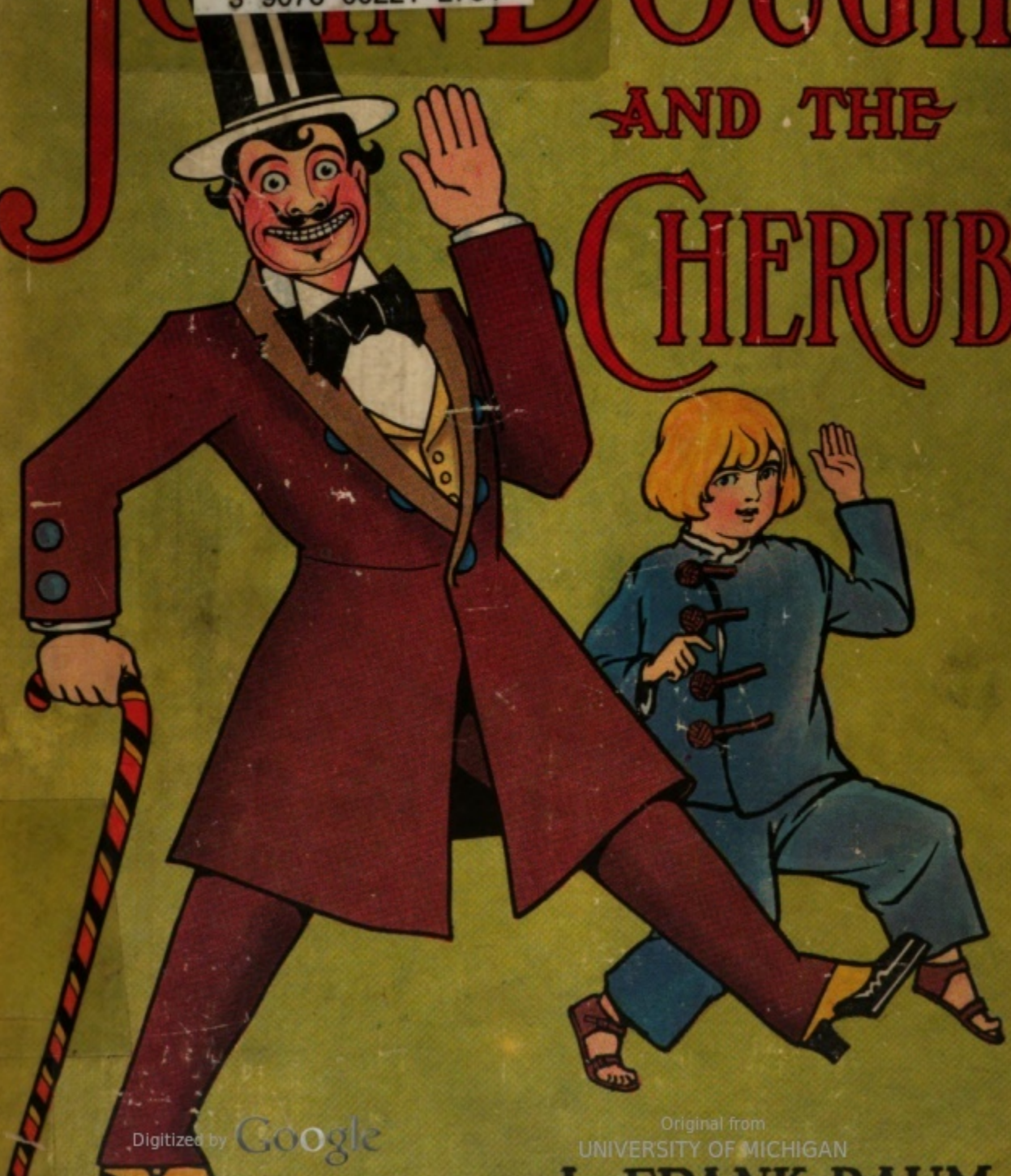
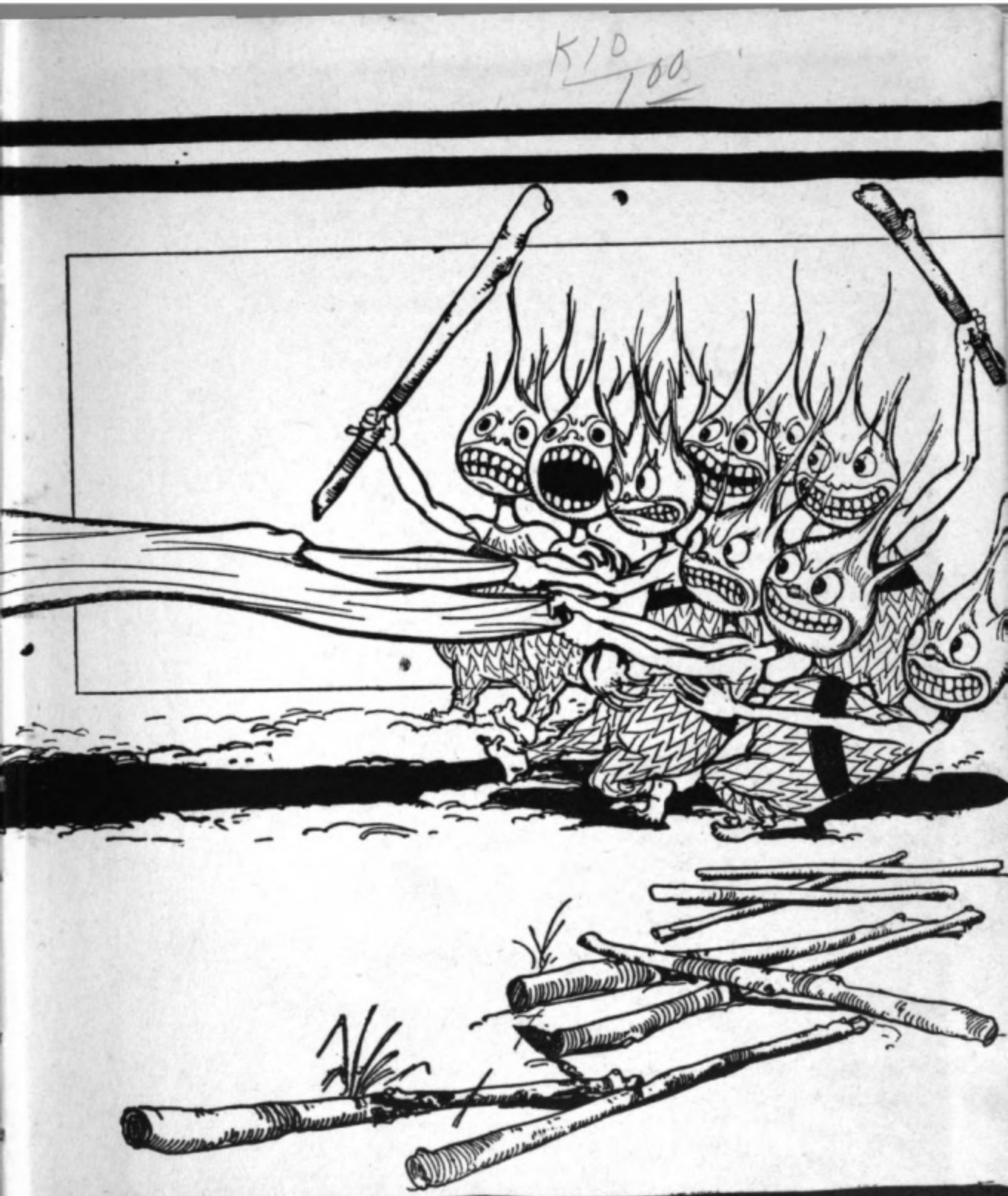
JOHN DOUGH AND THE CHERUB



