# Droll Doings

Pictured by

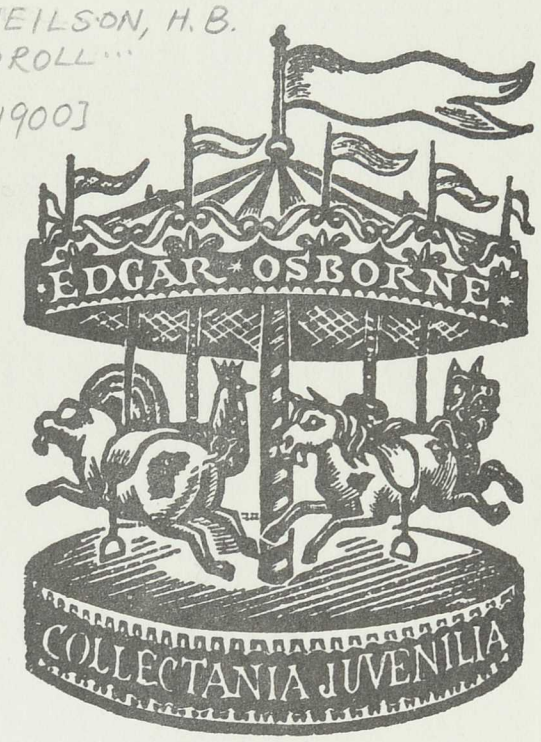
HARRY B. NEILSON

With Verses by

THE COCKIOLLY BIRD

BLACKIE & SON, LTD.

P (TBC) fol
NEILSON, H.B.
DROLL...
[1900]




37131 053 598 843

TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY

*Presented to the*
*Osborne Collection by*

Jane Dobell

# DROLL DOINGS

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY B. NEILSON,

WITH VERSES BY THE COCKIOLLY BIRD.

BLACKIE & SON, LIMITED, LONDON, GLASGOW & DUBLIN.

# RIGMAROLE.

There is a land where bunnies dance
While foxes play the flute,
Where puppy-dogs in polkas prance,
And bear-cubs swiftly shoot
In sledges o'er the slipp'ry ice,
Which isn't safe, though very nice.

There on their hind-legs kittens walk,
And elephants steal jam,
There lions sit at tea and talk,
As gentle as a lamb,
There rats at school long copies write,
While bears are put to bed at night.

And if you don't believe it, look
At all the pages in my book.

# TRY and BEAR IT.

Three little bruins on holiday bent,
To play in the garden their mother-bear sent,
"Gruff, Ruff, and Muff, dears, be good, and don't tease
The poor little chicks,-and BEWARE OF THE BEES".

Quickly the little bears scampered away,
But soon they grew weary of frolic and play;
Said Gruff, "With my stick I will stir up the hive;
We'll see if those silly old bees are alive."

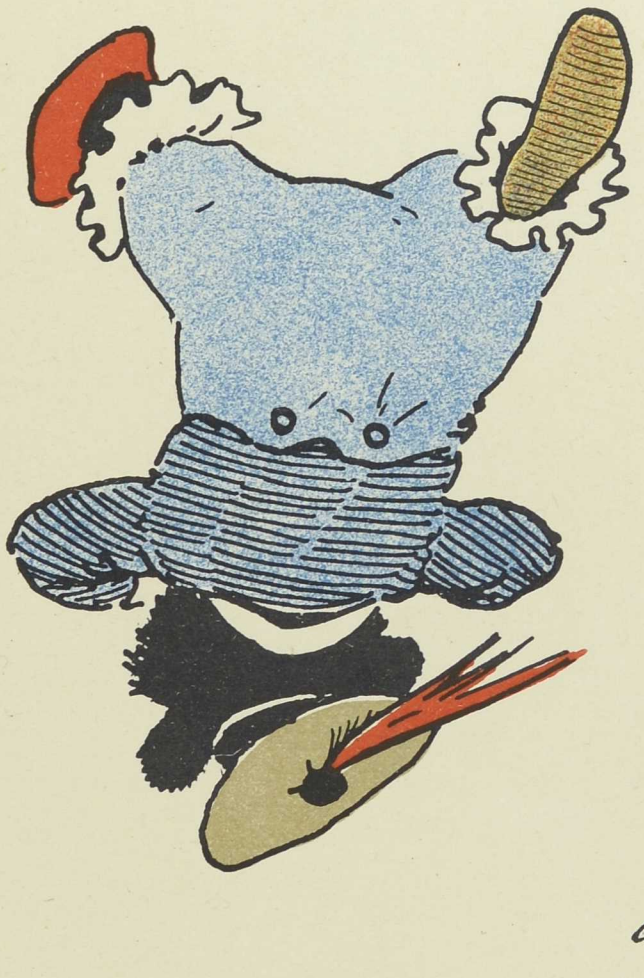
HARRY B. NELSON.

