

# DOROTHY'S CHRISTMAS TREE

Written and Illustrated by  
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Illustrator of "The WIZARD of OZ"  
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One day the Scarecrow found little Dorothy sitting upon a log, looking very sad, and with tears in her eyes. "Why, Dotty, what is the matter?" inquired the Scarecrow and the Tinman together.

"It is the day before Christmas," sobbed Dorothy, "and all my friends are having such a good time down in Kansas, and I am here alone in a strange and foreign land."

"Not alone," said the two. "We will stand by you. But what is this Christmas you speak about?"

Dorothy was much surprised at this, and told them all about the Christmas holidays, and the festivities she was missing, while wandering in the bright and happy land of Oz.

This was all new to the Scarecrow and the Tinman, and they were de-



around him again, although it took some time to convince the Lion that he was harmless.

"I don't see why you should be afraid of me," said Jack; "you are a pretty funny looking party yourself. Who are you, and what did you come for? Hardly any one ever travels this way. But it is lucky for me that you did, because there is no telling how long I should have lain here a prisoner if you had not come."

"It would probably have been a long time, because Santa Claus does not pass this way again for a whole year," he continued.

"Santa Claus!" the three shouted in a voice. "Where is he? We want him. He is the man we are after."

"Oh, he has gone to Kansas, and from there around the world, then home by the Northwest Passage. You won't see him in these parts for a year," replied Jack. "But what do you want? Perhaps I can help you out. I will gladly do so, if I can, to show my gratitude."

So the three friends told Jack all about Dorothy, and why they had come so far to find a Christmas tree.

"You see," said Jack, when he had heard their tale, "I am a toy. Santa Claus had me on top of the load in his sleigh, and, not being securely tied, I dropped off. Santa Claus was on his way to the earth to distribute his toys to all the good children when the accident occurred, and here I am, and I think I can help out."

"You just knock this box to pieces with your ax, Mr. Tinman," he continued, "and I will hop along on my spring and show you where the Christmas trees grow. I know Santa will thank me for it, as he wouldn't have Dorothy Gale miss her Christmas for anything."

To release Jack from the box was but a moment's work, and the three friends followed him as he hopped off before them into the depths of the forest.



Pushing aside the underbrush, there suddenly burst upon their view a most beautiful scene.

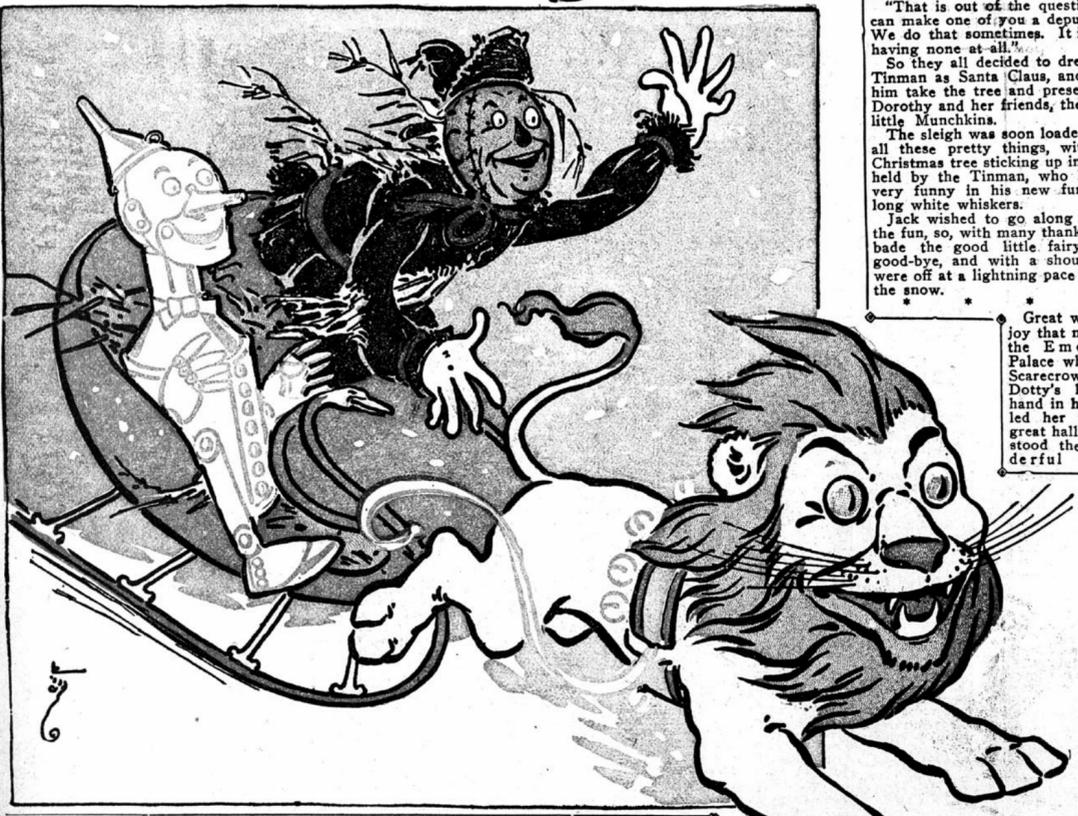
In the middle of a clearing in the wood was a snow-covered crystal fairy lodge, all glistening in the bright rays of the setting sun. Surrounding this dazzling little house on every side were many Christmas trees, already trimmed with glittering strands of tinsel, golden and silver, pop corn and toys in plenty, and on every bough were candles of many colors ready to be lighted.

