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THE WOGGLE-BUG BOOK
(1905)

BOOKS BY L. FRANK BAUM

A Series Edited by Douglas G. Greene

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THE WOGGLE-BUG BOOK
(1905)

By L. Frank Baum

A FACSIMILE REPRODUCTION
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
DOUGLAS G. GREENE



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SUMMARY: The Woggle-Bug has a series of
misadventures trying to possess a dress
made from cloth of the bright colors he
so dearly loves.

[1. Fantasy. 2. Humorous stories]
I. Morgan, Ike. II. Title.

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INTRODUCTION¹

The Woggle-Bug Book is the least known of Lyman Frank Baum's fantasies for children. Scholarly and popular books on Baum usually mention the story only in passing.² In part, scholarly neglect results from the fact that *The Woggle-Bug Book* is extraordinarily rare, owned by few collectors and fewer libraries; and the reader who is lucky enough to locate the book soon realizes that it is not of the quality of Baum's major works. *The Woggle-Bug Book*, however, is important not for its artistic power (which is negligible) but for the light that it sheds on Baum's writing at an important period in his career.

Before L. Frank Baum (1856-1919) wrote America's greatest fairy tale, *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* (1900), his life had been characterized by a series of false starts. His affluent childhood in upstate New York was succeeded by brief careers as an actor, an axle-grease manufacturer, a newspaper publisher, an owner of a general store, a reporter, a crockery salesman, and the publisher of a journal for window-trimmers. He had achieved brief success as a playwright with an Irish melodrama entitled *The Maid of Arran*, which toured the country in 1882 and 1883. Although it is an exaggeration to label the play "one of the worst

1. I am grateful to Dick Martin, David L. Greene, my wife Sandra S. Greene, and to the editors of *The Baum Bugle*, the journal of the International Wizard of Oz Club, Box 95, Kinderhook, Illinois 62345. As David L. Greene and Dick Martin say in *The Oz Scrapbook* (New York: Random House, 1977), "it is a sign of the organization's ability to smile at itself and its subject—a willingness that goes far to explain the respect in which the magazine is held outside the club—that the *Bugle* has retained . . . [its] irrelevant and alliterative title. . . ."

2. *The Woggle-Bug Book* is mentioned briefly in Frank J. Baum and Russell P. MacFall, *To Please a Child: a Biography of L. Frank Baum* (Chicago: Reilly & Lee Co., 1961), p. 187; Michael Patrick Hearn, *The Annotated Wizard of Oz* (New York: Clarkson N. Potter, Inc., 1973), p. 50;

melodramas ever written,"³ its stilted language and contrived plot make it almost unreadable today. *The Maid of Arran* had, however, all the elements which made melodramas popular in the 1880s: a pure heroine, a noble hero, a crafty villain, and elaborate sets.⁴ Baum followed *The Maid of Arran* with other plays, none of which received more than local attention. Nonetheless, he never lost his belief that, given the right situation, he could be a successful dramatist.

Baum's career as a writer began in the 1890s in Chicago. With the publication of *Mother Goose in Prose* (1897) and *Father Goose: His Book* (1899), he realized that his main talent was writing stories and verses for children. During the next several years he wrote books that can be divided into two categories. *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*, *A New Wonderland* (1900), *Dot and Tot of Merryland* (1901), *The Life and Adventures of Santa Claus* (1902), and *The Enchanted Island of Yew* (1903) are elaborate fantasies set in timeless worlds of his own invention. On the other hand, *American Fairy Tales* (1901), his newspaper series "Queer Visitors from the Marvelous Land of Oz" (1904-1905),⁵ and to a lesser extent *The Master Key* (1901) are worldly and ironic fairy tales with topical humor and generally placed in American settings. Even in his more traditional fairy tales Baum talked of everyday American objects. "Baum achieved universality," write David L. Greene and Dick Martin, "by combining the folk tale with elements familiar to every child—cornfields,

and Greene and Martin, *The Oz Scrapbook*, pp. 22, 100, 129. Raylyn Moore's *Wonderful Wizard Marvelous Land* (Bowling Green, Ohio: Bowling Green University Popular Press, 1974), p. 188, lists the book without comment in its "secondary bibliography."

3. Daniel P. Mannix, "The Wizard of Oz," *TV Guide*, March 19, 1977, p. 27.

4. Baum and MacFall, *To Please a Child*, pp. 38-41. This book is the standard biography of Baum and should be consulted by all students of his writings. Recently discovered material is in Hearn, *Annotated Wizard of Oz*, and in many *Baum Bugle* articles by both scholars and enthusiasts. Especially important is David L. Greene and Peter E. Hanff, "Baum and Denslow: Their Books," *Spring 1975* and *Autumn 1975*.

5. Heavily revised, eleven of the episodes of this series were printed as *The Visitors from Oz* (Chicago: Reilly & Lee Co., 1960) with most of the wry and worldly comments removed.

things made of tin, circus balloons."⁶ In later books Baum created a magic dishpan, sprinkled two sofas and a broom with a Powder of Life, gave an umbrella the power of flight, and built a fairy castle out of tin. Combining the timeless and the mundane is difficult, and Baum did not always succeed. Yet the fact that *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* has sold more copies than any other American book written for children indicates that he was often able to maintain that delicate balance.

In 1901 Baum decided to return to his original love, the theatre. He wrote scenarios for three plays, *King Midas*, *The Octopus*, and *Miss Jinks*, but when producers showed no interest in those ideas, he dramatized *The Wizard of Oz*. Baum's illustrator, W. W. Denslow, who was to prepare costumes for the play, contacted producers,⁷ and *The Wizard of Oz* was scheduled to open in June 1902. Baum's script, however, was unsatisfactory. Probably thinking of the English pantomime, he prepared a comic opera for children with the gentle humor of the original story.⁸ The producer, Fred R. Hamlin, and the stage manager, Julian Mitchell, wanted something more topical and boisterously funny. Baum was willing to sacrifice his story to whatever popular taste demanded. "I was told that what constituted fun in a book would be missed by the average audience, which is accustomed to a regular gattling-gun discharge of wit—or what stands for wit."⁹ In a letter to the *Chicago Tribune* Baum wrote:

The people will have what pleases them and not what the author happens to favor. . . . Should I ever attempt another extravaganza, or dramatize another of my books, I mean to profit by the lesson Mr. Mitchell has taught me, and sacrifice personal preference to the demands of those I shall expect to purchase tickets.¹⁰

6. Greene and Martin, *Oz Scrapbook*, p. 12; see also Hearn, *Annotated Wizard of Oz*, pp. 35, 39-40.

7. Douglas G. Greene and Michael Patrick Hearn, *W. W. Denslow* (Clarke Historical Library, Central Michigan University, 1976), p. 105.

8. Daniel P. Mannix, "Off to See the Wizard—1903," *The Baum Bugle*, Christmas 1968, p. 5.

9. Quoted in Hearn, *Annotated Wizard of Oz*, p. 46.

10. Quoted in Baum and MacFall, *To Please a Child*, pp. 13-14. Raylyn

The musical extravaganza of *The Wizard of Oz* was one of the greatest successes of the early twentieth-century stage, running for at least nine years.¹¹ The surviving scripts indicate that it was filled with one-line jokes,¹² gorgeous spectacle, and beautiful girls. There was enough tension in its sometimes incoherent plot to keep theatre-goers in their seats, and Fred Stone and David Montgomery as the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman were universally praised. Other dramatists produced similar extravaganzas, such as *Babes in Toyland* and *Piff! Paff! Pouf!*, which enjoyed similar popularity.

Baum hoped to follow *The Wizard of Oz* with other successful plays. He prepared scenarios and sometimes full scripts for *The Maid of Athens*, *King Jonah XIII*, *Prince Silverwings*, *Montezuma*, and *The King of Gee-Whiz*.¹³ Although these plays were never produced, Baum wrote *The Marvelous Land of Oz* (1904) with eventual adaptation to the stage in mind. Unlike the gentle wit of *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*, the humor in Baum's 1904 book is broad and sometimes farcical. The major plot is a satire on the Suffragette movement as General Jinjur captures the throne of Oz and makes the men do the housework. The Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman were popular in theatres, so Baum invented two new grotesque characters, Jack Pumpkinhead and Mr. H. M. Woggle-Bug, T. E.

The Woggle-Bug is one of the great creations of children's literature. Baum had already completed one-third of *The Marvelous Land of Oz* when he was walking on a beach at

Moore in *Wonderful Wizard Marvelous Land*, pp. 59-60, remarks that Baum's comment "is surely some kind of precedent in author capitulation to popular taste."

11. Baum and MacFall, *To Please a Child*, p. 10.

12. Some of the jokes are included in *A Tin Man's Joke Book* (New York: J. S. Ogilvie, 1904). The following is a typical example:

Tinman: Most Royal Wizard, allow me to introduce little Dottie!

Wizard: I think you're all a little dotty!

13. Two of these scenarios are included with a portion of a third play in Alla T. Ford and Dick Martin, *The Musical Fantasies of L. Frank Baum* (Chicago: Wizard Press, 1958).

Coronado, California. A little girl showed him a fiddler crab and asked what it was. "A Woggle-Bug," Baum replied, using the first word that came to him. The name so delighted the child that Baum added the character to his book.¹⁴ In *The Marvelous Land of Oz* Baum explains that the Woggle-Bug had once been an ordinary insect, but he had hidden in a classroom and gained "excessive knowledge";¹⁵ thus he earned the initials "T. E." or Thoroughly Educated. One day the teacher discovered the Woggle-Bug and magnified him on a magic-lantern screen. The Woggle-Bug made his escape as "H. M."—Highly Magnified. The insect is a pompous creature given to using long words and dreadful puns.

Without having read the book one might assume that its plot and humor are badly dated; yet *The Marvelous Land of Oz* has remained one of Baum's most popular works. In describing Jinjur's revolt he avoids references to immediate events and instead emphasizes the universal theme of the battle of the sexes. In addition Baum lets the reader know that the Woggle-Bug's jokes do not constitute high wit by giving the insect a mock-serious defense of puns:

A joke derived from a play upon words is considered among educated people to be eminently proper. . . . Our language contains many words having a double meaning; and . . . to pronounce a joke that allows both meanings of a certain word, proves the joker a person of culture and refinement, who has, moreover, a thorough command of the language.

After the Woggle-Bug illustrates this pronouncement with an example, his companions look "reproachfully" at him and snort in "derision."

"We are not very particular," added the Tin Woodman; "and we are exceedingly kind hearted. But if your superior education gets leaky again—" He did not complete the sentence, but he twirled his gleaming axe so carelessly that the Woggle-Bug looked frightened and shrank away to a safe distance.¹⁶

Baum thus indicates that we can laugh at puns as well as laugh at the Woggle-Bug (and ourselves) for enjoying them.

14. Scott Olsen, "The Coronado Fairyland," *The Baum Bugle*, Winter 1976, p. 4.

15. L. Frank Baum, *The Marvelous Land of Oz* (Chicago: Reilly & Britton Co., 1904), p. 153.

16. *Ibid.*, pp. 160-161.

