

# The Scarecrow

of

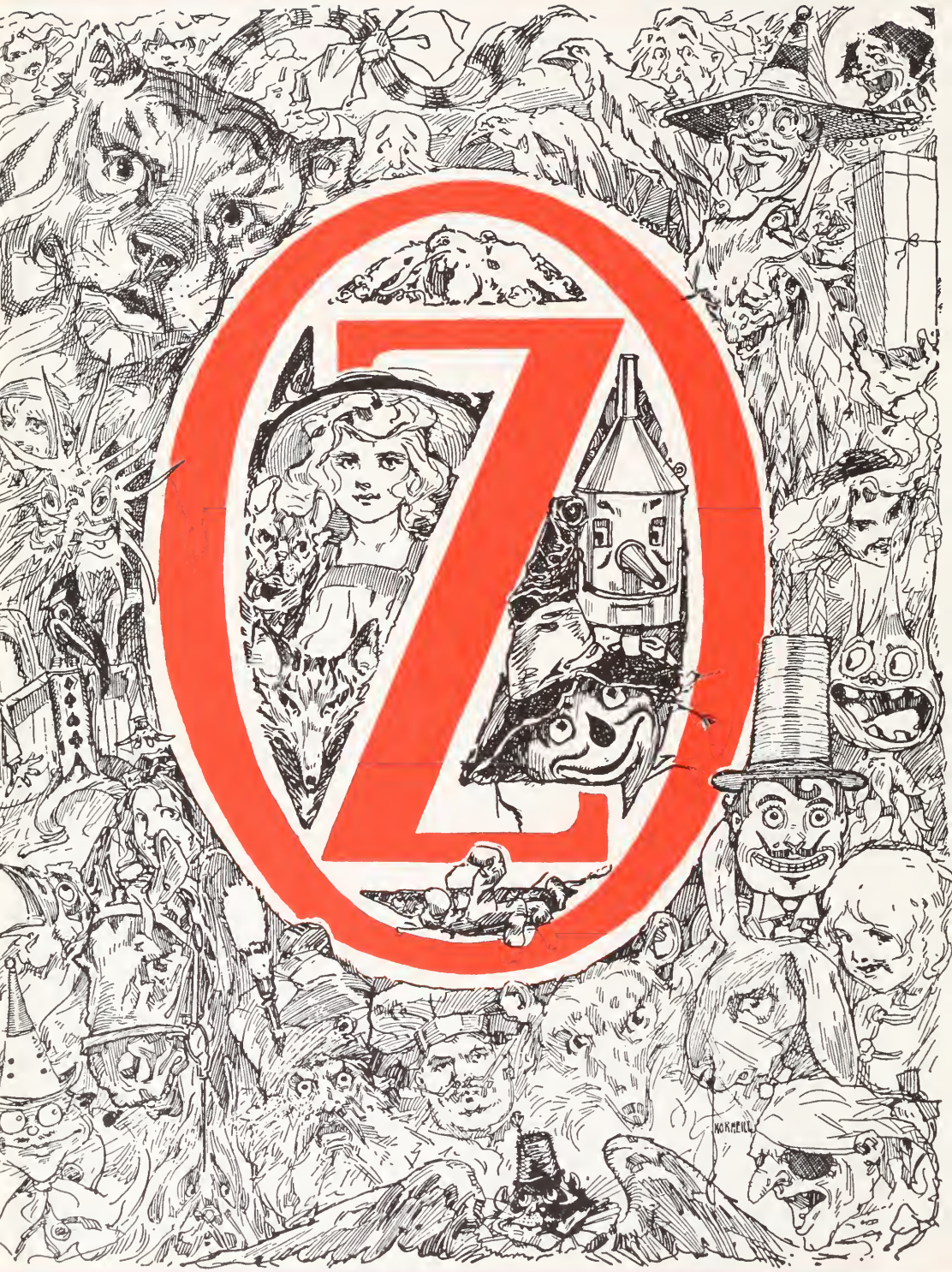