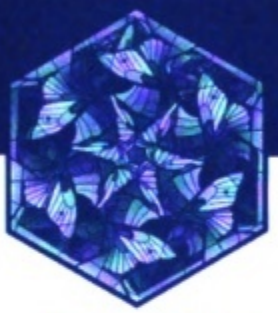
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN-DEARBORN
3 9076 00221 2764

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Donated by the

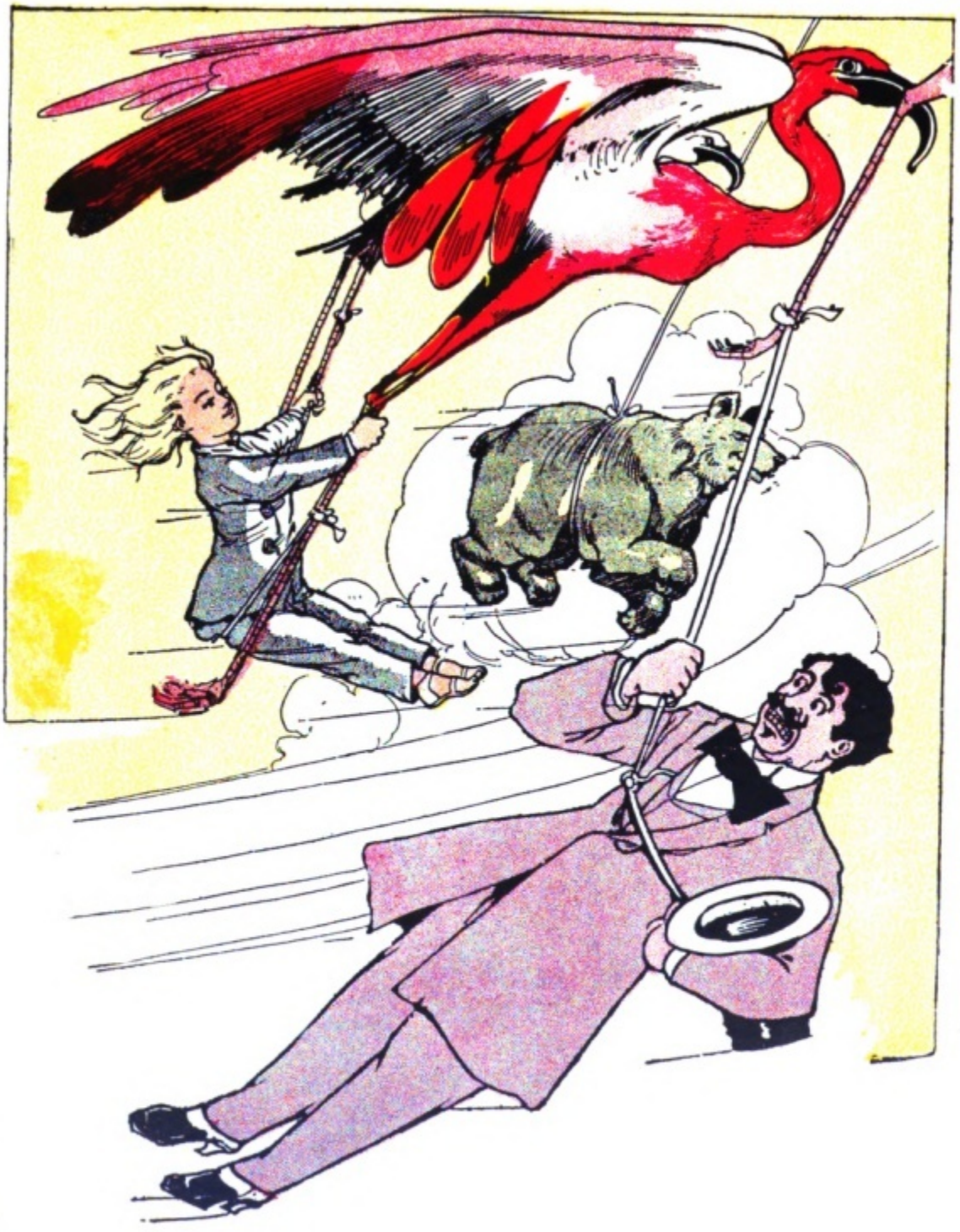
Grand Rapids Public Library
The May G. Quigley
Collection
of Children's Literature

December 2001

The University of Michigan-Dearborn
Mardigian Library

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



"NICE RIDE, ISN'T IT?"

