

Tik-Tok

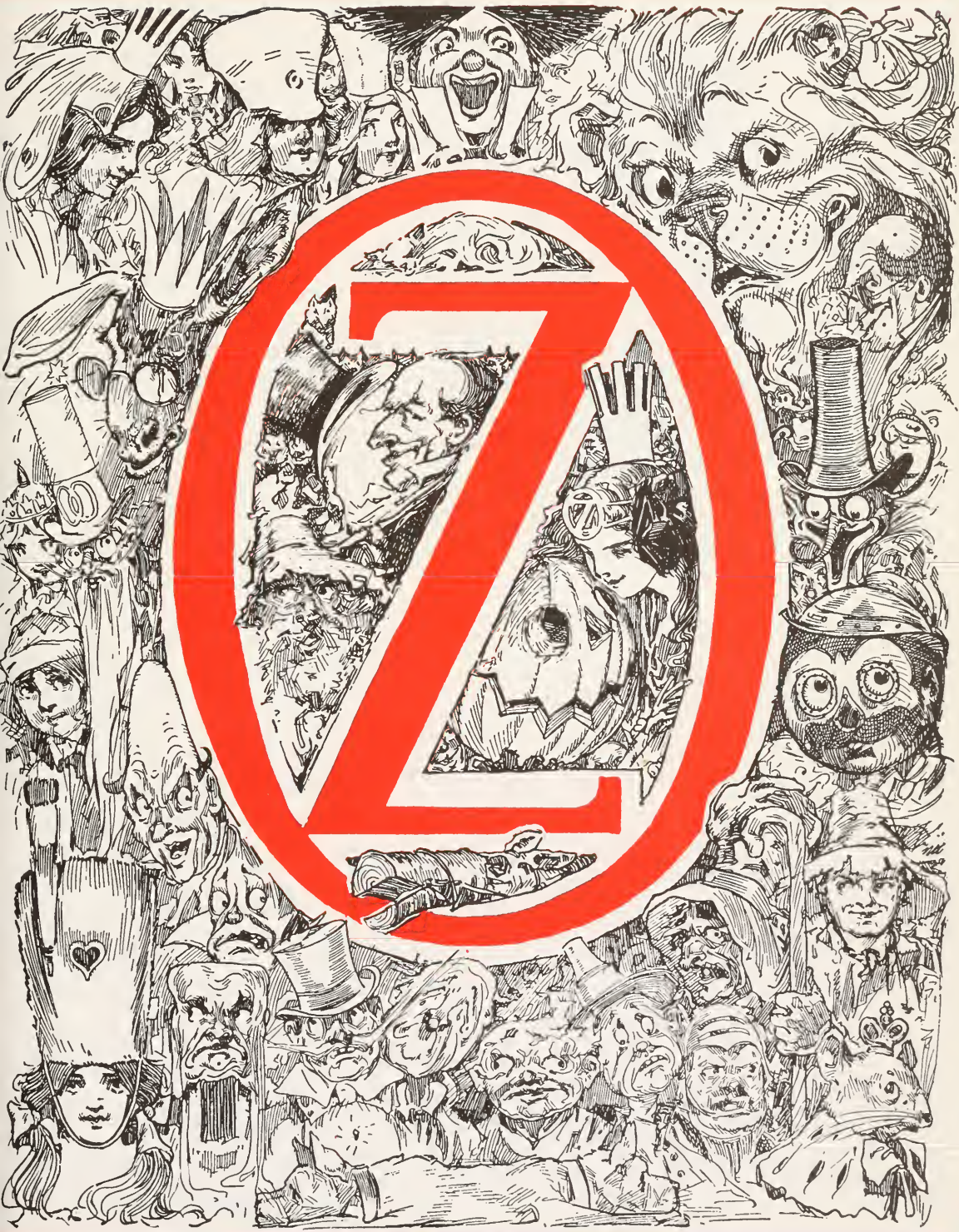
of



By
L. Frank
Baum



KORPHELL





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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 **40** 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