Z



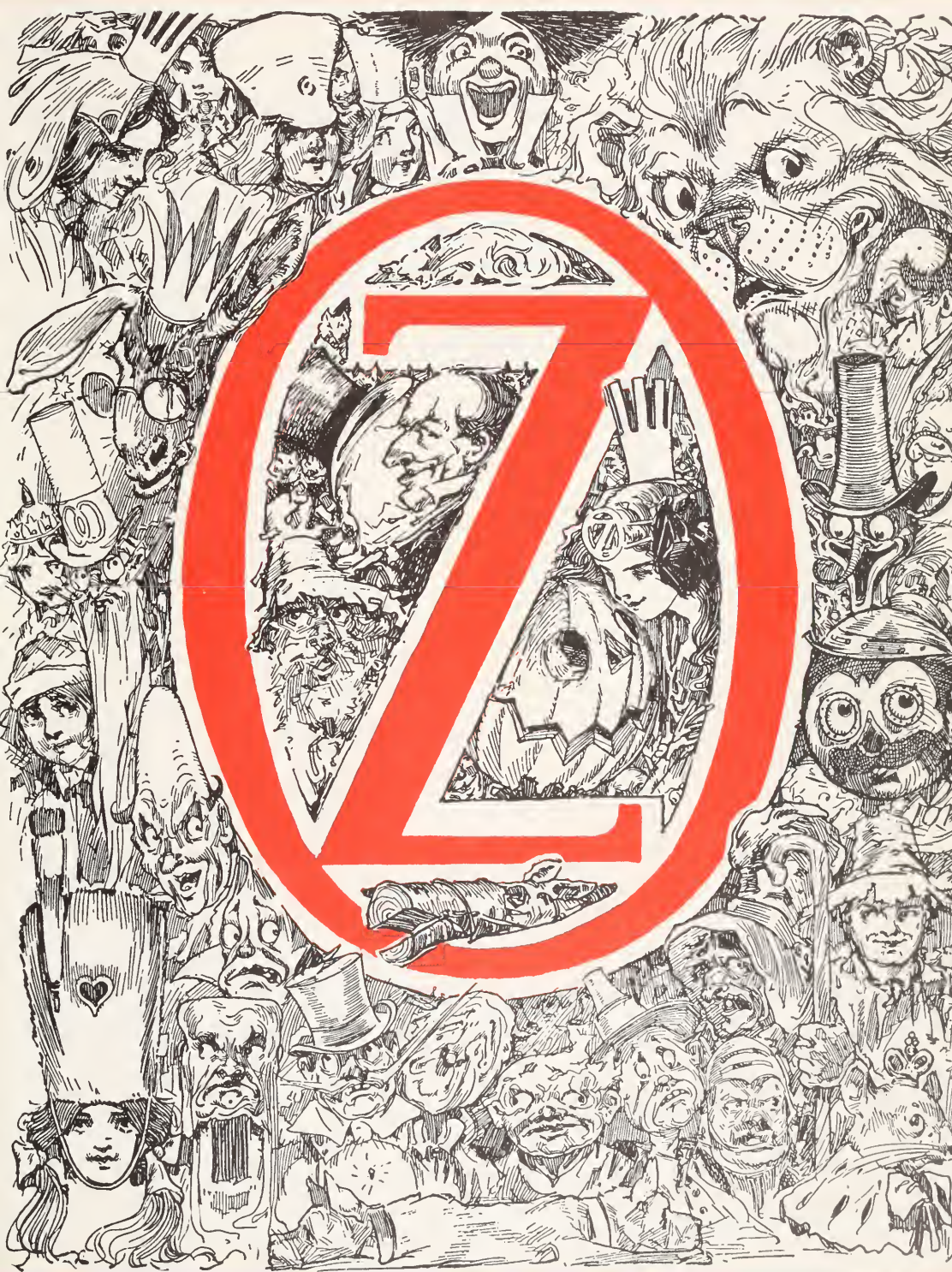
By

L.

