

Special Page for The Omaha Bee's Busy Little Honey-Makers



Land of Oz

Jack Pumpkinhead's Ride to the Emerald City.

By L. FRANK BAUM.

AT DAYBREAK Tip was awakened by the Pumpkinhead. He rubbed the sleep from his eyes, bathed in a little brook, and then ate a portion of his bread and cheese.

"Let us start at once. Nine miles is quite a distance, but we ought to reach the Emerald City by noon if no accidents happen."

The Pumpkinhead was again perched upon the back of the Saw-Horse and the journey was resumed.

Tip noticed that the purple tint of the grass and trees had now faded to a dull lavender, and before long this lavender appeared to take on a greenish tinge that gradually brightened as they drew nearer to the great city where the Scarecrow ruled.

The little party had traveled but a short two miles upon their way when the road of yellow brick was parted by a broad and swift river.

Tip was puzzled how to cross over; but after a time he discovered a man in a ferry-boat approaching from the other side of the stream.

When the man reached the bank Tip asked: "Will you row us to the other side?"

"Yes, if you have money," returned the ferryman, whose face looked cross and disagreeable.

"But I have no money," said Tip. "None at all," inquired the man. "None at all," answered the boy.

"Then I'll not break my back rowing you over," said the ferryman, decidedly.

"What a nice man!" remarked the Pumpkinhead, smilingly.

The ferryman stared at him, but made no reply. Tip was trying to think for it was a great disappointment to him to find his journey so suddenly brought to an end.

"I must certainly get to the Emerald City," he said to the boatman; "but how can I cross the river if you do not take me?"

The man laughed, and it was not a nice laugh.

"That wooden horse will float," said he; "and you can ride him across. As for the pumpkin-headed fellow who accompanies you, let him sink or swim—it won't matter greatly which."

for the Pumpkinhead did not look around and the Saw-Horse couldn't. As he rode, Jack noticed that the grass and the trees had become a bright emerald-green in color, so he guessed they were nearing the Emerald City even before the tall spires and domes came into sight.

At length a high wall of green stone, studded thick with emeralds, loomed up before them, and tearing the Saw-Horse would not know enough to stop and so might smash them both against this wall, Jack ventured to cry: "Whoa!" as loud as he could.

So suddenly did the horse obey that had it not been for his post Jack would have been pitched off head foremost, and his beautiful face ruined.

"That was a fast ride, dear father!" he exclaimed; and then, hearing no reply, he turned around and discovered for the first time that Tip was not there.

This apparent desertion puzzled the Pumpkinhead, and made him uneasy. And while he was wondering what had become of the boy, and what he ought to do next under such trying circumstances, the gateway in the green wall opened and a man came out.

This man was short and round, with a fat face that seemed remarkably good-natured. He was clothed all in green and wore a high, peaked green hat upon his head and green spectacles over his eyes. Bowing before the Pumpkinhead he said:

"I am the Guardian of the Gates of the Emerald City. May I inquire who you are, and what is your business?"

"My name is Jack Pumpkinhead," returned the other, smilingly; "but as to my business, I haven't the least idea in the world what it is."

The Guardian of the Gates looked surprised, and shook his head as if dissatisfied with the reply.

"What are you, a man or a pumpkin?" he asked, politely.

"Both, if you please," answered Jack.

"And this wooden horse—is it alive?" questioned the Guardian.

The horse rolled one knobby eye upward and winked at Jack. Then it gave a prance and brought one leg down on the Guardian's toes.

"Ouch!" cried the man; "I'm sorry I asked that question. But the answer is most convincing. Have you any errand, sir, in the Emerald City?"

"It seems to me that I have," replied the Pumpkinhead, seriously; "but I cannot think what it is. My father knows all about it, but he is not here."

"This is a strange affair—very strange!" declared the Guardian. "But you seem harmless. Folks do not smile so delightfully when they mean mischief."

"As for that," said Jack, "I cannot help my smile, for it is carved on my face with a jack-knife."

