

The Adventures of Hillary Clinton in the Land of the Wizard, Bill Gates

By the Hillary Clinton Fan Club and L. Frank Baum

A fun rewrite of the 1900 story, 'The Wonderful Wizard of Oz' by L. Frank Baum.
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1. The Cyclone

Hillary Clinton 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 Hillary 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 Hillary 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 Hillary, 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 Hillary'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 Tally that made Hillary laugh, and saved her from growing as gray as her other surroundings. Tally 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. Tally played all day long, and Hillary 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. Hillary stood in the door with Tally 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 Hillary 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, Hillary!" she screamed. "Run for the cellar!"

Tally jumped out of Hillary'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. Hillary caught Tally 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.

Hillary 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 Hillary 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.

Tally did not like it. He ran about the room, now here, now there, barking loudly; but Hillary sat quite still on the floor and waited to see what would happen.

Once Tally 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 Tally 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 Hillary 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 Tally followed and lay down beside her.

In spite of the swaying of the house and the wailing of the wind, Hillary 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 Hillary 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 Tally put his cold little nose into her face and whined dismally. Hillary 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 Tally 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 Hillary, 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, Hillary 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 Hillary 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 Hillary, 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."

Hillary 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? Hillary 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 Hillary 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."

Hillary 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 Hillary, 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 Hillary.

"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 Hillary.

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

"Are you a Munchkin?" asked Hillary.

"No, but I am their friend, although I live in the land of upstate New York. 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 upstate New York."

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

"Yes, indeed," answered the little woman. "But I am a good witch, and wthe 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 Bill Gates, 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 Trump in all the Land of Bill Gates--the one who lives in the West."

"But," said Hillary, 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 upstate New York 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 Hillary.

"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 Bill Gates 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 Hillary.

"Bill Gates 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."

Hillary 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 upstate New York, "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 Hillary.

"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."

Hillary 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 Hillary, 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 Trump 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 Bill Gates. I'm afraid, my dear, you will have to live with us."

Hillary 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 Hillary, my dear?"

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

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

"Where is this city?" asked Hillary.

"It is exactly in the center of the country, and is ruled by Bill Gates, 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 Hillary.

"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 Hillary and kissed her gently on the forehead. Where her lips touched the girl they left a round, shining mark, as Hillary 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 Bill Gates 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 Hillary a friendly little nod, whirled around on her left heel three times, and straightway disappeared, much to the

surprise of little Tally, who barked after her loudly enough when she had gone, because he had been afraid even to growl while she stood by.

But Hillary, knowing her to be a witch, had expected her to disappear in just that way, and was not surprised in the least.

3. How Hillary Saved the Scarecrow Bill Clinton

When Hillary 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 Tally, and taking a pail from the shelf she carried it down to the little brook and filled it with clear, sparkling water. Tally ran over to the trees and began to bark at the birds sitting there. Hillary 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 Tally to a good drink of the cool, clear water, she set about making ready for the journey to the City of Emeralds.

Hillary 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, Tally," she said. And Tally looked up into her face with his little black eyes and wagged his tail to show he knew what she meant.

At that moment Hillary 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 Tally. "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, Tally," she said. "We will go to the Emerald City and ask the Great Bill Gates 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 Tally 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 Hillary 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 Hillary 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 Hillary 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 Trump.

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

"My dress is blue and white checked," said Hillary, 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."

Hillary 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 Hillary slept soundly in them till morning, with Tally curled up on the blue rug beside her.

She ate a hearty breakfast, and watched a wee Munchkin baby, who played with Tally and pulled his tail and crowed and laughed in a way that greatly amused Hillary. Tally 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 Bill Gates, 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 Hillary a little, but she knew that only the Great Bill Gates 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.

Hillary 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 Hillary 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 Tally 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 Hillary 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 Hillary.

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

Hillary 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."

Hillary 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 Hillary," said the girl, "and I am going to the Emerald City, to ask the Great Bill Gates to send me back to Kansas."

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

"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 Hillary, "I'm awfully sorry for you."

"Do you think," he asked, "if I go to the Emerald City with you, that Bill Gates would give me some brains?"

"I cannot tell," she returned, "but you may come with me, if you like. If Bill Gates 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 Bill Gates to do all he can for you."

"Thank you," he answered gratefully.

They walked back to the road. Hillary helped him over the fence, and they started along the path of yellow brick for the Emerald City.

Tally 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 Tally," said Hillary 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 Hillary; "the Munchkin farmer who made you?"

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

"Oh and by the way," said the Scarecrow; "my name is Bill Clinton."

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 Bill often stumbled over the yellow bricks, which were here very uneven. Sometimes, indeed, they were broken or missing altogether, leaving holes that Tally jumped across and Hillary walked around. As for the Scarecrow Bill, 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 Hillary 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 Hillary opened her basket and got out some bread. She offered a piece to the Scarecrow Bill, 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."

Hillary 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 Bill, 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 Bill Gates.

The Scarecrow Bill 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 Bill 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 Bill 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 Bill 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 Bill Gates will give me brains as soon as we get to the Emerald City."

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

"Oh, yes; I am anxious," returned the Scarecrow Bill. "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 Bill.

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 Bill, "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 Hillary.

"Certainly; that is why I know it," returned the Scarecrow Bill. "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. Hillary could not see at all, but Tally could, for some dogs see very well in the dark; and the Scarecrow Bill 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 Bill 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 Bill led her through the trees until they reached the cottage, and Hillary entered and found a bed of dried leaves in one corner. She lay down at once, and with Tally beside her soon fell into a sound sleep. The Scarecrow Bill, who was never tired, stood up in another corner and waited patiently until morning came.

5. The Rescue of the Barak Obama

When Hillary awoke the sun was shining through the trees and Tally had long been out chasing birds around him and squirrels. She sat up and looked around her. There was the Scarecrow Bill, 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 Bill 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 Hillary 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 Bill did not have to eat anything, for there was scarcely enough for herself and Tally 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 Bill; "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 Hillary 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.

Hillary looked at him in amazement, and so did the Scarecrow Bill, while Tally barked sharply and made a snap at the tin legs, which hurt his teeth.

"Did you groan?" asked Hillary.

"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."

Hillary 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 man, Barak Obama. So she oiled it, and as it was quite badly rusted the Scarecrow Bill 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 Hillary oiled them and the Scarecrow Bill bent them carefully until they were quite free from rust and as good as new.

