The Wonderful Wizard of Oz

By

L. Frank Baum

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Introduction

Folklore, legends, myths and fairy tales have followed childhood through the

ages, for every healthy youngster has a wholesome and instinctive love for

stories fantastic, marvelous and manifestly unreal. The winged fairies of

Grimm and Andersen have brought more happiness to childish hearts than all

other human creations.

Yet the old time fairy tale, having served for generations, may now be classed

as "historical" in the children's library; for the time has come for a series of

newer "wonder tales" in which the stereotyped genie, dwarf and fairy are

eliminated, together with all the horrible and blood-curdling incidents devised

by their authors to point a fearsome moral to each tale. Modern education

includes morality; therefore the modern child seeks only entertainment in its

wonder tales and gladly dispenses with all disagreeable incident.

Having this thought in mind, the story of "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz" was

written solely to please children of today. It aspires to being a modernized

fairy tale, in which the wonderment and joy are retained and the heartaches

and nightmares are left out.

L. Frank Baum

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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 the 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 mass, 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. Once

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 her, too. They had 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, Aunt Em had been 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 laugh at.

Uncle Henry never laughed. 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 spoke.

It was Toto that made Dorothy laugh, and saved her from growing as gray 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 day long, and Dorothy played with him, and

loved him dearly.

Today, however, 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 the sky too. Aunt Em

was washing the dishes.

From the far north they heard a low wail of the wind, and Uncle Henry and

Dorothy could see where the long grass bowed in waves before the coming

storm. There now came a sharp whistling in the air from the south, and as they

turned their eyes that way they saw ripples in the grass 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 toward the sheds where the cows and horses were kept.

Aunt Em dropped her work and came to the door. One glance told her of the

danger close at hand.

"Quick, Dorothy!" she screamed. "Run for the cellar!"

Toto jumped out of Dorothy's arms and hid under the bed, and the girl started

to get him. Aunt Em, badly frightened, 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. When she was halfway across the room

there came a great shriek from the wind, and the house shook so 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 balloon.

The north and south winds met where the house stood, and made it the exact

center 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 cyclone; and there it remained

and was carried miles and miles away as easily as you could 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 baby in a cradle.

Toto did not 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 in; and at first the little girl

thought she had lost him. But soon she saw one of his ears sticking up through

the hole, for the strong pressure of the air was keeping him up so that he could

not fall. She crept to the hole, caught Toto by the ear, and dragged him into the

room again, afterward closing the trap door so that no more accidents could

happen.

Hour after hour passed away, and slowly Dorothy got over her fright; but she

felt quite lonely, and the wind shrieked so loudly all about her that she nearly

became deaf. At first she had wondered if she would be dashed to pieces when

the house fell again; but as the hours passed and nothing terrible happened, she

stopped worrying and resolved to wait calmly and see what the future would

bring. At last she crawled over the swaying floor to her bed, and lay down

upon it; and Toto followed and lay down beside her.

In spite of the swaying of the house and 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 that if Dorothy had not

been lying on the soft bed she might have been hurt. As it was, the jar made

her catch her breath and wonder what had happened; and Toto put his cold

little nose into her face and whined dismally. Dorothy sat up and noticed that

the house was not moving; nor was 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 opened the door.

The little girl gave a cry of amazement and looked about her, her eyes growing

bigger and bigger at the wonderful sights she saw.

The cyclone had set the house down very gently--for a cyclone--in the midst

of a country of marvelous beauty. There were lovely patches of greensward all

about, with stately trees 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 along between green banks, and murmuring in a voice

very grateful to a little girl who had lived so long on the dry, gray prairies.

While she stood 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 grown folk she had always been used to; but

neither were they very small. In fact, they seemed about 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 and one a woman, and all were oddly dressed. They wore

round hats that rose to a small point a foot above their heads, with little bells

around 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 that hung in

pleats from her shoulders. Over it were sprinkled little stars that glistened in

the sun like diamonds. The men were dressed 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, were about as old as Uncle Henry, for two of them

had beards. But the little woman was doubtless much older. Her face 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 the

doorway, they paused and whispered among themselves, as if afraid to come

farther. But the little 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 Munchkins. We

are so grateful to you for having killed the Wicked 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 saying she had killed the Wicked

Witch of the East? Dorothy was an innocent, harmless little girl, who had been

carried by a cyclone many miles from home; and she had never killed

anything in all her life.

But the little woman evidently expected her to answer; so Dorothy said, with

hesitation, "You are very kind, but there must be some mistake. I have not

killed anything."

"Your house did, anyway," replied the little old woman, with a laugh, "and that

is the same thing. See!" she continued, pointing to the corner of the house.

"There are her two feet, still sticking out from under a block of wood."

Dorothy looked, and gave a little cry of fright. There, indeed, just under the

corner of the great beam the house rested on, two feet were sticking out, shod

in silver shoes with pointed toes.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" cried Dorothy, clasping her hands together in dismay.

"The house must have fallen on her. Whatever shall we do?"

"There is nothing to be done," said the little woman calmly.

"But who was she?" asked Dorothy.

"She was the Wicked Witch of the East, as I said," answered the little woman.

"She has held all the Munchkins in bondage for many years, making them

slave for her night and day. Now they are all set free, and are grateful to you

for the favor."

"Who are the Munchkins?" inquired Dorothy.

"They are the people who live in this land of the East where the Wicked Witch

ruled."

"Are you a Munchkin?" asked Dorothy.

"No, but I am their friend, although I live in the land of the North. When they

saw the Witch of the East was dead the Munchkins sent a swift messenger to

me, and I came at once. I am the Witch of the North."

"Oh, gracious!" cried Dorothy. "Are you a real witch?"

"Yes, indeed," answered the little woman. "But I am a good witch, and the

people love me. I am not as powerful as the Wicked Witch was who ruled

here, or I should have set the people free myself."

"But I thought all witches were wicked," said the girl, who was half frightened

at facing a real witch. "Oh, no, that is a great mistake. There were only four

witches in all the Land of Oz, and two of them, those who live in the North

and the South, are good witches. I know this is true, for I am one of them

myself, and cannot be mistaken. Those who dwelt in the East and the West

were, indeed, wicked witches; but now that you have killed one of them, there

is but one Wicked Witch in all the Land of Oz--the one who lives in the West."

"But," said Dorothy, after a moment's thought, "Aunt Em has told me that the

witches were all dead--years and years ago."

"Who is Aunt Em?" inquired the little old woman.

"She is my aunt who lives in Kansas, where I came from."

The Witch of the North seemed to think for a time, with her head bowed and

her eyes upon the ground. Then she looked up and said, "I do not know where

Kansas is, for I have never heard that country mentioned before. But tell me, is

it a civilized country?"

"Oh, yes," replied Dorothy.

"Then that accounts for it. In the civilized countries I believe there are no

witches left, nor wizards, nor sorceresses, nor magicians. But, you see, the

Land of Oz has never been civilized, for we are cut off from all the rest of the

world. Therefore we still have witches and wizards amongst us."

"Who are the wizards?" asked Dorothy.

"Oz himself is the Great Wizard," answered the Witch, sinking her voice to a

whisper. "He is more powerful than all the rest of us together. He lives in the

City of Emeralds."

Dorothy was going to ask another question, but just then the Munchkins, who

had been standing silently by, gave a loud shout and pointed to the corner of

the house where the Wicked Witch had been lying.

"What is it?" asked the little old woman, and looked, and began to laugh. The

feet of the dead Witch had disappeared entirely, and nothing was left but the

silver shoes.

"She was so old," explained the Witch of the North, "that she dried up quickly

in the sun. That is the end of her. But the silver shoes are yours, and you shall

have them to wear." She reached down and picked up the shoes, and after

shaking the dust out of them handed them to Dorothy.

"The Witch of the East was proud of those silver shoes," said one of the

Munchkins, "and there is some charm connected with them; but what it is we

never knew."

Dorothy carried the shoes into the house and placed them on the table. Then

she came out again to the Munchkins and said:

"I am anxious to get back to my aunt and uncle, for I am sure they will worry

about me. Can you help me find my way?"

The Munchkins and the Witch first looked at one another, and then at Dorothy,

and then shook their heads.

"At the East, not far from here," said one, "there is a great desert, and none

could live to cross it."

"It is the same at the South," said another, "for I have been there and seen it.

The South is the country of the Quadlings."

"I am told," said the third man, "that it is the 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 slave if you passed her way."

"The North is my home," said the old lady, "and at its edge is the same great

desert that surrounds this Land of Oz. I'm afraid, my dear, you will have to

live with us."

Dorothy began to sob at this, for she felt lonely among all these strange

people. Her tears seemed to grieve the kind-hearted Munchkins, for they

immediately took out their handkerchiefs and began to weep also. As for the

little old woman, she took off her cap and balanced the point on the end of her

nose, while she counted "One, two, three" in a solemn voice. At once the cap

changed to a slate, on which was written in big, white chalk marks:

"LET DOROTHY GO TO THE CITY OF EMERALDS"

The little old woman took the slate from her nose, and having read the words

on it, asked, "Is your name Dorothy, my dear?"

"Yes," answered the child, looking up and drying her tears.

"Then you must go to the City of Emeralds. Perhaps Oz will help you."

"Where is this city?" asked Dorothy.

"It is exactly 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 anxiously.

"He is a good Wizard. Whether he is a man or not I cannot tell, for I have

never seen him."

"How can I get there?" asked Dorothy.

"You must walk. It is a long journey, through a country that is sometimes

pleasant and sometimes dark and terrible. However, I will use all the magic

arts I know of to keep you from harm."

"Won't you go with me?" pleaded the girl, who had begun to look upon the

little old woman as her only 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 kissed by the Witch of the North."

She came close to Dorothy and kissed her gently on the forehead. Where her

lips touched the girl they left a round, shining 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 story and ask him to help you. Good-bye, my dear."

The three Munchkins bowed low to her and wished her a pleasant journey,

after which they walked away through the trees. The Witch gave Dorothy a

friendly little nod, whirled around on her left heel three times, and straightway

disappeared, much to the surprise of little Toto, who barked after her loudly

enough when she had gone, because he had been afraid even to growl while

she stood by.

But Dorothy, knowing her to be a witch, had expected her to disappear in just

that way, and was not surprised in the least.

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 spread with butter. She gave

some to Toto, and taking a pail from the shelf she 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 saw such

delicious fruit hanging from the branches that she gathered some of it, finding

it just what she wanted to help out her breakfast.

Then she went back to the house, and having helped herself and Toto to a good

drink of the cool, clear water, she set about making ready for the journey to the

City of Emeralds.

Dorothy had only one 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 many washings, it was

still a pretty frock. The girl washed herself carefully, dressed 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 looked down at her feet and noticed how old and worn her shoes

were.

"They surely will never do for a long journey, Toto," she said. 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 Dorothy saw lying on the table the silver shoes that had

belonged to the Witch of the East.

"I wonder if they will fit me," she 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 silver ones, which fitted her

as well as if they had been made for her.

Finally she picked up her basket.

"Come along, Toto," she said. "We will go to the Emerald City and ask the

Great Oz how to get back to Kansas again."

She closed the door, locked it, and put the key carefully in the pocket of her

dress. And so, with Toto trotting along soberly behind her, she started on her

journey.

There were several roads nearby, but it did not take her long to find the one

paved with yellow bricks. Within a short time she was walking briskly toward

the Emerald City, her silver shoes tinkling merrily on the hard, yellow road-

bed. The sun shone bright and the birds sang sweetly, and Dorothy did not feel

nearly so bad as you might think a little girl would who had been suddenly

whisked away from her own country and set down in the midst of a strange

land.

She was surprised, as she walked along, to see how pretty the country was

about her. There were neat fences at the sides of the road, painted a dainty blue

color, and beyond them were fields of grain and vegetables in abundance.

Evidently the Munchkins were good farmers and able to raise large crops.

Once in a while she would pass a house, and the people came out to look at

her and bow low as she went by; for everyone knew she had been the means of

destroying the Wicked Witch and setting them free from bondage. The 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 this country of the East blue was

the favorite color.

Toward evening, when Dorothy was tired with her long walk and began to

wonder where she should pass the night, she came to a house rather larger than

the rest. On the green lawn before it many men and women were dancing. Five

little fiddlers played as loudly as possible, and the people were laughing and

singing, while a big table near by was loaded with delicious fruits and nuts,

pies and cakes, and many other good things to eat.

The people greeted Dorothy kindly, and invited her to supper and to pass the

night with them; for this was the home of one of the richest Munchkins in the

land, and his friends were gathered with him to celebrate their freedom from

the bondage of the Wicked Witch.

Dorothy ate a hearty supper and was waited upon by the rich Munchkin

himself, whose name was Boq. Then she sat upon a settee and watched the

people dance.

When Boq saw her silver shoes he said, "You must be a great sorceress."

"Why?" asked the girl.

"Because you wear silver shoes and have killed the Wicked Witch. Besides,

you have white in your frock, and only witches and sorceresses wear white."

"My dress is blue and white checked," said Dorothy, smoothing out the

wrinkles in it.

"It is kind of you to wear that," said Boq. "Blue is the color of the Munchkins,

and white is the witch color. So we know you are a friendly witch."

Dorothy did 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 little girl who

had come by the chance of a cyclone into a strange land.

When she had tired watching the dancing, Boq led her into the house, where

he gave her a room with a pretty bed in it. The sheets were made of blue cloth,

and Dorothy slept soundly in them till morning, with Toto curled up on the

blue rug beside her.

She ate a hearty breakfast, and watched a wee Munchkin baby, who played

with Toto and pulled his tail and crowed and laughed in a way that greatly

amused Dorothy. Toto was a fine curiosity to all the people, for they had never

seen a dog before.

"How far is it to the Emerald City?" the girl asked.

"I do not know," answered Boq gravely, "for I have never been there. It is

better for people to keep away from Oz, unless they have business with him.

But it is a long way to the Emerald City, and it will take you many days. The

country here is rich and pleasant, but you must pass through rough and

dangerous places before you reach the end of your journey."

This worried Dorothy a little, but she knew that only the Great Oz could help

her get to Kansas again, so she bravely resolved not to turn back.

She bade her friends good-bye, and again started along the road of yellow

brick. When she had gone several miles she thought she would stop to rest,

and so climbed to the top of the fence beside the road and sat down. There was

a great cornfield beyond the fence, and not far away she saw a Scarecrow,

placed high on a pole to keep the birds from the ripe corn.

Dorothy leaned her chin upon her hand and gazed thoughtfully at the

Scarecrow. Its head was a small sack stuffed with straw, with eyes, nose, and

mouth painted on it to represent a face. An old, pointed blue hat, that had

belonged to some Munchkin, was perched on his head, and the rest of the

figure was a blue suit of clothes, worn and faded, which had also been stuffed

with straw. On the feet were some old boots with blue tops, such as every man

wore in this country, and the figure was raised above the stalks of corn by

means of the pole stuck up its back.

While Dorothy was looking earnestly into the queer, painted face of the

Scarecrow, she was surprised to see one of the eyes slowly wink at her. She

thought she must have been mistaken at first, for none of the scarecrows in

Kansas ever wink; but presently the figure nodded its head to her in a friendly

way. Then she climbed down from the fence and walked up to it, while Toto

ran around the pole and barked.

"Good day," said the Scarecrow, in a rather husky voice.

"Did you speak?" asked the girl, in wonder.

"Certainly," answered the Scarecrow. "How do you do?"

"I'm pretty well, thank you," replied Dorothy politely. "How do you do?"

"I'm not feeling well," said the Scarecrow, with a smile, "for it is very tedious

being perched up here night and day to scare away crows."

"Can't you get down?" asked Dorothy.

"No, for this pole is stuck up my back. If you will please take away the pole I

shall be greatly obliged to you."

Dorothy reached up both arms and lifted the figure off the pole, for, being

stuffed with straw, it was quite light.

"Thank you very much," said the Scarecrow, when he had been set down on

the ground. "I feel like a new man."

Dorothy was puzzled at this, for it sounded queer to hear a stuffed man speak,

and to see him bow and walk along beside her.

"Who are you?" asked the Scarecrow when he had stretched himself and

yawned. "And where are you going?"

"My name is Dorothy," said the girl, "and I am going to the Emerald City, to

ask the Great Oz to send me back to Kansas."

"Where is the Emerald City?" he inquired. "And who is Oz?"

"Why, don't you know?" she returned, in surprise.

"No, indeed. I don't know anything. You see, I am stuffed, so I have no brains

at all," he answered sadly.

"Oh," said Dorothy, "I'm awfully sorry for you."

"Do you think," he asked, "if I go to the Emerald City with you, that Oz would

give me some brains?"

"I cannot tell," she returned, "but you may come with me, if you like. If Oz

will not give you any brains you will be no worse off than you are now."

"That is true," said the Scarecrow. "You see," he continued confidentially, "I

don't mind my legs and arms and body being stuffed, because I cannot get

hurt. If anyone treads on my toes or sticks a pin into me, it doesn't matter, for I

can't feel it. But I do not want people to call me a fool, and if my head stays

stuffed with straw instead of with brains, as yours is, how am I ever to know

anything?"

"I understand how you feel," said 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 you."

"Thank you," he answered gratefully.

They walked back to the road. Dorothy helped him over the fence, and they

started along the path of yellow brick for the Emerald City.

Toto did not like this addition to the party at first. He smelled around the

stuffed man as if he suspected there might be a nest of rats in the straw, and he

often growled in an unfriendly way at the Scarecrow.

"Don't mind Toto," said Dorothy to her new friend. "He never bites."

"Oh, I'm not afraid," replied the Scarecrow. "He can't hurt the straw. Do let me

carry that basket for you. I shall not mind it, for I can't get tired. I'll tell you a

secret," he continued, as he walked along. "There is only one thing in the

world I am afraid of."

"What is that?" asked Dorothy; "the Munchkin farmer who made you?"

"No," answered the Scarecrow; "it's a lighted match."

4. The Road Through the Forest

After a few hours the road began to be rough, and the walking grew so

difficult that the Scarecrow often stumbled over the yellow bricks, which were

here very uneven. Sometimes, indeed, they were broken or missing altogether,

leaving holes that Toto jumped across and Dorothy walked around. As for the

Scarecrow, 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, however, and

Dorothy would pick him up and set him upon his feet again, while he joined

her in laughing merrily at his own mishap.

The farms were not nearly so well cared for here as they were farther back.

There were fewer houses and fewer fruit trees, and the farther they went the

more dismal and lonesome the country became.

At noon they sat down by the roadside, near a little brook, and Dorothy

opened her basket and got out some bread. She offered a piece to the

Scarecrow, but he refused.

"I am never hungry," he said, "and it is a lucky thing I am not, for my mouth is

only painted, and if 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 of my head."

Dorothy saw at once that this was true, so she only nodded and went on eating

her bread.

"Tell me something about yourself and the country you came from," said the

Scarecrow, when she had finished her dinner. 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.

The Scarecrow listened carefully, and said, "I cannot understand why you

should 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 the girl. "No matter how

dreary and gray our homes are, we people of 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.

"Of course I cannot understand it," he said. "If your heads were stuffed 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 whatever. I was only

made day before yesterday. What happened in 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 that I heard what was going on. There

was another Munchkin with him, 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,'" said 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 everything around

me with a great deal of curiosity, for this was my first glimpse 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.'

"'I think I'll make the other a little bigger,'" said the farmer. And when the

second 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't 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 fellow 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 tall stick, where

you found me. He and his friend soon after walked away and left 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 stay on that pole. It was a

lonely life to lead, for I had nothing to think of, having been 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, thinking I was a Munchkin; and this

pleased me and made me feel that I was quite an important 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 that farmer thought to fool me in this clumsy manner. Any crow

of sense could see that 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 by me, came to eat the corn too, so in a short time there was a great

flock of them about 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 some 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 this over, and decided I would try hard to

get some 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 the Emerald City."

