

The Scalawagons Of Oz – Oz 35

L. Frank Baum

CHAPTER 1

In the Wizard's Workroom

IN the Emerald City of Oz stands Ozma's palace. In a high tower of the palace is a workshop. Here the Wizard of Oz, a great magician, makes the tools for his magic. His helper is Number Nine, a bright blue--faced boy from the land of the Munchkins.

The sun was already up, sparkling on the many gems and precious stones of the Emerald City, when Number Nine came up the palace stairs. The large emeralds set in the walls and towers of the city made a soft green glow.

Number Nine began to pant as he climbed the palace stairs to the highest tower. Reaching the top, he paused for breath. A voice came at him:

"Three minutes, four-and-a-half seconds late!"

Number Nine turned to see who was scolding him.

It was a tall clock that stood in the hallway.

"You'll have to be more prompt!" the Clock went on, pointing its hands at Number Nine. "You're always late, and it's got to stop!"

"Why don't you stop?" Number Nine said good-naturedly.

"What good would I be if I stopped?" answered the Clock crossly.

Number Nine said, "You can't alarm me. You aren't an alarm clock!"

Then the boy started toward the door of the Wizard's

workroom. But the Clock thumped after him, remaining at his heels and continuing its scolding.

"Three minutes, four-and-a-half seconds! The Wizard won't stand for it!"

Number Nine was already taking off his coat and rolling up his sleeves. He tried to slip through the workroom door, but the angry clock pushed at him.

"Get out of my way," cried the boy. "I have work to do."

"Not until you promise to be like me--right up to the minute!"

"Instead of talking, you should be ticking," Number Nine said. Then he quickly opened the workroom door and shut it in the clock's face.

Inside, the boy saw the Wizard quietly at work.

The room was filled with apparatus, magical tools, vials, and other paraphernalia. In the center stood one of the Wizard's most important inventions. It was a large teletable, equipped with a compound gazabo, goggle-optics, and a trumpet eye. With this machine, one could see and hear to any part of the Land of Oz, and the stars beyond. It was very useful in locating missing things and people.

"Good morning," the Wizard said. He was a short, round man with a bald head and a remarkable twin-

kle in his eye.

"I'm a little late," Number Nine apologized. "But I couldn't get my blue mule to walk fast"

The Wizard chuckled. "Still riding that slowpoke?"

"He's a good mule," Number Nine said. "But the trouble is, he stops to talk to everyone on the way."

"A regular blue freak, eh?" said the Wizard.

Just then the clock's face appeared at the open transom above the door.

"Three minutes, four-and-a-half seconds late!"

"Go away!" Number Nine called. "What makes you so cranky?"

"I'm wound with a crank," the clock answered proudly. "A tick-lish business, too."

Tired of talking with the clock, the boy turned back to the Wizard. But the little man no longer there. He had vanished quietly through the window.

"Get to work," advised the clock. "I'll stay here and oversee you."

"Why don't you just overlook me?" said Number Nine, as he began to work.

First he took a broom and swept the floor. There was a litter of star-and-diamond dust left from one of the Wizard's experiments. As the boy worked, a shiny wastebasket jumped out of the corner and followed him around. From time to time it lay on its

side to allow Number Nine to sweep the dust into it.

In a few minutes the floor was clean.

The wastebasket returned to its corner and Number Nine took up a dust cloth. He went to the teletable and carefully dusted the fine gear wheels and levers, the dials, and the wonderful trumpet eye. When one placed his ear to it, one could see far-off. And by putting one's eye to it, one could hear far-off. He dusted and polished the swinging telescope mirrors. He tightened the silencer caps on the loud-speaker tanks, so no noise could leak out.

All this time the clock watched the worker. But Number Nine was doing his work faithfully. At last the clock yawned loudly, slid down from the door, and marched back to its corner.

Just then Number Nine noticed an ozmic ray lying on the teletable. It was a short line of light not coming from anywhere. "I'll take this home for my thirteen sisters and brothers to play with," Number Nine said, reaching for the ray. But it jumped from his hand. At the same time the trumpet eye began to buzz.

Dropping everything, the boy placed his ear to the trumpet and watched the screen of the teletable. An image appeared there. It became clearer. He saw a

high, carrot-shaped mountain. The top appeared covered with a red glass dome. Everything around was red, so Number Nine knew that he was looking at the land of the Quadlings, to the south of Oz. Moving the lever, he brought the image close. Now he could see inside the red glass dome. There was the Wizard, talking to Tik-Tok, a copper mechanical man. Tik-Tok seemed pleased, for there was a bright smile on his copper face.

Number Nine didn't want to listen to other people's conversation. He was just lowering the lever to shut out the image, when he saw something peculiar on the screen. He heard his own name mentioned. "Number Nine won't be late to work any more," the Wizard was saying. "For he won't have to ride his blue mule. This new invention of mine will put all mules out of work."

As Number Nine tuned out this scene, he could not believe his trumpet eye.

The Wizard's newest invention was the strangest thing he had ever seen.

CHAPTER 2

The Scalawagons of Oz

THEY'RE better than blue mules, don't you think?"

the Wizard went on to Tik-Tok, as the two stood under the glass dome of the Carrot Mountain.

"Bet-ter-and-more-beau-ti-ful," tocked the mechanical man. There was joy in his voice.

The two were standing in a large room. All around them stood brightly colored little motor cars.

"Yes," said the Wizard, "these scalawagons can do more than blue mules. Just think, there'll be a free taxi for everyone in Oz!"

"And-those-with-spiked-wheels-will-be-trac-tors-for-the-farm-ers," said Tik-Tok.

"What's more," went on the Wizard, rubbing his hands with satisfaction, "when you extend their running boards to the breeze, you have excellent gliders!"

"Mar-vel-ous," ticked the copper man.

"But that isn't all," the Wizard continued, opening the door of one of the scalawagons. "Look here." Tik-Tok bent to see what the Wizard was pointing at. "With this rubber foam on the inside, they'll be comfortable on rough roads. They're absolutely unbreakable. And their motors are no bigger than goose eggs."

"Con-grat-u-la-tions!"

The Wizard's eyes were sparkling. "Look at this center button. Just push it, and out comes LUNCH! Think of it! People will go on picnics in lunch wagons!"

"Re-mark-able!"

The little Wizard was beaming so hard that his bald head glistened. "I've explained how to pound sense into them. Then they'll know enough to obey traffic rules. And they won't need garages, for they'll understand how to keep out of danger."

"In-deed!"

"Tik-Tok, I appoint you Superintendent of this Scalawagon Factory. For with your mechanical brain, you understand such things."

"I-am-proud-of-my-re-spon-Si-bil-i-ty," Tik-Tok said, lifting his metal chest.

"Promptly at six o'clock tomorrow, our gracious Queen Ozma, will see our surprise," said the Wizard happily.

"This~will-please-her-bet-ter-than-all-your-for-mer-in-ven-tions."

"It was really Number Nine who gave me the idea, though he-doesn't know it. That slow blue mule of his-"

"Look-out!" warned Tik-Tok.

The Wizard looked up in time to see a dark, bird-

shaped object winging around his head.

"It's nothing to get in a flutter about," he said quietly. "Only a peli-can trying to fill the tank with motor-fluid."

As he spoke, the peli-can swooped down and thrust its straight beak into a scalawagon's tank. As the tank filled, the scalawagon reared up on its hind wheels, its engine spitting.

"You're getting it too full," the Wizard said to the peli-can; whereupon the creature flew back to its shelf.

"Great-bolts-and-riv-ets!" exclaimed the mechanical man.

"Now you know how the tanks are filled," said the Wizard. He pointed to a large drum in the corner.

"But let me warn you: NEVER TOUGH THE FLAB-BER-GAS!"

"Why?" asked the mechanical man.

But there was no answer.

The Wizard had vanished.

CHAPTER 3

Tik-Tok Sets to Work

NOW, let me see," said Tik-Tok to himself. "What-sign-is-there-that-I-am-Sup-er-in-tend-ent-of-this-Scalawagon-Factory? Hm-that's-what-I-need: a-sign."

He looked around, every little wheel in him clicking with excitement. Near the desk he found painting materials---a brush, some colors, and a drawing board. With green paint he lettered a sign:

TIK-TOK,
MANAGER-IN-CHIEF

"I-guess-that's-on-the-right-tack," he said, as he hung it on the factory door. Then, remembering what the Wizard had told him, he made a second sign:

HANDS OFF-DON'T TOUCH

He placed this sign near the drum filled with the dangerous flabber-gas.

"I~don't-know-just-what-can-hap-pen-and-I'm-not-go-ing-to-find-out," he said, backing away from the drum.

Meanwhile, more scalawagons came rolling out from a door marked PRODUCTION ROOM at the side of the factory. The floor was soon covered with

the small new cars. Tik-Tok stepped quickly to the door and closed it.

From behind the closed door there came a clanking noise like that of crumpling fenders.

"Oh-my-oh-my-they're-pil-ing-up-in-side," c r i e d Tik-Tok.

He looked around and saw a lever sticking through the wall of the Production Room. Hurriedly he pushed down the lever. The clanking and crashing stopped.

Tik-Tok nodded with satisfaction. "My-fine-mech-an-i-cal-brain-is-work-ing-well-this-morn-ing."

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The scalawagons filled the floor space and shone in a variety of colors. They were very much alike. Built into their tops were small turrets, with hinged lids.

Tik-Tok touched the nearest scalawagon and tried to open its lids. But they could not be moved. Then Tik-Tok went to a chest and took out a hammer. It was made of rubber. He tapped gently on the turret of the scalawagon, murmuring,

"I've-got-to-knock-some-sense-in-to-your-head."

The result was surprising. The scalawagon's lids swung open, revealing a pair of large, straight-forward looking eyes. The eyes were filled with sense and good humor.

Tik-Tok pounded the turrets of the other scalawagons, until all lids were open, and hundreds of scalawagon eyes were fixed on him. Some gave the copper man a friendly wink. Tik-Tok could not return the wink, for his own lids were riveted in place.

"I-want-you-all-to-feel-wel-come-here," Tik - Tok ticked quickly. His inner machinery was running at high speed with his excitement. Every cog and wheel inside him was strained to the limit. But he did not notice this.

"There's-a-dull-look-ing-one," he said. Going to a scalawagon, he gave it a smart blow with his hammer. Immediately the scalawagon brightened.

There was no doubt that the Wizard had chosen the best person in Oz as manager. Everything about Tik-Tok was mechanical, even his inclinations. And he was a tireless worker. With one hand he lifted a scalawagon and placed it on a scale. "Twenty-five-pounds," he said to himself. Replacing it, he went on:

"No-won-der-the-Wiz-ard-is-won-der-ful.-He's-al-ways-per-form-ing-won-ders."

He saw a scalawagon looking sleepy, and going to it, smacked it so hard that it fell on its side. When he righted it, he saw a look of amazement in its large blue eyes.

"Kind-ly-come-to-your-senses," said Tik-Tok.

With his rubber hammer under his arm, Tik-Tok went about examining the cars. With a tap here and a smack there, he got them all in condition. At last he was satisfied, and started to tell them so. But the strain of the work was telling on his copper constitution. His machinery was running more and more slowly.

Grasping his rubber hammer, Tik-Tok placed his feet firmly on the floor and leaned against the open door. The door was close to the edge of the steep carrot-shaped mountain.

He tried to speak, but after a few faint clicks he became rigid.

He had worked too hard and was completely run-down.

CHAPTER 4

In Lolly-Pop Village

WHILE Tik-Tok stood helpless, the day brightened about Carrot Mountain and the land of Oz that spread all around. To the north, through the bright air, the Emerald City glittered in green splendor. Beyond lay the purple land of the Gillikans. To the east, in a

yellow glow, was the land of the Winkies. To the west, a blue haze revealed the Munchkin country. And all around them, spread like a red quilt, the land of the Quadlings. In these countries, people and things were all of one color-purple, yellow, blue, or red.

Close by the base of Carrot Mountain ran a red road. On this road was the castle of Glinda, the fair sorceress who ruled the Quadlings. The road ended in a curious little village. It was on this village that Tik-Tok's eyes were fixed. His last thought, before his machinery had ceased, had been: "If-only-some-one-there-could-help!"

The village had only six houses, and a sign-post which read:

THE LOLLY-POPS

Just as the new day was brightening, the doors of all the houses burst open, and six little Lollies pushed their six Pops out into the street. The Lollies were no older than five years, with pink, chubby hands and sweet faces. Their Pops were lazy old fellows, who stood in the middle of the road, leaning together. No one thought of looking up at Carrot Mountain. Even if they had, they would not have been able to see Tik-Tok.

One Lolly, a determined tot, stood in the doorway

with her hands on her hips, calling,

"Go along now, Pop. With the wash to be done, you can't sit on my washtub any longer!"

"Aw, now, Minty," said the old fellow, "let me just loll along in my own way! If only you weren't so peppy, but sweet, like your cousin Scotchy."

"That butter-ball! Pooh. At least I'm not a sour-face, like my lemon-flavored cousin. Or always black in the face, like Choco."

Pop shook his head and began to shuffle down the road. When he got to the sign-post, he was joined by the other Pops, who had been pushed out of their houses by their industrious daughters. The six lazy old fellows leaned against each other, remaining silent. They knew that their talk had no flavor.

Meanwhile, the Lollies got busy with their housework. Minty, who seemed the most industrious Lolly in the village, took a bucket and started up the road. The five other Lollies came out of their houses, each with a bucket on her head, and followed Minty.

They came to a broad red brook, shaded by red pine trees. From out of the brook came a lively, low music. The Lollies knelt and dipped their buckets. No water, but a host of tiny water fairies floated into the buckets. As the Lollies lifted their filled buckets

and started back, the water fairies put their bright little heads over the edges and smiled delightedly at getting a ride.

Little Minty was the first to reach home. She went directly into the living room. There she lowered her bucket, and with a swish, spread the water fairies all over the room. They rippled across the rug and into every corner. As they leaped to their feet, they gathered every speck of dust and dirt.

Then the fairies started for the door. Their faces and arms were covered with grey and pink dust streaks. As they reached the doorway, Minty held her bucket down and caught every one of them. Next she went to the kitchen, where she again tumbled the fairies over the floor. Again they set to work gathering up the dust and dirt. When they were ready to hop back into the bucket, they seemed made of mud.

"I can't get any more cleaning from such soiled little fairies," Minty said. "Back to the brook you go!"

Carrying the bucketful of fairies, Minty returned to the brook. The shade was pleasant under the red trees, and the red water sang delightfully.

Gently, Minty stooped and lowered the bucket, letting the fairies escape. They slipped into the water and quickly washed themselves clean. No sooner were they clean, than they began to scramble back into the

bucket. They were ready to do more work. But Minty had had enough of housework. She shooed the fairies back into the brook, overturned her bucket, and sat on it. She was careful to keep her feet out of the water, for she did not care to dissolve.

Just then a pompous red bull-frog came strutting along the opposite bank-- He was singing at the bottom of his deep voice. A gold watch-chain swung from his pocket, and this seemed to make him feel important

Abruptly, the bull-frog's song ended. His legs shot into the air. He tumbled backward, and disappeared beneath the water. Red bubbles rose to the surface. Then came mischievous laughter, and two boy kelpies slid through the brook and scampered behind the waterfall. Their small, horse-like bodies were well out of sight when the bull-frog came up.

"Who's trifling with my dignity?" said the frog. He began to strut once more, but when he discovered that his gold watch-chain was gone, he became exceedingly angry. He drew himself up to his full height and shook his fist at the waterfall. In reply he heard only the laughter of the kelpies and the singing of the brook. Then the frog became discouraged. He stuck his head into the sand and left his

feet sticking straight up.

By this time, the other Lollies had finished their housework and came trooping to the brook. Emptying their buckets of water, they sat down like Minty in the cool red shade. The singing of the brook was like a concert, and the Lollies enjoyed listening. The water fairies joined in the singing. The music was so lively that the bull-frog pulled his head out of the sand. His sadness was forgotten, and he began to croak in his deep bass voice.

"I wish I could stay here all day," sighed Minty.

"But there's supper to make. Pop would starve if I didn't remind him to eat."

Saying this, she got to her feet. The other Lollies followed her example. They went marching down the road to their houses. In a few minutes smoke was curling from every chimney. Delicious odors filled the air. When the meals were ready, each Lolly went to the village sign-post to fetch her Pop. The lazy old creatures had not stirred from their positions all day. Some had had their legs melted a little in the noon-day sun. They stuck fast to the road, and their daughters had to push them hard to get them going.

"Come on, Pop," urged Minty. "Why do you lean on me as if I were a cane? You must hurry. I know what you need—a hurri-cane!"

Lolly's Pop spoke sadly, "I'm not pop-ular any more.

Why was I made licorice? It blackens my thoughts."

"Never mind, daddy," said Lolly. "You're not licked yet."

The six Lollies, pushing their Pops, reached home and sat down to their meals. The village was quiet in the red light of sunset. No one was in sight.

Suddenly there came a startling scream.

"BELL-SNICKLE!"

The alarm brought every front door open. Six little Lollies ran up the road, swinging hot spoons.

"BELL-SNICKLE, BELL-SNICKLE!" the warning voice kept screeching.

At the end of the street was a large bluish-green object, flat as a buckwheat cake, and rolling along on its edge like a cartwheel. Bells were fastened to its ears, and as it rolled, the bells tinkled.

"Surround him!" shouted Minty.

The Lollies tried to make a circle, hitting out with their spoons. But the Bell-snickle was too fast for the little Lollies. One girl threw her spoon at him. It struck the Snickle full in the center, and he fell over with a grunt. But at once he was up, on edge, and running faster than ever. He snatched up the spoon and threw it back at the Lolly. A shower of hot spoons

came at him, but he caught them all and threw them back.

As the missiles came sailing back, the Lollies turned and ran for their lives. They did not stop running until they were safe in their houses. Then the Bell-snickle threw the last spoon through a second-story window, and went rolling on his way.

Squeezing through a crack in a high fence, he took the short cut past the singing brook and continued onward. He rolled from one clump of bushes to the next, past huge red rocks, and toward the foot of Carrot Mountain.

As he rolled, the Snickle's bells were heard in Lolly-Pop Village. As long as this sound hung in the air, no one dared come out of doors.

Meanwhile the Snickle kept talking furiously to himself.

"They almost found me out! But they didn't. They never will. I'm a Mystery. I intend to remain a Mystery!"

He reached the Carrot Mountain and began rolling up it, still talking to himself.

"I've never had my picture in the newspaper, or on a postcard. Or in any picture book. And I NEVER WILL! I'm a Mystery, I am!"

As he mounted the mountain, his progress was

slower. He was no longer rolling, but climbing. There was no path. A tangle of vines grew part-way up the steep Carrot Mountain. He hung on with his curly fingers and toes. Rocks and precipices made his ascent harder, but the Snickle clung like a postage stamp.

Sometimes he had to hang by the hook of his nose in a crack in the cliff until his feet had found a hold. Darkness came on, and the top of the mountain was still far up. But the determined Bell-snickle kept climbing, up to the red glass dome on the summit.

CHAPTER 5

The Snickle Snoops

IT was daybreak when the Bell-snickle reached the red glass dome on top of Carrot Mountain. His all-night climb had tired him, but as soon as he saw the Scalawagon Factory, he forgot to be tired and became a mass of curiosity. His slanty eyes saw on the back door of the factory a sign:

KEEP OUT

Of course this made the Snickle want to get in. But

from the rear the red glass dome looked tightly closed.

Wriggling his twisty fingers, he found a window sash that was not locked. He pushed it up a quarter of an inch. This was enough for the Snickle to slip through, sideways. When his flat body was inside, he lay on the floor with his ears stretched out, listening.

Not a sound. The Snickle's ears strained so hard that they grew longer. But all was quiet. Still alert, he crouched under one of the many shiny scalawagons that covered the floor. No matter what happened, he HAD to know what was going on.

Darting from car to car, the Snickle came to the other side of the factory.

"This place is a mystery, and I won't have anything a mystery but ME!" the Snickle said under his breath. For all his snooping, the inquisitive Bell-snickle could learn nothing. Everything was silent. Even the bells on his own ears were silent. At last the Snickle became angry, and gave a tremendous roar. The windows rattled, then it was quiet again.

The Snickle gave another roar, and another, keeping it up until the place seemed filled with thunder. Still nothing happened.

Then the Snickle began a moaning noise, so hideous, that the peli-cans became alarmed. Unfolding their

wings, they flew wildly around the room.

"Aha!" cried the Snickle. "I thought so. Trying to discover my mystery, aren't you! Out of here, every one of you!"

Throwing open the back door, the Snickle tried to shoo the peli-cans out of the building. They flew back and hid, out of reach.

Then the Snickle REALLY began to snoop. He snooped so thoroughly that no corner was left unexplored.

And finally he found something that stopped him -Tik-Tok, the copper manager.

Tik-Tok was standing motionless, as he had been when he ran down. He was in the doorway, dangerously near the edge of the precipice. Snickle watched cautiously, to see what the copper man would do. Seeing him remain motionless, the Snickle began to roll closer.

First he quacked like a duck, then he grunted like a pig. But the copper figure did not move or pay the slightest attention.

Closer and closer snooped the Snickle.

"Another mystery!" he said angrily. "And I won't have any mystery but ME."

Then the Snickle let out an ear-splitting screech.

He was trying to frighten Tik-Tok, as he had frightened the pelicans. But still the copper figure did not move.

Overcoming his caution, Snick rolled up close to the copper man.

"Wake up, there!" he shouted, and smacked a copper leg with one of his ears.

Tik-Tok moved slightly. The dead machinery within him whirred and again stopped. He was quite run down. Until somebody wound him up, he would never speak or move again. But the Snickle did not know this. He thought Tik-Tok was being stubborn, and growing angrier, he smacked the other copper leg. Crash! Tik-Tok fell to the floor. The Snickle pushed him with an ear, and Tik-Tok bounced off the cliff, and fell down the mountainside.

It was a fearfully long drop. Tik-Tok did not stop falling until he hit the red road. Then he began to roll toward the village of the Lolly-Pops. He rolled right up to Minty's house.

"That will wake up the stubborn fellow," said the Snickle, as he leaned watching. "And give those Lollies something to worry about, too."

Then the Snickle turned his attention to the factory. There was nobody else about.

"I guess I'm Manager here now," he said with sat-

isfaction.

He set about tearing down all Tik-Tok's signs and hurling them over the mountain. Then he tried every button and lever. But nothing happened.

Going up to a scalawagon, the Snickle looked into the startled eyes.

"Stop looking at me. I want to remain a Mystery!" growled the Bell-snickle.

The scalawagon gently shut its eyes. Bell-snickle noticed a small metal cap on the top of the turret. He read aloud, "FOR PELI-CAN MOTOR FLUID".

"Let's see what this is all about," he said, unscrewing the cap. All he discovered was a small, empty tank.

"Must find something to fill it," he said.

He went snooping all around, looking on the high shelves and in all the tool chests. At last he found something that made him grunt with satisfaction.

It was the drum filled with the dangerous flabbergas.

"Ugh! What oily stuff. But maybe it will make those little cars go," the meddler said to himself.

He proceeded to fill the tanks of several scalawagons. while doing so, he accidentally smeared him-

self with the oily flabber-gas. By the time the last car was filled, the Snickle felt queer inside.

The scalawagons became restless. One by one, they reared up and pranced like frightened horses.

The Bell-snickle paid no attention, but went on with his work. The confusion grew worse. A couple of scalawagons near the open door suddenly leaped out, and went sailing around the mountain. Then others spread their running boards like wings and floated out of the factory.

SCRUNCH! Red glass began falling about the Snickle's head. Two scalawagons had collided in mid-air and broken through the glass dome. The remaining scalawagons were thrown into a panic. Their wide open eyes were filled with terror. Besides, the gas seemed to be flabbergasting them, for they began to rear and plunge and run in circles. They became entangled with each other, and many a fender crashed and threw the cars into more disorder.

The Bell-snickle was knocked flat. The scalawagons ran over him, rolling him flatter. They soaked him full of flabber-gas

Finally, the sense that Tik-Tok had pounded into the scalawagons seemed to work. They ceased their wild running around and made straight for the door. Spreading their running boards like huge wings, the

cars sailed away from Carrot Mountain.

The unconscious Snickle lay on the floor of the deserted factory. when his senses came back, he struggled to get up. The flabber-gas had begun to work in him, and when he tore himself from the floor and stood on edge once more, he was no longer flat like a buckwheat cake.

The Snickle had begun to swell and broaden like a giant balloon!

"Hey, hey," he cried, beating his sides. He tried in vain to keep himself from growing fatter. He was more flabbergasted than the scalawagons.

Suddenly Bell-snickle began to rise, like a balloon.

"Hey, hey, where am I going?" he shouted. But there was no one to hear him.

Through the door he sailed, out into the air, kicking and reaching for something to hold on to. There was nothing but a cloud that scurried out of his way. Across the sky went the Snickle, swelling bigger.

"Help! I think I'm going to burst!" he wailed.

Soon the Snickle was out of sight. Now a restless pushing and scraping came from the high shelves where the peli-cans were hiding. Moving uneasily, some left their roosts and sailed slowly around.

They missed the scalawagons and felt nervous in

the deserted factory. Soon, with one accord, they swooped out of the door. They flew in the direction that the scalawagons had flown, to the outer border of Oz toward the Sandy Waste.

Now, beyond this Sandy Waste was a land inhabited by a tribe of wicked creatures known as Mifkits. If the scalawagons crossed this Sandy Waste, they would surely fall into the power of the Mifkits. And so would the foolish peli-cans, flying desperately after the scalawagons.