The giant insect was such a hit that Baum made him one of the main characters in his series of short stories set in America, "Queer Visitors from the Marvelous Land of Oz"; and Woggle-Bug buttons, music, postcards, and even a boxed game were produced. The insect also became the main character in *The Woggle-Bug*, a musical extravaganza based on *The Marvelous Land of Oz*. Baum reached an agreement with a theatrical company on November 18, 1904, to stage the play. It opened in Milwaukee on June 15, 1905, and moved to Chicago three days later.¹⁷ About June 17, to take advantage of what was assumed to be the inevitable success of the extravaganza, the Reilly and Britton Company published *The Woggle-Bug Book*.¹⁸ The coincidence in dates seems to confirm Michael Patrick Hearn's speculation that the book was to have been sold in theatre lobbies presenting the play.¹⁹

The play follows the general outline of *The Marvelous Land of Oz* with the addition of a sub-plot involving the Woggle-Bug's fondness for bright colors. He falls in love with a checked dress worn by one of the characters: "Be my stained glass window. Be my rainbow—you reign and I'll be the beau." As the play progresses the dress changes owners several times, but the Woggle-Bug remains constant in his love of the skirt. "Whither thou wogglest," he proclaims, "there shall I woggle."²⁰ Baum loaded the play with puns, even adding some by hand in the typescript:

Tip: Are you the chef?

Dinah: Dat's what I is, honey. Everyone dat eats my cookies hankers for more.

Tip: You're a handker-chef.²¹

Baum clearly thought that he had learned Mitchell's lesson about the public's taste. If audiences wanted low puns, he would supply them. If they wanted topical gags, he would

17. Michael Patrick Hearn, "How Did the Woggle-Bug Do?", *The Baum Bugle*, Christmas 1974, pp. 17-19. This important article should be consulted for further information on the play.

18. The book was noted in *The Publishers' Weekly*, "Weekly Record of New Publications," June 17, 1905, p. 1622.

19. Hearn, *Annotated Wizard of Oz*, p. 50.

20. *The Woggle-Bug*, Act I, pp. 5-6. The typescript of the play is preserved in the Copyright Office of the Library of Congress.

21. *Ibid.*, Act II, addition between pp. 7 and 8.

write them as well:

Woggle-Bug: You can't know much.

Jack: No, I don't expect to get further along than the legislature.²²

It quickly became evident that Baum did not understand public demands as completely as he thought. *The Woggle-Bug* closed after less than a month. It is easy to blame the forced gags for *The Woggle-Bug's* failure, but the jokes are no worse than those in *The Wizard of Oz* which continued to play to packed houses. The real weakness of the play is that in trying to be funny Baum neglected to devise a fast-moving plot; the characters seem more interested in cracking jokes than in doing anything important.

The Woggle-Bug Book was more popular than the play. Records in the files of Baum's publisher indicate that the book sold well during its first year at 75 cents a copy. Reilly and Britton's announcement two and a half months after publication that the book was in its "fourth edition" is probably an exaggeration,²³ but it did find enough buyers to warrant a second printing of the cover and perhaps of the contents as well.²⁴ By the next year, however, sales had fallen to the extent that the publisher offered the remaining copies at only 50 cents.²⁵ The book is rare not because of sales but because of its fragile physical make-up. It was bound in thin cardboard covers with a cloth spine, and its large size (15" × 11") meant that copies were often bent and torn. On the whole the book was not printed competently. The plates, especially for the marginal illustrations printed on the text pages, are not always aligned correctly, and the benday dot

22. *Ibid.*, Act I, p. 14.

23. *The Publishers' Weekly*, September 30, 1905, p. 680. To increase sales, publishers commonly exaggerated the popularity of their books. For example, the George M. Hill Company (with whom both Britton and Reilly had been associated) claimed that almost 90,000 copies of *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* were printed; the correct figure was about 34,000. See Greene and Hanff, "Baum and Denslow: Their Books, Part Two," *The Baum Bugle*, Autumn 1975, p. 14.

24. Dick Martin, "Bibliographia Baumiana: The Woggle-Bug Book," *The Baum Bugle*, Christmas 1969, p. 18.

25. Advertisement in the first state of L. Frank Baum, *John Dough and the Cherub* (Chicago: Reilly & Britton Co., 1906).

patterns which appear on the pictures and as a background to the text are too coarse. Unfortunately, it is not financially feasible to print Ike Morgan's pictures in color in this re-edition. Page size has been reduced for ease in handling.

Isaac (Ike) Morgan, the illustrator of *The Woggle-Bug Book*, was born in Grand Tower, Illinois, in 1871, and he studied at the St. Louis School of Fine Arts. After working on the *St. Louis Republic* for two years, he moved to Chicago around 1895.²⁶ Morgan worked on several Chicago papers and developed a competent pen-and-ink style which was indistinguishable from that of many other newspaper artists. In his color work, however, for *The Woggle-Bug Book*, Grace Duffie Boylan's *Kids of Many Colors*, and other books, Morgan drew bold and open pictures which were clearly influenced by the work of his friend, W. W. Denslow. Morgan and Denslow briefly shared the same studio, and in 1896 they had illustrated together Opie Read's *An Arkansas Planter*.²⁷ Like Denslow's work in his *Picture Books* (1903-1904) and his "Billy Bounce" comic page (1901-1902), Morgan's pictures use circles, squares, and rectangles not to enclose but to emphasize the drawings. The figures peer around, step out of, and even stand on top of the borders. On page 41 of *The Woggle-Bug Book*, Morgan directly imitates Denslow by placing a comic frieze along the top of the page. When the book was set in type, one of Morgan's full-page pictures was omitted. It was first printed in *The Baum Bugle*, Christmas 1969, and is here included for the first time in an edition of the book.

Baum's story in *The Woggle-Bug Book* is an expansion of the insect's love of bright colors introduced in the musical extravaganza.²⁸ The book has an excellent opening. The sense of wonder is not damaged by explanations of the

26. W. W. Denslow, "Isaac Morgan," *The Inland Printer*, May 1896, p. 194.

27. Greene and Hearn, *W. W. Denslow*, pp. 65, 69.

28. Hearn, "How Did the Woggle-Bug Do?", p. 20, and Greene and Martin, *Oz Scrapbook*, p. 129, state that the play borrowed a portion of its plot from the book. The production and publication dates, however, indicate that the reverse was true; the book is an expansion of a sub-plot of the musical extravaganza.



The very identical Wagnerian Plaids.

*Unused illustration by Ike Morgan
intended for page 18 of The Woggle-Bug Book.*

Woggle-Bug's existence and of what he is doing in America, though Baum may have expected his readers to recall that he had brought the Oz characters to America in his newspaper stories. Nor does Baum explain why "the people he met avoided telling him he was unusual."²⁹ If the Woggle-Bug's acquaintances can suspend disbelief, so can the reader.

In the remainder of the book the sense of wonder is replaced by farce. The Woggle-Bug has a series of misadventures trying to possess a dress "made of cloth covered with big checks which were so loud that the fashion books called them 'Wagnerian Plaids.'"³⁰ The story takes a somewhat different tone after the Woggle-Bug leaves America in the "Professor's" balloon. The Professor may be the Wizard of Oz who had made a career of balloon ascensions at circuses and who would return to Oz, partly by means of a balloon, in *Dorothy and the Wizard in Oz* (1908).³¹ After visiting an Arab tribe, the Woggle-Bug travels to a jungle kingdom ruled by animals. This episode is certainly the strongest in the book. Not only is it a clever satire on big-city political bosses, but it contains one of Baum's favorite subjects, the reversal of roles. Giving animals human characteristics is a traditional device, and Baum used it in many of his stories, especially in his *Animal Fairy Tales*, written a year or two before *The Woggle-Bug Book*.³² But Baum often went further. In *A New Wonderland* Prince Zingle is captured by civilized monkeys who believe that he is a primitive creature: "Hear him bark! He jabbars away almost as if he could talk!"³³ The monkeys place him in a cage in the Royal Zoological Gardens where the following conversation takes place:

29. Below, p. 4.

30. Ibid.

31. Ruth Berman first made this identification in "A Case of Ozian Identity," *The Baum Bugle*, August 1961, p. 7.

32. Baum wrote five of the nine *Animal Fairy Tales* in Coronado in 1904; see his letter to Emerson Hough quoted in Scott Olsen, "The Coronado Fairyland," p. 2. The stories appeared in *The Delineator*, January through September, 1905, and were printed in book form by the International Wizard of Oz Club in 1969.

33. Quoted from the slightly revised edition of *A New Wonderland*: L. Frank Baum, *The Surprising Adventures of the Magical Monarch of Mo and his People* (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, 1903), p. 189.

"I wonder where on earth the creature came from?"

"It may be one of those beings from whom our race is descended," said another onlooker. "The professors say we evolved from some primitive creatures of this sort."

"Heaven forbid!" cried a dandy-monkey, whose collar was so high that it kept tipping his hat over his eyes. "If I thought such a creature as that was one of my forefathers, I should commit suicide at once."³⁴

Among many other examples of role reversals in Baum's books are men and women exchanging duties in *The Marvelous Land of Oz*, the Foolish Owl and the Wise Donkey in *The Patchwork Girl of Oz* (1913), an unpublished chapter of *The Patchwork Girl* in which vegetables grow humans for food,³⁵ and of course the cowardliness of the lion in *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*. In *The Woggle-Bug Book* a monkey is an organ-grinder with a boy on a cord to collect money from the audience, and Miss Chim claims that humans are "the lowest of all created beasts."³⁶ Unlike European monarchs, the King encourages disrespect. Baum used this idea in a gentler way in *Sky Island* (1912), one of his finest books. Queen Tourmaline lives in poverty while her subjects exist in luxury. She explains to her incredulous visitors that

Too much should never be given to anyone. If, with my great power, conferred upon me by the people, I also possessed great wealth, I might be tempted to be cruel and overbearing. In that case my subjects would justly grow envious of my superior station.³⁷

In *Tik-Tok of Oz* (1914) Baum created Tititi-Hoochoo who, as the only private citizen in a nation of Kings and Queens, is naturally the ruler.

Many of the characters in *The Woggle-Bug Book* are ethnic stereotypes. A black cook in *The Woggle-Bug* play gained possession of the dress and hence of the insect's affections; the book contains not only a black washerwoman but also Irish, Swedish, Chinese, and Arab characters. Bridget, the Irish servant, weighs 180 pounds and wears "seven full-

34. *Ibid.*, pp. 192-193.

