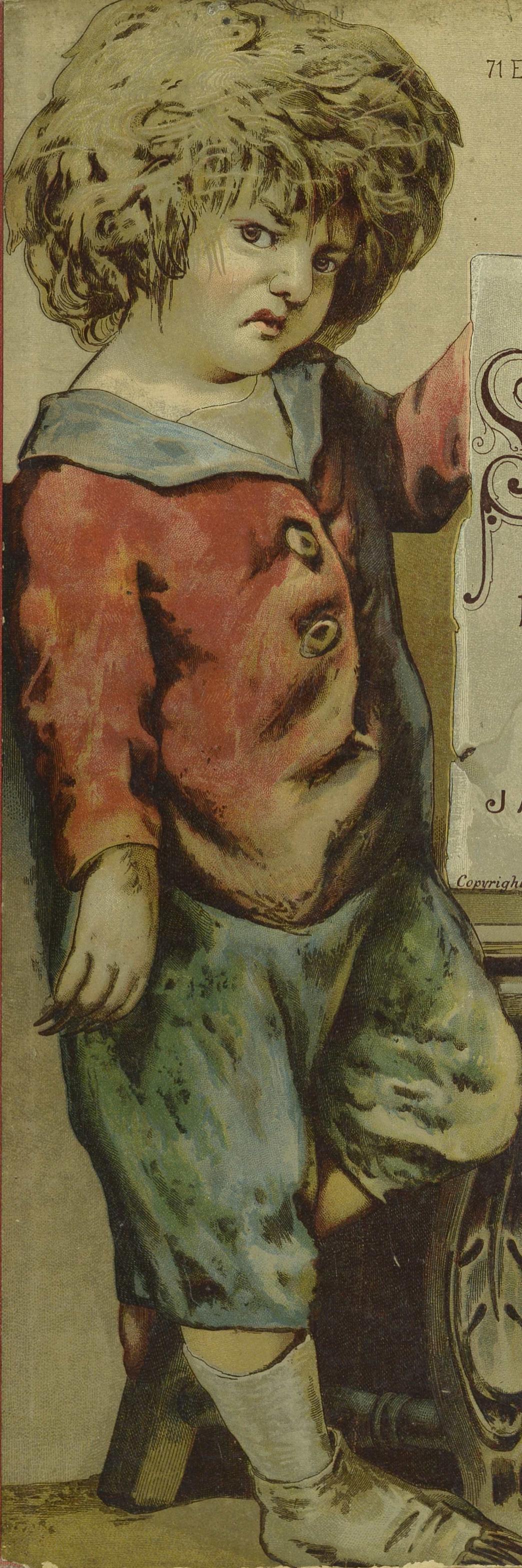


71 Editions of 'Struwelpeter' sold in Germany alone.



Struwelpeter
translated **junior**
from the German of
J. Trojan.

LONDON
JARROLD & SONS
10 & 11 Warwick Lane E.C.

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Printed in Bavaria.

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Struwwelpeter

junior

translated

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J. Trojan

LONDON:

JARROLD & SONS.
10 & 11 Warwick Lane.

→ Untidy Emily. ←

Oh, here's a sad picture! Pray carefully look!
As sad as was ever yet seen in a book.
'Tis Emily's portrait; not at all flattered.
Slovenly, dirty, untidy, and tattered,
Her mother implores her, again and again,
To make herself tidy; but all is in vain.
Her trimmings are torn; there's a hole in her dress;
Another, still larger: her shoes in a mess;
Stockings down: buttons missing; shabby old hat,
Not for worlds would I wear it, battered and flat.
Her mother does nothing but patch, darn, and mend,
'Till saddened and weary, she says: "This must end.
All, all is in vain, and now happen what may,
I can do nothing more; so go your own way."
A terrible thing very soon now befell.
Oh, horror! I shudder the story to tell.
This girl ran quite wild; 'till at last she became,
All tatters and rags, with no feeling of shame.
A man, who was passing, then took her one day,
And in his field placed her, to scare birds away.
She is still standing there; stands there day and night.
'The sparrows fly round her, and cry in affright:
"Look at this dreadful thing! Take care, now, take care!
Beware of the scarecrow! Beware, now, beware!"





Little Lottie who Strayed from Home.

"WHERE, where is my Lottie, my poor darling child?"
 Cried Lottie's fond mother, with grief almost wild.
 "We've looked high and low, but we've looked all in
 vain,
 From cellar to garret, again and again.
 The roof, too, we've searched, but she cannot be found."
 "Lottie's gone; Lottie's gone; she cannot be found."
 These words were soon echoed by all, far and near;
 Alas! they were true, it was only too clear.

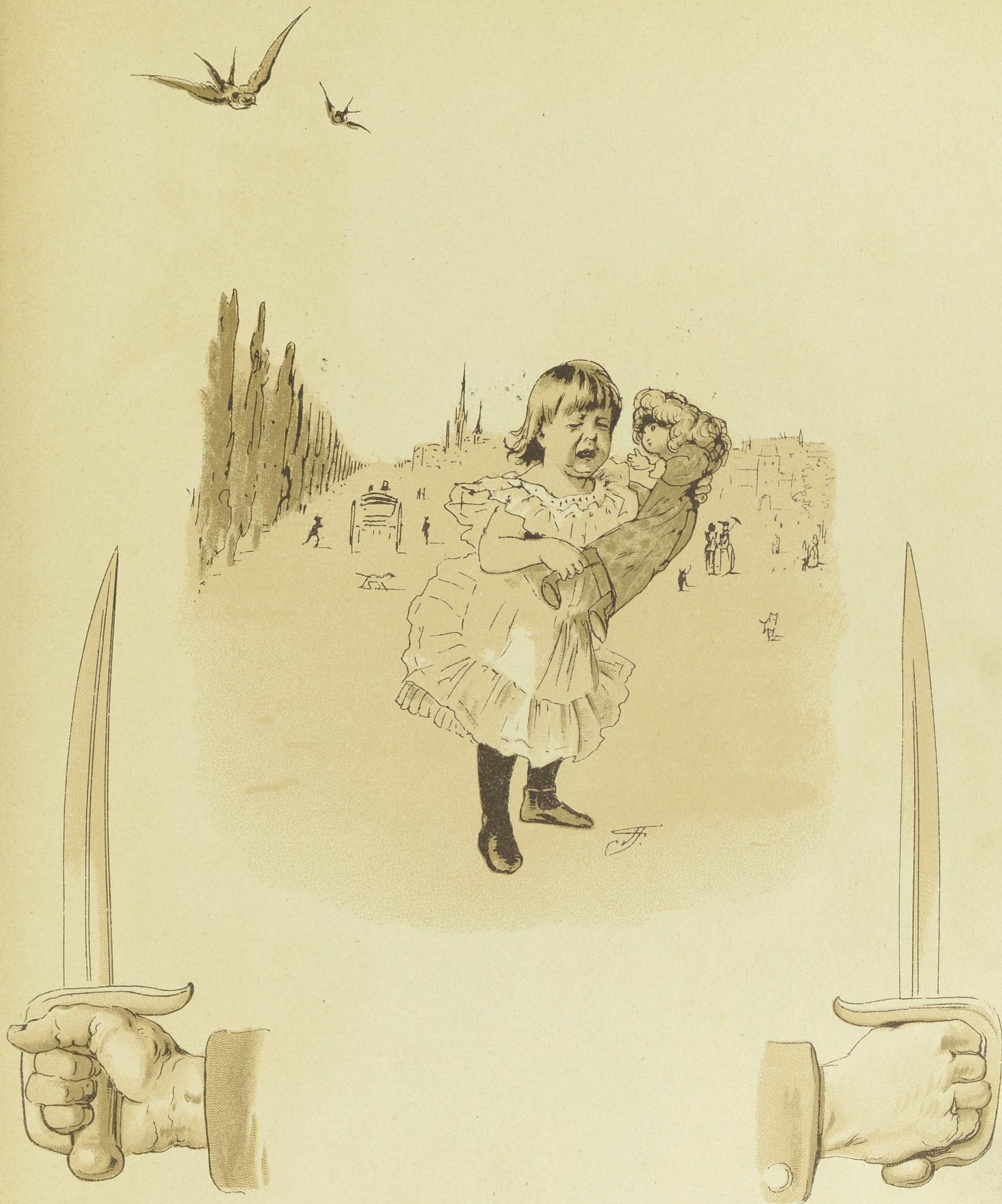


She had gone with her doll, this great world to see :
 How pleasant it was just to feel she was free,
 This wonderful world to inspect and explore,
 She glides down the steps, when she's once passed the
 door,

Wanders on through the streets, all heedless and gay,
 Against a post stumbles which stood in her way ;
 But on, on she wanders, still full of delight,
 Until on a sudden, she says in affright :

"It is time to go home." But which is the way?
 Alas! she knows not; she had gone quite astray.
 Bewildered with fear, she began soon to cry;
 A number of people then quickly drew nigh.
 "Now what is the matter, my poor little dear?"
 They asked; and she answered, with many a tear:
 "I want to go home, but the way I don't know."
 And all cried in chorus, first, "Ah," and then, "Oh."
 "And where do you live?" they next asked with
 concern;
 But from poor sobbing Lottie nothing could learn.





