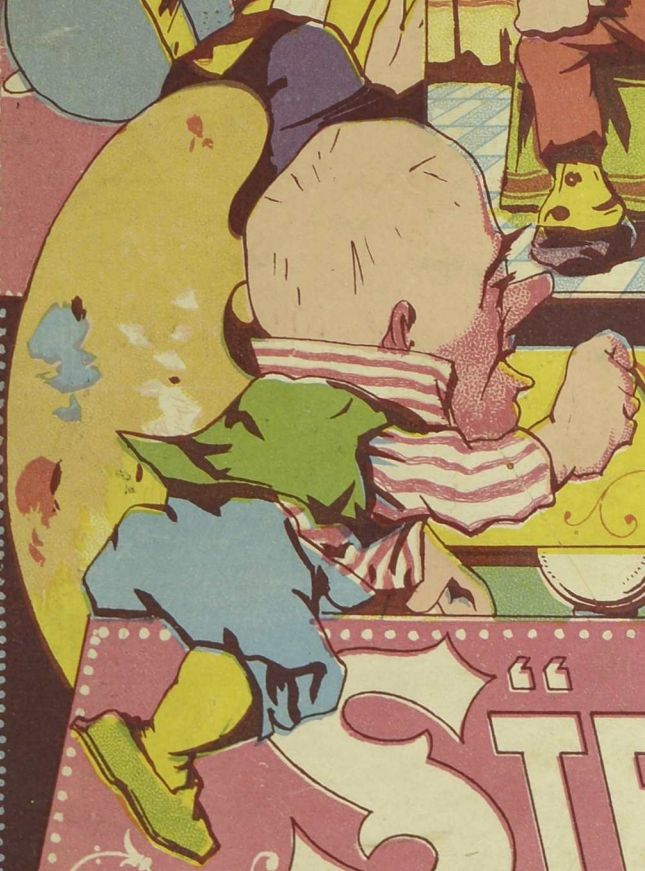
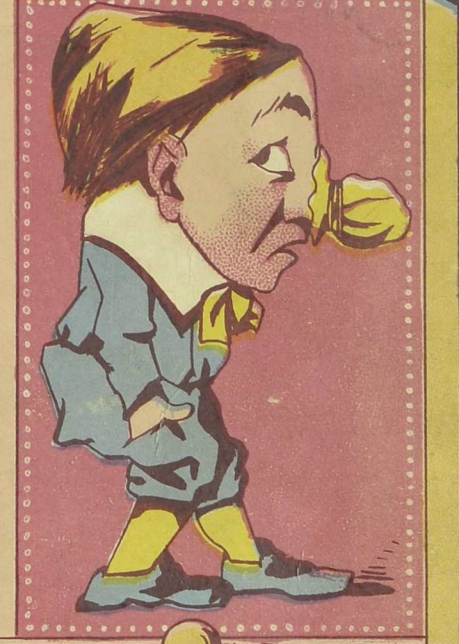
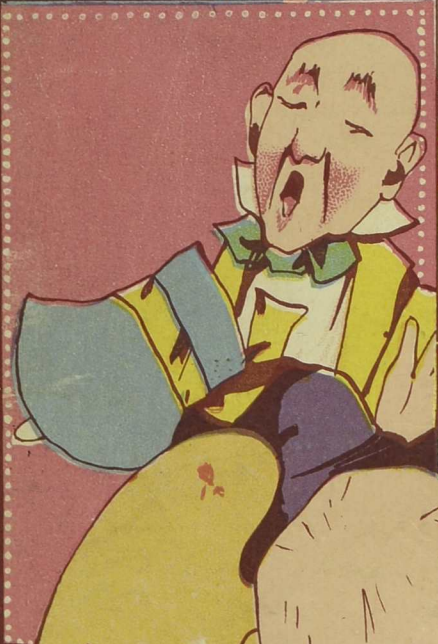
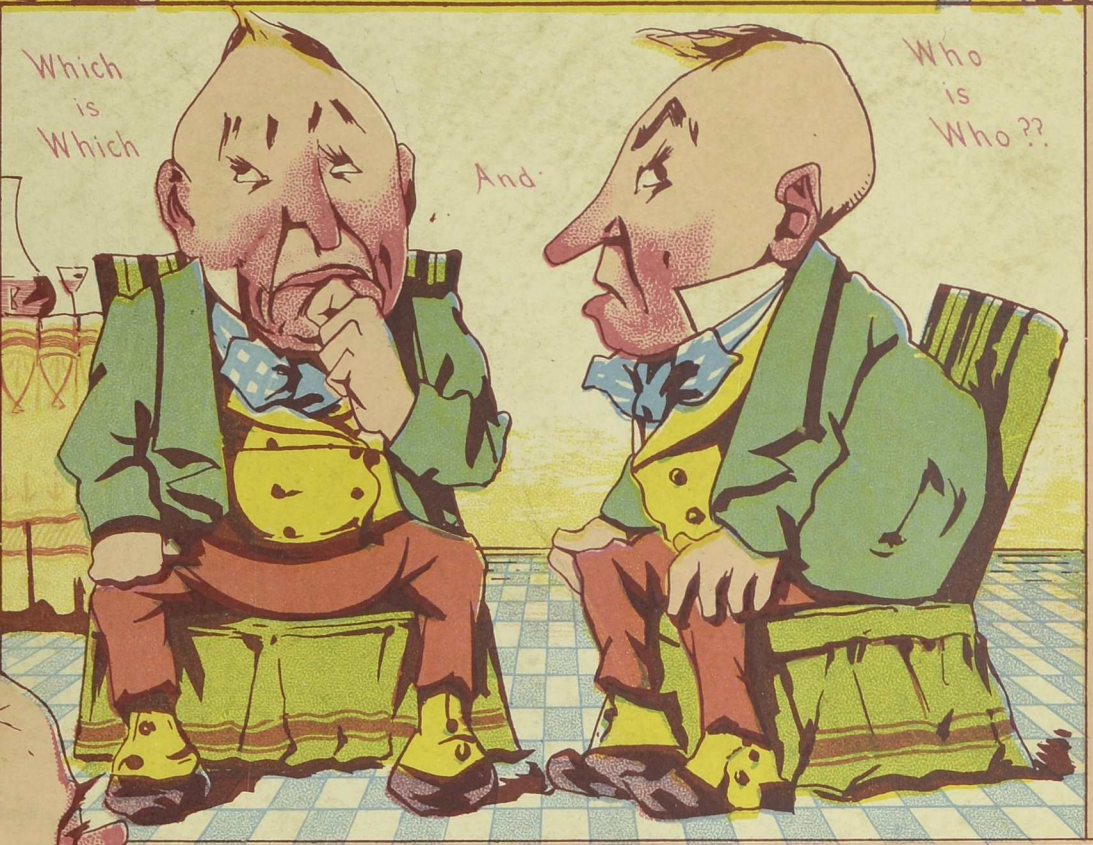


IN MERRY MOOD
FOR CHILDREN GOOD

WITH MORAL SAD
FOR CHILDREN BAD



FUNNY PICTURE STORIES

“ IN THE STRUWWELPETER ”

MANNER
Written & Drawn BY DADDY JOHN

MARCUS WARD & CO LONDON & BELFAST.

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III

The Curious Adventures of Jim & Joe,

Or the Twins.



Twins were the brothers Jim and Joe,
And one looked like the other so
That it was said, "Not e'en their mother
Could tell one from the other brother;"
In fact, they scarce knew one another.
Jim was so very much like Joe,
That him from t'other none could know;
Whilst Joe so much resembled Jim,
That none could t'other tell from him.
To complicate these matters more,
Garments alike they always wore;
If Jim's cravat one day was blue,
Why, Joe's was of that colour too;
While, should the coat of Jim be green,
Joe in a like one would be seen.
The very chairs they sat in, too,
Were always of the self-same hue;
E'en Joe's umbrella, as you see,
Fitted his brother to a T.
In fact, in everything save name,
They were, I tell you, just the same.

Jim & Joe, or the Twins.



Things went on with them very well,
Till, as I am about to tell,
Disasters sad one day befel.
They'd dined together as before,
Their glass of wine had lingered o'er,
And then, as would not seldom hap,
They'd drowsy grown and ta'en a nap.
It happened that, so very deep
On this occasion was their sleep,
When they awoke, such its effect,
Not e'en themselves could recollect,
Howe'er they puzzled, of the two
Which one was which, or who was who!
No sign there was to give a clue;
The same green coat and necktie blue
On each one met each other's view.
Thus in a most undoubted stew
Joe went to bed, and Jim went too,—
Perhaps the best thing they could do.



Jim & Joe, or the Twins.



