

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



Land of Oz

A Highly Magnified History

By L. FRANK BAUM.

I T is but honest that I should acknowledge at the beginning of my recital that I was born an ordinary Woggle-Bug...

The chill nights rendered me stiff and motionless, for I wore no clothing, but each morning the warm rays of the sun gave me new life and restored me to activity.

No one noticed so small a creature as a Woggle-Bug, and when I found that the heart was even warmer and more comfortable than the sunshine, I resolved to establish my future home beside it.

Professor Nowitall is, doubtless, the most famous scholar in the land of Oz, and after a few days I began to listen to the lectures and discourses he gave his pupils.

"I do not blame you," said the Scarecrow. "Education is a thing to be proud of. I'm educated myself. The mess of brains given by my friends to be unexcused."

"To me," said the Saw-Horse, "a good leg is more desirable than either."

"But one day," continued the Bug, "a marvelous circumstance occurred that altered my very existence and brought me to my present pinnacle of greatness. The Professor discovered me in the act of crawling across the hearth, and before I could escape he

himself around slowly, that all might examine his person.

"That is true," acknowledged the Pumpkinhead. "We are quite as congenial as flies and honey."

"Not more so than yourself," answered the Scarecrow. "Everything in life is unusual until you get accustomed to it."

"What rare philosophy!" explained the Woggle-Bug, admiringly.

"Yes; my brains are working well today," admitted the Scarecrow, an accent of pride in his voice.

"Behold!" cried the Professor, in a loud voice, "this highly-magnified Woggle-Bug; one of the most curious insects in existence!"

in a High-Magnified state and free to do as I pleased.

"I immediately occurred to me that this was a good opportunity to escape. I was proud of my great size, and realized that now I could safely travel anywhere in the world, while my superior culture would make me a fit associate for the most learned person I might chance to meet."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the Pumpkinhead, admiringly.

"I was, indeed," agreed the Woggle-Bug. "I have never ceased to congratulate myself for escaping while I was High Magnified; for even my excessive knowledge would have proved of little use to me had I remained a tiny, insignificant insect."

"Nor do they, in their natural state," returned the stranger. "But in the course of my wanderings I had the good fortune to save the ninth life of a tailor-tailors having, like cats, nine lives, as you probably know. The fellow was exceedingly grateful, for had he lost that ninth life it would have been the end of him; so he begged permission to furnish me with the stylish costume I now wear. It fits very nicely, does it not?"

"We hope that there will be as nice a school here at home when we are high school juniors. Lovingly, MARGARET."

Dorothy Knox entertained a Valentine party at her home, 3926 Harney street. The guests all came in dear little Valentine costumes.

Claire Abbott's Party. Claire Abbott was hostess at a Valentine party Thursday. The afternoon was spent in hunting for hearts and there was a Valentine box for favors.

Patriotic Salute. The Sunday school children of All Saints church have a flag salute every

Pup and Kitten Fight. Elmor Kountze has international troubles at her house, and it's all on account of her Angora puppie, "Hi-Wee Black Mask."

Hilda from Holland. Little Jeannette Borglum was a typical Hilda from Holland at the costume party given by Miss Mary Cooper at the Blackstone.

For Junior Red Cross. Two enterprising and patriotic youngsters, Thomas Sutphen and Leroy Zust, will give a radio-phot show at Thomas' home, 420 North Forty-first avenue, Monday evening.

The Feast. This is the feast table with 16 little feasters sitting around. They were at Gladys Shonfield's party last week.

To Soldiers. Prairie Campfire Girls of Gothenburg, Neb., prepared this community message, "Lines from Home," for the soldier boys of the town who are now stationed at Camp Cody.

Too Late. The following letters were received too late for publication. We appreciate them and regret our inability to print them along with others.

BUSY BEE SOCIETY

NOTE—Busy Bees will please send their society items to Margaret Showtell, Busy Bee society editor, care Bee Office



Hostess for Girls

To Society Bees. ALL the younger girls in Omaha are so sorry that Brownell Hall is going to close, for we were looking forward to happy school days there.

One of the jolliest and prettiest parties ever held at Brownell Hall was given last Saturday. It was a Mother Goose carnival, and most of the day students took part dressed as Mother Goose characters.

The program was in charge of Miss Robertson and Miss Higginbottom, two popular teachers. As the Mother Goose rhymes were acted in pantomime a chorus sang the verse, and \$50 was cleared for the French orphans.

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My Birth Day Party. By Ellen Young, aged 11 years, Box 428, Rouseau, Neb. I have never written in the Busy Bee page before. I am going to have a birthday party.



Dorothy Sherman

Dorothy Sherman, on Thirty-eighth avenue, entertained 26 little girls at a Valentine party Saturday. The house was decorated with red hearts and cupid.

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My First Letter. By Rosemary Middlemire, aged 8 years, 450 Lafayette, Omaha. Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to you. I would like to join the Blue Side.

The Goose and the Golden Eggs. By Ida Anfel, aged 12 years, Clarkson, Neb. Once upon a time there was a man that had a goose, and he thought a great deal of it.

Little Stories By Little Folks

(Prize) The Two Nesses. By Nola Kerns, aged 13, Aurora, Neb. Blue Side.

Dear Editor: Once there were two words in a land where people could not tell one word from another.

They were called "The Two Nesses." They were very unhappy for they had heard of words that had different meanings or names.

So one day these two nesses decided to see if they could't separate and each better names the same as other words had done.

So they talked it over and decided to separate and each one go far away and stay for a year. Then come back to where they started from.

So they started and one went to the far south over rivers, trees, plains, and deserts. Until it came to a town in a hot country where the hot sun poured down upon the people without mercy.

It stopped at a house where a woman and little baby lived. The baby was sick and the woman was afraid it would not get well.

So at each evening she would go to the door and look to see if she could see any signs of rain and would say to herself, "It will surely rain tomorrow and my baby will get well."

But it died in a few days. This nesses name was hopeless.

The second ness stayed at home for a while then went up the mountain not far from home to a girl's cottage. There it stayed all year.

Whenever there was no bread in the house she would say, "Too much to eat makes me lazy. Or if she broke a dish she would say, 'I never liked that one very well anyway,' and would be just as cheerful as ever."

This nesses name was Happiness. When the year was up both returned and told their tales in print.

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