Up came a policeman, both solemn and tall,
 He said ; " What's the matter ? " At once, one and all,
 Excitedly answered : " A lost child, you see.
 We don't know at all, who her parents may be."
 To the station he took her. Poor little child !
 " Sit down," he said kindly, with voice very mild.
 She sat, sad and silent. It seemed a strange place ;
 Policemen stood round her, and stared in her face.
 But all seemed to pity her. One brought a slice
 Of new bread and butter, exceedingly nice.

She liked it so much, for it tasted so sweet :
 Fresh courage it gave her : 'twas really a treat.
 'Till the evening she sat. Then someone drew near ;
 'Twas her father, who asked : " Is dear Lottie here ? "
 " Look, look, there she is," was the cheerful reply
 She rushed to his arms, with a sob and a sigh.
 The men he thanked warmly ; then hastened away,
 Reaching home, never doubt, without much delay.
 " I've got her," he said. " She is back in her home.
 Away from it, mother, she never will roam."



Fred's Visit to the Zoo.

You'll always find, when at the Zoo,
Snakes, crocodiles, and tigers, too,
Rough bears and lions grand ;
Giraffes and elephants as well,
And monkeys, more than I can tell,
And birds from every land.

When Master Fred was there, one day,
He could not tear himself away
From one attractive cage.
'Twas full of birds ; and some were white,
And some had colours very bright ;
You see one on this page.
Fred slyly caught this bird, and tried
To pluck a feather from its side,

But soon screamed out in pain ;
The bird, in savage manners bred,
Pecked at his hand until it bled ;
He roared, and screamed again.
His mother, who was standing near,
When once she saw the blood appear,
Left Gnu and Kangaroo,
And with her pocket-handkerchief
Bound up the wound to give relief,
For what else could she do ?



But then she soon began to scold,
And said : " How often you've been told
Always to keep away,
From cages where fierce birds and beasts
Delight in savage, horrid feasts,
Why do you disobey ?"
For many weeks Fred went in pain ;
His father said : " Don't try again,
To play such tricks, my dear.
You vexed a bird within his cage,
But had you roused a lion's rage
You would not now be here."

Matilda, the Tomboy.

MATILDA is called a wild girl,
And called so with very good reason.
Quite madly she'll twist, turn, and twirl,
Climb trees, too, no matter the season.
That never she'd had a bad fall,
And been shattered to pieces outright,
Was really surprising to all,
For she climbed to the dizziest height.
One day in a room as she skipped,
Romped and jumped, rushed and darted about,
She awkwardly all at once slipped,
Struck her head ; gave a scream and a shout.

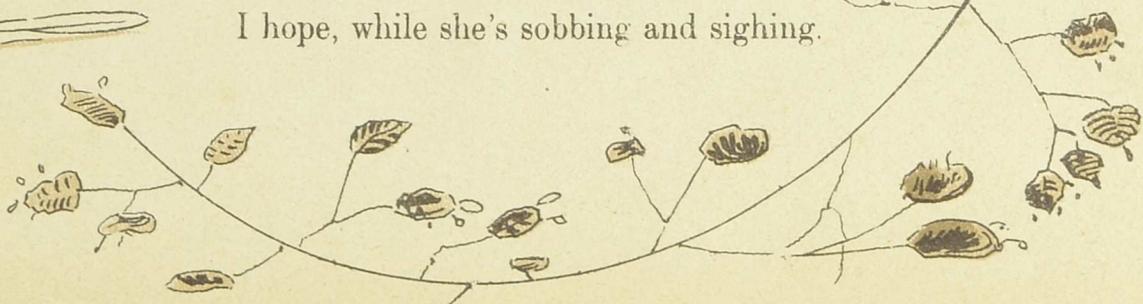




No wonder so loudly she cried,
 'Turning pale, just as though she had swooned ;
 All thought at the time she'd have died,
 On her head there was such a deep wound.
 The doctor arrived in hot haste,
 With his scissors and needle and thread,
 He saw there was no time to waste,
 And soon sewed up the wound on her head.
 Then gave her a draught, very sour,
 Saying : " This will at once ease your pain,
 One table-spoonful every hour ;
 And to-morrow I'll come here again."



Now this is what comes of such play,
 Matilda in bed is still lying,
 She'll think of her fall day by day,
 I hope, while she's sobbing and sighing.



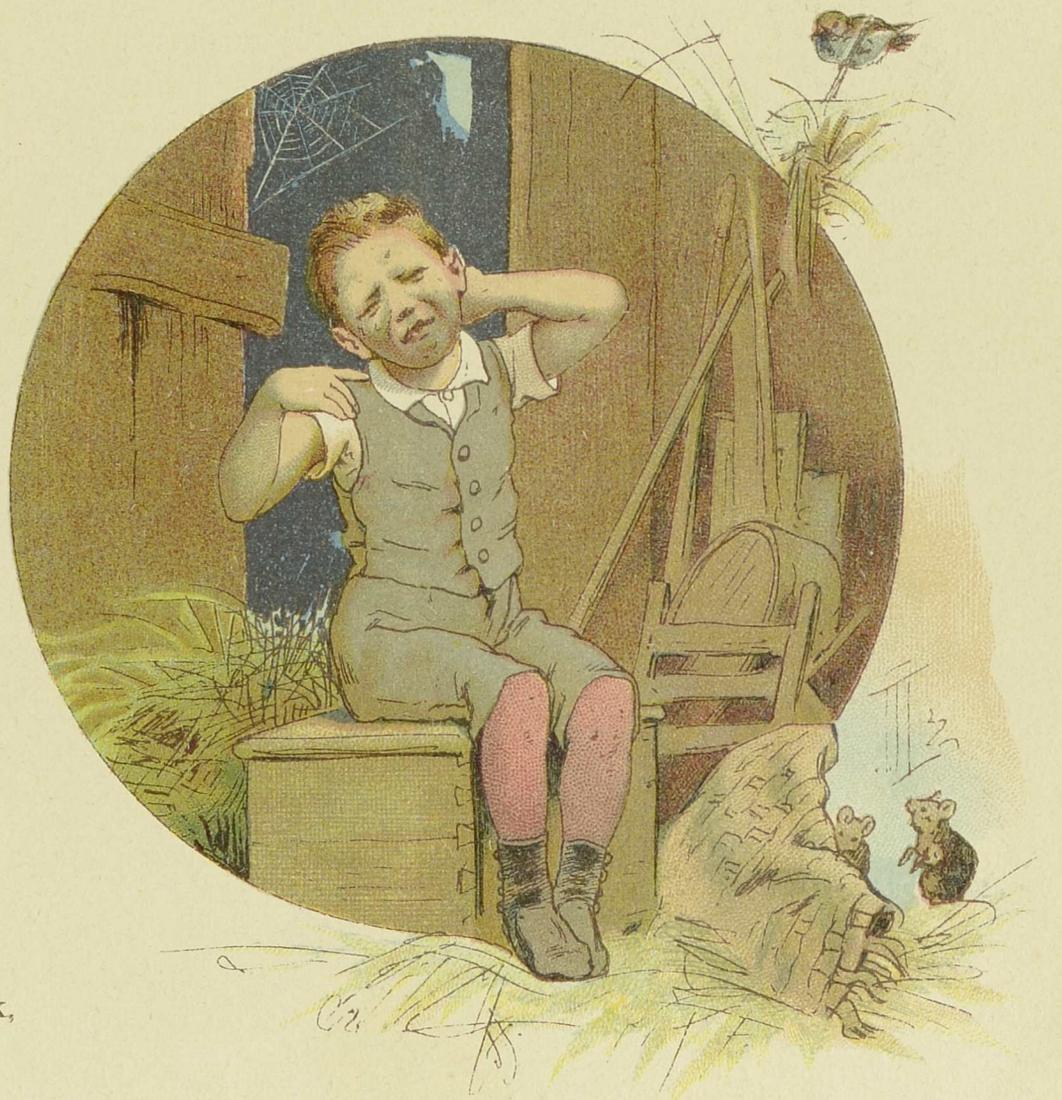
Surly Frank.