A Busy Bee's Cartoon

doesn't know why he has come to the Emerald City, or what he wants. Tell me, what shall we do with him?"

The Soldier with the Green Whiskers looked at Jack with much care and curiosity. Finally he shook his head so positively that little waves rippled down his whiskers, and then he said:

"I must take him to His Majesty, the Scarecrow."

"But what will His Majesty, the Scarecrow, do with him?" asked the Guardian of the Gates.

"That is His Majesty's business," returned the soldier. "I have troubles enough of my own. All outside troubles must be turned over to His Majesty. So put the spectacles on this fellow, and I'll take him to the royal palace."

So the Guardian opened a big box of spectacles and tried to fit a pair to Jack's great round eyes.

"I haven't a pair in stock that will really cover those eyes up," said the little man, with a sigh; "and your head is so big that I shall be obliged to tie the spectacles on."

"But why need I wear spectacles?" asked Jack.

"It's the fashion here," said the Soldier, "and they will keep you from being blinded by the glitter and glare of the gorgeous Emerald City."

"Oh!" exclaimed Jack. "Tie them on, by all means. I don't wish to be blinded."

"Nor I!" broke in the Saw-Horse; so a pair of green spectacles was quickly fastened over the bulging knots that served it for eyes.

Then the Soldier with the Green Whiskers led them through the inner gate and they at once found them-

Little Tom's Christmas



and that they would have good dinners. There were two weeks until Christmas and the little boy who kindly respected everybody went up town and bought many useful Christmas presents for Tom and his mother. Christmas day Tom woke up early, put on his tattered clothes and went down stairs. His breakfast was awaiting him, were consisted of gems and red hot tea, which a kind neighbor had sent over for him.

After breakfast Tom picked up an old newspaper and sat down and read it, for he was very fond of "Ling. A few minutes later a knock was heard upon the door, and in burst the kind little boy and his parents with their arms full of warm clothing and nourishing food, while the little lame boy did not know where they were, and he was so happy, while his mother shed tears of joy. The kind people had the house repaired and paid the rent every month, and Tom was operated on, at a hospital and could walk again and go to school with the kind boy whose name was Frank Burton. Who do you think was the happier on Christmas day of the two boys? I wish the Busy Bees a Happy Christmas. I wish some of the Busy Bees would write to me. I hope to see my letter in print. I will write another story later.

Prize Story.) By Jeannette Marie Oliphant, Aged 12 Years, 402 South Garfield Avenue, Hastings, Neb. Blue Side.

Tom was a poor little lame boy. He and his mother lived in an old thatched house. Their father was dead, and the mother had to work in a laundry to earn a living for Tom and herself. One day when Tom was out of doors hobbling along a crust of bread. Now he met a group of boys who were sons of very wealthy families talking about what they were going to have for their Christmas dinners.

"What are you going to have for your Christmas dinner, Tom?" said one boy turning up his nose at Tom. Tom knew he wouldn't have any good things to eat like those boys, and all the money his dear mother earned was to pay the rent, and for clothing, and the little money that was left was hardly enough to buy each a crust of bread.

There was one boy in the group that was kind to everybody. As he was walking home he was thinking about Tom's Christmas and his Christmas. What difference in the two? The little boy told his parents about the lame little boy. As Tom was walking home he happened to think about Christmas. He knew Santa Claus would give the other boys presents of all kinds

Rules for Young Writers

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the page.

2. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.

A prize book will be given each week for the best contribution.

Address all communications to Children's Department, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

mother would always tell her children if they are good to their mother and help her with the work Santa Claus would visit their house and leave many pretty presents for them. And, of course, as Tommy was selfish and greedy he was trying to make a plan how he could get more toys than Nettie. Then he thought to himself, "I will hang up two stockings tonight and Santa will sure fill them all up." So before he went to bed he hung up one stocking as did his sister Nettie. But when his mother was sleeping he climbed out of bed and hung up one more and went to bed, and dreamed of his two stockings filled up with candy, nuts, toys and many other things and laughed at Nettie that Santa loves him best.

