



Ririro

READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

The Queer Visitors of Oz (Full Book)

L. Frank Baum

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Chapter 1: How the Adventurers Lost and Found Themselves

As day dawned. The travelers from the Land of Oz looked over the sides of the Gump, which had been flying steadily all night, and discovered a large group of buildings just beneath them. "Stop!" called the Scarecrow to the Gump; "we have doubtless reached our destination. Please land us as gently as possible."

So the Gump fluttered down in the centre of a large enclosure surrounded by many rows of vacant seats, and the travelers alighted and assisted the Saw-Horse to reach the ground. Their first act was to place Jack Pumpkinhead upon the back of the steed, because the poor fellow, being somewhat carelessly made, can ride more safely than he can walk.

"Where are the United States?" asked Jack, looking around. "I don't see them anywhere."

"Where are the inhabitants of this strange place?" asked the Tin Woodman.

"Asleep, probably," returned the Scarecrow. "You mustn't forget that the unfortunate people who are made of flesh are obliged to sleep at night; and some of them forget to waken at daybreak. At least, that's what little Dorothy once told me."

"Let's go home," suggested the Gump, in a gruff voice; "this place is so strange it frightens me. Where are we, anyhow?"

No one could answer this question, and the Saw-Horse shivered and said: "I'm getting nervous myself. Suppose something should happen!"

"Something's got to happen," declared the Scarecrow; "it always does. Something happened the minute we arrived. Now follow me, and we'll explore this strange place."



IT WOULD BE GOOD TO GO SOMEWHERE

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

TRICK-OR-TREATS
 OPEN TO ALL
 NATIONALITIES
 USE FOR HUNGER-
 THIRSTING CONTACT
 IDEAL MEETING
 PLACE FOR
 OLD RUNNING-OF-
 THE-MILL COUNTRY
 AND VISITING ETC.

A political cartoon titled "Parade Float" by Phil Witte. It depicts a parade float carrying four figures: a moose on the left, a man in a top hat and ruffled shirt, a woman in a black dress and veil, and a man in a suit on the right. The man in the suit holds a speech bubble saying, "I WOULD BE YOURS FOR YEARS". The float moves toward a building labeled "STADIUM". A small figure stands near the stadium entrance. The artist's signature "WITTE" is at the bottom center.

“Matteh ‘nuff! screamed Wash, trembling. “I’s seed de debbil an’ all his relations!”

For not one of the party could guess where they were, and all were more or less uneasy at being so soon lost in a strange land. As they reached the entrance to the enclosure, the Guard, trying hard not to believe in Wash White's "debbils," advanced with drawn club and chattering teeth and commanded them to halt.

“At this instant the truth burst upon the Woggle-Bug, who cried in a loud voice: “I know where we are!”

“Where?” asked the Scarecrow, and the Woggle-Bug leaned close to his ear and said in a whisper.

“Oh, yes!” exclaimed the Scarecrow, nodding his head cheerfully, “how stupid of us not to have guessed!” Then he turned to his friends and said: “Come on, comrades. We've found ourselves again.”



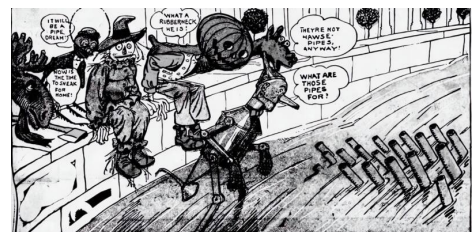
Chapter 2: How the Tin Woodman Escaped the Magic Flood

It was now that the true mettle of the adventurers from the Marvelous Land of Oz was clearly shown. Undaunted by the strange sights of this strange United States, they decided to explore the country thoroughly—in the same way Columbus once did.

Soon they came to a series of small waterfalls tumbling downward in pretty cascades from a tall building on the brow of a hill. There was not much water in the channel just then, but the marble banks were broad and deep enough to contain a river.



The Tin Woodman, seeing some pipes protrude from the bed of the stream, became curious to know what these queer-looking things were used for, and bravely ventured forth to explore and examine them. After a brief inspection, he turned to his comrades upon the bank and said: “My dear friends, the pipes were doubtless placed here to——”



He got no further in his speech, for suddenly some hidden power turned on a monstrous flow of water; the pipes spouted a deluge upon the poor Tin Woodman, who—amidst the plaudits of his friends, who thought he had himself caused this mighty flood—was swept off his feet and borne swiftly down the stream.



In his terror, the Tin Woodman clutched at Jack Pumpkinhead to save himself; but alas! the pumpkin came away in his grasp, and falling into the flood, floated along in his wake. Seeing now that something was seriously wrong, the thoughtful Scarecrow began running along the bank, hoping to find a way to save his friend, and the others followed him.



Finding he was about to sink, the Tin Woodman, with great presence of mind, caught at Jack's pumpkin head, which floated near, and used it as a life-preserver to sustain him; for otherwise the tin of which he was made would have forced him to the bottom, to become forever rusted and useless.



Finally, the wise Woggle-Bug, being a swifter runner than the others, managed to seize the Tin Woodman with two of his hands, while with the other two he cleverly rescued Jack's pumpkin head, bringing both the unfortunates to dry land. Then, while the Tin Woodman sank down exhausted, but saved, at the feet of his faithful friend, the Scarecrow affectionately supported him and supplied him with quantities of oil to prevent his joints from becoming rusted and to soothe and restore him to his usual vigor.



Jack's head being replaced, that personage also found himself to be in perfect condition, so throughout the little party of adventurers the moments of intense excitement gave way to joy and thanksgiving.

"Where am I?" suddenly asked the Tin Woodman, raising his head. But none was able to reply until the discerning Woggle-Bug, whose bright eyes nothing seemed to escape, made answer: "I'll tell you in a minute."

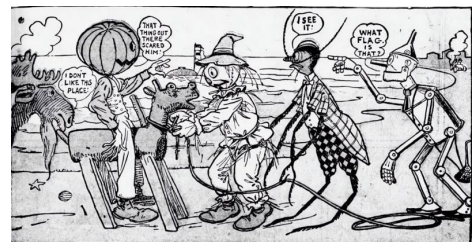


And then, while all the party grouped around him and listened intently, the Woggle-Bug told exactly where they were.

Chapter 3: How the Strangers Found Themselves Between the Auto and the Deep Sea

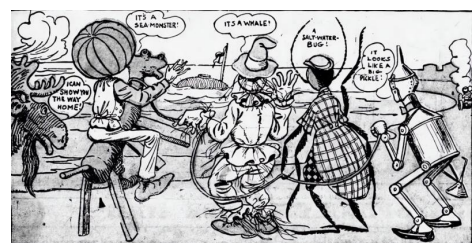
Once on a day, the queer people from the Land of Oz arrived upon the seashore, where they gazed with much wonder at the vast expanse of water. Indeed, the unusual sight made them all rather timid, especially the Saw-Horse. The Tin Woodman exclaimed, with a shudder: "It makes me feel rusty just to look at so much wet and dampness."

At that instant, their eyes discovered a peculiar boat afloat far out among the waves. It was neither upon nor under the water, but partially submerged; and, after carefully inspecting it, the Woggle-Bug declared: "It's what they call a submarine boat, and can float both under the water and upon it."



"What flag is that upon the masthead?" inquired the Scarecrow. "I can't tell what nation it belongs to," replied the educated insect, "because the wind blows it so many different ways that it hides the design."

"Still," said the Pumpkinhead, "I'd like to know what country has designs upon this coast," and he tried to urge the Saw-Horse nearer to the water. But the wooden steed seemed to regard the strange boat with fear, and refused to obey its rider, backing away with a haste that threatened to splinter its maple legs. So the Scarecrow, with rare presence of mind, cast a long rope about the neck of the frightened Saw-Horse, to which they all clung in order to restrain his excited actions.



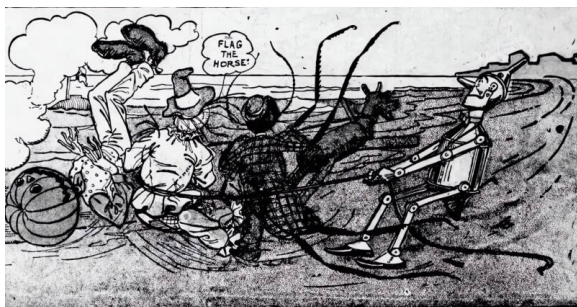
"Do try to control yourself," said the Tin Woodman, in a reproachful voice. "I assure you there is nothing to be afraid of."

Before the Saw-Horse could reply, a horrible shriek rent the air just behind the adventurers, and now came such a clattering and clanging and groaning and wheezing as might well startle the stoutest nerves.



The Woggle-Bug was trembling like a leaf; the Pumpkinhead gasped so hard that he coughed out three seeds; the Tin Woodman looked as if he were going to tarnish and moistened his tongue with a spurt of oil from his can, while the straw within the Scarecrow rustled as if stirred by a brisk breeze.

As for the Saw-Horse, terror deprived him of all reason, and, as the huge automobile that had caused such consternation shot by them, the wooden steed forgot his fear of the great water and the submarine boat, and, rearing high in the air, he first threw Jack Pumpkinhead from his back and then bolted away with such vigor that all the party holding the rope was dragged over the beach and plunged headlong into the surf.



Fortunately, they were all able to scramble to dry land again. The automobile was out of sight and hearing, and the cold plunge having restored the Saw-Horse to his senses, the animal soon regained his usual self-possession.



"We shall quickly dry in this sunshine," said the Tin Woodman, encouragingly; and then he again noticed the boat and added: "I really wonder what nation that flag belongs to!" As he spoke, a strong breeze fluttered the flag out from the mast, and the Woggle-Bug's sharp eyes quickly made out the design.

"I know!" exclaimed the Insect, greatly pleased. "Tell me," pleaded the Tin Woodman, and the Woggle-Bug obligingly whispered in his ear.

"Would you mind telling the rest of us what the Woggle-Bug said?" the Scarecrow asked his friend, somewhat stiffly.

"Guess!" answered the Tin Woodman, with a laugh; "that's what all the children will have to do!"

Chapter 4: How Uncle Eli Laughed Too Soon

Now it happened that while the travelers from the marvelous Land of Oz were going along a county road, the Tin Woodman discovered a queer-looking object suspended from the limb of a tree.

"How curious!" exclaimed the Scarecrow. "This must be one of those peculiar fruits which grow in this magical Land of America. Let us pluck it."

"No, don't touch it, I beg of you!" cried the wise Woggle-Bug, in a hurried tone. "It's one of those awful hornets' nests."

But already the Tin Woodman had thrust a tin finger into the nest, and how the angry hornets swarmed out and circled their tormenters! Our friends stood still and watched, their faces wide with wonder, while they were free of the stinging insects. The Woggle-Bug was, of course, an exception, but his wisdom led him to do exactly the right thing.



He sprang into the Gump and ordered the obedient creature to fly with him to a safe distance, beyond the brow of a neighboring hill.

All this had been watched with great amusement by old Uncle Eli, whose farm lay just across the road. He had never heard of the queer people from Oz, because—as he said—he never had any time to waste reading newspapers, so that he thought some circus had broken loose, and approached the fence in order to get a free sight of the entertainment.

“Why, the dumb fools,” said Uncle Eli, “they’re monkeyin’ with that ere hornets’ nest!” And the thought of all the trouble the strangers were innocently encouraging was so pleasing to the farmer that he bent himself nearly double and fairly screamed with laughter.



“E' gosh!” roared Uncle Eli, wiping the tears of joy from his eyes with his chin whiskers, “the critters'll get stung 'til they've got as many knobs on 'em as my cucumbers!”

But the sound of his laughter had attracted the attention of the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, Jack Pumpkinhead, and the animated Saw-Horse, and all these turned from the maddened hornets and pressed close to the fence in order to examine Uncle Eli. The hornets naturally swarmed with them and thus discovering the old farmer, they at once decided that he was a victim much easier to sting than the people of straw and tin and wood. So they settled down upon Uncle Eli by hundreds, turning his chuckling laughter into howls of fear and distress.



He amazed the good folks of Oz by jumping frantically up and down, swinging his arms like a windmill, and finally dashing away at a speed that made the Saw-Horse envious. And every hornet followed after him.

"He has forgotten to take his rake," said the observant Scarecrow, "so I think I'll go and get it."

With these words he climbed the fence into the field, and the Tin Woodman did likewise, for his glittering eyes had noticed a strange plant growing upon some vines nearby.

"How very odd!" said he, kicking the vines with his foot, and thereby detaching several of the peculiar formations that grew upon them. "I wonder what this plant is called?"

The Woggle-Bug, finding that the hornets had flown away, by this time had rejoined the party; and he was about to answer the Tin Woodman's question when suddenly from amid the vines a number of streams began to squirt - like those from miniature fire engines - and these struck the Tin Woodman, Jack Pumpkinhead, and the Scarecrow and almost deluged them with a sticky fluid. Even the Saw-Horse, which stood in the road, received a slight sprinkling.

"More magic!" exclaimed the Tin Woodman, as he ran to a safer and dryer spot. "Even the plants are enchanted in this wonderful United States!"

"You were very foolish to touch those vines," declared the Woggle-Bug.

"True; but what are they?" asked the Scarecrow, recovering from his astonishment.

Whereupon the Woggle-Bug obligingly told him; and, of course, the children who read this will have no trouble in guessing what the Woggle-Bug said.



Chapter 5: How The Scarecrow And The Tin Woodman Met Some Old Friends

NO DOUBT every child that has followed the adventures in the United States of the living Scarecrow and the other queer people from the Land of Oz has been struck by the singular fact that everything here seemed as wonderful to them as they themselves are wonderful to us. In their own fairyland, they accomplish things by simple magic which we have to accomplish by complicated mechanical inventions. It is not a strange thing to them to bring a wooden Saw-Horse to life by means of a magic powder; but an automobile (which is even more wonderful than a living Saw-Horse) filled their simple minds with wonder. On the contrary, the Gump—a carelessly made creature at best—could fly much better than any of our recently invented and carefully planned flying-machines. But the latter astonished the Ozites because, not being alive, they could do so much by means of machinery alone. So perhaps the United States is, after all, as great a fairyland as the kingdom of Oz, if we look at the matter in the right way.

These strangers in our country are learning something new every day, and undergoing adventures that, while perhaps rather tame, had they happened to any one of us, are very exciting to the Scarecrow and his comrades.

It was only the other day that they took a long ride in the Gump, which carried them so swiftly away from the scenes of their previous exploits that presently a vast prairie spread beneath them, and had they been better posted in our geography they might have known they had reached the great State of Kansas.

"Let us alight here," said the Woggle-Bug.

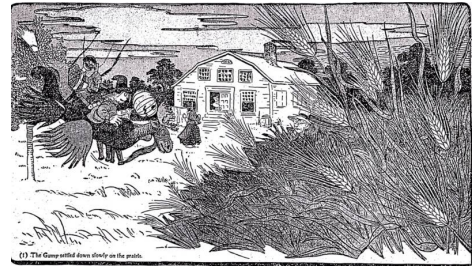
"Would it not be better to see what lies beyond the prairies?" asked the Scarecrow.

