The Wonderful Wizard of Oz by L. Frank Baum THE WONDERFUL WIZARD OF OZ 1. The Cyclone Dorothy lived in the midst of the great Kansas prairies, with Uncle Henry, who was a farmer, and Aunt Em, who was the farmer's wife. Their house was small, for the lumber to build it had to be carried by wagon many miles. There were four walls, a floor and a roof, which made one room; and this room contained a rusty looking cookstove, a cupboard for the dishes, a table, three or four chairs, and the beds. Uncle Henry and Aunt Em had a big bed in one corner, and Dorothy a little bed in another corner. There was no garret at all, and no cellar--except a small hole dug in the ground, called a cyclone cellar, where the family could go in case one of those great whirlwinds arose, mighty enough to crush any building in its path. It was reached by a trap door in the middle of the floor, from which a ladder led down into the small, dark hole. When Dorothy stood in t he doorway and looked around, she could see nothing but the great gray prairie on every side. Not a tree nor a house broke the broad sweep of flat country that reached to the edge of the sky in all directions. The sun had baked the plowed land into a gray m ass, with little cracks running through it. Even the grass was not green, for the sun had burned the tops of the long blades until they were the same gray color to be seen everywhere. Onc e the house had been painted, but the sun blistered the paint and the rains washed it away, and now the house was as dull and gray as everything else. When Aunt Em came there to live she was a young, pretty wife. The sun and wind had changed h er, too. They ha d taken the sparkle from her eyes and left them a sober gray; they had taken the red from her cheeks and lips, and they were gray also. She was thin and gaunt, and never smiled now. When Dorothy, who was an orphan, first came to her, Au nt E m had b een so startled by the child's laughter that she would scream and press her hand upon her heart whenever Dorothy's merry voice reached her ears; and she still looked at the little girl with wonder that she could find anything to laug h at. Uncle Hen r y never l aughed. He worked hard from morning till night and did not know what joy was. He was gray also, from his long beard to his rough boots, and he looked stern and solemn, and rarely spok e. It was Toto that made Dorothy laugh, and saved h er from g rowing as gra y as her other surroundings. Toto was not gray; he was a little black dog, with long silky hair and small black eyes that twinkled merrily on either side of his funny, wee nose. Toto played all da y long, and Dorothy played with him, and loved h im dearly. T od ay , howev er, they were not playing. Uncle Henry sat upon the doorstep and looked anxiously at the sky, which was even grayer than usual. Dorothy stood in the door with Toto in her arms, and looked at th e sky too. Aunt Em was washing th e dishes. From the f ar no rth t hey heard a low wail of the wind, and Uncle Henry and Dorothy could see where the long grass bowed in waves before the com ing storm. There now came a sharp whistling in the air from the south, and as they turned their eyes tha t way th e y saw ripples in the gra ss coming from that direction also. Suddenly Uncle Henry stood up. "There's a cyclone coming, Em ," he called to his wife. "I'll go look after the stock." Then he ran t oward the sheds where th e co ws and horses were kept. A unt Em dropped her work and came to the door. One glance told her of the danger close at hand. "Quick, Dorothy!" she screamed. "Ru n for the cellar!" Toto jumped out of Dorothy's arms and hid under the bed, and the girl s tarted to ge t him. A unt Em, b adly frightene d, threw open the trap door in the floor and climbed down the ladder into the small, dark hole. Dorothy caught Toto at last and started to follow her aunt. W hen she was halfway across the room there came a great shriek from the wind, and th e house shook s o hard that she lost her footing and sat down suddenly upon the floor. Then a strange thing happened. The house whirled around two or three times and rose slowly through the air. Dorothy felt as if she were going up in a balloo n. The north and south winds met where th e house stood, a nd made it the exact c enter of the cyclone. In the middle of a cyclone the air is generally still, but the great pressure of the wind on every side of the house raised it up higher and higher, until it was at the very top of the cyclo ne; and there it remained and was carried miles and miles a wa y as easily as you co uld carry a feather. It was very dark, and the wind howled horribly around her, but Dorothy found she was riding quite easily. After the first few whirls around, and one other time when the house tipped badly, she felt as if she were being rocked gently, like a ba by i n a cradle. Toto did n ot like it. He ran about the room, now here, now there, barking loudly; but Dorothy sat quite still on the floor and waited to see what would happen. Once Toto got too near the open trap door, and fell i n; and at first the little girl thought she had lost him. But s o o n she saw on e of his ears sticking up through the hole, for the strong pressure of the air was keeping him u p so that he could not fall. She crept to the hole, caught Toto by the ear, and dragged hi m into the room again, afterward closing the trap door so th a t n o more acc idents co uld happen. Hour after hour passed away, and slowly Dorothy got over her fright; bu t she felt quite lonely, and t he wind shrieked so loudly all about her that she nearly became de af. At first she had wondered if she would be dashed to p iece s wh en the ho use fell a gain; but as the hours p assed and nothing terrible happened, she stopped worrying and resolved to wait calmly a nd see what the future would bring. At last she crawled ove r the swaying floor to her bed, and lay down upon it; and Toto fol lowed and l ay down beside her. In spite of the swaying of the house an d the wailing of the wind, Dorothy soon closed her eyes and fell fast asleep. 