Ozma and The Little Wizard

by L. Frank Baum

The Author of the Famous OZ BOOKS

The Reilly & Lee Co.
Chicago
Magic Jell-O

Looks so pretty! Tastes so good!

Magic! Right in Mother’s kitchen! Jell-O desserts seem like something right out of Oz! And their colors have a merry glitter like the jewels in a king’s crown.

They taste ... m’m ... de-li-cious! Imagine the flavor of ripe, sweet fruit—fresh-picked and imprisoned in a luscious mold. That’s Jell-O.

Ask Mother to make the recipes in the back of this book for you. They’re so good—and almost as easy as waving a fairy wand!

JELL-O
the children’s favorite dessert
OZMA AND THE LITTLE WIZARD

ONCE upon a time there lived in the beautiful Emerald City, which lies in the center of the fairy Land of Oz, a lovely girl called Princess Ozma, who was Ruler of all that country. And among those who served this girlish Ruler and lived in a cosy suite of rooms in her splendid palace, was a little, withered old man known as the Wizard of Oz.
This little Wizard could do a good many queer things in magic; but he was a kind man, with merry, twinkling eyes and a sweet smile; so, instead of fearing him because of his magic, everybody loved him.

Now, Ozma was very anxious that all her people who inhabited the pleasant Land of Oz should be happy and contented, and therefore she decided one morning to make a journey to all parts of the country, that she might discover if anything was amiss, or anyone discontented, or if there was any wrong that ought to be righted. She asked the little Wizard to accompany her and he was glad to go.

"Shall I take my bag of magic tools with me?" he asked.
“Of course,” said Ozma. “We may need a lot of magic before we return, for we are going into strange corners of the land, where we may meet with unknown creatures and dangerous adventures.”

So the Wizard took his bag of magic tools and the two left the Emerald City and wandered over the country for many days, at last reaching a place far up in the mountains which neither of them had ever visited before. Stopping one morning at a cottage, built beside the rocky path which led into a pretty valley beyond, Ozma asked a man:

“Are you happy? Have you any complaint to make of your lot?”

And the man replied:

“We are happy except for three mis-
chievous Imps that live in yonder valley and often come here to annoy us. If your Highness would only drive away those Imps, I and my family would be very happy and very grateful to you.”

“Who are these bad Imps?” inquired the girl Ruler.

“One is named Olite, and one Udent and one Ertinent, and they have no respect for anyone or anything. If strangers pass through the valley the Imps jeer at them and make horrid faces and call names, and often they push travelers out of the path or throw stones at them. Whenever Imp Olite or Imp Udent or Imp Ertinent comes here to bother us, I and my family run into the house and lock all the doors and win-
dows, and we dare not venture out again un-
til the Imps have gone away.”

Princess Ozma was grieved to hear this report and the little Wizard shook his head gravely and said the naughty Imps deserved to be punished. They told the good man they would see what could be done to pro-
tect him and at once entered the valley to seek the dwelling place of the three mis-
chievous creatures.

Before long they came upon three caves, hollowed from the rocks, and in front of each cave squatted a queer little dwarf. Ozma and the Wizard paused to examine them and found them well-shaped, strong and lively. They had big round ears, flat noses and wide grinning mouths, and their
jet-black hair came to points on top of their heads, much resembling horns. Their clothing fitted snugly to their bodies and limbs and the Imps were so small in size that at first Ozma did not consider them at all dangerous. But one of them suddenly reached out a hand and caught the dress of the Princess, jerking it so sharply that she nearly fell down, and a moment later another Imp pushed the little Wizard so hard that he bumped against Ozma and both unexpectedly sat down upon the ground.

At this the Imps laughed boisterously and began running around in a circle and kicking dust upon the Royal Princess, who cried in a sharp voice: "Wizard, do your duty!"

The Wizard promptly obeyed.
rising from the ground he opened his bag, got the tools he required and muttered a magic spell.

Instantly the three Imps became three bushes—of a thorny, stubby kind—with their roots in the ground. As the bushes were at first motionless, perhaps through surprise at their sudden transformation, the Wizard and the Princess found time to rise from the ground and brush the dust off their pretty clothes. Then Ozma turned to the bushes and said:

"The unhappy lot you now endure, my poor Imps, is due entirely to your naughty actions. You can no longer annoy harmless travelers and you must remain ugly bushes, covered with sharp thorns, until you repent
of your bad ways and promise to be good Imps.”

"They can't help being good, now, your Highness," said the Wizard, who was much pleased with his work, "and the safest plan will be to allow them always to remain bushes."

But something must have been wrong with the Wizard's magic, or the creatures had magic of their own, for no sooner were the words spoken than the bushes began to move. At first they only waved their branches at the girl and the little man, but pretty soon they began to slide over the ground, their roots dragging through the earth, and one pushed itself against the Wizard and pricked him so sharply with its
thorns that he cried out: "Ouch!" and started to run away.

Ozma followed, for the other bushes were trying to stick their thorns into her legs and one actually got so near her that it tore a great rent in her beautiful dress. The girl Princess could run, however, and she followed the fleeing Wizard until he tumbled head first over a log and rolled upon the ground. Then she sprang behind a tree and shouted: "Quick! Transform them into something else."

The Wizard heard, but he was much confused by his fall. Grabbing from his bag the first magical tool he could find he transformed the bushes into three white pigs. That astonished the Imps. In the shape of
pigs—fat, roly-poly and cute—they scampered off a little distance and sat down to think about their new condition.

Ozma drew a long breath and coming from behind the tree she said:

“That is much better, Wiz, for such pigs as these must be quite harmless. No one need now fear the mischievous Imps.”

