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CHAPTER I

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 cornfields, 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

the advancing flames restored courage to every member of the party, and they followed her without being even scorched.

'This is surely a most extraordinary adventure,' said the Woggle-Bug, who was greatly amazed, 'for it upsets all the Natural Laws that I heard Professor Nowitall teach in the school-house.'

'Of course it does,' said the Scarecrow wisely. 'All magic is unnatural, and for that reason is to be feared and avoided. But I see before us the gates of the Emerald City, so I imagine we have now overcome all the magical obstacles that seemed to oppose us.'

Indeed, the walls of the City were plainly visible, and the Queen of the Field Mice, who had guided them so faithfully, came near to bid them goodbye.

'We are very grateful to Your Majesty for your kind assistance,' said the Tin Woodman, bowing before the pretty creature.

'I am always pleased to be of service to my friends,' answered the Queen, and in a flash she had darted away upon her journey home.

CHAPTER XV

The Prisoners of the Queen



APPROACHING the gateway of the Emerald City the travellers found it guarded by two girls of the Army of Revolt, who opposed their entrance by drawing the knitting-needles from their hair and threatening to prod the first that came near.

But the Tin Woodman was not afraid.

'At the worst they can but scratch my beautiful nickel-plate,' he said. 'But there will be no "worst", for I think I can manage to frighten these absurd soldiers very easily. Follow me closely, all of you!'

Then, swinging his axe in a great circle to right and left before him, he advanced upon the gate, and the others followed him without hesitation.

The girls, who had expected no resistance whatever, were terrified by the sweep of the glittering axe and fled screaming into the city; so that our travellers passed the gates in safety and marched down the green marble pavement of the wide street towards the royal palace.

'At this rate we will soon have Your Majesty upon the throne again,' said the Tin Woodman, laughing at his easy conquest of the guards.

'Thank you, friend Nick,' returned the Scarecrow gratefully. 'Nothing can resist your kind heart and your sharp axe.'



'Why, we've had a revolution, Your Majesty—...'

As they passed the rows of houses they saw through the open doors that men were sweeping and dusting and washing dishes, while the women sat around in groups, gossiping and laughing.

'What has happened?' the Scarecrow asked a sad-looking man with a bushy beard, who wore an apron and was wheeling a baby-carriage along the sidewalk.

'Why, we've had a revolution, Your Majesty—as you ought to know very well,' replied the man; 'and since you went away the women have been running things to suit themselves. I'm glad you have decided to come back and restore order, for doing housework and minding the children is wearing out the strength of every man in the Emerald City.'

'Hm!' said the Scarecrow thoughtfully. 'If it is such hard work as you say, how did the women manage it so easily?'

'I really do not know,' replied the man with a deep sigh. 'Perhaps the women are made of cast-iron.'

No movement was made, as they passed along the street, to oppose their progress. Several of the women stopped their gossip long enough to cast curious looks upon our friends, but immediately they would turn away with a laugh or a sneer and resume their chatter. And when they met with several girls belonging to the Army of Revolt, those soldiers, instead of being alarmed or appearing surprised, merely stepped out of the way and allowed them to advance without protest.

This action rendered the Scarecrow uneasy.

'I'm afraid we are walking into a trap,' said he.

'Nonsense!' returned Nick Chopper confidently. 'The silly creatures are conquered already!'

But the Scarecrow shook his head in a way that expressed doubt, and Tip said:

'It's too easy altogether. Look out for trouble ahead.'

'I will,' returned His Majesty.

Unopposed they reached the royal palace and marched up the marble steps, which had once been thickly encrusted with emeralds but were now filled with tiny holes where the jewels had been ruthlessly torn from their settings by the Army of Revolt. And so far not a rebel barred their way.

Through the arched hallways and into the magnificent Throne Room marched the Tin Woodman and his followers, and here, when the green silken curtains fell behind them, they saw a curious sight.

Seated within the glittering throne was General Jinjur, with the Scarecrow's second-best crown upon her head, and the royal sceptre in her right hand. A box of caramels, from which she was eating, rested in her lap, and the girl seemed entirely at ease in her royal surroundings.

The Scarecrow stepped forward and confronted her, while the Tin Woodman leaned upon his axe and the others formed a half-circle behind His Majesty's person.

'How dare you sit in my throne?' demanded the Scarecrow, sternly eyeing the intruder. 'Don't you know you are guilty of treason, and that there is a law against treason?'