2. The Council with the Munchkins She was awakened by a shock, so sudden and severe t hat if Do rothy h ad n ot been l ying on the soft bed she might have been hurt. As it was, the jar made her catch her breath and wonder what had happened; a nd Toto put his cold little nose into her face and whi ne d dismally. Dorothy sat up and noticed that the house was not movi ng; nor w a s it dark, for the bright sunshine came in at the window, flooding the little room. She sprang from her bed and with Toto at her heels ran and o pened the door. The little girl gave a cry of am aze ment and looked about her, her eyes growing bigger and bigger at the wonderful sights she sa w. The cyclone had set the house down very gently--for a cyclone--in the midst of a country of marvelous beauty. There were lovely patch es of greensward all about, with stat ely tr ee s bearing rich and luscious fruits. Banks of gorgeous flowers were on every hand, and birds with rare and brilliant plumage sang and fluttered in the trees and bushes. A little way off was a small brook, rushing and sparkling alon g between green banks, and murmu ring i n a voice very grateful to a little girl who had lived so long on the dry, gray prairies. While she s tood looking eagerly at the strange and beautiful sights, she noticed coming toward her a group of the queerest people she had ever seen . They were not as big as the gr ow n folk she had always been used to; but neither were they very small. In fact, they seemed ab out as tall as Dorothy, who was a well-grown child for her age, although they were, so far as looks go, many years older. Three were men an d o ne a woman, and all w ere oddly dre sse d . They wore round hats that rose to a small point a foot above their heads, with little bells aro und the brims that tinkled sweetly as they moved. The hats of the men were blue; the little woman's hat was white, and she wore a white gown th at hung in pleats fr om her shoul de rs. Over it were sprinkled little stars that glistened in the sun like diamonds. The men were d ressed in blue, of the same shade as their hats, and wore well-polished boots with a deep roll of blue at the tops. The men, Dorothy thought, we re ab out as old as Un cle Henry , fo r two of them ha d beards. But the little woman was do ubtless much older. Her f ace was covered with wrinkles, her hair was nearly white, and she walked rather stiffly. When these people drew near the house where Dorothy was standing in t he doorwa y, they paused and whispere d among themselves, as if afr aid to come farther. But the litt le old woman walked up to Dorothy, made a low bow and said, in a sweet voice: "You are welcome, most noble Sorceress, to the land of the Mun ch kin s. We are s o g rat eful to y ou for having killed the Wi c ked Witch of the East, and for setting our people free from bondage." Dorothy listened to this speech with wonder. What could the little woman possibly mean by calling her a sorceress, and sayin g s he h ad ki lled the Wi cked Wi tch o f the East? Dorothy was a n inn ocent, harmles s little girl, who had b een carried by a cyclone many miles from home ; and she had never killed anything in all her life. But the little woman evidentl y ex pec te d her t o a nswer; so Dorothy said, wit h h esitation, "Y ou are very kin d, b ut there must be some mistake. I ha ve not killed anything." "Your house did, anyway," replied the little old woman, with a laugh, "and tha t i s th e same thi ng. See!" she continued, point ing to the corne r o f t he house. "The r e are her two feet, still stickin g out from under a block of wood." Dorothy look ed, and gave a little cry of fright. There, indeed , ju st under th e co r ner of the great beam the house re sted o n, tw o f ee t were stick ing ou t, shod in silver shoes w ith pointed toes. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" cried Doro thy, clasping her hands together in dismay. " Th e hou se m us t have f allen on her. Whatever shall we do?" " Ther e is n oth ing t o be d one," s aid the little woman calmly. "But who was she?" asked Dorothy. "She w as the Wicked Witch of the East, as I said, " ans we red the li ttle w oman . "She has held all the Munchkins in bo ndage for ma ny years, maki ng the m slave for he r night and day. Now they are all set free, and are grateful to you for the favor." "Who are the Munchkins?" inquired Dor o thy . "Th ey are the people who live in this land of the East wher e the W icke d Wit c h ruled." "Ar e you a Mun chkin?" as ked Dorothy. "No, but I am their friend, although I live in the land of the North. When they saw the Witch of the Ea st w a s d ead the Munchkins s ent a swift messenger to me, and I came at once. I am th e Witch of the North." "Oh, g raciou s!" cried Dorothy. "Are you a real