"Perhaps; but I'd like to see what an American farm is like," replied the Insect.

"So would I," added Jack Pumpkinhead. "If they grow pumpkins here I might get a new head. It strikes me that this one is not as fresh as it might be."

"But it's alive, which a new one would not be," remarked the Tin Woodman; "and I can imagine no more disagreeable feeling than to have a lifeless head upon a live body."

"Nevertheless," said the Woggle-Bug, "our friend Jack may well be interested in his own species. I, who have much more excuse for being alive than any of you—since I was born living—can sympathize with poor Jack. The seeds of discontent are in his brain. Let us alight and prove to him how much better off he is than all other pumpkins."



So, the Scarecrow consented, and they ordered the Gump to settle down slowly upon the prairie, which the creature did, coming to a halt at a spot near to a comfortable-looking farmhouse. A man who was reaping in a field gazed upon the strange Gump with amazement; a woman who was hanging out clothes in the yard was so frightened that she dropped everything and rushed for the cyclone-cellar; and a little girl, followed by a black, curly dog, stood in the door of the house, and shaded her eyes with her hand as she looked earnestly at the fluttering palm-leaf wings of the Gump. The Scarecrow and Tin Woodman decided to remain aboard, so Jack climbed over the side of the sofa that formed the body of the Gump and stood upon the ground.

But the dog, now barking fiercely, rushed across from the house and began to bite the wooden legs of the Pumpkinhead.

"Call him off!" exclaimed Jack, who was trying to help the Saw-Horse out of the Gump.

"I can't, for I don't know what to call him," replied the Woggle-Bug, getting down and standing beside Jack. The Scarecrow and Tin Woodman, being in deep conversation regarding a cloud that floated above them, did not see the little dog, which, finding he could not bite Jack's wooden legs, flew furiously at the Woggle-Bug. The Insect might have been severely bitten had he not used two of his four arms to hold the dog at a safe distance, while with the other two he helped the Saw-Horse to the ground.



Now, it is a well-known fact that dogs—and little dogs, especially—think it is their duty to bark at anything strange or unusual; so it is no wonder that when this dog saw the Saw-Horse he made a dash at it with so much energy that it appeared to be his ambition to tear the wooden steed to pieces. And the Saw-Horse, not being pleased at the attack, kicked with both his hind legs just as the dog sprang at him. So up into the air flew the dog, howling as he went, and then the Tin Woodman, who was still looking at the cloud in the sky, saw a black ball descending through the air straight in his direction.



He cleverly caught the little creature in his tin arms, and the dog, more astonished than hurt by the Saw-Horse's kick, now found himself staring into the painted face of the Scarecrow. At once the dog seemed to recognize the Scarecrow, for he barked and wiggled around in the Tin Woodman's arms with every expression of delight, and licked the stuffed features of the Scarecrow with manifestations of extreme joy.



"Why, Toto—my dear little Toto!" cried the Scarecrow, "where did you come from, and where is your mistress?"

The dog, of course, made no reply, but the little girl at this moment ran toward them crying: "My dear old friends! How glad I am to see you!"

"Dorothy!" shouted the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman, together.



(6) Dorothy and her old friends meet again

10. "Is that what?" asked Jack. "No, actually," answered the Witch. "You're from the village of the Whapping one!" It was the Witch's turn to be surprised. — See Page Two: Mirror Station.

"No, indeed," said the Woggle-Bug, who was anxious to air his wisdom. And he told the Pumpkinhead what kind of grain it was.

Little Dorothy took great delight in showing the Scarecrow and his companions all the wonders of a Kansas farm; and you may be sure the people from Oz were greatly pleased by this thoughtful attention. One time a cyclone had visited Kansas and whirled Dorothy far away to the Land of Oz, where she had formed the acquaintance of the Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow and encountered a series of thrilling adventures in their company. And now that they, in turn, had come to visit Dorothy's own country, the girl did her best to entertain and interest her old friends.

One day the Scarecrow took Dorothy for a ride upon the Saw-Horse, himself walking by her side, and presently they came to a big field that had been fenced in to confine an ugly bull that was owned by Dorothy's uncle. Pausing beside the fence, the Scarecrow happened to admire a pretty flower growing within the field, and so Dorothy immediately jumped off the Saw-Horse and climbed over the fence to pick the flower for her friend.



But at that minute the bull spied her and came dashing up behind; so Dorothy, with a cry of fear, started to run across the field to the opposite fence, with the bull after her full tilt. The Scarecrow, seeing the child's danger, tossed the Saw-Horse over the fence, and quickly following himself he mounted the wooden steed and rode swiftly in pursuit.



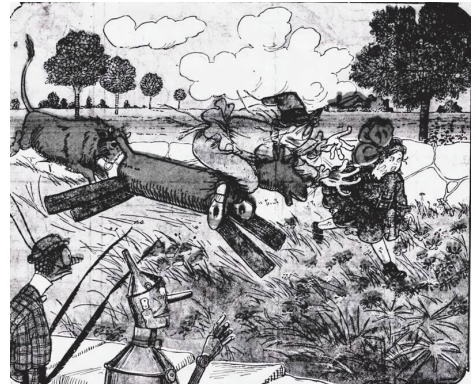
Before long he managed to get between the fleeing Dorothy and the angry bull; but the animal, furious at this interference, hooked its sharp horns into the Scarecrow's stuffed body and sent him soaring high into the air. But it chanced that in the same instant the Saw-Horse let fly his hind legs at the bull, and so powerful was the stroke of the wooden heels against the bull's forehead that the larger animal was knocked completely over, and rolled upon the ground half stunned by the shock.



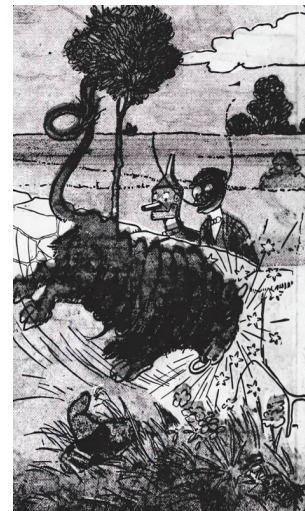
Fortunately, the Scarecrow, on descending to earth again, fell across the body of the Saw-Horse; and although he was limp and considerably twisted by his flight and by the horns of the bull, the Scarecrow retained sufficient presence of mind to wind his long legs around the neck of the Saw-Horse and so cling onto its back.

All this time Dorothy was running across the field as fast as her little legs would carry her, and the Saw-Horse followed her bearing the Scarecrow.

The bull, soon recovering from the kick and more maddened than ever, now came galloping after them so furiously that it was evident the girl could never gain the opposite side of the field in time to save herself. But the Saw-Horse was swifter than the bull. He dashed past Dorothy at full speed, and as he did so the Scarecrow reached out his arms and caught up the little girl, whom he managed to hold until the Saw-Horse had crossed the field and leaped with one great spring the stone wall that on this side formed the boundary. Next minute they had landed safely in the roadway, where stood the Woggle-Bug and the Tin Woodman, who had been taking a walk and had thus witnessed the adventure.



Right behind the Saw-Horse had come the frantic bull, and when the wooden steed from Oz rose into the air to clear the wall, the bull, unable to stop himself, dashed head-foremost against the stones. So great was the shock that the bull was pushed together end-wise, and flattened almost to a pancake; and when he staggered backward to try and think what had happened to him, he was wrinkled up just like one of those Japanese lanterns that you push end to end when not in use.



"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Dorothy, looking at the dazed and flattened bull from the safe side of the wall; "what will Uncle Henry say when he sees this?"

"He'll say it serves the creature right for chasing little girls, and trying to hook them," remarked the Tin Woodman calmly.

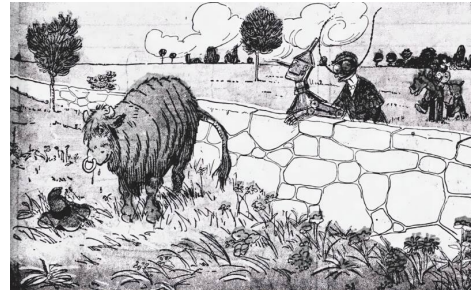
"I'm glad the dear old Saw-Horse saved my life," continued Dorothy; "but the bull cost lots and lots of money, and Uncle Henry says he's awful valuable."

"He isn't worth much now," mused the Scarecrow, looking critically at the animal, "unless he can be pulled out again and worked over into his old shape. But whatever could make such an ugly creature as that valuable?"

"Why, he's a thoroughbred," explained Dorothy, "and belongs to a very rare breed, besides."

"Indeed!" returned the Scarecrow; "what breed of cattle, then, does the creature belong to?"

"I know!" Interrupted the Woggle-Bug, before Dorothy could reply. And then, proud of his knowledge, the Woggle-Bug told them truly what breed of bull it was.



Chapter 7: How the Ozites Met a Beauty Doctor

It is much to be regretted that some thoughtless people have made remarks upon the personal appearance of our visitors from the Land of Oz. When the sensitive Scarecrow overheard a High School girl say that "in her opinion he was not at all handsome," it grieved him very much. "For," said he, "while I have no desire to be exceedingly beautiful, I have always thought myself to be as good-looking as the average man." "Yet you are not," returned the Woggle-Bug, regarding his friend critically. "I am myself very handsome for a bug; but you cannot justly be called a handsome man."



"Excuse me, H. M.," said the Tin Woodman, in a confidential voice, "but I heard a person say yesterday that there be bugs and bugs, but that you are the buggiest bug that ever bugged."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the insect, much shocked.

"But, don't worry," continued the Tin Woodman. "It is not possible for everyone

to look as bright and beautiful as I do myself."

"You may be bright," remarked Jack Pumpkinhead, "but if you are beautiful why did the lady say yesterday that your nose reminded her of Cyrano de Bergerac, and that your gaiters are decidedly out of fashion?"

"Did she say that?" asked the Tin Woodman, suddenly becoming grave. "Then, perhaps, after all, American ladies may not consider me attractive. But what can I do? It is impossible for me to remove either my nose or my gaiters, for they are riveted and soldered to my body."

"Well I am sorry for you all," said Jack, "but as long as I remain handsome the rest of you may console yourselves by gazing upon me."

"True," growled the Saw-Horse. "Probably that boy meant nothing at all when he told me this morning that the Pumpkinhead reminded him of Lies-an-things. And he said you scared his pet cat into fits."

"With my winning smile?" demanded Jack, in a worried voice.

"Yes," grumpily answered the Saw-Horse, as he strolled away and left them.

The adventurers looked at one another earnestly, to see if these remarks could possibly be just, and to their dismay they perceived that there was much truth in the criticisms they had overheard.

"When beauty was passed around, we must have been behind the barn," reflected the Woggle-Bug, gloomily. But at that moment he chanced to look up and saw a sign upon a neighboring house that read as follows:

"Mme. QUI-SYM, BEAUTY SPECIALIST.

HOMELY FOLKS MADE RADIANTLY BEAUTIFUL

WHILE YOU WAIT."

"Ah!" said the Woggle-Bug, "here is our opportunity. Let us all become beautiful, and then we need not worry about our looks."

He then led his comrades into the office of the beauty specialist, and asked that they all be furnished with the best brand of beauty she had in stock.



"Of course, you understand that my treatments are expensive," said Mme. Qui-Sym, who was a stately dame with a pug nose and a squint in her left eye. "But, since you people are so famous, and have had your pictures in the papers, I will treat you free of all expense—if you will sign these testimonials."

It was delightful to see the Tin Woodman lying upon his back and twisting his limbs into all sorts of positions in order to reduce the rotundity of his tin body. The Woggle-Bug meantime was running four little rollers—one with each hand—up and down his form, to improve his complexion, while the Pumpkinhead sat patiently in a chair in a corner with a rubber mask over his face that made him look positively frightful. As for the Scarecrow, he was instructed to anoint his head liberally with a pomade from a pot labeled: "Cleopatra's Secret Bloom of Beauty. Prepared in a Condensed and Double-Distilled Form from the Original Recipe. Never Known to Fail—but Once."



Meantime the Beauty Specialist was busily engaged in preparing the testimonials for the newspapers.

Presently the Woodman sat up and said: "My gaiters seem to be still in the same old fashion as before, and my nose is quite unchanged. I have performed the required exercises so faithfully that I have made a dent in the back of my neck with my right toe."

"I am obliged to confess these rollers a failure," joined in the Woggle-Bug. "A bug has no business with a complexion, anyhow. Let's get out of here."

The Pumpkinhead now removed his mask, but it was the same old Pumpkinhead that met their view, and Jack gazed at the Beauty Specialist reproachfully.

Soon the Scarecrow rubbed the "Beauty Bloom" from his face with a towel, and his friends were filled with horror when they found that every vestige of paint had come off also, and instead of his usual exhibit of pleasing features the Scarecrow's head was now nothing more than a cloth sack stuffed with bran and short bits of straw.



Great was the grief of the party from Oz at this mishap to their leader. But Mme. Qui-Sym was quite equal to the emergency.

"Fortunately, I can paint his old features on the sack again, for I have a picture of

the Scarecrow that I cut from a recent newspaper.”

So she took a newspaper picture out of a drawer, to serve as a model, and then began painting, while the others watched her. But she had only made a nose and a mouth and a moustache when they all cried: “Stop!” and the Woggle-Bug added, angrily: “You’re putting another man’s features on our friend.”

“Why, to be sure!” exclaimed the Beauty Specialist. “It’s an equally famous personage, but I got hold of the wrong picture. Never mind. I’ll wash it off and begin over again.”



This time she selected the right picture from those in the drawer, and cleverly painted a new face upon the sack.

“Thanks,” murmured the Scarecrow. “I now realize how necessary a face is to the average person; for without one I found myself at a serious disadvantage.”

“Yes,” agreed the Tin Woodman. “It strikes me a face is equally useful, whether it happens to be plain or beautiful. So let us abandon this absurd quest of beauty, and be thankful that we possess faces that answer all practical purposes.”

The Scarecrow looked into a mirror. “For a Scarecrow, I am really not bad looking,” said he.



“And my pumpkin head will, I am sure, hold its own with any other pumpkin head,” declared Jack.

“I have yet failed to meet a tin man who is my superior,” said the Tin Woodman, confidently.

"Why, then, let us turn over this Beauty Specialist to those who are more foolish and discontented than we are," observed the Scarecrow. "I am sorry all the world does not consider us handsome, but let us remember the old adage that 'handsome is as handsome does.'"

"Nevertheless," said the Woggle-Bug, airily, "you had a narrow escape. For if she had painted that face upon you that she first started, you would have lost your identity."



"Whose face was it?" asked the Scarecrow, anxiously. And the Woggle-Bug told him.

Chapter 8: How the Adventurers Encountered an Unknown Beast

Now the Scarecrow and his party have been assured more than once that they are perfectly safe anywhere in the United States; so they have no fears whatever in venturing to explore this country, which is said to be so highly civilized and so energetically governed that danger cannot lurk in any of its darkest corners.