"I hope so," said Dorothy earnestly, "since you seem anxious to have them."

"Oh, yes; I am anxious," 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 basket to the Scarecrow.

There were no fences at all by the roadside 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 branches met over the road 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 is at the other end of the road, we must go wherever it leads us."

"Anyone would know that," said Dorothy.

"Certainly; that is why I know it," returned the Scarecrow. "If it required

brains to figure it out, I never should have said it."

After an hour or so the light faded away, and they found themselves stumbling

along in the darkness. Dorothy 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 she took hold of his arm and managed to get along fairly

well.

"If you see any house, or any place where 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?"

"Yes, indeed," 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 found a bed of dried leaves in one corner. She lay down

at once, and with Toto beside her soon fell into a sound sleep. The Scarecrow,

who was never tired, stood up in another corner and waited patiently until

morning came.

5. The Rescue of the Tin Woodman

When Dorothy awoke the sun was shining through the trees and Toto had long

been out chasing birds around him and squirrels. She sat up and looked around

her. There was the Scarecrow, still standing patiently in his corner, waiting for

her.

"We must go and search for water," she said to him.

"Why do you want water?" he asked.

"To wash my face clean after the dust of the 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 you must sleep, and eat and drink. However, you have brains, and it is

worth a lot of bother to be able to think properly."

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 forest 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 his 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 legs, 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 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. 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 deeply 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 and ask Oz 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 oil-can in her basket. "For,"

he said, "if I should get caught in the rain, and rust again, I would need the oil-

can badly."

It was a bit of good luck to have their new comrade join the party, for soon

after they had begun their journey again they 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 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 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 cheerfully. "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," answered 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 told 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 her 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 leg.

"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, for 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 other; 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 Wicked 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 tinsmith 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 not. 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 terrible thing to undergo, but during the year I stood

there I had time to think that the greatest loss I had known was the loss of my

heart. While I was in love I was the happiest man on earth; but no one can love

who has not a heart, and so I am resolved to ask Oz to give me one. If he does,

I will go back to the Munchkin maiden and marry her."

Both Dorothy and the Scarecrow had been greatly interested in the story of the

Tin Woodman, and now they knew why he was so anxious to get a new heart.

"All the same," said the Scarecrow, "I shall ask for brains instead of a heart;

for a fool would not know what to do with a heart if he had one."

"I shall take the heart," returned the Tin Woodman; "for brains do not make

one happy, and happiness is the best thing in the world."

Dorothy did not say anything, for she was puzzled to know which of her two

friends was right, and she decided if she could only get back to Kansas and

Aunt Em, it did not matter so much whether the Woodman had no brains and

the Scarecrow no heart, or each got what he wanted.

What worried her most was that the bread was nearly gone, and another meal

for herself and Toto would empty the basket. To be sure, neither the Woodman

nor the Scarecrow ever ate anything, but she was not made of tin nor straw,

and could not live unless she was fed.

6. The Cowardly Lion

All this time Dorothy and her companions had been walking through the thick

woods. The road was still paved with yellow brick, but these were much

covered by dried branches and dead leaves from the trees, and the walking was

not at all good.

There were few birds in this part of the forest, for birds love the open country

where there is plenty of sunshine. But now and then there came a deep growl

from some wild animal hidden among the trees. These sounds made the little

girl's heart beat fast, for she did not know what made them; but Toto knew,

and he walked close to Dorothy's side, and did not even bark in return.

"How long will it be," the child asked of the Tin Woodman, "before we are out

of the forest?"

"I cannot tell," was the answer, "for I have never been to the Emerald City. But

my father went there once, when I was a boy, and he said it was a long journey

through a dangerous country, although nearer to the city where Oz dwells the

country is beautiful. But I am not afraid so long as I have my oil-can, and

nothing can hurt the Scarecrow, while you bear upon your forehead the mark

of the Good Witch's kiss, and that will protect you from harm."

"But Toto!" said the girl anxiously. "What will protect him?"

"We must protect him ourselves if he is in danger," replied the Tin Woodman.

Just as he spoke there came from the forest a terrible roar, and the next

moment a great Lion bounded into the road. With one blow of his paw he sent

the Scarecrow spinning over and over to the edge of the road, and then he

struck at the Tin Woodman with his sharp claws. But, to the Lion's surprise, he

could make no impression on the tin, although the Woodman fell over in the

road and lay still.

Little Toto, now that he had an enemy to face, ran barking toward the Lion,

and the great beast had opened his mouth to bite the dog, when Dorothy,

fearing Toto would be killed, and heedless of danger, rushed forward and

slapped the Lion upon his nose as hard as she could, while she cried out:

"Don't you dare to bite Toto! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a big beast

like you, to bite a poor little dog!"

"I didn't bite him," said the Lion, as he rubbed his nose with his paw where

Dorothy had hit it.

"No, but you tried to," she retorted. "You are nothing but a big coward."

"I know it," said the Lion, hanging his head in shame. "I've always known it.

But how can I help it?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. To think of your striking a stuffed man, like the poor

Scarecrow!"

"Is he stuffed?" asked the Lion in surprise, as he watched her pick up the

Scarecrow and set him upon his feet, while she patted him into shape again.

"Of course he's stuffed," replied Dorothy, who was still angry.

"That's why he went over so easily," remarked the Lion. "It astonished me to

see him whirl around so. Is the other one stuffed also?"

"No," said Dorothy, "he's made of tin." And she helped the Woodman up

again.

"That's why he nearly blunted my claws," said the Lion. "When they scratched

against the tin it made a cold shiver run down my back. What is that little

animal you are so tender of?"

"He is my dog, Toto," answered Dorothy.

"Is he made of tin, or stuffed?" asked the Lion.

"Neither. He's a--a--a meat dog," said the girl.

"Oh! He's a curious animal and seems remarkably small, now that I look at

him. No one would think of biting such a little thing, except a coward like

me," continued the Lion sadly.

"What makes you a coward?" asked Dorothy, looking at the great beast in

wonder, for he was as big as a small horse.

"It's a mystery," replied the Lion. "I suppose I was born that way. All the other

animals in the forest naturally expect me to be brave, for the Lion is

everywhere thought to be the King of Beasts. I learned that if I roared very

loudly every living thing was frightened and got out of my way. Whenever I've

met a man I've been awfully scared; but I just roared at him, and he has always

run away as fast as he could go. If the elephants and the tigers and the bears

had ever tried to fight me, I should have run myself--I'm such a coward; but

just as soon as they hear me roar they all try to get away from me, and of

course I let them go."

"But that isn't right. The King of Beasts shouldn't be a coward," said the

Scarecrow.

"I know it," returned the Lion, wiping a tear from his eye with the tip of his

tail. "It is my great sorrow, and makes my life very unhappy. But whenever

there is danger, my heart begins to beat fast."

"Perhaps you have heart disease," said the Tin Woodman.

"It may be," said the Lion.

"If you have," continued the Tin Woodman, "you ought to be glad, for it

proves you have a heart. For my part, I have no heart; so I cannot have heart

disease."

"Perhaps," said the Lion thoughtfully, "if I had no heart I should not be a

coward."

"Have you brains?" asked the Scarecrow.

"I suppose so. I've never looked to see," replied the Lion.

"I am going to the Great Oz to ask him to give me some," remarked the

Scarecrow, "for my head is stuffed with straw."

"And I am going to ask him to give me a heart," said the Woodman.

"And I am going to ask him to send Toto and me back to Kansas," added

Dorothy.

"Do you think Oz could give me courage?" asked the Cowardly Lion.

"Just as easily as he could give me brains," said the Scarecrow.

"Or give me a heart," said the Tin Woodman.

"Or send me back to Kansas," said Dorothy.

"Then, if you don't mind, I'll go with you," said the Lion, "for my life is

simply unbearable without a bit of courage."

"You will be very welcome," answered Dorothy, "for you will help to keep

away the other wild beasts. It seems to me they must be more cowardly than

you are if they allow you to scare them so easily."

"They really are," said the Lion, "but that doesn't make me any braver, and as

long as I know myself to be a coward I shall be unhappy."

So once more the little company set off upon the journey, the Lion walking

with stately strides at Dorothy's side. Toto did not approve of this new

comrade at first, for he could not forget how nearly he had been crushed

between the Lion's great jaws. But after a time he became more at ease, and

presently Toto and the Cowardly Lion had grown to be good friends.

During the rest of that day there was no other adventure to mar the peace of

their journey. Once, indeed, the Tin Woodman stepped upon a beetle that was

crawling along the road, and killed the poor little thing. This made the Tin

Woodman very unhappy, for he was always careful not to hurt any living

creature; and as he walked along he wept several tears of sorrow and regret.

These tears ran slowly down his face and over the hinges of his jaw, and there

they rusted. When Dorothy presently asked him a question the Tin Woodman

could not open his mouth, for his jaws were tightly rusted together. He became

greatly frightened at this and made many motions to Dorothy to relieve him,

but she could not understand. The Lion was also puzzled to know what was

wrong. But the Scarecrow seized the oil-can from Dorothy's basket and oiled

the Woodman's jaws, so that after a few moments he could talk as well as

before.

"This will serve me a lesson," said he, "to look where I step. For if I should

kill another bug or beetle I should surely cry again, and crying rusts my jaws

so that I cannot speak."

Thereafter he walked very carefully, with his eyes on the road, and when he

saw a tiny ant toiling by he would step over it, so as not to harm it. The Tin

Woodman knew very well he had no heart, and therefore he took great care

never to be cruel or unkind to anything.

"You people with hearts," he said, "have something to guide you, and need

never do wrong; but I have no heart, and so I must be very careful. When Oz

gives me a heart of course I needn't mind so much."

7. The Journey to the Great Oz

They were obliged to camp out that night under a large tree in the forest, for

there were no houses near. The tree made a good, thick covering to protect

them from the dew, and the Tin Woodman chopped a great pile of wood with

his axe and Dorothy built a splendid fire that warmed her and made her feel

less lonely. She and Toto ate the last of their bread, and now she did not know

what they would do for breakfast.

"If you wish," said the Lion, "I will go into the forest and kill a deer for you.

You can roast it by the fire, since your tastes are so peculiar that you prefer

cooked food, and then you will have a very good breakfast."

"Don't! Please don't," begged the Tin Woodman. "I should certainly weep if

you killed a poor deer, and then my jaws would rust again."

But the Lion went away into the forest and found his own supper, and no one

ever knew what it was, for he didn't mention it. And the Scarecrow found a

tree full of nuts and filled Dorothy's basket with them, so that she would not

be hungry for a long time. She thought this was very kind and thoughtful of

the Scarecrow, but she laughed heartily at the awkward way in which the poor

creature picked up the nuts. His padded hands were so clumsy and the nuts

were so small that he dropped almost as many as he put in the basket. But the

Scarecrow did not mind how long it took him to fill the basket, for it enabled

him to keep away from the fire, as he feared a spark might get into his straw

and burn him up. So he kept a good distance away from the flames, and only

came near to cover Dorothy with dry leaves when she lay down to sleep.

These kept her very snug and warm, and she slept soundly until morning.

When it was daylight, the girl bathed her face in a little rippling brook, and

soon after they all started toward the Emerald City.

This was to be an eventful day for the travelers. They had hardly been walking

an hour when they saw before them a great ditch that crossed the road and

divided the forest as far as they could see on either side. It was a very wide

ditch, and when they crept up to the edge and looked into it they could see it

was also very deep, and there were many big, jagged rocks at the bottom. The

sides were so steep that none of them could climb down, and for a moment it

seemed that their journey must end.

"What shall we do?" asked Dorothy despairingly.

"I haven't the faintest idea," said the Tin Woodman, and the Lion shook his

shaggy mane and looked thoughtful.

But the Scarecrow said, "We cannot fly, that is certain. Neither can we climb

down into this great ditch. Therefore, if we cannot jump over it, we must stop

where we are."

"I think I could jump over it," said the Cowardly Lion, after measuring the

distance carefully in his mind.

"Then we are all right," answered the Scarecrow, "for you can carry us all over

on your back, one at a time."

"Well, I'll try it," said the Lion. "Who will go first?"

"I will," declared the Scarecrow, "for, if you found that you could not jump

over the gulf, Dorothy would be killed, or the Tin Woodman badly dented on

the rocks below. But if I am on your back it will not matter so much, for the

fall would not hurt me at all."

"I am terribly afraid of falling, myself," said the Cowardly Lion, "but I

suppose there is nothing to do but try it. So get on my back and we will make

the attempt."

The Scarecrow sat upon the Lion's back, and the big beast walked to the edge

of the gulf and crouched down.

"Why don't you run and jump?" asked the Scarecrow.

"Because that isn't the way we Lions do these things," he replied. Then giving

a great spring, he shot through the air and landed safely on the other side.

They were all greatly pleased to see how easily he did it, and after the

Scarecrow had got down from his back the Lion sprang across the ditch again.

Dorothy thought she would go next; so she took Toto in her arms and climbed

on the Lion's back, holding tightly to his mane with one hand. The next

moment it seemed as if she were flying through the air; and then, before she

had time to think about it, she was safe on the other side. The Lion went back

a third time and got the Tin Woodman, and then they all sat down for a few

moments to give the beast a chance to rest, for his great leaps had made his

breath short, and he panted like a big dog that has been running too long.

They found the forest very thick on this side, and it looked dark and gloomy.

After the Lion had rested they started along the road of yellow brick, silently

wondering, each in his own mind, if ever they would come to the end of the

woods and reach the bright sunshine again. To add to their discomfort, they

soon heard strange noises in the depths of the forest, and the Lion whispered

to them that it was in this part of the country that the Kalidahs lived.

"What are the Kalidahs?" asked the girl.

"They are monstrous beasts with bodies like bears and heads like tigers,"

replied the Lion, "and with claws so long and sharp that they could tear me in

two as easily as I could kill Toto. I'm terribly afraid of the Kalidahs."

"I'm not surprised that you are," returned Dorothy. "They must be dreadful

beasts."

The Lion was about to reply when suddenly they came to another gulf across

the road. But this one was so broad and deep that the Lion knew at once he

could not leap across it.

So they sat down to consider what they should do, and after serious thought

the Scarecrow said:

"Here is a great tree, standing close to the ditch. If the Tin Woodman can chop

it down, so that it will fall to the other side, we can walk across it easily."

"That is a first-rate idea," said the Lion. "One would almost suspect you had

brains in your head, instead of straw."

The Woodman set to work at once, and so sharp was his axe that the tree was

soon chopped nearly through. Then the Lion put his strong front legs against

the tree and pushed with all his might, and slowly the big tree tipped and fell

with a crash across the ditch, with its top branches on the other side.

They had just started to cross this queer bridge when a sharp growl made them

all look up, and to their horror they saw running toward them two great beasts

with bodies like bears and heads like tigers.

"They are the Kalidahs!" said the Cowardly Lion, beginning to tremble.

"Quick!" cried the Scarecrow. "Let us cross over."

So Dorothy went first, holding Toto in her arms, the Tin Woodman followed,

and the Scarecrow came next. The Lion, although he was certainly afraid,

turned to face the Kalidahs, and then he gave so loud and terrible a roar that

Dorothy screamed and the Scarecrow fell over backward, while even the fierce

beasts stopped short and looked at him in surprise.

But, seeing they were bigger than the Lion, and remembering that there were

two of them and only one of him, the Kalidahs again rushed forward, and the

Lion crossed over the tree and turned to see what they would do next. Without

stopping an instant the fierce beasts also began to cross the tree. And the Lion

said to Dorothy:

"We are lost, for they will surely tear us to pieces with their sharp claws. But

stand close behind me, and I will fight them as long as I am alive."

"Wait a minute!" called the Scarecrow. He had been thinking what was best to

be done, and now he asked the Woodman to chop away the end of the tree that

rested on their side of the ditch. The Tin Woodman began to use his axe at

once, and, just as the two Kalidahs were nearly across, the tree fell with a

crash into the gulf, carrying the ugly, snarling brutes with it, and both were

dashed to pieces on the sharp rocks at the bottom.

"Well," said the Cowardly Lion, drawing a long breath of relief, "I see we are

going to live a little while longer, and I am glad of it, for it must be a very

uncomfortable thing not to be alive. Those creatures frightened me so badly

that my heart is beating yet."

"Ah," said the Tin Woodman sadly, "I wish I had a heart to beat."

This adventure made the travelers more anxious than ever to get out of the

forest, and they walked so fast that Dorothy became tired, and had to ride on

the Lion's back. To their great joy the trees became thinner the farther they

advanced, and in the afternoon they suddenly came upon a broad river,

flowing swiftly just before them. On the other side of the water they could see

the road of yellow brick running through a beautiful country, with green

meadows dotted with bright flowers and all the road bordered with trees

hanging full of delicious fruits. They were greatly pleased to see this delightful

country before them.

"How shall we cross the river?" asked Dorothy.

"That is easily done," replied the Scarecrow. "The Tin Woodman must build us

a raft, so we can float to the other side."

So the Woodman took his axe and began to chop down small trees to make a

raft, and while he was busy at this the Scarecrow found on the riverbank a tree

full of fine fruit. This pleased Dorothy, who had eaten nothing but nuts all day,

and she made a hearty meal of the ripe fruit.

But it takes time to make a raft, even when one is as industrious and untiring

as the Tin Woodman, and when night came the work was not done. So they

found a cozy place under the trees where they slept well until the morning; and

Dorothy dreamed of the Emerald City, and of the good Wizard Oz, who would

soon send her back to her own home again.

8. The Deadly Poppy Field

Our little party of travelers awakened the next morning refreshed and full of

hope, and Dorothy breakfasted like a princess off peaches and plums from the

trees beside the river. Behind them was the dark forest they had passed safely

through, although they had suffered many discouragements; but before them

was a lovely, sunny country that seemed to beckon them on to the Emerald

City.

To be sure, the broad river now cut them off from this beautiful land. But the

raft was nearly done, and after the Tin Woodman had cut a few more logs and

fastened them together with wooden pins, they were ready to start. Dorothy sat

down in the middle of the raft and held Toto in her arms. When the Cowardly

Lion stepped upon the raft it tipped badly, for he was big and heavy; but the

Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman stood upon the other end to steady it, and

they had long poles in their hands to push the raft through the water.

They got along quite well at first, but when they reached the middle of the

river the swift current swept the raft downstream, farther and farther away

from the road of yellow brick. And the water grew so deep that the long poles

would not touch the bottom.

"This is bad," said the Tin Woodman, "for if we cannot get to the land we shall

be carried into the country of the Wicked Witch of the West, and she will

enchant us and make us her slaves."

"And then I should get no brains," said the Scarecrow.

"And I should get no courage," said the Cowardly Lion.

"And I should get no heart," said the Tin Woodman.

"And I should never get back to Kansas," said Dorothy.

"We must certainly get to the Emerald City if we can," the Scarecrow

continued, and he pushed so hard on his long pole that it stuck fast in the mud

at the bottom of the river. Then, before he could pull it out again--or let go--

the raft was swept away, and the poor Scarecrow was left clinging to the pole

in the middle of the river.

"Good-bye!" he called after them, and they were very sorry to leave him.

Indeed, the Tin Woodman began to cry, but fortunately remembered that he

might rust, and so dried his tears on Dorothy's apron.

Of course this was a bad thing for the Scarecrow.

"I am now worse off than when I first met Dorothy," he thought. "Then, I was

stuck on a pole in a cornfield, where I could make-believe scare the crows, at

any rate. But surely there is no use for a Scarecrow stuck on a pole in the

middle of a river. I am afraid I shall never have any brains, after all!"

Down the stream the raft floated, and the poor Scarecrow was left far behind.