By Ruth Plumly Thompson:

THE ROYAL BOOK OF OZ	PIRATES IN OZ
KABUMPO IN OZ	THE PURPLE PRINCE OF OZ
THE COWARDLY LION OF OZ	OJO IN OZ
GRAMPA IN OZ	SPEEDY IN OZ
THE LOST KING OF OZ	THE WISHING HORSE OF OZ
THE HUNGRY TIGER OF OZ	CAPTAIN SALT IN OZ
THE GNOME KING OF OZ	HANDY MANDY IN OZ
THE GIANT HORSE OF OZ	THE SILVER PRINCESS IN OZ
JACK PUMPKINHEAD OF OZ	OZOPLANING WITH THE
THE YELLOW KNIGHT OF OZ	WIZARD OF OZ

By John R. Neill:

THE WONDER CITY OF OZ
SCALAWAGONS OF OZ
LUCKY BUCKY IN OZ

By Jack Snow:

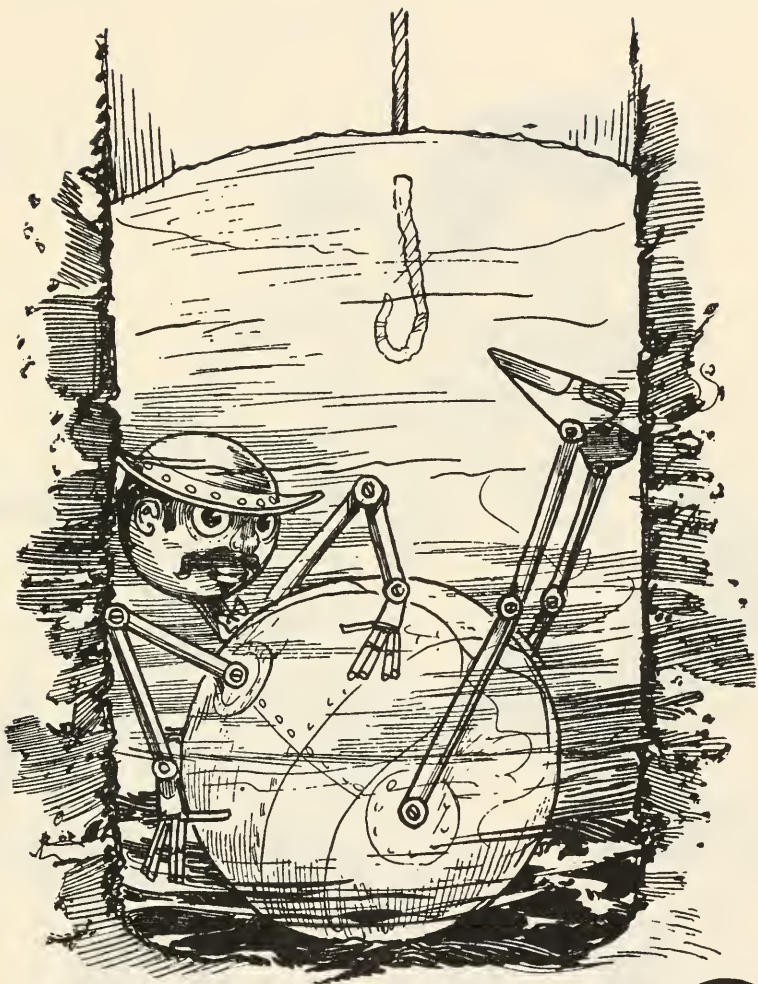
THE MAGICAL MIMICS IN OZ
THE SHAGGY MAN OF OZ

By Rachel R. Cosgrove:

THE HIDDEN VALLEY OF OZ

By Eloise Jarvis McGraw & Lauren McGraw Wagner:

