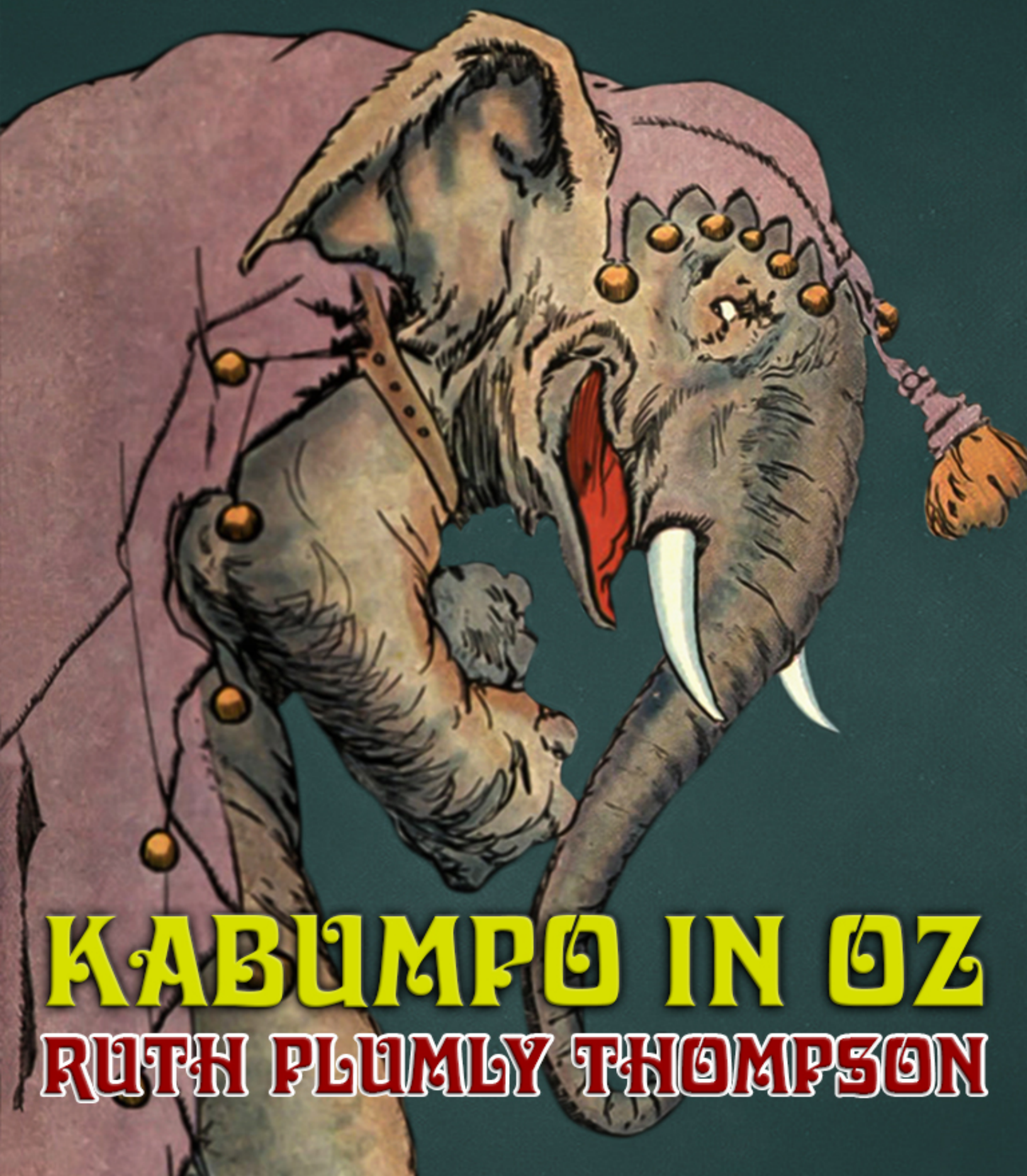


CLASSICS TO GO



KABUMPO IN OZ

RUTH PLUMLY THOMPSON

Kabumpo in Oz

Ruth Plumly Thompson



Dear Children:

Do you like Elephants? Do you believe in Giants? And do you love all the jolly people of the Wonderful Land of Oz?