A wind was blowing behind the flock of peli-cans, speeding them onward. In no time at all they were far from Carrot Mountain. Looking down, they could see no more of their own colorful, safe country of Oz. They saw only a burning waste, with ugly shapes of darkness. The peli-cans were frightened, but they felt that they must find the scalawagons. On and on they flew, over the great desert.

They saw a mass of colored objects below them, and descending, came upon the fly-away scalawagons.

The scalawagons were no longer using the sense that Tik-Tok had knocked into them. They were the most confused auto cars that ever were. Higgledy-piggledy, tumbling and bumping and turning somersaults in the air, they descended closer to the desert sands.

The peli-cans tried to fly under the scalawagons and shoo them back toward Oz. But the scalawagons were larger and more numerous, and their whirlwind flight could not be altered.

Suddenly a scalawagon fell among some rocks, and turned over on its back. Before it could rise again, a brown, misshapen Mifkit had jumped out of hiding, climbed into the car and was carried on to the desert when the scalawagon wriggled back on its wheels.

From all the rocks other Mifkits were watching and waiting.

The peli-cans did their best to reverse the flight of the scalawagons. But nothing could stop the bewildered, dizzy cars. Each second they seemed about to fall into the greedy hands of the Mifkits.

CHAPTER 6

Glinda Makes a Discovery

NOT very far from Carrot Mountain the Wizard was at the red palace of Glinda the Good. Glinda, the kind ruler of the Quadlings, had invited four hundred and twenty-seven visitors to be present when the Wizard was to present a secret surprise. No one,

not even Glinda, knew what this surprise would be.

The Wizard smiled happily, saying, "My duty to my fellow-Ozzians is to send them on their way rejoicing."

But he did not tell them how he would "send them on their way." No one dreamed of the brightly colored little scalawagons.

Glinda's red lawn was gay. The trees' low branches held a variety of refreshments. Many children were helping themselves to fruit and cake and red cocoa.

The plates and goblets were of red gold inlaid with rubies. The dishes were carved with a red G for Glinda, or a red O for Ozma, queen of Oz for it was a red-letter day.

The variously colored clothing of the guests made a pleasing rainbow on the lawn. The blue Munchkins wore tinkling bells in their caps. The Gillikans' purple costumes were soft to the eyes. The Winkies' yellows could be seen from afar.

Among the guests were a Munchkin farmer and thirteen of his children. They were known by numbers instead of names, and had all reached the stop-growing age of ten. Number Nine was not present. He was still in the Wizard's workroom, not having been given the day off.

Glinda stood in a flowing ruby gown, welcoming

the guests. Ozma sat in a seat of honor, smiling and returning everyone's greeting.

Many of the beloved characters of Oz were here-- the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, Captain Salt, Dorothy of Kansas, and Jenny Jump. Jenny Jump, whom Ozma had made a duchess, was proudly wearing her coronet. Jenny was the official stylist of Oz. Nearly everyone was dressed in clothes from her magic turn-style.

The people from the four lands and the Emerald City greeted one another joyously. Many had wonderful adventures to relate.

Jack Pumpkinhead, a boy made of sticks, with a carved pumpkin head, was standing near Scraps, a patchwork girl.

"Now, Scraps, remember your company manners. Don't turn any somersaults!" he cautioned.

At the word somersaults, Scraps gave a shout of glee and turned three cartwheels across the lawn. Jack Pumpkinhead looked mortified. Several bystanders comforted him by saying,

"Never mind, Jack. You can't expect that cotton girl to be anything but a tomboy."

A clanking noise diverted everyone's attention. Sir Hokus, the knight, came striding over.

"Oz bodkins!" exclaimed Sfr Hokus, "I'm bound for adventure. If I had but a mount!"

"Mount!" exclaimed a wooden Sawhorse, galloping on its short, stiff legs.

"Adventure!" cried Jenny Jump, swinging her new handbag excitedly. "I could take some adventure, too."

Scraps came tumbling back. Landing in the center of the group, she chanted:

"Time is short--so have some fun,
Take it on the hop, skip, run!"

Turning a double somersault, she bounded away, and collided with the ferocious-faced pirate, Captain Salt.

"Anchors and oars!" roared the pirate. "You're a bit too lively, miss.

But Scraps, laughing and tumbling, was out of ear-shot.

"Next to adventure, I love a surprise," said Jenny Jump. "I can hardly wait to hear what the Wizard has to tell us."

"We are to make the announcement," the Scarecrow said, putting his arm around his friend, the Tin Woodman.

"How can you? You don't know any more than the rest of us," said Jenny.

"Well, we are to announce the announcement," the

Tin Woodman explained.

The Scarecrow added with dignity, "I am to pronounce the announcing of the announcement."

"Gracious sakes, it's too complicated for me," cried Dorothy's Aunt Em, holding up her hands, her eyes laughing through their spectacles. "Henry, can you make anything of it?" She turned to her husband.

Uncle Henry, who once had been a Kansas farmer, rubbed his chin thoughtfully, and said slowly,

"I reckon we'll soon be enlightened. For the Wizard is signalling at us now."

They all turned to see the jovial little Wizard waving hard at them.

"Come on," said Jenny, bounding forward. "I must hear what it's all about."

As Jenny and her friends drew near to the Wizard, the rest of the guests stopped eating and talking.

The Wizard motioned to the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman. They followed him to the table where Ozma sat with Princess Dorothy, the smiling Glinda, and a host of friends.

"Now," said the Wizard, "let us begin."

"Your Majesties and my Friends," began the Scarecrow, rising and bowing from his straw-stuffed waist.

"I have the honor to announce a surprise by our won-

derful Wizard of Oz! I wish I knew what it is, bu-

Suddenly he sat down.

"But," continued the Tin Woodman, where the Scarecrow left off, "my kind heart tells me that the Wizard prefer-

Then he sat down just as suddenly as the Scarecrow, and Jack Pumpkinhead arose, grinning. He was always grinning, for his smile was carved into his head.

"-prefers to make us all happy," continued Jack. "And when the Wizard does that, I'm sure we can be no happier." He ended in a voice full of feeling.

"For the land sakes, what are they talking about?" asked Aunt Em.

"Whatever it is, we'll soon know," said Uncle Henry. "But first I see that Glinda is going to read the day's news in her magic book. When she comes back, the Wizard will tell us his surprise."

All eyes followed Glinda, who had risen and was crossing the garden. She leaned over a pedestal where lay a great open book. This magic book kept printing in itself the latest happenings all over the kingdom.

The Wizard sat with his hands folded over his round stomach, wearing a mysterious smile. The guests waited patiently for Glinda's return.

In the midst of the quiet, the patchwork girl, Scraps, came bouncing across the lawn.

"Surprise won't spoil my appetite,
Because I never eat a bite!"
she chanted, and she turned triple somersaults around
the guests.

Everyone applauded. Scraps swung herself up to
the branch of a tree. She began to strip off the meat
sandwiches that hung there, throwing them down
into the open jaws of the Cowardly Lion.

"Why do you take trouble to eat?

I'd rather be stuffed with cotton than meat!"

The Cowardly Lion, smiling thankfully at her, con-
tinued to hold his jaws open. The Hungry Tiger came
up and crouched beside the Lion. The Tiger's mouth
was watering.

"Just throw me a juicy bit of meat," he begged.

Laughing, Scraps tossed the sandwiches to both
animals in turn.

All enjoyed the spectacle, except Jack Pumpkin-
head. He felt ashamed of Scraps, for he thought she
was not behaving properly at a party.

"Come down, Scraps," he begged.

Suddenly Scraps looked far off and pointed her cot-
ton finger.

"Don't get scrappy,
Glinda's not happy."

At this warning, everyone turned. Glinda was hurrying back to her guests. A worried look was on her face.

"What has happened?" everyone asked

CHAPTER 7

Can the Scalawagons be Rescued?

Glinda replied anxiously, "I have read bad news in my magical book. The Wizard's surprise has disappeared! The magic book says it was scalawagons. At Glinda's announcement, everyone was thrown into an uproar. The Cowardly Lion rose up and roared louder than all the noise.

"Scalawagons?" the people said in surprise. "What are scalawagons?"

"It doesn't matter," someone answered. "They're lost, and our dear Glinda is worried, and that's enough."

"Well, I for one would like a sensible explanation," Aunt Em declared. "Let's ask the Wizard."

"The Wizard, the Wizard!" everyone began to cry. All the party guests looked at the seat where the Wizard had been sitting.

BUT THE WIZARD HAD VANISHED.

"Now we won't know what scalawagons are until he returns," Glinda spoke out to all her guests. "But it doesn't matter. We'll wait for him."

"Couldn't we organize a searching party?" said Jenny Jump in a practical tone. "Then we could have adventure that would do somebody some good."

"But how can you search for something if you don't know what it is?" the Scarecrow asked.

He looked excited, as if the word "adventure" appealed to him.

"We'll know the scalawagons when we see them," Jenny said.

Suddenly the air was filled with the heavy sound of weeping. Everyone looked around in surprise. There was the Cowardly Lion, crying as if his heart would break.

"What's the matter?" asked Dorothy, putting her arm around the beast.

"The poor scalawagons, whatever they are!" sobbed the Cowardly Lion. "I am afraid to think what may happen to them! Boo-hoo-hoo I,

The Lion wept so hard that all the Munchkin, Win-
kie, Gillikan, and Quadling babies started crying with blue, yellow, purple, and red tears.

"Here, here, we can't have such goin's on!" said Aunt Em. "If you're worried about the scalawagons, why don't you do as Jenny Jump says? GO IN SEARCH OF THEM!"

"Not I!" exclaimed the Cowardly Lion, shuddering so hard that his tears flew around like a water-spray. "I'm afraid!"

"Never mind," Jenny said soothingly. "You don't have to go. I will!"

"And I'll go with you," the Scarecrow said eagerly. "I'll go with my Scarecrow friend," the Tin Woodman spoke up. He stepped over to the Scarecrow and put his tin-jointed hand on the other's shoulder.

The Sawhorse began to paw the ground. "What are we waiting for? Hurry, hitch the red wagon to me, and let's be off!"

The Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman ran to fetch a little old red wagon that stood nearby. In a moment they had it hitched to the Sawhorse.

Jenny jumped into the wagon, and the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman climbed in beside her. A cheer went up from the people.

"Oz Fish!" cried Sir Hokus from the crowd. "If anything's to be rescued, let me do it!"

He came clanking toward the red wagon. Jenny said, "Thank you, Sir Hokus, but you are too heavy

in all your armor. We will go alone."

"It is true, I am too heavy for the little Sawhorse,"

Sir Hokus said, and backed away. "Oh, for a noble steed!" he sighed.

Captain Salt, the pirate, shouted, "Give me a ship!

A stout sailing ship! I'll bring back those scalawagons!"

"The duchess Jenny and her two companions will try to bring the scalawagons to us," Glinda spoke in her soft, musical voice. "But first let me look again in my magical book. I shall learn the latest news."

Glinda went again to her great open book and leaned across the page. She read all the happenings in the kingdom within the past few minutes. Then she returned and said,

"The scalawagons were set loose by the mischievous Bell-snickle. They are floating over the Sandy Waste. It is a great risk to go near this desert."

Jenny cried eagerly, "I'm not afraid. It will be a wonderful adventure!"

"Very well. But Queen Ozma must let you wear her magic belt. Then, at any time you touch it, you can wish yourself out of danger."

At these words, Ozma arose and said in a tone of distress,

"I did not wear my belt today. It is in my palace in the Emerald City."

"Never mind," Jenny said cheerfully. "I have my fairy gifts in my handbag." She held up her gay handbag. "My fairy godfather provided me with them long ago."

Jenny put her hand into her bag and drew forth several objects. They were an eyeglass for one eye, a pair of rose-colored gloves that had but eight fingers, a gold slipper for the left foot, and a pair of thistledown ear-muffs.

"If the danger becomes too great, I can use these," said Jenny calmly. "Don't you worry, people. The Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, and I will be safe enough!"

The Scarecrow then picked up the reins and cried, "Go along, Sawhorse!" The Sawhorse jumped forward. The people raised a cheer as the red wagon rolled away.

The Sawhorse ran briskly, carrying the three adventurers far into the red hills of the Quadling country. Though the hills made the traveling more difficult, the wooden animal did not slow down.

"Just what I wanted," Jenny cried in her delight. "A real adventure! My last trip was to the Munchkin country, on a blue mule. How that mule could run!"

"Like a blue streak?" suggested the Scarecrow.

The Sawhorse, who overheard Jenny praising the mule, grew quite jealous.

"Blue streak, eh?" he said to himself. "I'll show 'em!"

With that the wooden animal leaped up a steep hill, running so hard that the red wagon and its occupants were severely jostled.

"Hey, there, slow down!" shouted the Tin Woodman, trying to make himself heard over the racket of the wagon wheels. But the Sawhorse ran all the faster.

The hills became red flying masses to the eyes of the adventurers. They clung hard to the sides of the wagon, shouting to the Sawhorse to stop.

"So they think that old blue mule could run, do they? I'll show 'em!" He made his legs go faster and faster.

Sometimes he did not touch the earth at all, but leaped from hilltop to hilltop.

"Stop, stop!" commanded the Scarecrow, pulling the reins with all his might.

But the runaway Sawhorse would not stop. By this time the Tin Woodman was rattling in every joint.

"I-I've g-got to s-stop and oil my j-j-joints!" he gasped. "The wind is d-d-drying them out!"

But there was no way to stop the jealous little horse. He was determined to show Jenny that he could out-run any mule in Oz.

"Oh, my stuffing!" moaned the Scarecrow, hugging himself to keep his seams from bursting. "I can't hold on to myself much longer!"

"What shall we do?" Jenny cried. She was bouncing so hard that she could not open her handbag and reach for the fairy gifts.

Just then a deep voice beside the road cried, "Stop!" They turned in time to catch a glimpse of a bright red plow horse. But the Sawhorse did not heed this warning. On and on he tore, faster than the wind.

"Stop, stop!" shouted the red-faced farmers along the road.

But the Sawhorse went right on.

Jenny clenched her teeth and hung on to the wagon.

"Sawhorse, you're more stubborn than a mule!"

The Sawhorse heard her, and ran on.

"You'd better say I'm faster than a mule!" he muttered.

Just ahead, Jenny saw a narrow passage through the hills. They couldn't dash through a dark-red chasm like that. Something dreadful might happen.

And something was coming toward them! If it got in their way, there'd be a terrible collision.

"Help! Sawhorse, stop!" shrieked Jenny. desperate runaway paid no heed.

The other occupant of the road became plainer. It was a farmer driving a wagon filled with bright yellow beets.

"We're in the land of the Winkies!" exclaimed the Scarecrow. "These hills will soon end, and a forest will begin. We'll be scratched and torn on the briars

"LOOK OUT!"

There was a terrific CRASH! The air was filled with flying beets. Like yellow hailstones, they shot up in the air and fell down on the heads of the adventurers.

"Ouch! Hey! Stop !" cried Jenny, dodging the big yellow missiles. The beets kept thumping on her unprotected head. Luckily she ducked her head and escaped the blows of many of the beets.

"If this doesn't beat everything!" she cried angrily. The yellow farmer wailed, "Oh, my new spring crop!"

When the beets had ceased falling, Jenny found herself more angry than hurt.

The Scarecrow was somewhat out of shape, and the

Tin Woodman had several dents in his body. But there was one good thing-the Sawhorse had been stopped.

"Now, then, my friend," Jenny said, briskly jumping down and going around to the head of the Sawhorse, "would you mind explaining all this ruckus?"

The Sawhorse, gazing back at Jenny, said, "Do you still think that blue mule can run?"

"So that's it! Oh, you silly little beast!" Jenny burst out laughing and patted the wooden head of the horse.

"If you weren't a blockhead, you'd never have given us such a fright."

She turned around and saw the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman helping the Winkie farmer pick up his scattered beets.

Suddenly the Woodman stopped, crouched halfway to the ground.

"Help! My joints are completely dry!" Jenny sprang to seize the oilcan that Nick always carried with him. But the oilcan was gone!

"It must have fallen out when we were bumping over the hills," said Jenny excitedly. "What shall we do?"

"I can't move, and when my jaws get dry, I won't be able to talk," the Woodman said sadly.

Jenny turned to the Winkie farmer. "Can you think of anything?"

"No," said the farmer. "But I will put the tin man

into the red wagon for you."

The farmer picked up the Woodman and carried him carefully to the wagon.

"I'm afraid you'll have to remain crouched during the rest of the trip. Do you mind very much?" asked Jenny.

The Tin Woodman did not answer. The joints of his jaws were already dry.

"Maybe some rain would help," said Jenny.

"I hope it doesn't rain!" the Scarecrow said anxiously. "For I am useless when soaked."

Jenny looked at the sky. It was a speckless yellow.

"I don't think it will rain," she said.

There was nothing to do now but gather up the rest of the beets. When the farmer was ready to go on his way, he warned Jenny and the Scarecrow:

"You are not far from the Winkie Woods. Watch out for a certain neck of the woods. It's a Bottle-neck!"

CHAPTER 8

In the Winkie Woods

JENNY and the Scarecrow looked at each other as the Winkie farmer drove off with his load of yellow

beets.

"Now what do you suppose he meant?" asked Jenny.

"There's only one way to find out. Climb into the wagon!" advised the Scarecrow.

The Scarecrow had smoothed and patted himself into shape, and soon he felt much better. The Woodman sat motionless, crouched over as he had been when he had gone dry.

"It's all my fault," the repentant Sawhorse said. "If I hadn't run away the oil can would not have got lost. Let this be a lesson to me!"

The Sawhorse started at a sensible pace and soon the red~wagon was rolling out of the narrow passage. As the hills fell behind the travelers, the dark wall of a wood rose before them.

"Whatever a bottle-neck is, I'm ready for it!" said Jenny, clutching her handbag with its precious fairy gifts.

"I wonder if it's different from a rubber-neck?" mused the Scarecrow.

"Or a stiff-neck, like the poor Woodman's," said Jenny.

"His isn't as stiff as mine," called out the Sawhorse. "I haven't any joints in my neck, and can't turn it at all!"

The wagon entered the forest. The smooth road

ended, and once more the adventurers began to bump and sway.

At the same time the light grew dimmer, for the tall trees were shutting out the yellow sunshine.

"My, how dark it's getting," said Jenny, drawing closer to her friends.

"Halt!" cried a queer, choked voice.

The Sawhorse stopped so suddenly that the three occupants of the wagon were unceremoniously pitched out into the road.

"Are your necks broken?" asked another queer voice.

Jenny looked up and saw a row of tall, thick-necked bottles blocking the path. The leader of these bottles marched up to Jenny and repeated his question:

"Are your necks broken?"

"No, thank you, they are not!" said Jenny. Then she added curiously, "What's the matter with your voice? It sounds so choked."

"It's all bottled up," replied the leader. "That's why I was wishing you had broken your neck."

"Indeed!" Jenny said indignantly. "What has my neck to do with your voice?"

"I'd pour my horse-medicine on you and relieve my throat," explained the bottle.

"Did you say horse-medicine!" exclaimed Jenny.

"I declare, you do give me a pain in the neck!" Then she noticed that the tall bottles had horse-shaped faces.

"Nobody is going to pour horse-medicine on me!"

"What about your horse?" asked the leader.

"Couldn't we break his neck and prove how fine our medicine is?"

"Well, I should say not!" the Sawhorse answered for himself.

Jenny was growing angry. Getting to her feet, she shook herself all over and then said with satisfaction,

"No broken bones. You planted yourselves in our path on purpose, didn't you?"

"Yes," said the leader in a disappointed voice. "Now, how about your friends? Didn't they break any bones?"

The Scarecrow laughed, "The Tin Woodman and I haven't any bones! I have seams and he has joints."

"What a shame," cried another Bottle. "We could prove that our medicine mends broken bones."

"How do we know that?" said Jenny, scornfully.

"It's written all over us", said another bottle, drawing near to Jenny.

Jenny bent down and read:

GUARANTEED TO REPAIR BROKEN NECKS IN
HALF AN HOUR

"Do you have any way of oiling his dry joints?"

Jenny asked, pointing to the Tin Woodman, who sat motionless and silent in the road.

The bottles all spoke at once: "Our joint reply is. NO!"

"Then you are of no use to us," said Jenny. "Kindly get out of our way."

"But your horse," insisted the leader, pointing to the Sawhorse. "Just let us break his neck!"

"You'd better leave me alone," growled the Sawhorse.

"See here," said a fat bottle, drawing up to Jenny with a menacing look. "We're not going to be cheated. If you won't let us break your neck, then make it an arm."

"I will not!" cried Jenny.

"A leg?"

"No!"

"A finger?"

"No!"

"Just your little finger," begged the leader. "It will heal in half an hour, you know."

"Absolutely not!" cried Jenny, stamping her foot angrily. "I never heard of such brass~r glass! Get out of our way!"

Jenny and the Scarecrow picked up the Tin Wood-

man and hoisted him into the wagon. Jenny did most of the work, for the Scarecrow's muscles were as weak as straw. Then Jenny and the Scarecrow jumped into the wagon. As Jenny picked up the reins, she said,

"Come on, Sawhorse!"

The intelligent creature backed up a few steps and then attempted to run around the line of bottles. But as the row extended across the path, this was impossible. There was only one thing for the Sawhorse to do--he jumped.

Crash! One of the bottles had been struck by a wheel and lay in splinters.

"Hurrah!" cried the other bottles in their choked voices.

The Sawhorse ran ahead. Jenny looked back and saw the bottles bending over their fallen comrade, pouring medicine over him.

"At last they have someone to experiment on," she said.

The Sawhorse ran on, drawing the wagon and its adventurers farther into the woods. It grew altogether dark, and then suddenly it was bright-yellow light. Then, as suddenly, it was dark again.

"What's the matter with my eyes?" said Jenny.

"They keep going blind."

"So do mine," said the Scarecrow. "It's as if I were

blinking. But I can't blink or wink. My eyes are painted open."

The yellow light flashed on, and then off, on and off.

"It's not we who are winking, it's the woods!" exclaimed Jenny.

"Then it's natural," said the Scarecrow. "We are in the Winkie Woods."

"I wish the light would go on and stay on," Jenny said. "How can we tell whether it's night or day?" Her friend was silent, for he did not know how to answer. Then Jenny said, "I'll know when it's night, for I'll get sleepy."

"That's something that never happens to me, you know," said the Scarecrow. "Nor to the Tin Woodman, though he's past feeling anything now."

"If only we could find the Scalawagons," said Jenny. "They might be helpful to the poor Woodman. And as for me, I'm getting hungry."

"I never get hungry," said the Scarecrow sympathetically. "Too bad you aren't made of straw, Jenny."

"I don't see it that way," answered Jenny. There was a wink of darkness, in which Jenny could see nothing. The Sawhorse stumbled and fell. He did not get up, but lay while the woods continued to wink on and off. During a light wink Jenny jumped

down and examined the animal.

"Your front leg is broken!" she exclaimed.

"Then you might as well unhitch me from this wagon," said the Sawhorse.

The Scarecrow came to help Jenny unharness the horse.

"What are we going to do?" Jenny said anxiously.

"Without the Sawhorse we can't get out of these woods."

The Sawhorse picked up the broken leg, and holding it in his mouth, trotted back in the direction from which they had come.

"Where are you going?" asked the Scarecrow.

The Sawhorse dropped his leg long enough to answer, "Back to those medicine bottles. They are my only chance of getting mended."

Then the Sawhorse picked up his leg, and holding it between his wooden jaws, disappeared in two winks.

"Well, if we aren't in a tight place now!" said Jenny.

"As tight as a bottleneck," the Scarecrow said.

"As well as in the dark," added Jenny.

The two stood dejectedly in the path. At last Jenny said, "Use the sharp brains the Wizard gave you, Scarecrow, and think of a way out."

The Scarecrow put his hand to his head and thought hard for an instant. Then he looked up, smiling.

"We have the solution in the bag!" he said.

"What bag?" asked Jenny.

"Your handbag!"

Jenny laughed joyously. "Of course! I nearly forgot the fairy gifts."

Then she opened her bag and brought forth the eyeglass and the ear-muffs and handed them to the Scarecrow.

"Put these on and tell me what you see and hear."

The Scarecrow put on the fairy gifts. But he only said, "I see nothing. I hear nothing."

"What!" exclaimed Jenny. "Won't my gifts help anyone but me?"

Then, replacing the gifts in her bag, Jenny put on her magic gloves and her left-footed shoe.

"Now, then," she said, "we'll see."

"Only in flashes," said the Scarecrow, between two winks of light. "However, there's nothing to worry about. All trouble has its conclusion."

"We must reach this conclusion soon," said Jenny.

"Help me lift Nick out of the wagon, please."

They got the helpless Tin Woodman to the ground. Jenny took a hand of each of her friends.

"Hold tightly," she cried. "We will jump to this conclusion!" Jenny jumped on her powerful left foot--and

went sailing upward, carrying along the Scarecrow and the Woodman.

As they went above the trees, the wind caught them and wafted them toward the entrance of the wood.

A great flash of yellow light winked on, and looking down, Jenny saw that she was directly above the bottles, who were busily attending to the Sawhorse.

"Let's go down and see if they've mended him," said Jenny. And with that she began to descend.

The three came safely down to earth, close to the bottles. Jenny let go of the Scarecrow and the Woodman and ran to examine the Sawhorse. The wooden animal was lying down, and the bottles were dancing all around him.

"Why are you hopping like that?" asked Jenny.

"Because," buzzed the leader, who was a blue bottle, "we must shake ourselves well before using."

Then suddenly the blue bottle stood on his head. The medicine came running out of his mouth, over the broken leg of the Sawhorse. In a moment the other bottles stood themselves on their heads, while their blue, green, and black medicine anointed the Sawhorse. A variety of smells filled the air.

