

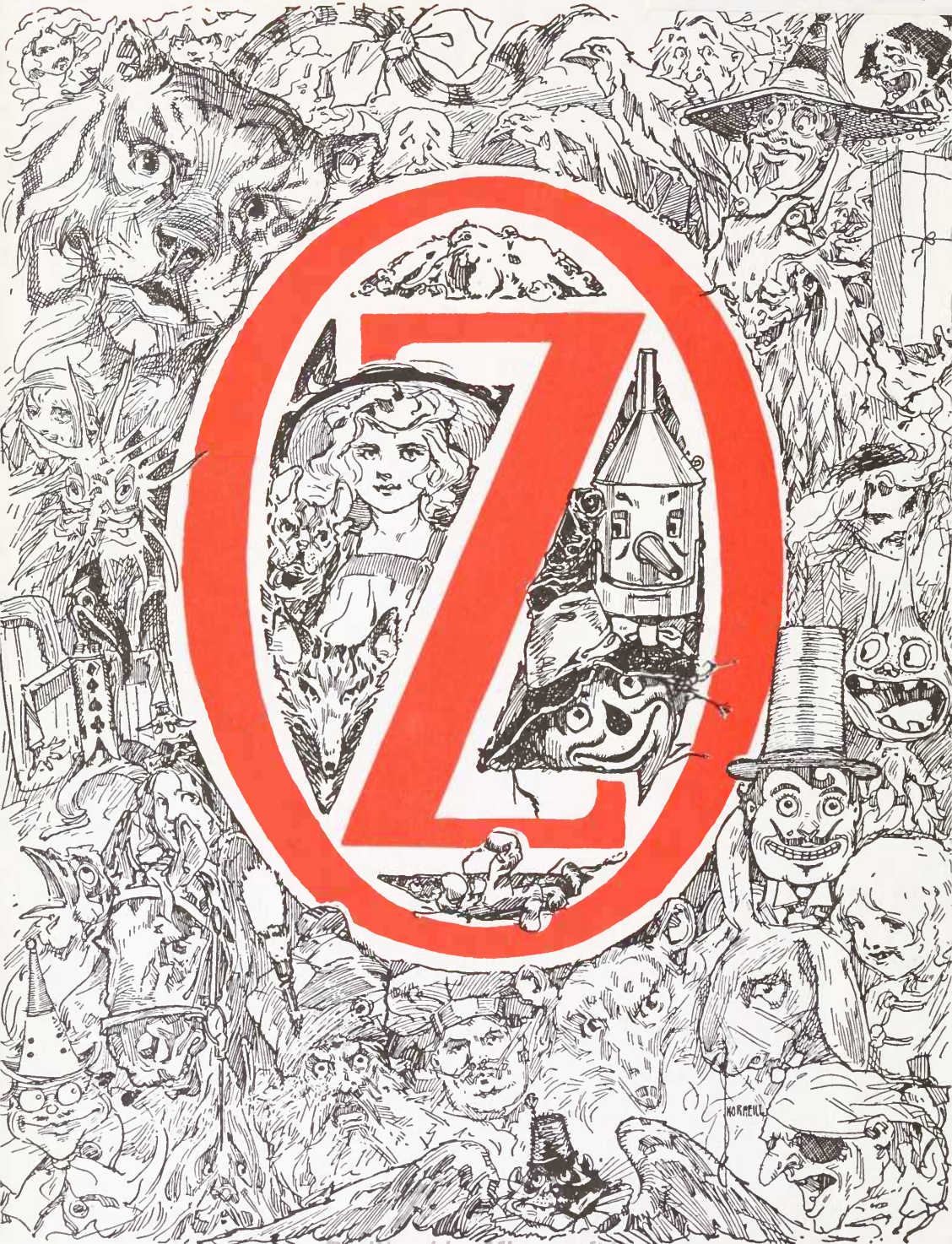
THE ROAD TO OZ



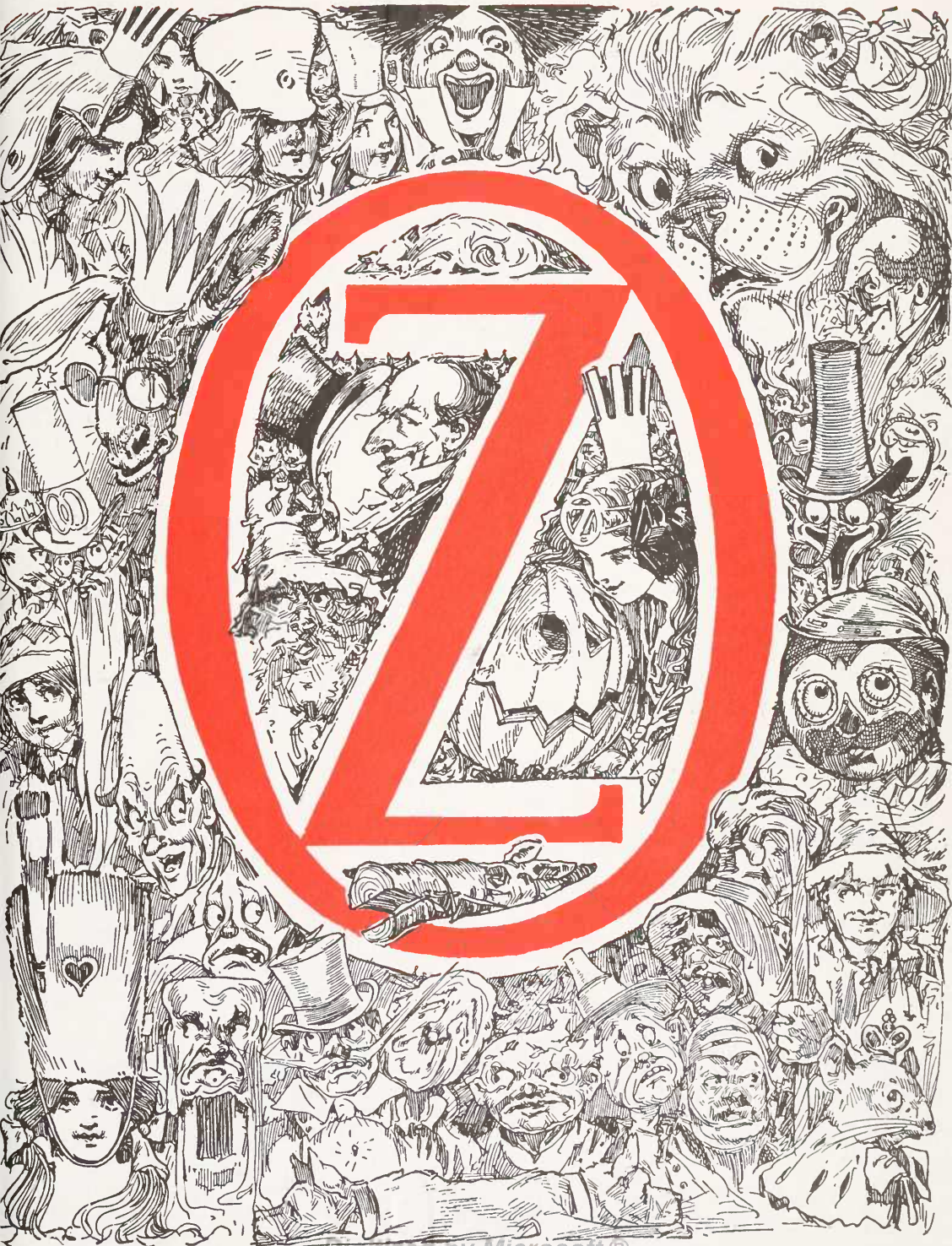
BY

L. FRANK BAUM

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— The Famous Oz Books —

Since 1900, when L. Frank Baum introduced to the children of America **THE WONDERFUL WIZARD OF OZ** and all the other exciting characters who inhabit the land of Oz, these delightful fairy tales have stimulated the imagination of millions of young readers.

These are stories which are genuine fantasy — creative, funny, tender, exciting and surprising. Filled with the rarest and most absurd creatures, each of the 14 volumes which now comprise the series, has been eagerly sought out by generation after generation until today they are known to all except the very young or those who were never young at all.

When, in a recent survey, *The New York Times* polled a group of teen agers on the books they liked best when they were young, the **Oz books** topped the list.

