



Jack Pumpkinhead's Ride for the Pumpkinhead did not look around and the Saw-Horse couldn't. to the Emerald

At length a high wall of green stone,

"That was a fast ride, dear father!"

This apparent desertion puzzled the

Pumpkinhead, and made him uneasy.

City.

By L. FRANK BAUM.

DAYBREAK Tip was awak- spires and domes came into sight. ened by the Pumpkinhead. He

new day the boy said: "Let us start at once. Nine miles "Let us start at once, but we ought to So suddenly did the horse obey is quite a distance, but we ought to reach the Emerald City by noon if that had it not been for his post Jack to Jack's great round eyes. "I haven't a pair in stock o accidents happen." would have been pitched off head So the Pumpkinhead was again foremost, and his beautiful face no accidents happen.

perched upon the back of the Saw- ruined. torse 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 was not there. long this lavender. appeared to take was not there. on a greenish tinge that gradually rightened as they drew nearer to

when the road of yellow brick was green wall opened and a man came parted by a broad and swift river. Fip was puzzled how to cross over: but after a time he discovered a man n a ferry-boat approaching from the ably good-natured. He was clothed 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 tross and disagreeable.

"None at all," answered the boy.

"Then I'll not break my back row-ing you over," said the ferryman, de-cidedly.

"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.

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:

As he rode, Jack noticed that the "I must take grass and the trees had become a the Scarecrow." "I must take him to His Majesty,

bright emerald-green in color, so he "But what will His Majesty, the guessed they were nearing the Scarecrow, do with him?" asked the Scarecrow, do with him?" asked the Emerald City even before the tall Guardian of the Gates. "That is His Majesty's business,"

returned the soldier. "I have troubles rubbed the sleep from his studded thick with emeralds, loomed enough of my own. All outside eyes, bathed in a little brook, and up before them; and fearing the Saw- troubles must be turned over to His then ate a portion of his bread and Horse would not know enough to Majesty. So put the spectacles on cheese. Having thus prepared for a stop and so might smash them both this fellow, and I'll take him to the against this wall, Jack ventured to royal palace."

So the Guardian opened a big box of spectacles and tried to fit a pair

"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

Soldier, "and they will keep you from being blinded by the glitter and glare

the great city where the Scarecrow uled. The little party had traveled but t short two miles upon their way

"Nor I!" broke in the Saw-Horse: so a pair of green spectacles was quickly fastened over the bulging This man was short and round,

with a fat face that seemed remark- knots that served it for eyes. Then the Soldier with the Green all in green and wore a high, peaked Whiskers led them through the inner green hat upon his head and green gate and they at once found them-





A Busy Bee's Cartoon

Little Tom's Christmas

(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 livin for Tom and herself. One day when Tom was out of doors hobbling along the street with his crutches, he met a group of boys who were sons of very wealthy families talk-ing about, that 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 cat 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. Now 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 walking home ne nappened to think about Christmas.

He knew Sant' Claus would give

the other boys presents of all kinds

Rules far Young

Writers

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages 2. Use pen and ink, not pencil. 3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250

4. Original stories or letters only will

5. 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 Chil-dren's Department Omaha Bas Omaha

dren's Department, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb,

mother would always tell her chil-

dren 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.

make a plan how he could get more

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 king 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 ading. 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 cloth-ing and nourishing food, while the little lame boy did not know where ents, toys and nuts and candy. The little lame boy did not know where he was at, 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.

hone to see my letter in print.

will write another story later.

A Busy Bee of

D

Sweet Content Finds Laugh-a-Lot's Slippers

By EDITH HIXON.

S WEET CONTENT. our rosebud fairy, was brushing her hair

with a chicken's tail and combing it with her fine comb when some- when Sweet Content arrived. Her along.

At the door stood Golden Jacket, the big bumblebee. He bowed so use in fairy land. low at the sight of our fairy that one of the buttons rolled from his waist-coat, 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, 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 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 litte 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 thinkled me rily when she danced. They rang with sweet music, for on each slipper were bells in place of buckles.

What's the matter with Laugha-Lot-or 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

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 I'll play

one piece but no more." After he had

My Pets.