Soon the Sawhorse got up and stood soundly, on all four legs.

"There you see," buzzed the blue bottle; "we could

do the same for you."

"Thanks," said Jenny. "But I don't feel broken up over this."

"Do you call that gratitude?" shrieked a tiny bottle, apparently a bottle baby.

stiffly, but

"We must all take our medicine now and then," another said.

"And in these Winkie Woods, we all have our dark moments," added a third.

"I know what--let's break the horse's leg and mend it all over again," suggested a murky bottle.

"You're not very bright," said Jenny, impatiently.

"But I can see through you. Nobody is going to break us apart. We're leaving together, right now!"

She and the Scarecrow put the Tin Woodman on the Sawhorse's back. Then the Scarecrow climbed on. As Jenny prepared to follow, a fat bottle rushed up.

"Stop, stop!" cried the bottle. "I insist that you give me a trial."

"Go away, imbecile!" shouted Jenny, stamping her foot.

The next instant she was in the air, high above the bottles and the Sawhorse. She had stamped her fairy foot, quite forgetting that she wore her magic shoe.

When the Sawhorse saw Jenny sailing above the trees, he gave a frightened snort and began to run.

Deep in the woods he came upon the red wagon. He stopped only long enough to let the Scarecrow hitch the wagon behind him, putting the Tin Woodman into it. Then the frightened Sawhorse was off and nothing could stop him.

CHAPTER 9

A Notable Adventure

WHEN Jenny found herself alone in the air, her first thought was to return to her friends. But she had jumped in a wink of darkness, and lost her direction. When she saw that she could not return to the others, she comforted herself by thinking,

"The Sawhorse will surely take them back to Glinda."

Then Jenny bent her mind on the adventure ahead. She was sailing easily, every moment being carried farther from the Winkie Wood.

She was quite tired of that wood and eager to see new places. As for being in the air, high above the trees, that did not concern her at all. For she had often jumped on her fairy foot and sailed into de-

lightful adventures. She had once sailed all the way from the U.S.A. into the land of Oz.

"Maybe I'd better put on my fairy eye. It helps to be farsighted at such a time," she thought. And she slipped her hand into her bag and brought out the eyeglass.

As soon as she had fixed the glass to her eye, Jenny detected a great many shapes in the distant sky. She promptly turned herself in that direction.

Coming near to the shapes, Jenny discovered them to be a host of floating little people, or rather, fairies. They were the queerest sight she had ever seen. They resembled little old men, for they had long beards that came to their feet. And on each one's head was a bell. Jenny quickly counted eighty-eight of these bell-hatted creatures.

"That's funny," thought Jenny. "If they wear bells where their hats should be, why can't I hear any music?"

Then she remembered her fairy ear-muffs, and taking them from her purse, fastened them to her ears.

In an instant the air was filled with the music of bell--large peals, small tinkles, musical chimes, and deep gongs.

"Well, I'll be dog-gong!" Jenny exclaimed in aston-

ishment.

The little bell folk had not yet discovered her, for they were all floating with their backs to her. They stayed together, like a cloud. They seemed to be asleep, with their beards tucked between their knees. Next moment, however, an alarm rang, waking them all. Swinging around, they caught sight of Jenny.

Instantly a clamor shook the air. All the bells began to peal forth at once. The loud fire gongs made a deafening racket.

"See here!" shouted Jenny. "Must you make all that noise?"

Her voice seemed to surprise the bell-people. They ceased their ringing, and floated cautiously up to her. Then a single bell-man asked in a tinkling voice,

"What keeps you up? You haven't any beard for a sail!"

"Of course I haven't any beard!" said Jenny indignantly. "What do you take me for?"

"We wouldn't take you for anything," the bell tinkled politely. "What are you?"

"A girl! Don't you bells know what girls are?"

"Do you ring?"

"Of course not. And I'm not a siren, either. But I sing. And I play a piano, too. If you had a piano, I'd show you."

"A piano?" chimed in another bell. "Oh, dear, pianos are too heavy to fly."

"I should say they are," agreed Jenny with a laugh. She was beginning to enjoy herself. As for the bellmen, they had overcome their shyness and were crowding around her. Jenny could see their good-natured faces and twinkling eyes.

"Excuse me for disturbing you," said Jenny. "You were all sleeping so peacefully."

"Oh, that's all right," intoned a deep-voiced bell. "But to tell you the truth, we didn't dream of your coming."

"If you sleep all day, when do you ring?"

"I am a vesper bell," answered a clear, sweet tone. "My work begins at twilight."

"I suppose you wouldn't all care to give a concert now?" asked Jenny.

"If you'll note what we play, we'd be glad to oblige," said the vesper bell. "That's how great composers get their music. They listen to us, ringing in their ears, and they note the music on paper. Then they in turn become noted. And all thanks to us, the Nota-bells."

"I didn't bring any note-paper with me," Jenny apologized.

The bells drew back and formed a ring around

Jenny. Then they began to peal forth, in soft, harmonious strains. It was the most delightful music Jenny had ever heard. When the concert was over, she thanked the fairies.

"That was really a notable experience," she said.

"But why did you form a ring around me?"

"So you would not be carried away by our music," they explained.

"I could listen to you all day," said Jenny. "But I am on an important adventure."

At these words the Nota-bells flew closer to her, clamoring, "Adventure? Did you say adventure? Let us come with you!"

One of the bells, that could not ring, but was a little dumb bell, looked most imploringly at Jenny. She could not resist, and answered,

"Very well, come along if you wish. I can't bear to leave you looking like blue bells. But you must all do as I say, and never re-bel! Follow me like a flock of sheep."

"You'll be our bell wether," promised a joyous tone.

"Lead on!"

"Do you think I am a-bell?" said Jenny mischievously.

As she spoke, she pushed her fairy foot against the air and sent herself forward, into the unknown.

CHAPTER 10

Number Nine chimes In

BACK in the Wizard's workroom, Number Nine was tuning the dials of the teletable.

"Let's see what's lost today," he remarked, getting a pencil and paper. "I'll just jot down anything of note."

Number Nine was careful not to tune in to the Scalawagon Factory, for he had heard the Wizard say that the Scalawagons were to be a surprise. And like any good Munchkin boy, Number Nine knew enough to wait and be surprised when the time came.

The large clock was hanging over the transom of the door.

"Still fiddling with that contraption?" scolded the clock.

"I'm not fiddling," answered Number Nine. "And I wish you'd change your tune."

"It's high time you got to work," complained the clock.

Number Nine glanced up. "The time wouldn't be so high if you'd get down off of there," he said. "It's

time you marched on."

"I'd rather fly," said the clock. "It gets monotonous, always staying in this tower."

The boy continued to turn the dials. "Maybe I'll find something interesting soon. Just give me a few minutes."

"Give you a few minutes!" exclaimed the clock in horror. "Do you think I have time to spare? Anyway, it's bad to work on borrowed time!"

But Number Nine did not hear this. He was waving his arms wildly.

"What is it?" asked the clock. "Quick, tell me!"

"Why, a lot of things are lost today!" cried Number One in great excitement. He watched the screen of the teletable.

"What? What?" said the clock impatiently.

"You can see for yourself," said the boy, pointing to the screen. Across the screen floated a number of objects. They seemed to be in a whirlwind sort of flight, yet spinning helplessly in the midst of nowhere.

"I can't make it out," said the clock. "What are those things, anyway?"

"The scalawagons! They're lost, and I think they're somewhere outside of Oz!"

"Then they're in the horrible Desert," the clock said,

catching Number Nine's excitement. "Do something, quick! You can't let them fall into the hands of the Mifkits."

"I wish the Wizard were here! I'm not as expert with these controls as I ought to be."

And then as Number Nine fumbled with more dials and levers, he tuned out the scalawagons and brought another picture to the screen.

It was Tik-Tok, lying near the Carrot Mountain. He was lying in the position that he had fallen into when the Bell-snickle had pushed him out.

"Poor Tik-Tok, he's fallen by the wayside," said Number Nine. "And hoz!-what's that?"

On the screen appeared the troupe of little Lollies, with the peppery Minty in the lead. These little girls carried brooms, which they began to poke at Tik-Tok.

"Why doesn't the copper man run away?" asked the big clock leaning through the transom. It was leaning over so far that it seemed as if it would fall at any moment.

"Tik-Tok can't run," said Number Nine. "He's quite run down."

"Do you mean to say he ran down that mountain?"

"I can't tell. From the looks of him, he fell down.

And that is why he's run down. It's time somebody

rescued him."

"Will you stop talking of time and leave that to me?"

shouted the clock in anger.

"You? Why, what can you do?" said Number Nine.

"You forget that I am the Wizard's helper, too. He turns to me time and time again," said the clock.

"Fine! Then tell me how we can save Tik-Tok from those creatures, who are sticking their brooms into him."

"It doesn't matter about Tik-Tok. He can't feel anything," said the clock unfeelingly.

"Maybe you're right."

"Me? I'm always right! What do you take me for—a second-hand clock?"

"I'll find someone who needs help more than Tik-Tok," said Number Nine, tuning the dials of the teletable.

He found a great many missing things, but he did not consider them of enough note to write down. They were the usual batch of missing buttons, stray cats, and lost sheep.

"So far, nothing—" began Number Nine, when suddenly music seemed to come from the teletable. "Ah-hoz! We've found something!"

"What chime is it?" asked the startled clock.

The boy carefully tuned to the right and the left,

until he had the right focus for his eyes and ears. He gave a whistle of astonishment.

A cloud of little men was floating across the screen.

The men had long beards, and bells for caps. Music was coming from these bells, filling the wizard's work-room with clear sound.

"A lot of lost chords !" said the clock. "Aren't you going to record them in your notebook?"

"Certainly, this is a matter of note," said the boy.

"What a breezy tune they play," said the clock, leaning forward so far that he almost tumbled through the transom. The clock seemed to enjoy the spectacle of the singing bells.

"They're in high spirits-sky-high," chuckled the clock. And with that it leaned so close to Number Nine that it lost its balance and fell with a loud BONG!

For an instant all its machinery whirred, and the ticks came fast and unevenly.

"Do you need any help? Wait-said Number Nine.

But the clock scrambled to its feet and said with dignity, "Time waits for no one! Thank you, I'm quite niyself now."

"Good!" said the boy, turning back to the teletable.

The clock came up close to him. In that moment, Jenny Jump floated into the picture on the screen.

"Well, well! Is Jenny lost, too?" exclaimed the boy.

"Now, this calls for action!"

"What can we do about it?" asked the clock eagerly.

"Did you say WE?"

"Certainly," said the clock. "For I'm going with you."

"You're always going! Well, come on."

The boy and the clock ran to a small door at the side of the room. It was quite an ordinary-looking door, but the boy spoke to it:

"Ambassa-door, take us to Jenny!"

The door suddenly bent down.

SWISH!

The Wizard's workroom was empty!

CHAPTER 11

Tik-Tok Is Rescued

HIGH in the sky, Jenny was enjoying the rhythm of the Nota-bells. As she flew, leading them, they played Oz opera, Munchkin Blues, Quadling quartets, and Winkie lullabies. They kept the music up, playing it as soft as down.

"This is lovely," thought Jenny. "And now, if only we'd find a new adventure."

Scarcely had she thought this, when a commotion sounded at the rear of the bell-men.

"What's up?" said Jenny, looking around.

"Something that hasn't any business to be up," replied a deep-voiced bell.

And then Jenny saw Number Nine struggling in the hands of a bell-man, who had captured him.

"Let him go! He's a friend of mine," called Jenny.

"What about this monster?" asked the bell-men, ringing about the long hall clock.

"Kindly leave me alone," said the clock sharply.

"I'm accustomed to keeping my affairs in my own hands."

"Isn't he rude? Shall we drop him?" called the bells.

"Spare him," cried Number Nine. "I brought him with me."

"And, pray, what brought you here?" asked Jenny.

"I knew you were lost and came to rescue you."

At that all the bells pealed forth in laughter.

"Now, what are they laughing at?" the boy said appealingly.

"The idea of my being lost," answered Jenny. "I'm not lost, only in search of the lost scalawagons or any good adventure."

At that moment two cars dashed furiously beneath

them across the desert and were soon out of sight.

"Don't try to follow the scalawagons," Number Nine called in alarm. "They are in the Sandy Waste. Rescuing Tik-Tok is much easier."

"Tik-Tok?" said Jenny in surprise. "Is he in trouble?"

"Yes, indeed. He's lying at the foot of Carrot Mountain with a lot of Lollies popping him on the head."

"I don't know the way to the Carrot Mountain," said Jenny.

"Neither do I," said Number Nine.

"We'll take you," said several bells. "It is to the south."

The bells formed a ring around Jenny, Number Nine, and the clock. In this circular formation, they proceeded southward.

Looking down, Number Nine soon saw that they were flying over the dismal desert. He saw a dark spot of agitated objects that might have been the scalawagons. But he had no wish to descend.

"Fly higher," he begged the Nota-bells. The bellmen sailed upward, and soon passed over the red glass dome of Carrot Mountain.

"Hm. Something has broken the dome to pieces," observed Number Nine. "I wonder if all is well inside the Scalawagon Factory."

He did not have much time to wonder. At that moment the Nota-bells began to descend. They flew down very gently, wafting the boy and the girl and the clock earthward. When they came to rest, they were on a red road outside the village of the Lolly-Pops.

"Farewell, we cannot remain," called the leader of the bells. "Go straight on, and you will come to this Tik-Tok."

"Must you leave us?" Jenny said regretfully. She had become fond of the little bell-topped men.

"We'll meet again," promised the leader with a smile. And then he and his band rose up, flew high into the sky, and disappeared from view.

"They might have watched us rescue Tik-Tok," said Number Nine.

"What if they had?" retorted the clock "They had no clappers to applaud!"

"I really don't care for applause. Poor Tik-Tok must be saved," said Jenny.

She hurried forward over the broad red road. On either side lay the red Quadling country. Red hedges bordered the road, covered with red leaves and red blossoms. The red clouds drifted slowly overhead in the peaceful afternoon.

"What a lovely day for saving someone," said Jenny.

"Yes, everything looks rosy," remarked Number
Nine.

The clock, stalking beside them, said practically,
"You ought to be arming yourselves. Those Lollies
may resist you!"

"Trust to my fairy gifts," said Jenny with a smile.

In a few more ticks of the clock, they had arrived
at the north side of Carrot Mountain. Circling the
base, they came upon an extraordinary scene. There
lay a pile of squirming bodies, the whole population
of Lolly-Pop Village. They were piled on top of each
other, struggling with something underneath. Jenny
saw a glint of copper.

"It's Tik-Tok! He'll be crushed!" cried Jenny,
springing forward. Number Nine and the clock ran
after her.

All she could see of Tik-Tok beneath the struggling
heap of Lollies were his copper legs. At a little distance
the lazy old Pops leaned upon one another, looking on.
Jenny flew at the Lollies and waved her hand with the
fairy glove. Instantly the Lollies popped aside, ex-
posing the helpless form of Tik-Tok.

The clock stepped forward, peering down with in-
terest. Then it said in disgust,

"Hm. No wonder he runs down. Hasn't any crank."

Jenny turned the copper man over on his face. Then

she proceeded to wind him carefully with a key sticking under his right arm.

Suddenly the copper man spoke: "Where-am-I?"

"Where you landed," said Jenny. "Where did you think?"

"I-can't-think-yet. Please-wind-me-under-my-left arm," said Tik-Tok. Jenny did as she was bidden.

"Now-my-brain-wheels-are-going," said Tik-Tok.

"If-you-please, wind-the-key-in-my-back."

As soon as Jenny had done this, the copper man got to his feet. "Ah, how-good-it-feels-to-be-in-tick-tock con-di-tion! Thank-you- dear-Jennie."

All this time the Lollies had stood swinging their brooms. As the copper man got up, they scampered away. But they did not run far. Their curiosity was too great. They hid behind a rock and peeped out to see what the strangers would do next. The lazy old Pops did not move at all.

Tik-Tok was holding the rubber hammer with which he had knocked sense into the scalawagons. At the sight of the hammer, Tik-Tok remembered.

"Oh,-my-poor-scalawagons!" he moaned. "How-can-I-manage-with-out-them?"

"Your scalawagons!" cried Jenny, staring at Tik-Tok. "Are you sure your fall didn't crack your brain

wheels?"

"Not-at-all," replied Tik-Tok. "The-Wizard-made-me-man-a-ger-of-all-the-scal-a-wag-ons. But-they've-dis-ap-peared. I-haven't-any-idea-where-to-look-for-them."

"I know where they are," said Number Nine. "In the Sandy Waste, beyond Oz."

"Do-you-suppose-we-can-go-after-them?" said Tik-Tok anxiously.

"I couldn't do that," Number Nine explained. "Because I'm not supposed to know the Wizard's surprise."

"Nonsense!" joined in the clock. "A mere formality. I'm sure the Wizard would forgive you if you discovered his secret."

"But discovering secrets that are drifting over the Sandy Waste is no picnic," said Number Nine. "Suppose we fell into the clutches of the Mifkits ourselves?"

Number Nine shuddered as he mentioned the name Mifkits. His father, the Munchkin farmer, had often told him and his thirteen sisters and brothers of those wicked little denizens of the land beyond the desert.

While they were talking, up crept the old Pops. It seemed too much work for them to lean together when there was someone else to lean on. So they quietly leaned themselves against the Copper man.

Now, Tik-Tok had a peaceful disposition at all times.

But these lazy fellows exasperated him. He brushed them off, he shooed them, and he sidestepped from them. But they returned again and again, attaching themselves to him like flies.

At last Tik-Tok swung his rubber hammer.

BAM! BAM!

"That-will-teach-you-to-use-your-own-back-bones," said Tik-Tok.

"They have sticks where their backbones should be," said Jenny. "Regular sticks-in-the-mud."

"Well, they'll-have-to-stick-together, and-stop-bothering-me," said Tik-Tok, swinging his hammer.

"Pop down!" he cried. Instead of each Pop falling down, he POPPED UP!

"Hurrah!" cried Minty, the first Lolly to come from behind her rock.

"Hurrah!" cried all the other little Lollies, jumping into sight.

The old Pops had undergone a complete transformation. They now had intelligent expressions on their faces, and their bodies straightened up smartly. They began to smooth their clothes and slick back their hair, until they looked as spruce as their daughters.

"Pop them some more," cried Minty. Jenny said, "You aren't being very respectful to-

ward your Pops, I'm afraid. You ought to be licked.

Then you'd grow up."

"Oh, no, licking makes us grow down!" cried Minty in alarm. And another neat little Lolly, with a grape-colored face, added,

"And think of the stickiness."

"Are you good to eat?" said Jenny. "Oh, dear, and I'm so hungry!"

Her mouth began to water at the sight of so many Lollies and Pops. At her words, the whole village population turned and ran—the old Pops running faster than their daughters. Six doors slammed together. The inhabitants were safely behind them.

"Well, I wouldn't have eaten them, anyway," said Jenny. "But, oh dear, I am hungry!"

As if in answer to her words, six doors opened slightly—only a crack—and six dishes were set upon six stoops. Jenny peered and saw the tiniest plates of stew. Each dish was but a mouthful for a real girl, but all together the six platefuls made quite a meal. Jenny went from one door to another, collecting the stew. She offered to share her dinner with Number Nine, but the boy declined. He had had a hearty meal just before leaving the Wizard's workroom. Luckily, Tik-Tok and the Clock never wanted food.

"There, I feel better," said Jenny, when the last dish

of stew was gone. "My, those Lollies put a lot of flavor into their food."

"They ought to know something about flavor," said Number Nine. "Flavor is their middle name."

The clock said impatiently, "I'll not give another minute to this delay. We must save the scalawagons!"

"I'm ready," said Jenny. "Let's go!"

"I'm going," answered the clock. "But I can't get anywhere."

"Neither can I," said Number Nine. "Without the Ambassa-door or those Bells, I can't fly through the air!"

"Neither-can-I," said Tik-Tok sadly.

The three looked at one another in dismay. They gazed upward, hoping to catch sight of their friends, the Nota-bells. But the sky was perfectly empty, with not a sign of anything to help them.

"I forgot that none of you can leave the ground of your own accord," cried Jenny. "And I can't go off and leave you. What shall we do?"

"I don't know," said Number Nine.

"It looks as if we're anchored here," grumbled the clock. "And instead of saving the scalawagons, we'll have to be saved ourselves!"

"Oh, no! I have an idea!" said Jenny.

CHAPTER 12

Sawhorse Starts a Commotion

THE Sawhorse hadn't stopped running. After he sprang away from the Medicine Bottles, he ran wildly through the Winkie Woods. The little animal was terrified, thinking that something would happen to Jenny, who had floated above the trees.

"I must return to Glinda and warn her," called the Sawhorse to the Scarecrow.

The Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman bounced with in the red wagon, for the Sawhorse was not paying attention to the rough spots in the path.

"That's a good idea," answered the Scarecrow. "But couldn't you run more easily, my friend?"

The wooden animal did not heed the Scarecrow's request. His one thought was to get back to Glinda's lawn party. The woods, winking all around him, confused him. If only he could get free of these blinking trees!

Around and around ran the Sawhorse, starting up every new path. After a long time he was able to see a path that led out of the woods. He ran eagerly in that direction, thinking it the way to return to Glinda's red palace.

"This is better," sighed the Scarecrow, when the wagon was running once more in the open, on a smooth broad road.

The Tin Woodman could say nothing. He sat doubled over as if he had a pain. He was silent; his dry jaw hinges were motionless. The Scarecrow would have liked to converse with his friend, but this was impossible. And it was impossible to talk to the Sawhorse, for that creature was too excited to listen. So the Scarecrow sat thinking his own thoughts, while the red wagon rolled furiously through the Yellow Winkie country.

"What a shame that Nick, the Woodman, cannot enjoy the spectacle of this bright yellow land of which he is emperor," thought the Scarecrow. "It would delight his kind heart to know that all is well with his people."

The Scarecrow glanced at Nick, but the Tin Woodman's eyes were on his own feet.

"If only I had an oilcan," sighed the Scarecrow. "I'd soon have him like his old self."

On and on dashed the Sawhorse, until the Winkie country began to fall behind, and a purple haze appeared on the horizon.

"Why, there's the land of the Gillikans! The Saw-

horse has been traveling north instead of south !" the Scarecrow thought.

"Sawhorse you are running in the wrong direction!

Turn around!" shouted the Scarecrow.

"Never!" cried the Sawhorse. "I wouldn't return to that wood for anything!"

"Then you must turn to the left. That way, you'll reach the Emerald City."

The wooden animal hesitated, slowing his feet. Then he said, "All right, I'll go to the Emerald City. Maybe someone there will be able to save Jenny."

And that was how the Sawhorse, instead of reaching Glinda's, ran instead up to the gates of the Emerald City. No visitors were expected at that hour! The Guardian of the Gate was talking to the Soldier with the Green Whiskers. The Soldier with the Green Whiskers had laid aside his military expression, and with a happy smile was playing marbles. The Guardian of the Gate sat keeping score.

"Leave the city gate open, for Ozma and her party should be returning soon," said the Soldier with the Green Whiskers.

"What do you suppose is happening at Glinda's now?" asked the Guardian of the Gate.

"Oh, they have all been told what the Wizard's surprise is, and are enjoying themselves immensely," re-

plied the Soldier wisely.

"Oz, yes," sighed the Guardian. "I wish I had been there when the Wizard told what his surprise was."

"Don't fret, you'll be surprised, too----"

And then to the Soldier's own surprise, something dashed, pell-mell, into him.

It was a rude attack on his rear flank. The Soldier leaped up with a shout.

"Halt! In the name of the Army of Oz!" he demanded.

"Yes, halt!" echoed the Guardian of the Gate. "You can't come crashing into the city like this!"

"What WAS it?" eried the Soldier.

"I don't know. It went past me so fast, I couldn't see anything but a red spot before my eyes."

"At them!" yelled the Soldier with the Green Whiskers, seizing his blunderbus and charging away.

The Guardian looked after the Soldier and thought, "I shouldn't have left the gate open, I suppose. But now I'll keep it open so the Soldier can drive it right out again."

The Soldier with the Green Whiskers ran down the street shouting, "Stop, stop, invader!"

But the dashing red wagon did not stop. It only ran faster, as the Sawhorse bolted through the city.

"It's taken me such a long time to get here," the Sawhorse was thinking. "Goodness knows what's happened to Jenny in the meantime. I must get her rescued, and nothing shall stop me!"

Instead of heeding the commands of the Soldier and all the population, the Sawhorse dashed more madly. The children playing along the street climbed the trees for safety. The trees pulled their lowest branches up out of the way. The shoppers quickly vanished within the stores. The stores drew in their steps and shuttered their windows. The houses leaned back from the walks. Everything got out of the way of the panicky Sawhorse.

"Hold on!" shouted the Scarecrow, pulling on the reins.

And then the Sawhorse came to the Animal Enclosure. This was a large garden where animals from all of Oz were kept for the children to enjoy. The animals were usually quiet and contented. Occasionally one would try to slip away, but the trumpeting of Kabumpo, the elephant, soon brought it back.

A crowd of children were in the animal garden, stroking and talking with the animals, when the Sawhorse dashed in. The red wagon shot like a streak of fury, the Scarecrow bounced up and down, and the Tin Woodman bobbed madly.

"Save Jenny! Save Jenny!" cried the Sawhorse.

"Whoa! Stop, I say," shouted the Scarecrow.

"Stop, invader! Treason! Help!" yelled the Soldier with the Green Whiskers, running in the rear.

