

Speedy In Oz – Oz 28

L. Frank Baum

CHAPTER 1

The Carelessness of Sizzeroo

T0-NIGHT, I shall wear my green padded coat, my silver boots and the purple pantaloons," murmured King Sizzeroo of Umbrella Island, stroking his braided beard with one hand and giving the wheel that controlled the motion of the island a lazy turn with the other. "And to-morrow-

"Watch out! Watch out!" Four sharp claws dug into his Majesty's plump shoulder and Pansy, the Royal Watch Cat, dropping from the ribs of an umbrella tree overhead, began screaming hysterically into the King's left ear.

"How many times must I ask you not to do that?" shivered Sizzeroo, jerking his head to the right.

"Am I your Majesty's Watch Cat, or am I not?" shrilled Pansy, arching her back defiantly. "Is it my duty to watch out for you when you are not watching out for yourself-and us-or is it not?"

"Not so loud, not so loud," begged the King fretfully. "You're taking all the curl out of my ear, beside~"

"Watch out! Ough! Qugh! Meouch!" Poor Pansy! Already her warning was too late. With a thump that sent the hundred silver bells in the top-most silver tower into a rattle of frightened discords, with a bump that flung Sizzeroo over the fountain and

Pansy into the fish pond, Umbrella Island came to a shuddering stop. As its startled sovereign raised himself painfully on one elbow, he could hear the furniture and ornaments in his palace still crashing about. Looking gloomily down into the village, he could see that dozens of cottages were now without roofs and chimneys, and many of the Islanders strewn about in strange and uncomfortable attitudes.

"I'll not wear my green coat and silver boots, after all," groaned Sizzeroo, feeling about for his crown.

"The old black skull cap, the grey carpet slippers, my snuff colored robe. Anything! Anything, will do! My! My! and My Land!"

For about as long as it would take you to count ten, the Umbrellians lay where they had fallen.

Then, snatching up their parasols and umbrellas, they leapt to their feet and started on a run for the castle, and panting ahead of all the rest, came the King's three counselors. They had been having a quiet cup of tea on the terrace and had not only been upset, but severely scalded by the overturn of the tea table when the island came to so sudden a standstill. Noting their shocked and anxious faces, Sizzeroo sighed heavily.

"There are times," moaned the many-chinned mon-

arch, pulling himself with great difficulty out of the rose bush into which he had fallen, "there are times when I wish I were not a King. what now? And what next and what ever? Pansy, Pansy, drop that gold fish at once."

"If you fling me to the fishes, what do you expect?" snarled the Watch Cat, speaking indistinctly, for the gold fish was still in her mouth. Sullenly she scrambled out of the pond.

"I did not fling you to the fishes and well you know it," reproved Sizzeroo. Taking the fish from Pansy, he gently threw it back in the pond and, tucking the Watch Cat under his arm, turned uneasily to meet his sputtering counselors. "Dear, dear and dear! I suppose they will blame this all on me," he muttered, dabbing unhappily at the dripping cat with the end of his padded coat.

"And whom else could they blame?" inquired Pansy sarcastically. "If you had listened when I first called out, you would not have run into a mountain. You'll wreck this island yet, you careless old thing!"

"Did you call me a King or a Thing?" Sizzeroo gave Pansy a stern shake.

"Oh, save your breath for the others," advised Pansy, and springing lightly to his shoulder, the Watch Cat began energetically to lick herself dry.

"Here they come." And Pansy was right, for as she finished speaking, up the long flight of marble steps to Sizzeroo's high and private terrace, bounded Bamboula, the Imperial Su-jester, Kachewka, the King's Chief Counselor, and Waddy, the enormous and enormously clever Wizard of the Realm. The rest of the Islanders milled noisily about on the level below, talking in hoarse and excited voices, emphasizing their remarks with little jerks of their umbrellas and parasols. Kachewka, first to reach the King's side, was tall and thin, with a long nervous nose, at present twitching with annoyance and displeasure.

"What happened?" he demanded, snapping his little eyes savagely. "What is the meaning of all this toss-up and shake aboutery? Have I not cautioned your Majesty to look where you are going, to go where you are looking, when sailing this island through the sky? What were you doing, may I ask, at the time of the crash?"

"I was thinking," admitted the King, glancing remorsefully from one to the other of his counselors.

"Thinking!" exploded Kachewka, taking out his red handkerchief and giving his nose a violent blow.

"What right have you to think? Thinking is my busi-

ness. Thinking is what I am paid to do, and poorly paid at that. Thinking! Bah! Thinking causes all the trouble out of the world. Of what were you thinking, pray?"

"Of my green padded coat, my silver boots and so on-

"And so on the rocks," choked Kachewka, stuffing his handkerchief back into his pocket. "We will all have to wear padded coats and crash pants if this keeps up."

Now Waddy, seeing Sizzeroo looking so downcast, slipped hastily back of the King and, giving him a sly poke in the ribs, touched a gold button in the great silver shaft that supported the tremendous billowing umbrella that spread like a canopy over the entire island. This button, Waddy's own invention, controlled and guided the island automatically like the electric steering devices on some of our own ocean liners.

"There now," puffed the Wizard, giving Sizzeroo a comforting thump between the shoulders, "everything will be all right. Think no more of it, dear old Gum Drop. We have had a shock but no bones are broken and chimneys and roofs are soon mended."

Waddy's further remarks were completely drowned out by the furious beating of Bamboula's drum.

Bamboula, like the Wizard, was round and jolly and whenever the King's Su-jester had anything to suggest, he preceded his speech by a loud tattoo on his drum, thus assuring himself of Sizzeroo's attention.

As the King, wincing slightly, leaned forward, Bamboula stopped drumming and spoke.

"I suggest that we immediately go about restoring order. I suggest that your high and mighty absent-minded Majesty retire to the palace for a nap," proposed Bamboula, sensibly enough.

"Why, I believe I will," sighed Sizzeroo, thoughtfully touching a long scratch on his cheek. "A little sleep will be good for me."

"It will be good for us all," said Kachewka stiffly.

"And now that the island is moving again-"

"Moving?" muttered Waddy, who had been glancing critically out over the silvering twilight sky.

"We're sinking. Can't you feel it? We're going down~~down~~when the umbrella is still up! Down, do you understand? Meander! Meander!"

The Wizard clapped his hands sharply and beckoned energetically to the King's messenger, who stood in the crowd below, gazing up at the group on the terrace with dazed and stupid grin. "Run to the edge of the island, my boy, and look over. Quickly!"

"Quickly! Quickly!" shouted Bamboula, with two terrified thumps on his drum. Thus urged, Meander began to run and shuffle down the sloping terrace that stretched to the edge of the island - at this point no more than a hundred yards away.

"Well! Well!" bawled Sizzeroo, as Meander, leaning on the top rail of the golden fence that ran all the way round the island, stared fearfully downward.

"Oh, why do you say 'Well'?" moaned Kachewka, covering his eyes. "There is nothing well about it. I knew the minute that tea-pot hit me on the nose that a dreadful disaster had overtaken us."

To be perfectly truthful, Umbrella Island was now rushing downward at a sickening speed.

"Be still! Stand where you are. Do nothing until I sneeze," commanded Kachewka, as the frightened Umbrellians showed signs of dashing in all directions.

"Meander, my boy, do you see anything?" pleaded Sizzeroo, starting heavily down the terrace.

"Anything! Oh, King!" Instead of explaining, Meander put his head down on the top rail and trembled so violently that he loosened three palings from the golden fence. No wonder. A giant had hold of the umbrella handle that went through and protruded from the under side of the island and was

dragging it roughly downward.

CHAPTER 2

Loxo, the Lucky

BEFORE Meander could open his mouth to report this appalling piece of news, the Urnbrellians found themselves staring into the face of the giant himself. It was a face twice as large as their island, topped by hair like awaving forest, with eyes like two burning lakes of lava, with a mountainous nose and a mouth resembling a yawning cave, full of crooked and mossgrown rocks.

"Oh! Oh! and Oh!" wailed Sizzeroo, clutching Waddy's sleeve, while Pansy dove hurriedly into the King's pocket. "Tell me I'm asleep and dreaming. Tell me it isn't so. If I'm awake, I'm perfectly petrified and simply a-quiver.

"You're a-quiver, then! Me too!" Waddy clapped a plump hand to his loudly beating heart and looked wildly across at Kachewka. As he did, Kachewka sneezed five times, which in the island code of signals meant, "Silence everyone.' Our Wizard will

handle this matter."

The command for silence was quite unnecessary.

The Umbrellians were too terrified to utter a sound, but now they stopped looking at the giant and turned frantic and appealing eyes on the Wizard. Poor Waddy, after an indignant glance at Kachewka, whom he felt was being entirely too generous, drew himself up and prepared for the worst.

"So !" hissed the giant, glaring down at them all with his red and burning eyes. "So, this is what hit me! How dare you hit me in the head with an island? If there's one thing that makes me madder than another, it's being hit in the head with an island. What right has an island rocketing through the sky in this reckless fashion? What right has an island in the air, anyway?" he bellowed in a voice that blew fifty umbrellas inside out and flattened back the ears of the Islanders themselves.

"By right of invention and wizardry!" shouted Waddy, assuming as bold and unconcerned an attitude as an old fellow of two hundred and fifty pounds well can. "I see your Highness has never studied Unnatural History?"

"Study! Why should I study?" roared the giant wrathfully. "I am above such things. Besides. I do not need to study Unnatural History to know when

I am hit in the head. Look at this lump." He raised a huge hairy hand to a large protuberance between his eyes. "Well, someone is going to pay for this. I, Loxo the Lucky, have spoken."

"Permit me to observe that it is a great honor to meet so celebrated a character," quavered the Wizard, while the Islanders continued to tremble and hold their tongues.

"If you call knocking me in the head with your island, meeting me, I certainly decline the honor," rumbled Loxo with a scowl. "Besides I already know all the people I care to know."

"But do let me explain," implored Waddy, clasping his hands earnestly.

"Explain!" The giant leaned forward and tearing up a palm-leaf fan tree began angrily to pick his teeth. "There is a deal to be explained. Explain away this bump, if you will. Explain yourself~ that is, if you can." Loxo stared long and disdainfully at the gay and flowery little isle spread out like a saucer beneath his nose. But even so, his voice was a bit less angry and, noting a gleam of unmistakable interest and curiosity in his gigantic eye, Waddy took heart and began quickly to explain Umbrella Island and its unusual inhabitants as best he could.

"To begin with," announced the Wizard impressively, "we were a tidy but quite ordinary little island, surrounded by the usual ocean and covered by the customary sky. We lay by fisherman's reckoning seventy leagues from the mainland of Ev, which, you know, lies across the Deadly Desert from the great and flourishing Kingdom of Oz. As we are at present over Oz, I presume that you, yourself, hail from that incomparable and enchanting Fairy Land?"

"Where else would I come from?" demanded the giant gruffly. "Go on! Go on!"

Now I have suspected that the Umbrellians were of some strange fairy origin, for how otherwise could we account for a talking cat, a practicing wizard, or the flying island itself? But I must not interrupt Waddy and as the giant continued to call in an impatient voice for him to proceed, he gravely went on with his recital.

"In the early days of our history," explained the Wizard complacently, "we engaged in the raising of silk worms and the manufacture of fine silken fabrics. By energy, industry and successful trade with Pingaree and the nearby Island of Impossipillio, we amassed a considerable fortune for ourselves and our gracious sovereign." Waddy bowed ceremoni-

ously to the King, and Sizzeroo with a nervous jerk of his head acknowledged the salute and the fortune.

"Then, about seven years ago," Waddy fixed the giant with an anxious and solemn eye, "seven years ago, our amiable monarch developed an overpowering desire for travel and adventure. But being unfond of ships, opposed to caravans and unwilling to go anywhere without taking every courtier, counselor, islander and animal along, I, as Chief Magician of the Realm, did set myself to devise a way in which this might happily be accomplished. After seven months of deep thought," Waddy cleared his throat with scarcely concealed pride, "after seven months, I conceived the idea of an enormous umbrella that would go through the center of the island and carry us safely and buoyantly through the air or over the water, giving us all the interest and excitements of travel with the comforts and luxury of home. How well I succeeded with this idea, your Greatness may judge for yourself."

"Umph!" grunted the giant, touching the lump on his head tenderly.

"And so," the Wizard, anxious to be done with the conversation, hurried on, "by a judicious mixture of mechanics and magic I was able to construct and

install this huge umbrella, and lift our island from its permanent resting place. We can now sail at will over the ocean, anchoring off strange continents and shores, or explore the high and hitherto unchartered regions of the air. We have even crossed over into the realms of Reality on the other side of the rainbow and noted with interest and profit the curious customs of its monarchies and republics. In the course of these journeys, the foliage of our island has changed considerably, becoming rich and tropical. The numerous umbrella and shade trees you see scattered about our hills are the result of my profound study and experimentation. They produce in profusion the umbrellas and parasols that our mode of life makes so necessary and essential. Every man, woman and child is required by law to carry an umbrella or parasol at all times, not only for Pleasure and style, but as a precaution as well. Should the island tilt and any of them fall over the fence, the umbrellas act as parachutes, keeping them safely afloat until rescued."

"I see you have supplied the cows and goats with umbrellas, too," remarked the giant, throwing away his palm leaf fan tree tooth pick.

"Ah, but naturally," Waddy assured him in a dignified voice. "We are a kind and humane people

and would not think of denying our animals comforts and luxuries that we enjoy ourselves."

Somewhat exhausted, the Wizard paused for breath and the Umbrellians, noting the interest Loxo was taking in their affairs, stopped trembling and began to straighten their hats, smooth down their silk blouses and tilt their umbrellas and parasols at more comfortable and becoming angles. Even Pansy came out of the King's pocket and perched inquisitively on his shoulder.

"But about the braids," inquired the giant, as Waddy stood staring silently and hopefully up at him.

"Braids? Oh, braids are our peculiarity," admitted the Wizard, and with a little chuckle drew the long plait that hung down his back over one shoulder, thoughtfully stroked the braided whiskers on each side of his cheeks and his long luxuriant braided beard. "We find them comfortable, convenient and, we hope, ornamental," he explained indulgently.

Now I am not surprised that Loxo mentioned braids. They are the first thing you would notice about an Umbrella Islander. The dark hair of the women and girls was braided in shining plaits, reaching often below their waists. The men and

boys wore their hair in a single braid, like a Chinaman's queue, and the braided side-whiskers and beards of the older men gave them an exceedingly merry and mischievous expression. Even the animals on Umbrella Island had braided tails and manes and Pansy, the Watch Cat, not only had a braided tail, tied with a red ribbon, but the soft hair growing from the tips of her ears was also braided and finished with perky red bows.

As a race, the Umbrellians were dark haired, fair skinned, slender and handsome. Men and women alike wore loose coats or blouses, wide silk trousers and bright leather boots. The men and boys carried umbrellas, the women and girls parasols, and the pleasing contrast of their costumes and umbrellas made any group of Islanders not only a gay and cheerful sight, but a simply charming one, as well. But Loxo, I am afraid, did not wish to be cheered or charmed, and his eye, roving discontentedly over the subjects of Sizzeroo, came to a surprised stop on Pansy.

"What's that?" he coughed, pointing a finger as long as a telegraph post at the King's Watch Cat.

"I am a cat with my tail in a plait,

I watch out for the King and at danger, cry 'Scat!'

Can a giant find anything wrong about that?"

purred Pansy, delighted to find herself the center of attraction. Now whether Pansy's saucy verse, or the red ribbons in her ears irritated the giant and reminded him of his grievance, I cannot say, I only know that he gave a sudden grunt and then, blowing his lips first in and then out, cried furiously,

"Wrong? Everything is wrong! I don't care a cooky how you wear your hair, trim up your cats, make your fortunes or run your ridiculous island, except when you run it into me. What I care about is this bump on my head and for tha~I'll tak~I'll~"

Savagely the glance of Loxo ranged from one end of the island to the other, settling at last on a small figure that had just run out of the palace and was standing quietly beside the King. "I'll take that boy to lace my boots," he roared vindictively. "And I'll take him now!"

HAPTER 3

Waddy Fools the Giant

AT Loxo's dreadful decision the King

gave a bounce that dislodged his crown and a groan that loosened three of his favorite teeth. Indeed, the whole island groaned as one, and if you have never heard 769 Umbrellians, 46 cows, 37 sheep, 22 horses, 13 dogs, a herd of goats and a flock of Umbrella Birds groan as one, you can have no idea of the sorrowful sound that presently arose from the shuddering subjects of Sizzeroo. But I am sure you can understand it when I explain that the small figure indicated by the giant was the only child of this Island King. Even Loxo was startled by the ear-shattering cry and, with the hand he had ready to snatch the child still poised in air, he blinked uncomfortably downward.

"Oh!" panted Sizzeroo. Taking advantage of the short delay, he turned first to Bamboula and then to Kachewka. "What would you suggest? What would you advise?"

Bamboula had not strength to raise even a drum stick, but Kachewka, feeling that Waddy had been handling the giant with great cleverness until the unfortunate interruption of Pansy, again sneezed five times. So Waddy, giving the cord round his great waist a tremendous tug again stepped forward to see what could be done.

"Your Greatness is right," he shouted valiantly.

"It was inexcusably careless for us to hit you in the head with our island and this boy"-Waddy's voice trembled woefully as he pointed to the little figure beside Sizzerro - "this boy will make but small amends for such an injury. Therefore, I beg that Your Greatness will give us three months to prepare and train him for the task and honor that has come to him. Three months, 0 Loxo !"

Now, Waddy's voice, loud but coaxing, had a remarkable effect on the scowling giant. His hand dropped heavily to his side and with a solemn nod he regarded the Wizard. After all, three months is but an hour to an ogre and the request of Waddy seemed reasonable enough.

"See that you teach him well, then," he rumbled testily. "It breaks my back to lean over and lace my boots and I'll break his if he does it wrong. I tolerate no knots, and if you do not have the boy ready in three months I will find you wherever you are, break the island off this umbrella and save it up for a rainy day. Mind that. Remember now, no knots!"

"Not a knot," promised Waddy in a hollow voice. So the giant, after a baleful glare at Sizzerro, let go the handle of the umbrella and strode sulkily to-

ward a mountain he sometimes used as a bench.

Umbrella Island, released from his horrid grip, soared buoyantly aloft, then quickly righting itself and guided by the Wizard's marvelous steering control, sailed smoothly and rhythmically toward the setting sun.

The clouds and evening sky had never been more rosy, but without a glance or a thought for their beauty, the Umbrellians moved slowly toward their homes, picking up their scattered belongings as they trudged along, casting sorrowful and frightened glances over their shoulders at the little group on the terrace. In stunned silence, Sizzeroo had heard the Wizard's promise and watched the giant depart. Turning to Waddy he pressed his hand convulsively.

"How can I ever thank you," wheezed the poor King in a choked whisper. "You have, by your quick thought and action, saved us from a horrible disaster."

"Only postponed it, I fear," sighed Waddy, leaning heavily against the silver umbrella shaft.

"But anything may happen in three months," Barnboula reminded them hopefully. "A war-a fortunate accident-"

"Yes, at least you have gained us some time," admitted Kachewka grudgingly. "But the whole thing

is perfectly preposterous and impossible. In the first place"

"I'm a girl," announced the calm voice of the King's only child, offspring, successor and descendant. "And how could I lace that fellow's boots when I cannot even braid my own hair?"

"Yes, and this is what comes of wearing it in one braid like a boy and dashing about without sense or ceremony," complained Kachewka, whom grief always made cross and sarcastic. "Oh, why did you have to come running out at that particular minute? Why can you not stay quietly in the castle, embroidering birds on screens and fans or or reading. I suppose you were reading at the time we struck the giant?"

"Oh yes," sighed the Princess, holding up the huge volume she still had clutched under her arm. "Something did knock me out of my chair, but the story was so interesting I did not bother about that, but when all the pictures and ornaments began to fall down on my head, I thought I'd better come out and see what Father was doing."

Then remembering the terrible fright she had got when she first caught sight of Loxo, and at the awful thought of lacing his boots, the unfortunate child

began to cry softly into her purple silk handkerchief.

"No wonder she rushed out of the castle," groaned Sizzeroo, tearing the bow off his beard and throwing it on the ground. "I might have killed you all, rushing into a great hulk of a giant, knocking everything east and west. It's all my fault! All my fault. I'll have myself beheaded at once. Meander! Meander! Call the executioner. I am a miserable, muddled, marble headed old monster!"

"Yes, but even so, we are monstrously fond of you," sighed Waddy, waving the messenger away and picking up the sobbing little Princess. "Come, the evening star is directly over your Majesty's head. It is a good omen! Come, let us return quietly to the palace and there in solemn conference, take counsel and devise some plan to outwit this outrageous enemy."

"How about supper?" purred Pansy, blinking her eyes sleepily. "I, for one, cannot think on an empty stomach."

"You were thinking with your stomach when you made that verse, I suppose," suggested Kachewka, staring bitterly at the King's Watch Cat. "When I sneeze for silence, I expect silence. Waddy was progressing splendidly when you put in your miserable Purr. You did it on purpose and now that you have

ruined everything, I hope you are satisfied."

"Ah, Pansy meant no harm," Sizzeroo assured him hastily. "If I had listened to Pansy, we would never have run into the giant."

So, arguing and explaining and anxiously conversing, the King and his counselors entered the many-windowed palace. Here silken coated, soft slippers attendants were already engaged in restoring order, sweeping up broken glass, straightening pictures and hangings, removing all trace of the unfortunate accident that threatened to change the whole history of the happy little isle.

CHAPTER 4

The King's Counselors Disagree

IN the great blue council chamber there was not a sound except the snores of Meander, the King's messenger, asleep on a bench beside the throne, and the occasional sneezes of Kachewka, who was poring earnestly over the Encyclopedia of Giants, from which he hoped to extract some helpful information about Loxo the Lucky. Sizzeroo had finally taken

Pansy's advice and the royal household had dined, though very sorrowfully.

Then, Reeda, the little Princess, after being solemnly assured that she would never be turned over to the giant, had gone happily to bed with her favorite volume of Unfairytale Tales. So fond of reading was the King's small daughter that she had been jokingly nicknamed "Gureeda Book" by the merry old Wizard, and in spite of the annoyance of Kachewka, who was a stickler for dignity and order, the name had stuck. No wonder! This strange child was never without a huge story book and during all the amazing voyages of Umbrella Island and even during the visits of powerful kings and rulers, the Princess could not be coaxed to raise her eyes from the printed page. Like many another, Gureeda preferred reading about adventures, to having them. And now, snuggled down on her cozy canopied couch she was soon so engrossed in the history of a silver dragon that she completely forgot the ugly giant and his boot laces.

But the King, Waddy, Kachewka and Bamboula and all the rest of the Umbrellians could think of nothing else. Even Pansy, coiled up on the window ledge above Sizzeroo's head, even Pansy, usually so saucy and sociable, stared mournfully and silently

out at the stars as Umbrella Island skimmed lightly and smoothly and soundlessly across the evening sky.

As for Sizzeroo, his appearance eloquently expressed his feelings. His braided beard and whiskers were tied with old shoe strings; instead of his crown he had on a shabby black skull cap and wore also the grey carpet slippers and snuff colored robe he had so gloomily resolved upon when he ran into the giant. With his elbows resting on the carved table in front of him, he glanced anxiously from one to the other of his counselors. Waddy, his plump hands clasped on his huge stomach, was staring unhappily at the ceiling. Bamboula, his drum on the floor between his knees and a drum stick behind each ear, looked thoughtfully down at the carpet. Neither spoke, nor moved and after an hour of this utter and awful silence. Sizzeroo could contain himself no longer.

"Merciful Mariners!" cried the King, bounding out of his seat and thumping frantically on the table.

"Have you thought of nothing yet? Why can we not sail at full speed to the other side of the world and stay there?"

"Because" Kachewka looked morosely up from the huge volume before him-"it says here that Loxo

is possessed of a magic magnet with which he can draw to himself anything he desires. If, therefore, we fail to return of our own free will, he can force us to do so by using this powerful magnet."

"Ugh !" Falling into his seat, Sizzeroo clasped his head in both hands. "Then what are we to do? Destroy him by force of arms?"

"Whose?" demanded Waddy practically. "Your Majesty must remember that our Parashooters would do small damage to a creature of that size and solidity. But be patient, I beg of you. Acres of hours stretch ahead of us and in due course we will find some way out of this dreadful dilemma."

"So that's what you call it," sniffed the King in a desperate voice, and seeing his Master was on the verge of tears, Bamboula beat a hasty measure on his drum.

"I have something to suggest now," announced Bamboula, as all eyes turned hopefully toward him.

"I suggest that we rise and sing the National Anthem."

"Umbrella Island, Low or High
Umbrella Island far or nigh
where'er you rest, where'er you fly
On land or sea, on sea or sky, My Island!"

"You're always suggesting simple things," grumbled Kachewka, getting unwillingly to his feet, but Bamboula had already flung open the long windows and was bawling boisterous directions to the crowd in the Royal Courtyard. They had been patiently waiting for good news from the council chamber, but lustily and obediently raised their voices and umbrellas in an effort to cheer the unhappy King. I cannot tell you exactly how the tune of this anthem goes, but here are the words, as well as I can remember them.

Umbrellians all now stand and cheer
Our Island Highland home so dear,
Give three huzzahs and loud applause,
For your land and for my land!

Give three cheers for our Suzerain
King Sizzeroo! Three cheers again!
Long live the King-King Sizzeroo
Long live the wise old wizard who

Has sent us wizzing here and yon
And there and back and up and on!

