

SIMPLE MANS

AND OTHER

FUNNY PICTURES & STORIES



Oh children! children! come out
This is a picture-book for you
Buy it by all means
So that we may have good fun
And make a merry time
Learn to read the ways

T. NELSON

lat. edn

TEC (Box 6)
SIMPLE HANS



37131 053 582 607

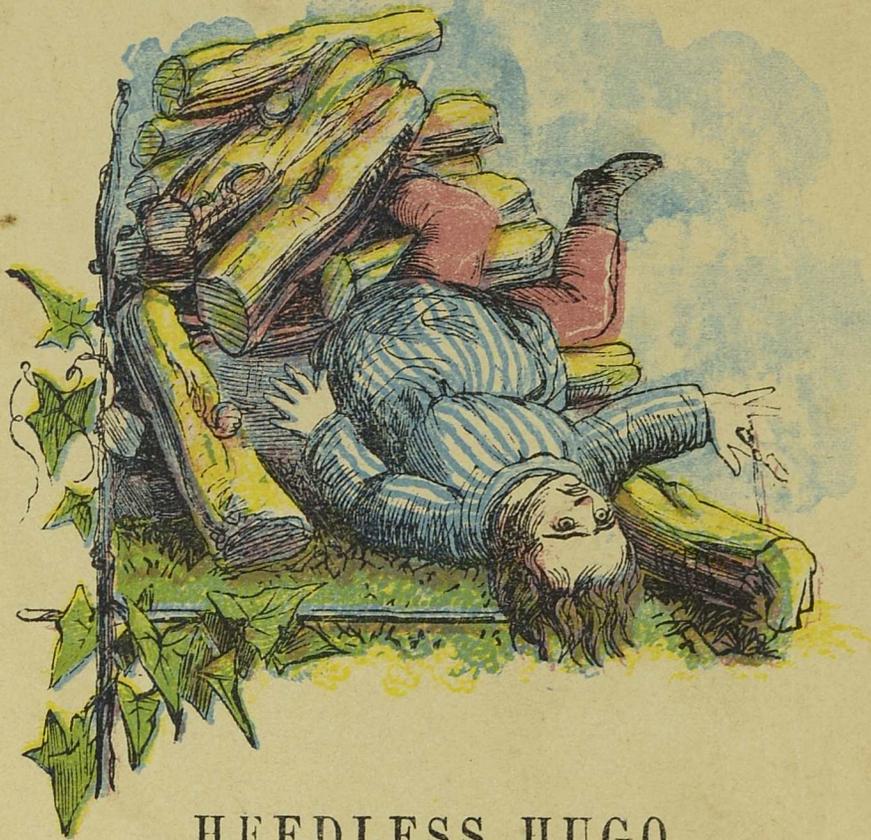
FUNNY
PICTURES AND STORIES.

SIMPLE HANS.

'Tis Simple Hans that here you see,
The picture of stupidity.
His coat is on wrong side before.
His book is thrown upon the floor.
His father gave him yesterday
This pretty horse with which to play :
See how he holds it ! awkward clown !
Its heels are up, its head is down.
Oh ! if it were alive, my dear,
How terribly 'twould plunge and rear :
And, I declare, I'd just as soon
Go up and ask the man in the moon
To please to play on that trumpet a tune,
As I would ask Hans to play—the loon !
And then, too, see that foolish stare.
Ah ! do, my little ones, take care
That nobody, by any chance,
Can call you Little Simple Hans.



SIMPLE HANS.



HEEDLESS HUGO.

THIS Hugo was a heedless child,
In mischief everywhere ;
For him there was no prank too wild
Or dangerous to dare.

One day he saw a pile of wood,
And up he climbed, so bold ;
The logs gave way while there he stood,
And down, down, down he rolled.

And once, when in a neighbour's yard,
Our Hugo was at play,
He to the watch-dog's kennel ran,
And snatched his food away.

Poor Carlo growled and struggled
Until he burst his chain:
Then, at our Hugo's leg he flew,
And made him sbriek with pain.





One day he cried, "Come, children, oh!
Come see how high I'll jump."
He sprang the rope, but caught his toe,
And on his nose came plump.

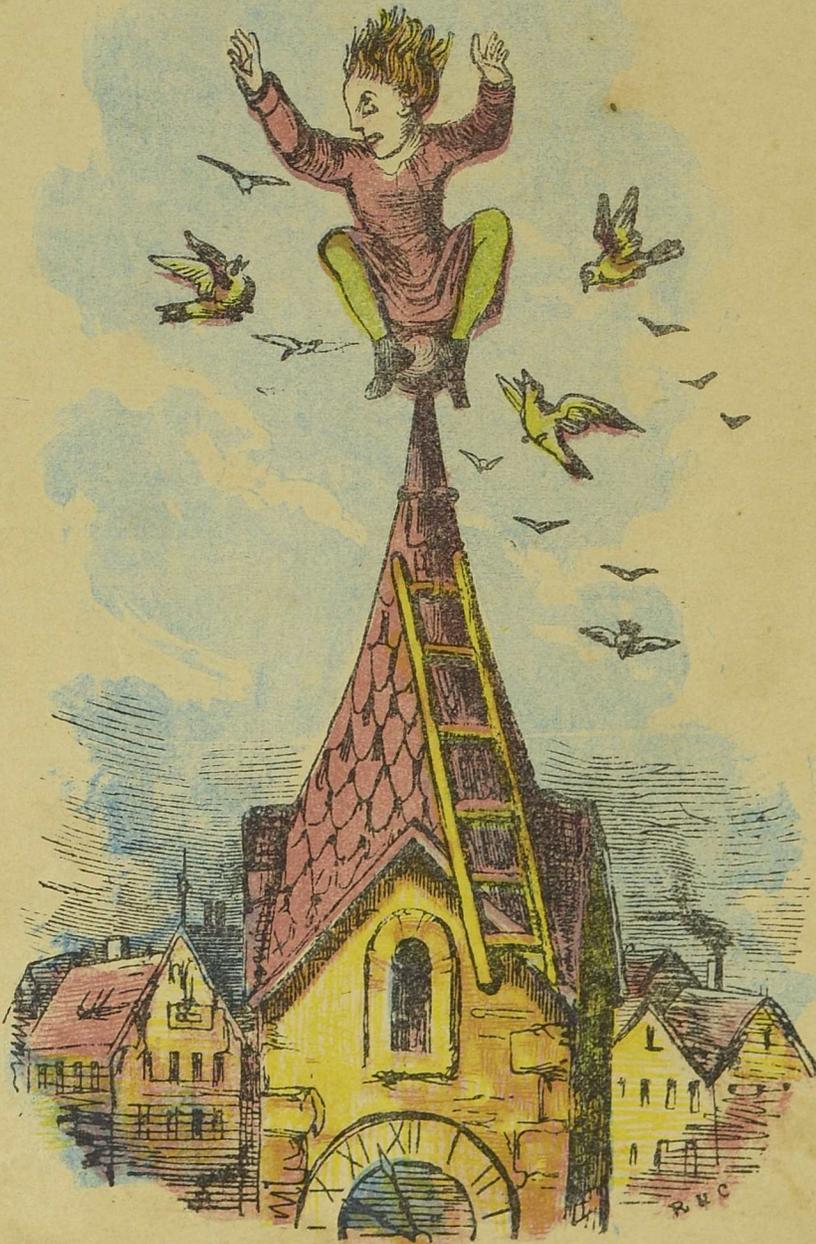
He to the river one day ran,—
For Hugo nothing feared,—
Splash in he went—the little man—
And quickly disappeared.