witch?" "Yes, indeed," answered the little woman. "But I am a good witch, and th e peo ple l ove me. I am not as powerful as the Wicked Witch was who ruled h er e , or I should hav e set th e people free myself." "But I thought all witches were wicked," said the g irl, who was half frightened at facing a real wi tc h. "Oh, no , that i s a grea t mistake. The re were only four witches in all the La n d o f Oz , and two of th em , th ose who live in the North and the S outh, are good witches. I know this is true , for I am one of them myself, and cannot be mi stak en. Those w h o d welt in the Ea st and the West were, indeed, wic k ed witc h es ; but now th at yo u h ave killed one of them, there is but one Wicked Witch in all the Land of Oz--the o ne who lives in the West." "But," said Dorothy, after a mom ent's thought, "Aunt Em has told me that the witches wer e all de ad- -years an d ye ars ago." "Who is Aunt Em?" inqui red the little old woman. "She is my aunt who liv es in Kansas, where I came from." The Witch of the N orth see m ed to think for a time, wit h her head bowed and her eyes upon t he gr ou nd. T hen she looked up and said, "I do n ot know where Kansas is, for I have never heard th at country mentioned before. But tell me, is it a civilized co un t ry ?" "Oh, yes," replied Do rothy. "Then that accounts for it. In the civilized co untries I beli eve there are no witches left, nor w izards, nor sorceresses, nor magicians. But, you se e, the Land of Oz has neve r been ci v ilize d, f or we are cu t off from a l l the rest of the world. Therefore w e sti ll have witches and wi zards amongst us." "Who are th e wizards?" asked Dorothy. "Oz himself is the Great Wizard," answered the Witch, sinki n g her voice to a whis per. "He is m o re powerful than all the rest of us togethe r. He lives in the Ci ty of Emeralds." Dorothy was going to ask another question, but just then the Mun chkins, who had been standing sil ently by, ga ve a loud shout and pointed to the corner of the house where the Wicked Witc h had been lyin g. "What is it?" asked the little old woman, and looked, and began to laugh. The feet of the dead Witch had disappea r ed entirely, a nd not hing was lef t but the silver shoes. "Sh e was so old," explained the Witch of the North , "that she dried up quic kly in the sun. That is t he end of her. But the silver shoes are yours, and you shall have them to wear." She reached d own and picked up th e shoes, and af te r shaking the dust out of them handed them to Dorothy. "The Witch of the East was proud of those s ilver shoes," said on e of the Munchkins, "and there is some charm connec ted with them; but what it is we never knew." Dorothy carried t he shoes into the ho u se and placed them on the table. Then she came out again to the Munchkins and said: "I am anxi ous to get back t o my aunt and uncle, for I am sure they will worry abo ut me. Can you help me find my way?" The Munchkins and the Wit ch first l ook e d at one an other, and then at Dorothy, and then shook their heads. "At the East, not far fro m here," said one, "there is a great desert, and none could live to cr oss it." It is the same at the South," said another, "for I have been there and seen it. Th e South is the country of the Quadlings." "I am told," said the third man, "that it is t he same at the West. And that country, where the Winkies live, is ruled by the Wicked Witch of the West, who would make you her sla ve if you passe d her way." "The North is my home," said the old lady, "and at its edge is th e same great desert that s rrounds this Land of Oz. I'm afraid, my dear, you will have to liv e with us." Do rothy began to sob at this, for she felt lonely among a ll these stra nge people. Her tears seemed to grieve the kind-hearted Munchkins, for they immedi ately took out thei r han dkerchiefs and began to weep also. As for the little old woman, she to ok o ff her cap and balanced the point on the end of he r n ose, while sh e counted "One, two, three" in a solemn voice. At once the cap changed to a slate, on which w as written in big, white chalk marks: "LET DOROTHY GO TO THE C ITY OF EMERA LDS." Th e little old woman took the slate from her nose, and having rea d the word s on it, asked, "Is your name Dorothy, my dear?" "Yes," answered the child, lookin g up and drying her tears. "Then you must g o to the City of Emeralds. Per haps Oz will h elp you." "Where is this city?" asked Doroth y . "It is exa ctly in the center of the country, and is ruled by Oz, the Great Wizard I told you of." "Is he a good man?" inquired the girl anxio usly. "He is a good Wizard. W hether he is a man or not I cannot tell, for I have never seen h im ." "How can I get there?" asked Dorothy. "You mu st walk. It is a long journey, through a count ry that is sometimes pleasant and sometimes d a rk and terrible. However, I will use all the magic arts I know of to keep you fro m harm." "Won't you go with m e?" pleaded the girl, who had begun to look upon the little old woman as her o nly friend. "No, I cannot do that, " she replied , "but I will give you my kiss, and no one will dare injure a person who has been kiss ed by the Witch of the North. " Sh e came close to Dorothy and kissed he r gently on the forehead. Where her lips touched the girl they lef t a round, sh ining mark, as Dorothy found out soon after. "The road to the City of Emeralds is paved with yellow brick," said the Witch, " so