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The Normal Number of De You. Then Supplement will be above the similar of the property of the control of the property of the prope
                                                                                                                                                   atching the dancing, Boq led her into the house, where he ate a hearty breakfast, and watched a wee Munchkin bab dog before. "How far is it to the Emerald City?" the girl a ay to the Emerald City, and it will take you many days. Th
 e chance of a cyclone into a strange land. When she had tired w
I morning, with Toto curled up on the blue rug beside her. She
was a fine curiosity to all the people, for they had never seen a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             y, who played with Toto and pull ed his tail and crowed and laughed in a way that greatly amused Dorothy. Toto sked. "I do not know," answered Boq gravely, "for I have never been there. It is better for people to keep away fee country here is rich and pleasa nt, but you must pass through rough and dangerous places before you react sagain, so she bravely resolved not to turn back. She bade her friends good-bye, and again started along the first fi
rom Oz, unless they have business with him. But it is a long we have business with him. But it is a long we have end of your journey." This worried Dorothy a little, but she road of yellow brick. When she had gone several miles she the saw a Scarecrow, placed high on a pole to keep the birds f
                                                                                                                                                     e knew that only the Great Oz could help her get to Kansa
                                                                                                                                                       hought she would stop to rest, and so climbed to the top o
                                                                                                                                                       rom the ripe corn. Dorothy leaned her chin upon her hand
 d mouth painted on it to represent a face. An old, pointed bl
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 gure was a blue suit of clothes, worn and faded, which had also been
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        on his head, and the rest of the fi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ure was raised above the stalks
  iffed with straw. On the feet were some old boots with blue
                                                                                                                                                          tops, such as every man wore in this country, and the fig
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     of corn by means of the pole stuck up its back. While Dorothy was lo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      e been mistaken at first, for none of the scarecrows in Kansas ever ound the pole and barked. "Good day," said the Scarecrow, in a rat replied Dorothy politely. "How do you do?" "I'm not feeling well," ked Dorothy. "No, for this pole is stuck up my back. If you will p
  king earnestly into the gueer, painted face of the Scarecro
                                                                                                                                                          w, she was surprised to see one of the eyes slo wly wink at
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               her. She thought she must hav
wink; but presently the figure nodded its head to her in a fr
her husky voice. "Did you speak?" asked the girl, in wond
said the Scarecrow, with a smile, "for it is very tedious be
lease take away the pole I shall be greatly obliged to you
                                                                                                                                                            iendly way. Then she climbed down from the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  lked up to it, while Toto ran ar
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         "I'm pretty well, thank you,"
                                                                                                                                                            er. "Certainly," answered the Scarecrow. "Ho w do you do?
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Can't you get down?" as
                                                                                                                                                             ing perched up here night and day to scare
                                                                                                                                                                   Dorothy reached up both arms and lifte d the figure off
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                uffed with straw, it was quite light. "Thank you very much," sa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    the pole, for, being st
  the Scarecrow, when he had been set down on the gro
                                                                                                                                                                 und. "I feel like a new man." Dorothy wa s puzzled at thi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  d queer to hear a stuffed man speak, and to see him bow and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       s, for it sounde
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              nd w here are you going?" "My name is Dorothy," said the girl,
Ci ty?" he inquired. "And who is Oz?" "Why, don't you kno
walk along beside her. "Who are you?" asked the Scare
                                                                                                                                                                   crow when he had stretched himself
 'and I am going to the Emerald City, to ask the Great O
                                                                                                                                                                     z to send me back to Kansas." "W
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    here is the Eme
      she returned, in surprise, "No, indeed, I don't kno
                                                                                                                                                                         w anything. You see, I am stuff
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            brains at a
y for you." "Do you think," he asked, "if I go to the Em
                                                                                                                                                                                erald City with you, that O
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    z would give me
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     0
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             me
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 brains?" "I cannot tell," she returned, "but you may
come with me, if you like. If Oz will not give you any b
                                                                                                                                                                                       rains you will be no
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    worse off than you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      re now
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      "That is true." said the Scarecrow, "You see." he
continued confidentially, "I don't mind my legs and ar
esn't matter, for I can't feel it. But I do not want people
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  t g
fe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        et hurt. If anyo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ne treads on my toes or sticks a pin into me, it do
                                                                                                                                                                                                ms and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     body being stuffed, because I canno
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   all me a fool, and if my head stays stuf
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               th straw instead of with brains, as yours is, how am I
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    u will come with me I'll ask Oz to do all he can for
ever to know anything?" "I understand how you feel,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   little girl, who was truly sorry for him.