But luckily a fisherman
Was standing on the shore,
Who pushed off in his little boat,
And held to him his oar.

Oh! didn't Hugo clutch it then;
For, though he ate the fish,
That they should try and swallow him,
Was not at all his wish.



HEEDLESS HUGO.



HEEDLESS HUGO.

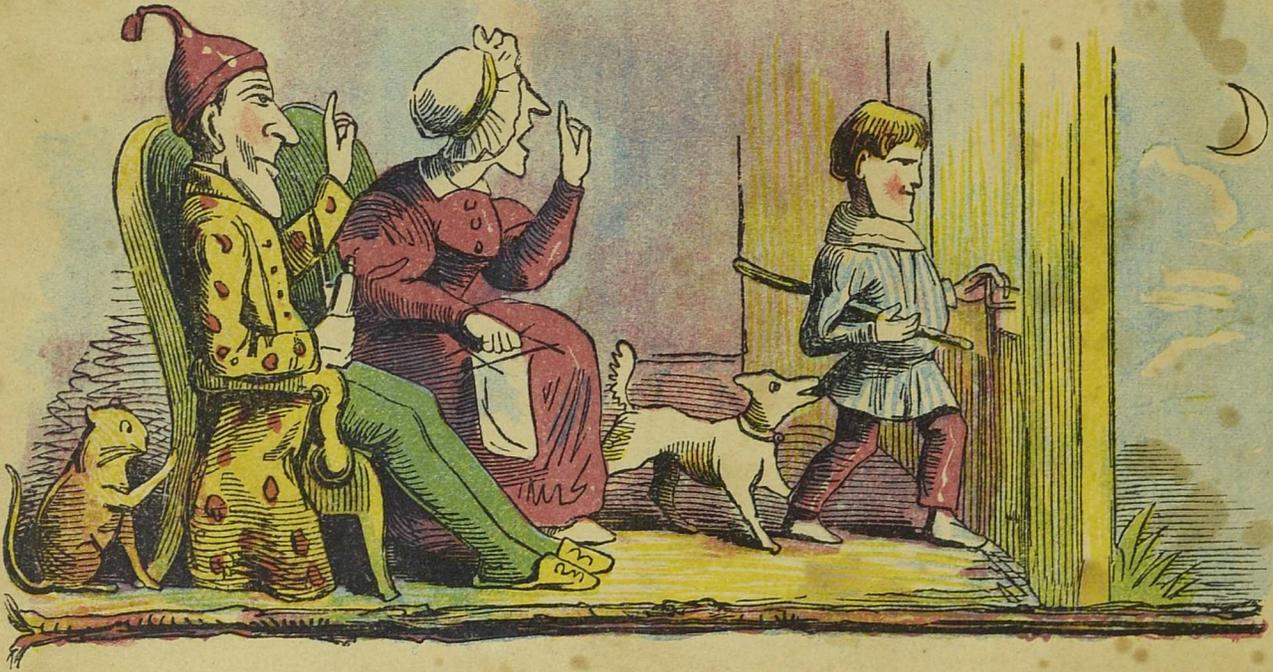
HEEDLESS HUGO.

One day a carpenter was sent
The old church-steeple to repair,
And when he to his dinner went
He left his ladder hanging there.

Now Hugo happened just to be
That very moment passing by ;
“O dear!” he cried, and danced with glee,
“I’ll climb that ladder there so high.”

Then to the steeple up he flew,
Crept through the little window there,
Climbed up the little ladder, too,
And made the little swallows stare.

But oh! the ladder slipped and fell
Just as he reached the steeple vane,
And Hugo—dreadful tale to tell—
Came never back to earth again.



THE NIGHT WANDERER.

WHEN other children were asleep
Our Oswald down the stairs would creep,
And to the fields he'd steal away,
Quite slyly by himself to play.
Sometimes he took the powder-horn,
And with the powder burnt the corn;

Sometimes he hid behind a tree,
And rushing out quite suddenly,
Would make a loud and fearful cry,
And frighten all the passers-by.
Indeed, it was his chief delight
To run away from home at night.
His parents shook their heads, and said,
“Oh! Oswald, stay at home in bed,
For if you out at night do roam
A bat you surely will become.”
But all their talking was in vain;
Still Oswald would go out again;
But, Oh! just as his friends had said,
One night, as round the fields he sped,
Upon him came a wondrous change:
“Ah, me!” he cried, “How very strange
I feel that I become so small,
And now I cannot walk at all.
I put my hands up to my head,
But find a bat’s face in its stead;
And now my hands are gone. Oh, dear!
Instead of arms what have I here?”