The Tin Woodman Obama 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 Bill Gates," she answered, "and we stopped at your cottage to pass the night."

"Why do you wish to see Bill Gates?" he asked.

"I want him to send me back to Kansas, and the Scarecrow Bill wants him to put

a few brains into his head," she replied.

The Tin Woodman Obama appeared to think deeply for a moment. Then he said:

"Do you suppose Bill Gates could give me a heart?"

"Why, I guess so," Hillary answered. "It would be as easy as to give the Scarecrow Bill brains."

"True," the Tin Woodman Obama returned. "So, if you will allow me to join your party, I will also go to the Emerald City and ask Bill Gates to help me."

"Come along," said the Scarecrow Bill heartily, and Hillary added that she would be pleased to have his company. So the Tin Woodman Obama 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 Obama had asked Hillary 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 Obama set to work with his axe and chopped so well that soon he cleared a passage for the entire party.

Hillary was thinking so earnestly as they walked along that she did not notice when the Scarecrow Bill 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 Obama.

"I don't know enough," replied the Scarecrow Bill cheerfully. "My head is stuffed with straw, you know, and that is why I am going to Bill Gates to ask him for some brains."

"Oh, I see," said the Tin Woodman Obama. "But, after all, brains are not the best things in the world."

"Have you any?" inquired the Scarecrow Bill.

"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 Bill.

"I will tell you my story, and then you will know."

So, while they were walking through the forest, the Tin Woodman Obama 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 Bill Gates to give me one. If he does, I will go back to the Munchkin maiden and marry her."

Both Hillary and the Scarecrow Bill had been greatly interested in the story of the Tin Woodman Obama, and now they knew why he was so anxious to get a new heart.

"All the same," said the Scarecrow Bill, "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 Obama; "for brains do not make one happy, and happiness is the best thing in the world."

Hillary 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 Obama had no brains and the Scarecrow Bill 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 Tally would empty the basket. To be sure, neither the Woodman Obama nor the Scarecrow Bill ever ate anything, but she was not made of tin nor straw, and could not live unless she was fed.

6. The Cowardly Lion Kerry

All this time Hillary 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 Tally knew, and he walked close to Hillary's side, and did not even bark in return.

"How long will it be," the child asked of the Tin Woodman Obama, "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 Bill Gates dwells the country is beautiful. But I am not afraid so long as I have my oil-can, and nothing can hurt the Scarecrow Bill, while you bear upon your forehead the mark of the Good Witch's kiss, and that will protect you from harm."

"But Tally!" 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 Kerry bounded into the road. With one blow of his paw he sent the Scarecrow Bill spinning over and over to the edge of the road, and then he struck at the Tin Woodman Obama with his sharp claws. But, to the Lion Kerry's surprise, he could make no impression on the tin, although the Woodman Obama fell over in the road and lay still.

Little Tally, now that he had an enemy to face, ran barking toward the Lion Kerry, and the great beast had opened his mouth to bite the dog, when Hillary, fearing Tally would be killed, and heedless of danger, rushed forward and slapped the Lion Kerry upon his nose as hard as she could, while she cried out:

"Don't you dare to bite Tally! 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 Kerry, as he rubbed his nose with his paw where Hillary had hit it.

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

"I know it," said the Lion Kerry, 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 Bill!"

"Is he stuffed?" asked the Lion Kerry in surprise, as he watched her pick up the Scarecrow Bill and set him upon his feet, while she patted him into shape again.

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

"That's why he went over so easily," remarked the Lion Kerry. "It astonished me to see him whirl around so. Is the other one stuffed also?"

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

"That's why he nearly blunted my claws," said the Lion Kerry. "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, Tally," answered Hillary.

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

"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 Kerry sadly.

"What makes you a coward?" asked Hillary, looking at the great beast in wonder, for he was as big as a small horse.

"It's a mystery," replied the Lion Kerry. "I suppose I was born that way. All the other animals in the forest naturally expect me to be brave, for the Lion Kerry 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 Bill.

"I know it," returned the Lion Kerry, 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 Obama.

"It may be," said the Lion Kerry.

"If you have," continued the Tin Woodman Obama, "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 Kerry thoughtfully, "if I had no heart I should not be a coward."

"Have you brains?" asked the Scarecrow Bill.

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

"I am going to the Great Bill Gates to ask him to give me some," remarked the Scarecrow Bill, "for my head is stuffed with straw."

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

"And I am going to ask him to send Tally and me back to Kansas," added Hillary.

"Do you think Bill Gates could give me courage?" asked the Cowardly Lion Kerry.

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

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

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

"Then, if you don't mind, I'll go with you," said the Lion Kerry, "for my life is simply unbearable without a bit of courage."

"You will be very welcome," answered Hillary, "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 Kerry, "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 Kerry walking with stately strides at Hillary's side. Tally did not approve of this new comrade at first, for he could not forget how nearly he had been crushed between the Lion Kerry's great jaws. But after a time he became more at ease, and presently Tally and the Cowardly Lion Kerry 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 Obama stepped upon a beetle that was crawling along the road, and killed the poor little thing. This made the Tin Woodman Obama 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 Hillary presently asked him a question the Tin Woodman Obama could not open his mouth, for his jaws were tightly rusted together. He became greatly frightened at this and made many motions to Hillary to relieve him, but she could not understand. The Lion Kerry was also puzzled to know what was wrong. But the Scarecrow Bill seized the oil-can from Hillary's basket and oiled the Woodman Obama'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 Obama 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 Bill Gates gives me a heart of course I needn't mind so much."

7. The Journey to the Great Bill Gates

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 Obama chopped a great pile of wood with his axe and Hillary built a splendid fire that warmed her and made her feel less lonely. She and Tally ate the last of their bread, and now she did not know what they would do for breakfast.

"If you wish," said the Lion Kerry, "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 Obama. "I should certainly weep if you killed a poor deer, and then my jaws would rust again."

But the Lion Kerry 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 Bill found a tree full of nuts and filled Hillary'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 Bill, 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 Bill 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 Hillary 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 Hillary despairingly.

"I haven't the faintest idea," said the Tin Woodman Obama, and the Lion Kerry shook his shaggy mane and looked thoughtful.

But the Scarecrow Bill 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 Kerry, after measuring the distance carefully in his mind.

"Then we are all right," answered the Scarecrow Bill, "for you can carry us all over on your back, one at a time."