By Mary Ginst, 4122 X Street, South

Side, Omaha, Blue, Side.

Busy Bee page every Sunday. I am

in the Fifth grade at Corrigan school.

I am 11 years old, December 21. My

A Letter.

Side, Omaha, Neb. Red Side,

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

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 sis-

Little Tots'

Birthday Book

Daly, Mary Gertrude Saunders

Baket, Alma Central Park

Holman, George Clifton Hill

Swift, Gertrude.....Sherman

Horrigan, EdalynCentral

Seven Years Old Tomorrow.

Eight Years Old Tomorrow.

Nine Years Old Tomorrow.

Klossner, Silvestra

teacher's name is Miss Begley.

close my letter.

Dear Busy Bees:

my letter in print.

time

0

This is my first letter. I read the

Our Royal Family had a party before. So her mamma

Immediately, out from the houses our fairy. She hurried into her room, at the edge of the blue smiling ocean picking up her wand and pinning on her rose-petal bag. Golden Jacket dawn with Sweet Content for comcarried her on his back down to the pany. shore where he left her, saying that It wasn't until our fairy got home he had more important things to at- the next morning that she found in tend to than finding slippers with bell her rose-petal bag a beautiful pink buckles. Sweet Content knew well pearl, which was a thank-offering from enough that he would be looking as Laugh-a-Lot.

well as the rest of them, for with all his gruffness, Golden Jacket wat kind-hearted. Laugh-a-Lot looked like Cry-a-Lot

one knocked. She dropped her comb eyes were red with weeping, while her and went to the door with her hair hair hung in shreds. Our fairy didn't all standing out about her face, which | much blame her, for without her slipmade her so happy that she danced pers her magic was gone, and she couldn't dance. Everyone knows

'Where did you leave them?" she asked.

Laugh-a-Lot sobbed: "I put them in my closet last evening, and some one came and stole them.

"Did you see anyone admiring their jingling sweetness?" asked our fairy "Everyone always marvels at them.

said Laugh-a-Lot, but they know that though her feet would keep moving, they are magic, and I am sure that no for they had such a tingling desire to dance. Her hair was keeping up drummer of the fiddler crab band, watching them as I danced, but he wouldn't steal them, for he couldn't possibly wear them."

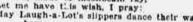
"I'll bet he has them." said Sweet Content, "and if he has, I'll get them for you.

She hurried down to the edge of the swift flowing creek and up to the door of Dan's mud hut. She knelt down in the water and put her eye to the keyhole. Dan and Nan, his wife, were sitting by the table.

"I've a present for you," said Dan to his wife. "Shut your eyes until I count three, and then open them."

Sweet Content watched. She saw Nan shut her eyes and she saw Dan come over and pull off Nan's shoe and put in its place. Laugh-a-Lot's beau-tiful slipper with bell buckles. When Nan opened her eyes she began to dance and the bells rang merrily.

Sweet Content wasted no time, but pointed her wand at Nan (to be sure, it was from behind the door, but magic works just as well with a door Wand, made of moonbeam ray, Let me have this wish. I pray: May Laugh-a-Lot's slippers dance their way



And never again from her little feet roam." Before you could think, the slippers danced themselves off Nan's feet and landed in Laugh-a-Lot's home. She put them on her dainty feet, saying: "Slippers with buckles of bells, Dance merrily over the shells, And ring yo r music sweet To the sound of fairy feet."

As for the pumpkinheaded loon who accompanies you, let him sink or swim-it won't matter greatly which.' Don't worry about me," said

Jack, smiling pleasantly upon the crabbed ferryman; "I'm sure I ought to float beautifully."

Tip thought the experiment was worth making, and the Saw-Horse, of the Emerald City. May I inquire meant, offered no objections what- ness: So the boy led it down into "My name is Jack Pumpkinhead," éver. the water and climbed upon its back, returned the other, smilingly; "but as Jack also waded in up to his knees to my business. I haven't the least and grasped the tail of the horse so idea in the world what it is." that he might keep his pumpkin head

above the water. "Now," said Tip, instructing the dissatisfied with the reply. Saw-Horse, "if you wiggle your legs you will probably swim; and if you kin?" he asked, politely. swim we shall probably reach the "Both, if you please," answered other side. Jack.