The commotion frightened the children and the animals. They began to run around in circles. A pair of purple donkeys broke their chains and galloped from the Animal Enclosure. Kicking up their heels, they vanished down the street. A blue giraffe and a yellow chimpanzee broke forth, following the donkeys. Seeing their comrades free, the other animals strained and pulled at their chains, until more had broken loose. Helter, Skelter, the pack and kaboodle went rushing out of the Animal Enclosure. The people ran tumbling out of their way. The stones and fences along the streets tried to trip and ensnare the animals, but the runaways escaped. Tigers, sheep, dragons mules horses, and unicorns went charging toward the gate of the Emerald City.

"In the name of Oz, and all the Ozzians what is coming?" cried the Guardian of the Gate, throwing up his arms.

The herd Was thundering toward him.

"That's not the same thing that came in a few minutes ago," said the Guardian. "Whatever it is, I

mustn't let it escape."

The Guardian ran to shut the gate. He succeeded in closing it half-way, when the herd swept down on him, pushing him aside and rushing out of the city.

The Sawhorse, meanwhile, was once more running through the city streets. At the corner of Strawberry Street and Banana Boulevard, a group of children were gathered around the free soda fountain. The Sawhorse flew into the center of this group, scattering the children in all directions. On and on ran the excited animal not stopping until it reached Ozma's palace.

Right up the stairs dashed the Sawhorse. The red wagon rolled through the main corridor of the palace and into Ozma's throne room. There it stopped.

"Where is everyone?" panted the Sawhorse quite out of breath.

"Don't you remember?" answered the Scarecrow. "Everyone's at Glinda's party."

"That's so," the Sawhorse said regretfully. "How silly of me to come here!"

"You're not expected to have the good sense that I have," said the Scarecrow, patting his own head.

Just then a door at the side of the throne opened and two girls came out. One was Jellia Jamb, Ozma's personal maid. The other was Betsy Bobbin, who had

been invited to the palace for the day.

Betsy was shipwrecked with Hank the Mule long years ago. After many strange adventures, Betsy and Hank had arrived in Oz, where they were soon made to feel at home.

"Well, look who's here!" cried Jellia, running to the Sawhorse to stroke its smooth wooden back.

Betsy went around to the side of the wagon and exclaimed,

"What ails the Tin Woodman? He looks petrified."

"Cake's sake!" said Jellia, seeing Nick's condition.

"I'd say he looks ozzified."

"He certainly is ozzified," said Betsy. "Is there anything we can do, Scarecrow?"

"Get an oilcan," the Scarecrow said promptly.

"Oh, dear, I'm so sorry! Only this morning we were searching for an oilcan to oil a sewing machine. But we couldn't find one anywhere."

"Of course there must be many oilcans in the tower, in the Wizard's workroom. But no one is allowed in there," said Jellia.

"That's right," added Betsy. "Number Nine and a big clock flew away from there a while ago."

"Foiled, instead of oiled!" said the Scraecrow. "Poor Nick. He must be getting tired of stooping over like

that."

The Scarecrow put his arm around his friend the Woodman.

"Oh, the poor thing!" cried the kind-hearted Jellia, bursting into tears. "We must do something! How I wish dear Ozma were here. She'd produce an oilcan by magic."

"Then we must go to Ozma," spoke Betsy decidedly.

"Right straight to Glinda's, where our queen now is."

"That's right," Jellia said, nodding her head so that her tears sprinkled the head of the Scarecrow.

"Careful, please," warned the Scarecrow. "I'm not much of a thinker when my brains get soaked."

Betsy climbed into the red wagon. "Come on, Jellia," she said. "We'll all go to Glinda's and see Ozma."

"I've been wanting to do that all day," confessed Jellia, her tears changing to a smile.

When the two girls were seated in the red wagon, the Sawhorse started out of the palace. This time he ran sensibly through the streets, not alarming anyone.

At the gate of the city, they met an obstacle. It was the Guardian, who said,

"Ah hoz, there you are! Stop, villain! What have you done with my friend, the Soldier with the Green Whiskers? His marbles are waiting for him."

"I don't know anything about any soldier," the Saw-

horse said with dignity. "Kindly let me pass."

"No, indeed. You made the animals run away. The Soldier will put you in the Dungeon of Oblivion for that!"

Jellia leaned forward and said coaxingly, "If you let us out, we'll find the animals and tell them to come back."

Just then the Soldier with the Green Whiskers came running, pointing his blunt musket at the Sawhorse.

"Stop, in the name of the Army of Oz!" cried the Soldier with the Green Whiskers. "You have caused a riot, disturbed the peace, and made the animals escape."

"What do you mean to do to me?" asked the Sawhorse.

The Soldier appeared to think for some moments. Then he said, "I know a fitting punishment. You will let me defeat you at a game of marbles."

"Marbles!" snorted the Sawhorse. "Are you trying to insult me? I'll never play marbles as long as I live!"

"Do you prefer the dungeon?" thundered the Soldier.

"I'd prefer that you mind your own business," cried the Sawhorse. Then, before anyone could say OZ! he dashed away, carrying the red wagon through the city

gate.

Down the road he ran, faster than he had ever run before. As he ran he thought indignantly,

"Arrest me, indeed! What had I done? I was only trying to save Jenny. JENNY! I ALMOST FORGOT HER!"

And with that, the animal doubled its speed, flying so that it scarcely touched the ground.

It was not long before it overtook the other animals, lumbering along the road.

As the flying Sawhorse came near, the animals shied and reared, then broke and ran.

The entire herd was heading toward the red country of the Quadlings. Seeing this, the Scarecrow said with satisfaction, "That's fine! We'll soon all be at the palace of Glinda the Good."

CHAPTER 13

Save the Scalawagons"

JENNY said cheerfully, "Even if you can't fly through the air, I think it can be done."

"What can be done?" inquired Number Nine.

"You can fly through the air."

"You mean, even if we can't?" asked the clock.

"Yes. We must get away from this Lolly-Pop vil-
lage, over to the Sandy Waste. That's our best chance
to rescue the scalawagons," said Jenny.

"But you haven't explained where our wings are
coming from," grumbled the clock. There was a look
of mistrust on its face. It was scowling so fiercely that
its hands were crossed.

Jenny said, "Once I jumped in the Winkie Woods
holding the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman by the
hand. This time we have more in the party. For we
can't leave Tik-Tok behind."

"Oh-no,-please-don't," said Tik-Tok anxiously.
"Well, I'm sure if anyone is to be left, it can't be I.
I am much too important," said the clock, drawing it-
self up and scowling at Tik-Tok.

Jenny burst out laughing. "Can you reach out one
of those hands and hold mine? Then give your other
hand to Tik-Tok. And you, Number Nine, hold my
other hand."

The boy and the clock each took hold of one of
Jenny's hands. And the clock gave its other hand to
Tik-Tok, who stood swinging his rubber hammer.

"Now, then, hold on for your life!" exclaimed Jenny
and she stamped her fairy foot against the ground.

The next moment all four were sailing upward,

borne on Jenny's magical foot.

"Whee-ee-ee!" cried the clock, its wheels whirring around dizzily. "Even the ambassa-door wasn't so abrupt. This upward movement is quite different from the clockwise motion."

"You'll be a wise clock if you keep silent and just hold on," cautioned Number Nine.

They were traveling so fast that the wind began to whistle through the boy's breeches.

Jenny laughed, "That reminds me of those whistle-breeches we made for you last year, when you helped me in my style shop."

"They were supposed to make me hurry," said Number Nine, smiling at himself.

"Well, you're hurrying now," said the clock. "Goodness me! I wish I were standing peacefully in the hall of the tower."

"What good is a clock that stands still?" said Jenny. "We aren't any good if we're too fast, either," said the clock. "Who ever heard of time flying?"

"Your hands aren't where they should be, so you're speaking quite pointlessly," said Jenny.

"Furthermore," put in Number Nine, "One can't tell time by you. I wonder how far that desert is?"

"Time will tell," said the clock impertinently. Tik-Tok, who had been silent all this while, suddenly

tocked, "Some-thing-down-be-low !"

All three looked downward, and saw that they were flying over the great Sandy Waste. Dark and forbidding rocks jutted up from the sand. It was such a sinister place that Jenny hesitated to descend. She could see no sign of the scalawagons, even through her magic eyeglass.

The four kept flying, penetrating farther over the dismal region of the desert. All sorts of queer, black shapes were below, but whether they were monsters or only rocks, Jenny could not tell.

"My-dear-scal-a-wag-ons. How-are-they-get-ting~a long?" said Tik-Tok sadly.

"There's something!" cried Jenny.

A cloud of madly flying objects appeared below.

Tik-Tok began swinging his hammer excitedly.

"Let-me-at-'em!" he stuttered. "I'll-knock-more-sense-in-to-'em!"

"Are those the scalawagons?" asked Jenny wonderingly. "Why, they act like flabbergasted creatures."

"They-are," said Tik-Tok. "That's-ex-act-ly-what-ails-'em."

But it seemed as if more than that ailed the scalawagons. They seemed unable to fly. They were kept

in the air by the peli-cans, who held them by their turrets.

If they fell to the earth, they would be caught by the brown swarm of Mifkits. A thousand of the creatures were dancing excitedly, waiting for the fall of the scalawagons. The poor peli-cans were getting tired, but they held on with all their strength.

The scalawagons had used up the flabbergas in their tanks, and their energy was spent. If they hadn't been heavier than the peli-cans, those faithful creatures would have flown them back to Oz. But they could only hover in the same spot, holding their scalawagons out of reach of the Mifkits.

Every minute the peli-cans were growing more tired.

"Look, they are slowly dropping to the ground!" shouted Number Nine.

"They mustn't," cried Jenny, watching the Mifkits and knowing that they meant to get their prey.

"What can we do!" said the clock.

"I-can't-man-age-to-think-of-any-thing," said Tik-Tok miserably.

Jenny swooped toward the nearest scalawagon and kicked it with her fairy foot. As it passed, Tik-Tok struck out with his hammer and gave it a smart click on the side. At once it came to its senses and steered itself toward Oz. Its eyes shone with gratitude. The

pelican on its turret flapped its wings with joy.

Jenny saw another scalawagon just about to drop, and leaping toward it, she kicked it after the first.

Tik-Tok swatted it into sensibility.

"Hurrah!" shouted Number Nine. "We're just in time." Below, the ugly Mifkits danced with rage. One Mifkit jumped so high, that he landed inside a low-hanging scalawagon. Jenny did not notice, but kicked this scalawagon after the others.

It was hard work to send all the scalawagons into safety. Jenny swooped here and there, working her fairy foot with all her might.

The clock seemed to enjoy swinging through the air with Jenny.

"Swing-time never came into my experience before," it said.

"Jen-ny-is-indeed-won-der-ful," acknowledged Tik-Tok with a grin.

When there were only four scalawagons left, Jenny said, "Let's each get into one. It will be pleasant to return that way."

Number Nine, the clock, Tik-Tok, and Jenny each climbed into a scalawagon and turned their heads toward Oz and safety.

The Mifkits screamed. Then they began tearing

their clothes and pulling their hair. And finally they fell upon each other and clawed and scratched and banged one another.

"Come back! Come back!" they screamed.

Jenny's scalawagon only hurried faster after the others.

CHAPTER 14

The Great Reunion

FLYING directly toward the border of Oz, the scalawagons soon used up the power of Jenny's kick. They began to slow, leaving it to the peli-cans to propel them along.

"What's wrong?" worried Jenny. "We're almost over the border. They mustn't fail us now!"

Tik-Tok, flying in the scalawagon beside hers, cried out, "They-need-more-peli-can-fluid-in-their-tanks

"Then let us land and attend to that," said Jenny.

In just a short distance, they gained the border. As soon as they were safely across, the tired peli-cans gave up trying to hold up the scalawagons. They began to drop, dangerously near the tiny village of the Lolly-Pops.

The scalawagons, not having eyes underneath them,

could not see where they were falling.

They crashed to earth, landing in a tangle of wild
ozberry bushes. Every house in the village was shaken
by the shock. Several windows broke, and the flower
pots tumbled off every windowsill. The scalawagons
lay on their sides with their wheels spinning.

From out of the small houses rushed the Lollies and
their Pops. They ran toward the scalawagons, curi-
ous to see what had struck their village. But they
stopped at a safe distance.

"Whew!" said Jenny, climbing out of her scala-
wagon. She felt a bit dazed, but nothing worse.

Number Nine jumped nimbly to his feet. He had
not been hurt. Tik-Tok, having a sound body, was
well. Only the clock was having trouble. In its ex-
citement it quickly climbed out of its scalawagon and
ran down the road.

"Stop!" commanded Number Nine. "You can't run
down like that."

But the clock had disappeared behind a tree.

Tik-Tok assumed his place among the scalawagons,
putting them back on their wheels. Lifting his rubber
hammer with authority, he commanded the peli-cans,
"Fill-up-the-tanks."

The peli-cans flew to do as they were bidden. In a few minutes every scalawagon was prancing about spiritedly, ready to take off again.

"Just a moment," said Jenny. "We can't go off just yet. We must do something about the damage we've caused the Lollies."

Turning to the Lollies, who were lingering just out of reach, Jenny called,

"I'm sorry we broke your windows and flower pots. But don't worry. The Wizard will take care of everything. He's the kindest Wizard that ever wizzed."

At these words, the Lollies and Pops lost their fear. The Pops came forward, leading their tiny daughter by the hand.

"Thank you kindly," said one Pop. "Tell us more about this Wizard."

"You've never heard of the wonderful Wizard of Oz!" exclaimed Jenny in astonishment.

The Pop shook his head, and his daughter shook hers.

"Then I suppose you're one of the backward tribes of Oz," said Jenny, giving the Pop a look of pity. "You really should know the Wizard. And Ozma, too. She's the dearest queen-"

"That ever queened?" asked the Pop.

Jenny burst out laughing. "That's one way of put-

ting it. Now, why don't all you folks get into the scalawagons and come along to Glinda's? She'd be delighted to have you. You can all meet the Wizard, Ozma, and a lot of other interesting folks."

The Lollies and Pops had listened eagerly to every word. Now they looked at each other and asked,

"Shall we go with her?"

"How could we get back?"

"We'll bring you safely back," Jenny promised.

The Lollies began to dance with excitement. It was easy to see that they were eager to take a trip.

The clock was peeping from behind a tree. Suddenly it struck the half-hour so loudly that everyone looked its way.

"I'm all wound up to go. Why are we still here?" demanded the clock.

"The-scal-a-wag-ons~are-read~y," said Tik-Tok.

"Climb in, everyone," said Jenny.

The clock came out from behind the tree, and climbed into a car.

The Lollies, now that they had got over their shyness, were quick to climb into the scalawagons. As they slid into the soft cushions, they smiled with delight. Never before had they known anything so comfortable.

Tik-Tok waited until the last, making sure that every scalawagon had its wits about it. Whenever necessary, he gave one a tap with the rubber hammer to make it smart.

At last everyone was ready. Tik-Tok got into the leading car. As he raised his copper arm in a signal, the procession started.

Jenny relaxed in the seat, closing her eyes with relief. "This is simply scrumptious," she murmured.

Number Nine was too much interested in the car's make-up to feel sleepy. He was busy examining every button on the dashboard. Suddenly he gave a shout, waking Jenny.

"What's wrong?" asked Jenny, sitting up.

"Nothing's wrong. Everything's all right," shouted the excited boy. "Look!"

Jenny steered her scalawagon close to his and peered over.

Number Nine had discovered the LUNCH button.

He pressed it, and a table, set for two, unfolded.

"Oh, look, Jenny. You must join me."

"It does look good," admitted Jenny, who felt rather hungry.

"Then why not come into my car," pleaded Number Nine, with an unusually warm light in his blue eyes.

Jenny was fond of the boy, who had formerly helped

her in her style shop. So she promptly called to the two scalawagons to stop while she climbed over beside Number Nine.

The boy and the girl ate their lunch with enjoyment.

There were a meat pie, delicious muffins, sliced bananas, blueberry pudding, and two large glasses of milk. When Jenny had eaten half of her blueberry pudding, it changed to a strawberry ice.

"Oh, my," marveled Jenny. "Nobody but the Wizard could have invented anything so grand!"

"I'm surprised he didn't think of it before," said Number Nine.

"Keep on being surprised," said Jenny. "That's what you're supposed to be."

"I'll stay surprised until we reach Glinda's. Then everyone will be surprised together," said Number Nine.

The scalawagon parade kept rolling easily along the red road. Already the red towers of Glinda's palace could be seen.

Jenny finished eating and opened her handbag.

"Time to put away my magic gifts." She put back the eyeglass, the mittens, the earmuffs, and the left-footed shoe. Then she patted her hair.

"Dear, I hope I don't look all frazzled out!"

"You look fine to me," said Number Nine admir-
ingly. "But don't forget your coronet, Duchess
Jenny!"

"I almost did forget," said Jenny. When she had
put on her coronet, she sat up straighter. "There, I
feel better."

"You always look pretty, your grace," said the boy,
addressing her as a duchess ought to be addressed.
He added mischievously, "As my name is Number
Nine, I'm lucky to be with you."

"You're my lucky number," said Jenny, merrily.
"Well, will you listen to the people at Glinda's shout-
ing? They've caught sight of the scalawagons."

The palace grounds seemed to be leaping into the
air, as the people there jumped up and down in their
excitement.

"Hurrah for the Wizard's surprise," shouted every-
one.

The scalawagons stopped. Tik-Tok climbed out, his
body ticking with pride.

"The-great-wiz-ard-made-one-for-each-of-you," he
announced.

"HURRAH!"

The people kept shouting and jumping in their hap-
piness.

The Wizard stood beaming and chuckling and nod-

ding his head.

Princess Dorothy borrowed a handkerchief from Ozma to weep her tears of joy. Then Ozma borrowed it back, as her own eyes filled.

"Never before have all our subjects been able to go anywhere they wished. But with these scalawagons, there will be more traveling all over Oz," said Queen Ozma.

Jenny went up to Glinda. "I have another surprise," said Jenny. "I have brought the Lollies and the Pops.

"Indeed?" said Glinda with a smile. "Bring them to me, dear. They shall receive a royal welcome."

Jenny went to the scalawagons, where the Lollies and their fathers sat quite pop-eyed at all they saw.

"Come and meet the rulers of Oz," said Jenny. She led them through the throng of people toward Glinda's chair. Queen Ozma and Princess Dorothy, sitting on either side of Glinda, joined in the greetings.

The Lollies looked with admiration on the three girls. Ozma, for all that she was queen, was dressed in simple white, with a blazing green OZ on her crown. Dorothy was dressed in a short dress and socks, like many another girl in the U.S.A., where she had come from. And Glinda was robed in shining red, with her ruby-tipped wand in her hand.

"Aren't there any more rulers in Oz?" asked Minty, when she had gathered enough courage to speak.

"Jo-King of the Gillikans is away on a leave of absence. The Scarecrow, ruler of the Munchkins, and the Tin Woodman, emperor of the Winkies, are also absent," Glinda explained.

Behind Glinda's chair the Cowardly Lion and the Hungry Tiger sat in respectful silence. But the Hungry Tiger was licking his chops as he gazed on the delicious Lollies and Pops.

"Here," said Jenny, going up to the hungry beast. "There is no need for you to be hungry ever again. You will have your own scalawagon, equipped with everlasting lunch."

The animal bounded up, crying joyously, "Where is it? Lead me to it!"

He leaped toward the nearest scalawagon, and squeezed his huge body inside. In another moment he pressed his paw on the LUNCH button and began.

The Cowardly Lion grinned sheepishly, saying, "I was afraid to go near those cars. But I guess they won't hurt me."

He rose and walked with dignity toward a nearby scalawagon, and climbed in. The people cheered the Lion, who looked proud of his momentary courage.

"So you did rescue the scalawagons, didn't you?"

said Glinda, patting Jenny's hair. "We followed your progress in my big book of events."

"Oh, then you must know what became of the Sawhorse, the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman," said Jenny. "I lost them in the Winkie Woods."

"They'll be here, never fear," smiled Ozma. "And meanwhile, we must thank you, Jenny dear. What you did was very brave."

"It was nothing," said Jenny, blushing. "If it hadn't been for my fairy gif-

Before Jenny could finish, a fresh excitement was heard at the rear of the crowd. Everyone turned, and then scattered to shelter, as a host of animals came dashing up.

They were the runaways from the Animal Enclosure. Still running away from the Sawhorse, they had come straight to Glinda's palace. Behind the beasts the red wagon could be seen flashing down the Red Road.

Before the people grew really frightened, Ozma raised her hand, and at once the animals stopped. Looking around with astonished expressions, they seemed to be wondering how they had got into such an elaborate party with so many good things growing on the trees ready to be eaten.

Then into the confusion came Scraps, the patchwork girl, tumbling in a series of cartwheels.

"I can't believe my ears and eyes,
Every minute another surprise!"

"See here," spoke out an old blue mule, "We're a long way from home."

"If you don't get away from me and stop kicking, I'll breathe fire down your back," said a small dragonette, edging away from the blue mule.

"Here, what's all this quarreling?" began a Munchkin farmer. "You animals never should have left the Emerald City."

"Well, don't you think we ever want a day off?" grumbled a monkey, looking very cross. Then it saw Scraps tumbling on the lawn and ran to tumble beside her.

"You shall have the day off," spoke Ozma, holding up her hand for silence again. "Since you always give the people of my land enjoyment, it is only fair that you enjoy a day yourselves. So get into the scalawagons. They're quite a treat!"

The animals ran to the scalawagons and climbed in. Kabumpo, the elephant, could not possibly squeeze his bulk into one car. The people laughed and shouted advice, but Kabumpo used his own head. He stood up with his front legs on two cars and his hind legs on

two others. When he lifted his trunk, a pleased smile could be seen on his mouth.

Now the Sawhorse dashed up, shouting,

"Save Jenny! Save Jenny!"

And then his eyes fell on Jenny, standing safe and sound before him. His jaw dropped in surprise, and he muttered,

"You are saved."

"I'm all right," laughed Jenny. "But those poor creatures in the wagon!"

She pointed to the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman.

They were indeed a sight. The Scarecrow was so shaken that his stuffing stuck out in lumps, with empty places in the rest of his clothing. His brains were sagging all to one side of his head, where his mathematical genius was. The rest of his head was empty. All he could say was,

"Nine hundred and ninety-nine miles. Double it and subtract ninety-nine miles, and divide by nine. Add

"Poor Scarecrow," cried Jenny, running to his assistance. She lifted him up and placed him on the ground, shaking him as she did so. As the straw settled into place, the old look returned to the Scarecrow's face. His intelligence became rounded again. Raising his hands, he smoothed himself into shape.

"Hello, everyone!" he said happily, looking about.

"Hurrah!" shouted the people, and the Munchkins especially, who loved their Scarecrow king.

Now the Scarecrow was himself again. But the Tin Woodman still sat forlornly, bent double, and looking at his toes.

"An oilcan, an oilcan!" cried the Scarecrow.

The people began to search themselves, going through all their pockets and possessions. But no oilcan could be produced.

"I-have-it!" ticked Tik-Tok excitedly. "If-no-oilcan,-then-a-peli-can."

He lifted his finger and pointed at a peli-can perched on a scalawagon's turret. Instantly the creature flew toward the Tin Woodman. It gave the Woodman a thorough oiling, probing its beak into every hinge and joint. Then the people had new cause for shouting, especially the Winkies. For they saw their emperor, the Tin Woodman, straighten up, take off his hat, and bow to all the assemblage.

"I never felt more upright," he said with a grin.

"Thank you, my good people, for this great welcome."

"It's good to hear your voice again," said the Scarecrow, with tears of happiness running down his cheeks.

The two old friends embraced.

"I could see and hear all the time, but I could do

nothing," went on the Tin Woodman. "There were a few times when I felt pretty anxious here" He placed his hand to his breast, indicating the position of his heart, which the Wizard had given him long ago. "But everything has turned out fine!"

"HURROZ! HURROZ! HURROZ!" The people shouted themselves hoarse. Blue, red, yellow, and purple waved wildly on every side.

Betsy and Jellia Jamb slipped down from the wagon and ran to Ozma.

"This is a happy reunion," said Glinda. "And now that we are all together, let us all get into the scalawagons and go for a ride."

CHAPTER 15

The Scalawagon Parade

THE Lollies and their Pops had stood speechless all this time. Their eyes and ears were stretched wide, and the smiles on their faces told of their delight. Everything at Glinda's party was new and wonderful to these little folk. Even Minty was silent.

But when Glinda proposed a ride, Minty found her voice and cried out coaxingly,

"Your Majesty, won't you come and see our village?

The road is smooth, and we could have a beach party
at the Singing Brook."

"A beach party?" spoke up Dorothy. "That sounds
just elegant!"

"But what about bathing suits?" asked Aunt Em
in a practical tone. "We didn't bring any to this lawn
party!"

"Bathing suits will be furnished to everyone," put
in Minty's Pop. Since Tik-Tok had knocked sense into
Pop's head, he was a changed creature. The laziness
was gone, and a look of good humor lit up his face.

"It sounds perfectly grand," exclaimed Queen Ozma.
Turning to Glinda, she added, "Let's do it!"

"Of course," said Minty, "we wouldn't bathe our-
selves. We'd dissolve. But you folks could have a
glorious swim.

"Dear Wizard, would you like to make the an-
nouncement to all the people?" said Glinda. She
turned to where the Wizard had been standing. But
there was no one there. Again, the Wizard had quietly
vanished. Only a moment before he had been talking
to Number Nine and Tik-Tok.

"Too bad, I think he would have enjoyed going
along," said Glinda. "However, he must have impor-
tant business to attend to."