you." "Thank you," he answered gratefully. They walk
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  o the road. Dorothy helped him over the f
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        en ce,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        and they started along the path of yellow brick
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        if he suspected there might be a nest of rats in friend. "He never bites." "Oh, I'm not afraid,"
or the Emerald City. Toto did not like this addition to t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  t first. He smelled around the stuffed man
                                                                                                                                                             he
                                                                                                                                                                                party a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          as
he straw, and he often growled in an unfriendly way at
                                                                                                                                                              th
                                                                                                                                                                                        e Scar
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 "Don 't mind Toto," said Dorothy to her new
eplied the Scarecrow. "He can't hurt the straw. Do let m
                                                                                                                                                             ес
                                                                                                                                                                                               arry that basket fo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          r you. I shall not mind it, for I can't get ti
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           red. I'll tell you a secret," he continued, as he
walked along. "There is only one thing in the world I am
he Scarecrow; "it's a lighted match." 4. The Road Throu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         What is that?" asked Dorothy; "the Munch
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            kin farmer who made you?" "No," answered
                                                                                                                                                             afr
                                                                                                                                                                                                   aid of."
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         fter a few hours the road began to be rough
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              , and the walking grew so difficult that the S
                                                                                                                                                             gh t
                                                                                                                                                                                                he Fo rest A
carecrow often stumbled over the yellow bricks, which w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ery uneven. Sometimes, indeed, they were br
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              oken or missing altogether, leaving holes the
                                                                                                                                                             ere
                                                                                                                                                                                                              re v
at Toto jumped across and Dorothy walked around. As fo
                                                                                                                                                                                              e S
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ecrow, having no brains, he walked straight ahe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ad, and so stepped into the holes and fell at
                                                                                                                                                                                                               car
full length on the hard bricks. It never hurt him, however,
                                                                                                                                                                                                Do
                                                                                                                                                                                                               rot
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        hy would pick him up and set him upon his feet ag
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ain, while he joined her in laughing merrily a
                                                                                                                                                            and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            fewer fruit trees, and the farther they went the
his own mishap. The farms were not nearly so well cared t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         they were farther back. There were fewer houses and
                                                                                                                                                            or
                                                                                                                                                                                                here
                                                                                                                                                                                                            as
                                                                                                                                                          ey
h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         by the roadside, near a little brook, and Dorothy opened
more dismal and lonesome the country became. At noon th
                                                                                                                                                                                                 sat down
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        her basket and got out some bread. She offered
a piece to the Scarecrow, but he refused. "I am never hungry
                                                                                                                                                                                          e said, "and it
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        is a lucky thing I am not, for my mouth is only painted, and i
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                f I should cut a hole in it so I could eat, the straw I am
stuffed with would come out, and that would spoil the shape
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        thy saw at once that this was true, so she only nodded and went o
