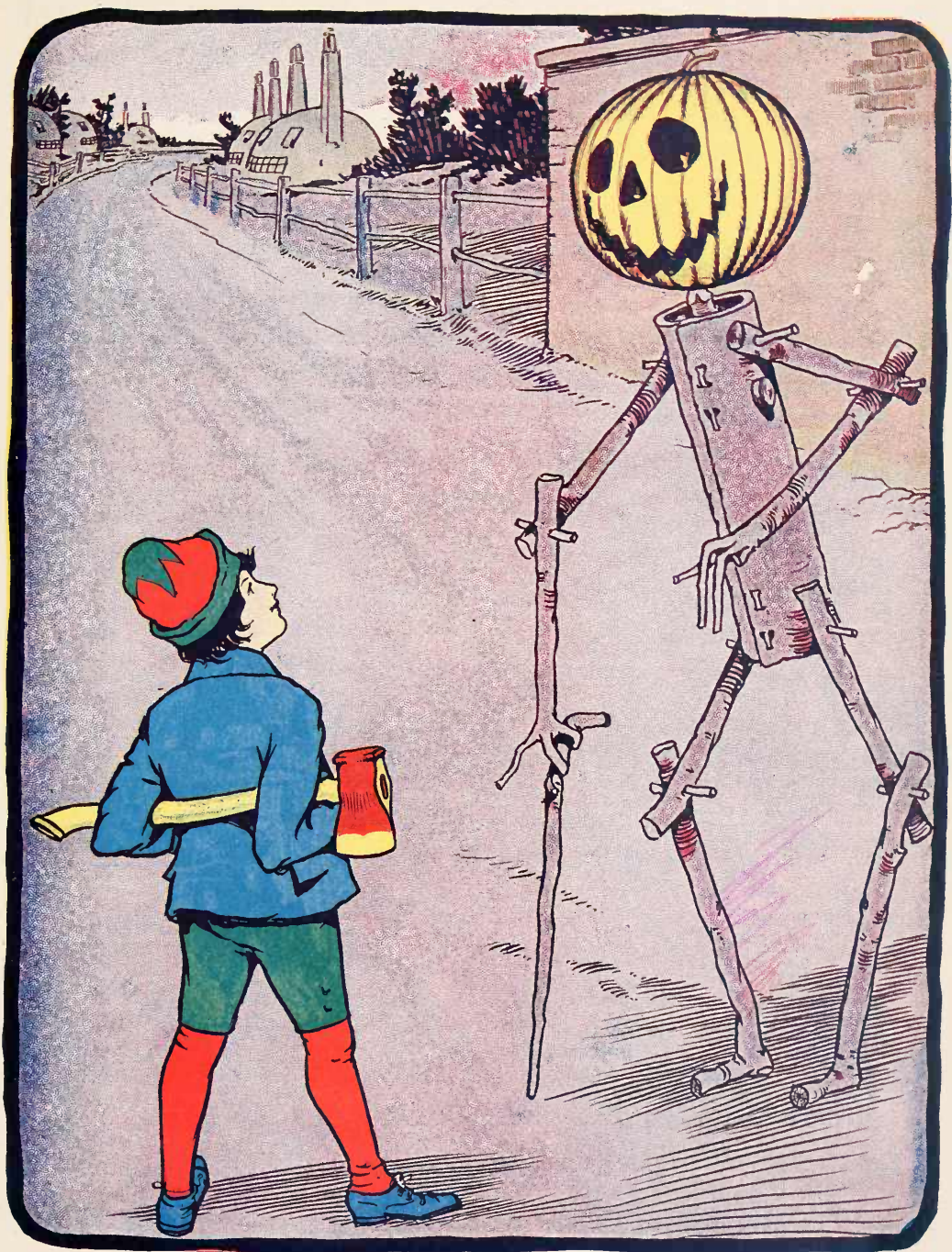
a mouth shaped like a new moon. The face, when completed, could not have been considered strictly beautiful; but it wore a smile so big and broad, and was so jolly in expression, that even Tip laughed as he looked admiringly at his work.

The child had no playmates, so he did not know that boys often dig out the inside of a "pumpkin-jack," and in the space thus made put a lighted candle to render the face more startling; but he conceived an idea of his own that promised to be quite as effective. He decided to manufacture the form of a man, who would wear this pumpkin head, and to stand it in a place where old Mombi would meet it face to face.

"And then," said Tip to himself, with a laugh, "she'll squeal louder than the brown pig does when I pull her tail, and shiver with fright worse than I did last year when I had the ague!"

He had plenty of time to accomplish this task, for Mombi had gone to a village—to buy groceries, she said—and it was a journey of at least two days.

So he took his axe to the forest, and selected some stout, straight saplings, which he cut down and trimmed of all their twigs and leaves. From these he would make the arms, and legs, and feet of his man. For the body he stripped a sheet of thick



TIP STOOD THE FIGURE UP AND ADMIRERD IT.