MERRY GO ROUND IN OZ



Tik-Tok^{of} 

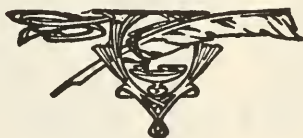


TIK-TOK OF OZ

BY
L. FRANK BAUM

AUTHOR OF

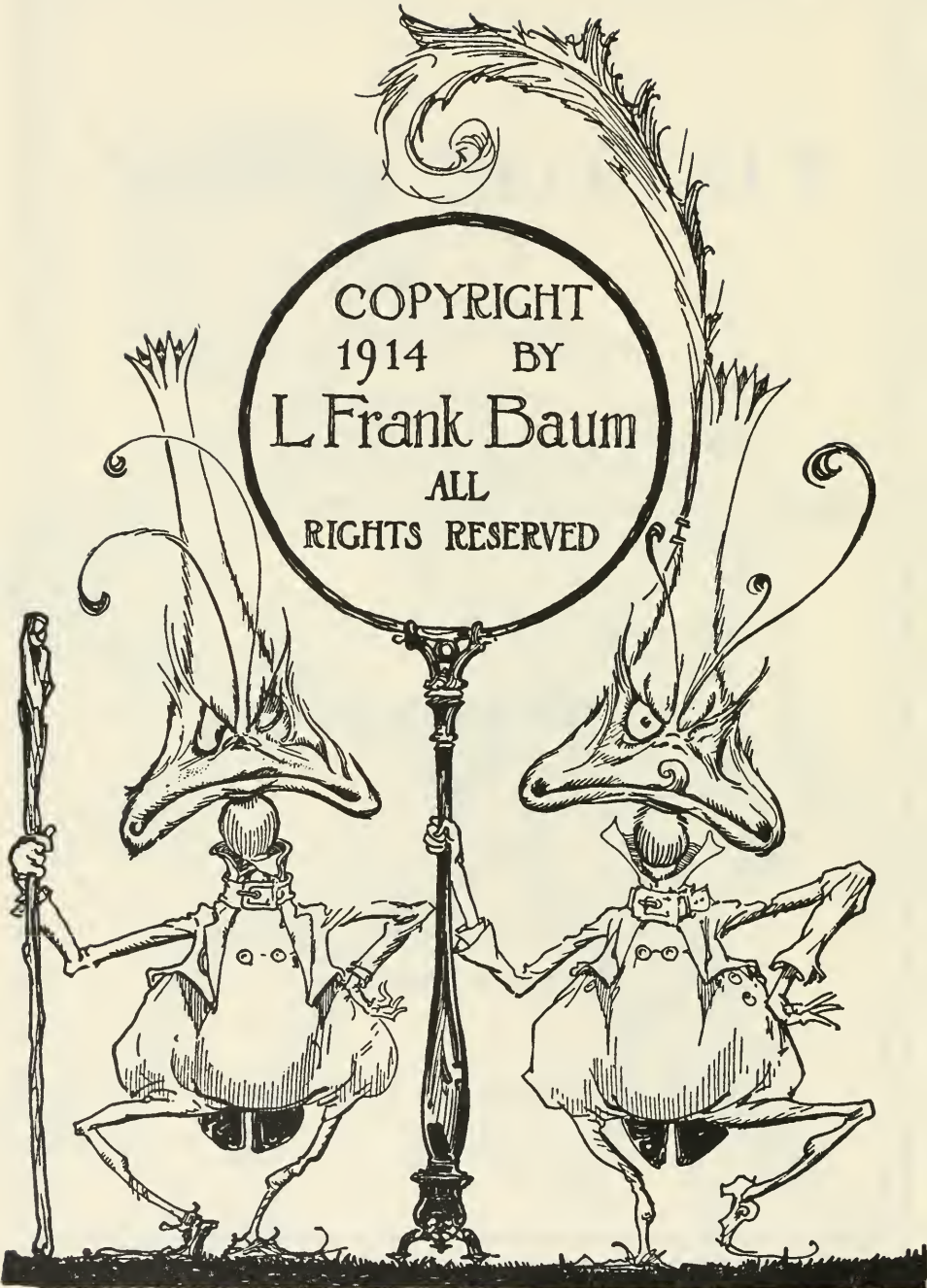
THE ROAD TO OZ, DOROTHY AND THE WIZARD IN OZ, THE
EMERALD CITY OF OZ, THE LAND OF OZ, OZMA
OF OZ, THE PATCHWORK GIRL OF OZ



ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN R. NEILL

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To
Louis F. Gottschalk,
whose sweet and dainty melodies
breathe the true spirit of
fairyland,
this book is affectionately dedicated



TO MY READERS



THE very marked success of my last year's fairy book, "The Patchwork Girl of Oz," convinces me that my readers like the Oz stories "best of all," as one little girl wrote me. So here, my dears, is a new Oz story in which is introduced Ann Soforth, the Queen of Oogaboo, whom Tik-Tok assisted in conquering our old acquaintance, the Nome King. It also tells of Betsy Bobbin and how, after many adventures, she finally reached the marvelous Land of Oz.

There is a play called "The Tik-Tok Man of Oz," but it is not like this story of "Tik-Tok of Oz," although some of the adventures recorded in this book, as well as those in several other Oz books, are included in the play. Those who have seen the play and those who have read the other Oz books

will find in this story a lot of strange characters and adventures that they have never heard of before.

In the letters I receive from children there has been an urgent appeal for me to write a story that will take Trot and Cap'n Bill to the Land of Oz, where they will meet Dorothy and Ozma. Also they think Button-Bright ought to get acquainted with Ojo the Lucky. As you know, I am obliged to talk these matters over with Dorothy by means of the "wireless," for that is the only way I can communicate with the Land of Oz. When I asked her about this idea, she replied: "Why, haven't you heard?" I said "No." "Well," came the message over the wireless, "I'll tell you all about it, by and by, and then you can make a book of that story for the children to read."

So, if Dorothy keeps her word and I am permitted to write another Oz book, you will probably discover how all these characters came together in the famous Emerald City. Meantime, I want to tell all my little friends—whose numbers are increasing by many thousands every year—that I am very grateful for the favor they have shown my books and for the delightful little letters I am constantly receiving. I am almost sure that I have as many friends among the children of America as any story writer alive; and this, of course, makes me very proud and happy.

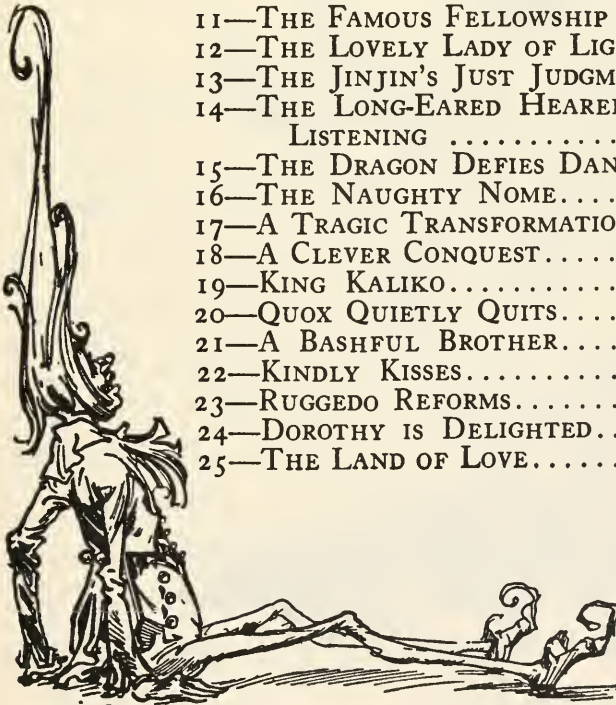
L. FRANK BAUM.