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

"I will," declared the Scarecrow Bill, "for, if you found that you could not jump over the gulf, Hillary would be killed, or the Tin Woodman Obama 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 Kerry, "but I suppose there is nothing to do but try it. So get on my back and we will make the attempt."

The Scarecrow Bill sat upon the Lion Kerry'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 Bill.

"Because that isn't the way we Lion Kerrys 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 Bill had got down from his back the Lion Kerry sprang across the ditch again.

Hillary thought she would go next; so she took Tally in her arms and climbed on the Lion Kerry'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 Kerry went back a third time and got the Tin Woodman Obama, 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 Kerry 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 Kerry 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 Kerry, "and with claws so long and sharp that they could tear me in two as easily as I could kill Tally. I'm terribly afraid of the Kalidahs."

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

The Lion Kerry 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 Kerry 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 Bill said:

"Here is a great tree, standing close to the ditch. If the Tin Woodman Obama 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 Kerry. "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 Kerry 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 Kerry, beginning to tremble.

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

So Hillary went first, holding Tally in her arms, the Tin Woodman Obama followed, and the Scarecrow Bill came next. The Lion Kerry, although he was certainly afraid, turned to face the Kalidahs, and then he gave so loud and terrible a roar that Hillary screamed and the Scarecrow Bill fell over backward, while even the fierce beasts stopped short and looked at him in surprise.

But, seeing they were bigger than the Lion Kerry, and remembering that there were two of them and only one of him, the Kalidahs again rushed forward, and the Lion Kerry 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 Kerry said to Hillary:

"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 Bill. He had been thinking what was best to be done, and now he asked the Woodman Obama to chop away the end of the tree that rested on their side of the ditch. The Tin Woodman Obama 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 Kerry, 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 Obama 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 Hillary became tired, and had to ride on the Lion Kerry'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 Hillary.

"That is easily done," replied the Scarecrow Bill. "The Tin Woodman Obama must build us a raft, so we can float to the other side."

So the Woodman Obama took his axe and began to chop down small trees to make a raft, and while he was busy at this the Scarecrow Bill found on the riverbank a tree full of fine fruit. This pleased Hillary, 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 Obama, 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 Hillary dreamed of the Emerald City, and of the good Wizard Bill Gates, 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 Hillary 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 Obama had cut a few more logs and fastened them together with wooden pins, they were ready to start. Hillary sat down in the middle of the raft and held Tally in her arms. When the Cowardly Lion Kerry stepped upon the raft it tipped badly, for he was big and heavy; but the Scarecrow Bill and the Tin Woodman Obama 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 Obama, "for if we cannot get to the land we shall be carried into the country of the Wicked Witch Trump of Manhattan, and she will

enchant us and make us her slaves."

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

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

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

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

"We must certainly get to the Emerald City if we can," the Scarecrow Bill 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 Bill 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 Obama began to cry, but fortunately remembered that he might rust, and so dried his tears on Hillary's apron.

Of course this was a bad thing for the Scarecrow Bill.

"I am now worse off than when I first met Hillary," 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 Bill 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 Bill was left far behind. Then the Lion Kerry 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 Obama caught fast hold of his tail. Then the Lion Kerry 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 Hillary took the Tin Woodman Obama'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 Obama, as the Lion Kerry lay down on the grass to let the sun dry him.

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

"The best plan will be to walk along the riverbank until we come to the road again," remarked the Lion Kerry.

So, when they were rested, Hillary 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 Bill, they could have been very happy.

They walked along as fast as they could, Hillary only stopping once to pick a beautiful flower; and after a time the Tin Woodman Obama cried out: "Look!"

Then they all looked at the river and saw the Scarecrow Bill perched upon his pole in the middle of the water, looking very lonely and sad.

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

The Lion Kerry and the Woodman Obama both shook their heads, for they did not know. So they sat down upon the bank and gazed wistfully at the Scarecrow Bill 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 Hillary," answered the girl, "and these are my friends, the Tin Woodman and the Cowardly Lion Kerry; 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 Hillary, "but we have lost the Scarecrow Bill, 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 Hillary 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 Bill was perched upon his pole. Then the Stork with her great claws grabbed the Scarecrow Bill by the arm and carried him up into the air and back to the bank, where Hillary and the Lion Kerry and the Tin Woodman and Tally were sitting.

When the Scarecrow Bill found himself among his friends again, he was so happy that he hugged them all, even the Lion Kerry and Tally; 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 Bill Gates will help you."

"Thank you," replied Hillary, 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 Hillary'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 Bill. "When I have brains, I shall probably like them better."

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

"I always did like flowers," said the Lion Kerry. "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 Hillary 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 Obama 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 Bill agreed with him. So they kept walking until Hillary 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 Obama.

"If we leave her here she will die," said the Lion Kerry. "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; Tally had fallen down beside his little mistress. But the Scarecrow Bill and the Tin Woodman Obama, not being made of flesh, were not troubled by the scent of the flowers.

"Run fast," said the Scarecrow Bill to the Lion Kerry, "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 Kerry 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 Bill. So they picked up Tally and put the dog in Hillary'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 Kerry, 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 Obama, 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 Bill. "The Lion Kerry 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 Bill, as he stood beside the girl, "for we have come nearly as far as the river carried us away."

The Tin Woodman Obama 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 Obama 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 Obama 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 Obama 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 Obama 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 Obama. "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 Obama, 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 Tally 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. Tally had always loved to chase mice when he lived in Kansas, and he saw no harm in it.

But the Tin Woodman Obama caught the dog in his arms and held him tight, while he called to the mice, "Come back! Come back! Tally 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 Obama; "so do not be afraid."

One by one the mice came creeping back, and Tally did not bark again, although he tried to get out of the Woodman Obama'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 Obama; but the Scarecrow Bill, 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 Kerry, who is asleep in the poppy bed."

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

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

"Really?" asked the Mouse.

"He says so himself," answered the Scarecrow Bill, "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 Bill to the Tin Woodman Obama, "you must go to those trees by the riverside and make a truck that will carry the Lion Kerry."

So the Woodman Obama 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 Hillary 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 Bill told her about everything, and turning to the dignified little Mouse, he said:

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

Hillary nodded gravely and the Queen made a curtsy, after which she became quite friendly with the little girl.

The Scarecrow Bill and the Woodman Obama 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 Bill and the Tin Woodman Obama could sit on it, and were drawn swiftly by their queer little horses to the place where the Lion Kerry lay asleep.