FRANK  
BROWN



MORRELL





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation

*800-421-2237*  
*Regency Co*  
*2/11*



## ==== 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



# THE SCARECROW of OZ

Dedicated to

"The Uplifters" of Los Angeles, California, in grateful appreciation of the pleasure I have derived from association with them, and in recognition of their sincere endeavor to uplift humanity through kindness, consideration and good-fellowship. They are big men—all of them—and all with the generous hearts of little children.

L. Frank Baum







THE  
SCARECROW OF OZ

BY  
L. FRANK BAUM

AUTHOR OF

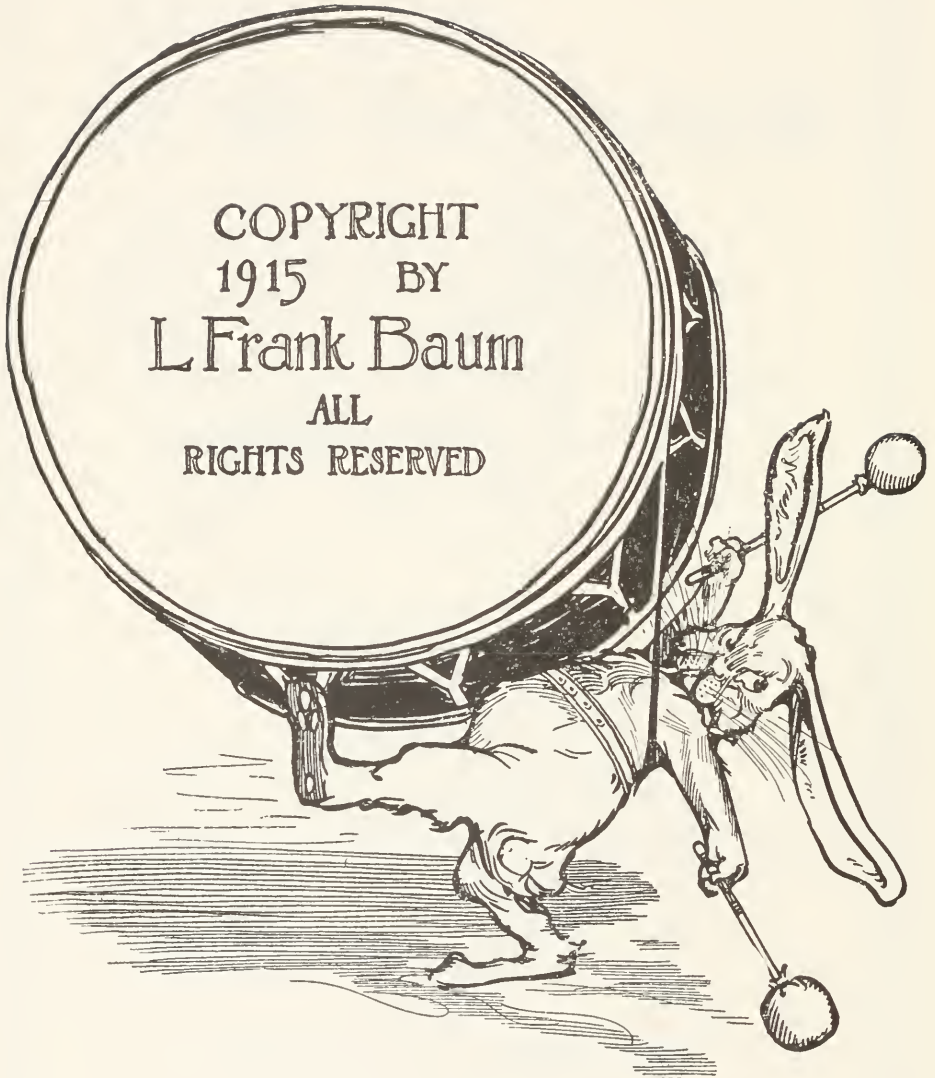
THE ROAD TO OZ, DOROTHY AND THE WIZARD IN OZ, THE  
EMERALD CITY OF OZ, THE LAND OF OZ, OZMA  
OF OZ, THE PATCHWORK GIRL OF OZ,  
TIK-TOK OF OZ