Now cheer our sage Kachewka Chew

And three for Bam Barn Boula Boo.

Now one for me and one for you

And three more for our island!

The vigorous rendering of the National Anthem had set every curtain in the council chamber aflutter and even awakened Meander, but Sizzeroo did not even raise his head.

"There, there! Do you feel any better?" Bamboula patted the King sympathetically on the back.

"Worse," mumbled Sizzeroo, covering his face with his arms. "I do not deserve to live long. There's such a lump in my throat I cannot even swallow."

"Meander, just fetch his Majesty a cough drop," directed Kachewka and sinking into his chair, he again began his earnest perusal of the Encyclopedia of Giants. Then, quite suddenly, the King's sage snatched off his specs and sprang into the air.

"I have it! I have it!" he sputtered, snapping his fingers energetically and bursting into his usual spasm of sneezes.

"The flu-a fit or an idea?" inquired Waddy indulgently.

"The solution of our difficulties," cried Kachewka,

controlling himself with a great effort. "As you heard him say quite plainly, Loxo is a citizen of Oz and therefore subject to its laws and sovereign. Now then, do you for one minute suppose that Ozma, the amiable and charming young ruler of Oz a ruler whom we have heard praised on all sides for her gentleness and wisdom - do you suppose Ozma would permit one of her subjects to enslave one of ours for pernicious boot-lacing purposes? No, certainly not!" Kachewka answered himself to save time and argument. "Therefore, our procedure is clear. We have but to anchor over The Emerald City, Ozma's capital, send a representative from this island to explain the matter to her and her advisers and let Ozma herself handle this great rogue of a giant. At the court of Ozma, as you well know, is the famous Wizard of Oz. Should Loxo refuse to obey the ruler of his country and give up all claim to our King's child, the Wizard can, by his magic, change him into a pigmy or goat and render him safe and harmless."

The King, as Kachewka explained his plan, brightened up considerably.

"Splendid! Splendid!" he murmured in a relieved voice. "Run up on the terrace at once, Kachewka, and set our course for the Emerald City of Oz."

"One moment, your Highness!" Waddy heaved himself sternly out of his chair. "You will first accept my resignation as Wizard of this Island."

"W-W-hat?" gulped Sizzeroo, taking a hasty swallow from the glass of water Meander had brought with the cough drop. "Whatever-and-ever's the matter with you?"

"Well, if your Majesty has no confidence in ME, if you intend to call in strange wizards to settle our affairs, I cannot see that I am needed any longer-professionally." Gathering his voluminous robe together and sweeping up his book of magic, Waddy strode heavily toward the door.

"He's jealous," purred Pansy, waving her tail backward and forward. "These wizards are worse than the women."

"Waddy!" wailed Sizzeroo, putting out a pleading hand. "Don't leave me this way. You know I would not even have my hair cut without your advice and approval. After all, Kachewka's plan was merely a suggestion!"

"And a thumping good one," persisted Kachewka, jerking his braided beard impatiently.

"I do not say it has not its points," conceded Waddy, stopping pompously in his doorward march, "but have you considered the matter from Ozma's

Point of view? After all, we know very little of this Young and powerful girl ruler. She may be as kind as you say, on the other hand, the stories of her kindness may be greatly exaggerated. We did knock the giant on the face. Will she overlook that entirely? She will certainly exact some satisfaction for his injury. Why, she might even hold us for invasion and trespassing."

"But-but isn't the air free?" quavered Sizzeroo, clasping and unclasping his hands unhappily.

"Free to birds, but not to islands. Suppose," Waddy went on gravely, "suppose we anchored over the Emerald City without warning to the inhabitants. Before we could send down a messenger, might not Ozma and this wonderful wizard take us for enemies, direct a destructive ray upon us or even transport our island to some distant and desolate ocean?"

"Oh! Oh! You terrify me." The King downed at one gulp the rest of the water in his glass.

"Such is not my intention," continued the Wizard calmly. "I merely wish to impress upon you the necessity for caution in dealing with strange sovereigns and wizards. Let us proceed slowly and not stick our necks in a noose."

"It might be well to consider this question fur-

ther," agreed Kachewka. Waddy's dismal picture of their reception in Oz had somewhat dashed the old sage's confidence.

"I knew you would feel as I do about it," sighed Waddy, clapping Kachewka heavily on the back.

"We still have two months, thirty days, twelve hours and seven minutes. Let us sleep upon this problem, your Majesty. Let us sleep!"

"Sleep!" groaned poor Sizzeroo. "I shall not close an eye."

"Well," yawned Pansy, with a malicious wink at the Wizard, "we can at least shut our mouths." Missing very cleverly the ink well Kachewka flung after her, the Watch Cat stalked sedately from the throne room.

CHAPTER 5

Speedy and the Dinosaur

DON'T see any camp Uncle Billy.

Are you sure we took the right turn after we left the springs?"

"According to this map we did." Easing himself forward in the saddle, the boy's tall and bronzed companion squinted anxiously

down the rocky trail. "It should be somewhere in this valley, Speedy."

"Well, Unc, I hope you're right." Shoving back his broad brimmed felt, Speedy peered rather dubiously into the bare and stony ravine below.

"Say, do you think this archaeology stuff is going to be as keen as our trip through the Yellowstone?"

Without answering, his uncle nodded emphatically, his eyes still fixed on the map he held in one hand while he competently but carelessly managed his horse with the other. The two travellers had been vacationing for a month in the great National Park -mountain climbing, riding, driving and fishing.

The immense geysers in the upper and lower basins, the giant paint pots spurting up grotesque figures of pink and yellow mud, the glass cliffs, the thundering water falls and last of all, the flaming gorge of the Yellowstone River had filled them with astonishment and delight. As they stood on Point Lookout, gazing down into the Grand Canyon, Nature's great silent city of rainbow-hued rock, ranging in color from palest yellow to clearest scarlet, Speedy had sharply drawn in his breath.

"This-this reminds me of Oz," he exclaimed so~ ly. "Why, it's the nearest thing to Oz I've seen in

America."

"Oh, you and your Oz." Uncle Billy sniffed good naturedly. "You never will get over it, will you?"

"I should hope not." Speedy lowered his field glasses, with a broad grin. "And when you finish your second rocket plane, we'll both go there." In his huge work shop on Long Island, Speedy's uncle was assembling his second skyrocket. The first had gone off too quickly, leaving the scientist behind, but carrying his young nephew to that faraway and famous Fairyland of Oz. After most amazing adventures in Oz, Speedy had been sent home by Ozma's magic belt. Home, to Speedy, meant the large rambling house near Garden City, Long Island, where he had lived with his uncle ever since he was a small boy of two. Both of Speedy's parents had been lost on a South Sea exploring expedition, when their ship had been wrecked in a hurricane. Speedy himself, fortunately left in New York with his nurse, had been promptly adopted by the famous uncle, for whom he was named. But no one ever called him William or Bill. His lightning speed on the track and baseball field had brought him the nickname of Speedy and even Uncle Billy had almost forgotten that the boy was named for him.

Uncle Billy's full name, and you may have heard

it yourself in scientific circles, was William I. Har-
stead and although he was an inventor of immense
skill and international reputation, he was as fond of
base-ball and other outdoor sports as Speedy himself,
so no wonder the two got on well together and never
seemed to miss the usual family life enjoyed by other
people.

For two years now, Uncle Billy had been working
busily on his Skyrocket Number 2. But perfecting
the intricate mechanics of the rocket plane was a
long and tedfous task and when he was ordered to
take an immediate rest by his doctors, the inventor
had reluctantly dropped everything and brought
Speedy to Yellowstone Park. Here, they had done
everything but rest and, having covered the park
pretty thoroughly, were on their way to join the
archaeological expedition of Professor Sanderson.

The Professor, an English friend of Speedy's
uncle, had reported the exciting discovery of some
prehistoric remains in Wyoming, just beyond the
park limits. Prehistoric remains had sounded rather
awful to Speedy, but his uncle was so set on a visit
to the Professor's camp that he had pretended an
interest he was far from feeling. He meant to spend
his time hunting, fishing and exploring the caves and

caverns of the district, while the two scientists talked learnedly of jurassic, triassic and other unspellable eras. Digging for the bones of prehistoric monsters seemed a dull and monotonous occupation to the active young American.

"Now if it were buried treasure," mused the boy dreamily to himself, as his pony picked its way warily down the treacherous slope, "buried treasure, or long forgotten pirate chests, that - well that, would be different. But bones!" Speedy wrinkled his nose with distaste, and then at a sudden exclamation from Uncle Billy, urged his horse forward.

"There! See that rough cabin below and the tents? There's the camp, there!" Uncle Billy's voice trembled with excitement and anticipation and Speedy felt a stir of curiosity and interest. Although the Sanderson camp was now plainly in view, it took an hour's cautious riding to bring them down to edge of the stream that ran behind the Professor's cabin. The stony little valley was marked by the same brilliantly colored rock and mineral formation that marked the Yellowstone. There were few trees, scarcely any vegetation and a strong smell of sulphur hung in the air. In addition to the main cabin there were seven tents and a rough shelter built over a huge tarpaulin-covered mound in the center of the

encampment. Various tools and excavating instruments lay scattered about, but there was no sign anywhere of the Professor or his associates.

Dismounting stiffly, Speedy and his uncle hurried from tent to tent, in hopes of finding someone. It was long past noon and they were both looking forward to a hearty welcome and an appetizing lunch.

"Do you suppose they've gone for good?" asked Speedy, as they pushed open the door of the cabin. "Aha! A note!" Conspicuously displayed on the rough table in the center of the one-roomed shack was a large sheet of white paper. Snatching it up hastily, Speedy handed it over to his uncle.

"Dear Will: Have gone back into the hills to verify some important data. Make yourselves comfortable. You'll find plenty to eat on the shelves and just use this place as your own. Back to-morrow. Faithfully, Paul."

"I hope he left us something better than data," grumbled Speedy, as his uncle finished reading the note. He had had some rather disappointing dinners with Uncle Billy's scientific friends. "I'm starved!"

"Oh, we'll soon cure that." Uncle Billy eyed the shelves critically. "Let's see, here's coffee, canned beans, canned tomatoes, crackers, cheese, jam and

sugar. You just unsaddle the horses, my boy, and bring in some wood and I'll have dinner ready in a jiffy."

Beyond the last tent there was a rough shed for the horses, and after unsaddling the weary beasts, giving them a drink and a good measure of oats and bran, Speedy gathered up some firewood and hurried back to the Professor's shack. True to his word, Uncle Billy had set the table with the crude but useful camp ware and was now busily opening cans, slicing bread and measuring out coffee.

Lighting a fire in the small stove was the work but a moment and in spite of their disappointment in finding no one at home, the travellers were soon enjoying a merry and satisfying meal. After clearing away the dishes and putting everything apple-pie order, Uncle Billy settled himself calmly on the steps of the cabin. Lighting his pipe, he gazed dreamily off into the distance, seeing not the curious and lovely colors of the rock strata before him, but the intricate and to him still lovelier conglomeration of metal tubes, wheels, rods and pistons that made up his beloved rocket plane. Speedy, after casting a speculative look at the stream and wondering just what it offered in the way of fish, clattered noisily down the four plank steps.

"Gee whiskers, Unc! Are you going to sit here all afternoon like a one-legged sailor? Come on, let's look around and see if we can stir up some fun."

"Fun?" Uncle Billy looked vaguely disturbed. "I'm sure there is nothing of that sort around here, and besides don't you think it would be more polite for us to wait for the Professor?"

"Huh! Polite people usually get left," observed Speedy, who had learned this disconcerting fact the previous summer at camp. "Your Professor was not very polite to us, so far as I can see, and what's the harm in looking at things?"

With a sigh Uncle Billy rose, tapped the ashes from his pipe and started resignedly after his tireless young nephew. Without bothering with the tents or work sheds, Speedy was heading straight for the canvas-covered mound under the wooden shelter in the center of the camp. The canvas was pegged down securely and a roughly printed tag was tied to the largest peg.

"Complete skeleton and bones of a mezozoic dinosaur. Unearthed and assembled by Paul Sanderson, F.R.G.S. F.Z.S."

"Why all the initials?" inquired Speedy, raising one eyebrow. "I'll bet it means he was Frighted by a

Green Snake Friday, Zeptember Seventeenth."

"Those initials show he is a Fellow of the Royal Geographic and Zoological Societies of England," replied Uncle Billy calmly. "And so these are the prehistoric remains. Wonder what they'll look like?"

"That remains to be seen," chuckled Speedy, wiggling one of the pegs experimentally.

"Not till the Professor returns," said his uncle, shaking his head firmly.

"What? Not even one little peek? Aw, Unc! What harm would it do to lift a couple of pegs and find out what sort of a dino this might be?"

"Well-" Uncle Billy sniffed guardedly, but his curiosity was fast getting the best of his caution.

"I don't suppose it would do any real harm. I understand the bones have been air conditioned and treated to resist moisture. In fact, Paul wrote me that they were all ready for shipment."

"Here's a pulley," volunteered Speedy, recognizing the unmistakable signs of weakening in his only relation, family and guardian. "All we have to do is loosen the pegs, roll up the canvas and there he'll be!" Speedy might have saved his breath, for Uncle Billy was already removing the pegs with swiftness and precision. So the boy bent his efforts to winding up the canvas covering and in less than twenty

minutes they were gazing breathlessly at an orderly array of immense yellowed bones. Each bone was numbered and tagged and the curious collection rested on a soft bed of cedar shavings.

"Just like a jig saw puzzle," mused Speedy, wistfully touching one of the tremendous curving ribs.

"Wouldn't it be keen fun to put it together? What did these old wanguses look like, anyway?"

Drawing a small note book from his pocket, Uncle Billy sketched the crude model of a dinosaur-that strange, flat-headed monster with a long snake-like neck, short front legs, long back legs and an immense and powerful tail.

"A bit kangarooish," decided Speedy, squinting knowingly at the sketch. "Look, Uncle Billy, those tail bones are just like a ladder with the edges in the center. I'll bet we could fit this big Bonaparte together in an hour. What do you say?"

"Humph," grunted his uncle thoughtfully, "it wouldn't be much use placing the bones on the ground in order-the two sides would all pile up together."

"Oh, that wouldn't matter," answered Speedy recklessly. "It would be grand fun and would give us a fine notion of the creature's size. Look! You start

at the head, I'll start at the tail and we'll meet in the rib section."

"But-er-er." Uncle Billy eyed the great mass of bones nervously. "We really should do nothing of the sort. Exhibits of this kind are extremely valuable and should not be touched without permission of the discoverer."

"Well, even if the Professor did come back and he said he would not be back till to-morrow, he'd only think we were taking a big interest in his work," argued Speedy coaxingly. "We'll have time to put him together and take him apart. Come on, Unc, be a sport!" Picking up the smallest of the immense vertebrae that made up the tail and spinal column, he set it carefully at the extreme end of the protected enclosure. After a few more weak arguments, for he was almost as eager to put the monster together as his nephew, Uncle Billy located the elongated flat skull of the dinosaur. Without speaking, they worked industriously and with surprising skill and accuracy began placing the monster's bones in their approximate place and position.

"Of course, it isn't as interesting as if we could wire them together," sighed Speedy, proudly regarding the completed tail bones. "Why, if these ribs were fastened to the back bone they'd make a giant

bird cage."

"And just about right for a bird like you," smiled

Uncle Billy, half closing his eyes as he set a huge shin bone in its exact and correct position. In silence they wielded and arranged the tremendous ribs, and the legs and claws having already been set in place, drew back to admire their handiwork.

"Just an hour," announced Uncle Billy, snapping open his watch, "and there's another hour before sun-down, so we had better mix up this old Jig Saw Bones and put him back to bed."

"I only wish I could have seen a live one," mused Speedy, stepping in closer, "you know, I wish-"

What Speedy wished, Uncle Billy never knew, for first there was a deafening explosion, then the ground on all sides began to crack and tremble and, with the rush of an erupting volcano, a long dormant but tremendously powerful geyser burst through the earth's surface, catapulting the boy and the dinosaur aloft in a smoking, roaring phosphorescent torrent.

Speedy, almost knocked senseless by the force of the explosion, half drowned and choked by the scalding spray, found himself shooting skyward at a terrific pace and in all the rush and confusion was

scarcely conscious of holding fast to a mighty rib of the dinosaur. But to that rib he was clinging as desperately as a sailor clings to a spar of wood in a ship-wreck, both eyes shut and his teeth clamped tightly together.

After what seemed to be hours and hours of sky-rocketing, Speedy cautiously opened one eye, and you can imagine his astonishment to find himself occupying the giant bird cage made by the dinosaur's chest cavity, while, rattling along like castanets, came the rest of the monster skeleton, for the bones had been miraculously and correctly welded together by the hot molten minerals of the geyser. A large wedge of the transparent mineral formation had closed the opening where the ribs ended and through the bony bars of this dismaying prison Speedy looked wildly at the rapidly changing sky line.

The geyser had finally spent itself, but the impetus given its two victims still kept them hurling upward. Realizing only vaguely what had happened, Speedy peered out through the monster's ribs, groaning as he reflected that all the distance they were travelling upward they would plunge back when the force of the geyser was finally exhausted.

"And what a crash that will be," shuddered the little boy, shivering with fright and discomfort. At

first, he had been nearly scalded in the steaming torrent of the geyser and now he felt keenly the cold blasts of the upper air. He was so taken up with his own woes and bewilderments that he was scarcely aware of a high complaining voice, whistling past his ears with the wind.

"Oh, what am I doing up here so light and so dizzy-like?" wailed the voice plaintively. "What is this lump in my chest that keeps knocking against the ribs? Did I swallow a rock or a turtle? Am I catching oldmonia or what ever? Where am I? Where was I? Let me go back! Oh, my dear self, let me think! Now then, the last thing I remember was nibbling the delicious top of a frugamunt tree. Then -then-!"

The fossil's voice rose in triumphant little screeches. "I remember now! I remember, a mogerith rushed upon me, just as my dear mama told me it would some day. It fastened its long teeth in my neck. All became dark. I knew nothing and yet, if that was the end of me, what am I doing up here? At least, my bones are here. I can think, I can speak, I can fly, but what was my name? Who was I? Who am I? Wh~ooooo!"

As the monster cried "who" in its fearful hollow

voice it turned its bony skull around, and looked piteously down into the face of poor Speedy. In the huge eye sockets of the head rolled two bright and intelligent balls of phosphorus and these flashing eyes, coupled with the rest of the shocking experience, were too much for any boy to endure in silence.

"Oh!" screamed Speedy, pressing back as far as he could. "This, this is terrybubble!" Of course, he had meant to say "terrible," but his teeth were chattering so madly it sounded exactly as I have spelled it.

"Terrybubble," repeated the dinosaur shrilly. "Are you sure that's my name? Dear, dear, and can it be so? I'm talking to myself now and have a voice in my chest as well as in my throat."

"I'm not a voice, I'm a boy," shouted Speedy, regaining a little of his composure and wondering how in creation this prehistoric bony wreck had ever come to life. "You're a dinosaur and I'm a boy-a BOY, understand?"

"A boy, what is a boy?" whistled the monster, wagging his head sadly from left to right. "There were no animals like boys in the Valley of Virtula. How small and soft you seem and what are you doing in my chest?"

"Oh!" groaned Speedy, after another long shud-

dering look into the eyes of his companion, "Does it matter? We'll probably crash to earth in a minute or two and be nothing but a heap of wreckage. So let's not argue. I'll be smashed flat and, centuries later, some scientist or other will find my bones all mixed up with yours, proving that man did exist in the mezozoic era, which we both know to be impossible."

"Do we?" The monster sighed mildly. "I do not understand at all what you are talking about, but it does sound comforting-so very comforting."

"Comforting!" Speedy sniffed furiously to show his scorn and contempt for a creature who thought a smash-up or rather a smash-down would be comforting. Then, taking another look into the bony and puzzled face of Terrybubble, he relented a little. "You're not such a bad old fossil at that," he admitted guardedly. "Not a bad old fossil at all!"

"Young fossil," corrected the dinosaur, looking back reproachfully. "I was slain by a mogerith in the four hundredth year of my youth."

"Yes, but your bones are thousands of years old now, and your bones make you an old fossil, but even so I'm sorry I got you into this."

"Did you get me into this?" The monster rolled

his eyes in surprise. "Oh, I don't mind," he added generously. "It is rather pleasant going, if you ask me."

"Yes, but we'll soon be going the other way," moaned Speedy. Already he felt their velocity begin to slacken. "Then we'll fall and crash to pieces."

"Why?" demanded Terrybubble, argumentatively. "Because everything that goes up must come down," explained the little boy, after a thoughtful pause.

"How about hanging on to some of these mountains?" asked the dinosaur, with surprising intelligence for a creature with a hollow head.

"They are nothing but clouds, and we'd just fall through them," said Speedy.

"Nevertheless, I shall try it," declared Terrybubble, clicking his jaws determinedly. "Ah a! Here's one now." And the next moment he actually had tried it and to Speedy's amazement, instead of plunging through the great purple cloud that hung like a feathery island in their path, the dinosaur was climbing stolidly and unconcernedly aboard.

CHAPTER 6

Terrybubble's Island

"Oh now, this can't last," muttered Speedy, wildly, as Terrybubble drew his long black legs over the edge of the cloud. "This can't be true. I must have hit my head on a bone. I'm delirious or dreaming!"

But in spite of these misgivings, his enormous and enterprising steed stepped solidly and quite safely along the surface of the cloud. The fossil walked like a man, erect on his hind legs, his front legs, or rather his front bones, jiggling noisily in the wind.

"Why, it's an island!" gasped Speedy, glancing down at the sand and pebbles crunching beneath the monster's claws. "An island, but what is an island doing in the sky?" Terrybubble had no ideas to offer on this subject, but he stopped solemnly in his tracks and looked back at Speedy. It had been late afternoon when the geyser flung them into the air. Now, it was night, and by the light of the moon and stars, which seemed dazzlingly bright and near, the little boy nervously examined the tropical scenery of this island, which had so miraculously saved them from destruction. The portion he could see was entirely deserted and, somewhat reassured, he begged Terrybubble to stay where he was, while he tried to find

some way out of his bony prison. The hardened formation of mineral left by the geyser bath had narrowed the wide spaces between the dinosaur's ribs, but after examining them all, Speedy found one space larger than the others. Here, Terrybubble showed his presence of mind, proving that air does as well as any other stuff for brains, by handing the little boy a long, tough vine. Knotting this around one of the ribs, Speedy squeezed through the narrow aperture and slid thankfully to the ground, where he stood for some moments, regarding his gigantic companion. He could not help feeling a certain pride in Terrybubble, for had he not, after all, been responsible for putting the prehistoric monster together? The dinosaur on his part considered the little boy with frank affection and approval.

"What now?" he chattered, settling back comfortably on his powerful tail bones. "It's been so long since I was alive, I rather forget about life. Just what do I do and how do I do it? Let me see, now, there was, of course, eating, drinking, hunting, fighting and dythrambics. Shall we do a little dythrambmg, boy?"

"Not now, not now!" exclaimed Speedy, to whom the word sounded dreadfully alarming. "And say, call me Speedy, old fellow. The first thing to do is

to keep very quiet till we see whether we're among friends or enemies, though even if we are among enemies," Speedy grinned suddenly, "with you along I'd have nothing to fear. They'd probably take to their heels at first sight of you. You know, really Terrybubble, you are positively gruesome."

"I thought I grew some myself, during that explosion," admitted Terrybubble, wagging his head in immense satisfaction. "And I like these eyes so much better than the old ones," he confided candidly. "They light up better and we can see each other no matter how dark it grows."

"But won't you miss your body?" asked Speedy after a little silence, during which he settled himself with his back cozily against a sand dune.

"Not at all," the dinosaur assured him promptly. "Without a stomach, I'll be spared all the bother of eating, and I feel lighter, somehow, without all those other organs and all that weight aboard-more free and dythrambic, if you know what I mean, though I cannot understand how I am alive without a heart to beat. Dear Mama always told me if a mogerith got the best of me, my heart would stop beating, my breath would stop and that would be the end. Well, a mogerith did get me, my breath did stop, but it

certainly was not the end, for here I am soaring around in my bones with a talking animal called Speedy. I simply cannot understand it at all."

"I can't understand it myself," mused Speedy, thoughtfully. "Especially the talking part. I didn't know you dinosaurs spoke our language."

"It was probably our language before it was yours," stated Terrybubble rather stiffly, "with of course the addition of the snorts and rumbles. Oh, my dear self! I wonder if I can snort and rumble as I used to do." Opening his jaws, Terrybubble was about to experiment, when Speedy bounced to his feet.

"Oh, hush!" he begged desperately. "We don't want to be found just yet. If you snort and rumble you'll have the whole island down upon us. They might even push you over the edge and then where'd you be? Do have a little sense," he urged, mopping his forehead anxiously. "Gee whiz, I wish Uncle Billy were here and could see you now."

"What's an Uncle Billy?" inquired Terrybubble, reluctantly giving up the idea of snorts and rumbles.

"Is it a little tiny animal like you?"

"Like me, but bigger," sighed Speedy, sinking wearily back against the dune. The last hour had been an exhausting one and he felt an overpowering

desire to fall asleep. "Uncle Billy helped me put Your bones together. You really did perish when that mogerith bit you, Terrybubble, and were out of things for thousands of years," he told the dinosaur solemnly. "Then a Professor chap dug up and collected all of your bones to send to a museum. Uncle Billy and I happened to visit the place where he had them and while he was away we put you together to see how you'd look. Then that geyser came exploding along, glued you together and blew us both sky high."

