

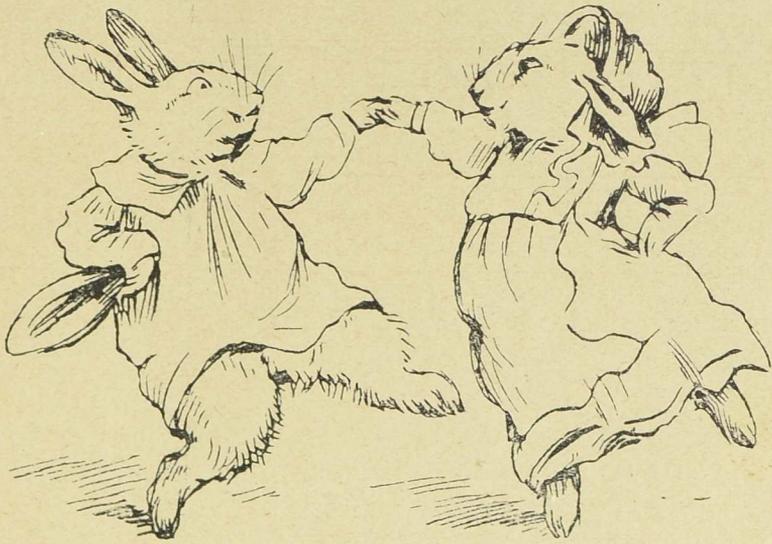
Funny Times



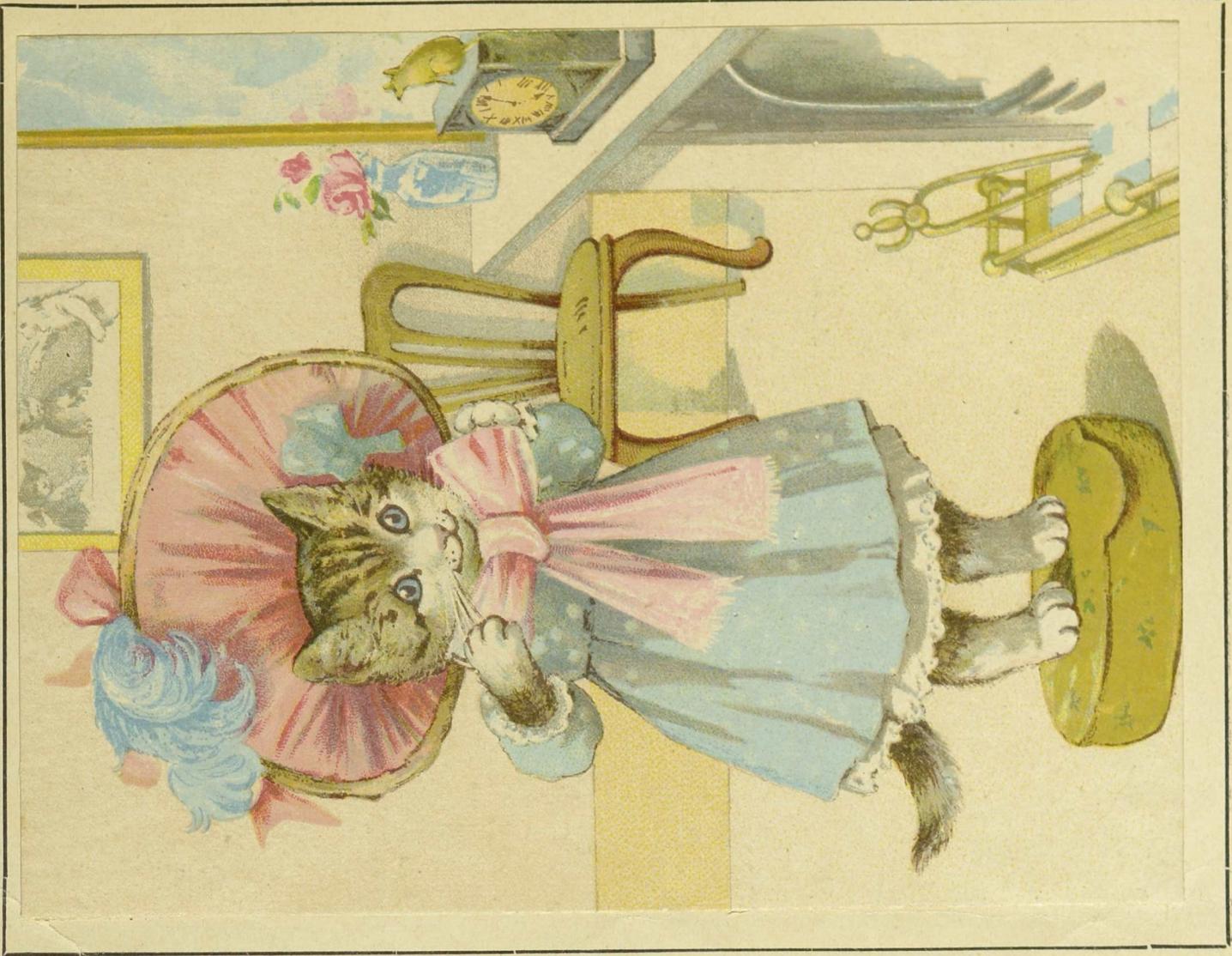
London
Ernest Nister

Printed in Bavaria
571

New York
E. P. Dutton & Co.



Funny Times.



Funny Times



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●

He Would
be a Cricketer.

TOM PURR would
be a cricketer,
And learn
to bowl and bat;
By which you'll
understand he was
A most
ambitious cat.



He went and bought a cricket-bat,
A ball, and set of stumps;
But oh! at first, when practising,
He got some dreadful bumps.

He talked of making "centuries,"
And piling up a score;
But when they didn't bowl him out,
He got out tail before!

And when they sent him out to field,
He found that, after all,
'Twas easier to catch a mouse
Than catch a cricket-ball.

He very often scored a "duck,"
Which means, you all know, nought;
He found out soon that cricket was
Much harder than he thought.



