


THE
EMERALD
 CITY OF
OZ
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Chapter 9: How the Wogglebug Taught Athletics

It did not take Dorothy long to establish herself in her new home, for she knew the people and the manners and customs of the Emerald City just as well as she knew the old Kansas farm.

But Uncle Henry and Aunt Em had some trouble in getting used to the finery and pomp and ceremony of Ozma's palace, and felt uneasy because they were obliged to be "dressed up" all the time. Yet every one was very courteous and kind to them and endeavored to make them happy. Ozma, especially, made much of Dorothy's relatives, for her little friend's sake, and she well knew that the awkwardness and strangeness of their new mode of life would all wear off in time.

The old people were chiefly troubled by the fact that there was no work for them to do.

"Ev'ry day is like Sunday, now," declared Aunt Em, solemnly, "and I can't say I like it. If they'd only let me do up the dishes after meals, or even sweep an' dust my own rooms, I'd be a deal happier. Henry don't know what to do with himself either, and once when he stole out an' fed the chickens Billina scolded him for letting 'em eat between meals. I never knew before what a hardship it is to be rich and have everything you want."

These complaints began to worry Dorothy; so she had a long talk with Ozma upon the subject.

"I see I must find them something to do," said the girlish Ruler of Oz, seriously. "I have been watching your uncle and aunt, and I believe they will be more contented if occupied with some light tasks. While I am considering this matter, Dorothy, you might make a trip with them through the Land of Oz, visiting some of the odd corners and introducing your relatives to some of our curious people."



“Oh, that would be fine!” exclaimed Dorothy, eagerly.

“I will give you an escort befitting your rank as a Princess,” continued Ozma; “and you may go to some of the places you have not yet visited yourself, as well as some others that you know. I will mark out a plan of the trip for you and have everything in readiness for you to start to-morrow morning. Take your time, dear, and be gone as long as you wish.

By the time you return I shall have found some occupation for Uncle Henry and Aunt Em that will keep them from being restless and dissatisfied.”

Dorothy thanked her good friend and kissed the lovely Ruler gratefully. Then she ran to tell the joyful news to her uncle and aunt.

Next morning, after breakfast, everything was found ready for their departure.

The escort included Omby Amby, the Captain General of Ozma’s army, which consisted merely of twenty-seven officers besides the Captain General. Once Omby Amby had been a private soldier—the only private in the army—but as there was never any fighting to do Ozma saw no need of a private, so she made Omby Amby the highest officer of them all. He was very tall and slim and wore a festive uniform and a fierce mustache. Yet the mustache was the only fierce thing about Omby Amby, whose nature was as gentle as that of a child.

The wonderful Wizard had asked to join the party, and with him came his friend the Shaggy Man, who was shaggy but not ragged, being dressed in fine silks with satin shags and bobtails. The Shaggy Man had shaggy whiskers and hair, but a sweet disposition and a soft, pleasant voice.

There was an open wagon, with three seats for the passengers, and the wagon was drawn by the famous wooden Sawhorse which had once been brought to life by Ozma by means of a magic powder. The Sawhorse wore wooden shoes to keep his wooden legs from wearing away, and he was strong and swift. As this curious creature was Ozma’s own favorite steed, and very popular with all the people of the Emerald City, Dorothy knew that she had been highly favored by being permitted to use the Sawhorse on her journey.

In the front seat of the wagon sat Dorothy and the Wizard. Uncle Henry and Aunt Em sat in the next seat and the Shaggy Man and Omby Amby in the third seat. Of course Toto was with the party, curled up at Dorothy’s feet, and just as they were about to start, Billina came fluttering along the path and begged to be taken with them. Dorothy readily agreed, so the Yellow Hen flew up and perched herself upon the dashboard. She wore her



pearl necklace and three bracelets upon each leg, in honor of the occasion.