But in the morning when he woke up, to his surprise, he found one stocking empty and in the other one was a switch with a note pinned on it. The note read: "Dear Tommy: You was a greedy boy so you thought you would get more toys and good things than your sister Nettie and make her believe that Santa Claus loves you best, but this is all I can give you this time. Don't ever try it again. From Santa Claus."

Nettie found her stocking filled with good things to eat and pretty toys to play with.

When Tommy saw all this he was very sorry. He said he would never be so selfish again. He learned a good lesson, which he never tried again. So, Busy Bees, hang up one stocking on Christmas eve.

Sweet Content Finds Laugh-a-Lot's Slippers

By EDITH HIXON. SWEET CONTENT, our rosy-cheeked fairy, was brushing her hair with a chicken's tail and combing it with her fine comb when someone knocked. She dropped her comb and went to the door with her hair all standing out about her face, which made her so happy that she danced along.

At the door stood Golden Jacket, the big dumbliebee. He bowed so low at the sight of our fairy that one of the buttons rolled from his waistcoat, for the old gentleman was quite stout. He came inside gladly and sat down on one of our fairy's velvet chairs.

"I've come with a message," he said. Sweet Content sat down, too, though her feet would keep moving for they had such a tingling desire to dance. Her hair was keeping up such a jig that it was hard for her to think. "I'll have to put on my thinking cap," she said, "and then I can listen better."

She disappeared and, in a minute, was back again with her cap of Queen Anne's lace tied over her curls. She could walk quite sedately, for not one curl was to be seen.

Golden Jacket had fussed and fumed so much that he had lost still another button off his waistcoat, in trying to keep it together with his hand, he was quite red in the face and very uncomfortable.

"Now, what is it?" asked our fairy. "It is this way," said the old gentleman. "Laugh-a-Lot is very anxious to see you. I promised I would carry you to her house."

Laugh-a-Lot was a fairy who lived on the edge of the blue smiling ocean in a dear little shell house. The house was lined with soft green sea-weed and the floors were of mother-of-pearl, while the doorknobs and roof were made of real pearls. She was a jolly fairy, with long dancy curls and slippers which tinkled merrily when she danced. They rang with sweet music, for on each slipper were bells in place of buckles.

"What's the matter with Laugh-a-Lot—does she just want to dance with me?" asked our fairy. "She has lost her bells and cannot dance without them," said Golden Jacket.

"Take me right down there," said our fairy. She hurried into her room, picking up her wand and pinning on her rose-petal bag. Golden Jacket carried her on his back down to the shore where he left her, saying that he had more important things to attend to than finding slippers with bell buckles. Sweet Content knew well enough that he would be looking as

had a party before. So her mamma said she could have one. She wanted to invite everybody in the town, but her mamma said she could just invite 30. So Mabel said she would just invite 30. They put a big tent in the yard and the band played. After a while there came into the yard an old fiddler. The children asked him to play for them. He said he'd play one piece but no more. After he had played it the children wanted him to play another one. But the old fiddler would not play no more. The man took off the other clothes he had on and there stood Mabel's papa. How surprised she was.

My Pets. By Mary Ginst, 4122 X Street, South Side, Omaha, Blue Side. This is my first letter. I read the Busy Bee page every Sunday. I am in the Fifth grade at Corrihan school. I am 11 years old, December 21. My teacher's name is Miss Begley. I have no brothers or sisters. But I have some pets. I have a dog, two cats and a parrot. I had a good Thanksgiving dinner. Now I will close my letter.

A Letter. Mary Martin, 1414 X Street, South Side, Omaha, Neb. Red Side. Dear Busy Bees: I will tell you how I like school. I think that it is nice to go to school. My teacher's name is Miss Barrett. I think she is very nice. Now here is Christmas and I think I would like to have for Christmas a doll and a story book and a set of dishes. I have two sisters and one brother. I love my brother very much. I am 8 years old. I will write again some time.

