

# **The Lost King of Oz**

**BY RUTH PLUMLY THOMPSON**

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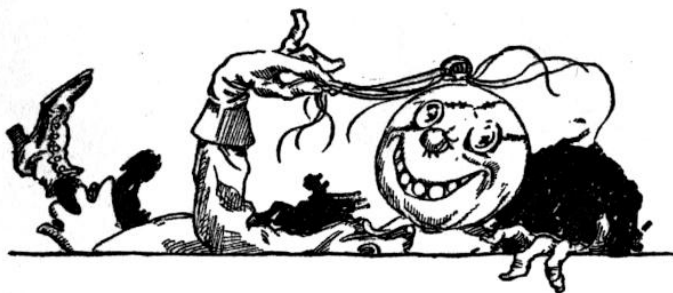
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This book is dedicated to  
My Best Girl--Mother  
RUTH PLUMLY THOMPSON



THIS Book  
belongs to





Dear Boys and Girls:

A whole book full of news has happened in Oz since I wrote to you last year. But before I tell a word of it, I must thank you for the wonderful letters you have written to me. It is fine to know which of the dear old Ozzy celebrities you like best, so please do keep on writing. If you tell me all the Oz news you hear, I'll tell you all I hear. Is it a bargain? Well, the most surprising news right now is about the Lost King.

"Lost! Lost! Lost! What an exciting word!" writes a little girl to whom I confided the secret. "Who is he? Where was he and will he replace Ozma on the throne?"

I could hardly wait to find out the answers to all of these questions my own self and if it had not been for Snip, the little Button Boy and Pajuka, the goose, I never would have discovered them.

Almost everybody is in this adventure—even Kabumpo had a trunk in the affair. When you have read the whole strange story, let me know what you think of Mombi's wicked behavior, will you?

And I cannot say good-bye without a big cheer for every boy and girl who believes in OZ! Lots of love to you!

RUTH PLUMLY THOMPSON.  
254 S. Farragut Terrace,  
Philadelphia,  
July, 1925.



## *The Lost King of Oz*

Princess Ozma has ruled so wisely and happily in the wonderful Land of Oz for so long that most of us have forgotten the strange story of the Lost King of Oz—Ozma's father.

As everyone in Oz knows, the King was transformed from his royal self by Mombi, the wicked old Gilliken witch, and lost his throne and his crown when he, himself, was lost.

In this new Oz book the Royal Historian tells how Snip, the little buttonboy, and Pajuka, the great white goose—who had been the lost King's prime minister in the good old days—set out from the

jolly Kingdom of Kimbaloo to find the King and to petition Princess Ozma to punish Mombi for her wicked mischief.

Princess Dorothy meets Snip and Pajuka, as she returns from a sudden and curious visit to Hollywood with a funny and friendly moving picture dummy, and the four adventurers are whisked to the Emerald City by Kabumpo, the Elegant Elephant. At the Court of Ozma the Scarecrow and the Wizard of Oz join in the attempt to find the Lost King, and the surprising events that follow make a truly exciting Oz story.

After many thrilling attempts, the mystery of the Lost King is magically solved, but you must read for yourself to find out all about it.





# CHAPTER 1

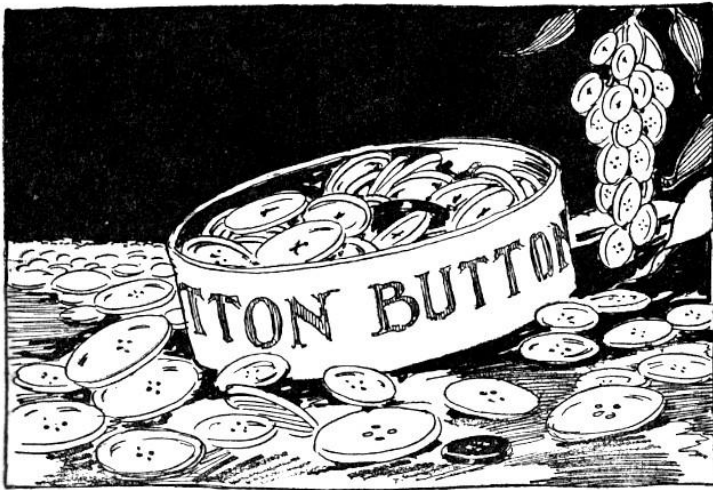
## In Jolly Kimbaloo

The King of Kimbaloo was kind'a jolly, and Kinda Jolly was the King of Kimbaloo. And no wonder he was kind'a jolly! He had made a great fortune in buttons, and had one of the coziest castles in Oz. It was set in the very center of a thick button wood in the Gilliken country, and had more chimneys and windows than any dozen castles I can think of.