But in the morn you may suppose
Much complication soon arose.
Jim, for instance, you must know,
Early to market had to go ;
But, when he punctual rose at six,
He found how hopeless was his fix !
For whether he, or Joe instead,
Had risen thus early from his bed ;
Whether he shaved himself or Joe,
Or whether he was himself or no,—
These things poor Jimmy did not know.
It happened, too, when one fell ill,
The other took his brother's pill ;
And even in the morning quaffed,
Though doubting much, his nasty draught.
And other drolleries there were,
Mistakes and complications queer,
Too numerous to mention here.



Jim & Joe, or the Twins.



How else these brothers would have blundered
In this way, may indeed be wondered.
But such mistakes were such a bore,
They could not stand them any more;
And so resolved, with all their might,
To try and set the matter right
They went to work one early morning,
All meals or relaxation scorning;
They thought with neither rest nor stay,
They puzzled through the livelong day;
And thought they on with such good will
That evening found them thinking still;
They thought all day, sat up all night,
Striving to set the matter right.
Now, where there is a will, they say,
Of some sort there is found a way;
Hence, after day and night spent so,
In restless wanderings to and fro,
In anxious thought and wonder, lo!
Jim recollected he was Joe.



An Account of Cruel Johnny's Bird-nesting.



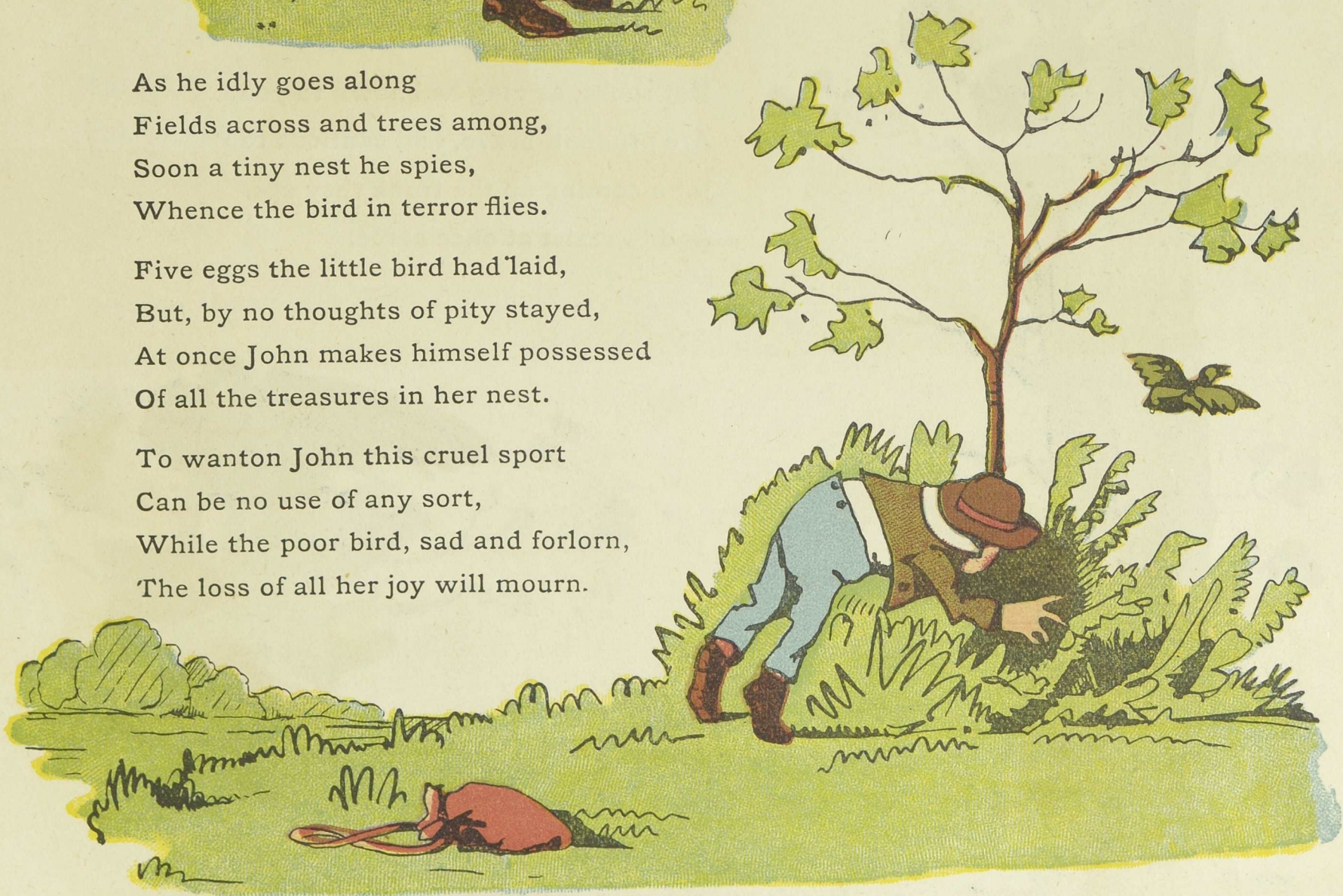
See how puzzled Johnny looks
With his red bag full of books!
Wondering whether he shall go
To his school this morn or no!

Clear and cloudless is the day,
The fields are all with sunshine gay,
Naughty John, I grieve to say,
Soon resolves he'll truant play.

As he idly goes along
Fields across and trees among,
Soon a tiny nest he spies,
Whence the bird in terror flies.

Five eggs the little bird had laid,
But, by no thoughts of pity stayed,
At once John makes himself possessed
Of all the treasures in her nest.

To wanton John this cruel sport
Can be no use of any sort,
While the poor bird, sad and forlorn,
The loss of all her joy will mourn.



Cruel Johnny's Bird-nesting.



Next, up amongst some lofty trees,
A rookery on high he sees,
And, forthwith, on more plunder bent,
Essays the arduous ascent.

But rooks, as may be known to you,
Are prudent, brave, and cautious too ;
John coming up the trunk they see,
And to resist at once agree.

John comes aloft, and certain looks
To see the flight of all the rooks ;
Instead of this, however, he
Receives cold welcome as you see.

Cruel Johnny's Bird-nesting.

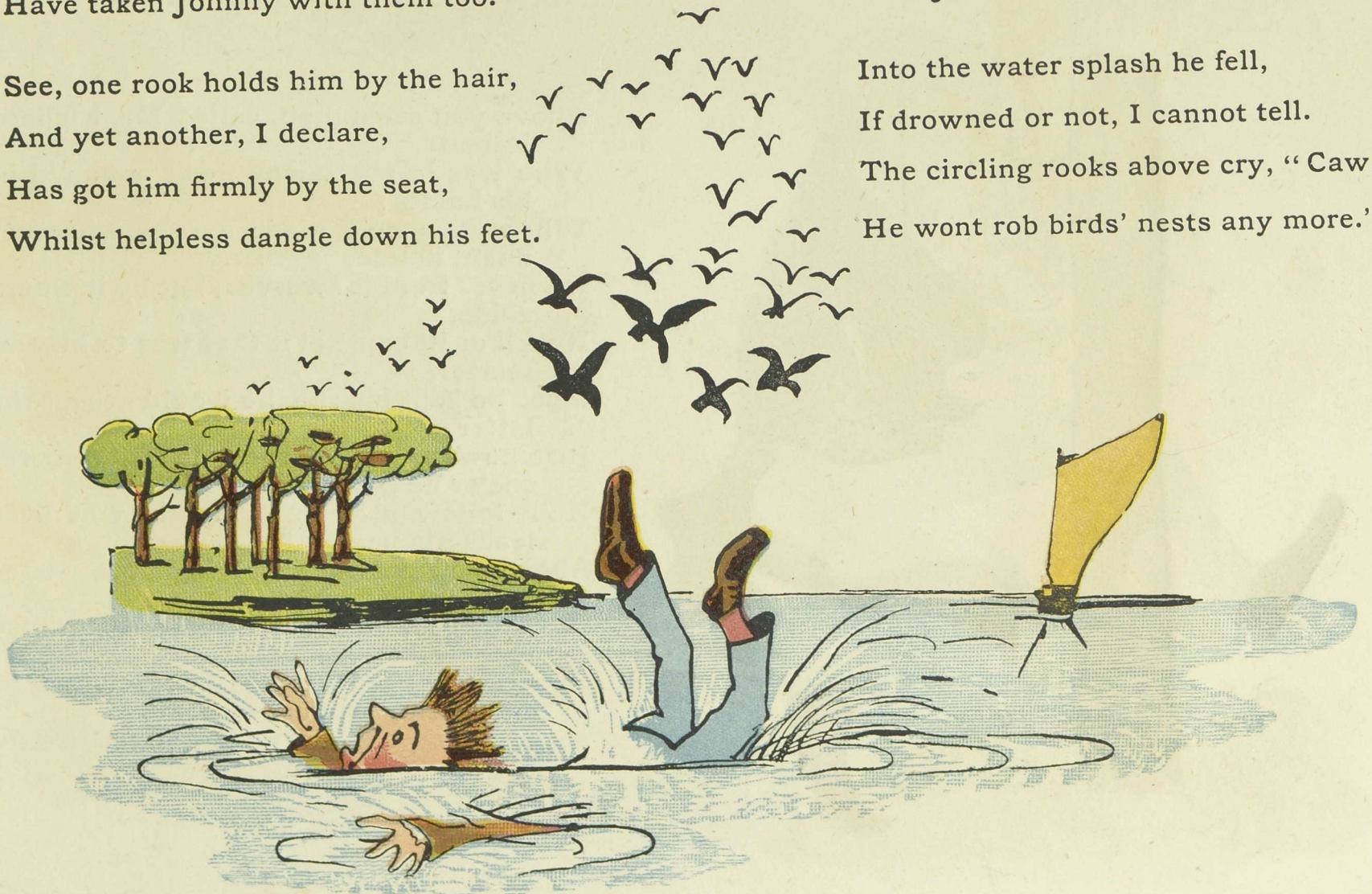


Ah, what is this! an awful sight!
The rooks indeed have taken flight,
And, that he the world may view,
Have taken Johnny with them too.