THE NIGHT WANDERER.

Such very, very curious things.
Why! can they be? Oh, yes, they're wings.
Alas! alas! what shall I do?
My parents' words are coming true.
An ugly bat I have become,
And never more shall I go home."

Oh! yes, my dears, it was too true;
An ugly bat away he flew;
His parents' tears streamed down like rain;
They never saw their child again.



SLOVENLY BETSY.

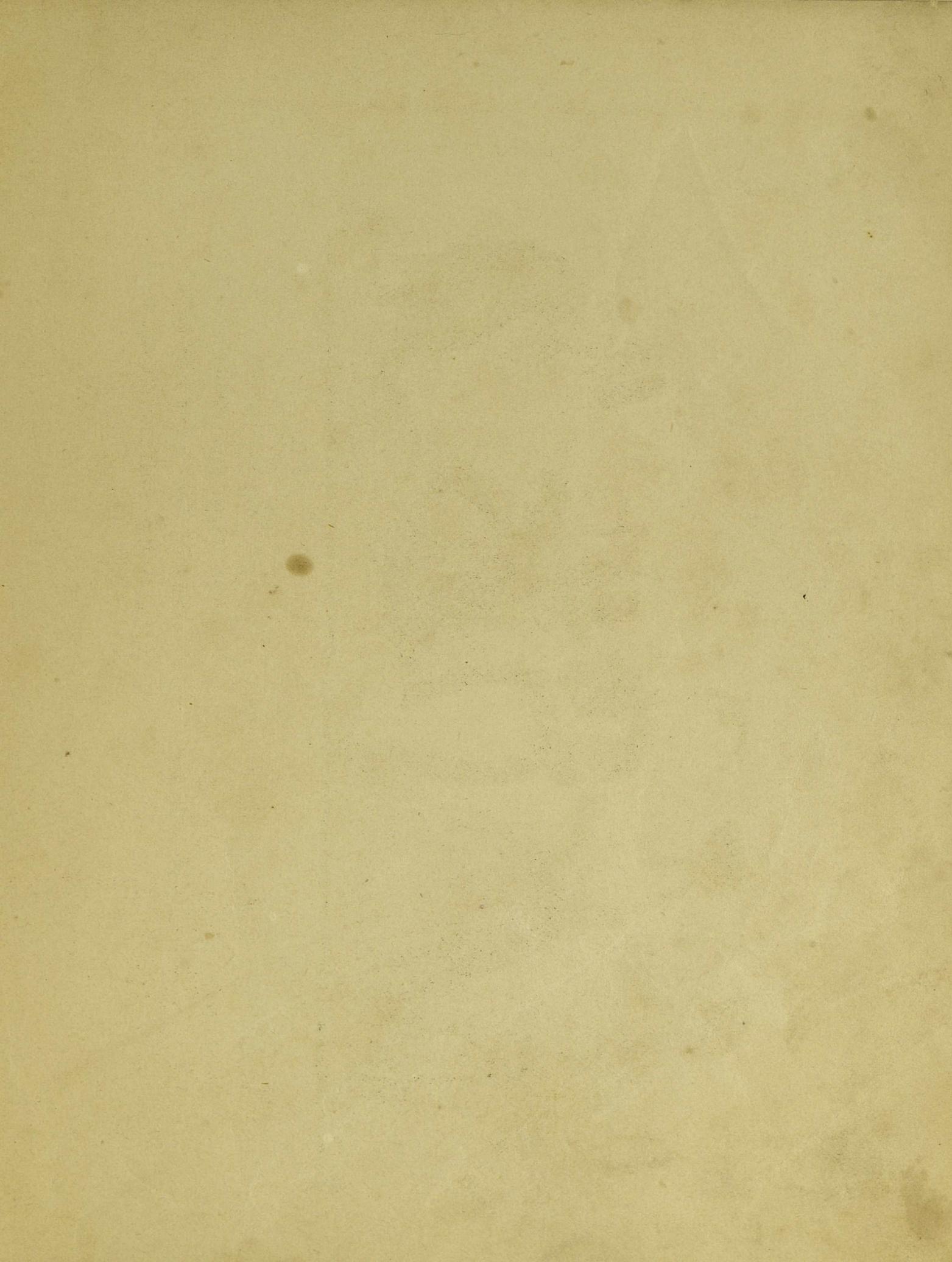


SLOVENLY BETSY.

BETSY would never wash herself
When from her bed she rose,
But just as quickly as she could
She hurried on her clothes.

To keep her clothes all nice and clean
Miss Betsy took no pains ;
In holes her stockings always were,
Her dresses filled with stains.

Sometimes she went day after day,
And never combed her hair,
While little feathers from her bed
Stuck on it here and there.





The schoolboys, when they Betsy saw,
Would point her out and cry,
"Oh! Betsy, what a sight you are!
Oh! Slovenly Betsy, fye!"

One rainy day her parents went
Some pleasant friends to meet;
They took Miss Betsy with them,
And dressed her clean and neat.