"Here," said Jack, "Santa Claus keeps his trees that are wanted in a hurry, for just such cases as yours. In the little lodge lives his head gardener, who has charge of the trees, and here are kept an extra supply, for kind old St. Nick does not want any one to be overlooked if he can possibly help it."

And so it was the jolly old man in the crystal lodge had not heard more than half the story before he took the friends to pick out the best and biggest tree for Dorothy. This they loaded into the sleigh and were ready to start back to Dorothy and her friends, the good little Munchkins.

The sleigh was soon loaded with all these pretty things, with the Christmas tree sticking up in front, held by the Tinman, who looked very funny in his new furs and long white whiskers.

Jack wished to go along to see the fun, so, with many thanks they bade the good little fairy man good-bye, and with a shout they were off at a lightning pace across the snow.



lighted with the tale that Dorothy told them of Santa Claus, and this time of merry making that comes every year. They put their heads together and planned to give their beloved little friend a happy Christmas, such as she would have in her home in Kansas as she had described it to them through her tears.

"Yes," said the Scarecrow, "we must give little Dotty a Merry Christmas tree, with candy, candles and golden balls."

"We will take the Lion," said the Tinman, "and go to the Enchanted Forest. It will be odd, indeed, if we do not find just what we want there."

When the good fairy brought down the frost upon the wicked poppies, and covered the ground with snow, they hitched the Lion to a little red sleigh and away they dashed across the frozen fields.

With the merry peal of sleigh bells, on they flew! Away—away—like the wind, faster than the fleetest express train.

A thousand, two thousand miles they went in a twinkling, until at last they entered the shade of the Enchanted Forest, where grew the strangest trees that ever were dreamed of.

But, search as they would, no Christmas trees such as Dorothy had described came to view, and they were becoming discouraged when from the roadside came a voice:

"Let me out! Snap up the cover and let me out!"

Of course, the Lion came to a stand at this, and they soon discovered that the voice came from a gaudy box by the wayside.

"Come, come," said the voice, impatiently, "push back the latch and let me out! Why do you stand there and leave a fellow in distress?"

"There, right in front," continued the voice, as they approached; "push it back."

The Tinman was the first to find the little wire latch on the front of the box, and snapped the catch. No sooner had he done so than the lid of the box flew open with a bang, and out sprang the most frightful creature you could imagine. So terrible was he, with his glistening teeth, bushy whiskers and glassy eyes, that the Scarecrow and Tinman jumped back in fright, while the Lion flew for the cover of the forest, dragging the sleigh behind him.