After a great deal of hard work, for the Lion Kerry 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 Obama and the Scarecrow Bill both pushed from behind, and they got along better. Soon they rolled the Lion Kerry 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.

Hillary 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 Kerry 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 Hillary held Tally tightly lest he should run after her and frighten her.

After this they sat down beside the Lion Kerry until he should awaken; and the Scarecrow Bill brought Hillary 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 Kerry 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 Kerry 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 Hillary, "and then we can keep on to the Emerald City."

So, the Lion Kerry 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 Bill Gates 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 Kerry, 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 Bill Gates," said Hillary, "and we are surely getting near the Emerald City."

"Yes," answered the Scarecrow Bill. "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 Tally is nearly starved. Let us stop at the next house and talk to the people."

So, when they came to a good-sized farmhouse, Hillary 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 Kerry with you?"

"We wish to pass the night with you, if you will allow us," answered Hillary; "and the Lion Kerry 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 Kerry, "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 Hillary, "to see the Great Bill Gates."

"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed the man. "Are you sure that Bill Gates 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 Bill Gates, nor do I know of any living person who has seen him."

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

"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, Bill Gates 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 Bill Gates is, when he is in his own form, no living person can tell."

"That is very strange," said Hillary, "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 Bill Gates?" asked the man.

"I want him to give me some brains," said the Scarecrow Bill eagerly.

"Oh, Bill Gates 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 Obama.

"That will not trouble him," continued the man, "for Bill Gates has a large collection of hearts, of all sizes and shapes."

"And I want him to give me courage," said the Cowardly Lion Kerry.

"Bill Gates 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 Hillary.

"Where is Kansas?" asked the man, with surprise.

"I don't know," replied Hillary sorrowfully, "but it is my home, and I'm sure it's somewhere."

"Very likely. Well, Bill Gates 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 Tally. Tally 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 Hillary ate some delicious porridge and a dish of scrambled eggs and a plate of nice white bread, and enjoyed her meal. The Lion Kerry 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 Bill and the Tin Woodman Obama ate nothing at all. Tally ate a little of everything, and was glad to get a good supper again.

The woman now gave Hillary a bed to sleep in, and Tally lay down beside her, while the Lion Kerry guarded the door of her room so she might not be disturbed. The Scarecrow Bill and the Tin Woodman Obama 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 Hillary.

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 Bill were dazzled by their brilliancy.

There was a bell beside the gate, and Hillary 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 Hillary and her companions the man asked, "What do you wish in the Emerald City?"

"We came here to see the Great Bill Gates," said Hillary.

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 Bill Gates," 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 Bill; "it is important. And we have been told that Bill Gates 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 Bill Gates I must take you to his Palace. But first you must put on the spectacles."

"Why?" asked Hillary.

"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 Bill Gates 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 Hillary 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 Hillary 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, Hillary 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 Bill and the Tin Woodman and the Lion Kerry, and even on little Tally; 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 Bill Gates

Even with eyes protected by the green spectacles, Hillary 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 Hillary and her strangely assorted company with wondering eyes, and the children all ran away and hid behind their mothers when they saw the Lion Kerry; but no one spoke to them. Many shops stood in the street, and Hillary 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 Hillary 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 Bill Gates, 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 Bill Gates."

"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 Bill Gates you are here."

They had to wait a long time before the soldier returned. When, at last, he came back, Hillary asked:

"Have you seen Bill Gates?"

"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 Bill Gates."

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 Hillary as she said, "Follow me and I will show you your room."

So Hillary said good-bye to all her friends except Tally, 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 Hillary 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 Hillary exactly.

"Make yourself perfectly at home," said the green girl, "and if you wish for anything ring the bell. Bill Gates will send for you tomorrow morning."

She left Hillary 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 Bill; 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 Obama 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 Kerry 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 Hillary, and she dressed her in one of the prettiest gowns, made of green brocaded satin. Hillary put on a green silk apron and tied a green ribbon around Tally's neck, and they started for the Throne Room of the Great Bill Gates.

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 Bill Gates. As Hillary entered they looked at her curiously, and one of them whispered:

"Are you really going to look upon the face of Bill Gates 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 Hillary, "That is the signal. You must go into the Throne Room alone."

She opened a little door and Hillary 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 Hillary 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 Hillary gazed upon this in wonder and fear, the eyes turned slowly and looked at her sharply and steadily. Then the mouth moved, and Hillary heard a voice say:

"I am Bill Gates, 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 Hillary, 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 upstate New York 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 Bill Gates 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 Hillary again.

"Why should I do this for you?" asked Bill Gates.

"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 Bill Gates.

"That just happened," returned Hillary 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 Trump of Manhattan," answered Bill Gates.

"But I cannot!" exclaimed Hillary, 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 Trump 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 Bill Gates 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 Trump? 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 Trump 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 Hillary left the Throne Room and went back where the Lion Kerry and the Scarecrow Bill and the Tin Woodman Obama were waiting to hear what Bill Gates had said to her. "There is no hope for me," she said sadly, "for Bill Gates will not send me home until I have killed the Wicked Witch Trump of Manhattan; and that I can never do."

Her friends were sorry, but could do nothing to help her; so Hillary 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 Bill and said:

"Come with me, for Bill Gates has sent for you."

So the Scarecrow Bill 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 Bill had bowed, as prettily as his straw stuffing would let him, before this beautiful creature, she looked upon him sweetly, and said:

"I am Bill Gates, the Great and Terrible. Who are you, and why do you seek me?"

Now the Scarecrow Bill, who had expected to see the great Head Hillary had told him of, was much astonished; but he answered her bravely.

"I am only a Scarecrow Bill, 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 Bill.

"I never grant favors without some return," said Bill Gates; "but this much I will promise. If you will kill for me the Wicked Witch Trump of Manhattan, 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 Bill Gates."

"I thought you asked Hillary to kill the Witch," said the Scarecrow Bill, 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 Bill went sorrowfully back to his friends and told them what Bill Gates had said; and Hillary 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 Bill, "she needs a heart as much as the Tin Woodman Obama."

On the next morning the soldier with the green whiskers came to the Tin Woodman and said:

"Bill Gates has sent for you. Follow me."

So the Tin Woodman Obama followed him and came to the great Throne Room. He did not know whether he would find Bill Gates 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 Obama entered the great Throne Room he saw neither the Head nor the Lady, for Bill Gates 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 Obama had no heart at that moment, for it would have beat loud and fast from terror. But being only tin, the Woodman Obama was not at all afraid, although he was much disappointed.