See, one rook holds him by the hair,
And yet another, I declare,
Has got him firmly by the seat,
Whilst helpless dangle down his feet.

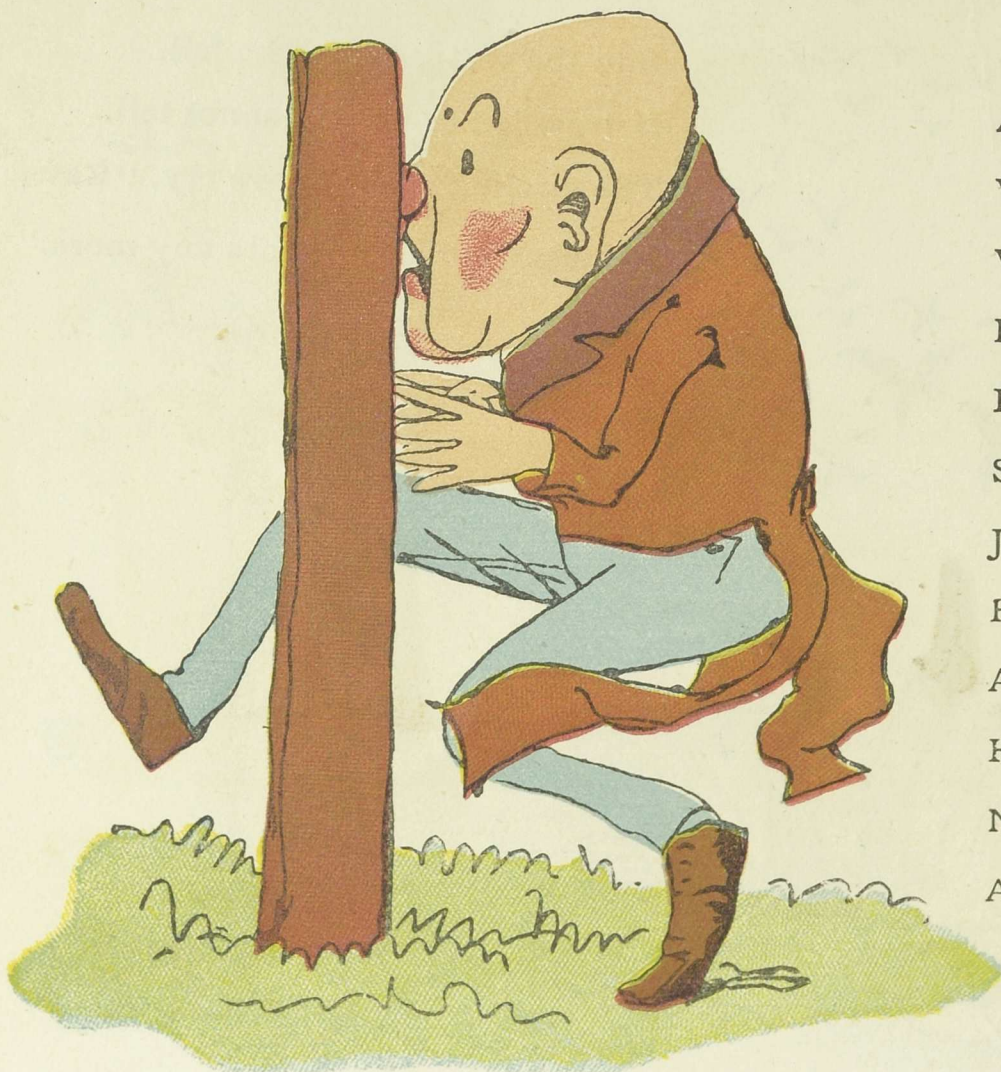
Up and onward still they go
Until a lake they see below,
Then, all at once, they loose their grip
That John may have a cooling dip.

Into the water splash he fell,
If drowned or not, I cannot tell.
The circling rooks above cry, "Caw,
He wont rob birds' nests any more."



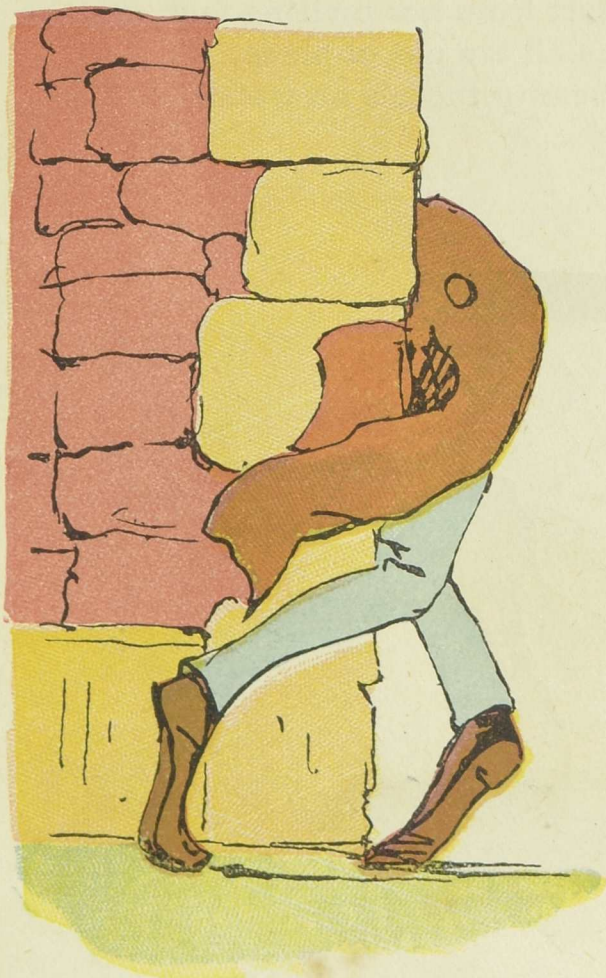
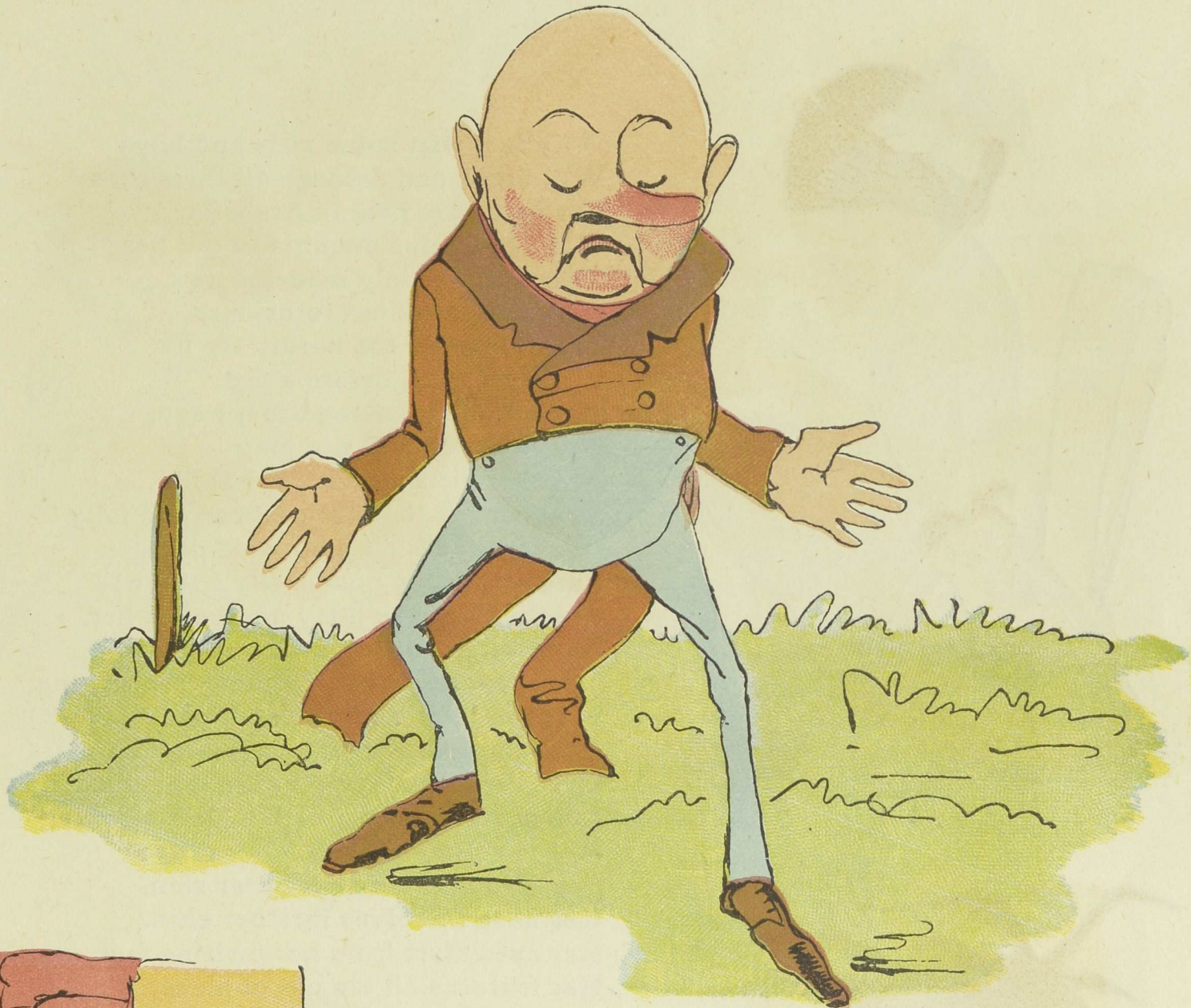
The Strange Adventures of