35. Dick Martin, "A Lost Episode of Ozian History," *The Baum Bugle*, Christmas 1966, pp. 5-8.

36. Below, p. 41.

37. L. Frank Baum, *Sky Island* (Chicago: Reilly & Britton Co., 1912), p. 142.

blown imitation roses and three second-hand ostrich plumes in her red hair.”³⁸ The black laundry-woman “being colored — that is, she had a deep mahogany complexion — was delighted with her gorgeous gown.” She calls the Woggle-Bug “Mars Debbil” and runs like an ancestor of Stepin Fetchit.³⁹ The Swedish widow is after a husband, and the Wagnerian Plaid “fitted her as perfectly as a flour-sack does a peck of potatoes.”⁴⁰ In the midst of all this, the reader learns that new immigrants fight “with much pleasure” and consider a free-for-all “a special amusement.”⁴¹

Most of these comments are distasteful to modern readers, but they are not so bitter as the racist writings of some of Baum’s contemporaries. Such opinions, nevertheless, are inconsistent with Baum’s attitudes in many of the Oz books. *The Lost Princess of Oz* (1917) has a four-page discussion about which animal is the most beautiful. The Cowardly Lion concludes the argument by saying:

Were we all like the Sawhorse we would all be Sawhorses, which would be too many of the kind; were we all like Hank, we would be a herd of mules; if like Toto, we would be a pack of dogs; should we all become the shape of the Woozy, he would no longer be remarkable for his unusual appearance. Finally, were you all like me, I would consider you so common that I would not care to associate with you. To be individual, my friends, to be different from others, is the only way to become distinguished from the common herd. Let us be glad, therefore, that we differ from one another in form and in disposition. Variety is the spice of life and we are various enough to enjoy one another’s society: so let us be content.⁴²

At his best Baum rose above his age in emphasizing the importance of judging each person as an individual; why, then, did he fill *The Woggle-Bug Book* with racial and national stereotypes? The answer, it seems, lies in his interpretation of the lesson that he had learned from Julian Mitchell when *The Wizard of Oz* became a successful play. *The Woggle-Bug Book* is dominated by the kind of humor that Baum thought

38. Below, p. 14.

39. Below, pp. 24-26.

40. Below, pp. 16-18.

41. Below, p. 16.

42. L. Frank Baum, *The Lost Princess of Oz* (Chicago: Reilly & Britton Co., 1917), p. 148.

the public wanted. What he did not always understand is that jokes should not get in the way of the story. As in *The Woggle-Bug* play the puns and ethnic gags slow down the action, and the Woggle-Bug's pursuits of the gown become repetitive. In *The Marvelous Land of Oz* Baum made the reader smile at himself for enjoying puns; in *The Woggle-Bug Book* the jokes are forced. Only the line "'Pop,' went the Weasel"⁴³ seems really funny, if only because the pun is so outrageous.

The Woggle-Bug Book indicates better than any of Baum's other books his main weakness as an author. If he continued to submerge his own beliefs in an attempt to satisfy public taste, his books would be neither literary nor popular successes. *The Woggle-Bug Book* is based on a good idea, but Baum did not develop it. The insect's love of bright colors, his confusion of the dress with its wearer, might have been used for ironic effect. Baum may, however, have gained knowledge of his abilities from the popularity of *The Marvelous Land of Oz*, the dismal failure of *The Woggle-Bug* musical extravaganza, and the quick decline of sales of *The Woggle-Bug Book*. Although jokes belong in children's stories, the main humor must be of situation and character. The almost twenty volumes of fairy tales which Baum wrote between 1906 and his death in 1919 include some of the finest stories ever written for children.

DOUGLAS G. GREENE

Old Dominion University
January 1978

43. Below, p. 46.

The Woggle-Bug Book



BY

L. FRANK BAUM.

Pictures by

IKE MORGAN.

Author of

"FATHER GOOSE; HIS BOOK"

"THE WIZARD OF OZ"

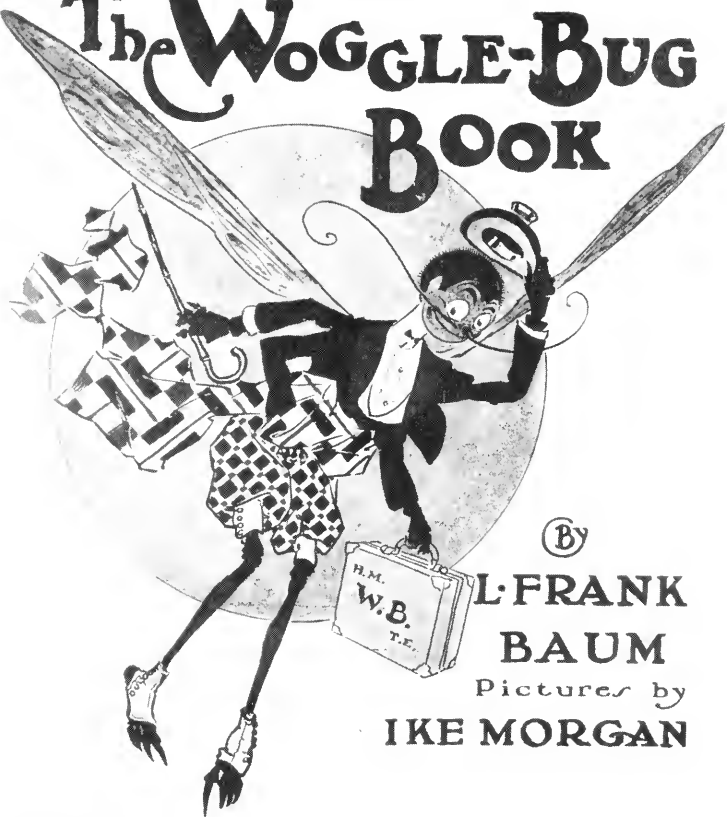
"THE MARVELOUS LAND OF OZ" ETC.

CHICAGO
THE REILLY & BRITTON CO.

1905

Front cover of the first edition of The Woggle-Bug Book.

The WOGGLE-BUG BOOK



By

L. FRANK
BAUM

Pictures by

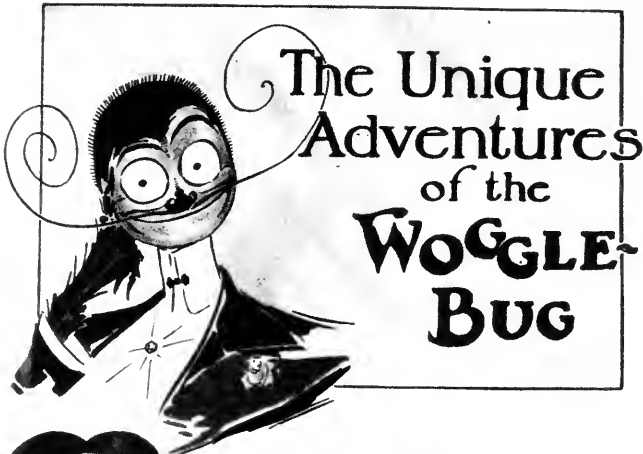
IKE MORGAN

CHICAGO

THE REILLY & BRITTON CO.

1905





The Unique Adventures of the **WOGGLE- BUG**

One day Mr. H. M. Woggle-Bug, T. E., becoming separated from the comrade who had accompanied him from the Land of Oz, and finding that time hung heavy on his hands (he had four of them), decided to walk down the Main street of the City and try to discover something or other of interest.

The initials "H. M." before his name meant "Highly Magnified," for this Woggle-Bug was several thousand times bigger than any other woggle-bug you ever saw. And the initials "T. E." following his name meant "Thoroughly Educated"—and so he was, in the Land of Oz. But his education, being applied to a woggle-bug intellect, was not at all remarkable in this country, where everything is quite different from Oz. Yet the Woggle-Bug did not suspect this, and being, like many other thoroughly educated persons, proud of his mental attainments, he marched along the street



with an air of importance that made one wonder what great thoughts were occupying his massive brain.



Being about as big, in his magnified state, as a man, the Woggle-Bug took care to clothe himself like a man; only, instead of choosing sober colors for his garments, he delighted in the most gorgeous reds and yellows and blues and greens; so that if you looked at him long the brilliance of his clothing was liable to dazzle your eyes.



I suppose the Woggle-Bug did not realize at all what a queer appearance he made. Being rather nervous, he seldom looked into a mirror; and as the people he met avoided telling him he was unusual, he had fallen into the habit of considering himself merely an ordinary citizen of the big city wherein he resided.



So the Woggle-Bug strutted proudly along the street, swinging a cane in one hand, flourishing a pink handkerchief in another, fumbling his watch-fob with another, and feeling if his necktie was straight with another. Having four hands to use would prove rather puzzling to you or me, I imagine; but the Woggle-Bug was thoroughly accustomed to them.



Presently he came to a very fine store with big plate-glass windows, and standing in the center of the biggest window was a creature so beautiful and radiant and altogether charming that the first glance at her nearly took his breath away. Her complexion was lovely, for it was wax; but the thing that really caught the Woggle-Bug's fancy was the marvelous dress she wore. Indeed, it was the latest (last year's) Paris model, although the Woggle-Bug did not know that; and the designer must have had a real woggly love for bright colors, for the gown was made of cloth covered with big checks which were so loud that the fashion books called them "Wagnerian Plaids."



Never had our friend the Woggle-Bug seen such a beautiful gown before, and it affected him so strongly that he straightway fell in love with the entire outfit—even to the





Il primo e ultimo
della serie.

Y. G. 1911



wax-complexioned lady herself. Very politely he tipped his hat to her; but she stared coldly back without in any way acknowledging the courtesies.

"Never mind," he thought; "faint heart never won fair lady." And I'm determined to win this kaleidoscope of beauty or perish in the attempt!" You will notice that our insect had a way of using big words to express himself, which leads us to suspect that the school system in Oz is the same they employ in Boston.

As, with swelling heart, the Woggle-Bug feasted his eyes upon the enchanting vision, a small green tag that was attached to a button of the waist suddenly attracted his attention. Upon the tag was marked: "Price \$7.93—GREATLY REDUCED."

"Ah!" murmured the Woggle-Bug; "my darling is in greatly reduced circumstances, and \$7.93 will make her mine! Where, oh where, shall I find the seven ninety-three wherewith to liberate this divinity and make her Mrs. Woggle-Bug?"

"Move on!" said a gruff policeman, who came along swinging his club. And the Woggle-Bug obediently moved on, his brain working fast and furious in the endeavor to think of a way to procure seven dollars and ninety-three cents.

You see, in the Land of Oz they use no money at all, so that when the Woggle-Bug arrived in America he did not possess a single penny. And no one had presented him with any money since.

"Yet there must be several ways to procure money in this country," he reflected; "for otherwise everybody would be as penniless as I am. But how, I wonder, do they manage to get it?"

Just then he came to a side street where a number of men were at work digging a long and deep ditch in which to lay a new sewer.

"Now these men," thought the Woggle-Bug, "must get money for shoveling all that earth, else they wouldn't do







it. Here is my chance to win the charming vision of beauty in the shop window!"

Seeking out the foreman, he asked for work, and the foreman agreed to hire him.

"How much do you pay these workmen?" asked the highly magnified one.

"Two dollars a day," answered the foreman.

"Then," said the Woggle-Bug, "you must pay me four dollars a day; for I have four arms to their two, and can do double their work."

"If that is so, I'll pay you four dollars," agreed the man.

The Woggle-Bug was delighted.