The hive tumbled over, and sharp'ning their stings,
Out hurried the bees with a whizzing of wings:
The little bears ran, but the buzzing bees flew,—
I'd rather be here than be there,—wouldn't you?

HARRY B. WILSON.

The mother-bear put her poor children to bed,
And bound with a hanky each sore little head;
The little bears promised, with many a moan,
No more to be naughty,—to let bees alone,
And Gruff by his sisters was heard to declare, "It
Is best when you're punished to grin hard and bear it."

HOW DOTH THE LITTLE
BUSY BEE IMPROVE
EACH SHINING HOUR!
BEAR
AND
FORBEAR!
BE
PATIENT
DOSE
H.B.K.



# LITTLE LEO'S BIRTHDAY.

Good little Leo's sixth birthday has come,
Ride a-cock-horse to the sunny Soudan!
Blow up the trumpet and beat up the drum!
See how he's smiling, the bright little man!

Father and sister are laughing as well,
Ride a-cock-horse O! from Cairo to Cape!
Tootle the whistle and tinkle the bell!
Ride a-cock-horse O! to ostrich and ape!

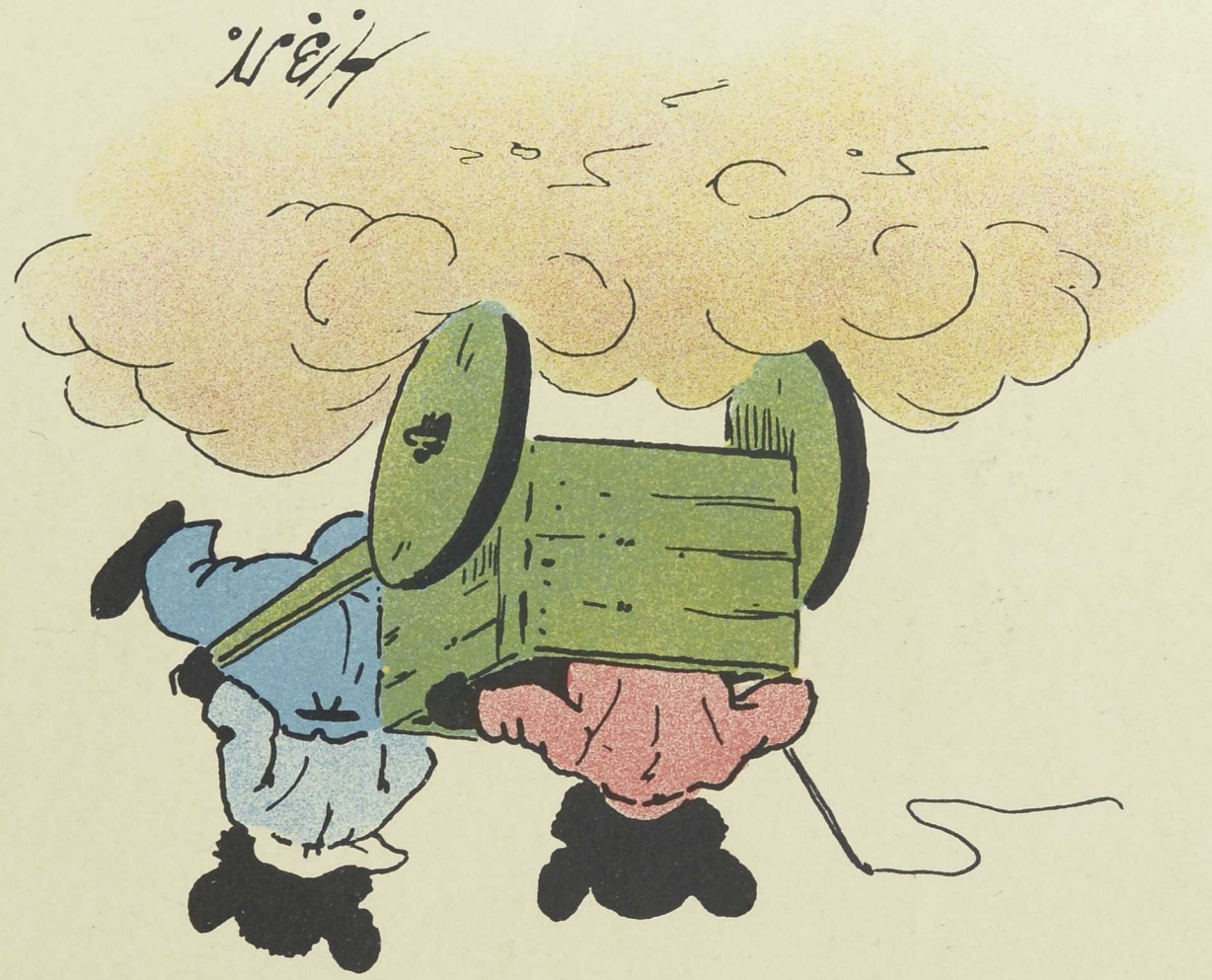
HARRY B. NEILSON.