you cannot miss it. When you get to Oz do not be afraid of him, but tell your st ory and ask him to help yo u. Good-bye, my dear." The th ree Munchkins bowed low to her and wished her a pleasant journey, after which they walked away through t he trees. The Witch gave Dorothy a friendly little nod, whirled around on her left heel thr ee times, and straightw ay disappea red, much to the su rprise of l ittle Toto, who barked after her loudly enough when she had gone, because he had been afraid e ven to growl while she stood by. But Dorothy, knowing her to be a witch, had expected her to disappear in just t hat way, and was not surprised in the l east. 3. How Dorothy Saved the Scarecrow When Dorothy was left alone she began to feel hungry . So she went to the cupboard and cut herself some bread, which she spr ead with butter. She g ave some to Toto, and taking a pail f rom the sh elf sh e carried it down to the little brook and filled it with clear, sparkling water. Toto ran over to the trees and began to bark at the birds sitting there. Dorothy went to get him, and sa w such delicious fru it hanging from t he branche s that she gathe red some of it, finding it just what she wanted to help out her breakfast. Then she went back to the house, and ha ving helped herself and Toto to a good drink of the cool, clear water, she set abo ut making ready f or the journey to the City of Eme ralds. Dor othy had only o ne other dress, but that happened to be clean and was hanging on a peg beside her bed. It was gingham, with checks of white and blue; and although the blue was somewhat faded with man y washings, it w as still a pre tty frock. T he girl washed he rself carefully, dres sed herself in the clean gingham, and tied her pink sunbonnet on her head. She took a little basket and filled it with bread from the cupboard, laying a white cloth over the top. Then she looke d down at her feet and n oticed how old and worn h er shoes were. "They su rely will never do for a long journey, Toto," she s aid. And Toto looked up into her face with his little black eyes and wagged his tail to show he knew what she meant. At that moment Doroth y saw lying on the t able the sil ver shoes that had belonged to the Witch of the East. "I wonder if they will fit me," sh e said to Toto. "They would be just the thing to take a long walk in, for they could not wear out." She took off her old leather shoes and tried on the sil ver on es, which fi tt ed her as well as if they had been made for her. Finally she picked up her baske t. "Come along, Toto," she said . "We will go to the Emerald City and ask the G reat Oz how to get back to Kansas again." S he close d th e door, loc ked it, and put the key carefully in the pocket of her dress. And so, with Toto tr otting along soberly behi nd her, she started on her journey. Th ere were several roads near by, but it did not take he r l ong to find the one pav ed with yellow brick s. Within a short time she was walking briskly t oward the Emerald Ci ty, her silver shoes tinkling mer rily on the hard, yellow road-bed. The sun shone br i ght and the birds sang swee tly, and Doroth y did not feel nearly so bad as you might think a little girl would w ho had been suddenly whisked away from her own country and set down in t he midst of a strange land. She w as surpris ed, as she walked along, to see how pretty the country was abou t her. There were neat fences at the sides of the road, painted a dainty blue color, and beyond them wer e fiel ds of grain and vegetables in abundance. Evidently the Munchk ins were good farmers and able to raise l arge crops. Once in a while she w ould pass a house, and the people came out to look at her and bow low as she went by; f ew she had been the means of destroy ing the Wicked Wi tch and se tting them free from bo ndage. Th e houses of the Munchkins were odd-looking dwellings, for each was round, with a big dome for a roof. All were painted blue, for in thi s countr y of the E ast blue was t he favorite col or. Toward evening, when Dorothy was tired with her l ong walk and began to wonder wh ere she sh ould pass the night, she came to a house rathe r larger than the rest. On th e green lawn before it many men and women were dancing. Five littl e fiddlers played as loudly as possible, and the people were lau ghing and singing, while a big tab le near by was l oaded w ith deliciou s fruits and nuts, pies an d cakes, and many other good things to ea t. The people greeted Dorothy kindly , and invited her to supper and to pass the night with them; for this wa s the ho me o f one of the richest Munchkins in the land, and his friends were gathered with him to cele brate t heir freedom fro m the bondage of the Wicked Witch. Doroth y ate a hearty supper and was waite d u pon by t he rich Munc hkin himself, whose name was Boq. Then she sat upon a settee and wat ched the p eople dance. W hen Boq saw her silver shoes he said, "Yo u must be a great sorceress ." "W hy ?" aske d the girl. "Because you wear si lver shoes and have killed the Wicked Witch. Besides, you have white in your frock, and only witches a nd sorceresses wear white." "My dress is blue and white checked," s aid Do rothy, smoothing out the wrinkl es in it. "It is kind of you to wear that," said Boq. "B lue is the color o f the Munchkins, and white is th e witch color. So we know you are a friendly witch." Dorothy di d not know what to say to this, for all the