Then the Lion said:

"Something must be done to save us. I think I can swim to the shore and pull

the raft after me, if you will only hold fast to the tip of my tail."

So he sprang into the water, and the Tin Woodman caught fast hold of his tail.

Then the Lion began to swim with all his might toward the shore. It was hard

work, although he was so big; but by and by they were drawn out of the

current, and then Dorothy took the Tin Woodman's long pole and helped push

the raft to the land.

They were all tired out when they reached the shore at last and stepped off

upon the pretty green grass, and they also knew that the stream had carried

them a long way past the road of yellow brick that led to the Emerald City.

"What shall we do now?" asked the Tin Woodman, as the Lion lay down on

the grass to let the sun dry him.

"We must get back to the road, in some way," said Dorothy.

"The best plan will be to walk along the riverbank until we come to the road

again," remarked the Lion.

So, when they were rested, Dorothy picked up her basket and they started

along the grassy bank, to the road from which the river had carried them. It

was a lovely country, with plenty of flowers and fruit trees and sunshine to

cheer them, and had they not felt so sorry for the poor Scarecrow, they could

have been very happy.

They walked along as fast as they could, Dorothy only stopping once to pick a

beautiful flower; and after a time the Tin Woodman cried out: "Look!"

Then they all looked at the river and saw the Scarecrow perched upon his pole

in the middle of the water, looking very lonely and sad.

"What can we do to save him?" asked Dorothy.

The Lion and the Woodman both shook their heads, for they did not know. So

they sat down upon the bank and gazed wistfully at the Scarecrow until a

Stork flew by, who, upon seeing them, stopped to rest at the water's edge.

"Who are you and where are you going?" asked the Stork.

"I am Dorothy," answered the girl, "and these are my friends, the Tin

Woodman and the Cowardly Lion; and we are going to the Emerald City."

"This isn't the road," said the Stork, as she twisted her long neck and looked

sharply at the queer party.

"I know it," returned Dorothy, "but we have lost the Scarecrow, and are

wondering how we shall get him again."

"Where is he?" asked the Stork.

"Over there in the river," answered the little girl.

"If he wasn't so big and heavy I would get him for you," remarked the Stork.

"He isn't heavy a bit," said Dorothy eagerly, "for he is stuffed with straw; and

if you will bring him back to us, we shall thank you ever and ever so much."

"Well, I'll try," said the Stork, "but if I find he is too heavy to carry I shall have

to drop him in the river again."

So the big bird flew into the air and over the water till she came to where the

Scarecrow was perched upon his pole. Then the Stork with her great claws

grabbed the Scarecrow by the arm and carried him up into the air and back to

the bank, where Dorothy and the Lion and the Tin Woodman and Toto were

sitting.

When the Scarecrow found himself among his friends again, he was so happy

that he hugged them all, even the Lion and Toto; and as they walked along he

sang "Tol-de-ri-de-oh!" at every step, he felt so gay.

"I was afraid I should have to stay in the river forever," he said, "but the kind

Stork saved me, and if I ever get any brains I shall find the Stork again and do

her some kindness in return."

"That's all right," said the Stork, who was flying along beside them. "I always

like to help anyone in trouble. But I must go now, for my babies are waiting in

the nest for me. I hope you will find the Emerald City and that Oz will help

you."

"Thank you," replied Dorothy, and then the kind Stork flew into the air and

was soon out of sight.

They walked along listening to the singing of the brightly colored birds and

looking at the lovely flowers which now became so thick that the ground was

carpeted with them. There were big yellow and white and blue and purple

blossoms, besides great clusters of scarlet poppies, which were so brilliant in

color they almost dazzled Dorothy's eyes.

"Aren't they beautiful?" the girl asked, as she breathed in the spicy scent of the

bright flowers.

"I suppose so," answered the Scarecrow. "When I have brains, I shall probably

like them better."

"If I only had a heart, I should love them," added the Tin Woodman.

"I always did like flowers," said the Lion. "They seem so helpless and frail.

But there are none in the forest so bright as these."

They now came upon more and more of the big scarlet poppies, and fewer and

fewer of the other flowers; and soon they found themselves in the midst of a

great meadow of poppies. Now it is well known that when there are many of

these flowers together their odor is so powerful that anyone who breathes it

falls asleep, and if the sleeper is not carried away from the scent of the

flowers, he sleeps on and on forever. But Dorothy did not know this, nor could

she get away from the bright red flowers that were everywhere about; so

presently her eyes grew heavy and she felt she must sit down to rest and to

sleep.

But the Tin Woodman would not let her do this.

"We must hurry and get back to the road of yellow brick before dark," he said;

and the Scarecrow agreed with him. So they kept walking until Dorothy could

stand no longer. Her eyes closed in spite of herself and she forgot where she

was and fell among the poppies, fast asleep.

"What shall we do?" asked the Tin Woodman.

"If we leave her here she will die," said the Lion. "The smell of the flowers is

killing us all. I myself can scarcely keep my eyes open, and the dog is asleep

already."

It was true; Toto had fallen down beside his little mistress. But the Scarecrow

and the Tin Woodman, not being made of flesh, were not troubled by the scent

of the flowers.

"Run fast," said the Scarecrow to the Lion, "and get out of this deadly flower

bed as soon as you can. We will bring the little girl with us, but if you should

fall asleep you are too big to be carried."

So the Lion aroused himself and bounded forward as fast as he could go. In a

moment he was out of sight.

"Let us make a chair with our hands and carry her," said the Scarecrow. So

they picked up Toto and put the dog in Dorothy's lap, and then they made a

chair with their hands for the seat and their arms for the arms and carried the

sleeping girl between them through the flowers.

On and on they walked, and it seemed that the great carpet of deadly flowers

that surrounded them would never end. They followed the bend of the river,

and at last came upon their friend the Lion, lying fast asleep among the

poppies. The flowers had been too strong for the huge beast and he had given

up at last, and fallen only a short distance from the end of the poppy bed,

where the sweet grass spread in beautiful green fields before them.

"We can do nothing for him," said the Tin Woodman, sadly; "for he is much

too heavy to lift. We must leave him here to sleep on forever, and perhaps he

will dream that he has found courage at last."

"I'm sorry," said the Scarecrow. "The Lion was a very good comrade for one

so cowardly. But let us go on."

They carried the sleeping girl to a pretty spot beside the river, far enough from

the poppy field to prevent her breathing any more of the poison of the flowers,

and here they laid her gently on the soft grass and waited for the fresh breeze

to waken her.

9. The Queen of the Field Mice

"We cannot be far from the road of yellow brick, now," remarked the

Scarecrow, as he stood beside the girl, "for we have come nearly as far as the

river carried us away."

The Tin Woodman was about to reply when he heard a low growl, and turning

his head (which worked beautifully on hinges) he saw a strange beast come

bounding over the grass toward them. It was, indeed, a great yellow Wildcat,

and the Woodman thought it must be chasing something, for its ears were

lying close to its head and its mouth was wide open, showing two rows of ugly

teeth, while its red eyes glowed like balls of fire. As it came nearer the Tin

Woodman saw that running before the beast was a little gray field mouse, and

although he had no heart he knew it was wrong for the Wildcat to try to kill

such a pretty, harmless creature.

So the Woodman raised his axe, and as the Wildcat ran by he gave it a quick

blow that cut the beast's head clean off from its body, and it rolled over at his

feet in two pieces.

The field mouse, now that it was freed from its enemy, stopped short; and

coming slowly up to the Woodman it said, in a squeaky little voice:

"Oh, thank you! Thank you ever so much for saving my life."

"Don't speak of it, I beg of you," replied the Woodman. "I have no heart, you

know, so I am careful to help all those who may need a friend, even if it

happens to be only a mouse."

"Only a mouse!" cried the little animal, indignantly. "Why, I am a Queen--the

Queen of all the Field Mice!"

"Oh, indeed," said the Woodman, making a bow.

"Therefore you have done a great deed, as well as a brave one, in saving my

life," added the Queen.

At that moment several mice were seen running up as fast as their little legs

could carry them, and when they saw their Queen they exclaimed:

"Oh, your Majesty, we thought you would be killed! How did you manage to

escape the great Wildcat?" They all bowed so low to the little Queen that they

almost stood upon their heads.

"This funny tin man," she answered, "killed the Wildcat and saved my life. So

hereafter you must all serve him, and obey his slightest wish."

"We will!" cried all the mice, in a shrill chorus. And then they scampered in all

directions, for Toto had awakened from his sleep, and seeing all these mice

around him he gave one bark of delight and jumped right into the middle of

the group. Toto had always loved to chase mice when he lived in Kansas, and

he saw no harm in it.

But the Tin Woodman caught the dog in his arms and held him tight, while he

called to the mice, "Come back! Come back! Toto shall not hurt you."

At this the Queen of the Mice stuck her head out from underneath a clump of

grass and asked, in a timid voice, "Are you sure he will not bite us?"

"I will not let him," said the Woodman; "so do not be afraid."

One by one the mice came creeping back, and Toto did not bark again,

although he tried to get out of the Woodman's arms, and would have bitten

him had he not known very well he was made of tin. Finally one of the biggest

mice spoke.

"Is there anything we can do," it asked, "to repay you for saving the life of our

Queen?"

"Nothing that I know of," answered the Woodman; but the Scarecrow, who

had been trying to think, but could not because his head was stuffed with

straw, said, quickly, "Oh, yes; you can save our friend, the Cowardly Lion,

who is asleep in the poppy bed."

"A Lion!" cried the little Queen. "Why, he would eat us all up."

"Oh, no," declared the Scarecrow; "this Lion is a coward."

"Really?" asked the Mouse.

"He says so himself," answered the Scarecrow, "and he would never hurt

anyone who is our friend. If you will help us to save him I promise that he

shall treat you all with kindness."

"Very well," said the Queen, "we trust you. But what shall we do?"

"Are there many of these mice which call you Queen and are willing to obey

you?"

"Oh, yes; there are thousands," she replied.

"Then send for them all to come here as soon as possible, and let each one

bring a long piece of string."

The Queen turned to the mice that attended her and told them to go at once

and get all her people. As soon as they heard her orders they ran away in every

direction as fast as possible.

"Now," said the Scarecrow to the Tin Woodman, "you must go to those trees

by the riverside and make a truck that will carry the Lion."

So the Woodman went at once to the trees and began to work; and he soon

made a truck out of the limbs of trees, from which he chopped away all the

leaves and branches. He fastened it together with wooden pegs and made the

four wheels out of short pieces of a big tree trunk. So fast and so well did he

work that by the time the mice began to arrive the truck was all ready for

them.

They came from all directions, and there were thousands of them: big mice

and little mice and middle-sized mice; and each one brought a piece of string

in his mouth. It was about this time that Dorothy woke from her long sleep and

opened her eyes. She was greatly astonished to find herself lying upon the

grass, with thousands of mice standing around and looking at her timidly. But

the Scarecrow told her about everything, and turning to the dignified little

Mouse, he said:

"Permit me to introduce to you her Majesty, the Queen."

Dorothy nodded gravely and the Queen made a curtsy, after which she became

quite friendly with the little girl.

The Scarecrow and the Woodman now began to fasten the mice to the truck,

using the strings they had brought. One end of a string was tied around the

neck of each mouse and the other end to the truck. Of course the truck was a

thousand times bigger than any of the mice who were to draw it; but when all

the mice had been harnessed, they were able to pull it quite easily. Even the

Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman could sit on it, and were drawn swiftly by

their queer little horses to the place where the Lion lay asleep.

After a great deal of hard work, for the Lion was heavy, they managed to get

him up on the truck. Then the Queen hurriedly gave her people the order to

start, for she feared if the mice stayed among the poppies too long they also

would fall asleep.

At first the little creatures, many though they were, could hardly stir the

heavily loaded truck; but the Woodman and the Scarecrow both pushed from

behind, and they got along better. Soon they rolled the Lion out of the poppy

bed to the green fields, where he could breathe the sweet, fresh air again,

instead of the poisonous scent of the flowers.

Dorothy came to meet them and thanked the little mice warmly for saving her

companion from death. She had grown so fond of the big Lion she was glad he

had been rescued.

Then the mice were unharnessed from the truck and scampered away through

the grass to their homes. The Queen of the Mice was the last to leave.

"If ever you need us again," she said, "come out into the field and call, and we

shall hear you and come to your assistance. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" they all answered, and away the Queen ran, while Dorothy held

Toto tightly lest he should run after her and frighten her.

After this they sat down beside the Lion until he should awaken; and the

Scarecrow brought Dorothy some fruit from a tree near by, which she ate for

her dinner.

10. The Guardian of the Gate

It was some time before the Cowardly Lion awakened, for he had lain among

the poppies a long while, breathing in their deadly fragrance; but when he did

open his eyes and roll off the truck he was very glad to find himself still alive.

"I ran as fast as I could," he said, sitting down and yawning, "but the flowers

were too strong for me. How did you get me out?"

Then they told him of the field mice, and how they had generously saved him

from death; and the Cowardly Lion laughed, and said:

"I have always thought myself very big and terrible; yet such little things as

flowers came near to killing me, and such small animals as mice have saved

my life. How strange it all is! But, comrades, what shall we do now?"

"We must journey on until we find the road of yellow brick again," said

Dorothy, "and then we can keep on to the Emerald City."

So, the Lion being fully refreshed, and feeling quite himself again, they all

started upon the journey, greatly enjoying the walk through the soft, fresh

grass; and it was not long before they reached the road of yellow brick and

turned again toward the Emerald City where the Great Oz dwelt.

The road was smooth and well paved, now, and the country about was

beautiful, so that the travelers rejoiced in leaving the forest far behind, and

with it the many dangers they had met in its gloomy shades. Once more they

could see fences built beside the road; but these were painted green, and when

they came to a small house, in which a farmer evidently lived, that also was

painted green. They passed by several of these houses during the afternoon,

and sometimes people came to the doors and looked at them as if they would

like to ask questions; but no one came near them nor spoke to them because of

the great Lion, of which they were very much afraid. The people were all

dressed in clothing of a lovely emerald-green color and wore peaked hats like

those of the Munchkins.

"This must be the Land of Oz," said Dorothy, "and we are surely getting near

the Emerald City."

"Yes," answered the Scarecrow. "Everything is green here, while in the

country of the Munchkins blue was the favorite color. But the people do not

seem to be as friendly as the Munchkins, and I'm afraid we shall be unable to

find a place to pass the night."

"I should like something to eat besides fruit," said the girl, "and I'm sure Toto

is nearly starved. Let us stop at the next house and talk to the people."

So, when they came to a good-sized farmhouse, Dorothy walked boldly up to

the door and knocked.

A woman opened it just far enough to look out, and said, "What do you want,

child, and why is that great Lion with you?"

"We wish to pass the night with you, if you will allow us," answered Dorothy;

"and the Lion is my friend and comrade, and would not hurt you for the

world."

"Is he tame?" asked the woman, opening the door a little wider.

"Oh, yes," said the girl, "and he is a great coward, too. He will be more afraid

of you than you are of him."

"Well," said the woman, after thinking it over and taking another peep at the

Lion, "if that is the case you may come in, and I will give you some supper

and a place to sleep."

So they all entered the house, where there were, besides the woman, two

children and a man. The man had hurt his leg, and was lying on the couch in a

corner. They seemed greatly surprised to see so strange a company, and while

the woman was busy laying the table the man asked:

"Where are you all going?"

"To the Emerald City," said Dorothy, "to see the Great Oz."

"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed the man. "Are you sure that Oz will see you?"

"Why not?" she replied.

"Why, it is said that he never lets anyone come into his presence. I have been

to the Emerald City many times, and it is a beautiful and wonderful place; but

I have never been permitted to see the Great Oz, nor do I know of any living

person who has seen him."

"Does he never go out?" asked the Scarecrow.

"Never. He sits day after day in the great Throne Room of his Palace, and even

those who wait upon him do not see him face to face."

"What is he like?" asked the girl.

"That is hard to tell," said the man thoughtfully. "You see, Oz is a Great

Wizard, and can take on any form he wishes. So that some say he looks like a

bird; and some say he looks like an elephant; and some say he looks like a cat.

To others he appears as a beautiful fairy, or a brownie, or in any other form

that pleases him. But who the real Oz is, when he is in his own form, no living

person can tell."

"That is very strange," said Dorothy, "but we must try, in some way, to see

him, or we shall have made our journey for nothing."

"Why do you wish to see the terrible Oz?" asked the man.

"I want him to give me some brains," said the Scarecrow eagerly.

"Oh, Oz could do that easily enough," declared the man. "He has more brains

than he needs."

"And I want him to give me a heart," said the Tin Woodman.

"That will not trouble him," continued the man, "for Oz has a large collection

of hearts, of all sizes and shapes."

"And I want him to give me courage," said the Cowardly Lion.

"Oz keeps a great pot of courage in his Throne Room," said the man, "which

he has covered with a golden plate, to keep it from running over. He will be

glad to give you some."

"And I want him to send me back to Kansas," said Dorothy.

"Where is Kansas?" asked the man, with surprise.

"I don't know," replied Dorothy sorrowfully, "but it is my home, and I'm sure

it's somewhere."

"Very likely. Well, Oz can do anything; so I suppose he will find Kansas for

you. But first you must get to see him, and that will be a hard task; for the

Great Wizard does not like to see anyone, and he usually has his own way. But

what do YOU want?" he continued, speaking to Toto. Toto only wagged his

tail; for, strange to say, he could not speak.

The woman now called to them that supper was ready, so they gathered around

the table and Dorothy ate some delicious porridge and a dish of scrambled

eggs and a plate of nice white bread, and enjoyed her meal. The Lion ate some

of the porridge, but did not care for it, saying it was made from oats and oats

were food for horses, not for lions. The Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman ate

nothing at all. Toto ate a little of everything, and was glad to get a good supper

again.

The woman now gave Dorothy a bed to sleep in, and Toto lay down beside

her, while the Lion guarded the door of her room so she might not be

disturbed. The Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman stood up in a corner and kept

quiet all night, although of course they could not sleep.

The next morning, as soon as the sun was up, they started on their way, and

soon saw a beautiful green glow in the sky just before them.

"That must be the Emerald City," said Dorothy.

As they walked on, the green glow became brighter and brighter, and it

seemed that at last they were nearing the end of their travels. Yet it was

afternoon before they came to the great wall that surrounded the City. It was

high and thick and of a bright green color.

In front of them, and at the end of the road of yellow brick, was a big gate, all

studded with emeralds that glittered so in the sun that even the painted eyes of

the Scarecrow were dazzled by their brilliancy.

There was a bell beside the gate, and Dorothy pushed the button and heard a

silvery tinkle sound within. Then the big gate swung slowly open, and they all

passed through and found themselves in a high arched room, the walls of

which glistened with countless emeralds.

Before them stood a little man about the same size as the Munchkins. He was

clothed all in green, from his head to his feet, and even his skin was of a

greenish tint. At his side was a large green box.

When he saw Dorothy and her companions the man asked, "What do you wish

in the Emerald City?"

"We came here to see the Great Oz," said Dorothy.

The man was so surprised at this answer that he sat down to think it over.

"It has been many years since anyone asked me to see Oz," he said, shaking

his head in perplexity. "He is powerful and terrible, and if you come on an idle

or foolish errand to bother the wise reflections of the Great Wizard, he might

be angry and destroy you all in an instant."

"But it is not a foolish errand, nor an idle one," replied the Scarecrow; "it is

important. And we have been told that Oz is a good Wizard."

"So he is," said the green man, "and he rules the Emerald City wisely and well.

But to those who are not honest, or who approach him from curiosity, he is

most terrible, and few have ever dared ask to see his face. I am the Guardian

of the Gates, and since you demand to see the Great Oz I must take you to his

Palace. But first you must put on the spectacles."