FRANK was a nasty surly boy,
Always glad to vex and annoy ;
Always pleased to quarrel and fight,
And mischief was his chief delight.
No one could bear him. All refused,
When children met to be amused,
To let him join in sport and play ;
He'd spoil the most delightful day.
He grew so cross, he'd often growl,
And often too, he'd frown and scowl.



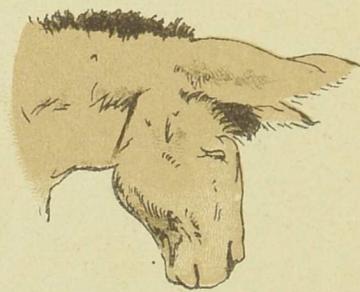
It so fell out that some time back,
A party gave, kind Doctor Black.
Frank's sisters went with many more,
What happy faces all soon wore !
All kinds of sweets ; of games no end,
A brighter evening who could spend ?
And all this time, just like an owl,
Frank moped at home with darker scowl.
At last, so wretched seemed his lot,
The tears ran down all fast and hot.
"How nice at Dr. Black's to be,"
He said, and sighed in misery.
The mice played round about the room,
And jeered to see him in such gloom.
Now when his sisters all returned,
His face with rage and envy burned,





And when they said they'd been so gay,
More sulky still he turned away.
His sister, Grace, good-hearted Grace,
Looked kindly in his angry face,
Drew forth a packet full of sweets,
Enough for many joyous treats,
Which from the party she'd brought back,
The gift, of course, of Doctor Black.
She gave him two ; they were the best,
And said : " I'm sorry, like the rest,
You were not asked to go to-night,
'Twas all so merry and so bright !
'Take these, and eat, and don't complain,
'Try to be cheerful once again."

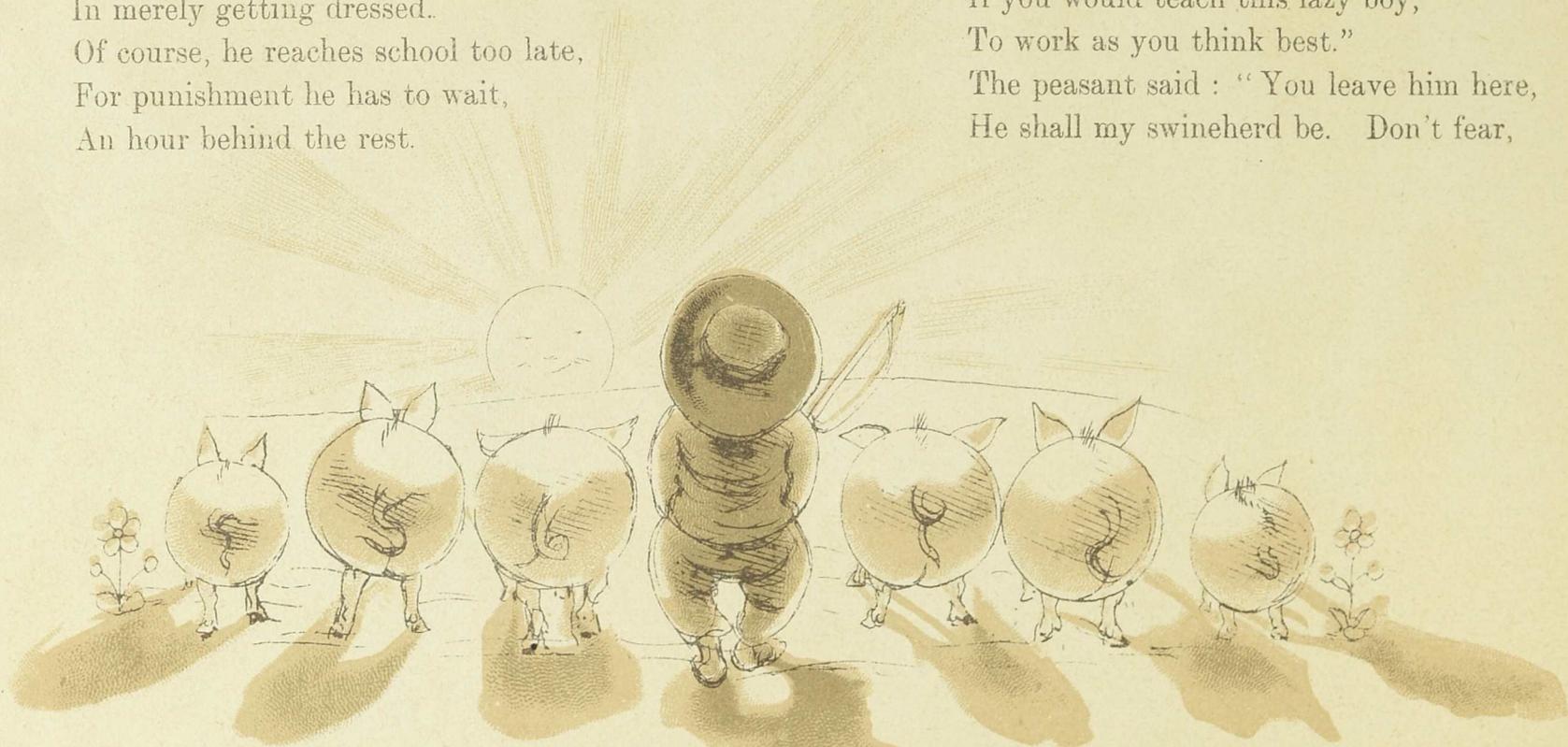




Paul, the Sluggard.

It really is by far too bad,
That Paul is such a lazy lad,
The idlest ever known.
He does not rise until it's late,
Never before the clock strikes eight,
And gets up with a groan.
He yawns and stretches. Oh dear me !
The time he wastes, tis sad to see,
In merely getting dressed.
Of course, he reaches school too late,
For punishment he has to wait,
An hour behind the rest.

On coming back, he's late again,
And lazy still : 'tis very plain,
He cannot read or spell ;
No lesson can he say aright ;
No sentence properly indite ;
There's nothing he does well.
He has no industry at all.
His ignorance may well appal,
And cause his father grief.
He's always in the lowest class,
Nor ever higher will he pass ;
'Tis quite beyond belief.
One day his father plainly spoke,
For really it was now no joke ;
" Come hither, Paul," said he.
" You are so lazy, that it's clear,
You're fit for simply nothing here,
So come along with me."
In sorrow then, poor Paul he led,
Straight to a peasant's humble shed,
And thus the man addressed :
" It would," he said, " give me great joy,
If you would teach this lazy boy,
To work as you think best."
The peasant said : " You leave him here,
He shall my swineherd be. Don't fear,

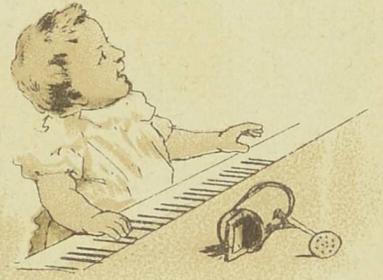


" I'll make him work a bit."
So Paul drives out the pigs each day ;