"In two days," he told himself, as he threw off his brilliant coat and placed his hat upon it, and rolled up his sleeves; "in two days I can earn eight dollars—enough to purchase my greatly reduced darling and buy her seven cents worth of caramels besides."

He seized two spades and began working so rapidly with his four arms that the foreman said: "You must have been forewarned."

"Why?" asked the Insect.

"Because there's a saying that to be forewarned is to be four-armed," replied the other.

"That is nonsense," said the Woggle-Bug, digging with all his might; "for they call you the foreman, and yet I only see one of you."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the man; and he was so proud of his new worker that he went into the corner saloon to tell his friend the barkeeper what a treasure he had found.

It was just after noon that the Woggle-Bug hired out as a ditch-digger in order to win his heart's desire; so at noon on the second day he quit work, and having received eight silver dollars he put on his coat and rushed away to the store that he might purchase his intended bride.

But, alas for the uncertainty of all our hopes! Just as





the Woggle-Bug reached the door he saw a young lady coming out of the store dressed in those identical cheeks with which he had fallen in love!

At first he did not know what to do or say, for the young lady's complexion was not wax—far from it. But a glance into the window showed him the wax lady now dressed in a plain black tailor-made suit, and at once he knew that the wearer of the Wagnerian plaids was his real love, and not that stiff creature behind the glass.

"Beg pardon!" he exclaimed, stopping the young lady; "but you're mine. Here's the seven ninety-three, and seven cents for candy."

But she glanced at him in a haughty manner, and walked away with her nose slightly elevated.

He followed. He could not do otherwise with those delightful cheeks shining before him like beacon-lights to urge him on.

The young lady stepped into a car, which whirled rapidly away. For a moment he was nearly paralyzed at his loss; then he started after the car as fast as he could go, and that was very fast indeed—he being a woggle-bug.

Somebody cried: "Stop, thief!" and a policeman ran out to arrest him. But the Woggle-Bug used his four hands to push the officer aside, and the astonished man went rolling into the gutter so recklessly that his uniform bore marks of the encounter for many days.

Still keeping an eye on the car, the Woggle-Bug rushed on. He frightened two dogs, upset a fat gentleman who was crossing the street, leaped over an automobile that shot in front of him, and finally ran plump into the car, which had abruptly stopped to let off a passenger. Breathing hard from his exertions, he jumped upon the rear platform of the car, only to see his charmer step off at the front and walk mincingly up the steps of a house. Despite his fatigue, he flew after her at once, crying out:







"Stop, my variegated dear—stop! Don't you know you're mine?"

But she slammed the door in his face, and he sat down upon the steps and wiped his forehead with his pink handkerchief and fanned himself with his hat and tried to think what he should do next.

Presently a very angry man came out of the house. He had a revolver in one hand and a carving-knife in the other.

"What do you mean by insulting my wife?" he demanded.

"Was that your wife?" asked the Woggle-Bug, in meek astonishment.

"O' course it is my wife," answered the man.

"Oo, I didn't know," said the insect, rather humbled. "But I'll give you seven ninety-three for her. That's all she's worth, you know; for I saw it marked on the tag."

The man gave a roar of rage and jumped into the air with the intention of falling on the Woggle-Bug and hurting him with the knife and pistol. But the Woggle-Bug was suddenly in a hurry, and didn't wait to be jumped on. Indeed, he ran so very fast that the man was content to let him go, especially as the pistol wasn't loaded and the carving-knife was as dull as such knives usually are.

But his wife had conceived a great dislike for the Wagnerian check costume that had won for her the Woggle-Bug's admiration. "I'll never wear it again!" she said to her husband, when he came in and told her that the Woggle-Bug was gone.

"Then," he replied, "you'd better give it to Bridget; for she's been bothering me about her wages lately, and the present will keep her quiet for a month longer."

So she called Bridget and presented her with the dress, and the delighted servant decided to wear it that very night to Mickey Schwartz's ball.

Now the poor Woggle-Bug, finding his affections





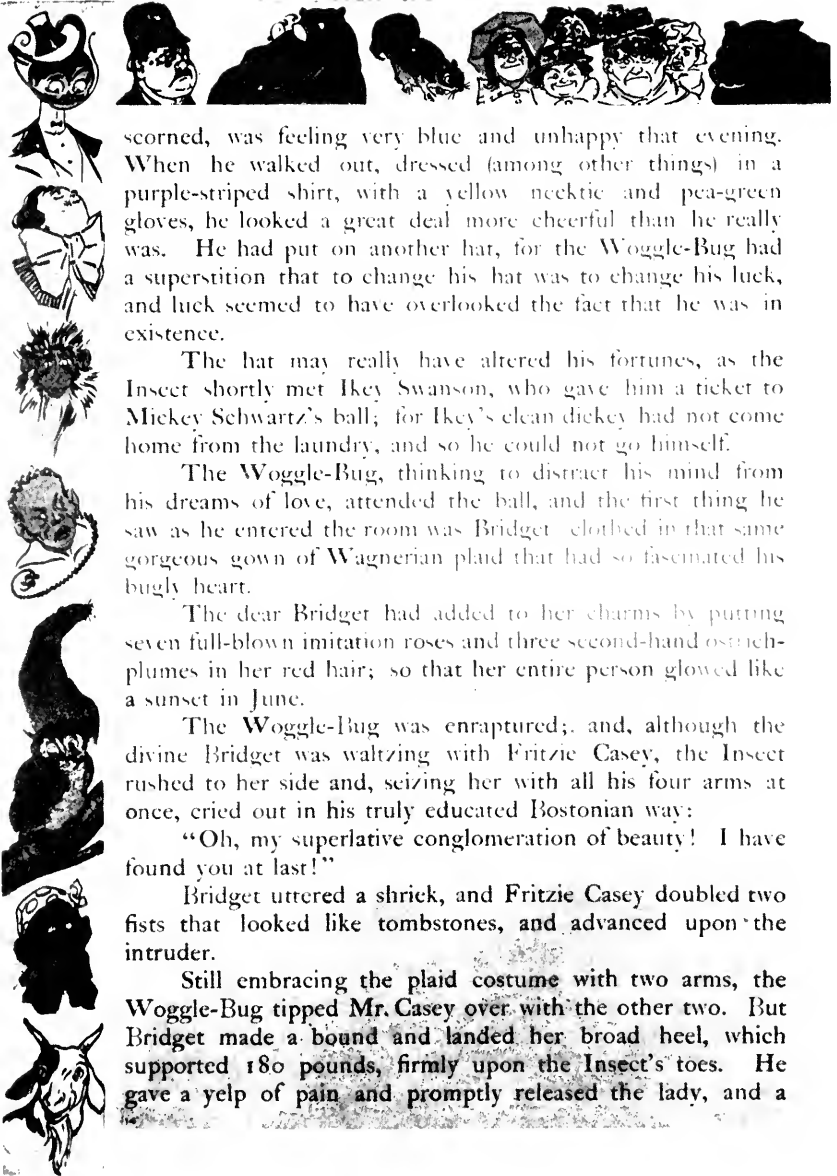
"Stop, my variegated dear!"



Presently a very angry man came out of the house.



He sat down upon the steps.



scorned, was feeling very blue and unhappy that evening. When he walked out, dressed (among other things) in a purple-striped shirt, with a yellow necktie and pea-green gloves, he looked a great deal more cheerful than he really was. He had put on another hat, for the Woggle-Bug had a superstition that to change his hat was to change his luck, and luck seemed to have overlooked the fact that he was in existence.

The hat may really have altered his fortunes, as the Insect shortly met Ikey Swanson, who gave him a ticket to Mickey Schwartz's ball; for Ikey's clean dickey had not come home from the laundry, and so he could not go himself.

The Woggle-Bug, thinking to distract his mind from his dreams of love, attended the ball, and the first thing he saw as he entered the room was Bridget—clothed in that same gorgeous gown of Wagnerian plaid that had so fascinated his bugly heart.

The dear Bridget had added to her charms by putting seven full-blown imitation roses and three second-hand ostrich-plumes in her red hair; so that her entire person glowed like a sunset in June.

The Woggle-Bug was enraptured; and, although the divine Bridget was waltzing with Fritzie Casey, the Insect rushed to her side and, seizing her with all his four arms at once, cried out in his truly educated Bostonian way:

“Oh, my superlative conglomeration of beauty! I have found you at last!”

Bridget uttered a shriek, and Fritzie Casey doubled two fists that looked like tombstones, and advanced upon the intruder.

Still embracing the plaid costume with two arms, the Woggle-Bug tipped Mr. Casey over with the other two. But Bridget made a bound and landed her broad heel, which supported 180 pounds, firmly upon the Insect's toes. He gave a yelp of pain and promptly released the lady, and a



The Woggle-Bug was enraptured.



moment later he found himself flat upon the floor with a dozen of the dancers piled upon him all of whom were pummelling one another with much pleasure and a firm conviction that the diversion had been planned for their special amusement.



But the Woggle-Bug had the strength of many men, and when he flopped the big wings that were concealed by the tails of his coat, the gentlemen resting upon him were scattered like autumn leaves in a gust of wind.



The Insect stood up, rearranged his dress, and looked about him. Bridget had run away and gone home, and the others were still fighting among themselves with exceeding fierceness. So the Woggle-Bug selected a hat that would fit him (his own having been crushed out of shape) and walked sorrowfully back to his lodgings.



"Evidently that was not a lucky hat I wore to the ball," he reflected; "but perhaps this one I now have will bring about a change in my fortunes."

Bridget needed money; and as she had worn her brilliant costume once and allowed her friends to see how becoming it was, she carried it next morning to a second-hand dealer and sold it for three dollars in cash.



Scarcely had she left the shop when a lady of Swedish extraction—a widow with four small children in her train—entered and asked to look at a gown. The dealer showed her the one he had just bought from Bridget, and its gay coloring so pleased the widow that she immediately purchased it for \$3.65.



"Ay tank ets good deal money, by sure," she said to herself; "but das leedle children mus have new fadder to mak mind-un tak care dere mutter like, bay yimminy! An' Ay tank no man look may way in das ole dress Ay been wearing."

She took the gown and the four children to her home, where she lost no time in trying on the costume, which



But the Woggle-Bug had the strength of many men.



fitted her as perfectly as a flour-sack does a peck of potatoes.



"Das *beau--tiful!*" she exclaimed, in rapture, as she tried to see herself in a cracked mirror. "Ay go das very afternoon to valk in da park, for das man-folks go crazy-like ven he sees may fine frocks!"



Then she took her green parasol and a hand-bag stuffed with papers (to make it look prosperous and aristocratic) and sallied forth to the park, followed by all her interesting flock.



The men didn't fail to look at her, as you may guess; but none looked with yearning until the Woggle-Bug, sauntering gloomily along a path, happened to raise his eyes and see before him his heart's delight—the very identical Wagnerian plaids which had filled him with such unbounded affection.



"Aha, my execruciatingly lovely creation!" he cried, running up and kneeling before the widow; "I have found you once again. Do not, I beg of you, treat me with coldness!"