Glinda made the announcement herself. The people tumbled joyously into the scalawagons. Scraps somersaulted over three scalawagons before she settled into the fourth one. Beside her Jack Pumpkinhead sat quite dignified, but his carved grin showed his secret delight.

Captain Salt shouted, "Heave to! Anchors away!" and stood up in his scalawagon as if he were at the prow of a ship.

Sir Hokus drew his short sword and held it aloft. He climbed onto his scalawagon's hood as if it were a horse, crying,

"On to conquest! Whosoever needs succor shall have a valiant knight!"

"Does he mean we're staying out all night?" anxiously inquired the Cowardly Lion.

Dorothy laughed and patted the Lion's mane, reassuring him.

Tik-Tok was in the leading scalawagon, and the procession was almost ready to go, when it was discovered that there were not enough scalawagons. Even though the people were taking their children and their pets in with them, the scalawagons wouldn't go around.

"We can't leave anyone behind. It would make them

unhappy," said the kind-hearted Tin Woodman.

But just then a shout told everyone to look to the rear. All heads turned. There, from the direction of Carrot Mountain, came a procession of shiny, new, many-colored scalawagons. In the first scalawagon was the Wizard, beaming like a brand-new sun ray.

"So that's where you were. Up in the workshop making more scalawagons to make more people happy," said Ozma with a smile.

"Yes, your highness. Now we can all get on our way," said the great Wizard of Oz. "And meanwhile, the Production Department is turning out scalawagons for the rest of Oz. I've instructed the cars to go their way when they are ready. Soon everybody in all the land will be supplied with a conveyance of his own."

"Splendid!" cried Ozma, forgetting that she was a queen, and jumping up and down like an excited girl.

Everybody was now laughing and having a lively time. Then Tik-Tok gave the signal, and the procession started. The scalawagons rolled onto the broad highway leading to the village of the Lolly-Pops.

They had gone a short way, when something arrested Ozma's attention. She ordered the scalawagons to stop.

There by the roadside stood the Sawhorse. He was

no longer hitched to the red wagon. He stood with his head hanging down, like a grazing horse. But of course the Sawhorse never grazed. He never ate.

"Why are you hanging your head like that? Why aren't you in the procession with us?" asked Ozma kindly.

"Be carried around in one of those baby carriages?" said the Sawhorse, snorting. "No, thanks! They're nothing but a lot of gaudy flapdoodle!"

"Jealous again !" said Jenny angrily. "First you were jealous of the blue mule, and now it's the scalawagons."

"I feel bluer than a mule myself," admitted the Sawhorse.

Hearing this, Scraps tried to cheer up the wooden animal.

"Whatever you think,
Whatever you do,
Try to feel pink
Instead of blue!"

advised the patchwork girl.

The Sawhorse looked gratefully at Scraps and said, "Thanks. I'd like to take your advice. But with these scalawagons, my work in Oz is over. Nobody likes to feel useless, you know."

"So that's it!" said Ozma. "Well, don't fret yourself, little Sawhorse. We'll always need you, to carry messages to our far-away friends, like Professor Woglebug over at the College of Learning in the Munchkin country. You shall be our carrier. And Scraps will be our dispatch-work girl."

"Oh, thank you!" cried Scraps, forgetting to rhyme her words. Her black button eyes gleamed. "Come on, Sawhorse, get in beside me. We must stick together."

"You'll need a messenger's suit," said Jenny. "Tomorrow, come to my style shop, and get something to suit you."

The Sawhorse felt better now and was willing to climb into the scalawagon with Scraps and Jack Pumpkinhead.

Once more the procession rolled onward, skimming over lazy cows napping in the road. Everyone settled back to enjoy himself. Uncle Henry and Aunt Em settled back with happy smiles. But the next instant Aunt Em jumped up with a scream, almost falling out of the car.

"What in the name of Oz is the matter?" asked Uncle Henry in astonishment.

Aunt Em was screeching in fright and couldn't answer.

"See here, Em. If anything is wrong-

"Wrong! Wrong!" cried Aunt Em. "I should say there is! I sat on something-a great big tack, or worse!"

She stood clinging to Uncle Henry in terror. Uncle Henry looked down at the seat and his eyes opened wide.

"It's not a tack, Em! I never saw a tack gnash its teeth!" He reached to pick up the thing, and got his hand bitten.

Uncle Henry, who could whip his weight in wild-cats back in Kansas, soon had the snarling thing by the neck. "Whatever you are, you'll have to learn some manners," he said, giving the Thing a sound shaking.

"Good gracious and sakes alive!" exclaimed Aunt Em in horror. "Get that hideous critter out of my sight!"

Uncle Henry pulled off one of his big boots and shoved in the head of the Thing.

"My, what a fright," said Aunt Em, sitting down again. "It almost spoiled this lovely ride."

"I wonder what the Thing-a-ma-jig is?" said Uncle Henry. "As soon as we arrive where we're goin', I'll ask Ozma."

"Get rid of it," said Aunt Em. "Or we'll have trouble on our hands."

"Or in my boot," said Uncle Henry. "But don't Worry, Em. It's quite safe for the time being."

"The critter was nastier than a rattlesnake and a skunk all rolled into one," said Aunt Em with a shudder.

"You need something to take your mind off it," said Uncle Henry. "Here, look at this button marked 'lunch.' We could both do with a bite of something." He looked at the hand that had been bitten and corrected himself, "I mean we might bite something ourselves."

Aunt Em was examining the lunch button. "Henry!" she cried. "This does beat anything I ever saw! Gettin' lunch without even cookin' an egg. What won't they think of next?"

Then Aunt Em pushed the lunch button, saying, "Wouldn't it be nice if a turkey dinner came out, with cranberries and apple dressing! And pie and coffee and sugar-mints, and ice cream."

The table unfolded itself from the wall of the car, and before their eyes were all the dishes Aunt Em had wished for.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" exploded Uncle Henry. "Don't say that!" cried Aunt Em. "It reminds me

of that awful cyclone that blew Dorothy away from us, long ago."

"Well, Dorothy was blown to Oz, and that's how we came here, and we're quite happy about it, aren't we?" said Uncle Henry.

"That's so. We're tremendously happy, dear." Aunt Em gave Uncle Henry's hand an affectionate squeeze. They began to eat their lunch.

The afternoon was mild, and the fragrance of thousands of red flowers filled the air. After so many hours of excitement, the little Lollies were getting drowsy. Long before the parade reached their village, the tiny tots were fast asleep. They lay curled in their Pops' arms. For now the old fellows were ready to do their duty as fathers.

"Don't wake them," said Glinda, smiling. "Since they can't swim, they might as well sleep."

Soon the scalawagons rolled into the Lolly-Pop village. As the Wizard saw the damage done to the houses, he made some passes in the air and the houses became as good as new.

When they passed their own homes, the Pops whispered goodbye and carried their sleeping Lollies inside.

The scalawagons rolled on to the red Singing Brook.

Without a word of direction, they parked themselves in perfect order along the bank. The Wizard looked well pleased. As for Tik-Tok, the manager, he beamed like a polished copper pan.

The tall clock stood up in one of the rear scalawagons and called,

"I hope nobody expects me to get into the swim! I just came along so you'd have plenty of time."

"But you must have a good time, too," said Number Nine.

"Swimming is a waste of my time," said the clock. It slumped down in its scalawagon, which it was sharing with a Comfortable Camel.

"Hump!" said the Camel. "I'll just take a drink of that water to keep from getting thirsty for a couple of weeks."

Uncle Henry and Aunt Em had finished their lunch, and the table had folded itself back in place. Aunt Em sighed thankfully that there were no dishes to be washed.

"Well, then, Henry, now that the folks are congregated at the swimmin' hole, are you goin' to do something about that-that-critter in your boot?" she asked.

"You bet my boots I am," he said instantly. Getting up, he helped Aunt Em out of the scalawagon.

"Come straight to the Wizard. He'll know what to do with it," said Aunt Em.

"That's just what I'm aimin' to do, Em."

The two walked directly toward the Wizard, who was just then descending from his scalawagon. Uncle Henry carried the boot out at arm's length. When he got near the Wizard, he held the boot toward him, saying,

"There's a whelp of snarlin' meanness inside this boot. It was pesterin' Aunt Em a while ago. Be careful. Warn all the people to keep their distance."

The Wizard took the boot, held it upside down and shook it. Down fell a fiercely scowling little brown monster. It hopped up and down in a rage, spitting and gnashing its wooden teeth, and then made as if to get away.

"I forbid you to leave!" said the Wizard, holding up his powerful hand.

The little creature instantly cowered there, not moving an inch. But the Wizard had not forbidden it to scowl, and scowl it did, more frightfully than ever.

"Balls of brimstone!" said Uncle Henry. "He looks as if he'd gobble you up!"

"What in Oz is it?" asked Em.

The Wizard smiled quite cheerfully. "It isn't any-

thing in Oz. Nothing so hideous lives in our fair land.

It's from over the Sandy Waste beyond our borders.

Lost, strayed, or stolen, it's a-

MIFKIT."

CHAPTER 16

The Lost Mifkit

THE people in the surrounding scalawagons crowded around the Wizard as they heard him pronounce the dreadful name of MIFKIT, who could remove his head in a second and throw it at you.

"Cake's sake!" cried Jellia Jamb, hiding behind Ozma and peeping fearfully around her.

Tik-Tok paled to a light brassy color.

"How-did-that-get-in-to-one-of-the-prec-ious-scala wag-ons?" he said faintly. "I-was-too-run-down-to-pre-vent-it."

"It's not too surprising," said Jenny Jump. She had crowded close to the Wizard and was staring down at the Mifkit.

"When I discovered the scalawagons in the Sandy Waste, they were flying low and the Mifkits were jumping high. So I suppose this one jumped right into one of the scalawagons."

"And it had to be mine," said Aunt Em ruefully.

"But then, I'd rather have it happen to me than somebody who'd have been scared."

She looked at Uncle Henry, who was smiling broadly.

"What are you smiling at, Henry? Are you suggesting that I was scared?"

"Oh, not in the least, my dear. Not in the least!"

He winked at his niece Dorothy.

"Well, what have we here?" It was Ozma, who had just come up. "A Mifkit, I declare! We haven't been bothered with them for years."

"You must do something about this one, your Highness," said the Wizard.

"Yes, I suppose so," said Ozma. She thought a moment. "I must hurry, or our beach party will be spoiled," she said.

Ozma put her hand into her pocket and drew out a ring with a large sparkling emerald.

She looked at the scowling Mifkit. "How would you like to be a winder?" she said.

"I'd rather be a wonder," promptly said the Mifkit.

"Please answer my question," said Ozma firmly.

"How would you like to be a winder?"

"All right, provided I don't wind up too different from what I am. I like myself now."

"Then you are an exception," said Ozma. "But you'll like being a winder. She put on her ring.

"Wait! Are the meals regular?" snarled the Mifkit. Ozma ignored this. She pointed the finger with the beautiful emerald straight at the top button of the Mifkit's jacket.

"Now you're a winder!"

The little Mifkit felt himself all over.

"This isn't so bad," he said.

"Henceforth you will see that Tik-Tok never runs down again," said the Ozma. "The Wizard will explain your duties."

The Mifkit was scratching himself all over. For such a transformation as he had just had itches.

The Wizard said, "Look here, Mifkit. I'll explain how to wind Tik-Tok."

While the Mifkit went on scratching, the Wizard pointed to an engraved copper plate on Tik-Tok's back. There was some writing on this plate. The Wizard read it aloud:

SMITH & TINKER

Patent double-action, extra responsive, thought creating, perfect talking

MECHANICAL MAN

Fitted with our special clockwork

special attachment.

THINKS -- SPEAKS -- ACTS -- AND

DOES EVERYTHING

DIRECTIONS

For

THINKING::Wind clockwork man under LEFT

ARM (Marked No.1)

For

SPEAKING::Wind clockwork man under RIGHT

ARM (Marked No.2)

For

WALKING &

ACTION ::Wind Clockwork man, middle of

BACK (Marked No.3)

GUARANTEE

This mechanism is guaranteed to work perfectly

for a Thousand Years.

The Wizard pointed to the three winding keys.

"Now, get busy!"

The Mifkit jumped to Tik-Tok's shoulder and began to wind. But Tik-Tok was pretty well wound up

already, and reaching up, he removed the tiny Mifkit, placing him on the ground.

The Mifkit jumped straight onto Tik-Tok's head. Reaching into Tik-Tok's breast pocket, he pulled forth a handkerchief and began to polish Tik-Tok's head with great energy.

"Good-ness-me," said the even-tempered copper man. "Must-I-en-dure-all-this?"

"He is your own personal helper," said the Wizard to Tik-Tok. "You'll find him very useful when you need him. When you want him to remain quiet, tell him so. He must obey you in everything."

"Be-good-e-nough-to-sit-quiet-ly-on-my-head," commanded Tik-Tok.

The Mifkit crossed his legs and sat still on top of Tik-Tok's head.

More scalawagons had been coming up and parking themselves in a triple row along the bank of the Singing Brook. The brook had stopped singing when the first scalawagons appeared, but as it got used to the little ears, it resumed its merry song.

Suddenly one scalawagon came, elickity-click, toward the bank. Instead of parking itself in an orderly manner, it raced up to the water, leaped over the bank, and fell in with a loud SPLASH!

When the car righted itself, there was Captain Salt,

the pirate, standing at the steering wheel and shouting,

"Avast, you land lubbers! Hard aport--and Ahoy!"

Hundreds of water fairies appeared above the water. From behind the waterfall peeped the mischievous boy kelpies. Then, plop! kelpies and water fairies vanished from sight

The pirate kept sailing his car like a ship, calling, "Heave to! Trim to the wind!"

The animals from the animal enclosure were delighted. Leaping from their scalawagons, they galloped toward the water and jumped in. Kabumpo, the elephant, stood in the knee-high water, snorting through his trunk.

Ozma, the Wizard, Glinda, Jenny, Dorothy, Betsy, and Jellia Jamb walked along looking for a place to get some bathing suits.

"Here is the place, I believe," said Jenny. She pointed to a row of large mushrooms growing on the bank. From one of the mushrooms hung a sign:

BATHING PAVILION

&

AMUSEMENT PARK

Hopfrog, Esq.

Amusement Master

"What a jolly place," said Jenny, hurrying forward.

The big mushrooms proved to be little bath houses, connected by a trim little walk. Behind the bath houses a row of red bath towels were drying on a clothes line. Suddenly the important bull frog with the deep voice and the gold watch chain appeared. He was strutting with the grand air of a showman.

"Good day, and welcome to my pavilion," he croaked. His fingers were playing with the watch chain, which the kelpies had once stolen from him, but which they had at last returned.

"Do you want a bath house?" he asked. "Everything is free. Kindly avail yourselves of the opportunities at your disposal."

"Thank you," said Ozma with a gracious smile. Inside the bath houses the visitors found bathing suits of every size. Soon everyone was ready. Some ran down to the water and began to swim. Those who could not swim were held up by the water fairies, who carried them across to the tune of the Singing Brook. The kelpies came out from behind the waterfall and amused the visitors by their queer antics.

Several kelpies began to teach Number Nine how to slide down the waterfall.

Some of the visitors preferred to sit in the reclining chairs on the bank. These were the characters who would be spoiled by getting a wetting-the Scarecrow, Scraps, the Tin Woodman, Jack Pumpkinhead, the clock, and Tik-Tok. They were having a splendid time listening to the music and laughing at the animals. Soon a dainty little lady frog came skipping up. She carried a basket, which she held out to them.

"Anything you'd like? Please help yourselves. Everything is free."

The basket was filled with candy, soda pop, oz cream, and bubble gum.

The Scarecrow answered, "Thank you, madam. But as we never eat, we must decline."

The lady frog hopped away. She came to Jenny, Glinda, Dorothy, Betsy, and Aunt Em, who were playing games on the bank. To these people she offered her basket. The good things were readily accepted.

"What a perfect day for the beach," said Jenny, looking up. "Only one cloud in the whole sky."

Aunt Em's gaze followed Jenny's. "If that's a cloud, it's acting mighty queer," de-

clared Aunt Em.

High in the sky the gigantic cloud seemed to burst into a hundred pieces, then come together again.

Glinda and the others looked upward. "It certainly is strange. I can't tell from this distance just what it might be," said Glinda.

"Neither can I," said Dorothy and Betsy.

"Shall I go to the bath house and get my fairy eye-glass?" asked Jenny.

"There seems no need of that," said Glinda, studying the sky. "The spot - whatever it is - is coming downward!"

All of them looked intently at the sky. Yes, there could be no doubt of it. The mysterious matter was certainly heading their way.

CHAPTER 17

Old Acquaintances Return

"WE ought to warn Ozma and the Wizard," cried Jenny.

"They are having such a good time, it's a shame to disturb them," said Glinda.

She indicated the Singing Brook, where Ozma and the Wizard were watching a game of blind man's buff.

Captain Salt's eyes were blindfolded, and he was
Stumbling around, trying to catch Number Nine. But
he had wandered behind the waterfall and lost his way.
The kelpies swam behind him, giving him a push.
Three green monkeys and a dragonette had joined
in the game. Every time Captain Salt came near the
dragonette, she squealed and let out a small jet of
fiery breath, which was quickly quenched in the water.

"Yes," said Jenny, "they are certainly enjoying
themselves. Let's not bother them until IT gets here."

While they stood watching, the cloudy matter came
closer. It kept separating and uniting again, in a
peculiar fashion.

"It isn't a Kansas cyclone," declared Aunt Em.
"That stays together until it's nipped you. Then, look
out!"

"That's right," said Dorothy, nodding. "I remember
how a cyclone picked up our house, with me and my
dog Toto inside, and carried us clear to Oz. It seems
a long time ago."

"You are still the dear little girl you were then,"
smiled Glinda. "You aren't any older!"

"That's because in Oz everyone stops growing at
the age he'd always like to be," said Dorothy.

"I think it's a grand system," said Jenny.

While they talked, the object in the sky was coming nearer. Suddenly Aunt Em cried out, "If my old eyes don't deceive me, it isn't one big thing. It's a lot of little things!"

"That's right," said Glinda. "And they appear to have wings. But not where wings should be. These have their wings in front."

Jenny stared hard. There was something familiar about those flying objects. But without her fairy eye-glass, she could not be sure.

The flying fragments came nearer.

"What strange little people," cried out Betsy.

Glinda smiled. "Let them come. They are harmless. But I'm sure I've never seen them before."

"I have!" cried Jenny, all at once recognizing the creatures. They were little men with bells on their heads and long beards that were stretched out on the breeze like wings.

"The Nota-bells !" she cried. "What brings them here?"

"Their beards," replied Aunt Em. "I must say, it's the first time I've seen beards used for such a purpose."

The Nota-Bells had now flown so close that their music could be heard.

"What lovely chimes," said Betsy. "Reminds me of

Christmas back in the U.S.A."

"You'll like the bell-men," said Jenny. They are such gentle little men."

"And little gentlemen, too, I hope," said Aunt Em.

"I must ask Ozma to come and welcome them," said Glinda, slipping away. Meanwhile, the Nota-bells were landing. Jenny recognized all eighty-eight of them.

Their leader now was the vesper bell, who swept her a bow and said,

"We welcome ourselves back to your presence, miss. These, I suppose, are also girls?"

The vesper bell pointed to Dorothy and Betsy.

"That's right," said Jenny, adding, "And Aunt Em is a woman. Come and meet all our friends, including animals, hand-made creatures, a Wizard, a sorceress, and a queen."

"Do you mean those water spirits out there?" said the bell-man, indicating those who were playing in the brook.

Jenny laughed. "They don't spend all their time in the water. Come along, and bring your band with you."

The leader walked with Jenny toward the brook. The other bells followed in a group, forming a semi-circle around Aunt Em, Betsy and Dorothy. As they

approached the water, Ozma came forth to greet them.

She was clad in a bathing suit of green scales, and
the water dripped off in bits of song.

"Singing scales," said the bell-leader admiringly.

"Maybe we could have a duet?"

"Thank you, I'd like that," replied the gracious
queen. "But first, you must come and have a swim
with us."

"Oh, I couldn't be ringing wet," declined the bell.

"But perhaps-I know! We'll take the necessary pre-
cautions."

So saying, he lifted the bell off his head and buried
it in the sand. "My, what a weight off my mind," he
sighed. The other bell-men followed their leader, and
soon every bell was buried. The eighty-eight heads
were quite bald from having worn the bells so long.
The little old men went into the bath houses and came
out clad in bathing suits of stripes, spots, plaids, and
checkers.

Ozma led the way to the water. The little men lifted
their beards high and waded in.

In the middle of the brook, Ozma introduced the
bell-men to the Wizard.

"This is our wonderful Wizard of Oz. And these are
the Nota-bells."

"What part of Oz are you folks from?" asked the

Wizard genially.

"We don't know," replied the leader. "We've been lost and wandering for so long, we don't even remember the name of our tribe."

The Wizard turned to Ozma "Your Highness can enlighten them, surely?"

"When we return to the Emerald City, I'll look into my records," said Ozma. "There are sure to be musical records among the rest."

"You've never showed up in the teletable, or I'd have seen you," spoke up Number Nine.

"Maybe they did before you came to be my helper," the Wizard said. "In that case, they'll be in an old notebook of mine.

"It will be a great relief to find out who we are," said the bell leader.

"Cakes sake! Don't you remember anything about yourselves at all?" asked Jellia Jamb, staring curiously.

The bell-man shook his head. "Nothing, except that we have a great enemy, who shadows us wherever go. We can't draw a free breath on account of him."

"Shadows you?" said Jenny. "Why, there is a great, big shadow all over you right now!"

This was true. Though the sun was still shining ill

the red sky, a dark shadow had suddenly fallen over
the band of bell-men.

"LOOK OUT!" shrieked one. Instantly all of them
scampered toward the bank. Leaping out of the water,
they dug up their bells, and hastily clapped them on
their heads.

Ozma and her party looked up, trying to learn what
was casting the enormous shadow. But nothing was
to be seen. The air was suddenly heavy, and a bad
smell had come into it. The music of the brook stopped.
The water fairies hid deep below the water, and the
kelpies disappeared behind the waterfall.

"There is some menace nearby," said the Wizard.
The animals, too, were acting strangely. All at once
they quit the water and went loping toward the scala-
wagons.

"Look, there!" shrieked the leader of the bell-men.
He pointed up the brook. Everyone turned. Coming
from the distance was a huge lumbering Shape, quite
shapeless. Its great shadow flickered before it, search-
ing out the bell-men.

"It smells familiar," said the Wizard. His nostrils
began to twitch. "I've smelled that smell before."

"What can it be?" said Ozma. She was extremely
puzzled.

The bells began to clang in alarm, and at that in-

stant Tik-Tok began to tock in agitation. He had a feeling that he had met the monster somewhere before.

"It looks like a bloated bladder," said Uncle Henry.

"Or a big rubber ghost," added Dorothy.

"It's a strange apparition," said the Wizard.

"But what is it really?" asked Ozma.

"That's just the Mystery!" all exclaimed in a chorus.

CHAPTER 18

The Rubber Ghost

SWISH~WISH~WISH! sounded the big feet of the monster on the water. Its shrill breathing sounded like a whistle. The bell-men flew up and circled about in the air, ringing the saddest music. They would have flown away, but Ozma had made a sign for them to stay.

Nobody was really frightened while their good queen stood by. But all were filled with an uneasy wonder. That is, all, but Scraps, who could never be anything but gay. On seeing the great shadow that was crossing the water, she turned a somersault and said,

"I'm not afraid of anything which is
In trousers, pants, galligaskins, or breeches!
I'm protected all over with finest cat-stitches,
Sewed in by one of our very best witches!"

Aunt Em said, "I wish that flickering shadow would
go away!"

Captain Salt, with cutlass drawn, and Sir Hokus
the Knight, took their stand on either side of Ozma.

"Allons!" cried Sir Hokus. "We'll teach thee, knave,
not to harry defenseless women!"

"Shiver my timbers!" bellowed Captain Salt. "Let's
see the color of your courage, villain!"

The Shape came closer. It was as tall as Ozma's
highest tower, and it swayed from side to side. It
was almost upon them, when Ozma raised her hand
with the emerald ring. The spectre gave a weird wail,
turned, and ran. It leaped the water in three bounds,
its flat feet churning the spray, and lumbered clumsily
toward the horizon. Then it was gone.

"Well," said Aunt Em, drawing a deep breath. "I
hope that is all we shall see of it!"

Overhead, the bells burst into a peal of glad sound.
They rang out so loud and clear that everyone caught
the carnival spirit. Joining hands, they began to
dance. The merriment was soon-in full swing. They
frolicked all afternoon, and the strange rubber ghost

was forgotten. The animals came from the shelter of the scalawagons and joined in the games.

Evening came on and the vesper bell chimed sweetly. Number Nine was floating on the water. He enjoyed it too much to join in the games. He lay on his back staring up at the sky. Suddenly he called out,

"I have a sinking feeling! Isn't that dark GHOST coming back again?"

Scraps looked up and quickly chanted,

"Bless my stitches and button eyes!

I think we're having another surprise!"

Now all the people were looking upward. Hovering above them was the huge Shape.

"Everyone get back to your scalawagons!" ordered Ozma. Then in a low voice to Glinda and the Wizard, she said, "It would be different if we had brought enough magical instruments to capture the creature."

"Yes, it's quite a nuisance," said the Wizard. "We'll have to lure it to the Emerald City. There we can deal with it properly."

The people and the animals were running toward the scalawagons. There was no time to change from bathing suits. Having found refuge in their scalawagons, all watched to see what would happen.