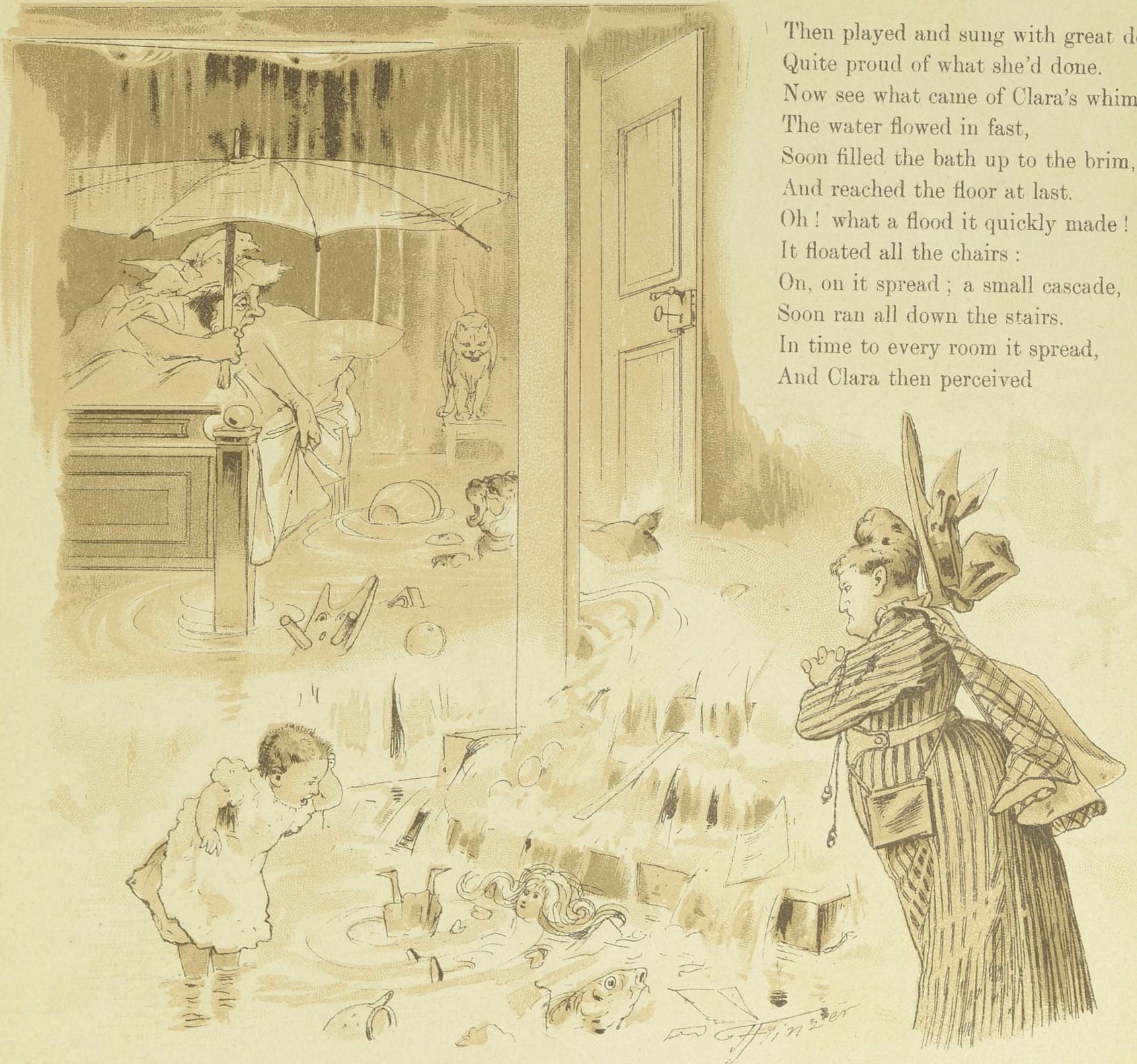
He's dismal, yet what can he say ?
For nothing else he's fit.

Careless Clara.

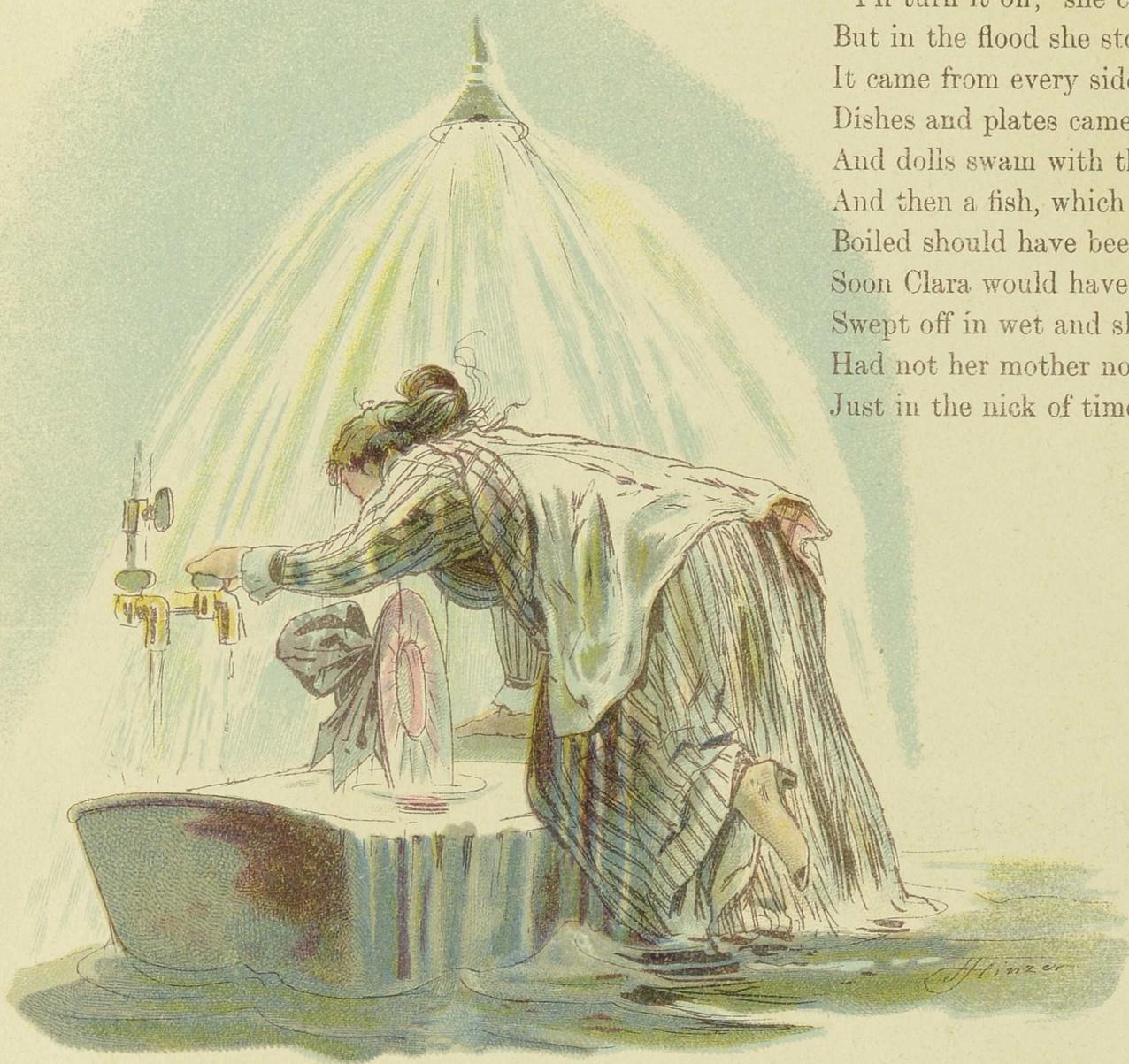
LITTLE Clara at home alone,
At first was very good,
But soon it was most plainly shown,
She felt in idle mood.
Away she ran with all her might,
The bath tap turned in fun,