For he had learned from experience not to unduly startle his charmer at their first moment of meeting; so he made a firm attempt to control himself, that the wearer of the checked gown might not scorn him.



The widow had no great affection for bugs, having wrestled with the species for many years; but this one was such a big-bug and so handsomely dressed that she saw no harm in encouraging him—especially as the men she had sought to captivate were proving exceedingly shy.



"So you tank Ay ban loavely?" she asked, with a coy glance at the Insect.

"I do! With all my heart I do!" protested the Woggle-Bug, placing his four hands, one after another, over that beating organ.

"Das mak plenty trouble by you. Ay don'd could be yours!" sighed the widow, indeed regretting her admirer was not an ordinary man.



The Woggle-Bug became thoughtful at that.



"Why not?" asked the Woggle-Bug. "I have still the seven-ninety-three; and as that was the original price, and you are now slightly worn and second-handed, I do not see why I need despair of calling you my own."

It is very queer, when we think of it, that the Woggle-Bug could not separate the wearer of his lovely gown from the gown itself. Indeed, he always made love directly to the costume that had so enchanted him, without any regard whatsoever to the person inside it; and the only way we can explain this remarkable fact is to recollect that the Woggle-Bug was only a woggle-bug, and nothing more could be expected of him. The widow did not, of course, understand his speech in the least; but she gathered the fact that the Woggle-Bug had money, so she sighed and hinted that she was very hungry, and that there was a good short-order restaurant just outside the park.

The Woggle-Bug became thoughtful at this. He hated to squander his money, which he had come to regard as a sort of purchase price with which to secure his divinity. But neither could he allow those darling checks to go hungry; so he said:

"If you will come with me to the restaurant, I will gladly supply you with food."

The widow accepted the invitation at once, and the Woggle-Bug walked proudly beside her, leading all of the four children at once with his four hands.

Two such gay costumes as those worn by the widow and the Woggle-Bug are seldom found together, and the restaurant man was so impressed by the sight that he demanded his money in advance.

The four children, jabbering delightedly in their broken English, clambered upon four stools, and the widow sat upon another. And the Woggle-Bug, who was not hungry (being engaged in feasting his eyes upon the checks), laid down a silver dollar as a guarantee of good faith.







It was wonderful to see so much pie and cake and bread-and-butter and pickles and dough-nits and sandwiches disappear into the mouths of the four innocents and their comparatively innocent mother. The Woggle-Bug had to add another quarter to the vanished dollar before the score was finally settled; and no sooner had the tribe trooped out of the restaurant than they turned into the open portals of an Ice-Cream Parlor, where they all attacked huge stacks of pale ice-cream and consumed several plates of lady-fingers and cream-puffs.

Again the Woggle-Bug reluctantly abandoned a dollar; but the end was not yet. The dear children wanted candy and nuts; and then they wanted pink lemonade; and then pop-corn and chewing-gum; and always the Woggle-Bug, on a glance at the entrancing costume, found himself unable to resist paying for the treat.

It was nearly evening when the widow pleaded fatigue and asked to be taken home. For none of them was able to eat another morsel, and the Woggle-Bug wearied her with his protestations of boundless admiration.

"Will you permit me to call upon you this evening?" asked the Insect, pleadingly, as he bade the wearer of the gown good-bye on her door-step.

"Sure like!" she replied, not caring to dismiss him harshly; and the happy Woggle-Bug went home with a light heart, murmuring to himself:

"At last the lovely plaids are to be my own! The new hat I found at the ball has certainly brought me luck."

I am glad our friend the Woggle-Bug had those few happy moments, for he was destined to endure severe disappointments in the near future.

That evening he carefully brushed his coat, put on a green satin necktie and a purple embroidered waist-coat, and walked briskly towards the house of the widow. But, alas! as he drew near to the dwelling a most horrible stench







greeted his nostrils, a sense of great depression came over him, and upon pausing before the house his body began to tremble and his eyes rolled wildly in their sockets.



For the wily widow, wishing to escape her admirer, had sprinkled the door-step and the front walk with insect Exterminator, and not even the Woggle-Bug's love for the enchanting checked gown could induce him to linger longer in that vicinity.



Sick and discouraged, he returned home, where his first act was to smash the luckless hat and replace it with another. But it was some time before he recovered from the horrors of that near approach to extermination, and he passed a very wakeful and unhappy night, indeed.



Meantime the widow had traded with a friend of hers (who had once been a wash-lady for General Funston) the Wagnerian costume for a crazy quilt and a corset that was nearly as good as new and a pair of silk stockings that were not mates. It was a good bargain for both of them, and the wash-lady being colored—that is, she had a deep mahogany complexion—was delighted with her gorgeous gown and put it on the very next morning when she went to deliver the wash to the brick-layer's wife.



Surely it must have been Fate that directed the Woggle-Bug's steps; for, as he walked disconsolately along, an intuition caused him to raise his eyes, and he saw just ahead of him his affinity—carrying a large clothes-basket.



"Stop!" he called out, anxiously; "stop, my fair Grenadine, I implore you!"



The colored lady cast one glance behind her and imagined that Satan had at last arrived to claim her. For she had never before seen the Woggle-Bug, and was horrified by his sudden and unusual appearance.



"Go 'way, Mars Debbill! Go 'way an' lemme 'lone!" she screeched, and the next minute dropped her empty



And he saw just ahead of him his affinity



The Woggle-Bug might have overtaken her had he not stepped into the cloths-basket



"Go way Mars Debbil!"



basket and sped up the street with a swiftness that only fear could have lent her flat-bottomed feet.

Nevertheless, the Woggle-Bug might have overtaken her had he not stepped into the clothes-basket and fallen headlong, becoming so tangled up in the thing that he rolled over and over several times before he could free himself. Then, when he had picked up his hat, which was utterly ruined, and found his cane, which had flown across the street, his mahogany charmer in the Wagnerian Plaids had disappeared from view.

With a sigh at his latest misfortune he returned home for another hat, and the agitated wash-lady, imagining that the devil had doubtless been lured by her beautiful gown, made haste to sell it to a Chinaman who lived next door.

Its bright colors pleased the Chink, who ripped it up and made it over into a Chinese robe, with flowing draperies falling to his heels. He dressed himself in his new costume and, being proud of possessing such finery, sat down on a bench outside his door so that everyone passing by could see how magnificent he looked.

It was here that the wandering Woggle-Bug espied him; and, recognizing at once the pattern and colors of his infatigating idol, he ran up and sat beside the Chinaman, saying in agitated but educated tones:

"Oh, my prismatic personification of gigantic gorgeousness!—again I have found you!"

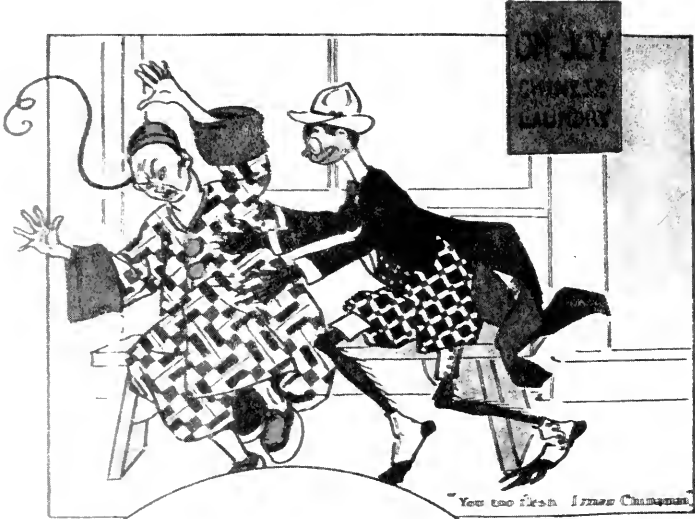
"Sure thing," responded the Chink with composure.

"Be mine! Only be mine!" continued the enraptured Woggle-Bug.

The Chinaman did not quite understand.

"Two dolla a day," he answered, cautiously.

"Oh, joy," exclaimed the insect in delight; "I can then own you for a day and a half—for I have three dollars left. May I feel of your exquisite texture, my dearest Fabric?"



"You too fish! I'm a Chapman!"



So she suddenly appeared with a
horomastic



Next moment he was
charging down the street.



"No flabic. No feelee. You too flesh. I *man* Chinaman!" returned the Oriental calmly.



"Never mind that! 'Tis your beautiful garment I love. Every check in that entrancing dress is a joy and a delight to my heart!"



While the Woggle-Bug thus raved, the Chinaman's wife (who was Mattie De Forest before she married him) overheard the conversation, and decided this love affair had gone far enough. So she suddenly appeared with a broomstick, and with it began pounding the Woggle-Bug as fiercely as possible—and Mattie was no weakling, I assure you.



The first blow knocked the Insect's hat so far over his eyes that he was blinded; but, resolving not to be again cheated out of his darling, he grasped firmly hold of the Wagnerian plaids with all four hands, and tore a goodly portion of it from the frightened Celestial's body.



Next moment he was dashing down the street, with the precious cloth tucked securely underneath an arm, and Mattie, being in slight dishabile, did not think best to follow him.

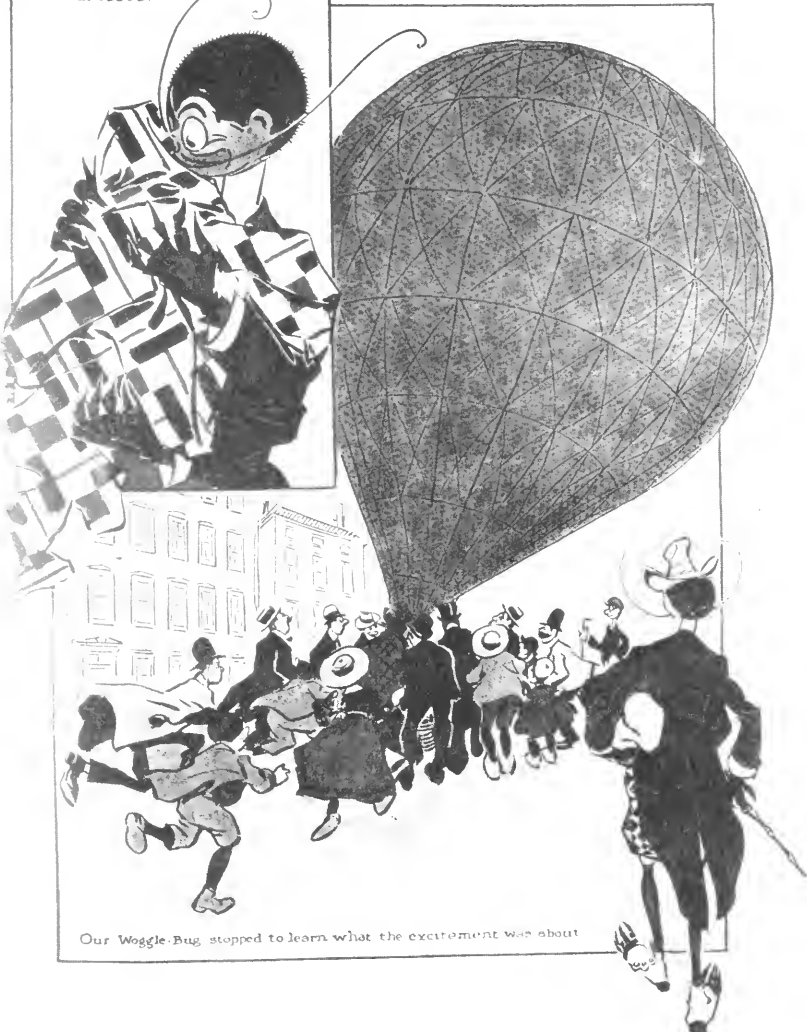


The triumphant joy of the Woggle-Bug can well be imagined. No more need he chase the fleeting vision of his love; no more submit to countless disappointments in his efforts to approach the object of his affection. The gorgeous plaids were now his own (or a large part of them, anyway), and upon reaching the quiet room wherein he lodged he spread out the cloth and gloated long and happily over its vivid coloring and violent contrasts of glowing hues. To the eyes of the Woggle-Bug nothing could be more beautiful, and he positively regretted the necessity of ever turning his gaze from this bewitching treasure.