The Saw-Horse at once began to wiggle its legs, which acted as oars alive?" questioned the Guardian. and moved the adventurers slowly | The horse rolled one knotty eye across the river to the opposite side, upward and winked at Jack. Then it So successful was the trip that gave a prance and brought one leg presently they were climbing, wet down on the Guardian's toes. and dripping, up the grassy bank. "Ouch!" cried the man; "I'm sorry

Tip's trouser leg and shoes were I asked that question. But the anthoroughly soaked; but the Saw-Horse swer is most convincing. Have you had floated so periectly that from his any errand, sir, in the Emerald City? knees up the boy was entirely dry. As for the Pumpkinhead, every stitch plied the Pumpkinhead, seriously; of his gorgeous clothing dripped "but I cannot think what it is. My water.

"The sun will soon dry us," said not here." Tip; "and, anyhow, we are now safely "This is a strange affair-very across, in spite of the terryman, and strange!" declared the Guardian. "But can continue our journey. you seem harmless. Folks do not

"I didn't mind symming, at all" remarked the horse. "Nor did I," added Jack.

They soon regained the road of not help my smile, for it is carved on vellow brick, which proved to be a my face with a jack-knife." continuation of the road they had "Well, come with me into left on the other side, and then Tip once more mounted the Pumpkinhead upon the back of the Saw-Horse. "If you ride fast," said he, "the through the gateway into a little at once into his throne room. wind will help to dry your clothing. I will hold on to the horse's tail and

run after you. In this way we will become dry in a very short time. "Then the horse must step lively,"

said Jack. "I'll do my best," returned the Saw-Horse, cheerfully,

Tip grasped the end of the branch | at once addressed him, saying: that served as tail to the Saw-Horse, and called loudly: "Get-up!"

The horse started at a good pace, and Tip followed behind. Then he decided they could go faster, so he shouled, "Trot!"

Now, the Saw-Horse remembered that this word was the command to, Frank Mansweil, Aged 9 Years, 2928 go as fast as he could; so he began rocking along at a tremendous pace, and Tip had hard work-running faster than he ever had before in his My sister told me to shake the fire ife-to keep his feet.

Soon he was out of breath, and albut instead I opened the top when though he wanted to call "Whoa!" to some red hot coals fell out on the the horse, he found he could not get carpet. I did not notice these at first the word out of his throat. Then the end of the tail he was clutching, being nothing more than a dead branch. suddenly broke away, and the next minute the boy was rolling in the dust of the road, while the horse and its threw it under the stove on the zinc, pumpkin-headed rider dashed on and then we stood and looked at each juickly disappeared in the distance. By the time Tip nad picked himself other. We were so scared that we

ip and cleared the dust, from his broat so he could say "Whoa!" there could not move for a while. But I was wondering what mamma would say vas no further need of saying it, for when she saw the burned rug and ever after I never played in fire again and he horse was long since out of sight. So he did the only sensible thing he never will,

could do. He sat down and took good rest, and afterward began walk-Margureitte Smith, Aged 12 Years, Pilger, Neb. Blue Side. ng along the road.

Some time I will surely overtake 'hem," he reflected; "for the road will and at the gates of the Emerald City and they can go no further than

Meantime Jack was holding fast to



"And this wooden horse-is

smile so delightfully when they mean

"As for that," said Jack, "I can-

(Honorable Mention.)

A Lesson.

Vinton Street, Omaha, Blue Side,

It was a few days before Christmas

when my sister and I had a scare.

