

MOUNTED ON LINEN

Denslow's

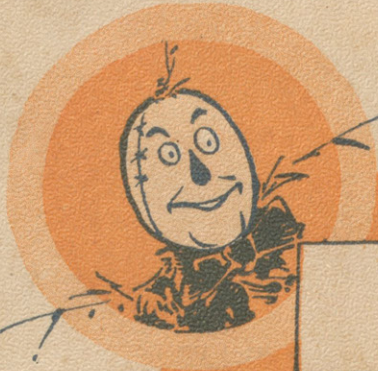
# SCARECROW and The TIN-MAN



G.W. Dillingham Co.  
Publishers New York

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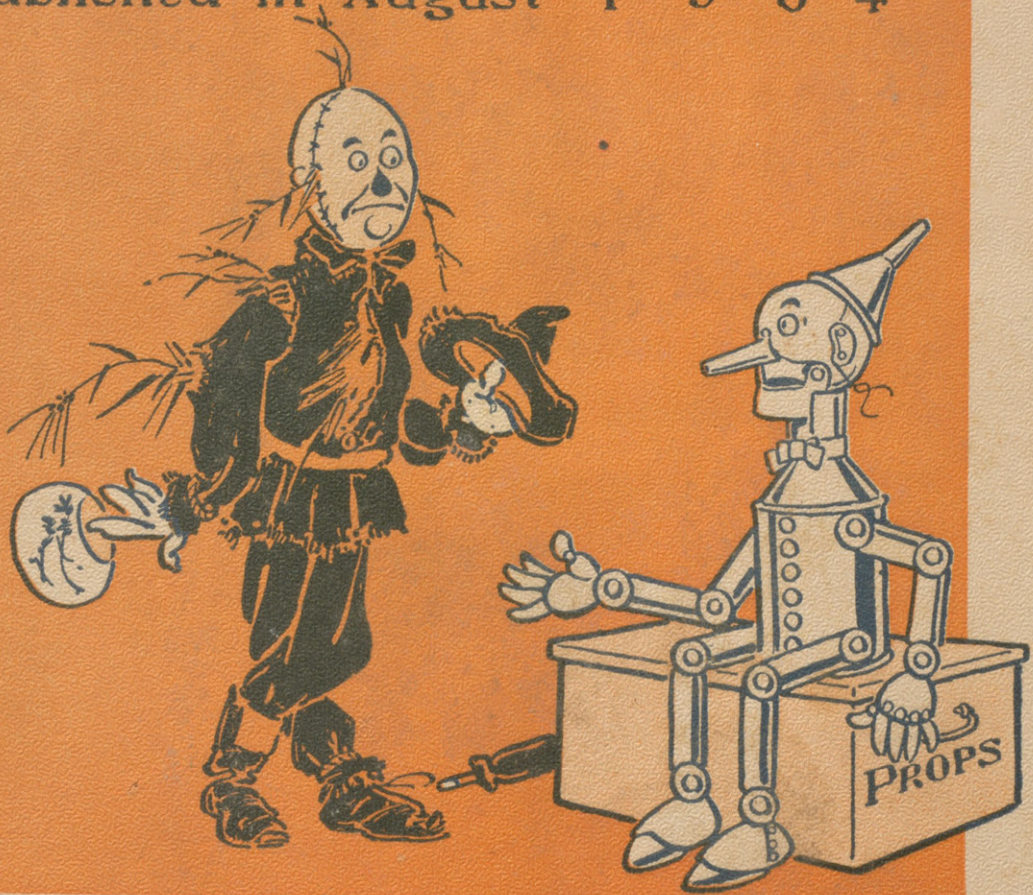


To

Little Freddie Stone.