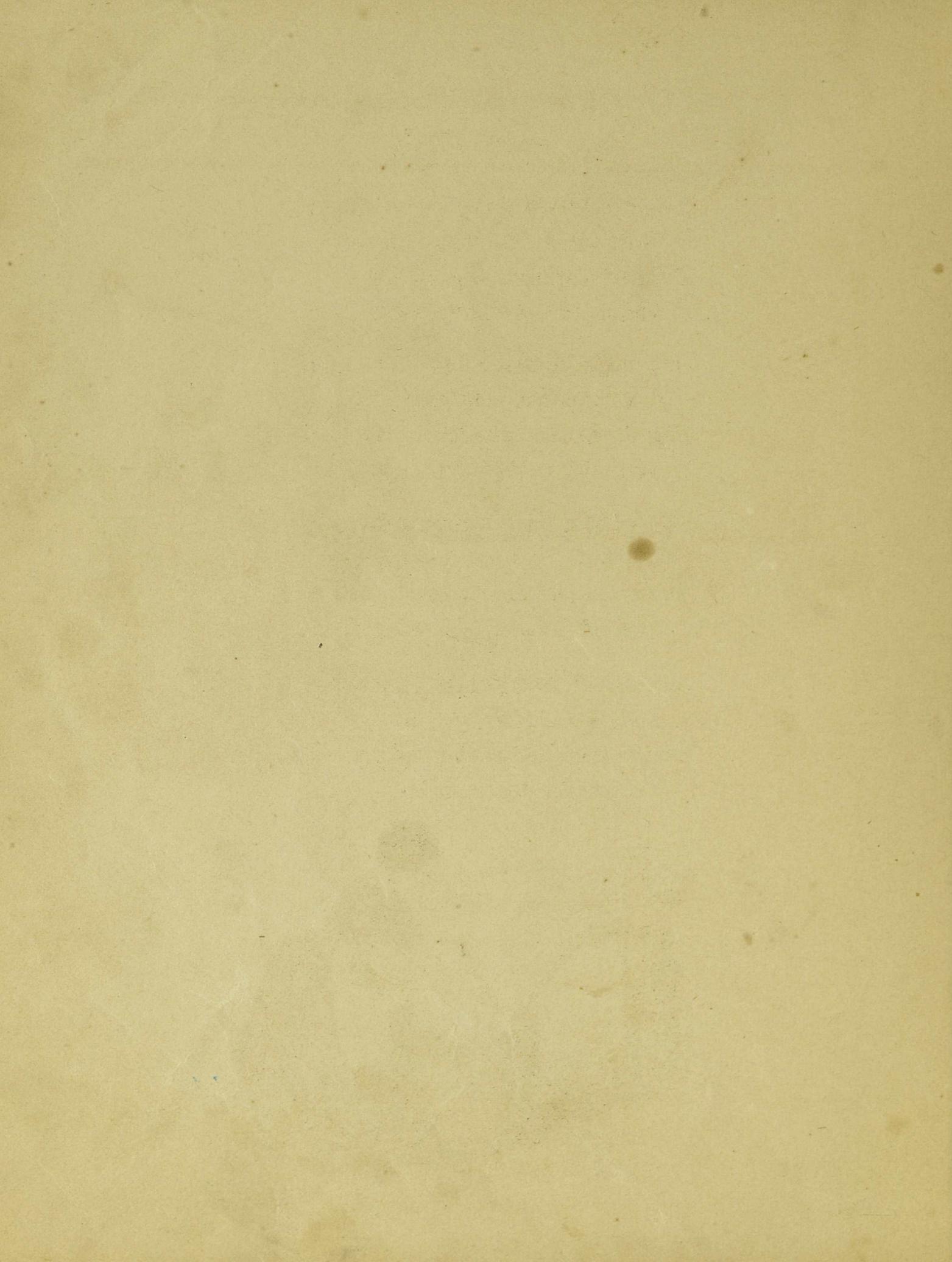
Nice little boys and girls were there,
With whom our Betsy played,
Until of playing she grew tired,
And to the garden strayed.

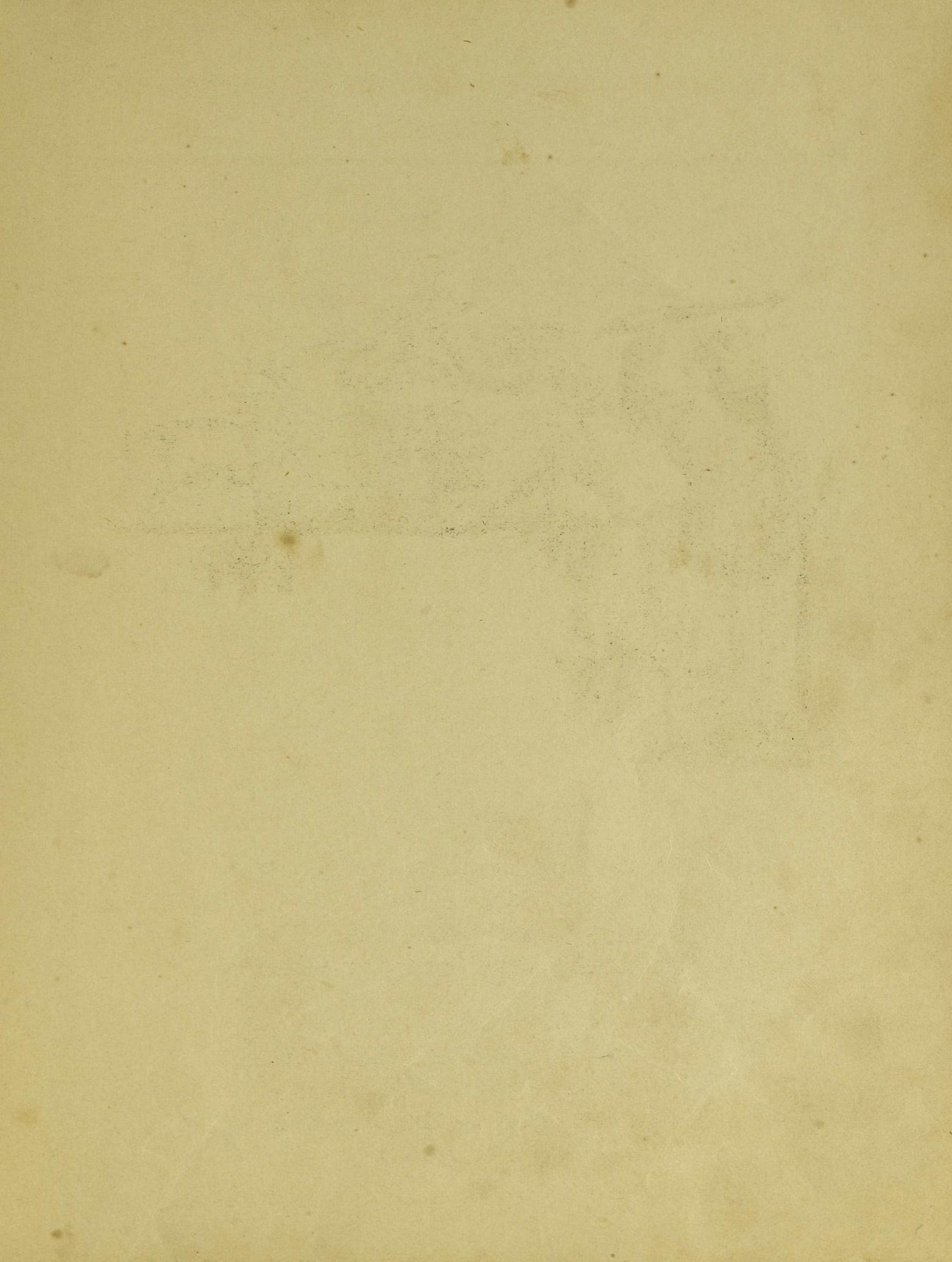
Out in the rain she danced awhile,
But 'twas not long before
Flat down she tumbled in the mud,
And all her nice clothes tore.