Well, then you'll want to hear about the latest happenings in that delightful Kingdom. All are set forth in true Oz fashion in "Kabumpo in Oz," the fifteenth Oz book.

Kabumpo is an Elegant Elephant. He is very old and wise, and has a kindly heart, as have all the Oz folks. In the new book you'll meet Prince Pompa, and Peg Amy, a charming Wooden Doll. There are new countries, strange adventures and the most surprising Box of Magic you have ever heard of. Ruggedo, the wicked old Gnome King, does a lot of mischief with this before Princess Ozma can stop him.

Of course Dorothy, the Scarecrow, Scraps, Glinda the Good, Tik-Tok, and other old friends all are alive and busy in the new book. I am just back from the Emerald City with the best of Oz wishes for everybody, *but especially for you.*

RUTH PLUMLY THOMPSON.

Philadelphia,
Spring of 1922.



This book is dedicated with
all of my heart
To JANET
My littlest sister but biggest assistor
RUTH PLUMLY THOMPSON

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Chapter 1

The Exploding Birthday Cake

“The cake, you chattering Chittimong! Where is the cake? Stirem, Friem, Hashem, *where* is the cake?” cried Eejabo, chief footman in the palace of Pumperdink, bouncing into the royal pantry.

The three cooks, too astonished for speech, and with staring eyes, pointed to the center table. The great, gorgeous birthday cake was gone, though not two seconds before it had been placed on the table by Hashem himself.

“It was my m-m-asterpiece,” sobbed Hashem, tearing off his cap and throwing his apron over his head.

“Help! Robbers! Thieves!” cried Stirem and Friem, running to the window.

Here *was* a howdedo. The trumpets blowing for the celebration to begin and the best part of the celebration gone!

“We’ll all be dipped for this!” wailed Eejabo, flinging open the second best china closet so violently that three silver cups and a pewter mug tumbled out. Just then there was a scream from Hashem, who had removed the apron from his head. “Look!” he shrieked. “There it is!”

Back to the table rushed the other three, Stirem and Friem rubbing their eyes and Eejabo his head where the cups had bumped him severely. Upon the table stood the royal cake, as pink and perfect as ever.

“It was there all the time, mince my eyebrows!” spluttered Hashem in an injured voice. “Called me a Chittimong, did you?” Grasping a big wooden spoon he ran angrily at Eejabo.

“Was it gone or wasn’t it?” cried Eejabo, appealing to the others and hastily catching up a bread knife to defend himself. Instantly there arose a babble.

“It was!”

“It wasn’t!”

“Was!” Rap, bang, *clatter*. In a minute they were in a furious argument, not only with words but with spoons, forks and bowls. And dear knows what would have become of the cake had not a bell rung loudly and the second footman poked his head through the door.

“The cake! Where is the cake?” he wheezed importantly.

So Eejabo, dodging three cups and a salt cellar, seized the great silver platter and dashed into the great banquet hall. One pink coat tail was missing and his wig was somewhat elevated over the left ear from the lump raised by the pewter mug, but he summoned what dignity he could and joined the grand procession of footmen who were bearing gold and silver dishes filled with goodies for the birthday feast of Prince Pompadore of Pumperdink.

The royal guests were already assembled and just as Eejabo entered, the pages blew a shrill blast upon their silver trumpets and the Prime Pumper stepped forward to announce their Majesties.

“Oyez! Oyez!” shouted the Prime Pumper, pounding on the floor with his silver staff, while the guests politely

inclined their heads just as if they had not heard the same announcement dozens of times before:

“Oyez! Oyez!

“Pompus the Proud
And Pozy Pink,
King and Queen
Of Pumperdink—
Way for the King
And clear the floor,
Way for our good
Prince Pompadore.
Way for the Elegant
Elephant—Way
For the King and
The Queen and the
Prince, I say!”