*W. W. Denslow*

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Published in August 1 9 0 4







## The Scarecrow and The Tin-Man

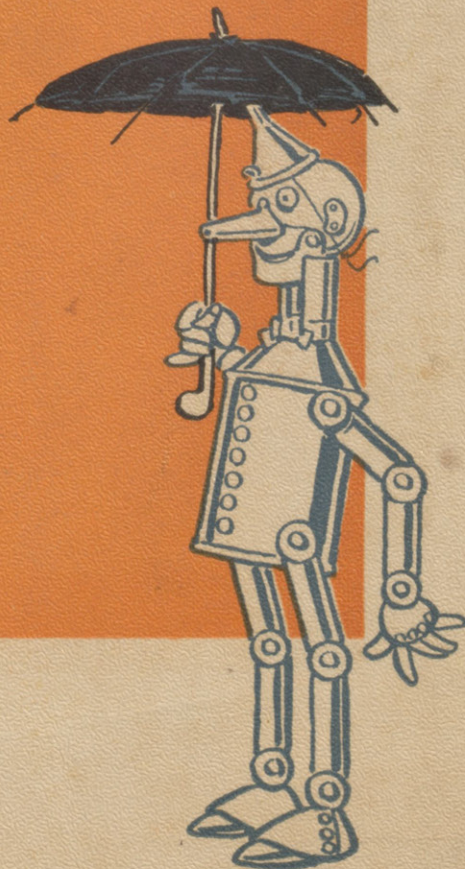
"It is a shame," said the Scare-crow to the Tin-man, one afternoon as they were resting after the performance, "here we are working day after day, night after night to amuse the children, and we haven't time for any fun ourselves. I'm going to strike, I am."

"That's so," said the Tin-man, "we haven't had a vacation in two years."

"Say—let's break out and wake up the town," replied the Scare-crow. "Come on."

So, while the manager was counting his money, the Scare-crow and the Tin-man quietly stole out of the stage door and ran down the street, greatly to the surprise of the stage doorkeeper, who told the manager that the stars had run away.

There was a great hubbub back of the scenes when they found that the Scare-crow and the Tin-man had fled.





The police were notified and searchers were sent everywhere to catch the truants, for the evening performance could not go on without them.

Meanwhile the runaway pair were having a wild, jolly time in the old town.

They ran until they thought they were safe from pursuit, and then jumped on a street car to get as far from the theater as they could in a short time.

"Fare," said the conductor.

"What's that?" asked the Scare-crow.

"Pay your money or get off!" said the conductor.

The Scare-crow and the Tin-man laughed at the idea of anyone wanting money from them.

"We haven't any," said the Tin-man.





"Then off you go!"  
and the conductor tossed  
the two from the car.

"That Tin-man had  
a hard face," said an old  
lady near the door.

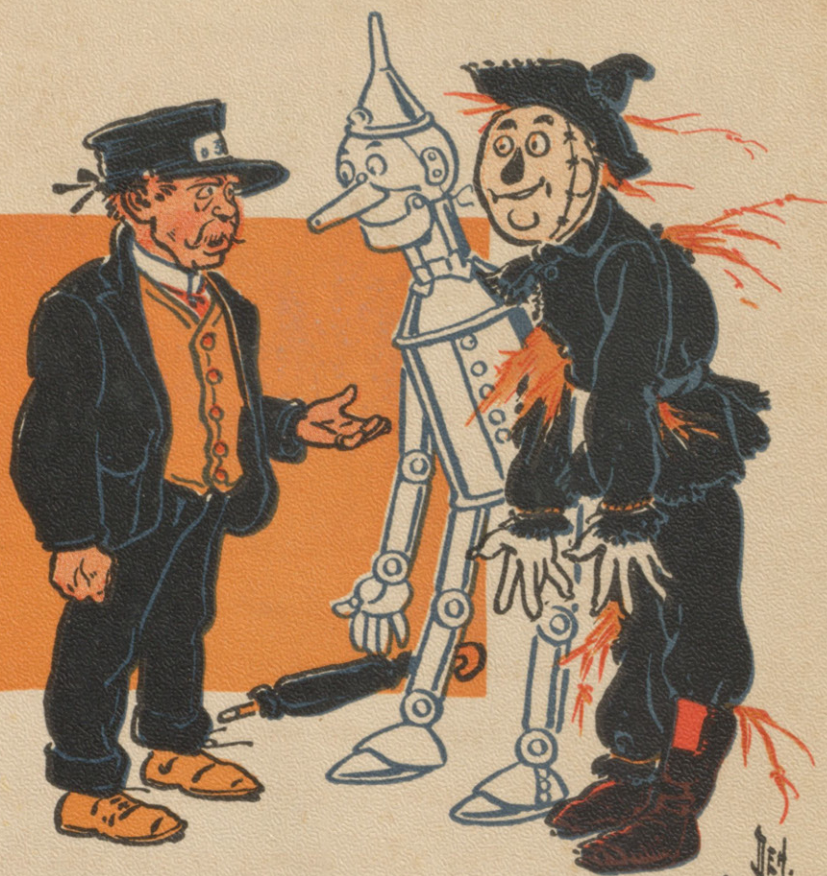
Bang! went the Tin-  
man and the Scare-crow  
into a banana and apple  
stand kept by an Italian  
on the corner, as they came off the car in a  
hurry.