The Cowardly Lion was crouching under his scalawagon, too frightened even to roar. Nothing would make him come out until the apparition was gone. Sir Hokus and Captain Salt began to wave their swords at the Shape, but it wasn't in the least alarmed.

The Hungry Tiger had spent most of the afternoon in his scalawagon, ordering dishes of meat pie. He now looked up and said,

"If only I were hungry enough to tackle that! But for the first time in a long while, I actually feel filled. Besides, I don't care for rubber desserts."

"Hadn't you better point your emerald finger at it once more?" the Wizard said to Ozma.

"Yes, just as soon as it gets too close," said Ozma. "If I could touch it, the effect would be sharper. Wait!" Jenny heard Ozma ask them to wait, but she was too impatient to wait. The creature was coming down. In a few minutes it would be on top of their heads! Jenny didn't care to have those big flat feet pressing on her head!

"My handbag!" she thought Her handbag had never failed her yet. Opening it, she found a small pair of scissors that she had carried away from her style shop. "Now!" As the corner of the monster's foot came within

reach, Jenny took a snip, making a small hole. Immediately the foot began to wrinkle, and an unpleasant odor rushed out of the hole.

"Whew!" The Wizard held his nose. "Where have I smelled that smell before?"

The odor continued to ooze out of the great ghost.

It became flabbier and flabbier. Suddenly it began to howl,

"Finished! Exposed !"

"What are you?" called Ozma in her loudest voice.

"Don't you recognize me?" cried out the rubber ghost. "Then there's still a reason for living!"

Jenny jumped out of her scalawagon and reached her scissors toward the ghost's rubber ear. Snip! The bad odor rushed out faster than ever.

"No, no," cried the desperate ghost. "No one must see my true shape!" And with that it leaped into Jenny's scalawagon and made off!

For a second Jenny stood looking after her disappearing scalawagon, too surprised to move. Then she whirled around to Ozma.

"Your Highness, I can't let that creature get away with it! May I go after it?"

Ozma nodded. "I have absolute confidence in you,

Jenny," she said.

Jenny quickly got her fairy shoe, gloves, and eye-glass out of her bag. "I'd better be prepared for anything," she muttered, as she put on all of these.

"The rest of us will soon return to the Emerald City," Ozma said to Jenny. "There I'll watch you in my magic picture. If anything goes wrong, I'll help you."

"Thank you, your Highness. That rubber creature may get mean!"

Jenny stamped her fairy foot hard against the ground. "Goodbye!" she called, as she went sailing through the air.

She hardly heard the crowd below call back. The jump had taken her far out, and now she could see miles of red Quadling country.

Next minute there was water in her eye. She ducked under a cloud.

"That's strange," she thought. "It was such a fleecy cloud, I expected to be wool gathering. But, nobody is going to pull the wool over my eyes!"

Spreading her arms, she sailed straight on. She could now see her scalawagon, driven at top speed by the monster. She made for it, but before she had gone far, a thunder-head rose in her path. It was the blackest and most threatening cloud she had ever

seen.

"You're going the wrong way on a one-way storm path!" said the thunder-head.

"I'm in a hurry, and I can't stop for rules," Jenny replied.

"That's too bad. A cargo of lightning is coming this way. I feel sorry for you when you collide with it!"

"Oooh-lightning! I don't want to bump into that," said Jenny.

"Then you'd better drop out of sight for awhile."

Jenny decided to take this advice, and lowering her arms, she began to drop. Down, down, down, she went, until with a soft thud she landed. Looking about, she discovered herself in the midst of a vast potato field.

"Dick! Hey, Dick!"

"What was that?" asked Jenny, jumping around.

"You're under arrest!" said the voice.

"Who says so?" she protested.

"I-Dick Tater," came the reply.

Then Jenny saw a large potato man, standing against the earth. She had not seen him right away because he was the same color as the soil.

"You - arrest me?" Jenny began to laugh. "I'm

bigger than you. Why I could mash you!"

She picked up her foot and put it over Dick Tater's head. The frightened man dropped his brave pose and shrieked, "Treason!"

At this an army of potatoes came rushing toward Jenny. The sight of his soldiers gave Dick Tater more courage. Pointing his knobby finger at Jenny, he cried, "Plow her under!"

"Oh, no, you won't!" said Jenny. "Why, I could have you boiled, creamed, fried, and chipped. Do you know that?"

"To the root cellar with her!" screamed the Dick Tater, growing dark in the face.

The army marched up to Jenny, but then stood still as if it did not know just how to capture her. Jenny burst out laughing.

But she soon stopped laughing, as she saw what was happening. From all sides of the field more potatoes were digging their way out of the potato trenches and marching toward her. The small potatoes, that could not see well, because they had no eyes, rolled on their short, curly feet. From heaps at the side of the field, thousands of potatoes came running toward her.

The potato monarch surveyed his forces with pride. "I am the greatest Potentato of the Vegetable King-

dom !" he boasted.

The potatoes formed a ring around Jenny, piling higher and higher, standing on one another's shoulders. Soon she saw that if she did not act, she would be enclosed in a high wall of solid potatoes.

"You mustn't detain me any longer," she said. "I might lose the rubber ghost who stole my scala-Wagon."

"Hey, Spud!" called the Dick Tater, "you're my Chief Executioner. Peel her, and slice her, and fry her until brown!"

"Indeed, you'll do nothing of the kind," said Jenny. She was no longer amused.

Spud, a fat potato in a dusty jacket, reached from the wall of potatoes. He tried to catch hold of Jenny, but with her fairy mitt she brushed him off.

"I don't intend to remain here and vegetate," she said scornfully. "Break your ranks!"

"You can't take the starch out of us, no matter what you say," retorted Spud. He reached toward Jenny and this time fastened his curly fingers in her clothes so tightly that she could not brush him off.

"Nab her!" ordered Spud. Immediately a hundred grubby hands seized Jenny.

"Will you resist now?" said Dick Tater.

"I could never resist potatoes," said ahe.

"Give yourself up!"

"Thanks for the advice. But I'll give you up first,"
said Jenny.

She spoke as bravely as she could. But when she raised her eyes and saw how high the potatoes had piled over her, her heart sank. She was standing in the centre of thousands of potatoes.

"I must rise to the occasion, without further delay," she thought. "Now-before it's too late."

Could she do it? She scanned the sky anxiously. It looked so far away! There was one hope. She pushed her fairy foot hard against the ground.

"Hurrah! I'm going up!"

In another minute she was high in the air. A hundred potatoes, including Spud, were still clinging to her.

"Help! Help!" they cried. Jenny could see terror in their eyes.

She advised, "Let go, and I'll drop you like hot potatoes."

Her former captors were only too glad to obey. Untwisting their hands from her clothes, they fell with a thud and a Spud.

The Bells of Ozma's Tower

IT'S growing dark," said Ozma. "We'd better be getting home."

Over the Singing Brook the red evening was settling. In the distant parts of Oz, evening came in deep shades of blue, purple, and yellow. In the Emerald City, night came on in green splendor.

"You're right, your Majesty," said the Wizard.

"Just raise your hand and get your subjects' attention."

Ozma raised the hand with the giant emerald. Instantly she had the attention of the children, and the animals, in the water, the creatures on the beach and in the air. The water fairies swam to the top of the brook to listen. The kelpies sat in a row on the waterfall, holding to a rope of spray.

"Dear subjects," said Ozma in a clear voice. "It's time to go home. Some of you should be in bed soon. And I must be ready to watch Jenny's progress in my magic picture at my palace."

Though all were reluctant to stop playing, nobody would think of disobeying the queen. There was a scurry toward the bath houses. Those who had bath-

ing suits exchanged them for their own clothes. But the Nota-bells begged the bull frog to be allowed to keep their checked, striped, plaid, and dotted bathing suits.

"They are so much better than the clothes we were wearing," said the vesper bell.

"Keep them," said the deep-voiced frog. "Just take them as souvenirs of a happy day."

The Nota-bells didn't stop to think that they might look a bit queer walking about the Emerald City in bathing suits. They skipped joyously toward the scalamagons and climbed in with all those who invited them.

The beasts were shaking themselves dry on the shore. The Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman, Scraps and Pumpkinhead, and the Sawhorse and Tik-Tok, who never bathed, were already seated in their scalamagons.

Finally everybody was ready, except Aunt Em, who had to dry her long hair.

"Oh, dear, I hate to keep everybody waiting," said the good woman. "And darkness falling so fast, too."

"Just a moment," said Ozma. Crooking her finger, she summoned a pink little dragonette. "Now, Evangeline, listen-" She whispered into its ear, and the lady dragonette walked carefully up to Aunt Em.

Keeping enough distance to prevent sparks from falling, the dragonette breathed its hot breath on Aunt Em's hair.

"Why, it's all dry now," said Aunt Em gratefully.

She wound up her hair and got in beside Uncle Henry.

The procession was ready, and as Tik-Tok gave the signal, the scalawagons began to roll away from the brook.

A chorus of song followed the travelers. In the chorus could be heard the high notes of the brook and the deep notes of the bull frog. When the procession had gone beyond the reach of this sound, the Notabells struck up a soft tune. They played all the favorite melodies of Oz, and the people hummed as they rode.

As night darkened, a soft glow came from each scalawagon and shed a radiance over the road. The Wizard had mixed this light into the oztex of which the cars were made. And the bright eyes of the scalawagons kept a sharp look-out ahead.

At the parting of the ways, Glinda and her Quadlings turned their scalawagons toward the red palace of the sorceress. Ozma's party continued toward the Emerald City.

The Guardian of the Gate had left the gate open,

intending to wait up for Ozma. But he had fallen asleep. Suddenly he awakened to see a host of gleaming objects advancing through the dark toward him.

Jumping up, he cried,

"Help! Moonbeams are coming! The heavens are falling! Help !"

"I think you are a little moonstruck yourself," laughed a friendly voice. It was the Wizard's. The Guardian recognized that voice and fell back respectfully.

"Oh, it's you, great Wizard. I didn't expect any magic tricks at this hour!"

"You shall have a trick of your own," laughed the Wizard, making a sign to one of the empty scalawagons. The car rolled up to the Guardian and stopped. The eyes blinked in the friendliest way.

"For me?" cried the astonished Guardian.

"Certainly. A private car to take you wherever you go."

"But I never go anywhere," said the Guardian.

"I belong right here."

Ozma spoke up, "Take the car. When you feel like a drive through the country, the Soldier with the Green Whiskers will relieve you."

"Thank you!" cried the Guardian. "I've long wanted to visit my cousin Qompa in the Gillikan coun-

try."

They left the happy Guardian with his scalawagon and proceeded through the city. Soon the houses awakened out of their sound sleep. At the unusual sight of the lighted scalawagons, the houses began to shudder and shake. They tried to spring away. Being rooted to the spot, they stood quaking with fear. The people were tossed from their beds, and babies were jolted in their cradles. The soups in the iceboxes spilled; the cream whipped in its bottles. The swallows were shaken out of the chimneys and went flying about in bewilderment.

Windows were thrust open, and the people looked out to see what had given their houses the jitters. Seeing the strange stream of light flowing along the highway, they caught the panic themselves.

One weak house was shaken to its foundations and almost collapsed like a pack of cards.

"This won't do," said Ozma. Raising her hand, she commanded the houses to stop their shivering. Then she spoke in her clear tone, explaining the scalawagons.

"Each family will receive one for its private use," said Ozma. As she spoke, several scalawagons left the main parade and rolled toward the houses.

With the scalawagons making the street as bright as day, and the people fully awakened, it seemed that there was a circus in town. The children wanted to run down and try their scalawagons right away. But Ozma advised everybody to return to bed.

"This has always been a peaceful, law-abiding city. It must remain so," she said firmly.

The people returned to bed. The houses drew their blinds and soon were dozing. The swallows returned to their chimney nests.

At the gates of the Animal Enclosure the animals turned in.

"Goodnight, everyone!" they called. "We've had a very pleasant day off. Thank you, Ozma!"

"You're quite welcome. Be sure to have Ojo fasten the gate," Ozma called back.

Ozma's party reached the palace door. "Dorothy, please show everyone to a guest room," said Ozma.

"We'll do no more today."

With Jellia Jamb, her personal maid, Ozma turned into her sleeping chamber. Its lofty walls shone with silken hangings, and the great four-poster bed smiled invitingly. Jellia helped the queen out of her garments and then brushed her bright hair.

"Oh, hum," said Ozma with a yawn. "I am so sleepy."

You must be, too. Run along, my dear, and put yourself to bed."

Jellia withdrew, and a knock came on the door.

Ozma opened it in surprise that anyone should call at such an hour.

Outside the door, filling the hallway, stood Dorothy with the eighty-eight Nota-bells. They held their bell-caps under their arms, and their eighty-eight bald heads glistened.

"Ozma, I don't know where to put these bell-men," said Dorothy.

"Is there no bedroom big enough for them?" asked Ozma.

"It isn't that. They say they are outdoor creatures and can't spend the night in a house." Dorothy yawned. "Excuse me, your Highness, but I am so sleepy!"

Ozma smiled on her little friend. "If they can't sleep indoors, perhaps they'd like to try the pasture."

"I'm afraid that won't do," replied a bell-man. "We aren't cowbells, you see. Besides, danger lurks on the ground."

"We prefer to remain high in the air," said another bell-man.

"But still we want to be close to your Majesty," said

a third.

Ozma nibbled her little finger, thinking hard. Then she looked up with a smile. "I know! You can fly up to my highest tower and perch there for the night."

"Fine!" said the first bell-man. "Open the window, please."

Ozma went to a window and opened it wide. The eighty-eight Nota-bells clapped their bells onto their heads and flew out like a swarm of bees.

"Goodnight," they called as they flew by "See you in the morning."

Ozma slept late next morning. As she was having her breakfast, the room grew suddenly dark. Looking up, she saw the windows filled with the Nota-bells. They stood perched on the sills, awaiting her permission to enter. They looked quite refreshed. Their long beards glistened with dewdrops. The little sky tramps, bright and early, had visited the turn-style shop and changed their gay colored bathing suits for pale green musicians' uniforms.

"Come in," Ozma called. "I'm almost finished with my breakfast. I suppose you have come to find out who you are?"

"Exactly," said the Nota-bells in a chorus. "We're tired of not knowing."

Ozma wiped her lips with her napkin and pushed

back from the table. "Come this way, please. We will look you up."

She led the troupe of little men into the adjoining consulting room. Going to a bookcase, the queen pulled out a great, ancient-looking book, bound in leather.

"I shall consult this Book of Magic Tribes," she said.

Spreading the book on a table, Ozma bent over its pages. The Nota-bells waited eagerly while she ran her finger up one column and down another.

"Hm," she said, "There are quite a few. I'll read aloud:

"LOST OR STRAYED BANDS FROM BOBOLAND"

"CRINKS? NO!"

"CHUCKERTS? NO!"

"ELFEONS? NO!"

"JOLLERICKS?. NO!"

"SPUNKERS? NO!"

"GADIXIES? NO!"

"GIFFERS? NO!"

The little men stood joining in like a chorus each time Ozma said "NO!"

"Well, if you aren't any of these, I'll look further,"

said Ozma, and she turned the page.

"Here you are!" She gave a little start and pointed her finger at the book. "PUCKERTS!" Then she read on, "Musical band of whisker-wings. From the Sugar Pyramids. Homeless band of Fly-a-ways. Not heard of for seven hundred years! Possibly have become sky-tramps or cloud-rovers."

"We are jolly tramps all right!" cried several bellmen, drawing themselves up proudly.

"Well," said Ozma kindly, "possibly you have roved a lot."

"This puts us in our proper place," muttered another member of the band, nodding toward Ozma's book.

Several crowded closer to examine the record. Others began to ring with excitement.

"We're found! At last we're found!"

"Why, of course !" said one old bewhiskered fellow.

"I remember the Sugar Pyramid! Home, sweet home!"

"Do you want me to send you back there?" asked Ozma. She had closed the book and replaced it, and stood dusting her hands.

"No, no, don't send us to the Sugar Pyramid. It's swarming with ants and relatives. We get eaten out of house and home," they cried.

"We want to stay with you, Ozma."

"If you stay in the Emerald City," said Ozma, "you'll have to do some kind of work. Everyone here is useful."

"Work?" they echoed dismally. They exchanged worried looks. "It's many centuries since we've worked."

"But you haven't forgotten how," smiled Ozma. "You are excellent musicians."

"Oh, if you call that work!" they said.

"Of course I do. And I know just how we can use you."

"How? How?"

"Did you like your place on my tower last night?" Ozma asked.

"Yes, your Majesty."

"Then I have a high position for all of you."

Ozma laughed and clapped her hands. As if in answer to her hand-clapping, the door opened and the Wizard came in.

"You sent for me?" he said.

"Yes. What do you think of this: the bell-men (they are Puckerts) are to live up in the tower and furnish my people with music from chime to chime."

The Wizard nodded. "Excellent, your Majesty. And

on special occasions, like your birthday."

Ozma clasped her hands. "I'm glad we've found a good use for them."

"We'll do more," declared one of the bell band.

"High up above the city, we can see far and wide. If danger should approach, we'll ring a warning."

"Thank you," said Ozma. "Is everything quite comfortable in the chimes-tower?"

"Quite. If it please your Majesty, we'll be going now," said they. "It's almost noon, and we've our work to do."

The band of whiskers made for the grand stairway and slid down the banisters.

Ozma and the Wizard exchanged looks of satisfaction.

"A good morning's work, Ozma," said the Wizard.

"As for me, I have done nothing worthwhile as yet."

Scarcely were the words spoken, when a heavy knock came on the door. "Whatever that is," said the Wizard hurriedly, "leave it to me. I've simply got to accomplish something this morning."

The door opened and in marched Tik-Tok, with the Mifkit sitting on his head. The copper man looked distressed.

Seeing the queen, he rushed up to her and knelt on one knee, with his arms spread out in a gesture of

appeal.

"I-am-not-un-grate-ful," he began to tock swiftly,

"But-by-my-head I-I-don't-need-this-Mif-kit."

The Mifkit cheerfully took a handkerchief out of Tik-Tok's breast pocket and set to polishing his copper head.

"There~is~a~lim~it~to~the~polish~that~a~man~needs," said Tik-Tok.

Ozma looked at the Wizard, as if she meant to let him handle this situation.

"Do you know of anyone else who might need Mifkit?" asked the Wizard of Tik-Tok.

Tik-Tok shook his head gloomily.

"If nobody wants you," said the Wizard to the Mifkit, motioning to him to get off Tik-Tok's head, "I suppose I'd better send you home."

The Mifkit jumped to the ground and cried, "Please don't send me back there! I couldn't bear it."

"I don't blame you," said the Wizard. "The Sandy Waste is a dreadful place. And now that you've had a taste of Oz, it will seem all the horrider."

The Wizard shuddered. "I'll have to think of something," he said. The Mifkit stood on one foot and then the other, waiting for the Wizard to finish thinking.

"I have it!" said the Wizard at last. He held up

his hands and made a few passes in the air. Immediately Number Nine walked through the door.

"Yes, sir?" said the blue Munchkin boy.

"Come in, my boy," said the Wizard. "Your father is a farmer, isn't he?"

"Yes, he is," said Number Nine.

"I've heard say that a farmer can always use an extra hand. Do you think your father would like this Mifkit for a helper?"

"Can you milk a cow?" asked Number Nine, turning to the Mifkit.

"I could if I had one. Is that the same as winding and polishing?" asked the Mifkit.

Number Nine smiled. "No, it's quite different. I'm afraid you'd be a misfit."

"Please give me a trial!" begged the Mifkit, so pitifully, that Ozma's kind heart was moved.

"We might let him learn," she said. Tik-Tok joined in, "He-is-will-ing-e-nough."

"I don't suppose a cow would mind being milked by a misfit Mifkit. And my father would be glad of the help," said Number Nine.

"Then we'll send the Mifkit to your father's," said the Wizard. He looked at Ozma, and Ozma put her hand to her belt.

"Go to Number Nine's father in the Munchkin

country," she spoke out, rubbing her belt.

Zing! The Mifkit was no longer there.

"Let's look in my magic picture and see how the farmer takes it," said Ozma. With a smile, she hurried over to the wall. Drawing some curtains aside, she revealed a large picture hanging there. It was not an ordinary picture, but a living moving picture.

There stood a Munchkin farmer in blue overalls. He stood inside a cow stable. "That's my dad!" cried Number Nine. Suddenly a little Mifkit dropped into a pile of straw near him.

"I am your new milker," announced the Mifkit. The farmer took a long, careful look at the Mifkit. He wasted no words.

"All right! Get the pail and let me see what you can do."

"Everything is going to be fine," laughed Ozma, turning from the picture.

"I'm-so-re-lieved," said Tik-Tok, and bowing politely, he left the room.

"Hey-hey-come back to your work!" came a new voice in the room. Everyone spun around. There, in the transom above the door, appeared the hall clock.

"Number Nine, I'm tired of your loafing," scolded the clock. "I ran down, and I'm quite put out. Are you

coming up?"

"Not until we look into that picture again and learn where Jenny is," said Number Nine.

The boy looked pleadingly at the Wizard and Ozma.

"I've been tuning the teletable all morning, but I can't locate her," he said.

"Then she's not lost," said Ozma reassuringly.

"Only lost things show up in your teletable. But we could easily locate her in the magic picture. I was meaning to do it soon."

Ozma moved toward the picture again.

"I declare, nobody minds me for a minute," said the clock in disgust. Climbing down from the door, it went stamping up to its place.

The door opened and Dorothy came in, with Jellia, Betsy, and Trot. The friends had their arms about each other. Running up to Ozma, they embraced her and bade her and the Wizard good morning.

"You're just in time to look into the magic picture with us," said Ozma, as she kissed the girls in return.

"We are trying to see Jenny and the rubber ghost."

"Oh, then we're glad we came!" exclaimed the girls.

They bent forward, looking eagerly into the picture. "What can be happening to Jenny?"

The Moving Forest

"If only I had not let those potatoes detain me!" said Jenny to herself.

Darkness was coming on, and she saw no sign of her scalawagon and the rubber ghost. It was useless to remain in the air all night. She looked carefully for a sleeping place.

Soon Jenny saw a forest. "Just the place," she said to herself. "The trees will shelter me from the rain -if it should rain.

Rain did not seem likely, however. The storm clouds had fallen behind her. The air was very dry, as if it had not rained for many days.

As darkness was settling, Jenny descended. Carefully avoiding the tree tops, she made a safe landing. Then she walked into the shelter of the forest and lay down.

"I'll take off my fairy gifts and give myself a good rest," she thought.

Removing her eyeglass, mitt, earmuffs, and left-footed slipper, Jenny put them carefully into her handbag. Then she laid the handbag on the grass beside her. She was very sleepy and tired.

"What could have happened to that mysterious ghost?" thought Jenny. Before she could think of an answer, she was fast asleep.

Several hours passed. Then the trees of the forest began to rustle and whisper:

"No rain! No rain! Why should we go thirsty any longer?" whispered one tree.

"That's right. Why should we?" answered another. "I'm going to find a drink. Good-bye," crackled a large, old tree, whose leaves were shriveled.

The old tree tugged at its roots. Its roots were thick and gnarled, and slid along the ground. When it had pulled up its roots, it moved on.

"Wait, wait!" hissed another tree. It was a young tree, with a restless air.

The old tree would not wait, but glided silently away. The young tree hurriedly pulled up its roots and glided after it. Seeing them, the other trees became restless. Soon all were tugging at their roots, pulling free, and slipping away. All this motion made no more noise than a breeze passing through some leaves. Jenny was not wakened. She only sighed and slept on.

"Don't crowd me!" said the old tree. "There's plenty of time."

The old tree moved steadily, and the others stayed

close behind, until the entire forest had crossed a field and came to a river. Into the middle of the river waded the trees. They plunged their thirsty roots deep into the water.

In a few minutes the river was dry. But the trees felt better. They stood contentedly in the dry river bed, going to sleep.

Jenny slept deeply. Her handbag lay unguarded at her side. Now she was no longer hidden by the forest, but at the mercy of any prowler who might come along. Luckily, the beasts had long ago been driven away by the woodchoppers. But there was something else prowling over the countryside. minute it was drawing closer to Jenny.

A strange body of light was traveling toward Jenny. It gleamed faintly within the darkness. and closer it came. At last it stopped near the sleeping girl.

"That's strange, said a voice within the
"There was a forest here. I meant to hide this pesky car, so that girl couldn't see it shining and discover my whereabouts. But now-where's the forest?"

The rubber ghost, for it was no other, stopped the gleaming scalawagon. Sitting up, it scratched its head in perplexity.

"Another mystery!" grumbled the ghost. "I won't stand for it!"

But the ghost did stand. It stood right up in the scalawagon and searched the darkness with its small squinting eyes.

"Nope. Not a tree anywhere. But hoz! What's this?"

Stretching its rubber neck, it discovered the sleeping figure of Jenny. Then it saw something else-- Jenny's handbag. The monster began to shake with rage.

"That's the thing she carries her scissors in! Those scissors she snipped me with. No wonder I feel so weak and flabby, with my insides oozing out."

Reaching out a rubber hand, the ghost snatched Jenny's handbag.

"She's snippy, and I'm snoopy," it said. It held fast to the handbag. Then it decided to move on.

Silently the scalawagon rolled away. In the light of its own oztex fabric, it could see the way on the dark field. Soon it drew near the forest of sleeping trees.

"The mystery is solved !" exclaimed the ghost gleefully. "This is the forest I was looking for."

It steered the scalawagon into hiding among the trees. It felt safer now, but to be doubly safe, it

climbed out of the scalawagon and up the nearest tree, carrying Jenny's handbag with it. At the top of the tree it found an empty crow's nest. Folding its rubber sides, the ghost squeezed into the nest.

