

The TIN WOODMAN of Oz

by L. Frank Baum

CHAPTER 3 - ROUNDABOUT



Woot the Wanderer slept that night in the tin castle of the Emperor of the Winkies and found his tin bed quite comfortable. Early the next morning he rose and took a walk through the gardens, where there were tin fountains and beds of curious tin flowers, and where tin birds perched upon the branches of tin trees and sang songs that sounded like the notes of tin whistles. All these wonders had been made by the clever Winkie tinsmiths, who wound the birds up every morning so that they would move about and sing.

After breakfast the boy went into the throne room, where the Emperor was having his tin joints carefully oiled by a servant, while other servants were stuffing sweet, fresh straw into the body of the Scarecrow.

Woot watched this operation with much interest, for the Scarecrow's body was only a suit of clothes filled with straw. The coat was buttoned tight to keep the packed straw from falling out and a rope was tied around the waist to hold it in shape and prevent the straw from sagging down. The Scarecrow's head was a gunnysack filled with bran, on which the eyes, nose and mouth had been painted. His hands were white cotton gloves stuffed with fine straw. Woot noticed that even when carefully

stuffed and patted into shape, the straw man was awkward in his movements and decidedly wobbly on his feet, so the boy wondered if the Scarecrow would be able to travel with them all the way to the forests of the Munchkin Country of Oz.

The preparations made for this important journey were very simple. A knapsack was filled with food and given Woot the Wanderer to carry upon his back, for the food was for his use alone. The Tin Woodman shouldered an axe which was sharp and brightly polished, and the Scarecrow put the Emperor's oil-can in his pocket, that he might oil his friend's joints should they need it.

"Who will govern the Winkie Country during your absence?" asked the boy.

"Why, the Country will run itself," answered the Emperor. "As a matter of fact, my people do not need an Emperor, for Ozma of Oz watches over the welfare of all her subjects, including the Winkies. Like a good many kings and emperors, I have a grand title, but very little real power, which allows me time to amuse myself in my own way. The people of Oz have but one law to obey, which is: 'Behave Yourself,' so it is easy for them to abide by this Law, and you'll notice they behave very well. But it

is time for us to be off, and I am eager to start because I suppose that that poor Munchkin girl is anxiously awaiting my coming.”

“She’s waited a long time already, seems to me,” remarked the Scarecrow, as they left the grounds of the castle and followed a path that led eastward.

“True,” replied the Tin Woodman; “but I’ve noticed that the last end of a wait, however long it has been, is the hardest to endure; so I must try to make Nimmie Amee happy as soon as possible.”

“Ah; that proves you have a Kind heart,” remarked the Scarecrow, approvingly.

“It’s too bad he hasn’t a Loving Heart,” said Woot. “This Tin Man is going to marry a nice girl through kindness, and not because he loves her, and somehow that doesn’t seem quite right.”

“Even so, I am not sure it isn’t best for the girl,” said the Scarecrow, who seemed very intelligent for a straw man, “for a loving husband is not always kind, while a kind husband is sure to make any girl content.”

“Nimmie Amee will become an Empress!” announced the Tin Woodman, proudly. “I shall have a tin gown made for her, with tin ruffles and tucks on it, and she shall have tin slippers, and tin earrings and bracelets, and wear a tin crown on her head. I am sure that will delight Nimmie Amee, for all girls are fond of finery.”

“Are we going to the Munchkin Country by way of the Emerald City?” inquired the Scarecrow, who looked upon the Tin Woodman as the leader of the party.

“I think not,” was the reply. “We are engaged upon a rather delicate adventure, for we are seeking a girl who fears her former lover has forgotten her. It will be rather hard for me, you must admit, when I confess to Nimmie Amee that I have come to marry her because it is my duty to do so, and therefore the fewer witnesses there are to our meeting the better for both of us. After I have found Nimmie Amee and she has managed to control her joy at our reunion, I shall take her to the Emerald City and introduce her to Ozma and Dorothy, and to Betsy Bobbin and Tiny Trot, and all our other friends; but, if I remember rightly, poor Nimmie Amee has a sharp tongue when angry, and she may be a trifle angry with me, at first, because I have been so long in coming to her.”