'The throne belongs to whoever is able to take it,' answered Jinjur as she slowly ate another caramel. 'I have taken it, as you see; so just now I am the Queen, and all who oppose me are guilty of treason, and must be punished by the law you have just mentioned.'

This view of the case puzzled the Scarecrow.

'How is it, friend Nick?' he asked, turning to the Tin Woodman.

'Why, when it comes to Law, I have nothing to say,' answered that personage; 'for laws were never meant to be understood, and it is foolish to make the attempt.'

'Then what shall we do?' asked the Scarecrow in dismay.

'Why don't you marry the Queen? And then you can both rule,' suggested the Woggle-Bug.

Jinjur glared at the insect fiercely.

'Why don't you send her back to her mother, where she belongs?' asked Jack Pumpkinhead.

Jinjur frowned.

'Why don't you shut her up in a closet until she behaves herself and promises to be good?' inquired Tip.

Jinjur's lip curled scornfully.

'Or give her a good shaking!' added the Saw-Horse.

'No,' said the Tin Woodman, 'we must treat the poor girl with gentleness. Let us give her all the jewels she can carry, and send her away happy and contented.'

At this Queen Jinjur laughed aloud, and the next minute clapped her pretty hands together thrice as if for a signal.

'You are very absurd creatures,' said she, 'but I am tired

of your nonsense and have no time to bother with you longer.'

While the monarch and his friends listened in amazement to this impudent speech a startling thing happened. The Tin Woodman's axe was snatched from his grasp by some person behind him, and he found himself disarmed and helpless. At the same instant a shout of laughter rang in the ears of the devoted band, and turning to see whence this came they found themselves surrounded by the Army of Revolt, the girls bearing in either hand their glistening knitting-needles. The entire Throne Room seemed to be filled with the rebels, and the Scarecrow and his comrades realized that they were prisoners.

'You see how foolish it is to oppose a woman's wit,' said Jinjur gaily; 'and this event only proves that I am more fit to rule the Emerald City than a Scarecrow. I bear you no ill will, I assure you, but lest you should prove troublesome to me in the future I shall order you all to be destroyed. That is, all except the boy, who belongs to old Mombi and must be restored to her keeping. The rest of you are not human, and therefore it will not be wicked to demolish you. The Saw-Horse and the Pumpkinhead's body I will have chopped up for kindling-wood; and the pumpkin shall be made into tarts. The Scarecrow will do nicely to start a bonfire, and the tin man can be cut into small pieces and fed to the goats. As for this immense Woggle-Bug——'

'Highly Magnified, if you please!' interrupted the insect.

'I think I will ask the cook to make a green-turtle soup of you,' continued the Queen reflectively.

The Woggle-Bug shuddered.

'Or, if that won't do, we might use you for a Hungarian goulash, stewed and highly spiced,' she added cruelly.

This programme of extermination was so terrible that the prisoners looked upon one another in a panic of fear. The Scarecrow alone did not give way to despair. He stood

quietly before the Queen and his brow was wrinkled in deep thought as he strove to find some means to escape.

While thus engaged he felt the straw within his breast move gently. At once his expression changed from sadness to joy, and raising his hand he quickly unbuttoned the front of his jacket.

This action did not pass unnoticed by the crowd of girls clustering about him, but none of them suspected what he was doing until a tiny grey mouse leaped from his bosom to the floor and scampered away between the feet of the Army of Revolt. Another mouse quickly followed; then another and another, in rapid succession. And suddenly such a scream of terror went up from the army that it might easily have filled the stoutest heart with consternation. The flight that ensued turned to a stampede, and the stampede to a panic.

For while the startled mice rushed wildly about the room the Scarecrow had only time to note a whirl of skirts and a twinkling of feet as the girls disappeared from the palace—pushing and crowding one another in their mad efforts to escape.

The Queen, at the first alarm, stood up on the cushions of the throne and began to dance frantically upon her tiptoes. Then a mouse ran up the cushions, and with a terrified leap poor Jinjur shot clear over the head of the Scarecrow and escaped through an archway—never pausing in her wild career until she had reached the city gates.

So, in less time than I can explain, the Throne Room was deserted by all save the Scarecrow and his friends, and the Woggle-Bug heaved a deep sigh of relief as he exclaimed:

‘Thank goodness, we are saved!’