people seemed to think her a witch, and she knew very well she was only an ordinary lit tle girl who had co me by the c han ce of a cyclone into a str ange land. When she ha d tired watching the dancing, Boq led her into the house, where h e gav e her a room with a pretty be d in it. The she ets were made of blue c loth, and Dorothy slept soundly in them till morning, wit h Toto cu rled up o n the b lue rug beside her. She ate a h e arty breakfa st, and watched a wee Mu nchkin ba by, who played with Toto and pulled his tail an d crow ed and laugh ed in a way that greatly am used Dorothy. Toto was a fine curios ity to all the people, f or they had n ev er seen a dog before. "How far is it to the Em erald Cit y?" the girl asked . "I do not know," answered B oq gravely, "for I have never been there. It is bett er for people to keep aw ay from Oz, unless they have business with him. But it i s a long w ay to the Emerald City, and it will take you many days. The cou ntry here is rich and pleasant, but y ou must pass through rough an d dangerous plac es before you reach the end of your journey." This w orried Doro thy a little, but she knew that only the Great Oz could help her get to Kansas again, so she bravely resolv ed not to turn back. She bade her fr iends good-bye , and again started along the road of y ellow brick. When she had go ne several miles sh e thought she would stop to rest, and so climbed to the top of the fence beside t he road and sat down. There was a grea t cornfield be yond the fence, and not f ar away she saw a Scar ecrow, placed hi gh on a pol e to keep the bi rds from the ripe corn. Do roth y leaned her chin upon her hand and gazed tho ughtfully at the Scarecrow. Its head was a small sack stuffed with straw, with e yes, nose, and mouth painted on it to represent a face. An o ld, p ointed blu e hat, that had belonged to some Munchkin, was perched on his head, and the rest of the figur e was a blue suit of cl othes, wor n and faded, which had al so been stuffed with straw. On the feet were some old boots with blue tops , such as every man wore in this c ou ntry, and the figure was raised ab ove the s talks of corn b y means of the pole s its back. While Dorothy w as looking earnestly into the queer, painted face o f the Scare crow, st ill stan ding patiently in his corner, waiting for he r. "We mus t go and searc h for wat er," she said to him . "Why do y ou want wa ter?" he aske d. "To wash my face cl ean after the dust of the road, and the scarecr ows in Kans as ever wink; but presently the figure nodded its head to he r in a friendl y way. Then she climbed down from t he fence and walked up to it, w hile Toto ran around t he pole and b ark ed . "Good da y," said the Scarecrow, in a rather husky voice. "Did you spe ak?" asked the girl, in w onde r. "Certainly," answered the Scarecr ow. "Ho w do you do?" "I'm pretty well, thank you ," replied Do rothy poli tely . "How do you do?" "I 'm not feeling we ll," said the Scarecrow, with a smile, "fo r it is very te dious be ing perched up here night and da y to scare away crows." "Can't you get down?" ask ed D or ot hy. "No, fo r this pole i s stuck up my ba ck. If you will please take awa y the pole I shall be gre atly obliged to you." Dorothy reached u p bot h arms and lifted the fi gure off the pole, f or, being stuf f ed wit h straw, it was quite ligh t. "Thank you ver y much," said the Scarecrow , when he had been set down on the ground. "I feel like a ne w ma n." Dorothy was puz z l ed at this, for it sounded queer to he ar a stuffe d man spe ak, and to see him bow and walk along beside her. "Who are you?" aske d the Scare crow when he had stretched himse lf and yawned. "And where are you going?" "My name is Dorothy," s aid the girl, "a nd I am g oing to the Emerald City, to ask the Great Oz to send me bac k to Kansa s." "Wher e is the Emerald Cit y?" he inq uir e d. "A nd who is Oz?" " Why, don't you know?" she returned, in surprise. "No, i ndeed. I don't know anything. You see, I am stuffed, so I have no brai ns at all," h e answer ed s adly. "Oh," said Dorothy, "I 'm awfu lly sorry for yo u." "Do you think," he asked, "if I g o to the Emerald City with you , that Oz would give me some b rains?" "I cannot tell," she returned, "bu t you may come with me, if you like. If Oz w ill not give yo u any brains you will be no worse off than you are now." "That is true," s aid the Scarecrow. "You see," he contin ued confidentially, "I don't mind my legs and arms and b ody being stuffed, b ecau se I c annot get hurt. If any one treads on my toes or sticks a pin into me, it doesn't matte r, for I can't feel it. But I do not want people to call me a fool, and if my head stays stuff ed with straw inste ad of with brains , as y ou rs is, ho w am I ever to know anything? " "I understand how you feel," sa id the little girl, who was truly sorry for him. "If you will come with me I'll ask Oz to do all he can for y ou." "Th an k you, " he answ ered gratefully. They walked back to the road. Do rothy helped him over the fence, an d they starte d along the path of yellow brick f o r the Emer a ld Ci t y. Toto did n ot like this a ddi tion to the party at first. He smelled ar ound the stuffed man as i f he suspected there mig ht be a ne st of ra ts in th e straw, a nd h e often growle d in an un friendl y way at the Scarecrow. "Don't mind T oto," said Dorothy to her new friend. "He neve r bites." " Oh, I'm