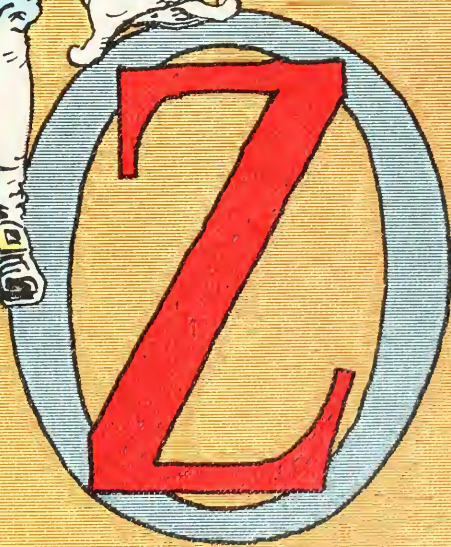


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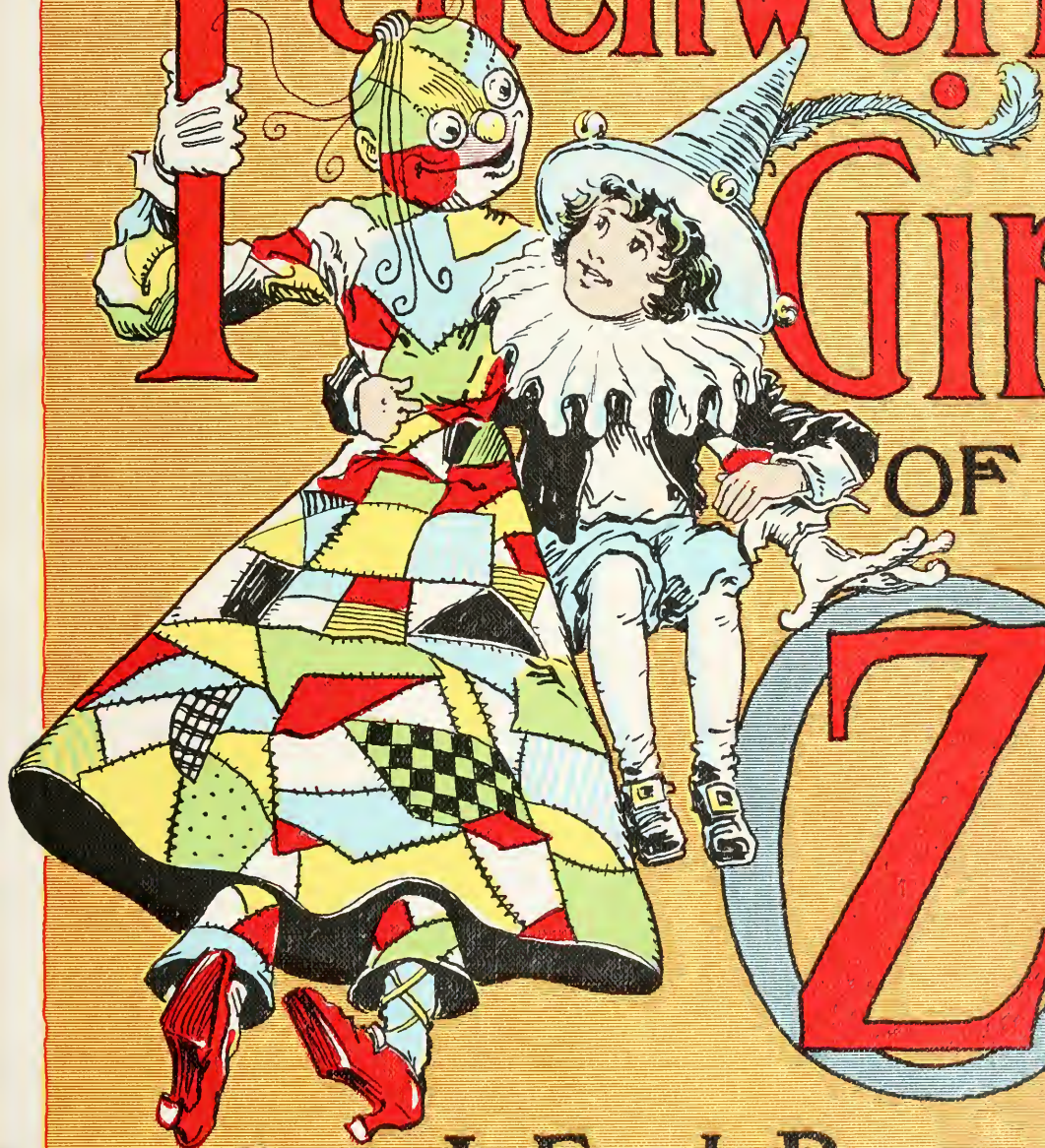
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