"But what is a geyser?" whistled Terrybubble, pulling without effort the top leaf from a nearby palm and drawing it reflectively through his teeth.

"Well, it's a sort of warm, bubbling mineral spring," said Speedy slowly, "but this geyser was more like a volcano, and it must have been different from every other geyser, for it brought you to life after you'd been dead for centuries and centuries."

"In other words, my bones sprang to life in a, warm exploding mineral spring. Nothing so strange about that," decided the dinosaur comfortably.

"Life is full of spring and springs are full of life, but isn't it fortunate I have such beautiful bones?"

"Well," chuckled Speedy, wishing someone were

around to hear this comical conversation, "so long as you're satisfied! And to think"-the little boy could not control a sudden burst of laughter-"to think I wanted a wire-haired fox terrier for a pet!" Rolling over, Speedy thumped both hands in the sand. "Oh, my goodness, gracious grandfathers!"

"Why cannot I be a pet?" demanded Terrybubble, rearing up his head challengingly. "What does a wire-haired terrier do that I cannot also accomplish?" The thought of Terrybubble as a pet sent Speedy into another muffled gale of laughter. Then looking up and seeing the poor fossil looking very sorrowful, he felt rather ashamed of himself.

"A wire-haired terrier is only a little dog, but he can chase cats, fetch sticks and balls, bark at burglars, sleep on the foot of the bed, sort of follow a fellow around and be a chum," Speedy explained hurriedly.

"I can be a chum," asserted the dinosaur stiffly. He had not the faintest idea what the word meant, but was determined to be one anyway. "Show me a cat, I'll chase it, and as for following you around, I can carry you any place you want to go in my chest."

"That's so," agreed the little boy, thoughtfully. "I believe you're going to be a great big help to me,

Terrybubble."

"And will you like me as much as a wire-haired terrier?" inquired the monster, jealously.

"Better!" declared Speedy promptly. "And now if you'll just keep an eye open for enemies while I catch up on some sleep, I'll be your friend, chum and champion for life."

Scarcely realizing he had pledged himself for a matter of a hundred centuries, Speedy curled up at the foot of the dune and soon fell into a deep and untroubled slumber. Terrifying as the past few hours had been, he was confident that morning would bring some way out of their difficulties. He had moments before he actually dozed off when he decided that the whole adventure was a dream, that he would wake up to find Uncle Billy bending over the Professor's stove and that with their morning coffee they'd both have a good laugh over his ridiculous flight with the fossil.

But when Speedy awakened there was no sign of Uncle Billy or the Professor's cabin. Waving palm trees were overhead, silvery sand underfoot and sitting exactly where he had sat the evening before was Terrybubble. Speedy rubbed his eyes again to make sure he was awake, then rolling over called a

cheery good morning to the faithful fossil.

Terrybubble acknowledged the greeting with a grave nod and seemed waiting for him to notice something. And this he soon did, for beside the dune rose a pile of sticks as high as a house and enough cocoanuts, bananas and oranges to feed an army of monkeys. Terrybubble clicked his teeth self-consciously and tried to look unconcerned.

"You said a fox terrier could fetch sticks and balls, so I thought I'd bring some, too," he explained in an off-hand manner. "I did not know exactly what balls were, but these" he indicated the cocoanuts and oranges with his left claw-"these looked like the word sounded, so I took a chance."

"Why Terrybubble, how kind you are." In spite of himself, Speedy was touched. "These are better than balls," he declared, picking up two of the oranges. "I can eat these for breakfast, make a fire from the wood and if you'll crack open a cocoanut I'll have something to drink besides." At this praise, Terrybubble was so pleased he gave his tail a tremendous wag so that the vertebrae rattled like gun fire. Speedy cast alarmed glances around to see whether anyone heard, but evidently no one did, for there seemed nothing to mar the peace of the cool May morning. A rocking sensation underfoot

convinced the boy that the island was still moving, but resolving to leave all explorations till after breakfast, he built himself a small fire with some of the wood, ate two oranges, two bananas and after Terrybubble had cracked open two of the cocoanuts on a rock, took a long draught of the sweet satisfying juice.

"It's a mean shame you can't eat," murmured Speedy regretfully, as Terrybubble sat quietly watching him, "but draw up to the fire, old fellow and warm your bones and I ask you, is this cozy or is it not?"

Terrybubble, drawing cautiously nearer, nodded his great skull. "That red crackling plant you have started with the sticks makes me feel very much like snorting," he announced dreamily. "Would it be all right to snort a bit and rumble? Then I'll leap lightly over your head and spin seventy times round on the tip of my tail, roll over on my back and-

"Not now - not now!" Speedy's voice was still cheerful but slightly strained. "We'd better not have any of that sort of thing till we see where we are, old fellow. And the sooner we look around, the better."

"Well, just as you say." Terrybubble looked long-

ingly at the fire and then rose up jerkily on his hind claws. "I have put some ferns and leaves in my chest to make it more comfortable. I'd rather like to have you where I used to carry my heart," explained the monster in a slightly embarrassed voice, "and I think you'll be safer inside. I don't know much about islands and these times but in my time and valley there was always danger and fighting."

"Was there?" Half closing his eyes, Speedy tried to picture the prehistoric valley of Terrybubble's youth and the dreadful devouring monsters roaming about those dreary waste lands. But a sudden dip of the island brought him sharply back to the present. Scurrying up the vine he settled comfortably on the cushion of leaves in Terrybubble's chest, thinking as he did so that surely no other boy had ever had such a strange travelling compartment.

"Shall I go east or west?" inquired Terrybubble, blinking calmly over the waving fronds of palms.

"Let's keep close to the edge and go completely around," decided Speedy, feeling in his pocket to see whether he had brought along his knife. "Hey-not too close!" he yelled shrilly, as Terrybubble took a tremendous leap sideways. "And not too fast, either! No use running into that danger you were talking about. We'll just walk into it if you don't mind."

"Like this?" asked the dinosaur, stepping sedately along the sandy shore. "But, oh my dear self! I see large lumps of shining rock and crystal ahead."

"Maybe it's a city," answered Speedy sticking his head out between Terrybubble's ribs. So far, he himself could see nothing, but the dinosaur's head was nearly twenty feet above his own and he gave Speedy glowing descriptions of the masses of brilliant rock and crystal shimmering over the tree tops.

"It must be a city," concluded Speedy, and as Terrybubble begged him to explain, he tried his best to describe the dwellings that beings like himself erect.

"Are there then no caves?" demanded the monster.

"Not many," admitted the little boy, at the same time reflecting how impossible it was to explain a hundred centuries in a few hours. "Just wait till you see a city, Terrybubble, then you'll understand, but you'll have to be real careful not to tread on anyone or switch your tail, for that would knock down the houses. I'm afraid you're too big to go in any of the houses, but if there's a palace, we might have a look at that."

"A palace!" panted Terrybubble, popping out his phosphorescent eyes. "Why the very sound of a palace makes me feel positively dythrambic. A palace!

A palace! Wheee!" and forgetting all about the little boy's warning, the dinosaur set off at such a terrific pace that Speedy rattled around in his chest like one grain of corn in a giant corn popper.

CHAPTER 7

Kachewka's Good Idea

IN spite of the cheerful assurances of his wizard, Sizzeroo had not slept a wink and now, though it was barely seven o'clock, the King was fully dressed and pacing in great agitation up and down the royal terrace. Dragging themselves reluctantly from their beds, the Umbrella guards, courtiers and counselors had also been forced to rise and stood yawning about.

"Well! Well! Have you any new plan for saving the Princess?" inquired Sizzeroo, as Waddy bade him a sleepy good morning.

"The beginning of a gigantic plan is even now simmering within," confided the Wizard, touching his forehead mysteriously.

"Don't say gigantic," shuddered Sizzeroo fretfully.

"I cannot even stand the sound of the word."

"This giant drives us to distraction,
We don't want words, what we want's action!"

announced Pansy, who was in her usual place on the
King's shoulder.

"Well, the best way to act at a time like this," put
in Bamboula, executing a double rap-tap on his drum,
"is to proceed as if nothing at all had happened. Let
us be happy and cheerful and, to restore our own
confidence and the confidence of our subjects, allow
me to suggest a grand procession around the island,
a procession with flags, flowers, bands, balloons and
bon-bons. Your Majesty and the Princess will, of
course, lead off in the silver sedan, carried by sixteen
bearers, your guards, counselors and courtiers will
be followed by the boy and girl brigades, the para-
shooters and the mounted guards and-"

"But processions make me so tired," complained
the King; drawing his hand wearily across his fore-
head.

"Then you can sleep," proposed Bamboula brightly.
"While you're asleep you'll not be worrying and
while you're not worrying the plan of our Wizard
will be simmering, and simmering."

"We'll all be simmering," sniffed Kachewka sour-

ly. "The sun's hot now, and what good a procession will do~Chew, Chew Kachew!" The very thought of marching so early in the morning made the old counselor sneeze with vexation. But Sizzeroo was already favorably considering the idea, so Meander was dispatched to waken the Princess, and Bamboula, full of importance and jollity, began assembling the marchers. So skilled and clever was the King's Suggester at this sort of celebration that by nine o'clock a glittering and impressive array of Umbrellians stood impatiently awaiting the signal to start. And that signal, four loud taps on Bamboula's drum, was given just as Sizzeroo's silver sedan was borne rapidly down the terrace by the King's sixteen stalwart bearers.

His Highness and Gureeda, dressed in silver embroidered robes, rode calmly in the royal palanquin, waving graciously to the populace drawn up on each side of the King's Highway-Gureeda a little absently, for she was still deeply engrossed in her Unfair Tales. At her feet lay a great heap of red roses and each time she came to the end of a page, the charming but dreamy little Princess would throw a rose to one of Sizzeroo's wildly applauding subjects.

The combined bands of the island filled the air with lively marching tunes, and Sizzeroo, tossing

bon-bons to the children in the crowd, was soon so interested that he forgot for a moment the dreadful worry about the giant. Before the imperial palanquin stepped Meander, solemnly carrying Pansy on a blue brocaded cushion, the Watch Cat nodding her head condescendingly to the left and right as the procession wound its way grandly along the palm-lined highway. After Sizzeroo trudged his three counselors, importantly conscious of the great umbrella of state held over their heads by a grinning black boy. Then came the courtiers, each in his best boots and jacket and carrying magnificent silver cloth umbrellas. Back of them the Boy Brigade marched smartly, twirling big blue umbrellas and the Girl Brigade skipped gayly along under yellow parasols.

Then came the King's parachooters in their bright blue uniforms, rimmed with silver braid and their gleaming parashoot weapons, and lastly, the mounted guards, their horses stepping in time to the music with arching necks and tossing manes and little neighs of excitement and pleasure. The guardsmen carried their umbrellas on long poles like lances and the effect of the whole procession was so exhilarating and so entrancing the Islanders broke light-heartedly

into the singing of the National Anthem.

Between each section Bamboula had placed a company of bandsmen. Balloons, released by the resourceful Su-jester from time to time, soared dizzily up among the palms and Umbrella Island, moving steadily and buoyantly through the clear spring sky, seemed almost too small to hold so much gaiety and happiness. Sizzeroo was so content he closed his eyes for a moment, thinking dreamily of the glamorous old days and forgetting all about the anxious new. To be perfectly truthful, his Majesty fell fast asleep. The marchers had gone perhaps halfway around the island when the King woke up with a sudden start, conscious that the music of the bands had ceased. The crowds along the highway had unaccountably disappeared, too.

"Meander! Meander!" puffed Sizzeroo, leaning out of the window of the silver sedan. "What has become of the music?"

Meander, dutifully running around back of the palanquin, stared in utter astonishment down the highway.

"King! King!" shouted the messenger in a shrill voice. "There's nobody behind us. We're marching all by ourselves in a parade of one."

"What?" exclaimed Sizzeroo, thrusting his head

still farther out of the window. "Why a moment ago we were at the head of the line."

"Well, now we're at the tail," announced Meander mournfully, shading his eyes with one hand and looking down the deserted highway. "I see a cloud of dust. Yes, it must be the procession, but they're going the other way, your Majesty. There's someone on the other end of the line more interesting than we are."

"Impossible," hissed Pansy, arching her back angrily, while Gureeda, at last aroused from her book, looked up to see what was the matter. "Are you tamely going to let yourself be imposed upon like this, Sizzer? I, for one, refuse to be the tail of a procession."

"The cat tail, you mean," mumbled Meander, "and that's what you are, my lady, and you'll just have to make the best of it."

"Turn around," commanded Sizzeroo, tapping the bearer nearest him on the shoulder. "Can't you see We're going the wrong way? Quick now, step along. There's something mighty queer about all this!"

And there certainly was. For when the sedan of Sizzeroo, with Meander panting along behind, caught up with the crowd, no one even gave them a glance.

In a stupefied, frozen disbelief, the Islanders were gazing up at the enormous figure of Terrybubble. He stood in the exact center of the King's highway, regarding them with a calm aloofness, for you see it was Umbrella Island Terrybubble had boarded the night before.

We left him as you doubtless recall, heading recklessly for the palace. Speedy, by frantic pounding and thumping on Terrybubble's ribs, had finally halted his exuberant steed. Threatening to leave him entirely unless he slackened his mad pace and listened to his directions, the little boy by this means had managed to bring the dinosaur to a surprising state of docility.

"No matter what we see or run into, do nothing till I tell you," warned the shaken and somewhat battered little traveller. "And above all, if you come to a crowd of people-that is, small beings like myself -STOP!"

So when Terrybubble on his way around the edge of the island sighted the tail of the royal procession, he obediently stopped. At the same moment one of the guardsmen, chancing to glance over his shoulder, caught a glimpse of Terrybubble. The sight of the animated fossil was so unnerving that the guardsman had pulled up his horse with a gasp and

touched his comrade on the shoulder and in less than a twinkling the whole procession had swung about to face the ghastly apparition. All, that is, but the bearers of the King's palanquin. Trained to look straight ahead, they had tramped solemnly forward. but now, instead of being stricken dumb like the rest of the Islanders, the bearers gave sixteen blood-curdling screeches, dropped the sedan with a thump and took to their thirty-two heels. The King and Gureeda, almost jolted out of their seats, gave two separate exclamations of distress and well they might!

"Meander! Meander!" quavered Sizzeroo, pointing a trembling finger at Terrybubble, "What is that?"

"Dunno~dunno, sir," gulped the poor messenger, hugging Pansy to his palpitating bosom.

"Right the first time," chuckled Speedy, who could not have helped laughing even to save his life. For almost ten minutes he had been silently waiting for the Islanders to take some action, feeling that extreme caution was his safest course.

"Why, it is a dinosaur," marvelled the little Princess, leaning forward with more curiosity than fear.

"There is a big book about them in the palace. It-

it's a prehistoric monster. But, Father, it's only the bones!"

"A-a-skeleton ?" hissed Kachewka convulsively.

"Now then, I've seen live bodies without bones, but never live bones without bodies!"

"But this-this is monstrous!" sputtered Sizzeroo, pushing back his crown. "I start out at the head of the procession and find myself at the tail. I reach the head and find this-this monster in my place. Why this is worse than the giant. Why are you standing here like images?" The King waved his arms furiously at his parachooters, his guardsmen and his courtiers. "Look-it has already swallowed this unhappy boy and in a moment will spring upon us. I, why I am simply petrified!"

"And that makes two of us," drawled Terrybubble, lowering his great skull toward the King. "I am petrified too, and liable, so this boy tells me, to disintegrate any minute."

"Great lakes, cakes and waffles!" screamed Sizzeroo, ducking down in horror. "Waddy! Waddy! Are you going to stand there and let this dinosaur devour me. Look-look at his teeth!"

With quivering chins and popping eyes the Islanders looked, and Terrybubble's teeth, in splendid condition and a foot long, were far from reassuring.

"It's a dragon's ghost!" "It's a prehistoric monster!" "It's bewitched!" "Shoot it, ram it, push it off the island!" they shouted hysterically.

"Stop! Stop! Stop it!" Speedy thumped so loudly on Terrybubble's ribs and spoke in such a determined and compelling voice that the Umbrellians actually obeyed him. "Terrybubble is a monster, a prehistoric monster, but even monsters have feelings. Can't you see you're hurting his feelings?" he asked angrily.

"Feelings?" Waddy leaned weakly against the black umbrella bearer. "You mean to tell me that hulking wreck has feelings? And how about your own feelings? How does it feel to be on the inside of a monster like that? How do I know we all won't be inside of him in another minute?"

"Because he is perfectly harmless," stated Speedy earnestly. "Harmless as a little dog."

"Mmm-mmmm, so he's a petrified dog, is he?" Pansy reared her head up inquisitively. "What do you call him, Petrifido?"

"He's petrified, no hair or hide!

An awfier sight I never spied.

Now woe then betide us,

A magic cloak hide us,
He's here and we're here
with no mother to guide us!"

Pansy's poem sent the populace into a second uproar and as the King's parachooters rather unsteadily unbuckled their weapons, Gureeda began tugging at her father's sleeve.

"Stop them! Stop them at once!" commanded the little Princess, stamping her foot in a royal temper.

"Do you want them to injure that boy? Go away, you monster, you!"

Seizing a handful of chocolates, Gureeda flung them at Terrybubble as hard as she could. But instead of going away, Terrybubble grinned enormously, caught the chocolates in his left claw and handed them gravely down to Speedy.

"There, there, did you see that? I don't believe he's dangerous at all! Why, he's a regular dear."

Gureeda clapped her hands with pleasure. "Why don't you ask this boy to explain him, Father?"

"Explain him!" shuddered the King, running his finger around his stiff embroidered collar. "I wish he'd explain him away from here."

"We'll go away, if you tell us how it can be done safely," offered Speedy, in the little silence following

the King's speech. "If we jump off the island we'll be dashed to pieces and surely you do not wish that?"

"Why did you come here in the first place?" demanded Kachewka suspiciously. "Who are you and just what are you doing here?"

"Yes," repeated Bamboula, sitting down carefully on his great drum, "who are you and why are you here?"

"It's a long story," answered Speedy, looking thoughtfully out between Terrybubble's ribs, "but if you'll call off your soldiers, I'll try to explain everything as that sensible girl over there suggested." Speedy smiled approvingly at Gureeda and delighted by his compliment, Gureeda smiled back.

"Princess to you!" snapped Kachewka stiffly.

"Oh, he doesn't have to call me one," said the King's daughter, leaning forward eagerly.

"Proceed, boy. On with your monster tale," ordered Waddy, as Sizzeroo waved off the parachooters and settled more calmly among his cushions.

So while the Umbrellians in awe-stricken silence stared up at Terrybubble, Speedy gave them the story of the previous day's experiences. In as few words as possible, he told of his and Uncle Billy's visit to Professor Sanderson's camp, how, in the pro-

fessor's absence, they had put the dinosaur bones together, how the geyser had unexpectedly erupted and brought Terrybubble to life and flung them miles up into the air, and how Umbrella Island had saved them from a ruinous drop back to earth.

"I thought a prehistoric monster was terrible, at first," admitted Speedy, as he hastily wound up his recital, "and that's how he got his new name. I called him terrible, but we were shaking about so. and I was so rattled, it sounded like Terrybubble. He likes Terrybubble for a name and I like Terrybubble for a friend and I hope you'll like him, too."

"Well," murmured Waddy, blinking rapidly, "he certainly has his points. What size! What eyes! What symmetry!"

"What a sight," sniffed Kachewka, who still regarded the dinosaur with disfavor, "He'd make a fine mess of buttons and be safer as buttons, too."

"Well, I'm glad I'm good for something," said Terrybubble, calmly. "What does one do with buttons?"

"One pushes them," answered Kachewka shortly. But Speedy, paying no attention to the old counselor's unkind remarks, went on to explain a little about the United States, his life in Garden City and a little about Uncle Billy and his many useful in-

ventions.

"So," wheezed Waddy, as Speedy paused for breath, "you are one of those enterprising Americans? I was flying over your country last evening, luckily for you! There are several Americans, as your Majesty remembers, in the Emerald City of Oz, so undoubtedly this boy speaks the truth."

"Oz!" exclaimed Speedy, pricking up his ears in Pleasant surprise. Why, are we anywhere near Oz?"

"At this moment we are flying over the Eastern Empire of that very Kingdom," Waddy assured him Portentously.

"And are you going to stop?" asked Speedy, sticking his head out eagerly.

"Not necessarily, not necessarily." The Wizard clasped his hands on his huge stomach and thoughtfully regarded the little boy. "Why?"

"Oh, because if we were in Oz, I'm sure Ozma would send us back to the United States. I've been to Oz before, you see!"

"Have you?" Gureeda looked enviously up at him.

"Oh, I wish I had, I've read books and books about Oz, but I've never been there."

"Why should you wish to go to Oz when your father has this perfectly good flying country of his

own?" inquired Kachewka sharply. "They have nothing in Oz that we have not here."

"Especially now," murmured the Wizard, with an eloquent glance at Terrybubble.

"But could your Majesty-would your Majesty let us off at Oz?" Speedy turned eagerly to Sizzeroo, whom he had at once recognized as the Ruler of the Flying Island. "Do you ever stop, and could we get off without falling?"

"This island can do anything," boasted Waddy, thrusting out his three chins. "Look at that umbrella over your head. Well, my boy, that umbrella can take us up or down, sideways or crossways. We can sail, fly, drift or anchor, just as we choose."

"I don't see any umbrella." Speedy stared up so intently he got three wrinkles between his eyes.

"Ha, that is because I, Waddy the Wizard, chief magician to his Majesty King Sizzeroo, have willed it so. Our umbrella is constructed of material strong as steel, but gossamer as cobweb. It allows the sun, moon and starlight through, but not even the heaviest hail stones can penetrate its magic tissue."

"Ahem-er-I see no reason why we could not set these travellers down in Oz," put in the King, heading off a long and detailed description of Umbrella Island by his chief wizard. "He has told an honest

and straightforward story and should have our help."

"Hear! Hear!" The Umbrellians, who had been containing themselves in quietness as long as they could, now burst into loud shouts and cheering.

"But not right away," objected Gureeda, as Speedy guided Terrybubble nearer in order that he might thank the King. "I have hundreds of books to show you back in the palace."

"Books?" Speedy looked curiously at the little Princess. "Why books, when we have all of this to see?" He waved his arm in a circle to include the whole lovely island.

"Yes, why not stay here and visit us awhile before you go back to Oz and America," proposed Sizzeroo, staring up at Speedy with deep interest. "And can't you come out of that shell and ride here with us?"

"He's far safer with me," chattered Terrybubble jealously. "But I'll carry the girl if she wants to come." Without waiting for Gureeda to make up her mind, Terrybubble seized the Princess in his bony claw and thrust her unceremoniously in beside Speedy. A gasp of horror went up from the Islanders, but as Gureeda settled calmly down beside the newcomer it gave place to an amazed silence, and when the procession hastily reorganized by Bam-

boula got under way again, Terrybubble and the King's palanquin moved along side by side, Terrybubble of course, towering above everything in sight.

"The sooner we set them down in Oz, the better," whispered the King uneasily to Kachewka, whom he had motioned to Gureeda's place beside him. "That monster may be harmless, but how he looks and ugh -how his bones rattle!"

"Not too soon, not too soon," answered Kachewka, drawing a pair of field glasses from his sleeve and fixing them on the children riding so unconcernedly in the bony chest of the dinosaur. "Has your Majesty studied this boy at all?"

"No, not especially," confessed Sizzeroo. "Why?" Kachewka paused impressively and then sneezed twice. "Because he is the same size, weight, coloring and build as our Princess. He resembles her to a startling degree."

"You mean?" Sizzeroo snatched the glasses and earnestly studied the boy and girl conversing so cozily together. Then he gave a slight shiver of distaste. "But that is cruel and impossible."

"Why?" Kachewka raised his shoulders expressively. "Is it not better to turn this strange boy over to a giant than your daughter? Fate has played directly into our hands. But hush! Not a word of this

to anyone. Not a word!"

"Not a word," echoed the King wretchedly. "I couldn't say enough words against it if I tried. Oh dear, dear and dear, what ever and ever shall I do?" Pushing back his crown, Sizzeroo began to rock backward and forward, groaning with every rock.

"As always, your Majesty will do the correct and proper thing," murmured Kachewka, and taking the glasses firmly from the King, he took another long and satisfying squint at the young American.

CHAPTER 8

Tetrybubble Meets a Princess

ALL unconscious of the dark schemes of Kachewka, Speedy and the Princess were fast becoming friends, Gureeda explaining the points of interest as they moved along and Speedy telling the little girl a bit more about his hair-raising flight with Terrybubble. By the time the procession reached the palace, Speedy had quite made up his mind to spend a week or two on Umbrella Island. For surely, thought the little boy, from a Wizard who had invented an umbrella powerful enough to lift an island, he could gain many

helpful ideas for himself and Uncle Billy.

The braided beards of the men, the pagoda-like dwellings of the Islanders, the shade and umbrella trees, just visible on the hillsides, he found tremendously exciting and not even in Oz had he seen cows and sheep wearing umbrella belts.

Terrybubble was excited too, but comported himself in such a quiet and dignified manner that Speedy felt an increasing pride in and affection for the enormous partner of his adventures. From time to time the fossil looked fondly down at his small benefactor, but for the most part he was busy studying the imposing silver towers of the imperial palace, that occupied not only the loveliest, but the highest spot on Umbrella Island.