"Come back, don't be frightened," said the creature. "I am only Jack-in-the-box, and cannot hurt any one. True enough, he was only a harmless toy, and with his gentle voice he soon persuaded the friends to gather

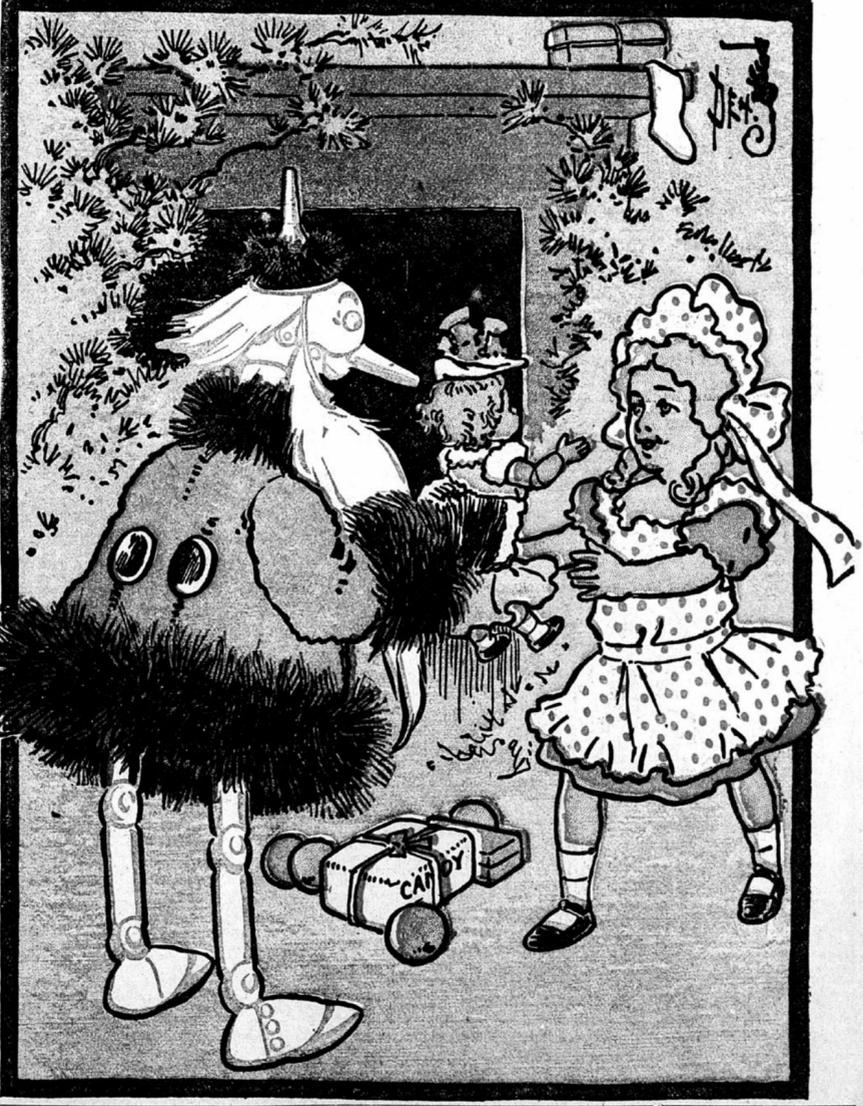
Great was the joy that night at the Emerald Palace when the Scarecrow took Dorothy's little hand in his, and led her to the great hall where stood the wonderful Christmas tree full of toys, and in all its glory of lights, gold, silver and crystal.

Dorothy was so surprised that she could not speak for awhile, and her wonder grew as she saw the evergreens part in the chimney place and Santa Claus come bounding into the room with his bag upon his back.

The Tinman was so well disguised that she did not know him at first, but later he told her how he had come direct from Santa's country, and showed her his badge, which made the little girl feel that she had received a message from Santa Claus himself.

High revels were held in the great hall that night, on this the first Christmas Eve celebration ever held in the Land of Oz, and all was merriment and joy.

But Dorothy said, with a sad little smile, as she took her candle to go to her room, "This is the best Christmas tree I ever had, and I thank you all very much, but I do wish that Aunt Em could have been here."



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