So everybody *wayed*, which is to say they bowed, and down the center of the room swept Pompus, very fat and gorgeous in his purple robes and jeweled crown, and Pozy Pink, very stately and queenlike in her ermine cloak, and Prince Pompadore very straight and handsome! In fact, they looked exactly as a good old-fashioned royal family should.



But Kabumpo, who swayed along grandly after the Prince
—few royal families could boast of so royal and elegant an

elephant! He was huge and gray. On his head he wore jeweled bands and a jeweled court robe billowed out majestically as he walked. His little eyes twinkled merrily and his big ears flapped so sociably, that just to look at him put one in a good humor. Kabumpo was the only elephant in Pumperdink, or in any Kingdom near Pumperdink, so no wonder he was a prime favorite at Court. He had been given to the King at Pompa's christening by a friendly stranger and since then had enjoyed every luxury and advantage. He was not only treated as a member of the royal family, but was always addressed as *Sir* by all of the palace servants.

"He lends an air of elegance to our Court," the King was fond of saying, and the Elegant Elephant he surely had become. Now an Elegant Elephant at Court might seem strange in a regular up-to-date country, but Pumperdink is not at all regular nor up to date. It is a cozy, old-fashioned Kingdom, 'way up in the northern part of the Gilliken country of Oz; old-fashioned enough to wear knee breeches and have a King and cozy enough to still enjoy birthday parties and candy pulls.

If Pompus, the King, was a bit proud who could blame him? His Queen was the loveliest, his son the most charming and his elephant the most elegant and unusual for twenty Kingdoms round about. And Pompus, for all his pride, had a very simple way of ruling. When the Pumperdinkians did right they were rewarded; when they did wrong they were dipped.

In the very center of the courtyard there is a great stone well with a huge stone bucket. Into this Pumperdink well all offenders and law breakers were lowered. Its waters were dark blue and as the color stuck to one for several days the inhabitants of Pumperdink were careful to behave well, so that the Chief Dipper, who turned the wheel that raised and

lowered the bucket, often had days at a time with nothing to do. This time he spent in writing poetry, and as Prince Pompadore took the place of honor at the head of the table the Chief Dipper rose from his humble place at the foot and with a moist flourish burst forth:

“Oh, Pompadore of Pumperdink,
Of all perfection you’re the pink;
Your praises now I utter!
Your eyes are clear as apple sauce,
Your head the best I’ve come across;
Your heart is soft as butter.”

“Very good,” said the King, and the Chief Dipper sat down, blushing with pride and confusion. Prince Pompadore bowed and the rest of the party clapped tremendously.

“Sounds like a dipper full of nonsense to me,” wheezed Kabumpo, who stood directly back of Prince Pompadore’s throne, leisurely consuming a bale of hay placed on the floor beside him. It may surprise you to know that all the animals in Oz can talk, but such is the case, and Pumperdink being in the fairy country of Oz, Kabumpo could talk as well as any man and better than most.

“Eyes like apple sauce—heart of butter! Ho-ho, kerrumph!” The Elegant Elephant laughed so hard he shook all over; then slyly reaching over the Prime Pumper’s shoulder, he snatched his glass of pink lemonade and emptied it down his great throat, setting the tumbler back before the old fellow turned his head.

“Did you call, Sir?” asked Eejabo, hurrying over. He had mistaken Kabumpo’s laugh for a command.

“Yes; why did you not give his Excellency lemonade?” demanded the Elegant Elephant sternly.

“I did; he must have drunk it, Sir!” stuttered Eejabo.

“Drunk it!” cried the Prime Pumper, pounding on the table indignantly. “I never had any!”

“Fetch him a glass at once,” rumbled Kabumpo, waving his trunk, and Eejabo, too wise to argue with a member of the royal family, brought another glass of lemonade. But no sooner had he done so than the mischievous elephant stole that, next the Prime Pumper’s plate and roll, and all so quickly, no one but Prince Pompadore knew what was happening and poor Eejabo was kept running backwards and forwards till his wig stood on end with confusion and rage.