                                                                                                                                                             of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   n eating her bread. "Tell me something about yourself and the
e country you came from," said the Scarecrow, when she had
                                                                                                                                                             fin
                                                                                                                                                                       ished her
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          So she told him all about Kansas, and how gray everything was there, and how the cyclone had carried her to this queer Land of Oz. Th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              uld wish to leave this beautiful country and go back to the dry, gray place you call Kansas." "That is because you have no brains" answered f flesh and blood would rather live there than in any other country, be it ever so beautiful. There is no place like home." The Scarecrow sighed
  Scarecrow listened carefully, and said, "I cannot understand
                                                                                                                                                            why you s
he girl. "No matter how dreary and gray our homes are, we peop
'Of course I cannot understand it," he said. "If your heads were s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              tuffed with straw, like mine, you would probably all live in the beautiful places, and then Kansas would have no people at all. It is fortunate for
Kansas that you have brains." "Won't you tell me a story, while we
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               are resting?" asked the child. The Scarecrow looked at her reproachfully, and answered: "My life has been so short that I really know nothing
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             the world before that time is all unknown to me. Luckily, when the farmer made my head, one of the first things he did was to paint my ears, so m, and the first thing I heard was the farmer saying, 'How do you like those ears?' "'They aren't straight," answered the other. "'Never mind," s
whatever. I was only made day before yesterday. What happened in
that I heard what was going on. There was another Munchkin with hi
aid the farmer. "`They are ears just the same,"' which was true enough
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  `Now I'll make the eyes,''' said the farmer. So he painted my right eye, and as soon as it was finished I found myself looking at him and at eve
rything around me with a great deal of curiosity, for this was my first gli
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             mpse of the world. "That's a rather pretty eye," remarked the Munchkin who was watching the farmer. "Blue paint is just the color for eyes.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             cond eye was done I could see much better than before. Then he made my nose and my mouth. But I did not speak, because at that time I didn'
 think I'll make the other a little bigger,'" said the farmer. And when the se
 know what a mouth was for. I had the fun of watching them make my body
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              and my arms and legs; and when they fastened on my head, at last, I felt very proud, for I thought I was just as good a man as anyone. "This fe
low will scare the crows fast enough,' said the farmer. 'He looks just like a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             man.' "Why, he is a man,' said the other, and I quite agreed with him. The farmer carried me under his arm to the cornfield, and set me up on a t
all stick, where you found me. He and his friend soon after walked away and l
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             eft me alone. "I did not like to be deserted this way. So I tried to walk after them. But my feet would not touch the ground, and I was forced to sta
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             een made such a little while before. Many crows and other birds flew into the cornfield, but as soon as they saw me they flew away again, thinki
 on that pole. It was a lonely life to lead, for I had nothing to think of, having b
 ig I was a Munchkin; and this pleased me and made me feel that I was quite an i
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             mportant person. By and by an old crow flew near me, and after looking at me carefully he perched upon my shoulder and said: "I wonder if tha
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             at you are only stuffed with straw.' Then he hopped down at my feet and ate all the corn he wanted. The other birds, seeing he was not harmed b
  farmer thought to fool me in this clumsy manner. Any crow of sense could see th
  me, came to eat the corn too, so in a short time there was a great flock of them ab
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             out me. "I felt sad at this, for it showed I was not such a good Scarecrow after all; but the old crow comforted me, saying, If you only had brains
 in your head you would be as good a man as any of them, and a better man than som
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             e of them. Brains are the only things worth having in this world, no matter whether one is a crow or a man.' "After the crows had gone I thought
his over, and decided I would try hard to get some brains. By good luck you came alon
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             g and pulled me off the stake, and from what you say I am sure the Great Oz will give me brains as soon as we get to the Emerald City." "I hope
      said Dorothy earnestly, "since you seem anxious to have them." "Oh, yes; I am anxio
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             us," returned the Scarecrow. "It is such an uncomfortable feeling to know one is a fool." "Well," said the girl, "let us go." And she handed the ba
 sket to the Scarecrow. There were no fences at all by the roadside now, and the land was ro
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ugh and untilled. Toward evening they came to a great forest, where the trees grew so big and close together that their branches met over the ro
ad of yellow brick. It was almost dark under the trees, for the branches shut out the daylight;
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             but the travelers did not stop, and went on into the forest. "If this road goes in, it must come out," said the Scarecrow, "and as the Emerald City
s at the other end of the road, we must go wherever it leads us." "Anyone would know that," sai
ur or so the light faded away, and they found themselves stumbling along in the darkness. Doroth
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             d Dorothy. "Certainly; that is why know it," returned the Scarecrow. "If it required brains to figure it out, I never should have said it." After an ho
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            y could not see at all, but Toto could, for some dogs see very well in the dark; and the Scarecrow declared he could see as well as by day. So sh
e took hold of his arm and managed to get along fairly well. "If you see any house, or any place whe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           re we can pass the night," she said, "you must tell me; for it is very uncomfortable walking in the dark." Soon after the Scarecrow stopped. "I see
a little cottage at the right of us," he said, "built of logs and branches. Shall we go there?"