‘For a time, yes,’ answered the Tin Woodman. ‘But the enemy will soon return, I fear.’

‘Let us bar all the entrances to the palace!’ said the Scare-

crow. ‘Then we shall have time to think what is best to be done.’

So all except Jack Pumpkinhead, who was still tied fast to the Saw-Horse, ran to the various entrances of the royal palace and closed the heavy doors, bolting and locking them securely. Then, knowing that the Army of Revolt could not batter down the barriers in several days, the adventurers gathered once more in the Throne Room for a council of war.

before noon they saw the dome-shaped houses that proved they were once more within the borders of their native land.

'But the houses and fences are blue,' said the Tin Woodman, 'and that indicates we are in the land of the Munchkins, and therefore a long distance from Glinda the Good.'

'What shall we do?' asked the boy, turning to their guide.

'I don't know,' replied the Scarecrow frankly. 'If we were at the Emerald City we could then move directly southward, and so reach our destination. But we dare not go to the Emerald City, and the Gump is probably carrying us farther in the wrong direction with every flop of its wings.'

'Then the Woggle-Bug must swallow another pill,' said Tip decidedly, 'and wish us headed in the right direction.'

'Very well,' returned the Highly Magnified one; 'I'm willing.'

But when the Scarecrow searched in his pocket for the pepper-box containing the two silver Wishing Pills, it was not to be found. Filled with anxiety, the voyagers hunted throughout every inch of the Thing for the precious box; but it had disappeared entirely.

And still the Gump flew onward, carrying them they knew not where.

'I must have left the pepper-box in the Jackdaws' nest,' said the Scarecrow at length.

'It is a great misfortune,' the Tin Woodman declared. 'But we are no worse off than before we discovered the Wishing Pills.'

'We are better off,' replied Tip; 'for the one pill we used has enabled us to escape from that horrible nest.'

'Yet the loss of the other two is serious, and I deserve a good scolding for my carelessness,' the Scarecrow rejoined penitently. 'For in such an unusual party as this accidents are liable to happen any moment, and even now we may be approaching a new danger.'

No one dared contradict this, and a dismal silence ensued.

The Gump flew steadily on.

Suddenly Tip uttered an exclamation of surprise.

'We must have reached the South Country,' he cried, 'for below us everything is red!'

Immediately they all leaned over the backs of the sofas to look—all except Jack, who was too careful of his pumpkin head to risk its slipping off his neck. Sure enough; the red houses and fences and trees indicated they were within the domain of Glinda the Good; and presently, as they glided rapidly on, the Tin Woodman recognized the roads and buildings they passed, and altered slightly the flight of the Gump so that they might reach the palace of the celebrated Sorceress.

'Good!' cried the Scarecrow, delightedly. 'We do not need the lost Wishing Pills now, for we have arrived at our destination.'

Gradually the Thing sank lower and nearer to the ground until at length it came to rest within the beautiful gardens of Glinda, settling upon a velvety green lawn close by a fountain which sent sprays of flashing gems, instead of water, high into the air, whence they fell with a soft, tinkling sound into the carved marble basin placed to receive them.

Everything was very gorgeous in Glinda's gardens, and while our voyagers gazed about with admiring eyes a company of soldiers silently appeared and surrounded them. But these soldiers of the great Sorceress were entirely different from those of Jinjur's Army of Revolt, although they were likewise girls. For Glinda's soldiers wore neat uniforms and bore swords and spears; and they marched with a skill and precision that proved them well trained in the arts of war.

The captain commanding this troop—which was Glinda's private bodyguard—recognized the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman at once, and greeted them with respectful salutations.

'Good day!' said the Scarecrow, gallantly removing his hat, while the Woodman gave a soldierly salute; 'we have come to request an audience with your fair ruler.'

'Glinda is now within her palace, awaiting you,' returned the captain; 'for she saw you coming long before you arrived.'

'That is strange!' said Tip, wondering.