All of this was very amusing to the Prince, and helped him to listen pleasantly to the fifteen long birthday speeches addressed to him by members of the Royal Guard. But if the speeches were dull, the dinner was not. The fiddlers fiddled so merrily, and the chief cook Hashem had so outdone himself in the preparation of new and delicious dainties, that by ice-cream-and-cake time everyone was in a high good humor.

“The cake, my good Eejabo! Fetch forth the cake!” commanded King Pompus, beaming fondly upon his son. Nervously Eejabo stepped to the side table and lighted the eighteen tall birthday candles. A cake that had disappeared once might easily do so again, and Eejabo was anxious to have it cut and out of the way—out of *his* way at least.

Hashem, looking through a tiny crack in the door, almost burst with pride as his gorgeous pink masterpiece was set down before the Prince.

“Many happy returns of your eighteenth birthday!” cried the Courtiers, jumping to their feet and waving their napkins

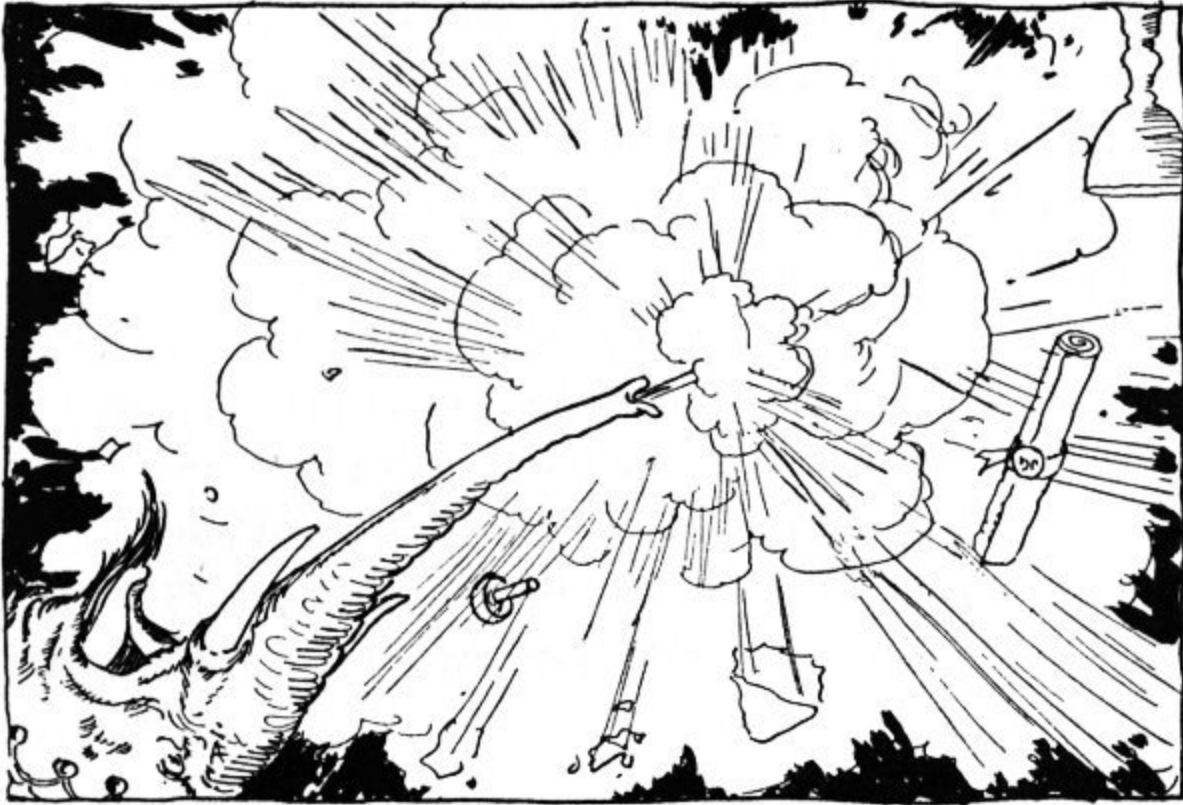
enthusiastically.