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

John Dough and The Cherub

A Whimsical Wonder-Story in which is Described the Marvelous Creation of John Dough, the Gingerbread Man; his meeting with the Incubator Baby called Chick the Cherub: their Adventures in the Isle of Phreex, Land of the Mifkets, Pirate Island and Hiland and Loland

BY

L. FRANK BAUM

"Royal Historian of Oz"

ILLUSTRATED BY

JOHN R. NEILL

The Reilly & Lee Co.

Chicago

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

LIST OF CHAPTERS

The Great Elixir	9
The Two Flasks	22
The Gingerbread Man	27
John Dough Begins his Adventures	41
Chick, the Cherub	59
The Freaks of Phreex	104
The Lady Executioner	121
The Palace of Romance	140
The Silver Pig	159
Pittypat and the Mifkets	166
The Island Princess	185
Para Bruin, the Rubber Bear	206
Black Ooboo	220
Under Land and Water	238
The Fairy Beavers	252
The Flight of the Flamingoes	273
Sport of Pirate Island	284
Hiland and Loland	294
King Dough and his Court	308

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Over the door appeared a weather-worn sign that read: "JULES GROGRANDE, BAKER." In one of the windows, painted upon a sheet of cardboard, was another sign: "Home-made Bread by the Best Modern Machinery." There was a third sign in the window beyond the doorway, and this was marked upon a bit of wrapping-paper, and said: "Fresh Gingerbread Every Day."

When you opened the door, the top of it struck a brass bell suspended from the ceiling and made it tinkle merrily. Hearing the sound, Madame Leontine Grogrande would come from her little room back of the shop and stand behind the counter and ask you what you would like to purchase.

Madame Leontine—or Madame Tina, as the children called her—was quite short and quite fat; and she had a round, pleasant face that was good to look upon. She moved somewhat slowly, for the rheumatism troubled her more or less; but no one minded if Madame was a bit slow in tying up her parcels. For surely no cakes or buns in all the

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

AN ARAB DASHED INTO THE ROOM.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

forgetting to close the door; so Madame came from behind the counter and did it herself. She delayed a moment to gaze at the figure of Ali Dubh racing up the street. Then he turned the corner of an alley and disappeared from view.

Things did not startle Madame easily; but the Arab's queer behavior aroused in her a mild curiosity, and while she stood looking through the glass of the door, and wondering what had excited the man, she saw two strange forms glide

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Vitality, the Water of Life — the Greatest Thing in all the World!"

"I don't understand," said Madame.

"Not understand? Why, a drop of the priceless liquid which this Golden Flask contains, if placed upon your tongue, would send new life coursing through your veins. It would give you power, strength, vitality greater than youth itself!

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

that diamonds and rubies could not buy the Great Elixir—the marvelous Essence of Vitality. As for the silver flask, I give it to you freely. Its contents will cure all your ailments. And now, good night, and may Allah bless you!"

Swiftly he stole from the room, unlocked the street door and vanished into the darkness. And Madame sat looking thoughtfully at the flasks.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Two Flasks

Presently she remembered that the front door was yet unlocked. So she trotted out into the shop, bolted the door securely, drew down the curtains, and put out the dim light that had burned over the counter. Then Madame returned to the little room and looked at the two flasks again.

Aside from her rheumatism the good lady had one other physical weakness; she was color-blind. That is, she could seldom distinguish one color from another, and was quite liable to think blue was green and green was yellow. Many people have this trouble with their eyes; but it never had bothered Madame especially in waiting upon her customers.

Now, however, when she came back into her room and gazed at the two flasks upon her table, she had no idea which one was of gold and which of silver, for the weakness of her eyes prevented her from telling them apart by means of their color.

"Let me see," she murmured; "this must be

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Gingerbread Man

The baker awoke at three o'clock, and soon afterward came downstairs yawning and rubbing his eyes in his accustomed manner. For it is a real hardship to arise in the middle of the night and go to work, and Monsieur Jules sometimes regretted he was such a skillful baker; for any other profession would have allowed him to sleep until daylight. But the bread and rolls and gingerbread must be fresh and warm by breakfast time, or the people would be sadly disappointed; and the only possible way to get them ready was to start the work at three o'clock.

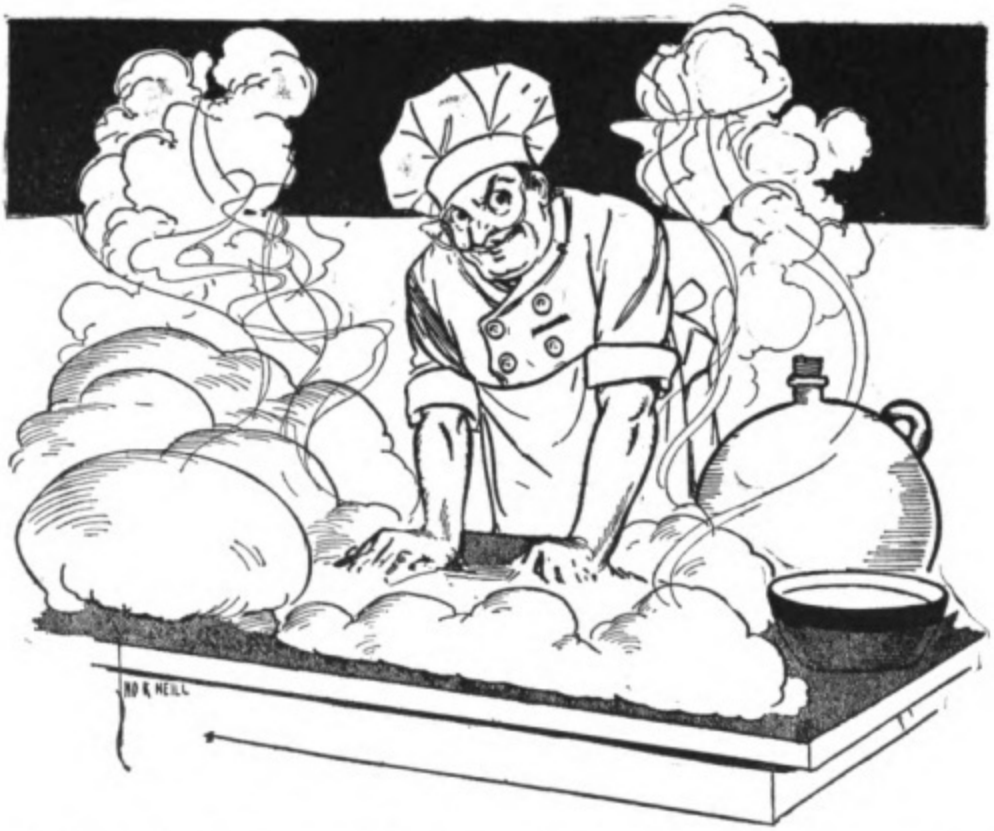
First, he lighted the big swinging lamps, which made the room bright as day, and then he built the fires in the great furnaces. Presently these last were roaring in a very business-like manner, and as soon as he heard the roar Monsieur Jules began to whistle. It was his custom, and kept him from getting lonesome while he worked.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Next he kneaded the bread, formed it into loaves, and placed them in long rows upon the slabs — ready for the oven. The rolls were then