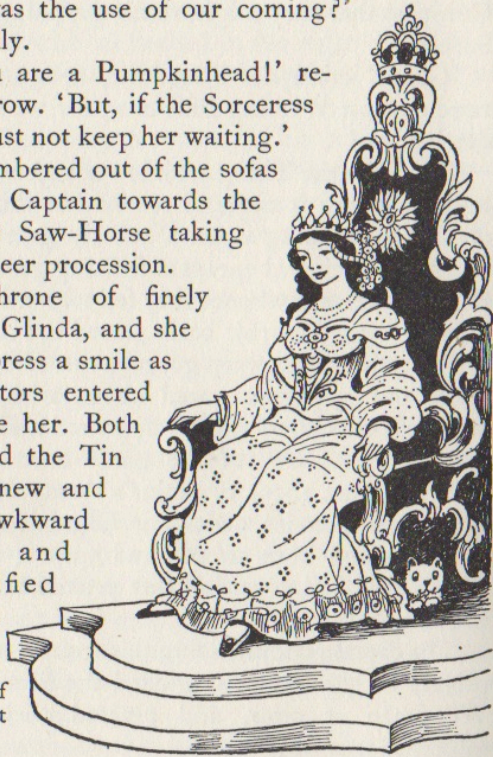
'Not at all,' answered the Scarecrow, 'for Glinda the Good is a mighty sorceress, and nothing that goes on in the Land of Oz escapes her notice. I suppose she knows why we came as well as we do ourselves.'

'Then what was the use of our coming?' asked Jack stupidly.

'To prove you are a Pumpkinhead!' retorted the Scarecrow. 'But, if the Sorceress expects us, we must not keep her waiting.'

So they all clambered out of the sofas and followed the Captain towards the palace—even the Saw-Horse taking his place in the queer procession.

Upon her throne of finely wrought gold sat Glinda, and she could scarcely repress a smile as her peculiar visitors entered and bowed before her. Both the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman she knew and liked; but the awkward Pumpkinhead and Highly Magnified Woggle-Bug were



Upon her throne of finely wrought gold sat Glinda

creatures she had never seen before, and they seemed even more curious than the others. As for the Saw-Horse, he looked to be nothing more than an animated chunk of wood; and he bowed so stiffly that his head bumped against the floor, causing a ripple of laughter among the soldiers, in which Glinda frankly joined.

'I beg to announce to your glorious highness', began the Scarecrow, in a solemn voice, 'that my Emerald City has been overrun by a crowd of impudent girls with knitting-needles, who have enslaved all the men, robbed the streets and public buildings of all their emerald jewels, and usurped my throne.'

'I know it,' said Glinda.

'They also threatened to destroy me, as well as all the good friends and allies you see before you,' continued the Scarecrow; 'and had we not managed to escape their clutches our days would long since have ended.'

'I know it,' repeated Glinda.

'Therefore I have come to beg your assistance,' resumed the Scarecrow, 'for I believe you are always glad to succour the unfortunate and oppressed.'

'That is true,' replied the Sorceress, slowly. 'But the Emerald City is now ruled by General Jinjur, who has caused herself to be proclaimed Queen. What right have I to oppose her?'

'Why, she stole the throne from me,' said the Scarecrow.

'And how came you to possess the throne?' asked Glinda.

'I got it from the Wizard of Oz, and by the choice of the people,' returned the Scarecrow, uneasy at such questioning. 'And where did the Wizard get it?' she continued, gravely.

'I am told he took it from Pastoria, the former King,' said the Scarecrow, becoming confused under the intent look of the Sorceress.

'Now', said she, 'I will ask my first question: Why did the Wizard pay you three visits?'

'Because I would not come to him,' answered Mombi.

'That is no answer,' said Glinda sternly. 'Tell me the truth.'

'Well,' returned Mombi, with downcast eyes, 'he visited me to learn the way I make tea-biscuits.'

'Look up!' commanded the Sorceress.

Mombi obeyed.

'What is the colour of my pearl?' demanded Glinda.

'Why—it is black!' replied the old Witch in a tone of wonder.

'Then you have told me a falsehood!' cried Glinda angrily. 'Only when the truth is spoken will my magic pearl remain a pure white in colour.'

Mombi now saw how useless it was to try to deceive the Sorceress; so she said, meanwhile scowling at her defeat:

'The Wizard brought to me the girl Ozma, who was then no more than a baby, and begged me to conceal the child.'

'That is what I thought,' declared Glinda calmly. 'What did he give you for thus serving him?'

'He taught me all the magical tricks he knew. Some were good tricks, and some were only frauds; but I have remained faithful to my promise.'

'What did you do with the girl?' asked Glinda; and at this question everyone bent forward and listened eagerly for the reply.

'I enchanted her,' answered Mombi.

'In what way?'

