

# Comical Customers



At our  
Fine New Stores  
of Comical Rhymes  
and Pictures



Rosina May Slodge

14 Burwash Road

Plumstead

Kent

SE

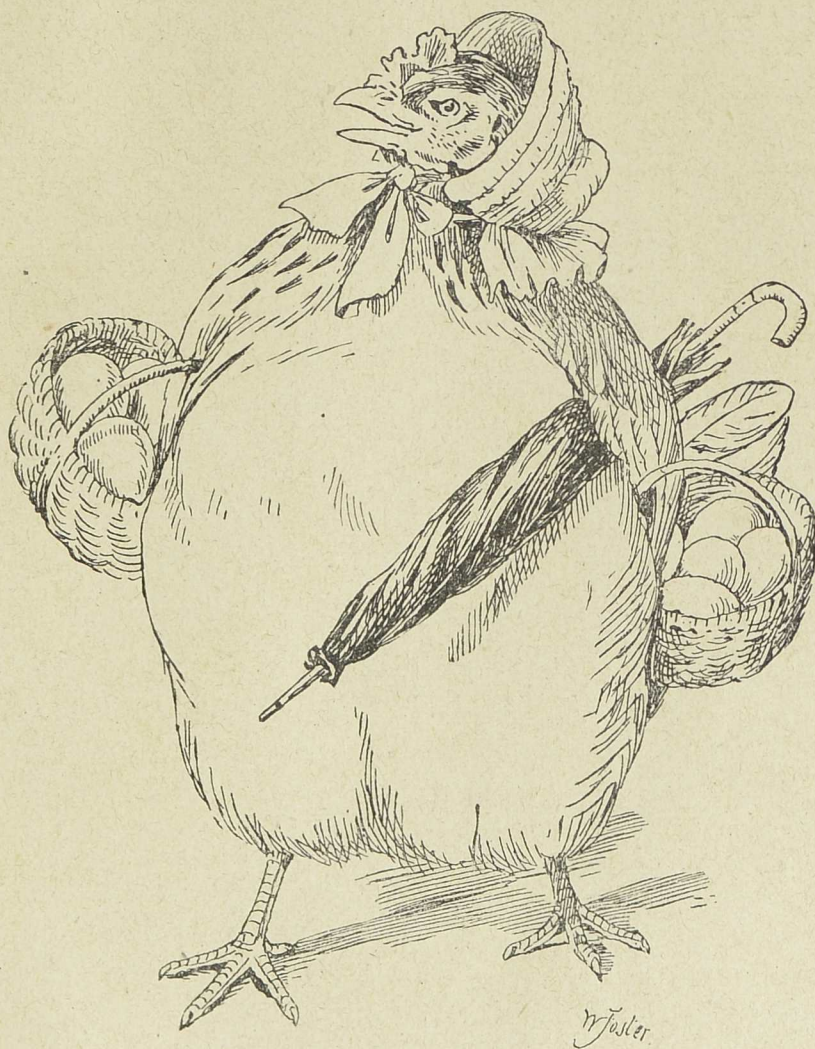












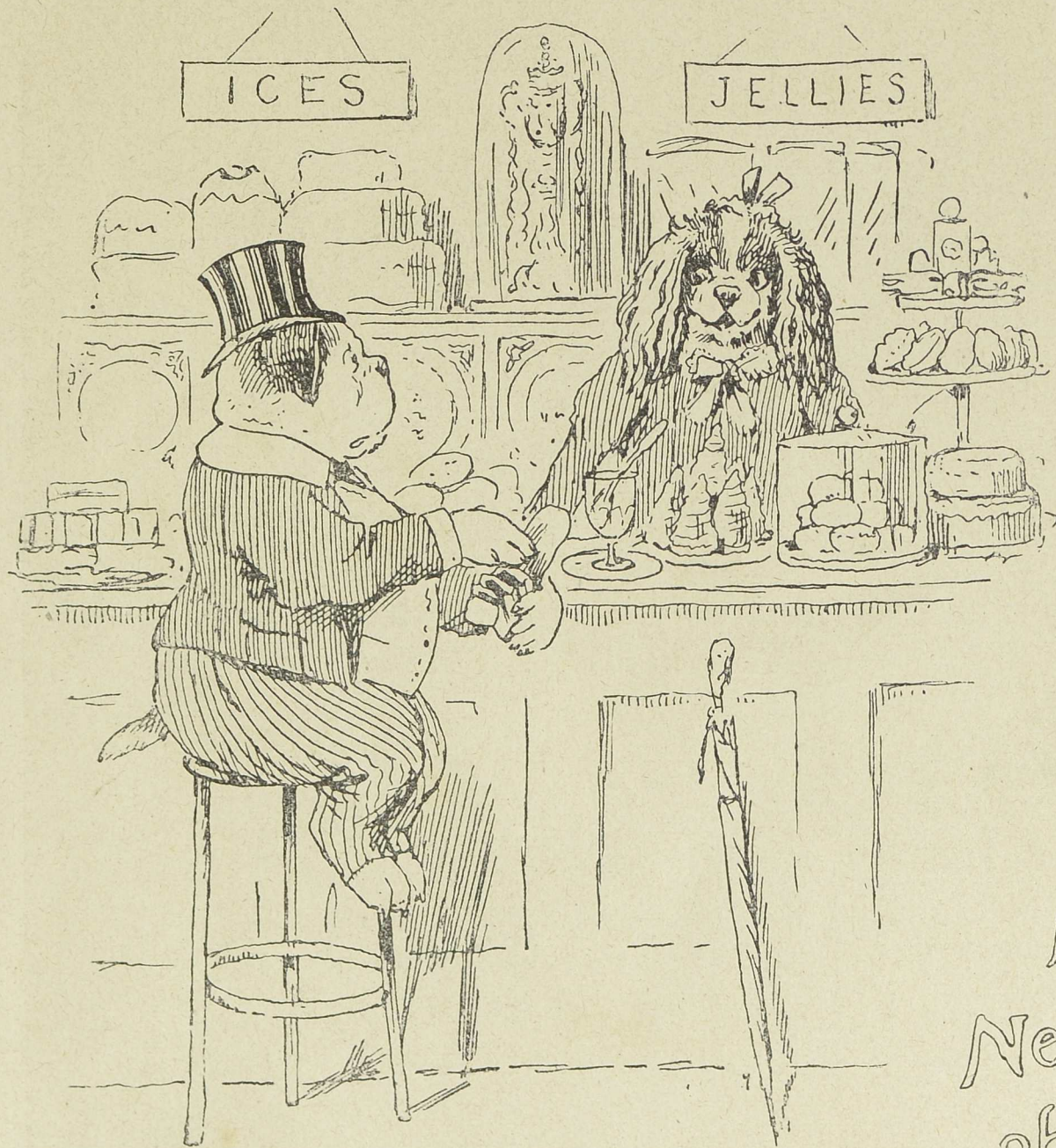
Comical Customers.







# Comical Customers



At the  
New Stores  
of

Comical Rhymes and Stories

London:  
ERNEST NISTER.

*Printed in Bavaria.*

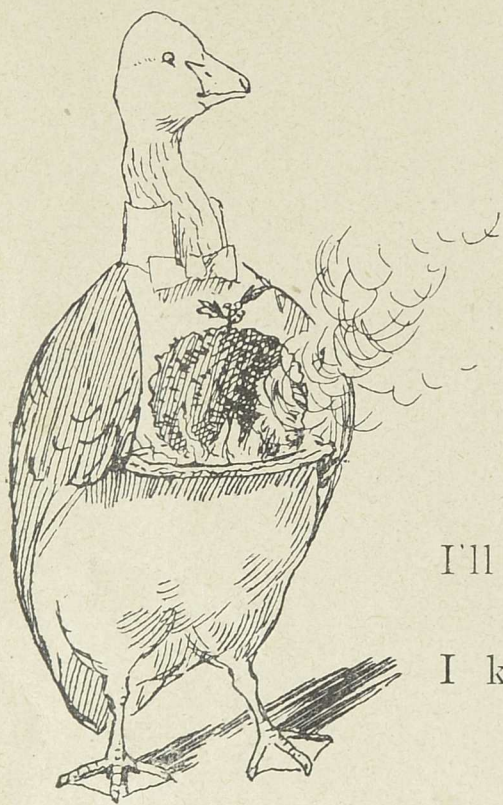
New York:  
E. P. DUTTON & Co.





## Comical Customers.

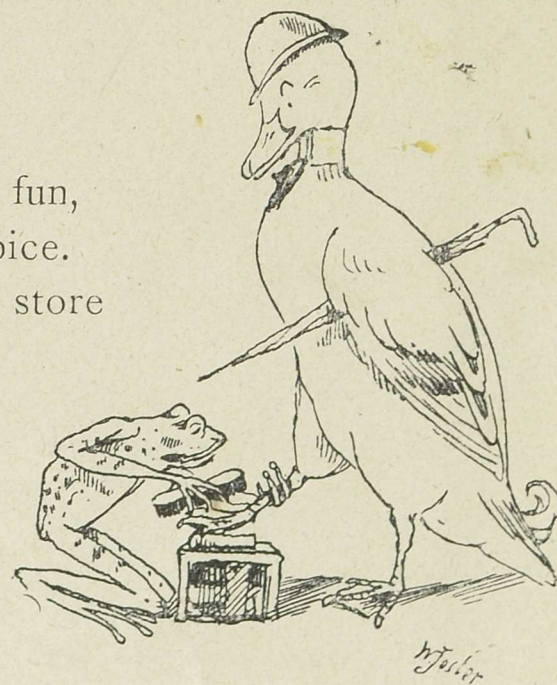
*C*OME, walk into my shop, my dears,  
And take a seat, I pray;  
I'll serve you with the best I have,  
And never ask for pay.



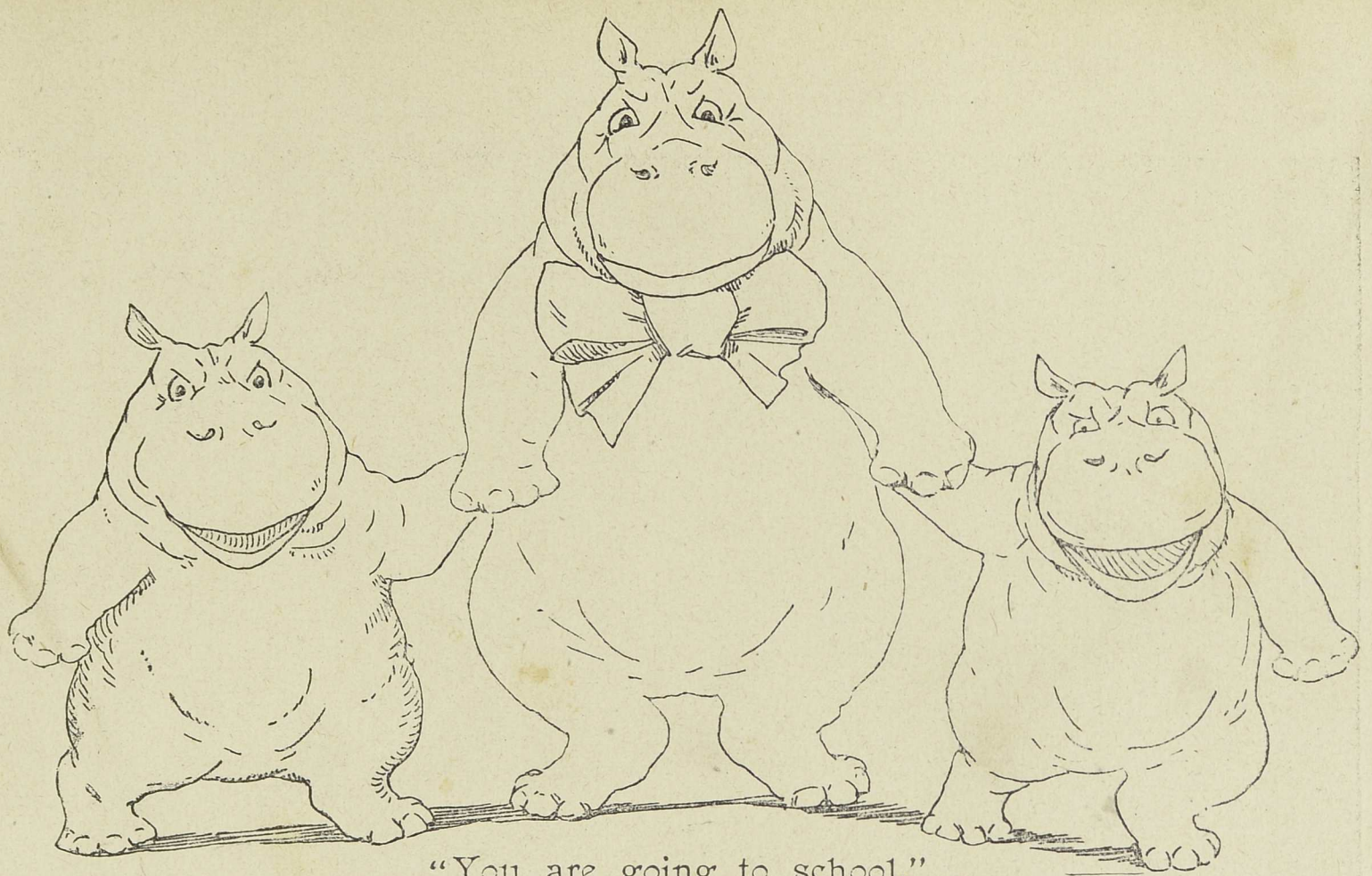
I'll sell you half an ounce of fun,  
And pounds of laughter spice.  
I know you'll say that in my store  
I've everything that's nice.

My wares are curious, you may think;  
My customers are too,  
For folk more comical, I'm sure,  
*I* never saw—did you?

L. L. W.







"You are going to school."



"We'd rather (k)not."





The Tea Party.





## The Tea Party.

We 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!



## THE LAST BUN.



O H, children dear, I beg of you,  
If you must feed me at the Zoo,  
When buns you purchase, please don't fail  
To see that they are not too stale!



Those buns, those buns, those awful buns,  
They really taste like leather ones,  
Although I eat them smiling sweetly,  
They spoil my handsome face completely.