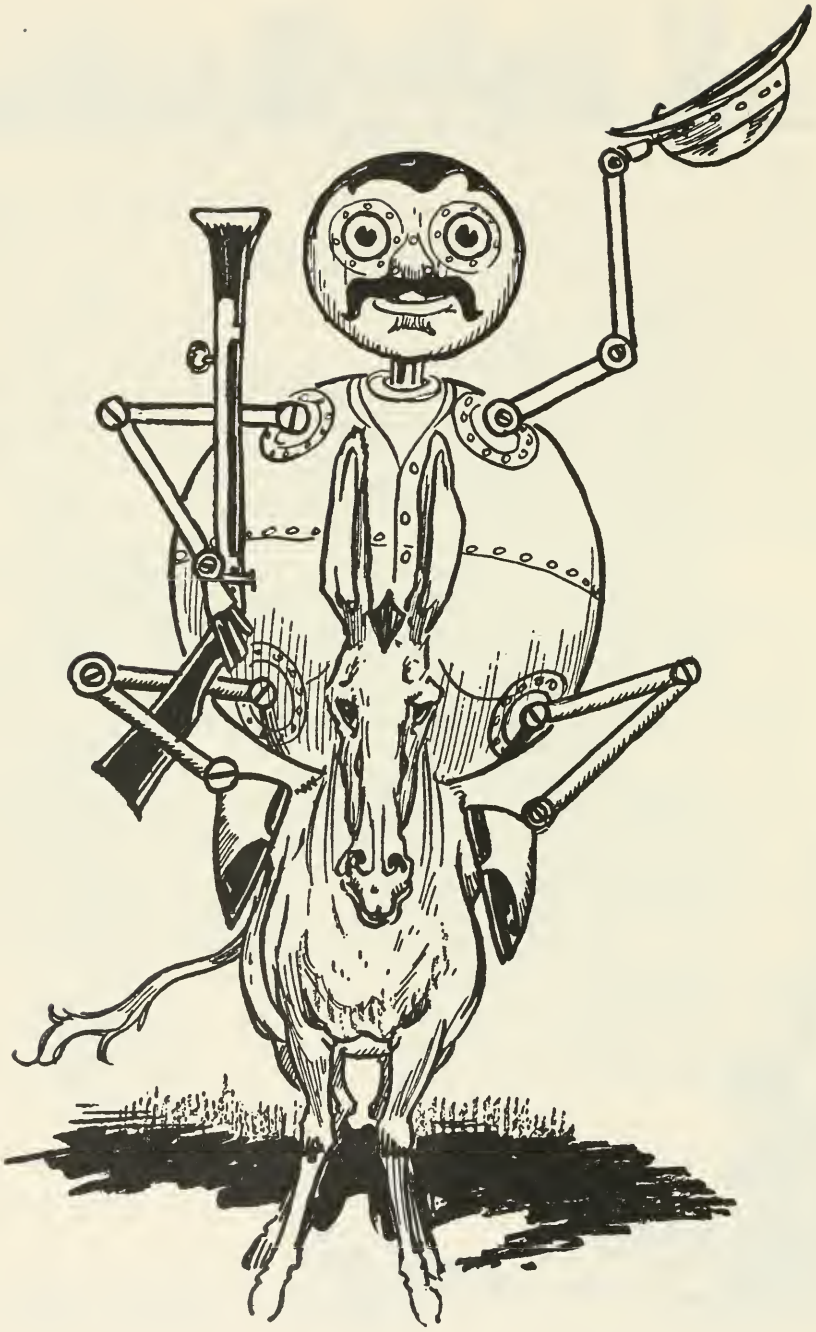
"OZCOT"
at HOLLYWOOD
in CALIFORNIA,
1914.



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CHAPTER 1

Ann's Army

"I WON'T!" cried Ann; "I won't sweep the floor. It is beneath my dignity."

"Some one must sweep it," replied Ann's younger sister, Salye; "else we shall soon be wading in dust. And you are the eldest, and the head of the family."