“I can understand that,” said Woot gravely. “But how can we get to that part of the Munchkin Country where you once lived without passing through the Emerald City?”

“Why, that is easy,” the Tin Man assured him.

“I have a map of Oz in my pocket,” persisted the boy, “and it shows that the Winkie Country, where we now are, is at the west of Oz, and the Munchkin Country at the east, while directly between them lies the Emerald City.”

“True enough; but we shall go toward the north, first of all, into the Gillikin Country, and so pass around the Emerald City,” explained the Tin Woodman.

“That may prove a dangerous journey,” replied the boy. “I used to live in one of the top

corners of the Gillikin Country, near to Ooga-boo, and I have been told that in this northland country are many people whom it is not pleasant to meet. I was very careful to avoid them during my journey south.”

“A Wanderer should have no fear,” observed the Scarecrow, who was wobbling along in a funny, haphazard manner, but keeping pace with his friends.

“Fear does not make one a coward,” returned Woot, growing a little red in the face, “but I believe it is more easy to avoid danger than to overcome it. The safest way is the best way, even for one who is brave and determined.”

“Do not worry, for we shall not go far to the north,” said the Emperor. “My one idea is to avoid the Emerald City without going out of our way more than is necessary. Once around the Emerald City we will turn south into the Munchkin Country, where the Scarecrow and I are well acquainted and have many friends.”

“I have traveled some in the Gillikin Country,” remarked the Scarecrow, “and while I must say I have met some strange people there at times, I have never yet been harmed by them.”

“Well, it’s all the same to me,” said Woot, with assumed carelessness. “Dangers, when they cannot be avoided, are often quite interesting, and I am willing to go wherever you two venture to go.”

So they left the path they had been following and began to travel toward the northeast, and all that day they were in the pleasant Winkie Country, and all the people they met

saluted the Emperor with great respect and wished him good luck on his journey. At night they stopped at a house where they were well entertained and where Woot was given a comfortable bed to sleep in.

“Were the Scarecrow and I alone,” said the Tin Woodman, “we would travel by night as well as by day; but with a meat person in our party, we must halt at night to permit him to rest.”

“Meat tires, after a day’s travel,” added the Scarecrow, “while straw and tin never tire at all. Which proves,” said he, “that we are somewhat superior to people made in the common way.”

Woot could not deny that he was tired, and he slept soundly until morning, when he was given a good breakfast, smoking hot.

“You two miss a great deal by not eating,” he said to his companions.

“It is true,” responded the Scarecrow. “We miss suffering from hunger, when food cannot be had, and we miss a stomachache, now and then.”

As he said this, the Scarecrow glanced at the Tin Woodman, who nodded his assent.

All that second day they traveled steadily, entertaining one another the while with stories of adventures they had formerly met and listening to the Scarecrow recite poetry. He had learned a great many poems from Professor Wogglebug and loved to repeat them whenever anybody would listen to him. Of course Woot and the Tin Woodman now listened, because they could not do otherwise—unless they

rudely ran away from their stuffed comrade. One of the Scarecrow's recitations was like this:

Or mussed-up, or dusty,
I get newly stuffed right away."

"What sound is so sweet
As the straw from the wheat
When it crunkles so tender and low?
It is yellow and bright,
So it gives me delight
To crunkle wherever I go.

"Sweet, fresh, golden Straw!
There is surely no flaw
In a stuffing so clean and compact.
It creaks when I walk,
And it thrills when I talk,
And its fragrance is fine, for a fact.
"To cut me don't hurt,

For I've no blood to squirt,
And I therefore can suffer no pain;
The straw that I use
Doesn't lump up or bruise,
Though it's pounded again and again!

"I know it is said
That my beautiful head
Has brains of mixed wheat-straw and bran,
But my thoughts are so good
I'd not change, if I could,
For the brains of a common meat man.

"Content with my lot,
I'm glad that I'm not
Like others I meet day by day;
If my insides get musty,