That he might never in the future be separated from the checks, he folded them, with many loving caresses, into compact form, and wrapped them in a sheet of stout paper tied with cotton cord, that had a flow-knot at the end.

He folded them with rummy loving
caresses.



Our Woggle-Bug stopped to learn what the excitement was about



Wherever he went, thereafter, he carried the parcel underneath his left upper arm, pressed as closely to his heart as possible. And this sense of possession was so delightful that our Woggle-Bug was happy as the day was long.

In the evening his fortunes changed with cruel abruptness.

He walked out to take the air, and noticing a crowd of people standing in an open space and surrounding a huge brown object, our Woggle-Bug stopped to learn what the excitement was about.

Pushing his way through the crowd, and hugging his precious parcel, he soon reached the inner circle of spectators and found they had assembled to watch a balloon ascension. The Professor who was to go up with the balloon had not yet arrived; but the balloon itself was fully inflated and tugging hard at the rope that held it, as if anxious to escape the blended breaths of the people that crowded around. Just below the balloon was a small basket, attached to the netting of the gas-bag, and the Woggle-Bug was bending over the edge of this, to see what it contained, when a warning cry from the crowd caused him to pause and glance over his shoulder.

Great horrors and crumpled creeps! Springing toward him, with a scowl on his face and a long knife with a zig-zag blade in his uplifted hand, was that very Chinaman from whose body he had torn the Wagnerian plaids!

The plundered Celestial was evidently vindictive, and intended to push the wicked knife into the Woggle-Bug's body.

Our hero was a brave bug, as can be easily proved; but he did not wait for the knife to arrive at the broad of his back. Instead, he gave a yell (to show he was not afraid) and leaped nimbly into the basket of the balloon. The descending knife, missing its intended victim, fell upon the rope and severed it, and instantly the great balloon







arose from the crowd and soared majestically toward the heavens.

The Woggle-Bug had escaped the Chinaman, but he didn't know whether to be glad or not.

For the balloon was carrying him into the clouds, and he had no idea how to manage it, or to make it descend to earth again. When he peered over the edge of the basket he could hear the faint murmur of the crowd, and dimly see the enraged Professor (who had come too late) pounding the Chinaman, while the Chinaman tried to dissect the Professor with his knife.

Then all was blotted out; clouds rolled about him; night fell. The man in the moon laughed at him; the stars winked at each other as if delighted at the Woggle-Bug's plight, and a witch riding by on her broomstick yelled at him to keep on the right side of the road, and not run her down.

But the Woggle-Bug, squatted in the bottom of the basket and hugging his precious parcel to his bosom, paid no attention to anything but his own thoughts.

He had often ridden through the air in the Gump; but never had he been so high as this, and the distance to the ground made him nervous.

When morning came he saw a strange country far beneath him, and longed to tread the earth again.

Now all woggle-bugs are born with wings, and our highly-magnified one had a beautiful, broad pair of floppers concealed beneath his ample coat-tails. But long ago he had learned that his wings were not strong enough to lift his big body from the ground, so he had never tried to fly with them.

Here, however, was an occasion when he might put these wings to good use, for if he spread them in the air and then leaped over the side of the basket they would act in the same way a parachute does, and bear him gently to the ground.





The Men in the moon laughed at him.



No sooner did this thought occur to him than he put it into practice.

Disentangling his wings from his coat-tails, he spread them as wide as possible and then jumped from the car of the balloon.

Down, down the Woggle-Bug sank; but so slowly that there was no danger in the flight. He began to see the earth again, lying beneath him like a sun-kissed panorama of mud and frog-ponds and rocks and brushwood.

There were few trees, yet it was our insect's fate to drop directly above what trees there were, so that presently he came ker-plunk into a mass of tangled branches - and stuck there, with his legs dangling helplessly between two limbs and his wings caught in the foliage at either side.

Below was a group of Arab children, who at first started to run away. But, seeing that the queer creature which had dropped from the skies was caught fast in the tree, they stopped and began to throw stones and clubs at it. One of these missiles struck the tree-limb at the right of the Woggle-Bug and jarred him loose. The next instant he fluttered to the ground, where his first act was to fold up his wings and tuck them underneath his coat-tails again, and his next action to assure himself that the beloved plaid were still safe.

Then he looked for the Arab children; but they had scuttled away toward a group of tents, and now several men with dark skins and gay clothing came from the tents and ran toward the Woggle-Bug.

"Good morning," said our hero, removing his hat with a flourish, and bowing politely.

"Meb-la-che-bah!" shouted the biggest Arab, and at once two others wound coils of rope around the Woggle-Bug and tied the ends in hard knots.

His hat was knocked off and trampled into the mud by the Shiek (who was the big Arab), and the precious parcel was seized and ruthlessly opened.



Ker-plump into a mass of tangled branches.



"Good-morning," said our hero.



"Very good!" said the Shiek, eyeing the plaids with pleasure. "My slaves shall make me a new waistcoat of this cloth."

"No! oh, no!" cried the agonized Insect; "it is taken from a person who has had small-pox and yellow-fever and toothache and mumps—all at the same time. Do not, I beg you, risk your valuable life by wearing that cloth!"

"Bah!" said the Shiek, scornfully; "I have had all those diseases and many more. I am immune. But now," he continued, "allow me to bid you good-bye. I am sorry to be obliged to kill you, but such is our custom."

This was bad news for the Woggle-Bug; but he did not despair.

"Are you not afraid to kill me?" he asked, as if surprised.

"Why should I be afraid?" demanded the Shiek.

"Because it is a well-known fact that to kill a woggle-bug brings bad luck to one."

The Shiek hesitated, for he was very superstitious.

"Are you a woggle-bug?" he asked.

"I am," replied the Insect, proudly. "And I may as well tell you that the last person who killed one of my race had three unlucky days. The first day his suspenders broke (the Arabs shuddered), the second day he smashed a looking-glass (the Arabs moaned) and the third day he was chewed up by a crocodile."

Now the greatest aversion the Arabs have is to be chewed by a crocodile, because these people usually roam over the sands of the desert, where to meet an amphibian is simply horrible; so at the Woggle-Bug's speech they set up a howl of fear, and the Shiek shouted:

"Unbind him! Let not a hair of his head be injured."

At once the knots in the ropes were untied, and the Woggle-Bug was free. All the Arabs united to show him deference and every respectful attention, and since his own

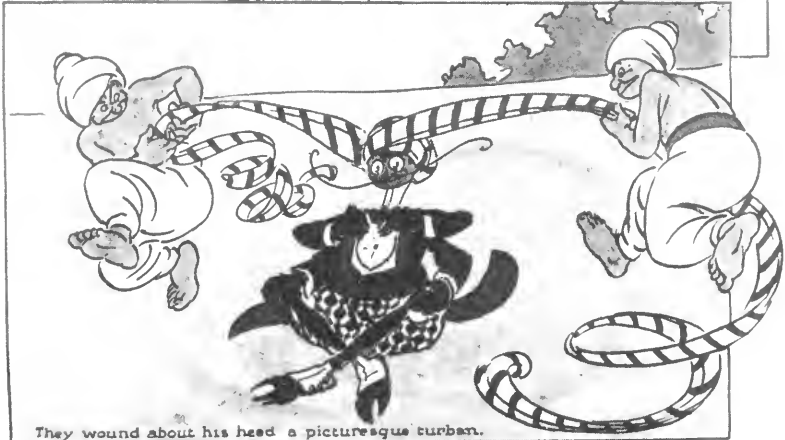




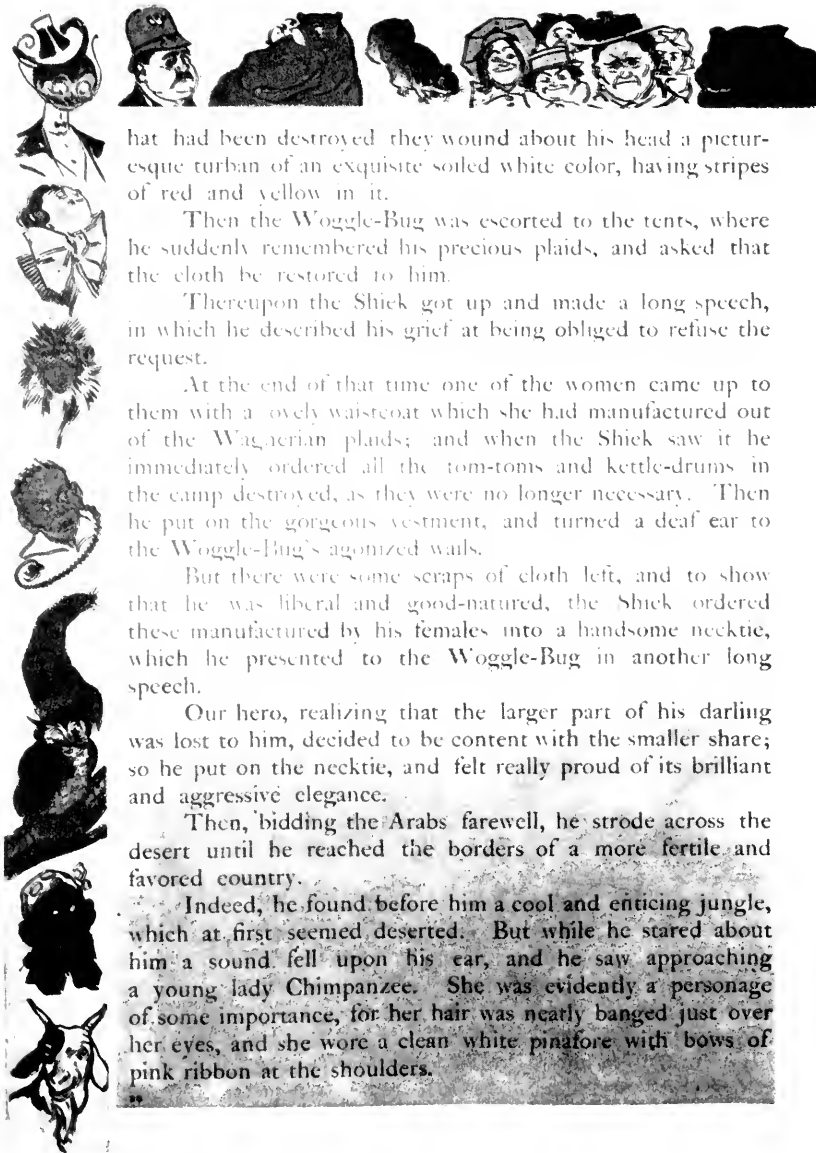
"Bah!" said the Shuk scornfully.