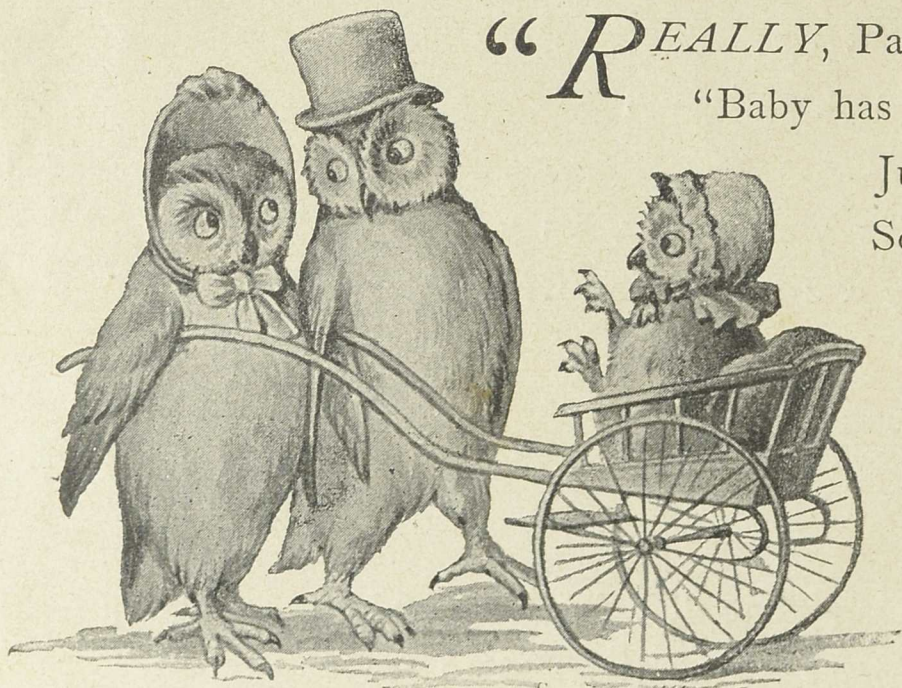
I'm certain, if the truth were told,  
That last one was a fortnight old,  
I never tasted anything tougher—  
And oh, the toothache that I suffer!



## MR. AND MRS. WISE.

“*R*EALLY, Pa!” said Mrs. Wise,  
“Baby has such lovely eyes!

Just like mine, so little Hootie  
Some day will be quite a beauty!”



“Well, I never! cried Papa,  
“How conceited some folks are!  
For I think  
the child is—rather—  
Just the image of her father?”



# The Drum-Major

When bold Drum-Major Tray so fierce  
First came upon parade,  
The soldiers of his regiment  
Of him were all afraid.

But now they've learnt to like him so,  
They've got no cause for fright;  
They know, although he barks and growls,  
He doesn't mean to bite.

C.B.





## NAUGHTY KITTENS.

“**H**OW mischievous you are,”  
Cried Mother Pussycat,  
“To take your mother’s thread  
To play a game like that.”

“We’re busy, mother dear,”  
The little pussies said,  
“Making a cat’s cradle  
For Baby Pussy’s bed.”





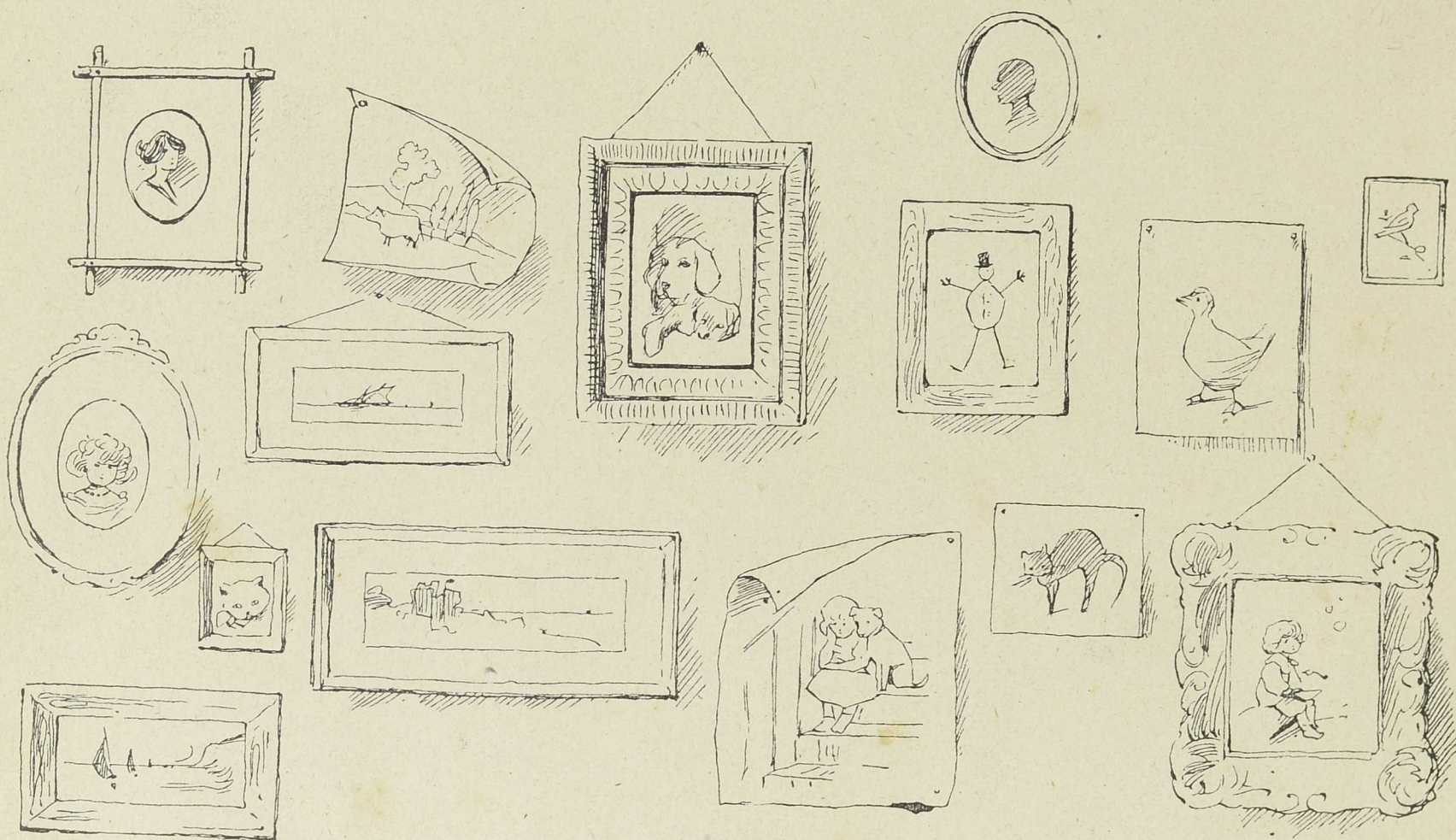
## NUTCRACK: BARBER.

*E*VERY morning without fail  
Mr. Squirrel Bushytail,  
Wet or fine, is seen to hop  
Into Nutcrack's Barber's Shop.



Has a wash and brush up there,  
In his own especial chair.  
Nutcrack combs his tail out well,  
Turns him out a perfect swell!  
Folk say when they look at him,  
"There's a Squirrel smart and trim!"





## The Gallery of Ancestors.

BY DICK.

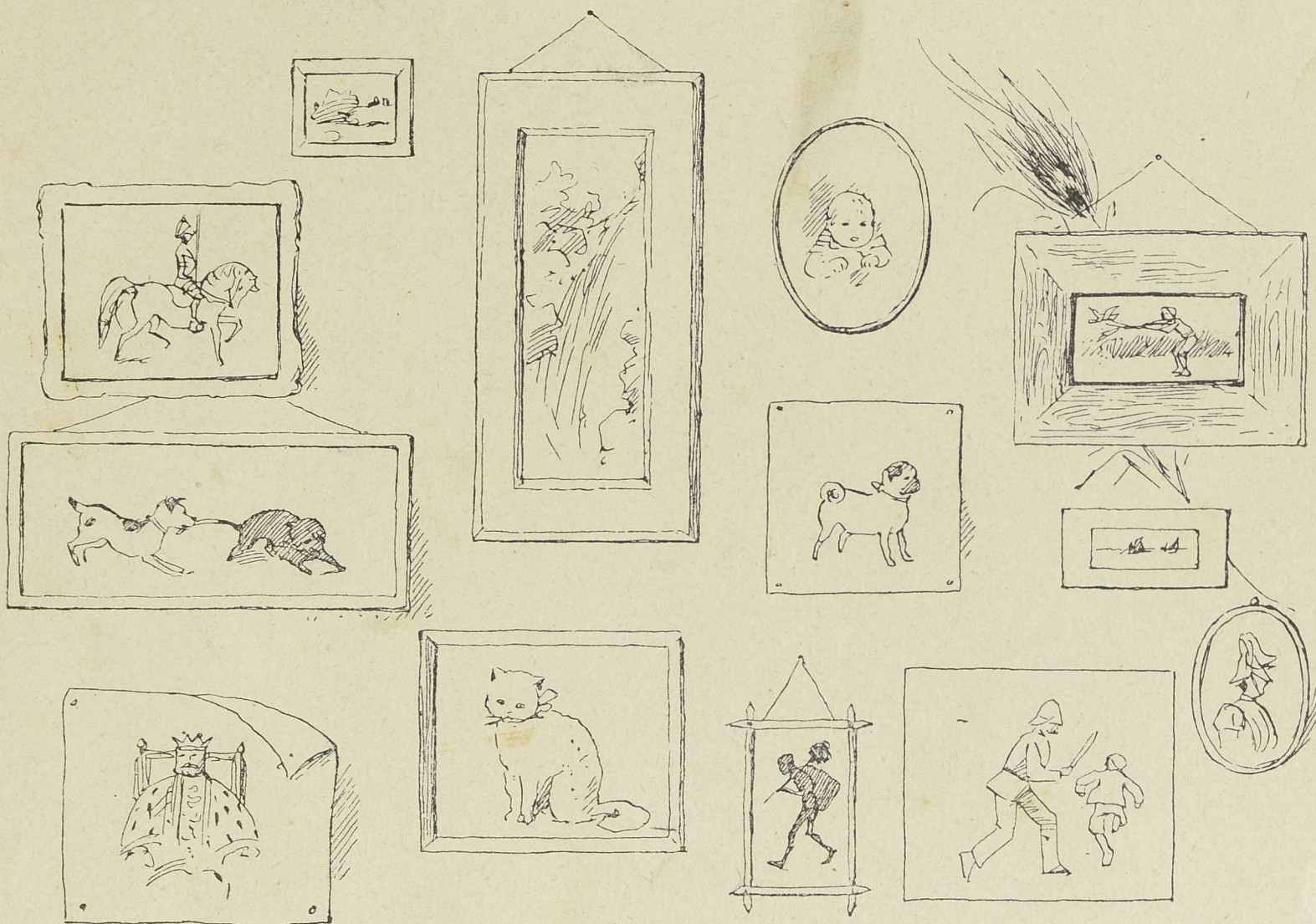
**I**T was when Cicely Vincent was so ill. She is a jolly little girl and she goes to the same High School as our girls. She used to come to tea here sometimes. Her people are all right, only they're very poor—not nasty-poor, but nice-poor—and when the doctor said seaside Mrs. Vincent cried and said it couldn't be done. So we had a schoolroom council about it. It was very unlucky, we'd all clubbed our money just before for that beastly two-guinea camera—and it never would work either. Then Jack said:—

“Why not have a Picture Show, like they do in Bond-street, and give her the money?”

“But no one would pay to see *our* pictures,” Lucy said.

“Oh, wouldn't they, you little silly?” Jack said. I don't think you ought to call girls sillies—it's so rude—but sometimes they are. “Grown-up people are fearfully careless with their money” (that's what they always say about *Us*). So we got the spangled curtains we had for the acting last Christmas—and we hung them round the schoolroom with some green art-muslin (that was from the acting, too), and we got some of the pictures out of the drawing-room—Mother said we might—and we said would she please not ask what for.



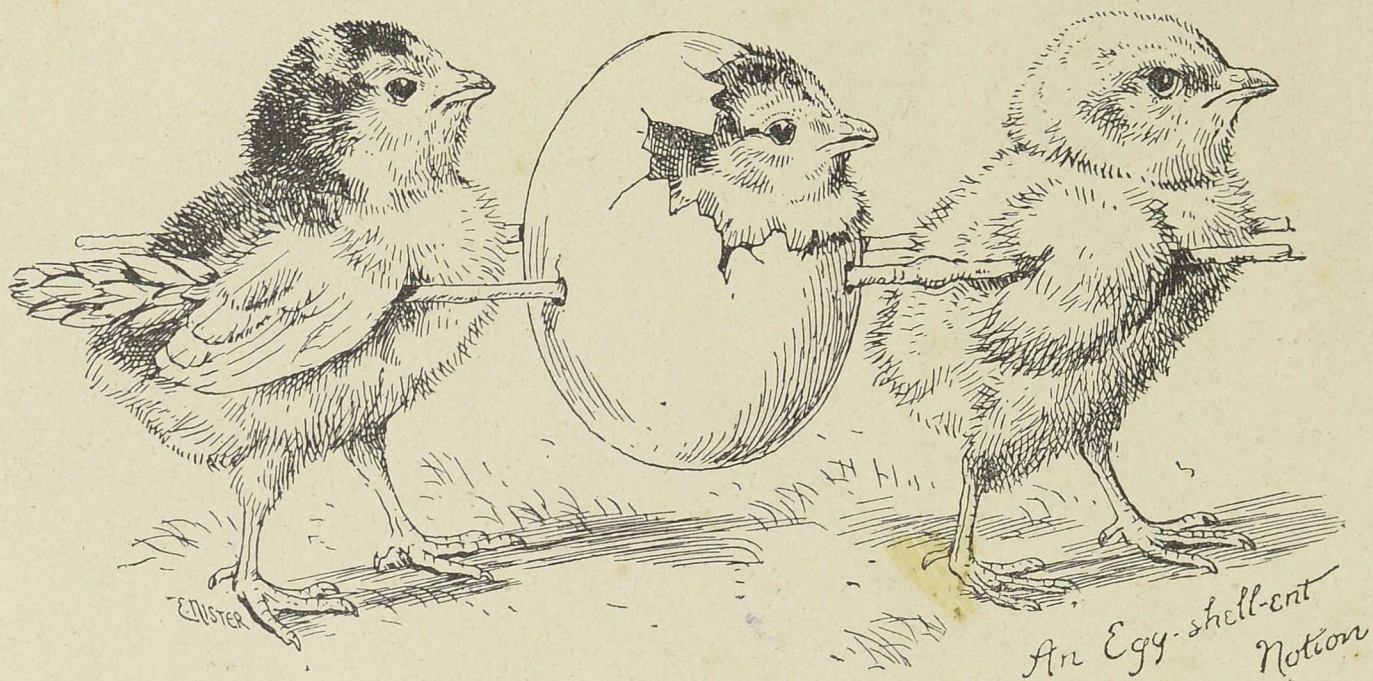


Jack and I did some rather decent drawings, and the girls made paper frames. I tell you it did look first-class. But the great idea was what we did in the big linen-room—that used to be the night nursery. We got some of the big gold frames out of the lumber-room—they had pictures of melons and wine and oysters and hares and things in, and they came from Uncle James's when he went to Jamaica. We thought of having them at first, but we soon thought of a better idea. We got old Nurse to paste gauzy stuff across the frames. Then when Mother had a party we asked her if we might invite her friends to our show. And they all came up—laughing. Then I said (I was showman—all the rest were inside):—"We don't charge anything—but it's to send a poor little girl to the seaside, and if you have any money, do put some in the box on the table."