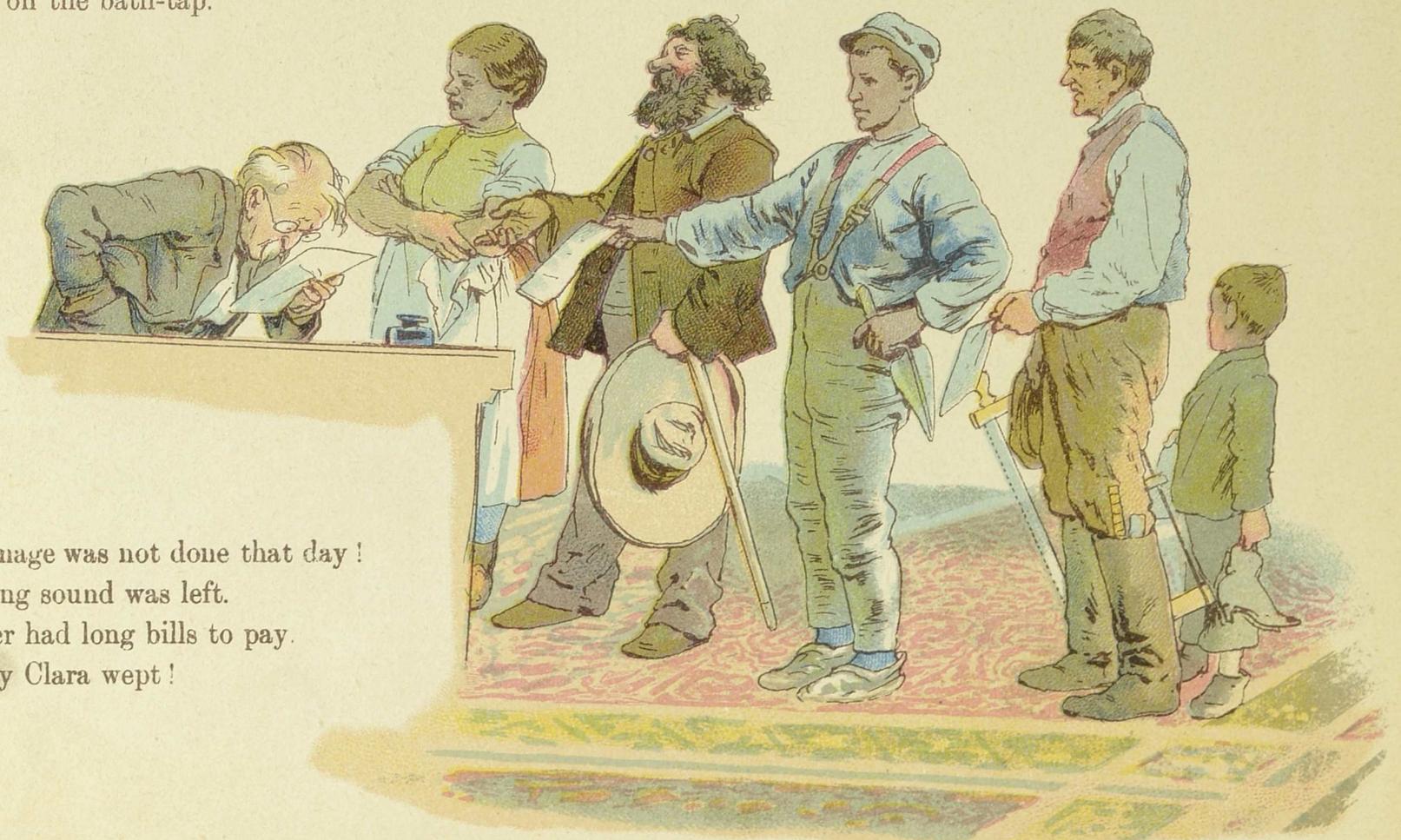
Then played and sung with great delight,
Quite proud of what she'd done.
Now see what came of Clara's whim ;
The water flowed in fast,
Soon filled the bath up to the brim,
And reached the floor at last.
Oh ! what a flood it quickly made !
It floated all the chairs :
On, on it spread ; a small cascade,
Soon ran all down the stairs.
In time to every room it spread,
And Clara then perceived



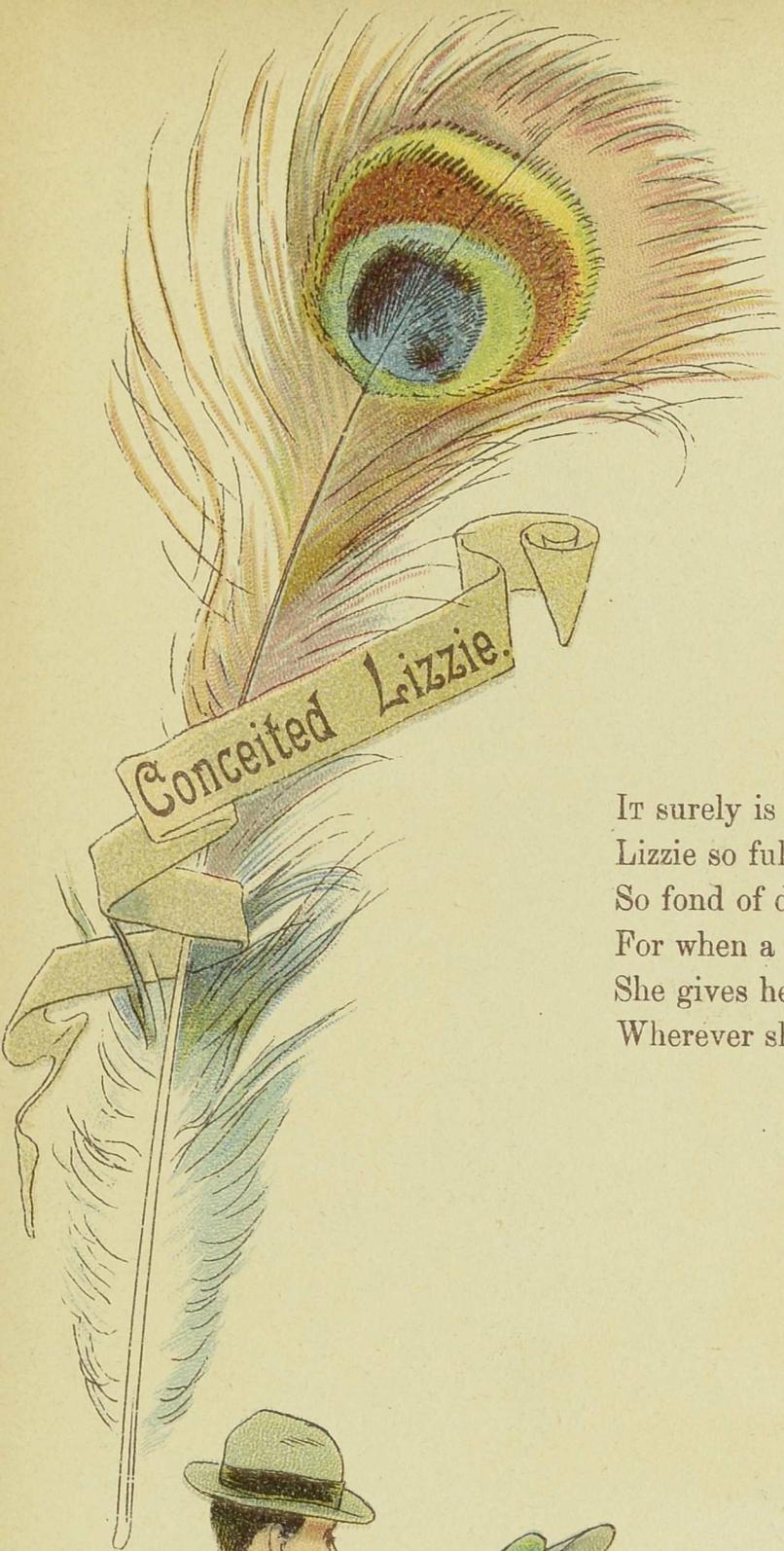
What she had done. "Alas!" she said,
 For she was sorely grieved.
 "The tap, the tap!" How she did weep!
 "I'll turn it off," she cried;
 But in the flood she stood knee-deep;
 It came from every side.
 Dishes and plates came swimming round,
 And dolls swam with the tide;
 And then a fish, which I'll be bound,
 Boiled should have been, or fried.
 Soon Clara would have been, alack!
 Swept off in wet and slime,
 Had not her mother now come back,
 Just in the nick of time.



She wrung her hands, she looked around,
 At sight of this mishap,
 Then boldly rushed up at a bound,
 And turned off the bath-tap.



What damage was not done that day!
 For nothing sound was left.
 Her father had long bills to pay.
 How sadly Clara wept!

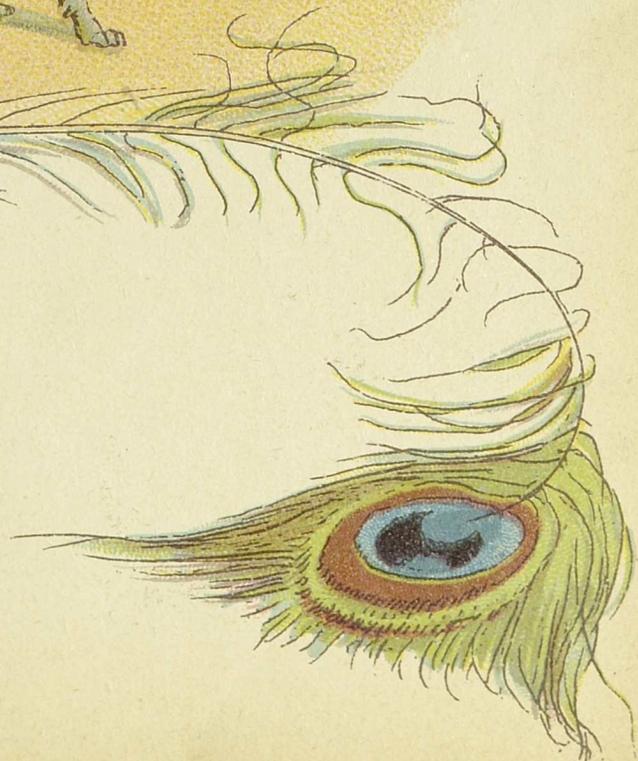


Conceited Lizzie.