Mr. Richard Rabbits.



Above you see a man, called Mr. Richard Rabbits,
Who was in every way most punctual in his habits;
When once he'd made a rule, whatever might betide,
He never from it swerved, but by it would abide.
If well or ill came of it that was to him no matter,
So as he kept his rule he would accept the latter.
Just now he's made the rule that, where-soe'er he goes,
He'll follow always straightly wherever leads his nose.
Above you see him walking at a somewhat rapid pace,
His nose goes on before him, as sometimes is the case.
Now it chanced on this occasion that against a post he went,
And so his poor old nose got very badly bent.

The Adventures of Mr. Richard Rabbits.

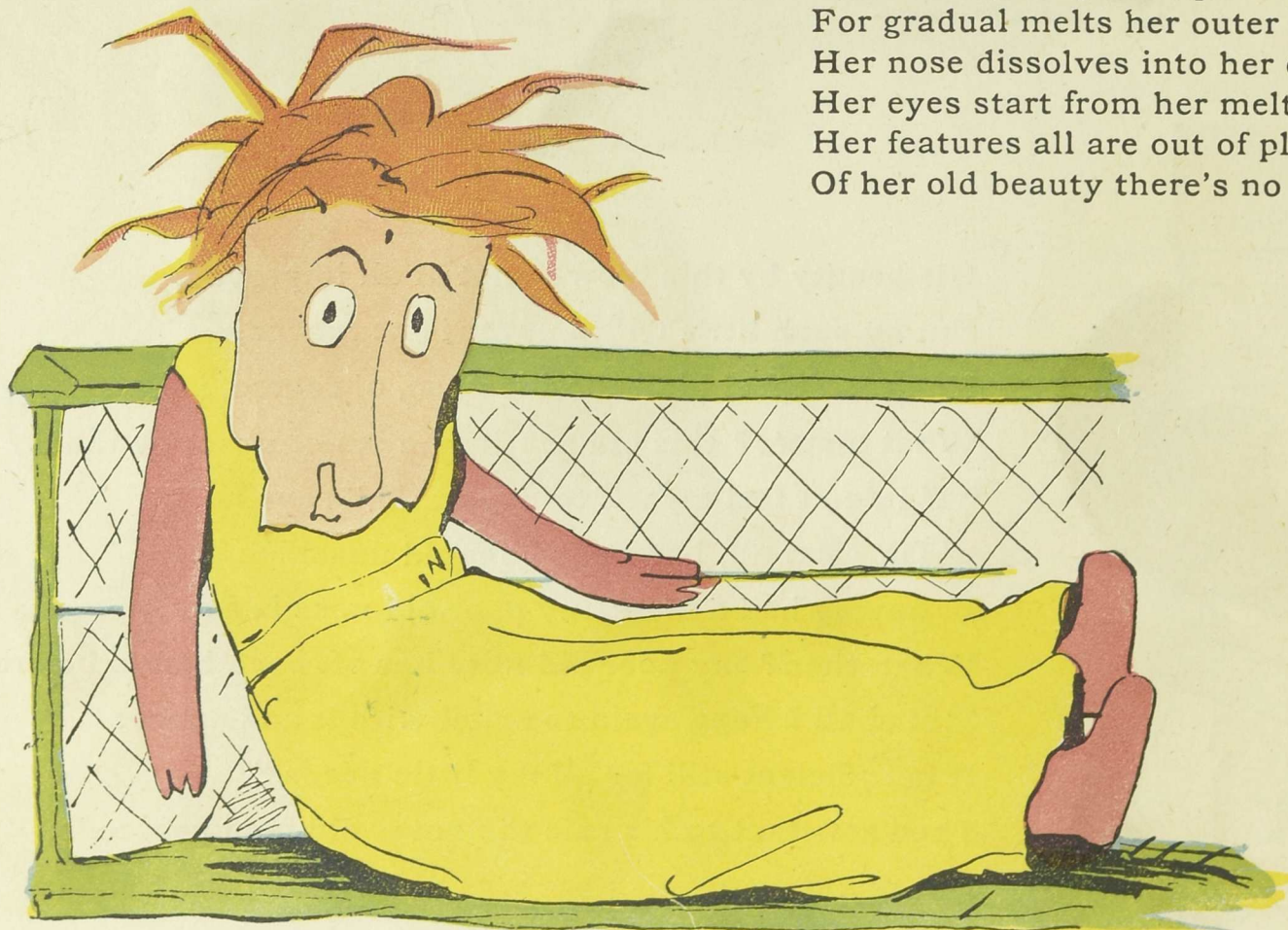


His beauty by this blow is not at all improved,
But by such little trifles never is he moved.
He doesn't feel himself; his nose, of course, is flat.
What matter? this old gentleman is not upset by that.
"If I don't feel myself to-day at all," says he,
"'Tis, after all, but right I should unselfish be.
If, having had a blow, my poor old nose is sore,
What, then? my poor old nose has oft been blown before;
Still shall I hope again to smell with it and snore:
It is sufficient still for all my little needs."
Then constant to his rule the queer old man proceeds.
But this time, as his nose was not a little bent,
He couldn't follow straight, but round the corner went.

Robert & Arabella, who broke their Toys.



Why is it that some girls and boys
Will break and damage all their toys?
For instance, here is Arabella,
'Tis useless for mamma to tell her
That Dolly's only made of wax,
And, therefore, not to overtax,
Or, otherwise, too hardly try her
Little strength before a fire.
'Tis no use speaking thus, I say,
For Arabella will not play
As other girls do with her Dolly,
So great her thoughtlessness and folly!
One day she'll sit upon a chair,
Forgetting that poor Dolly's there;
Another day she'll try and better her
By tossing, cutting holes, etcetera,
Nor cares that such a course of roughing
Is apt to let out all the stuffing.
Again, unlike a mother tender,
She'll leave her lying in the fender;
And such hard usage, though 'tis queer,
Makes dolly very soft, poor dear!
For gradual melts her outer skin,
Her nose dissolves into her chin,
Her eyes start from her melting face,
Her features all are out of place,
Of her old beauty there's no trace.



Robert & Arabella.

Here, too, is Master Robert, who,
Whene'er he's given something new,
Is quite sure in a day or two,
Or three, at all events, to break it.
He likes to see things smashed, I take it.
His horse is broken, his drum cracked,
His soldiers long their stands have lacked,
His whip no longer has a lash,
There's nothing Robert will not smash.