They liked the schoolroom show, but when they came to the other room they clapped like anything. For we had dressed up one of us—it's a blessing there are nine of us—to stand behind each frame, and with a nice light in front of each they looked like pictures. They were dressed in the old things out of the oak chest—and we called it "The Gallery of Ancestors"—Jack was Sir Richard, that I'm named after, who fought at Sedgemoor, and Lucy was Lady Grace with the ruff.

And when we came to count it up there was eleven pounds in the box. So Cicely is quite well now, and I think I shall marry her when I grow up—unless Jack wants to.





Two Chickies were out one day taking the air,  
 Said One "well I never!" said Two "I declare"  
 For there from his egg-shell peeped Chick number Three,  
 His beak and two bright eyes were all they could see.  
 "Peep, peep", said the Chick "please excuse me this morn,  
 If I talk very little - I'm only just born!"

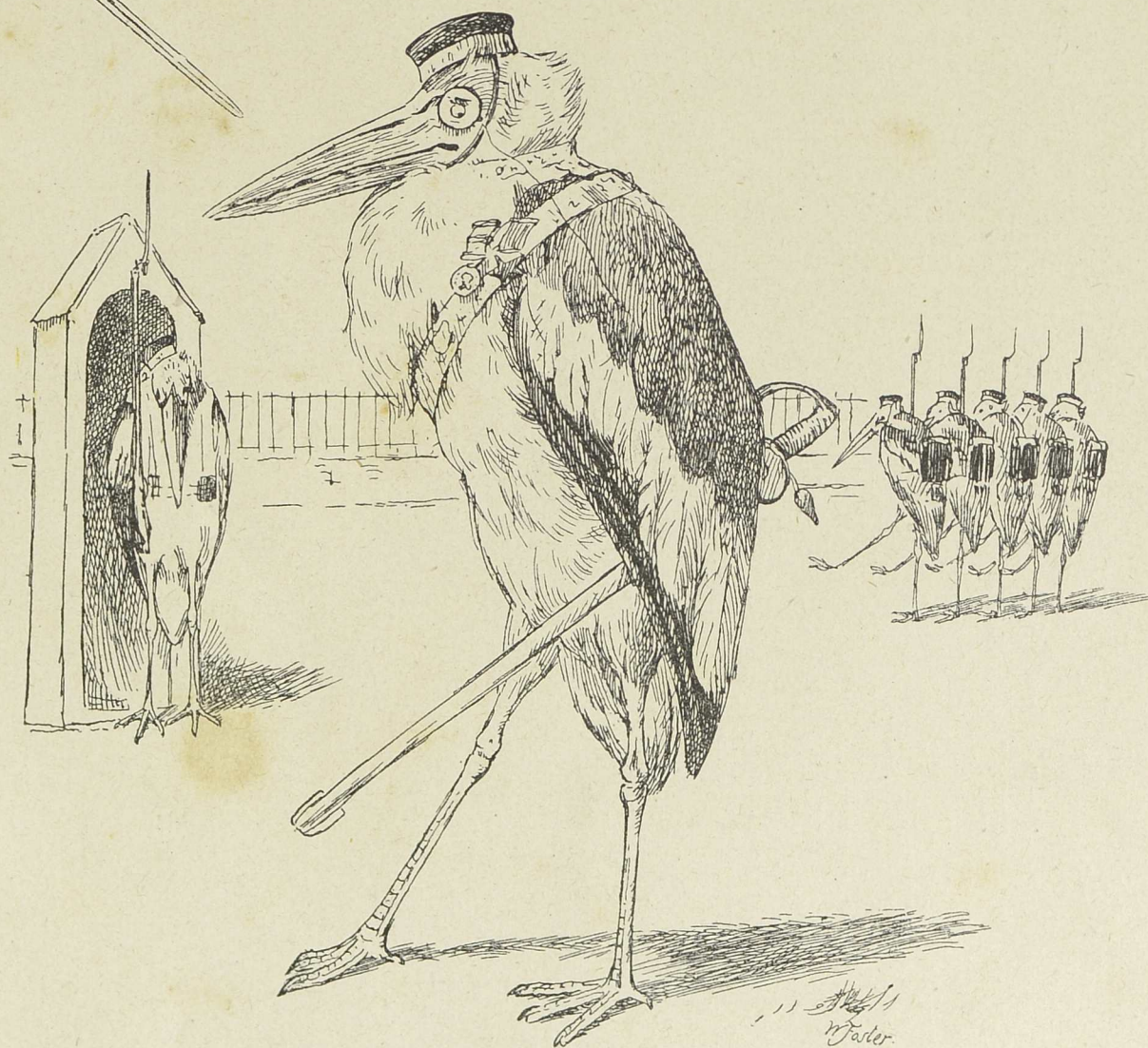
Then Chick number One said to Chick number Two,  
 "It's certainly plain there's but one thing to do;  
 He'll catch cold if he stays out here long, I'm afraid -  
 So with two bits of stick a Sedan Chair they made.  
 One, two, three and away, and without any harm  
 They carried that little Chick home to the Farm



# Adjutant Stork.



When Adjutant Stork goes on Parade,  
You hear the people say  
"He is so martial, he'll be made  
Field Marshal Stork some day!"



And if that most important post  
Was offered him, I've heard  
He has been known to often boast  
He'd take it like a bird!





*YOUR HEALTH,  
MINCE PIE.*

*“YOUR health,  
Sir Mince Pie,  
how d’you do?”*

*“Quite well,  
Plum Pudding,  
how are you?”*

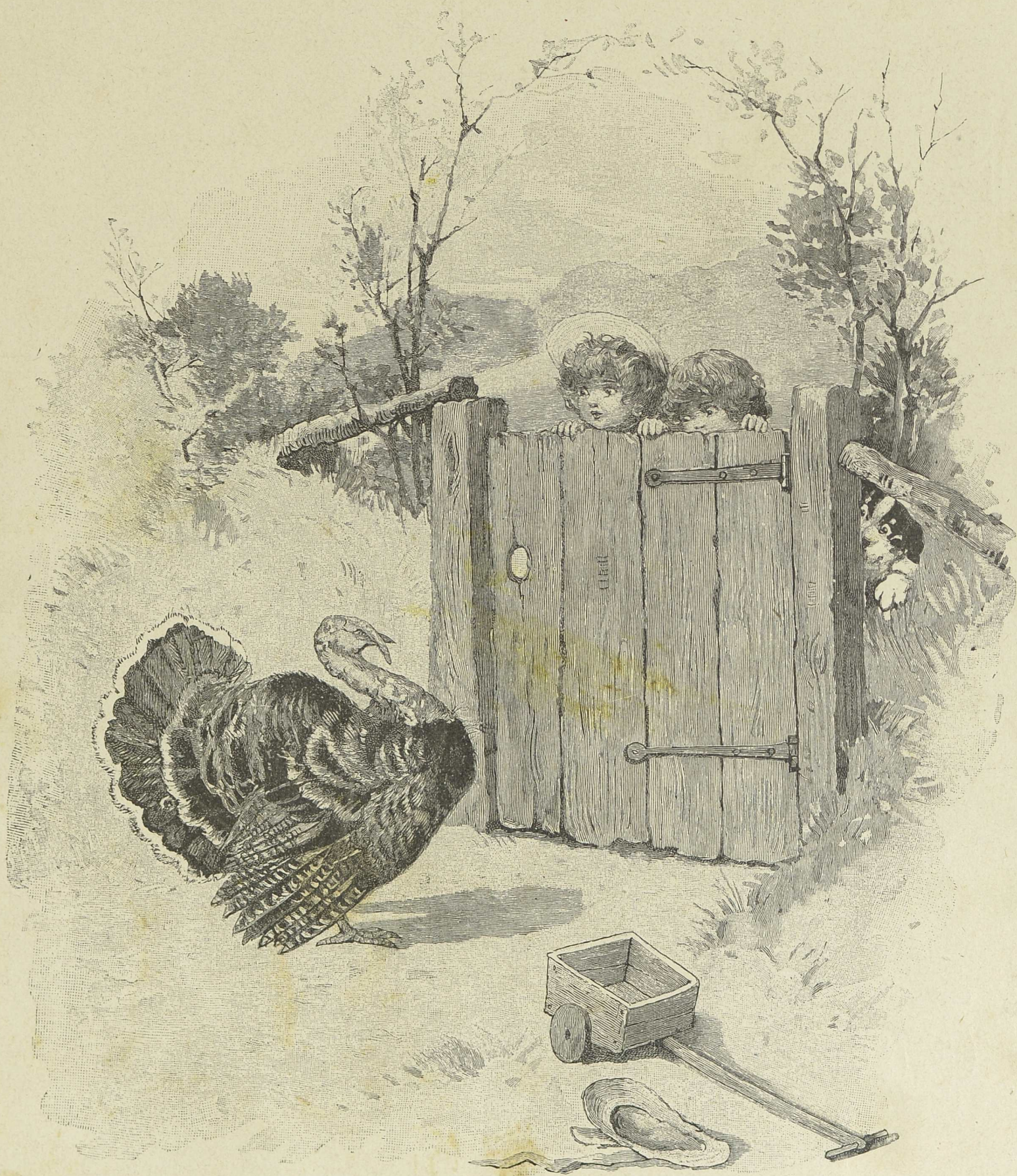
*“In robust health,  
sir—nice and hot—  
I’ve just come  
from the Pudding Pot.”*

*“Oh, that’s a warm place,  
so I hear,  
Too watery for me, I fear,  
In the oven  
I prefer to bake,  
With Mr. Tartlet  
and Miss Plumcake.”*

*“Well, each one  
to his taste, I say;  
But one word  
ere we say good day—  
Whether baked or boiled,  
here’s to everyone here  
A Merry Christmas  
and Happy New Year.”*







The Right of Way.



# The Watchman

"Past four o'clock and time to rise!"

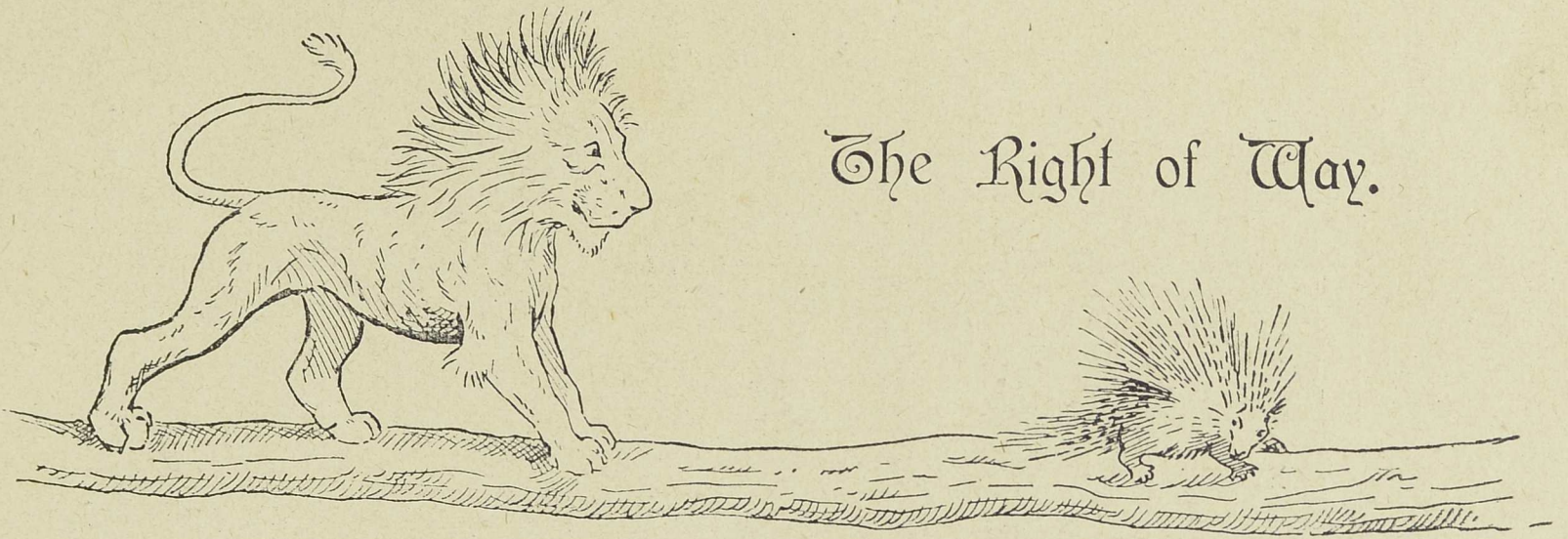
Old Chanticleer the Watchman cries  
And out of the window pops a head -

"Don't make that noise!" Old Biddy said  
"My chickens can't get to sleep, you know,  
While you outside the window crow;  
Go and wake the  
Farmer's Boy instead,  
He's always late getting out  
of bed!"





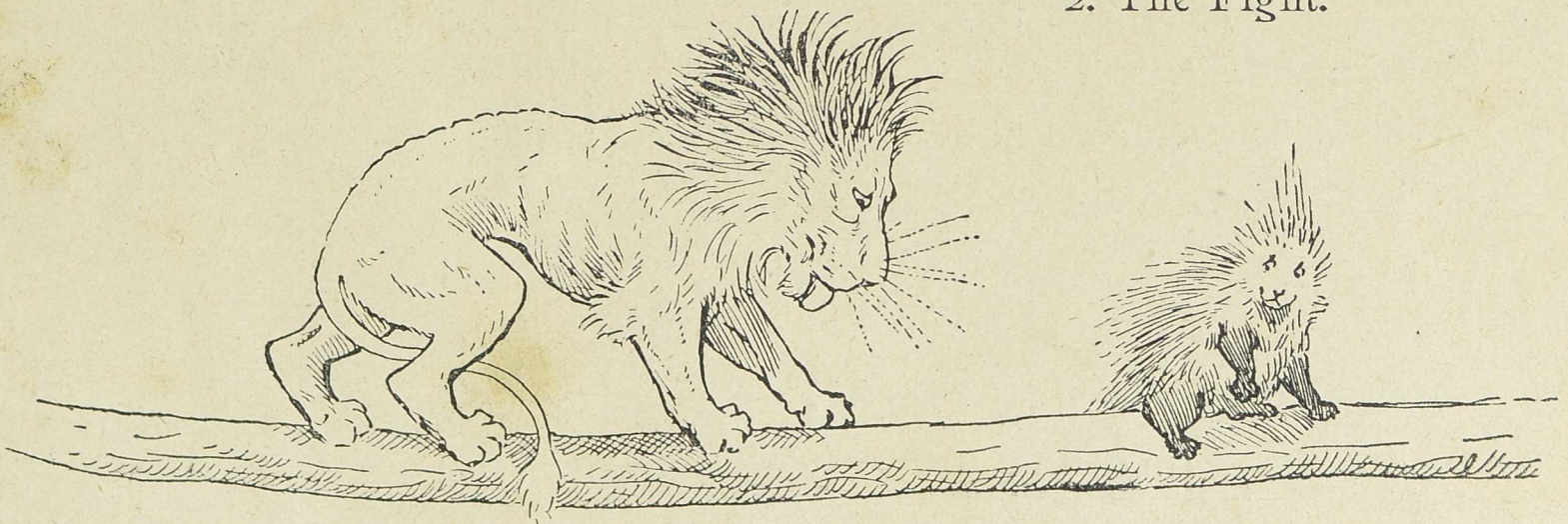
# The Right of Way.



