

QUEER VISITORS FROM THE MARVELOUS LAND OF OZ

Introducing the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman and their Comrades
The Fairy Tale by L. Frank Baum. The Pictures by Walt McDougall.

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1 "I'd like a turkey for Thanksgiving."

HOW THE WOGGLEBUG GOT A THANKSGIVING DINNER

ONE DAY, while the Wogglebug was walking through the streets of a big city, he came upon a little girl who was crying bitterly. She was dressed in worn and faded garments, and her feet were bare—although the air was frosty and the pavement of the street very cold. Now, the Wogglebug would surely have felt the cold himself had not his body been so warmly clothed, so he had pity for the poor child, and removing his hat as politely as if she were a great lady he asked:

"Tell me, little one, why you are dripping water from between your eyelids?"

"Because," she sobbed, "Th—Th—Thanksgiving is coming!"

"Can't it be stopped?" inquired the Wogglebug, sympathetically.

"I don't want it—stopped," replied the child; "only I'd like a turkey for Thanksgiving, like the rich people have."

"Oh, a turkey, eh?" said the Insect, thoughtfully. "Now, whatever could a little girl like you do with a turkey, I wonder?"

"Ea—eat it!" she sobbed.

"To be sure!" exclaimed the Wogglebug. "How strange I never thought of eating turkeys for Thanksgiving. But why haven't you a turkey to eat?"

"We're too poor—poor to b—buy one!" she answered.

"Well, well, my dear," said the Bug, in a kindly tone, "I'll promise to bring you all the turkeys you can eat—and I never break my promise. So shut off the water from your eyes, and turn on a few smiles."

Then, after inquiring where the little girl lived, he left her and went back to his friends from the Land of Oz.

"I must have a few turkeys for a little girl to eat," said he. "Now, where would you advise me to get them?"

"This morning, as I rode in the Gump," announced the Tin Woodman, "I saw great

flocks of wild turkeys flying over the woods."

"Ah! that gives me an idea," cried the Insect. "I'll take the Gump and catch some fine wild turkeys for my little friend."

So he climbed into the Gump, which was always ready and willing to serve the queer people it had brought from Oz, and in less than an hour the Wogglebug was floating over the forests where the wild turkeys lived.

Several flocks of the birds were then flying about; but they were shy of the Gump, and kept away from it. Therefore the Wogglebug resolved to capture them in another way, and made four lassoes out of a roll of stout cord, tying a slip-noose in the end of each. The next flock of turkeys that he saw he ordered the Gump to chase, and so swift was the flight of this marvelous creature that before the birds knew it the Gump was in the centre of the flock.

Then the Wogglebug threw the four lassoes with his four hands, and a slip-noose settled over the heads of four of the birds, arresting their flight very suddenly. A minute after they were drawn into the Gump.

With much pride the Wogglebug displayed the four birds before the wondering eyes of his friends; and then, accompanied by the Scarecrow, he carried them to the home of the poor child.

"Oh! Oh!" she exclaimed; "what beautiful turkeys!"

"Only three of them are turkeys," said the wise Insect. "The fourth bird was flying with the flock, but it's quite different from the turkeys. However, I think the three turkeys will be sufficient for your Thanksgiving dinner."

"Oh, yes, indeed!" said she, greatly delighted. "But what is the strange bird?"

And the Wogglebug, who seemed to know everything, at once told her.

L. FRANK BAUM.



2 "I'll take the Gump and catch some fine wild turkeys for my little friend."



3 "The Wogglebug lassoed the Thanksgiving birds."



4 "Only three of them are turkeys."



5 "But what is the strange bird?"