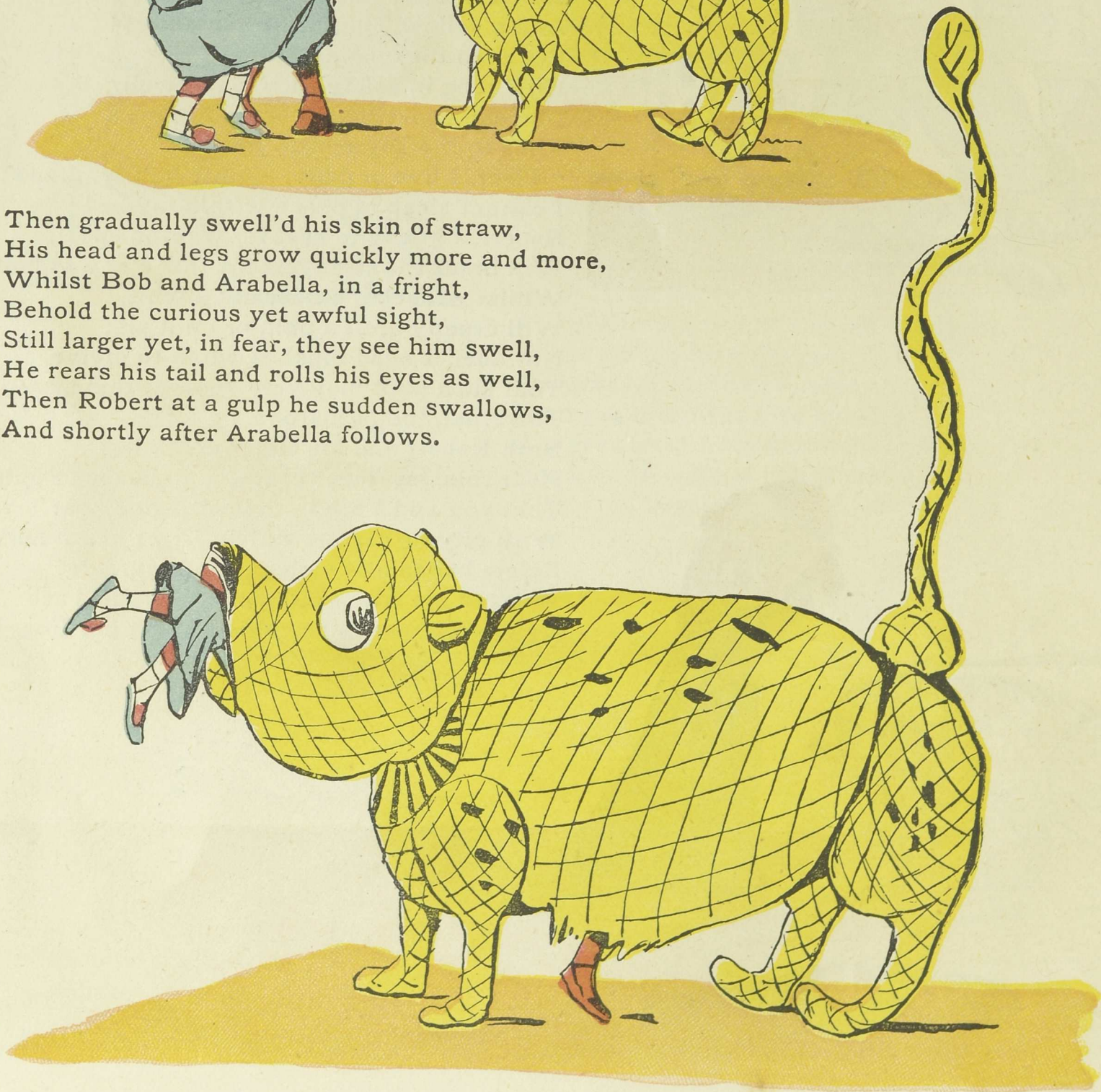
Despite this heap of maimed and slain,
Still two survivors yet remain—
A lovely Doll, called Mary Anne,
And a yellow Tiger from Japan.
Yet even they cannot foretell
How long in safety they may dwell.
One day spoke lovely Mary Anne
Thus to the Tiger from Japan—
“Tiger, I live in daily, almost hourly, dread ;
I cannot sleep in peace within my bed ;
Robert, I grieve to say, for wanton sport,
Will break the strongest toy that e'er was bought ;
Whilst Arabella, kinder not a whit,
Will cruelly broil a doll, or on it sit ;
Nor does it need much wisdom to divine
That such a lot may very soon be mine.
Too cruel, too barbarous, by far,
Both Robert and his sister are.
Hear this, my Tiger brave, and please to note
That you and I are in the self-same boat.”
With pitying ear the yellow Tiger heard her
Relate her tale of violence and murder,
Wagged his straw tail and vowed he'd see
If by some means he could not set her free.



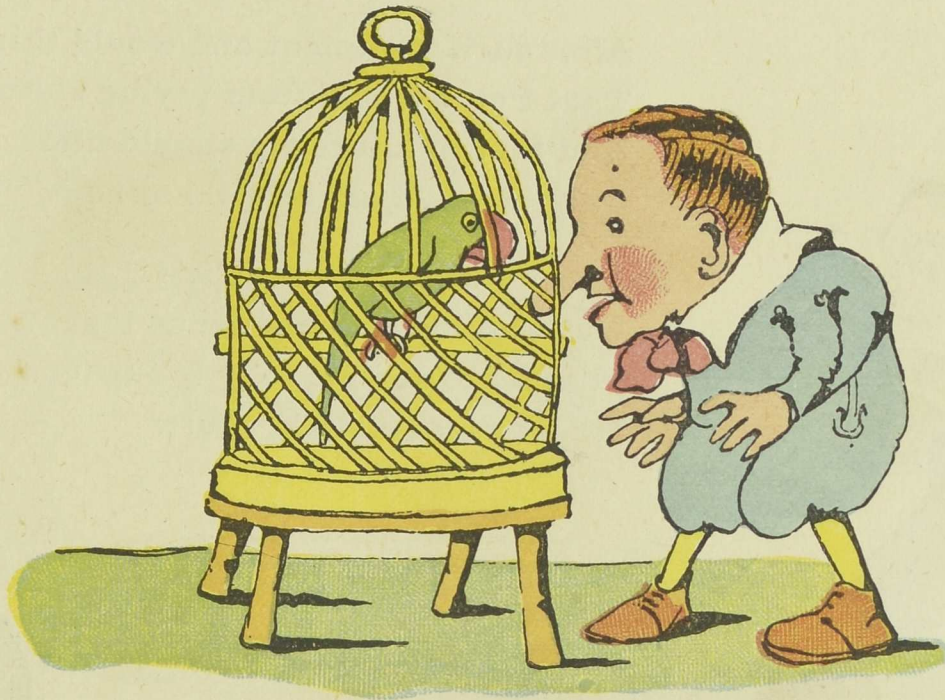
Robert & Arabella.



Then gradually swell'd his skin of straw,
His head and legs grow quickly more and more,
Whilst Bob and Arabella, in a fright,
Behold the curious yet awful sight,
Still larger yet, in fear, they see him swell,
He rears his tail and rolls his eyes as well,
Then Robert at a gulp he sudden swallows,
And shortly after Arabella follows.



Inquisitive Peter.



Peter must needs peep and pry,
And put his thumb in every pie;
Such a habit he has got
Of touching what concerns him not!

To Polly's cage he one day goes,
And, thinking she is in repose,
He stupidly must interpose
Between the wires his ugly nose.

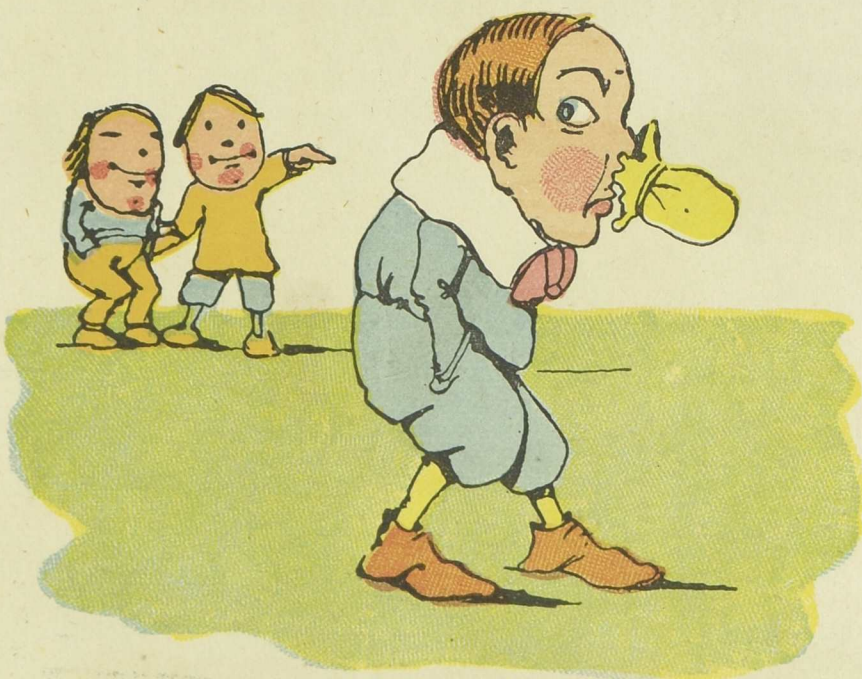
It is my province to disclose
How Polly, being a bird morose,
And thus waked sudden from her doze,
Grew wroth, and bit him through the nose.