"Safe at last," it sighed. Nothing betrayed its presence, except its odor. In another moment the thief was sleeping as soundly as Jenny.

All was silent in the woods now. But toward morning the silence became filled with a new uneasy whispering. It was the old tree, rustling its leaves and saying,

"We're not safe in this river bed. Someone will come to get water, and find us. Then they'll run home for an ax-I know, I know."

"He knows, he knows," moaned the young tree, almost frightened out of its wits. "I don't want to be chopped down. Let's move!"

"We'll find a plowed field, where we'll be safe," said the old tree. And with that it began to draw its roots softly over the ground, stepping free of the river bed and moving onward.

The other trees followed their old leader. Pulling their roots from the soft ground, they began to glide after.

High in the crow's nest the folded rubber ghost

stirred. Feeling the nest swaying, it began to grumble and groan.

The trees stopped and listened.

"Did you hear something?" whispered one tree.

"Yes-s-s," hissed another.

The rubber ghost heard them. Sitting up, it gave a sudden whistle, like an early bird.

"It's only a bird," sighed the first tree in relief.

"Come on."

"Right," agreed the other. "We can't remain here and be chopped into firewood."

The snooper peeped out and discovered its tree moving. Looking all around, it failed to see the scalawagon.

"It's a trap!" it stormed. It tried to get out of the crow's nest. But during the night so much of its disagreeable-smelling insides had escaped that it was almost numb. "Help !" said the frightened ghost. "I'm too deflated to scare anyone now."

"Come on," called the oldest tree to its mates.

"We'll find a plowed field soon."

"What's that? What's that?" chattered the ghost.

"Plowed field? Who said I wanted a plowed field?"

STOP!"

But the trees did not stop. For the ghost's small voice could scarcely be heard.

When morning came with its soft purple light of a Gillikan day, Jenny sat up abruptly. She looked around, and then rubbed her eyes.

"Am I dreaming? No, I'm quite awake. But what's become of the forest?"

She stared around in amazement. She had fallen asleep in the shelter of a hundred trees. But there was not a single tree in sight! Only a lot of grass that looked as if it had been plowed during the night.

"I'm losing my wits," said Jenny in bewilderment.

"Let me put on my fairy gifts." She looked around for her handbag and then cried, "Why, my handbag is gone, too!"

Frantically, she searched the ground around her. But there was not a trace of the handbag.

"What shall I do now?" she cried. "Without my fairy gifts I can't get far."

Standing up, Jenny looked into the purple distance. She saw stretching purple fields and purple lanes.

"Not a house in sight," she said, feeling her eyes fill with tears. She blinked back the tears as bravely as she could. But inside herself she felt frightened. She was hungry, and there was no breakfast. Without food to give her strength, she could not walk far.

"I mustn't despair," she murmured to herself.

"Something will happen, though I don't know what!"

The next instant Jenny saw something coming over the horizon. Her heart beat hard. Was it friends coming to her rescue, or some new kind of danger?

Jenny stood her ground bravely. She kept her eyes fixed on the distant object, until she was able to see what it was. Then she gave a cry of surprise.

"It's a scalawagon!"

Could it be her own scalawagon with the thieving ghost inside? Jenny's heart was beating madly. If the monster had the ghost of an idea of drawing near, she had nothing with which to capture him.

Jenny put her hand up to shade her eyes, staring hard at the approaching scalawagon. Then another scalawagon appeared behind it - and a third and a fourth! Who could all those people be? What if they passed right by without seeing her? Throwing up her arms, she began to wave. The others waved back.

"They see me!" Jenny cried joyfully.

The strange scalawagons were coming closer. Jenny could make out four figures. They were girls.

"Dorothy, Jellia, Trot, and Betsy!" cried Jenny, as the scalawagons slid to a stop.

The four girls were smiling delightfully. Jenny was so happy to see them that she burst into tears.

"A few minutes ago I felt all alone and helpless,"

she explained, smiling through her tears.

"You needn't have worried," said Dorothy. "Ozma was watching over you."

Betsy went on, "We saw you in Ozma's magic picture. When you awoke and found your handbag gone, Ozma wanted to fetch you back to the Emerald City."

"But we begged to be allowed to come here," continued Betsy. "My, I haven't had such an adventure since I was shipwrecked with Hank the Mule!"

"Nor I, since I fell into the whirlpool with Captain Bill," said Trot. "That was before I came to Oz."

By this time, Jenny was feeling much better. She still wanted to laugh and cry at the same time. But most of all she wanted her breakfast.

It was Jellia who said, "Cake's sake, Jenny. Get into my scalawagon. The LUNCH bar is serving breakfast at this hour."

Jenny climbed into Jellia's scalawagon. When she pressed the LUNCH button, five delicious breakfasts appeared. There was enough for everyone, and Jenny handed out glasses of purple milk and bananas to her friends.

While they were eating, Dorothy said, "Ozma and the Wizard are still puzzled about that rubber ghost. They can't discover what it is because it is traveling

in disguise."

"We have Ozma's permission to help you find the ghost, and then to deal with it properly," said Trot.

She held up a pair of scissors. "The Wizard gave us each a pair. We can cut-up as much as we like."

"That ghost won't have a chance," declared Betsy.

Jenny soon finished her breakfast. Food and friends had raised her spirits sky-high.

"I know we can catch that rubbery fellow!" she declared.

"Certainly! Come on, girls," cried Dorothy gaily.

They started their scalawagons.

"Where to?" asked Dorothy.

"I don't know," said Jenny.

"Aren't those tracks of some kind?" said Jellia, staring at the ground, where there were ruts left by the trees' roots.

"Strange tracks, I call them. They cross and double-cross," said Betsy.

"But all tracks go somewhere," said Trot. "Let's follow and see where these take us."

At first the tracks only confused the girls. They steered their scalawagons into the twisting ruts, but found themselves traveling in circles.

"I've never been in such a rut," said Jenny, as they returned to their starting place for the tenth time.

"I think we should stop steering and let our scalawagons lead us," said Dorothy.

Leaning forward, Dorothy patted her scalawagon between its eyes.

"Help us find the rubber ghost," she coaxed. The eyes of the scalawagon blinked twice, and a wise look came into them. Then, without a sound, the little car was off, its wheels turning in the tracks left by the old tree.

"Follow it!" called Jenny.

The scalawagons enjoyed running without being steered. Their wide-open eyes were shining. In a little while they proved their good sense by arriving at the river that the forest had drunk dry. There was no more water there, and there was no forest. But there was something that made Jenny cry out:

"Why, there's my scalawagon!"

The scalawagon was standing just where the rubber ghost had abandoned it. Its eyelids had been drooping, but seeing its companions, it began to rear and jump.

"Thanks for the lift, Jelila," cried Jenny, getting out of Jellia's scalawagon and running to her own. Climbing into the seat, she rubbed the control but-

tons.

"That nasty ghost didn't damage you," she said fondly. "Now, if only I could find my handbag!"

"You'll find that when you find that thieving ghost," said Betsy. "After him, girls!"

"Which way?" inquired Trot.

Nobody knew how to answer this question. Then Jenny said, "Suppose we let my scalawagon lead? It must remember which way the ghost went."

The others agreed.

"Now, Scally," said Jenny to her scalawagon, "which way did that rubber monster go?"

The good sense that Tik-Tok had knocked into its head now served the scalawagon well. For without hesitation, it started off in the direction taken by the moving forest.

CHAPTER 21

The Ghost Rides High

ALL night long the trees had moved, dragging their roots and sighing softly. They did not find a plowed field until daybreak. It was just the kind of field they wanted, but when they tried to settle there, a farmer appeared and shouted to them to move on.

Moving forests are common in Gillikan land.

"I no sooner clear my land of trees, when another horde comes," shouted the farmer. He shook his fist at the forest "Get along, you drifters!"

The trees had no course but to go on. As daylight grew a brighter purple, another danger appeared.

The woodchoppers came with their axes.

The old tree leader hissed, "Keep a sharp lookout on all sides."

"There's one now!" warned a tree in the rear. The trees hurried as if a strong wind were blowing them.

The woodchopper stopped and shook his head.

There was no use trying to chop down a tree that wouldn't stand still.

Meanwhile the rubber ghost crouched within the crow's nest. It was getting highly impatient. Never before had it been imprisoned for a whole night.

"It's that toe," grumbled the ghost, looking at the toe that Jenny's scissors had snipped. "That's where it comes rushing out - that sweet-smelling stuff that made me a giant."

The ghost was far from being a giant now. So much of the peculiar-smelling stuff had escaped that it was quite shriveled. As it shrank, it assumed a strange, flat appearance.

"It's true that I've shrunk, but maybe I can stretch again. Then I can frighten this forest," the ghost thought wickedly.

Making a mighty effort, for it was nearly exhausted now, the rubber monster stood upright in the nest. Then it began to breathe-and breathe-and breathe. It breathed in, but never out. In a little while it had breathed so much air that it was swollen up again. It was a terrible effort to keep the air in, but the ghost was terribly determined. With seven more breaths it had swelled to a ferocious size.

"Now I'll scare those stupid trees into obeying me," it thought.

Leaning far over the crow's nest, it allowed the air to escape in a mighty blast, while it gave out a roar like thunder.

The forest stopped. The young trees began to tremble.

"Thunder!"

"Lightning!"

"We'll be struck!" they cried.

The upper limbs of the trees swayed so hard that the ghost was almost tumbled out of the crow's nest. The ghost was again breathing in as hard as it could. When it was bloated to the size of a great bladder, it made another sound like thunder.

The trees were too frightened to move. This was what the cunning ghost had hoped for.

"OBEY ME!" it thundered."

Yes, yes," sighed the trees.

"March straight on to the next crossroad," ordered the ghost. "There you will see a cross-eyed house. Turn right and keep going until the purple highway runs into a green one. Follow the green one to the Emerald City. Then I'll give you further orders!"

All this was delivered in a menacing tone. The trees trembled and obeyed. Though they passed plowed fields that looked inviting, they dared not stop. Sometimes a farmer came out of a purple house and waited to make sure that the forest did not settle on his land. Herds of purple cattle turned their mild eyes to watch the forest move past. The crossroad was several miles distant, and the sun was getting strong. The trees began to get thirsty once more.

"Water, water," they began whispering.

"You'll get plenty of water at the Emerald City," promised the ghost. It continued to talk in its most terrifying voice. The trees heard and trembled. In the ghost's mind a more wicked scheme was forming. It kept mumbling to itself, holding on to its big toe to keep its insides from escaping.

"Why shouldn't I make these stupid trees serve me?" it was mumbling. "I'll use them to get my revenge on those people who cut me with scissors. I'LL CAPTURE THE WHOLE CITY!"

The more it thought about this, the better the idea seemed.

"Sure, I'll capture the whole kit and kaboodle, and make myself king!" The ghost wriggled with delight at this thought, smirking in a most self-satisfied way.

"And when I'm king," it went on to itself, "I'll make a law that no scissors may be used by anyone but me!"

The trees spread out over the entire road, making it impossible for anyone to pass in either direction. They were a purple, towering mass that moved down the road like a landslide. Though the peaceful trees did not know it, they looked frightening to children and strangers.

Suddenly one young tree at the rear plunged leafily into the tree ahead.

"Something is coming!" it hissed.

"Woodchoppers?" cried the second tree.

"Worse than woodchoppers! Something on wheels !"

The rumor spread swiftly among the trees. Looking back, they discovered the five pursuing scalawags.

"Run for your lives !" called the old tree.

The trees began to sway and hobble in a panic.

High in its crow's nest, the ghost was thrashed about like a ship in a storm.

"Hey, hey, what's going on down there?" it wheezed.

Then it remembered that it must keep its voice terrible, and filling itself with air, it let out in a loud bellow:

"KEEP MOVING ONWARD!"

The trees now lost their heads completely. Frightened by the speeding scalawagons behind, and by the terrible voice above, they rushed on, pell-mell. At the crossroads they came to the cross-eyed house. Its eyes were crossed from watching both roads at the same time.

"what's the hurry?" complained a small purple bird sitting on a post. The post was marked "peanut Pike." An arrow pointed to the north, and under the arrow were the words: "To Bottle Hill. Take the Lumbering Gate."

The old tree leader took in this sign at a glance, and forgetting the ghost's directions, turned off toward Bottle Hill.

"NO, NO, NOT THAT WAY!" roared the ghost

The old tree pulled itself up so hard that several limbs snapped off. Then, in bewilderment it went

limping toward the Emerald City with the whole forest stampeding after it

"I'm the master, and they're my slaves!" grunted the ghost. "Soon all the stupid people in the Emerald City will be my slaves, too!"

Far behind the fleeing forest the five scalawagons were racing. The girls had long since caught sight of the purple mass of moving trees. It was Jenny who cried,

"Maybe that rubber ghost is hiding among those trees!"

"It certainly looks suspicious, the way they're running away from us," said Dorothy.

"Don't get too close," said Betsy. "They may turn and stampede us!"

"We must wait till they stop," added Trot "And hope that won't be too soon. This is real FUN!"

The five girls agreed that they were having the time of their lives. For hours their scalawagons had been racing up hill and down dale, over fences and bushes and turnstiles.

At one turnstile, Jenny had said, "When this adventure is over, I'll be glad to return to my own turnstyle shop. I'm beginning to miss it."

"It must be missing you, too, Jenny," said Dorothy.

"Nobody can manage it as well as you. You run it

like the duchess that you are."

Jenny gave Dorothy a pleased smile. "Thank you, Dorothy. Spoken like the princess that you are! But Number Nine's Sister Six is an able helper. She's managing the shop during my absence."

There was not much chance to talk, for the uneven ground separated the racing cars. Purple rabbits, cats, and groundhogs scurried into their holes for safety. Jenny and Dorothy forgot their dignity as a duchess and a princess and squealed in delight like Betsy, Trot, and Jellia.

"Cake's sakes! Wouldn't Ozma like to be here!" cried Jellia.

"I certainly would!" exclaimed the Queen, standing before her magic picture in the Emerald City.

Ozma and the Wizard had been sitting before picture since early morning. As Ozma watched the chase, she often got so excited that she burst out with a spoken remark. Now she jumped to her feet and cried, "Shall I help you find that mean little ghost?" The Wizard put a restraining hand on the queen's shoulder. "Sit down, please, and calm yourself."

Ozma sat down with a bashful smile. "I was forgetting," she said, "that I told the girls they could do it all by themselves. The picture is so real, I seem to

be with them."

"I know the temptation, your Majesty," said the Wizard kindly. "It's so easy for you to remove that ghost with a little simple magic. But the girls would feel cheated."

"What do you suppose that ghost really is?" said Ozma. "I can't find it in my library records."

"We'll get its secret just as soon as it's captured," said the Wizard. "Meanwhile, I am enjoying this moving picture. Aren't you?"

"As long as no one is in real danger," said Ozma.

"Look, the forest is coming into the frame. It's getting closer!" said the Wizard.

Ozma bent forward, studying the picture intently.

"It won't do," she murmured. "We can't have a purple forest in our green city. The color doesn't fit."

"They ought to know better," said the Wizard.

"They wouldn't be coming here if they didn't mean some foul play."

"It can't be the trees that are foul," said Ozma, shaking her head. "It's that rubber ghost hidden in that nest. It's up to no good!"

"What do you propose to do about it?" asked the Wizard.

Ozma's reply was drowned in the sudden loud clanging of warning bells.

"Listen!" cried the Wizard. "Our bell-men are warning us that danger is heading this way!"

CHAPTER 22

The Forest Surrenders

THE clanging of the warning bells was heard outside the city gate. The moving forest heard it, and stopping, began to whimper with terror.

"STOP BLUBBERING! GET FIERCE!" bellowed the ghost.

"Fierce? How could we be fierce? We're gentle by nature," said the old tree.

"Then change your nature," commanded the pitiless ghost. It felt more desperate than ever, now that its goal was in sight. The towers of the Emerald City sparkled in the sunlight. The sight made the ghost green with envy. If it could become king of all that! The trees stopped, looked back. But that way was cut off by the five dashing scalawagons.

"Trapped !" sighed the oldest tree.

"Trapped!" the ghost gnashed its rubber gums together. "If I come down now, they'll get me. There's no way but to go on."

The ghost was too cowardly to come down and lead the trees. It remained safely within its nest and called down commands.

"Capture the Guardian of the Gate! Capture the Soldier with the Green Whiskers!"

The trees trembled, but they crept forward to obey.

As soon as the warning bells had begun ringing, the Guardian had fastened the gate. But the trees marched up to the wall and looked over. From out of the topmost branches came the loud voice of the ghost:

"OPEN THE GATE!"

The old Guardian shouted back, "I'll do nothing of the kind. Go back where you belong!"

The Soldier with the Green whiskers raised a pop-gun and began to fire popcorn as fast as he could.

"Retreat or surrender!" cried the Soldier. His long green whiskers stood out in three separate parts. His old coat-tails flapped behind him.

"GET THEM!" ordered the Voice.

The trees just stood and shook. The popcorn rolled off them. Their leaves began to shed. They shook so hard that the ghost's next command rattled:

"FETCH THOSE TWO OLD NODDYHAMMERS!"

"Those are fightin' words!" sputtered the Soldier with the Green Whiskers. He said no more, for just

then the old tree reached its two longest branches over the wall and wrapped them around the Soldier. Lifting him high, the tree placed the Soldier outside the wall. Then it reached down and picked up the Guardian.

"TURN THE OZZARD UPSIDE DOWN AND SHAKE HIM!" ordered the ghost.

The old tree did as it was bidden. When the Guardian was upside down, the keys fell out of his pocket. Another tree quickly covered the keys with its roots.

"My keys!" begged the Guardian. "Give me my keys!"

"You may have your keys if you promise to open the gate," answered the ghost.

"I'll open the gate if you promise not to enter until I've told Ozma of your arrival," said the Guardian.

The ghost burst into a disagreeable laugh. "Hoz! Do you think we've come as guests? Not at all. We've come to capture the city!"

Hearing this, the Soldier with the Green Whiskers came closer.

"You can't do that!" he shouted. "It's against the law!"

"What's that to a desperate outlaw like me?"

boasted the ghost. "Open the gate at once!"

"Come down and open it yourself," said the Guardian.

This the ghost would not do. For it knew that when the trees saw that they had been ordered by a shrunken bit of rubber, they might harm it.

So the ghost stayed within its nest and bellowed down, "You, there, you clumsy old tree! Open that gate."

The trees trembled with anger at hearing their leader insulted. As for the old tree, it answered sadly,

"I'd like to obey you, but I can't. My roots weren't made to work with keys."

"Then we'll smash in the gate!" shouted the Ghost. "Ready, ADVANCE!"

The trees drew themselves up and made ready to push in the gate. But just as they took the first step, the gate opened from within. It swung wide, exposing a threatening figure. Seeing it, the trees stood still and wrung their branches, weeping for mercy.

The bells, clanging in the bell tower, had aroused the city. Crowds were gathered near the city gate, waiting for their queen to perform a miracle. And of course Ozma did not fail them.

Turning to the Wizard, Ozma said, "It's time I did something."

"Yes, Your Highness," said the Wizard. "Go ahead."

Ozma put her hand on her magic belt, saying, "Nick, appear before the city gate."

Nick, the Tin Woodman, was at that moment in his Winkie palace, where he was Emperor. He had invited the Scarecrow to drop his duties as Ruler of the Munchkins and spend the week-end with him. The two friends were getting ready to enjoy a game of squash. They played this with ripe bananas and brick-bats. Just as the Scarecrow was batting a banana, he looked up to find the Woodman gone.

"He was probably called on business," thought the Scarecrow.

The Tin Woodman, finding himself flying through the air, thoughtfully reached for his ax on his way out of the palace yard.

"This may be an emergency," he thought, firmly shouldering his ax.

In a few seconds he felt himself let down inside the gate of the Emerald City. He stood facing the gate in surprise, not understanding what was happening. The gate swung open of its own accord, and there before Nick stood a gigantic purple forest.

"RUSH IN!" commanded a voice up in a tree.

"Indeed?" answered the quick-witted Nick. "Nobody rushes in here without permission from the Guardian."

Saying that, the Tin Woodman began to lay about him with his ax. He felled the first tree in a couple of blows. It came crashing down to the ground.

"I'M MURDERED!" cried a voice within the fallen tangle of leaves.

A crow's nest lay upside down under the leaves, and a shapeless figure was thrashing to get free. Its disagreeable odor was rushing out.

The other trees drew back in fright. At this moment the five scalawagons dashed up.

Jenny's scalawagon recognized the Thing thrashing under the fallen tree. So did Jenny, by its smell.

"Stop, scalawagon!" she cried, in a quiet voice.

"Well done!"

The four other scalawagons dashed up. "What shall we do now?" asked the girls.

"Keep that Thing surrounded! Don't let it get away!" shouted Jenny. Leaping from her car, she jumped on the crow's nest.

"Don't expose me!" came a feeble voice within the nest. "Here's your silly old bundle."

A skinny rubber arm pushed something toward Jenny.

"My precious handbag!" cried Jenny, seizing it.

Opening it, she took a quick look within and made sure that her fairy gifts were safe.

The crowd on the sidelines cheered and called advice.

"Don't let it go!"

"Take it to the queen!"

The rubber ghost was so deflated that it could only wheeze: "Treed-freed---speed!"

"What's the need?" chuckled Jenny. "You're as popular as a weed. I'm taking you to the queen."

Nick, the Woodman, was leaning on his ax and gazing at the trembling forest.

"You don't need to be jittery," he said. "I'm not going to chop any more of you-unless you're carrying concealed ghosts."

"We're not!" said one tree. "We surrender! All we want is a drink of water."

"Water!" begged the other trees, so piteously, that Nick's kind heart was moved.

"Why didn't you say so?" he replied. "Wait--" Turning, Nick spied Kabumpo the Elephant in the crowd. Kabumpo had come from the Animal Enclosure to learn the cause of the excitement.

"Kabumpo, would you be good enough to lead the

trees to some water?" said Nick.

"Sure, Nick," said Kabumpo with a grin and a toss of his trunk. "I'll be proud to show them the gorgeous Elephant Fountain."

Turning around, Kabumpo showed the way into the city. The trees swept after him. The people ran after the trees. when the crowd had vanished, the Guardian and the Soldier ran in.

"I'll go along and keep the peace!" said the Soldier, and he hurried off.

"I'll stay and see that no more invaders trouble us," said the Guardian, locking the gate with the keys that he had picked up from the ground.

"I ought to be returning to my guest," said Nick. "Where did you leave him?" asked Dorothy. She received no answer. Turning, she saw that Nick had vanished. Ozma had returned him to the Winkie Palace. Jenny had picked up the wriggling Ghost and was holding it wrapped within the nest.

Jellia said, "I'd like to take a good look at the pest!"

"You shall," promised Jenny. "Follow me, girls." The girls started their scalawagons and prepared to follow Jenny, when a groan came from behind them. They stopped and look back.

"What was that?" asked Betsy.

There was nothing to be seen, except the broken tree lying inside the gate.

Again the moan came. Trot said in startled voice, "why, it's the tree. Poor thing, are you hurt?"

"No," sighed the tree. "It's not the loss of a limb or two. It's being deserted by my friends that hurts."

And the tree gave such a deep sigh that all its leaves rustled.

"We'll help you up. Then follow us," advised Jenny.

"Thank you," said the tree, struggling to its roots.

"I couldn't get up before, because you were in my hair."

"Sorry, but I had to get the ghost," said Jenny.

"I'm glad you did," said the tree. "I've lost that haunted feeling."

The five scalawagons started, and the tree followed. At the corner, Jenny pointed down Pudding Place and told the tree how to reach the Elephant Fountain. It turned off, and the girls proceeded to Jenny's Style Shop.

CHAPTER 23

Stamping Out Trouble

INSIDE the shop, Sister Six gave Jenny a joyful greeting. The little Munchkin girl was curious to hear about her boss' adventures. And the customers didn't mind waiting to be waited on, while they listened, too.

Jenny's shop was one of the most popular places in the Emerald City. By a simple twist of the turn-style, while you went through, you came out dressed in the fashion dearest to your heart.

The turn-style was a magic one, that Jenny had once found among the ruins of a magician's house. It was a shiny contraption with four arms and rows of buttons marked COLOR, STYLE, SIZE, etc. When the proper buttons were pressed, the results were always satisfying.

Jenny let Dorothy, Jellia, Betsy, and Trot do the talking, for she was busily engaged with the creature in the crow's nest.

"Now, let's see your true form," said Jenny, putting the little villain into the turn-style and pressing several buttons.

"No, no, no!" squealed the rubber victim. "Don't expose me!"

"This is for your own good," said Jenny. "Your character has been too elastic. From now on, you'll amount to something!"

"I don't want to amount to anything," wailed the ghost. "I wanna be a mystery!"

The ghost limped on its snipped toe as it went through the turn-style. When it came out, the crow's nest was gone, and a flat, pancake-shaped object rolled on its side toward Jenny.

"Why, bless us!" laughed Jenny. "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

The flat creature was very much reduced in size and was wearing bells on its ears. A smell like dry mustard came from it.

Jenny peered closely at it Then she burst out laughing.

"why you're no ghost at all! You're nothing but the little flabbergasted Bell-snickle!"

The flat-eyed creature stamped its feet and glared at Jenny, but it would not answer.

"If you're going to keep a dogged silence, there's only one thing to do."

Once more she forced the creature through the turn-style. It came out on a leash.

Jenny picked up the end of the leash. "Now, you flat-headed little BELL-SNICKLE, come on!"

"Exposed! Revealed! No more a mystery!" wailed the Bell-snickle, wringing its curly hands.

"Ozma shall decide what to do with you," said

Jenny.