mixed and kneaded, and it took a longer time to get them ready than it had the bread, for they were small and quite daintily shaped. But at last the

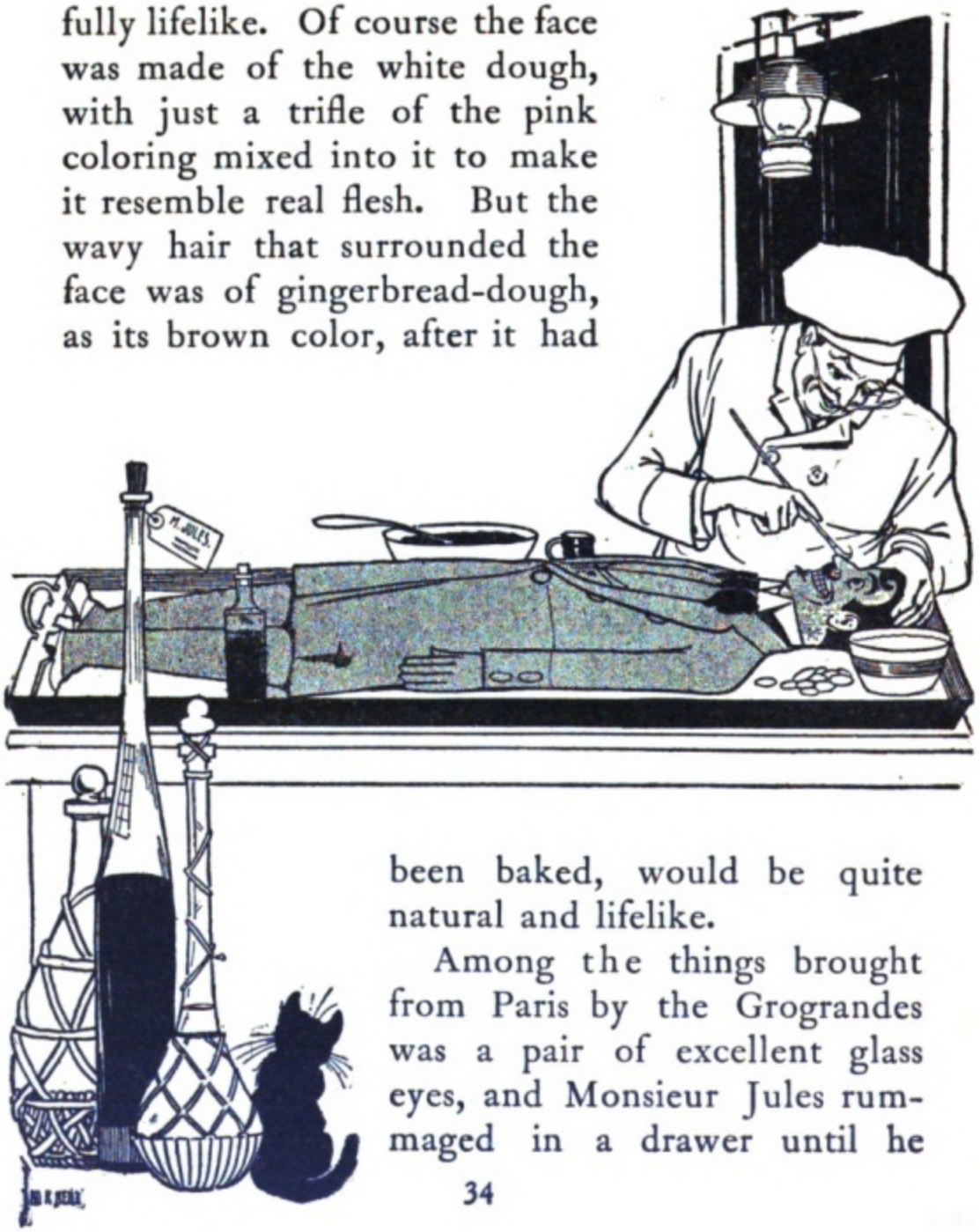
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



and the form was fully as large as that of a well-grown fourteen-year-old boy. But it was by no means a boy that Monsieur was forming with such care; it was, rather, the figure of a typical French gentleman, such as may seldom be met with elsewhere than on the boulevards of Paris. It was interesting to watch the figure grow: interesting, of course, to Monsieur Jules, as there was no one else in the bake-room to see.