Never doubting the truth of these assertions, our visitors from the Land of Oz have no hesitation in making long excursions into various parts of the country, and it was while upon one of these excursions that the adventure befell them which I am about to relate.

They had journeyed in the flying Gump to a barren and uninhabited plain of Arizona, and although at one time tempted to alight in a little village where a big tent with flying streamers was displayed, the Scarecrow induced them to restrain their curiosity and proceed to the alkali plains, which were an interesting sight indeed to those who had always lived in the fertile Land of Oz, where rich vegetation prevails on every hand.

"There's not much to see here," said the Tin Woodman, after glancing around.

"That is the beauty of this landscape," declared the Woggle-Bug, pompously.

"There isn't a living thing in sight," sighed the Tin Woodman, as the Gump slowly fluttered to the ground.

"Oh, yes, there is," said the Pumpkinhead, whose eyes were considerably bigger than those of his comrades. "I see something waving at us from behind that big

rock over there."

They all looked in the direction of the big rock; and there, sure enough, was something that resembled a rope with the end frayed out, moving slowly to and fro above the summit.

"Let us see what it is!" exclaimed the Scarecrow, whose curiosity was excited.

So Jack got his Saw-Horse to the ground and mounted it, and the Gump fluttered with the others close to the vicinity of the big rock. "It's the tail of some animal," declared the Scarecrow.

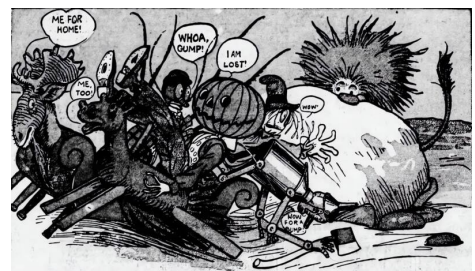
"Then don't venture too near, until we discover if the animal is a friend or foe," suggested the Woggle-Bug, beginning to get uneasy.

Just as he spoke a curious sound came from behind the rock, and then the head of a beast, decked with a long flowing mane, was suddenly raised above the barrier.

"A lion!" cried the Woggle-Bug, and immediately the most startling confusion prevailed.

For the Gump twisted sideways and tumbled its occupants to the ground, and then fled, screaming, to a far distance. The Saw-Horse, plunging with fright, also threw his rider into the midst of the group and bolted away with frantic leaps.

Left thus to confront the supposed lion, and without means to escape, the confusion of the adventurers redoubled; but when the animal leaped upon the summit of the rock and began hurling stones at them with its hands, the calm judgment of the Scarecrow at once assured him that their enemy could not be a lion.



Somewhat reassured by this, the others struggled to regain their feet, and the Woggle-Bug implored the Tin Woodman to chop the strange animal with his gleaming axe. This the kind-hearted Woodman refused to do; but when a stone struck him in his chest and made a dent in his bright tin, his indignation overcame his gentleness and he seized his axe and rushed furiously upon the foe. The animal turned tail at once and scrambled back over the rock; but when the Tin Woodman attempted to follow it he was astonished to come face to face with a queer-looking old man, who waved him aside and shouted in a cracked voice:

"You let that beast alone! He's mine."

"I'm sure you are welcome to him," said the Woggle-Bug, "but why did you allow your property to fling stones at us?"

"I was asleep," returned the old man, in a surly tone. "This fellow escaped last night from our Circus and Menagerie—Greatest Show on Earth, you know—and hid out here among these rocks. And I've had the chase of my lifetime to get him again. So I sat down to rest and fell asleep just as you came along."

"We accept your apology," said the Scarecrow, politely. "But what sort of beast is it?"

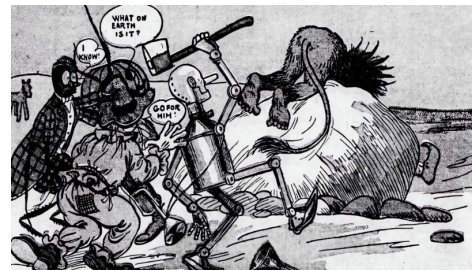
"I've got to get back to the circus," declared the man, who was dressed in a soiled and faded and otherwise outlandish costume.

"What kind of beast is it?" asked the Tin Woodman, gently but firmly.

"Admission twenty-five cents, children half price." said the man.

"Please tell us what it is!" implored Jack Pumpkinhead.

"Only one in captivity," muttered the man, turning to depart. The people from Oz were by this time so annoyed by the old man's impolite treatment that they



might have protested in a forcible manner had not the Woggle-Bug said:

“Never mind that circus fellow. I know what kind of an animal it is, and will gladly tell you.”

So they gathered around the Woggle-Bug, who told them what the queer creature was.

Chapter 9: Jack Pumpkinhead and the Sawhorse Win a Race and Incite a Riot- The Wogglebug Restores Harmony

Last week the Scarecrow and the Woggle-Bug, with their comrades, visited the Jones County Fair, as Dorothy assured them it was one of the most interesting events of the year. But their appearance on the Fair Grounds spoiled the business of all the sideshows, for the people thought nothing quite so wonderful as the queer visitors from Oz, and it cost nothing at all to stare at them.



Dorothy decided to take them over to the race track, which was the center of attraction of the Fair. But, once there, the Scarecrow became so greatly interested in the event of the day that he decided to enter the animated Saw-Horse in the Free-for-all Running Race, although they warned him the race was to be run under regular Jockey Club rules which would be strictly enforced. Jack Pumpkinhead readily agreed to ride his famous steed. When Jack rode calmly upon the track the crowd jeered at sight of the wooden horse, and the bookmakers at once made the Saw-Horse a 90 to 1 shot and found no takers. For the assembled farmers had no confidence in an animal made of wood, a hickory pedigree being considered of little account.



There was some trouble in getting a start for this great race, as the Saw-Horse got nervous at mixing with common horses, and pranced around to show that although he was not so big as they were he was certainly more handsome and more agile.



At last the judges cried the word "Go!" and away swept the race-horses, with the wooden animal far behind the others. But now the Saw-Horse realized that it was time to prove his great speed; so he settled down to a steady run that was swift as the wind. One by one he overtook the other horses and passed them, but when the racers turned into the homestretch the judges in their stand and the people in the grand stand behind them all saw that the Saw-Horse was in the lead, with the others stringing after him in single file.



As he dashed along Jack carelessly leaned backward, and the wind caught his head and jerked it from the wooden neck that supported it and sent the pumpkin, which weighed over ten pounds, full tilt against the jockey who was riding just behind. The force of the blow sent the fellow sprawling in the dust of the track, but the pumpkin head, still keeping its course, struck the next jockey—and the next—until all the jockeys were down.



The Woggle-Bug, who was standing outside the palings, saw Jack's head fall off, and sprang over the fence and upon the track just as the last rider had been bowled over. And by good fortune he saved the head from being smashed or cracked by cleverly catching it in his arms and running with it to Jack, whom he knew to be always uneasy without his head. The Saw-Horse, coming first under the wire, had paused abruptly under the judges' stand, while the other horses had bolted for the stables; but now the dismounted jockeys came running up, angrily protesting against Jack, while the farmers in the grand stand shook their fists at the Saw-Horse and yelled.



Seeing this, the Woggle-Bug, using all his arms and legs to good advantage, crawled up the outside of the judges' stand, and, making the surprised officials a polite bow, said to them: "It is evident, your honors, that the horses are all disqualified, and it is no race."

"That is my opinion," answered the chief judge; "but be good enough to explain why, under the rules, the horses are disqualified."

So the Woggle-Bug whispered the reason in the judge's ear, and the official nodded his approval and rang the gong furiously to compel the crowd to silence.

"We have decided," he shouted, as soon as he could be heard, "to call it no race, and an eminent visitor from Oz, Mr. H. M. Woggle-Bug, T. E., will now explain to you the reason."



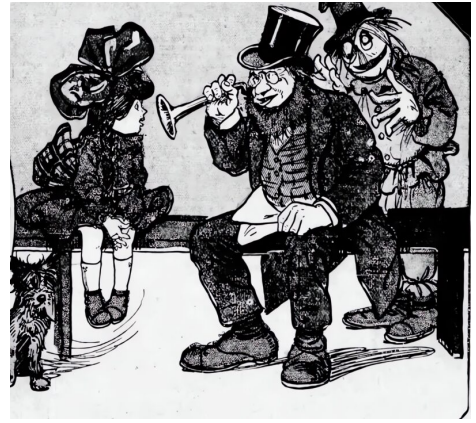
With one hand on his heart, another waving a flag, and a third throwing kisses to the ladies, the Woggle-Bug gracefully removed his hat with his fourth hand and addressed the crowd in a clear, distinct voice.

Immediately the greatest confusion prevailed, with joy taking the place of anger; for the occupants of the grand stand shouted gleefully and tossed their hats into the air, and everybody shook hands excitedly with everybody else and embraced the persons nearest them without stopping to consider whether they had been previously introduced or not.

In fact, the entire crowd was happy except one old gentleman who was quite deaf, and therefore uncertain as to what had happened. But he had an ear-trumpet with him, so he held the big horn toward Dorothy, who sat next to him, and inquired, eagerly:

“What did the Woggle-Bug say?”

And the little girl told me yesterday that she had to shout with all her might in order to make the old gentleman hear her answer.



Chapter 10: The Scarecrow Becomes a Man of Means in Spite of the Girls at a Church Fair

It was during a morning ride among the mountains that a strange accident happened to the queer people from the Land of Oz. The Gump hit his left wing against a rocky pinnacle and dumped all our friends into a great Jackdaws' nest that was perched on a ledge of rock.



At once the Jackdaws began screaming and fighting the intruders, and when at last they were driven away by the efforts of the Tin Woodman and the Woggle-Bug it was discovered that the birds had stolen every wisp of straw from the Scarecrow's body and left nothing of him but his head and the clothes and boots he had worn.



At first our friends despaired of saving the poor Scarecrow; but Jack Pumpkinhead, on searching the nest, discovered bushels of odds and ends that the thieving Jackdaws had stolen during many years and hidden in their inaccessible nest. Among the treasures were many banknotes, large and small denominations, and with these the Ozites restuffed the Scarecrow, who was thereby in reality "made of money."



Feeling quite proud of their work, they now boarded the Gump and flew away

from the nest, landing presently in a pretty town where a Church Fair was being held. All of the party except the Gump and the Saw-Horse paid a visit to the Fair, where the pretty girls in attendance soon discovered the money sticking out of the Scarecrow and joyfully decided to sacrifice him to the cause of Charity. Pretty girls at Church Fairs know how to do this neatly and with dispatch, so that presently the Tin Woodman discovered that the unfortunate Scarecrow had been picked as clean by the girls as he had been by the Jackdaws! Calling to his friends to assist him, the Tin Woodman gathered up the Scarecrow's empty clothes, while the Pumpkinhead carried his head and hat and the Woggle-Bug his boots; and then they marched sorrowfully away to rejoin the waiting Gump.

Just then the Woggle-Bug, thrusting his hand into one of the boots, drew out five bills that had been crowded into the toe and so escaped the notice of the Church Fair girls.



"Good!" cried the Insect, much pleased; "our friend the Scarecrow is saved!"

"How do you make that out?" inquired the Pumpkinhead.

"Why, these are luckily very big bills," returned the wise Woggle-Bug. "Three of them are United States banknotes for \$1000 each; one is for £500 on the Bank of England; and one for \$1000 in Canadian money. These we will take to the nearest Bank and have changed into one-dollar United States bills, and there ought to be enough of them to stuff the Scarecrow in fine shape."



So they made haste to reach a Bank, where the Woggle-Bug presented the five bills to the cashier and asked to have them changed into one-dollar United States bills. The cashier made some figures on a piece of paper and then began handing out great bundles of one-dollar bills, which the Tin Woodman and the Woggle-Bug separated and crumpled up and stuffed into the Scarecrow's clothes. When they had finished he stood before them smiling as genially as ever, and made a speech thanking the Woggle-Bug for rescuing him from ruin.



"You are not so rich as you were before the girls saw you," said the Tin

Woodman; "but you may yet be considered a wealthy man."

"How many one-dollar bills did the cashier give you?" asked the Pumpkinhead.

The Woggle-Bug looked at the paper on which the cashier had made his figures and started to reply.

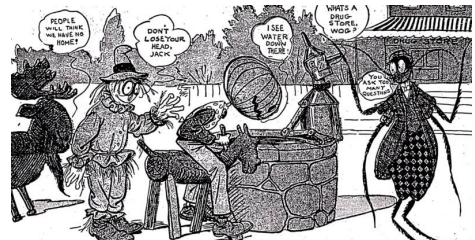
"Stop!" cried the Scarecrow; "I don't want anyone but myself to know how much I am worth. But you may tell me, friend Woggle-Bug, how many dollars you got for that English and Canadian money."

So the Woggle-Bug took him aside and told him. The other people from Oz did not know what the Woggle-Bug said; but perhaps the boys and girls can figure out for themselves how many dollar bills were stuffed into the Scarecrow's body.

Chapter 11: How the Wogglebug Proved His Knowledge of Chemistry

That adventures may be met with in the hamlets of this strange United States, as well as in the wild and unsettled portions of the country, was fully demonstrated by the visitors from Oz the other day, when they halted in a quiet little village that the Woggle-Bug might quench his thirst at a well.

This the Insect quickly did, the water being cool and refreshing; but the others of the party, who never drink anything at all because of their peculiar constitutions, began to exhibit great curiosity as to how the water got into this deep well, and why the sides were built of stone, and a dozen other things that would probably never occur to us who are accustomed to seeing wells.



Jack Pumpkinhead seemed especially interested, and, although the Scarecrow warned him not to lean too far over the well, he insisted upon gazing down into the depths beneath. The result of this recklessness might well have been anticipated, for the pumpkin head that Jack wore was merely set upon a wooden pin that served him for a neck, and was constantly getting twisted. Sometimes, indeed, it slipped off entirely; and this was what happened as Jack leaned over the well. Next moment his frightened companions heard a great splash as the pumpkin struck the water far below them.

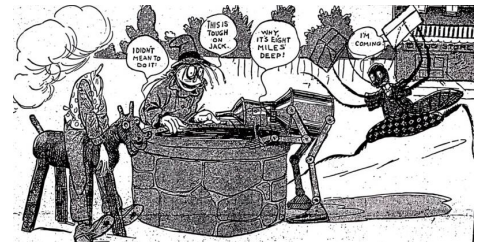


"There!" cried the Scarecrow, with a catch in his breath; "our poor friend is indeed ruined!"

"To be sure," said the Tin Woodman, sadly. "We shall never hear his foolish voice again."

"A person who loses his head so easily as Jack," growled the Saw-Horse, "is never to be depended upon. All he's good for now is kindling wood." This unfeeling speech referred to Jack's body being made of wood, the various parts being jointed together so that he could use them conveniently. But without a head to direct it, this body was, in truth, of very little worth.