ILLUSTRATED BY  
JOHN R. NEILL

The Reilly & Lee Co.  
Chicago

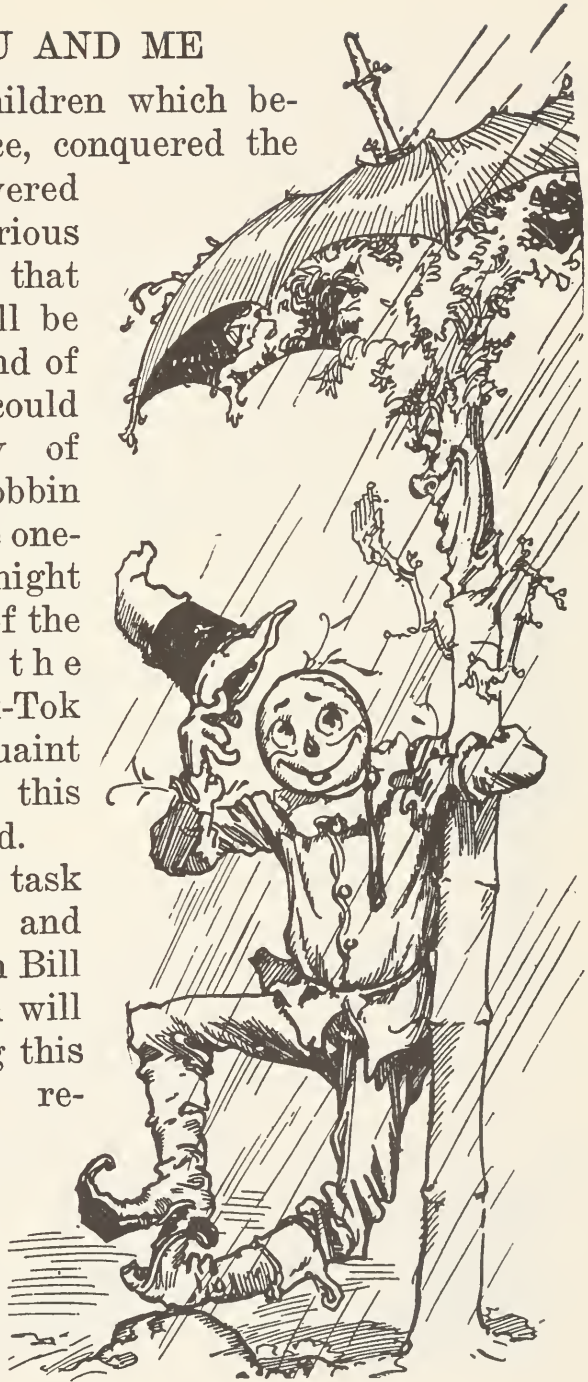
COPYRIGHT  
1915 BY  
L Frank Baum  
ALL  
RIGHTS RESERVED



## 'TWIXT YOU AND ME

The Army of Children which besieged the Postoffice, conquered the Postmen and delivered to me its imperious Commands, insisted that Trot and Cap'n Bill be admitted to the Land of Oz, where Trot could enjoy the society of Dorothy, Betsy Bobbin and Ozma, while the one-legged sailor-man might become a comrade of the Tin Woodman, the Shaggy Man, Tik-Tok and all the other quaint people who inhabit this wonderful fairyland.

It was no easy task to obey this order and land Trot and Cap'n Bill safely in Oz, as you will discover by reading this book. Indeed, it required the best efforts of our dear old friend, the Scarecrow, to save them from a dreadful fate on the



journey; but the story leaves them happily located in Ozma's splendid palace and Dorothy has promised me that Button-Bright and the three girls are sure to encounter, in the near future, some marvelous adventures in the Land of Oz, which I hope to be permitted to relate to you in the next Oz Book.

Meantime, I am deeply grateful to my little readers for their continued enthusiasm over the Oz stories, as evinced in the many letters they send me, all of which are lovingly cherished. It takes more and more Oz Books every year to satisfy the demands of old and new readers, and there have been formed many "Oz Reading Societies," where the Oz Books owned by different members are read aloud. All this is very gratifying to me and encourages me to write more Oz stories. When the children have had enough of them, I hope they will let me know, and then I'll try to write something different.