"Why?" asked Dorothy.

"Because if you did not wear spectacles the brightness and glory of the

Emerald City would blind you. Even those who live in the City must wear

spectacles night and day. They are all locked on, for Oz so ordered it when the

City was first built, and I have the only key that will unlock them."

He opened the big box, and Dorothy saw that it was filled with spectacles of

every size and shape. All of them had green glasses in them. The Guardian of

the Gates found a pair that would just fit Dorothy and put them over her eyes.

There were two golden bands fastened to them that passed around the back of

her head, where they were locked together by a little key that was at the end of

a chain the Guardian of the Gates wore around his neck. When they were on,

Dorothy could not take them off had she wished, but of course she did not

wish to be blinded by the glare of the Emerald City, so she said nothing.

Then the green man fitted spectacles for the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman

and the Lion, and even on little Toto; and all were locked fast with the key.

Then the Guardian of the Gates put on his own glasses and told them he was

ready to show them to the Palace. Taking a big golden key from a peg on the

wall, he opened another gate, and they all followed him through the portal into

the streets of the Emerald City.

11. The Wonderful City of Oz

Even with eyes protected by the green spectacles, Dorothy and her friends

were at first dazzled by the brilliancy of the wonderful City. The streets were

lined with beautiful houses all built of green marble and studded everywhere

with sparkling emeralds. They walked over a pavement of the same green

marble, and where the blocks were joined together were rows of emeralds, set

closely, and glittering in the brightness of the sun. The window panes were of

green glass; even the sky above the City had a green tint, and the rays of the

sun were green.

There were many people--men, women, and children--walking about, and

these were all dressed in green clothes and had greenish skins. They looked at

Dorothy and her strangely assorted company with wondering eyes, and the

children all ran away and hid behind their mothers when they saw the Lion;

but no one spoke to them. Many shops stood in the street, and Dorothy saw

that everything in them was green. Green candy and green pop corn were

offered for sale, as well as green shoes, green hats, and green clothes of all

sorts. At one place a man was selling green lemonade, and when the children

bought it Dorothy could see that they paid for it with green pennies.

There seemed to be no horses nor animals of any kind; the men carried things

around in little green carts, which they pushed before them. Everyone seemed

happy and contented and prosperous.

The Guardian of the Gates led them through the streets until they came to a

big building, exactly in the middle of the City, which was the Palace of Oz, the

Great Wizard. There was a soldier before the door, dressed in a green uniform

and wearing a long green beard.

"Here are strangers," said the Guardian of the Gates to him, "and they demand

to see the Great Oz."

"Step inside," answered the soldier, "and I will carry your message to him."

So they passed through the Palace Gates and were led into a big room with a

green carpet and lovely green furniture set with emeralds. The soldier made

them all wipe their feet upon a green mat before entering this room, and when

they were seated he said politely:

"Please make yourselves comfortable while I go to the door of the Throne

Room and tell Oz you are here."

They had to wait a long time before the soldier returned. When, at last, he

came back, Dorothy asked:

"Have you seen Oz?"

"Oh, no," returned the soldier; "I have never seen him. But I spoke to him as

he sat behind his screen and gave him your message. He said he will grant you

an audience, if you so desire; but each one of you must enter his presence

alone, and he will admit but one each day. Therefore, as you must remain in

the Palace for several days, I will have you shown to rooms where you may

rest in comfort after your journey."

"Thank you," replied the girl; "that is very kind of Oz."

The soldier now blew upon a green whistle, and at once a young girl, dressed

in a pretty green silk gown, entered the room. She had lovely green hair and

green eyes, and she bowed low before Dorothy as she said, "Follow me and I

will show you your room."

So Dorothy said good-bye to all her friends except Toto, and taking the dog in

her arms followed the green girl through seven passages and up three flights of

stairs until they came to a room at the front of the Palace. It was the sweetest

little room in the world, with a soft comfortable bed that had sheets of green

silk and a green velvet counterpane. There was a tiny fountain in the middle of

the room, that shot a spray of green perfume into the air, to fall back into a

beautifully carved green marble basin. Beautiful green flowers stood in the

windows, and there was a shelf with a row of little green books. When

Dorothy had time to open these books she found them full of queer green

pictures that made her laugh, they were so funny.

In a wardrobe were many green dresses, made of silk and satin and velvet; and

all of them fitted Dorothy exactly.

"Make yourself perfectly at home," said the green girl, "and if you wish for

anything ring the bell. Oz will send for you tomorrow morning."

She left Dorothy alone and went back to the others. These she also led to

rooms, and each one of them found himself lodged in a very pleasant part of

the Palace. Of course this politeness was wasted on the Scarecrow; for when

he found himself alone in his room he stood stupidly in one spot, just within

the doorway, to wait till morning. It would not rest him to lie down, and he

could not close his eyes; so he remained all night staring at a little spider

which was weaving its web in a corner of the room, just as if it were not one

of the most wonderful rooms in the world. The Tin Woodman lay down on his

bed from force of habit, for he remembered when he was made of flesh; but

not being able to sleep, he passed the night moving his joints up and down to

make sure they kept in good working order. The Lion would have preferred a

bed of dried leaves in the forest, and did not like being shut up in a room; but

he had too much sense to let this worry him, so he sprang upon the bed and

rolled himself up like a cat and purred himself asleep in a minute.

The next morning, after breakfast, the green maiden came to fetch Dorothy,

and she dressed her in one of the prettiest gowns, made of green brocaded

satin. Dorothy put on a green silk apron and tied a green ribbon around Toto's

neck, and they started for the Throne Room of the Great Oz.

First they came to a great hall in which were many ladies and gentlemen of the

court, all dressed in rich costumes. These people had nothing to do but talk to

each other, but they always came to wait outside the Throne Room every

morning, although they were never permitted to see Oz. As Dorothy entered

they looked at her curiously, and one of them whispered:

"Are you really going to look upon the face of Oz the Terrible?"

"Of course," answered the girl, "if he will see me."

"Oh, he will see you," said the soldier who had taken her message to the

Wizard, "although he does not like to have people ask to see him. Indeed, at

first he was angry and said I should send you back where you came from.

Then he asked me what you looked like, and when I mentioned your silver

shoes he was very much interested. At last I told him about the mark upon

your forehead, and he decided he would admit you to his presence."

Just then a bell rang, and the green girl said to Dorothy, "That is the signal.

You must go into the Throne Room alone."

She opened a little door and Dorothy walked boldly through and found herself

in a wonderful place. It was a big, round room with a high arched roof, and the

walls and ceiling and floor were covered with large emeralds set closely

together. In the center of the roof was a great light, as bright as the sun, which

made the emeralds sparkle in a wonderful manner.

But what interested Dorothy most was the big throne of green marble that

stood in the middle of the room. It was shaped like a chair and sparkled with

gems, as did everything else. In the center of the chair was an enormous Head,

without a body to support it or any arms or legs whatever. There was no hair

upon this head, but it had eyes and a nose and mouth, and was much bigger

than the head of the biggest giant.

As Dorothy gazed upon this in wonder and fear, the eyes turned slowly and

looked at her sharply and steadily. Then the mouth moved, and Dorothy heard

a voice say:

"I am Oz, the Great and Terrible. Who are you, and why do you seek me?"

It was not such an awful voice as she had expected to come from the big Head;

so she took courage and answered:

"I am Dorothy, the Small and Meek. I have come to you for help."

The eyes looked at her thoughtfully for a full minute. Then said the voice:

"Where did you get the silver shoes?"

"I got them from the Wicked Witch of the East, when my house fell on her and

killed her," she replied.

"Where did you get the mark upon your forehead?" continued the voice.

"That is where the Good Witch of the North kissed me when she bade me

good-bye and sent me to you," said the girl.

Again the eyes looked at her sharply, and they saw she was telling the truth.

Then Oz asked, "What do you wish me to do?"

"Send me back to Kansas, where my Aunt Em and Uncle Henry are," she

answered earnestly. "I don't like your country, although it is so beautiful. And I

am sure Aunt Em will be dreadfully worried over my being away so long."

The eyes winked three times, and then they turned up to the ceiling and down

to the floor and rolled around so queerly that they seemed to see every part of

the room. And at last they looked at Dorothy again.

"Why should I do this for you?" asked Oz.

"Because you are strong and I am weak; because you are a Great Wizard and I

am only a little girl."

"But you were strong enough to kill the Wicked Witch of the East," said Oz.

"That just happened," returned Dorothy simply; "I could not help it."

"Well," said the Head, "I will give you my answer. You have no right to expect

me to send you back to Kansas unless you do something for me in return. In

this country everyone must pay for everything he gets. If you wish me to use

my magic power to send you home again you must do something for me first.

Help me and I will help you."

"What must I do?" asked the girl.

"Kill the Wicked Witch of the West," answered Oz.

"But I cannot!" exclaimed Dorothy, greatly surprised.

"You killed the Witch of the East and you wear the silver shoes, which bear a

powerful charm. There is now but one Wicked Witch left in all this land, and

when you can tell me she is dead I will send you back to Kansas--but not

before."

The little girl began to weep, she was so much disappointed; and the eyes

winked again and looked upon her anxiously, as if the Great Oz felt that she

could help him if she would.

"I never killed anything, willingly," she sobbed. "Even if I wanted to, how

could I kill the Wicked Witch? If you, who are Great and Terrible, cannot kill

her yourself, how do you expect me to do it?"

"I do not know," said the Head; "but that is my answer, and until the Wicked

Witch dies you will not see your uncle and aunt again. Remember that the

Witch is Wicked--tremendously Wicked--and ought to be killed. Now go, and

do not ask to see me again until you have done your task."

Sorrowfully Dorothy left the Throne Room and went back where the Lion and

the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman were waiting to hear what Oz had said to

her. "There is no hope for me," she said sadly, "for Oz will not send me home

until I have killed the Wicked Witch of the West; and that I can never do."

Her friends were sorry, but could do nothing to help her; so Dorothy went to

her own room and lay down on the bed and cried herself to sleep.

The next morning the soldier with the green whiskers came to the Scarecrow

and said:

"Come with me, for Oz has sent for you."

So the Scarecrow followed him and was admitted into the great Throne Room,

where he saw, sitting in the emerald throne, a most lovely Lady. She was

dressed in green silk gauze and wore upon her flowing green locks a crown of

jewels. Growing from her shoulders were wings, gorgeous in color and so

light that they fluttered if the slightest breath of air reached them.

When the Scarecrow had bowed, as prettily as his straw stuffing would let

him, before this beautiful creature, she looked upon him sweetly, and said:

"I am Oz, the Great and Terrible. Who are you, and why do you seek me?"

Now the Scarecrow, who had expected to see the great Head Dorothy had told

him of, was much astonished; but he answered her bravely.

"I am only a Scarecrow, stuffed with straw. Therefore I have no brains, and I

come to you praying that you will put brains in my head instead of straw, so

that I may become as much a man as any other in your dominions."

"Why should I do this for you?" asked the Lady.

"Because you are wise and powerful, and no one else can help me," answered

the Scarecrow.

"I never grant favors without some return," said Oz; "but this much I will

promise. If you will kill for me the Wicked Witch of the West, I will bestow

upon you a great many brains, and such good brains that you will be the wisest

man in all the Land of Oz."

"I thought you asked Dorothy to kill the Witch," said the Scarecrow, in

surprise.

"So I did. I don't care who kills her. But until she is dead I will not grant your

wish. Now go, and do not seek me again until you have earned the brains you

so greatly desire."

The Scarecrow went sorrowfully back to his friends and told them what Oz

had said; and Dorothy was surprised to find that the Great Wizard was not a

Head, as she had seen him, but a lovely Lady.

"All the same," said the Scarecrow, "she needs a heart as much as the Tin

Woodman."

On the next morning the soldier with the green whiskers came to the Tin

Woodman and said:

"Oz has sent for you. Follow me."

So the Tin Woodman followed him and came to the great Throne Room. He

did not know whether he would find Oz a lovely Lady or a Head, but he hoped

it would be the lovely Lady. "For," he said to himself, "if it is the head, I am

sure I shall not be given a heart, since a head has no heart of its own and

therefore cannot feel for me. But if it is the lovely Lady I shall beg hard for a

heart, for all ladies are themselves said to be kindly hearted."

But when the Woodman entered the great Throne Room he saw neither the

Head nor the Lady, for Oz had taken the shape of a most terrible Beast. It was

nearly as big as an elephant, and the green throne seemed hardly strong

enough to hold its weight. The Beast had a head like that of a rhinoceros, only

there were five eyes in its face. There were five long arms growing out of its

body, and it also had five long, slim legs. Thick, woolly hair covered every

part of it, and a more dreadful-looking monster could not be imagined. It was

fortunate the Tin Woodman had no heart at that moment, for it would have

beat loud and fast from terror. But being only tin, the Woodman was not at all

afraid, although he was much disappointed.

"I am Oz, the Great and Terrible," spoke the Beast, in a voice that was one

great roar. "Who are you, and why do you seek me?"

"I am a Woodman, and made of tin. Therefore I have no heart, and cannot

love. I pray you to give me a heart that I may be as other men are."

"Why should I do this?" demanded the Beast.

"Because I ask it, and you alone can grant my request," answered the

Woodman.

Oz gave a low growl at this, but said, gruffly: "If you indeed desire a heart,

you must earn it."

"How?" asked the Woodman.

"Help Dorothy to kill the Wicked Witch of the West," replied the Beast.

"When the Witch is dead, come to me, and I will then give you the biggest and

kindest and most loving heart in all the Land of Oz."

So the Tin Woodman was forced to return sorrowfully to his friends and tell

them of the terrible Beast he had seen. They all wondered greatly at the many

forms the Great Wizard could take upon himself, and the Lion said:

"If he is a Beast when I go to see him, I shall roar my loudest, and so frighten

him that he will grant all I ask. And if he is the lovely Lady, I shall pretend to

spring upon her, and so compel her to do my bidding. And if he is the great

Head, he will be at my mercy; for I will roll this head all about the room until

he promises to give us what we desire. So be of good cheer, my friends, for all

will yet be well."

The next morning the soldier with the green whiskers led the Lion to the great

Throne Room and bade him enter the presence of Oz.

The Lion at once passed through the door, and glancing around saw, to his

surprise, that before the throne was a Ball of Fire, so fierce and glowing he

could scarcely bear to gaze upon it. His first thought was that Oz had by

accident caught on fire and was burning up; but when he tried to go nearer, the

heat was so intense that it singed his whiskers, and he crept back tremblingly

to a spot nearer the door.

Then a low, quiet voice came from the Ball of Fire, and these were the words

it spoke:

"I am Oz, the Great and Terrible. Who are you, and why do you seek me?"

And the Lion answered, "I am a Cowardly Lion, afraid of everything. I came

to you to beg that you give me courage, so that in reality I may become the

King of Beasts, as men call me."

"Why should I give you courage?" demanded Oz.

"Because of all Wizards you are the greatest, and alone have power to grant

my request," answered the Lion.

The Ball of Fire burned fiercely for a time, and the voice said, "Bring me

proof that the Wicked Witch is dead, and that moment I will give you courage.

But as long as the Witch lives, you must remain a coward."

The Lion was angry at this speech, but could say nothing in reply, and while

he stood silently gazing at the Ball of Fire it became so furiously hot that he

turned tail and rushed from the room. He was glad to find his friends waiting

for him, and told them of his terrible interview with the Wizard.

"What shall we do now?" asked Dorothy sadly.

"There is only one thing we can do," returned the Lion, "and that is to go to

the land of the Winkies, seek out the Wicked Witch, and destroy her."

"But suppose we cannot?" said the girl.

"Then I shall never have courage," declared the Lion.

"And I shall never have brains," added the Scarecrow.

"And I shall never have a heart," spoke the Tin Woodman.

"And I shall never see Aunt Em and Uncle Henry," said Dorothy, beginning to

cry.

"Be careful!" cried the green girl. "The tears will fall on your green silk gown

and spot it."

So Dorothy dried her eyes and said, "I suppose we must try it; but I am sure I

do not want to kill anybody, even to see Aunt Em again."

"I will go with you; but I'm too much of a coward to kill the Witch," said the

Lion.

"I will go too," declared the Scarecrow; "but I shall not be of much help to

you, I am such a fool."

"I haven't the heart to harm even a Witch," remarked the Tin Woodman; "but if

you go I certainly shall go with you."

Therefore it was decided to start upon their journey the next morning, and the

Woodman sharpened his axe on a green grindstone and had all his joints

properly oiled. The Scarecrow stuffed himself with fresh straw and Dorothy

put new paint on his eyes that he might see better. The green girl, who was

very kind to them, filled Dorothy's basket with good things to eat, and fastened

a little bell around Toto's neck with a green ribbon.

They went to bed quite early and slept soundly until daylight, when they were

awakened by the crowing of a green cock that lived in the back yard of the

Palace, and the cackling of a hen that had laid a green egg.

12. The Search for the Wicked Witch

The soldier with the green whiskers led them through the streets of the

Emerald City until they reached the room where the Guardian of the Gates

lived. This officer unlocked their spectacles to put them back in his great box,

and then he politely opened the gate for our friends.

"Which road leads to the Wicked Witch of the West?" asked Dorothy.

"There is no road," answered the Guardian of the Gates. "No one ever wishes

to go that way."

"How, then, are we to find her?" inquired the girl.

"That will be easy," replied the man, "for when she knows you are in the

country of the Winkies she will find you, and make you all her slaves."

"Perhaps not," said the Scarecrow, "for we mean to destroy her."

"Oh, that is different," said the Guardian of the Gates. "No one has ever

destroyed her before, so I naturally thought she would make slaves of you, as

she has of the rest. But take care; for she is wicked and fierce, and may not

allow you to destroy her. Keep to the West, where the sun sets, and you cannot

fail to find her."

They thanked him and bade him good-bye, and turned toward the West,

walking over fields of soft grass dotted here and there with daisies and

buttercups. Dorothy still wore the pretty silk dress she had put on in the

palace, but now, to her surprise, she found it was no longer green, but pure

white. The ribbon around Toto's neck had also lost its green color and was as

white as Dorothy's dress.

The Emerald City was soon left far behind. As they advanced the ground

became rougher and hillier, for there were no farms nor houses in this country

of the West, and the ground was untilled.

In the afternoon the sun shone hot in their faces, for there were no trees to

offer them shade; so that before night Dorothy and Toto and the Lion were

tired, and lay down upon the grass and fell asleep, with the Woodman and the

Scarecrow keeping watch.

Now the Wicked Witch of the West had but one eye, yet that was as powerful

as a telescope, and could see everywhere. So, as she sat in the door of her

castle, she happened to look around and saw Dorothy lying asleep, with her

friends all about her. They were a long distance off, but the Wicked Witch was

angry to find them in her country; so she blew upon a silver whistle that hung

around her neck.

At once there came running to her from all directions a pack of great wolves.

They had long legs and fierce eyes and sharp teeth.

"Go to those people," said the Witch, "and tear them to pieces."

"Are you not going to make them your slaves?" asked the leader of the

wolves.

"No," she answered, "one is of tin, and one of straw; one is a girl and another a

Lion. None of them is fit to work, so you may tear them into small pieces."

"Very well," said the wolf, and he dashed away at full speed, followed by the

others.

It was lucky the Scarecrow and the Woodman were wide awake and heard the

wolves coming.

"This is my fight," said the Woodman, "so get behind me and I will meet them

as they come."

He seized his axe, which he had made very sharp, and as the leader of the

wolves came on the Tin Woodman swung his arm and chopped the wolf's head

from its body, so that it immediately died. As soon as he could raise his axe

another wolf came up, and he also fell under the sharp edge of the Tin

Woodman's weapon. There were forty wolves, and forty times a wolf was

killed, so that at last they all lay dead in a heap before the Woodman.