The dinosaur had to duck his head going under the arch into the courtyard, and again when he Passed through the immense double doors of the castle itself, but he fitted quite comfortably into the crystal and silver throne room of Sizzeroo. This impressive apartment, in the center of the royal edifice, Was at least sixty feet high, the upper stories opening on galleries that ran completely around and looked down upon this stately presence chamber. Only the counselors and courtiers had followed the King's palanquin into the castle, and as the chief

bearer helped His Majesty to alight, Terrybubble eased himself to a sitting position against a silver pillar and looked around him with complete and cavernous curiosity. Never in his whole prehistoric existence had Terrybubble seen anything like this.

Then Gureeda, following Speedy's directions, slipped between the dinosaur's ribs and slid down the vine to the floor, and Speedy himself, in the same manner descended. Scarcely had he done so, than a gong from the room beyond announced luncheon, and Sizzeroo and his courtiers and counselors, wearied from the long march, moved hurriedly into the royal dining hall. The door of this great banquet room was not large enough to accommodate Terrybubble, so Speedy exacted a promise from the dinosaur to stay exactly where he was before joining the others, then, with the most carefree feeling he had enjoyed since leaving the earth, he sank down between Waddy and Bamboula in a chair an umbrella footman ceremoniously drew out for him.

Kachewka, who sat opposite, was fizzing all over with anxiety lest someone should speak of Loxo and his dreadful determination to carry off the King's child, but Sizzeroo and his courtiers were so curious about Speedy and his dinosaur, and the strange tales

he told them of life in America that they never mentioned the giant episode at all. And after the main courses, when Speedy ran out to see that Terry-bubble was all right, the chief counselor lost no time in forbidding all talk of the giant in the presence of their American visitor. He especially impressed on the little Princess herself the necessity for silence in this grave matter.

"What would this boy think if he knew we had stupidly run into a giant?" he whispered earnestly.

"And if he tells the story when he reaches Oz, it will cause us all manner of trouble and embarrassment!"

Waddy backed up the old counselor in his arguments and by the time Speedy returned to finish his dessert each member of the King's household was sworn to secrecy about Loxo. Moreover, Meander had been sent down into the village to warn and instruct the rest of the Umbrellians. Only Sizzeroo knew the real reason for Kachewka's orders and the kindly King felt so distressed and unhappy he could not touch his frosted cakes and coffee and kept looking so solemnly and so sadly at his youthful visitor that Speedy himself grew uneasy and was glad when the Princess begged him to come along with her to the castle library.

"Library?" scoffed Waddy, clapping the little boy

good-naturedly on the back. "He does not want to read books, my girl, he wants to live them. Take him into the valley and let him choose his umbrella and be sure you pick a ripe one, Princess. It is against the law to be without an umbrella on this island," finished the Wizard, with a broad wink, "and we can't have you breaking the law, you know."

"How about Terrybubble, does he have to have an umbrella, too?" Speedy looked rather anxious. "I don't see how we'll ever find one big enough for him!"

"Oh, he'll do well enough without one," sniffed Pansy, who was delicately lapping up a saucer of cream on the arm of the King's chair,

"Your dinosaur did soar and soar
Until he reached our island shore,
What needs he an umbrella for?"

"To keep him afloat if he should tumble off the island, little dunce," reproved Waddy, shaking a fat forefinger at the Watch Cat. "Besides, he did not fly here, he exploded."

"What he did once he can do again," insisted Pansy, switching her braided tail provokingly.

"Ah, don't mind her," chuckled the Wizard, resting his arm affectionately on Speedy's shoulder. "I'll make that old Whiffenpoof an umbrella in no time."

"Better keep your mind, or the remnants of your mind, on that problem beginning with a G," advised the Watch Cat meaningly.

"PANSY!" roared Kachewka in such a terrible voice that Sizzeroo seized his pet and made a dignified but hasty departure from the royal dining hall.

"Can you really make Terrybubble an umbrella that will hold him up in the air?" marvelled Speedy, looking thoughtfully after the retreating back of the King.

"Why not?" Throwing out his chest and it must be confessed, also his stomach, the jolly Wizard waddled importantly toward the winding stair that leads to his private tower.

"Say, let's watch him," proposed Speedy eagerly.

"I've never seen a real wizard at work."

"We'd better pick your umbrella first," suggested Gureeda practically. "Then I'll show you my books. Wait! There's one I want to bring with me."

"You're not going to read are you?" Speedy could hardly conceal his disappointment. "I thought you were going to show me the island."

"Well, can't I read while you look?" demanded the

Princess rather anxiously, for she really wanted to please this odd visitor from America.

"Oh, I suppose so, but" Before Speedy could explain his objections Gureeda had whisked out of sight. When she joined him and Terrybubble a moment later in the throne room, she had a huge volume under one arm and a bright parasol swinging from the other. The King and his Court had dispersed for their afternoon naps, and only a few guards stood gaping up at the dinosaur.

Terrybubble would have liked nothing better than to stay where he was, admiring the jewelled ceiling above his head and the splendid glittering furnishings of the castle. But when Speedy, taking Gureeda's book, started with the little Princess for the door, the prehistoric skeleton pulled himself reluctantly to his claws and rattled resignedly after them.

"Does this monster go everywhere you go?" asked Gureeda, glancing nervously up over her shoulder.

"Certainly," answered Terrybubble. "I am his pet and chum and just now taking the place of a wire-haired terrier."

"What?" giggled the Princess, wrinkling up her nose. Speedy felt inclined to laugh himself, but Terrybubble looked so serious and happy about every-

thing that he merely nodded instead.

"If he likes to follow me about, why shouldn't he?"

asked the little boy carelessly. "Which way do we go to pick this umbrella your wizard says I must carry?"

"That way." Poised like a brilliant butterfly on the top step of the royal terrace, the Princess waved her parasol to the right. In the valley below, Speedy could just make out a cluster of Waddy's famous umbrella trees. After a long curious gaze, he feasted his eyes on the huge shaft that supported the umbrella spreading over the whole island, wishing he could first stop and investigate its strange steering apparatus. But Gureeda had already started, so Speedy followed the Princess down the many marble steps to the village and through the village to the umbrella groves beyond.

And after Speedy came Terrybubble, treading with great care through the narrow streets, peering down chimneys and in the top story windows of houses that were tall enough. When they reached the umbrella grove, Terrybubble established himself comfortably in the only open space and blinked thoughtfully up at the blue and white blossoms and long tubular fruit of these singular trees.

"What color do you think you would like?" inquired

Gureeda, who was in a hurry to have the matter over so she could return to her book.

"Er-well-blue I guess," decided Speedy, glancing down at his dark Norfolk suit. "How do you know when they're ripe?"

"The ripe ones open and the green ones don't," stated the Princess and climbing briskly up a white ladder set against the largest tree, she snapped off a serviceable blue umbrella. Stripping off the shiny leaf-like case, she opened it up, surveyed it critically, and apparently quite satisfied, handed it down to her companion. Then with her parasol swinging lightly from one wrist, Gureeda skipped down the ladder and dropped on the ground beside Terrybubble. That is as much beside so high and mighty a monster as a small girl could possibly be, and opened her book and began to read.

Speedy was too busy examining his new possession to mind. He could not help thinking how interesting this magic umbrella would be to Uncle Billy, for the tip was a short gleaming sword and the umbrella itself, although of the thinnest and finest texture, seemed positively indestructible, protecting one not only from sun and rain but from bullets, arrows or missiles of any description. Each section had a roomy

pocket that buttoned and the edges were fitted with curved silver hooks for carrying baskets, packages or even clothing. The handle opened out into a tidy seat, and Speedy, sticking the sharp point into the ground, sat down with great interest and satisfaction. Besides all of these uses, it had, according to a neatly printed tag, guaranteed parachoot qualities, dependable enough to keep the holder in the air indefinitely or until rescued.

"Gee whiskers, this certainly will come in handy," exclaimed the little boy with enthusiasm. "Why it's a shield, a weapon, a carryall, a seat and a flying machine. Look, Terrybubble, did you ever see anything like this before?"

"Never!" answered the dinosaur, darting his long bony neck down toward Speedy. "Is it to chew, throw or jump on?"

"To carry," Speedy told him, swinging it jauntily over one shoulder. "See, it keeps off the sun and rain and if I fall off the island it would carry me safely down to the ground."

"Without me?" whistled Terrybubble, rolling his luminous eyes reproachfully.

"Waddy's making you an umbrella," smiled Gu-reeda, looking up from her book, "and then you'll be a real Umbrellian!"

"Oh no. Thank you, no!" The dinosaur shook his head ponderously. "I'm this boy's pet and chum and that is about all I can manage for the present."

"If you're a pet you ought to have a collar." Gureeda twinkled her blue eyes mischievously at Terrybubble. "Let's make him a collar of daisies," proposed the little Princess, tossing aside her book and jumping up gaily. So, with many giggles and much merriment, Speedy and Gureeda picked an armful of daisies and wove an enormous chain for the dinosaur. Terrybubble was greatly flattered by this attention and lifted Gureeda up in his claw, so she could slip the huge wreath around his neck.

"There, now you look as if you really belonged to somebody," sighed the Princess, as the gaunt monster set her gently on the ground, "but oh, Terrybubble, you're so dreadfully unfurnished! Don't you feel hollow?"

"Not a bit." Terrybubble grinned and clicked his teeth cheerfully. "You see, I'm just full of bright, fresh air and you have no idea how invigorating I find it. Not nearly so troublesome as the old tubes, valves, wind bags and piping I carried around for four hundred years."

"I was just reading all about you in this book,"

confided the Princess, picking up the volume she had flung aside when she was working on the daisy chain.

"Now, that's where you are foolish." Opening the handle of his umbrella again, Speedy seated himself argumentatively. "Why should you read about dinosaurs out of a book when you can learn all about them from the one beside you?"

"Not quite all," murmured Gureeda, looking speculatively up at Terrybubble and at the same time fingering the pages of her book lovingly. "The bones of the ones in here are all covered, and it says--"

"What difference does that make!" Speedy waved his arms impatiently. "They're only pictures, but Terrybubble's real and he can tell you real things that happened to him hundreds and thousands of years ago. Tell her about that mogerith," he urged, anxious to prove his point.

"Well, that would be the last day of my former life," sighed Terrybubble, flashing his bright eyes down at the Princess. "All morning I had been rolling in the fern beds in the Valley of Virtula, where I lived with my mogodosanthic and elegopanthic mama."

"Whatever that means," murmured Gureeda, taking a quick peek into her book.

"It means she was modest and elegant," explained Speedy learnedly. To his surprise, Terrybubble nodded, for his translation had been a mere guess.

"And, oh my dear self!" mused the monster, rattling his claws reminiscently. "How sweet were the frugament trees, how the sun shone through the palms and golyosnorkus vines! How dythrambic I felt after my roll in the ferns! In fact, I was dythrambing all over the rocks when it happened."

"Dythrambing?" Gureeda wrinkled up her brows and took another furtive peep into her natural history book.

"Yes, this way!" Impetuously, and before Speedy could stop him, the prehistoric monster had sprung thirty feet into the air, come down with astonishing buoyancy, bounded to the left, vaulted wildly to the right and spun around on the tip of his tail like an enormous mechanical top. His bones during this procedure rattled like a dozen machine guns and the umbrella blossoms loosened by his gigantic whirls and gestures fell in perfect showers on his two listeners. Speedy had tumbled off his umbrella seat at the first leap, and Gureeda, almost buried under a heap of blossoms, peered fearfully up at the gyrating monster.

"There, what did I tell you!" exulted Speedy, pushing aside a mass of petals and feeling around for his umbrella. "Isn't this better than reading about dinosaurs?"

Gureeda, swimming out from a perfect sea of flowers, looked doubtful, but before she could express herself, Terrybubble stopped dythrambing as suddenly as he had begun.

"Yes, it was like that," he told them hoarsely. "One moment I was alive, happy and free, next moment I was in the paralyzing grip of an old Mogger, his teeth pressed deeper and deeper into my throat. Everything grew dark. I felt myself falling, falling. There came a tremendous thud and that was all."

"He probably did for you all right," sympathized Speedy, "but why didn't you fight back?"

"It is plain you never have seen a mogerith," sighed Terrybubble, waving his claws in sorrowful circles.

"What did it look like?" asked Gureeda, shaking the umbrella blossoms from her lap and gazing up at the dinosaur with wide-eyed interest.

"Like this." With a sudden pounce Terrybubble picked up a lizard that had been sunning itself on a flat rock and held it out in his bony claw.

"Like this, but a thousand times larger, with teeth

as sharp and long as the swords hanging on the walls
of your father's castle."

"There's a picture of one here and it's called a
dreadful carnivorous monster or terrible lizard. It
was a Megolosauros. Why, that must have been a
Inegolosaurus," squealed Gureeda, flapping open her
book in great excitement. "See if it isn't."
Curling his long neck down till he was looking over
the little girl's shoulder, the dinosaur squinted ear-
nestly down at the terrifying picture on the page.

"That's it! That's it!" he assured her in a hollow
voice. "Only we called them moggers and mogeriths
in my time and you can have no notion of their size
and ferocity from a tiny picture like that."

"Still, it gives us an idea," muttered Speedy, taking
the book from the Princess and hurriedly reading
the description on the opposite page. "Gee whiskers,
this is tremendous! Say, I'd like to have been alive
in those days, wouldn't you, Gureeda? Mind if I call
you Reedy? It's shorter and well-jollier!"

"And goes better with Speedy," smiled the King's
daughter, leaning cozily back against the umbrella
tree. "But look, here comes Pansy. Wonder what she
wants so far from the palace?"

"Pansy?" mumbled Terrybubble, lifting his eyes

mournfully from the picture of his old enemy in the open book on the little girl's lap. "Who's Pansy?"

"Oh, didn't you meet Pansy in the parade this morning?" asked Gureeda softly. "Why Pansy is my father's Watch Cat."

"Cat! Cat!" Terrybubble dropped the lizard with a little thump and snapped up his head in a series of agitated jerks. "That little black creature with the tied up tail and ears?"

"They are kind of tidy, now that you mention it," agreed the Princess brightly. "Yes, that's our Watch Cat. Why?"

"Why?" whistled Terrybubble, flashing his great eyes on and off like traffic lights. "Because I chase cats!" And with a bound twice as high as his first dythrambic leap, the dinosaur dashed out of the umbrella grove in hot pursuit of the astounded, outraged and already fleeing pet of His Majesty, King Sizzeroo.

CHAPTER 9

Terrybubble chases a Cat

OH--HH !"shrilled the little Princess, snatching up her parasol and dashing

wildly after Terrybubble. "My father will never forgive us if anything happens to Pansy. Come back here you great big, bad, bony good-for-nothing." At this point Gureeda's foot slipped into a gopher hole and threw her flat upon her stomach. Too stunned to continue, she lay where she was, fairly panting with indignation and rage.

"Nothing will happen to her," promised Speedy, jerking the little Princess quickly to her feet. "But why are you stopping? Come on, come on!" Paying no attention to the little girl's breathless remonstrances, he tore madly after the charging dinosaur, trying to convince himself that everything really would be all right. "It's that confounded wire-haired terrier talk," he thought gloomily. "Why ever did I mention the little pest! If he smashes this Watch Cat, we'll both be flung off the island."

Reminded by this dire possibility of his magic umbrella, Speedy took a firmer grip on its ivory-hooked handle with one hand and dragged Gureeda frantically along with the other. As both of them were ready to sink down with exhaustion, an agonized shriek came from the small wood into which the dinosaur had just disappeared. Speedy's heart almost stopped and

Gureeda began to sob hysterically.

But their anxiety for Pansy's safety was quite needless. All Terrybubble wished to do was to catch the elusive black creature, and Pansy's scream, as his claw closed firmly about her middle, was from pure fright and nothing else. Holding the King's pet proudly aloft and giving no heed to her squalls and scratches, Terrybubble ambled leisurely back toward his companions.

"Well, here's your cat, and a fine chase she gave me." Calmly and without haste, Terrybubble lowered Pansy to Speedy's shoulder. "And now," the dinosaur raised his voice triumphantly, "now I've done almost everything a wire-haired terrier can do and I hope you're satisfied."

Speedy was too relieved to say a word, but Pansy, dusty and footsore from her fearful flight - Pansy was fairly crackling with rage and displeasure.

"How dare you chase me on my own island?" hissed the Watch Cat, arching her back wrathfully. "I've a notion to scratch out your eyes, you great clumsy, unmannerly piece of wreckage. The King will hear of this. He'll have you pulled apart and thrown into the soup. He'll have you boiled in oil."

"Now that might be very good for me," observed Terrybubble gravely. "Oil is so lubricating and good

for the joints. What do you think, Princess?"

"Think! I think you're terrible," choked Gureeda, lifting the quivering Watch Cat from Speedy's shoulder and beginning to smooth down her fur. "Don't you ever dare touch Pansy again!"

"Oh, once will be quite enough." Waving his claws wearily, Terrybubble looked questioningly at Speedy, and Speedy, thankful that the affair had not proved more serious, nodded, resolving to have a long talk with Terrybubble at the first opportunity. Now Gureeda for a girl had a surprisingly active funny bone, and Pansy with her fur straight on end and her eyes snapping like live coals looked so comical, and Terrybubble in his huge daisy wreath so queer and unnatural, and Speedy so annoyed and worried, the whole affair began to strike her as highly ridiculous.

"Terrybubble didn't mean to hurt you," sputtered the Princess as well as she could between her little bursts of laughter. "He was just seeing if you could run as fast as he runs."

"I don't care what he was seeing," screamed Pansy vindictively. "I'd like to hurt him terribly-terribly."

"Well, I am sorry you cannot do that," answered Terrybubble regretfully. "I wouldn't mind your hurting me a little, but you see, the way things are, I

could not even feel your claws or scratches. But if it's any satisfaction to you, I don't mind saying that you are hurting my feelings terribly-the way you are acting and talking. I-why, I feel it in all of my bones," murmured the monster, resting his jaw unhappily on the branch of a magnolia tree and looking off sadly into the distance. "And such a clever little racer as you are, too. Imagine a tiny fur ball your size almost out-distancing a monster of mine!"

"I do run pretty fast," acknowledged Pansy, letting down her back a trifle. "But why didn't you tell me it was a race?"

"How could I when you wouldn't stop?" argued Terrybubble reasonably, and the two children, seeing peace was about to be declared, exchanged a smile.

"Let's go back to the castle," proposed Speedy, picking up his umbrella and handing Gureeda her parasol which had slipped to the ground when she picked up the Watch Cat. He was anxious to see how Waddy was progressing with Terrybubble's parachute and there were many things about Umbrella Island he wanted the wizard to explain. The dinosaur politely offered to carry them and as they all were weary from the tiring chase, they thankfully accepted his offer and climbed nimbly up into his high and bony chest.

Even Pansy seemed to enjoy her ride in this curious conveyance and kept up a spirited and friendly conversation with Terrybubble all the way back to the palace. But as they came to the royal terrace the Watch Cat scurried hastily down the vine. Pansy had a private and personal attendant to brush her coat and braid her tail and ears and the King's pampered pet had no intention of letting anyone see her in her present ruffled and dirty condition.

Terrybubble himself, when they reached the castle, expressed an earnest desire to remain quietly in the throne room and the kindly little Princess, after showing Speedy the way to Waddy's tower, retired to her own apartment to finish her natural history book. The castle seemed deserted and still as Speedy, with mingled feelings of interest and trepidation, began to mount the curving stair to the Wizard's tower.

CHAPTER 10

In the Wizard's Tower

WHILE the Princess, Speedy and Terrybubble were off in the Umbrella Grove, Kachewka lost no time in following up his daring

suggestion. Following the King into his dressing room, where the distracted monarch was about to seek a little rest, the wily counselor, after dismissing Pansy and the attendants, began all over again his arguments for substituting Speedy for the King's daughter.

"The first thing to do is to make this boy's stay so pleasant that he'll willingly remain with us until it is time for Loxo to come for the Princess," said Kachewka, seating himself firmly on the foot of the King's couch.

"But that is perfectly horrible," exclaimed Sizzeroo, jerking open his collar and sinking fretfully back among his pillows. "Not only horrible but downright deceitful as well."

"Deceitful or not, it must be done," insisted Kachewka, "and moreover, no one must have a suspicion of the plan but you and me. Your Majesty is too soft-hearted and must look at things more sensibly. A mortal lives but a brief space-seventy years or so-but we Umbrellians go on for centuries. Is it not better, then, to let a mortal suffer a little discomfort for seventy years than to subject your daughter to slavery for a thousand?"

"Don't, don't! I can't bear it," groaned the King, burying his head in the pillows. "There must be some

other way. Why, only this morning Waddy said he had a plan."

"Waddy! Humph! Waddy!" Kachewka snapped his fingers scornfully. "All he can do is pick flaws in the ideas of other people. He'll never think of anything in time. Now all I ask is that your Majesty keep absolutely quiet about this matter. If anything better turns up, well and good. If not-" Kachewka arose and began pacing briskly up and down. "Fortunately Loxo is expecting a boy. Well, then, I'll just outfit this Speedy in the exact style of trousers and blouse worn by the Princess. I might even persuade him to wear a false braid. I'll give him the blue room, a personal guard and a good horse."

"You expect him to look at a horse after riding a dinosaur?" inquired the King, leaning on his elbow and regarding his adviser with gloomy disfavor.

"That's the only draw-back," sighed Kachewka, jerking his beard irritably. "To think we must endure that great jittery ruin-have him sitting in our throne room for three months like a death head at a feast-a skeleton in the closet, only there's no closet big enough to hide him. He's positively outlandish and preposterous."

"Maybe he feels the same way about us," suggested

Sizzeroo slyly. "I thought him a quite mannerly monster, myself."

"Well, we'll have to stand him as long as the boy stops here, but when the time comes-" Kachewka sneezed and gave a quick forward shove with both hands-"We'll just have the parachooters shove him off the island."

"You have such nice ideas," coughed the King, thumping his pillows vigorously. "And now, perhaps, as you have settled everything so happily, you will go away and let me have a little peace." Sizzeroo closed his eyes and pursed up his lips determinedly and after several unsuccessful attempts to draw him into a conversation, Kachewka sneezed himself out of the royal presence. Quite convinced the King would be forced to accept his plan for saving the Princess, the scheming old statesman spent the rest of the afternoon making elaborate arrangements for his unsuspecting victim's comfort and entertainment. Speedy, however, was already enjoying himself to the fullest extent. After climbing four hundred silver steps, he had come at last to the Wizard's workshop at the top of the castle tower. In answer to his timid knock, Waddy himself had opened the door.

"Come in! Come in!" he beamed hospitably. "I'm just putting the finishing touches to our dino-shoot."

Stepping carefully around a mass of wires, rods and a big bolt of transparent silver fabric, Speedy hurried over to the center of the great circular room. It was more like an observatory than a work shop, for its walls were entirely of glass, and every other window was fitted with an enormous rotating telescope. The windows on one side of this singularly pleasant laboratory were carefully curtained and here in orderly rows upon the shelves stood all the books, bottles, tubes, lamps, jars and other curious vessels a wizard needs to carry out his magic experiments.

Waddy was bending over a long table in the screened portion of his shop - the longest table Speedy ever had seen in his whole life. On this table lay the framework of a simply enormous umbrella, but as you can easily imagine, it would take a tremendous table to hold an umbrella large enough to cover a prehistoric monster like Terrybubble. Without speaking, for Speedy had had experience with scientists and knew they did not like to be disturbed, the little boy climbed on the bench beside the table and looked on with deep interest as the Wizard fitted a huge handle on the almost completed frame.

"Had to have a bone handle for Terrybubble," puffed Waddy with a large wink. "What's a fossil

umbrella without a bone handle? And this one will do very well-v-e-r-y well." Speedy thought it would too, although where Waddy had ever found a bone large enough, he could not figure out at all. But here it was, smooth and shiny as ivory, with a splendid hooked end trimmed with silver. As Speedy continued to sit quietly on the bench, Waddy left the table, cut a length of silver fabric, expertly tore it into sections and began fitting them on the massive frame. For this he used neither a needle, pinchers or glue, but a fiat metal instrument that spread the material smoothly, finished off the rough edges and fastened it to the ribs all in one operation.

"Hop on that tall stool and have a look at the scenery," suggested Waddy cleverly, for he did not like anyone to watch too closely when he was using his magic tools. "We're circling over Oz now, and you may see some of its famous lakes or castles."

Now Speedy had been longing to do this very thing, so placing his own umbrella on the wizard's bench, he mounted the high stool set before the nearest telescope and took a long rapturous look downward. Like a gay and brightly colored map, the great oblong Kingdom of Oz spread out far below him. Even the colors of the four celebrated countries were easily distinguishable and to Speedy's delight, they

were passing over the Yellow Land of the Winkies, where he had had so many thrilling adventures with Marygolden and the Yellow Knight. South of the Winkie Empire he could see the red triangle that made up the Quadling Country, with its sandy red mountains and castles and its forests of beech and red wood.

An oval of sparkling green in the center marked the capital and, flashing in the afternoon sunlight, high as they were and slanted to the east, Speedy could still make out the twinkling spires and turrets of the Emerald City of Oz. Above the green oval shimmered the purple Land of the Gillikens and west of the Emerald City the bright blue triangle of the Munchkin realm contrasted sharply with the gay colors of its neighbors. Surrounding Oz like a broad yellow ribbon was the Deadly Desert of shifting sands and beyond the desert, Ev, and the unexplored territories of the East.

As Speedy, in his anxiety to see more and more, pressed his eye closer and closer to the Wizard's telescope, Umbrella Island swung out over the desert, across the Gnome King's dominions and headed for the Nonestic Ocean.