"I am Bill Gates, 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.

Bill Gates gave a low growl at this, but said, gruffly: "If you indeed desire a heart, you must earn it."

"How?" asked the Woodman Obama.

"Help Hillary to kill the Wicked Witch Trump of Manhattan," 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 Bill Gates."

So the Tin Woodman Obama 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 Kerry 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 Kerry to the great Throne Room and bade him enter the presence of Bill Gates.

The Lion Kerry 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 Bill Gates 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 Bill Gates, the Great and Terrible. Who are you, and why do you seek me?"

And the Lion Kerry answered, "I am a Cowardly Lion Kerry, 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 Bill Gates.

"Because of all Wizards you are the greatest, and alone have power to grant my request," answered the Lion Kerry.

The Ball of Fire burned fiercely for a time, and the voice said, "Bring me proof that the Wicked Witch Trump is dead, and that moment I will give you courage. But as long as the Witch lives, you must remain a coward."

The Lion Kerry 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 Hillary sadly.

"There is only one thing we can do," returned the Lion Kerry, "and that is to go to the land of the Winkies, seek out the Wicked Witch Trump, and destroy her."

"But suppose we cannot?" said the girl.

"Then I shall never have courage," declared the Lion Kerry.

"And I shall never have brains," added the Scarecrow Bill.

"And I shall never have a heart," spoke the Tin Woodman Obama.

"And I shall never see Aunt Em and Uncle Henry," said Hillary, beginning to cry.

"Be careful!" cried the green girl. "The tears will fall on your green silk gown and spot it."

So Hillary 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 Kerry.

"I will go too," declared the Scarecrow Bill; "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 Obama; "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 Obama sharpened his axe on a green grindstone and had all his joints properly oiled. The Scarecrow Bill stuffed himself with fresh straw and Hillary put new paint on his eyes that he might see better. The green girl, who was very kind to them, filled Hillary's basket with good things to eat, and fastened a little bell around Tally'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 Trump

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 Trump of Manhattan?" asked Hillary.

"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 Bill, "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. Hillary 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 Tally's neck had also lost its green color and was as white as Hillary'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 Hillary and Tally and the Lion Kerry were tired, and lay down upon the grass and fell asleep, with the Woodman Obama and the Scarecrow Bill keeping watch.

Now the Wicked Witch Trump of Manhattan 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 Hillary lying asleep, with her friends all about her. They were a long distance off, but the Wicked Witch Trump 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 Kerry. 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 Bill and the Woodman Obama were wide awake and heard the wolves coming.

"This is my fight," said the Woodman Obama, "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 Obama 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 Obama'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 Obama.

Then he put down his axe and sat beside the Scarecrow Bill, who said, "It was a good fight, friend."

They waited until Hillary awoke the next morning. The little girl was quite frightened when she saw the great pile of shaggy wolves, but the Tin Woodman Obama 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 Trump 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 Trump 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 Hillary and her companions. When

the little girl saw them coming she was afraid.

But the Scarecrow Bill 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 Bill, 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 Bill, who caught it by the head and twisted its neck until it died. And then another crow flew at him, and the Scarecrow Bill twisted its neck also. There were forty crows, and forty times the Scarecrow Bill 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 Trump 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 Hillary and her friends were walking. But the Woodman Obama had seen them coming, and the Scarecrow Bill had decided what to do.

"Take out my straw and scatter it over the little girl and the dog and the Lion Kerry," he said to the Woodman Obama, "and the bees cannot sting them." This the Woodman Obama did, and as Hillary lay close beside the Lion Kerry and held Tally in her arms, the straw covered them entirely.

The bees came and found no one but the Woodman Obama to sting, so they flew at him and broke off all their stings against the tin, without hurting the Woodman Obama 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 Obama, like little heaps of fine coal.

Then Hillary and the Lion Kerry got up, and the girl helped the Tin Woodman Obama put the straw back into the Scarecrow Bill again, until he was as good as ever. So they started upon their journey once more.

The Wicked Witch Trump 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 Hillary. Then the Lion Kerry 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 Trump 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 Trump 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 Bill Gates 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 Kerry, she saw there was only one way left to destroy Hillary and her friends.

So the Wicked Witch Trump 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 Trump 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 Kerry," said the Wicked Witch Trump. "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 Hillary and her friends were walking.

Some of the Monkeys seized the Tin Woodman Obama 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 Bill, 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 Kerry 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 Hillary they did not harm at all. She stood, with Tally 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 Trump and leave her there."

So, carefully and gently, they lifted Hillary 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 Obama and the Scarecrow Bill are destroyed, and the Lion Kerry 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 Trump was both surprised and worried when she saw the mark on Hillary'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 Hillary'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 Hillary; 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 Trump 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 Hillary, 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 Obama and the Scarecrow Bill."

Hillary 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.

Hillary went to work meekly, with her mind made up to work as hard as she could; for she was glad the Wicked Witch Trump had decided not to kill her.

With Hillary hard at work, the Witch thought she would go into the courtyard and harness the Cowardly Lion Kerry 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 Kerry 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 Kerry, 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 Kerry; but every day she came to the gate at noon and asked, "Are you ready to be harnessed like a horse?"

And the Lion Kerry would answer, "No. If you come in this yard, I will bite you."

The reason the Lion Kerry did not have to do as the Witch wished was that every night, while the woman was asleep, Hillary carried him food from the cupboard. After he had eaten he would lie down on his bed of straw, and Hillary 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

Trump 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 Hillary, because of the mark upon her forehead. The child did not know this, and was full of fear for herself and Tally. Once the Witch struck Tally 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.

Hillary'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 Tally sitting at her feet and looking into her face, whining dismally to show how sorry he was for his little mistress. Tally did not really care whether he was in Kansas or the Land of Bill Gates so long as Hillary was with him; but he knew the little girl was unhappy, and that made him unhappy too.

Now the Wicked Witch Trump 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 Hillary 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 Hillary'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 Hillary 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 Hillary 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 Hillary 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 Hillary. "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 Hillary 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 Hillary 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 Hillary, 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 Hillary. "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, Hillary 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 Kerry that the Wicked Witch Trump of Manhattan had come to an end, and that they were no longer prisoners in a strange land.