The Woggle-Bug, although startled by the accident to his friend, had little to say. Instead, he was already busily engaged in thinking of a way of rescuing Jack from his watery grave.



It has been said, with considerable lack of kindness, that the Woggle-Bug's excellent education is of little account, because it is applied to a Woggle-Bug intellect; but the wonderful insect is constantly proving the falsity of this scandal by doing and saying brilliant things which many people of regulation brains would be very proud of.

The Woggle-Bug's learning served him well at this critical moment, for an idea came to him that soon sent him running to a nearby drug store as fast as his slender legs would carry him.

Presently he returned with two great packets, the mysterious contents of which he quickly dumped into the well. Next moment, to the astonishment of his comrades, who were wondering if the Insect had gone crazy, a great sizzling and bubbling was heard from the depths of the well, accompanied by strong fumes, that made them gasp and sneeze as they withdrew from the edge of the curb.

Higher and higher rose the water in the well, roaring and spluttering as it came, and Jack's floating head rose with it, until the pumpkin suddenly popped high into the air and was caught by the Tin Woodman in a nervous but safe embrace.

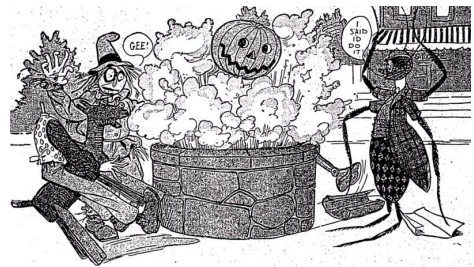
Then, as the water slowly subsided again, the adventurers from the Land of Oz cried, "Saved!" with one glad voice, and shook the Woggle-Bug's numerous hands with real gratitude.

The Scarecrow carefully wiped the moisture from the pumpkin with a wisp of straw taken from his own body, and then restored the head to Jack's neck; and you may be sure the poor fellow was highly delighted at the reunion.

As they proceeded merrily upon their journey the Tin Woodman inquired curiously:

"My dear Wog, what was that powder you so cleverly used to rescue Jack?"

And the highly magnified Woggle-Bug, with justifiable pride in his achievement, willingly told what the powder was.



Chapter 12: How the Wogglebug Got a Thanksgiving

Dinner

ONE DAY, while the Wogglebug was walking through the streets of a big city, he came upon a little girl who was crying bitterly. She was dressed in worn and faded garments, and her feet were bare—although the air was frosty and the pavement of the street very cold. Now, the Wogglebug would surely have felt the cold himself had not his body been so warmly clothed, but he had pity for the poor child. Removing his hat as politely as if she were a great lady, he asked:

"Tell me, little one, why you are dripping water from below your eyelids?"

"Because," she sobbed, "Th—Th—Thanksgiving is c—coming!"

"Can't it be stopped?" inquired the Wogglebug, sympathetically.

"I don't want it s—stopped," replied the child; "only I'd like a turkey for Thanksgiving, like the rich people have."

"Oh, a turkey, eh?" said the insect, thoughtfully. "Now, whatever could a little girl like you do with a turkey, I wonder."

"Ea—ea—eat it!" she sobbed.

"To be sure!" exclaimed the Wogglebug. "How strange I never thought of eating turkeys for Thanksgiving. But why haven't you a turkey to eat?"

"We're too p—poor to b—buy one!" she answered, still sobbing.



"Well, well, my dear," said the Bug, in a kindly tone, "I'll promise to bring you all the turkeys you can eat—and I never break my promises. So shut off the water from your eyes, and turn on a few smiles."

Then, after inquiring where the little girl lived, he left her and went back to his friends from the Land of Oz.

"I must have a few turkeys for a nice girl to eat," said he. "Now, where would you advise me to get them?"

"This morning as I rode in the Gump," returned the Tin Woodman, "I saw great flocks of wild turkeys flying over the woods."

"Ah! That gives me an idea," cried the insect. "I'll take the Gump and catch some fine wild turkeys for my little friend."

So he climbed into the Gump, which was resting near by, and flew high into the air. In less than an hour, the Wogglebug was floating over the forests where the turkeys lived. Several flocks of the birds were then flying about, but they were shy of the Gump and kept away from it.



Therefore, the Wogglebug resolved to capture them in another way and made four lassos out of a roll of stout cord, tying a slip-noose in the end of each. To the next flock of turkeys that he saw, he ordered the Gump to give chase. So swift was the flight of this marvelous creature that before the birds knew it, the Gump was in the center of the flock.

Then the Wogglebug threw the four lassos with his four hands, and a slip-noose settled over the heads of four of the birds, arresting their flight very suddenly. A minute later, they were drawn into the Gump.



With much pride, the Wogglebug displayed the four birds before the wondering eyes of his friends. Then, guided by the Scarecrow, he carried them to the home of the little girl.

"Oh! Oh!" she exclaimed, "what beautiful turkeys!"

"Only three of them are turkeys," said the wise insect. "The fourth bird was flying with the flock, but it's quite different from the turkeys. However, I think the three turkeys will be sufficient for your Thanksgiving dinner."

"Oh, yes, indeed!" said she, greatly delighted. "But what IS the strange bird?"

And the Wogglebug, who seemed to know everything, at once told her.





Chapter 13: The Scarecrow Tells a Fairy Tale to Children and Hears an Equally Marvelous True Story

“Tell me a fairy story about America,” said the Scarecrow, as he sat upon a park bench with a group of children about him.



“All right,” replied a bright-faced boy standing at the straw man’s knee. “Once on a time a man used a great ship to lay a wire rope along the bottom of the ocean, with one end of the rope resting in America and the other end in Europe. And since then a person in America can talk to a person in Europe, and receive an answer in return, in the space of a few minutes, although it takes days to make the voyage across. And the words are carried along the wire rope by means of signs that stand for letters.”

“That is indeed a surprising story,” exclaimed the Scarecrow. “You must have wonderful fairies here. We have nothing to match that achievement in the country I came from.”

“But now tell us a fairy story about the Land of Oz,” begged the boy eagerly. So the Scarecrow began as follows:

"You must know, my dears, that in the Land of Oz everything has life that can become of any use by living. Now, I do not know of what use a live Scarecrow can be unless he serves to amuse children; but it is a fact that, as soon as the farmer had stuffed me into the shape of a man, and made me a head by using this excellent cotton sack, I began to realize that I was a part of the big world and had come to life.



"Of course, I could not see, nor hear, nor talk at first; but the farmer brought a paint pot and a brush, and upon the front surface of my head, where a face properly belongs, he began to paint. First he made this left eye, which you observe is a beautiful circle, with a dot in the center of it. The first object I saw with this eye was the farmer himself, and, you may be sure, I watched him carefully as he painted my other eye. I have always considered that man an artist; otherwise he could not have made me so handsome. My right eye is even finer than the left; and, after making it, the farmer gave me this exquisite nose, with which I gathered the scent of the wild flowers and the new-mown hay and the furrows of sweet and fertile earth. Next my mouth was manufactured, so excellently shaped that I have never ceased to be proud of it; but I could not then speak, for I knew no words by which to express my feelings. Then followed these lovely ears, which completed my features. And now I heard the loud breathing of the farmer, who was fat and inclined to asthma, and the twittering songs of the birds and the whisper of the winds as they glided across the meadows, and the chatter of the field mice—and many other pleasant and delightful sounds.

"Indeed, I now believed myself fully the equal of the man who had made me; but that idea was soon dispelled when the farmer set me upon a stout pole in the cornfield and then walked away with his paint pot and left me. I tried at once to follow, but my feet would not touch the earth, and so I could not escape from the pole.



“Near me was a stile, and people crossing the fields would often stop at the stile and converse; so that by listening to them I soon learned how to speak properly. I had a fine view of the country from my elevation, and plenty of time to examine it curiously. Moreover, the crows often came and perched upon my head and shoulders and talked of the big world they had seen; so my education was unusually broad and diverse.



“But I longed to see the big world of Oz for myself, and my real mission in life—to scare the crows—seemed to be a failure. The birds even grew fond of me and spoke to me pleasantly while they dug up the grains of corn the farmer had planted.



“One day I noticed a little girl sitting upon the stile. She was a stranger, I knew at once, and by the perplexed look upon her face I guessed that she had lost her way. So I spoke to her, and we made friends; and, after telling me that she had been blown by a cyclone from a far-away land called Kansas, the girl consented to lift me from the pole and set me upon my feet. I could hardly walk at first, being unused to my legs and not knowing how to manage them; but the little girl helped me along, and, before we had traveled many miles, I could walk as perfectly as I do now.



“Since then I have had many strange adventures, but my life in the Land of Oz was really peaceful when compared to the experiences I am meeting in America.”

As the Scarecrow concluded his story the children clapped their hands in delight.

“Now, that was a real fairy tale, and truly marvelous!” cried the boy at his knee.

“But not more marvelous than your own tale of the wire rope that carries words across the ocean,” replied the Scarecrow.

"That wire rope is called a cable," said a soft voice behind the Scarecrow, and turning his head he saw that the Woggle-Bug had joined them and was standing behind the bench.

"Oh! do you know about this story?" asked the Scarecrow, surprised at his friend's great knowledge.

"Yes, indeed," answered the Woggle-Bug. "I can even tell you the exact year the first telegraph message was sent from America to Europe across the Atlantic cable."

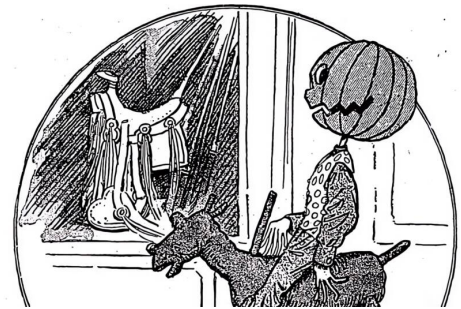
"What year was it?" asked the Scarecrow, much interested.

And the Woggle-Bug, after a moment's thought, told him truly the exact year.

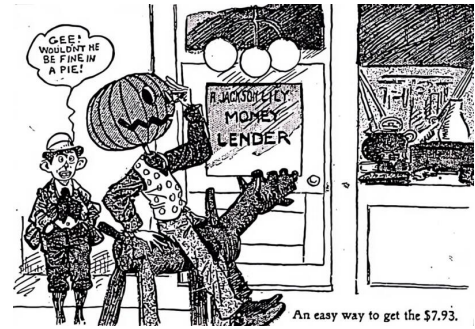


Chapter 14: Jack Pumpkinhead Pawns the Sawhorse

As Jack Pumpkinhead rode his wooden steed along the street one day, he passed by a department store, where his attention was arrested by a fine Mexican saddle displayed in the window. It at once occurred to Jack that this saddle would be quite pretty and comfortable upon the back of the Sawhorse, and he longed to possess it. But upon the saddle was a card reading: "Only \$7.93," and Jack reflected, with a sigh, that he did not own a single penny of that money which people in America demand in exchange for merchandise.



So he continued upon his way, until, presently, he noticed a peculiar emblem swinging above the door of a shop. This symbol, so remarkable to the man from Oz, was composed of three golden balls arranged in the form of a triangle, and our Pumpkinhead halted the Saw-Horse while he stared at it curiously. Then he allowed his eyes to wander to the shop window, which bore upon the glass this inscription: "A. Jackson Lily, Money Lender."



"Why, here is a way provided for me to purchase that pretty saddle," said Jack, with real pleasure; "I have only to ask this Mr. Lily to loan me the money, and then return to the store and get the saddle. These queer American ways are not at all difficult to understand, if one tries to be intelligent!"

So he boldly rode the Sawhorse through the doorway over which the three golden balls hung, and the wooden hoofs of the Sawhorse clattered merrily upon the floor and soon brought a man from a little room in the rear.

"Here, you fellow! Don't you know better than to ride into a gentleman's shop?" exclaimed the man, whose skin was a handsome chocolate color.

"No, indeed," responded Jack. "If I knew better I would not do such a thing."

"What do you want?" asked the chocolate-colored man.

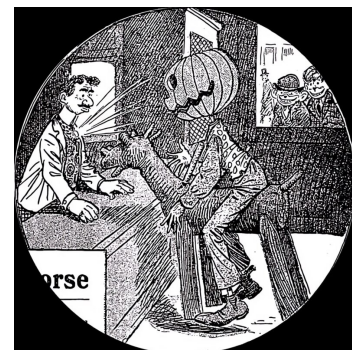
"I wish to borrow \$7.93," returned the Pumpkinhead readily.

"Very well, sir," said the man. "Where is your security?"

"My security?" answered Jack, puzzled. "My security? Ah! my security lies in keeping my head fresh as long as possible."

The man stared at him and shook his curly head as if perplexed.

"You must give me something that is worth \$7.93 as a pledge that you will return the money," he explained; "and your head won't do at all, as I can get better pumpkins for a nickel apiece."



"I am sure you underestimate my worth," replied the Pumpkinhead, stiffly. With these words he turned the Sawhorse around in order to leave the shop; but as soon as the wooden animal began to move the money lender expressed great surprise and cried out: "Stop, my friend! I will gladly lend you the money you

wish, if you will leave this wooden horse with me as a pledge.”

“That seems fair and reasonable,” answered Jack, and he at once dismounted from the back of the Sawhorse. The man counted him out the sum of \$7.93 and gave it to Jack, together with a little green ticket.

Greatly pleased with his success, Jack Pumpkinhead walked from the shop of the money lender and retraced his steps to the department store. The pretty saddle, surrounded by many other articles, was still displayed in the window, and, standing before the glass, Jack found no less a personage than Mr. H. M. Woggle-Bug, T. E.

“Hullo!” said he to his friend. “Come inside with me while I get a saddle for the Sawhorse.”

“You cannot get it without money,” answered the Woggle-Bug. “These Americans want money for everything.”

“I am not so ignorant as you suppose,” declared Jack, proudly. “See! Here is the sum of money required—exactly \$7.93.”

“Where did you get it?” inquired his friend, curiously.

“From a money lender down the street,” replied Jack.

“And what did you give him in exchange?”

“The Sawhorse,” said Jack.

“Dear me!” sighed the Woggle-Bug; “why did I not keep an eye upon you? You need a guardian, friend Jack.”

“Why so?” asked Jack, wonderingly.

“Because you have given away the Sawhorse for money to buy him a saddle. When you have bought the saddle, you will have no Sawhorse to put it on. Does not that strike you as being an absurd act?”

“Yes; it really does,” admitted Jack.

“Then, instead of buying the saddle, return the money to the man and get back your Sawhorse, which is of great value to you during your travels.”



So Jack, accompanied by the Woggle-Bug, returned to the shop of the money lender. Mr. Lily had placed the Sawhorse in his show window, where it had attracted great attention. Somewhat dazed at being abandoned by its master, the Sawhorse stood with outspread legs in a patient attitude, while around it was arranged a profusion of old guitars, teapots, second-hand eyeglasses, and last year's straw hats.



Jack entered the shop and handed the chocolate gentleman the money and the green ticket and asked for the Sawhorse. But the money lender refused to make the exchange without more money.