What a fine carriage for boy, girl, or cub!
Leo the driver, the horse Leonette!
Round run the wheels from the rim to the hub!
O! what an outing for Leo to get!

M.S. THUNDER
FOR A GOOD CUB.
HARRY B. NEILSON.

Here in the kitchen the lions take tea,
Father and mother, with cubs one and one;
What a plum-cake for young lions to see!
Sugar atop like the snow in the sun!
What is the flag with the red, white and blue,
Waving aloft? Ah! I know it! Do you?

LOADED!
MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY.
HARRY B. NEILSON.



# The Puppy-Dogs' Dance.

Miss Spanieletta gets ready at home
To go to the Puppy-dogs' ball;
Her nurse, with a brush and a shocking bad comb,
Looks cross and not happy at all.

HARRY
B. NEILSON.

Plump Master Puggy is anxious to get a
Few dances, some round & some square,
With smiling, beguiling Miss Spanieletta,
The prettiest lady-pup there.

HARRY B. NEILSON.

Sweet Spanieletta and Puggy, good pup,
Are off and away with a whirl,
Their soft little paws from the floor they lift up,
His wee tail is all of a curl.

HARRY
B. NEILSON.

TO THE SUPPER
ROOM.

# The NAUGHTY KITTENS.

Old Mrs. Brown, who'd a house by the sea,
Packed up a present she wanted to send,
Called her two grandsons,– "My darlings," said she,
"Carry this up to Miss Tibby, my friend.

"Tommy and Toby, dears, hurry away,
Don't shake the basket, but hold it with care.
Don't with rude kittens or puppy-dogs play,
Mind, KEEP THE LID SHUT! of peeping beware!"

with Mrs Brown's Compliments
Harry B. Neilson.

"Toby," said Tommy, "whatever can be
Packed in the basket? 'Tis something that's nice.
Lift up the lid for a fellow to see
Whether it's tittlebats, sparrows, or mice."

Harry B. Neilson.

Toby so gently uplifted the lid,
Softly inserted his velvety paw,
Drew it back shrieking, for under lay hid
Such a strange beastie that nipped him, O law!

Crabs were the creatures that old Mrs. Brown
Sent, all alive O! and kicking, dear me!
Up jumped the kittens, the basket fell down –
What happened afterwards? look and you'll see.

Tommy and Toby declared in their pain,
They'd never, no! never! be naughty again.

HARRY
B. NEILSON.

# Mr. Mus and Jimmy Rat.

Here you can see young Jimmy Rat
Working with zeal his lessons at;–
His teacher gives this copy out,–
"Mind, Master Rat what you're about

And if you wish for peace and joy,
Avoid the Dog, the Cat, the Boy,
The Stoat, the Ferret, the Mongoos,
Such people are no earthly use."

"Now, Jimmy, I must go away,
Work hard, my child, and earn your play!"