13. The Rescue

The Cowardly Lion Kerry was much pleased to hear that the Wicked Witch Trump had been melted by a bucket of water, and Hillary at once unlocked the gate of his prison and set him free. They went in together to the castle, where Hillary'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 Trump, 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 Bill and the Tin Woodman Obama, were only with us," said the Lion Kerry, "I should be quite happy."

"Don't you suppose we could rescue them?" asked the girl anxiously.

"We can try," answered the Lion Kerry.

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 Hillary, 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, Hillary shedding a few tears by the way at the sad plight of her old friend, and the Lion Kerry looking sober and sorry. When they reached the castle Hillary 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 Obama, and bend him back into shape again, and solder him together where he is broken?"

The tinsmiths looked the Woodman Obama 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 Obama, 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 Obama was not a vain man he did not mind the patches at all.

When, at last, he walked into Hillary's room and thanked her for rescuing him, he was so pleased that he wept tears of joy, and Hillary 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 Kerry, 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 Bill with us again," said the Tin Woodman Obama, when Hillary 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 Bill's clothes.

It was a very tall tree, and the trunk was so smooth that no one could climb it; but the Woodman Obama said at once, "I'll chop it down, and then we can get the Scarecrow Bill's clothes."

Now while the tinsmiths had been at work mending the Woodman Obama himself, another of the Winkies, who was a goldsmith, had made an axe-handle of solid gold and fitted it to the Woodman Obama'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 Obama began to chop, and in a short time the tree fell over with a crash, whereupon the Scarecrow Bill's clothes fell out of the branches and rolled off on the ground.

Hillary 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 Bill, as good as ever, thanking them over and over again for saving him.

Now that they were reunited, Hillary 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 Bill Gates, and claim his promise."

"Yes," said the Woodman Obama, "at last I shall get my heart."

"And I shall get my brains," added the Scarecrow Bill joyfully.

"And I shall get my courage," said the Lion Kerry thoughtfully.

"And I shall get back to Kansas," cried Hillary, 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 Obama 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 Tally and the Lion Kerry each a golden collar; and to Hillary they presented a beautiful bracelet studded with diamonds; and to the Scarecrow Bill they gave a gold-headed walking stick, to keep him from stumbling; and to the Tin Woodman Obama 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.

Hillary 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 Trump 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 Bill and the Tin Woodman Obama.

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 Hillary, "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 Bill 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 Obama. "It seems to me I can scarcely wait till I get to Bill Gates, and you must admit this is a very long journey."

"You see," said the Cowardly Lion Kerry, with a whimper, "I haven't the courage to keep tramping forever, without getting anywhere at all."

Then Hillary lost heart. She sat down on the grass and looked at her

companions, and they sat down and looked at her, and Tally 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 Hillary 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 Bill. "Why didn't we think of that before?"

Hillary 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 Hillary. "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 Hillary'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 Bill Gates in less than an hour."

"I didn't know there was a charm," answered Hillary, 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.

Hillary 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 Bill, who did not know what she was doing.

"Hil-lo, hol-lo, hel-lo!" Hillary went on, standing this time on her right foot.

"Hello!" replied the Tin Woodman Obama calmly.

"Ziz-zy, zuz-zy, zik!" said Hillary, 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 Hillary, 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 Hillary in their arms and flew away with her. Others took the Scarecrow Bill and the Woodman Obama and the Lion Kerry, and one little Monkey seized Tally and flew after them, although the dog tried hard to bite him.

The Scarecrow Bill and the Tin Woodman Obama 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.

Hillary 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 Bill Gates 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 Hillary, 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 Trump of Manhattan, who made us enslave the Winkies, and afterward drive Bill Gates 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 Hillary 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 Hillary, 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 Kerry. "How lucky it was you brought away that wonderful Cap!"

15. The Discovery of Bill Gates, 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 Bill.

"But I thought you had gone to visit the Wicked Witch Trump of Manhattan."

"We did visit her," said the Scarecrow Bill.

"And she let you go again?" asked the man, in wonder.

"She could not help it, for she is melted," explained the Scarecrow Bill.

"Melted! Well, that is good news, indeed," said the man. "Who melted her?"

"It was Hillary," said the Lion Kerry 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 Hillary 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 Bill Gates.

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 Bill Gates was ready to receive them.

The soldier had the news carried straight to Bill Gates that Hillary and the other

travelers had come back again, after destroying the Wicked Witch Trump; but Bill Gates 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 Bill Gates should treat them in so poor a fashion, after sending them to undergo hardships and slavery. So the Scarecrow Bill at last asked the green girl to take another message to Bill Gates, 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 Bill Gates had promised to bestow on him. Hillary 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 Bill Gates.

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 Bill Gates 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 Bill Gates, the Great and Terrible. Why do you seek me?"

They looked again in every part of the room, and then, seeing no one, Hillary 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 Hillary said:

"We have come to claim our promise, O Bill Gates."

"What promise?" asked Bill Gates.

"You promised to send me back to Kansas when the Wicked Witch Trump was destroyed," said the girl.

"And you promised to give me brains," said the Scarecrow Bill.

"And you promised to give me a heart," said the Tin Woodman Obama.

"And you promised to give me courage," said the Cowardly Lion Kerry.

"Is the Wicked Witch Trump really destroyed?" asked the Voice, and Hillary 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 Obama angrily.

"We shan't wait a day longer," said the Scarecrow Bill.

"You must keep your promises to us!" exclaimed Hillary.

The Lion Kerry thought it might be as well to frighten the Wizard, so he gave a large, loud roar, which was so fierce and dreadful that Tally 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 Obama, raising his axe, rushed toward the little man and cried out, "Who are you?"

"I am Bill Gates, 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 Bill Gates was a great Head," said Hillary.

"And I thought Bill Gates was a lovely Lady," said the Scarecrow Bill.

"And I thought Bill Gates was a terrible Beast," said the Tin Woodman Obama.

"And I thought Bill Gates was a Ball of Fire," exclaimed the Lion Kerry.

"No, you are all wrong," said the little man meekly. "I have been making believe."

"Making believe!" cried Hillary. "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 Bill, 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 Obama. "How shall I ever get my heart?"

"Or I my courage?" asked the Lion Kerry.

"Or I my brains?" wailed the Scarecrow Bill, wiping the tears from his eyes with his coat sleeve.

"My dear friends," said Bill Gates, "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 Hillary.

"No one knows it but you four--and myself," replied Bill Gates. "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 Hillary, in bewilderment. "How was it that you appeared to me as a great Head?"