Down went the stand, fruit and the two  
friends into the gutter.

Of course the banana man was angry, and talked  
loudly in broken English.

Away the two friends flew down the street with the  
angry banana man after them, calling loudly for his pay  
for the spoiled fruit.

"Everybody seems to want money," said the Scare-  
crow, as he jumped into an automobile that was standing  
by the curb. In tumbled the Tin-man, and away they  
dashed, leaving the Italian waving his arms wildly on the  
corner.











"This is great," said the Scare-crow.

"It beats the theater all to pieces," replied the Tin-man, as they fairly flew over the avenue at a reckless pace.

"Hi! Stop there," shouted a bicycle policeman. "You are going too fast."

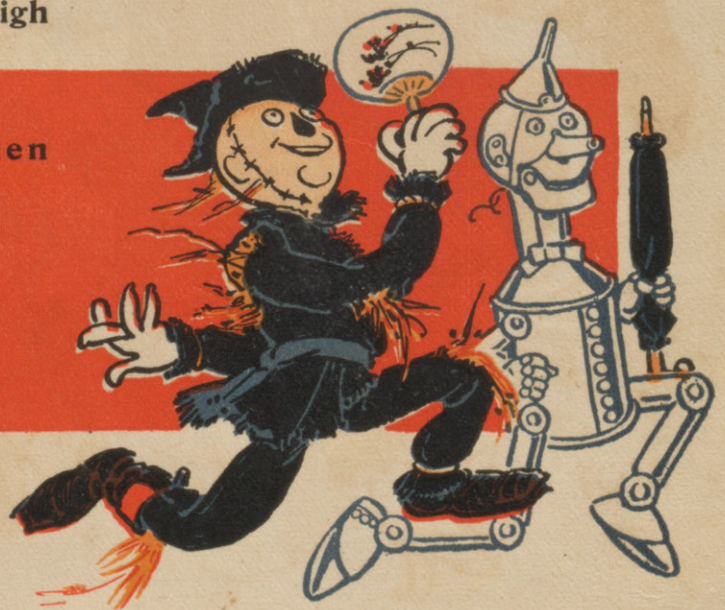
But they only waved him a tra-la as they sped along.

The policeman blew a loud blast on his whistle, and the auto was hemmed in and surrounded by policemen just as the Scare-crow steered the machine into a mortar bed in front of a new building.

The automobile turned a complete somersault, scattering mortar, brick and sand in all directions over the policemen and the crowd that was collecting.

At this stage the auto commenced to sizzle and suddenly blew up sending our friends high in the air.

One of the policemen turned in an alarm, and the fire-engines were soon on the spot to put out the fire on the auto, and taking