"A little sea air will be good for us," murmured

Waddy, who had left his work long enough to touch a button in the electric steering board on a mounted stand near his book shelves.

"Can you steer the island with that?" puffed Speedy, leaving the telescope for a moment to have a look at this even more fascinating device.

"By that, by a wheel on the King's terrace and by a gold button in the umbrella shaft itself," explained the Wizard, again taking up his metal zipper. "I had set the mechanical steering wheel to circle over Oz, but decided to change the course a little, so we could have a sea breeze with our dinner. Nothing like a sea breeze with your dinner, eh, my lad?"

"But suppose some one downstairs has hold of the wheel?" asked Speedy speculatively. "What then?"

"Well then," Waddy told him, running the zipper skillfully up and down the umbrella seams, "if the King is running the island, which he sometimes does, the direction he takes is recorded up here and I er ----I can sort of check up on the navigation-er that is if I happen to be here at the time."

"Ever have any wrecks?" The unexpected question made Waddy blink.

"Oh no-no-that is, not exactly," he mumbled uncomfortably, for he felt the conversation was taking a dangerous turn. "As a matter of fact," he finished

with what he considered a real inspiration, "Flying Umbrella Island is so safe and easy, I might even let you have a turn at it?"

"Oh, would you?" Speedy fairly skated across the floor and clutched the Wizard by the sleeve. "When?"

"Soon as I finish this piece of work." Waddy grinned expansively, and taking an atomizer from the shelf began spraying the silver umbrella fabric with a solution that smelled like peppermint.

"There are some unusual and interesting facts about island flying that I will explain to you later," he continued, returning the atomizer to the shelf.

"For instance, there is the protective metal curtain that drops from the umbrella edge, at touch of this blue button in the shaft, enclosing the whole island in a transparent but impenetrable wall of armor.

Then there are the six mechanical anchors, holding us firmly on the surface of the ocean. These anchors, released by touching the red button in the shaft, plunge downward, embed themselves deeply in the sea bottom and hold us steady in the heaviest gale or storm. But it is much easier to show you all these things than to explain them, so come along my boy.

Let us descend and in our descent we may as well try out Terrybubble's umbrella."

"You mean we'll drop down to the ground with that?" Speedy managed to keep his voice calm, but his heart gave a sickening thump and his stomach seemed to turn a complete somersault.

"Of course! Of course! How else shall I know it is safe for Terrybubble?"

In a business-like manner Waddy opened two immense double doors in the glass wall and began tugging and hauling the umbrella toward the opening. "It's too big to try out up here and the ride down will be a fine experience for you," he panted enthusiastically.

Speedy took a desperate look down. The courtyard and royal terrace seemed miles below, but realizing that his reputation as the nephew of a famous scientist was more or less at stake, he picked up his own small umbrella and waited in a kind of numb dismay for the signal to start. By this time Waddy had the big umbrella well out over the edge of the tower, then cautioning Speedy to fasten the strap on his own umbrella so there would not be too much buoyancy, the jolly old necromancer stepped confidently out on the narrow ledge.

"When I count three, just make a dive for the handle," he directed, cramming a bunch of pamphlets into his south pocket. "Now then, all ready? One--

two - three!" At "three" the two experimenters leaped quickly through the open door, fortunately catching the umbrella handle on their way down. The force of their jump launched the great parachute, which, as it had been constructed to bear much heavier weight, first soared sixty feet above the castle and the same distance to the right, then quite levelly and calmly began its descent. Speedy had been too thankful to know that he had managed to grab the umbrella handle in his dangerous leap to think of anything else. Now, holding on with both hands, he looked curiously down to see where they were heading. To his horror and dismay he saw neath him nothing but the hungry, heaving, green expanse of the Nonestic Ocean.

CHAPTER 11

Message from Radj the Red

"We blew a little of course,"Murmured the Wizard, noting the Speedy's alarmed expression.

"The island is overr your head there, to the right."

"But, but how are we going to get back?" panted Speedy, with a shuddering look at the waters

below. "Why, why we're falling straight into the sea."

"Not into it," corrected the Wizard Placidly,
"But we'll probably hang over it for a while
until we are picked up I must say this umbrella
works splendidly~splendidly."

Speedy could not share the Wizard's enthusiasm,
so he did not trust himself to answer. He could just
make out two craggy islands far below, with a high
sea snarling and foaming against their rocky shores.
These islands were possibly three miles apart and
sometimes the wind swept them toward one and
sometimes toward the other.

"We'll probably come down between them and be
dashed to pieces on the rocks," concluded poor
Speedy, marvelling at the vast calm and unconcern
of the Wizard as they swung to and fro and side by
side over the lashing sea.

"Don't worry, we'll be picked up any moment
now. Waddy gave him an encouraging wink.

"But who would pick us up?" shouted Speedy, rais-
ing his voice above the roaring water pounding on
the rocks, now not too far below. Instead of answer-
ing, Waddy jerked his head back and to the left.
A dark cloud was curving swiftly down upon them-
no, not a cloud, but Umbrella Island, itself.

"Do you think they'll reach us in time?" called

Speedy, with a desperate swallow.

"That depends on who is at the wheel," called Waddy, without any change of expression. "If it's the King-" Waddy shrugged his shoulders and rolled up his eyes. "But if it is Kachewka or Ram-boula or the Captain of the Guard we have a real chance. I told you somebody would cruise along soon and if we don't go any lower, everything will be simply sinoobrious."

"Well, I hope to huckleberries they see us," blurted out Speedy, rather provoked at Waddy's indifference to their danger. "They might come down right on top of us and push us into the sea."

"Quite possibly," agreed the Wizard, easing his great weight from one hand to the other. At the moment it seemed not only possible but highly probable. The island had descended so rapidly it was now scarcely twenty feet above their heads, cutting off the sun and threatening to drop down and obliterate them. But as Speedy prepared himself to be blotted out, it swooped sharply to the right and they could distinguish not only the figures, but also the faces of their friends.

With a grunt of relief, Waddy noted that Barn-boula was at the steering wheel. Pansy sat on his

shoulder, a small telescope in one claw, while with the other she directed him capably in the proper direction. Crowds of Umbrellians hung over the railing that ran round the island and, at the foot of the King's garden, Gureeda, mounted on the top of the golden fence, waved both hands frantically. Beside her, Terrybubble loomed up like a lighthouse, his eyes rolling with distress and astonishment.

"Will they scoop us up, or what?" Speedy cast a nervous glance at the churning waters below. Their giant parashoot had stopped and hung poised between the two islands about fifty feet above the sea.

"That's the usual procedure," said Waddy, watching critically as Bamboula slanted the island carefully toward them. "But I think your friend has other ideas. Hey there--look out--look out, you'll fall off, you big dunce, you!"

But Terrybubble, deaf to the Wizard's warnings, had already opened a gate in the golden fence and let his long bony tail over the edge.

Quickly catching the idea, Bamboula manoeuvred the island closer, till the dinosaur's tail hung directly in front of the castaways. Thankfully letting go the umbrella handle, Speedy swung forward and seizing hold of Terrybubble's tail nimbly climbed its long ladderlike bones till he reached the island itself and

amid cheers and yells of approval, jumped ashore.

Waddy, still clinging stubbornly to his newest invention, mounted more slowly and no sooner had the two set foot on the land before Terrybubble threw up his head and began screaming like a hundred fire sirens.

"Whee-eee !-Wah-hhhhh !-Who-ooooooo !" snorted the prehistoric monster. "Glugargle~glugurgle! Glugorgle!" At his first frightful screech, Bamboula dropped the steering wheel and clapped both hands to his ears, and while most of the islanders flung themselves face down on the grass, Umbrella Island, with no one at the controls, dropped like a plummet into the Nonestic Ocean, where it rocked and bounced violently to and fro from its heavy impact with the waves.

The shock of this drop silenced the dinosaur, who quickly pulled his tail up out of the chilly sea waters. Waddy, with a disgusted yell at Bamboula, threw down Terrybubble's umbrella and dashed for the royal terrace, which he reached in a surprisingly short time for an old fellow of his size and tonnage. Speedy would have followed, but Terrybubble had snatched him up in one huge claw and was patting him fast and furiously with the other. Though the pats were gentle enough in themselves they were so

numerous they knocked all the rest of the breath from the exhausted boy. But even so, he heard with immense relief the rasp and rattle of the anchors, shooting down into the sea as Waddy touched the red button in the silver umbrella shaft. Almost instantly the rocking of the island ceased and Sizeroo's sorely tried subjects, with many doubtful glances at the dinosaur, began tiptoeing out of range.

"Why, Terrybubble, you've nearly frightened the wits out of everybody. What made you scream like that?" Gureeda, hopping down from the fence, shook her parasol reprovingly at the dinosaur.

"Can't I snort a little when I'm happy?" muttered Terrybubble in a sulky voice. "And look here, why did you jump off the island and leave me? You know I cannot get along without somebody to tell me about life."

"I wasn't leaving you," explained Speedy, wiggling crossly around in the monster's claw. "I was just trying out your new umbrella. There, pick it up before it blows away and next time you're happy, for Pete's sake keep quiet. You nearly wrecked us with your snorting. It's a lucky thing we came down where we did and not on top of those other islands. Look, Gureeda, we're right between the two."

At Speedy's words, Terrybubble set the little boy down beside the Princess and picking up the huge umbrella that had so nearly been the end of his small friend and discoverer, began to put it up and down and hold it coquettishly over his head as he had seen the Umbrellians do. While he was amusing himself in this manner, Speedy and Gureeda looked curiously across the narrow span of water that separated them from the island on the right. This island was completely surrounded by a rock wall, with towers, turrets and battlements, so that it was more like a fortress than anything else. The rocks were gray, the helmets and uniforms of the grim looking warriors peering over the wall were gray and Speedy could not help thinking that they would consider as an enemy a country dropping so suddenly from the sky.

"Let's have a look at the other one," he proposed, as one of the soldiers raised his sword and shook it menacingly at the two children. So they hurried along, with Terrybubble clattering contentedly behind them, Gureeda explaining how she had gone to the Wizard's Tower to show Speedy another picture in the natural history book and found the doors in the tower wall open and no one in sight. Quickly looking through one of the telescopes, she had seen

Waddy and Speedy drifting helplessly over the Nonestic Ocean and rushing back to the throne room had sent guards scurrying in every direction for Bamboula and Kachewka.

Bamboula, first to answer the summons, had dashed to the royal terrace, seized the silver wheel and headed the island downward. As the children reached the central umbrella shaft, Waddy and Bamboula were arguing earnestly and, just stopping long enough to give them a wave, the two ran down the slope on the other side of the castle to have a look at the island on the left. This small sea kingdom had an even higher wall than the gray island. The wall was of red and rusty rock and the castle built on the top of this broad rampart ran entirely round the island. Gulls and ravens circled screeching over its towers and the crash of the waves on the rocky sea wall was so thunderous and dismaying that Speedy and the Princess unconsciously drew back.

"Seems to me we have a couple of good reasons for flying away from here," whispered Speedy. "Ouch-duck, look out!"

He jerked Gureeda violently aside just as an arrow from a narrow aperture in the red castle sped across the water and embedded itself in the sand at their feet. A note was impaled on the point. Pulling up

the long shaft, Speedy removed the small square parchment and read with mingled interest and misgiving the following message:

"Go away at once. You are interfering with our War.

"Radj, the Red, of Roaraway Island."

Gureeda's eyes, as she read this note, grew round and dreamy.

"There's a book about Roaraway Island in the castle. Come on, let's get it."

"This is no time for books," muttered Speedy, thrusting the parchment into his pocket~ Radj th~e Red all ready to fight. what we need is guns. Come on. Come Qn, Terrybubble, and keep away from the edge there. Though arrows would go right through Terrybubble without hurting," he remarked rather breathlessly as they scrambled up the terraced incline.

When they reached the top, Waddy, Kachewka and Bamboula were all bending over the steering wheel in the silver umbrella shaft.

"Look," panted Speedy, holding out the pierced parchment. "We've fallen between two warring islands. We'd better light out of here quick."

In a tense little silence the King's three coun-

selors read Radj's threatening message.

"A war!" sputtered Bamboula, with what seemed to Speedy more joy than sorrow. "I'll call out the guards and the parachooters." With three tremendous thumps on his drum, he bounded to the edge of the terrace and began bawling at the top of his lungs:

"To ums! To ums! Umbrellians to ums!"

"There he goes starting another parade," wailed Rachewka, while Waddy continued to jiggle the steering wheel. "Chew, chew, kachew! What are we to do! I ask you what are we to do?"

"Why not take off and fly away?" asked Speedy, impatiently hopping from one foot to the other.

"Because our steering gear was broken by that bump," explained the Wizard glumly. "That bounce on the water did us no good. Why, it may take me days to repair this umbrella."

"I thought magic instruments never got out of order," fumed Speedy, kneeling down beside the Wizard and squinting anxiously at the silver shaft

"Magic instruments are more delicate and perishable than any other kind." Waddy straightening up with a sigh. "Water must have got into the works. Now you keep order here, Chewk, while I go aloft and see what can be done."

"Hi, yi yi! The walls of both islands are swarming with soldiers," squealed Pansy, sliding down the silver shaft of the umbrella. She had climbed to the top to get a better view of the enemy.

"To ums! To urns!" shrilled Bamboula, raising his voice and frantically beating on his drum.

"What does he mean, 'To ums'?" Speedy whispered to the Princess in a puzzled aside.

"To umbrellas," explained Gureeda shortly. "You'd better have yours ready, too. Look!" Following the direction of the Princess' forefinger, he saw the Umbrellians dashing from their homes, each carrying his umbrella like a shield, with the sharp, dagger-like points outward. In less than ten minutes they had formed a circle of shields round the island, with the sword-like ends bristling from the centers.

"How about me taking a claw?" suggested Terry-bubble, twirling his new umbrella experimentally.

"I used to be a splendid fighter."

"Might be a good idea. What do you think?" Speedy looked questioningly at Gureeda and as Gureeda nodded her approval, the whistle and boom of cannon fire rent the air. Instead of shells the cannon catapulted a hundred arrows over the heads of the Umbrellians and, with a frightened squeak,

Kachewka darted for the shelter of the castle, leaving the children and his countrymen to shift for themselves.

"Another message from Radj," gasped Speedy flopping down on his stomach and pulling the Princess down beside him. Fortunately the arrows fell just short of the center of the island and So injured no one, and Bamboula, bouncing down the terrace like a great rubber ball, yelled wildly for the parachooters to fire.

"What good will that do?" groaned Speedy, measuring the distance between Umbrella Island and the other two islands with a practiced eye. "We ought to have bombs or cannons or air ships. Oh, why doesn't Waddy come back? Where's the King and who's in charge around here?"

As all of these questions flashed through his mind, Speedy suddenly recalled his conversation with the Wizard in the tower. Leaping to his feet, he sprinted at the fastest pace he had yet achieved for the silver umbrella shaft. Running his fingers wildly up and down its silver length, he pounced on a bright blue button and pushed it with all his strength. Above the roar of the cannon fire from both enemy islands, came a clash, clatter and slam, as the metal protective curtain dropped instantly from the edges of

the great umbrella and the arrows and rocks of the Sea Kings rattled harmlessly against this impenetrable wall of mail. Through its transparent folds the Umbrellians could see the puzzled and disgusted faces of the islands' rulers and warriors as their weapons fell back uselessly into the sea.

"You've saved the day-the night-the realm!

Give a cheer for the hero at the helm!"

screamed Pansy, leaping on Speedy's shoulder and rubbing her soft head against his cheek.

"You certainly did save us," cried the little Princess, hastening over to Speedy's side. Her further remarks were drowned out by the yells and cheers of the generous-hearted Islanders, quick to approve of and appreciate the clever action of their young visitor. In the midst of the uproar, Sizzeroo, who had at last been wakened by the cannon fire, came plunging anxiously out of his castle.

"What now?" puffed the agitated monarch.

"What's going on around here?"

"A war, Father, a war!" called the little Princess gleefully. "A war and we've won!"

A Visit to Roaraway Island

WHILE Bamboula, who felt he should have thought of the blue button himself, tramped rather sheepishly back to the royal terrace, Pansy in agitated little squeals explained the whole series of events following the rescue of the Wizard and Speedy.

"You mean we are down between two warring islands and cannot fly away till Waddy mends the umbrella?" asked Sizzeroo, sitting heavily down on a marble bench.

"Yes, and if this wide-awake young visitor had not dropped the mail curtain when he did, we would all have been neatly impaled on the enemy's lances," declared Pansy, transferring herself to the King's shoulder and curling her braided tail affectionately around his neck. "He should have a medal, Sizzer, two medals, three medals and a saucer of cream."

Speedy could not help smiling at thought of the saucer of cream. "It really was the Wizard who saved you," he told the King in embarrassment.

"Yes, but" Sizzeroo rubbed his head, for arrows and stones were still rattling against the protective mail, and made it buzz unpleasantly. "You thought

of the curtain and let it down in time and are entitled to our undying gratitude and affection. I've a mind to give you half the island," he declared impulsively.

"I'm going to give him my favorite Book of Travels, cried Gureeda, darting quickly into the palace.

"Now please don't bother about a reward," begged Speedy. "I'll be leaving soon and it would be a shame to give half the island to a person who could not live here."

"What's all this about giving away the island?" demanded Kachewka, who, unnoticed, had joined the small group around the King. "Your Majesty cannot do that without calling a conference of your counselors."

"And a sweet time he would have had finding you, sneered Pansy. "When danger threatens you are never here. If it had not been for this speedy boy-this boy Speedy-we'd all be perfectly punctured by now. He is a hero, I tell you."

"Anyone could push a button," retorted Kachewka with a contemptuous wave of his long, skinny hands.

"Then why didn't you?" inquired the Watch Cat, licking her paws and giving her face a luxurious little scrub. "Because you were not here, my bold

counselor. Because you were hiding under the King's throne and still have some gold dust sticking to your nose. Don't deny it, you were there and the boy was here, which makes him a hero and you a there-o. And what have you to say to that old Blue Braids?"

"I think I'd better go see how Waddy is getting along," murmured Speedy, who was growing more uncomfortable and embarrassed every moment.

"Wait for me here, Terrybubble." Without stopping to see how the argument ended, he hastened into the palace and mounted the silver steps to Waddy's tower, three at a time. When he reached the Wizard's workshop, he had no breath left to speak and, puffing and panting, sat down on a low bench to recover himself. Waddy was busily hammering and tinkering away at his electric steering board.

"You did us a good turn letting down that curtain. I see you never forget what you remember," he observed, looking up with a smile. "I've a notion to make you my assistant. And as a first step, would you mind looking out the window and telling me what's going on now?"

Speedy needed no second invitation to look through the revolving telescopes and dragged a tall stool hurriedly over to the nearest one. The telescope was pointed toward the gray island and, after not-

ing that the walls were still swarming with soldiers,
he deciphered the pennant flying from the castle.

"Nadj of Norroway," announced the fluttering banner. Quickly reporting these facts to the Wizard, Speedy moved over to a telescope on the opposite side of the tower. Taking a long interested squint, he was astonished to see a small boat bearing twelve soldiers and a tall, red bearded King shoving off from Roaraway.

"Say, it looks as if Radj were coming over," he puffed, hopping down from the stool. "The boat's flying a white flag."

"Well, just go down and see what he wants," directed Waddy in an abstracted voice. "If you have to go through the curtain there's a zipper opening by the golden gate at the foot of the King's garden."

"Shall I tell Sizzeroo or Kachewka?" asked Speedy, rather overcome at so much responsibility.

"Oh, no. I think you can handle these Radjets and Nadjets while I fix this gadget." Waddy spoke with such calm confidence and at the same time smiled so encouragingly, Speedy's chest expanded about three inches and, resolved to keep all of his wits about him, he gave the Wizard a cheerful wave and again clattered down the silver stair.

The bombardment had ceased for the time being, the Umbrellians more or less accustomed to strange adventures had returned to their tasks and pleasures and no one noticed the small boy hurrying so rapidly to the edge of the island. There was nobody at the foot of the King's garden and, first locating the zipper by the golden gate, Speedy next dashed over to the spot where the boat of Radj was already resting on the oars of the seamen. Waving his arms to attract the King's attention, Speedy scribbled a small note on a piece of paper he found in his pocket and held it up against the transparent curtain.

"What can we do for your Majesty?" Speedy had printed as he thought very diplomatically.

"You can go away," came the answering message, scribbled by Radj with chalk on the cloak of one of his soldiers. "Go away and leave us in peace to continue our war."

"Suppose we talk this over," printed Speedy, after reading the Sea King's message several times. "May I depend on your Majesty's honor for a safe return after the conference?" He felt exceedingly proud of the word "conference" and waited impatiently for the King's reply. Instead of printing his answer, Radj beckoned imperiously and then, removing his tall red helmet, solemnly nodded his head.

Taking this for a promise, Speedy hurried over to the zipper, snapped it open, stepped through and snapped it shut before the Red King and his warriors realized what had happened. Motioning for the boat to approach, Speedy stood with folded arms in what he considered a very proper ambassadorial attitude.

"Are you the ruler of this interloping island?" boomed Radj, as his seamen with long strokes brought the boat close enough for Speedy to step aboard&

"Sizzeroo is King of Umbrella Island, but just now I am acting for the King," answered Speedy in a dignified voice.

"Sizzer-WHO?" Radj spoke so lustily his red whiskers blew straight out. "Well, your Sizzer whoever he is had better move out of my way or it will be the worse for him."

"Couldn't you stop the war for a little while?" ventured Speedy, taking the place two of the warriors made between them, and thinking how splendid this Sea King looked in his high helmet and red armor.

"Stop the war and throw two thousand men out of work?" blustered Radj indignantly. "I should say

not. Why, this war has been going on for centuries."

"But who started it?" inquired Speedy, to gain a little time.

"The great, great, great, great, great, great Grandfather of Nadj, of Norroway, called my great, great, great, great, great Grandfather a cabbage!" stated Radj, his voice trembling a little at the mere memory of this outrageous insult.

"Well, I don't see what that has to do with you or now," argued Speedy. "What's the use of fighting about an old cabbage?"

"Are you referring to my great, great, great, great, great, great Grandfather?" inquired Radi, clapping his hand to his sword and snapping blue eyes sulphurously.

"No! No! No, indeed!" Speedy spoke with a gulp. "But it does seem sort of useless to spend your whole life fighting."

"What else is there?" inquired the Red King impatiently. "Our island provides without labor for all of our needs, and we cannot hunt and fish eternally."

"You could build ships, couldn't you, and go exploring?" suggested Speedy, "or you and the men of Norroway could have athletic contests and like that."

"And what are athletic contests?" asked Radj

leaning thoughtfully on his lance.

"Oh, tests to prove who can shoot their arrows farthest or jump the highest or run the fastest, or wrestle the most cleverly," explained Speedy.

"Well, wouldn't that just be another sort of war?"

Radj wrinkled his brows in evident puzzlement.

"Suppose the Nadjians won these contests you speak of, shot their arrows farthest, proved that their men could outdistance mine, why that would make me so red hot, roaring mad, I'd declare war on them at once, and if my men won, Nadj would want to fight me."

"I guess you do not care much about good sportsmanship," sighed the Wizard's ambassador, feeling he was getting nowhere by appealing to the King's better nature. "But couldn't you call off the war until our visit is ended?"

"And how long will that be?" Radj drew his sword from the sheath and regarded it lovingly.

"Well that depends." Speedy had no intention of telling the Red King about the island's broken steering gear.

"It depends, does it!" Radj thrust back his sword with a flashing smile. "Well you go back and tell King Sizzeroo that he and his annoying little island

had better not Sizzeroost around here too long, or I'll shoot you all to the bottom of the Nonestic Ocean with my famous water gun. That snuffer he's let down may keep out our arrows and rocks, but nothing can save him from my water gun. Come along and I'll show you how it works."

Speedy gulped and grasped both sides of the boat as the King's men dipped their oars in the choppy sea and headed for Roaraway Island. He wondered whether, after all, Waddy had not been mistaken in his ability to deal with this big blustering Sea King. But frightened and uneasy as he was, he assumed an air of careful indifference, asking quiet and casual questions about the tides, the wind and the weather, and all of these questions Radj readily and politely answered. The oarsmen, instead of landing when they reached the rocky shores of Roaraway, rowed on and around to a point about half a mile from the opposite side.

"The water depth here is not more than twenty feet and as we need a much greater depth for our gun, we keep it around on this side," explained Radj obligingly. "It is constructed to shoot entirely over our own island and in any direction whatsoever!"

"I see," answered Speedy in a rather faint voice and then added shrewdly, "It does not seem to have

done much damage to Norroway."

"Aha, men, listen to the little Solomon. I admire your perspicacity, small sliver of a wise oak. But naturally, I have not used my gun on Norroway. It would sink the island like a stone and leave me no one to make war on. Now attend closely, my valiant bantling. You are about to see the most marvelous invention since gunpowder."

Speedy needed no urging to attend closely, for he wanted to remember every detail of this unheard of Weapon to report to the Wizard and to Uncle Billy, if ever he got back to Long Island. Squeezed between the hairy warriors in the small rocking boat, his chances for even reaching Umbrella Island in safety seemed dreadfully slim. Nevertheless, he bent far out over the side. as Radj waved his men in under a huge projecting cliff.