“Thank you! Thank you!” chuckled Pompadore, bowing low. “I feel that this is but one of many more to come!” Which may sound strange, but Pumperdink being in Oz, one may have as many eighteenth birthdays as one cares to have. This was Pompa’s tenth and while the courtiers drank his health the Prince made ready to blow out the birthday candles.

“That’s right, blow ’em all out at once!” cried the King. So Pompa puffed out his cheeks and blew with all his might. But not a candle flickered. Then he tried again. Indeed, he puffed and blew until he was a regular royal purple, but nary a candle flame so much as wavered.

“Stubbornest candles I ever saw!” blustered King Pompus. Then *he* puffed out his cheeks and blew like a porpoise; so did Queen Pozy and the Prime Pumper; so did everybody. They blew until every dish upon the table skipped and they all sank back exhausted in their chairs, but the candles burned as merrily as ever.

Then Kabumpo took a hand—or rather a trunk. He had been watching the proceedings with his twinkling little eyes. Now he took a tremendous breath, pointed his trunk straight at the cake and blew with all his strength.



Every candle went out—but *stars*! As they did, the great pink cake exploded with such force that half the Courtiers were flung under the table and the rest knocked unconscious by flying fragments of icing, tumblers and plates.

"Treason!" screamed Pompus, the first to recover from the shock. "Who dared put gunpowder in the cake?" Brushing the icing from his nose, he glared around angrily. The first person to catch his eye was Hashem, the cook, who stood trembling in the doorway.

"Dip him!" shouted the King furiously. And the Chief Dipper, only too glad of an excuse to escape, seized poor Hashem. *"And him!"* ordered the King, as Eejabo tried to sidle out of the room. *"And them!"* as all the other footmen started to run. Forming his victims in a line the Chief Dipper marched them sternly from the banquet hall.

“Oyez! Oyez Everybody shall be dipped!” mumbled the Prime Pumper, feebly raising his head.

“Oh, no! Oh, no! Nothing of the sort!” snapped the King, fanning poor Queen Pozy Pink with a plate. She had fainted dead away.

“What is the meaning of this outrage?” shouted Pompus, his anger rising again.

“How should I know?” wheezed Kabumpo, dragging Prince Pompadore from beneath the table and pouring a jug of cream over his head.

“Something hit me,” moaned the Prince, opening his eyes.

“Of course it did!” said Kabumpo. “The cake hit you. Made a great hit with us all—that cake!” The Elegant Elephant looked ruefully at his silk robe of state, which was hopelessly smeared with icing; then put his trunk to his head, for something hard had struck him between the eyes. He felt about the floor and found a round shiny object which he was about to show the King when Pompus pounced upon a tall scroll sitting upright in his tumbler. In the confusion of the moment it had escaped his attention.

“Perhaps this will explain,” spluttered the King, breaking the seal. Queen Pozy Pink opened her eyes with a sigh, and the Courtiers, crawling out from beneath the table, looked up anxiously, for everyone was still dazed from the tremendous explosion. Pompus read the scroll to himself with popping eyes and then began to dance up and down in a frenzy.

“What is it? What is it?” cried the Queen, trying to read over his shoulder. Then she gave a well-bred scream and

fainted away in the arms of General Quakes, who had come up behind her.

By this time the Prime Pumper had recovered sufficiently to remember that reading scrolls and court papers was his business. Somewhat unsteadily he walked over and took the scroll from the King.

“Oyez! Oyez!” he faltered, pounding on the table.

“Oh, never mind that!” rumbled Kabumpo, flagging his ears. “Let’s hear what it says!”



“Know ye,” began the old man in a high, shaky voice, “know ye that unless ye Prince of ye ancient and honorable Kingdom of Pumperdink wed ye Proper Fairy Princess in ye

proper span of time ye Kingdom of Pumperdink shall disappear forever and *even longer* from ye Gilliken country of Oz.

J. G."

"What?" screamed Pompadore, bounding to his feet. "Me? But I don't *want* to marry!"