'I transformed her into—into——'

'Into what?' demanded Glinda as the Witch hesitated.

'*Into a boy!*' said Mombi in a low tone.

'A boy!' echoed every voice; and then, because they knew that this old woman had reared Tip from childhood, all eyes were turned to where the boy stood.

'Yes,' said the old Witch, nodding her head; 'that is the Princess Ozma—the child brought to me by the Wizard who stole her father's throne. That is the rightful ruler of the Emerald City!' and she pointed her long bony finger straight at the boy.

'I!' cried Tip, in amazement. 'Why, I'm no Princess Ozma—I'm not a girl!'

Glinda smiled, and going to Tip she took his small brown hand within her dainty white one.

'You are not a girl just now', said she gently, 'because Mombi transformed you into a boy. But you were born a girl, and also a Princess; so you must resume your proper form, that you may become Queen of the Emerald City.'

'Oh, let Jinjur be the Queen!' exclaimed Tip, ready to cry. 'I want to stay a boy, and travel with the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman, and the Woggle-Bug, and Jack—yes! and my friend the Saw-Horse—and the Gump! I don't want to be a girl!'

'Never mind, old chap,' said the Tin Woodman soothingly; 'it don't hurt to be a girl, I'm told; and we will all remain your faithful friends just the same. And, to be honest with you, I've always considered girls nicer than boys.'

'They're just as nice anyway,' added the Scarecrow, patting Tip affectionately upon the head.

'And they are equally good students,' proclaimed the Woggle-Bug. 'I should like to become your tutor, when you are transformed into a girl again.'

'But—see here!' said Jack Pumpkinhead with a gasp. 'If you become a girl, you can't be my dear father any more!'

'No,' answered Tip, laughing in spite of his anxiety; 'and I shall not be sorry to escape the relationship.' Then he added, hesitatingly, as he turned to Glinda: 'I might try it for a while—just to see how it seems, you know. But if I don't like being a girl you must promise to change me into a boy again.'

XXX into a boy

'Really,' said the Sorceress, 'that is beyond my magic. I never deal in transformations, for they are not honest, and no respectable sorceress likes to make things appear to be what they are not. Only unscrupulous witches use the art, and therefore I must ask Mombi to effect your release from her charm, and restore you to your proper form. It will be the last opportunity she will have to practise magic.'

Now that the truth about Princess Ozma had been discovered, Mombi did not care what became of Tip; but she feared Glinda's anger, and the boy generously promised to provide for Mombi in her old age if he became the ruler of the Emerald City. So the Witch consented to effect the transformation, and preparations for the event were at once made.

Glinda ordered her own royal couch to be placed in the centre of the tent. It was piled high with cushions covered with rose-coloured silk, and from a golden railing above hung many folds of pink gossamer, completely concealing the interior of the couch.

The first act of the Witch was to make the boy drink a potion which quickly sent him into a deep and dreamless sleep. Then the Tin Woodman and the Woggle-Bug bore him gently to the couch, placed him upon the soft cushions and drew the gossamer hangings to shut him from all earthly view.

The Witch squatted upon the ground and kindled a tiny fire of dried herbs which she drew from her bosom. When the blaze shot up and burned clearly old Mombi scattered a handful of magical powder over the fire, which straightway gave off a rich violet vapour, filling all the tent with its fragrance and forcing the Saw-Horse to sneeze—although he had been warned to keep quiet.

Then, while the others watched her curiously, the hag chanted a rhythmical verse in words which no one understood, and bent her lean body seven times back and forth

over the fire. And now the incantation seemed complete, for the Witch stood upright and cried the one word 'Yeowal' in a loud voice.

The vapour floated away; the atmosphere became clear again; a whiff of fresh air filled the tent, and the pink curtains of the couch trembled slightly, as if stirred from within.

Glinda walked to the canopy and parted the silken hangings. Then she bent over the cushions, reached out her hand, and from the couch arose the form of a young girl, fresh and beautiful as a May morning. Her eyes sparkled as two diamonds, and her lips were tinted like a tourmaline. All adown her back floated tresses of ruddy gold, with a slender jewelled circlet confining them at the brow. Her robes of silken gauze floated around her like a cloud, and dainty satin slippers shod her feet.