The Arabs shuddered



They wound about his head a picturesque turban.



hat had been destroyed they wound about his head a picturesque turban of an exquisite soiled white color, having stripes of red and yellow in it.

Then the Woggle-Bug was escorted to the tents, where he suddenly remembered his precious plaids, and asked that the cloth be restored to him.

Thereupon the Shiek got up and made a long speech, in which he described his grief at being obliged to refuse the request.

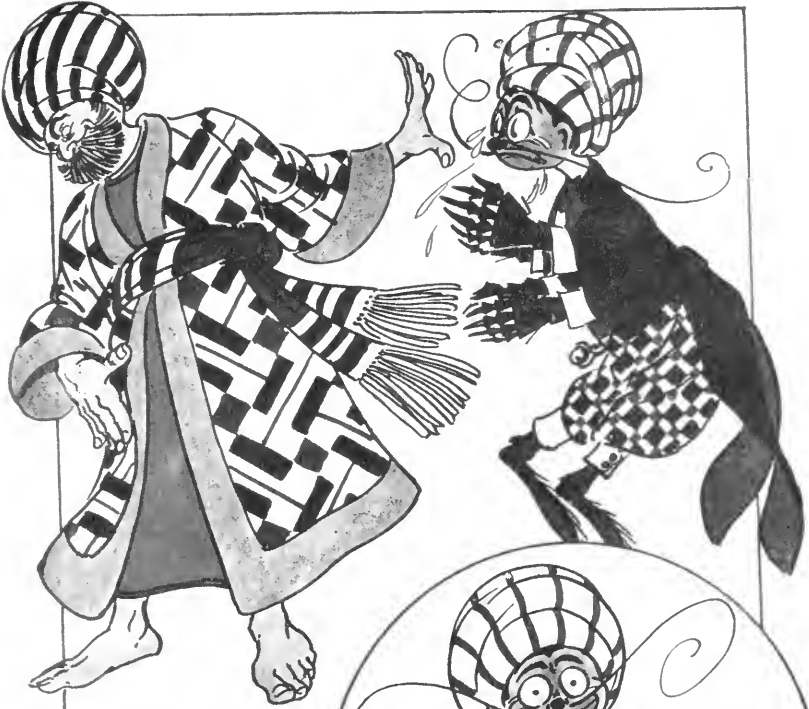
At the end of that time one of the women came up to them with a lovely waistcoat which she had manufactured out of the Wagarian plaids; and when the Shiek saw it he immediately ordered all the tom-toms and kettle-drums in the camp destroyed, as they were no longer necessary. Then he put on the gorgeous vestment, and turned a deaf ear to the Woggle-Bug's agonized wails.

But there were some scraps of cloth left, and to show that he was liberal and good-natured, the Shiek ordered these manufactured by his females into a handsome necktie, which he presented to the Woggle-Bug in another long speech.

Our hero, realizing that the larger part of his darling was lost to him, decided to be content with the smaller share; so he put on the necktie, and felt really proud of its brilliant and aggressive elegance.

Then, bidding the Arabs farewell, he strode across the desert until he reached the borders of a more fertile and favored country.

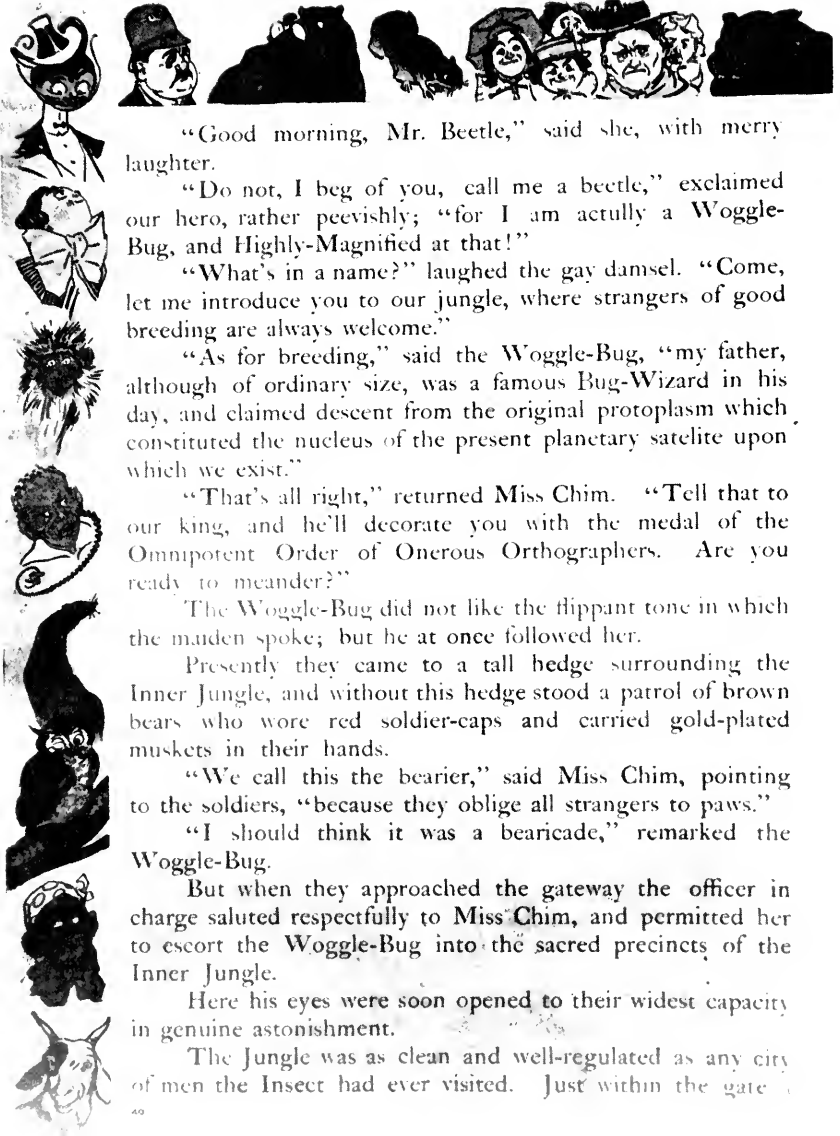
Indeed, he found before him a cool and enticing jungle, which at first seemed deserted. But while he stared about him a sound fell upon his ear, and he saw approaching a young lady Chimpanzee. She was evidently a personage of some importance, for her hair was neatly banged just over her eyes, and she wore a clean white pinafore with bows of pink ribbon at the shoulders.



Turned a deaf ear to the Woggle-Bug's agonized wails.



Really proud.



"Good morning, Mr. Beetle," said she, with merry laughter.

"Do not, I beg of you, call me a beetle," exclaimed our hero, rather peevisly; "for I am actually a Woggle-Bug, and Highly-Magnified at that!"

"What's in a name?" laughed the gay damsel. "Come, let me introduce you to our jungle, where strangers of good breeding are always welcome."

"As for breeding," said the Woggle-Bug, "my father, although of ordinary size, was a famous Bug-Wizard in his day, and claimed descent from the original protoplasm which constituted the nucleus of the present planetary satellite upon which we exist."

"That's all right," returned Miss Chim. "Tell that to our king, and he'll decorate you with the medal of the Omnipotent Order of Onerous Orthographers. Are you ready to meander?"

The Woggle-Bug did not like the flippant tone in which the maiden spoke; but he at once followed her.

Presently they came to a tall hedge surrounding the Inner Jungle, and without this hedge stood a patrol of brown bears who wore red soldier-caps and carried gold-plated muskets in their hands.

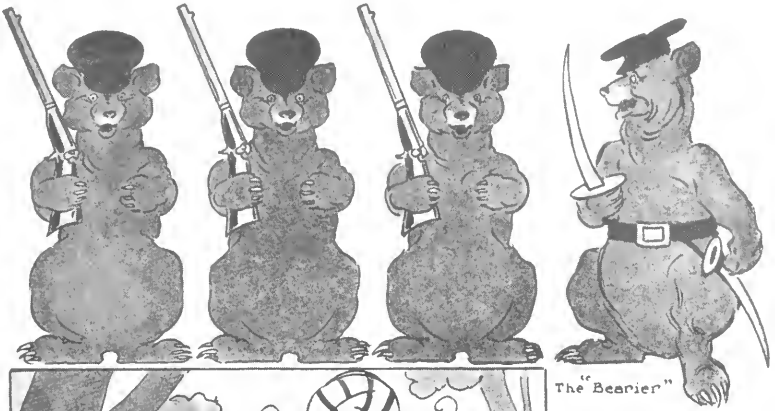
"We call this the bearier," said Miss Chim, pointing to the soldiers, "because they oblige all strangers to paws."

"I should think it was a bearicade," remarked the Woggle-Bug.

But when they approached the gateway the officer in charge saluted respectfully to Miss Chim, and permitted her to escort the Woggle-Bug into the sacred precincts of the Inner Jungle.

Here his eyes were soon opened to their widest capacity in genuine astonishment.

The Jungle was as clean and well-regulated as any city of men the Insect had ever visited. Just within the gate



The "Bearier"



"Come, let me introduce you to our 'jungle,'"





sleek antelope was running a pop-corn stand, and a little further on a screech-owl stood upon a stump playing a violin, while across her breast was a sign reading: "I am blind at present."

As they walked up the street they came to a big grey monkey turning a hand-organ, and attached to a cord was a little nigger-boy whom the monkey sent into the crowd of animals standing by to gather up the pennies, pulling him back every now and then by means of the cord.

"There's a curious animal for you," said Miss Chim, pointing to the boy. "Those horrid things they call men, whether black or white, seem to me the lowest of all created beasts."

"I have seen them in a highly civilized state," replied the Woggle-Bug, "and they're really further advanced than you might suppose."

But Miss Chim gave a scornful laugh, and pulled him away to where a hippopotamus sat under the shade of a big tree, mopping his brow with a red handkerchief—for the weather was somewhat sultry. Before the hip was a table covered with a blue cloth, and upon the cloth was embroidered the words: "Professor Hipmus, Fortune Teller."

"Want your fortune told?" asked Miss Chim.

"I don't mind," replied the Woggle-Bug.

"I'll read your hand," said the Professor, with a yawn that startled the Insect. "To my notion palmistry is the best means of finding out what nobody knows or cares to know."