Then he put down his axe and sat beside the Scarecrow, who said, "It was a

good fight, friend."

They waited until Dorothy awoke the next morning. The little girl was quite

frightened when she saw the great pile of shaggy wolves, but the Tin

Woodman told her all. She thanked him for saving them and sat down to

breakfast, after which they started again upon their journey.

Now this same morning the Wicked Witch came to the door of her castle and

looked out with her one eye that could see far off. She saw all her wolves

lying dead, and the strangers still traveling through her country. This made her

angrier than before, and she blew her silver whistle twice.

Straightway a great flock of wild crows came flying toward her, enough to

darken the sky.

And the Wicked Witch said to the King Crow, "Fly at once to the strangers;

peck out their eyes and tear them to pieces."

The wild crows flew in one great flock toward Dorothy and her companions.

When the little girl saw them coming she was afraid.

But the Scarecrow said, "This is my battle, so lie down beside me and you will

not be harmed."

So they all lay upon the ground except the Scarecrow, and he stood up and

stretched out his arms. And when the crows saw him they were frightened, as

these birds always are by scarecrows, and did not dare to come any nearer. But

the King Crow said:

"It is only a stuffed man. I will peck his eyes out."

The King Crow flew at the Scarecrow, who caught it by the head and twisted

its neck until it died. And then another crow flew at him, and the Scarecrow

twisted its neck also. There were forty crows, and forty times the Scarecrow

twisted a neck, until at last all were lying dead beside him. Then he called to

his companions to rise, and again they went upon their journey.

When the Wicked Witch looked out again and saw all her crows lying in a

heap, she got into a terrible rage, and blew three times upon her silver whistle.

Forthwith there was heard a great buzzing in the air, and a swarm of black

bees came flying toward her.

"Go to the strangers and sting them to death!" commanded the Witch, and the

bees turned and flew rapidly until they came to where Dorothy and her friends

were walking. But the Woodman had seen them coming, and the Scarecrow

had decided what to do.

"Take out my straw and scatter it over the little girl and the dog and the Lion,"

he said to the Woodman, "and the bees cannot sting them." This the Woodman

did, and as Dorothy lay close beside the Lion and held Toto in her arms, the

straw covered them entirely.

The bees came and found no one but the Woodman to sting, so they flew at

him and broke off all their stings against the tin, without hurting the Woodman

at all. And as bees cannot live when their stings are broken that was the end of

the black bees, and they lay scattered thick about the Woodman, like little

heaps of fine coal.

Then Dorothy and the Lion got up, and the girl helped the Tin Woodman put

the straw back into the Scarecrow again, until he was as good as ever. So they

started upon their journey once more.

The Wicked Witch was so angry when she saw her black bees in little heaps

like fine coal that she stamped her foot and tore her hair and gnashed her teeth.

And then she called a dozen of her slaves, who were the Winkies, and gave

them sharp spears, telling them to go to the strangers and destroy them.

The Winkies were not a brave people, but they had to do as they were told. So

they marched away until they came near to Dorothy. Then the Lion gave a

great roar and sprang towards them, and the poor Winkies were so frightened

that they ran back as fast as they could.

When they returned to the castle the Wicked Witch beat them well with a

strap, and sent them back to their work, after which she sat down to think what

she should do next. She could not understand how all her plans to destroy

these strangers had failed; but she was a powerful Witch, as well as a wicked

one, and she soon made up her mind how to act.

There was, in her cupboard, a Golden Cap, with a circle of diamonds and

rubies running round it. This Golden Cap had a charm. Whoever owned it

could call three times upon the Winged Monkeys, who would obey any order

they were given. But no person could command these strange creatures more

than three times. Twice already the Wicked Witch had used the charm of the

Cap. Once was when she had made the Winkies her slaves, and set herself to

rule over their country. The Winged Monkeys had helped her do this. The

second time was when she had fought against the Great Oz himself, and driven

him out of the land of the West. The Winged Monkeys had also helped her in

doing this. Only once more could she use this Golden Cap, for which reason

she did not like to do so until all her other powers were exhausted. But now

that her fierce wolves and her wild crows and her stinging bees were gone, and

her slaves had been scared away by the Cowardly Lion, she saw there was

only one way left to destroy Dorothy and her friends.

So the Wicked Witch took the Golden Cap from her cupboard and placed it

upon her head. Then she stood upon her left foot and said slowly:

"Ep-pe, pep-pe, kak-ke!"

Next she stood upon her right foot and said:

"Hil-lo, hol-lo, hel-lo!"

After this she stood upon both feet and cried in a loud voice:

"Ziz-zy, zuz-zy, zik!"

Now the charm began to work. The sky was darkened, and a low rumbling

sound was heard in the air. There was a rushing of many wings, a great

chattering and laughing, and the sun came out of the dark sky to show the

Wicked Witch surrounded by a crowd of monkeys, each with a pair of

immense and powerful wings on his shoulders.

One, much bigger than the others, seemed to be their leader. He flew close to

the Witch and said, "You have called us for the third and last time. What do

you command?"

"Go to the strangers who are within my land and destroy them all except the

Lion," said the Wicked Witch. "Bring that beast to me, for I have a mind to

harness him like a horse, and make him work."

"Your commands shall be obeyed," said the leader. Then, with a great deal of

chattering and noise, the Winged Monkeys flew away to the place where

Dorothy and her friends were walking.

Some of the Monkeys seized the Tin Woodman and carried him through the

air until they were over a country thickly covered with sharp rocks. Here they

dropped the poor Woodman, who fell a great distance to the rocks, where he

lay so battered and dented that he could neither move nor groan.

Others of the Monkeys caught the Scarecrow, and with their long fingers

pulled all of the straw out of his clothes and head. They made his hat and

boots and clothes into a small bundle and threw it into the top branches of a

tall tree.

The remaining Monkeys threw pieces of stout rope around the Lion and

wound many coils about his body and head and legs, until he was unable to

bite or scratch or struggle in any way. Then they lifted him up and flew away

with him to the Witch's castle, where he was placed in a small yard with a high

iron fence around it, so that he could not escape.

But Dorothy they did not harm at all. She stood, with Toto in her arms,

watching the sad fate of her comrades and thinking it would soon be her turn.

The leader of the Winged Monkeys flew up to her, his long, hairy arms

stretched out and his ugly face grinning terribly; but he saw the mark of the

Good Witch's kiss upon her forehead and stopped short, motioning the others

not to touch her.

"We dare not harm this little girl," he said to them, "for she is protected by the

Power of Good, and that is greater than the Power of Evil. All we can do is to

carry her to the castle of the Wicked Witch and leave her there."

So, carefully and gently, they lifted Dorothy in their arms and carried her

swiftly through the air until they came to the castle, where they set her down

upon the front doorstep. Then the leader said to the Witch:

"We have obeyed you as far as we were able. The Tin Woodman and the

Scarecrow are destroyed, and the Lion is tied up in your yard. The little girl

we dare not harm, nor the dog she carries in her arms. Your power over our

band is now ended, and you will never see us again."

Then all the Winged Monkeys, with much laughing and chattering and noise,

flew into the air and were soon out of sight.

The Wicked Witch was both surprised and worried when she saw the mark on

Dorothy's forehead, for she knew well that neither the Winged Monkeys nor

she, herself, dare hurt the girl in any way. She looked down at Dorothy's feet,

and seeing the Silver Shoes, began to tremble with fear, for she knew what a

powerful charm belonged to them. At first the Witch was tempted to run away

from Dorothy; but she happened to look into the child's eyes and saw how

simple the soul behind them was, and that the little girl did not know of the

wonderful power the Silver Shoes gave her. So the Wicked Witch laughed to

herself, and thought, "I can still make her my slave, for she does not know

how to use her power." Then she said to Dorothy, harshly and severely:

"Come with me; and see that you mind everything I tell you, for if you do not

I will make an end of you, as I did of the Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow."

Dorothy followed her through many of the beautiful rooms in her castle until

they came to the kitchen, where the Witch bade her clean the pots and kettles

and sweep the floor and keep the fire fed with wood.

Dorothy went to work meekly, with her mind made up to work as hard as she

could; for she was glad the Wicked Witch had decided not to kill her.

With Dorothy hard at work, the Witch thought she would go into the courtyard

and harness the Cowardly Lion like a horse; it would amuse her, she was sure,

to make him draw her chariot whenever she wished to go to drive. But as she

opened the gate the Lion gave a loud roar and bounded at her so fiercely that

the Witch was afraid, and ran out and shut the gate again.

"If I cannot harness you," said the Witch to the Lion, speaking through the

bars of the gate, "I can starve you. You shall have nothing to eat until you do

as I wish."

So after that she took no food to the imprisoned Lion; but every day she came

to the gate at noon and asked, "Are you ready to be harnessed like a horse?"

And the Lion would answer, "No. If you come in this yard, I will bite you."

The reason the Lion did not have to do as the Witch wished was that every

night, while the woman was asleep, Dorothy carried him food from the

cupboard. After he had eaten he would lie down on his bed of straw, and

Dorothy would lie beside him and put her head on his soft, shaggy mane,

while they talked of their troubles and tried to plan some way to escape. But

they could find no way to get out of the castle, for it was constantly guarded

by the yellow Winkies, who were the slaves of the Wicked Witch and too

afraid of her not to do as she told them.

The girl had to work hard during the day, and often the Witch threatened to

beat her with the same old umbrella she always carried in her hand. But, in

truth, she did not dare to strike Dorothy, because of the mark upon her

forehead. The child did not know this, and was full of fear for herself and

Toto. Once the Witch struck Toto a blow with her umbrella and the brave little

dog flew at her and bit her leg in return. The Witch did not bleed where she

was bitten, for she was so wicked that the blood in her had dried up many

years before.

Dorothy's life became very sad as she grew to understand that it would be

harder than ever to get back to Kansas and Aunt Em again. Sometimes she

would cry bitterly for hours, with Toto sitting at her feet and looking into her

face, whining dismally to show how sorry he was for his little mistress. Toto

did not really care whether he was in Kansas or the Land of Oz so long as

Dorothy was with him; but he knew the little girl was unhappy, and that made

him unhappy too.

Now the Wicked Witch had a great longing to have for her own the Silver

Shoes which the girl always wore. Her bees and her crows and her wolves

were lying in heaps and drying up, and she had used up all the power of the

Golden Cap; but if she could only get hold of the Silver Shoes, they would

give her more power than all the other things she had lost. She watched

Dorothy carefully, to see if she ever took off her shoes, thinking she might

steal them. But the child was so proud of her pretty shoes that she never took

them off except at night and when she took her bath. The Witch was too much

afraid of the dark to dare go in Dorothy's room at night to take the shoes, and

her dread of water was greater than her fear of the dark, so she never came

near when Dorothy was bathing. Indeed, the old Witch never touched water,

nor ever let water touch her in any way.

But the wicked creature was very cunning, and she finally thought of a trick

that would give her what she wanted. She placed a bar of iron in the middle of

the kitchen floor, and then by her magic arts made the iron invisible to human

eyes. So that when Dorothy walked across the floor she stumbled over the bar,

not being able to see it, and fell at full length. She was not much hurt, but in

her fall one of the Silver Shoes came off; and before she could reach it, the

Witch had snatched it away and put it on her own skinny foot.

The wicked woman was greatly pleased with the success of her trick, for as

long as she had one of the shoes she owned half the power of their charm, and

Dorothy could not use it against her, even had she known how to do so.

The little girl, seeing she had lost one of her pretty shoes, grew angry, and said

to the Witch, "Give me back my shoe!"

"I will not," retorted the Witch, "for it is now my shoe, and not yours."

"You are a wicked creature!" cried Dorothy. "You have no right to take my

shoe from me."

"I shall keep it, just the same," said the Witch, laughing at her, "and someday I

shall get the other one from you, too."

This made Dorothy so very angry that she picked up the bucket of water that

stood near and dashed it over the Witch, wetting her from head to foot.

Instantly the wicked woman gave a loud cry of fear, and then, as Dorothy

looked at her in wonder, the Witch began to shrink and fall away.

"See what you have done!" she screamed. "In a minute I shall melt away."

"I'm very sorry, indeed," said Dorothy, who was truly frightened to see the

Witch actually melting away like brown sugar before her very eyes.

"Didn't you know water would be the end of me?" asked the Witch, in a

wailing, despairing voice.

"Of course not," answered Dorothy. "How should I?"

"Well, in a few minutes I shall be all melted, and you will have the castle to

yourself. I have been wicked in my day, but I never thought a little girl like

you would ever be able to melt me and end my wicked deeds. Look out--here I

go!"

With these words the Witch fell down in a brown, melted, shapeless mass and

began to spread over the clean boards of the kitchen floor. Seeing that she had

really melted away to nothing, Dorothy drew another bucket of water and

threw it over the mess. She then swept it all out the door. After picking out the

silver shoe, which was all that was left of the old woman, she cleaned and

dried it with a cloth, and put it on her foot again. Then, being at last free to do

as she chose, she ran out to the courtyard to tell the Lion that the Wicked

Witch of the West had come to an end, and that they were no longer prisoners

in a strange land.

13. The Rescue

The Cowardly Lion was much pleased to hear that the Wicked Witch had been

melted by a bucket of water, and Dorothy at once unlocked the gate of his

prison and set him free. They went in together to the castle, where Dorothy's

first act was to call all the Winkies together and tell them that they were no

longer slaves.

There was great rejoicing among the yellow Winkies, for they had been made

to work hard during many years for the Wicked Witch, who had always treated

them with great cruelty. They kept this day as a holiday, then and ever after,

and spent the time in feasting and dancing.

"If our friends, the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman, were only with us," said

the Lion, "I should be quite happy."

"Don't you suppose we could rescue them?" asked the girl anxiously.

"We can try," answered the Lion.

So they called the yellow Winkies and asked them if they would help to rescue

their friends, and the Winkies said that they would be delighted to do all in

their power for Dorothy, who had set them free from bondage. So she chose a

number of the Winkies who looked as if they knew the most, and they all

started away. They traveled that day and part of the next until they came to the

rocky plain where the Tin Woodman lay, all battered and bent. His axe was

near him, but the blade was rusted and the handle broken off short.

The Winkies lifted him tenderly in their arms, and carried him back to the

Yellow Castle again, Dorothy shedding a few tears by the way at the sad plight

of her old friend, and the Lion looking sober and sorry. When they reached the

castle Dorothy said to the Winkies:

"Are any of your people tinsmiths?"

"Oh, yes. Some of us are very good tinsmiths," they told her.

"Then bring them to me," she said. And when the tinsmiths came, bringing

with them all their tools in baskets, she inquired, "Can you straighten out those

dents in the Tin Woodman, and bend him back into shape again, and solder

him together where he is broken?"

The tinsmiths looked the Woodman over carefully and then answered that they

thought they could mend him so he would be as good as ever. So they set to

work in one of the big yellow rooms of the castle and worked for three days

and four nights, hammering and twisting and bending and soldering and

polishing and pounding at the legs and body and head of the Tin Woodman,

until at last he was straightened out into his old form, and his joints worked as

well as ever. To be sure, there were several patches on him, but the tinsmiths

did a good job, and as the Woodman was not a vain man he did not mind the

patches at all.

When, at last, he walked into Dorothy's room and thanked her for rescuing

him, he was so pleased that he wept tears of joy, and Dorothy had to wipe

every tear carefully from his face with her apron, so his joints would not be

rusted. At the same time her own tears fell thick and fast at the joy of meeting

her old friend again, and these tears did not need to be wiped away. As for the

Lion, he wiped his eyes so often with the tip of his tail that it became quite

wet, and he was obliged to go out into the courtyard and hold it in the sun till

it dried.

"If we only had the Scarecrow with us again," said the Tin Woodman, when

Dorothy had finished telling him everything that had happened, "I should be

quite happy."

"We must try to find him," said the girl.

So she called the Winkies to help her, and they walked all that day and part of

the next until they came to the tall tree in the branches of which the Winged

Monkeys had tossed the Scarecrow's clothes.

It was a very tall tree, and the trunk was so smooth that no one could climb it;

but the Woodman said at once, "I'll chop it down, and then we can get the

Scarecrow's clothes."

Now while the tinsmiths had been at work mending the Woodman himself,

another of the Winkies, who was a goldsmith, had made an axe-handle of solid

gold and fitted it to the Woodman's axe, instead of the old broken handle.

Others polished the blade until all the rust was removed and it glistened like

burnished silver.

As soon as he had spoken, the Tin Woodman began to chop, and in a short

time the tree fell over with a crash, whereupon the Scarecrow's clothes fell out

of the branches and rolled off on the ground.

Dorothy picked them up and had the Winkies carry them back to the castle,

where they were stuffed with nice, clean straw; and behold! here was the

Scarecrow, as good as ever, thanking them over and over again for saving him.

Now that they were reunited, Dorothy and her friends spent a few happy days

at the Yellow Castle, where they found everything they needed to make them

comfortable.

But one day the girl thought of Aunt Em, and said, "We must go back to Oz,

and claim his promise."

"Yes," said the Woodman, "at last I shall get my heart."

"And I shall get my brains," added the Scarecrow joyfully.

"And I shall get my courage," said the Lion thoughtfully.

"And I shall get back to Kansas," cried Dorothy, clapping her hands. "Oh, let

us start for the Emerald City tomorrow!"

This they decided to do. The next day they called the Winkies together and

bade them good-bye. The Winkies were sorry to have them go, and they had

grown so fond of the Tin Woodman that they begged him to stay and rule over

them and the Yellow Land of the West. Finding they were determined to go,

the Winkies gave Toto and the Lion each a golden collar; and to Dorothy they

presented a beautiful bracelet studded with diamonds; and to the Scarecrow

they gave a gold-headed walking stick, to keep him from stumbling; and to the

Tin Woodman they offered a silver oil-can, inlaid with gold and set with

precious jewels.

Every one of the travelers made the Winkies a pretty speech in return, and all

shook hands with them until their arms ached.

Dorothy went to the Witch's cupboard to fill her basket with food for the

journey, and there she saw the Golden Cap. She tried it on her own head and

found that it fitted her exactly. She did not know anything about the charm of

the Golden Cap, but she saw that it was pretty, so she made up her mind to

wear it and carry her sunbonnet in the basket.

Then, being prepared for the journey, they all started for the Emerald City; and

the Winkies gave them three cheers and many good wishes to carry with them.

14. The Winged Monkeys

You will remember there was no road--not even a pathway--between the castle

of the Wicked Witch and the Emerald City. When the four travelers went in

search of the Witch she had seen them coming, and so sent the Winged

Monkeys to bring them to her. It was much harder to find their way back

through the big fields of buttercups and yellow daisies than it was being

carried. They knew, of course, they must go straight east, toward the rising

sun; and they started off in the right way. But at noon, when the sun was over

their heads, they did not know which was east and which was west, and that

was the reason they were lost in the great fields. They kept on walking,

however, and at night the moon came out and shone brightly. So they lay

down among the sweet smelling yellow flowers and slept soundly until

morning--all but the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman.

The next morning the sun was behind a cloud, but they started on, as if they

were quite sure which way they were going.

"If we walk far enough," said Dorothy, "I am sure we shall sometime come to

some place."

But day by day passed away, and they still saw nothing before them but the

scarlet fields. The Scarecrow began to grumble a bit.

"We have surely lost our way," he said, "and unless we find it again in time to

reach the Emerald City, I shall never get my brains."

"Nor I my heart," declared the Tin Woodman. "It seems to me I can scarcely

wait till I get to Oz, and you must admit this is a very long journey."

"You see," said the Cowardly Lion, with a whimper, "I haven't the courage to

keep tramping forever, without getting anywhere at all."