"It doesn't matter what becomes of me," said the Bell-snickle. "My toe has been my undoing. There's no reason for rubbing along."

"Ozma will give you a reason," said Dorothy sympathetically. "Don't take it too hard."

"I've always had it soft as rubber," said the Bell-snickle.

"You can't go on like that in Oz," spoke up Jellia in rather a severe tone. "Here, everyone is expected to be something useful."

"That's right," added Betsy, "you must make your mark."

"Make my mark? Be useful?" wailed the Snickle. "Oh, I knew I shouldn't have let myself get caught."

Dorothy, Betsy, Trot, and Jellia decided to remain in the shop and try the latest styles. Jenny went out and took the Snickle into her scalawagon.

"Mind, now, no foolishness," she warned it.

The Snickle's disagreeable odor filled the air.

"We've got to do something about that," thought Jenny.

She steered directly toward the Elephant Fountain.

There the crowd was so great that Jenny had a hard time driving through. The trees were dipping their

roots into the fountain. Many stray people and animals loitered about Jenny drove to one of the spouts.

Pulling the Snickle out of the scalawagon, she got him under the water and gave him a good dousing.

The Snickle set up a roar. Then he whistled. Then he grunted like a pig. But the washing did not stop until every whiff of the flabbergas was gone.

"Now you're almost respectable enough to go to Ozma's palace," said Jenny. She dragged the Snickle back to her scalawagon.

Just then the voice of Scraps came through the crowd:

"Public traffic jammed up hard

All along the boo-lee-ward!

Are you friend or enemee?

May I ask in poetree?"

Scraps catapulted in front of Jenny's scalawagon.

Seeing the Bell-snickle, the patchwork girl stood on her head and chanted:

"Tickle the Snickle

He's full of woe,

With a sick kick

In a sore toe!"

The crowd was delightei They pressed around the scalawagon. The Snickle stood on its flat edge and

squinted, making ferocious noises and shaking its bells. Instead of being frightened, the people were amused. They shouted to the Snick to do more.

When Jenny was able to steer her scalawagon out of the crowd, she drove directly to Ozma's palace. Arriving there, she dismounted, jerked the Bell-snickle to its feet, and ran up the palace stairs.

Ozma was standing on the balcony, overlooking the city. She turned to Jenny with a broad smile.

"Hello, Duchess. So you brought the little mischief-maker. what do you want me to do with it?"

"Why, I don't know," said Jenny. "I thought it my duty to bring it straight to you. For you're the Queen, and its fate is in your hands."

Ozma laughed cheerily. "It's not easy to deal with an unpleasant subject" She gave the Snickle a long look and then said, "Suppose I left it in your hands, Jenny. what would you do?"

"Why-why, I'd have to think about that, your Highness," stuttered Jenny.

"Well, go ahead and think," said Ozma, whose eyes were twinkling. "You've handled the situation so well this far, I'm sure you can find the solution."

Jenny sat down and put her chin in her hands. She began to think very hard. The Snickle crouched at her feet, quite well-mannered now, for it realized that

it was in the presence of its queen.

"I have it!" said Jenny, looking up.

"Quick work," said Ozma with a nod of approval.

"What do you propose?"

"If it please your Highness, I could use it in my shop," said Jenny.

"Good. Then it's to be useful. But how can you use it, Jenny dear?"

"I could put it through the turn-style and make it smaller. And then it could make its stamp as a creature of mark."

"I see," said Ozma.

The Bell-snickle jerked its head up and said, "I don't see at all. what're you talking about?"

"I mean that we could put your rubbering to some use," laughed Jenny.

The Bell-snickle howled, "It's still a mystery! I thought I was the last of the mysteries!"

"That's pure conceit," said Ozma with a gentle rebuke. "For there will always be some mysteries in Oz. We need them to keep up the people's interest"

Jenny said admiringly, "That's what makes you such a popular queen, Ozma. You always think of ways to keep your people interested."

"Thank you," said Ozma. "But maybe we ought

to enlighten the Bell-snickle a bit further."

Jenny looked down at the Snickle. "Did you ever hear of an important business conducted without a Rubber Stamp?" she asked.

"No, never," replied the Snickle promptly.

"From now on, my Style Shop will have you for its Rubber Stamp."

The Snickle shuddered. "You mean I have to WORK?"

"Your duties will be simple," said Jenny. "You'll do the same little thing over and over again."

"How simple?" persisted the Snickle, distrustfully.

"Why, all you'll have to do is fasten a little stamp to each costume that comes out of my turnstyle that will read: JENNY'S EXCLUSIVE MODEL-- Easy, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know," grumbled the Snickle. "I'd be giving up my freedom!"

"You only used your freedom to get into trouble," put in Ozma. "Jenny's idea is good. You are going to like your work. And everyone will respect you for it."

"Do you really think so?" said the Snickle, looking a little interested.

"Of course," Ozma assured it.

The Snickle appeared to think it over. Then it shook

its head.

"No, it won't do."

"What's the matter now?" said Jenny in exasperation.

"Not enough variety. I'm a creature of talent. I've always led a spicy life. Spice the job, and I'll take it."

Jenny looked at Ozma as if to say, "What can you do with someone like that?" Ozma's patient smile answered her.

"I think you're right," said Ozma to the Bell-snickle. "Spice is the variety of life, isn't it?"

"You bet!" said the Snick.

"No, I never do. I don't consider it queen-like," said Ozma. "But about this variety-I think I can provide you with plenty."

"Kindly explain," said the Snickle haughtily.

Ozma laughed. "There are a good many things going on in Oz that I intend to put a stop to," she said. "For instance, my forest scouts report that Munchkin seeds have been blown into Quadling country, and blue grass is growing among the red. I intend to put a stop to that."

"You should-at once," said the Snickle. "Blue grass among the red! It's enough to give one eye-strain."

"Yes, it is," said Ozma. "And then, there's an impertinent house in Apple Alley that keeps its shutters closed all day and open all night. That's got to be stopped!"

"You bet!" said the Snickle.

"No, never," said the queen. "But if you'll accept the position, I'll appoint you my Royal Rubber Stopper."

"Oh, Your Majesty!" exclaimed the Snickle, overcome by this honor. "A Rubber Stamp and a Rubber Stopper, all in the same day. I don't know what to say!"

"Never mind. Go along with Duchess Jenny now. Your troubles are stamped out forever!"

Jenny rose and bid Ozma good-bye. She led the Snickle away, just as a fresh commotion sounded within the palace.

CHAPTER 24

Ozma Holds Court

THE commotion came from Ozma's Throne Room. Ozma knew it was time to hold court. She left the balcony and hurried to a high room decorated in crystal and gauze.

Within the Throne Room stood Ozma's throne, carved out of a single huge emerald. On either side of it crouched the Cowardly Lion and the Hungry Tiger. Aunt Em, who loved to attend Court, sat in the rear, knitting a pair of socks for Uncle Henry. The Soldier with the Green Whiskers raised his trumpet and blew a salute to the Queen. All the people waiting there bowed low as Ozma ascended her throne. Jellia, dressed in a fresh style, handed Ozma her crown and sceptre. The Queen pointed the sceptre at the Soldier with the Green Whiskers.

"Call the first case," she said.

"Your Highness, I can't call 'em, for there are too many of 'em. A whole forest," said the Soldier. "But I have allowed Kabumpo to represent 'em."

The Soldier waved his trumpet at Kabumpo the Elephant. Kabumpo came forward. In that mighty Throne Room, he looked small for his size. Ojo, his keeper, had dressed him in a robe sewn with gems and had polished his skin until it shone.

"Kabumpo, you look lovely," said Ozma, smiling at the Elephant

"Thank you, your Majesty. You look like a queen, yourself," said the Elephant, with a courteous wave of his trunk.

"What's this about a forest?" said Ozma. "Is it the same forest that I saw in my magic picture?"

"Probably," said Kabumpo. "It's a visiting delegation of trees. But I fear that these will outstay the time permitted to visitors. They mean to take root here!"

"That's impossible," said Ozma, drawing her brows together seriously. "They're purple, and they'd clash with the color scheme of our city."

"That's what I tried to tell them, your Highness," interposed the Soldier with the Green Whiskers. "But they were bound to stay."

"That's because they haven't any other place to be," said Kabumpo quickly. "Please show them mercy, Ozma."

"Of course," said Ozma, smiling her kindest smile.

"But I must be fafr. Now, let me think."

She put her head on her hand and thought. Everyone was very quiet.

"I have it," she said, at last.

The Cowardly Lion and the Hungry Tiger began to applaud by thumping their tails on the floor.

"Thank you," said Ozma.

She put her hand on her magic belt, and giving It a little rub, said,

"Foresters of Oz, appear before me."

There was a sound like wind passing through the chamber. The curtains blew inward, and there, standing before the throne, was a band of tiny woodsmen. They were dressed in waterproof breeches and fire-proof vests. They had long green feathers in their caps. Their yellow, blue, red, and purple faces showed them to be from every country of Oz.

"Woodsmen, welcome," said Ozma.

"Greetings, your Majesty," spoke one of the band.

"How goes your work of putting out forest fires started by the breath of careless dragons?"

"Well, your Majesty."

"You have no complaint?"

"Well . . ." The man hesitated.

"Go on," urged the Queen. "Don't be afraid to register any complaint."

"It's those scalawagons, your Highness. They're very willing, and fine for groundwork. But they aren't quite what we need in the upper branches of our profession. We could see over more territory if we were elevated at our posts."

Ozma smiled happily. "That is why I have summoned you. I have a band of roving, do-nothing trees.

They can lead useful lives and help you to higher posts. My carpenters will build platforms high in the

trees. You men can do your scouting from there. Each will be responsible for one tree, lead it to water whenever it is thirsty, and hold a monthly reunion."

"A valuable idea, your Majesty," said the forester, giving Ozma a look of admiration.

Again the Cowardly Lion and the Hungry Tiger applauded by thumping their tails on the floor. The others in the Throne Room joined in the applause. When the applause was over, Aunt Em's voice came from the rear,

"There's just one thing I can't understand. Whatever do trees need to hold reunions for?"

Ozma looked over at Aunt Em. "The trees will benefit one another. The Spruce will remind them to keep their appearances neat. The Box Elders will teach them how to put up a good fight, using the Hemlock. The Sass-afras will learn to hold its tongue. There are ever so many reasons why the trees should get together like one big family."

Aunt Em nodded. "I approve of a family tree myself. You're right, Ozma."

Ozma turned back to the little forest men. "You are free to go now. Join the trees at the Elephant Fountain. Kabumpo will take you there."

"Get on my back," invited Kabumpo. The band of little men jumped onto Kabumpo's

back.

"Comfortable?" asked Ozma.

"Not quite, Your Majesty," they said.

Ozma raised her sceptre and beckoned to something at the side of the Throne Room. A large animal got to its feet and came forward. It was the Comfortable Camel, contentedly chewing its cud.

"You want me to assist Kabumpo?" said the Camel.

"If you please." Ozma waited until half the band of woodsmen had climbed onto the Camel's back.

Then, as the two animals started out, she called, "Good-bye, and thank you all."

When the woodsmen were out of sight, Ozma looked at the Soldier with the Green Whiskers.

"I'd like to go down to Jenny's Style Shop and try some new clothes."

"And I'd like to have a game of marbles with the Guardian of the Gate," said the Soldier. "But we must attend to business first, your Highness."

Ozma sighed. "You are right. Bring on the next case."

The Soldier with the Green Whiskers went to the door and admitted the eighty-eight Nota-bells. The bell-men lined up before the throne, dressed in their light green uniforms. They they bowed low.

"You did a fine job of warning the city that the forest was moving on us," said Ozma. "I wish to reward you. Is there anything you gentlemen would like?"

The Vesper Bell spoke up promptly: "We're tired of these uniforms. They're not dignified enough for our new jobs. You might give us a couple of play suits."

Ozma answered, "I'll take you over to the Style Shop myself. Jenny is sure to think of something youthful for you."

"Hurrah! We'll look like bellboys," shouted the Nota-bells.

"But isn't there something else you'd like? You performed a great service to our city, and you deserve more than uniforms," said Ozma.

Again the Vesper Bell answered promptly: "We haven't had anything sweet since we left Sugar Mountain in Boboland. My sweet tooth is getting quite weak from undernourishment."

The Vesper Bell-man put his fingers into his mouth and pulled out a small white tooth. Every other bell-man put his finger into his mouth and took out his sweet tooth, holding it up in the air.

"Oh, you poor things, losing your teeth like that!" said a voice within the courtroom crowd. There was a sound of weeping. Everyone turned to see the Town

Crier shedding tears and wringing his hands most piteously.

"There's no need to feel so bad," said the Vesper Bell. "Molasses would soon make our teeth stick."

"Why, then, you shall have molasses. Barrels of it!" declared Ozma.

The little bell-men bowed gratefully, and stepped back from the throne.

A disturbance cut off Ozma's next words. The door of the Throne Room opened violently and a voice demanded:

"I want to see the Queen!"

"This is not the proper approach," said the Soldier with the Green Whiskers. "Kindly hold your horses."

"I didn't bring my horses. But I brought this obstreperous Mifkit!"

It was the Munchkin Farmer, Number Nine's father. He came striding toward the center of the room, followed by the small Mifkit. The Mifkit was in a greater rage and kept throwing its head at the farmer. The head hit the farmer and bounced back to the Mifkit's shoulders.

"Keep your head!" ordered Ozma, "or you might lose it."

At that the Mifkit threw its head at the Queen. But before it reached her, Ozma raised her hand. The Mifkit's head stopped in mid-air.

"I ain't got no body!" cried the head.

"Mind your grammar," said Ozma severely.

The head stuck out its tongue. "Soldier with the Green Whiskers, hold its tongue," ordered Ozma. The Soldier stepped close to the head and seized the outstretched tongue in both hands.

"Now, then, Farmer, what's wrong?" asked Ozma.

"It's wrong!" declared the Munchkin Farmer, pointing to the headless Mifkit "I ordered it to milk, and it milked. But it wouldn't STOP! My cows ran away, and they are still running."

"Your cows must be stopped," said Ozma sympathetically. "My Royal Rubber Stopper will see to that. Go home, Farmer, and never worry again. I'll banish this wicked Mifkit."

The head of the Mifkit appeared to be trying to talk. But as the Soldier with the Green Whiskers was holding its tongue, it could only make horrible faces. Its cheeks filled out, its eyes popped and looked ready to fall out of their sockets.

"Let go its tongue," said Ozma. "We'll hear what it has to say."

When the Mifkit's tongue was free, it sputtered,

"Gimme my body! You ain't got no right to keep us apart!"

"Such language!" declared Aunt Em in a shocked voice. "Why, I declare it's a sin."

"It's syn-tax shall be promptly levied," said Ozma. She pointed her sceptre at the head. "YOU ARE BANISHED!" The head disappeared. Then Ozma pointed at the body. "GO HEADWAY ALONG!"

Zipp! The place where the Mifkit had stood was empty.

"I hope both parts arrive at the same time," spoke Ozma. "He was an amusing little savage, but there's no place for him in Oz."

"He'll have an interesting story to tell his fellow critters in the Sandy Waste," said Aunt Em.

Aunt Em now folded up her knitting. "Your Majesty," she spoke in a decided tone of voice. "You have had a strenuous session. I move we adjourn to Jenny's Style Shop. I haven't anything to wear to the Scalawagon Initiation this afternoon."

"I am a bit tired," Ozma admitted. She leaned her head on her hand wearily. Then she straightened up and said brightly, "But a new hat will do wonders for me."

"Court adjourned!" cried the Soldier with the

Green Whiskers. Raising his trumpet, he blew three loud notes. Ozma descended from her throne and led the way out of the Throne Room, through the long corridor, and down the broad stairs. The people and the animals followed her to the street. As they got into their waiting scalawagons, Ozma said to the Town Crier,

"Go and cry through the town that a party is to be given in honor of the scalawagons at Custard Court at three o'clock, when the babies have finished their naps. Invite everybody!"

CHAPTER 25

The Great Party

THE Town Crier did his part well. Riding up and I down streets in his new scalawagon, he covered more territory than he could on foot. So well and plentifully did he cry that his tears washed all the streets fresh for the party.

In a short while all the people in the Emerald City, including the guests, knew of Ozma's party at Custard Court. Never had there been such primping and dressing. Everyone was determined to look his best.

Jellia Jamb, Ozma's housekeeper, had seen to the

preparations at the Court. In spite of the short notice, everything was in readiness. It required a bit of magic to prepare some of the features. The Wizard came to assist Jellia, and with a bit of magic here and there, wonders were accomplished.

As soon as the children awoke from their naps, the people began streaming toward Custard Court. On Strawberry Street and Celery Street the crowds were thickest, for these were two short-cuts to the Court.

In Pudding Place and Banana Boulevard the scalawagons rode in a thick formation. In spite of the crowding, everyone was in good humor. And since all the traffic was going the same way, there were no accidents.

The houses would dearly have loved to join the procession, but it was against the law for them to leave their places. They all smiled at the passersby, blinking their blinds and fluttering their shutters.

Ozma and her friends were still at Jenny's Style Shop. The first to go through the turn-style had been the Nota-bells. They were soon turned out in smart red jackets and blue trousers, and their bells were given a high polish.

"Aren't we high-toned!" declared one bell-man, tossing his head until it rang.

"You may go on to the party," said Ozma with a smile. "I think you'll find what you want there."

The Nota-bells needed no second invitation. Skipping out of the shop, they hopped aboard a scalawagon and rode as fast as the crowds permitted. When they arrived in the Courtyard, they saw something that made them peal with delight.

The Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow were rolling a couple of molasses barrels into the center of the courtyard. Nick barely had time to raise his ax and remove the head, before the bell-men came flying around him like a swarm of bees.

"Hurry! Hurry!" they cried. They kept circling around Nick's head, their spread beards keeping them In another minute the barrel was opened and the molasses flowed free to all. The excited bell-men swarmed down and began greedily to lick the sweet stuff. They did not wait for spoons or dishes or napkins, but used their tongues and fingers, licking away for their lives.

The people stood speechless at this spectacle. Only Scraps, the Patchwork Girl, spoke out:

"I was never very fussy,

Neither was I quite so mussy!"

which expressed what most of the people were thinking.

The little men pushed each other and ducked into the center of the molasses barrel. Soon their new suits were covered with the sticky molasses. They picked every drop off and licked their fingers clean.

A couple of them crawled inside the leaking barrel, and when they crawled out, they were sticky from whiskers to toes.

The sight seemed to fascinate Scraps. She chanted,

"Pardon me a moment, Misters,
There's molasses in your whiskers;
I don't mean to criticise,
But it's also in your eyes!"

The bell-men paid no attention to Scraps, but continued to push and shove each other, each trying to get the most. This rough scene made Scraps very happy.

"You don't seem to get enough
Of this fascinating stuff;
And when all is said and done,
I'll admit it must be fun!"

Scraps did not eat, so she had no use for molasses. But she could not resist getting into a fight. The bell-men were fighting over the last few drops. With a squeal and a jump, Scraps landed in the middle of the bell-men. There was a flying mass of patches,

whiskers, and molasses. The mess provided high entertainment for the crowd.

Only Jack Pumpkinhead did not think the sight funny. "Scraps, Scraps," he moaned, "when will you learn to be a lady?"

"Did you call for a lady?" inquired a charming voice at Jack's elbow. Turning, Jack saw a dainty, two-headed dragonette. The dragonette's two faces were smiling at Jack, and a soft thread of smoke came from each mouth. The dragonette put up its paws and elegantly covered its mouths.

"Hello, Evangeline," said Jack. "I wish Scraps were half as polite as you."

At this minute the crowd parted to make way for the scalawagons of Ozma and her party. Dorothy was dressed in princess clothes. Jenny was attired like a duchess. Aunt Em and Uncle Henry were in their Sunday best. Many with new Sunbonnets.

"Gracious, what's happening?" exclaimed Ozma, surveying the flying mass of Whiskers and Scraps.

"Looks like a free-for-all," said Uncle Henry.

"Everything is free for all at this party," said Dorothy. "And if the refreshments won't go around, we can eat right in our scalawagons."

"Scraps and the Nota-bells will have to be refreshed in another way," said Jenny with a laugh. "Ozma,

call off that fight and order them to my Style Shop.

They can get into clean clothes in a jiffy."

"A good idea," said Ozma. Raising her voice, she called, "Scraps, stop your fighting, dear."

Scraps came out of the flying mess and landed on her back, sprawling. She was up in a flash, and somersaulted to Ozma's scalawagon.

"What can I do for you, Ozma?" she said.

"Better do something for yourself, Scraps. Go to the Style Shop and get yourself a new outfit. And help the bell-men through the turn-style. When you all look better, come back and see the fun."

Scraps drew herself up importantly. "I'll see that those fellows behave themselves," she said.

Hearing Ozma's voice, the bell-men stopped fighting and stood up at attention. They were a sorry sight, with their clothes all askew, and their whiskers stuck fast in molasses.

They followed the beckoning Scraps, who took them to the Style Shop.

When Scraps returned from the Style Shop, she was so proud of her new outfit that she rode on the roof of her scalawagon, so that everyone could see her. The bell-men, in neat suits of blue and gold, rode soberly beneath her.

"Now, good people," Ozma said, standing up in her Royal scalawagon, "we have some grand entertainment. I hope it will please you!"

The people broke into cheers for their beloved Queen. Ozma and her party left their scalawagons and mounted to the terrace of Custard Court, where they might overlook the huge, colorful throng. On the terrace, they found Glinda and the Wizard.

Glinda, looking her loveliest in a long red robe, with her long hair flowing over her shoulders, stood up to greet Ozma.

"I want to thank you and the Wizard. The scalawagons have made my people so happy! During the day, the children play fire-engine with them, and in the evening the old folks go riding in the country."

The Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman now joined the royal party. "My people enjoy their scalawagons, too," said the Tin Woodman. "This morning I saw a Winkie mother tucking her child into one for its forty winks."

"My Munchkins have another use for theirs," put in the Scarecrow. "They mail their letters in them. It's the fastest service we've ever had."

"How do they do it?" asked Ozma, looking interested.

"They just put their letter inside the scalawagon

and tell the car where to deliver it. In no time at all, the scalawagon is back-with an answer."

"Well, if that doesn't beat all!" exclaimed Aunt Em.

"Yes, the scalawagons are a wonderful gift to the people," said Glinda. "And as I was saying, I'd like to show my appreciation. So--look!"

The party on the terrace bent to look down into the court. There, coming through the crowd, were the six Lollies and their Pops. They carried brimming buckets of water fairies on their heads. In the center of the courtyard they lowered the buckets and spread them with a swish. Glinda stood up and raised her hands. Instantly a circular brook was flowing there, with the water fairies bobbing on the surface.

The people broke into a pandemonium of delight. They danced and shouted like mad.

"They love it," said Ozma, giving Glinda a smile of thanks. "And it certainly adds to the beauty of the courtyard."

When the crowd quieted down, the music of the brook could be heard. The people, recognizing a familiar waltz, quickly found partners and danced. The small children formed a ring around the brook and danced, too. Then overhead, came flying the

eighty-eight bell-men. Joining softly with the music,
they played the "Waltz of the Bells."

"My, aren't they all having a grand time!" said Aunt
Em. "I declare, it makes me feel young enough to
dance, too!"

"What are we waiting for?" said Uncle Henry, ris-
ing and offering Aunt Em his arm. The two went off
to join the dancers.

Just then Number Nine came onto the terrace.
Going up to Jenny, he said, "May I have this dance?"

Jenny blushed.

"Go ahead, Jenny," spoke the Wizard. "For I mean
to ask Ozma for this dance myself."

The Tin Woodman put his hand over his heart.
"That gives me courage to ask Glinda's kind per-
mission for this dance," he said.

The Scarecrow stepped up to Dorothy and bowed
low. "Will you honor me, my dear?"

"Why, I'd love to!" cried Dorothy, jumping to her
feet. All the girls went down with their partners.

The scalawagons were delighted at this party given
in their honor. Rearing up on their hind wheels, they
cavorted as merrily as the rest.

Now there wasn't a body who wasn't dancing.
Never had there been so much laughter and fun with-
in the Emerald City. The Guardian of the Gate and

the Soldier with the Green Whiskers looked up from their game of marbles inside the city gate. Hearing the music, they put their arms on each other's shoulders and began to waltz.

"Happy days!" said the Guardian.

"What's happy about it?" asked a voice behind the Guardian. It was the Town Crier, crying with all his might. "They're all so gay, I've nothing to cry about!" he complained, and he felt so sorry for himself that he cried harder than ever.

"That's right," said the Guardian. "Just sit down and have a good cry. It will make you feel better."

"I don't want to feel better," said the Crier. "I'm happiest when I'm saddest. But I can't keep my feet from dancing to that music!"

Still crying, he went dancing away. He came to Custard Court, and stood dancing on the edge of the crowd.

Up on the terrace appeared the tall hall clock from the Wizard's tower.

"Where's that boy?" grumbled the Clock. "He ought to be at work. Three and a half days late! Why, I've ticked myself black in the face, in all that time! I won't tick if he won't work. I'll just stop!"

The minute the Clock stopped it heard the music of

the brook and the bells. They were merrily playing
"The Dance of the Hours." The cranky old clock found
its feet tapping on the terrace floor.

"I can't stop dancing!" it cried, tapping its feet
faster. "This is an outrage! There's work to be done.
Three and a half days late!"

Turning, the Clock fled from the terrace, across to
the palace, and up the stairs to its corner. But even
there the music could be heard, and the old Clock
could not restrain its feet.

"Three and a half--Help!" it cried, as it stood hop-
ping and tapping to the merry tune.

The End