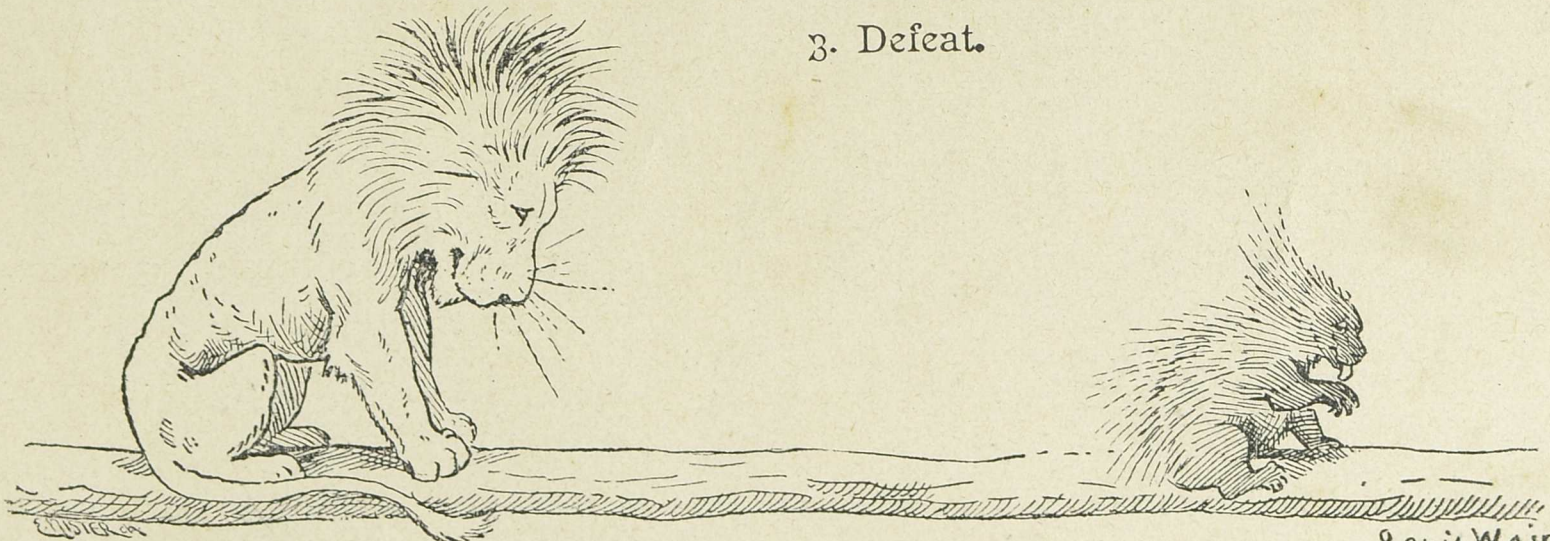
1. Defiance



2. The Fight.



3. Defeat.



4. How are the Mighty fallen.

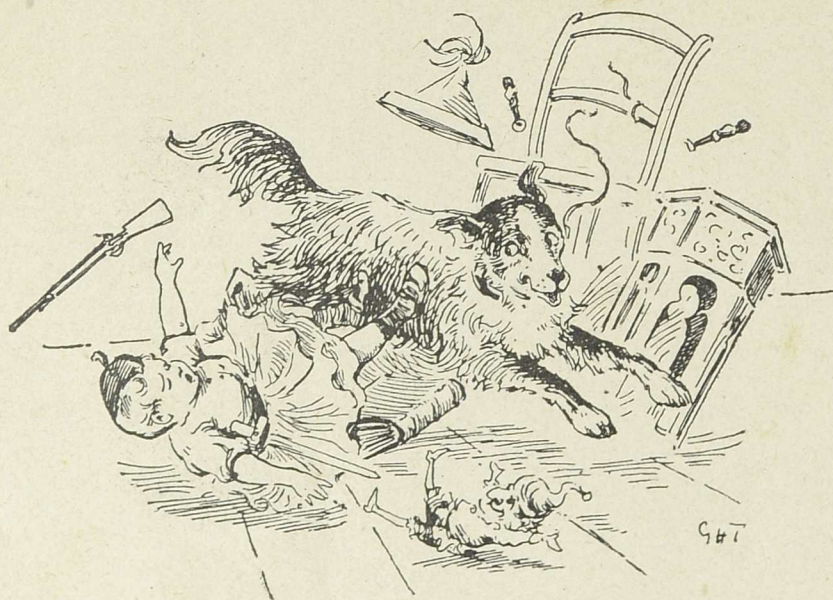
Louis Wain.





The Recruiting Officer

So they thought  
                   how nice 'twould be,  
 Could they have  
                   a corps of three;  
 Made a new recruit of Tim,  
 With a bone enlisted him.



Breaking Bounds

## THE NEW RECRUIT

When the army first was started,  
 It was young and lion-hearted,  
 But 'twas only two, all told,  
 Two young soldiers brave and bold.

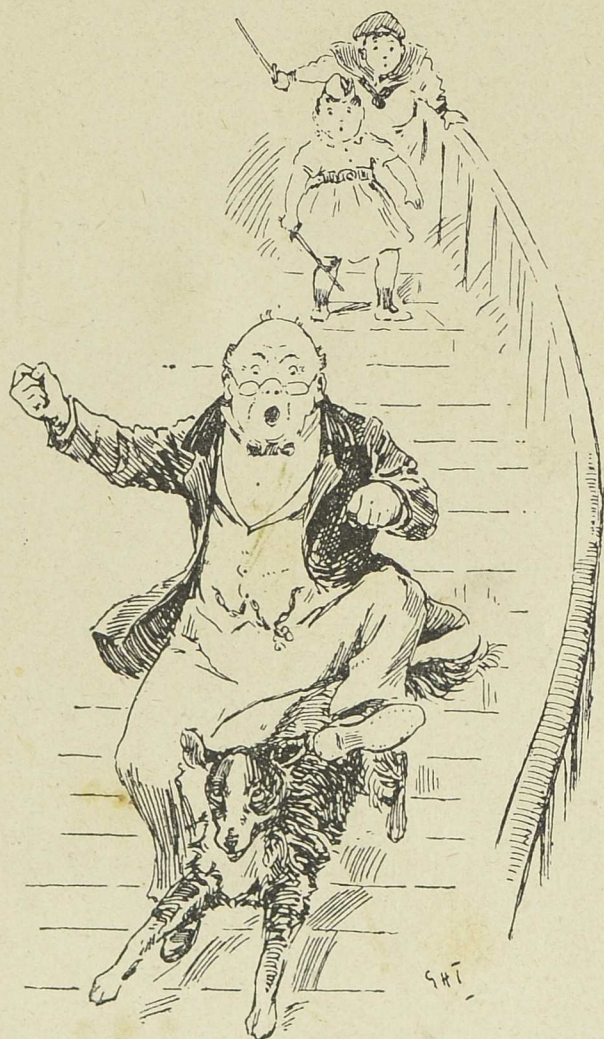


On Guard

Tim was willing,  
                   out he came,  
 Ready for a splendid game;  
 But the task of keeping guard  
 Was, he thought,  
                   a bit too hard.



First an angry bark he gave,  
Then, unlike a soldier brave,  
Never saying please or thanks,  
He deserted from the ranks!



Mutiny

Soon the Army captured him,  
So a prisoner now is Tim;  
And the Army has to do,  
As before, with soldiers two!

C. B.



A Deserter

Through the door  
and down the stairs,  
Upset Grandpa unawares;  
"Stop, you rascal,"  
shouted he;  
"This is downright mutiny!"



Taken Prisoner



# A Game of Cards.

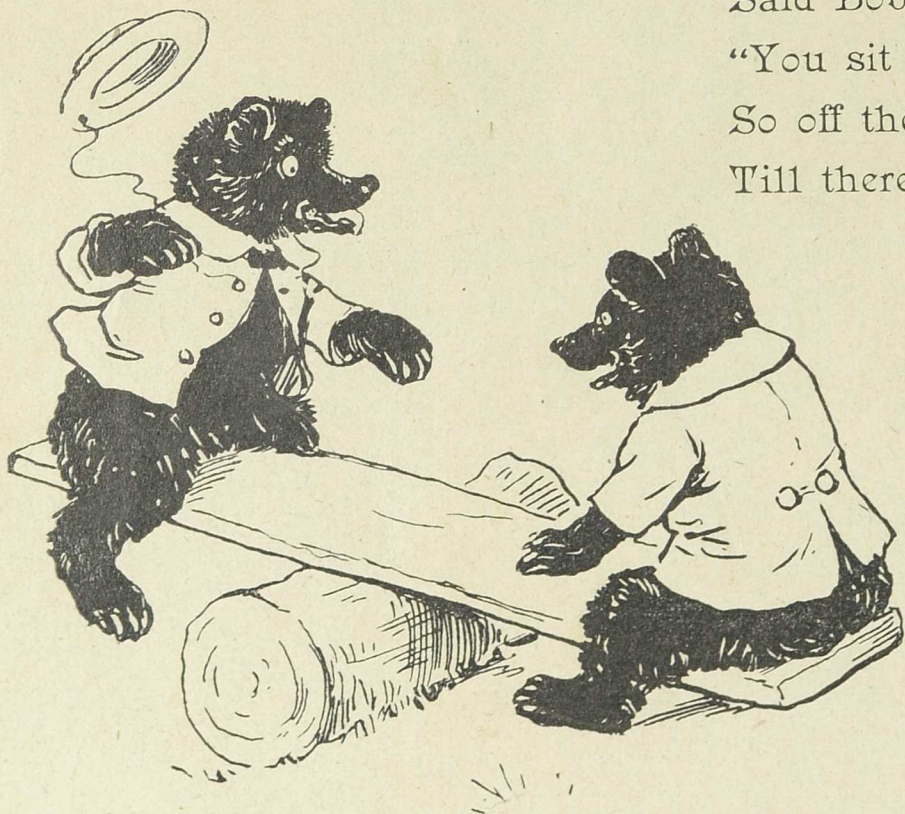
Mr. Piggery  
Porker plays  
A capital  
game of cards,  
He sends out  
invitations  
To his friends,  
with kind regards.



Just a pleasant evening party,  
At his newly-furnished stye;  
Some supper and a game of cards,  
And then they say good-bye.

## See-Saw.

Said Bobby Bruin to his brother,  
"You sit one end and I the other,"  
So off they started, faster, faster,  
Till there occurred a great disaster.



When Jack went up  
and Bobby down,  
Bobby fell off upon  
his crown,  
While down with a bump  
then Jacky came,  
And that was the finish  
of the game.



## Hoop-La.

Bobby Bunny bowled a hoop  
 With his little sister;  
 When she tripped  
 and tumbled down,  
 He picked her up  
 and kissed her;  
 That's what brothers  
 ought to do

When they have a sister.



## The Critics.

"Your picture, Mr. Brush,

is good,

It's painted, too, with care,

But may we our

opinion speak—

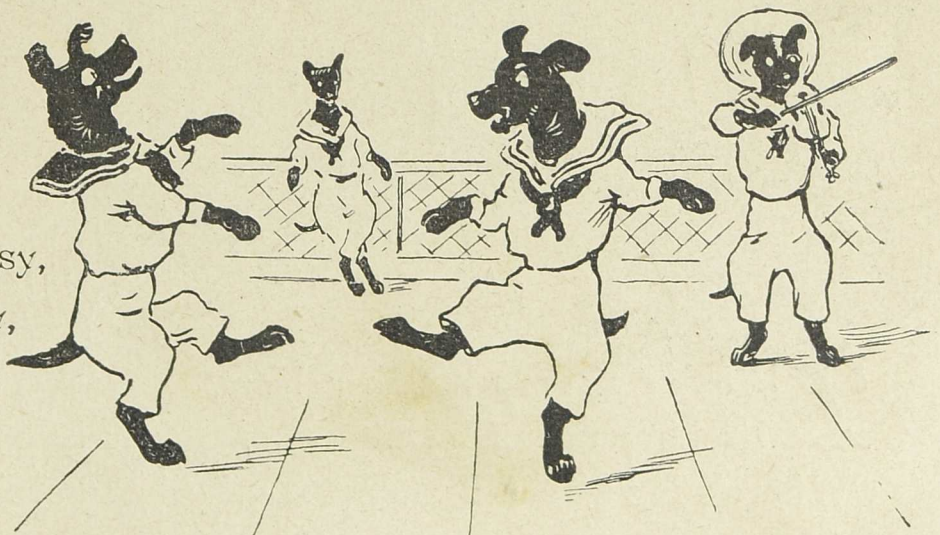
We don't think it's quite fair  
 To give us such a lot of beak  
 And such a little hair."

## Jolly Dogs.

Now for a dance to-night,  
 Under the dog-star bright;

A hornpipe free and easy,  
 So merry and so breezy,

Such jolly dogs are we,  
 When we are out at sea.





## Puzzle Page.

Find Twenty Bad Boys.



## The Doctor's Puzzle.

**T**WENTY very naughty boys,  
Kicking up an awful noise,  
„Where's my birch," the doctor cries,  
Anger in his flashing eyes.

Back he comes, and gazes round,  
From the ceiling to the ground.  
There's the birch that he employs;  
Where's that score of naughty boys?