not a fra id ," rep li ed the Scarecrow. "He can't hurt the straw . Do let me ca rry that basket for yo u. I shall not mind it, for I can't get tired. I'll tell y a secret," he co ntinue d, a s he walk ed along. " Th ere is only one thing in the world I am afra id of." "What is that?" asked Doro thy; "the Munchkin farmer who made you?" "No," answered the Scarecrow; "it's a lighted m atch." 4. The Road Thr oug h t he Fo rest Af ter a few hour s t he road began to be rough, and the walking gr ew so difficu lt that the Scarecrow often stumbled ove r the yellow bricks, which were here very uneven. Sometimes , indeed, t hey were broken or missing a ltog ether, leav in g holes that Tot o j um ped across and Dorothy w alked around. As for the Scarecr ow, having no brains , he walked straight ahead, and so stepped into the holes and fell at full length on the hard bricks. It never hurt him, ho wever , and Dor ot hy would pick him up and set him upon his feet again, while he joine d her in laug hing merrily at his o wn mishap. The far back. The re were fewer houses and few er fru it tree s, a nd th e farther they we nt the more dismal and lonesome the country became. A t noon they s side, near a little br . She offer ed a piece to the Scarecro w, but he refus ed . "I am nev er hungry," he said, "and it is a lucky thing I am not, for my mouth is only painted, and if I s hould cut a hole ook, and Dorothy opened her basket and got out some bread poil the sh ape of my head." Dorothy saw at o nc e that this was true, so s he only nodd ed and went on eating her bread. "Tell me something about yourse lf and th in it so I could eat, t he straw I am stuffed with would come ou t, and that would s ner. So she t old him all about Kan sa s, an d h ow gray everything was there, and how the cyclone had carried her to this queer Land of Oz. The Scar ec e country you came from," said the Scarecrow, when she h ad finished her din leave t his b eautiful country and go ba ck to the dry , g ray place you call Kansas." "That is be cause you have no brains" answered the girl. "No matter row listened carefull y, and said, "I cannot understand why you should wish to live th ere t han in any other country, be it ever so be au tiful . There is no place like home." The Scarecrow si ghed. "Of course I cannot understand it, how dreary and gra y our homes are, we people of flesh and blood would rather all live in the b eautiful places, and then Kan sas would hav e n o p eop le at all. It is fortunate for Kansas that you have b rains." "Won't you tell me a story, while we he said. "If your hea ds were stuffed with straw, like mine, y ou would probably nswered: "My li fe has been so short that I rea lly k no w no thing whatev er. I was only made day be fore yesterday. What happ ened in the world are resting?" asked the child. The S carecrow looked at her reproachfully, and a ad, one of the f irst things he did was to paint my ears, so that I heard what was going on. Th ere was another Mu nchkin with him, and the fir bef ore that time is all unknown t o me. Luckily, when the farmer made my he y aren't straigh t," answered the other. "`N ever min d," said the f armer. "` They are ears just the same," which was true enoug st t hing I heard was the farmer s aying, `How do you like those ear s?' "`The and as soon a s it was finished I found myse l f lookin g a t him and at ev erything around me with a gr eat dea l of curiosity, for this was my f h. " `Now I'll mak e the eyes,"' sai d the farmer. So he painted my ri ght eye, hkin wh o was watching the farmer. "`Blue s.' "`I th ink I'll m ake the other a little bigger, irst glimpse of t he world. "`That' s a rather pretty eye,"' remarked t he Munc y paint is just the colo r for eye '" said the farmer. And when t he nose and my mouth. But I did not spea k, because at that time I didn't k now what a mouth was fo r. I had the fun of watching them make my body and my second eye was done I could see r I thought I was just as g ood a man as anyone. "`This fellow will scare the crows fast enoug h,' said the farmer. `He looks just l ike a man.' "`Why, he is a man arm s and legs; and when they fasten rm to the cornfield, and set me up on a tall stick, where you found me. He and his friend s oon af ter walk ed away and left me alone. " I did not lik e to be deserte ,' s aid the other, and I quite agreed w d, an d I was forced to stay on that pole. It was a lonely life to lead, for I had nothing to think of, having been made s uch a litt le while before. Many crows and other birds fl d th is way. So I tried to walk after the inking I w as a Munchkin; and this pleased me and made me feel that I was quite an important person. By and by an old cro w flew ne ar me, and after look ing at me c arefully he per ew into the cornfield, but as soon as fool me in this clumsy manner. Any crow of sense could see that you are only stuffed with straw.' Then he ho pped down at my feet and ate all the corn h e wanted. T he other birds, che d upon my shoulder and said: "`I n a short tim e the re was a great flock of t hem about m e. "I felt sad at this, for it showed I w as not such a good Sc arecrow after all; but the old cr ow comforted se eing he was not harmed by me, c od a man as any of them, and a be tter man than some of them. Brains are the only things w orth having in this worl d, no matter whether one is a crow o r a man.' "Afte me, saying, `If you only had brain s in your