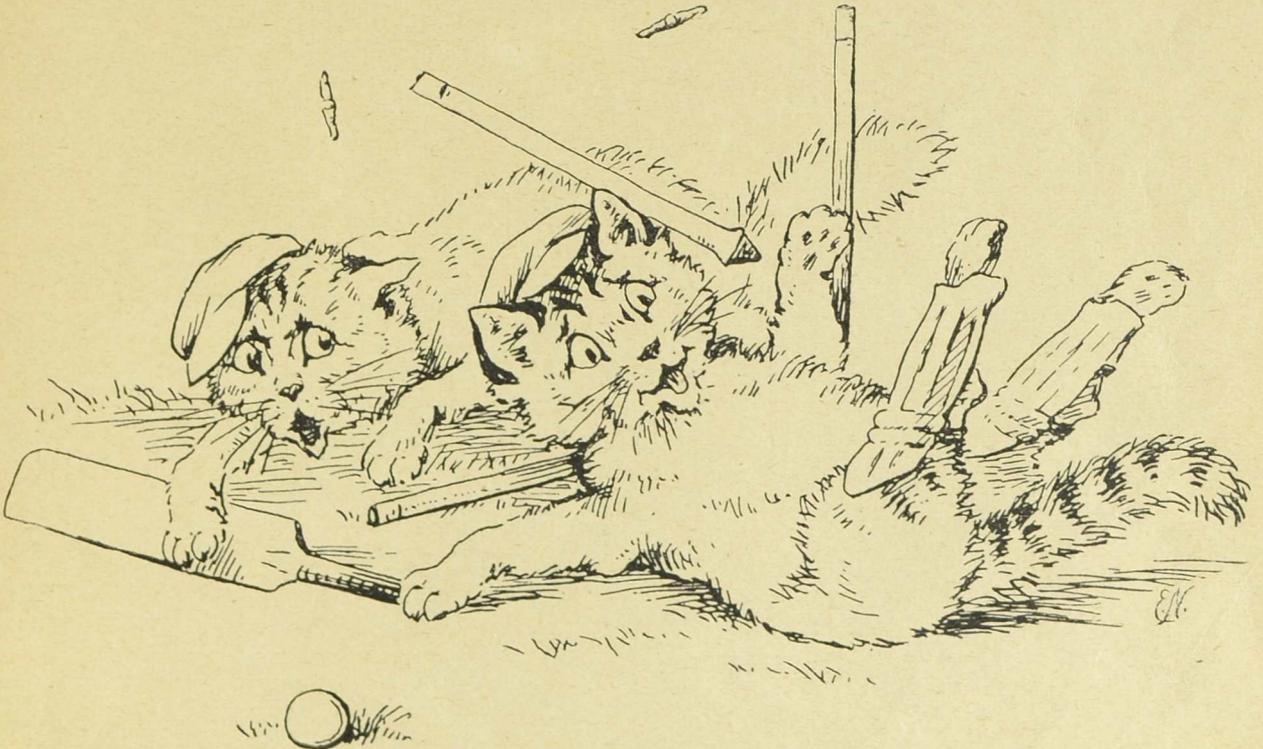


If he was bold, well, he *was* bowled—
Of that there was no doubt;
He never lost his temper, though
He often was “put out.”

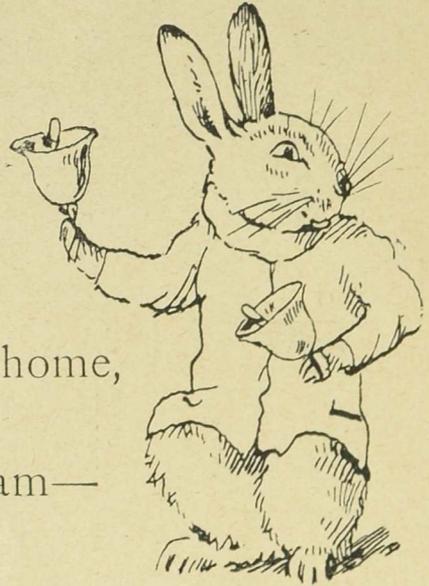
They thought it was a splendid joke;
The kittens laughed with glee
When he got caught at point, but Tom
The point could never see!

They placed him at long-off to field—
He nearly went to sleep;
They put some gloves upon his paws
And made him wicket keep.

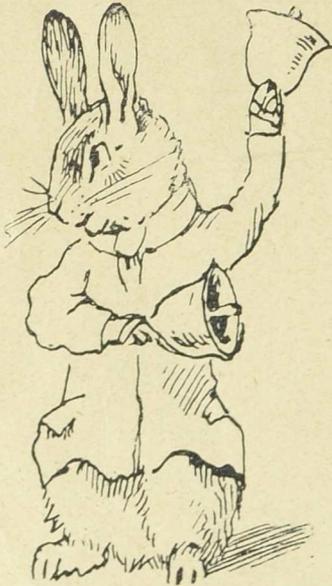
The first ball was too fast for him—
Tom spent a week in bed;
He's left off leather-hunting now—