It surely is not good to see,
Lizzie so full of vanity,
So fond of dress and show.
For when a fine new frock she wears,
She gives herself most silly airs,
Wherever she may go.



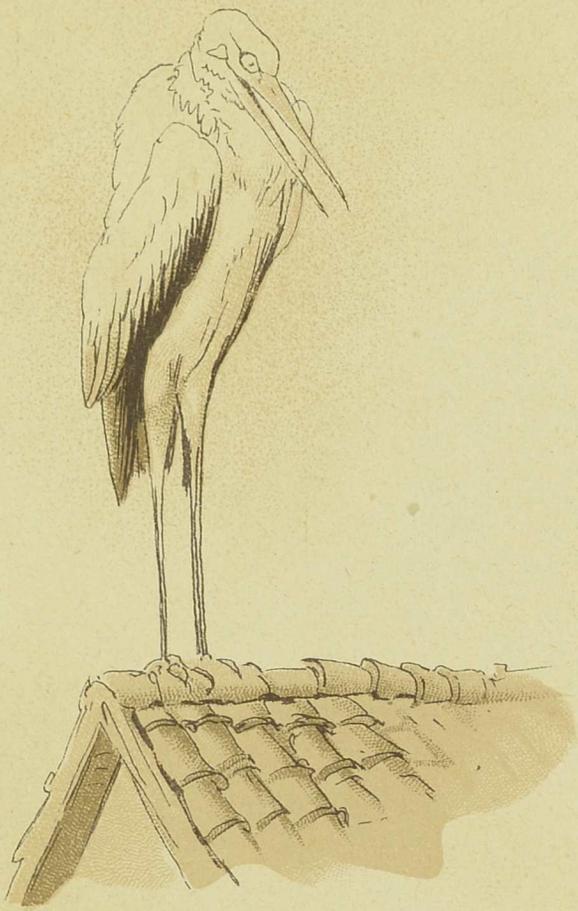
She thinks herself a charming girl ;
But when folks see her twist and twirl,
They stop in every street.
They smile, or fairly laugh outright,
And say : " She's really quite a sight,
Was ever such conceit ? "



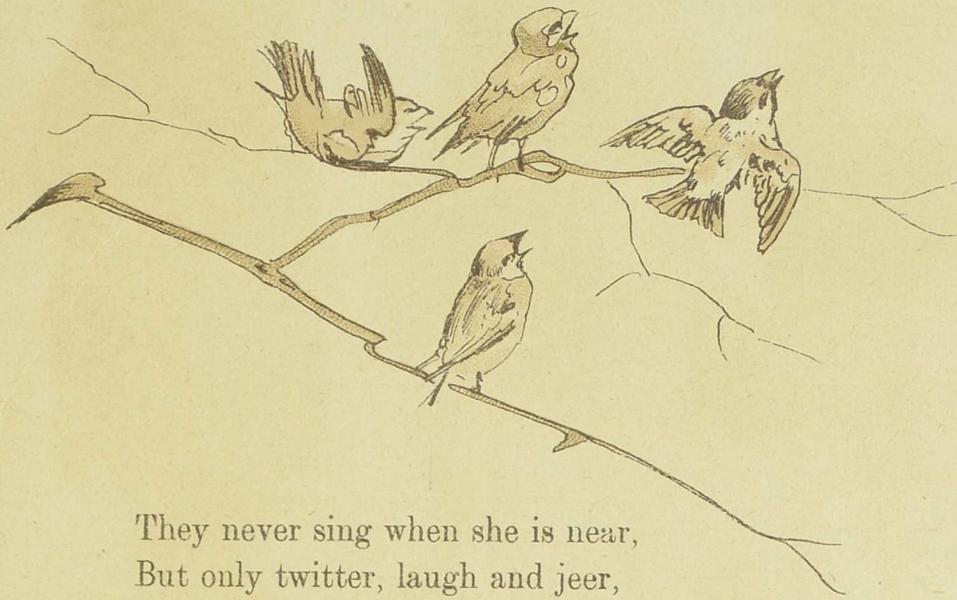
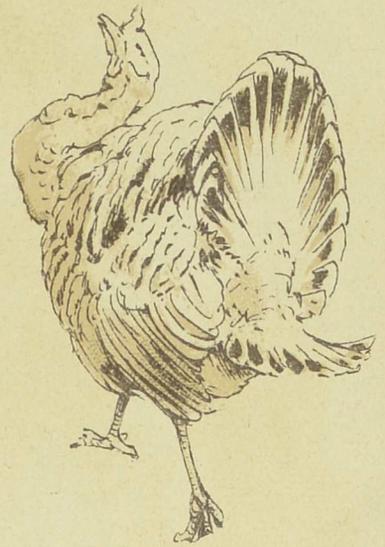


Even the very dogs and cats,
 The squirrels, weasels, mice, and rats,
 The hares and lambs and sheep,
 The pigeons, chickens, ducks, and geese,
 The peacocks, too, can never cease,
 From laughter, loud and deep.





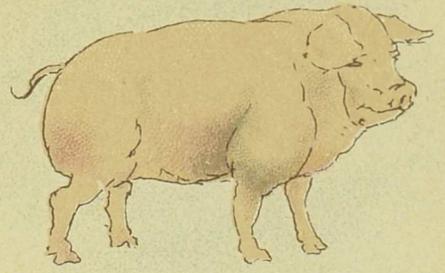
And look, the proud old turkey-cock,
When she struts by in some new frock,
Struts after through the lane.
The stork upon the house-top stands,
And claps his wings ; he has no hands,
And says : " You're very vain."
The charming birds upon the trees,
Who sweetly sing that they may please,
Treat Lizzie with disdain.



They never sing when she is near,
But only twitter, laugh and jeer,
And say : " You're very vain."
At last she was so much distressed,
That now she's always neatly dressed,
And gives herself no airs.



And thus from ridicule quite free,
A nicer girl you rarely see,
So every one declares.



Hoggish Henry.

Oh! Henry eats like any pig;
He drives his mother mad.
She scolds. He does not care a fig.
It's really very sad.
She says: "Your sister, little dear!
Is always clean and neat;
And though she's younger by a year,
How nicely she can eat."
It's all in vain. He does not care;
He's shocking to behold.
The table-cloth and napkin there,
Are smeared in every fold.
Upon the floor, crumbs thickly lie,
As though for chickens laid,
Around his mouth and nose, oh fie!
Is dirt of every shade.
He looks, bedaubed with smear and stain,
Just like some savage wild.
His hands, as forks are used, it's plain.
For shame, you dirty child!
At every meal his mother says:
"Eat nicely, I implore.
If not you'll have to go your ways."
He went on as before
What could be done? Well, this was done.
They sent him off one day
To Africa. It was not fun,
With nigger boys to stay.
Yet there he is, and still remains.
He has no games or toys,
So to improve he's taking pains,
With these black nigger boys.
And when his teacher writes and says:
"On this palm-leaf you'll learn,
Henry has now no hoggish ways."
Then only he'll return.





Tearful Annie.