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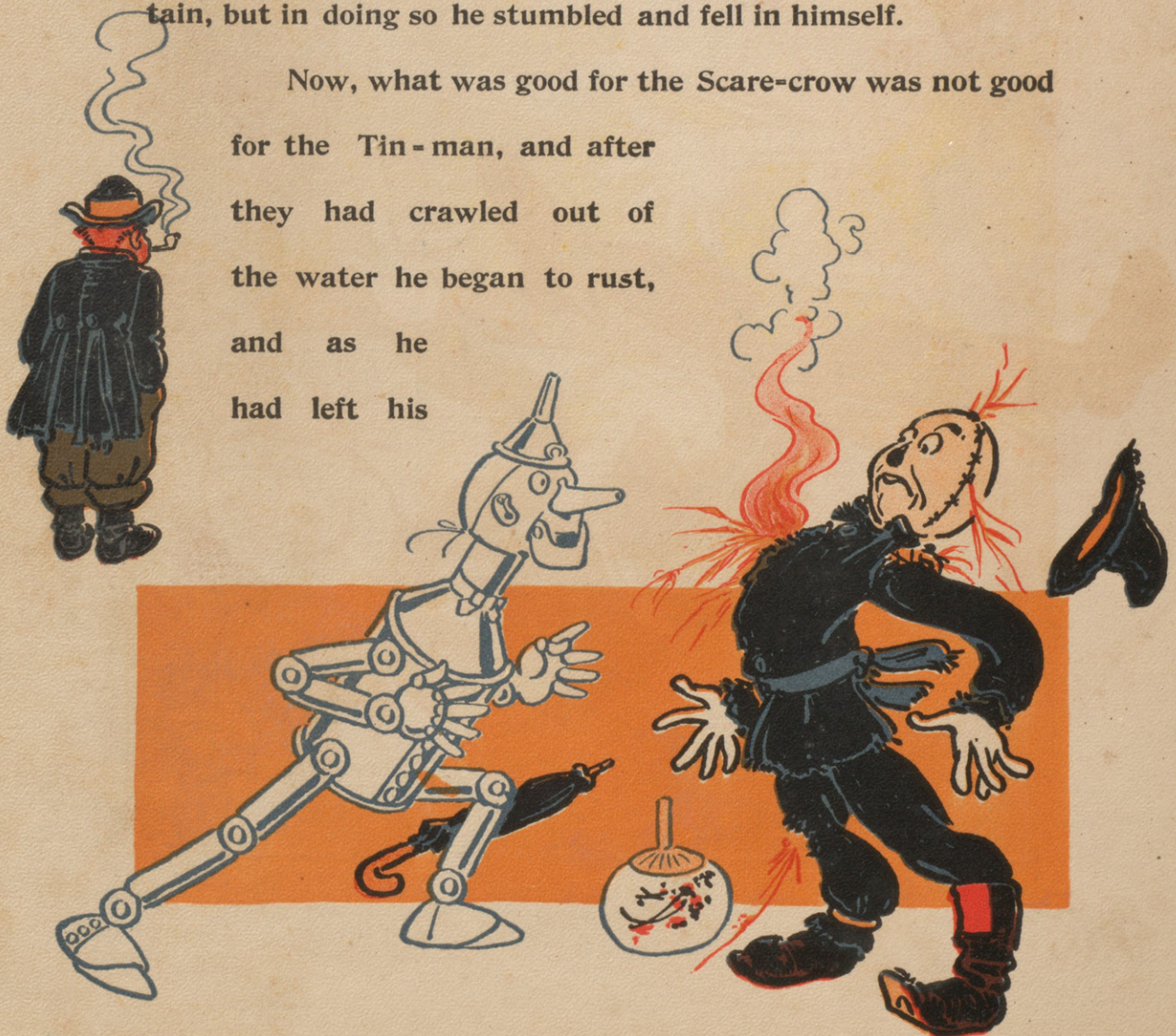


advantage of the confusion the two friends dodged down an alley, out on another street and were soon far away.

By and by they found themselves in Madison Square near the fountain, when a man carelessly threw a lighted match directly into the straw that was sticking out of the Scare-crow's chest and set him in a blaze.

The Tin-man seeing this danger, with rare presence of mind caught up his friend and dumped him into the fountain, but in doing so he stumbled and fell in himself.

Now, what was good for the Scare-crow was not good for the Tin-man, and after they had crawled out of the water he began to rust, and as he had left his







Walt  
Disney



oil-can at the theater, he was soon stiff in all his joints, so that the Scare-crow had to help him along.

Just then they heard a voice behind them say, "There they are; arrest them."

It was the voice of the manager who was hunting them with a squad of policemen.

There was no escape, as the Tin-man was so rusty by this time that he could scarcely move, and the happy pair were soon hustled into a patrol wagon and given a ride to the station.

When they came before the judge, and he had heard the complaint of the manager, he sentenced



the Scare-crow and the Tin-man to another year in the theater to make fun for the children.

*The End*



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"That's all right," said the Scare-crow. "We have had our little fun and it's all right. We go back with pleasure."

The Scare-crow oiled up the Tin-man so that he was as good as ever, and got some new straw to swell out his own chest, and the two friends shone with new luster at the evening performance that night. The children laughed as they had never laughed before at the droll antics of the Scare-crow and the Tin-man.







*Handwritten signature in orange ink, possibly reading 'L. S. 1911'.*

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