He hunts the mice instead!



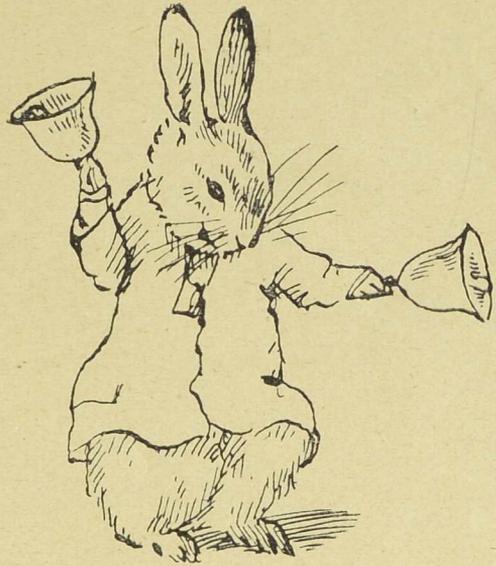
The Hand-Bell Ringers.



FOUR little bunnies
got tired of home,
Out in the world they
longed to roam—
They could not sing,
so I've heard say,
But on the hand-bells they could play!



So off one morning
fine they set,
And many adventures
soon they met;
They played at Court
to the Queen and King,
Who never had heard
such hand-bells ring.



But when they reached the dear old warren,
They played a tune that wasn't foreign.
And each one cried: "No more we'll roam!"
For the song they played was

"Home, Sweet Home!"