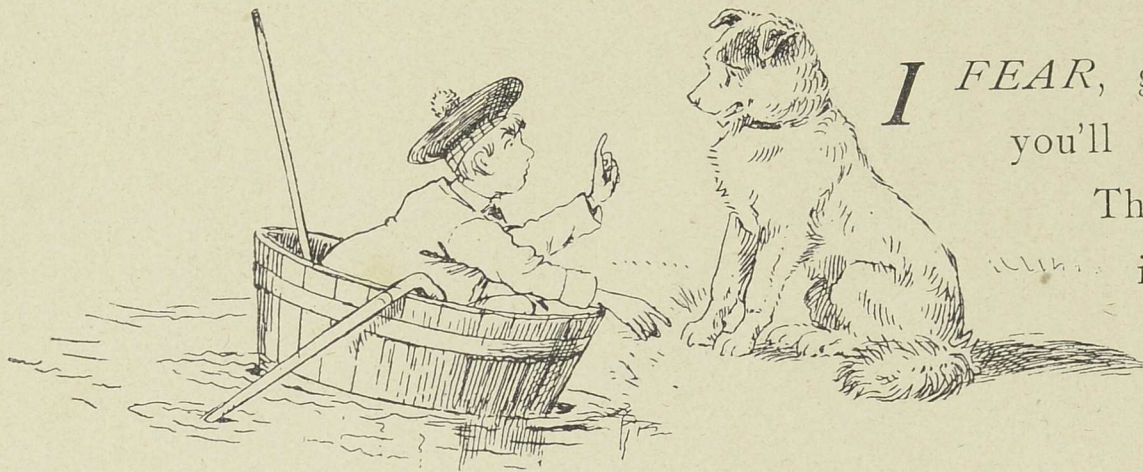




The Lion Comique.



## A Tale of a Tub.



*I* FEAR, good dog,  
you'll have to run—  
This ship  
is only built  
for one."

"It's very well,"  
says Tray, "for you.  
*I* want  
to sail  
the waters blue.



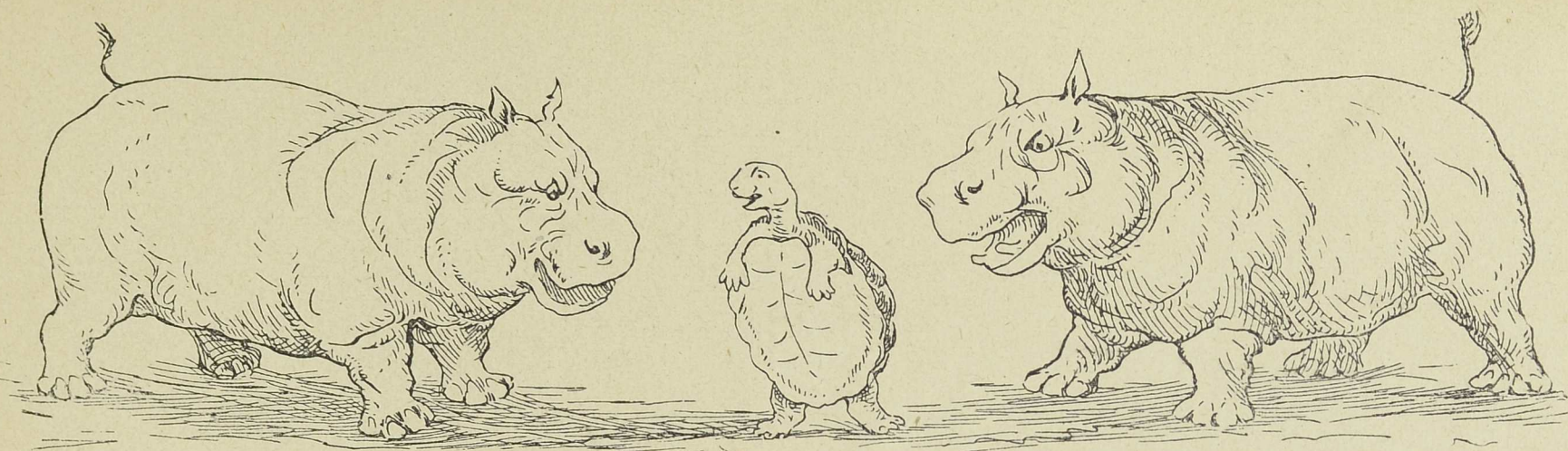
"You are,  
no doubt,  
the captain true;  
But what's  
a ship without  
a crew?"



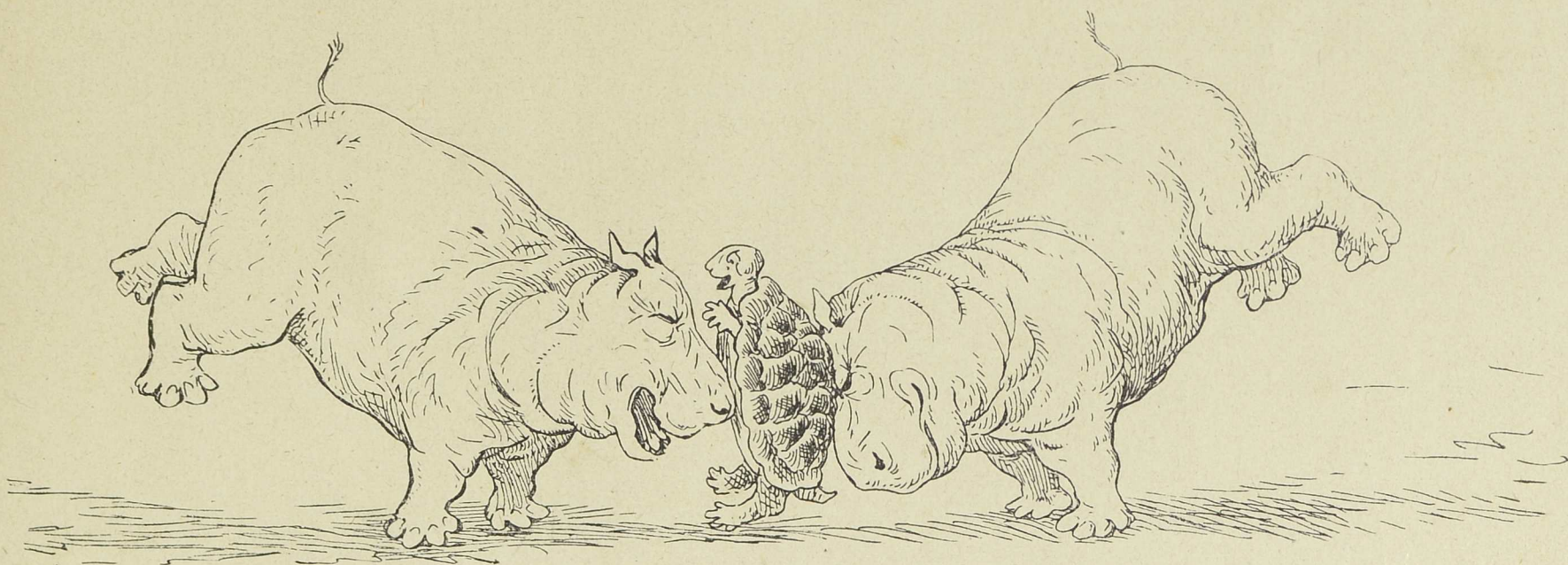
"It's plain,  
from our  
sad situation,  
You don't know  
much of  
navigation!"







"Gentlemen! please don't quarrel!"



"Mind your own business!"



Louis Wain.

"Oh! my poor head!" Moral—"Never mock turtle!"



# The Story of Violante and the Silver Sixpence.



ONCE upon a time, and not so very far away, or so very long ago, there was a little cat whose name was Violante; and this little cat had lived since her earliest kit-hood with a kind old couple, in a pretty white cottage that looked over the village green. There were white and yellow roses looking in at the bed-room windows, and honeysuckle trailing over the porch; the little front door was painted green (so was the garden gate), and the knocker was as bright as burnished gold. There was a brass plate upon the door as bright as the knocker, and on the brass plate you might read these words:—

“MR. TIMOTHY TIPKINS,  
Lollipop Maker (By Command)  
To the Royal Nursery.”

Now, Mr. Timothy Tipkins was a little round old man, with plump pink cheeks like rosy apples, and beautiful silver-white hair, and whiter teeth, and bright blue eyes that twinkled when he spoke, and just the pleasantest smile! He always wore a snow-white jacket and apron, and often carried a great silver ladle in his hand; and Mrs. Timothy Tipkins was just like Mr. Timothy Tipkins, only she wore a white mob-cap with pale blue ribbons and a beautiful black silk apron trimmed with lace.

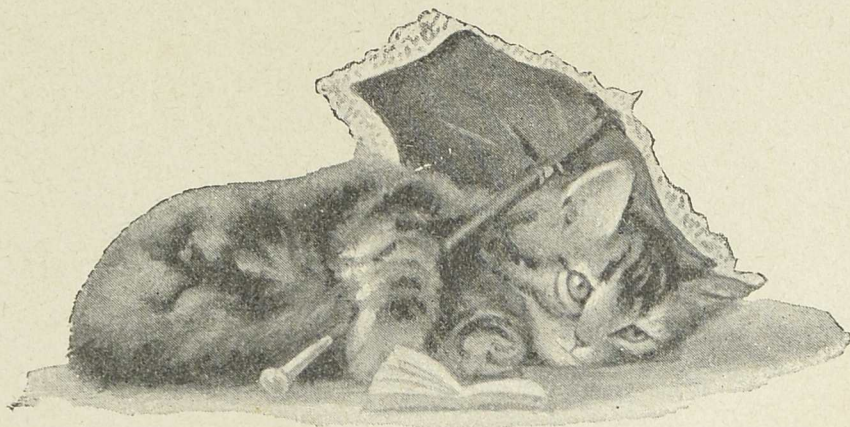
Violante had no recollection of her parents at all. Mr. and Mrs. Tipkins had found her mewling in their garden one starry spring night when they went to latch the little green gate, but how she got there she could never remember, and they, of course, did not know. Indeed, it was they who told her how they first saw her standing under the big lavender bush by the window, with her pink mouth wide open, and her fur all ruffled up and draggled with the dew.

But Violante very seldom troubled herself about who she was or where she came from—her life was too peaceful and happy for that. Of course, she may have been of high birth, or a great heiress, or something grand, but that she never knew; neither shall we, and I don't really think it matters—do you?



She was a beautiful golden tabby, with amber-coloured eyes, and long silky fur which Mrs. Tipkins used to brush every day, and comb once a week on Saturday nights after Violante had had her bath, and was sitting on Mrs. Tipkins's knee in a clean white nightgown with frills. Never have I seen a prettier or a happier cat than Violante; she led a very busy little life, for, of course, she had, as all young cats must have, an immense amount of playing to do, and, besides this, it was her duty to keep the brass plate on the front door as bright as Mrs. Tipkins kept the knocker. She could just reach it comfortably by standing sideways on tip-toe on the wooden seats inside the porch, but the knocker and the bell-handle were too high for her. Mrs. Tipkins thought Violante had so much playing to do that she would hardly have time for the brass plate, but Mr. Tipkins said, "No"—in his young days people had considered tasks a good thing for young folk, and he himself would never have risen to such a high position unless he had been very industrious.

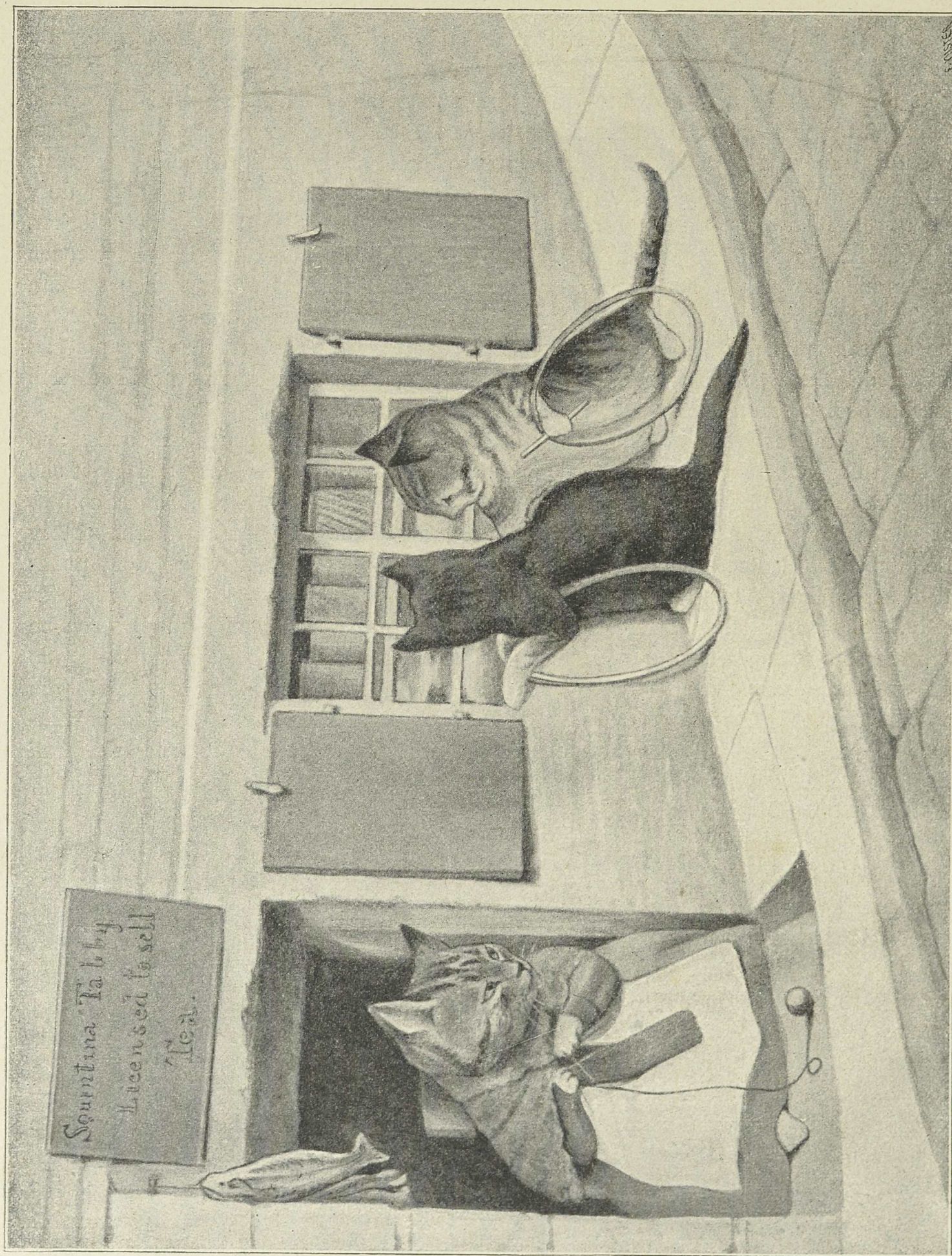
And there was just one other thing that Mr. Tipkins was very firm about, and this one thing was the only thing that ever made Violante feel naughty and as if she would like to be disobedient. She was not at all cruel, but she was—yes, I must confess that she was rather greedy. I often used to sit with Mrs. Tipkins in the pretty little kitchen, with its shining pots and pans, and rows of blue and white delft plates and dishes, and talk to her about this—but she never could see that Violante was greedy. The poor little pet was growing fast, she said; she feared it might even be outgrowing its strength, pretty dear, and of course it had a nice healthy appetite. So it had, and Violante wanted—why, she could not tell—but she did want, more than she could say, to catch and eat a small bird. They looked so plump and so provoking as they flitted in and out the green hedge and the low apple-trees, picking off bits of blossom and flinging them down, or hopping pertly about the white crushed-shell pathways or the tiny lawn, that Violante's little heart would quite swell with grief and indignation that she was not allowed to touch them. For that was the one thing that was so strictly forbidden.