"You'll have to," groaned the King, with a wave at the scroll. The Courtiers sat staring at one another in dazed disbelief. From the courtyard came the splash and splutter of the luckless footmen and the dismal creaking of the stone bucket.

"Oh!" wailed Pompa, throwing up his hands. "This is the worst eighteenth birthday I've ever had. I'll never have another as long as I live!"





Chapter 2

Picking a Proper Princess

“What shall we do first?” groaned the King, holding his head with both hands. “Let me think!”

“Right,” said Kabumpo. “Think by all means.”

So the great hall was cleared and the King, with the mysterious scroll spread out before him, thought and thought and *thought*. But he did not make much headway, for, as he explained over and over to Queen Pozy, who—with Pompadore, the Elegant Elephant and the Prime Pumper—had remained to help him, “How is one to know where to find the Proper Princess, and how is one to know the proper time for Pompa to wed her?”

Who was J.G.? How did the scroll get in the cake?

The more the King thought about these questions, the more wrinkled his forehead became.

“Why! We’re liable to wake up any morning and find ourselves gone,” he announced gloomily. “How does it feel to disappear, I wonder?”

“I suppose it would give one rather a gone feeling, but I don’t believe it would hurt—much!” volunteered Kabumpo, glancing uneasily over his shoulder.

“Perhaps not, but it would not get us anywhere. My idea is to marry the Prince at once to a Proper Princess,” put in the Prime Pumper, “and avoid all this disappearing.”

“You’re in a great hurry to marry me off, aren’t you,” said Pompadore sulkily. “For my part, I don’t want to marry at all!”

“Well, that’s very selfish of you, Pompa,” said the King in a grieved voice. “Do you want your poor old father to disappear?”

“Not only your poor old father,” choked the Prime Pumper, rolling up his eyes. “How about me?”

“Oh, you—*you* can disappear any time you want,” said the Prince unfeelingly.

“It all started with that wretched cake,” sighed the Queen. “I am positive the scroll flew out of the cake when it exploded.”

“Of course it did!” cried Pompus. “Let us send for the cook and question him.”

So Hashem, very wet and blue from his dip, was brought before the King.

“A fine cook you are!” roared Pompus, “mixing gun powder and scrolls in a birthday cake.”

“But I didn’t,” wailed Hashem, falling on his knees. “Only eggs, your Highness—very best eggs—sugar, flour, spice and—”

“Bombshells!” cried the King angrily.

“The cake disappeared *before* the party, your Majesty!” cried Eejabo.

Everyone jumped at the sudden interruption, and Eejabo, who had crept in unnoticed, stepped before the throne.

“Disappeared,” continued Eejabo hoarsely, dripping blue water all over the royal rugs. “One minute there it was on the pantry table. Next minute—*gone!*” croaked Eejabo, flinging up his hands and shrugging his shoulders.

“Then, before a fellow could turn around, it was back. ‘Tweren’t our fault if magic got mixed into it, and here we have been dipped for nothing!”

“Well, why didn’t you say so before!” asked the King in exasperation.

“Fine chance I had to say anything!” sniffed Eejabo, wringing out his lace ruffles.

“Eh—rr—you may have the day off, my good man,” said Pompus, with an apologetic cough—“And *you* also,” with a wave at Hashem. Very stiffly the two walked to the door.

“It’s an off day for us, all right,” said Eejabo ungraciously, and without so much as a bow the two disappeared.

“I fear you were a bit hasty, my love,” murmured Queen Pozy, looking after them with a troubled little frown.

“Well, who wouldn’t be!” cried Pompus, ruffling up his hair. “Here we are liable to disappear any minute and all you do is to stand around and criticize me. *Begone!*” he puffed angrily, as a page stuck his head in the door.

“No use shouting at people to begone,” said the Elegant Elephant testily. “We’ll all begone soon enough.”

At this Queen Pozy began to weep into her silk handkerchief, which sight so affected Prince Pompadore that he rushed forward and embraced her tenderly.

“I’ll marry!” cried the Prince impulsively. “I’ll do anything! The trouble is there aren’t any Fairy Princesses around here!”