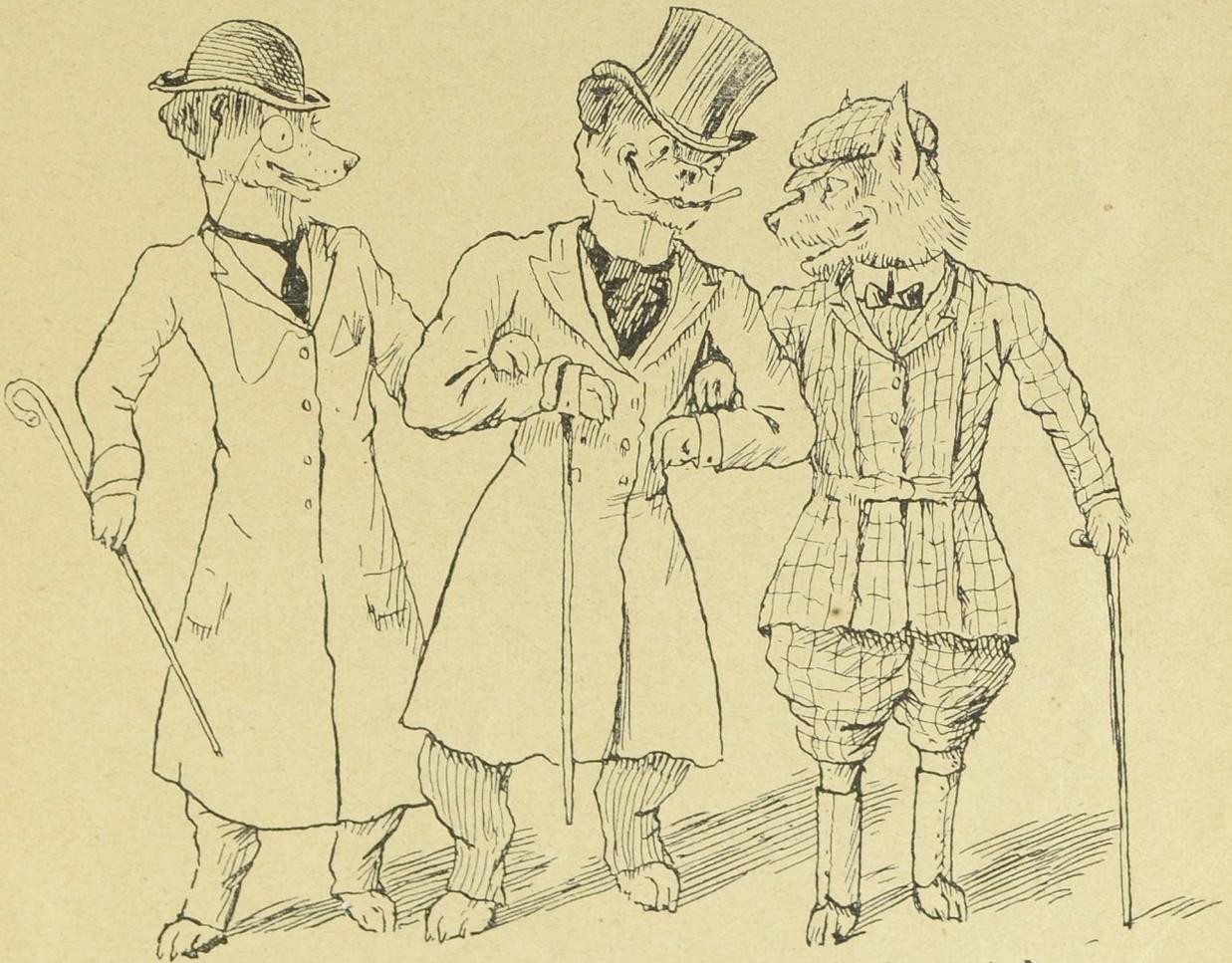


Out for the Day.