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              " answered the child. "I am all tired out." So the Scarecrow led her through the trees until they reached the cottage, and Dorothy entered and fou
nd a bed of dried leaves in one corner. She lay down at once, and with Toto beside her soon fell into a so
                                                                                                                                                                                                                        und sleep. The Scarecrow, who was never tired, stood up in another corner and waited patiently until morning came. 5. The Rescue of the Tin Woo
dman When Dorothy awoke the sun was shining through the trees and Toto had long been out chasing bird
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     s around him and squirrels. She sat up and looked around her. Scarecrow, still standing patiently in his corner, waiting for her. "We must go and sea
rch for water," she śaid to him. "Why do you want water?" he asked. "To wash my face clean after the dust of t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                 he road, and to drink, so the dry bread will not stick in my throat." "It must be inconvenient to be made of flesh," said the Scarecrow thoughtfully, "for
ou must sleep, and eat and drink. However, you have brains, and it is worth a lot of bother to be able to think prope
                                                                                                                                                                                                           rly." They left the cottage and walked through the trees until they found a little spring of clear water, where Dorothy drank and bathed and ate her breakfast
 She saw there was not much bread left in the basket, and the girl was thankful the Scarecrow did not have to eat anything, for there was scarcely enough for herself and Toto for the day. When she had finished her meal, and was about to go back to the road of yellow brick, she was
 startled to hear a deep groan near by. "What was that?" she asked timidly. "I cannot imagine," replied the Scarecrow; "but we can go and see." Just then another groan reached their ears, and the sound seemed to come from behind them. They turned and walked through the fores
 a few steps, when Dorothy discovered something shining in a ray of sunshine that fell between the trees. She ran to the place and then stopped short, with a little cry of surprise. One of the big trees had been partly chopped through, and standing beside it, with an uplifted axe in hi
  hands, was a man made entirely of tin. His head and arms and legs were jointed upon his body, but he stood perfectly motionless, as if he could not stir at all. Dorothy looked at him in amazement, and so did the Scarecrow, while Toto barked sharply and made a snap at the tin leg, which hurt his teeth. "Did you groan?" asked Dorothy. "Yes," answered the tin man, "I did. I've been groaning for more than a year, and no one has ever heard me before or come to help me." "What can I do for you?" she inquired softly, for she was moved by the sad voice in which
the man spoke. "Get an oil-can and oil my joints," he answered. "They are rusted so badly that I cannot move them at all; if I am well oiled I shall soon be all right again. You will find an oil-can on a shelf in my cottage." Dorothy at once ran back to the cottage and found the oil-can, and then she returned and asked anxiously, "Where are your joints?" "Oil my neck, first," replied the Tin Woodman. So she oiled it, and as it was quite badly rusted the Scarecrow took hold of the tin head and moved it gently from side to side until it worked freely, and then the man
could turn it himself. "Now oil the joints in my arms," he said. And Dorothy oiled them and the Scarecrow bent them carefully until they were quite free from rust and as good as new. The Tin Woodman gave a sigh of satisfaction and lowered his axe, which he leaned against the tree "This is a great comfort," he said. "I have been holding that axe in the air ever since I rusted, and I'm glad to be able to put it down at last. Now, if you will oil the joints of my legs, I shall be all right once more." So they oiled his legs until he could move them freely; and he thanked t
hem again and again for his release, for he seemed a very polite creature, and very grateful. "I might have stood there always if you had not come along," he said; "so you have certainly saved my life. How did you happen to be here?" "We are on our way to the Emerald City to see the Great Oz," she answered, "and we stopped at your cottage to pass the night." "Why do you wish to see Oz?" he asked. "I want him to send me back to Kansas, and the Scarecrow wants him to put a few brains into his head," she replied. The Tin Woodman appeared to think deeploy for a moment. Then he said: "Do you suppose Oz could give me a heart?" "Why, I guess so," Dorothy answered. "It would be as easy as to give the Scarecrow brains." "True," the Tin Woodman returned. "So, if you will allow me to join your party, I will also go to the Emerald City a not seed to help me." "Come along," said the Scarecrow heartily, and Dorothy added that she would be pleased to have his company. So the Tin Woodman shouldered his axe and they all passed through the forest until they came to the road that was paved with yellow brick. The Tin Woodman had asked Dorothy to put the party, Dorothy and begun to the party of the party, Dorothy and begun to the party of the party of the party, Dorothy and the party, Dorothy and the party of the party of the party of the party, Dorothy and the party of the party of the party of the party.