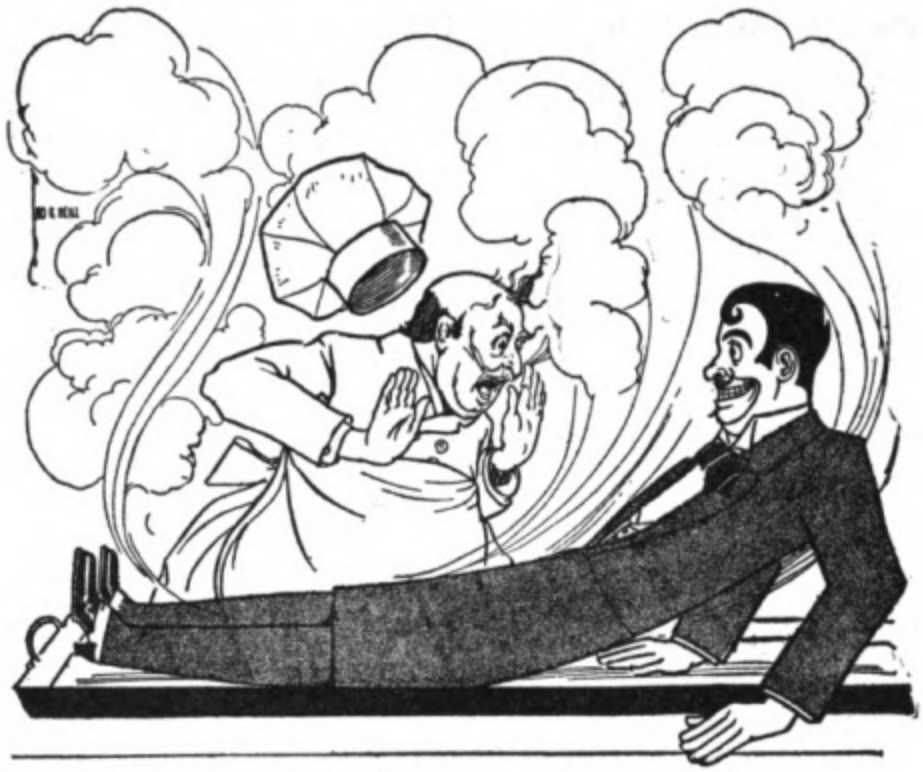
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

fully lifelike. Of course the face was made of the white dough, with just a trifle of the pink coloring mixed into it to make it resemble real flesh. But the wavy hair that surrounded the face was of gingerbread-dough, as its brown color, after it had been baked, would be quite natural and lifelike.



Among the things brought from Paris by the Grograndes was a pair of excellent glass eyes, and Monsieur Jules rummaged in a drawer until he

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



The Great Elixir had accomplished its purpose. The wonderful Essence of Vitality, prized for centuries and closely guarded, had lent its marvelous powers of energy, strength, and life to a gingerbread man! And all through the stupidity of a baker's wife who was color-blind and could not distinguish a golden flask from a silver one!

Monsieur Jules, who knew nothing of the Arab's flasks, or of the Great Elixir, glared wildly into the glass eyes of the gingerbread man. He was at

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

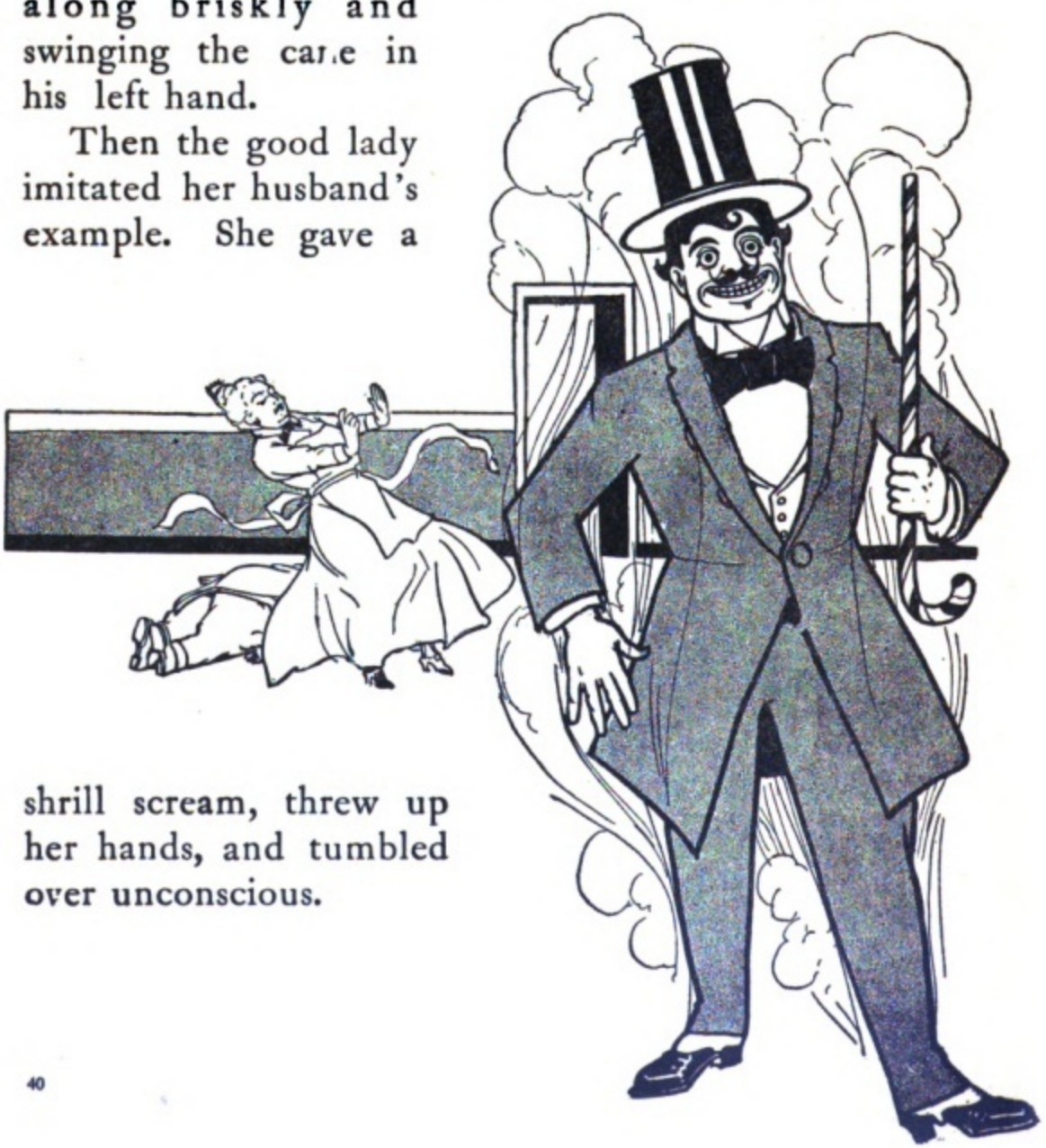
MONSIEUR JULES TURNED AND FLED.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

stepped over the prostrate body of the baker, and so left the shop, closing the front door behind him.