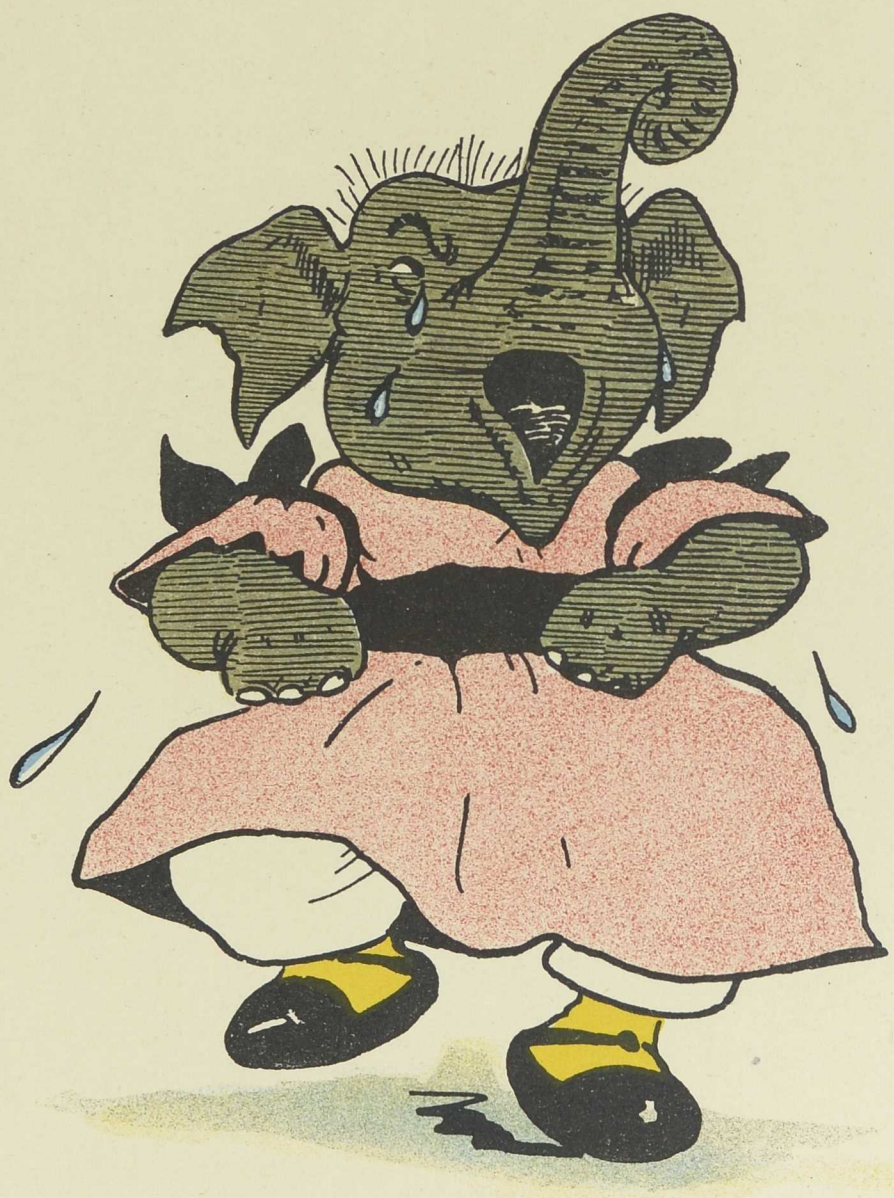
DO NOT FALL BY TEMPTATION
PEOPLE TO AVOID!
THE BOY
THE CAT
THE DOG
THE STOAT
THE MONGOOS

Young Jimmy soon grew tired of work
And wished his tiresome task to shirk;
With chalk upon the board he drew
Old Mus with specs, and collar too.

Old Mus came back and Jimmy caught;
Poor Jimmy's tears availed him nought;
What Mus did with his dreadful cane,
I will not tell, 'twould give you pain!

Master

# Bad Little Sue.



This is the bad little
Elephant Sue,
With jam on her bad little nose.
What will this bad little Elephant do?
Turn over – see where the jam goes.

ACK
'RANT
AM

Now bad little Sue with a smile of delight
Sits down with her prize on the ground,
A spoon in her trunk, what a comical sight!
Enjoying the jam she has found.