L. FRANK BAUM

"Royal Historian of Oz."

"OZCOT"

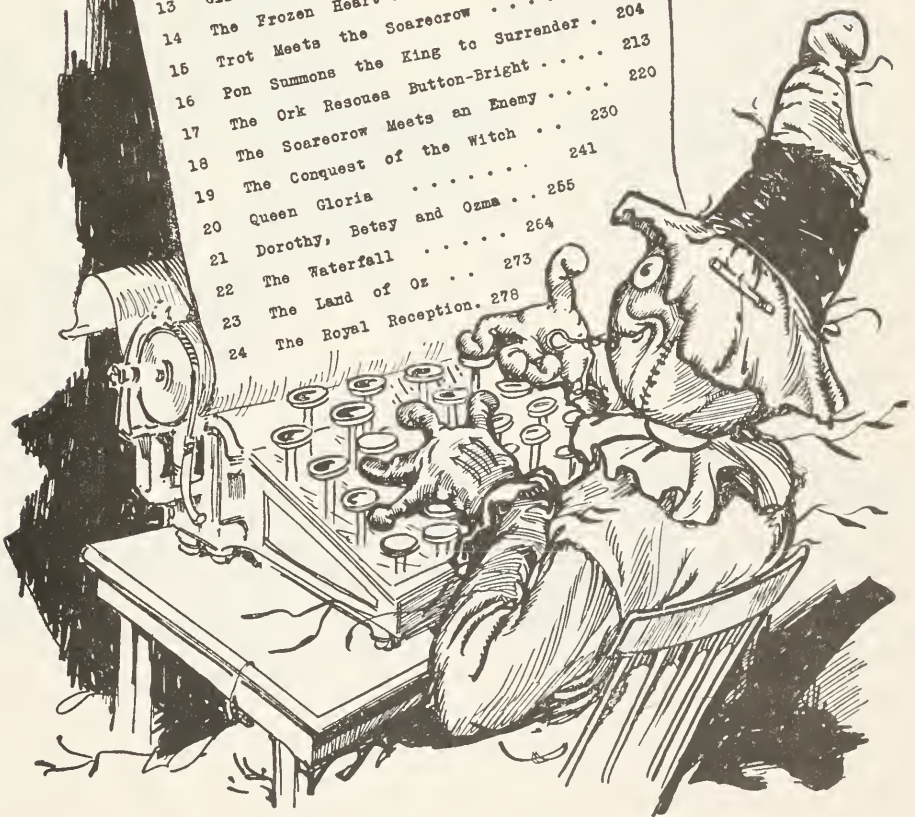
at HOLLYWOOD

in CALIFORNIA,

1915.

LIST OF CHAPTERS

1	The Great Whirlpool . . . . .	13
2	The Cavern Under the Sea . . . . .	22
3	The Ork . . . . .	33
4	Daylight at Last! . . . . .	62
5	The Little Old Man of the Island . . . . .	62
6	The Flight of the Midgets . . . . .	82
7	The Bumpy Man . . . . .	89
8	Button-Bright is Lost, and Found Again . . . . .	101
9	The Kingdom of Jinxland . . . . .	119
10	Pon, the Gardener's Boy . . . . .	131
11	The Wicked King and Googly-Goo . . . . .	138
12	The Wooden-Legged Grasshopper . . . . .	151
13	Glinda the Good and the Scarecrow of Oz . . . . .	167
14	The Frozen Heart . . . . .	178
15	Trot Meets the Scarecrow . . . . .	196
16	Pon Summons the King to Surrender . . . . .	204
17	The Ork Rescues Button-Bright . . . . .	213
18	The Scarecrow Meets an Enemy . . . . .	220
19	The Conquest of the Witch . . . . .	230
20	Queen Gloria . . . . .	241
21	Dorothy, Betsy and Ozma . . . . .	255
22	The Waterfall . . . . .	264
23	The Land of Oz . . . . .	273
24	The Royal Reception . . . . .	278













## CHAPTER 1

# The Great Whirlpool

“Seems to me,” said Cap’n Bill, as he sat beside Trot under the big acacia tree, looking out over the blue ocean, “seems to me, Trot, as how the more we know, the more we find we don’t know.”