The tremendous gun, fastened by many chains to an immense rock, rested half in and half out of the water, and looked somewhat like a cannon and somewhat like a mighty rubber hose. An automatic pump was attached to the water end of the gun and as the boat drew in nearer, Radj leaned down, pulled a lever in the pump, swung the gun about till it was pointing toward a small deserted island possibly a

mile distant, and then pulled the metal cord that set it off. Hardly knowing what to expect, Speedy jumped to his feet. As he did, with the rush, roar and power of Niagara, a green torrent of water arched in a hissing curve through the air and fell like a tidal wave upon its mark. The ocean for miles around heaved, bubbled and broke into tumultuous waves from the furious impact, and the small boat containing Speedy and the Radjians bounced about like a cockle shell. Stunned by the frightful uproar and almost blinded by the spray, Speedy clutched the nearest object, which happened to be the leg of the tall Sea King.

"Well, are you satisfied?" Swinging Speedy to his broad red shouder he pointed off toward the west. Where the island had been, not one bit of land or even wreckage was visible.

"Tell old Sizzer he has till ten o'clock to-morrow," Puffed Radj, dropping Speedy down between the seamen. "If his island is not gone then, we'll sink it, beach, castle, woods, houses and everything! But don't say I didn't warn you. And if, my wise little monkey, instead of going off with the others, you prefer to stay here with me, I'll make you fifth in command of my Roaraway warriors. I like your spirit, bantling."

To this munificent offer Speedy shook his head, and then as he could think of nothing to say, preserved as impressive a silence as his wildly beating heart would permit of, but not till the Sea King's boat reached Umbrella Island did he fully recover from the shock of the water gun.

"Goodbye, then!" rumbled Radj, swinging him good naturedly ashore. "Sorry to seem unsociable, but I never allow anything to interfere with my wars!"

Indignant as he was, Speedy could not help feeling a certain admiration for the big, bluff ruler of Roar-away and as his boat pulled away he gave the Red Sea King a wide, friendly, vigorous wave.

"It was pretty sporting of him to tell us about his gun before using it," decided the assistant wizard of Umbrella Island, and then zipping through Waddy's curtain, he carefully closed the opening behind him.

CHAPTER 13

A Troublesome Problem

SPEEDY was in a great hurry to report to Waddy, but he stopped first to have a few

words with Terrybubble. The dinosaur had his huge skull resting on the limb of a China-berry tree, and curled up quite cozily on the same branch was the King's Watch Cat. The two had the royal terrace to themselves and Pansy was telling Terrybubble all about life on Umbrella Island.

Seeing that his faithful fossil was for the time being not only safe, but interested and happy, Speedy went directly to the Wizard's tower.

"Whew, you ought to have an elevator," he puffed, dropping wearily on a gold bench.

"You don't mean to say you've been walking up those steps all this time?" Waddy peered over his specs with an amused twinkle. "I thought better of a scientist's nephew than that! All you have to do is to turn the knob on the balustrade at the bottom and you'll whiz up. Did you expect a fat old fellow like me to arrange such a climb for himself? What's the use of being a wizard without a little wizzing? So the next time you come, make me whizit!" directed Waddy, tapping a golden nail sharply with his silver hammer.

"Does the knob take one down, too?" Speedy felt rather mortified to think he had not discovered this trick before.

"Up and down," answered the Wizard briskly. "But tell me what happened-anything new and interesting? How did you get on with His Radjesty?"

"What happened here?" countered Speedy, who was anxious to know how far the Wizard had progressed with his repairs.

"Nothing," confessed Waddy, with an exasperated shrug of his immense shoulders. "I've tried oil, air, pressure and poetry-lubrication, incantation and even-er-even a few coniferous curses, but still this pestiferous umbrella won't budge."

"But how much longer will it take?" asked Speedy, viewing with deep concern the completely dismantled steering board.

"No telling," Waddy sighed, and picking up a red blower inserted it in a small tube in the board.

"To-morrow-next day-maybe-Christmas !"

"Christmas !" echoed Speedy, clutching the bench with both hands. "Oh, Waddy, you must fix it right away. Listen-did you ever hear of a water gun?"

"A water gun?" The Wizard dropped the blower with a crash. "Why that's been a pet idea of mine for centuries, but I've never been able to get enough suction into the thing."

"Well, someone else has." Speedy dragged out his

handkerchief and ran it hurriedly over his perspiring face.

"Radj?" questioned the Wizard, lunging anxiously toward the little boy.

"Yes!" said Speedy, stuffing the handkerchief back into his pocket.

"Oh, he just told you he had one," frowned Waddy, resting his elbows heavily on the table.

"No." Speedy shook his head sorrowfully. "He showed it to me and I saw it sink an island as big as this one. Just like that!" Snapping his fingers, the little boy stared solemnly up at the King's kindly counselor.

"Merciful Monkeys! You mean you went off to Roaraway with that Red Headed Rascal? How long have we got? How long did he give us? Quick, fetch me my book of Sea Witchery and water magic, close the door as you go out, tell them not to wait dinner for me and not a breath of this to anyone-not a breath! This is between you and me and the gate post. No, not even the gate post! Remember, you are my first assistant and I expect you to go below and act as if nothing more had happened since you dropped the metal curtain. Now then!" Sweeping everything off the table, Waddy jumped up, spun about like a top and then darted toward a low cabi-

net where he kept the most powerful of his magic appliances. Almost as swiftly, Speedy dashed over to the shelves and fairly pounced upon the large volume of Sea Witchery.

"We have till ten o'clock to-morrow morning," he called, placing the book carefully on the end of the table, and then, as Waddy, still on his knees before the cabinet, nodded to show he understood, the little boy picked up his magic umbrella which he had forgotten on his trip to Roaraway, and tiptoeing through the door closed it softly behind him. Only too well he realized the Wizard would have to work fast and without interruption if he was to raise Umbrella Island before the Red King set off his destroying gun.

Even the exciting swoop down the circular staircase, when he turned the knob at the top of the balustrade, did not completely comfort him or take his mind off the dreadful danger threatening him and his new found friends. He would have liked to tell Gureeda about the water gun and his unexpected visit to Roaraway, but remembering the Wizard's warning, he decided to get himself a book from the castle library and try to keep his mind off the whole unhappy business till dinner time. He was on his

way to this enormous and interesting room when Kachewka darted out between a heavy pair of blue curtains.

"Come!" urged the King's Chief Counselor, taking him firmly by the arm. "Come, and I will conduct you to your room, for you will naturally wish to dress for dinner. It is-er-er-customary," finished Kachewka with a dignified cough. The critical gaze of the old statesman swept Speedy scornfully from head to foot, and conscious for the first time of his dusty, torn and now completely water soaked suit, Speedy grew very red and uncomfortable.

"I have had our Royal Costumer fashion you a few -er-more suitable garments," continued Kachewka, drawing him rapidly along the splendid corridor, and before Speedy had time to object or offer one remark, he had opened the door of a richly appointed apartment, switched on the lights and with a brief nod taken himself off.

Sticking his tongue out at the old counselor's back, Speedy closed the door, turned the silver key in the lock and turned to examine his new quarters. Everything in the room was blue or silver and the furnishings were in excellent taste. There were many comfortable arm chairs, a very grand desk and table, a roomy couch, a case full of new books, countless

lamps on tall, silver stands and a remarkable four-post bed with a gay and dashing tapestry.

On the couch twelve complete costumes were spread for his approval. Picking up the first, an elaborate affair with blue satin trousers, a white satin blouse and shiny red boots, Speedy gave an amused sniff, then glimpsing a blue bath beyond the bed room, he stepped out of his dusty travelling clothes, took a hot and cold shower and, greatly refreshed, began to draw on one of the ceremonial costumes Kachewka had provided.

"The whole works," he chuckled surveying himself gayly in the long mirror. "Even a queue! Whew! Wouldn't the fellows rag me if they could see this?"

Setting the tightly fitting silk cap with the long shining braid attached, on the exact center of his head he made himself a neat and nonchalant bow. "I look just like a Chinaman, but still-" he stepped back a pace to get a better view. "It's not such a bad looking outfit at that - kinda goes with the rest of the scenery. Wonder if Terrybubble'll know me?"

Finding that Gureeda had placed the book of travels she had promised him on the table beside the bed, he tucked it under one arm and with his magic umbrella swinging from the other, he unlocked his

door, and in a haughty and exceedingly dignified manner proceeded along the corridor, down the silver steps and into the throne room. No one but Terrybubble was there to witness his triumphal entry.

"I thought you were the other one," muttered the dinosaur, as Speedy to attract his attention trod playfully on his hind claw. "She was here a moment ago. Oh my dear self! You look exactly like that Princess girl."

"You mean she looks like me," corrected Speedy loftily, for he could not bear even the thought of looking like a girl. "Well, I can't help that, old fellow. Girls dress the same as boys on this island and while I'm here I might as well look like the rest of the Umbrella birds."

"When are we going to use our umbrellas?" asked Terrybubble, gazing fondly down at his own which he had hooked through one of his ribs.

"Never, I hope," breathed Speedy fervently, recalling with a shiver his leap from the Wizard's tower. "But it's safer to keep them with us, for in countries like this, Terrybubble, one never knows what will happen."

"No, I suppose not," agreed the monster, shaking his head reflectively. "But when are we going to

Oz? I like the sound of that country."

"Not for a long time, I hope," answered Gureeda, stepping quickly in from the terrace. Four footmen walked solemnly behind her, bearing an enormous wreath of roses, which she thoughtfully had woven into a fresh collar for Terrybubble. Gureeda, herself, was dressed in a blue trousered suit like Speedy's and paused in surprise when she saw the American boy in a costume exactly matching her own. "Why now, you're a real Umbrella Islander!" exclaimed Gureeda, viewing him delightedly from all angles.

"Yes, and you both are as like as two Umbrella birds," grumbled the dinosaur. "Both with braids, boots, blouses and trousers. I'll be mixing you up first thing you know and carrying the wrong one back to America."

"Oh no you won't, for I'll always have a parasol and Speedy will have an umbrella," the Princess reminded him calmly. "Besides, our voices are different and I'm not half so brave. Did you like the book?" she asked shyly and in the next breath.

"Have it with me," smiled Speedy, deciding that when he grew up and was old enough to marry, he'd choose a girl exactly like the little Princess of Umbrella Island. Even her persistent reading habit did

not greatly annoy him, and almost forgetting about Radj and his water gun, he helped Gureeda remove Terrybubble's faded daisy wreath and adjust the fragrant collar of roses.

"I'll bet you're the first prehistoric monster who ever wore a decoration like this," chuckled Speedy, as Terrybubble set them both carefully down on the polished floor. "And how you are going to stand life in a musty old museum, I don't know!"

"Oh, must he go back to a museum?" sighed Gureeda. "Why cannot you both stay here and fly all over the world with us?"

"But Terrybubble really belongs to that professor," explained Speedy regretfully, "and I'll wager he's having a fit over his disappearance right now. As for Uncle Billy, I don't know what he must be thinking."

"Oh well, we don't have to bother about that now," said Gureeda sensibly, "for until Waddy mends our umbrella we cannot go anywhere."

"Except to the bottom of the Nonestic Ocean," thought Speedy with a little shudder. Then, as Sizeroo and his courtiers came trailing grandly into the throne room and everything got exceedingly dull and stuffy, the two children ran out into the garden to have a game of tag before dinner.

At dinner the King was abstracted and sad, especially when his gaze rested on his young visitor and the Princess who were sitting side by side, whispering and giggling together. The similarity in their size and appearance was positively startling, now that Speedy wore the loose silk costume of the Islanders, and Kachewka, each time he caught the direction of the King's gaze, would nod away to himself like a little China Mandarin. The talk was mostly of the warring Sea Kings and conjectures as to how long Umbrella Island would be forced to rest between Roaraway and Norroway.

Bamboula sought to enliven the party with a song, but in spite of its sonorous rendering and catchy tune, it brought only a languid applause from the preoccupied diners. The first verse ran like this:

"Goodhearted and good fellowing
we gaily go umbrellowing
And find it all so mellowing
we're never sad at all!"

There was more of the same sort of thing and to make up for the company's lack of enthusiasm Speedy clapped long and vigorously and was re-

warded by a deep and special bow from the King's Su-jester. After dinner, Gureeda showed unmistakable signs of losing herself in a book, and as Speedy was anxious to see how Waddy was getting on, he bade the King and Pansy a polite good night and after a little whispered advice to Terrybubble quietly withdrew. A few minutes later he slipped noiselessly into the Wizard's workshop.

"Nothing yet," reported Waddy glumly. He was sitting on the floor surrounded by zippers, clippers, low burning oil jugs, bowls of spiraling incense, perfect heaps of open books, pamphlets and rolls of parchment, and was so distracted and engrossed he never even noticed his first assistant's new clothes.

Seeing that his presence only disturbed the old sage, Speedy quietly left, picking up on his way out what he supposed was a flash light. There was no lamp on the spiral stair and he thought thus to cheer his trip down. But he slid to the bottom so quickly he did not even have a chance to switch it on, and resolving to return it to Waddy in the morning, he thoughtfully made his way to his own apartment. The bed was turned down and a pair of gaudy yellow silk pajamas had been placed across the foot. So Speedy undressed, and slipping luxuriously under the silk sheet and satin quilt turned on the lamp

beside his bed and tried to concentrate on his book of travels.

But try as he would, he could not keep his mind on the gaudy pictures and text. The great, green torrent of Radj's water gun kept coming between him and the printed page. So he finally gave up all idea of reading, and drawing on his slippers, picked up the Wizard's flash and stepped softly out on the balcony. Across the water, and twinkling through the transparent curtain of mail, he could see the lights of the Red King's Castle, and leaning heavily on the balcony railing he tried to think of some way to help Waddy struggling all alone with the terrible problem of the water gun. The Wizard's flash made a small bright circle of light on the rail, and all at once, to Speedy's surprise and consternation, the rail began to crumble and melt, giving way so suddenly he had barely time to recover his balance.

"Merciful Monkeys!" sputtered the little boy, borrowing Waddy's phrase, "this isn't a flash light; it's some sort of magic ray. Why it cuts right through iron-through iron!" As soon as he had uttered the word iron, Speedy knew the thing that must be done -the dangerous and desperate thing he himself must do. Switching off the sputtering current, he climbed

noiselessly over the balcony, dropped to the ground and ran swiftly down the terrace toward the King's private garden.

CHAPTE 14

In the Cave at Roaraway

THE full moon, like a beneficent Chinese lantern, hung low over the murmuring sea, making a silvery lane of light from Umbrella Island to Roaraway. For a moment, Speedy, who had just stepped through the zipper in the metal curtain, stood thoughtfully on the sandy shore. Then, kicking off his slippers, he dove straight into the darkling waters, and coming up with scarcely a ripple, swam rapidly toward the Red King's Castle. The ocean felt warm and mysterious, and fearful of tropical fish and strange unknown currents, Speedy cut swiftly through the phosphorescent waves and in less than ten minutes was clambering up over the slippery rocks of Roaraway itself. Regretting bitterly his bare feet, he picked his way along the stony shore, stepping close to the castle wall and

keeping a sharp lookout for sentries.

Time and again he heard them calling out their watches from the broad rampart over his head, but none were posted on the beach and he proceeded unchallenged to the shallow sea cave that housed the Red King's water gun. It seemed to take longer than when the seamen had rowed him there, and Speedy, suffering from more than one bruise and scratch on his unshod feet, sat down on a great boulder at the cave's mouth to recover himself. The sea, dashing against the rocks inside, sounded like a cage full of lions and as he crept beneath the huge cliff, and began crawling toward the half submerged cannon, he almost felt that real lions were awaiting him.

He had turned on the Wizard's flash and by its sputtering ray he managed to reach in safety the giant rock to which Radj had chained his sea weapon.

Here again Speedy was forced to rest. Then, taking a long quivering breath, he turned the flash on the first of the heavy chains. With a loud, clattering noise, the magic ray cut through the iron and the severed links fell clanging to the rocks below.

There were more than fifty of these massive chains, holding the gun in a spidery web of iron. Gritting his teeth and hoping that no one heard the awful

racket, Speedy grimly and methodically cut through them all. When only two held Radj's straining, creaking instrument of destruction to the rock, he stopped to look for something to hold to when these last chains gave way and the gun plunged headlong to the bottom of the sea. He did not intend, after all his trouble, to be dashed off the cliff by the resulting splash and upheaval. A tall, conical rock seemed to offer some security, so hooking his arm around this and also lashing himself fast by the cord of his yellow pajamas, the little boy doggedly completed his task. As the last chain fell away, the water gun with an almost human gurgle and sigh dropped like a plummet to the bottom of the sea. Waves rose in smashing succession to beat upon the small figure clinging to the rock, but closing his eyes and shaking his head like a spaniel after each dreadful dousing, Speedy hung on, and at last when the tumult had subsided issued thankfully from the cave. Retracing his steps till he was at the exact spot where he had landed, with a triumphant and secret wave toward the sleeping King, he again dove into the sea and made his way slowly and painfully back to Umbrella Island.

Recovering his slippers, he let himself through the zipper and tiptoed stiffly and wearily back to the blue

room. Here he stripped off his wet pajamas, dried himself sleepily on a rough blue towel, and still wrapped in its comforting folds, jumped quickly into bed, falling asleep before the sea spray had dried on his forehead.

The conviction that someone was staring intently down at him wakened Speedy next morning. Rolling over he blinked drowsily into the face of the King's Wizard, who was bending anxiously over his head.

"Glad you can sleep so well," mumbled Waddy in a slightly annoyed voice. "Know what time it is?"

"No," yawned Speedy, burrowing down deeper into the silken pillows. "What time is it, anyway?"

"Half past nine," stated Waddy tensely, "and I've come to tell you we must take to the boats. I'm on my way to warn the King. We can just pull out of harm's way before that gun is set off."

"Then the umbrella's not mended?" Speedy sat up clasping his knees with both hands.

"No!" Sinking into a chair beside the bed, Waddy covered his face, gray and drawn from his long night's struggle to repair the steering gear. "To think we must really leave this island, with all its comforts and treasures and with all the improvements and inventions of a thousand years," he

groaned bitterly. "I almost had us aloft, another hour will fix it, I swear, but another hour will be too late, but whatever am I doing wasting time here?"

Get up, my boy, collect that immense bony wreck and come down to the beach."

"Wait," called Speedy, as the Wizard plunged unsteadily toward the door. "I don't believe Radj will shoot off his gun, after all."

"Why? A King never breaks his word. Now do stop arguing and come along," directed Waddy irritably.

"Just the same he won't use it," insisted Speedy, and leaping out of bed with the blue silk coverlet still clutched around him, he caught hold of the flying cords round the Wizard's waist.

"Why?" panted Waddy, trying to jerk away.

"Because that gun is at the bottom of the Nonestic Ocean!" crowed Speedy, dancing around the Wizard like a small Indian warrior around a totem pole. "I swam to Roaraway last night and cut it adrift with your magic flash and wouldn't you like to see the Red King's face when the clock strikes ten?"

"You what?" gasped Waddy, clutching his braided beard with both fat hands. "You really mean that gun is at the bottom of the sea? why this - this is simply simpanoorious. No wonder you were sleepy

this morning! How can we ever repay you? Wait here. I'll tell the King! I'll tell the Court! I'll tell the whole sweet island!"

"Stop! Stop! Please don't!" Letting go the cord around the Wizard's waist, Speedy seized his coat tails and hung there resolutely as Waddy tried to rush through the door.

"Listen. No one knew about that gun and now We've fixed it so they never need to know. Let's keep it a secret just between ourselves. It will only make a lot of talk and excitement and I'd hate that."

"Now whatever are you talking about?" grumbled the Wizard, dropping into an arm chair. "Here, let me look at you. I don't believe you're true. A nice sight you are, with all those bruises and scratches and sea weed still stuck in your hair! But I'll tell you this, you look more like a Wizard every minute, the Assistant Wizard of Umbrella Island. How about it? Will you take the job?"

"As long as I'm here I will," grinned Speedy, knowing he had gained his point. "But, oh Waddy, it was awful in that cave!"

"Next time you decide to use magic, let me help!" Sweeping his first assistant to his barrel-like chest, Waddy gave him a tremendous hug. "But tell me,"

he continued seriously, "how did you get hold of my metal melting flash and how did you think up such a scheme in the first place?"

Perched precariously on his vast knee, Speedy soon told him, and after telling and retelling the important parts, till Waddy was perfectly satisfied, Speedy hastily donned another of his gaudy suits and accompanied the Wizard in Chief to his enchanted tower.

"When that red-headed rascal misses his gun there'll be all kinds of trouble," prophesied Waddy, settling happily down before the electric steering board, which was in a much more hopeful state than on the evening before. "But it won't matter, now. I ought to have this finished in forty minutes, so curl up on that red couch and have yourself a nap. You've done enough helping for today. There's your breakfast on that tray, too. I ordered it, thinking you'd be up to see me first thing this morning."

Instead of taking the nap suggested by the Wizard, Speedy, after downing the appetizing breakfast, hurried over to the revolving telescope on the Roar-away side of the tower. Unfortunately he could not see the side of the island where the water gun had been, nor the excitement and rage of the Sea King when he went to set off his terrible sea cannon. But

presently four boat loads of warriors swept round the curve. In the first boat, Radj stood angrily erect, shaking his great red shield and spear at Umbrella Island.

"They're coming over! They're coming over!" yelled Speedy, tumbling off the tall stool before the telescope. "They have tips of fire on their spears. Oh Waddy, are you sure that curtain will hold?"

"It won't need to," answered the Wizard with a satisfied little sniff. "We're leaving, my boy, sooner than sooner, in other words at once!"

As he finished speaking, Waddy touched a lever on his board and Speedy felt an answering aliveness and vibration through the whole island, like the throb of engines on an ocean liner. Just as the Red King's boats scraped against the sandy shore, Umbrella Island lifted, and lightly as a toy balloon went soaring up toward the sky. Almost overturned by this unexpected take-off, the four boats bounced and rocked violently about, and the last thing Speedy saw was the wrathful red face and waving arms of the angry ruler of Roaraway.

"It seems too bad that an invention like that had to be destroyed," he sighed, turning rather thoughtfully away from the telescope.

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about that," puffed the Wizard easily. "A fellow smart enough to construct one water gun is smart enough to duplicate it. In three months that big sea lion will have a new gun and be lording it over all the islands in the Nonestic Ocean."

"Say, do you have any paper and pencils?" asked Speedy, seating himself hurriedly beside the Wizard. Now that his steering board was mended, Waddy was polishing its levers and buttons with a large silver cloth.

"I want to draw a diagram of that gun before I forget how it looked. I believe Uncle Billy could make one just as powerful for the United States Navy and wouldn't that be a scoop? You know, I believe I'll join the navy," he muttered a moment later, as he settled down seriously with the materials Waddy had obligingly supplied.

In his mind's eye he could already see himself in the smart uniform of a naval officer in command of a fleet of battle ships equipped with these tremendous and powerful new water guns. Indeed, he was so busy with thoughts, and the Wizard was so occupied with his polishing, that neither heard the creak of the banister, bringing visitors up the spiral stairway, and both jumped with annoyance as a series of

thumps and bangs sounded on the door.

"Aha, the hand shaking committee!"

Throwing down his silver cloth, Waddy made a little grimace, then waddled resignedly across the room to admit Sizzeroo, Bamboula, Kachewka and a dozen or more courtiers, who had just discovered the Island was moving again.

"Oh bother," exclaimed Speedy, shoving his diagram quickly into a drawer. "Don't they know we wizards have important work to do?"

"They think they have important work to do, also," sighed Waddy. "Thanking us is the work they have set themselves to do just now, so we might as well oil up our smiles and bear it. All ready now."

There was simply no resisting this big jolly Wizard, and impatient as he was to finish his sketch, Speedy was grinning broadly as the royal delegation burst impetuously into the tower shop.

CHAPTER 15

Terrybubble Leaves for Oz

SEVERAL days had passed since

Speedy's exciting swim to Roaraway - days so

calm and dreamlike, so unreal and enchanting

that he hated to think of leaving this island.

He and Gureeda had jolly mornings, swing-

ing their heels from the island's edge and climb-

ing the trees in the umbrella groves. He and

Waddy had thrilling afternoons, flying the island,

testing out magic devices in the Wizard's tower.

He and Terrybubble had curious evenings when they

slipped off together to explore the jungles that

covered the western half of Sizzeroo's small domain.

At Speedy's request, Waddy kept the island cir-

cling over Oz, and though he often squinted through

the Wizard's telescope at its many gay and familiar

castles, he was not quite ready to be rescued. Once

he set foot in Oz, it would be his plain duty to relieve

as soon as possible the anxiety of Uncle Billy by

asking Ozma to send him and Terrybubble back to

the United States. For a little longer Speedy wanted

to enjoy the life of a carefree visitor and assistant

wizard of Umbrella Island.

It was pretty grand to waken in a castle-to find

a blue and silver footman standing at attention be-

side the bed to offer him a tall tumbler of fruit

juice, to eat like a king at every meal and to have

his slightest wish or desire immediately fulfilled or

anticipated.

He never tired of the droll songs of Bamboula, the King's Su-jester, and the sarcastic verses of Pansy, the Watch Cat. Indeed, he grew fond of everyone in the castle with the exception of Kachewka, and though the sneezy old counselor showered him with small favors and attentions, Speedy always felt cross and uncomfortable in his presence.

Of all that grand and gay company, only Sizzeroo puzzled him. Though the round, double-chinned face of the island's ruler seemed just formed for good-natured jollity, it always wore an expression of extreme sorrow and melancholy. Once, coming unexpectedly upon his Majesty in a secluded nook in the garden, Speedy was shocked and embarrassed to find him in tears.