The castle owed much of its coziness to Rosa Merry, the quaint little Queen of Kimbaloo, who kept it spick and spandy and simply blooming with flowers. This she could easily do, for in the castle garden grew a simply enormous bouquet bush, where old and new fashioned bouquets blossomed in bewildering profusion. There were violets and rosebuds edged with lace paper, lovely red roses tied with satin bows, daisies and daffodils, pinks and larkspur, and every other sort of delightful nosegay you could ever imagine. No matter how many were gathered, others immediately blossomed, so that Rosa Merry had made almost as much of a fortune in bouquets as Kinda had in buttons, and could have jelly-roll every lunchtime if she cared to.

There were some who thought the castle, built as it was of dark purple button wood, studded with rows and rows of bright buttons, extremely odd, but it suited Kinda Jolly and Rosa Merry right down to the cellar and the five hundred inhabitants of Kimbaloo thought it extremely magnificent. No doubt they were right. However that may be, anyone who had seen Kinda Jolly and Rosa

Merry walking in the gardens on pleasant summer evenings would have had to admit they were the most lovable little couple in the land. Kinda was short and fat and Rosa was short and merry. They both dressed in the purple costumes of the Gillikens, but their robes were trimmed all over with buttons that chinked delightfully when they walked and almost dazzled one by the brilliance of their colors.



King Kinda's crown was made of silver buttons to match his whiskers and Rosa's was of gold to match her curls. Both had cheerful dispositions to match their crowns, so that life in Kimbaloo was cheerful for everyone. The Kimbles themselves lived in tiny cottages scattered about under the trees, and as they were all girls and boys, they were all happy and light hearted as birds in the button wood. Half of them worked for the King and half for the Queen. Yes, every morning, the two hundred and fifty merry little maids would run into the castle garden, where Rosa

Merry would fill their arms with bouquets from the bouquet bush. Then away down the Queen's Highway, that led through the wood into the Winkie Country, they would hurry—and so charming and quaint were the Queen's little flower girls no one could help buying their posies. So by noon time they would come back with empty arms and heavy pockets and nothing to do for the rest of the day but swing in the hammocks or dance in the gardens.

The boys' work was almost as delightful. Every morning they would scamper into the button wood with Kinda Jolly and shake down a good crop of buttons. Then each button boy would fill his button box with a gay assortment and set off down the King's Highway to sell them to the good dames in the Gilliken Country. There are no stores in Oz, so they never had any trouble in disposing of their wares, especially the collar buttons. The men of the Gilliken country are as good at losing collar buttons as men in your own town, so by noon time the button boxes would be full of coins and the button boys would come racing back to the castle with nothing more to do for the rest of the day but play quoits or "button-button-who's-got-the-button?"

Altogether, life in Kimbaloo was as jolly as possible. Indeed, there was so much laughing to be done that King Kinda had a Town Laugher to help out on particularly funny days and to keep him from busting all the buttons from his purple vest. Yes sir, everybody in Kimbaloo was laughing and happy—excepting one and that person was the King's cook. Mombi never laughed at all, and how she came to be cook I will tell you at once. She was not a native of Kimbaloo and, though no one in the kingdom knew it, Mombi was really an old Gilliken witch. Long ago, for her wicked transformations, she had been deprived of her magic powers by

Glinda, the good sorceress, and given enough to live on honestly and comfortably.