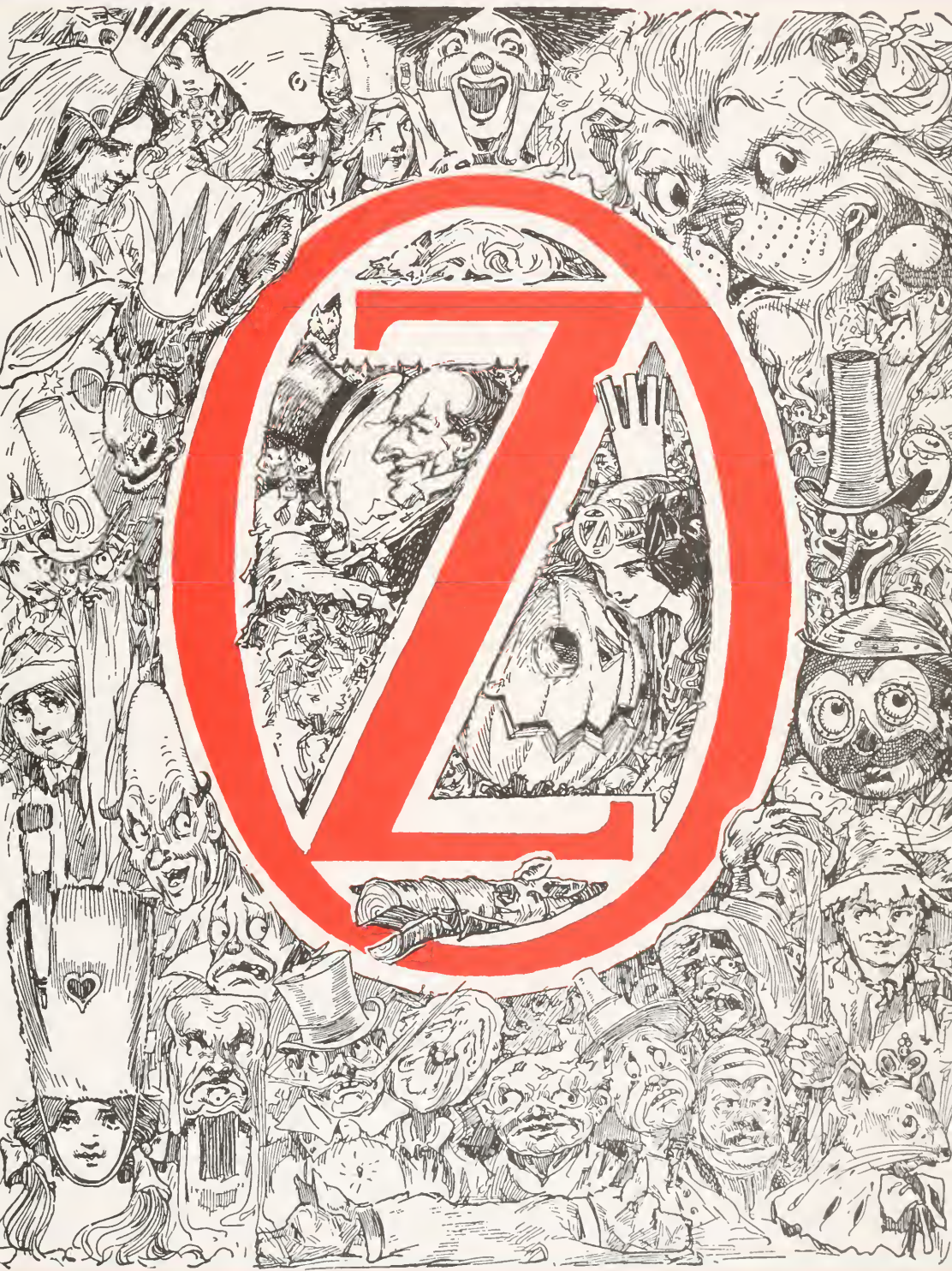
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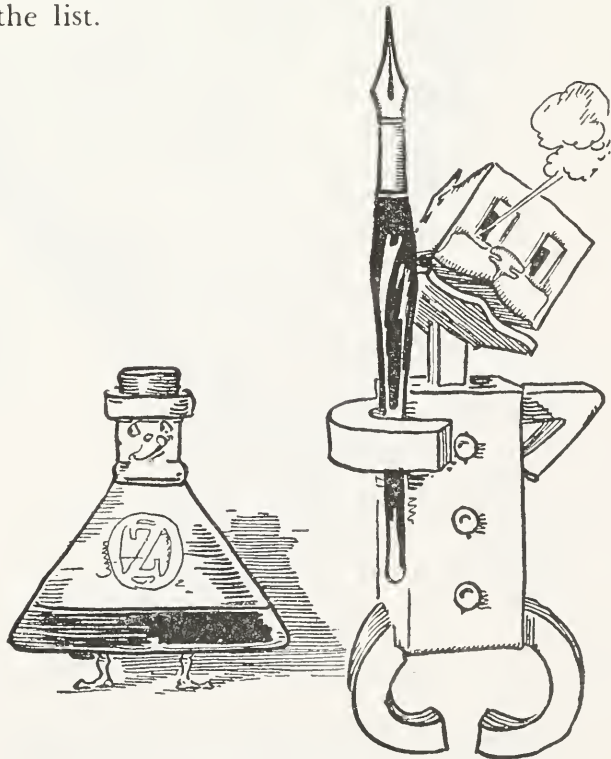
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By L. Frank Baum:

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THE LAND OF OZ
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THE EMERALD CITY OF OZ
THE PATCHWORK GIRL OF OZ
TIK-TOK OF OZ
THE SCARECROW OF OZ
RINKITINK IN OZ
THE LOST PRINCESS OF OZ
THE TIN WOODMAN OF OZ
THE MAGIC OF OZ
GLINDA OF OZ

THE PATCHWORK
I
GIRL
OF
OZ





THE PATCHWORK GIRL 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, ETC.



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Affectionately
Dedicated to
my young friend
Summer Hamilton Britton
of Chicago



PROLOGUE

THROUGH the kindness of Dorothy Gale of Kansas, afterward Princess Dorothy of Oz, an humble writer in the United States of America was once appointed Royal Historian of Oz, with the privilege of writing the chronicle of that wonderful fairyland. But after making six books about the adventures of those interesting but queer people who live in the Land of Oz, the Historian learned with sorrow that by an edict of the Supreme Ruler, Ozma of Oz, her country would thereafter be rendered invisible to all who lived outside its borders and that all communication with Oz would, in the future, be cut off.

The children who had learned to look for the books about Oz and who loved the stories about the gay and happy people inhabiting that favored country, were as sorry as their Historian that there would be no more books of Oz stories. They wrote many letters asking if the Historian did not know of some adventures to write about that had happened before the Land of Oz was shut out from all the rest of the world. But he did not know of any. Finally one of the children inquired why we couldn't hear from Princess Dorothy by wireless telegraph, which would enable her to communicate to the Historian whatever happened in the far-off Land of Oz without his seeing her, or even knowing just where Oz is.

That seemed a good idea; so the Historian rigged up a high tower in his back yard, and took lessons in wireless telegraphy until he understood it, and then began to call "Princess Dorothy of Oz" by sending messages into the air.

Now, it wasn't likely that Dorothy would be looking for wireless messages or would heed the call; but one thing the Historian was sure of, and that was that the powerful Sorceress, Glinda, would know what he was doing and that he de-

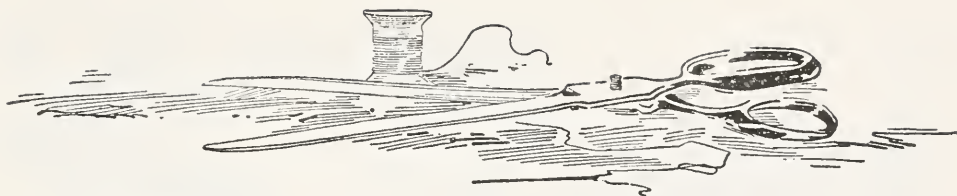
sired to communicate with Dorothy. For Glinda has a big book in which is recorded every event that takes place anywhere in the world, just the moment that it happens, and so of course the book would tell her about the wireless message.

And that was the way Dorothy heard that the Historian wanted to speak with her, and there was a Shaggy Man in the Land of Oz who knew how to telegraph a wireless reply. The result was that the Historian begged so hard to be told the latest news of Oz, so that he could write it down for the children to read, that Dorothy asked permission of Ozma and Ozma graciously consented.

That is why, after two long years of waiting, another Oz story is now presented to the children of America. This would not have been possible had not some clever man invented the "wireless" and an equally clever child suggested the idea of reaching the mysterious Land of Oz by its means.

L. FRANK BAUM.

"OZCOT"
at HOLLYWOOD
in CALIFORNIA



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OJO AND UNK

“WHERE’S the butter, Unc Nunkie?” asked Ojo.

Unc looked out of the window and stroked his long beard. Then he turned to the Munchkin boy and shook his head.

“Isn’t,” said he.

“Isn’t any butter? That’s too bad, Unc. Where’s the jam then?” inquired Ojo, standing on a stool so he could look through all the shelves of the cupboard. But Unc Nunkie shook his head again.

“Gone,” he said.

“No jam, either? And no cake — no jelly — no apples — nothing but bread?”

“All,” said Unc, again stroking his beard as he gazed from the window.



The Patch-work Girl of Oz

The little boy brought the stool and sat beside his uncle, munching the dry bread slowly and seeming in deep thought.

“Nothing grows in our yard but the bread tree,” he mused, “and there are only two more loaves on that tree; and they’re not ripe yet. Tell me, Unc; why are we so poor?”

The old Munchkin turned and looked at Ojo. He had kindly eyes, but he hadn’t smiled or laughed in so long that the boy had forgotten that Unc Nunkie could look any other way than solemn. And Unc never spoke any more words than he was obliged to, so his little nephew, who lived alone with him, had learned to understand a great deal from one word.

“Why are we so poor, Unc?” repeated the boy.

“Not,” said the old Munchkin.

“I think we are,” declared Ojo. “What have we got?”

“House,” said Unc Nunkie.

“I know; but everyone in the Land of Oz has a place to live. What else, Unc?”

“Bread.”

“I’m eating the last loaf that’s ripe. There; I’ve put aside your share, Unc. It’s on the table, so you can eat it when you get hungry. But when that is gone, what shall we eat, Unc?”

The old man shifted in his chair but merely shook his head.

“Of course,” said Ojo, who was obliged to talk because his uncle would not, “no one starves in the Land of Oz, either. There is plenty for everyone, you know; only, if it isn’t just where you happen to be, you must go where it is.”

Chapter One

The aged Munchkin wriggled again and stared at his small nephew as if disturbed by his argument.

“By to-morrow morning,” the boy went on, “we must go where there is something to eat, or we shall grow very hungry and become very unhappy.”

“Where?” asked Unc.

“Where shall we go? I don’t know, I’m sure,” replied Ojo. “But *you* must know, Unc. You must have traveled, in your time, because you’re so old. I don’t remember it, because ever since I could remember anything we’ve lived right here in this lonesome, round house, with a little garden back of it and the thick woods all around. All I’ve ever seen of the great Land of Oz, Unc dear, is the view of that mountain over at the south, where they say the Hammerheads live—who won’t let anybody go by them—and that mountain at the north, where they say nobody lives.”

“One,” declared Unc, correcting him.

“Oh, yes; one family lives there, I’ve heard. That’s the Crooked Magician, who is named Dr. Pipt, and his wife Margolotte. One year you told me about them; I think it took you a whole year, Unc, to say as much as I’ve just said about the Crooked Magician and his wife. They live high up on the mountain, and the good Munchkin Country, where the fruits and flowers grow, is just the other side. It’s funny you and I should live here all alone, in the middle of the forest, isn’t it?”

“Yes,” said Unc.

The Patch-work Girl of Oz

“Then let’s go away and visit the Munchkin Country and its jolly, good-natured people. I’d love to get a sight of something besides woods, Unc Nunkie.”

“Too little,” said Unc.

“Why, I’m not so little as I used to be,” answered the boy earnestly. “I think I can walk as far and as fast through the woods as you can, Unc. And now that nothing grows in our back yard that is good to eat, we must go where there is food.”

Unc Nunkie made no reply for a time. Then he shut down the window and turned his chair to face the room, for the sun was sinking behind the tree-tops and it was growing cool.

By and by Ojo lighted the fire and the logs blazed freely in the broad fireplace. The two sat in the firelight a long

time—the old, white-bearded Munchkin and the little boy. Both were thinking. When it grew quite dark outside, Ojo said :

“Eat your bread, Unc, and then we will go to bed.”

But Unc Nunkie did not eat the bread; neither did he go directly to bed. Long after his little nephew was sound asleep in the corner of the room the old man sat by the fire, thinking.

