

Chapter Twenty-Six

from the fields and their drink is a sip of water from some running brook. If I could not be a Scarecrow — or a Tin Woodman — my next choice would be to live as a bird does.”

The gray dove had listened carefully to this speech and seemed to find comfort in it, for it hushed its moaning. And just then the Tin Woodman discovered Cayke's dishpan, which was on the ground quite near to him.

“Here is a rather pretty utensil,” he said, taking it in his tin hands to examine it, “but I would not care to own it. Whoever fashioned it of gold and covered it with diamonds did not add to its usefulness, nor do I consider it as beautiful as the bright dishpans of tin one usually sees. No yellow color is ever so handsome as the silver sheen of tin,” and he turned to look at his tin legs and body with approval.

“I cannot quite agree with you there,” replied the Scarecrow. “My straw stuffing has a light yellow color, and it is not only pretty to look at but it crinkles most delightfully when I move.”

“Let us admit that all colors are good in their proper places,” said the Tin Woodman, who was too kind-hearted to quarrel; “but you must agree with me that a dishpan that is yellow is unnatural. What