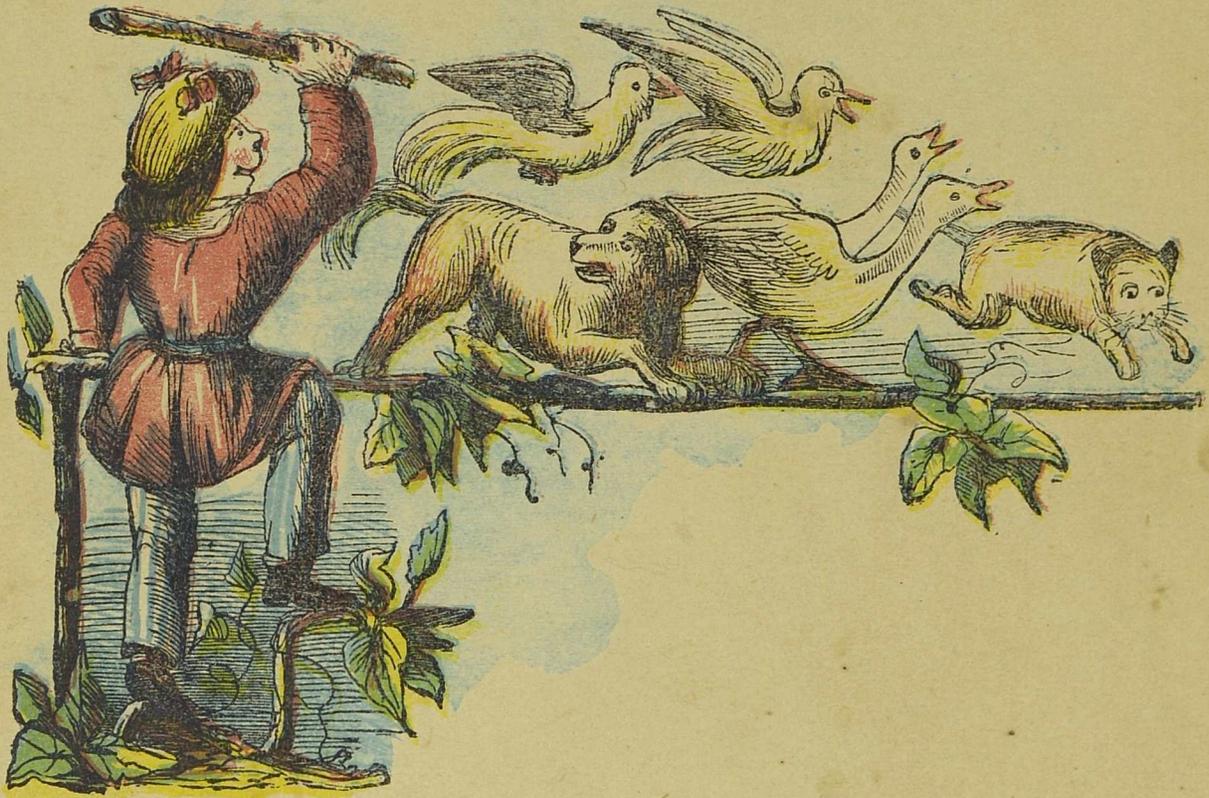
Oh! what a sight she was, indeed,
When in the room she came ;
The guests all loudly laughed at her,
And she almost died with shame.

She turned, and to her home she ran,
And, just as here you see,
She washed her clothes, and since has been,
As neat as she could be.









CRUEL PAUL.

THE poor dumb creatures, great and small,
Were all afraid of cruel Paul.
He caught the pretty butterflies,
And, thrusting needles through their eyes,

Would pin them fast upon his hat,
And leave them writhing—think of that!
The pigeons, too—poor little things!—
He caught, and broke their glossy wings;

He chased the turkeys, geese, and hens,
And pulled their feathers out for pens ;
He caught poor pussy by the tail,
And tied her fast upon the rail ;

He chased the dogs with stones and sticks,
And, oh ! he played such cruel tricks,
That bird, and beast, and insect small,
Tumbled and ran when they saw Paul.