head you would be as go hard to get s ome brains. By good luck you came along 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 th e E e crows had gone l th ought this over, and decided I w ould try seem anxio us to have them." "Oh, yes; I am anxious," returned the Scarecrow. "It is such an unco mfortable feeling to know one is a fool." "Well," said the girl, "let us go." An merald City." " I hope so," said Dorothy earnestly, "s ince you nces at all by the road sid e now, and the land was rough and untilled. Toward evening they came to a great forest, where the trees grew so big and close together that their bran d s he han ded the basket to the Scarec r ow. There w ere no fe under the trees, for the branches shut out the daylight; but the travelers did no t stop, and went on into the forest. "If this road g oes in, it mus t come out," sa che s met over the road of yellow brick . It was alm ost dark of the road, we m ust go wherever it leads us." "Anyone would know that," sai d Dor othy. "Certainly; that is why I know it ," returned the i d the Scarecrow, "and as the Emerald Ci ty is at the other end said it." After an hour or so the light faded away, and they found themse lves s tumbling along in the darkness. Dorothy cou ld Scarecrow. "If it required brains to figure it ou t, I never sh ould have k; and the Sc arecrow declared he could see as well as by day. So sh e to ok hold of his arm and managed to get along fairly well . "I not see at all, but Toto could, for some dogs se e very well in the dar n after the Scarecrow stopped. "I see a little co ttage at the r see any house, or any place where we can pass the night, " she said , "you m ust tell me; for it is very uncomfortable w alking in the dark. " Soo w led her through the trees until they reached th e cottage, and Doroth " he said, "built of logs and branches. Shall we g o there?" " Yes, indee d," an swered the chil d. "I am all tired o ut." So the Scarec ro nd sleep. The Scarecrow, who was never tired, stood up in another corner and w und a bed of dried leaves in one corner. She lay down at once, and with T oto besi de her soo n fell in to a sou and Toto had long been o ut chasing birds aroun d him and squirrels. She sat up a orning came. 5. Th e Rescue of the Tin Woodman When Dor othy awok e the sun was sh ining th rou gh the trees ean after the dust of the road, and arecrow, still stan ding patiently in his corner, waiting for he r. "We mus t go and searc h for wat er," she said to him . "Why do y ou want wa ter?" he aske d. "To wash my face cl ean after the dust of the road, and will not stick in my throat." "It must be inconvenient to be m ade of flesh ," said the Scarecrow though tfully, "f or you mus t sleep, an d eat and dri nk. However, you have brains, and it is worth a lot of both rly." They left the c ottage and walked through the trees until t hey found a little spring of clear water, where Do rothy d rank and b athed and at e her breakfast. She s aw there was not much bread left in thankful the Scare crow did not have to ea t anything, for th ere was scar cely enough for herself and Toto for the day. W hen s he had finished her meal, an d was about to go back to the road of yellow brick, she w an near by. "What w as that?" she asked timidly. "I cannot imagine," re pl ied the Sc arecrow; "but we can g o a nd see." Just then another gr oan reached their ears, and the sound seemed to come d and walked throu gh the forest a few steps, when Dor othy discove r ed something shining i n a ray of sunshine that fell be tween the trees. She ran to the place and th en stopped short ne of the big trees h ad been pa rtly chopped through, an d standing bes ide it, with an uplifted axe in his hands, wa s a man made entirely of tin. His head an d arms and legs w he stood perfectly m otionle ss, as if he could not stir at all. D orothy looked at him in amazement, and so did the Scare crow, whil e Toto barked sharply and made a snap at th e tin legs, which hurt his teeth. "Did you groan?" ask ed Dorothy. "Yes," answered the tin man, "I did. I've been gro aning for more than a year, and no o ne has ever he ard me before or come to help me." "Wh at can I d o 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 mo ve 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 c ottage and found the oil-can, and then she returned and asked anxiousl y, "Where a re your joints?" " O il my ne ck, first," replied the Tin Woodman. So sh e oiled it, and as it was quite badly rusted the Sc arecrow took hold of the tin head and moved it gently from side to side until it w orked freely, and then the man could turn it hims elf. "N ow oil the joints in m y ar ms," he s aid. And Dorothy oiled them and the S carecrow bent them care fully until they were q uite free from rust and as good as new. The Tin Woodman gave a sigh of satis faction and lowered his axe, which he leaned aga i nst the tree. "This is a gre at comfo rt," he said. "I have been holding t hat 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 unti l he could move them freely; and he t hanked them 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. Ho w did y ou 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 a sked. "I wa nt him to send me back to Kansas, and the Scarecr ow wants him to put a few br ains into his head," sh e replied. The Tin Woodman appeared to think deeply for a moment. Then he said: "Do you suppose Oz could give me a