"I must have interest," said he, "to pay me for making the loan. One dollar more, please!"

"I have no more money," answered Jack; "and, as I have returned to you the full sum that I received, I now demand my Sawhorse."

"I shall keep both the Sawhorse and the money until you pay me the interest," declared Mr. Lily.

So Jack and the Woggle-Bug returned to the street, where they gazed sadly through the glass at the beloved form of the Sawhorse.

"Good-bye, dear friend!" said Jack, wiping a tear from his left eye. "Through my ignorance I have lost your companionship forever!"

But, as they turned away, the Sawhorse solved the problem by dashing his wooden heels against the glass so forcibly that the pane was shattered to fragments. Next moment he leaped through the opening to the sidewalk, and Jack mounted to his back and rode away before the astonished Mr. Lily could recover from his astonishment.



"It is always well to avoid those shops where the three golden balls are displayed," said the Woggle-Bug, when they were at a safe distance.

"Why do money lenders display three golden balls?" asked Jack.

"It is an ancient custom," replied the wise insect; "for the three balls were taken from the armorial bearings of a famous and noble Lombard family of the thirteenth century, the head of which family was among the first money lenders."

"What was the name of that famous Lombard family?" inquired the Pumpkinhead, as he patted the neck of his Sawhorse.

"I'll tell you," said the Woggle-Bug, and at once gave Jack the desired information.



Chapter 15: Dorothy Spends an Evening with Her Old Friends and Is Entertained with Wonderful Exhibitions

Dorothy had come to spend an evening with her old friends from Oz, who were occupying pleasant rooms provided for them by the Mayor of the city. "It does seem like old times to be with folks from the Land of Oz again," said she. "I think the reason I love you all is because you are so different."

"Yes," remarked the Scarecrow, thoughtfully. "I have learned since we came to visit America that we are quite different from your earth people. They call us fairies, and think everything we do is the result of magic."

"But, really, you are fairies, in a way," declared little Dorothy, "and you do wonderful things."

"Your people also do wonderful things," said the Woggle-Bug, who was present; "but no one here seems surprised at moving-pictures, or talking-machines, or telephones—which surely owe their origin to magical arts."

"That is because we are used to them," the little girl replied. "The things that interest us are those we seldom see. Won't you perform some of your own magic for me this evening?"

"With great pleasure," answered the Scarecrow. "It is our duty to strive to amuse our guest, and we will attempt to do some things you seldom see in America."

As he spoke he looked around the room and noticed, hanging upon the wall, a full-length picture of an old gentleman standing in a gilt frame. Folding his arms behind his back the Scarecrow uttered the magic word: "Naubau!"

At once the old gentleman stepped from the background of the picture and made a polite bow to the company. Then he unfastened the empty frame from the wall, caught it under his left arm, and began to dance a graceful and dignified jig, while the Woggle-Bug whistled a tune for accompaniment.

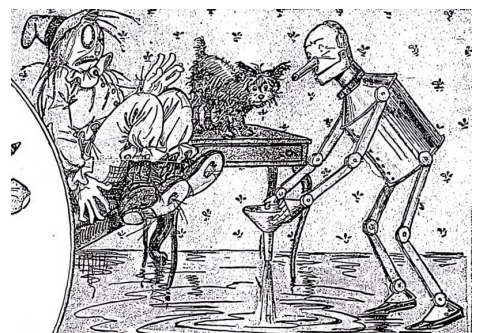
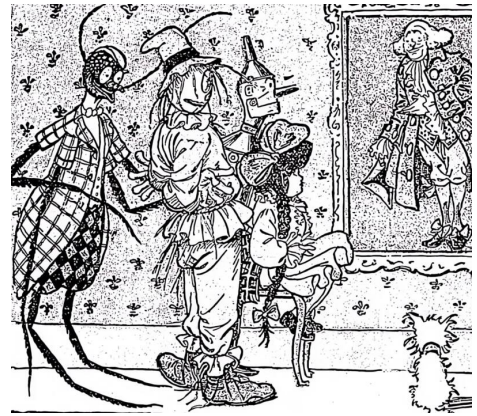
Dorothy watched him with great delight, and when he had completed his dance the old gentleman wiped his brow with his handkerchief, made another bow, hung the gilt frame upon its nail, and then stepped back into it. Next moment he was a picture again, flat and motionless as before.

"That was very interesting," said Dorothy.

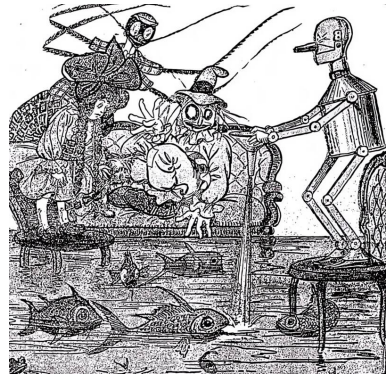
The Tin Woodman now stepped forward and made three magic signs, one after the other.

"Look out," said he; "but don't get frightened." Then he took off his funnel-shaped hat and held it in front of him, and immediately a stream of water rushed from the funnel and fell upon the carpet. Dorothy screamed a little and stood upon her chair to keep from getting wet.

Faster and faster came the water from the funnel, flooding all the floor of the room, and rising steadily until it almost reached the seats of the chairs on which all the party were now perched.



The Tin Woodman spoke a queer word that sounded like “chugaremolumchug!” and at once the little girl perceived enormous fishes swimming in the water. They were of many brilliant colors and were all lighted from within themselves, so that their bright colored scales glowed like the stained-glass windows of churches.

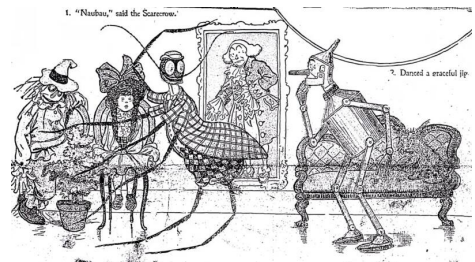


While the girl looked on wonderingly the Tin Woodman spoke another word and replaced the funnel upon his head. At once the gorgeous fish disappeared; the flood subsided, and—strange to say—not a drop of moisture remained upon the carpet or furniture to show where the water had been.

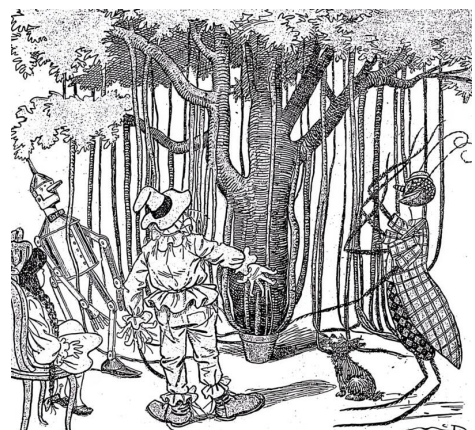
“That was strange and beautiful!” said Dorothy, with a sigh, as she resumed her seat upon the chair.

It was now the Woggle-Bug’s turn. The wise insect took a flower-pot filled with fresh earth and proceeded to bury a seed within the soil. Then he set the flower-pot upon the floor and said:

“Usually, as you know, it takes many years for a tree to grow from a seed. That is because Nature supplies very slowly the elements of chemistry required to enable the tree to increase in size, and therefore it is obliged to grow just as slowly. But to-night I shall give the seed a large quantity of the food it requires to make it grow, and you will be surprised at the result.”



He now crossed two fingers of his right upper hand, three fingers of his left upper hand, and four fingers of his right lower hand. Then with his left lower hand he made rapid circles above the flower-pot. At once a plant sprang into sight, rising higher and higher and spreading in breadth until it reached the ceiling, while its many branches nearly filled the room. Birds then appeared upon the limbs of this magical tree, warbling sweet songs; and although the night without was cold and dreary, this beautiful tree seemed to breathe a fragrance of summer and sunshine.



Dorothy's eyes were fixed admiringly upon the tree when the Woggle-Bug made

a quick movement with all his four arms—a signal well known in magic by the people of Oz.

At once the tree shrank down into the pot and disappeared, and the room resumed its former appearance.

“That was indeed wonderful!” exclaimed the little girl. “What kind of a tree was it that you made to grow?”

“I’ll tell you,” said the Woggle-Bug, and whispered to her the name of the tree.

Chapter 16: How the Wogglebug and His Friends Visited Santa Claus

“It’s nearly Christmas time,” said the Scarecrow, yesterday, “and I really think we ought to do something for the children of America who have welcomed us so kindly.”

“What can we do?” asked the Tin Woodman.

“Why, it seems that on every Christmas Santa Claus brings the children toys for presents. So it strikes me that we also ought to furnish toys for the little ones, to prove our love for them,” returned the Scarecrow.

“But where can we get the toys?” the Woggle-Bug inquired. “We have no money with which to purchase such things.”

“True,” acknowledged the Straw Man; “but in Oz we do without money, because when we want a thing we create it by means of the magical arts we are learned in. Let us therefore provide, by means of our magic, the toys we require for the children.”

This suggestion being agreed to, they all retired to private rooms, that they might create the toys undisturbed, and before long the Tin Woodman came back with an armful of tiny tin men that were exact duplicates of himself. They were all jointed in their legs and arms, and their heads could be made to turn to right or left.



Soon after, the Scarecrow entered the room carrying a lot of rag dolls that were small images of himself. These baby scarecrows were very quaint and amusing, and there was no doubt the children would like them. Then Jack Pumpkinhead brought in a number of small pumpkin heads, made out of paper, but with features exactly resembling Jack himself.

"They're hollow inside," said Jack; "but the children can fill them with candy."

When the Woggle-Bug entered the room he brought quantities of wee woggle-bugs, dressed just like himself, and having their four arms and their legs made of wire and covered with fuzzy worsted. These toys were so comical that all the party laughed when they saw them.

"But our friend the Saw-Horse must not be neglected," said the Scarecrow; so he went away and did a little more magic, and soon returned with a drove of small wooden saw-horses, which had wheels under each of their legs, so that the children could draw them over the floor by means of strings.

"Let us carry them to Santa Claus," suggested the Tin Woodman. "He can take them in his sleigh and distribute them with his other Christmas gifts."

This plan being approved, the entire party mounted aboard the Gump, which flew with them far away to the Laughing Valley where Santa Claus lives. They found the dear old man sitting in an easy chair before his fire and smoking a short pipe. He had finished his yearly labors, and his sleigh was already loaded with packages of toys for the children's Christmas, while the ten reindeer stamped impatiently to be off and away upon their journey.

"You are just in time," exclaimed Santa Claus, "and I will gladly carry your toys to the little ones."



"We would like every child to have one of them," said the Scarecrow.

"But—good gracious, my friends!" cried bluff old Santa, "you haven't enough for a quarter of the children I shall visit."

This news made the people from Oz very sad and downcast; but, noticing this, the good old man added: "Never mind; I'll make them go as far as I can, and these toys are so pretty that next year I will make a lot of them myself, so that every child may get one for Christmas. But now I must be off, or I shall never get my journey finished by Christmas morning."



So Santa Claus placed the toys in his sleigh and himself mounted the seat. The people of Oz also got into the Gump again, and then Santa said, with a sly wink: "Let's have a race."

"To be sure," agreed the Scarecrow; "but nothing can go so swiftly as the flight of the Gump."

Santa Claus made no answer in words, but he cracked his long whip, and away shot the reindeer—swift as the wind.

The Gump flew as it had never flown before, but every effort to keep pace with the sleigh of jolly Santa was in vain, and presently the people of Oz looked down through the moonlight and saw a tiny speck far ahead of them, which was their last view of the sleigh-load of toys destined for the children's Christmas.



"We are beaten," remarked the Scarecrow. "But I imagine Santa Claus is a greater magician than any that has ever lived in our Land of Oz."

And the Woggle-Bug quoted, impressively, these lines:

"Around the man who seeks a noble end,

Not angels, but divinities attend."

"That," said he, "was written by a famous American poet."

"What was his name?" asked the Scarecrow, curiously.

And the Woggle-Bug told him.

Chapter 17: How the Wogglebug Found a Lost Child and Gave a Lesson in Heraldry

One day, while the queer visitors from the marvelous Land of Oz were strolling along the street, a woman ran up to them, crying in a loud voice:

"Help, kind people! Good people, help!"

"Certainly," answered the Scarecrow. "Give us but an idea of how we may assist you and we will gladly be of service."

"My child is lost!" sobbed the woman.

"Please—oh, please help me to find her."

"I'll go!" cried the sympathetic Jack Pumpkinhead, and at once he put spurs to the Saw-Horse and dashed down the street.

"Now, that is just like a Pumpkinhead," remarked the Woggle-Bug, looking after him. "He has gone to find a child he has never seen. Nor has he any description to guide him."

"My child! My child!" wailed the mother. "Please help me to find her. You are fairies from Oz—you can do anything! Please find her."

"Be patient, my poor woman," said the Tin Woodman, "and tell us in what way you lost your child."

"I was walking down the street with her, and stopped to look in a shop window. It was only for a moment, kind sirs, but during that time my little girl disappeared in the crowd, and I cannot find her anywhere. Oh—boo hoo!—what shall I do?"



"Stop crying, for one thing," suggested the Woggle-Bug, "and tell us what your little girl looks like."

"She wears a white dress and a pink bonnet," said the woman, trying hard to suppress her tears.

"All right, I'll find her!" exclaimed the kind-hearted Tin Woodman; and away he rushed up the street.

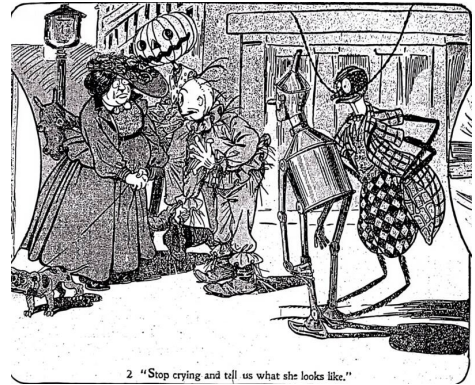
"Another foolish one," remarked the Woggle-Bug. "There may be a dozen little girls running around loose and dressed in white, with pink bonnets. Tell me, madam, the color of your child's hair and eyes."

"She has yellow hair and blue eyes, sir," answered the mother, beginning to weep afresh. The sight of her tears greatly affected the good Scarecrow.

"I'll search for your child, ma'am," said he, and started off as fast as his wobbly legs could carry him.

"Dear me!" sighed the Woggle-Bug; "how much more useful folks could be in an emergency if they would only stop to think. My friends will never be able to find your child, madam; so I must do it myself. And, in order to recognize her, I will use one of the magical agencies we sometimes employ in Oz."

Saying this, he made a tiny prick in the woman's hand, so that a drop of blood appeared; and, taking this upon the end of his upper right-hand finger, the Woggle-Bug made a queer mark upon her forehead. It was shaped like this:



"Now," said the Woggle-Bug, "the same mark will be plainly seen upon the forehead of your child, wherever she may chance to be. So please remain here for a few moments, and I will promise to find your little girl and return her to your arms."