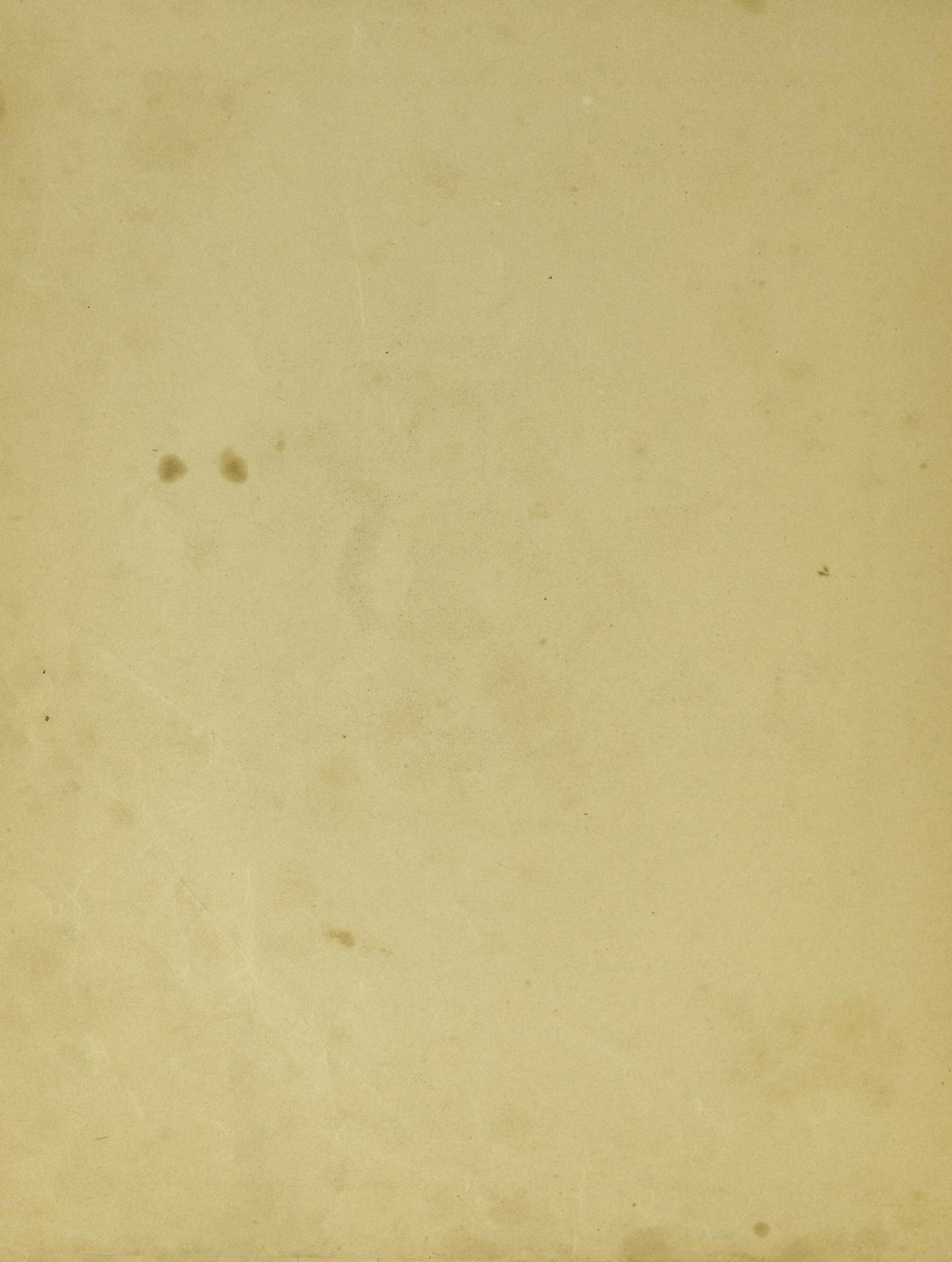


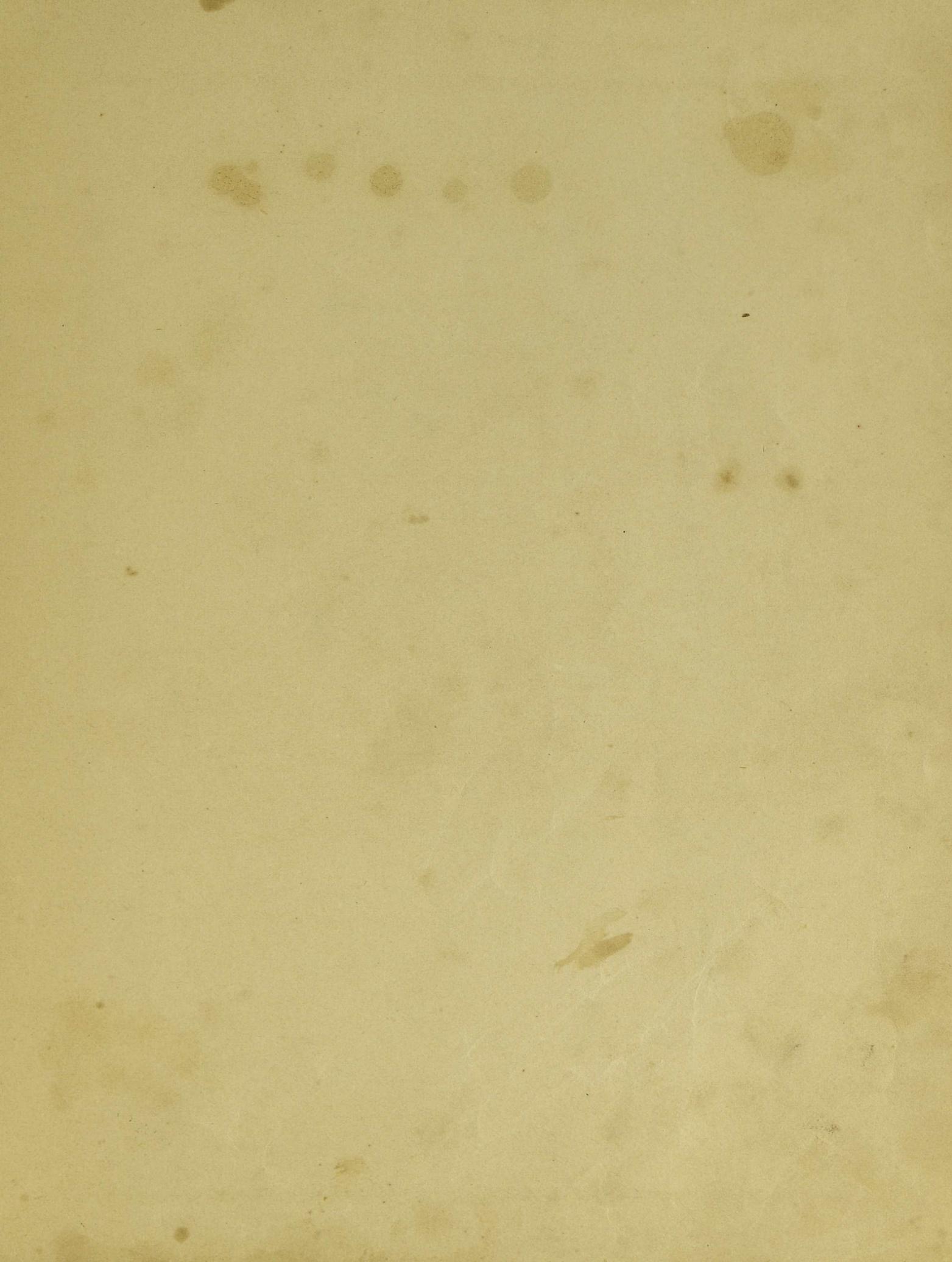


Now see, my dears, this naughty child,
Oh! does he not look fierce and wild?
Well, this is just the very way
Paul went about from day to day.



But, oh! my children, see him here,
His turn came soon to quake with fear
One summer's day, with one accord,
The creatures gave him his reward.
The cat sprang up, and scratched his nose;
The rats came out, and gnawed his toes;





The dogs flew at his legs and back ;
The geese came waddling—quack! quack!
quack!
And even the crows that you see there,
Flew down and pulled him by the hair.
The chickens tried to pick his eyes,
And katydids, and bees, and flies,
Came streaming out from all the trees,