"I'm Queen of Oogaboo," said Ann, proudly. "But," she added with a sigh, "my kingdom is the smallest and the poorest in all the Land of Oz."

This was quite true. Away up in the mountains, in a far corner of the beautiful fairyland of Oz, lies a small valley which is named Oogaboo, and in this valley lived a few people who were usually happy and contented and never cared to

Tik-Tok of Oz

wander over the mountain pass into the more settled parts of the land. They knew that all of Oz, including their own territory, was ruled by a beautiful Princess named Ozma, who lived in the splendid Emerald City; yet the simple folk of Oogaboo never visited Ozma. They had a royal family of their own—not especially to rule over them, but just as a matter of pride. Ozma permitted the various parts of her country to have their Kings and Queens and Emperors and the like, but all were ruled over by the lovely girl Queen of the Emerald City.

The King of Oogaboo used to be a man named Jol Jemkiph Soforth, who for many years did all the drudgery of deciding disputes and telling his people when to plant cabbages and pickle onions. But the King's wife had a sharp tongue and small respect for the King, her husband; therefore one night King Jol crept over the pass into the Land of Oz and disappeared from Oogaboo for good and all. The Queen waited a few years for him to return and then started in search of him, leaving her eldest daughter, Ann Soforth, to act as Queen.

Now, Ann had not forgotten when her birthday came, for that meant a party and feasting and dancing, but she had quite forgotten how many years the birthdays marked. In a land where people live always, this is not considered a cause for regret, so we may justly say that Queen Ann of Oogaboo was old enough to make jelly—and let it go at that.

Chapter One

But she didn't make jelly, or do any more of the housework than she could help. She was an ambitious woman and constantly resented the fact that her kingdom was so tiny and her people so stupid and unenterprising. Often she wondered what had become of her father and mother, out beyond the pass, in the wonderful Land of Oz, and the fact that they did not return to Oogaboo led Ann to suspect that they had found a better place to live. So, when Salye refused to sweep the floor of the living room in the palace, and Ann would not sweep it, either, she said to her sister:

"I'm going away. This absurd Kingdom of Oogaboo tires me."

"Go, if you want to," answered Salye; "but you are very foolish to leave this place."

"Why?" asked Ann.

"Because in the Land of Oz, which is Ozma's country, you will be a nobody, while here you are a Queen."

"Oh, yes! Queen over eighteen men, twenty-seven women and forty-four children!" returned Ann bitterly.

"Well, there are certainly more people than that in the great Land of Oz," laughed Salye. "Why don't you raise an army and conquer them, and be Queen of all Oz?" she asked, trying to taunt Ann and so to anger her. Then she made a face at her sister and went into the back yard to swing in the hammock.

Tik-Tok of Oz

Her jeering words, however, had given Queen Ann an idea. She reflected that Oz was reported to be a peaceful country and Ozma a mere girl who ruled with gentleness to all and was obeyed because her people loved her. Even in Oogaboo the story was told that Ozma's sole army consisted of twenty-seven fine officers, who wore beautiful uniforms but carried no weapons, because there was no one to fight. Once there had been a private soldier, besides the officers, but Ozma had made him a Captain-General and taken away his gun for fear it might accidentally hurt some one.

The more Ann thought about the matter the more she was convinced it would be easy to conquer the Land of Oz and set herself up as Ruler in Ozma's place, if she but had an Army to do it with. Afterward she could go out into the world and conquer other lands, and then perhaps she could find a way to the moon, and conquer that. She had a warlike spirit that preferred trouble to idleness.

It all depended on an Army, Ann decided. She carefully counted in her mind all the men of her kingdom. Yes; there were exactly eighteen of them, all told. That would not make a very big Army, but by surprising Ozma's unarmed officers her men might easily subdue them. "Gentle people are always afraid of those that bluster," Ann told herself. "I don't wish to shed any blood, for that would shock my nerves and I might faint; but if we threaten and flash our weapons I am sure