"Oh, thank you! I knew you were a fairy!" exclaimed the woman, gratefully.

"Well, of course, we do things in Oz that are not done in America," admitted the Woggle-Bug, and started at once upon his quest.

The poor woman, still nervous and excited, sat down to wait; and presently up rode Jack Pumpkinhead with a lot of children of all ages perched upon his Saw-Horse.

"Are any of these yours?" he asked, anxiously.

"No, indeed," answered the woman.

Just then appeared the Tin Woodman, a child riding upon his shoulders, one under either arm, and two more led by his tin hands.

"They all have pink bonnets, ma'am," he cried; "are any of them yours?"

"Not one of them!" replied the woman.

And now came the Scarecrow, pushing before him a crowd of children of all sorts and conditions.

"One of these surely must be yours, ma'am," said he, pleasantly, "for all have yellow hair and blue eyes."

"No, no!" she answered, while big tears of anguish rolled down her cheeks. "Take 'em away! They're not mine—take 'em away!"

But now the Woggle-Bug strolled up, a pretty little girl held fast in his four arms.

"Here you are, madam!" said he. "See! She has the same mark upon her forehead."

And while the others looked on in surprise, the mother sprang up with a cry of joy and pressed the child to her breast, covering its little face with a hundred



loving kisses.

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" she exclaimed, in rapture; "I knew you would find her, for you are a fairy!"

Then she turned away, and as she did so the strange red mark disappeared from the foreheads of both mother and child.

"What was that mark?" the Scarecrow asked the Woggle-Bug.

"A peculiar design much used in heraldry," answered the wise insect.

"But what is it called?" inquired the Tin Woodman.

The Woggle-Bug smiled.

"It really has a name of its own," said he, "and I shall be pleased to tell you what the mark is called." And, while they listened intently, he told them.



Chapter 18: The Scarecrow Presents a Magic Automobile to a Little Girl

Now, although the queer people from Oz had come to our country on a pleasure trip, they were greatly pleased when an opportunity arose for any of them to do a kind act.

The Scarecrow was walking one day along a street where the houses were set close together and only the poorer classes of people dwelt. And soon he found, sitting upon a doorstep, a pretty little girl who had covered her face with her hands and was crying softly—as if to herself—in a very affecting manner.

The good Scarecrow was very sorry to see the child so grieved, so he bent down beside her and said:

"Tell me, my dear, why you are so sorrowful?"

"I—wants a—a—a automobile," sobbed the girl.

"Good gracious! An automobile? Then why don't you have one?" asked the



Scarecrow, somewhat surprised that so small a child should want so large a toy.

"Because my pop's too poor to buy me one," she answered, looking at her new friend, in amazement that he should ask such a question.

"In that case, my dear, you shouldn't want an automobile," said the Scarecrow, gravely.

"But I do—I do!" sobbed the child, and began crying again.

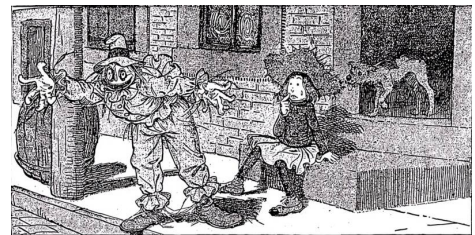
Her tears were too much for the Scarecrow.

"Very well; dry your eyes, and I'll give you an automobile—since that is the only thing that will make you happy," said he.

The girl thought her queer companion was making fun of her; but he was not, indeed. He knew what an automobile was, for he had curiously noted one of the big red ones going along the street only that morning.



So all he had to do was to walk to the curbstone, where by means of a few magic words accompanied by the magical gestures that are usually required, he created an automobile that was exactly the same as the one he had seen.



The little girl sprang to her feet with a cry of astonishment; for there, before her door, stood a beautiful big red touring-car, fitted up with leather cushions and handsome embroidered dust-ropes and lunch and golf baskets and sparkling silver lanterns, and all the things that the most expensive automobiles possess.

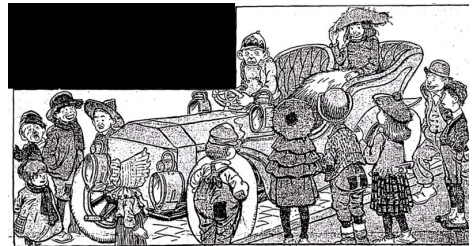
"There," said the Scarecrow, "I will make you a present of this automobile—your very own, to do what you like with it; and I hope it will make you happy." Then he bade her good-bye and walked away, soon disappearing around a corner. The girl half expected to see the automobile disappear, too, but it did not. It still stood before her, big and beautiful enough to fit the heart of a millionaire.

Now, this child had especially wanted an automobile because she believed it impossible for her ever to possess one, and now that the coveted machine was before her she had no idea what to do with it. She was still staring at it when her father came home from his work to get his dinner. The man couldn't refuse to believe the wonderful story the girl told him, for there stood the automobile to

prove it, and he had often heard of the magical powers possessed by the people from Oz. But he was greatly perplexed, nevertheless.

"We haven't any barn to keep it in," said he, "nor any clothes good enough to wear while riding in such a swell chariot. And it would cost more than I earn to feed it with gasoline. I think we ought to sell it, and buy coal for the winter. Anyhow, I've got to get back to work, now, and we'll talk it over when I come home to-night."

But the girl was quite indignant at the idea of selling the beautiful automobile, and when her father had gone away a crowd of admiring children from all over the neighborhood had congregated to gaze upon the wonderful thing, she proudly informed them that she was about to take a ride.



"Let me run it! Let me run it for you!" shouted a dozen boys, at once. Not one of them knew anything about an automobile, but most boys are willing to undertake any task that is really dangerous; so the girl thoughtfully selected one who had divided his stick of candy with her that very morning.

She climbed to a back seat and drew an embroidered robe over her faded gingham dress, and the barefooted boy chauffeur proudly mounted in front and gave a glance at the machinery.

"Get out o' the way, you dubs!" he shouted to the crowd of children, who were spellbound with awe—and then he shut his teeth tight together and pushed over the lever.

Slowly the huge machine, like a thing of life, moved down the street; then it gathered headway, and, as the crowd shouted and cheered, the boy, swelling with pride, put the lever over as far as it would go. Next instant the magic automobile was flying down the street like a red streak of light, swaying the while from side to side and bumping over the broken pavement.

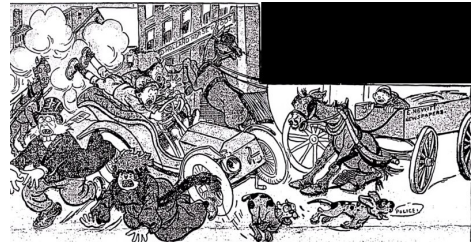
At first the girl had hard work to catch her breath. Then she screamed:

"Stop it! Stop it!"

But the boy didn't know how to stop it. Pale, but courageous, he seized the steering-wheel and swung the machine around a corner. They were getting into more frequented streets, and the teams they passed crept close to the sidewalks as the great red monster whirled by them.

"It can't last long!" thought the girl, gasping for breath. And it didn't.

They were building a house down the street, and big piles of brick had been placed far out into the roadway. Perhaps an expert automobilist could have avoided the obstruction with ease; but the boy, wild-eyed and frightened, abandoned all hope. Next minute there was a crash and a scream. The girl flew into the air, made a graceful curve, and fell flat into a big box of soft mortar the workmen had prepared. The boy flew higher, and landed in a sitting position on a scaffold of the new house—breathless, but unhurt. As for the magic automobile, it was a crumpled mass of red slivers and twisted steel and tag-ends of leather; for it struck the brick-pile squarely, and what remained of it could be called by no especial name.



The boy caught a ride on a delivery-wagon and was soon back home again; but the workmen pulled the little girl from the mortar-box, and scraped her off as well as they could in the time they had to spare, and she finally walked away in a very subdued frame of mind.



“The Scarecrow was right,” she reflected, shivering also at the thought of what her mother would say about her soiled clothes. “Nobody—not even a little girl—has any right to want a thing they ought not to have. What I really need is a good switching, and the chances are that I’ll get it when I get home!”



Chapter 19: How the Tin Woodman Became a Fire Hero

The fire bells were ringing and the whistles were blowing.

Night was a rather dreary time for our friends, the visitors from the marvelous Land of Oz. For, with the single exception of the Woggle-Bug, not one of the queer people ever slept. One was straw, and one was tin; one had a carved pumpkin head, and their Saw-Horse was made of wood. To such creatures sleep was, of course, an impossibility; but to avoid annoying other folks who DID sleep, they made a practice of standing in the corners of a room with their faces to the wall during all the night, so they might not be tempted to talk or make a noise.

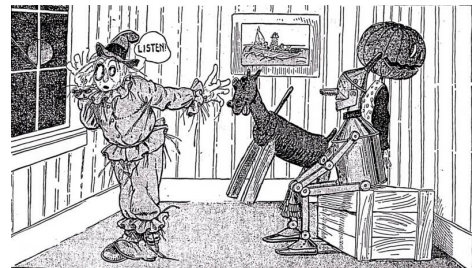


This standing still for so long a time was somewhat tedious, as any child who has tried it will be glad to acknowledge; so that one night, when the bells began clanging, and the whistles tooting, they all turned around from their corners with a sigh of relief.

"Some one else is making a racket now," said the Scarecrow. "I wonder what all those bells and whistles mean?"

But before any could answer they heard cries of "Fire! Fire!" coming from the street.

"How dreadful!" exclaimed the Pumpkinhead. "But I dare not go near the fire, because my body is made of wood." And he turned his face resolutely to the wall again.

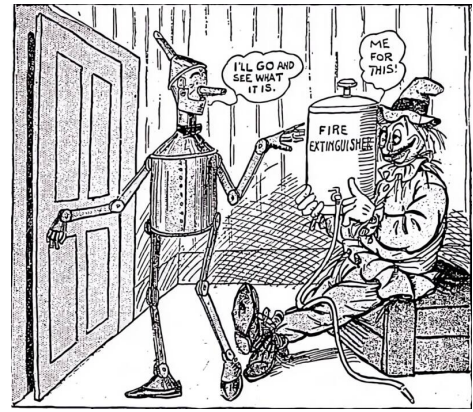


"Those are exactly my sentiments!" declared the Saw-Horse, and poked his nose as far into his corner as it would go.

"For my part," remarked the Scarecrow, "fire has ever been my great abhorrence. Any chance spark might set my straw to burning; and then there would soon be an end of me."

"My case is different," said the Tin Woodman. "I am composed of three-ply metal plate of the best quality, and fire does not worry me in the least. So, if you will excuse me, I'll go and see if I can be of any service."

He walked into the street, and seeing people running in a certain direction, he followed them to a tall apartment building, from the windows of which smoke was pouring in great clouds.



The firemen had already arrived and were shooting streams of water through some of the windows, while across the street were groups of half-dressed people shivering in the cold, who had been driven from their beds by the burning of the house.

As the Tin Woodman joined the crowd of spectators, a very short but very fat woman, with variegated yellow hair and pink cheeks, rushed forward and cried out:

"Oh, my darling; my darling! He will be burned alive!"

"Where is he?" asked a big fireman, excitedly.

"There! There in that corner room!" screamed the woman, pointing to the second story.



At once the fireman placed a ladder against the building, and the big fellow bravely ran up the rounds to the window that the woman had indicated. But a burst of flame and smoke quickly drove him back again, and the woman began dancing hysterically up and down and crying: "My darling will be burned alive!"

"I'm afraid he will," said the fireman, sadly, "for no person can enter that room through the window without being killed."



"I can!" exclaimed the Tin Woodman. "Fear not, my good woman, for I will save your darling!"

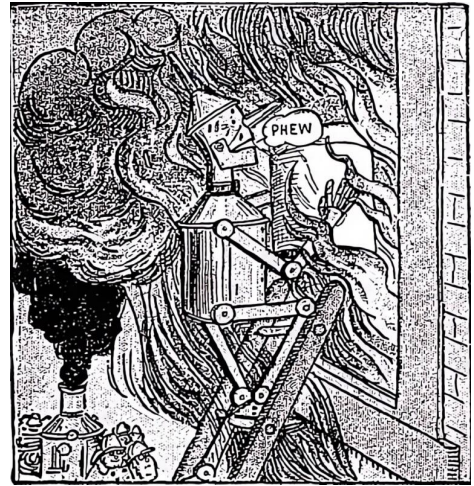
A cheer broke from the crowd at hearing this courageous speech. But, the Tin Woodman reflected that if a child was in the room he could not carry it out through the flames; so he looked around and discovered a big flour can, which a man had carefully carried downstairs after throwing his clocks and mirrors from the third-story window. So the Tin Woodman grabbed the big round flour can, which was also made of tin, and climbed up the ladder to the window. In through the smoke and raging flames he made his way, and in a few minutes the anxious crowd watching him from below saw him reappear, carefully holding a flour can in his arms.

"Your darling is saved!" shouted the Tin Woodman to the woman; and then a tremendous cheer greeted him as he came down the ladder and reached the ground. For no one but a tin man could ever have passed through the flames in safety, and even he was glowing red in several places where the fire had caught him. The big fireman, who admired bravery, grasped his tin hand with emotion—and dropped it with a howl.

As soon as he was on the ground the Tin Woodman threw off the cover of the flour can, and out jumped a little poodle dog, which the woman caught in her arms.

"Oh, thank you for saving my darling!" she cried, joyfully.

"Your darling!" growled the big fireman, disgusted and angry. "Were you raising all that row over a measly dog?"



“He isn’t measly,” she simpered; “he’s a dear, and a love, and a darling!”

The fireman turned to the Tin Woodman.

“I don’t blame you for being hot,” he said, indignantly.



“It isn’t my honor that’s tarnished, anyhow,” replied the hero, with a slight sigh; “and if I’m obliged to get myself replated in the morning I shall not complain. For, after all, to the dog and the woman the life I saved is very precious, and I am glad I had the chance to make somebody happy.”

But at this kind speech the firemen only frowned.

“You’ll feel different when you’ve cooled off,” he said.

Chapter 20: The Two Wishes

In a certain village lived a pair of twin brothers, Fred and Ned. They are chubby, stout, freckle-faced boys, with big eyes and ears, warts on their hands, and usually a rag around one or another of their numerous fingers and toes. One day the queer visitors to America from the marvelous Land of Oz visited the village, and were among the children who thronged to see them. The boys were looking a bit grave and solemn just then, having received a sound scolding from their mother. So their sad faces attracted the attention of the kind-hearted Tin Woodman, who said to them:



“Come, look pleasant, my little men, for I have decided to give you each a fine present.”

“What is it?” asked Ned, eagerly.

“You shall each have one wish granted—the first wish you care to make,” replied the Tin Woodman. “So run along and be happy, and take care that you wish for exactly the right thing.”