This cruel boy to sting and tease.
He struggled, fought with all his might,
But still the creatures held him tight.
“Oh! no,” cried they, “you’ll not go free;
You shall repent your cruelty.
No more dumb creatures you’ll torment;
To punish you we now are bent.”
They stung, they bit him foot and head,
Nor left him till he fell quite dead.



IDLE FRITZ.

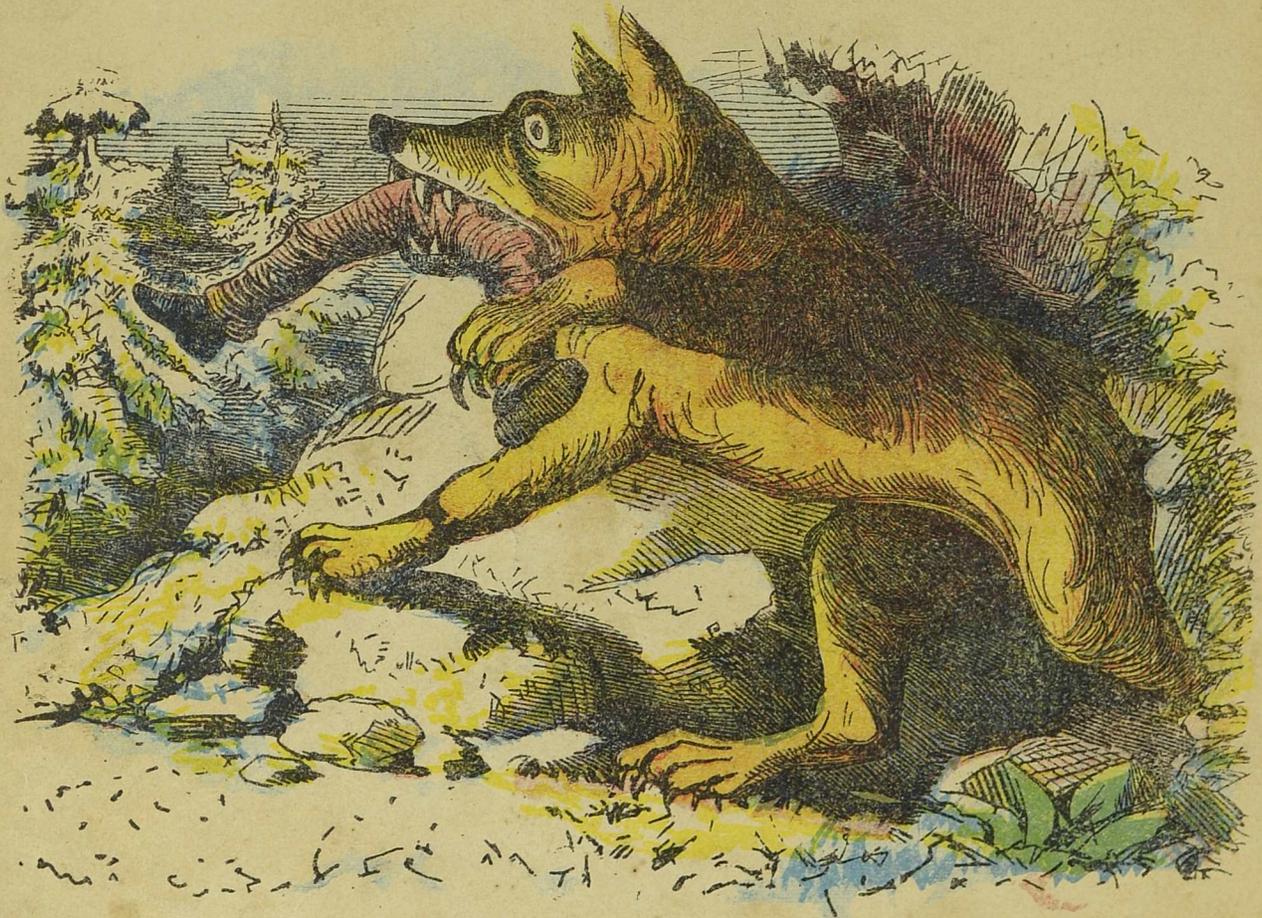
FRITZ was an idle boy, indeed ;
He would not learn to write or read ;
An ugly face he always made ;
His parents, too, he disobeyed ;
And mischief was the chief employ
Of this poor, foolish, idle boy.
Look at this picture now, my dear,
And see what he is doing here ;
He holds his sister by the braid,
And beats the frightened little maid.