Barbara.

mischief.

spectacles over his eyes. Bowing be- | selves in the main street of the magfore the Pumpkinhead he said: nificent Emerald City. "I am the Guardian of the Gates

Sparkling green gems ornamented the fronts of the beautiful houses and who did not know what danger who you are, and what is your busi- the tower and turrets were all faced with emeralds. Even the green marble pavement glittered with precious stones, and it was indeed a grand and marvelous sight to one who

beheld it for the first time. The Guardian of the Gates looked However, the Pumpkinhead and the surprised, and shook his head as if Saw-Horse, knowing nothing of wealth and beauty, paid little atten-"What are you, a man or a pumption to the wonderful sights they saw through their green spectacles. They calmly followed after the green sol-

dier and scarcely noticed the crowds of green people who stared at them in surprise. When a green dog ran out and barked at them the Saw-Horse promptly kicked at it with its wooden leg and sent the little animal howling into one of the houses; but

toys than Nettic. Then he thought to himself, "I will hang up two The Pumpkinhead wanted to ride up the green marble steps and straight stockings tonight and Santa will sure fill them all up." So before he went into the Scarecrow's presence; but father knows all about it, but he is the soldier would not permit that. So Jack dismounted, with much diffi-his sister Nettie. But when his culty, and a servant led the Sawmother was sleeping he climbed out Horse around to the rear while the of bed and hung up one more and Soldier with the Green Whiskers went to bed, and dreamed of his two escorted the Pumpkinhead into the

stockings filled up with candy, nuts, palace, by the front entrance. The stranger was left in a handsomely furnished waiting room while the soldier went to announce him. It so happened that at this hour His

Majesty was at leisure and greatly room," resumed the Guardian, "and I will see what can be done for you." bored for want of something to do, so So Jack rode the Saw-Horse he ordered his visitors to be shown

room built into the wall. The Jack felt no fear or embarrassment Guardian pulled a bell-cord, and at meeting the ruler of this mag-Jack felt no fear or embarrassment presently a very tall soldier-clothed nificent city, for he was entirely igin a green uniform-entered from the norant of all worldly customs. But opposite door. This soldier carried when he entered the room and saw a long green gun over his shoulder for the first time His Majesty the and had lovely green whiskers that Scarecrow seated upon his glittering fell quite to his knees. The Guardian throne, he stopped short in amaze-

ment. "Here is a strange gentleman who (Continued Next Sunday) Little Stories By Little Folks

like a tin horn.

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 then 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

oys to play with. When Tommy saw all this he was

He said he would never be so selfish again. He learned a good lesson, disappointment to her. It sounded which he never tried again. So, Busy Bees, hang up one stocking on Christmas eve.

A Letter.

By Pansy Bulah Shirley, Aged 10, Box 103, Maxwell Neb., Lincoln County. Red Side.

"Buddie" Cranmer is a little Busy On Thanksgiving we had a fine Bee. He is a member of the Ak-Sar-

Ben royal family, although he now We got up very early and ate our breakfast and did up the work. Then we were getting ready for dinner. We had chicken, cookies, gravy mer, is now serving in the United After dinner we washed the dishes. States army.

I read the Busy Bee and looked at The Bee goes to Buddle in Denver I thought I would have some fun out the Busy Bee page first to see so I got my suit case and took out what other little Bees are doing.

I put my table cloth on a chair that grass was growing all around and

never had any back and then I set my flowers. dishes in the cupboard. Then I closed it and mamma said

I told my brother, Orie, to go and for us to come to supper. get his quilt and a put it up and I was glad to get into hed for I was made some rooms and played for a all tired out, but had a fine time. long time.

Mabel's Party.

"Luddie" Granmer

At last my brother got mad and threw my pepper and salt box down By Winnired Hiser, Aged 9 Years, on the floor. Milford, Neb., flox 152.

I went in the house and got a paste-Dear Busy Bees: This is the first board and drew a farm which had a letter I have written to the Busy the post and the Saw-Horse was tear- ambition to be a great prima donna thing good he would take it away. stream of water going through the Bees, and hope to see my letter in yard and a very large 20 room house print. I am going to tell you a story. of them knew Tip was left behind, small her voice proved to be a great tried to do his best because his with three stories high. The green "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.

played it the children wanted him to But Rex and I have jolly times. play another one. But the old fiddler I run and romp and play. would not play no more. The man And Rex does lots of funny trickstook off the other clothes he had He'll "beg" and "speak" and "pray." on and there stood Mabel's papa. How surprised she was.

