

THE
EMERALD
CITY OF
OZ
BY L. FRANK BAUM

Chapter 24: How the Tin Woodman Told the Sad News

The Tin Woodman received Princess Dorothy's party with much grace and cordiality, yet the little girl decided that something must be worrying with her old friend, because he was not so merry as usual.

But at first she said nothing about this, for Uncle Henry and Aunt Em were fairly bubbling over with admiration for the beautiful tin castle and its polished tin owner. So her suspicion that something unpleasant had happened was for a time forgotten.

"Where is the Scarecrow?" she asked, when they had all been ushered into the big tin drawing-room of the castle, the Sawhorse being led around to the tin stable in the rear.

"Why, our old friend has just moved into his new mansion," explained the Tin Woodman. "It has been a long time in building, although my Winkies and many other people from all parts of the country have been busily working upon it. At last, however, it is completed, and the Scarecrow took possession of his new home just two days ago."

"I hadn't heard that he wanted a home of his own," said Dorothy. "Why doesn't he live with Ozma in the Emerald City? He used to, you know; and I thought he was happy there."

"It seems," said the Tin Woodman, "that our dear Scarecrow cannot be contented with city life, however beautiful his surroundings might be. Originally he was a farmer, for he passed his early life in a cornfield, where he was supposed to frighten away the crows."

"I know," said Dorothy, nodding. "I found him, and lifted him down from his pole."

"So now, after a long residence in the Emerald City, his tastes have turned to farm life again," continued the Tin Man. "He feels that he cannot be happy without a farm of his own, so Ozma gave him some land and every one helped him build his mansion, and now he is settled there for good."



“Who designed his house?” asked the Shaggy Man.

“I believe it was Jack Pumpkinhead, who is also a farmer,” was the reply.

They were now invited to enter the tin dining room, where luncheon was served.

Aunt Em found, to her satisfaction, that Dorothy’s promise was more than fulfilled; for, although the Tin Woodman had no appetite of his own, he respected the appetites of his guests and saw that they were bountifully fed.

They passed the afternoon in wandering through the beautiful gardens and grounds of the palace. The walks were all paved with sheets of tin, brightly polished, and there were tin fountains and tin statues here and there among the trees. The flowers were mostly natural flowers and grew in the regular way; but their host showed them one flower bed which was his especial pride.

“You see, all common flowers fade and die in time,” he explained, “and so there are seasons when the pretty blooms are scarce. Therefore I decided to make one tin flower bed all of tin flowers, and my workmen have created them with rare skill. Here you see tin camellias, tin marigolds, tin carnations, tin poppies and tin hollyhocks growing as naturally as if they were real.”

Indeed, they were a pretty sight, and glistened under the sunlight like spun silver. “Isn’t this tin hollyhock going to seed?” asked the Wizard, bending over the flowers.

“Why, I believe it is!” exclaimed the Tin Woodman, as if surprised. “I hadn’t noticed that before. But I shall plant the tin seeds and raise another bed of tin hollyhocks.”

In one corner of the gardens Nick Chopper had established a fish-pond in which they saw swimming and disporting themselves many pretty tin fishes.

“Would they bite on hooks?” asked Aunt Em, curiously.

The Tin Woodman seemed hurt at this question.

“Madam,” said he, “do you suppose I would allow anyone to catch my beautiful fishes, even if they were foolish enough to bite on hooks? No, indeed! Every created thing is safe from harm in my domain, and I would as soon think of killing my little friend Dorothy as killing one of my tin fishes.”

“The Emperor is very kind-hearted, ma’am,” explained the Wizard. “If a fly happens to light upon his tin body he doesn’t rudely brush it off, as some people might do; he asks it politely to find some other resting place.”

“What does the fly do then?” enquired Aunt Em.

“Usually it begs his pardon and goes away,” said the Wizard, gravely. “Flies like to be



treated politely as well as other creatures, and here in Oz they understand what we say to them, and behave very nicely.”