But after you have been a witch all of your life, it is dreadfully hard to settle down to being just an ugly old woman. Mombi had stood it as long as she could, and then one day she had closed up her little hut at the foot of the Gilliken mountains, taken her crooked stick, and set out to seek a position as cook in one of the castles of Oz—for she felt that only among a great many kettles and cauldrons could she ever be contented or at home. Besides being cross and crooked, Mombi was so ugly and ill-tempered that most of the castle doors were slammed in her face, but one day she had come to Kimbaloo. Hobbling through the button wood she found King Kinda Jolly under a shoe button tree. Falling upon her knees Mombi begged him so hard to let her remain as cook that the gentle old monarch finally consented, though much against the advice of Hah Hoh, the Town Laugher. But Kinda, thinking her a poor and needy old woman, had kept her nevertheless, and as Mombi, like many another old witch, was an excellent cook, he had never regretted his bargain. In spite of her wonderful cooking no one had ever grown really fond of her, but she was treated with consideration and respect and allowed to do pretty much as she pleased in the castle kitchen.



### Mombi Sets Out to Seek a Position as Cook

So while everyone else in the kingdom was being useful and happy, Mombi went muttering and sputtering about among the pots and kettles and every minute when she was not cooking she was trying to remember her magic formulas, mixing pepper with onions, onions with cinders, and cinders with suspender buttons. But stir as she would, nothing ever came of it, for Mombi had forgotten every witch word she had ever known. She knew a good many other words, however, and said very nearly all of them when her magic failed to work, flinging her stick into the air and hopping up and down with rage and disappointment. But as she never allowed anyone in the kitchen but herself, there was no one to witness her shocking behavior, until Snip, one of the King's button boys,

climbing through the window one afternoon to steal a cooky, caught her right in the midst of a frightful incantation.

"Salt—vinegar—mustard—mutton!  
The king shall be a collar button!"

That was what Snip heard Mombi mumble, bending over a peppery mixture on the fire. So dreadful was her expression as she scowled into the frying pan that Snip tumbled from the window sill into a rose bush. Picking himself up, he rushed down the garden path convinced that the King was done for. But there was Kinda Jolly, with his silver crown, walking calmly under the button trees. Snip looked again to be sure Kinda was not turning to a collar button and then, a little ashamed of being so easily frightened, he crept back to the ledge to see what Mombi would do next. He was just in time to see her fling the frying pan down the cellar steps and kick over a basket of potatoes. Then, grumbling and snarling and rubbing her shins, she limped into the garden to fetch the goose Kinda Jolly had bought for dinner—for magic or no magic the cooking had to be attended to. The goose had come straight from a neighboring farm and was still in the flimsy wooden crate. Scowling and scolding, Mombi slammed the crate on the table and ripped off the top slats.

As soon as the slats were removed, the goose thrust its head out of the crate and peered about the kitchen. As he looked at the big white bird, Snip had a feeling that there was something human about him. The old witch-cook made a grab at the bobbing white head.

"Help!" squawked the luckless bird, as Mombi seized it roughly by the feathers. Then, catching a really good look at Mombi, it reared

up its neck till its eyes were on a level with her own. "YOU!" cried the goose, so shrilly that Snip's hair rose up and waved to and fro under his stiff little hat. He was not surprised to hear the goose talk, for all beasts and birds in the Land of Oz converse, but its next words were so strange and mysterious the little button boy nearly lost his balance again.

"Woman!" hissed the goose, thrusting its bill under Mombi's long nose, "Woman, what have you done with the King?"







## CHAPTER 2

### Snip's Great Adventure

The King! Poor Snip, crouched uncomfortably on the narrow sill, trembled with terror, for this time he was sure Mombi's incantation had taken effect and had turned King Kinda to a collar button. Mombi herself seemed as astonished as he. Dropping her hands at her sides, she peered sharply at the great white goose.

"Well!" wheezed the old witch, blinking her eyes rapidly, "Well, if it isn't Pajuka, and simple as ever he was!"

"Whose fault is that?" complained the goose bitterly. "Who took away my elegant figure and gave me this ridiculous shape?"

"You always were a goose," sniffed Mombi. "All you needed was a bill and feathers. You're one of the best transformations I ever did," she added proudly. "What are you fussing about anyway?"

"Would *you* like to be a goose?" asked the bird indignantly. "I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself, you old Scundermutch!"

"I don't care a waffle what you think," retorted Mombi, "but if you care to think anything more, be quick about it, for your time has come."

"Time?" puffed the goose. "What time?"

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