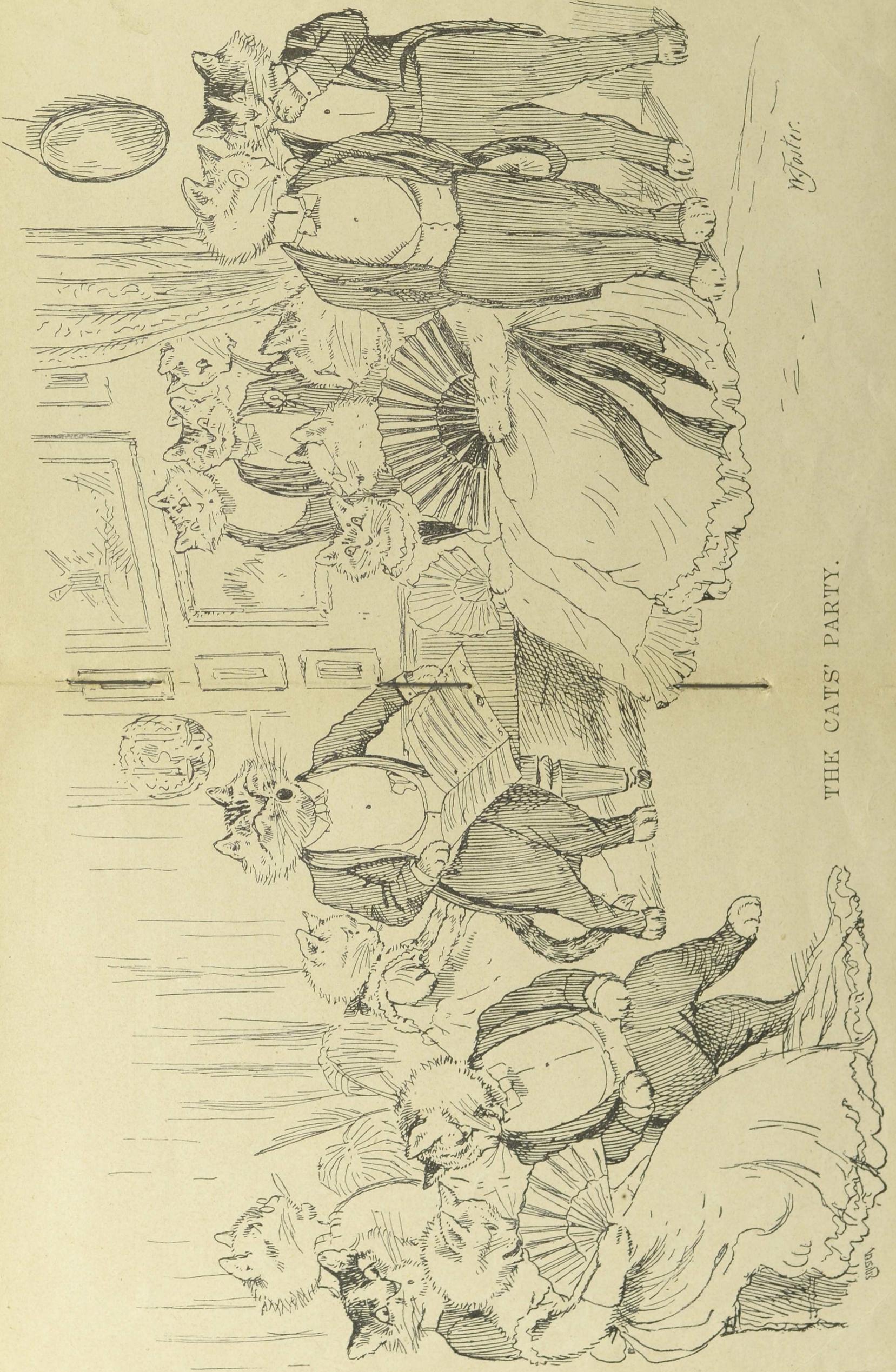
*P*ONTO, Pincher, and old Dog Tray
Dressed themselves in their best one day.
“Friends,” said Mister Tray, with a bark,
“We’ll go and hear the band in the Park.

“We’ll show the folks promenading there
That dogs can dress with taste and care;
We’ll give our friends a civil bow,
A wag of the tail, and a bow-wow-wow.”

So Ponto, Pincher, and old Dog Tray,
They started off, looking smart and gay;
But whether they reached there
safe and well
Is really more than I can tell.