See how he wriggles in his pain,
Roars out, and sobs, and roars again!
It is no joke, you may suppose,
To have a hole bit through one's nose.



His nose for months is very sore,
And red and swollen; and, what is more,
A poultice large he has to wear
To soothe it and keep out the air.

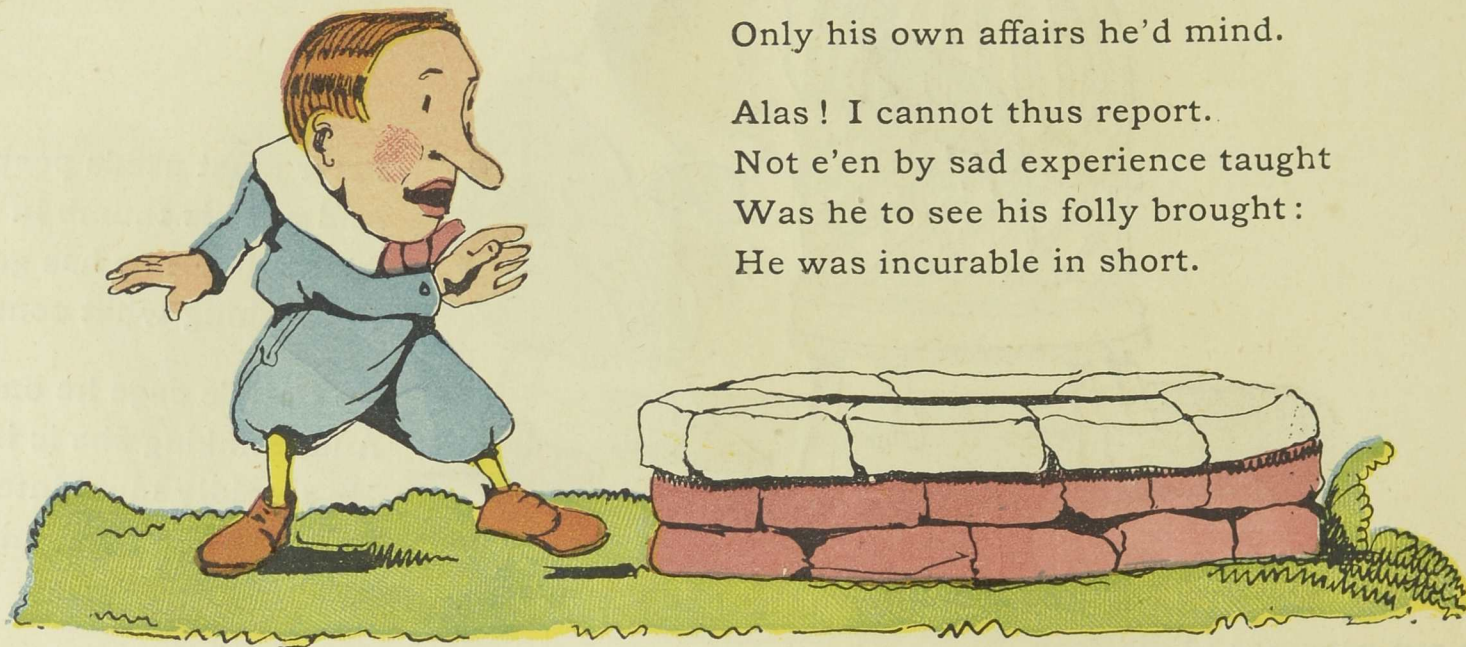
And now whene'er he goes about
The street boys all deride and shout—
“Look at Peter, there he goes,
With a poultice on his nose!”



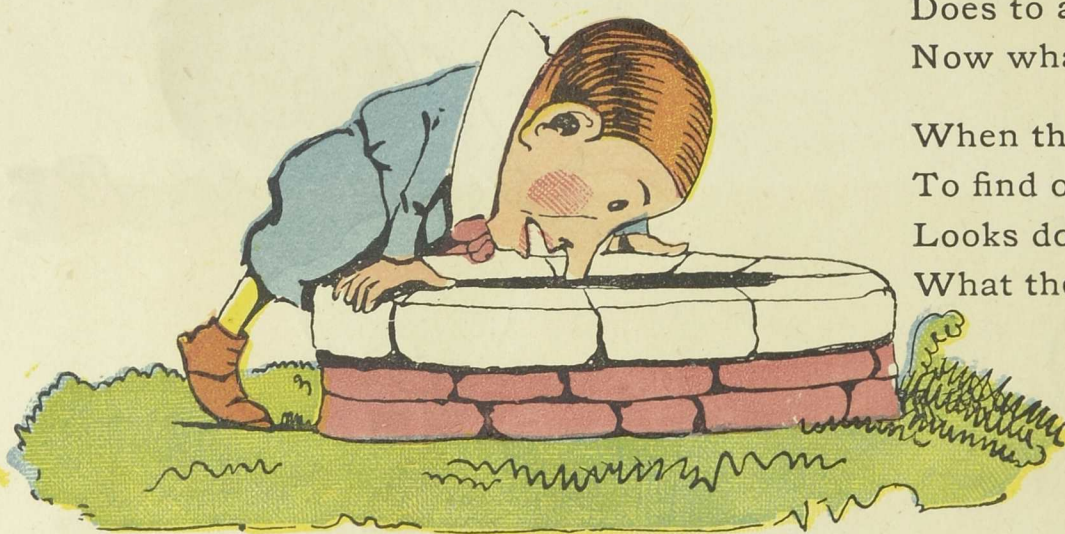
Inquisitive Peter.

After such treatment one would think
That Peter would from prying shrink,
And that in future we should find
Only his own affairs he'd mind.

Alas! I cannot thus report.
Not e'en by sad experience taught
Was he to see his folly brought:
He was incurable in short.



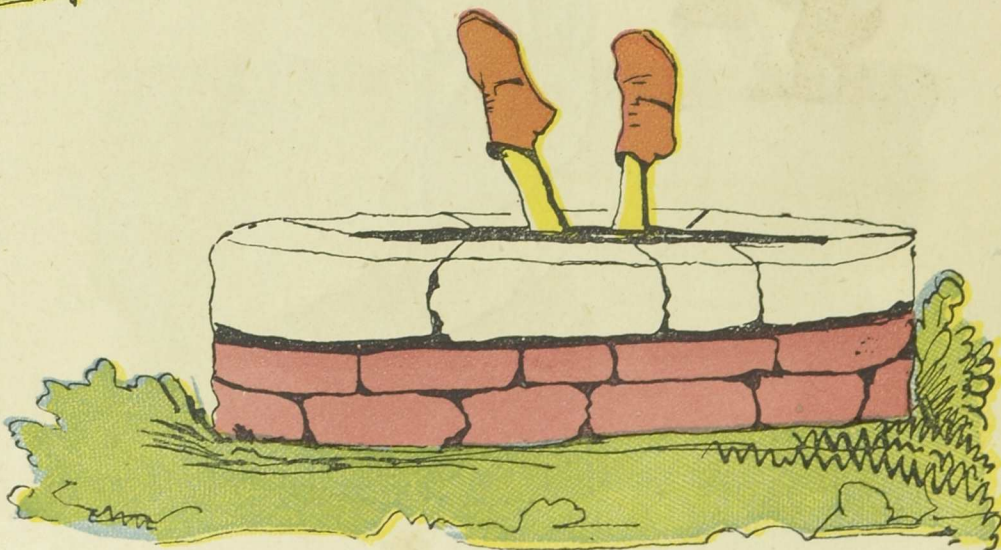
Still to his meddling ways addicted,
He one day, as is here depicted,
Does to a neighbouring well repair,—
Now what can be his business there?



When there, of course, he needs must peep,
To find out if the well is deep,
Looks down and thinks he'd like to know
What there is in the dark below.

Now on the parapet he leans,
With outstretched neck he forward cranes,
And now, o'er-weighted by his nose,
Into the well head-foremost goes.

Alas! alas! how sad his fate,
And now all warning is too late;
Yet this is true, at least he'll own,—
" 'Tis better to let well alone."



The Tale of Disobedient Tom and Jane.



“ Be good till I come back again,”
Says nurse to little Tom and Jane.
“ Amuse yourselves as best you’re
able,
But do not touch the things on table.”
There was good reason, you must
know,
Why nurse should speak and warn
them so—

For of those bottles, one contains
A lotion for rheumatic pains ;
Another, stuff to take out stains ;
A third, some ointment for chilblains ;
Then, too, of blacking there’s a pot ;
Besides some varnish, and what not ;
Not one of them, as you may think,
Contains a liquid good to drink.
How nice ’twould be if children did
Always just as they are bid !
This naughty Tom and Jane, instead,
To disobedience soon are led—
For, with their nice toys not content,
They to the table wondering went ;
Then first about a bottle felt,
Then drew a cork and inside smelt,
And this to tasting gradual leads—
One fault another thus succeeds.
In a few minutes, I declare,
They taste of every bottle there,
And soon, as none will wonder surely,
They both feel not a little poorly.