“I can’t quite make that out, Cap’n Bill,” answered the little girl in a serious voice, after a moment’s thought, during which her eyes followed those of the old sailor-man across the glassy surface of the sea. “Seems to me that all we learn is jus’ so much gained.”

“I know; it looks that way at first sight,” said the sailor, nodding his head; “but those as knows the least

# The Scarecrow of Oz

---

have a habit of thinkin' they know all there is to know, while them as knows the most admits what a turr'ble big world this is. It's the knowing ones that realize one lifetime ain't long enough to git more'n a few dips o' the oars of knowledge."

Trot didn't answer. She was a very little girl, with big, solemn eyes and an earnest, simple manner. Cap'n Bill had been her faithful companion for years and had taught her almost everything she knew.

He was a wonderful man, this Cap'n Bill. Not so very old, although his hair was grizzled — what there was of it. Most of his head was bald as an egg and as shiny as oilcloth, and this made his big ears stick out in a funny way. His eyes had a gentle look and were pale blue in color, and his round face was rugged and bronzed. Cap'n Bill's left leg was missing, from the knee down, and that was why the sailor no longer sailed the seas. The wooden leg he wore was good enough to stump around with on land, or even to take Trot out for a row or a sail on the ocean, but when it came to "runnin' up aloft" or performing active duties on shipboard, the old sailor was not equal to the task. The loss of his leg had ruined his career and the old sailor found comfort in devoting himself to the education and companionship of the little girl.

# Chapter One

---

The accident to Cap'n Bill's leg had happened at about the time Trot was born, and ever since that he had lived with Trot's mother as "a star boarder," having enough money saved up to pay for his weekly "keep." He loved the baby and often held her on his lap; her first ride was on Cap'n Bill's shoulders, for she had no baby-carriage; and when she began to toddle around, the child and the sailor became close comrades and enjoyed many strange adventures together. It is said the fairies had been present at Trot's birth and had marked her forehead with their invisible mystic signs, so that she was able to see and do many wonderful things.

The acacia tree was on top of a high bluff, but a path ran down the bank in a zigzag way to the water's edge, where Cap'n Bill's boat was moored to a rock by means of a stout cable. It had been a hot, sultry afternoon, with scarcely a breath of air stirring, so Cap'n Bill and Trot had been quietly sitting beneath the shade of the tree, waiting for the sun to get low enough for them to take a row.

They had decided to visit one of the great caves which the waves had washed out of the rocky coast during many years of steady effort. The caves were a source of continual delight to both the girl and the

# The Scarecrow of Oz

---

sailor, who loved to explore their awesome depths.

“I b’lieve, Cap’n,” remarked Trot, at last, “that it’s time for us to start.”

The old man cast a shrewd glance at the sky, the sea and the motionless boat. Then he shook his head.

“Mebbe it’s time, Trot,” he answered, “but I don’t jes’ like the looks o’ things this afternoon.”

“What’s wrong?” she asked wonderingly.

“Can’t say as to that. Things is too quiet to suit me, that’s all. No breeze, not a ripple a-top the water, nary a gull a-flyin’ anywhere, an’ the end o’ the hottest day o’ the year. I ain’t no weather-prophet, Trot, but any sailor would know the signs is ominous.”

“There’s nothing wrong that I can see,” said Trot. “If there was a cloud in the sky even as big as my thumb, we might worry about it; but — look, Cap’n! — the sky is as clear as can be.”

He looked again and nodded.

“P’r’aps we can make the cave, all right,” he agreed, not wishing to disappoint her. “It’s only a little way out, an’ we’ll be on the watch; so come along, Trot.”

Together they descended the winding path to the beach. It was no trouble for the girl to keep her footing on the steep way, but Cap’n Bill, because of