So the boys trotted along home filled with joy at the fairy gift of the good man from Oz, and on the way Fred said:

“Look here, Ned; I’m sick of getting scolded all the time. I wish I might be a good boy.”

“Well, then, you are,” replied Ned, with a grin, “for your first wish is bound to come true.”

“That’s all right. I’m glad I made a wise wish,” declared Fred, soberly. “What do you wish?”

“I’m going to save my wish. There’s no hurry,” said Ned.

They entered the house through the back way, and there they spied on the pantry shelf a great panful of cookies, which their mother had just baked. “I’ll make double the recipe, for the boys’ll be sure to steal half of them,” she had thought.

Well, Ned filled his pockets full of cookies, but Fred shook his head and said:

“It’s wrong to take those cookies without permission, so I’ll let them alone.”

“Your wish was magic, all right,” announced Ned, with his mouth full of the delicious cookies. Fred sighed, but said nothing.

In the afternoon, when they started for school the grocery wagon was driving by.

“Let’s catch on!” shouted Ned, and ran to grab at the end-board and swing there while the wagon rolled swiftly on. But Fred refused to join him, and walked all the way to school, which made him miss a fine snowball fight.

There Ned met him, and whispered: “Let’s play hookey this afternoon. Some of us boys are going to the pond to skate.”

“No, indeed. It is wrong to run away from school, and wrong to go skating without mother’s knowledge. So I shall be good and go straight to my seat,” said Fred.

“Well, good luck to you!” cried his brother, and ran off with the other bad boys.

Fred studied until his head ached, and then the teacher accused him of throwing a paper-wad that had been slyly snapped by the bad boy sitting behind him, and



he had to stay an hour after school. He got home, tired and sad, just in time for supper, and found Ned, rosy-cheeked and fresh, coming in from the pond.

"The ice was great!" confided Ned. "Sorry as how you couldn't come, being as how you're so 'good.'"

"Yes, my wish has come true, and I'm glad of it," answered noble Fred. But he had not much appetite for supper and anxiously watched his bad brother, who ate with an eagerness that proved he was hungry and the food tasted good.

Next morning their uncle gave them each a dime; but Fred put the money in a missionary box to help buy neckties for the heathen in Africa, while Ned spent his for gum-drops and ate them during school hours.

"How do you like being good?" asked Ned, curiously when they were going home.

"Pretty well; but it ain't just the feeling I thought it was," acknowledged Fred.

"Oh, you'll get used to it in time," declared his brother, and then ran and hid in the barn while their father made Fred sift the ashes from the furnace—a job that even good boys cordially detest.

Next day the arithmetic examples were awfully hard. Ned got a boy that clerked in the drug store to give him the right answers, and was praised by the teacher. Fred scorned such a dishonest action, and, therefore, failed in his lesson, and was obliged to take a note from the teacher home to his mother, who read it, and promptly punished him with a trunk strap.

While he was sobbing in the woodshed (the scene of his humiliation), Ned came in and looked at his brother sympathetically.



"I'm sorry you're so confounded good, Fred," he declared. "It spoils half my fun to leave you out of all the joy that's going 'round.'"

"It spoils all my fun!" wailed Fred, feeling tenderly of the sore places. "Honest, Ned; it's getting so it actually hurts to be good."

Ned sighed, and rubbed a cobble-stone over the teeth of the bucksaw in a reflective manner.

"Say," said Fred, suddenly, "have you wished yet?"

Ned shook his head.

"Don't save it any longer," pleaded Fred, anxiously. "You just wish I wasn't any better than the rest of the boys. Do it, Ned, old man, and I'll make it all right with you."

A black and white illustration of a man in a hat and coat using a large saw to cut a log. A boy in overalls stands to the left, watching. A dog is in the foreground. In the background, a window shows another person working.

"Well, my little men, what did you wish?"

The Tin Woodman looked thoughtful. "When it hurts to be good," said he "it can't amount to much. And I don't suppose any one boy has a right to be better than the rest of the boys. So I shall not give you any more wishes, for fear they might lead you into mischief." Then he got into the Gump and flew away.

Tim Nichols was not what you could rightly call a bad boy, because he was obedient to his parents, attended school regularly, got his lessons, and submitted to the Saturday night bath with remarkable courage and good nature.

With courage and good nature.

With courage and good nature



But the thing he most delighted to torment was a cat, and the big gray pussy, named "Peggy," that belonged next door, lived in deadly fear of her life every moment that Tim was around. To be sure, she had a habit of sitting on the woodshed roof to utter strange cries at the dead of night, and as Tim's room overlooked the woodshed he usually carried a number of sticks and stones to his room, so that he could hurl them at Peggy when she became noisy. Sometimes they would miss fire, but often they struck the cat and tumbled her from the roof, and after such an event she would keep quiet until morning. But right after breakfast Tim, still relentless, would hunt her up and chase her with stones and clubs, until she hid herself, and so managed to escape the torment.

This state of affairs attracted the attention of our queer visitors from the Land of Oz, and after a consultation they decided to perform a little magic. So, through their efforts, all of Tim Nichols, except his body, was transferred into the body of the cat Peggy, and all of Peggy, except her body, was transferred into the body of Tim Nichols.



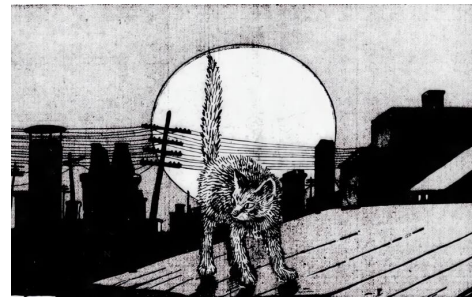
This happened just before supper, as Tim was entering the house. His parents only noticed that Tim ate as if he had not been fed for a week, and afterward curled himself upon a rug before the fire, and went to sleep, so that they had to shake him hard at ten o'clock to arouse him and send him to bed in the little room overlooking the neighbor's woodshed.



As for the cat, he sat upon the back fence, blinking in a very disturbed manner, for Tim's spirit, inside the fur body, was wondering how on earth he ever came to be a cat! He smelled supper, and crept toward the kitchen hungrily, but Eliza scared him away with a broomstick, and he ran behind the ash-barrel and hid until the moon came out.



Then, scarcely knowing why he did it, he jumped to the roof of the woodshed and eyed the moon with as much content as a hungry cat can possibly feel. Bye and bye a strange feeling came over him, and, for the first time since he could remember, Tim yearned to sing. So he lifted up his voice, and in a long "Ker-r-r-o-mee-ow-w-w!" sent a wailing cry soaring toward the moon.



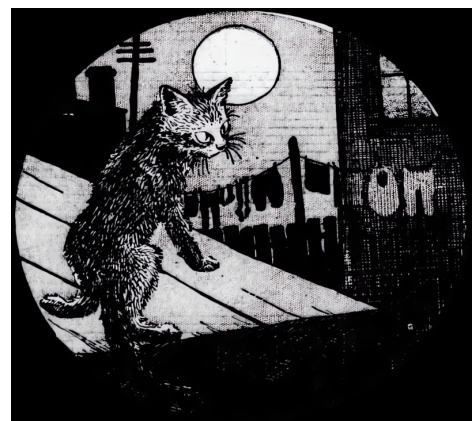
Bang! came a big stone, bounding over the roof and just escaping his left ear.

Tim reflected. "It's that confounded boy up in the room there!" he growled. And then it struck him as curious that the boy in the window wore the body he used to own.

Chug! came a heavy piece of wood, striking his front leg a blow that made it tingle as if a thousand needles had pierced it.

"Why can't that brute leave a poor cat alone?" he grumbled, when the pain would let him think. And then, to relieve his anguish, he again lifted up his voice. "Cuth-er-a-mee-ow I-ow I-ow!"

A second stick, hurled from the window, caught him unawares. Plump against his lean body it crashed, and sent him sliding from the roof, to fall headlong upon the ground below. For a time, he lay quiet, unable to move. My, how it hurt! Would the awful pain ever cease?



No more singing to the moon to-night. After a time the stricken cat, breathing slowly, and with dulled eyes, recovered sufficiently to crawl to a refuge behind the ash-barrel. And the boy went to bed and slept.

Early in the morning the people from Oz completed the magic charm, and

transferred Tim back to his own body, and Peggy back to hers.

At breakfast, the boy was very thoughtful and sober, and soon afterward his mother found him sitting upon the back steps and feeding Peggy out of a big bowl.

“What do you mean by giving that horrid cat all my nice cream?” demanded Tim’s mother, reproachfully.

“Well,” said Tim, “the poor old thing don’t have much fun in life, I guess. So I’m goin’ to see that Peggy has a square meal, once in a while, if I have to do without myself.”

And, while Tim’s mother stood by in silent astonishment, the cat lifted her face from the bowl and eyed the boy gratefully.



Chapter 22: Mr. Wimble's Wooden Leg

Mr. Wimble was one of the heroes of the Spanish War. In climbing San Juan Hill a cannon ball carried away his right leg, and now he was obliged to strap a wooden leg to the stump that remained and so hobble around with the aid of a cane.



The government paid him enough pension money to enable him to live frugally, and Mrs. Wimble was such a good manager that she kept the little cottage neat and comfortable and cooked her hero husband dainty meals and cared for him most tenderly.



She placed a cushioned chair for him on the front porch every morning, where he sat and enjoyed the sunshine and the admiration of the crowd of children that always assembled to look with awe upon his wooden leg and listen enraptured to his tales of war.

When he wanted a match to light his pipe one of the children would eagerly run to fetch it, and it was considered a great honor to any child to be permitted to get the hero a cup of water from the pump.

At evening Mrs. Wimble helped him into the little parlor, where his slipper was warming beside the stove, and she hung up his hat and waited upon him lovingly, seeing that his place was supplied with the choicest bits she could afford to provide.

It is really delightful to know how our gallant soldiers are honored when they have suffered for their country.

Well, our friend Jack Pumpkinhead, one of the queer people from the Marvelous Land of Oz, passed by one day and noticed Mr. Wimble's wooden leg as he sat upon the porch sunning himself. "Poor fellow!" thought Jack. "I must really do something to relieve him!"

Jack is a bit stupid (being a Pumpkinhead), but he has a heart of oak, so he went home and performed a magical incantation that a powerful witch in the Land of Oz had once taught him. Mr. Wimble knew nothing of what Jack was doing, and went to bed in a peaceful frame of mind, his good wife unstrapping his wooden leg and hanging it on a peg beside the bed.



But during the night the Pumpkinhead's incantation took effect, causing a new leg of flesh and blood to grow upon the stump of Mr. Wimble's old leg, so that when he got up next morning he found, to his amazement, that he was just as good a man as he was before he went to the war!



Mrs. Wimble was too astonished to say much. All her husband's trousers had the right leg cut off, so she had to patch up two pair to make one of them have both legs, and this seemed to her very wasteful.



While they were at breakfast the pension agent came around and, finding the hero had now two legs, refused to pay him any more money. This made Mrs. Wimble nervous and angry.



"Get out of here!" she cried, pushing her husband toward the door. "You must find a job, now that you are an able man, and hustle to earn us a living!"

Poor Mr. Wimble knew not what to do. He had got out of the habit of work, and now found that, instead of being petted and cuddled, he would be called upon to lead a strenuous life. Formerly he had been a bookkeeper, but he knew it would be quite difficult for him to get another position as good as the one he had abandoned to fight for his country.



As he stood upon the front porch thinking of this the children came along, but finding that their formerly interesting hero was now just like other men, they passed on their way to school with jeers and jokes at his expense.

Poor Mr. Wimble! The grocer came up, having met the pension agent, and said: "Now that you are no longer paid by the government I must have cash in advance for my goods." And the tailor followed, waving a bill for the last one-legged trouser he had made and demanding his money.

Then came Jack Pumpkinhead, proud and glad to see the hero with two whole legs, and he told Mr. Wimble of his incantation.

"Alas!" cried the unhappy man, "why did you interfere with the decrees of Providence? With one leg I was happy and honored; with two I am miserable and despised!"

"Well," said Jack, surprised to find his kind intentions had done harm rather than good, "it is easy enough to remove the leg again."

"Then do! Do it by all means!" begged Mr. Wimble, anxiously. "It was really shot away in the war, you know; and you had no right to replace without my consent."

So Jack did another incantation that same night, and when Mr. Wimble awoke the following morning he called to his wife: "Come, Susie, and strap on my wooden leg!" And, sure enough, there was only a stump where his right leg should have been!

As he sat on the porch that morning, telling stories to an awed group of children while his wife arranged cushions to support his back, Mr. Wimble looked up and saw the Pumpkinhead.

"Thank you, my friend from Oz," said he. "I'm all right now; but for goodness' sake don't interfere in my affairs again!"



Chapter 23: A Magnetic Personality

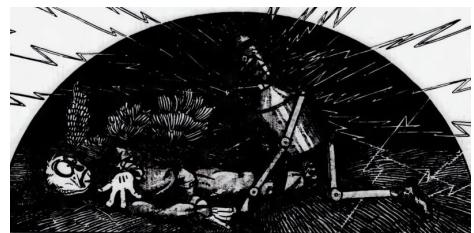
One day, while the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman were out for a walk, they were caught in a severe thunderstorm. They were on the brow of a bare hill when the storm broke, with no trees or other refuge near where they might seek shelter.

The rain fell in torrents, wetting the Scarecrow so thoroughly that soon all the crispness was gone from his straw, and he sank upon the ground as limp as a rag and unable to move.

The Tin Woodman stood above his comrade in silent sympathy, while the lightning flashed around him and ran up and down his tin body and filled him so full of electricity that he became magnetized to a wonderful degree. Of course, he knew nothing of this, or that his body had acquired a power of magnetic attraction greater than 10,000 of those horse-shoe magnets which children use to pick up pins and tacks with. To be sure, he tingled in every limb, but the sensation was rather pleasant, and he did not mind it in the least.

When the storm had subsided he picked up the soaked form of his friend, the Scarecrow, and carried it back to the town, where he placed it, pulpy and helpless as it was, on a cot, and then ran out to find a bundle of fresh straw to restuff him with.

But as the Tin Woodman walked down the street his magnetized body created tremendous excitement. For when he passed Mrs. Van Druydur, the president of the Woman's Club, every hairpin shot from her head to the Woodman's body and stuck to his tin. The hatpins came also, and the lady's hat and hair both fell upon the pavement, to her great confusion.



A fat gentleman approached, and paused in his surprise; for the metal buttons of his vest tore themselves loose and joined the pins upon the Woodman's magnetized form, and his scarfpin and cuff buttons followed, leaving the gentleman in a state that demanded instant attention. Mr. Spitzer now came along, and three silver dollars, four quarters and a dime sprang from his pocket and laid their flat surfaces against the Tin Woodman's breast. Also his watch and chain failed to withstand the magnetic attraction, and jerked themselves loose to fly to the Tin Man's body.



The poor Woodman attempted to restore these articles (for Mr. Spitzer was yelling "Stop thief!" at the top of his voice), but he could not keep the metal things away from him.