heart?" "Why, I gu ess so," Dorothy answered. "It would b e as easy as to gi ve the Scarecro w brains ." "True," the Tin W oodman returned. "So, if you will allow me to join your party, I will also go to the Emerald City and ask Oz to help me." "Come along," said the Scarecrow heartily, and Dorothy a dded that she would be pleased t o have his company. S o the Tin Woodman shouldered his axe and they all passe d through the f orest until they came to the road that was paved with yellow brick. Th e Tin Woodman had a sked Dorothy to put the oil-c an in he said, "if I should get c aught in the rain, and rust ag ain, I would n eed the o il-can badly." It wa s a bit of good luck to have their new comrade join the party, for soon after they had begu n again they came to a pl ace 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 cleare d for the entire party. Do rothy was thinking s o earnestly as they walked along that she did not notice when the Scarecrow stumbled into a hole and rolled over to the side of the road. Indeed he was oblige d to ca ll to her to help him up ag ain. "Why didn't you walk around the hole?" asked the Tin Woodman. "I don't know enough," replied the Scarecrow cheerfully . "My head is stuffed with straw, you know, and that is why I am g oing to Oz to ask him for some brains." "O h, I see," said the Tin Woodman. "But, after all, brains are not the best things in the world." "Have you any?" inq uired the Scarecrow. "No, my head is quite empty," a nswer ed the Wo odman. "But once I had b rains, a nd a heart also; so, having tried them both, I should much rather have a hear t." "And why is that?" asked the Sc arecrow. "I will tell you m y story, and then you wi ll know." So, whil e they were walking throu gh the forest, the Tin Woodman told the following story: "I was born the son of a woodman who chopped dow n trees in the forest an d sold the wood for a liv ing. When I grew u p, I too became a woodch opper, and after my father died I took care of my old mother as long as sh e lived. Then I made up my mi nd that instead of living alone I would marr y, so that I might not be come lonely. "There was o ne of the Munchkin girls who was so beautiful that I soon grew to love her with all my heart. She, on her part, promi sed to marry me as s oon a s I could earn enough mone y to build a better house fo r her; so I set to work harder than eve r. But the girl lived with an old woma n who did not want h er to marry anyo ne, for she was so la zy sh e wished the girl to remain with he r and do the cooking and the housework. So the old woman wen t to the Wicked Witch of the East, and promised her tw o sheep and a cow if she would prevent the m iage. Thereupon the Wicked Witch en chanted my axe, and wh en I was chopping away at my best one day, for I was anxious to get the new house and my wife as soon as p oss ible, the axe slipped all at o nce and cut off my left leg. "This at first seem ed a great misfortune, f or I knew a one-legged man could not d o very well as a wood-chopper. So I we nt to a tinsmi th and had him make me a new leg out of tin. T he leg work ed very well, once I was used to it. But my action angered the Wic ked Witch of th e East, for she ha d promised the old woman I should not marry the pretty Munchkin girl. When I beg an chopping again, my axe sli pped a nd cut off my right leg. Again I went to the tinsmith, and again he made me a le g out of ti n. After this the enchanted axe c ut off my arms, one after the other; but, noth ing daunted, I had them replaced with tin ones. The Wicke d Witch then made the axe slip and cut o ff my head, and at fi rs t I thought that wa s the end of me. But the tinsmith happened to come along, and he made me a new hea d out of tin. "I thought I had beaten the Wicked W itch then, and I worked har der than ever; but I little knew how cruel my enemy could be. Sh e thought of a new way to ki ll my love f or the beauti ful Munchkin maiden, and made my axe slip again, so that it cut ri ght through my body, splitting me into tw o halves. Once more the tinsmith came to my he lp 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 arou nd 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 car e wh ether I married her or not. I suppose she is still liv ing with the old woman, waiting for me t o come after her. "My body shone so brigh tly in the sun that I fel t very proud of it an d it did not mat ter no w if my axe slipp ed, for it co uld not cut me. The re was only one danger--that my jo ints would rust; but I kept an oil-can in my cottage and to ok care to oil myself w henever I n eeded it. However, there ca me a day w hen I forgot to do this, and, being caught in a rainstorm, before I thought of the danger my joint s had rusted, and I was lef t to st and in the woods until you cam e to help m e. It was a t errib le thing to undergo, but during the year I stood there I had time to t hink that the greatest loss I h ad known w as the loss of my hea rt. While I was in love I was t he happiest man o n earth; but no one can love who has not a h eart, and so I am resolved to ask Oz to give me one. If he does, I will go bac k t o the Munchkin m aiden and marr y her." Both Dorothy and the Scarecrow had been greatly interested in the story of the Tin W oodman, and now the y knew wh y he was so anxious to ge t a new heart. " All the same," s aid the Scarecrow, "I shall ask fo r br eart ; for a fool would not know