She begs, her tears flow down like rain ;
Fritz only laughs to see her pain.
This cat and bird, here lying dead,
He caught and knocked them in the head.
He took from off the fence a rail,
And tied it to poor Carlo's tail ;
And, oh ! 'twould take me many days
To tell you all his wicked ways.
He for his parents nothing cared,
Therefore, to cure him they despaired ;
And, finding they could bear no more,
They whipped and drove him from their door.





'Twas winter time—the snow fell fast,
And fiercely blew the wintry blast;
Fritz shook with cold from head to toe,
And knew not now where he should go.
But presently a cave he spied;
“Oh! there I'll refuge take,” he cried.



Alas! alas! he did not know
That there he'd meet a cruel foe.
A wolf had made this cave his den;
Fritz never saw the light again.



THE LITTLE GLUTTON.

Oh! how this Mary loved to eat,—
It was her chief delight;
She would have something, sour or sweet,
To munch from morn till night.

She to the pantry daily stole,
And slyly she would take
Sugar, and plums, and sweetmeats too,
And apples, nuts, and cake.





Her mother, Mary oft reprov'd,
But, ah! it did no good;
Munch, nibble, chew, from morn to night,
The little glutton would.

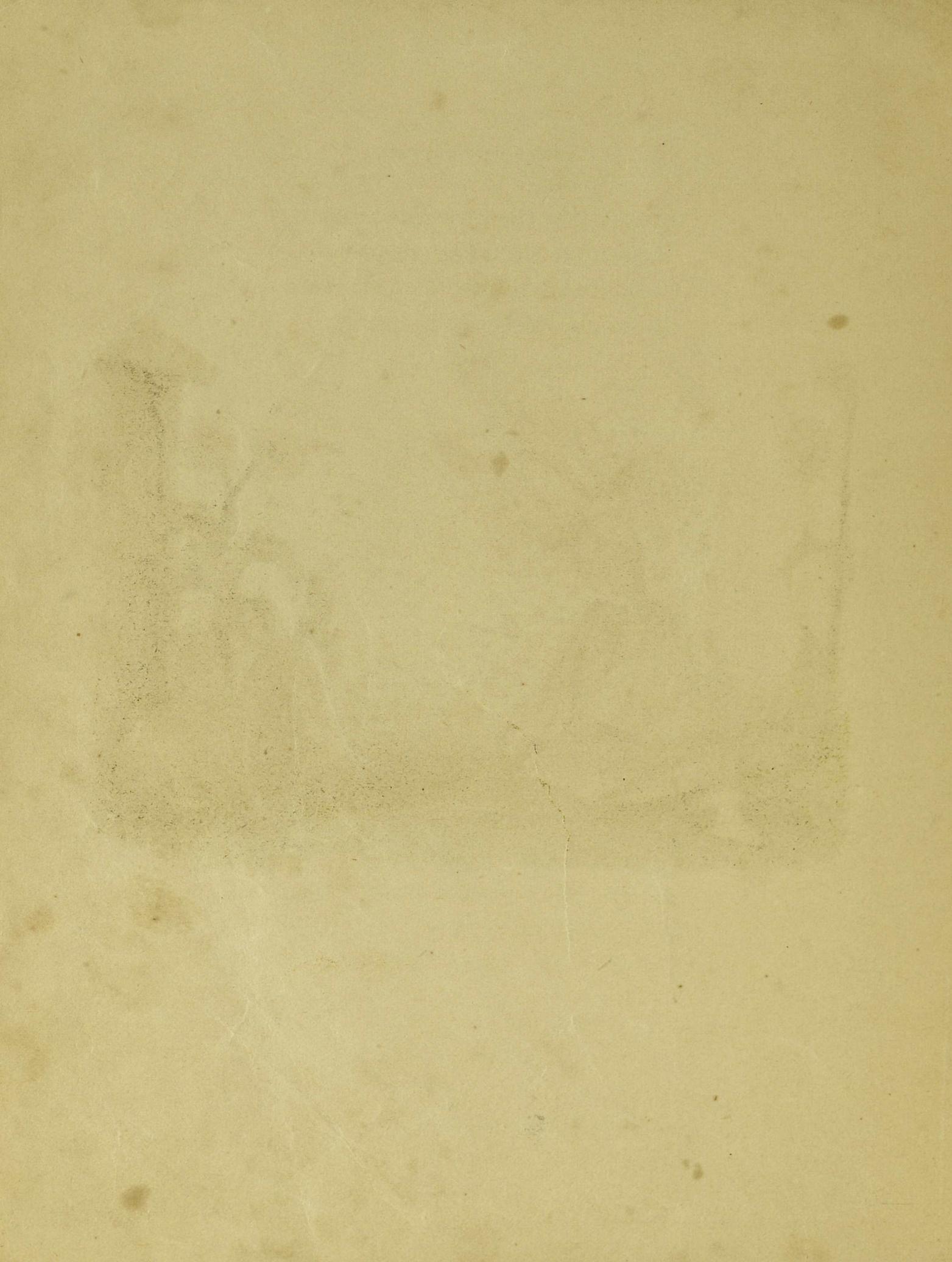
One day, upon some bee-hives near
She chanced to cast her eyes;
"How nice that honey there must taste!"
She cried, and off she flies.

On tiptoe now the hives she nears,
Close up to them she creeps,
And through the little window panes
Quite cautiously she peeps.



“Oh, dear! how good it looks!” she cries,
As she the honey sees;
“I must, I will, indeed, have some;
It cannot hurt the bees.”

And now a hive she gently lifts,
Oh, foolish, foolish child!
Down, down it falls—out swarm the bees,
Buzzing with fury wild.



With fright she shrieks, and tries to run,
But, ah! 'tis all in vain;
Upon her light the angry bees,
And make her writhe with pain.



Four weeks and more did Mary lie
Upon her little bed,
And, ah! instead of honey, she
On medicine was fed.

Her parents grieved much at first
Their child so sick to see,
But, once more well, with joy they found
Her cured of gluttony.

37131 053 582 607