Then Dorothy lost heart. She sat down on the grass and looked at her

companions, and they sat down and looked at her, and Toto found that for the

first time in his life he was too tired to chase a butterfly that flew past his head.

So he put out his tongue and panted and looked at Dorothy as if to ask what

they should do next.

"Suppose we call the field mice," she suggested. "They could probably tell us

the way to the Emerald City."

"To be sure they could," cried the Scarecrow. "Why didn't we think of that

before?"

Dorothy blew the little whistle she had always carried about her neck since the

Queen of the Mice had given it to her. In a few minutes they heard the

pattering of tiny feet, and many of the small gray mice came running up to her.

Among them was the Queen herself, who asked, in her squeaky little voice:

"What can I do for my friends?"

"We have lost our way," said Dorothy. "Can you tell us where the Emerald

City is?"

"Certainly," answered the Queen; "but it is a great way off, for you have had it

at your backs all this time." Then she noticed Dorothy's Golden Cap, and said,

"Why don't you use the charm of the Cap, and call the Winged Monkeys to

you? They will carry you to the City of Oz in less than an hour."

"I didn't know there was a charm," answered Dorothy, in surprise. "What is

it?"

"It is written inside the Golden Cap," replied the Queen of the Mice. "But if

you are going to call the Winged Monkeys we must run away, for they are full

of mischief and think it great fun to plague us."

"Won't they hurt me?" asked the girl anxiously.

"Oh, no. They must obey the wearer of the Cap. Good-bye!" And she

scampered out of sight, with all the mice hurrying after her.

Dorothy looked inside the Golden Cap and saw some words written upon the

lining. These, she thought, must be the charm, so she read the directions

carefully and put the Cap upon her head.

"Ep-pe, pep-pe, kak-ke!" she said, standing on her left foot.

"What did you say?" asked the Scarecrow, who did not know what she was

doing.

"Hil-lo, hol-lo, hel-lo!" Dorothy went on, standing this time on her right foot.

"Hello!" replied the Tin Woodman calmly.

"Ziz-zy, zuz-zy, zik!" said Dorothy, who was now standing on both feet. This

ended the saying of the charm, and they heard a great chattering and flapping

of wings, as the band of Winged Monkeys flew up to them.

The King bowed low before Dorothy, and asked, "What is your command?"

"We wish to go to the Emerald City," said the child, "and we have lost our

way."

"We will carry you," replied the King, and no sooner had he spoken than two

of the Monkeys caught Dorothy in their arms and flew away with her. Others

took the Scarecrow and the Woodman and the Lion, and one little Monkey

seized Toto and flew after them, although the dog tried hard to bite him.

The Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman were rather frightened at first, for they

remembered how badly the Winged Monkeys had treated them before; but

they saw that no harm was intended, so they rode through the air quite

cheerfully, and had a fine time looking at the pretty gardens and woods far

below them.

Dorothy found herself riding easily between two of the biggest Monkeys, one

of them the King himself. They had made a chair of their hands and were

careful not to hurt her.

"Why do you have to obey the charm of the Golden Cap?" she asked.

"That is a long story," answered the King, with a winged laugh; "but as we

have a long journey before us, I will pass the time by telling you about it, if

you wish."

"I shall be glad to hear it," she replied.

"Once," began the leader, "we were a free people, living happily in the great

forest, flying from tree to tree, eating nuts and fruit, and doing just as we

pleased without calling anybody master. Perhaps some of us were rather too

full of mischief at times, flying down to pull the tails of the animals that had

no wings, chasing birds, and throwing nuts at the people who walked in the

forest. But we were careless and happy and full of fun, and enjoyed every

minute of the day. This was many years ago, long before Oz came out of the

clouds to rule over this land.

"There lived here then, away at the North, a beautiful princess, who was also a

powerful sorceress. All her magic was used to help the people, and she was

never known to hurt anyone who was good. Her name was Gayelette, and she

lived in a handsome palace built from great blocks of ruby. Everyone loved

her, but her greatest sorrow was that she could find no one to love in return,

since all the men were much too stupid and ugly to mate with one so beautiful

and wise. At last, however, she found a boy who was handsome and manly

and wise beyond his years. Gayelette made up her mind that when he grew to

be a man she would make him her husband, so she took him to her ruby palace

and used all her magic powers to make him as strong and good and lovely as

any woman could wish. When he grew to manhood, Quelala, as he was called,

was said to be the best and wisest man in all the land, while his manly beauty

was so great that Gayelette loved him dearly, and hastened to make everything

ready for the wedding.

"My grandfather was at that time the King of the Winged Monkeys which

lived in the forest near Gayelette's palace, and the old fellow loved a joke

better than a good dinner. One day, just before the wedding, my grandfather

was flying out with his band when he saw Quelala walking beside the river.

He was dressed in a rich costume of pink silk and purple velvet, and my

grandfather thought he would see what he could do. At his word the band flew

down and seized Quelala, carried him in their arms until they were over the

middle of the river, and then dropped him into the water.

"'Swim out, my fine fellow,' cried my grandfather, 'and see if the water has

spotted your clothes.' Quelala was much too wise not to swim, and he was not

in the least spoiled by all his good fortune. He laughed, when he came to the

top of the water, and swam in to shore. But when Gayelette came running out

to him she found his silks and velvet all ruined by the river.

"The princess was angry, and she knew, of course, who did it. She had all the

Winged Monkeys brought before her, and she said at first that their wings

should be tied and they should be treated as they had treated Quelala, and

dropped in the river. But my grandfather pleaded hard, for he knew the

Monkeys would drown in the river with their wings tied, and Quelala said a

kind word for them also; so that Gayelette finally spared them, on condition

that the Winged Monkeys should ever after do three times the bidding of the

owner of the Golden Cap. This Cap had been made for a wedding present to

Quelala, and it is said to have cost the princess half her kingdom. Of course

my grandfather and all the other Monkeys at once agreed to the condition, and

that is how it happens that we are three times the slaves of the owner of the

Golden Cap, whosoever he may be."

"And what became of them?" asked Dorothy, who had been greatly interested

in the story.

"Quelala being the first owner of the Golden Cap," replied the Monkey, "he

was the first to lay his wishes upon us. As his bride could not bear the sight of

us, he called us all to him in the forest after he had married her and ordered us

always to keep where she could never again set eyes on a Winged Monkey,

which we were glad to do, for we were all afraid of her.

"This was all we ever had to do until the Golden Cap fell into the hands of the

Wicked Witch of the West, who made us enslave the Winkies, and afterward

drive Oz himself out of the Land of the West. Now the Golden Cap is yours,

and three times you have the right to lay your wishes upon us."

As the Monkey King finished his story Dorothy looked down and saw the

green, shining walls of the Emerald City before them. She wondered at the

rapid flight of the Monkeys, but was glad the journey was over. The strange

creatures set the travelers down carefully before the gate of the City, the King

bowed low to Dorothy, and then flew swiftly away, followed by all his band.

"That was a good ride," said the little girl.

"Yes, and a quick way out of our troubles," replied the Lion. "How lucky it

was you brought away that wonderful Cap!"

15. The Discovery of Oz, the Terrible

The four travelers walked up to the great gate of Emerald City and rang the

bell. After ringing several times, it was opened by the same Guardian of the

Gates they had met before.

"What! are you back again?" he asked, in surprise.

"Do you not see us?" answered the Scarecrow.

"But I thought you had gone to visit the Wicked Witch of the West."

"We did visit her," said the Scarecrow.

"And she let you go again?" asked the man, in wonder.

"She could not help it, for she is melted," explained the Scarecrow.

"Melted! Well, that is good news, indeed," said the man. "Who melted her?"

"It was Dorothy," said the Lion gravely.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the man, and he bowed very low indeed before

her.

Then he led them into his little room and locked the spectacles from the great

box on all their eyes, just as he had done before. Afterward they passed on

through the gate into the Emerald City. When the people heard from the

Guardian of the Gates that Dorothy had melted the Wicked Witch of the West,

they all gathered around the travelers and followed them in a great crowd to

the Palace of Oz.

The soldier with the green whiskers was still on guard before the door, but he

let them in at once, and they were again met by the beautiful green girl, who

showed each of them to their old rooms at once, so they might rest until the

Great Oz was ready to receive them.

The soldier had the news carried straight to Oz that Dorothy and the other

travelers had come back again, after destroying the Wicked Witch; but Oz

made no reply. They thought the Great Wizard would send for them at once,

but he did not. They had no word from him the next day, nor the next, nor the

next. The waiting was tiresome and wearing, and at last they grew vexed that

Oz should treat them in so poor a fashion, after sending them to undergo

hardships and slavery. So the Scarecrow at last asked the green girl to take

another message to Oz, saying if he did not let them in to see him at once they

would call the Winged Monkeys to help them, and find out whether he kept

his promises or not. When the Wizard was given this message he was so

frightened that he sent word for them to come to the Throne Room at four

minutes after nine o'clock the next morning. He had once met the Winged

Monkeys in the Land of the West, and he did not wish to meet them again.

The four travelers passed a sleepless night, each thinking of the gift Oz had

promised to bestow on him. Dorothy fell asleep only once, and then she

dreamed she was in Kansas, where Aunt Em was telling her how glad she was

to have her little girl at home again.

Promptly at nine o'clock the next morning the green-whiskered soldier came to

them, and four minutes later they all went into the Throne Room of the Great

Oz.

Of course each one of them expected to see the Wizard in the shape he had

taken before, and all were greatly surprised when they looked about and saw

no one at all in the room. They kept close to the door and closer to one

another, for the stillness of the empty room was more dreadful than any of the

forms they had seen Oz take.

Presently they heard a solemn Voice, that seemed to come from somewhere

near the top of the great dome, and it said:

"I am Oz, the Great and Terrible. Why do you seek me?"

They looked again in every part of the room, and then, seeing no one, Dorothy

asked, "Where are you?"

"I am everywhere," answered the Voice, "but to the eyes of common mortals I

am invisible. I will now seat myself upon my throne, that you may converse

with me." Indeed, the Voice seemed just then to come straight from the throne

itself; so they walked toward it and stood in a row while Dorothy said:

"We have come to claim our promise, O Oz."

"What promise?" asked Oz.

"You promised to send me back to Kansas when the Wicked Witch was

destroyed," said the girl.

"And you promised to give me brains," said the Scarecrow.

"And you promised to give me a heart," said the Tin Woodman.

"And you promised to give me courage," said the Cowardly Lion.

"Is the Wicked Witch really destroyed?" asked the Voice, and Dorothy thought

it trembled a little.

"Yes," she answered, "I melted her with a bucket of water."

"Dear me," said the Voice, "how sudden! Well, come to me tomorrow, for I

must have time to think it over."

"You've had plenty of time already," said the Tin Woodman angrily.

"We shan't wait a day longer," said the Scarecrow.

"You must keep your promises to us!" exclaimed Dorothy.

The Lion thought it might be as well to frighten the Wizard, so he gave a large,

loud roar, which was so fierce and dreadful that Toto jumped away from him

in alarm and tipped over the screen that stood in a corner. As it fell with a

crash they looked that way, and the next moment all of them were filled with

wonder. For they saw, standing in just the spot the screen had hidden, a little

old man, with a bald head and a wrinkled face, who seemed to be as much

surprised as they were. The Tin Woodman, raising his axe, rushed toward the

little man and cried out, "Who are you?"

"I am Oz, the Great and Terrible," said the little man, in a trembling voice.

"But don't strike me--please don't--and I'll do anything you want me to."

Our friends looked at him in surprise and dismay.

"I thought Oz was a great Head," said Dorothy.

"And I thought Oz was a lovely Lady," said the Scarecrow.

"And I thought Oz was a terrible Beast," said the Tin Woodman.

"And I thought Oz was a Ball of Fire," exclaimed the Lion.

"No, you are all wrong," said the little man meekly. "I have been making

believe."

"Making believe!" cried Dorothy. "Are you not a Great Wizard?"

"Hush, my dear," he said. "Don't speak so loud, or you will be overheard--and

I should be ruined. I'm supposed to be a Great Wizard."

"And aren't you?" she asked.

"Not a bit of it, my dear; I'm just a common man."

"You're more than that," said the Scarecrow, in a grieved tone; "you're a

humbug."

"Exactly so!" declared the little man, rubbing his hands together as if it

pleased him. "I am a humbug."

"But this is terrible," said the Tin Woodman. "How shall I ever get my heart?"

"Or I my courage?" asked the Lion.

"Or I my brains?" wailed the Scarecrow, wiping the tears from his eyes with

his coat sleeve.

"My dear friends," said Oz, "I pray you not to speak of these little things.

Think of me, and the terrible trouble I'm in at being found out."

"Doesn't anyone else know you're a humbug?" asked Dorothy.

"No one knows it but you four--and myself," replied Oz. "I have fooled

everyone so long that I thought I should never be found out. It was a great

mistake my ever letting you into the Throne Room. Usually I will not see even

my subjects, and so they believe I am something terrible."

"But, I don't understand," said Dorothy, in bewilderment. "How was it that you

appeared to me as a great Head?"

"That was one of my tricks," answered Oz. "Step this way, please, and I will

tell you all about it."

He led the way to a small chamber in the rear of the Throne Room, and they

all followed him. He pointed to one corner, in which lay the great Head, made

out of many thicknesses of paper, and with a carefully painted face.

"This I hung from the ceiling by a wire," said Oz. "I stood behind the screen

and pulled a thread, to make the eyes move and the mouth open."

"But how about the voice?" she inquired.

"Oh, I am a ventriloquist," said the little man. "I can throw the sound of my

voice wherever I wish, so that you thought it was coming out of the Head.

Here are the other things I used to deceive you." He showed the Scarecrow the

dress and the mask he had worn when he seemed to be the lovely Lady. And

the Tin Woodman saw that his terrible Beast was nothing but a lot of skins,

sewn together, with slats to keep their sides out. As for the Ball of Fire, the

false Wizard had hung that also from the ceiling. It was really a ball of cotton,

but when oil was poured upon it the ball burned fiercely.

"Really," said the Scarecrow, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself for being

such a humbug."

"I am--I certainly am," answered the little man sorrowfully; "but it was the

only thing I could do. Sit down, please, there are plenty of chairs; and I will

tell you my story."

So they sat down and listened while he told the following tale.

"I was born in Omaha--"

"Why, that isn't very far from Kansas!" cried Dorothy.

"No, but it's farther from here," he said, shaking his head at her sadly. "When I

grew up I became a ventriloquist, and at that I was very well trained by a great

master. I can imitate any kind of a bird or beast." Here he mewed so like a

kitten that Toto pricked up his ears and looked everywhere to see where she

was. "After a time," continued Oz, "I tired of that, and became a balloonist."

"What is that?" asked Dorothy.

"A man who goes up in a balloon on circus day, so as to draw a crowd of

people together and get them to pay to see the circus," he explained.

"Oh," she said, "I know."

"Well, one day I went up in a balloon and the ropes got twisted, so that I

couldn't come down again. It went way up above the clouds, so far that a

current of air struck it and carried it many, many miles away. For a day and a

night I traveled through the air, and on the morning of the second day I awoke

and found the balloon floating over a strange and beautiful country.

"It came down gradually, and I was not hurt a bit. But I found myself in the

midst of a strange people, who, seeing me come from the clouds, thought I

was a great Wizard. Of course I let them think so, because they were afraid of

me, and promised to do anything I wished them to.

"Just to amuse myself, and keep the good people busy, I ordered them to build

this City, and my Palace; and they did it all willingly and well. Then I thought,

as the country was so green and beautiful, I would call it the Emerald City;

and to make the name fit better I put green spectacles on all the people, so that

everything they saw was green."

"But isn't everything here green?" asked Dorothy.

"No more than in any other city," replied Oz; "but when you wear green

spectacles, why of course everything you see looks green to you. The Emerald

City was built a great many years ago, for I was a young man when the

balloon brought me here, and I am a very old man now. But my people have

worn green glasses on their eyes so long that most of them think it really is an

Emerald City, and it certainly is a beautiful place, abounding in jewels and

precious metals, and every good thing that is needed to make one happy. I

have been good to the people, and they like me; but ever since this Palace was

built, I have shut myself up and would not see any of them.

"One of my greatest fears was the Witches, for while I had no magical powers

at all I soon found out that the Witches were really able to do wonderful

things. There were four of them in this country, and they ruled the people who

live in the North and South and East and West. Fortunately, the Witches of the

North and South were good, and I knew they would do me no harm; but the

Witches of the East and West were terribly wicked, and had they not thought I

was more powerful than they themselves, they would surely have destroyed

me. As it was, I lived in deadly fear of them for many years; so you can

imagine how pleased I was when I heard your house had fallen on the Wicked

Witch of the East. When you came to me, I was willing to promise anything if

you would only do away with the other Witch; but, now that you have melted

her, I am ashamed to say that I cannot keep my promises."

"I think you are a very bad man," said Dorothy.

"Oh, no, my dear; I'm really a very good man, but I'm a very bad Wizard, I

must admit."

"Can't you give me brains?" asked the Scarecrow.

"You don't need them. You are learning something every day. A baby has

brains, but it doesn't know much. Experience is the only thing that brings

knowledge, and the longer you are on earth the more experience you are sure

to get."

"That may all be true," said the Scarecrow, "but I shall be very unhappy unless

you give me brains."

The false Wizard looked at him carefully.

"Well," he said with a sigh, "I'm not much of a magician, as I said; but if you

will come to me tomorrow morning, I will stuff your head with brains. I

cannot tell you how to use them, however; you must find that out for

yourself."

"Oh, thank you--thank you!" cried the Scarecrow. "I'll find a way to use them,

never fear!"

"But how about my courage?" asked the Lion anxiously.

"You have plenty of courage, I am sure," answered Oz. "All you need is

confidence in yourself. There is no living thing that is not afraid when it faces

danger. The True courage is in facing danger when you are afraid, and that

kind of courage you have in plenty."

"Perhaps I have, but I'm scared just the same," said the Lion. "I shall really be

very unhappy unless you give me the sort of courage that makes one forget he

is afraid."

"Very well, I will give you that sort of courage tomorrow," replied Oz.

"How about my heart?" asked the Tin Woodman.

"Why, as for that," answered Oz, "I think you are wrong to want a heart. It

makes most people unhappy. If you only knew it, you are in luck not to have a

heart."

"That must be a matter of opinion," said the Tin Woodman. "For my part, I

will bear all the unhappiness without a murmur, if you will give me the heart."

"Very well," answered Oz meekly. "Come to me tomorrow and you shall have

a heart. I have played Wizard for so many years that I may as well continue

the part a little longer."

"And now," said Dorothy, "how am I to get back to Kansas?"

"We shall have to think about that," replied the little man. "Give me two or

three days to consider the matter and I'll try to find a way to carry you over the

desert. In the meantime you shall all be treated as my guests, and while you

live in the Palace my people will wait upon you and obey your slightest wish.

There is only one thing I ask in return for my help--such as it is. You must

keep my secret and tell no one I am a humbug."

They agreed to say nothing of what they had learned, and went back to their

rooms in high spirits. Even Dorothy had hope that "The Great and Terrible

Humbug," as she called him, would find a way to send her back to Kansas,

and if he did she was willing to forgive him everything.

16. The Magic Art of the Great Humbug

Next morning the Scarecrow said to his friends:

"Congratulate me. I am going to Oz to get my brains at last. When I return I

shall be as other men are."

"I have always liked you as you were," said Dorothy simply.

"It is kind of you to like a Scarecrow," he replied. "But surely you will think

more of me when you hear the splendid thoughts my new brain is going to

turn out." Then he said good-bye to them all in a cheerful voice and went to

the Throne Room, where he rapped upon the door.

"Come in," said Oz.