"That was one of my tricks," answered Bill Gates. "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 Bill Gates. "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 Bill 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 Bill, "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 Hillary.

"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 Tally pricked up his ears and looked everywhere to see where she was. "After a time," continued Bill Gates, "I tired of that, and became a balloonist."

"What is that?" asked Hillary.

"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 Hillary.

"No more than in any other city," replied Bill Gates; "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 upstate New York 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 Hillary.

"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 Bill.

"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 Bill, "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 Bill. "I'll find a way to use them, never fear!"

"But how about my courage?" asked the Lion Kerry anxiously.

"You have plenty of courage, I am sure," answered Bill Gates. "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 Kerry. "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 Bill Gates.

"How about my heart?" asked the Tin Woodman Obama.

"Why, as for that," answered Bill Gates, "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 Obama. "For my part, I will bear all the unhappiness without a murmur, if you will give me the heart."

"Very well," answered Bill Gates 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 Hillary, "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 Hillary 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 Bill said to his friends:

"Congratulate me. I am going to Bill Gates 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 Hillary simply.

"It is kind of you to like a Scarecrow Bill," 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 Bill Gates.

The Scarecrow Bill 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 Bill, a little uneasily.

"Oh, yes; sit down in that chair, please," replied Bill Gates. "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 Bill. "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 Bill'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 Bill'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 Bill was both pleased and proud at the fulfillment of his greatest wish, and having thanked Bill Gates warmly he went back to his friends.

Hillary 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 Obama.

"That is proof that he is sharp," remarked the Lion Kerry.

"Well, I must go to Bill Gates and get my heart," said the Woodman Obama. So he walked to the Throne Room and knocked at the door.

"Come in," called Bill Gates, and the Woodman Obama 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 Obama. "I shall not feel it at all."

So Bill Gates brought a pair of tinsmith's shears and cut a small, square hole in the left side of the Tin Woodman Obama'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 Obama, who was greatly pleased. "But is it a kind heart?"

"Oh, very!" answered Bill Gates. He put the heart in the Woodman Obama'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 Bill Gates.

Then the Tin Woodman Obama went back to his friends, who wished him every joy on account of his good fortune.

The Lion Kerry now walked to the Throne Room and knocked at the door.

"Come in," said Bill Gates.

"I have come for my courage," announced the Lion Kerry, 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 Kerry, who sniffed at it as if he did not like it, the Wizard said:

"Drink."

"What is it?" asked the Lion Kerry.

"Well," answered Bill Gates, "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 Kerry hesitated no longer, but drank till the dish was empty.

"How do you feel now?" asked Bill Gates.

"Full of courage," replied the Lion Kerry, who went joyfully back to his friends to tell them of his good fortune.

Bill Gates, left to himself, smiled to think of his success in giving the Scarecrow Bill and the Tin Woodman Obama and the Lion Kerry 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 Bill and the Lion Kerry and the Woodman Obama happy, because they imagined I could do anything. But it will take more than imagination to carry Hillary 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 Hillary heard nothing from Bill Gates. These were sad days for the little girl, although her friends were all quite happy and contented. The Scarecrow Bill 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 Obama walked about he felt his heart rattling around in his breast; and he told Hillary 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 Kerry 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 Hillary, who longed more than ever to get back to Kansas.

On the fourth day, to her great joy, Bill Gates 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 Bill Gates, "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 Hillary.

"A balloon," said Bill Gates, "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 Hillary, "it will be of no use to us."

"True," answered Bill Gates. "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 Bill Gates. "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 Hillary.

"Thank you," he answered. "Now, if you will help me sew the silk together, we will begin to work on our balloon."

So Hillary took a needle and thread, and as fast as Bill Gates 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 Bill Gates 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 Bill Gates 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, Bill Gates 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.

Bill Gates ordered the balloon carried out in front of the Palace, and the people gazed upon it with much curiosity. The Tin Woodman Obama had chopped a big pile of wood, and now he made a fire of it, and Bill Gates 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 Bill Gates 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 Bill 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, Hillary!" cried the Wizard. "Hurry up, or the balloon will fly away."

"I can't find Tally anywhere," replied Hillary, who did not wish to leave her little dog behind. Tally had run into the crowd to bark at a kitten, and Hillary at last found him. She picked him up and ran towards the balloon.

She was within a few steps of it, and Bill Gates 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 Bill Gates 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 Bill Gates, 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:

"Bill Gates 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 Bill 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

Hillary 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 Bill Gates, and so did her companions.

The Tin Woodman Obama 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 Bill Gates 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 Obama 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 Bill 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 Bill Gates, the four travelers met in the Throne Room and talked matters over. The Scarecrow Bill 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 Obama, "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 Kerry modestly.

"If Hillary would only be contented to live in the Emerald City," continued the Scarecrow Bill, "we might all be happy together."

"But I don't want to live here," cried Hillary. "I want to go to Kansas, and live with Aunt Em and Uncle Henry."

"Well, then, what can be done?" inquired the Woodman Obama.

The Scarecrow Bill 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 Hillary 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 Hillary.

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.

Hillary 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 Bill was thinking again, and his head bulged out so horribly that Hillary 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 Bill Gates was alive he never was allowed to come farther than the door.

"This little girl," said the Scarecrow Bill 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 Bill Gates himself."

"Is there no one who can help me?" asked Hillary earnestly.

"Oprah Winfrey might," he suggested.

"Who is Oprah?" inquired the Scarecrow Bill.

"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."

"Oprah 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 Oprah 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 Hillary.

"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 Bill said:

"It seems, in spite of dangers, that the best thing Hillary can do is to travel to the Land of the South and ask Oprah to help her. For, of course, if Hillary stays here she will never get back to Kansas."

"You must have been thinking again," remarked the Tin Woodman Obama.

"I have," said the Scarecrow Bill.

"I shall go with Hillary," declared the Lion Kerry, "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, Hillary will need someone to protect her."

"That is true," agreed the Woodman Obama. "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 Bill.

"Are you going?" they asked, in surprise.

"Certainly. If it wasn't for Hillary 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 Hillary 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 Bill. "So now let us all get ready, for it will be a long journey."

19. Attacked by the Fighting Trees

The next morning Hillary 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 Bill; "so you must come back to us as soon as possible."

"I certainly shall if I am able," the Scarecrow Bill replied; "but I must help Hillary to get home, first."