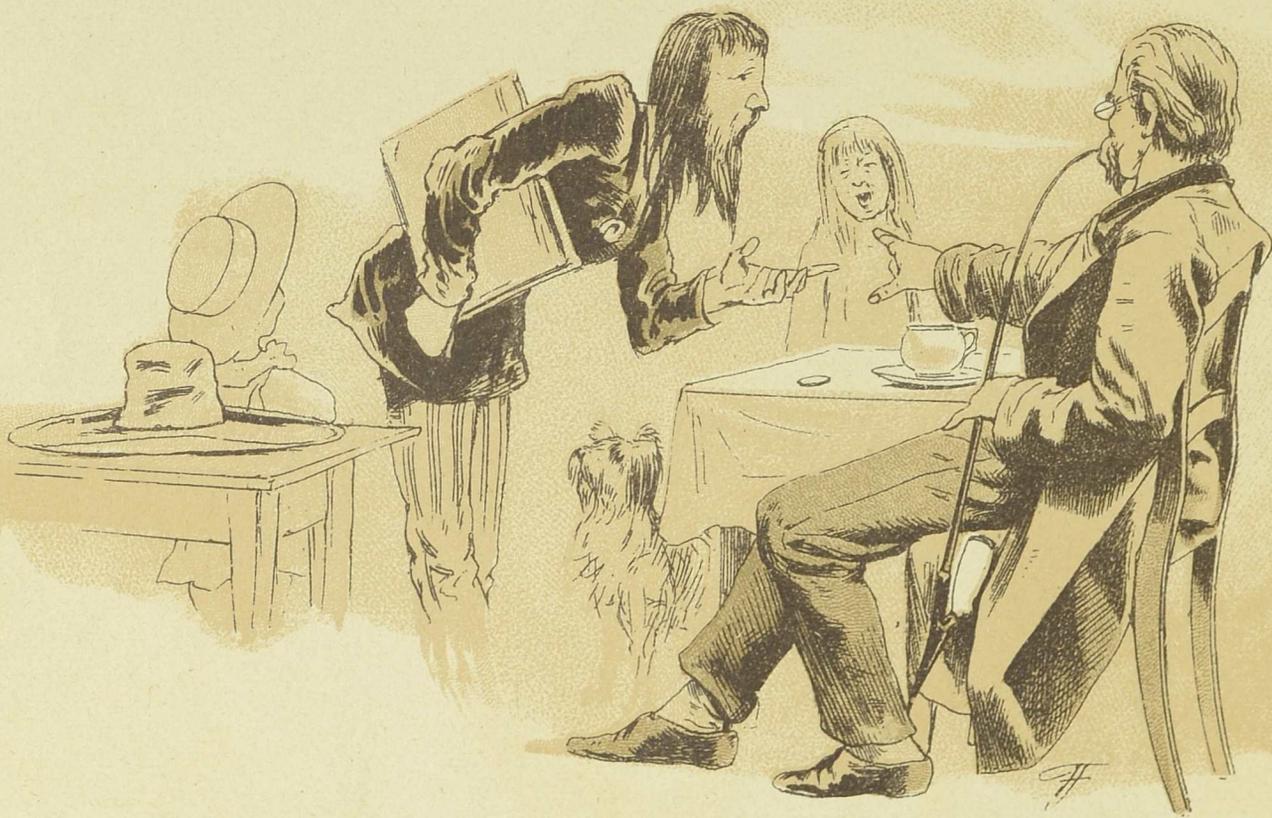
POOR little Annie, you will find,
Is very gentle, good, and kind,
But soon a fault appears.

Her father grieved, said: "This must cease,
We never have a moment's peace,
She cries both day and night."



The slightest thing will give her pain,
Her feelings she can ne'er restrain,
But gives way to her tears.

A portrait painter then he paid,
To paint this little tearful maid,
Crying with all her might.



The other day when Ferdinand,—
And if you search throughout the land,
No nicer boy you'll find—
Said something which he never meant
To cause the slightest discontent,
For hours she sobbed and whined.

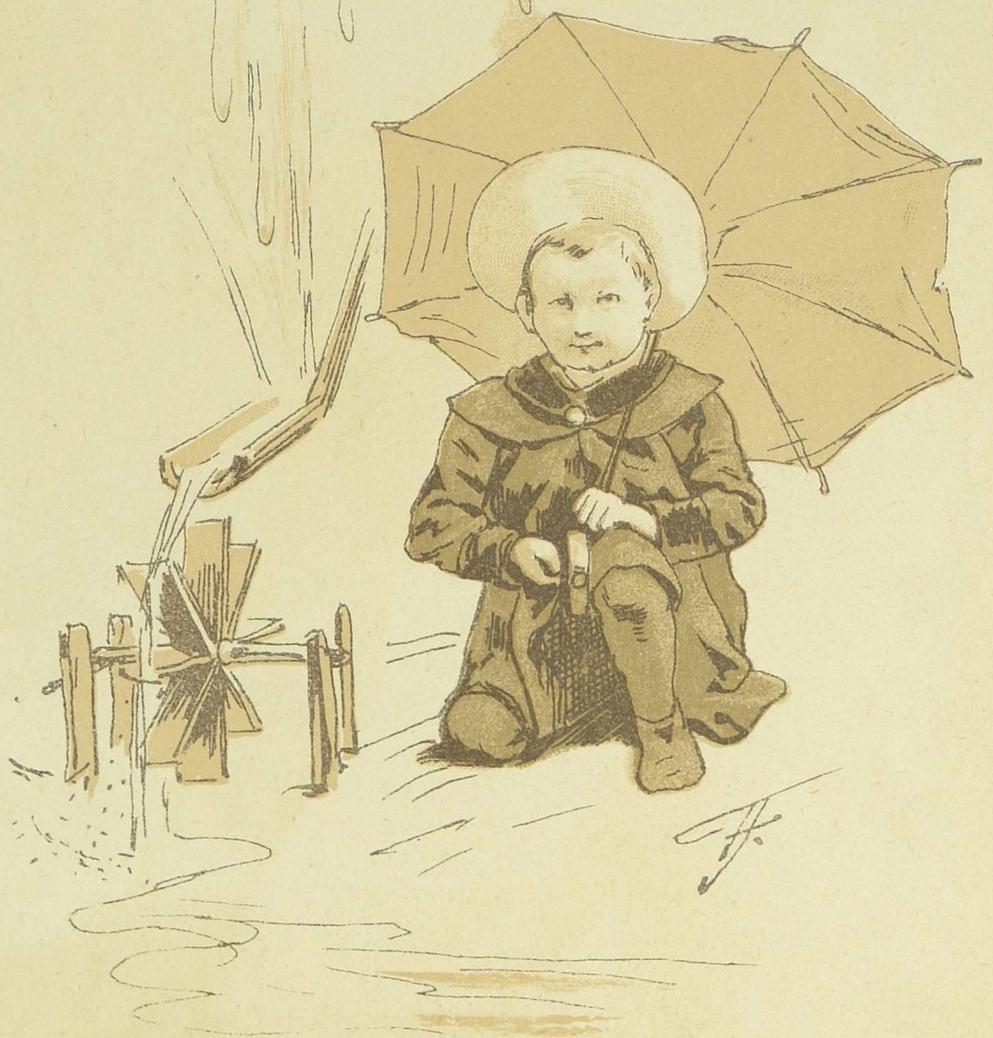
He set to work that very day,
Directly he'd received his pay;
The picture soon was done.
Yes, there she was, all sobs and sighs,
Large tear-drops streaming from her eyes.
"How like!" said every one.

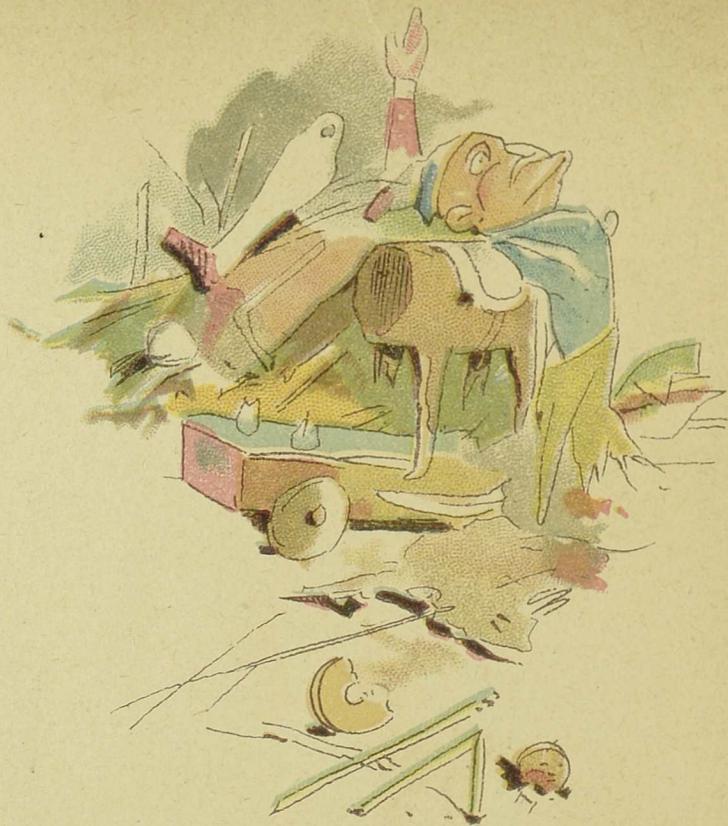


It was in truth a great success ;
Quite perfect, neither more nor less ;
Her father was so glad.