Disobedient Tom and Jane.

Mamma, all in a fright and fuss,
Hurries them both to Doctor Buss,
Who gives out his opinion thus—
“ You’ve been, my little children sweet,
To put it mildly, indiscreet ;
And I must now your cases treat.
You’ve swallowed, if I rightly hear,
A pint of lotion very near ;
Some chilblain ointment, and a lot
Of what was in a blacking pot,
A compound which, we doctors know, promotes
The growth of mushrooms in young people’s
throats,
Mixed with the varnish, too, it tends
To bring on gout about the finger-ends,
May cause acute pain in the toes,
Or even, for I’ve known it so, the nose.

These things you’ve swallowed, Tom and Jane,
Who then can wonder you’re in pain ?
Therefore, at bed-time, must be taken
Eight pills, besides a draught well shaken ;
And then, instead of usual drink at dinner,
For the next month you’ll take a pint of senna.
This treatment may have, I expect,
A somewhat lowering effect ;
But if young people such stuff swallow
Some little doctoring, of course, must follow.”



The Story of Obstinate Harry.



This is naughty little Harry,
He will linger thus, and tarry
Far behind, while poor Aunt Jane
Begs and threatens all in vain.

Already it is growing late,
And so Aunt Jane no more will wait,
But goes and leaves him to his fate,
Which served him right at any rate.

Still obstinately Harry stands,
Puts in his pockets both his hands,
Declares his Aunt Jane may reprove him,
But nobody shall ever move him.



Then, as he speaks, right through his boots
His feet begin to throw out shoots,
And, to his terror and surprise,
He cannot move howe'er he tries.

He tries to lift his feet in vain,
The earth his tendrils firm retain,
Whether he wishes it or not,
He is now rooted to the spot.

Obstinate Harry.



He grows to a tremendous height,
Both tall and thin, a curious sight ;
Whilst fingers, thumbs, and there-
about,
In course of time begin to sprout ;
First buds, then leaves grow every-
where,
From finger-ends and from his hair ;
Whilst, in particular, his nose
Both long and very leafy grows.
He changes more, till, as you see,
He's half a boy and half a tree.
He never can go home again
In wintry weather, snow, or rain,
But where he's taken root remain.
I must confess I never saw
So singular a case before.

The Story of Heartless Richard.



A sad tale now I have to tell
Of Richard and his sister Bell,
How idle Richard's cruel sport
To Bell but woe and sorrow brought.
Whilst Bell was quiet with her book
Her brother Richard came and took
Her sweet doll Catherine away,
And, as indeed I grieve to say,
Fastened about its neck a string,
And hung it to a beam, poor thing!
Oh, what Bell's sorrow! How she
grieves!

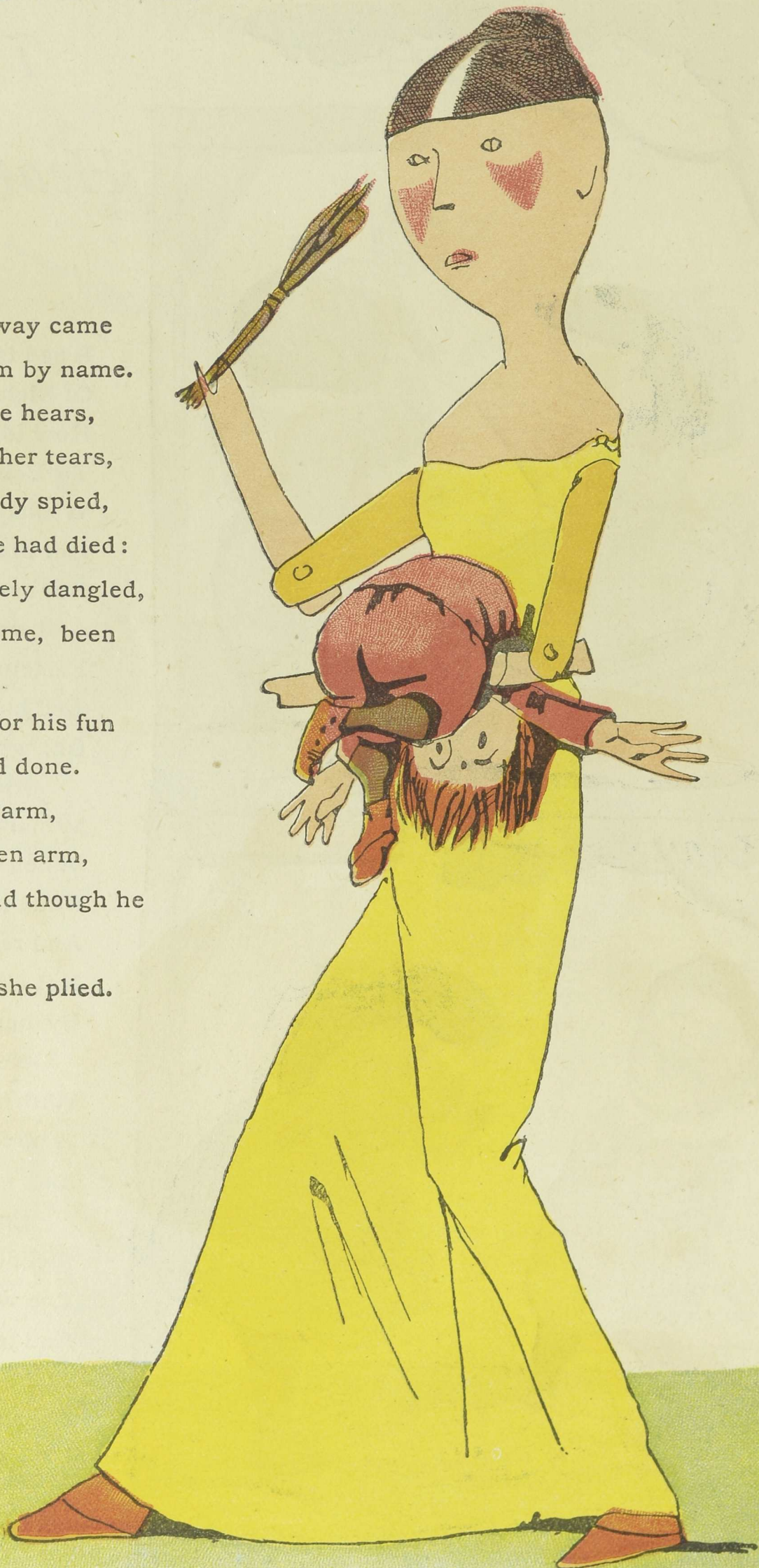
When she the awful deed perceives;
When she looks up, her story ended,
And sees her Catherine suspended,
And recollects she died unfriended,
Not e'en in her last moments tended
By her fond hands; whilst grief is
blended

With indignation at her brother Dick,
Who for her doll had done the trick;
And while she weeps and mourns
thus sadly,

Richard conducts himself but badly—
The weeping mother's tears derides,
And jeers the little corpse besides.
Oh! such a tale of wrong and pain
I hope I ne'er may tell again.

Heartless Richard.

Now, as it happened, that way came
The Giant Dutch-Doll, Grim by name.
Bell's lamentations loud she hears,
Stalks to the spot and sees her tears,
Then, looking down, the body spied,
And guessed how Catherine had died:
How from a beam she'd lately dangled,
And thus, in course of time, been
strangled;
Then quick she knew that for his fun
Richard this awful deed had done.
Him, standing by in wild alarm,
She threw across her wooden arm,
And though he screamed, and though he
cried,
With stalwart arm the rod she plied.



Screaming Susan.

How very sad and unbecoming
Is little Susan's constant screaming!
There is no reason, you must know,
Why she should scream and bellow so:
Of pleasant things she has no lack,
Good clothes she has upon her back,
Kind parents too, and plenteous toys,—
Why, then, does Susan make this noise?
See both her parents leave her, for
Her noise they can endure no more;
And now the neighbours run to see
Whatever can the matter be!
And are quite shocked, and say—"How sad
That Susan's temper is so bad!"
Some scold, while some coax and implore,
But Susan only screams the more.



Screaming Susan.