Madame saw him passing the windows, stepping along briskly and swinging the cane in his left hand.

Then the good lady imitated her husband's example. She gave a shrill scream, threw up her hands, and tumbled over unconscious.



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Now, when John Dough left Madame Grogrande's shop and wandered up the street, he was reeking with the delightful odor of fresh gingerbread. Indeed, he was still so hot from the oven that I am positive you could not have held your hand against him for more than a second. The Great Elixir had brought him to life, and given him a certain standing in the world; but during the first half-hour of his existence John Dough was very hot-headed. Also he was hot-footed, for he discovered that, by walking fast, the contact with the fresh morning air drew the heat from his body and made him feel much more comfortable.

One virtue lent by the Great Elixir was knowledge, and while John Dough felt that he possessed unlimited knowledge (having had an overdose of the Elixir), he could not very well apply it to his surroundings because he lacked experience with the world, which alone renders knowledge of any value to mankind. John Dough could speak all lan-

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

guages—modern and classic. He had a logical and clear mind—what is called a "level head," you know; and this was coupled with good sense, fair judgment, and a tangled mass of wisdom that had been dumped into him in a haphazard fashion.

But these rare qualities were as yet of no use to our man because he had acquired no experience. It was like putting tools into a scholar's hands and asking him to make a watch. John Dough might accomplish wonders in time, if he did not grow stale and crumble; but just now he was the freshest individual that ever came out of a bake-room.

It was still early morning, and most folks were in bed. A prowling dog smelled the gingerbread and came trotting up with the intention of having a bite of it; but John Dough raised his candy cane and hit the dog a clip on the end of its nose that sent the animal in

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

another direction with its tail between its legs. Then, whistling merrily, the gingerbread man walked on. He knew no tune whatever, but he could whistle, and so he managed to express an erratic mixture of notes that would have made Herr Wagner very proud.

His flesh (or bread, rather) was cooling off beautifully now. He was growing hard and crisp and felt much more substantial than at first. The baker had made him light and the Elixir had made him strong and vigorous. A great future lay before John Dough, if no accident happened to him.

Presently some one said, "Hello!" John stopped short, for in front of him stood a bright-eyed boy with a piece of lighted punk in one hand and a bunch of firecrackers in the other. It was Ned Robbins, who had been up since daybreak celebrating the Glorious Fourth.

"You skeered me at first," said the boy, with a look of amazement that he tried to cover with a laugh.

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure," returned John Dough, politely.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

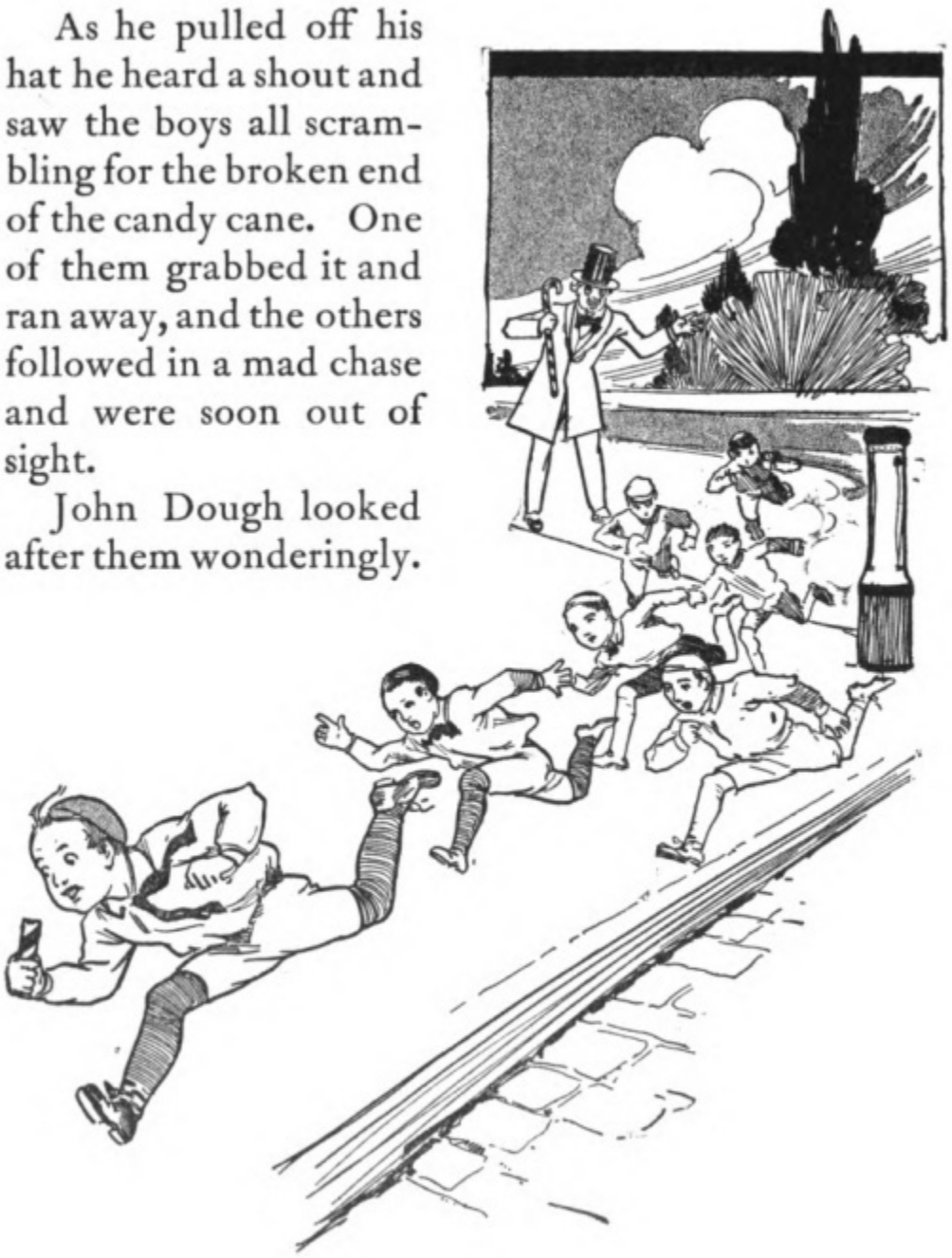
Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

John Dough Begins His Adventures

As he pulled off his hat he heard a shout and saw the boys all scrambling for the broken end of the candy cane. One of them grabbed it and ran away, and the others followed in a mad chase and were soon out of sight.