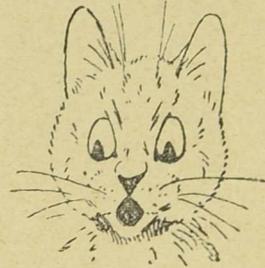
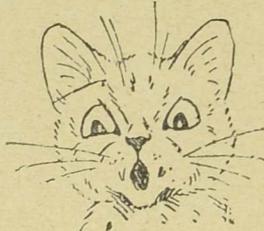
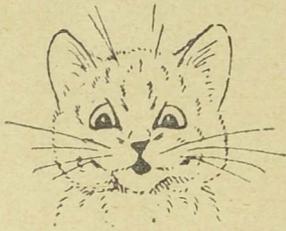
m-foster



W. Foster.

THE CATS' PARTY.

W. Foster.



The Knitting Lesson.

WHEN a pretty little kitten
Tries to knit herself a mitten,
Just at first the needles make
Head and all her fingers ache.

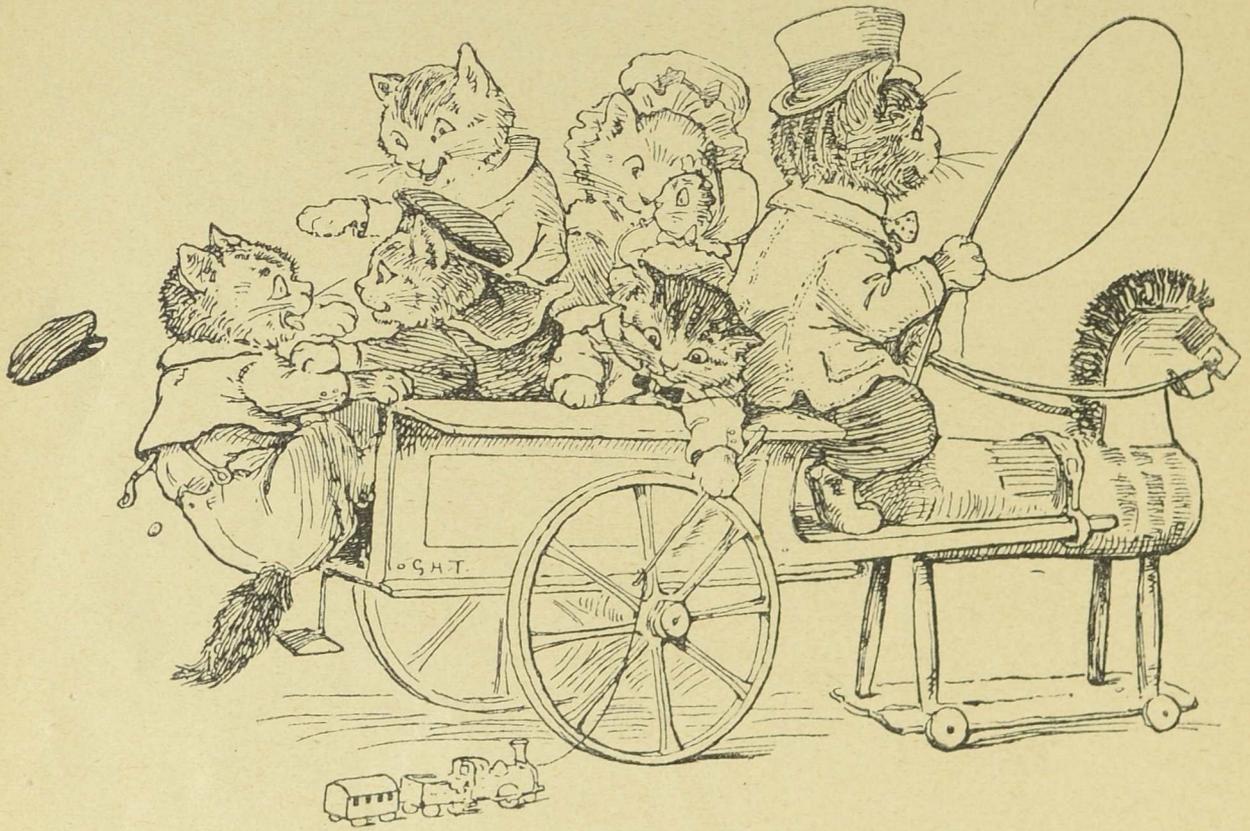
When a little girl or boy
Puts away the newest toy,
And begins: "Twice one are two,"
Just the same thing happens too.