Dorothy kissed Ozma good-bye, and all the people standing around waved their handkerchiefs, and the band in an upper balcony struck up a military march. Then the Wizard clucked to the Sawhorse and said: "Gid-dap!" and the wooden animal pranced away and drew behind him the big red wagon and all the passengers, without any effort at all. A servant threw open a gate of the palace enclosure, that they might pass out; and so, with music and shouts following them, the journey was begun.

"It's almost like a circus," said Aunt Em, proudly. "I can't help feelin' high an' mighty in this kind of a turn-out."

Indeed, as they passed down the street, all the people cheered them lustily, and the Shaggy Man and the Wizard and the Captain General all took off their hats and bowed politely in acknowledgment.

When they came to the great wall of the Emerald City, the gates were opened by the Guardian who always tended them. Over the gateway hung a dull-colored metal magnet shaped like a horse-shoe, placed against a shield of polished gold.

"That," said the Shaggy Man, impressively, "is the wonderful Love Magnet. I brought it to the Emerald City myself, and all who pass beneath this gateway are both loving and beloved."

"It's a fine thing," declared Aunt Em, admiringly. "If we'd had it in Kansas I guess the man who held a mortgage on the farm wouldn't have turned us out."

"Then I'm glad we didn't have it," returned Uncle Henry. "I like Oz better than Kansas, even; an' this little wood Sawhorse beats all the critters I ever saw. He don't have to be curried, or fed, or watered, an' he's strong as an ox. Can he talk, Dorothy?"

"Yes, Uncle," replied the child. "But the Sawhorse never says much. He told me once that he can't talk and think at the same time, so he prefers to think."

"Which is very sensible," declared the Wizard, nodding approvingly. "Which way do we go, Dorothy?"

"Straight ahead into the Quadling Country," she answered. "I've got a letter of interduction to Miss Cuttenclip."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Wizard, much interested. "Are we going there? Then I'm glad I came, for I've always wanted to meet the Cuttenclips."

"Who are they?" inquired Aunt Em.



“Wait till we get there,” replied Dorothy, with a laugh; “then you’ll see for yourself. I’ve never seen the Cuttenclips, you know, so I can’t ‘zactly ‘splain ‘em to you.”

Once free of the Emerald City the Sawhorse dashed away at tremendous speed. Indeed, he went so fast that Aunt Em had hard work to catch her breath, and Uncle Henry held fast to the seat of the red wagon.

“Gently—gently, my boy!” called the Wizard, and at this the Sawhorse slackened his speed.

“What’s wrong?” asked the animal, slightly turning his wooden head to look at the party with one eye, which was a knot of wood.

“Why, we wish to admire the scenery, that’s all,” answered the Wizard.

“Some of your passengers,” added the Shaggy Man, “have never been out of the Emerald City before, and the country is all new to them.”

“If you go too fast you’ll spoil all the fun,” said Dorothy. “There’s no hurry.”

“Very well; it is all the same to me,” observed the Sawhorse; and after that he went at a more moderate pace.

Uncle Henry was astonished.

“How can a wooden thing be so intelligent?” he asked.

“Why, I gave him some sawdust brains the last time I fitted his head with new ears,” explained the Wizard. “The sawdust was made from hard knots, and now the Sawhorse is able to think out any knotty problem he meets with.”

“I see,” said Uncle Henry.

“I don’t,” remarked Aunt Em; but no one paid any attention to this statement.

Before long they came to a stately building that stood upon a green plain with handsome shade trees grouped here and there.

“What is that?” asked Uncle Henry.

“That,” replied the Wizard, “is the Royal Athletic College of Oz, which is directed by Professor H. M. Wogglebug, T.E.”

“Let’s stop and make a call,” suggested Dorothy.

So the Sawhorse drew up in front of the great building and they were met at the door by the learned Wogglebug himself. He seemed fully as tall as the Wizard, and was dressed in a red and white checked vest and a blue swallow-tailed coat, and had yellow knee breeches and purple silk stockings upon his slender legs. A tall hat was jauntily set upon



his head and he wore spectacles over his big bright eyes.