He hung the portrait in her room ;
It filled her with the deepest gloom ;
She felt annoyed and sad.
With every relative who came,
And saw the picture, 'twas the same,
All started with affright.
Uncles and aunts, and cousins, too,
Found it so striking, life-like, true,
That soon they took to flight.
Annie not long could this endure ;
It brought about a speedy cure,
She ceased to cry and moan.
Her father ceased to scold and frown,
He had the picture taken down
And in the garret thrown.





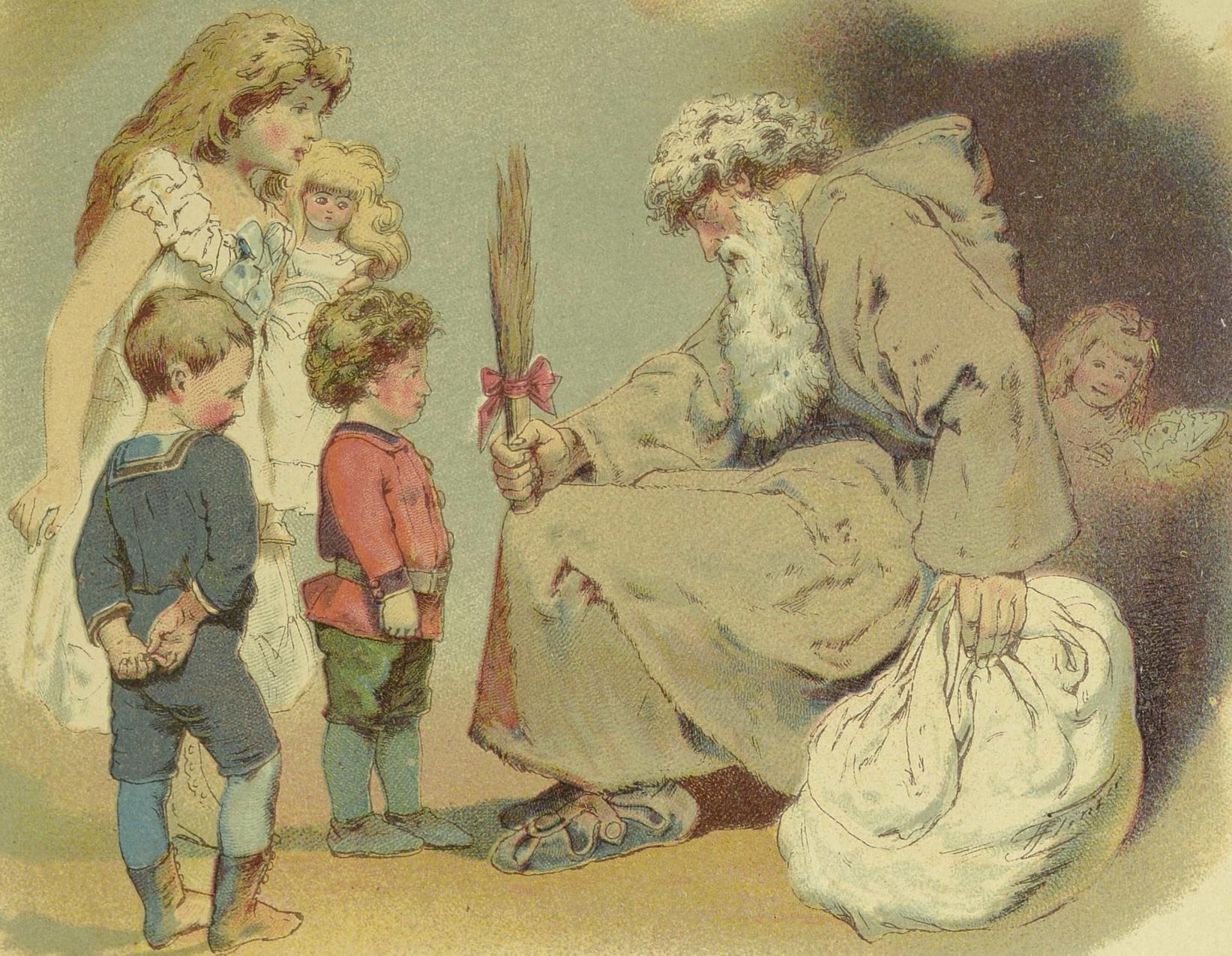
Nice instruments, producing sounds
Of music, when a handle's turned,
With heavy hammer hard he pounds,
Soon makes them dumb and then they're
burned.

Thus every one some loss bewails,
Something smashed up and thrown away,
He does not mind ; blame naught avails,
Around him wreckage grows each day.
When Father Christmas heard of this,
He made a few notes in his book,
And when his gifts filled all with bliss,
To Harry none at all he took.

Destructive Harry.

THERE'S nothing gives such keen delight,
To Harry, that sad grievous boy,
As mischief ; both by day and night,
He'll smash, and tear ; all things destroy.
No matter what falls in his hands,
It may be short ; it may be long ;
It may be rare ; from distant lands,
To spoil it he will straightway long ;
Dolls, picture-books, and toys of wood,
Nay, handkerchiefs and slates he takes,
Or metal objects, strong and good,
All, all, he smashes, or else breaks.





Oh yes! A rod of birch he gave,
And sadly said: "This rod I leave,
'Twill warn you better to behave.
If you don't change, I much shall grieve.

So when I come again next year,
I hope at once to clearly see
That you've improved. Should this appear,
Some gift you'll find upon my tree."



A man came up and from the ditch,
 He drew Gustavus black as pitch,
 And with amusement smiled.
 The lad reached home : how sad his fate !
 He had not very long to wait,
 And then—No ! I'll not say,
 But this at least you all may know,
 I should not like to undergo,
 What he went through that day !



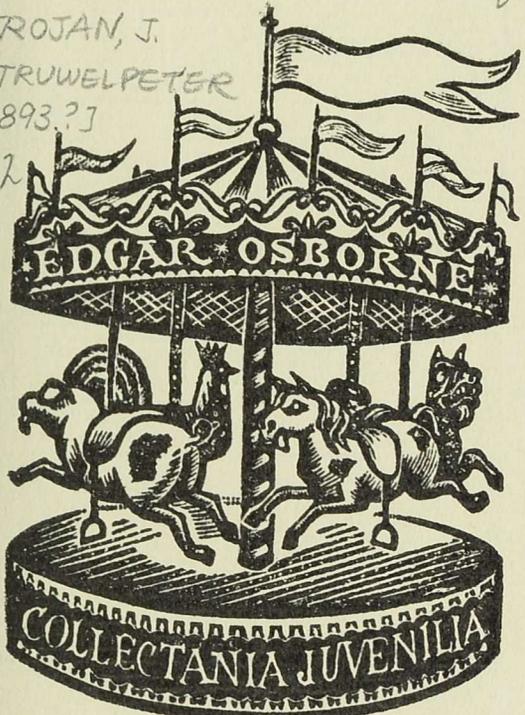
Timid Gustavus.

I'm sure you'll think it very sad ;
 Gustavus is a timid lad,
 He's frightened at a mouse.
 From spiders he will quickly dart,
 And even beetles make him start,
 When they're about the house.
 And when he is alone at night,
 He's always in a silly fright,
 Dreading some danger near.
 If but the window slightly shakes,
 At once he shudders, sighs, and quakes,
 Lest goblins should appear !
 Walking alone the other day,
 A dog appeared who wished to play.
 He did not seem to heed.
 But when the dog to bark began,
 Gustavus in wild terror ran,
 Ran at his utmost speed.
 He reached a ditch ; 'twas rather wide,
 " How can I gain the other side ?"
 He said, and paused in fright.
 A bark he heard, and jumped at last,
 Fell short, and in the mud stuck fast,
 He was a dismal sight.
 The little dog then turned away ;
 He really did not care to play
 With such a foolish child.



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