“There must be,” said the King.

“There is—There are!” screamed the Prime Pumper, bouncing up suddenly. “Oyez, Oyez! Has your Majesty forgotten Faleero, royal Princess of Follensby forest?”

“Why, of course!” The King snapped his fingers joyfully. “Everyone says Faleero is a Fairy Princess. She must be the proper one!”

“Fa—leero!” trumpeted the Elegant Elephant, sitting down with a terrific thud. “That awful old creature! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!”

“Silence!” thundered the King.

“Nonsense!” trumpeted Kabumpo. “She’s a thousand years old and as ugly as a stone Lukoogoo. Don’t you marry her, Pompa.”

“I command him to marry her!” cried the King opening his eyes very wide and bending forward.



“Faleero?” gasped the Prince, scarcely believing his ears. No wonder Pompadore was shocked. Faleero, although a Princess in her own right and of royal fairy descent, was so unattractive that in all her thousand years of life no one had wished to marry her. She lived in a small hut in the great forest kingdom next to Pumperdink and did nothing all day but gather faggots. Her face was long and lean, her hair thin and black and her nose so large that it made you think of a cauliflower.

“Ugh!” groaned Prince Pompadore, falling back on Kabumpo for support.

“Well, she’s a Princess and a fairy—the only one in any Kingdom. I don’t see why you want to be so fussy!” said the King fretfully.

“Shall I tell her Royal Highness of the great good fortune that has befallen her?” asked the Prime Pumper, starting for the door.

“Do so at once,” snapped Pompus. Just then he gave a scream of fright and pain, for a round shiny object had flown through the air and struck him on the head. “What was that?”

The Prime Pumper looked suspiciously at the Elegant Elephant. Kabumpo glared back.

“A—a warning!” stuttered the Prime Pumper, afraid to say that Kabumpo had flung the offending missile. “A warning, your Majesty!”

“It’s nothing of the kind,” said the King angrily. “You’re getting old, Pumper and stupid. It’s—why it’s a door knob! Who *dares* to hit me with a door knob?”

“It hit me once,” mumbled Kabumpo, shifting uneasily from one foot to the other three. “How does it strike you?”

“As an outrageous piece of impertinence!” spluttered Pompus, turning as red as a turkey cock.

“Perhaps it has something to do with the scroll,” suggested Queen Pozy, taking it from the King. “See! It is gold and all the door knobs in the palace are ivory. And look! Here are some initials!”

Sure enough! It was gold and in the very centre were the initials P. A.

Just at this interesting juncture the page, who had been poking his head in the door every few minutes, gathered his courage together and rushed up to the King.

“Pardon, Most High Highness, but General Quakes bade me say that this mirror was found under the window,” stuttered the page, and before Pompus had an opportunity to cry “Begone!” or “Dip him!” the little fellow made a dash for the door and disappeared.

“It grows more puzzling every minute,” wailed the King, looking from the door knob to the mirror and from the mirror to the scroll.

“If you take my advice you’ll have this marriage performed at once,” said the Prime Pumper in a trembling voice.

“I believe I will!” sighed Pompus, rubbing the bump on his head. “Go and fetch the Princess Faleero and you, Pompa, prepare for your wedding.”

“But Father!” began the Prince.

“Not another word or you’ll be dipped!” rumbled the King of Pumperdink. “I’m not going to have my kingdom disappearing if I can help it!”

“You mean if I can help it,” muttered Pompadore gloomily.

“This is ridiculous!” stormed the Elegant Elephant, as the Prime Pumper rushed importantly out of the room. “Don’t you know that this country of ours is only a small part of the great Kingdom of Oz? There must be hundreds of Princesses for Pompadore to choose from. Why should he not wed Ozma, the princess of us all? Haven’t you read any Oz history? Have you never heard of the wonderful Emerald City? Let Pompadore start out at once. I, myself, will accompany him, and if Ozma refuses to marry him—well”—the Elegant Elephant drew himself up—“I will carry her off—that’s all!”