Aching fingers are not nice,
This is Doctor Quack's advice:
"Take the mixture as before—
Patience, dears, and try once more!"



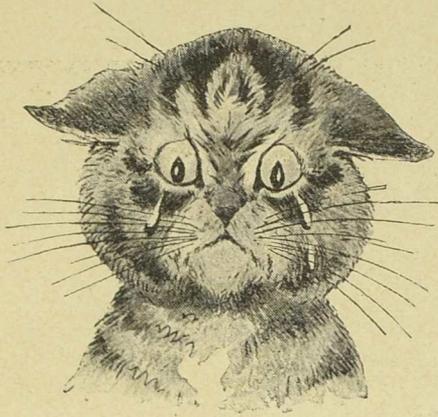
ENISTER

Wjoster

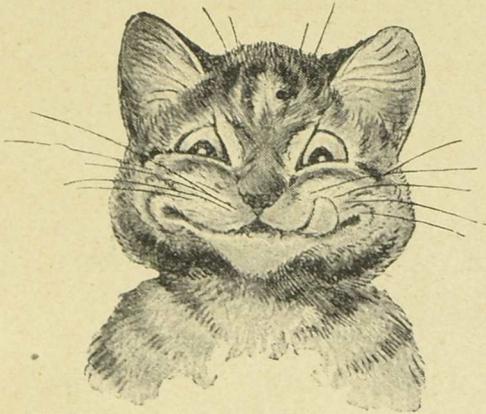


The Family Coach.

*T*HIS is the way the kittens play
When the children are gone away;
Six in the coach, and all alive—
Off they go for a lovely drive!



Tumbling out they never mind,
They run in front—they run behind;
Tabitha Mew has lost her hat—
Worse things happen at sea than that.



So, take my warning, girls and boys,
And always put away your toys,
Or else the kittens with them will play
Whenever you happen to go away!

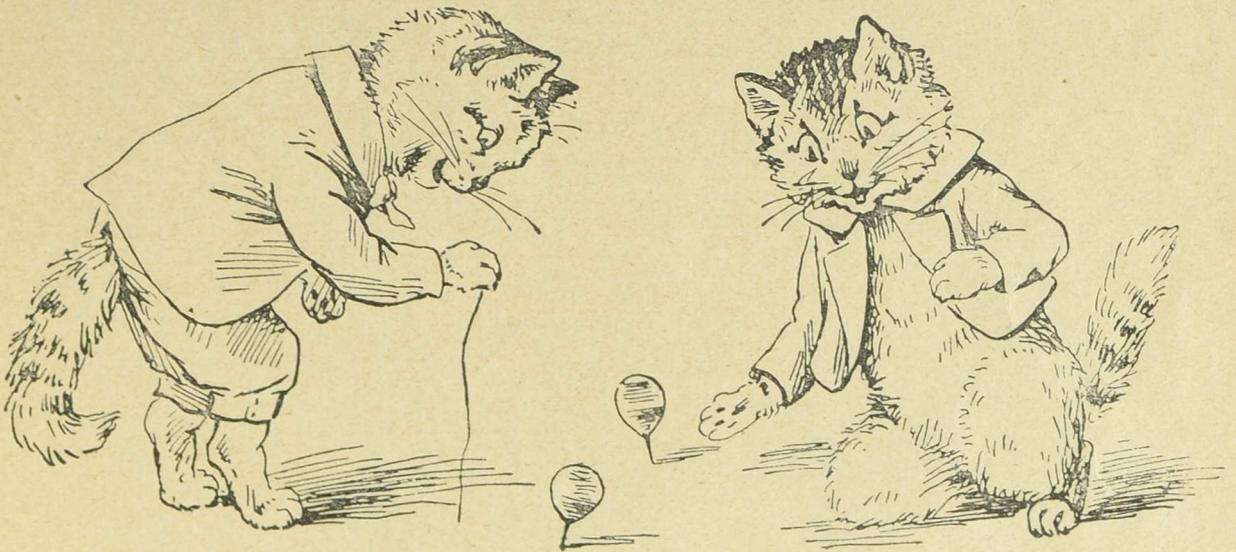


The Tea Party.