"They seem stuck on me, sir!" he exclaimed, with annoyance. "I'm sorry, but it can't be helped."

He started to walk away, but the gentleman followed, protesting loudly, although Mrs. Van Druydur had grabbed her hair and hat from the ground and skipped down a side street.



Soon the Tin Woodman passed a peddler bearing a tray of pocket knives, every one of which flew to the metal body of the man from Oz and clung to it. The peddler shouted that he was robbed, and followed with the fat gentleman and Mr. Spitzer, while the Tin Woodman, becoming alarmed, started to run, and fled along the street as rapidly as possible. A shower of collar buttons leaped from the tray of another street peddler and attached themselves to the Tin Man's back. A policeman, too astonished to move, stood still while the Tin Woodman passed, and saw his silver star leap from his breast and cling to the back of the magnetized one's head. A tiny poodle dog, with a big brass collar around its neck, was drawn bodily to the fleeing Woodman's left elbow, where it yelped and howled without avail.

The Tin Woodman's body was by this time a regular curiosity shop of miscellaneous wares, and the crowd of pursuers grew thick behind him, crying to him to stop and restore the plunder. So he dodged into the open door of an electric light plant—the first refuge he saw—where the great dynamo was whirling rapidly, to assemble the electricity that was needed. The man in charge yelled for everyone to keep back, as there was danger; but the Tin Woodman was not afraid of the dynamo, so he stood beside it while the big machine drew the magnetism out of his body that had been placed there by lightning.



Presently the hairpins and collar buttons and the poodle dog and money and other articles began to drop from his body and roll upon the floor, where their owners scrambled for them until each obtained possession of his property.



And while this restoration was taking place the Tin Woodman stole out of a back door and escaped, being very glad indeed to lose his personal magnetism.

He managed to secure a bundle of fresh straw and return with it to his friend, the Scarecrow, whom he carefully stuffed into his usual dignified and attractive form.



"Ah, now we are all right again," said the Scarecrow, much pleased.

"To be sure," rejoined the Tin Woodman, thoughtfully. "But I think it will be best for both of us, in the future, to avoid thunderstorms."

Chapter 24: Nan's Magic Button

The Woggle-Bug was about to start out one morning upon his travels when little Nan Digsby came to him and said: "Won't you please help me, Mr. Woggle-Bug?"

"Why, of course! But what can I do for you, little maiden?" asked the wise insect.

"They tell me you are a fairy, and can do anything," replied the child, "and so I want you to tell me how to cook."

"To cook!" exclaimed the astonished Woggle-Bug.

"Yes, we haven't any mamma, you know, and I have to take care of my four little brothers and sisters and do the cooking for them and for daddy, when he comes home from work. And I'm afraid my cooking is something dreadful, for daddy said this morning the toast was burned and the coffee was dishwater and the bacon nothing but chips! Isn't that terrible, dear Mr. Woggle-Bug? I do the best I can, but I don't seem to know how to cook things. So I thought I'd ask you to help me."

Now this appeal touched the Woggle-Bug's tender heart, so he said to Nan:

"Here is a magic button, little girl. Sew it fast to your dress, for while you wear it you will be the best cook in all America."

Very gratefully she thanked him, and ran away home with the button, which she at once sewed fast to her gingham dress with stout linen thread.

My! what a supper Mr. Digsby found when he came home that night! The biscuits were so light and delicious that they fairly melted in his mouth; the coffee was fragrant and clear as amber; the ham was broiled to a turn, and for dessert there was a wonderful pudding that would have made the Prince of Chefs strut with pardonable pride.



“My dear,” said Mr. Digsby, “you’ve been a long time experimenting; but you’ve struck the right gait now, and if you keep on in this way you’ll be worth your weight in gold!”

Nan did keep on in that way, and her arts of cookery soon became famous in the neighborhood. Never was bread so flakey or delicious as that Nan baked, and her fried cakes were simply marvelous.

So the neighbors hired her to cook such things for them, and paid her well for it, and soon the girl heard of a “Woman’s Exchange,” where good cakes and pies and doughnuts and other edibles were sold to people who had no time to do their own cooking or else didn’t know how.

One evening she noticed that her father looked sad and gloomy, and asked him the reason.

“Why, I fear we’re living too well for people as poor as we are,” he replied. “I’m afraid to ask you how big our grocery bill is, for I haven’t paid it in weeks, and the rent is three months overdue, and I haven’t been able to save enough money to pay it. What in the world are we going to do Nan?”



"Don't worry about money, daddy dear!" exclaimed the little woman, proudly; "I've paid all the grocery bills and the rent, too, and here are thirty dollars besides. And I earned it all with my cooking!"

For more than a year the family of Digsby was the most prosperous in the neighborhood. Nan was really famous, and earned money so fast that a neat little bank account was the result. Then a great misfortune occurred. The magic button in some way got loose and fell into the dough Nan was mixing for some drop cakes. She never noticed the loss, and the cakes were baked and sold at the Woman's Exchange and purchased by Mrs. Middler, a very fashionable and uninteresting lady.

Mrs. Middler was disgusted when she found a button in one of the cakes, but as there was a button missing from her morning robe, and this one nearly matched the others, she sewed it on and thought no more of the incident. Suddenly, however, she conceived a great longing to cook, and as she lived in a respectable boarding house where the boarders were not allowed in the kitchen, this longing could not be gratified. However, she relieved herself by writing a fashionable cook book, which was printed and handsomely bound in delicate covers.

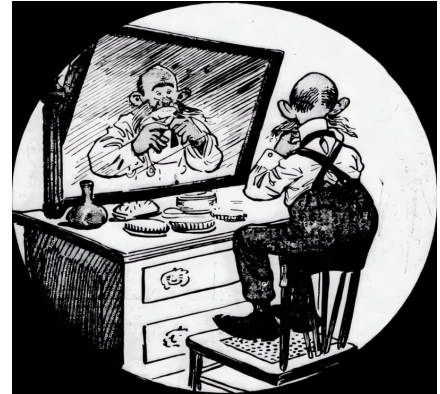
As for Nan, she had cooked for so long that she scarcely missed the precious button which had originally taught her all she knew. Occasionally, of course, she ruined a batch of cookies or burned the meat or failed to make light bread; but she was a deft little body, and knowing that she had now no magic button to guide her, took great pains with her cooking and so got along pretty well.



Chapter 25: Eliza and the Lozenges

Mr. Jubb was a very small man, who was ashamed of his size, for Mrs. Jubb was so large that she seemed a giantess beside him, whenever they walked out together.

Naturally, Mrs. Jubb was also ashamed of being so exceedingly big, and so it was that this otherwise happy couple were rendered constantly miserable by their disparity of size.



Therefore, Mr. Jubb went to the Woggle-Bug one day and said: "O, Wise and Considerate Insect! Will you not make me taller and my wife shorter, so that we will become properly mated?" And, after some thought, the Woggle-Bug replied: "It seems to me that your request is only reasonable. So, here in this roll you will find four lozenges that are quite pleasant to take. Eat the first lozenge, and you will begin to grow big. When you are big enough, then eat the second lozenge, which will cause you to stop growing. The other two are for your wife. When she eats the first she will begin to grow small, and when she is small enough to suit her fancy, she must eat the last lozenge, which will cause her to remain always just that size. Do you understand the directions?"

"Yes," returned the little man, "but how about my clothes? Will they grow with me?"

"To be sure," answered the Woggle-Bug; "that is one of the great merits of these magic lozenges."

"Thank you! Thank you very much, indeed!" cried the delighted Mr. Jubb, and he took the roll of lozenges and hastened home with them.



Now, the Jubbs had a little girl, named Eliza, who was taller than her father and shorter than her mother, and had a strange habit of getting into mischief.

While Mr. Jubb was explaining to his wife about the wonderful lozenges which the Woggle-Bug had given him, Eliza saw them lying upon the parlor table, and

carried them away with her, thinking they were candy.

She ate the first lozenge as she walked down the lane back of her house, and before she realized what had happened she found she was tall enough to look over the high hedge beside the lane. This made her pause in surprise; but she continued to grow, and now could look right into the middle of a cherry tree. Indeed, it startled the child to find herself so big, and she began to be much alarmed as she realized she was still growing.

The tops of the houses were on a level with her chin by this time, and her feet had become so big that she stepped one foot over into the next street, to keep from getting crowded in the lane.

It was now that Mr. Jubb ran out of the house, crying: "Where's my lozenges? Where's Eliza?" But there was no need to ask the last question—for there stood Eliza—almost as big as a mountain, so that no one could fail to see her. She was crying, too, she was so frightened, and one of her teardrops splashed down upon poor Mr. Jubb's head and nearly drowned him, before he could scramble out of the pond it made.



"Eat another lozenge!" he screamed, knowing quite well what had caused Eliza to grow; but the girl's head was so high in the air that she could not hear him.

Still she grew—bigger and bigger every minute! All the village people were in the streets watching her, and Eliza was afraid of hurting them; for her left heel had already crowded a barn from its foundation and her right toes were spreading into Deacon Migg's orchard and breaking down the trees.

What lucky idea induced the girl to eat the next lozenge just then I do not know, but she did eat it—and stopped growing—which was certainly a fortunate thing.



Little Mr. Jubb, anxious and distressed, now tried to tell the child to eat another of the lozenges, knowing it would cause her to grow small again. But she could not hear him from her elevation, although he used a megaphone, and she was afraid to stoop lest she might lose her balance and fall upon the town—which would have caused terrible havoc. So her father got out the hook-and-ladder company, and placed a long row of ladders against Eliza and climbed up the dizzy height until he was close to the hand that hung down at her side. Then the girl took the little man carefully in her fingers and raised him up to her ear, where he at once shouted: “Eat the next lozenge quick!”



Without hesitation she obeyed, and began to grow small as rapidly as she had grown big. She replaced her father upon the top round of the ladder, and he hurriedly descended to the ground, amidst the cheers of the spectators.

Smaller and smaller now grew Eliza, until she had to step her right foot back into the lane again. By and by she was no bigger than her mother, and finally she reached her former size—the size she had been before she fooled with those magic lozenges.



Then her father commanded her to eat the last of the lozenges, and she obeyed—to the great relief of her distressed and loving parents and the satisfaction of the crowd.

Of course, this ended Eliza’s astonishing exhibition of magic, and afterward her father and mother were so glad to have their child restored to them that they agreed not to mourn over the loss of the lozenges, but to gladly remain the sizes that nature had made them, and be content with their lot.



And the Woggle-Bug said to himself: “I am often sorry for those poor mortals, but perhaps it is a fortunate thing that foolish and careless people do not understand the grave and important secrets of Magic.”

Chapter 26: The Woggle Bug Encourages Charity

The Woggle-Bug is greatly interested in American customs, yet our ways are sometimes difficult for him to understand.

The other day, in walking down the street, he came upon a beggar sitting silently at the edge of the curb. His limbs and body were bent and twisted, his clothing was old and ragged and his face expressed considerable misery. In his hand he held a tin cup, extended invitingly toward those who passed by.



The Woggle-Bug watched the beggar with much interest. A newsboy, who had sold out his stock, came along and cheerfully dropped a penny into the tin cup.

A prosperous-looking gentleman passed by and never saw it; several ladies, nicely dressed and wearing diamonds and jewels, gave contemptuous glances at the beggar and passed on.



A bartender, clothed in loud checks, rattled a silver quarter into the cup and a shop girl jumped off the car and gave the beggar the nickel which the conductor had neglected to collect from her.



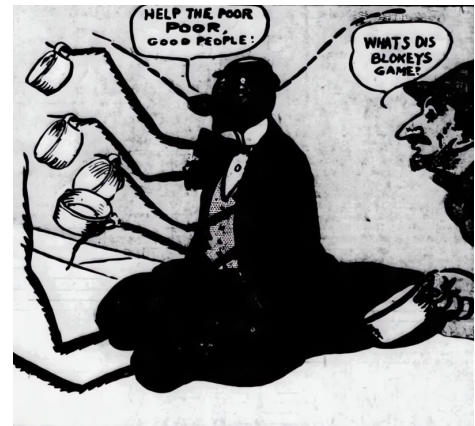
Then for a time the people streamed past without seeming to know the beggar was there.

"It's a great shame," thought the Woggle-Bug, "that so few people take notice of this poor man and give him alms. I'll see if I cannot help him."

Then he ran to a big hardware store, and by leaving his watch for security (for he had no money) managed to borrow from the proprietor four large and bright tin cups. With these he returned to where the beggar sat, and holding one of the cups in each of his four hands he began rattling them noisily one against another, and crying out: "Help the poor, good people! Please help the poor!"

People stopped to stare wonderingly at the Woggle-Bug, and then laughingly began to rain pennies and nickels into his tin cups. It afforded them much amusement to see the four-handed, highly magnified insect thrusting his four cups in four directions at once, and when people are amused they are usually quite willing to pay for it. Before long the cups became so full that the Woggle-Bug had to empty them into the pockets of the beggar; and then he began to fill them anew.

For hours the generous Woggle-Bug stood there collecting coins for the miserable beggar, whose countenance seemed to grow more and more sad and pitiful as his wealth increased. But by and by evening came on and the crowds grew thinner, because so many people had gone home to supper. And now every pocket the beggar possessed was bulging with the weight of the money the Woggle-Bug had collected.



"These American people are not really uncharitable," said the insect. "I think the reason they did not stop to give you alms was because they failed to notice you sitting here by the curb."

"Oh, that's all right," answered the beggar, speaking quite cheerfully and for the first time. "Business is usually pretty good on this corner, but I have never known it half as good as it was to-day. So I think I'll go home to dinner. Much obliged to you, I'm sure."

To the Woggle-Bug's surprise he straightened out his crooked limbs and slowly rose to his feet.

"A fellow gets cramped sitting like that all day," he remarked. "Here is my card; come and call on me some evening. I'll be glad to see you."

He thrust a soiled card into the Woggle-Bug's hand and walked away with scarcely a limp.

"Clever fellow, that," remarked a policeman, as the Insect gazed wonderingly after the beggar's departing form. "He's one of the syndicate, you know."

"What's that?" asked the Woggle-Bug.

"Why, the beggars' syndicate have all the good corners in the city, and pay us to let them stay here and keep the other fellows out. It's a pretty good business, too, and some of 'em get pretty rich. Why, only last week I was invited to the 'Blind and Crippled Beggars' Ball,' that was held in Turner Hall, and they were dressed just as gay as the Barbers' Ball the week before."

"But it's a shame and an imposition!" declared the Woggle-Bug, indignantly, "to solicit alms from the public when help is not needed!"

"Perhaps it is," answered the policeman, reflectively, "but it does the public a heap of good, too. Many a person drops a nickel into a tin cup and feels good all day because he's done something generous. Lots of times it's real charity, too."



They aren't all frauds, you know. I've thought it all over, and I believe the beggars a good thing, for they encourage the people to kind actions, and my experience with people is that they need just that sort of encouragement."

"Perhaps you are right," said the Woggle-Bug, and he carried the cups back to the hardware store and redeemed his watch.

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