came to a place where the trees and branches grew so thick over the road that the travelers could not pass. But the Tin Woodman set to work with his axe and chopped so well that soon he cleared a passage for the entire party. Dorothy was thinking so earnestly as they walked alo not notice when the Scarecrow stumbled into a hole and rolled over to the side of the road. Indeed he was obliged to call to her to help him up again. "Why didn't you walk around the hole?" asked the Tin Woodman. "I don't know enough," replied the Scarecrow chee rfully. "My head is stuffed with straw, you know, and that is why I am going to Oz to ask him for some brains." "Oh, I see," said the Tin Woodman. "But, after all, brains are not the best things in the world." "Have you any?" inquired the Scarecrow. "No, my head is quite empty," answ ered the Woodman. "But once I had brains, and a heart also; so, having tried them both, I should much rather have a heart." "And why is that?" asked the Scarecrow. "I will tell you my story, and then you will know." So, while they were walking through the forest, the Tin Woodman to the standard the standard the standard the standard the standard they have a heart." "And why is that?" asked the Scarecrow. "I will tell you my story, and then you will know." So, while they were walking through the forest, the Tin Woodman to the standard the
old the following story: "I was born the son of a woodman who chopped down trees in the forest and sold the wood for a living. When I grew up, I too became a woodchopper, and after my father died I took care of my old mother as long as she lived. Then I made up my mind that instead of living alone I would marry, so that I might not become lonely. "There was one of the Munchkin girls who was so beautiful that I soon grew to love her with all my heart. She, on her part, promised to marry me as soon as I could earn enough money to build a better house for her; so I set to work harder than ever. But the girl lived with an old woman who did not want her to marry anyone, for she was so lazy she wished the girl to remain with her and do the cooking and the housework. So the old woman went to the Wicked Witch of the East, and promised
 er two sheep and a cow if she would prevent the marriage. Thereupon the Wicked Witch enchanted my axe, and when I was chopping away at my best one day, for I was anxious to get the new house and my wife as soon as possible, the axe slipped all at once and cut off my left le
   "This at first seemed a great misfortune, for I knew a one-legged man could not do very well as a wood-chopper. So I went to a tinsmith and had him make me a new leg out of tin. The leg worked very well, once I was used to it. But my action angered the Wicked Witch of the East
    she had promised the old woman I should not marry the pretty Munchkin girl. When I began chopping again, my axe slipped and cut off my right leg. Again I went to the tinsmith, and again he made me a leg out of tin. After this the enchanted axe cut off my arms, one after the oti
   but, nothing daunted, I had them replaced with tin ones. The Wicked Witch then made the axe slip and cut off my head, and at first I thought that was the end of me. But the tinsmith happened to come along, and he made me a new head out of tin. "I thought I had beaten the Wick
   Witch then, and I worked harder than ever; but I little knew how cruel my enemy could be. She thought of a new way to kill my love for the beautiful Munchkin maiden, and made my axe slip again, so that it cut right through my body, splitting me into two halves. Once more the tin
  mith came to my help and made me a body of tin, fastening my tin arms and legs and head to it, by means of joints, so that I could move around as well as ever. But, alas! I had now no heart, so that I lost all my love for the Munchkin girl, and did not care whether I married her or no
  I suppose she is still living with the old woman, waiting for me to come after her. "My body shone so brightly in the sun that I felt very proud of it and it did not matter now if my axe slipped, for it could not cut me. There was only one danger--that my joints would rust; but I kept an
 oil-can in my cottage and took care to oil myself whenever I needed it. However, there came a day when I forgot to do this, and, being caught in a rainstorm, before I thought of the danger my joints had rusted, and I was left to stand in the woods until you came to help me. It was a te
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