One sunny May morning—Violante's birthday, you must know, was always on the 1st, and this was May Day—she tripped purring downstairs to breakfast and found on her plate—her own little plate with its painted garland of pink roses—a beautiful, bright, brand-new silver sixpence!

Last year she had had a pale blue morocco leather collar with bells, and the





What shall we Buy?



year before a sleeping-basket lined with white quilted silk, and the year before that—well, she couldn't seem to remember any year before that—but, never, never had she had any money of her own before, and she felt quite giddy at the idea.

All the sunny May morning Violante was very quiet and thoughtful. She neither skipped about the garden, climbed the trees, nor did she play with the reels and balls of wool in Mrs. Tipkins's work-basket. She sat on the broad window-seat, looking out of the diamond-paned casement, and thinking so deeply that every now and then she would put one paw to her forehead and half close her eyes, as though she were trying to get hold of some difficult new idea. She was thinking what to buy with her silver sixpence!

One o'clock came, and dinner-time at the same moment, and still Violante had not made up her mind.

"Matilda, my dear," said Mr. Tipkins, as he passed his plate for a second help of pudding, "are you going to Micklesham Fair this afternoon? They say it is to be grander than ever this year."

But before the good old lady could answer, Violante cried eagerly, "Oh, may I? mayn't I go? Do let me!"

So it was settled that that was to be her birthday treat, and long before the daisies were even thinking of beginning to shut, Violante was wandering up and down in the fair, more perplexed than ever about how to spend her money, but enjoying herself very much all the same. Many were the fine sights she saw, and many were the things she half decided to buy—but only half—until she came to a stall full of singing-birds in cages, and then her greedy little heart hesitated no longer, and she spent the whole of her bright new silver sixpence upon a yellow canary in a green cage.

"He sings most sweetly, miss," said the man, as he took the money and handed over the bird; but Violante only smiled and thought to herself, "He is thin now; but, oh, how nice and plump he will be soon!" And all the way home she hummed softly to herself, and kept taking little peeps through a hole she had poked with her paw in the paper that was round the cage. It was nearly dark when she got back and proudly showed her purchase to Mr. and Mrs. Tipkins.

"I did so want a bird," she said, "of my very own—to do as I like with; and it would have been naughty to catch one out of the garden when you had told me not to—but this one will soon be beautifully fat—and then—"

She stopped speaking, but her eyes were fixed lovingly on the poor sleeping canary. Mr. and Mrs. Tipkins looked at one another and shook their heads a little sadly as though something grieved them, and Mr. Tipkins said, "Well, well, my dear Violante, you must do as you like, of course, with your own birthday gift, but—"



and then he went away into his study, and made new and wonderful sweetmeats all the evening, instead of smoking his pipe in the porch as usual.

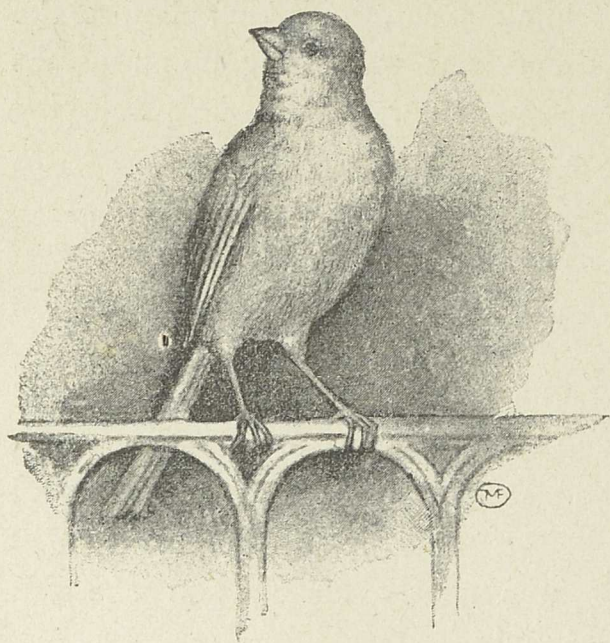
And Violante took her bird up to bed with her when she went.

Now, so far there has been nothing at all surprising in this story, but here the odd part of it begins.

For the first few days Violante would sit and look at her canary with a greedy, happy look in her eyes, and pat him every now and then with her soft little paw to see if he were getting any fatter. And the canary, who did not understand, poor thing, what fate was in store for him—hopped about in the sunshine, and sang most beautifully.

But weeks, and then months, passed away, and the canary was plump, and even plumper than was good for him, and still Violante would sit by the cage every spare minute, and either listen to the singing, or open the door and play with her bird in the bright summer sunshine.

The plain truth was that she no longer wanted to eat it, or any other little bird; she had become so very fond of her canary, with its pretty winning ways and its sweet voice, that she quite forgot to be greedy any more.



Mr. and Mrs. Tipkins were, naturally, delighted at the happy change, and Mr. Tipkins even went so far as to make likenesses in coloured sugar of Violante and her bird, and to put them on the top of the little Prince of Wales's birthday cake one year; and indeed these were greatly admired by all the Royal Family.

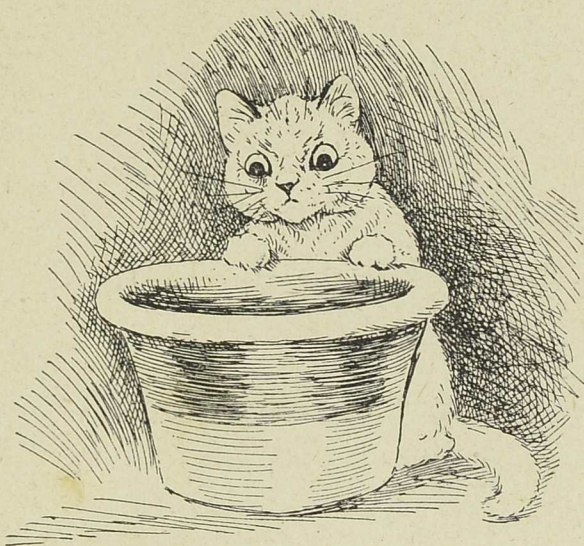
And so Violante and the canary lived happily together all the days of their life, and when they died they were buried together in the same grave.

If ever you go to Micklesham you can see it if you like; there is a white rose-bush at the head, and a yellow rose-bush at the foot, and canariensis growing in between.

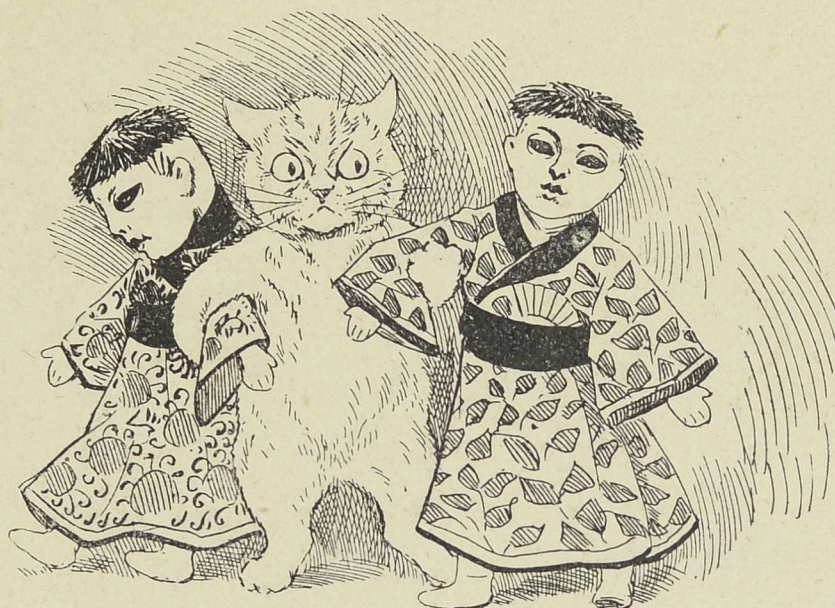
They both lived very long lives for such little people. But the canary never knew the reason why Violante bought him with her silver sixpence at Micklesham Fair, and whenever he spoke of that day, and how glad he had felt then to see what a sweet-looking person was buying him, Violante would look the other way, and either go to sleep or change the subject.

*Rosamund Marriott-Watson.*

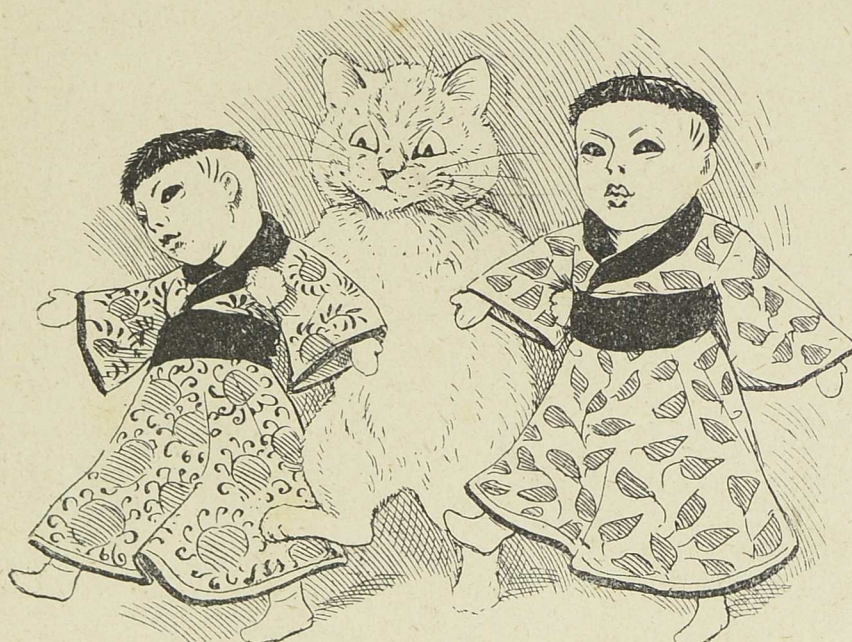




"This milk will go sour if someone does not help me to drink it."



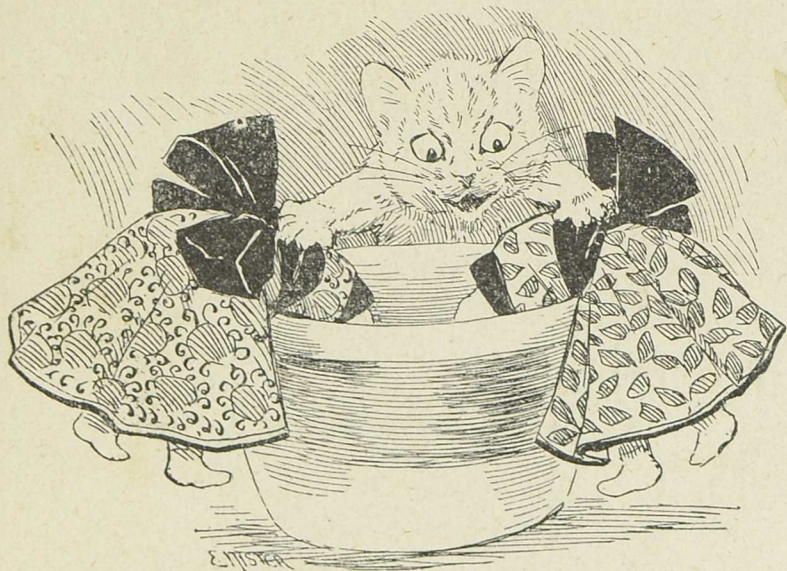
"Come on, dear boys."



"There is plenty."



"Now, lap properly."



"Don't be greedy!"



"Dear me, there is no accounting for taste! Fancy taking a bath instead of drinking it!"

*Louis Wain*





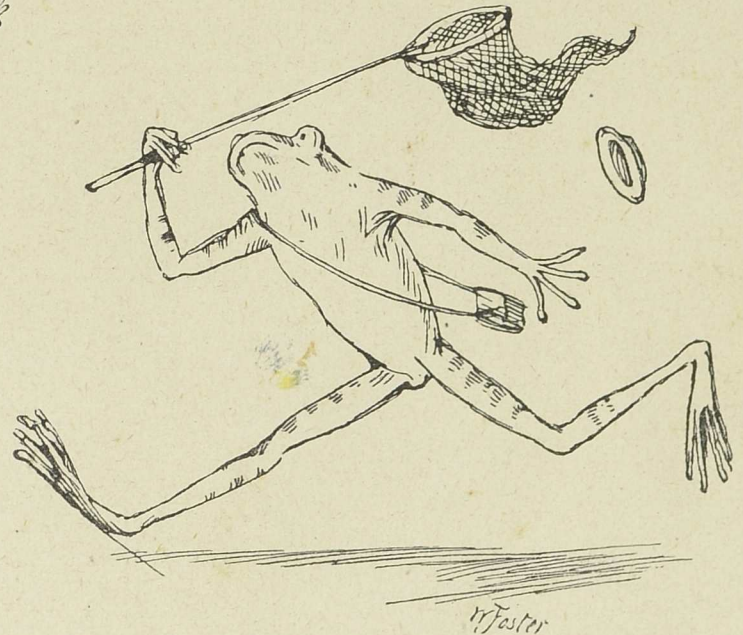
## THE BARN DANCE.

ONE, two, three,  
and a skip on the four,  
That's the way  
to dance the "barn door."  
Up the middle  
and then go round,  
You've danced it before,  
Bunny, I'll be bound.

## THE CLEVER FROG.

HE'S long, long legs  
and nice round eyes,  
And he goes  
catching butterflies;  
He's a collection of the same,  
And under each  
he writes its name.

I've seen that clever froggie run  
Waving his green net in the sun.  
(If this is not exactly true,  
I'm sure it's what he'd like to do.)



## A CHEAP RIDE.

WITH a smile on my face,  
and my tail in its place,  
I ride  
on the old snail's shell;  
He's so stupid and slow  
that he doesn't know  
That he's carrying  
a mouse as well.





# MEWSIC.



When Signor Purrski sits and plays,  
His audience listens in amaze;  
For he can play both fast and slow,  
Piano and Fortissimo!  
He knows exactly when to pause,  
And bow in answer to applause,  
And all the cleverest critics say,  
In learning so well how to play,  
He must have practised  
every day!

C.B.





## THE TWO BUCKETS.

*T*WO buckets in an ancient well got talking once together,  
And after sundry wise remarks—

no doubt about the weather—

“Look here,” quoth one, “this life we lead I don’t exactly like;  
Upon my word I’m half inclined

to venture on a strike:

For—do you mind?—however full we both come up the well,  
We go down empty—always shall,

for aught that I can tell.”