*W*E had new frocks—our stools were new;
So were the cups and saucers too;
There were no prouder dolls than we
The day we asked the cat to tea.

Around the table we sat up;
Each had real milk in a real cup,
And there was sugar, as you see,
The day we asked the cat to tea.

But oh! that Pussy was so bad!
He drank up all the milk we had.
There was none left for Sue and me
The day we asked the cat to tea!



Hookee-
Wookee-
Wee.

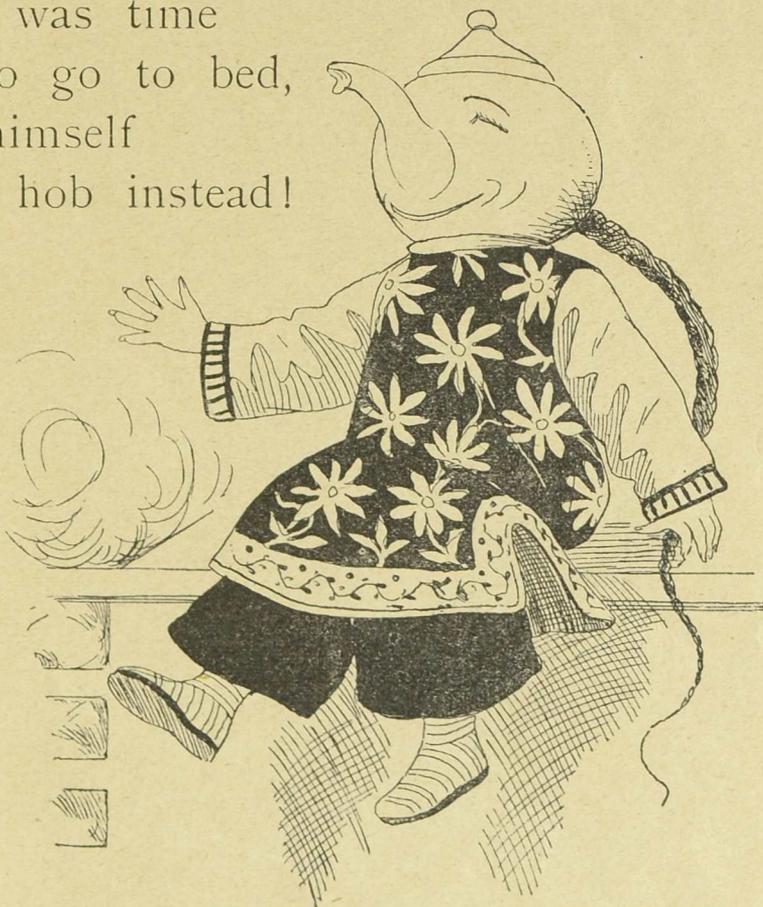


*T*HERE once
was a curious
old Chinese,
Whose name
was Hookee-
Wookee-Wee;
Never a man
was so fond
as he,
So very remarkably
fond, of tea!

At last this queer old Chinaman had
A very peculiar kind of fad—
That he was a tea-pot he made no doubt,
And he called to his friends
to pour him out.

“Will nobody pour me out, I say?
For, oh, dear me, I’m boiling away;
And tea is spoilt if it’s left to stand;
But be careful, do, or you’ll burn your hand.”

Truly, indeed, it was sad to see
The whimsical ways of that old Chinee;
For when it was time
 to go to bed,
He planted himself
 on the hob instead!





Nipper the Barber.

*A*LL dogs when up in town should stop
At Nipper's fine new barber-shop;
He sings, trims, and cuts your hair
At lowest prices, with greatest care.

All poodles who need clipping go
To Nipper's barber-shop, you know;
He shaves them in the latest style,
And chatters to them all the while.

So, doggies all, take my advice:
If you'd look natty, smart, and nice,
Let Barber Nipper cut your hair—
For all the stylish dogs go there!



His First Dip.

LAST summer Father took a trip
Down by the bright sea-side;
He gave young Ponto his first dip,
But oh! how Ponto cried!

He barked and kicked, and struggled too,
And such a fuss he made,
I'm sorry, but I really do
Believe he was afraid.

Just fancy that,
oh! girls
and boys—

A silly
baby he;
I'm sure
that you
don't make
a noise
When you go
in the sea!