... Mombi scattered a handful of magical powder over the fire

At this exquisite vision Tip's old comrades stared in wonder for the space of a full minute, and then every head bent low in honest admiration of the lovely Princess Ozma. The girl herself cast one look into Glinda's bright face, which glowed with pleasure and satisfaction, and then turned upon the others. Speaking the words with sweet diffidence, she said:

'I hope none of you will care less for me than you did before. I'm just the same Tip, you know; only—only——'

'Only you're different!' said the Pumpkinhead; and everyone thought it was the wisest speech he had ever made.

CHAPTER XXIV

The Riches of Content



WHEN the wonderful tidings reached the ears of Queen Jinjur—how Mombi the Witch had been captured; how she had confessed her crime to Glinda; and how the long-lost Princess Ozma had been discovered in no less a personage than the boy Tip—she wept real tears of grief and despair.

'To think', she moaned, 'that after having ruled as Queen, and lived in a palace, I must go back to scrubbing floors and churning butter again! It is too horrible to think of! I will never consent!'

So when her soldiers, who spent most of their time making fudge in the palace kitchens, counselled Jinjur to resist, she listened to their foolish prattle and sent a sharp defiance to Glinda the Good and the Princess Ozma. The result was a declaration of war, and the very next day Glinda marched upon the Emerald City with pennants flying and bands playing, and a forest of shining spears sparkling brightly beneath the sun's rays.

But when it came to the walls this brave assembly made a sudden halt, for Jinjur had closed and barred every gateway, and the walls of the Emerald City were builded high and thick with many blocks of green marble. Finding her advance thus baffled, Glinda bent her brows in deep thought, while the Woggle-Bug said in his most positive tone:

'We must lay siege to the city, and starve it into submission. It is the only thing we can do.'

'Not so,' answered the Scarecrow. 'We still have the Gump, and the Gump can still fly.'

The Sorceress turned quickly at this speech, and her face now wore a bright smile.

'You are right,' she exclaimed, 'and certainly have reason to be proud of your brains. Let us go to the Gump at once!'

So they passed through the ranks of the army until they came to the place, near the Scarecrow's tent, where the Gump lay. Glinda and Princess Ozma mounted first, and sat upon the sofas. Then the Scarecrow and his friends climbed aboard, and still there was room for a captain and three soldiers, which Glinda considered sufficient for a guard.

Now, at a word from the Princess, the queer Thing they had called the Gump flopped its palm-leaf wings and rose into the air, carrying the party of adventurers high above the walls. They hovered over the palace, and soon perceived Jinjur reclining in a hammock in the courtyard, where she was comfortably reading a novel with a green cover and eating green chocolates, confident that the walls would protect her from her enemies. Obeying a quick command, the Gump alighted safely in this very courtyard, and before Jinjur had time to do more than scream, the captain and three soldiers leaped out and made the former Queen a prisoner, locking strong chains upon both her wrists.

That act really ended the war; for the Army of Revolt submitted as soon as they knew Jinjur to be a captive, and the captain marched in safety through the streets and up to the gates of the city, which she threw wide open. Then the bands played their most stirring music while Glinda's army marched into the city, and heralds proclaimed the conquest of the audacious Jinjur and the accession of the beautiful Princess Ozma to the throne of her royal ancestors.

At once the men of the Emerald City cast off their aprons.

And it is said that the women were so tired of eating their husbands' cooking that they all hailed the conquest of Jinjur with joy. Certain it is that, rushing one and all to the kitchens of their houses, the good wives prepared so delicious a feast for the weary men that harmony was immediately restored in every family.

Ozma's first act was to oblige the Army of Revolt to return to her every emerald or other gem stolen from the public streets and buildings; and so great was the number of precious stones picked from their settings by these vain girls, that every one of the royal jewellers worked steadily for more than a month to replace them in their settings.

Meantime the Army of Revolt was disbanded and the girls sent home to their mothers. On promise of good behaviour Jinjur was likewise released.

Ozma made the loveliest Queen the Emerald City had ever known, and, although she was so young and inexperienced, she ruled her people with wisdom and justice. For Glinda gave her good advice on all occasions; and the Woggle-Bug, who was appointed to the important post of Public Educator, was quite helpful to Ozma when her royal duties grew perplexing.

The girl, in her gratitude to the Gump for its services, offered the creature any reward it might name.

'Then', replied the Gump, 'please take me to pieces. I did not wish to be brought to life, and I am greatly ashamed of my conglomerate personality. Once I was a monarch of the forest, as my antlers fully prove; but now, in my present upholstered condition of servitude, I am compelled to fly through the air—my legs being of no use to me whatever. Therefore I beg to be dispersed.'