The Scarecrow went in and found the little man sitting down by the window,

engaged in deep thought.

"I have come for my brains," remarked the Scarecrow, a little uneasily.

"Oh, yes; sit down in that chair, please," replied Oz. "You must excuse me for

taking your head off, but I shall have to do it in order to put your brains in

their proper place."

"That's all right," said the Scarecrow. "You are quite welcome to take my head

off, as long as it will be a better one when you put it on again."

So the Wizard unfastened his head and emptied out the straw. Then he entered

the back room and took up a measure of bran, which he mixed with a great

many pins and needles. Having shaken them together thoroughly, he filled the

top of the Scarecrow's head with the mixture and stuffed the rest of the space

with straw, to hold it in place.

When he had fastened the Scarecrow's head on his body again he said to him,

"Hereafter you will be a great man, for I have given you a lot of bran-new

brains."

The Scarecrow was both pleased and proud at the fulfillment of his greatest

wish, and having thanked Oz warmly he went back to his friends.

Dorothy looked at him curiously. His head was quite bulged out at the top with

brains.

"How do you feel?" she asked.

"I feel wise indeed," he answered earnestly. "When I get used to my brains I

shall know everything."

"Why are those needles and pins sticking out of your head?" asked the Tin

Woodman.

"That is proof that he is sharp," remarked the Lion.

"Well, I must go to Oz and get my heart," said the Woodman. So he walked to

the Throne Room and knocked at the door.

"Come in," called Oz, and the Woodman entered and said, "I have come for

my heart."

"Very well," answered the little man. "But I shall have to cut a hole in your

breast, so I can put your heart in the right place. I hope it won't hurt you."

"Oh, no," answered the Woodman. "I shall not feel it at all."

So Oz brought a pair of tinsmith's shears and cut a small, square hole in the

left side of the Tin Woodman's breast. Then, going to a chest of drawers, he

took out a pretty heart, made entirely of silk and stuffed with sawdust.

"Isn't it a beauty?" he asked.

"It is, indeed!" replied the Woodman, who was greatly pleased. "But is it a

kind heart?"

"Oh, very!" answered Oz. He put the heart in the Woodman's breast and then

replaced the square of tin, soldering it neatly together where it had been cut.

"There," said he; "now you have a heart that any man might be proud of. I'm

sorry I had to put a patch on your breast, but it really couldn't be helped."

"Never mind the patch," exclaimed the happy Woodman. "I am very grateful

to you, and shall never forget your kindness."

"Don't speak of it," replied Oz.

Then the Tin Woodman went back to his friends, who wished him every joy

on account of his good fortune.

The Lion now walked to the Throne Room and knocked at the door.

"Come in," said Oz.

"I have come for my courage," announced the Lion, entering the room.

"Very well," answered the little man; "I will get it for you."

He went to a cupboard and reaching up to a high shelf took down a square

green bottle, the contents of which he poured into a green-gold dish,

beautifully carved. Placing this before the Cowardly Lion, who sniffed at it as

if he did not like it, the Wizard said:

"Drink."

"What is it?" asked the Lion.

"Well," answered Oz, "if it were inside of you, it would be courage. You know,

of course, that courage is always inside one; so that this really cannot be called

courage until you have swallowed it. Therefore I advise you to drink it as soon

as possible."

The Lion hesitated no longer, but drank till the dish was empty.

"How do you feel now?" asked Oz.

"Full of courage," replied the Lion, who went joyfully back to his friends to

tell them of his good fortune.

Oz, left to himself, smiled to think of his success in giving the Scarecrow and

the Tin Woodman and the Lion exactly what they thought they wanted. "How

can I help being a humbug," he said, "when all these people make me do

things that everybody knows can't be done? It was easy to make the Scarecrow

and the Lion and the Woodman happy, because they imagined I could do

anything. But it will take more than imagination to carry Dorothy back to

Kansas, and I'm sure I don't know how it can be done."

17. How the Balloon Was Launched

For three days Dorothy heard nothing from Oz. These were sad days for the

little girl, although her friends were all quite happy and contented. The

Scarecrow told them there were wonderful thoughts in his head; but he would

not say what they were because he knew no one could understand them but

himself. When the Tin Woodman walked about he felt his heart rattling around

in his breast; and he told Dorothy he had discovered it to be a kinder and more

tender heart than the one he had owned when he was made of flesh. The Lion

declared he was afraid of nothing on earth, and would gladly face an army or a

dozen of the fierce Kalidahs.

Thus each of the little party was satisfied except Dorothy, who longed more

than ever to get back to Kansas.

On the fourth day, to her great joy, Oz sent for her, and when she entered the

Throne Room he greeted her pleasantly:

"Sit down, my dear; I think I have found the way to get you out of this

country."

"And back to Kansas?" she asked eagerly.

"Well, I'm not sure about Kansas," said Oz, "for I haven't the faintest notion

which way it lies. But the first thing to do is to cross the desert, and then it

should be easy to find your way home."

"How can I cross the desert?" she inquired.

"Well, I'll tell you what I think," said the little man. "You see, when I came to

this country it was in a balloon. You also came through the air, being carried

by a cyclone. So I believe the best way to get across the desert will be through

the air. Now, it is quite beyond my powers to make a cyclone; but I've been

thinking the matter over, and I believe I can make a balloon."

"How?" asked Dorothy.

"A balloon," said Oz, "is made of silk, which is coated with glue to keep the

gas in it. I have plenty of silk in the Palace, so it will be no trouble to make the

balloon. But in all this country there is no gas to fill the balloon with, to make

it float."

"If it won't float," remarked Dorothy, "it will be of no use to us."

"True," answered Oz. "But there is another way to make it float, which is to

fill it with hot air. Hot air isn't as good as gas, for if the air should get cold the

balloon would come down in the desert, and we should be lost."

"We!" exclaimed the girl. "Are you going with me?"

"Yes, of course," replied Oz. "I am tired of being such a humbug. If I should

go out of this Palace my people would soon discover I am not a Wizard, and

then they would be vexed with me for having deceived them. So I have to stay

shut up in these rooms all day, and it gets tiresome. I'd much rather go back to

Kansas with you and be in a circus again."

"I shall be glad to have your company," said Dorothy.

"Thank you," he answered. "Now, if you will help me sew the silk together,

we will begin to work on our balloon."

So Dorothy took a needle and thread, and as fast as Oz cut the strips of silk

into proper shape the girl sewed them neatly together. First there was a strip of

light green silk, then a strip of dark green and then a strip of emerald green;

for Oz had a fancy to make the balloon in different shades of the color about

them. It took three days to sew all the strips together, but when it was finished

they had a big bag of green silk more than twenty feet long.

Then Oz painted it on the inside with a coat of thin glue, to make it airtight,

after which he announced that the balloon was ready.

"But we must have a basket to ride in," he said. So he sent the soldier with the

green whiskers for a big clothes basket, which he fastened with many ropes to

the bottom of the balloon.

When it was all ready, Oz sent word to his people that he was going to make a

visit to a great brother Wizard who lived in the clouds. The news spread

rapidly throughout the city and everyone came to see the wonderful sight.

Oz ordered the balloon carried out in front of the Palace, and the people gazed

upon it with much curiosity. The Tin Woodman had chopped a big pile of

wood, and now he made a fire of it, and Oz held the bottom of the balloon

over the fire so that the hot air that arose from it would be caught in the silken

bag. Gradually the balloon swelled out and rose into the air, until finally the

basket just touched the ground.

Then Oz got into the basket and said to all the people in a loud voice:

"I am now going away to make a visit. While I am gone the Scarecrow will

rule over you. I command you to obey him as you would me."

The balloon was by this time tugging hard at the rope that held it to the

ground, for the air within it was hot, and this made it so much lighter in weight

than the air without that it pulled hard to rise into the sky.

"Come, Dorothy!" cried the Wizard. "Hurry up, or the balloon will fly away."

"I can't find Toto anywhere," replied Dorothy, who did not wish to leave her

little dog behind. Toto had run into the crowd to bark at a kitten, and Dorothy

at last found him. She picked him up and ran towards the balloon.

She was within a few steps of it, and Oz was holding out his hands to help her

into the basket, when, crack! went the ropes, and the balloon rose into the air

without her.

"Come back!" she screamed. "I want to go, too!"

"I can't come back, my dear," called Oz from the basket. "Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" shouted everyone, and all eyes were turned upward to where the

Wizard was riding in the basket, rising every moment farther and farther into

the sky.

And that was the last any of them ever saw of Oz, the Wonderful Wizard,

though he may have reached Omaha safely, and be there now, for all we know.

But the people remembered him lovingly, and said to one another:

"Oz was always our friend. When he was here he built for us this beautiful

Emerald City, and now he is gone he has left the Wise Scarecrow to rule over

us."

Still, for many days they grieved over the loss of the Wonderful Wizard, and

would not be comforted.

18. Away to the South

Dorothy wept bitterly at the passing of her hope to get home to Kansas again;

but when she thought it all over she was glad she had not gone up in a balloon.

And she also felt sorry at losing Oz, and so did her companions.

The Tin Woodman came to her and said:

"Truly I should be ungrateful if I failed to mourn for the man who gave me my

lovely heart. I should like to cry a little because Oz is gone, if you will kindly

wipe away my tears, so that I shall not rust."

"With pleasure," she answered, and brought a towel at once. Then the Tin

Woodman wept for several minutes, and she watched the tears carefully and

wiped them away with the towel. When he had finished, he thanked her kindly

and oiled himself thoroughly with his jeweled oil-can, to guard against

mishap.

The Scarecrow was now the ruler of the Emerald City, and although he was

not a Wizard the people were proud of him. "For," they said, "there is not

another city in all the world that is ruled by a stuffed man." And, so far as they

knew, they were quite right.

The morning after the balloon had gone up with Oz, the four travelers met in

the Throne Room and talked matters over. The Scarecrow sat in the big throne

and the others stood respectfully before him.

"We are not so unlucky," said the new ruler, "for this Palace and the Emerald

City belong to us, and we can do just as we please. When I remember that a

short time ago I was up on a pole in a farmer's cornfield, and that now I am the

ruler of this beautiful City, I am quite satisfied with my lot."

"I also," said the Tin Woodman, "am well-pleased with my new heart; and,

really, that was the only thing I wished in all the world."

"For my part, I am content in knowing I am as brave as any beast that ever

lived, if not braver," said the Lion modestly.

"If Dorothy would only be contented to live in the Emerald City," continued

the Scarecrow, "we might all be happy together."

"But I don't want to live here," cried Dorothy. "I want to go to Kansas, and live

with Aunt Em and Uncle Henry."

"Well, then, what can be done?" inquired the Woodman.

The Scarecrow decided to think, and he thought so hard that the pins and

needles began to stick out of his brains. Finally he said:

"Why not call the Winged Monkeys, and ask them to carry you over the

desert?"

"I never thought of that!" said Dorothy joyfully. "It's just the thing. I'll go at

once for the Golden Cap."

When she brought it into the Throne Room she spoke the magic words, and

soon the band of Winged Monkeys flew in through the open window and

stood beside her.

"This is the second time you have called us," said the Monkey King, bowing

before the little girl. "What do you wish?"

"I want you to fly with me to Kansas," said Dorothy.

But the Monkey King shook his head.

"That cannot be done," he said. "We belong to this country alone, and cannot

leave it. There has never been a Winged Monkey in Kansas yet, and I suppose

there never will be, for they don't belong there. We shall be glad to serve you

in any way in our power, but we cannot cross the desert. Good-bye."

And with another bow, the Monkey King spread his wings and flew away

through the window, followed by all his band.

Dorothy was ready to cry with disappointment. "I have wasted the charm of

the Golden Cap to no purpose," she said, "for the Winged Monkeys cannot

help me."

"It is certainly too bad!" said the tender-hearted Woodman.

The Scarecrow was thinking again, and his head bulged out so horribly that

Dorothy feared it would burst.

"Let us call in the soldier with the green whiskers," he said, "and ask his

advice."

So the soldier was summoned and entered the Throne Room timidly, for while

Oz was alive he never was allowed to come farther than the door.

"This little girl," said the Scarecrow to the soldier, "wishes to cross the desert.

How can she do so?"

"I cannot tell," answered the soldier, "for nobody has ever crossed the desert,

unless it is Oz himself."

"Is there no one who can help me?" asked Dorothy earnestly.

"Glinda might," he suggested.

"Who is Glinda?" inquired the Scarecrow.

"The Witch of the South. She is the most powerful of all the Witches, and

rules over the Quadlings. Besides, her castle stands on the edge of the desert,

so she may know a way to cross it."

"Glinda is a Good Witch, isn't she?" asked the child.

"The Quadlings think she is good," said the soldier, "and she is kind to

everyone. I have heard that Glinda is a beautiful woman, who knows how to

keep young in spite of the many years she has lived."

"How can I get to her castle?" asked Dorothy.

"The road is straight to the South," he answered, "but it is said to be full of

dangers to travelers. There are wild beasts in the woods, and a race of queer

men who do not like strangers to cross their country. For this reason none of

the Quadlings ever come to the Emerald City."

The soldier then left them and the Scarecrow said:

"It seems, in spite of dangers, that the best thing Dorothy can do is to travel to

the Land of the South and ask Glinda to help her. For, of course, if Dorothy

stays here she will never get back to Kansas."

"You must have been thinking again," remarked the Tin Woodman.

"I have," said the Scarecrow.

"I shall go with Dorothy," declared the Lion, "for I am tired of your city and

long for the woods and the country again. I am really a wild beast, you know.

Besides, Dorothy will need someone to protect her."

"That is true," agreed the Woodman. "My axe may be of service to her; so I

also will go with her to the Land of the South."

"When shall we start?" asked the Scarecrow.

"Are you going?" they asked, in surprise.

"Certainly. If it wasn't for Dorothy I should never have had brains. She lifted

me from the pole in the cornfield and brought me to the Emerald City. So my

good luck is all due to her, and I shall never leave her until she starts back to

Kansas for good and all."

"Thank you," said Dorothy gratefully. "You are all very kind to me. But I

should like to start as soon as possible."

"We shall go tomorrow morning," returned the Scarecrow. "So now let us all

get ready, for it will be a long journey."

19. Attacked by the Fighting Trees

The next morning Dorothy kissed the pretty green girl good-bye, and they all

shook hands with the soldier with the green whiskers, who had walked with

them as far as the gate. When the Guardian of the Gate saw them again he

wondered greatly that they could leave the beautiful City to get into new

trouble. But he at once unlocked their spectacles, which he put back into the

green box, and gave them many good wishes to carry with them.

"You are now our ruler," he said to the Scarecrow; "so you must come back to

us as soon as possible."

"I certainly shall if I am able," the Scarecrow replied; "but I must help

Dorothy to get home, first."

As Dorothy bade the good-natured Guardian a last farewell she said:

"I have been very kindly treated in your lovely City, and everyone has been

good to me. I cannot tell you how grateful I am."

"Don't try, my dear," he answered. "We should like to keep you with us, but if

it is your wish to return to Kansas, I hope you will find a way." He then

opened the gate of the outer wall, and they walked forth and started upon their

journey.

The sun shone brightly as our friends turned their faces toward the Land of the

South. They were all in the best of spirits, and laughed and chatted together.

Dorothy was once more filled with the hope of getting home, and the

Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman were glad to be of use to her. As for the

Lion, he sniffed the fresh air with delight and whisked his tail from side to side

in pure joy at being in the country again, while Toto ran around them and

chased the moths and butterflies, barking merrily all the time.

"City life does not agree with me at all," remarked the Lion, as they walked

along at a brisk pace. "I have lost much flesh since I lived there, and now I am

anxious for a chance to show the other beasts how courageous I have grown."

They now turned and took a last look at the Emerald City. All they could see

was a mass of towers and steeples behind the green walls, and high up above

everything the spires and dome of the Palace of Oz.

"Oz was not such a bad Wizard, after all," said the Tin Woodman, as he felt his

heart rattling around in his breast.

"He knew how to give me brains, and very good brains, too," said the

Scarecrow.

"If Oz had taken a dose of the same courage he gave me," added the Lion, "he

would have been a brave man."

Dorothy said nothing. Oz had not kept the promise he made her, but he had

done his best, so she forgave him. As he said, he was a good man, even if he

was a bad Wizard.

The first day's journey was through the green fields and bright flowers that

stretched about the Emerald City on every side. They slept that night on the

grass, with nothing but the stars over them; and they rested very well indeed.

In the morning they traveled on until they came to a thick wood. There was no

way of going around it, for it seemed to extend to the right and left as far as

they could see; and, besides, they did not dare change the direction of their

journey for fear of getting lost. So they looked for the place where it would be

easiest to get into the forest.

The Scarecrow, who was in the lead, finally discovered a big tree with such

wide-spreading branches that there was room for the party to pass underneath.

So he walked forward to the tree, but just as he came under the first branches

they bent down and twined around him, and the next minute he was raised

from the ground and flung headlong among his fellow travelers.

This did not hurt the Scarecrow, but it surprised him, and he looked rather

dizzy when Dorothy picked him up.

"Here is another space between the trees," called the Lion.

"Let me try it first," said the Scarecrow, "for it doesn't hurt me to get thrown

about." He walked up to another tree, as he spoke, but its branches

immediately seized him and tossed him back again.

"This is strange," exclaimed Dorothy. "What shall we do?"

"The trees seem to have made up their minds to fight us, and stop our

journey," remarked the Lion.

"I believe I will try it myself," said the Woodman, and shouldering his axe, he

marched up to the first tree that had handled the Scarecrow so roughly. When

a big branch bent down to seize him the Woodman chopped at it so fiercely

that he cut it in two. At once the tree began shaking all its branches as if in

pain, and the Tin Woodman passed safely under it.

"Come on!" he shouted to the others. "Be quick!" They all ran forward and

passed under the tree without injury, except Toto, who was caught by a small

branch and shaken until he howled. But the Woodman promptly chopped off

the branch and set the little dog free.

The other trees of the forest did nothing to keep them back, so they made up

their minds that only the first row of trees could bend down their branches,

and that probably these were the policemen of the forest, and given this

wonderful power in order to keep strangers out of it.

The four travelers walked with ease through the trees until they came to the

farther edge of the wood. Then, to their surprise, they found before them a

high wall which seemed to be made of white china. It was smooth, like the

surface of a dish, and higher than their heads.

"What shall we do now?" asked Dorothy.

"I will make a ladder," said the Tin Woodman, "for we certainly must climb

over the wall."

20. The Dainty China Country

While the Woodman was making a ladder from wood which he found in the

forest Dorothy lay down and slept, for she was tired by the long walk. The

Lion also curled himself up to sleep and Toto lay beside him.

The Scarecrow watched the Woodman while he worked, and said to him:

"I cannot think why this wall is here, nor what it is made of."

"Rest your brains and do not worry about the wall," replied the Woodman.

"When we have climbed over it, we shall know what is on the other side."

After a time the ladder was finished. It looked clumsy, but the Tin Woodman

was sure it was strong and would answer their purpose. The Scarecrow waked

Dorothy and the Lion and Toto, and told them that the ladder was ready. The

Scarecrow climbed up the ladder first, but he was so awkward that Dorothy

had to follow close behind and keep him from falling off. When he got his

head over the top of the wall the Scarecrow said, "Oh, my!"

"Go on," exclaimed Dorothy.

So the Scarecrow climbed farther up and sat down on the top of the wall, and

Dorothy put her head over and cried, "Oh, my!" just as the Scarecrow had

done.

Then Toto came up, and immediately began to bark, but Dorothy made him be

still.

The Lion climbed the ladder next, and the Tin Woodman came last; but both

of them cried, "Oh, my!" as soon as they looked over the wall. When they

were all sitting in a row on the top of the wall, they looked down and saw a

strange sight.