“Welcome, Dorothy,” said the Wogglebug; “and welcome to all your friends. We are indeed pleased to receive you at this great Temple of Learning.”

“I thought it was an Athletic College,” said the Shaggy Man.

“It is, my dear sir,” answered the Wogglebug, proudly. “Here it is that we teach the youth of our great land scientific College Athletics—in all their purity.”

“Don’t you teach them anything else?” asked Dorothy. “Don’t they get any reading, writing and ‘rithmetic?”

“Oh, yes; of course. They get all those, and more,” returned the Professor. “But such things occupy little of their time. Please follow me and I will show you how my scholars are usually occupied. This is a class hour and they are all busy.”

They followed him to a big field back of the college building, where several hundred young Ozites were at their classes. In one place they played football, in another baseball. Some played tennis, some golf; some were swimming in a big pool. Upon a river which wound through the grounds several crews in racing boats were rowing with great enthusiasm. Other groups of students played basketball and cricket, while in one place a ring was roped in to permit boxing and wrestling by the energetic youths. All the collegians seemed busy and there was much laughter and shouting.

“This college,” said Professor Wogglebug, complacently, “is a great success. Its educational value is undisputed, and we are turning out many great and valuable citizens every year.”

“But when do they study?” asked Dorothy.

“Study?” said the Wogglebug, looking perplexed at the question.

“Yes; when do they get their ‘rithmetic, and jogerfy, and such things?”

“Oh, they take doses of those every night and morning,” was the reply.

“What do you mean by doses?” Dorothy inquired, wonderingly.

“Why, we use the newly invented School Pills, made by your friend the Wizard. These pills we have found to be very effective, and they save a lot of time. Please step this way and I will show you our Laboratory of Learning.”

He led them to a room in the building where many large bottles were standing in rows upon shelves.

“These are the Algebra Pills,” said the Professor, taking down one of the bottles.

“One at night, on retiring, is equal to four hours of study. Here are the Geography Pills—



one at night and one in the morning. In this next bottle are the Latin Pills—one three times a day. Then we have the Grammar Pills—one before each meal—and the Spelling Pills, which are taken whenever needed.”

“Your scholars must have to take a lot of pills,” remarked Dorothy, thoughtfully. “How do they take ‘em, in applesauce?”

“No, my dear. They are sugar-coated and are quickly and easily swallowed. I believe the students would rather take the pills than study, and certainly the pills are a more effective method. You see, until these School Pills were invented we wasted a lot of time in study that may now be better employed in practicing athletics.”

“Seems to me the pills are a good thing,” said Omby Amby, who remembered how it used to make his head ache as a boy to study arithmetic.

“They are, sir,” declared the Wogglebug, earnestly. “They give us an advantage over all other colleges, because at no loss of time our boys become thoroughly conversant with Greek and Latin, Mathematics and Geography, Grammar and Literature. You see they are never obliged to interrupt their games to acquire the lesser branches of learning.”

“It’s a great invention, I’m sure,” said Dorothy, looking admiringly at the Wizard, who blushed modestly at this praise.

“We live in an age of progress,” announced Professor Wogglebug, pompously. “It is easier to swallow knowledge than to acquire it laboriously from books. Is it not so, my friends?”

“Some folks can swallow anything,” said Aunt Em, “but to me this seems too much like taking medicine.”

“Young men in college always have to take their medicine, one way or another,” observed the Wizard, with a smile; “and, as our Professor says, these School Pills have proved to be a great success. One day while I was making them I happened to drop one of them, and one of Billina’s chickens gobbled it up. A few minutes afterward this chick got upon a roost and recited ‘The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck’ without making a single mistake. Then it recited ‘The Charge of the Light Brigade’ and afterwards ‘Excelsior.’ You see, the chicken had eaten an Elocution Pill.”

They now bade good-bye to the Professor, and thanking him for his kind reception mounted again into the red wagon and continued their journey.