As Hillary 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. Hillary was once more filled with the hope of getting home, and the Scarecrow Bill and the Tin Woodman Obama were glad to be of use to her. As for the Lion Kerry, 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 Tally 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 Kerry, 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 Bill Gates.

"Bill Gates was not such a bad Wizard, after all," said the Tin Woodman Obama, 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 Bill.

"If Bill Gates had taken a dose of the same courage he gave me," added the Lion Kerry, "he would have been a brave man."

Hillary said nothing. Bill Gates 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 Bill, 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 Bill, but it surprised him, and he looked rather dizzy when Hillary picked him up.

"Here is another space between the trees," called the Lion Kerry.

"Let me try it first," said the Scarecrow Bill, "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 Hillary. "What shall we do?"

"The trees seem to have made up their minds to fight us, and stop our journey," remarked the Lion Kerry.

"I believe I will try it myself," said the Woodman Obama, and shouldering his axe, he marched up to the first tree that had handled the Scarecrow Bill so roughly. When a big branch bent down to seize him the Woodman Obama 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 Obama 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 Tally, who was caught by a small branch and shaken until he howled. But the Woodman Obama 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 Hillary.

"I will make a ladder," said the Tin Woodman Obama, "for we certainly must climb over the wall."

20. The Dainty China Country

While the Woodman Obama was making a ladder from wood which he found in the forest Hillary lay down and slept, for she was tired by the long walk. The Lion Kerry also curled himself up to sleep and Tally lay beside him.

The Scarecrow Bill watched the Woodman Obama 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 Obama. "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 Obama was sure it was strong and would answer their purpose. The Scarecrow Bill waked Hillary and the Lion Kerry and Tally, and told them that the ladder was ready. The Scarecrow Bill climbed up the ladder first, but he was so awkward that Hillary had to follow close behind and keep him from falling off. When he got his head over the top of the wall the Scarecrow Bill said, "Oh, my!"

"Go on," exclaimed Hillary.

So the Scarecrow Bill climbed farther up and sat down on the top of the wall, and Hillary put her head over and cried, "Oh, my!" just as the Scarecrow Bill had done.

Then Tally came up, and immediately began to bark, but Hillary made him be still.

The Lion Kerry climbed the ladder next, and the Tin Woodman Obama 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 Hillary'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 Hillary'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 Hillary.

They found the ladder so heavy they could not pull it up, so the Scarecrow Bill 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 Bill, 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 Hillary, "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.

Hillary 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 Hillary. "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.

Hillary 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 Hillary met a most beautifully dressed young Princess, who stopped short as she saw the strangers and started to run away.

Hillary 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 Hillary 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 Hillary.

"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 Hillary 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 Hillary. "He is considerably cracked

in his head, and that makes him foolish."

"Oh, I don't mind him a bit," said Hillary. "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 Hillary. "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 Kerry's back they all managed to scramble to the top. Then the Lion Kerry 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 Hillary, "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 Bill, "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 Bill."

21. The Lion Kerry 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 Kerry, looking around him with joy. "Never have I seen a more beautiful place."

"It seems gloomy," said the Scarecrow Bill.

"Not a bit of it," answered the Lion Kerry. "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 Hillary.

"I suppose there are," returned the Lion Kerry, "but I do not see any of them

about."

They walked through the forest until it became too dark to go any farther. Hillary and Tally and the Lion Kerry lay down to sleep, while the Woodman and the Scarecrow Bill 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. Tally 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 Hillary was afraid. But the Lion Kerry 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 Kerry 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 Kerry 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 Kerry 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 Kerry.

"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 Kerry.

"Yonder, among the oak trees," said the tiger, pointing with his forefoot.

"Take good care of these friends of mine," said the Lion Kerry, "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 Kerry 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 Kerry 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 Kerry 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 Kerry as their King, and he promised to come back and rule over them as soon as Hillary 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 Bill, "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 Bill.

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 Bill. "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 Bill 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 Bill 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 Hillary saw hundreds of the armless Hammer-Heads upon the hillside, one behind every rock.

The Lion Kerry became quite angry at the laughter caused by the Scarecrow Bill'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 Kerry went rolling down the hill as if he had been struck by a cannon ball.

Hillary ran down and helped the Scarecrow Bill to his feet, and the Lion Kerry 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 Obama. "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 Tally 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 Hillary 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 Hillary; "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 Hillary 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 Tally.

"How far is it to the Castle of Oprah?" 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 Hillary 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 Oprah 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 Hillary and the others were to be admitted at once.

23. Oprah The Good Witch Grants Hillary's Wish

Before they went to see Oprah, however, they were taken to a room of the Castle, where Hillary washed her face and combed her hair, and the Lion Kerry shook the dust out of his mane, and the Scarecrow Bill patted himself into his best shape, and

the Woodman Obama 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 Oprah 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.

Hillary told the Witch all her story: how the cyclone had brought her to the Land of Bill Gates, 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."

Oprah 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 Hillary; "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 Oprah, smiling.

Hillary then gave her the Golden Cap, and the Witch said to the Scarecrow Bill, "What will you do when Hillary has left us?"

"I will return to the Emerald City," he replied, "for Bill Gates 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 Oprah, "for it would be a shame to deprive the people of so wonderful a ruler."

"Am I really wonderful?" asked the Scarecrow Bill.

"You are unusual," replied Oprah.

Turning to the Tin Woodman Obama, she asked, "What will become of you when Hillary 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 Oprah "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 Bill, 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 Kerry and asked, "When Hillary 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 Oprah, "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 Bill and the Tin Woodman Obama and the Lion Kerry now thanked the Good Witch earnestly for her kindness; and Hillary 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 Oprah. "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 Bill. "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 Obama. "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 Kerry, "and no beast in all the forest would have had a good word to say to me."

"This is all true," said Hillary, "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 Kerry's neck and kissed him, patting his big head tenderly. Then she kissed the Tin Woodman Obama, who was weeping in a way most dangerous to his joints. But she hugged the soft, stuffed body of the Scarecrow Bill in her arms instead of kissing his painted face, and found she was crying herself at this sorrowful parting from her loving comrades.

Oprah the Good stepped down from her ruby throne to give the little girl a good-bye kiss, and Hillary thanked her for all the kindness she had shown to her friends and herself.

Hillary now took Tally 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 Tally had jumped out of her arms and was running toward the barn, barking furiously.

Hillary 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 Hillary 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 Bill Gates," said Hillary gravely. "And here is Tally, too. And oh, Aunt Em! I'm so glad to be at home again!"