"Why, whatever's the matter?" blurted out the little boy. "Shall I call the Wizard or Kachewka?"

"No, no, it's nothing," choked Sizzeroo, dabbing at his eyes with a tremendous silk handkerchief. "I just got to thinking of all the canary birds left without water and bird seed, of all the old men without pipes and of all the little children without grandmothers!"

"But do you know of any special ones?" inquired Speedy, very much bewildered by the King's answer.

"Perhaps there are not as many as your Majesty supposes."

"Oh! Oh, what difference does it make?" sobbed Sizzeroo. "Oh me! Oh my! Oh me, my, you and us!"

"But please, can't I bring you something?" begged Speedy, jumping up in great distress.

"Bring a bucket," gulped the King, and throwing his handkerchief over his head he stumbled off down the garden path, leaving Speedy more mystified than ever. When he questioned Gureeda about her father's strange actions, the Princess looked almost ready to cry herself, and, convinced that there was something both members of the royal family were concealing from him, Speedy resolved to stay long enough to solve the mystery.

After all, summer was coming and he was entitled to a vacation and poor old Terrybubble would never have another chance to be alive again. Speedy felt sure that once his fossil reached America, the curious gift of life bestowed by the exploding geyser would be lost.

Terrybubble, himself, was happier than he had been in the whole four hundred years of his prehistoric existence. Clattering clumsily after the Princess and Speedy, he did as far as possible everything that they did, and almost everything a wire-haired

terrier could do, besides. But there was still one trick he felt he must accomplish before he fully qualified as the little boy's pet. That was to sleep on the foot of his bed.

The dinosaur spent most of his nights on the royal terrace talking to Pansy, counting the stars overhead or taking sly turns at the wheel that guided Umbrella Island. But on the night Speedy had found Sizzeroo sobbing in the garden, Terrybubble suddenly had a splendid idea. Why could he not put his head in through the window and rest it cozily on the foot of the little boy's bed, reasoned the fossil cleverly. How surprised and delighted Speedy would be to waken and find him there!

Now Terrybubble's head was as large as a good sized room, but the blue room occupied by his little chum was much larger than a good-sized room and, provided Speedy's legs were not crushed in the process, the idea was perfectly possible. Waiting till most of the lights were out, Terrybubble, not quite sure of the location, began sticking his head in first one window and then another. Several startled screeches rang through the castle as sleepers wakened to see the gleaming skull of the dinosaur outlined in the moonlight, but as he quickly withdrew and as the

courtiers were growing more or less accustomed to the cadaverous monster, nothing much came of it.

But Terrybubble, growing more cautious, merely looked through the remaining windows, moving methodically along the south wing and coming finally to a great double French pair thrown wide to admit the soft May breezes. The curtains had been drawn and behind the billowing hangings a dim light was burning and muffled voices droned together in the half darkness.

Recognizing the voice of the King and Kachewka, Terrybubble rested his head on the top rail of the balcony prepared to listen. No one had ever told Terrybubble that listening at doors and windows was bad form, and perhaps it was just as well, for what he heard changed the whole course of Speedy's adventures and perhaps saved Terrybubble himself from becoming a mere heap of bones on some deserted Ozian hill.

"Everything is going famously," whispered Kachewka in his unctuous wheezy voice. "This American boy likes our island so well we'll have no trouble at all keeping him till the giant comes. As for that colossal and exasperating skeleton, I've given orders for him to be pushed overboard at the first opportunity. Why should we clutter up our castle

with a prehistoric ruin-a live and dangerous one,
too?"

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said Sizzeroo,
stamping his foot angrily. "If anything happens to
Terrybubble, you shall answer for it with your head."

"Meaning that my head is bone?" inquired the old
counselor. "Well, accidents will happen!" Kachewka
spoke so callously that Terrybubble felt a chill run
down his back bone. Even if the King forbade the
parashooters to shove him off the island, he felt that
Kachewka himself would somehow accomplish his
downfall. And a giant? What in Taradash was a
giant? And how dare they talk of turning Speedy
over to one? Quivering with fright and sorrow, Ter-
rybubble managed to hold himself rigid and not give
away his presence by the rattling of his bones.

"It could not have happened better," continued
Kachewka, shuffling his feet backward and forward
on the polished floor. "You hit a giant in the head
with the island, the giant demands your only child
to repay him for the injury, and along, just in time
to take her place, comes this American boy. The
giant thinks the Princess is a boy, so everything is
splendid and Speedy can lace the fellow's boots for
the rest of his mortal life. Good enough for him, too,

the impertinent little commoner!"

Terrybubble did not stop for the King's answer, and even if he had heard Sizzeroo soundly scolding the old counselor, he would still have been convinced of his own and Speedy's peril. He was in such a great hurry to find him he nearly swept Pansy off the balcony rail, as he slid his head rapidly along to the next window.

"Here, here, what's this?" In her official position as Watch Cat, Pansy was making her rounds and she felt that Terrybubble's actions were highly suspicious. "Are you castle breaking or what?"

"What?" repeated Terrybubble stupidly, then grasping Pansy in his claw he held her close to his bony nose. "Tell me, what's a giant?" he whispered fiercely. "Quick!"

"A giant! My gooseness! Who's been talking about giants? And what are you doing poking your head in windows and lurking around all by yourself in the dark? Come away to the terrace, there's a good fellow."

Without a word Terrybubble moved quickly to the royal terrace and there placing Pansy on the branch of a tree level with his head, poured out the whole conversation he had overheard just now on the King's balcony.

"Hm-mm!" murmured the Watch Cat regretfully, when he had finished. "Well, you were not supposed to know about this giant, but since you've found out, I might as well tell you that it's true. Sizzer did hit a giant in the head with the island-a giant named Loxo, big as a mountain-big enough to make even you look small, and this giant was so mad he's coming back to take the King's daughter to lace his boots. Only he thinks the Princess is a boy so that's what gave Kachewka his big idea and Speedy does look like Gureeda, now that I come to think of it. But I'm sure the King will never consent to such a mean trick and no one else knows about it. Still, when that old Sneezer makes up his mind he usually has his way. If I were you, I'd take the boy and leave."

"Leave?" quavered Terrybubble tremulously.

"Yes, leave," said Pansy solemnly. "You have the Wizard's umbrella. It will carry you safely down to Oz. We are right over Oz now and once you reach Oz, you and Speedy can apply to Princess Ozma for help."

"But what about the little girl?" Terrybubble's eyes rolled round and round.

"Oh Waddy will think up a way to save her, and

anyway that's not your affair," the Watch Cat told him carelessly. "After all, her father injured the giant and she must pay the penalty."

"But that giant might hurt her," worried Terrybubble, waving his claws about anxiously. "Oh my dear self. This is as bad as a Mogger and yesterday we were all so dythrambic and gay."

"Better leave," advised Pansy, backing away.

"when things go thus, both thus and so,
'Tis best to bow-meouw and GO!"

"I couldn't meouw," sighed Terrybubble as the Watch Cat disappeared in the shadowy leaves. "But I could snort and rumble and jump off the island. I'll do it," he muttered, gritting his teeth in a determined manner. "I'll take the boy and go to Oz now."

Shuffling rapidly back to the south wing of the castle, Terrybubble boldly thrust his head in the first window he came to, and as so often happens when we least expect it, found he was at last in the right room. Fast asleep in the canopied bed lay Speedy, dreaming happily of rocket planes, water guns and a marvelous journey to Lost Forest.

Squeezing his head, shoulder blades and claws through the open window, the dinosaur cleverly

picked up all the clothing in sight and stowed it in an orderly fashion in the left side of his hollow chest. Then folding the little boy lightly in the blue quilt, he picked him up and tenderly placed him on top of the clothing. Speedy stirred, murmured and flung out his arms, but did not waken, and Terrybubble as quietly as possible started away from the castle.

He had almost reached the royal terrace when another splendid idea occurred to him, and hurrying back to the south wing, he thrust his head inquiringly in the window on the balcony next to the King's apartment. Again he was right, and again he had found the person for whom he was looking. Gureeda, sleeping as soundly as Speedy, was curled up on her canopied couch. Having had by this time some experience, it took Terrybubble scarcely any time to transfer the little Princess in her satin coverlet, sixteen books, six complete outfits and her parasol, to the right side of his capacious chest. Resting comfortably on the heaps of soft garments, neither of the children wakened, and with a long sigh of satisfaction, Terrybubble set out for the island's edge.

Pansy was sitting on the gold gate at the foot of the King's garden to see him off, and if she noticed two figures instead of one, she made no comment.

"I've helped you," purred the Watch Cat proudly.

"I've turned the wheel so that the island is directly over Oz. Don't puncture yourself on a castle spire."

"No danger," whispered Terrybubble with a rather grim smile. "I'm nothing but punctures already."

Fumbling with the enormous umbrella, he finally got it up, and opening the gate walked rather uncertainly to the edge of the island.

"Wish I were going," sighed Pansy, stepping daintily along beside him. "But you never can depend on the cream in strange countries, and besides some one must stay here and look after Sizzer. He's an old fool, but I'm very fond of him. By the way, any last messages to inquiring friends?"

Pansy's melancholy question so upset poor Terrybubble that he almost lost his balance, but shaking his head in a dignified manner, he swung the umbrella over his shoulder and with a reckless wave of his left claw sprang bravely off into space!

CHAPTER 16

Terrybubble in Bad Company

Now you have all, doubtless, fallen asleep, but tell me, have you ever fallen awake?

For that is precisely what happened to Speedy and the Princess when Terrybubble took his bold leap from Umbrella Island.

Feeling exactly as if they had unexpectedly pitched down the steep slide of a scenic railway, both sprang up and with two muffled screams stared wildly at each other and then out at the swirling black darkness into which they were so unaccountably plunging.

The eyes of Terrybubble cast two bright streaks of phosphorescent radiance back upon them, and Speedy, first to realize they were being carried off by the dinosaur, pounded desperately on Terrybubble's ribs.

"Stop! Stop!" he panted. "Where are you going? What have you done?"

"I'm jumping to Oz. I'm saving you from a giant," whistled Terrybubble, turning his head around and nodding it reassuringly at the small figures huddled in their satin quilts.

"But there are no giants on Umbrella Island," gasped Speedy, noting with relief that Terrybubble had the enormous umbrella made by the Wizard over his head.

"Yes, but there are going to be," Terrybubble told

him darkly. "You don't know it, but this Princess girl does. A giant is coming to take her because her father hit him in the head with Umbrella Island and you were to be turned over to him instead of Gureeda. That's why they gave you all those fine clothes, my boy. That's why everyone was so nice to us. We were to be thrown like bones to a giant."

Now all this conversation, more or less interrupted and blown about by the wind, was so astonishing to Speedy that he sank down on his pile of silk costumes. But Gureeda, even more astonished, sprang indignantly to her feet.

"Why, Terrybubble, who ever told you such a story?" she called up angrily. "A giant is coming, but Waddy was working on a plan to save me, and my father and I wouldn't ever have let Speedy take my place. Why, Terrybubble, I'm ashamed of you!"

"It wasn't your father's idea," mumbled the dinosaur, mournfully. "It was the idea of that old man who wanted to break me up into buttons. I overheard him telling the King about it tonight. It's all settled, I tell you, and the parachooters have orders to shove me off the island!"

Terrybubble's voice carried such conviction that even Gureeda was silenced, and covering her face with both hands she began to cry softly to herself.

"Now, now, don't you care." Speedy leaned over and patted her awkwardly on the shoulder. "The giant won't get either of us and I don't believe you knew anything about Kachewka's fine scheme. Terrybubble doesn't either, or he wouldn't have brought you along. Look! We're falling slower now and when we land we'll be in Oz. Remember? You said you wanted to go to Oz."

"Yes," sniffed Gureeda, peering rather uncertainly between her fingers, "but not this way. Oh, Speedy, do you really think I'd have let them give you to a giant?"

"Of course not." The little boy spoke vehemently. "Now look, Gureeda, we're not so badly off. I had to go to Oz anyway and it will be lots more fun having you along and Terrybubble brought our clothes and even some books for you. He's not such a bad old planner after all, and he can carry us anywhere we want to go."

"But where will we go?" sniffed Gureeda, wiping her eyes on the corner of the silk quilt and trying to glimpse through Terrybubble's ribs the shadowy country beneath them.

"We ought to come down near the Emerald City, whatever that is," announced the dinosaur compla-

cently. "Pansy turned the island in that direction."

"She did! Good old Pansy! I believe everything is going to turn out just right," declared Speedy, clasping his knees and adjusting himself calmly to the surging motion of Terrybubble's parashoot.

"The Watch Cat will tell your father where we are, and once we reach the Emerald City, Ozma of Oz will pretty soon fix that giant especially if he's an Oz giant."

"Oh, he is!" explained Gureeda eagerly, "and Loxo's so enormous that even Terrybubble would look like a tiny mouse beside him."

"But I am not going to be beside him," said Terrybubble placidly. "That's why I jumped off the island."

"Seems to me the ground's getting nearer," said Speedy, rolling over on his stomach and squinting curiously down through the spaces between Terrybubble's ribs. "We must have gone a bit off the course, for I don't see the towers or lights of the Emerald City anywhere."

"What do you see?" questioned the Princess eagerly.

"Well, it looks like a mountain! There we've missed it very nicely and are coming down at the foot. Hold on to a rib, we're going to bump."

There was indeed a severe bump, as Terrybubble and his umbrella hit the soft earth and his bones rattled like loose window shutters in a wind, for several minutes afterwards. His passengers were badly tossed about, too, but when the excitement subsided and Speedy took stock of the situation, he found no real damage had been done. Following his orders, Terrybubble lowered his umbrella and hung it on a nearby tree, and by the light of his phosphorus eyes the two children saw that they had come down near the mouth of an immense cave.

Begging the Princess to stay where she was and try to get a little more sleep, Speedy slipped on a pair of the boots Terrybubble had brought along and slid down the long vine to the ground. There was no moon and even with the dinosaur's eyes shining like street lamps over his head, it was still too dark to explore the cave, so Speedy, after a little reconnoitering, sat down with his back to a soft rock impatiently waiting for morning.

He must have dozed off while he was waiting, for when a sudden tickling behind his ear awakened him, he saw Gureeda was dangling a long leafy branch before his nose. The Princess had put on the gayest costume Terrybubble had packed in his chest and

her usual good spirits and gaiety seemed fully restored. She had also brought down a book for herself and a suit for Speedy. So retiring to the cave, he hastily dressed himself and prepared for the day's adventures.

Leaving the exploration of the cave until later, they began to look around for something to eat. At the foot of the mountain were great clusters of berry bushes and to the right a small stream cut through the meadows before them like a rippling silver ribbon.

"Little Enough River," said the sign swinging from a birch tree on the bank, and as it was indeed little enough to hop across, they amused themselves for several minutes in this sprightly fashion, especially Terrybubble, who felt very jolly and dythrambic since his escape from Kachewka.

The mountain behind them and the countryside before them were so fresh and green that Speedy felt the Emerald City could not be far away, and after he and Gureeda had quenched their thirst in Little Enough River and satisfied their hunger with the fragrant berries, he suggested that they walk around to the other side of the mountain. They had quite a time getting Terrybubble to come. He had discovered some ferns on the river bank and was trying his best to roll in them. But when you are

twenty times as large as, an elephant and have only bones to roll, it is an extremely difficult matter, and fearful lest he crack a rib, Speedy finally persuaded him to give up the idea and come along.

On a smooth slab of rock part way round they found the mountain's name. "Big Enough Mountain," read Speedy thoughtfully. "Well, it is pretty big."

"Yes, but big enough for what?" queried Terrybubble, waving his claws argumentatively. "Big enough for what?"

Speedy did not have to answer, for coming just then to the other side of the mountain, they saw two great feet, as long as schooners, resting against the rocks. Above the feet were two tremendous legs above the legs a giant, sitting on the mountain top, a telescope glued to his right eye. Now naturally, they did not see all of these things at once, but one look at those enormous boots had been sufficient to send them springing away from the mountain side.

Terrybubble, like a mother hen defending her chicks, ran in frantic circles around Speedy and Gureeda and then, pouncing on them with a little moan, thrust them desperately into his chest and started at a fast clip for other and far away places.

It was while he was running that Speedy noticed the giant's telescope, and Gureeda the big black and blue spot on the ogre's forehead.

"Goodness, gracious Grandfathers!" gulped the little boy, holding on to a rib as Terrybubble clattered madly along. "No wonder they call it 'Big Enough Mountain.' Wonder what he's looking for?"

"M-m-me!" shivered Gureeda in a faint voice.

"Oh, Speedy, see that lump on his head! It's Loxo and we've fallen right at his feet!"

"But he doesn't see us yet," breathed the little boy, the hair on his scalp prickling uncomfortably erect.

"Terrybubble can run pretty fast."

Speedy was right about Terrybubble's running ability, but he had not taken into account the loud rattling of his bone~loud enough to reach even the ears of the giant on the mountain top. Though it sounded no louder to Loxo than the buzzing of some huge insect, he nevertheless lowered his telescope, and as luck would have it, turned it directly upon the fleeing monster. Magnified a hundred times, Terrybubble was a gruesome sight,- even for a giant, and the two figures in his chest made him still more astonishing.

"Soup bones!" roared Loxo, with a huge sniff, and thrusting the telescope in his pocket, he took out a

rusty looking magnet, the same one Kachewka had read about in the book of giants, and held it out toward the runaways. It is useless for me to try to describe the feelings of Terrybubble and his two companions as the magnet drew them relentlessly backward, dragged them up through the air and set them down with a thump on the top of Big Enough Mountain, beside the giant.

Picking up the dinosaur between his thumb and forefinger, Loxo peered at him with great curiosity and interest. Then he began to shake him playfully like a rattle. If this had continued for more than a second, Speedy and the Princess would have been demolished, but soon tiring of this amusement, Loxo lifted Terrybubble close to his crooked nose and for the first time had a real good view of the two figures his chest.

"Why, whizzle my whiskers, if it isn't the child of that old Umbrellephant who hit me with his island," he bellowed joyfully.

"Two of them! Come out, you little pig-tailed rascals, and get to work on my boots! I was looking for yourr father's island this very minute. Why should I wait three months for a boot lacer? Hah! Hah! This is more than I bargained for! Two boot lacers, one

for each foot. Did the King send you ahead of time in this animated bird cage? Come out, before I shake you out or fling you into the soup kettle with this heap of bones who brought you."

Breathing heavily, Loxo set them down on a rocky ledge level with his face. While Terrybubble snorted and rumbled in a manner that would have petrified anyone but a giant, Speedy and Gureeda unwillingly slid down the vine and stood hand in hand just beneath the giant's nose.

"Say yes to everything," whispered Speedy, as the Princess, rather pale but quite proudly, looked up at the great ogre.

"Well, are you ready to lace my boots, or shall it be the soup kettle?" rumbled Loxo, peering at them threateningly.

"Boots!" shouted Speedy pleasantly, and rather disappointed at the quick and agreeable answer the giant, grumbling a little to himself, took two heavy pieces of cord from his pocket. Knotting one around the waist of each of his prisoners, he lifted them up and in one dizzy swoop deposited them at his feet. Then, bending laboriously, he tied the end of each cord to his ankles, and thus tethered, one to each foot, the unfortunate children faced the tedious task of lacing his tremendous boots. Terrybubble, still

snorting and rumbling, was shoved into a shallow cave at the foot of the mountain, and as Loxo rolled a big rock before the opening Speedy and Gureeda felt more frightened and forsaken than ever.

"Mind you jump aboard when I start walking, or you'll be crushed," roared the giant, squinting at them evilly. Then, straightening up, he sat down on Big Enough Mountain and taking out a monster mouth organ began to play the most dismal, out-of-tune, ear-splitting melodies Speedy ever had had the ill luck to listen to. Trying to talk above the dreadful din was impossible, so, nodding encouragingly to his downcast companion, tied to the giant's left foot, Speedy set himself to straighten out the tangle Loxo had managed to get in his right boot laces. Pulling the immense black cords through the proper holes was difficult indeed, and after each tug Speedy was forced to rest. But mounting up the giant's ankle as one would climb the rigging of a ship, he finally completed the arduous and tiresome job. Then, as the cord tying him to the giant's right ankle was long enough for him to cross over to the left, he descended and went to help Gureeda with her boot.

"If I only had my old suit on I could cut us loose with my pen knife," he fumed, pushing and pulling

the giant's laces with vindictive jerks. "But don't you worry, we'll get off somehow! A nice place for a Princess this is, I must say!" Tying the laces at the top with an angry violence, Speedy started down the ladder-like laces, closely followed by Gureeda, who had helped him as much as she could.

"It's just as bad for you. Look at all the trouble I've gotten you into," sighed Gureeda, seating herself disconsolately on the broad toe of Loxo's boot.

"Whatever'll we do if he starts walking?"

"Hook your arms through the laces and I guess we'd better stay aboard for the present. But cheer up!" Speedy put an inquiring hand behind his ear to listen. "At least he's stopped playing that murderous mouth organ."

"But what is that other awful noise?" asked Gureeda, wincing at the roars and snufflings that came rolling and rumbling like thunder down the mountain side.

"Snores!" explained Speedy, making a wry face.

"Now you stay right where you are, and I'll go back to my boot and try to think of some way to get us off. No use working on these knots round our waists. They're pulled so tight only an iron-fingered monkey could pull them loose."

"And I don't see any iron-fingered monkeys around

here, do you?" Gureeda smiled as she asked the question, and taking the book she had brought down from Terrybubble's chest from the pocket of her jacket, she settled herself composedly to read.

Marveling at her calm courage and wishing the rest of the books were not shut up with Terrybubble in the cave, Speedy walked slowly back to Loxo's right boot and swung himself savagely up on the toe. Never in his wildest dreams or imaginings had he expected to find himself tied to a giant, and the more he considered their situation the more dangerous and terrible it became.

"It'll be bad enough if he walks or runs, but what'll we do if he starts wading?" groaned the little boy, glancing fearfully at Loxo's leg, stretching like a tree trunk up over his head.

CHAPTER 17

Waddy Has Another Idea

At night the lamps in the Wizard's tower had burned steadily, as Waddy, his beard ~irly bristling with excitement, worked away on a new and secret invention, beating, blowing and stirring strange liquid~

together in his golden mixing bowl.

"Ho, this will fix him!" he wheezed, satisfied at last, and shoving the bowl into an electric oven he sat wearily down in his great arm chair to rest. The last star had twinkled out, and under the eaves the birds were beginning to twitter about another day.

Listening to their eager chattering, Waddy smiled. He, too, in spite of his long night's labors, was looking forward to a pleasant morning. He had important news for the King, and glancing from the clock to the oven, he waited impatiently for the mixture in the golden bowl to come to the proper temperature. A short doze helped pass the time, but as the bell attached to the oven rang sharply he fairly sprang awake. Being careful not to burn his fingers, he removed his precious mixture from the fire and setting it on a small table, did the umbrella jig all the way round the room.

"Wait till Sizzer hears about this," he puffed joyfully. "This will lift his heart and chins for him and keep me a couple of sneezes ahead of the Grand Grumboleer." Covering the smoking bowl with a silver cloth, the Wizard gaily kissed his fingers in farewell, and without even stopping to replait his beard or wash his face, skipped cumbersomely out

of his laboratory, whisked down the spiral stair and
five minutes later was tapping at the King's door.

In response to his sorrowful command to enter,
Waddy bounded joyously into the royal presence.

"Cheer up, old Pumpkin, our troubles are over!"

Hurrying to the King's bedside, he gave him a hearty
thump between the shoulder blades. "At last I have
found a way to settle that giant and punish him well
for his disgusting impertinence!"

"You have!" Sizzeroo's face brightened up like a
big red paper lantern when somebody suddenly lights
the candle inside. "What is it? How will you do it?
You mean the Princess and Speedy are really safe?"

"Speedy?" exclaimed Waddy with a puzzled frown.

"What's he got to do with Loxo? He hasn't even
heard of him, bless his brave heart! You know,"-
the King's magician paused and looked earnestly at
Sizzero-"I couldn't love that boy any better if
he were your Majesty's own son. I wish we could per-
suade him to stay here and grow up with our
Princess. He might even marry her in a hundred
years or so and succeed your Highness as Ruler of
the Island! But what is this about saving him?"

Waddy interrupted himself irritably. "He's done
plenty towards saving this Island, but I've done

nothing toward saving him from a giant or anyone else. Why should I? He is in no danger!"

"Not now," sighed Sizzeroo, leaning back thankfully against his pillows. "And he was in no real danger, anyway, for I never should have consented to such a thing, but you know how Kachewka is when he gets an idea into his head."

"Kachewka-Speedy? What in mince meat are you talking about?" Pushing his specs up on his forehead, Waddy stared in exasperation at his Majesty.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," murmured the King. Nevertheless, he hastened to explain. "You see, Kachewka remarking how much Speedy resembled my daughter in size and coloring, decided to keep him here and turn him over to Loxo instead of the Princess. Naturally, I refused to even consider such a scheme."

"Oh! Oh! I'll pull his long nose for this! Where is the mizzling, meddling, skinny old scoundrel? Just wait till I catch him, I'll turn him into a goose egg and boil him for breakfast!" Flouncing out of the arm chair, Waddy hurled himself through the door, breathing heavily.

"Wait! Wait!" Leaping out of bed, the plump monarch rushed violently after his still plumper

Wizard and after great exertion and argument managed to coax him back into the room. Still puffing and muttering with displeasure, Waddy again lowered himself into the chair and as Sizzeroo continued his efforts to calm him down, in burst Kachewka himself.