So Ozma ordered the Gump taken apart. The antlered head was again hung over the mantel-piece in the hall, and the sofas were untied and placed in the reception parlours. The broom tail resumed its accustomed duties in the

kitchen and, finally, the Scarecrow replaced all the clothes-lines and ropes on the pegs from which he had taken them on the eventful day when the Thing was constructed.

You might think that was the end of the Gump; and so it was, as a flying machine. But the head over the mantel-piece continued to talk whenever it took a notion to do so, and it frequently startled, with its abrupt questions, the people who waited in the hall for an audience with the Queen.

The Saw-Horse, being Ozma's personal property, was tenderly cared for; and often she rode the queer creature along the streets of the Emerald City. She had its wooden legs shod with gold, to keep them from wearing out, and the tinkle of these golden shoes upon the pavement always filled the Queen's subjects with awe as they thought upon this evidence of her magical powers.

'The Wonderful Wizard was never so wonderful as Queen Ozma,' the people said to one another in whispers, 'for he claimed to do many things he could not do; whereas our new Queen does many things no one would ever expect her to accomplish.'

Jack Pumpkinhead remained with Ozma to the end of his days; and he did not spoil as soon as he had feared, although he always remained as stupid as ever. The Woggle-Bug tried to teach him several arts and sciences; but Jack was so poor a student that any attempt to educate him was soon abandoned.

After Glinda's army had marched back home, and peace was restored to the Emerald City, the Tin Woodman announced his intention to return to his own Kingdom of the Winkies.

'It isn't a very big Kingdom,' said he to Ozma, 'but for that very reason it is easier to rule; and I have called myself an Emperor because I am an Absolute Monarch, and no one interferes in any way with my conduct of public or personal affairs. When I get home I shall have a new coat of nickel

plate, for I have become somewhat marred and scratched lately; and then I shall be glad to have you pay me a visit.'

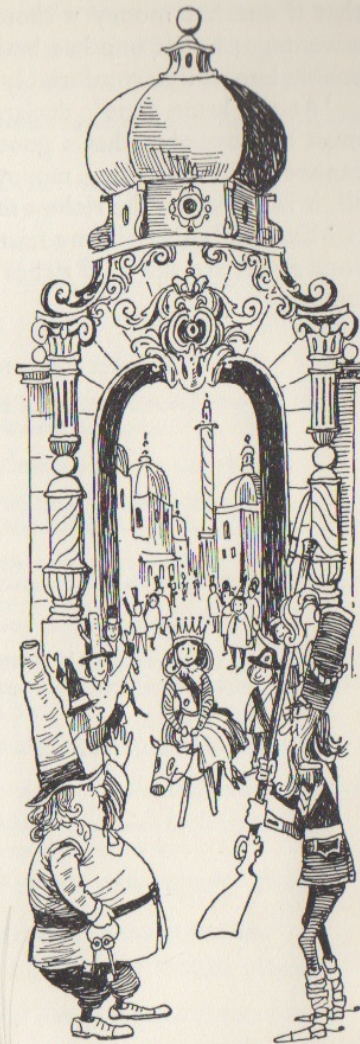
'Thank you,' replied Ozma. 'Some day I may accept the invitation. But what is to become of the Scarecrow?'

'I shall return with my friend the Tin Woodman,' said the stuffed one seriously. 'We have decided never to be parted in the future.'

'And I have made the Scarecrow my Royal Treasurer,' explained the Tin Woodman. 'For it has occurred to me that it is a good thing to have a Royal Treasurer who is made of money. What do you think?'

'I think,' said the little Queen, smiling, 'that your friend must be the richest man in all the world.'

'I am,' returned the Scarecrow; 'but not on account of my money. For I consider brains to be far superior to money, in every way. You may have noticed



... and often she rode the queer creature along the streets ...

that if one has money without brains, he cannot use it to advantage; but if one has brains without money, they will enable him to live comfortably to the end of his days.'

'At the same time', declared the Tin Woodman, 'you must acknowledge that a good heart is a thing that brains cannot create, and that money cannot buy. Perhaps, after all, it is I who am the richest man in all the world.'

'You are both rich, my friends,' said Ozma gently; 'and your riches are the only riches worth having—the riches of content!'

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