BLACK
CURRAN
JAM

Here is the bad little elephant Sue,
Her mother, too big to be shown,
Will soon make this bad little elephant rue
The jammy joys recently known.

Turn back, and you'll see in the pantry, below
The shelf where the jam-pot is set,
A THING hanging up–now my children you know
What bad little Susan will get.

H.B.N.

# Baby Bunnies in the Wood.

Two baby bunnies in the wood
Met Mr. Fox so smart and gay,
They found him friendly, thought him good,
He played the flute, they danced away.

"Come, baby bunnies, to my home,
I've almond rock, and tops, and balls,
With many other pretty things
For ev'ry little friend who calls."

HARRY B. NELSON.

The bunnies' little eyes grew bright,
They clapped their little paws with glee,
So off they went - said Huntsman Dog
Behind the hedge, — "I'll watch those three".

Soon to the fox's home they came,
A dismal den among the rocks;
"Come, bunnies, take a meal with me,
You're plump and juicy!" said the fox.

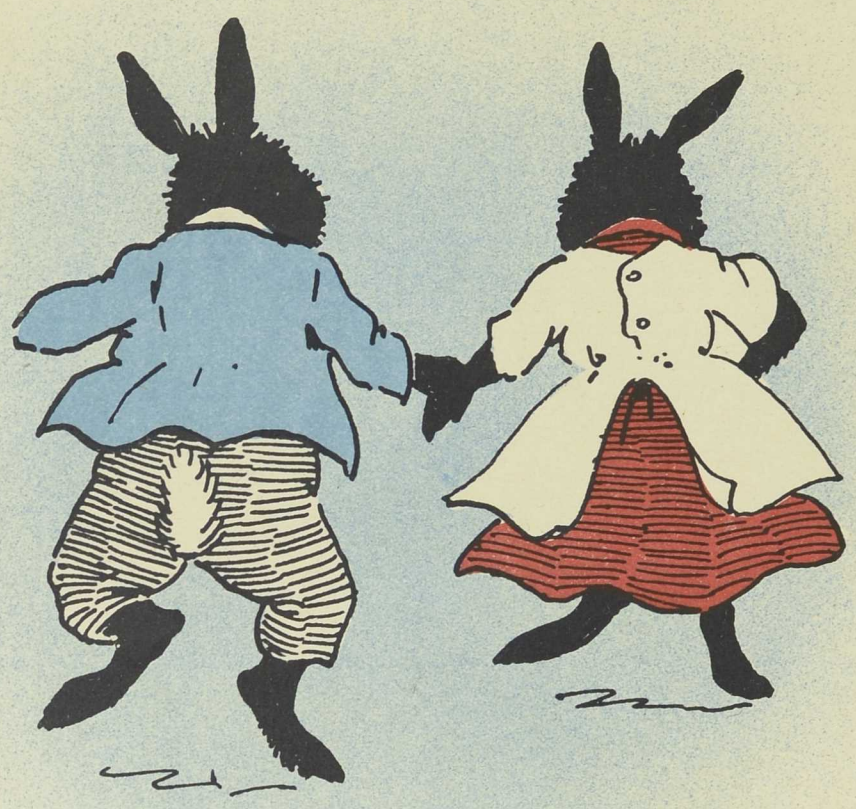
HARRY B. NEILSON.

The baby bunnies sighed and cried,
"Oh, take us home, kind sir!" they said.–
Hurrah! rushed in good Huntsman Dog,
Who seized the fox, and killed him dead.

. . . . . .

My little readers, if away you roam,
Don't wander with kind strangers far from home!
Keep by your side, in day as well as dark,
A faithful dog who'll bite as well as bark.

THE TRAVELLERS REST
Good Accommodation
Special terms for
Pic-Nic Parties &c.
Ralph Reynard.



# UPS and DOWNS.

On their toboggan all slithery slide O!
Four little bearkins are having a ride O!
Off goes a hat with a whiff and a wobble!
Steady! or else you'll get into a hobble!

HARRY B. NEILSON.

Over they tumbled, to this and that side O!
Vainly to stop their toboggan they tried O!
One little bearkin quick onward did glide O!

Two little bearkins went head-over-heeling,
One on his back in the snow-bank lay squealing!

"When things go smoothly there's trouble ahead!"
So their papa to the little bears said.

ARRY
& W. ELLSON.