“I intended to transform them into mice,” replied the Wizard, “but in my excitement I worked the wrong magic. However, unless the horrid creatures behave themselves hereafter, they are liable to be killed and eaten. They would make good chops, sausages or roasts.”

But the Imps were now angry and had no intention of behaving. As Ozma and the
little Wizard turned to resume their journey
the three pigs rushed forward, dashed be-
tween their legs and tripped them up, so
that both lost their balance and toppled
over, clinging to one another. As the Wiz-
ard tried to get up he was tripped again and
fell across the back of the third pig, which
carried him on a run far down the valley
until it dumped the little man into the river.
Ozma had been sprawled upon the ground
but found she was not hurt, so she picked
herself up and ran to the assistance of the
Wizard, reaching him just as he was crawl-
ing out of the river, gasping for breath and
dripping with water. The girl could not help
laughing at his woeful appearance. But he
had no sooner wiped the wet from his eyes
than one of the impish pigs tripped him again and sent him into the river for a second bath. The pigs tried to trip Ozma, too, but she ran around a stump and so managed to keep out of their way. So the Wizard scrambled out of the water again and picked up a sharp stick to defend himself. Then he mumbled a magic mutter which instantly dried his clothes, after which he hurried to assist Ozma. The pigs were afraid of the sharp stick and kept away from it.

"This won't do," said the Princess. "We have accomplished nothing, for the pig Imps would annoy travelers as much as the real Imps. Transform them into something else, Wiz."

The Wizard took time to think. Then he
transformed the white pigs into three blue doves.

"Doves," said he, "are the most harmless things in the world."

But scarcely had he spoken when the doves flew at them and tried to peck out their eyes. When they endeavored to shield their eyes with their hands two of the doves bit the Wizard's fingers and another caught the pretty pink ear of the Princess in its bill and gave it such a cruel tweak that she cried out in pain and threw her skirt over her head.

"These birds are worse than the pigs, Wizard," she called to her companion. "Nothing is harmless that is animated by impudent anger or impertinent mischief."
You must transform the Imps into something that is not alive."

The Wizard was pretty busy, just then, driving off the birds, but he managed to open his bag of magic and find a charm which instantly transformed the doves into three buttons. As they fell to the ground he picked them up and smiled with satisfaction. The tin button was Imp Olite, the brass button was Imp Udent and the lead button was Imp Ertinent. These buttons the Wizard placed in a little box which he put in his jacket pocket.

"Now," said he, "the Imps cannot annoy travelers, for we shall carry them back with us to the Emerald City."

"But we dare not use the buttons," said
Ozma, smiling once more now that the danger was over.

"Why not?" asked the Wizard. "I intend to sew them upon my coat and watch them carefully. The spirits of the Imps are still in the buttons, and after a time they will repent and be sorry for their naughtiness. Then they will decide to be very good in the future. When they feel that way, the tin button will turn to silver and the brass to gold, while the lead button will become aluminum. I shall then restore them to their proper forms, changing their names to pretty names instead of the ugly ones they used to bear. Thereafter the three Imps will become good citizens of the Land of Oz and I think you will find they will prove
faithful subjects of our beloved Princess Ozma."

"Ah, that is magic well worth while," exclaimed Ozma, well pleased. "There is no doubt, my friend, but that you are a very clever Wizard."
They’re so pretty! They look like jewels — emeralds of Lime Jell-O, amber and topazes of Orange and Lemon Jell-O, rubies and garnets and carnelians of Strawberry, Raspberry and Cherry Jell-O!

And they taste so good! Full of the rich ripe flavor of the fruit, just as if you’d just picked it yourself.

Mother can make Jell-O in dozens of different shapes, with all kinds of fruit and nuts and salad vegetables — with custards, too, and cream. Ask her to make these recipes for your suppers — and see if the grown-ups don’t say “We want some too!”
Magic Ice
1 package Lemon Jell-O
1 pint warm water
1 cup green Malaga grapes, halved and seeded

Emerald Fruit Cup
1 package Lime Jell-O
1 pint warm water
2 cups mixed fruit, diced (pears, peaches, cherries, canned pineapple, etc.)
Dissolve Jell-O in warm water. Turn into shallow pan. Chill until firm. Cut into small cubes. Combine with fruit. Pile into sherbet glasses, adding a small amount of fruit juice to each serving. Serves 8.

Junior Sailboats
1 package Orange or Lemon Jell-O
1 pint warm water
6 slices canned peaches
Dissolve Jell-O in warm water. Turn into sherbet glasses. Chill. Cut peaches in boat-shaped pieces. Cut small triangles of paper for sails. Insert a toothpick through sail and into each peach slice, to hold sail erect. When Jell-O is thick enough to hold up peach boats, arrange one in center of each Jell-O lake. Chill until firm. Serves 6.

Cherry Whip
1 package Cherry Jell-O
1 pint warm water
Dissolve Jell-O in warm water. Chill until cold and syrupy. Place in bowl of cracked ice or ice water and whip with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Pile lightly in sherbet glasses. Top each glass with cherry. Serve with custard sauce, if desired. Serves 8.

Raspberry Blocks with Pineapple
1 package Raspberry Jell-O
1 1/4 cups warm water
1/2 cup canned pineapple juice
1 cup canned pineapple, diced

MOTHERS! Get Genuine JELL-O!

Real Jell-O dissolves without boiling water—in water only slightly hotter than lukewarm. No fuss or trouble—you can put it into the refrigerator right away. It sets much faster—and better yet, it tastes richer, for none of the fruity flavor escapes in the steam from boiling water.

Look for the six packages with the big red letters JELL-O—a different color band for each flavor. Keep Jell-O on hand—it’s so good for the children—everyone likes it—and it’s always ready with the perfect answer to “What’ll we have for dessert?”