John Dough looked after them wonderingly.



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"COME INSIDE WHILE I GET A KNIFE"

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I must have made a mistake," said Madame, honestly; "for my eyes are so queer that I cannot tell gold from silver. Anyway, the contents of the other flask I emptied into a bowl of water, and rubbed my limbs with it."

The Arab shouted a despairing cry in his native tougue and then glared wildly at the woman.

"Was it the brown bowl, Leontine?" asked Monsieur Jules, trembling with excitement.

"Yes," she answered.

"Where is it? Where is it?" demanded the Arab, in a hoarse voice. "The precious liquor may yet be saved."

"Too late, Monsieur," said the baker, shaking his head, sadly. "I used the contents of the bowl to mix the dough for my gingerbread man."

"A gingerbread man! What do you mean?" asked Ali Dubh.

"I baked a man out of gingerbread this morning," said Monsieur Jules, "and to my horror he came alive, and spoke to me, and walked out of the shop while he was still smoking hot."

"It is no wonder," said

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

natural state; but it would enable me to live for many, many years!"

John Dough heard this speech with a thrill of horror. Also he now began to understand how he happened to be alive.

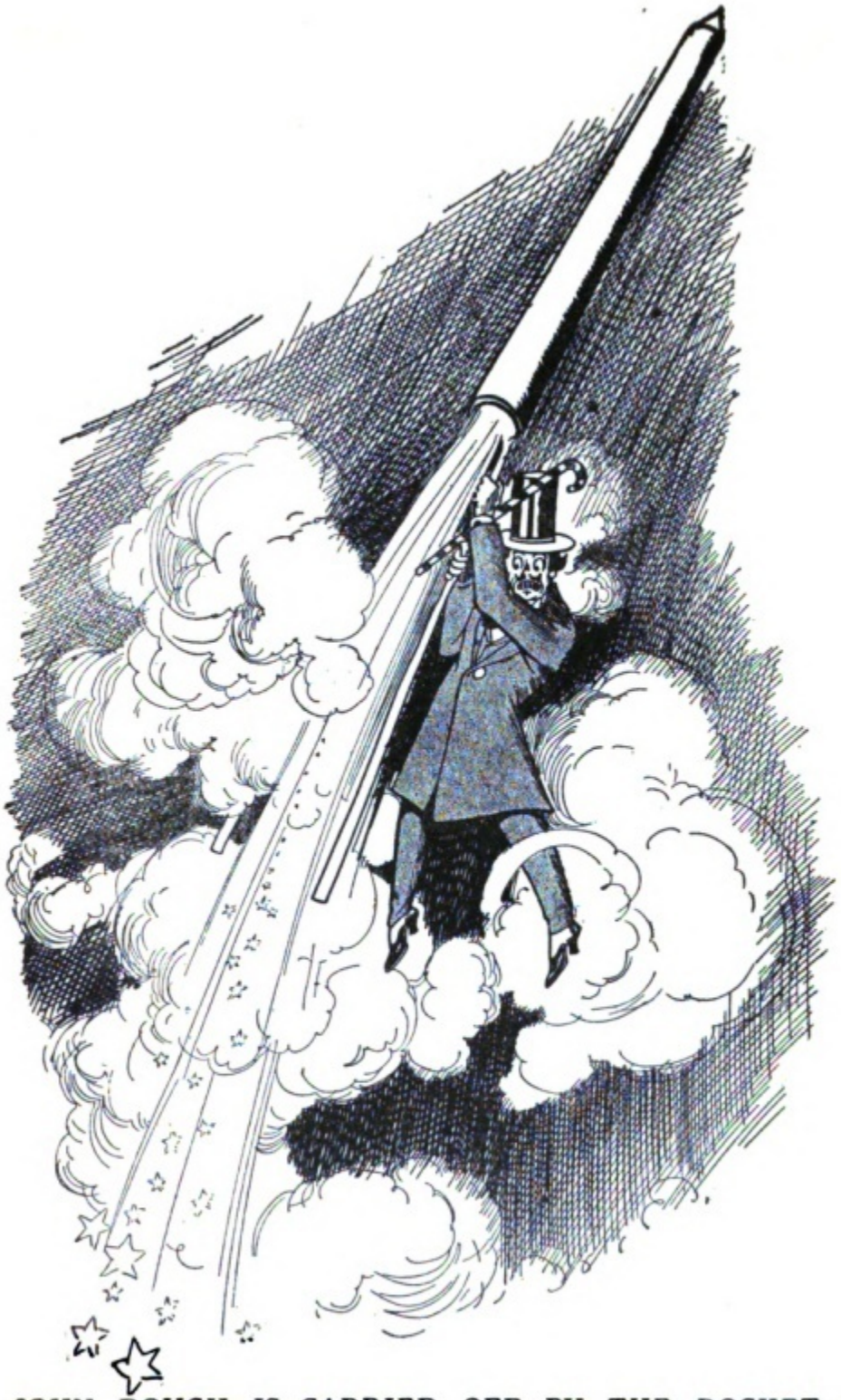
"I do not know where the gingerbread man is," said Monsieur. "He walked out of my shop while he was quite hot."

"But he can be found," said the Arab. "It is impossible for a gingerbread man, who is alive, to escape notice. Come, let us search for him at once! I must find him and eat him."

He fairly dragged Monsieur and Madame from the room in his desperation, and John Dough crouched out of sight behind the counter until he heard them pass through the door and their footsteps die away up the street.