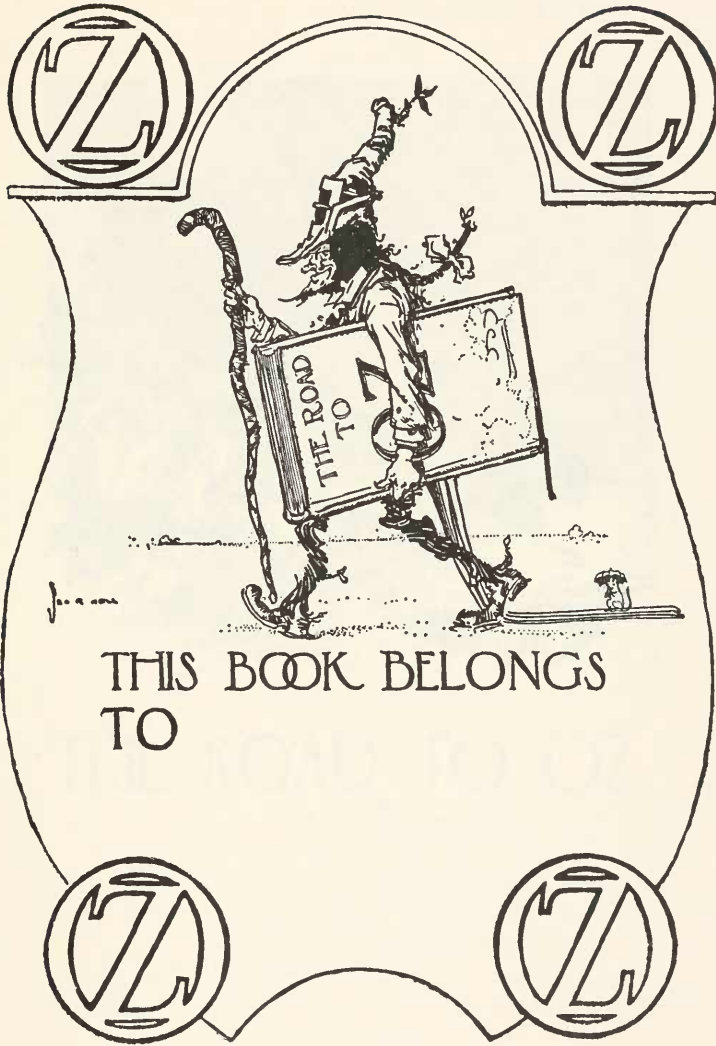
THE FAMOUS OZ BOOKS

By L. Frank Baum:

THE WIZARD OF OZ
THE LAND OF OZ
OZMA OF OZ
DOROTHY AND THE WIZARD IN OZ
THE ROAD TO OZ
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

CHICAGO THE REILLY & LEE CO. *Publishers*

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THIS BOOK BELONGS
TO





THE ROAD TO OZ



CALLING ON JACK PUMPKINHEAD

THE ROAD TO OZ

In which is related how Dorothy Gale of Kansas,
the Shaggy Man, Button Bright, and Polychrome
the Rainbow's Daughter met on an
Enchanted Road and followed
it all the way to the
Marvelous Land
of Oz.

BY

L. FRANK BAUM

"Royal Historian of Oz"



ILLUSTRATED BY

JOHN R. NEILL

The Reilly & Lee Co.
Chicago



J-B



TO MY FIRST GRANDSON

Joslyn Stanton Baum





O MY READERS: Well, my dears, here is what you have asked for: another "Oz Book" about Dorothy's strange adventures. Toto is in this story, because you wanted him to be there, and many other characters which you will recognize are in the story, too. Indeed, the wishes of my little correspondents have been considered as carefully as possible, and if the story is not exactly as you would have written it yourselves, you must remember that a story has to be a story before it can be written down, and the writer cannot change it much without spoiling it.

In the preface to "Dorothy and the Wizard in Oz" I said I would like to write some stories that were not "Oz" stories, because I thought I had written about Oz long enough; but since that volume was published I have been fairly deluged with letters from children imploring me to "write more about Dorothy," and "more about Oz," and since I write only to please the children I shall try to respect their wishes.

There are some new characters in this book that ought to win your love. I'm very fond of the shaggy man myself, and I think you will like him, too. As for Polychrome—the

Rainbow's Daughter—and stupid little Button-Bright, they seem to have brought a new element of fun into these Oz stories, and I am glad I discovered them. Yet I am anxious to have you write and tell me how you like them.

Since this book was written I have received some very remarkable news from The Land of Oz, which has greatly astonished me. I believe it will astonish you, too, my dears, when you hear it. But it is such a long and exciting story that it must be saved for another book—and perhaps that book will be the last story that will ever be told about the Land of Oz.

L. FRANK BAUM.

Coronado, 1909.



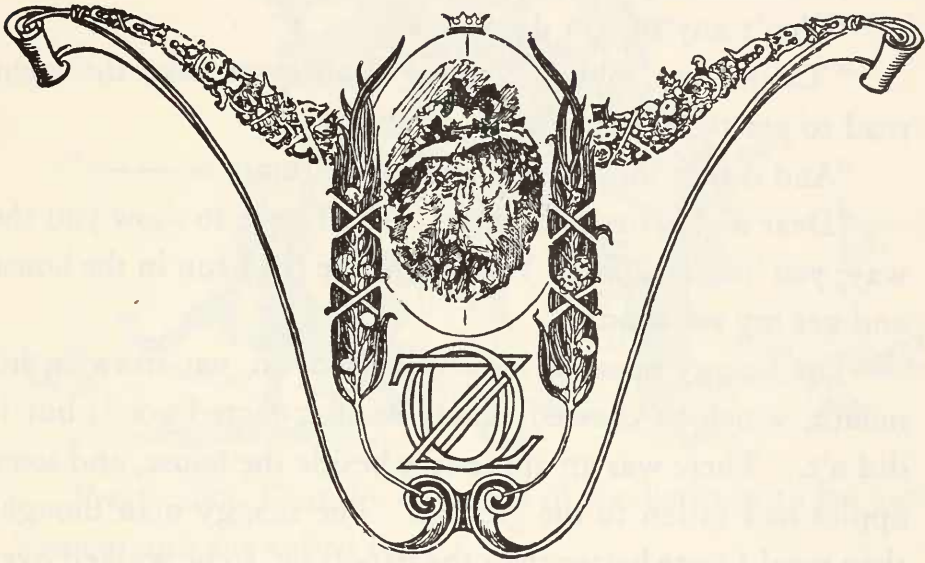


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The Way to Butterfield



“PLEASE, miss,” said the shaggy man, “can you tell me the road to Butterfield?”

Dorothy looked him over. Yes, he was shaggy, all right; but there was a twinkle in his eye that seemed pleasant.

“Oh, yes,” she replied; “I can tell you. But it is n’t this road at all.”

“No?”

“You cross the ten-acre lot, follow the lane to the highway, go north to the five branches, and take — let me see —”

“To be sure, miss; see as far as Butterfield, if you like,” said the shaggy man.

The Road to Oz

“You take the branch next the willow stump, I b’lieve; or else the branch by the gopher holes; or else — —”

“Won’t any of ’em do, miss?”

“’Course not, Shaggy Man. You must take the right road to get to Butterfield.”

“And is that the one by the gopher stump, or — —”

“Dear me!” cried Dorothy; “I shall have to show you the way; you ’re so stupid. Wait a minute till I run in the house and get my sunbonnet.”

The shaggy man waited. He had an oat-straw in his mouth, which he chewed slowly as if it tasted good; but it did n’t. There was an apple-tree beside the house, and some apples had fallen to the ground. The shaggy man thought they would taste better than the oat-straw, so he walked over to get some. A little black dog with bright brown eyes dashed out of the farm-house and ran madly toward the shaggy man, who had already picked up three apples and put them in one of the big wide pockets of his shaggy coat. The little dog barked, and made a dive for the shaggy man’s leg; but he grabbed the dog by the neck and put it in his big pocket along with the apples. He took more apples, afterward, for many were on the ground; and each one that he tossed into his pocket hit the little dog somewhere upon the head or back, and made him growl. The little dog’s name was Toto, and he was sorry he had been put in the shaggy man’s pocket.