“That’s true!” the other said; “but then—the way it looks to me—  
However empty we go down,

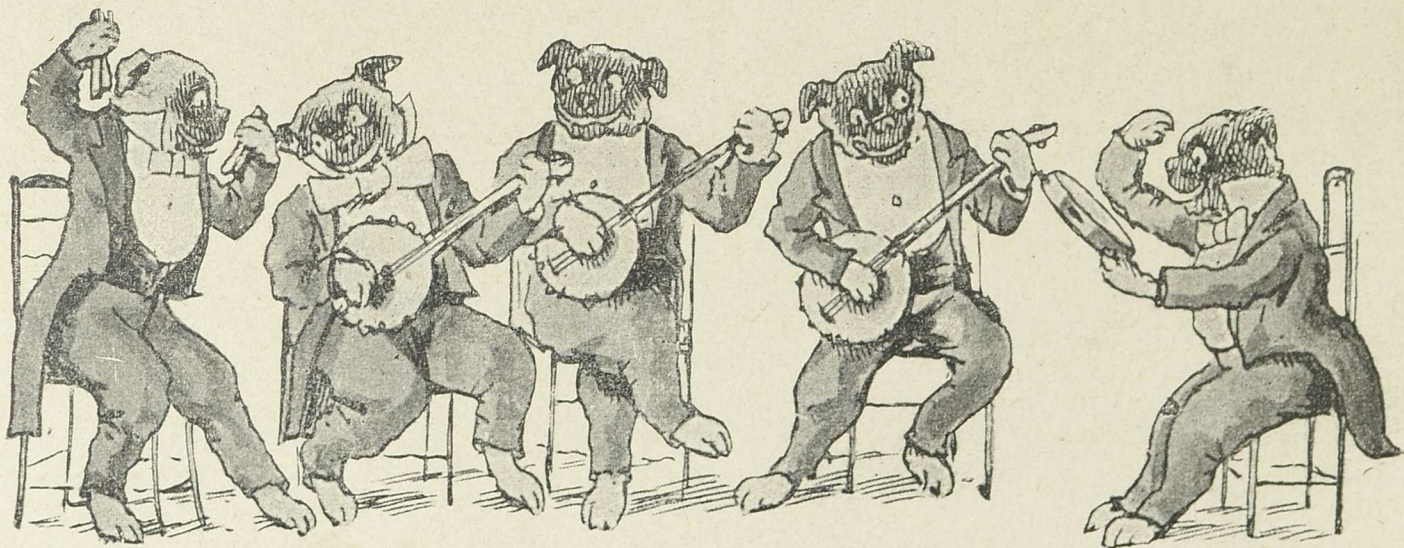
we come up full, you see.”

Wise little bucket! If we each would look at life that way,  
Would dwarf its ills and magnify

its blessings day by day,

The world would be a happier place, since we should all decide  
Only the buckets *full* to count,

and let the empty slide.



“Bone’s Banjo Band.”





At Christmas, I'm told, good Santa Claus  
Comes down the chimney of Tabbykin House,  
And for kittens who are especially nice  
He brings quite a number of clockwork mice.



# Our Tableaux Vivants

by Bob.

**W**E wanted to do something jolly for Bessie's birthday party. Bessie is our cousin; her father is in India, so she lives with us, and of course we wanted her party to be something extra nice. It was Uncle Jim who thought of Tableaux. At first we thought Bessie should not be in it, but have the surprise like the grown-ups, but then we thought we shouldn't like that ourselves, so she was in it from the beginning.

A lot of people came to the party—grown-ups and children. We had our stage in the old schoolroom.

At first we thought of playing historical pictures, like Sir Walter Raleigh laying his cloak in the mud for Queen Elizabeth to walk over (I always thought that so silly of him, but I suppose he had to)—only we had no money to buy historical dresses, and we didn't know how to make them, and Nurse said we were to go along with us, she couldn't be bothered. So we did other things.

The room was crammed. Nobody knew what it was going to be. Then the curtain went up.

We had programmes. Dolly wrote them with a sixpenny bottle of gold ink on some of Mother's best notepaper.

The first picture was the "Fall of Greece."

"I wonder how they'll do it?" I heard someone say.

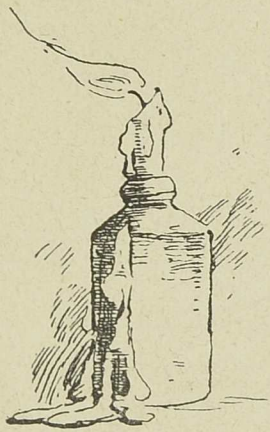
It was just a candle lighted and stuck in a ginger-beer bottle; and as we fanned it from the side where we couldn't be seen, the *grease* fell: See? Everybody laughed like anything.

Number two was called the "Meet of the Hounds." It was just a pile of dog biscuits—their *meat*, you know.

A portrait of her Majesty the Queen came next, and that was a penny postage stamp—stuck in the middle of a white plate to show it off.

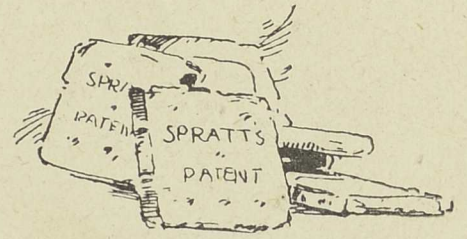
Then came "A View in Ireland." That was a champagne cork. There is a town in Ireland called Cork. (You may think we were very clever to think of all these things, but really it was Uncle Jim, nearly all of it.)





I thought of the Black Sea. That came next. It was a capital C cut out of black paper.

"The Charge of the Light Brigade," was very much clapped. It was six boxes of matches with a label on, 1d. the lot.



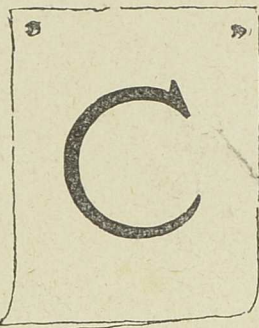
"The Tattered Standard" they liked very much too. That was just a copy of the *Standard* newspaper all crumpled and torn.

"Still Life—A Study in Oils," was a box of Sardines.

Dolly thought of "Sweet Seventeen" (because she is thirteen now and on the way to it; though Cousin Jack is seventeen and there's

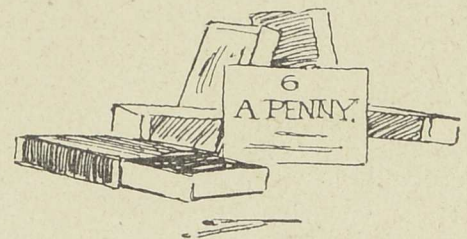
him). It sugar in a

"Up to up to the wall. The because of



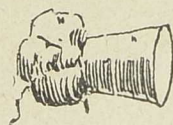
nothing much sweet about was seventeen lumps of row.

Date," was Bessie reaching Date of her Birthday, which was pinned on the audience clapped ever so, and we were glad her father being away and all that.



"Shakespeare," I thought of. It was Bessie again, shaking me with a Coronet on—*Shakes Peer*. I was the peer—like Lord Rosebery, you know, and others.

The last was "Drop Scene." There was a white table-napkin on the table, and Dolly came in and lifted it up. Underneath it on the table there was an acid drop seen.



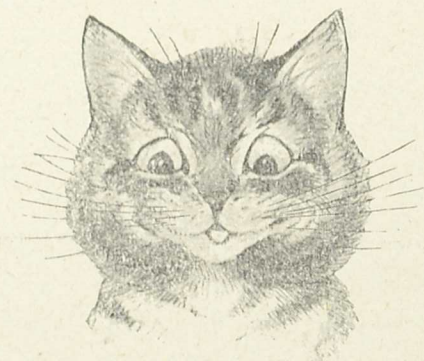
Everyone said it was first-rate, and it cost nothing but a little trouble, and not much of that. You try it next time you have a birthday party.



Bessie was awfully pleased. She hardly thought of her father at all, she said, till she went to bed, and then Mother went and tucked her up, and kissed her and cuddled her till she went to sleep, quite happy.

Mothers are jolly good things to have, even when they're only your aunts.





"Really, a very pleasant party."



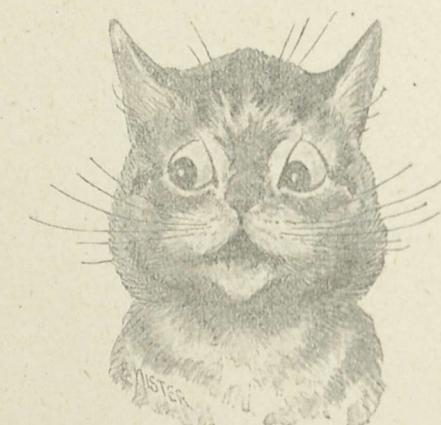
"In the conservatory too—such an original idea."



"Bravo! Signor Purrski sings capitally."



"I think I must give them a song."



"My best note spoilt—by an old boot too!"



"I'll never sing at Mrs. Tabitha's again!—no! never!"



## A HOT DISH.

“**H**ULLO, hot dish—  
well, that's lucky!

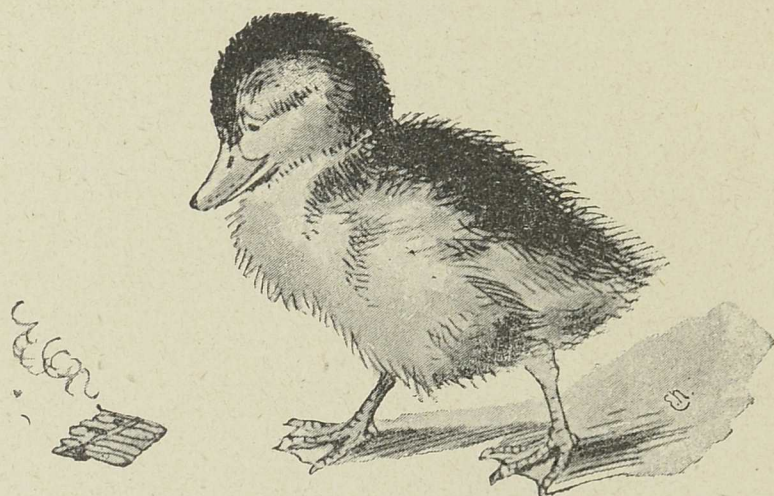
Just the thing

I like!” said Ducky;

“Snails, when cold,

without a question,

Always give me indigestion.



“Very lucky

that I met it—

Or some chicken

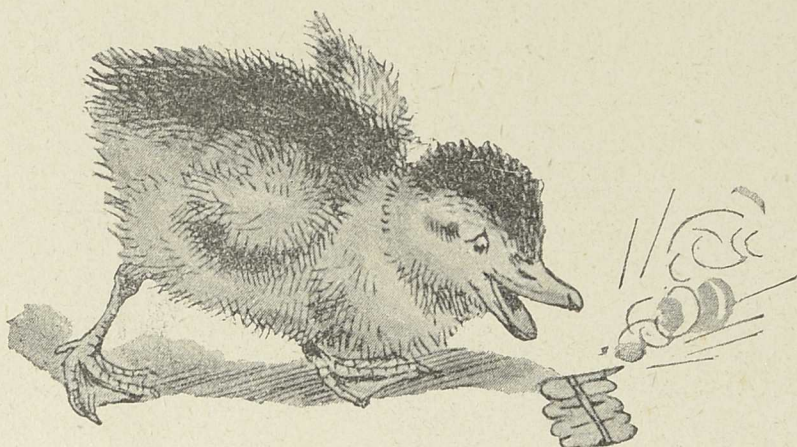
would have eat it—

Shall I try it?

I'll just taste it;

It would be

a shame to waste it.”



Bang! the cracker

dish went off—

Ducky gave

a sneeze—

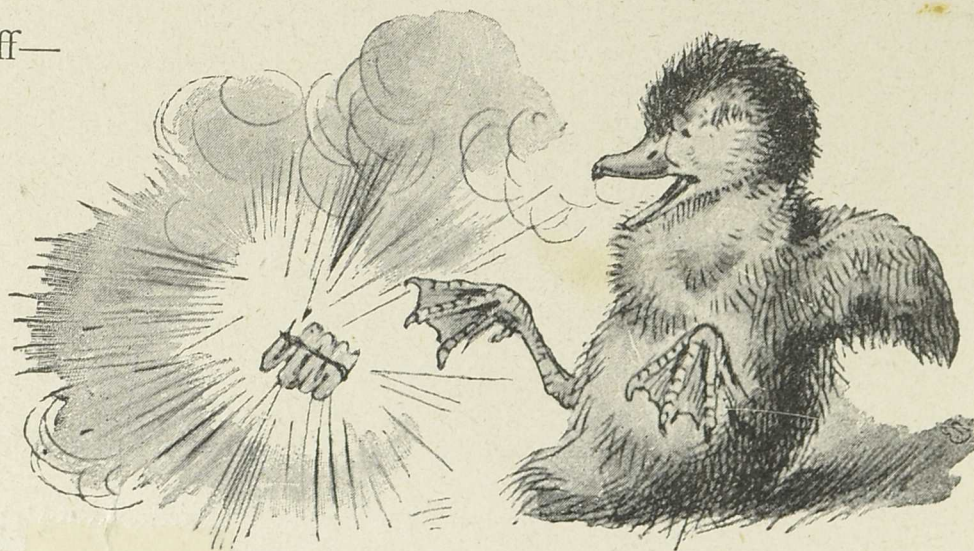
a cough,

“O dear,” cried she,

“where should I be

If it had gone off

inside me?”







The Naughty One of the Family.



## *I F.*

*I*F all the world were water,  
And every stone could float,  
If houses all were Noah's Arks,  
And every gig a boat.

If every bird had fins and gills,  
And every fish could fly,  
We'd all go bathing in the woods  
In weather wet or dry.

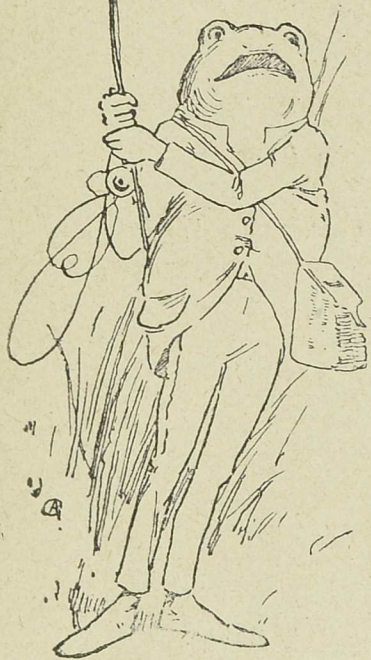
In short, if all the world were "If,"  
The King would pawn his crown,  
The beggar ride, the fool be King,  
And the world be upside down.



"We have some Lovely Mittens, Madam."