He took the right upper hand of the Woggle-Bug, and after adjusting his spectacles bent over it with an air of great wisdom.

"You have been in love," announced the Professor; "but you got it in the neck."

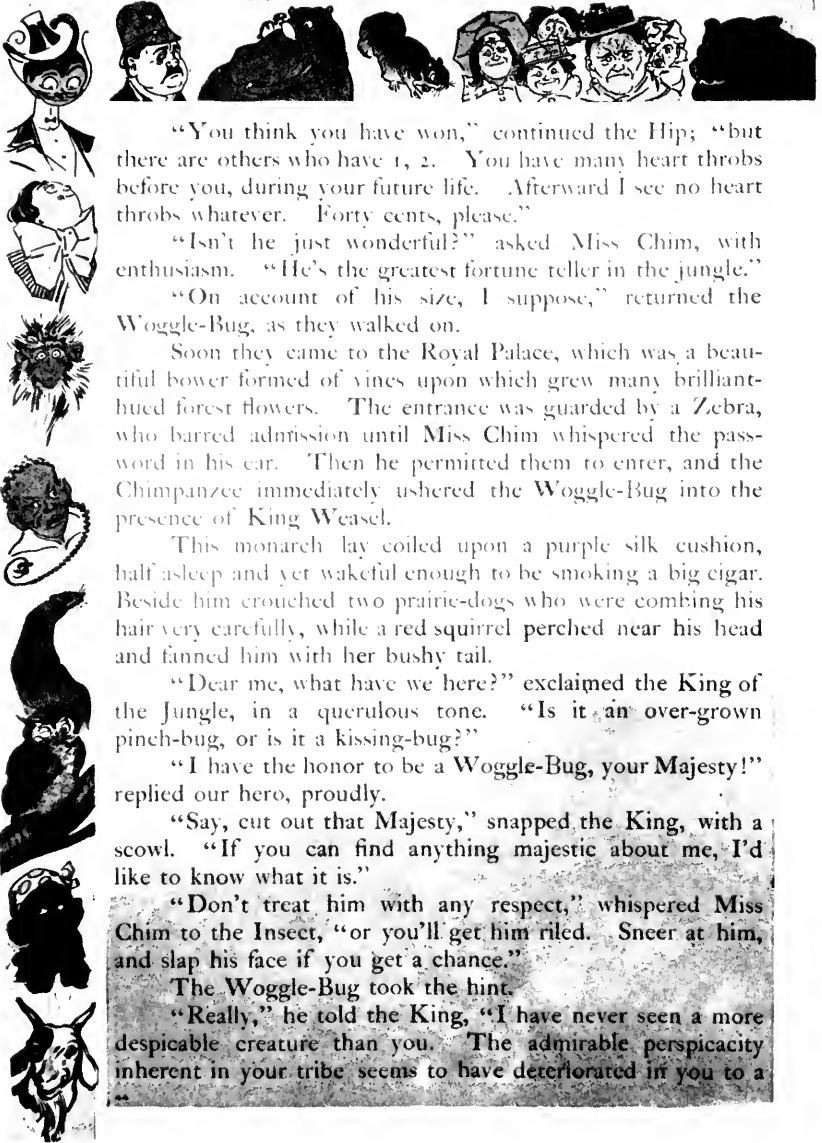
"True!" murmured the astonished Insect, putting up his left lower hand to feel of the beloved necktie.





A curious Animal

"I'll read your hand,"
said the Professor.



"You think you have won," continued the Hip; "but there are others who have 1, 2. You have many heart throbs before you, during your future life. Afterward I see no heart throbs whatever. Forty cents, please."

"Isn't he just wonderful?" asked Miss Chim, with enthusiasm. "He's the greatest fortune teller in the jungle."

"On account of his size, I suppose," returned the Woggle-Bug, as they walked on.

Soon they came to the Royal Palace, which was a beautiful bower formed of vines upon which grew many brilliant-hued forest flowers. The entrance was guarded by a Zebra, who barred admission until Miss Chim whispered the password in his ear. Then he permitted them to enter, and the Chimpanzee immediately ushered the Woggle-Bug into the presence of King Weasel.

This monarch lay coiled upon a purple silk cushion, half asleep and yet wakeful enough to be smoking a big cigar. Beside him crouched two prairie-dogs who were combing his hair very carefully, while a red squirrel perched near his head and fanned him with her bushy tail.

"Dear me, what have we here?" exclaimed the King of the Jungle, in a querulous tone. "Is it an over-grown pinch-bug, or is it a kissing-bug?"

"I have the honor to be a Woggle-Bug, your Majesty!" replied our hero, proudly.

"Say, cut out that Majesty," snapped the King, with a scowl. "If you can find anything majestic about me, I'd like to know what it is."

"Don't treat him with any respect," whispered Miss Chim to the Insect, "or you'll get him riled. Sneer at him, and slap his face if you get a chance."

The Woggle-Bug took the hint.

"Really," he told the King, "I have never seen a more despicable creature than you. The admirable perspicacity inherent in your tribe seems to have deteriorated in you to a



The entrance was guarded by a Zebra

This monarch lay coiled upon a purple silk cushion.



hyperbolated insousancy." Then he reached out his arms and slapped the king four times, twice on one side of his face and twice on the other. And it gave him much satisfaction.

"Thanks, my dear June-Bug," said the monarch; "I now recognize you to be a person of some importance."

"Sire, I am a Woggle-Bug, highly magnified and thoroughly educated. It is no exaggeration to say I am the greatest Woggle-Bug on earth."

"I fully believe it, so pray do not play any more four-somes upon my jaw. I am sufficiently humiliated at this moment to recognize you as a Sullivanthauros, should you claim to be of that extinct race."

Then two little weasels—a boy weasel and a girl weasel—came into the bower and threw their school-books at the squirrel so cleverly that one hit the King upon the nose and smashed his cigar and the other caught him fairly in the pit of his stomach.

At first the monarch howled a bit; then he wiped the tears from his face and said:

"Ah, what delightful children I have! What do you wish, my darlings?"

"I want a cent for chewing gum," said the Girl Weasel.

"Get it from the Guinea-Pig; you have my assent. And what does my dear boy want?"

"Pop," went the Weasel; "our billy-goat has swallowed the hare you gave me to play with."

"Dear me," sighed the King, "how often I find a hair in the butter! Whenever I reign people carry umbrellas; and my son, although quite polished, indulges only in monkey-shines. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown! but if one is scalped, the loss of the crown renders the head still more uneasy."

"Couldn't they find a better king than you?" enquired the Woggle-Bug, curiously, as the children left the bower.

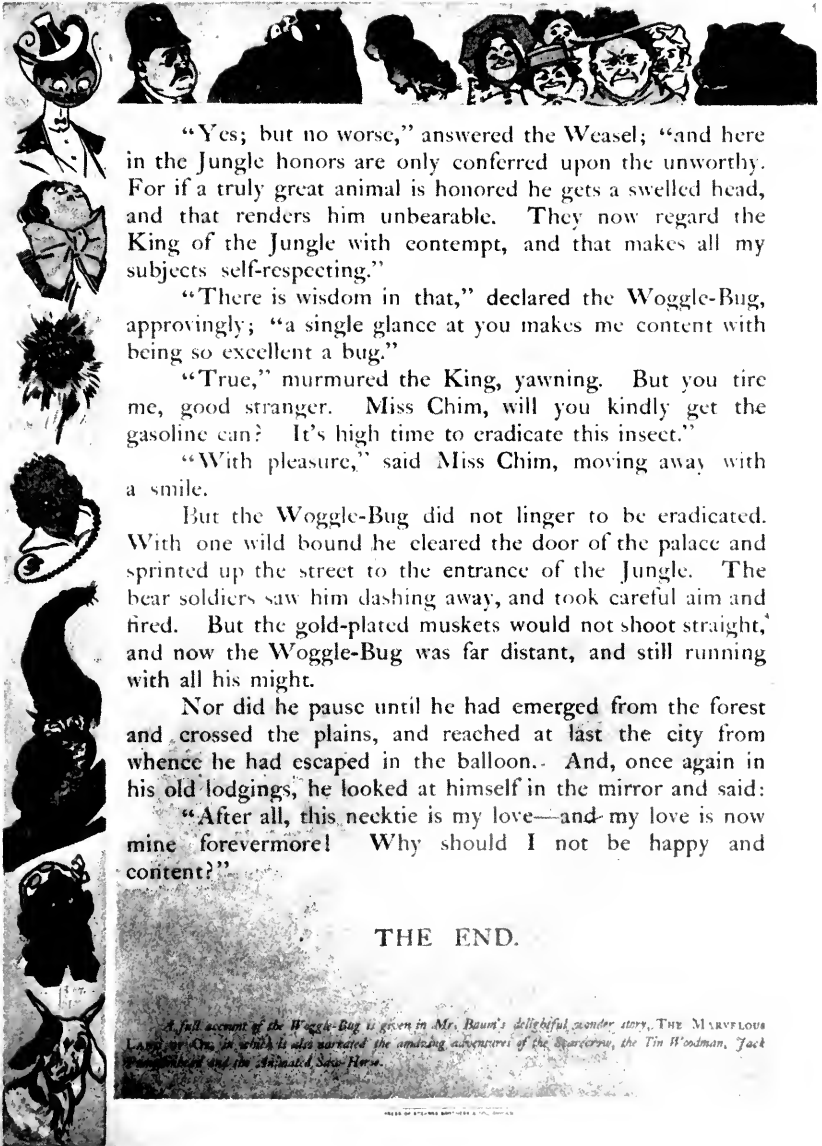


Slapped the
king about
time.



But the Woggle-Bug did not linger
to be eradicated.

After all,
this necktie
is my love.



"Yes; but no worse," answered the Weasel; "and here in the Jungle honors are only conferred upon the unworthy. For if a truly great animal is honored he gets a swelled head, and that renders him unbearable. They now regard the King of the Jungle with contempt, and that makes all my subjects self-respecting."

"There is wisdom in that," declared the Woggle-Bug, approvingly; "a single glance at you makes me content with being so excellent a bug."

"True," murmured the King, yawning. But you tire me, good stranger. Miss Chim, will you kindly get the gasoline can? It's high time to eradicate this insect."

"With pleasure," said Miss Chim, moving away with a smile.

But the Woggle-Bug did not linger to be eradicated. With one wild bound he cleared the door of the palace and sprinted up the street to the entrance of the Jungle. The bear soldiers saw him dashing away, and took careful aim and fired. But the gold-plated muskets would not shoot straight, and now the Woggle-Bug was far distant, and still running with all his might.

Nor did he pause until he had emerged from the forest and crossed the plains, and reached at last the city from whence he had escaped in the balloon. And, once again in his old lodgings, he looked at himself in the mirror and said:

"After all, this necktie is my love—and my love is now mine forevermore! Why should I not be happy and content?"

THE END.

A full account of the Woggle-Bug is given in Mr. Baum's delightful wonder story, THE MARVELOUS LAND OF OZ, in which is also narrated the amazing adventures of the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, Jack Pumpkinhead and the Animated Saw-Horse.

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