The trick that I like best of all, Is when he puts his head Upon the floor, and lies so still-That's when he's playing "dead." -Minneapolis Tribune.

AN UNCROWDED INDUSTRY. Pat had just arrived from Ireland when Mike, who has been in America

for some years, spied him. "Faith, Pat!" exclaimed have no brothers or sisters. But I exclaimed Mike, "What are you doing over here?" "I've come over," answered Pat have some pets. I have a dog, two cats and a parrot. I had a good Thanksgiving dinner. Now I will "to try if I can make an honest liv-

ing." "Begorra, Mike, me boy, that's for its little dead aisy over here, for its little Mary Martin, 1414 X Street, South competition you have in this country."-The Lamb.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"Why does a cow chewaat night?" "Well, my boy, a cow takes food during the day and then chews her cud at night."

"But, say, pop, that's hoarding food, ain't it?"-Yonkers Statesman. that's hoarding love my brother very much. 1 am

A prisoner confined in a gaol 8 years old. I will write again some The other day turned very paol. "What is it?" they cried. "Good Lord!" he replied, 'They are going to feed us on whaol." -Boston Transcript.

"Why, Tommy, how you do grow!" "Yes, auntle. I think they water me too much. Why, I'm bathed night ters and three brothers. I go to school every day. I like to go to and morning."-Public Ledger.

school. 1 am 9 years old. I am in the The old farmer and his college son Fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Begley. My letter is getting were looking at the chickens when they saw a hen eating a tack. long, so I will close. I hope to see "What on earth's that air old hen

eatin' tacks fur?" he asked in amazement.

"That's easy," answered the son, "she's going to lay a carpet."-Pittsburgh Press.

"The advantage of conscription," said ex-Pres'dent Taft, "is that it puts every man in the place best fitted for him.

"It's like the case of the captain of the man-of-war. He saw a new hand loafing by the rail.

"'What was this chap in civil life?' he demanded.

"'A milkman, sir,' was the reply. "'Then,' roared the captain, 'to the

pumps with him at once!" "-Philadelph'a Bulletin.

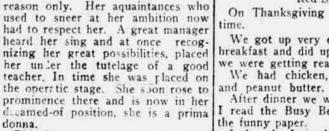
"A girl should be educated to do things for herself."

Kent, Winifred Lothrop Nelson, Roland Saratoga "Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox, "only Field, Lillian Webster Pavlich, Frances West Side sometimes I wish Gladys wouldn't insist on doing her own singing and piano playing."-Washington Star. McDonald, Jack Wesley, St. Peters

Gavin, Phyllis Lake Hanting, Dorothy St. Cecelia "I see that the czar has gone to that famous resort, Siberia."

"Resort? Where did you get that stuff?"

Franklin "Why, I understand that a great Petersen, Rudolph H. Kennedy many Russians have taken a knouting



if I should win a prize, prefer an so I got my suit case and took out "Oz" book. I have read "The Land The unit my dishes and got some boxes, then of "Oz" and "Wizard of Oz."

But when she arrived at the age of

She was almost wild with delight,

not only for her great gift, but for this

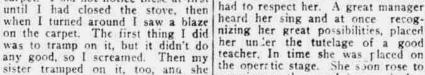
14 a change took place in her voice.

She was gifted with that rare tone of

voice known a. "contralto."

Tommy Learns a Lesson. By Lewis Abraham, Aged 10 Years, Schuyler, Neb. Blue Side.

Barbara Brown was a small blackeyed girl with beautiful black hair and forest. He was very selfish and greedy. an appetite for sweets. But Barbara's He let Nettie do the worst part of mother did not indulge her little girl in candy very often. Barbara had an his work, but when Nettie got someing along the road like a racer. Neither in grand opera. But while she was yet | Christi 's was near and Tommy



the operatic stage. She soon rose to prominence there and is now in her dicamed-of position, she is a prima donna. This is an original story. I would,

Tommy was a little boy 8 years old. He lived in a cottage with his mother and sister, Nettic. It was close to a

nothing more serious than this hap- And, of course, as Tommy was selpened to interrupt their progress to fish and greedy he was trying to the royal palace. "It seems to me that I have," re-