My First Letter. By Agnes O'Connell, Blue Side. This is my first letter to the Busy Bee page. I read the Busy Bee page every Sunday. I have four sisters and three brothers. I go to school every day. I like to go to school. I am 9 years old. I am in the Fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Begley. My letter is getting long, so I will close. I hope to see my letter in print.

"Buddie" Cranmer. "Buddie" Cranmer is a little Busy Bee. He is a member of the Ak-Sar-Ben royal family, although he now resides outside of the kingdom. Buddie's mother was Miss Margaret Wood, a former Ak-Sar-Ben queen, and his father, William H. H. Cranmer, is now serving in the United States Army.

The Bee goes to Buddie in Denver every day, and on Sunday he picks out the Busy Bee page first to see what other little Bees are doing.

Mabel's Party. By Winifred Hiser, Aged 9 Years, Miltord, Neb., Box 152. Dear Busy Bees: This is the first letter I have written to the Busy Bees, and hope to see my letter in print. I am going to tell you a story. "Mabel's Party." Mabel had never

Laughing Busy Bees. MY PLAYMATE. My brother John is very large. And goes to school each day. My sister's just a baby yet. And much too small to play.

AN UNCROWDED INDUSTRY. Pat had just arrived from Ireland when Mike, who has been in America for some years, spied him. "Faith, Pat!" exclaimed Mike, "What are you doing over here?" "I've come over," answered Pat "to try if I can make an honest living."

Little Stories By Little Folks

(Honorable Mention.) A Lesson. Frank Manswell, Aged 9 Years, 2928 Vinton Street, Omaha, Blue Side. It was a few days before Christmas when my sister and I had a scare. My sister told me to shake the fire but instead I opened the top when some red hot coals fell on to the carpet. I did not notice these at first until I had closed the stove, then when I turned around I saw a blaze on the carpet. The first thing I did was to tramp on it, but it didn't do any good, so I screamed. Then my sister tramped on it, too, and she threw it under the stove on the zinc, then we stood and looked at each other. We were so scared that we could not move for a while. But I was wondering what mamma would say when she saw the burned rug and ever after I never played in fire again and never will.

Barbara. Marguerite Smith, Aged 12 Years, Pilger, Neb. Blue Side. Barbara Brown was a small black-eyed girl with beautiful black hair and an appetite for sweets. But Barbara's mother did not indulge her little girl in candy very often. Barbara had an ambition to be a great prima donna in grand opera. But while she was yet small her voice proved to be a great

disappointment to her. It sounded like a tin horn.

Tommy Learns a Lesson. By Lewis Abraham, Aged 8 Years, Schuyler, Neb. Blue Side. Tommy was a little boy 8 years old. He lived in a cottage with his mother and sister, Nettie. It was close to a forest.

He was very selfish and greedy. He let Nettie do the worst part of his work, but when Nettie got something good he would take it away.

Christy's was near and Tommy tried to do his best because his

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Little Tot's Birthday Book

Six Years Old Tomorrow (Dec. 31). Name: School: Daly, Mary Gertrude. Saunders

Seven Years Old Tomorrow. Ban, James, jr. Train Elias, Agnes B. Holy Angels Baret, Alma. Central Park Holman, George. Clifton Hill Mancuso, Paulina. Mason Swift, Gertrude. Sherman

Eight Years Old Tomorrow. Kent, Winifred. Lothrop Nelson, Roland. Saratoga Field, Lillian. Webster Pavlich, Frances. West Side McDonald, Jack Wesley, St. Peter's Gavin, Phyllis. Lake Hunting, Dorothy. St. Cecilia

Nine Years Old Tomorrow. Horrigan, Edalyn. Central Klossner, Silvestra. Franklin Petersen, Rudolph. H. Kennedy Abbott, Mildred. Park