Before them was a great stretch of country having a floor as smooth and

shining and white as the bottom of a big platter. Scattered around were many

houses made entirely of china and painted in the brightest colors. These

houses were quite small, the biggest of them reaching only as high as

Dorothy's waist. There were also pretty little barns, with china fences around

them; and many cows and sheep and horses and pigs and chickens, all made of

china, were standing about in groups.

But the strangest of all were the people who lived in this queer country. There

were milkmaids and shepherdesses, with brightly colored bodices and golden

spots all over their gowns; and princesses with most gorgeous frocks of silver

and gold and purple; and shepherds dressed in knee breeches with pink and

yellow and blue stripes down them, and golden buckles on their shoes; and

princes with jeweled crowns upon their heads, wearing ermine robes and satin

doublets; and funny clowns in ruffled gowns, with round red spots upon their

cheeks and tall, pointed caps. And, strangest of all, these people were all made

of china, even to their clothes, and were so small that the tallest of them was

no higher than Dorothy's knee.

No one did so much as look at the travelers at first, except one little purple

china dog with an extra-large head, which came to the wall and barked at them

in a tiny voice, afterwards running away again.

"How shall we get down?" asked Dorothy.

They found the ladder so heavy they could not pull it up, so the Scarecrow fell

off the wall and the others jumped down upon him so that the hard floor would

not hurt their feet. Of course they took pains not to light on his head and get

the pins in their feet. When all were safely down they picked up the

Scarecrow, whose body was quite flattened out, and patted his straw into shape

again.

"We must cross this strange place in order to get to the other side," said

Dorothy, "for it would be unwise for us to go any other way except due

South."

They began walking through the country of the china people, and the first

thing they came to was a china milkmaid milking a china cow. As they drew

near, the cow suddenly gave a kick and kicked over the stool, the pail, and

even the milkmaid herself, and all fell on the china ground with a great clatter.

Dorothy was shocked to see that the cow had broken her leg off, and that the

pail was lying in several small pieces, while the poor milkmaid had a nick in

her left elbow.

"There!" cried the milkmaid angrily. "See what you have done! My cow has

broken her leg, and I must take her to the mender's shop and have it glued on

again. What do you mean by coming here and frightening my cow?"

"I'm very sorry," returned Dorothy. "Please forgive us."

But the pretty milkmaid was much too vexed to make any answer. She picked

up the leg sulkily and led her cow away, the poor animal limping on three legs.

As she left them the milkmaid cast many reproachful glances over her

shoulder at the clumsy strangers, holding her nicked elbow close to her side.

Dorothy was quite grieved at this mishap.

"We must be very careful here," said the kind-hearted Woodman, "or we may

hurt these pretty little people so they will never get over it."

A little farther on Dorothy met a most beautifully dressed young Princess, who

stopped short as she saw the strangers and started to run away.

Dorothy wanted to see more of the Princess, so she ran after her. But the china

girl cried out:

"Don't chase me! Don't chase me!"

She had such a frightened little voice that Dorothy stopped and said, "Why

not?"

"Because," answered the Princess, also stopping, a safe distance away, "if I run

I may fall down and break myself."

"But could you not be mended?" asked the girl.

"Oh, yes; but one is never so pretty after being mended, you know," replied the

Princess.

"I suppose not," said Dorothy.

"Now there is Mr. Joker, one of our clowns," continued the china lady, "who is

always trying to stand upon his head. He has broken himself so often that he is

mended in a hundred places, and doesn't look at all pretty. Here he comes now,

so you can see for yourself."

Indeed, a jolly little clown came walking toward them, and Dorothy could see

that in spite of his pretty clothes of red and yellow and green he was

completely covered with cracks, running every which way and showing

plainly that he had been mended in many places.

The Clown put his hands in his pockets, and after puffing out his cheeks and

nodding his head at them saucily, he said:

"My lady fair,

Why do you stare

At poor old Mr. Joker?

You're quite as stiff

And prim as if

You'd eaten up a poker!"

"Be quiet, sir!" said the Princess. "Can't you see these are strangers, and

should be treated with respect?"

"Well, that's respect, I expect," declared the Clown, and immediately stood

upon his head.

"Don't mind Mr. Joker," said the Princess to Dorothy. "He is considerably

cracked in his head, and that makes him foolish."

"Oh, I don't mind him a bit," said Dorothy. "But you are so beautiful," she

continued, "that I am sure I could love you dearly. Won't you let me carry you

back to Kansas, and stand you on Aunt Em's mantel? I could carry you in my

basket."

"That would make me very unhappy," answered the china Princess. "You see,

here in our country we live contentedly, and can talk and move around as we

please. But whenever any of us are taken away our joints at once stiffen, and

we can only stand straight and look pretty. Of course that is all that is expected

of us when we are on mantels and cabinets and drawing-room tables, but our

lives are much pleasanter here in our own country."

"I would not make you unhappy for all the world!" exclaimed Dorothy. "So I'll

just say good-bye."

"Good-bye," replied the Princess.

They walked carefully through the china country. The little animals and all the

people scampered out of their way, fearing the strangers would break them,

and after an hour or so the travelers reached the other side of the country and

came to another china wall.

It was not so high as the first, however, and by standing upon the Lion's back

they all managed to scramble to the top. Then the Lion gathered his legs under

him and jumped on the wall; but just as he jumped, he upset a china church

with his tail and smashed it all to pieces.

"That was too bad," said Dorothy, "but really I think we were lucky in not

doing these little people more harm than breaking a cow's leg and a church.

They are all so brittle!"

"They are, indeed," said the Scarecrow, "and I am thankful I am made of straw

and cannot be easily damaged. There are worse things in the world than being

a Scarecrow."

21. The Lion Becomes the King of Beasts

After climbing down from the china wall the travelers found themselves in a

disagreeable country, full of bogs and marshes and covered with tall, rank

grass. It was difficult to walk without falling into muddy holes, for the grass

was so thick that it hid them from sight. However, by carefully picking their

way, they got safely along until they reached solid ground. But here the

country seemed wilder than ever, and after a long and tiresome walk through

the underbrush they entered another forest, where the trees were bigger and

older than any they had ever seen.

"This forest is perfectly delightful," declared the Lion, looking around him

with joy. "Never have I seen a more beautiful place."

"It seems gloomy," said the Scarecrow.

"Not a bit of it," answered the Lion. "I should like to live here all my life. See

how soft the dried leaves are under your feet and how rich and green the moss

is that clings to these old trees. Surely no wild beast could wish a pleasanter

home."

"Perhaps there are wild beasts in the forest now," said Dorothy.

"I suppose there are," returned the Lion, "but I do not see any of them about."

They walked through the forest until it became too dark to go any farther.

Dorothy and Toto and the Lion lay down to sleep, while the Woodman and the

Scarecrow kept watch over them as usual.

When morning came, they started again. Before they had gone far they heard a

low rumble, as of the growling of many wild animals. Toto whimpered a little,

but none of the others was frightened, and they kept along the well-trodden

path until they came to an opening in the wood, in which were gathered

hundreds of beasts of every variety. There were tigers and elephants and bears

and wolves and foxes and all the others in the natural history, and for a

moment Dorothy was afraid. But the Lion explained that the animals were

holding a meeting, and he judged by their snarling and growling that they were

in great trouble.

As he spoke several of the beasts caught sight of him, and at once the great

assemblage hushed as if by magic. The biggest of the tigers came up to the

Lion and bowed, saying:

"Welcome, O King of Beasts! You have come in good time to fight our enemy

and bring peace to all the animals of the forest once more."

"What is your trouble?" asked the Lion quietly.

"We are all threatened," answered the tiger, "by a fierce enemy which has

lately come into this forest. It is a most tremendous monster, like a great

spider, with a body as big as an elephant and legs as long as a tree trunk. It has

eight of these long legs, and as the monster crawls through the forest he seizes

an animal with a leg and drags it to his mouth, where he eats it as a spider does

a fly. Not one of us is safe while this fierce creature is alive, and we had called

a meeting to decide how to take care of ourselves when you came among us."

The Lion thought for a moment.

"Are there any other lions in this forest?" he asked.

"No; there were some, but the monster has eaten them all. And, besides, they

were none of them nearly so large and brave as you."

"If I put an end to your enemy, will you bow down to me and obey me as King

of the Forest?" inquired the Lion.

"We will do that gladly," returned the tiger; and all the other beasts roared with

a mighty roar: "We will!"

"Where is this great spider of yours now?" asked the Lion.

"Yonder, among the oak trees," said the tiger, pointing with his forefoot.

"Take good care of these friends of mine," said the Lion, "and I will go at once

to fight the monster."

He bade his comrades good-bye and marched proudly away to do battle with

the enemy.

The great spider was lying asleep when the Lion found him, and it looked so

ugly that its foe turned up his nose in disgust. Its legs were quite as long as the

tiger had said, and its body covered with coarse black hair. It had a great

mouth, with a row of sharp teeth a foot long; but its head was joined to the

pudgy body by a neck as slender as a wasp's waist. This gave the Lion a hint

of the best way to attack the creature, and as he knew it was easier to fight it

asleep than awake, he gave a great spring and landed directly upon the

monster's back. Then, with one blow of his heavy paw, all armed with sharp

claws, he knocked the spider's head from its body. Jumping down, he watched

it until the long legs stopped wiggling, when he knew it was quite dead.

The Lion went back to the opening where the beasts of the forest were waiting

for him and said proudly:

"You need fear your enemy no longer."

Then the beasts bowed down to the Lion as their King, and he promised to

come back and rule over them as soon as Dorothy was safely on her way to

Kansas.

22. The Country of the Quadlings

The four travelers passed through the rest of the forest in safety, and when

they came out from its gloom saw before them a steep hill, covered from top

to bottom with great pieces of rock.

"That will be a hard climb," said the Scarecrow, "but we must get over the hill,

nevertheless."

So he led the way and the others followed. They had nearly reached the first

rock when they heard a rough voice cry out, "Keep back!"

"Who are you?" asked the Scarecrow.

Then a head showed itself over the rock and the same voice said, "This hill

belongs to us, and we don't allow anyone to cross it."

"But we must cross it," said the Scarecrow. "We're going to the country of the

Quadlings."

"But you shall not!" replied the voice, and there stepped from behind the rock

the strangest man the travelers had ever seen.

He was quite short and stout and had a big head, which was flat at the top and

supported by a thick neck full of wrinkles. But he had no arms at all, and,

seeing this, the Scarecrow did not fear that so helpless a creature could prevent

them from climbing the hill. So he said, "I'm sorry not to do as you wish, but

we must pass over your hill whether you like it or not," and he walked boldly

forward.

As quick as lightning the man's head shot forward and his neck stretched out

until the top of the head, where it was flat, struck the Scarecrow in the middle

and sent him tumbling, over and over, down the hill. Almost as quickly as it

came the head went back to the body, and the man laughed harshly as he said,

"It isn't as easy as you think!"

A chorus of boisterous laughter came from the other rocks, and Dorothy saw

hundreds of the armless Hammer-Heads upon the hillside, one behind every

rock.

The Lion became quite angry at the laughter caused by the Scarecrow's

mishap, and giving a loud roar that echoed like thunder, he dashed up the hill.

Again a head shot swiftly out, and the great Lion went rolling down the hill as

if he had been struck by a cannon ball.

Dorothy ran down and helped the Scarecrow to his feet, and the Lion came up

to her, feeling rather bruised and sore, and said, "It is useless to fight people

with shooting heads; no one can withstand them."

"What can we do, then?" she asked.

"Call the Winged Monkeys," suggested the Tin Woodman. "You have still the

right to command them once more."

"Very well," she answered, and putting on the Golden Cap she uttered the

magic words. The Monkeys were as prompt as ever, and in a few moments the

entire band stood before her.

"What are your commands?" inquired the King of the Monkeys, bowing low.

"Carry us over the hill to the country of the Quadlings," answered the girl.

"It shall be done," said the King, and at once the Winged Monkeys caught the

four travelers and Toto up in their arms and flew away with them. As they

passed over the hill the Hammer-Heads yelled with vexation, and shot their

heads high in the air, but they could not reach the Winged Monkeys, which

carried Dorothy and her comrades safely over the hill and set them down in

the beautiful country of the Quadlings.

"This is the last time you can summon us," said the leader to Dorothy; "so

good-bye and good luck to you."

"Good-bye, and thank you very much," returned the girl; and the Monkeys

rose into the air and were out of sight in a twinkling.

The country of the Quadlings seemed rich and happy. There was field upon

field of ripening grain, with well-paved roads running between, and pretty

rippling brooks with strong bridges across them. The fences and houses and

bridges were all painted bright red, just as they had been painted yellow in the

country of the Winkies and blue in the country of the Munchkins. The

Quadlings themselves, who were short and fat and looked chubby and good-

natured, were dressed all in red, which showed bright against the green grass

and the yellowing grain.

The Monkeys had set them down near a farmhouse, and the four travelers

walked up to it and knocked at the door. It was opened by the farmer's wife,

and when Dorothy asked for something to eat the woman gave them all a good

dinner, with three kinds of cake and four kinds of cookies, and a bowl of milk

for Toto.

"How far is it to the Castle of Glinda?" asked the child.

"It is not a great way," answered the farmer's wife. "Take the road to the South

and you will soon reach it."

Thanking the good woman, they started afresh and walked by the fields and

across the pretty bridges until they saw before them a very beautiful Castle.

Before the gates were three young girls, dressed in handsome red uniforms

trimmed with gold braid; and as Dorothy approached, one of them said to her:

"Why have you come to the South Country?"

"To see the Good Witch who rules here," she answered. "Will you take me to

her?"

"Let me have your name, and I will ask Glinda if she will receive you." They

told who they were, and the girl soldier went into the Castle. After a few

moments she came back to say that Dorothy and the others were to be

admitted at once.

23. Glinda The Good Witch Grants Dorothy's Wish

Before they went to see Glinda, however, they were taken to a room of the

Castle, where Dorothy washed her face and combed her hair, and the Lion

shook the dust out of his mane, and the Scarecrow patted himself into his best

shape, and the Woodman polished his tin and oiled his joints.

When they were all quite presentable they followed the soldier girl into a big

room where the Witch Glinda sat upon a throne of rubies.

She was both beautiful and young to their eyes. Her hair was a rich red in

color and fell in flowing ringlets over her shoulders. Her dress was pure white

but her eyes were blue, and they looked kindly upon the little girl.

"What can I do for you, my child?" she asked.

Dorothy told the Witch all her story: how the cyclone had brought her to the

Land of Oz, how she had found her companions, and of the wonderful

adventures they had met with.

"My greatest wish now," she added, "is to get back to Kansas, for Aunt Em

will surely think something dreadful has happened to me, and that will make

her put on mourning; and unless the crops are better this year than they were

last, I am sure Uncle Henry cannot afford it."

Glinda leaned forward and kissed the sweet, upturned face of the loving little

girl.

"Bless your dear heart," she said, "I am sure I can tell you of a way to get back

to Kansas." Then she added, "But, if I do, you must give me the Golden Cap."

"Willingly!" exclaimed Dorothy; "indeed, it is of no use to me now, and when

you have it you can command the Winged Monkeys three times."

"And I think I shall need their service just those three times," answered

Glinda, smiling.

Dorothy then gave her the Golden Cap, and the Witch said to the Scarecrow,

"What will you do when Dorothy has left us?"

"I will return to the Emerald City," he replied, "for Oz has made me its ruler

and the people like me. The only thing that worries me is how to cross the hill

of the Hammer-Heads."

"By means of the Golden Cap I shall command the Winged Monkeys to carry

you to the gates of the Emerald City," said Glinda, "for it would be a shame to

deprive the people of so wonderful a ruler."

"Am I really wonderful?" asked the Scarecrow.

"You are unusual," replied Glinda.

Turning to the Tin Woodman, she asked, "What will become of you when

Dorothy leaves this country?"

He leaned on his axe and thought a moment. Then he said, "The Winkies were

very kind to me, and wanted me to rule over them after the Wicked Witch

died. I am fond of the Winkies, and if I could get back again to the Country of

the West, I should like nothing better than to rule over them forever."

"My second command to the Winged Monkeys," said Glinda "will be that they

carry you safely to the land of the Winkies. Your brain may not be so large to

look at as those of the Scarecrow, but you are really brighter than he is--when

you are well polished--and I am sure you will rule the Winkies wisely and

well."

Then the Witch looked at the big, shaggy Lion and asked, "When Dorothy has

returned to her own home, what will become of you?"

"Over the hill of the Hammer-Heads," he answered, "lies a grand old forest,

and all the beasts that live there have made me their King. If I could only get

back to this forest, I would pass my life very happily there."

"My third command to the Winged Monkeys," said Glinda, "shall be to carry

you to your forest. Then, having used up the powers of the Golden Cap, I shall

give it to the King of the Monkeys, that he and his band may thereafter be free

for evermore."

The Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman and the Lion now thanked the Good

Witch earnestly for her kindness; and Dorothy exclaimed:

"You are certainly as good as you are beautiful! But you have not yet told me

how to get back to Kansas."

"Your Silver Shoes will carry you over the desert," replied Glinda. "If you had

known their power you could have gone back to your Aunt Em the very first

day you came to this country."

"But then I should not have had my wonderful brains!" cried the Scarecrow. "I

might have passed my whole life in the farmer's cornfield."

"And I should not have had my lovely heart," said the Tin Woodman. "I might

have stood and rusted in the forest till the end of the world."

"And I should have lived a coward forever," declared the Lion, "and no beast

in all the forest would have had a good word to say to me."

"This is all true," said Dorothy, "and I am glad I was of use to these good

friends. But now that each of them has had what he most desired, and each is

happy in having a kingdom to rule besides, I think I should like to go back to

Kansas."

"The Silver Shoes," said the Good Witch, "have wonderful powers. And one

of the most curious things about them is that they can carry you to any place in

the world in three steps, and each step will be made in the wink of an eye. All

you have to do is to knock the heels together three times and command the

shoes to carry you wherever you wish to go."

"If that is so," said the child joyfully, "I will ask them to carry me back to

Kansas at once."

She threw her arms around the Lion's neck and kissed him, patting his big

head tenderly. Then she kissed the Tin Woodman, who was weeping in a way

most dangerous to his joints. But she hugged the soft, stuffed body of the

Scarecrow in her arms instead of kissing his painted face, and found she was

crying herself at this sorrowful parting from her loving comrades.

Glinda the Good stepped down from her ruby throne to give the little girl a

good-bye kiss, and Dorothy thanked her for all the kindness she had shown to

her friends and herself.

Dorothy now took Toto up solemnly in her arms, and having said one last

good-bye she clapped the heels of her shoes together three times, saying:

"Take me home to Aunt Em!"

Instantly she was whirling through the air, so swiftly that all she could see or

feel was the wind whistling past her ears.

The Silver Shoes took but three steps, and then she stopped so suddenly that

she rolled over upon the grass several times before she knew where she was.

At length, however, she sat up and looked about her.

"Good gracious!" she cried.

For she was sitting on the broad Kansas prairie, and just before her was the

new farmhouse Uncle Henry built after the cyclone had carried away the old

one. Uncle Henry was milking the cows in the barnyard, and Toto had jumped

out of her arms and was running toward the barn, barking furiously.

Dorothy stood up and found she was in her stocking-feet. For the Silver Shoes

had fallen off in her flight through the air, and were lost forever in the desert.

24. Home Again

Aunt Em had just come out of the house to water the cabbages when she

looked up and saw Dorothy running toward her.

"My darling child!" she cried, folding the little girl in her arms and covering

her face with kisses. "Where in the world did you come from?"

"From the Land of Oz," said Dorothy gravely. "And here is Toto, too. And oh,

Aunt Em! I'm so glad to be at home again!"

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