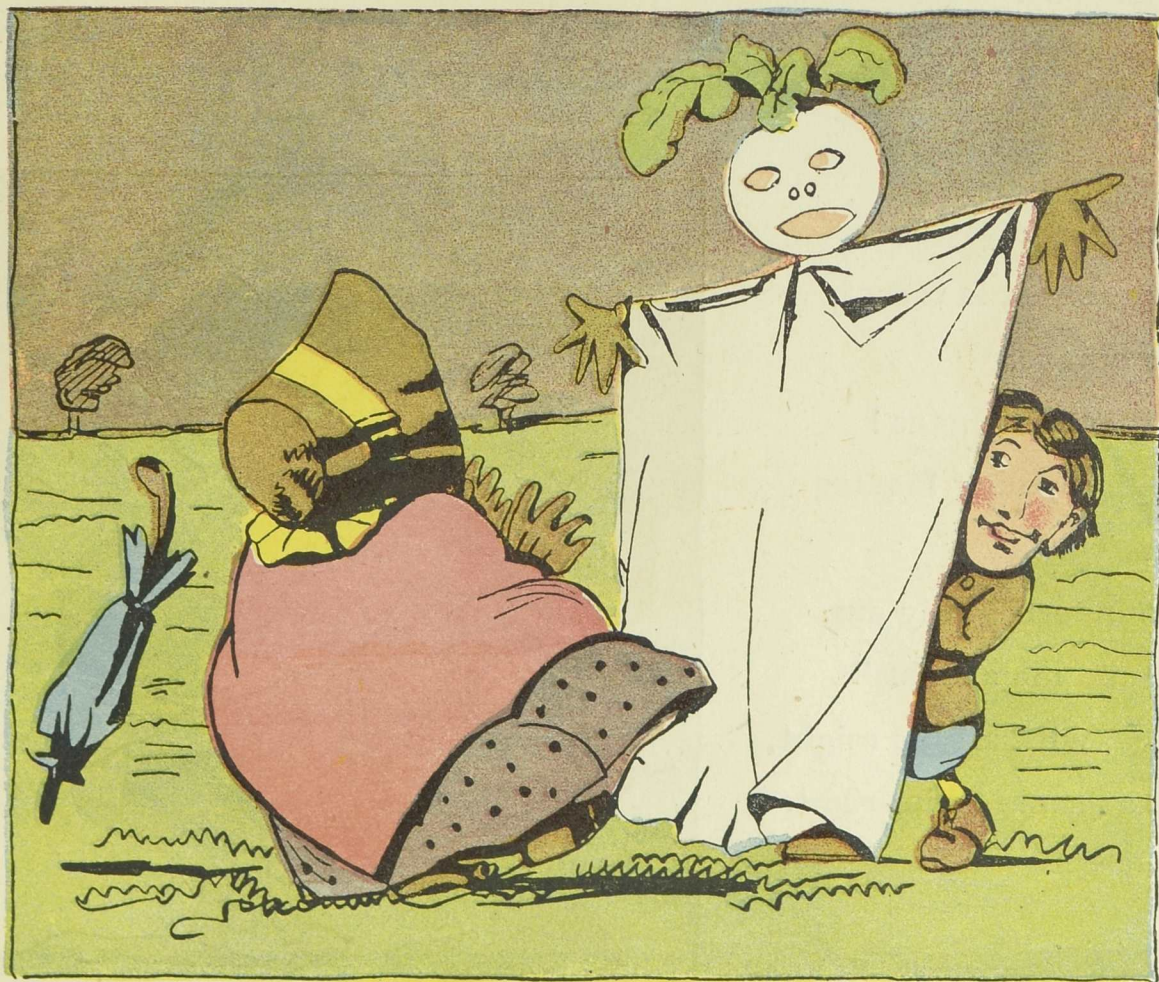
Then the good neighbours say—" It seems
That Susan ne'er will stop her screams ;
The place we can endure no more
While she continues thus to roar ;
Her parents both have from her gone ;
Let us now do as they have done."
Then one by one, with rapid pace,
They all forsake the noisy place,
And Susan, as below is shown,
Is left to scream and cry alone.
Oh ! hers was then a lonely plight
When, by degrees, came on the night ;
Her screams are hushed in growing fears ;
She calls aloud, but no one hears ;
The empty houses, round about,
Re-echo back her piteous shout.

William, who loved to Frighten.



This is William, whose great delight
Is to cause somebody a fright.
A kettle, as I grieve to say,
He's fastened to the tail of Tray;
The dog in terror runs away,
Whilst William much enjoys the sight
Of poor Tray's panic-stricken flight.

One evening, too—so cruel his tricks!
A turnip he proceeds to fix
With an old sheet on two crossed sticks,
And thus a ghastly object made,
With which Dame Hobbins he waylaid,
And frightened her near into fits,
Nay, almost out of her poor wits.



William, who loved to Frighten.



When farmer Hobbins comes to know
His poor wife had been frightened so,
He very, very angry grew,
And vowed the boy such tricks should rue.
At once he dons his wife's red shawl,
Her petticoats, her dress and all,
Then on his head he puts her bonnet,
The one with yellow ribbons on it,
And thus arrayed in woman's clothes,
To William's haunts he slyly goes.
Now William fails to recognise
Good farmer Hobbins in disguise,
And, thinking there's more fun in store,
Displays his bogey as before.

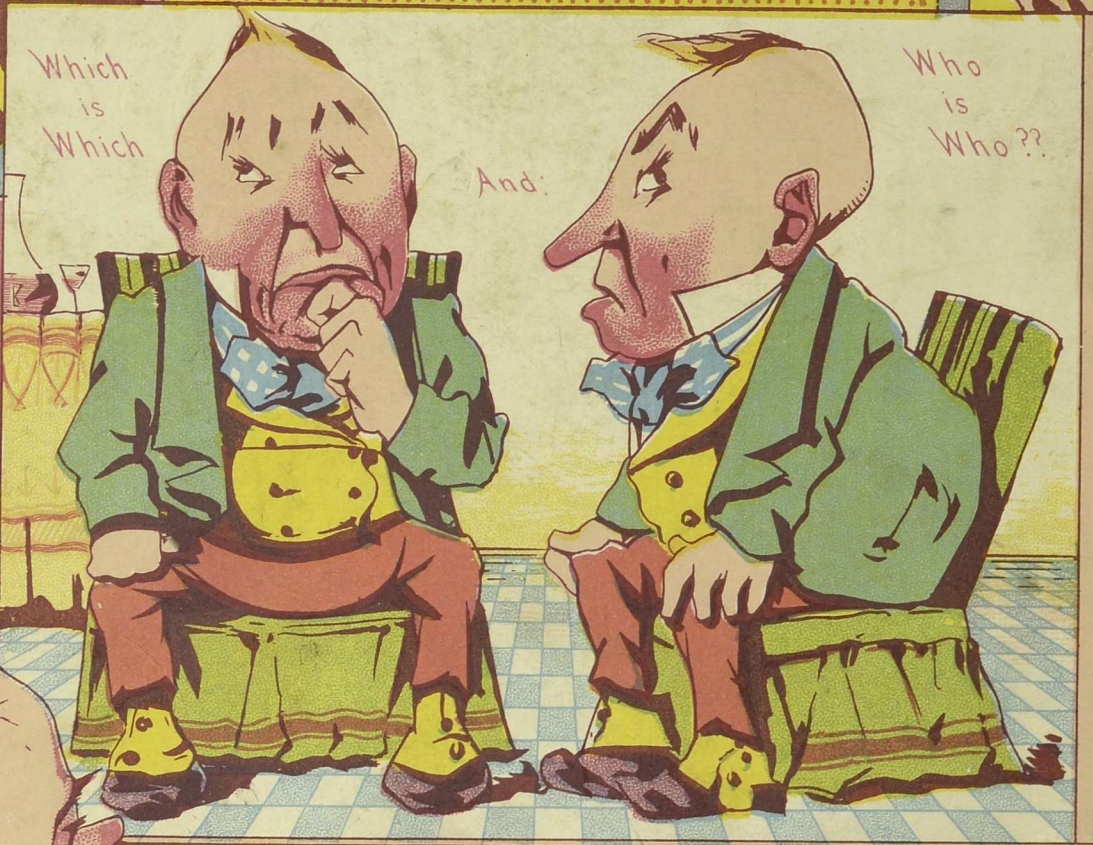
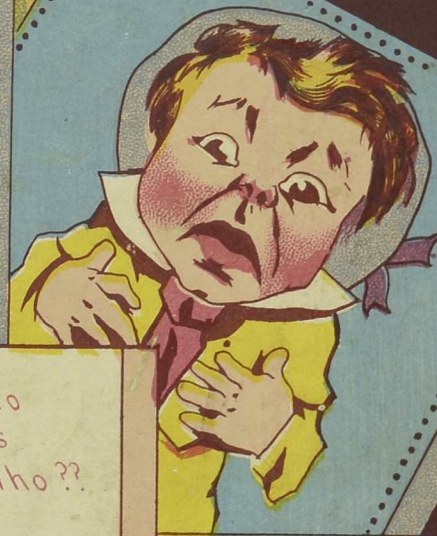
But what his horror and disgust,
When rude aside the sheet is thrust,
And, to his infinite amaze,
The angry farmer meets his gaze!
Says Hobbins, "Why, young Master
Will-i-am,
You must indeed suppose I silly am,
If this you think could me afright."
Then cross his back, with all his might,
He plies his stick, as served him right.



IN MERRY MOOD
FOR CHILDREN GOOD



WITH MORAL SAD
FOR CHILDREN BAD



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