“Well,” said Aunt Em, “the flies in Kansas, where I came from, don’t understand anything but a swat. You have to smash ‘em to make ‘em behave; and it’s the same way with ‘skeeters. Do you have ‘skeeters in Oz?”

“We have some very large mosquitoes here, which sing as beautifully as song birds,” replied the Tin Woodman. “But they never bite or annoy our people, because they are well fed and taken care of. The reason they bite people in your country is because they are hungry—poor things!”

“Yes,” agreed Aunt Em; “they’re hungry, all right. An’ they ain’t very particular who they feed on. I’m glad you’ve got the ‘skeeters educated in Oz.”

That evening after dinner they were entertained by the Emperor’s Tin Cornet Band, which played for them several sweet melodies. Also the Wizard did a few sleight-of-hand tricks to amuse the company; after which they all retired to their cozy tin bedrooms and slept soundly until morning.

After breakfast Dorothy said to the Tin Woodman:

“If you’ll tell us which way to go we’ll visit the Scarecrow on our way home.”

“I will go with you, and show you the way,” replied the Emperor; “for I must journey to-day to the Emerald City.”

He looked so anxious, as he said this, that the little girl asked:

“There isn’t anything wrong with Ozma, is there?”

“Not yet,” said he; “but I’m afraid the time has come when I must tell you some very bad news, little friend.”

“Oh, what is it?” cried Dorothy.

“Do you remember the Nome King?” asked the Tin Woodman.

“I remember him very well,” she replied.

“The Nome King has not a kind heart,” said the Emperor, sadly, “and he has been harboring wicked thoughts of revenge, because we once defeated him and liberated his slaves and you took away his Magic Belt. So he has ordered his Nomes to dig a long tunnel underneath the deadly desert, so that he may march his hosts right into the Emerald City. When he gets there he intends to destroy our beautiful country.”

Dorothy was much surprised to hear this.

“How did Ozma find out about the tunnel?” she asked.



“She saw it in her Magic Picture.”

“Of course,” said Dorothy; “I might have known that. And what is she going to do?”

“I cannot tell,” was the reply.

“Pooh!” cried the Yellow Hen. “We’re not afraid of the Nomes. If we roll a few of our eggs down the tunnel they’ll run away back home as fast as they can go.”

“Why, that’s true enough!” exclaimed Dorothy. “The Scarecrow once conquered all the Nome King’s army with some of Billina’s eggs.”

“But you do not understand all of the dreadful plot,” continued the Tin Woodman. “The Nome King is clever, and he knows his Nomes would run from eggs; so he has bargained with many terrible creatures to help him. These evil spirits are not afraid of eggs or anything else, and they are very powerful. So the Nome King will send them through the tunnel first, to conquer and destroy, and then the Nomes will follow after to get their share of the plunder and slaves.”

They were all startled to hear this, and every face wore a troubled look.

“Is the tunnel all ready?” asked Dorothy.

“Ozma sent me word yesterday that the tunnel was all completed except for a thin crust of earth at the end. When our enemies break through this crust, they will be in the gardens of the royal palace, in the heart of the Emerald City. I offered to arm all my Winkies and march to Ozma’s assistance; but she said no.”

“I wonder why?” asked Dorothy.

“She answered that all the inhabitants of Oz, gathered together, were not powerful enough to fight and overcome the evil forces of the Nome King. Therefore she refuses to fight at all.”

“But they will capture and enslave us, and plunder and ruin all our lovely land!” exclaimed the Wizard, greatly disturbed by this statement.

“I fear they will,” said the Tin Woodman, sorrowfully. “And I also fear that those who are not fairies, such as the Wizard, and Dorothy, and her uncle and aunt, as well as Toto and Billina, will be speedily put to death by the conquerors.”

“What can be done?” asked Dorothy, shuddering a little at the prospect of this awful fate.

“Nothing can be done!” gloomily replied the Emperor of the Winkies. “But since Ozma refuses my army I will go myself to the Emerald City. The least I may do is to perish beside my beloved Ruler.”