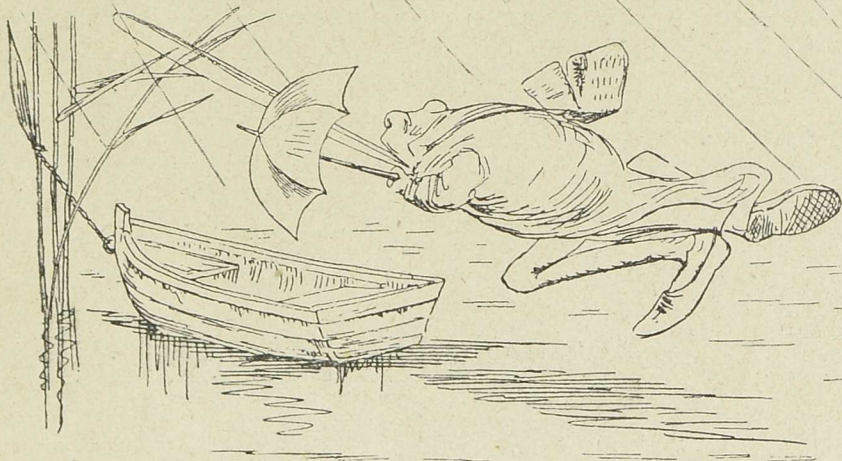
*A Frog he would a-fishing go*



A frog he would  
a-fishing go,  
Whether the fish would  
let him or no.



So he took his rod and line and bait,  
And started off one morn at eight.



He jumped into his fishing-boat,  
All ready on the stream afloat.

Then down he sat, threw out his line,  
And waited till the clock struck nine.

He fished on patiently till ten,  
He hadn't caught one even then.







At last, just  
as eleven struck,  
"Hurrah!" he cried,  
"now I'm in luck!"

He held his fishing-  
rod so tight,  
For a great big fish  
had come to bite!

Then, oh the struggle which would win,  
Till at last he pulled that big fish in.

Cried Froggie, "I am an angler fine,  
To-night on salmon I will dine!"

But then that salmon big and brave  
A nip to the angler's  
fingers gave!

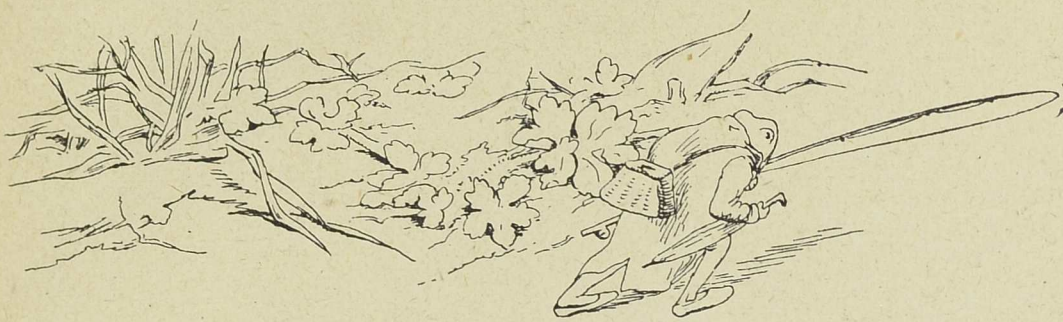


And while the fisherman  
screamed with pain,  
Jumped right back into  
the stream again.

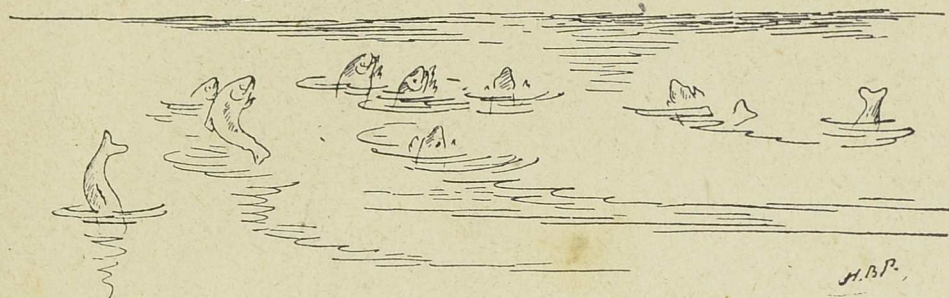


"O dear," cried Froggie,  
"I've had a bite,  
And I've had enough  
of fishing, quite."





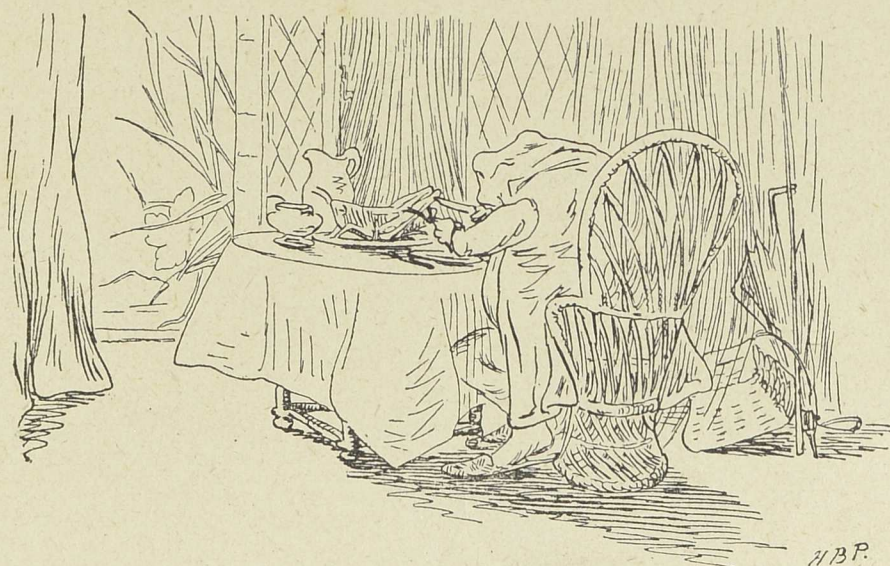
So home he went, looking  
sour and grim,  
While all the fishes  
laughed at him.



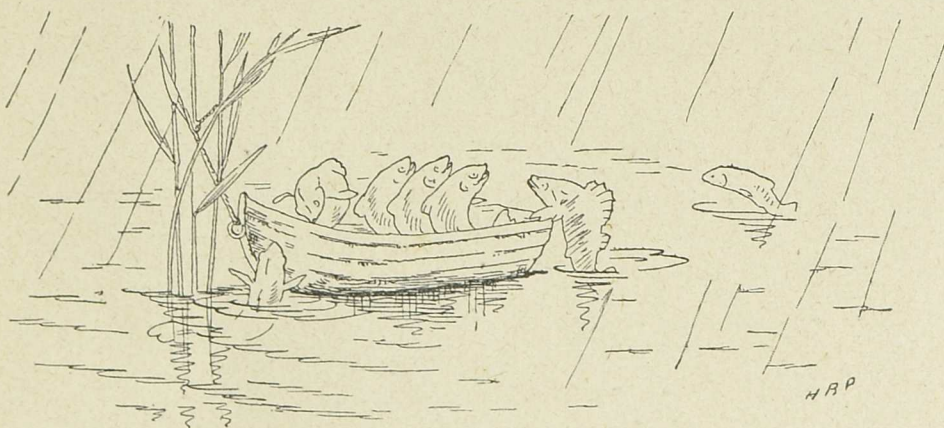
But when he sat that  
night at nine,  
Off a fresh-caught  
grasshopper to dine,

Said he to himself,  
"I daresay fish  
Is, after all, a  
tasteless dish!"

"Even for salmon  
I might not care,  
A grasshopper is  
the finest fare!"



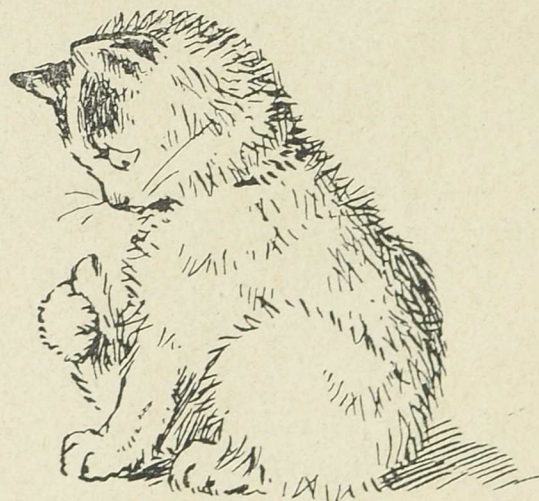
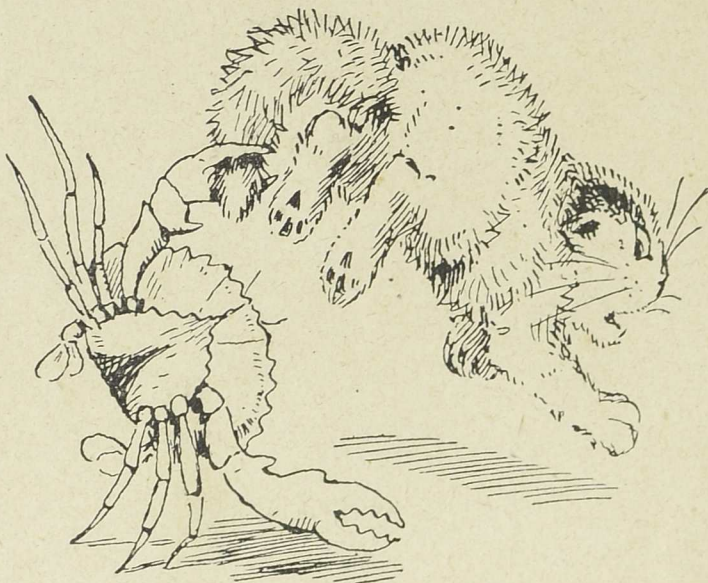
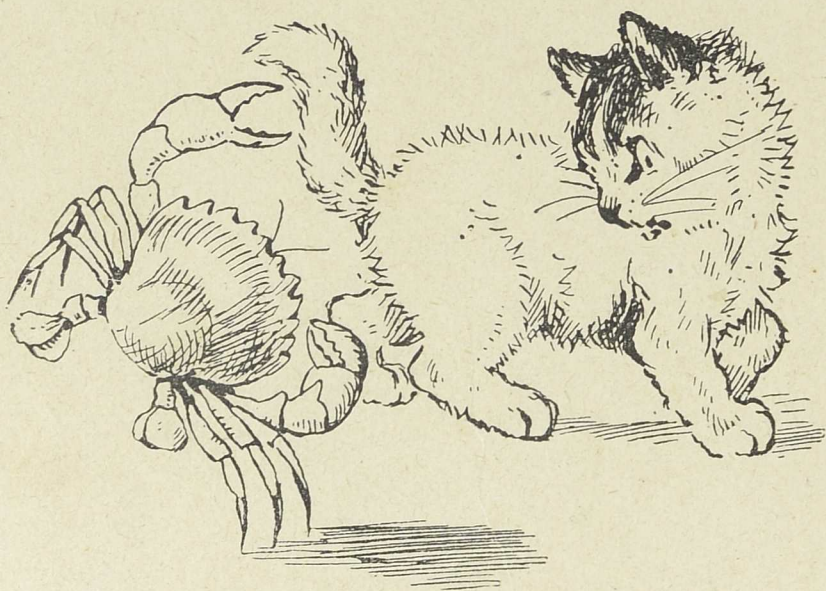
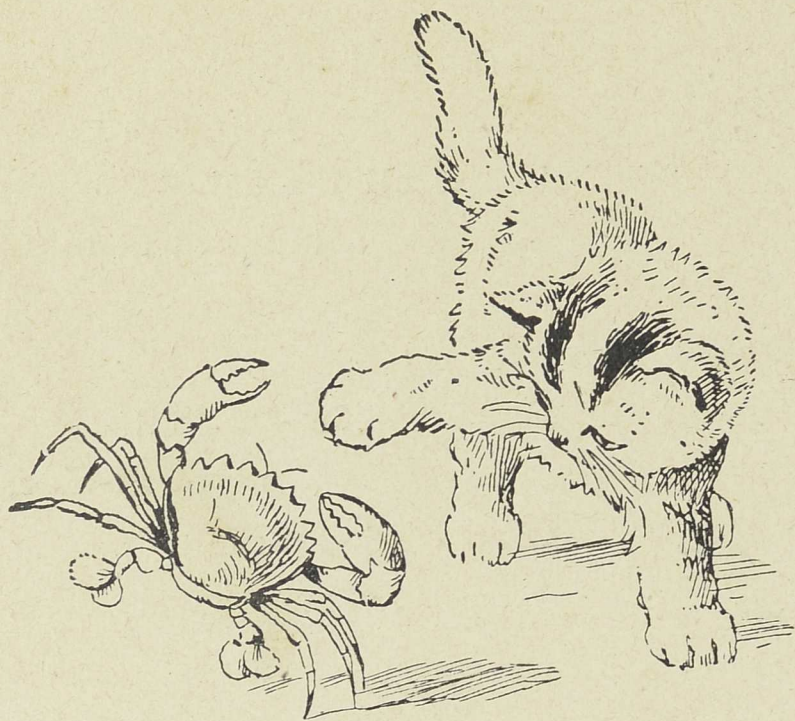
And the little fishes  
in the sea  
They chuckle to  
themselves in glee.



"Old Froggie would  
a-fishing go,  
But he couldn't catch  
one, oh dear no!"

C. B.





The Tail of a Cat and a Crab.



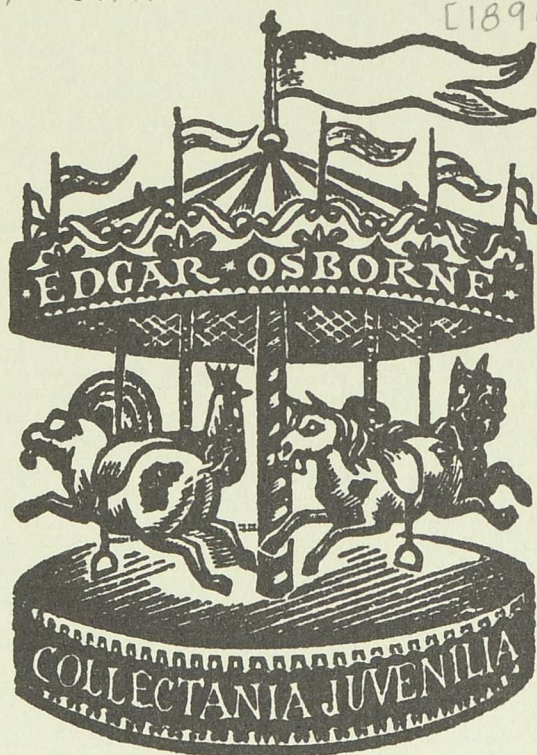








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