"He's gone!" croaked the King's chief counselor, flapping his hands like fins. "Gone! Kachew! Gone! And the giant will get the Princess!"

"Who's gone?" demanded Waddy, grabbing Kachewka by the shoulders and shaking him roughly backward and forward.

"The boy! The dinosaur!" coughed the old counselor, too upset to notice Waddy's furious expression.

"Meander just brought the news."

"I could have told you that last evening," purred Pansy, who had followed sedately on the heels of the agitated Minister. Springing up on the foot of the King's bed, she surveyed them all with a bored and thoroughly annoyed expression. "What did you expect?" she inquired indignantly, as Waddy let go Kachewka and lunged toward her. "When Terry-bubble heard Kachewka's fine little scheme for throwing Speedy to the giant, he quite naturally decided to leave. In fact, I helped him," declared the

Watch Cat defiantly, and enjoying to the fullest extent the frightened expression of Kachewka. Pansy disapproved completely of the King's wily adviser and anything she could do to embarrass or annoy him gave her the most exquisite satisfaction.

"You helped him?" gasped Waddy, clutching the golden post of the King's bed for support.

"Yes," the Watch Cat informed him solemnly. "I turned the Island toward the Emerald City of Oz and advised the big buster to take the boy, put up his parashoot and jump off. So he did!"

"Oh! Oh! and Oh!" Each groan of Waddy's was louder and more anguished than the last, as he saw all of his carefully thought out plans for dealing with the giant brought to naught. Not only was Speedy running a great risk in the jump to Oz, but when Ozma heard from him the whole story of Loxo and his threat, it would be the famous Wizard of Oz who would solve the difficulty and get all the credit for saving the Princess. Not only that, Umbrella Island would doubtless be severely punished for Kachewka's base scheme against an innocent mortal visitor. As the King and his Wizard tried to adjust themselves to this new trouble and calamity, Metoo, Gureeda's personal maid and attendant, clattered breathlessly along the passageway on her high useless heels.

"The Princess is not-is not-is not in her room!

The Princess is not here or there or anywhere!"

cried Metoo, waving her arms about in violent circles.

"I could have told you that too," yawned Pansy walking calmly up and down the foot of the King's bed. "While he was about it, that monster decided to save the Princess as well as the boy. And a good idea I call it!"

"But she may be dashed to pieces, or caught on the spire of some ruined castle! Oh my, me, you, her, them and us!" wailed Sizzeroo, beating his chest. "Quick, Waddy, to the Emerald City of Oz! As for you" The King jerked round toward Kachewka, "you shall answer for this, my fine - my fine - "

Words failed him, but for once the round, jolly face of Sizzeroo looked so grim and purposeful that Kachewka rushed wildly from the apartment, squeaking like a frightened rat as Waddy sent a gold tobacco box banging after him. Then, while the King shouted loudly for his attendants and guards, the Wizard ran out to the royal terrace and set the course for the Capital of Oz. Umbrella Island was curving slowly over the Munchkin country, when he reached the great silver shaft and giving the wheel a sharp turn, he set the dials for full speed ahead

and with a heavy heart waited for the glittering towers and spires of Ozma's splendid city to swing into view.

What would they find when they reached their goal? Suppose the umbrella he had made for Terrybubble had blown inside out in its downward rush! Suppose the Princess and Speedy had been crushed by the fall and poor Terrybubble reduced to a heap of wreckage! What could he ever do to Kachewka to repay him for the miserable meddling scheme that had so upset all his plans for subduing Loxo and saving Umbrella Island from the wrath of the powerful little ruler of Oz?

As the blue of the Munchkin country melted into the bright green of the forests surrounding the Emerald City, Waddy with numb and trembling fingers slanted Umbrella Island downward, almost afraid of what he should discover.

CHAPTER 18

In the Emerald City

THE morning was so clear and bright that Ozma and Dorothy were having breakfast in the Royal Gardens. Dorothy, a little girl

from Kansas, was one of the first mortals to reach the wonderful Kingdom of Oz and after several exciting visits had been invited by Ozma to live in the capital. There were two other little girls residing in the Royal Palace, but Dorothy, having come first, was Ozma's closest friend and adviser, and next to the Scarecrow the most popular person at court.

The Scarecrow himself had been discovered by Dorothy on her first trip and they had made the journey to the Emerald City together, meeting on the way, the Cowardly Lion and the famous Tin Woodman, who is now ruler of the Winkies.

As you many friends of the Scarecrow already know, this live and lively straw-stuffed gentleman who had once been Emperor of Oz is more interesting and jolly than five or six ordinary people-so obliging and clever that he is much in demand at the capital. Though he has a golden, corn-ear castle of his own in the Winkie Country, he spends most of his time in the Emerald City and had come over the evening before to invite Ozma and all the celebrities to a pop corn party.

As Dorothy and Ozma, attended by two dignified footmen, ate their strawberries and cream, the

Scarecrow, who did not require nourishment of any kind, told them all his plans for the celebration. The Soldier with Green Whiskers, who constituted the whole army of Oz, marched solemnly up and down under the tulp trees to see that the royal breakfasts were not disturbed, listening with all ears, for though he was terribly opposed to gun fire he had no objections to pop corn and was inordinately fond of this delicacy.

They were all so busy talking and laughing that they did not at first notice the dark cloud settling gradually over the garden and whole radiant city. But soon, it grew so dark that even the Scarecrow interrupted himself long enough to glance up at the sky.

"Thunder storm coming, girls! Better run for the castle! Whew, what a cloud!"

"Reminds me of a Kansas cyclone," murmured Dorothy, pushing back her chair. But Ozma, though only a little girl, was a real Queen and perhaps on this account more used to examining everything with extreme attention and care.

"This is no cloud," she told them, quietly remaining in her place. "It is too large and solid." At this precise minute, Waddy, wishing to come somewhere near the castle itself, swung Umbrella Island back-

ward, leaving the whole garden in bright sunlight, and staring up with mingled feelings of interest and alarm, Ozma and her advisers saw three figures jump from the edge of the cloud and come billowing grotesquely downward. Each grasped the handle of an immense umbrella, and before Dorothy or the Scarecrow had time to form any more theories or opinions, the three, with three distinct thumps, landed in a flower bed about thirty feet distant.

"Skywaymen!" shrieked the Soldier with the Green Whiskers, bumping into a tree in his hurry to get away. "Look out! Look out! They're armed!"

"But only with umbrellas," said Ozina, rising quickly to her feet.

"They are fat and therefore jolly. Let us be calm," stammered the Scarecrow. Nevertheless he picked up a large serving fork and placed himself resolutely in front of the two girls. By this time, Waddy, Sizeroo and Bamboula - for of course it was these three - came running breathlessly toward the group around the breakfast table.

"Where are they?" puffed the Wizard, stumbling over a gold flower urn in his haste. "Speedy, Gu-reeda, Terrybubble?"

"What language is this?" gasped the Scarecrow,

wrinkling up his cotton forehead. "Wait, I'll fetch an interpreter. What country do you hie and fly from, strangers? But wait, I'll fetch the interpreter."

"No need, no need for that," panted Waddy, putting down his umbrella. "We speak the same language as your own." In spite of his agitation the Wizard made three stiff and correct bows, one each, for Ozma, Dorothy and the Scarecrow. The King and Bamboula, close behind him, also bowed.

"We are Umbrellians," announced Waddy, "and yonder lies our island."

"And you, I presume, are the Umbrella Spokesman of this flying delegation," observed the Scarecrow, as Dorothy and Ozma politely acknowledged the bows of the visitors.

"I am a Wizard," answered Waddy, fuming at all this conversation and delay. "This is Sizzeroo, King of Umbrella Island, and Bamboula, his Royal Suggester. But tell me, tell me quickly, have you seen anything of a dinosaur, a little Princess and an American boy named Speedy?"

"Why, is Speedy in Oz?" cried Dorothy, pressing forward eagerly. "And a dinosaur! I didn't think there were any live dinosaurs anywhere."

"He should be, he should be," quavered Sizzeroo. "Only last evening he jumped off the Island with my

daughter and our visitor."

"But how jocular," beamed the Scarecrow, twinkling his painted eyes. "How amusing and astonishing and won't they all be pretty much smashed?"

"Oh, oh! Don't joke about it!" Sizzeroo, dropping on a golden bench, covered his face with his hands, and Pansy who had concealed herself in his pocket came out and rubbed softly against his ear.

"Please do sit down, all of you," begged Ozma kindly. She had at once noticed the distress and anxiety of her callers or rather her fallers. "Could you not tell us a little more about this whole matter?"

"Yes, and about yourselves," proposed the Scarecrow, fascinated by the Watch Cat, and the braided beards of the Umhrellians. "Are you quite sure that island will not come down on us like the top crust of a pie?"

"Certainly not," declared the Wizard indignantly. "It is held aloft by one of my most successful inventions, and will not stir till I set the machinery in motion. But this is no time for explanations. We must have your help and assistance at once to find Terrybubble, Gureeda and Speedy. You see—"

Heartened by the dignified reception and manner of the little ruler of all Oz, Waddy poured out his

whole strange story from the moment Umbrella Island had hit Loxo in the forehead, omitting nothing, not even the perfidious plan of Kachewka to substitute Speedy for the Princess and hand him over to the giant.

By the time he had finished, the faces of his listeners were grave and serious, for Speedy was well liked in the capital. The Soldier with Green Whiskers plucked nervously at his beard, terrified lest the monster so graphically described by Waddy should rush suddenly out at him.

"The thing to do is to look in the Magic Mirror," decided the Scarecrow, as Waddy finished his sorrowful recital of happenings on Umbrella Island.

"Then we'll know just where this dinosaur landed."

"We can settle the giant later."

Waddy said nothing to this, for he was fully resolved to handle Loxo himself, but he kept his own counsel and lumbered after the Scarecrow, who was awkwardly running toward the palace.

Ozma, Dorothy and the two other Umbrellians followed as quickly as they could, Ozma explaining the Magic Mirror as they hurried along. This mirror disclosed, at a given command, the exact location of any missing person or persons.

Hope lent speed to the sovereign of Umbrella

Island and you can imagine with what feelings he faced the blank and gold framed square of glass in Ozma's private sitting room. Pansy's eyes grew round with fright and suspense as Ozma directed the mirror to show them the dinosaur and the two missing children, but when, instead of her old friend Terrybubble, the much reduced but still formidable form of Loxo, with Speedy and Gureeda tied to his ankles, loomed up on the glass, she gave an anguished howl and dove under a sofa, too soon to see Terrybubble, lashing up and down in his rocky cavern, take the place of the giant. There were more cries than just Pansy's, as Dorothy and her friends and the King and his counselors realized the dreadful danger confronting Speedy and the little Princess of Umbrella Island.

"Call the Wizard of Oz! Tell him to bring his search light," commanded Ozma, in a stern but slightly shaky voice. "This green mountain on which Loxo sits cannot be near our city or we should have seen Loxo long ago."

"Pansy, you must have made a mistake," groaned Waddy. "You turned the Island in the wrong direction, but I thought there were no green forests or mountains except near the Emerald City of Oz."

"There is one." The Wizard of Oz, hastily summoned by Dorothy, solemnly made this disclosure.

"It is in the exact center of the Quadling Country and this mountain, settled by a band of Emerald City dwellers and planted with seeds and shrubs brought from the capital, retained all the verdure and charm of our own countryside. Later, I understand the giant Loxo drove off these peaceful settlers and took the mountain for himself. Your Watch Cat doubtless mistook the capital of the Quadling Country for the Emerald Gity."

Dorothy had explained the whole story of Loxo, Speedy and the Princess, to the Wizard and now he was quickly introduced to the Umbrellians.

"Red or green, who cares, let us fly there at once," wheezed Bamboula earnestly. The King's Su-jester had left his drum behind him and so far had not spoken a word, for as he always preceded his remarks by a series of drum beats, he felt almost tongue tied without his drum sticks.

"Would the flying island of our visitors be better than a wish?" pondered the Wizard of Oz, beginning to unclasp his bag.

"Much better," answered Waddy jealously. "If Loxo grows troublesome we can fly out of his reach and at any rate we can reason with him on his own

level and from a safe and convenient base."

As these arguments appealed to Ozma, she quickly decided the matter and in less than five minutes she and her three advisers and Sizzeroo and his two counselors were hurrying toward the suspended isle. Meander, hanging over the gold fence at the foot of the King's garden, proved his good sense and usefulness by letting down a rope ladder kept for such emergencies, and one after the other the little party of rescuers mounted the ladder, climbed aboard and hurried to the royal terrace. With the Wizard of Oz and his magic searchlight to guide him, Waddy manipulated the silver wheel and at a rate of almost a hundred miles an hour, Umbrella Island skimmed over field and forest towards its distant and dangerous goal.

CHAPTER 19

The Last of Loxo

Loxo had just awakened from his long morning nap and was lazily reaching for his mouth organ, when Umbrella Island swung

suddenly into view. Having already looked at his boots and found them neatly laced and tied by his new slaves, the giant was in high good humor and waved quite jovially as the Umbrellians approached.

"I see you kept your bargain ahead of time and sent me two children instead of one," he called cheerfully, as Waddy brought the Island to a halt about six feet from his nose. "Thank you! Thank you very kindly."

Without replying to the giant's greeting, the group on the royal terrace hurried down to the Island's edge. That is, all but Waddy. Waddy's one thought was to reach the tower and fetch down his precious golden bowl before the Wizard of Oz opened his black bag and began experimenting with his famous green magic. Whisking up and down the spiral stair took so little time that Sizzeroo's chief necromancer reached the foot of the garden just as Ozma, in a stern voice, commanded Loxo to return his two prisoners to Umbrella Island. At first the giant did not understand. Then when it gradually dawned on him that the diminutive brown-haired Princess was actually commanding him to give up his slaves, he began to roar with delight and derision.

"Save your breath, Lady," he bellowed uproarious-

ly. "And don't try ordering a fellow like me around or I might steal you to sweep up my cave."

"Do you realize to whom you are talking?" shouted the Wizard, shaking his bag angrily. "This is Ozma of Oz, Supreme Ruler of this whole magic country. Unless you obey her at once, I, as her Wizard, will be forced to resort to magic to subdue you!"

"Oh, take care! Take care," breathed Sizzeroo nervously. "He's dreadfully dangerous, you know, and liable to snatch a piece right out of this Island. Are you sure you can manage him?"

"Certainly," answered the Wizard of Oz, snapping his fingers scornfully at the scowling ogre. "In this bag I have magic enough for a dozen giants."

"But-but-he may injure those poor children before your magic works," fumed Sizzeroo, clasping Pansy frantically to his plump middle. "Would not -ah-would not a littl~ah----er persuasion be best, your Highness?"

"Yes, let us first try to reason with him," whispered Waddy, pushing his way hurriedly between the Wizard and Sizzeroo. "Then if we fail, your Majesty and your Majesty's Wizard can take him in hand."

"Persuasion! Persuasion! Humph! I'll persuade him with a pinch of the powder of petrification," sniffed the Wizard of Oz, briskly snapping open his bag.

"Now Wizard, now Wizard! You know I dislike violence." Ozma raised her hand in gentle reproof.

"After all, Loxo has his rights too. Let this King and his magician first try their persuasion, then if that does not succeed we can try something more serious."

"Wisely spoken, Your Highness! Most wisely spoken!" Waddy made a jerky little bow to Ozma and then, before she could change her mind, opened the golden gate and stepped to the very edge of the Island, waving both arms to attract Loxo's attention. During this low spoken conversation, the giant's expression had changed from amusement to sullen anger.

"What do you mean bothering around here again," he called in a surly voice. "Go away before I put my feet through your island."

"We are going away," shouted Waddy cheerfully. "But tell me first, are you satisfied with your bargain?"

"Perfectly." The giant, blinking rapidly down at his boots, spoke more pleasantly.

"Fine!" smiled Waddy. "Then let us part good friends and drink to the health of all concerned in our famous umbrella-ade." Coaxingly Waddy held out a large glass of sparkling amber liquid and a round yellow sponge cake which he had just turned out of the golden bowl.

"Well, this is more like it. What was all that talk of returning the King's children?" rumbled Loxo, stretching out a huge hand for the Umbrellian's offering. "This umbrella-ade will scarce wet my tongue and that cake looks like a bird seed. Still, since it's kindly meant-" Seizing the glass, the giant emptied it down his vast throat, tossing the yellow cake, bowl and all, down after it.

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Clasping and unclasping his pudgy hands, Waddy watched him, breathless with suspense and anxiety. Would his cake, a mere crumb in the great cavern of the giant's mouth, really go down that tremendous and terrible throat? The first proof that it had, came from the Scarecrow, who dangled dangerously over the edge of the golden fence.

"Where is he?" shrilled the straw gentleman hysterically. And "Where is he?" echoed Sizzeroo, Dorothy, Ozma and all the others who had crowded into

the garden to get a glimpse of the terrifying giant.

"Oh, somewhere below," answered Waddy carelessly, and stepping back through the gate, he hurried up to the royal terrace to bring the Island as close to the foot of Big Enough Mountain as possible. This was pretty close, and when Meander let down his rope ladder, Waddy was the first to descend, followed jealously by the Wizard of Oz, who felt he should have been the one to deal with Loxo.

Instead of two, three figures came hurrying to meet them, the first two, Speedy and Gureeda, who in great suspense and anxiety had been awaiting the outcome of the parley, and the third Loxo himself, now scarcely a head taller than his prisoners. Bound to them by the ropes on his ankles and theirs, he came most unwillingly, but no one could have withstood the rush of the relieved and delighted children.

And while the Princess and Speedy were being hugged, exclaimed over and carefully examined for bruises or injury by Sizzeroo, both the Wizards seized the shrunken giant and held him while Meander hastily cut the cords binding him to his erstwhile boot lacers.

"Well, what did you think of my patent double-acting, shrinking-magic, malted sponge cake?" inquired Waddy maliciously, as the Wizard of Oz

stared in amazement at the reduced but still ugly ogre.

"Didn't even taste it," confessed Loxo, in a frightened voice. "First thing I know, I feel myself slipping and shrinking inside, and second thing I know, here I am no bigger than a peanut!"

"And larger than you deserve to be, even at that," remarked Ozma, coming quietly over to the cowering figure. "Good work, Waddy!"

"I always try to reduce problems to their smallest possible form," explained the Umbrellian, blushing with pleasure. "In this size he'll not harm anyone."

"I'd rather be small anyway," grumbled Loxo, edging off defiantly. "No fun being a giant-too lonely. Now I can lace my own boots and marry a dairymaid."

"Thank goodness for that," exclaimed Speedy, finally escaping from the King, and warmly greeting his old friends from the Emerald City. "I thought we were done for this time."

"You didn't suppose I'd let anything happen to Gureeda and my assistant wizard, did you?" Waddy smiled proudly down at the little boy.

"Oh, are you a wizard now?" Dorothy, who was herself a Princess of Oz, could not help feeling a

bit envious of Speedy's new position on this strange island.

"The best little wizard as ever wizzed," Waddy assured her gravely. "Come along, my boy. Let's show Dorothy and the famous Wizard of Oz some of our latest tricks and contrivances, and perhaps he will show us some of his own magic experiments." Waddy, having gained his point, felt very generous toward Ozma's chief magician.

"But first we must find Terrybubble," cried Speedy, striding toward the cave where Loxo had imprisoned the dinosaur.

"I'll help you," volunteered the Wizard of Oz, and as Waddy made no objection, he took a magic rod from his black bag and waved the rock away from the opening in the cave, and out sprang Terrybubble, looking like some strange nightmare to the visitors from the Emerald City.

"A hat rack," shuddered the Scarecrow. "A hat rack and ruin. Does he bite and devour one?"

"Certainly not," said Speedy, running up the long ladder-like tail and back bone of the dinosaur and patting him affectionately on the skull. "Terrybubble's as gentle and harmless as you are!" And now, what a hub-bub of introductions and explanations, as Gureeda and Terrybubble met the celebri-

ties from Oz. During the general excitement and rejoicing Loxo took himself off and nobody even noticed his departure.

At Sizzeroo's earnest invitation, they all climbed aboard Umbrella Island, Terrybubble scorning the ladder and jumping aboard in a dythrambic leap that caused the Scarecrow to regard him with profound wonder and admiration.

As the Island billowed smoothly and rhythmically back toward the Emerald City, a great feast was prepared in honor of the distinguished guests - a feast that lasted five hours and eight hundred miles and had more kinds of cake and ices than even a royal wedding. Sizzeroo was so happy over the return of his daughter and Speedy, and the unexpected graciousness of Ozma of Oz that all unpleasantness was forgotten. Even Kachewka was dragged down from his tower room and after being gently reprimanded was completely forgiven and placed in his old seat at the royal board.

Speedy, looking down that long sparkling table at his old friends from Oz and his new friends among the Umbrellians, then toward the door where Terrybubble, wearing a fresh wreath of roses, stood observing them with insatiable interest and curiosity,

felt a twinge of sadness.

Why must all his thrilling adventures and friendships end? Might it not be better to spend the remainder of his days on Umbrella Island than to return to his more or less humdrum existence in America? But even as the dazzling idea flitted through his mind, the thought of Uncle Billy, anxious, alone and grief stricken, quickly put such a plan out of his head. Besides, there was the water gun! Should an important invention like that be left to the foolish uses of a Fairy Island Sea King? No, no, a thousand times no! It was his duty to return and help Uncle Billy perfect this powerful weapon for Uncle Sam.

Terrybubble, he decided reluctantly, must stay where he was to spend long lazy afternoons in the jungle and long happy mornings with Pansy and Gureeda. Professor Sanderson would have to look elsewhere for a prehistoric monster, and some day Speedy looked again toward his gigantic but gentle comrad~some day he would return and spend the whole summer with these dear old friends.

So, while Waddy explained all over again how he had compounded the magic sponge cake that shrank the giant, while Bamboula impatiently cleared his throat for the next song, the little boy took a slip of paper from his pocket and scribbled a hasty note.

"Dear Gureeda:

Please keep Terrybubble and my magic umbrella for me and say good-bye to Waddy, Pansy and all of the others. I hate to go away, but I must. Some day I'm coming back to read all the books you were telling me about. Good-bye! Don't forget me!

"SPEEDY."

Feeling as if he had swallowed a baseball, Speedy placed the note under his tall tumbler, gently touched the arm of Ozma, who was sitting on his right, and whispered an earnest sentence in her royal ear. Ozma smiled, nodded understandingly and, touching the jewelled Magic Belt she wore around her waist, spoke a few words under her breath. As all heads turned to the King's Su-jester, who had risen to render his song, Speedy disappeared noiselessly from his place, dropped lightly as a feather through the dream-like mists and rainbows surrounding all fairy countries, and came down with a soft thump in the middle of the worn leather sofa in Uncle Billy's study.

CHAPTER 20

Home Again

UNCLE BILLY was sitting in an arm chair looking mournfully out of the window,

but he turned quickly at the little noise behind him.

"Hello! So it's you! I thought you'd come back, even though the professor assured me you'd been blown to bits!"

The inventor jumped joyfully to his feet.

"Boy, let me look at you! Silks and satins, boots and a queue! Where've you been? Looks as if it might have been China!"

"Farther than that," chuckled Speedy, clutching him exuberantly round the waist. "I've been to Umbrella Island, and oh, Uncle!"

You, now knowing the whole strange story, will realize Uncle Billy's astonishment and surprise at the amazing experiences of Speedy and the dinosaur. We'll all have to watch sharply for that water gun, for as surely as fishes have fins and turkeys have feathers, Speedy and his uncle will duplicate and perfect the Sea King's curious invention.

They decided, and quite wisely, too, to say nothing to Professor Sanderson of what really happened to Terrybubble, and unless he reads this story, he will think his dinosaur was lost in the volcanic geyser.

And Terrybubble, on many a moonlit night, sits sorrowfully on the edge of Umbrella Island, vainly looking for Speedy. Much as he loves Gureeda and

Umbrella Island, he still longs for the little boy who made life so interesting and real.

Waddy, too, flying the Island dangerously low over the mortal world, pointing his telescopes here and there, never gives up hope of finding again his assistant wizard.

And who knows? Perhaps some calm evening, Umbrella Island will float over your very own house-top. If it does, and the rope ladder is down, go aboard by all means. For my part, I believe Speedy will some day return, marry the Princess, and become King of the Island!

THE END

ON March 28, 1933, Ruth Plumly Thompson wrote to a correspondent: "I hear exciting news concerning a flying island over Oz and would not be surprised if a whole book full of adventures were happening there this very minute. I'll tell you about it next year." Thus, a year before its appearance, the author began giving tantalizing hints about the new Oz book.

The Oz book for 1934 was a milestone. It was the fourteenth Oz novel by Ruth Plumly Thompson, exactly the same number of Oz books that L. Frank Baum wrote. The story's action was largely confined to a single location, Umbrella Island, rather than involving a great deal of travel as in most other Oz books. The book re-introduced one of Miss Thompson's most successful boy characters, Speedy, and presented to her readers two of Thompson's best and most imaginative creations, Umbrella Island itself, and the marvelous Terrybubble.

Whereas circumstances spaced out Baum's Oz titles over a twenty-year span, Thompson's fourteen titles appeared in just fourteen years. During his period of writing Oz books, Baum wrote other books and pieces for newspapers and magazines as well. So did Ruth Plumly Thompson. She edited a weekly children's page for The Philadelphia Public Ledger, produced advertising pamphlets for Royal Baking Powder and other products, and got out three of her five non oz books. It was a busy fourteen years for Thompson, but she would go on to write five more novels about Oz.