The talk he had overheard made the gingerbread man very sad indeed. The bakery was no safe home for him, after all. Evidently it was the Arab's intention

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



JOHN DOUGH IS CARRIED OFF BY THE ROCKET 57

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Chick, the Cherub

The rocket continued to send out fiery sparks of burning powder as it plunged higher and higher into the black vault of the heavens; but few of these came in contact with John Dough, who clung to the far side of the stick and so escaped being seriously damaged. Also the rocket curved, and presently sped miles away over land and sea, impelled by the terrible force of the powder it contained. John fully expected that it would burst presently, and blow him to bits amid a cloud of colored stars. But the giant rocket was not made in the same way as the other and smaller ones that had been fired, the intention being merely to make it go as high and as far as possible. So it finally burned itself out; but so great was the speed it had attained that it continued to fly for many minutes after the last spark had died away.

Then the rocket began to take a downward course; but it was so high up, by that time, that the stick and the empty shell flew onward hour

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

after hour, gradually nearing the ground, until finally, just as a new day began to break, the huge stick, with John Dough still holding fast to its end, fell lightly upon an island washed on all sides by the waves of a mighty sea.

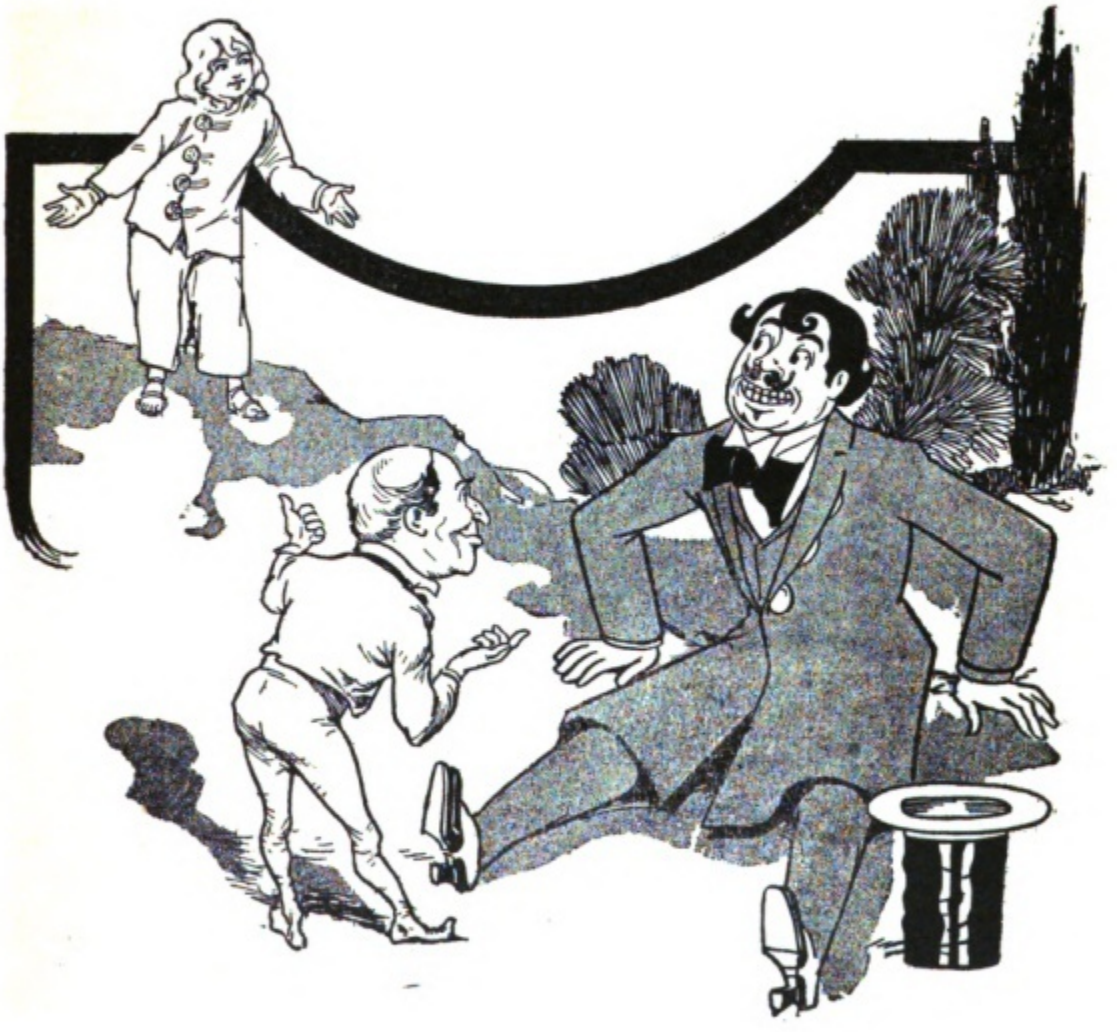
John fell on a soft bush, and thence bounded to the ground, where for a time he lay quite still and tried to recover his thoughts.

He had not done much thinking, it seems, while he was in the air. The rush of wind past his ears had dazed him, and he only realized he must cling fast to the stick and await what might happen. Indeed, that was the only thing to be done in such an emergency.

The shock of the fall had for a moment dazed the gingerbread man; and as he lay upon the ground he heard a voice cry:

"Get off from me! Will you? Get off, I say."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

little one's head and feet were bare, but the pink soles were protected by sandals fastened with straps across the toes and ankles.

"Good morning," said John, again smiling and hoping he had not stared too rudely. "It gives me great pleasure to meet you."

"My name's Chick," replied the child, laughing in sweet trills, while the blue eyes regarded the gingerbread man with evident wonder.

"That's a funny name," said John.

"Yes, it *is* funny," the child agreed, with a friendly nod. "Chick means a chicken, you know. But I'm not a chicken."

"Of course not," returned John. "A chicken is covered with feathers. And you are not."

At this Chick laughed merrily, and said, as if it were the simplest thing in the world: "I'm the Incubator Baby, you know."

"Dear me, I had n't the least idea of it," John answered gravely. "May I ask what an Incubator Baby is?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN