

More Jumbo Stories



Harry B. Neilson

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PICTURES AND VERSES FOR
LITTLE FOLK



Illustrated by HARRY B. NEILSON

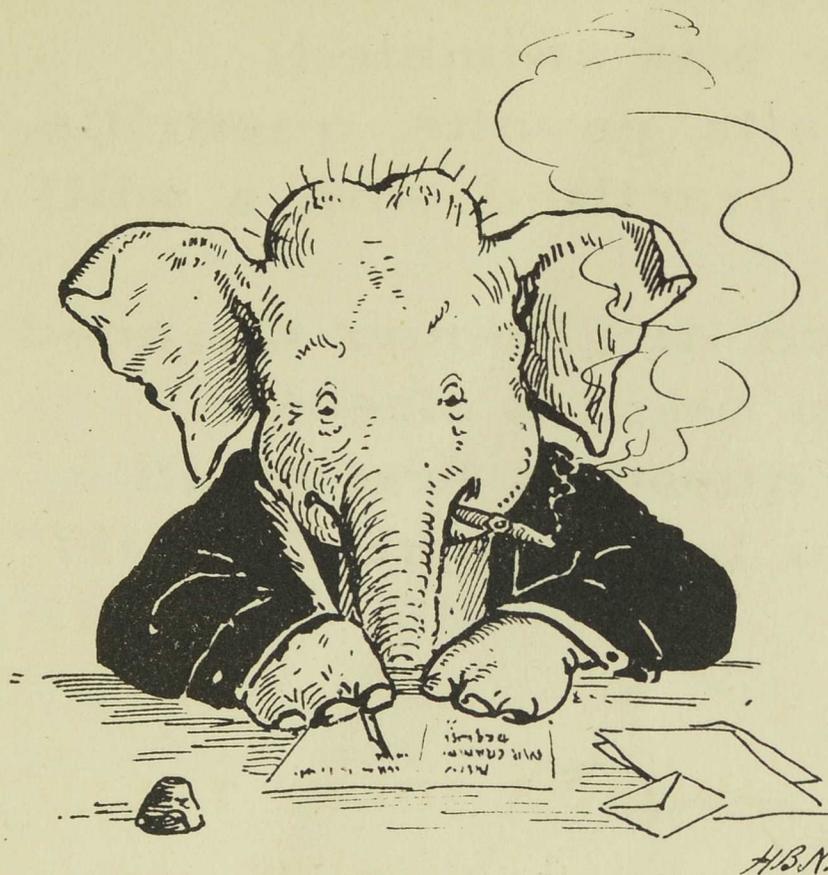
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JUMBO'S JOLLY TALES

Illustrated by

HARRY B. NEILSON



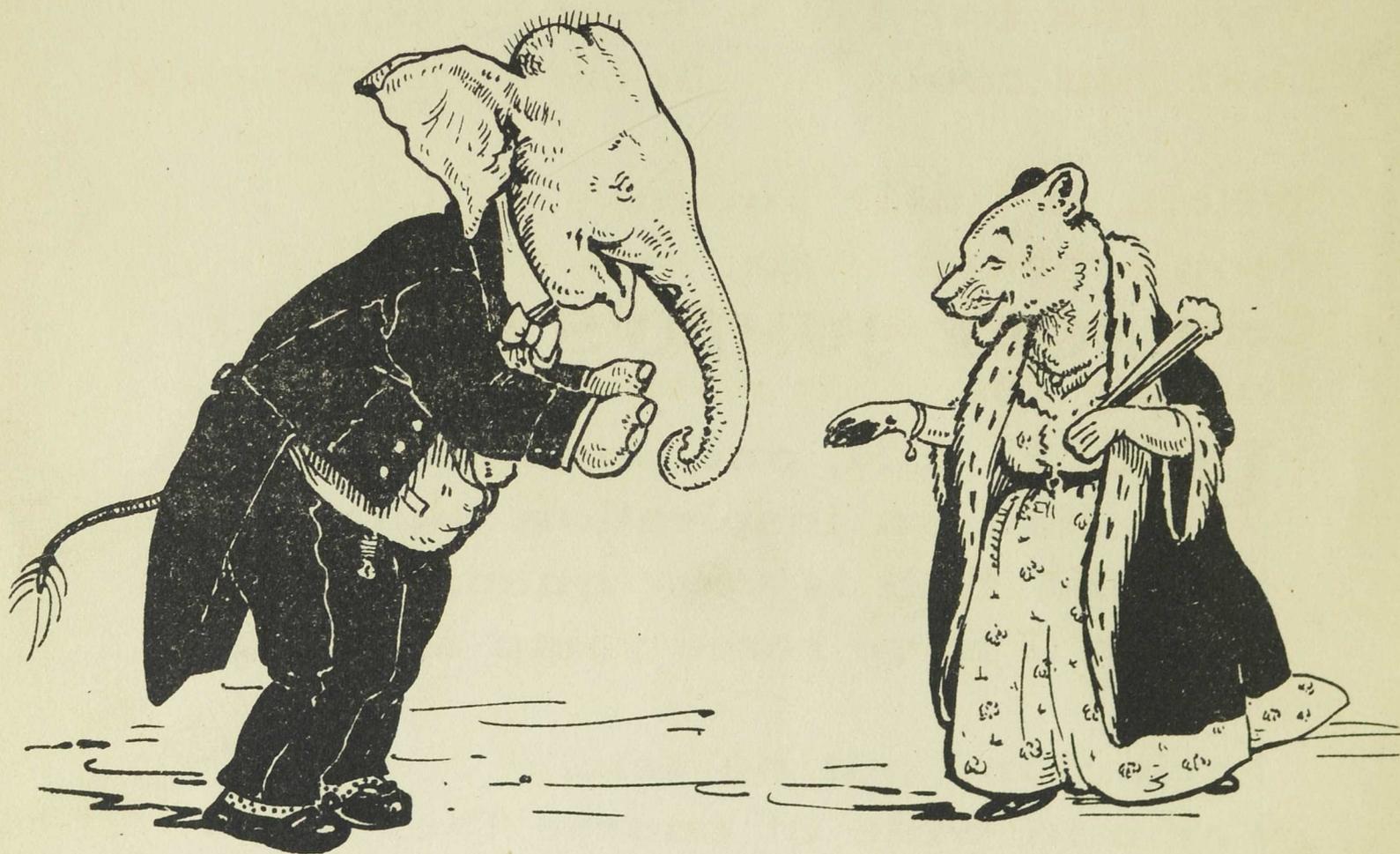
UNCLE JUMBO'S DANCE

UNCLE JUM, one winter night,
Had an inspiration quite;
"Jumbo Hall is very quiet,
So we'll have some romp and riot!"

Invitations out he sent—
Far and wide of course they went—
To a great and wondrous ball
To be held at Jumbo Hall!

Oh, the joy that he created!
Everyone was animated;
Polka, waltz, gavotte, quadrille,
All were practised with a will!

And when neighbours chanced to meet
In a shop or in a street,
This the question first of all—
“Will you be at Jumbo’s Ball?”



Uncle next engaged the band,
And the best, please understand;
Baron Lion with his 'cello—
Oh, his tunes were sweet and mellow!

Signor Bruin, too, could win
Music from his violin;
Well, the band was so entrancing
That you could not keep from dancing!

When, at Uncle Jumbo's Ball,
People heard them, one and all
Cried in wonder, "What say you?
Nothing like this at the Zoo!"

**Came the night, and all invited
With the scene were most delighted;
It was such a crush and crowd,
Uncle Jumbo felt quite proud.**

**“May I put your name down, Miss?
What a charming evening this!”
“Most delighted!” said Miss Mew;
“I will dance the next with you!”**



A.B.N.



The Band



Then refreshments—coffee, ices,
Everything, in fact, that nice is;
Tray, the waiter, was so busy,
That with work he grew quite dizzy.

Everywhere at once you'll find him,
Coat-tails flying out behind him.—
“Never was so fine a ball!”
Was the verdict of them all.



Miss Mew smiled behind her Fan

Some—at least so folks assert—
Would not dance, preferred to flirt,
Sat and spent, in loving pairs,
Half the evening on the stairs.

Of these I will name but two,
Mr. Reynard and Miss Mew;
The attentions that he paid her
That night, quite delighted made her.

How she smiled behind her fan,
Blushing as some Kittens can,
When he told her tenderly
How in love with her was he!



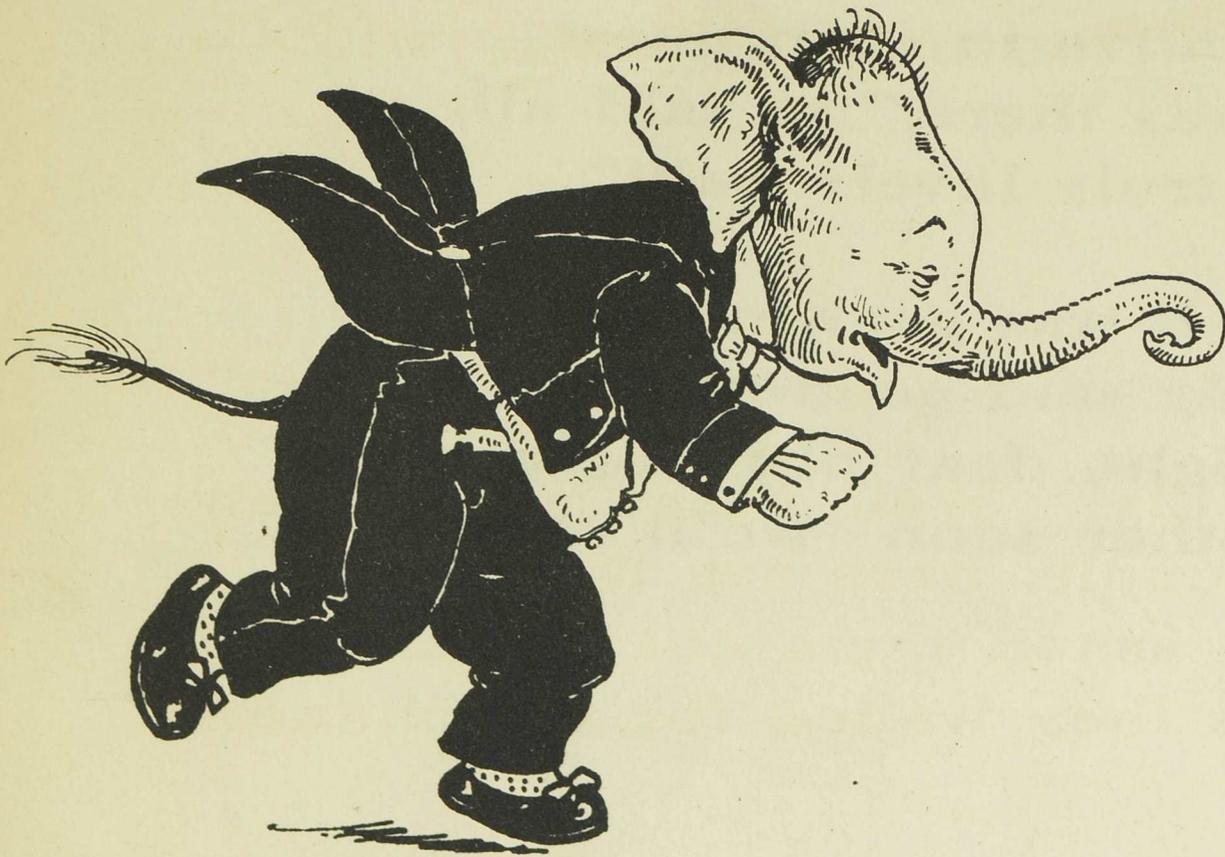
Uncle Jum's Cake-Walk



**Old Maids? Well, there were a few—
For example, here are two;
No one asked them out to dance,
Though they waited for the chance.**

But the fun, without a doubt,
Was when Uncle Jum came out;
Every step that Uncle took
Walls and floor and ceiling shook!

Though he was not very slim,
All desired to dance with him,
So he took in turn each one
For his partner, just for fun.



Cake-walk? No, he'd never danced it,
But with glee he gaily chanced it;
'Twas a wonder to them all
Jumbo Castle didn't fall!

Then, to see him—oh, 't was funny!—
Handing ices to Miss Bunny.
“Just a small one, like this—see?
I could eat a ton!” said he.

Of all hosts the very best,
Most attentive to each guest.—
“Never was there,” so said all,
“Such a truly lovely ball!”

Then, as it was growing light,
Everybody said good-night;
“Good-night, dear old Uncle Jum,
Give another soon—we'll come!”

—Clifton Bingham.

THE NAUGHTY KITTENS

OLD Mrs. Brown, who'd a house by the
sea,

Packed up a present she wanted to send,
Called her two grandsons,—“My darlings,”
said she,

“Carry this up to Miss Tibby, my friend.

“Tommy and Toby, dears, hurry away,
Don't shake the basket, but hold it with
care.

Don't with rude kittens or puppy-dogs play,
Mind, **KEEP THE LID SHUT!** of peeping
beware!”

“Toby,” said Tommy, “whatever can be
Packed in the basket? 'Tis something
that's nice.

Lift up the lid for a fellow to see
Whether it's tittlebats, sparrows, or mice.”



Warning



Curiosity

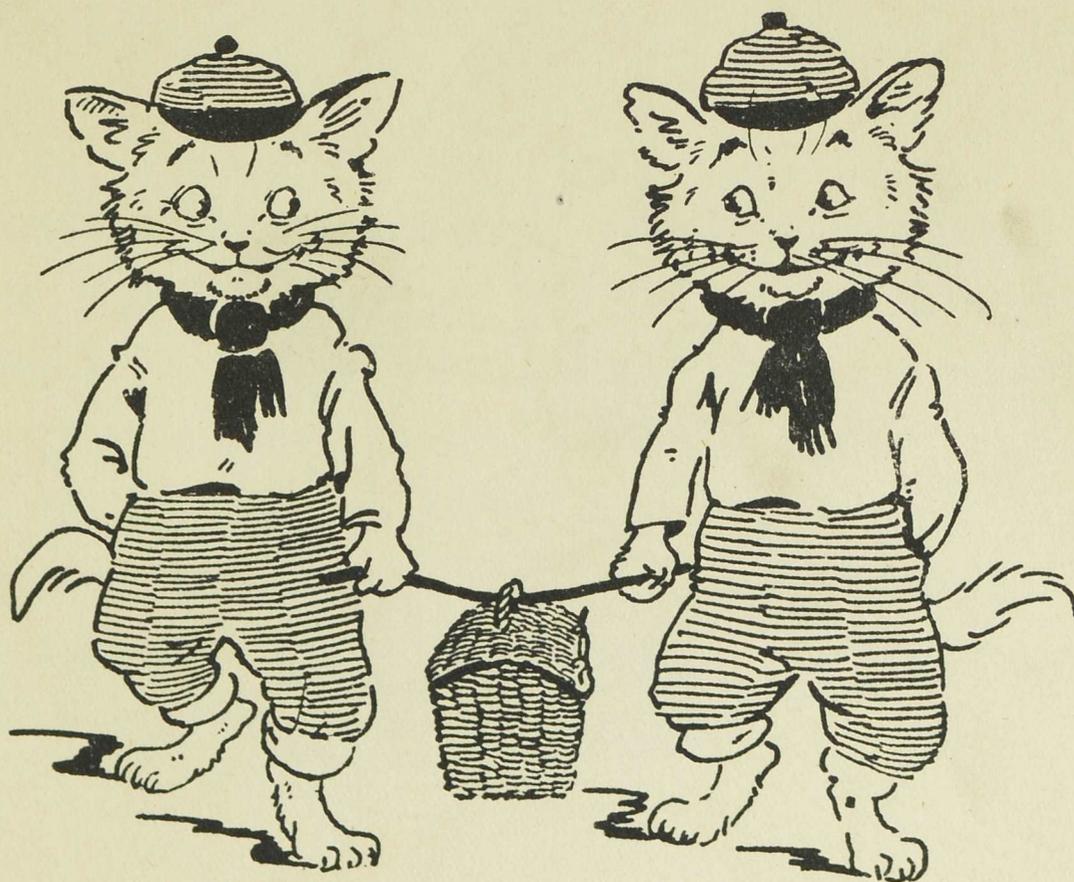


Dismay!

Toby so gently uplifted the lid,
Softly inserted his velvety paw,
Drew it back shrieking, for under lay hid
Such a strange beastie that nipped him,
O law!

Crabs were the creatures that old Mrs. Brown
Sent, all alive O! and kicking, dear me!
Up jumped the Kittens, the basket fell down—
What happened afterwards? Look and
you'll see.

Tommy and Toby declared in their pain,
They'd never, no! never! be naughty again.



THE RECREATION CLUB

WHEN first the Recreation Club

Was started, folks all said:

“A scheme like that is sure to fail—

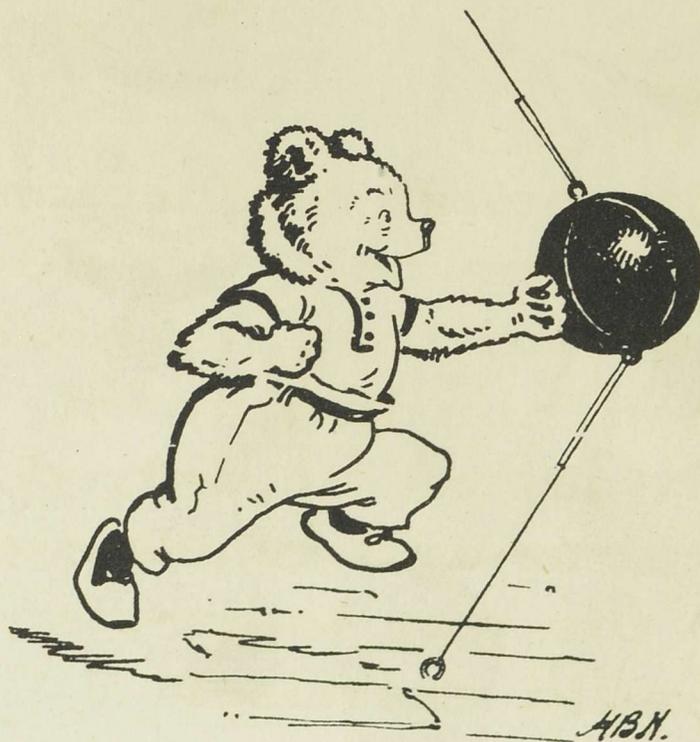
’T will very soon be dead!”

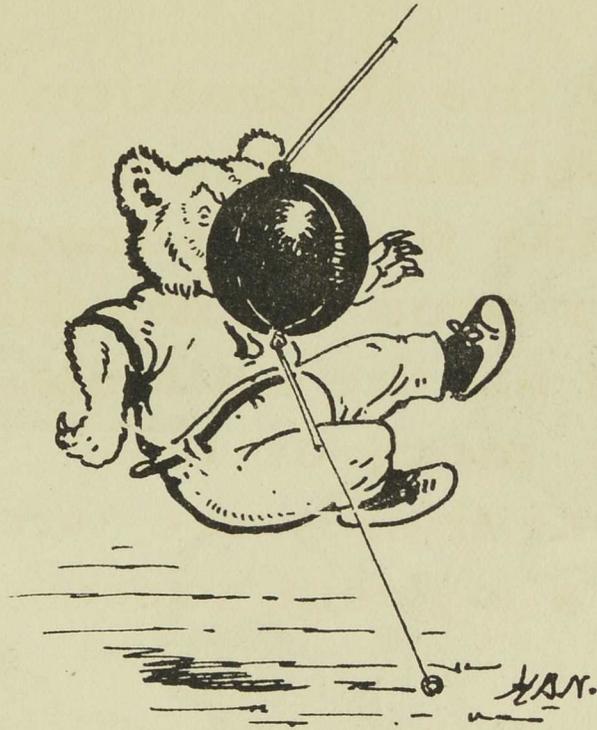
But now that all the animals

Support it, more or less,

They own that they were wrong, because

The Club’s a great success!



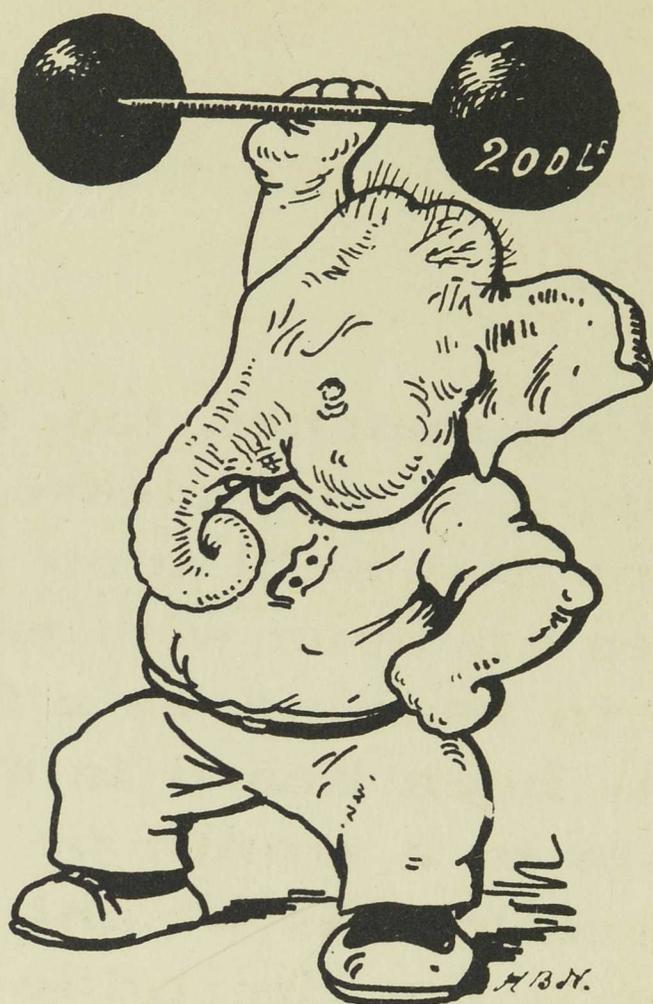


**Young Bruin, being venturesome,
To "punch the ball" would learn,
Though now and then, to his surprise,
It punched him in return!
And though at first he only got
Some bruises and black eyes,
He's learnt the way to-day, and vows
'Tis splendid exercise!**



Hippo training for the Walking-Match

Then walking matches, too, they have,
And Hippo, if you please,
Is confident that he'll soon do
Six miles an hour with ease!
He's gone in training, as a fact,
And has been heard to state
He's certain in a month or two
It will reduce his weight.
His trainer is the Crocodile—
"Oh, never mind your size;
Do everything I say," he cries,
"You're sure to get first prize!"

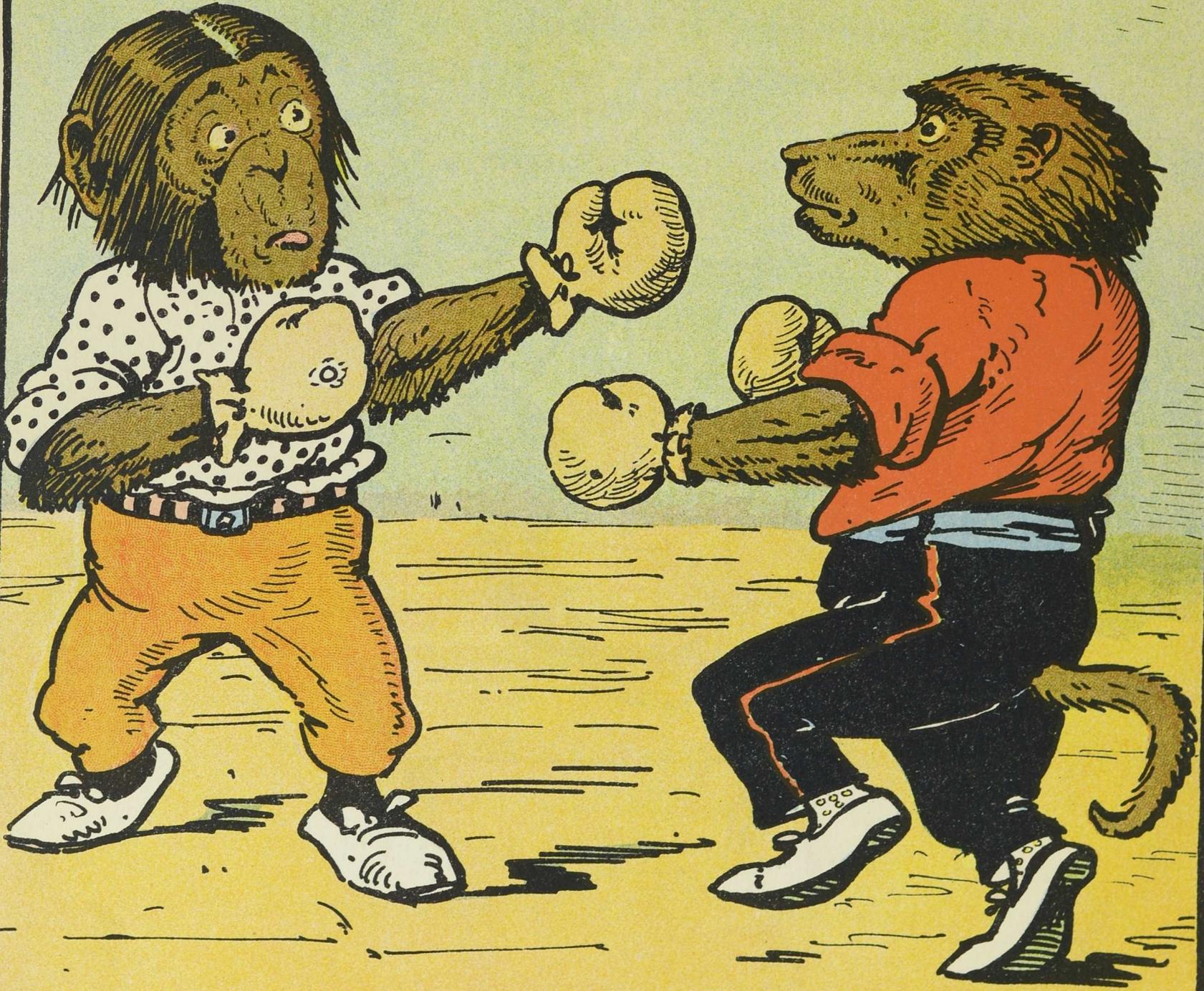
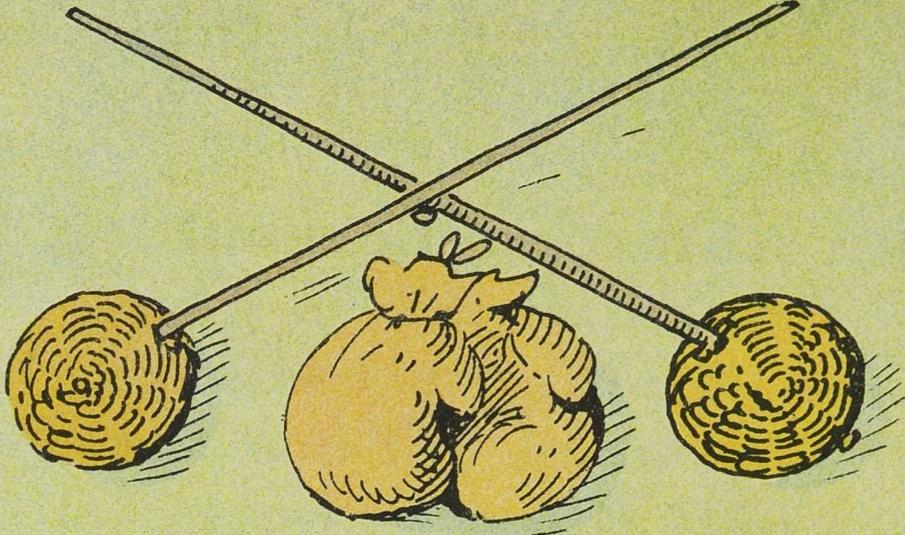


**Weight-lifting is young Jumbo's craze,
With iron bars he'll tussle,
And daily he's developing
Enormous strength of muscle.
The other members gather round
To witness him perform;
If he were at the Hippodrome
He'd take the town by storm!**

But Rhino at the vaulting horse
Considers he is great,
Like Hippo, he believes that it
Will soon reduce his weight;
So, half the day he practises,
And though quite a beginner,
Each morning he exclaims with glee:
“I do believe I’m thinner!”



MARQUISS OF
QUEENSBURYS
RULES.
FOR BOXING



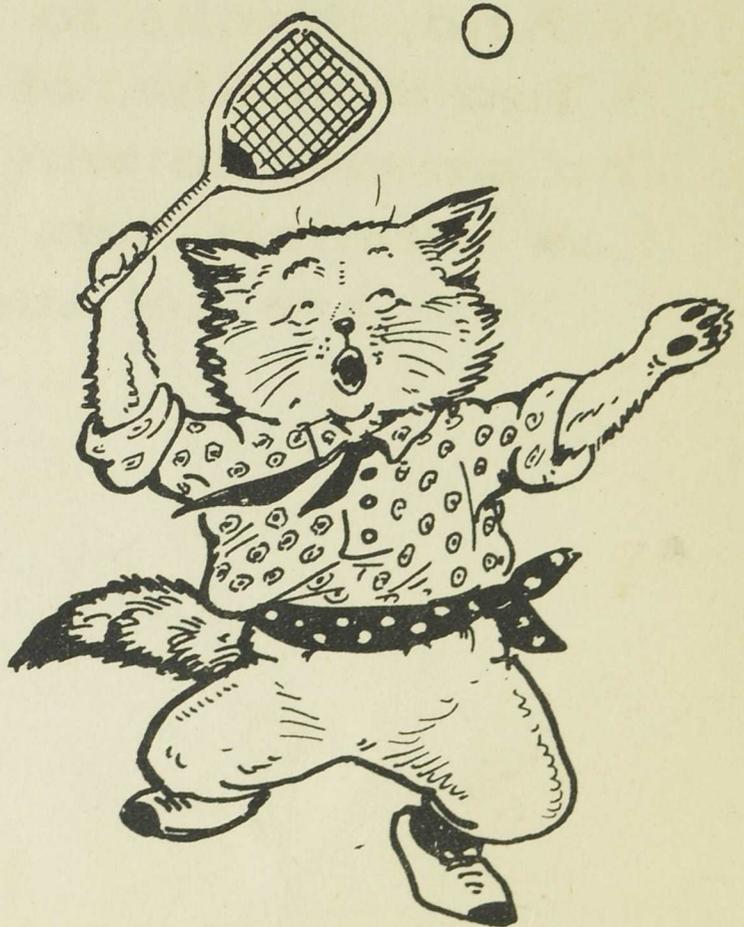
The Boxing-Match

Then there's one pastime at the Club
That every member loves,
And that, which nearly all have tried,
Is "Putting on the gloves!"
And though at this exciting sport
They often get hard knocks,
Without some trifling things like that
You cannot learn to box!
Baboon is quite a champion,
And so is Chimpanzee;
And when they box a dozen rounds,
The members flock to see!

The Cricket team is very strong,
And, thanks to Captain Hare,
A batsman fine, of matches they
Contrive to win their share.
Lawn Tennis, too, is played by those
Who are not such athletes;



And Tom with racquet now and then
Performs most wondrous feats.
In fact, at every tournament,
He conquers all the rest—
Of all the players in the Club
He's far away the best!



In large check suits and wondrous caps
Some members golfing go,
And say to everyone it is
The finest game they know.
Sir Porker Stye says he has once
Been "round" in "ninety-four",
While Mr. William Goat declares
He's done so in two more!
However this may be, they both
Are golfers very noted;
They'd play all night, too, if they could—
To golf they're so devoted!

And now, by what I've told you here,
You'll pretty plainly guess,
The newest Recreation Club's
A wonderful success.

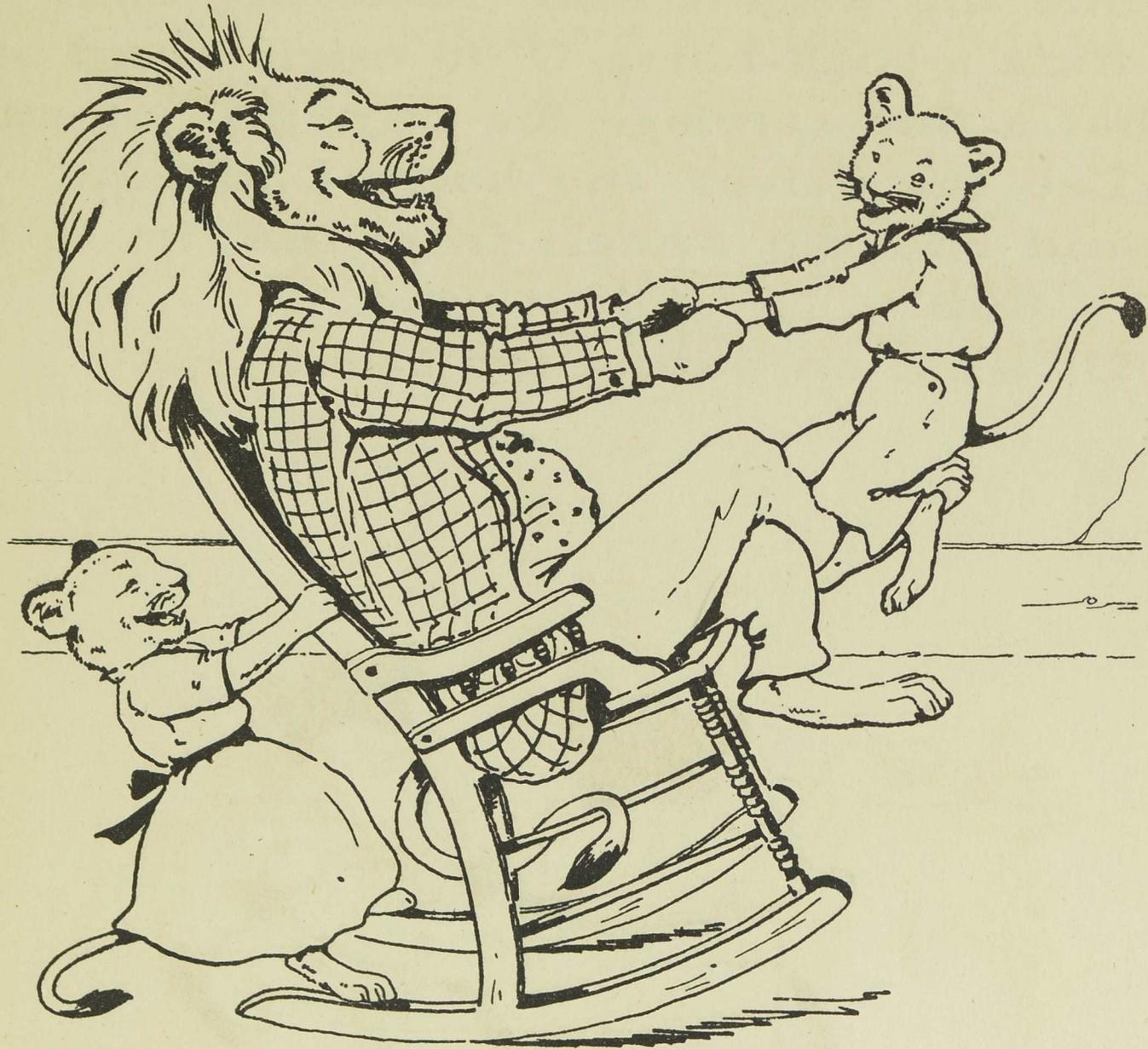
—Clifton Bingham.

THE CAROLLERS

HARK! what sound is that I hear
Through the frosty morning clear?
'Tis the carollers a-singing,
Just as Christmas Day's beginning.
But the carol that they sing
Does not seem a cheerful thing.
Give them sixpence each, and say:
"Thank you, but you need not stay".



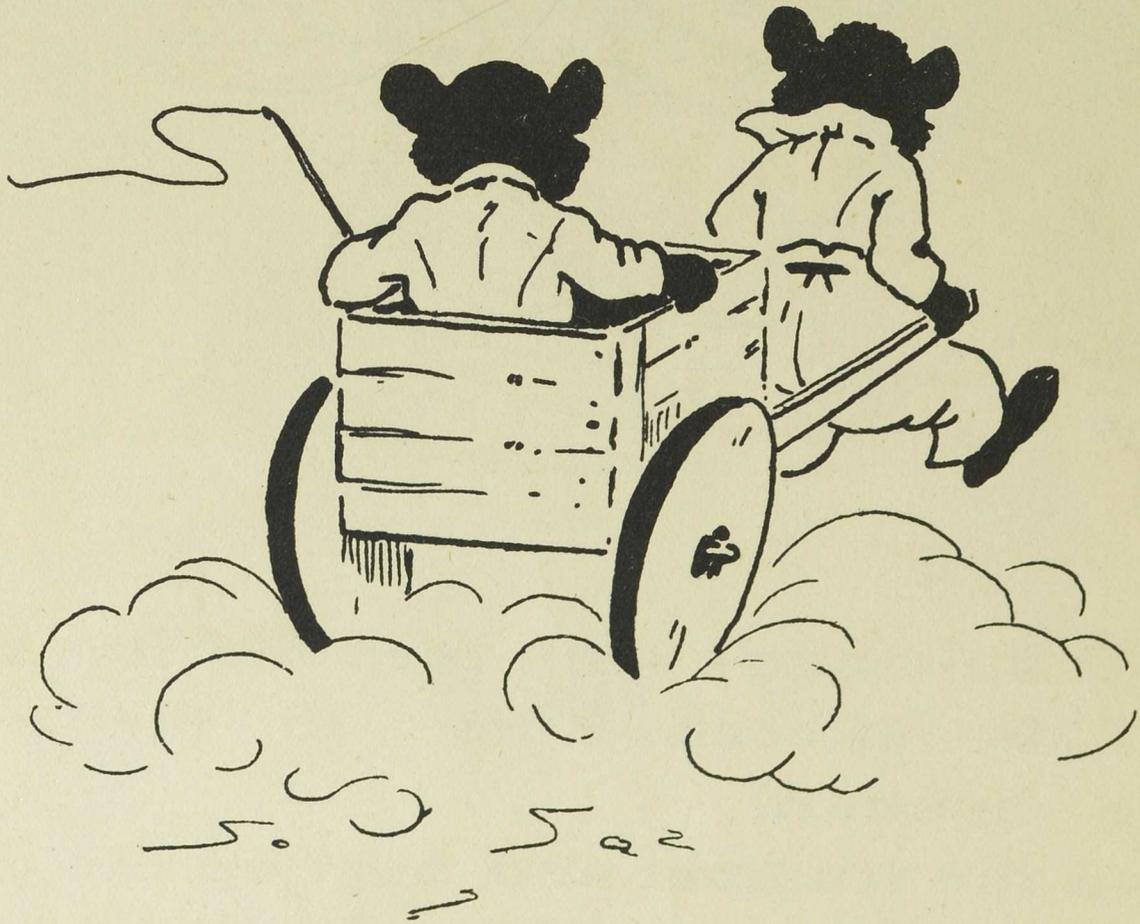
LITTLE LEO'S BIRTHDAY



GOOD little Leo's sixth birthday has come,
Ride a - cock - horse to the sunny
Soudan!

Blow up the trumpet and beat up the drum!
See how he's smiling, the bright little
man!

Father and sister are laughing as well,
Ride a-cock-horse O! from Cairo to Cape!
Tootle the whistle and tinkle the bell!
Ride a-cock-horse O! to ostrich and ape!
What a fine carriage for boy, girl, or cub!
Leo the driver, the horse Leonette!
Round run the wheels from the rim to the
hub!
O! what an outing for Leo to get!

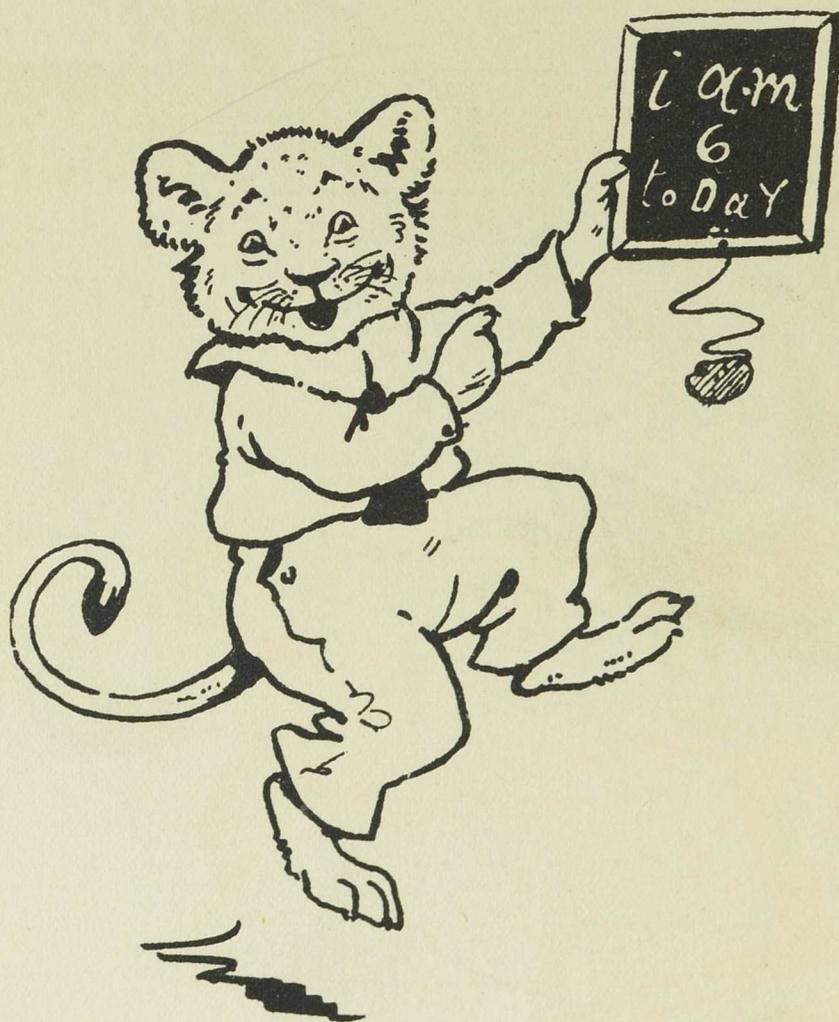


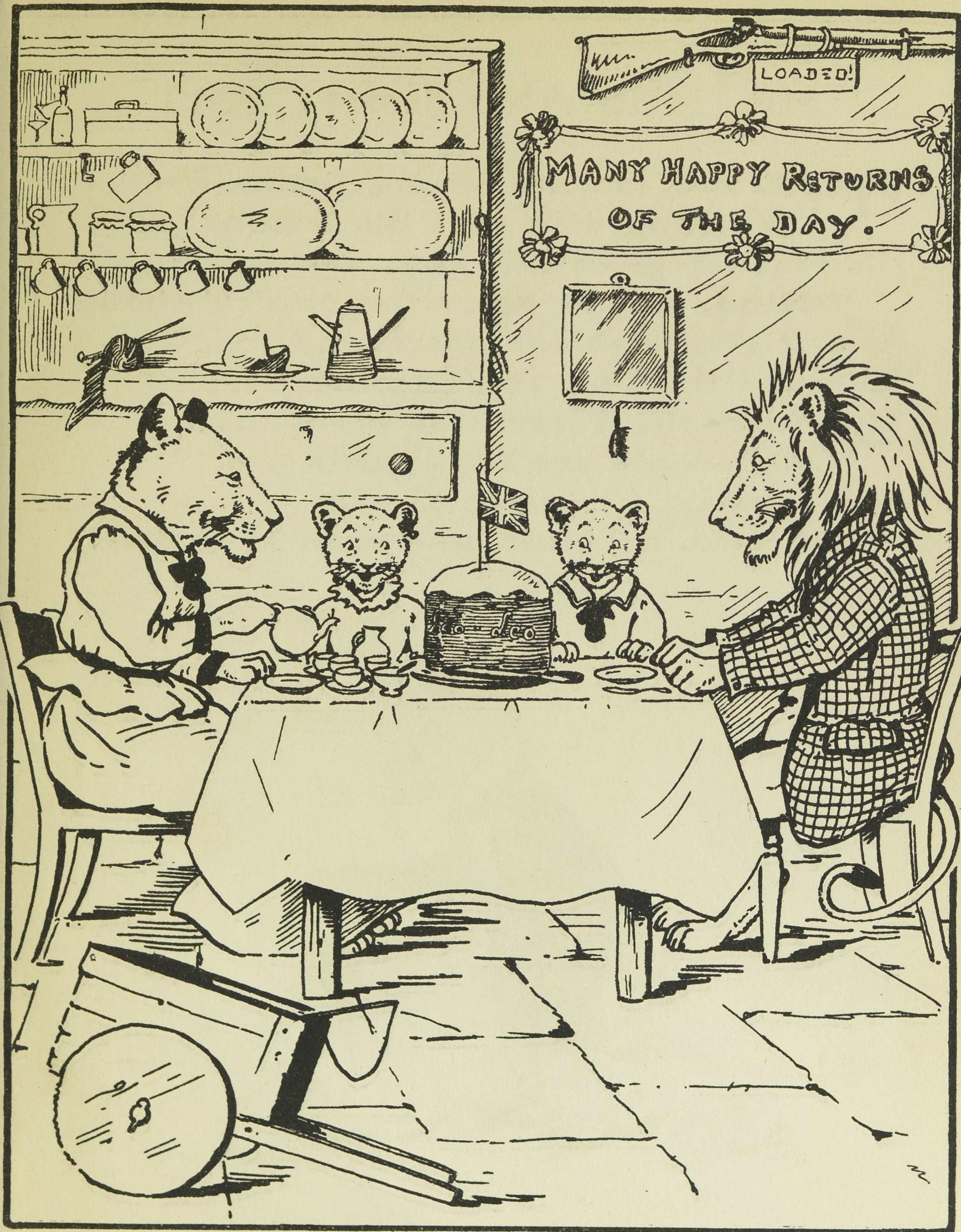


Out for a Drive

Here in the kitchen the lions take tea,
Father and mother, with cubs one and
one;

What a plum-cake for young lions to see!
Sugar atop like the snow in the sun!
What is the flag with the red, white, and
blue,
Waving aloft? Ah! I know it! Do you?





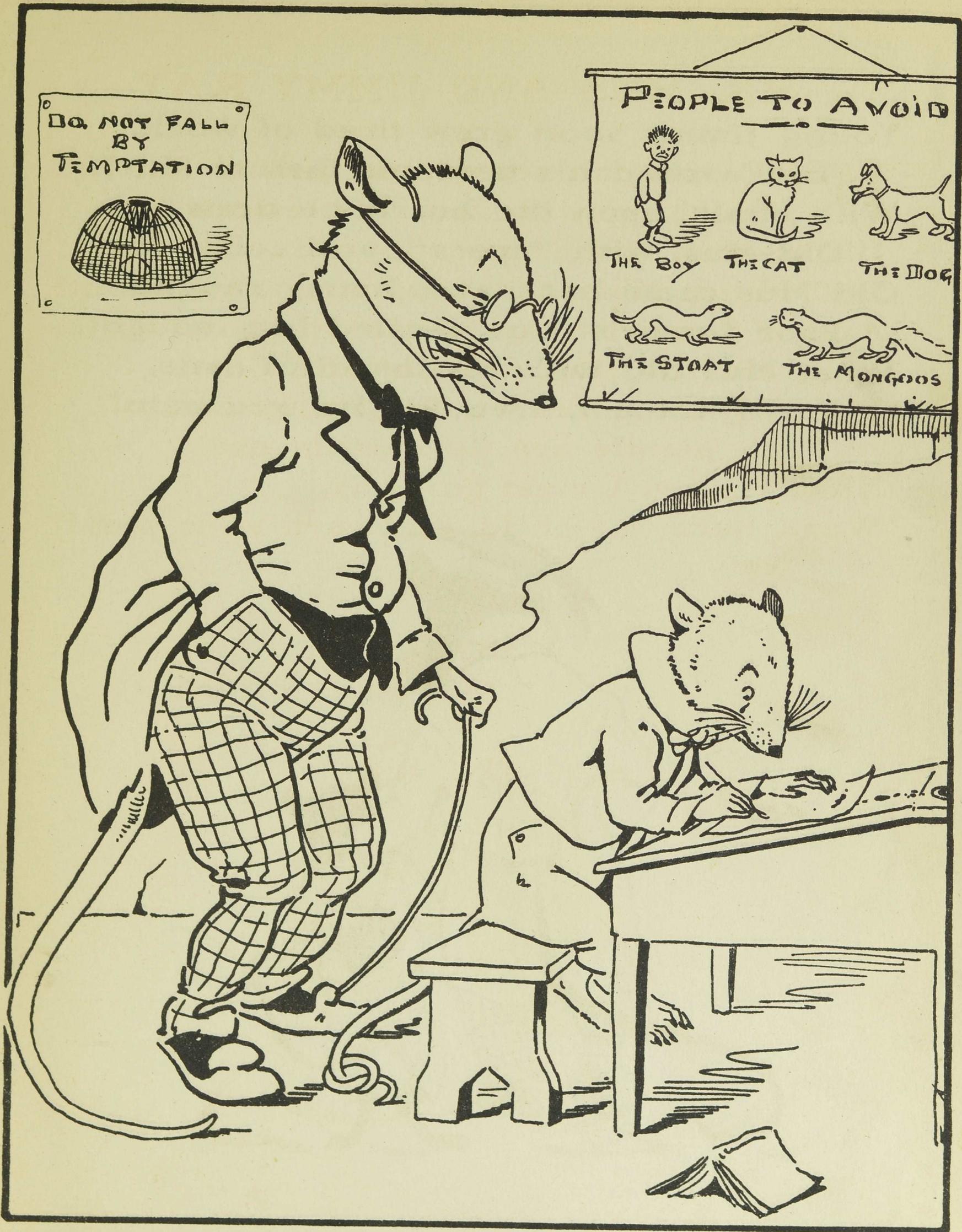
The Birthday Cake

MR. MUS AND JIMMY RAT

HERE you can see young Jimmy Rat
Working with zeal his lessons at;—
His teacher gives this copy out,—

“Mind, Master Rat, what you’re about!
And if you wish for peace and joy,
Avoid the Dog, the Cat, the Boy,
The Stoat, the Ferret, the Mongoose,
Such people are no earthly use!”
Now, Jimmy, I must go away,
Work hard, my child, and earn your play!”

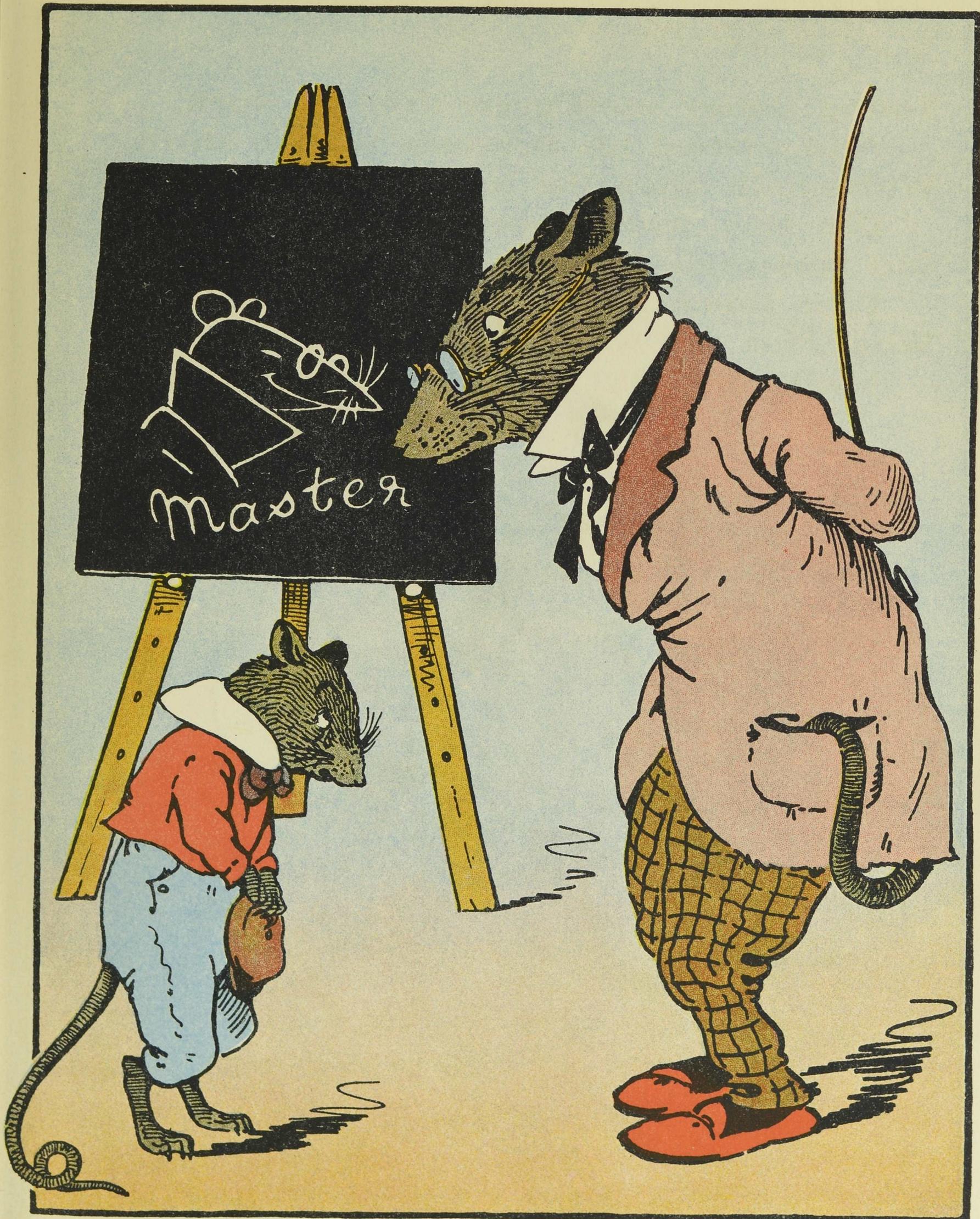




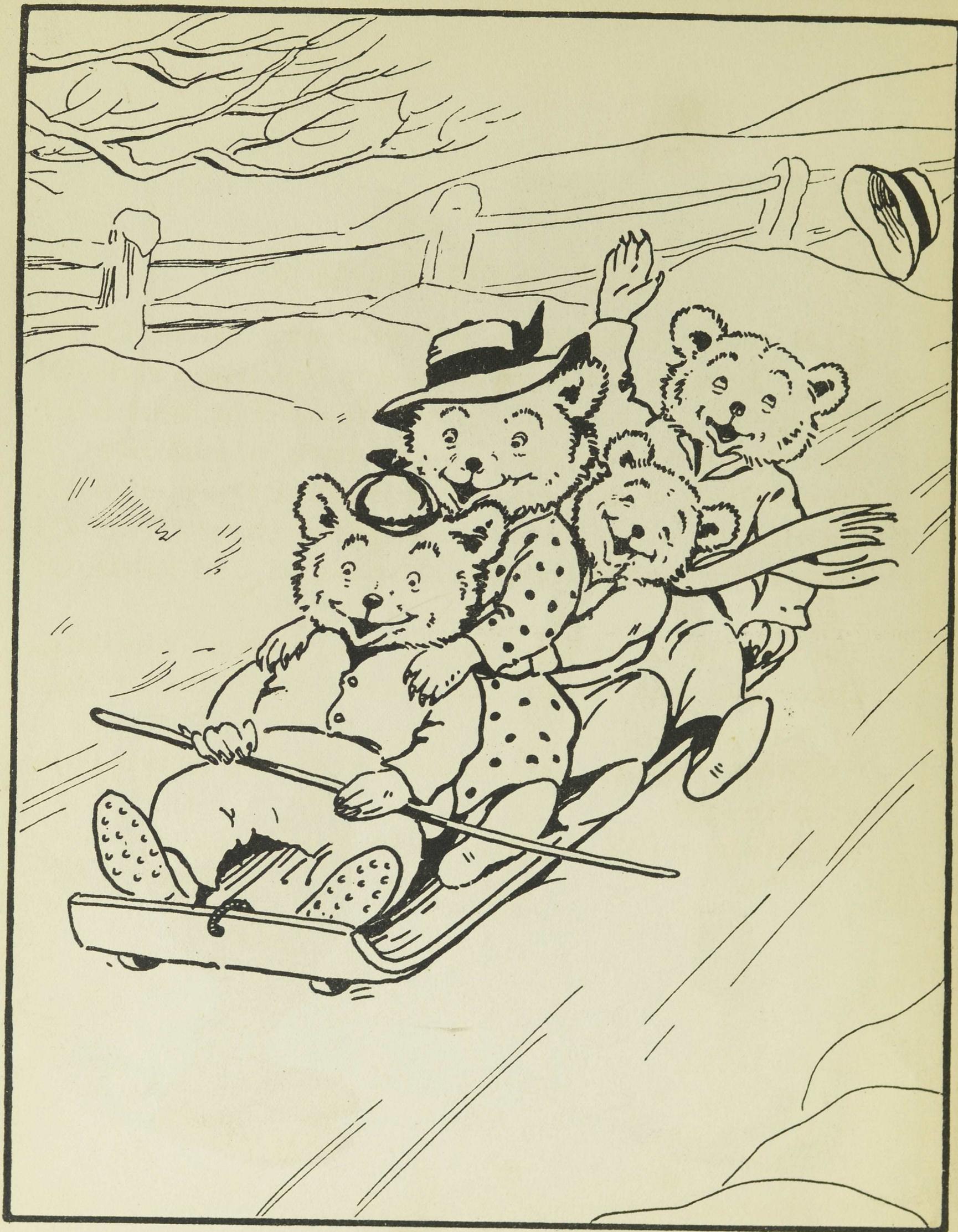
Jimmy Rat at Lessons

Young Jimmy soon grew tired of work,
And wished his tiresome task to shirk;
With chalk upon the board he drew
Old Mus, with "specs", and collar too.
Old Mus came back and Jimmy caught;
Poor Jimmy's tears availed him nought;
What Mus did with his dreadful cane,
I will not tell, 't would give you pain!





Jimmy in Trouble



Splendid Fun!

UP AND DOWN

ON their toboggan all slithery slide O!
Four little bearkins are having a ride O!
Off goes a hat with a whiff and a wobble!
Steady! or else you'll get into a hobble!
Over they tumbled, to this and that side O!
Vainly to stop their toboggan they tried O!
One little bearkin quick onward did glide O!

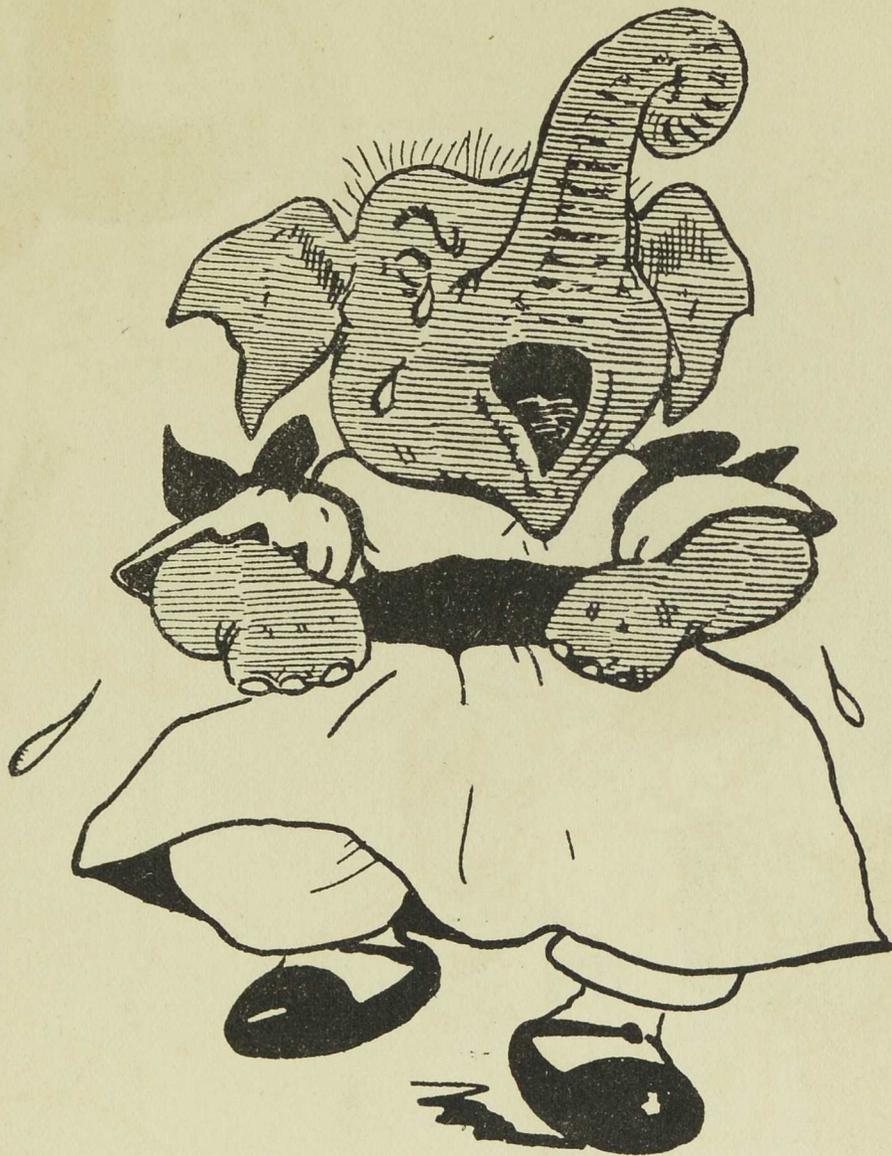
Two little bearkins went head-over-heeling,
One on his back in the snow-bank lay
squealing!

“When things go smoothly there's trouble
ahead!”

So their papa to the little bears said.



Disaster!



BAD LITTLE SUE

THIS is the bad little Elephant Sue,
With jam on her bad little nose.
What will this bad little Elephant do?
Turn over—see where the jam goes.



Anticipation



Realization

Now bad little Sue with a smile of delight
Sits down with her prize on the ground,
A spoon in her trunk—what a comical sight!—
Enjoying the jam she has found.

Here is the bad little Elephant Sue,
Her mother, too big to be shown,
Will soon make this bad little elephant rue
The jammy joys recently known.

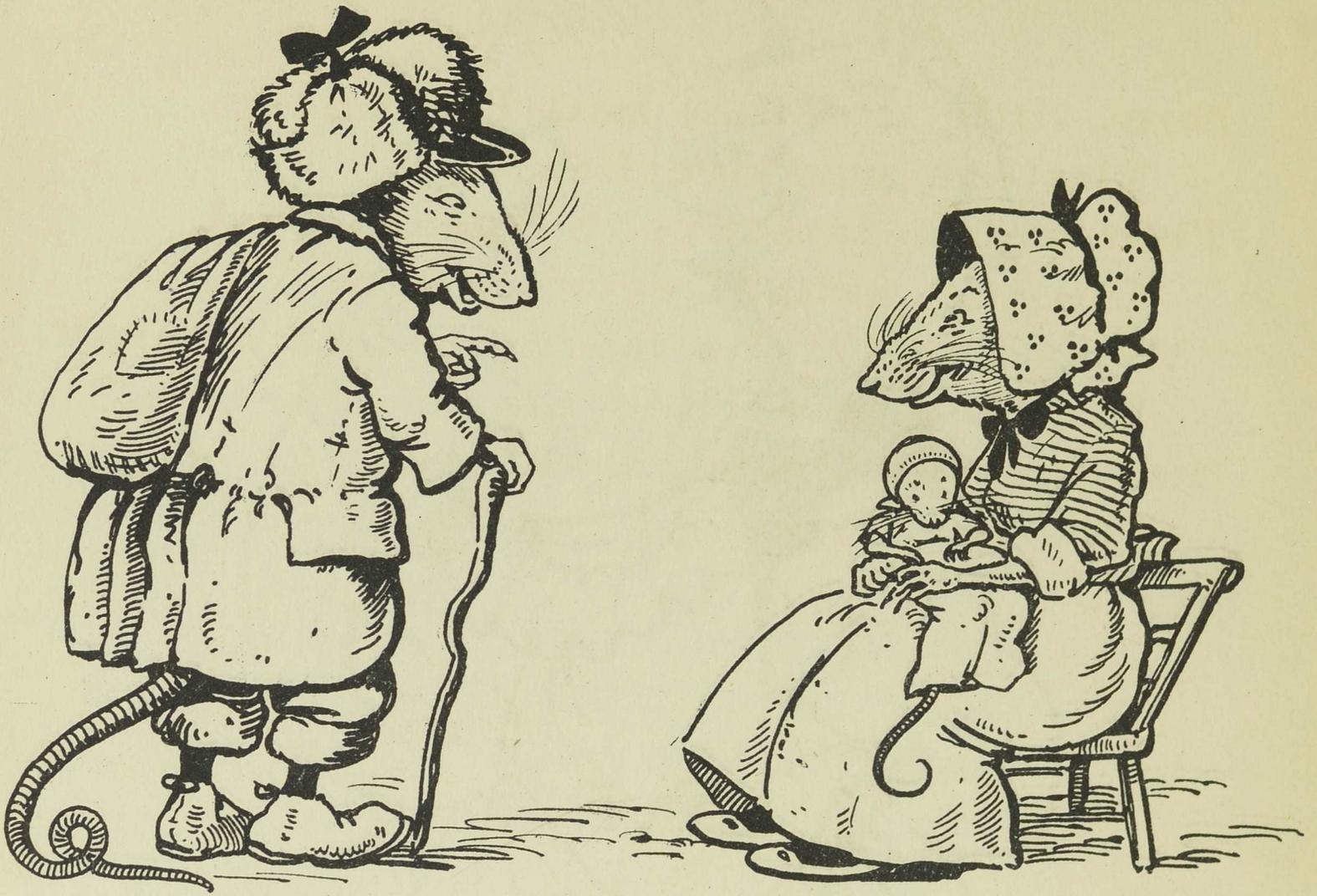
Turn back, and you'll see in the pantry,
below

The shelf where the jam-pot is set,
A **THING** hanging up—now, my children,
you know

What bad little Susan will get!



Vexation



THE WICKED RAT

HE was a very wicked Rat,
As bad as bad could be,
A poacher, and, I grieve to say,
A thief as well was he.
“I’m going out, my dear,” said he,
One night to Mrs. Rat;
“I know where I am sure to find
Some chickens young and fat!”

Now, little did that bad Rat know
That he was overheard,
That smart detective, Sergeant Owl,
Outside, caught every word!
“What’s this?” he murmured to himself.
“Indeed, a wicked plan;
But, sure as I’m a clever owl,
I’ll catch you if I can!”



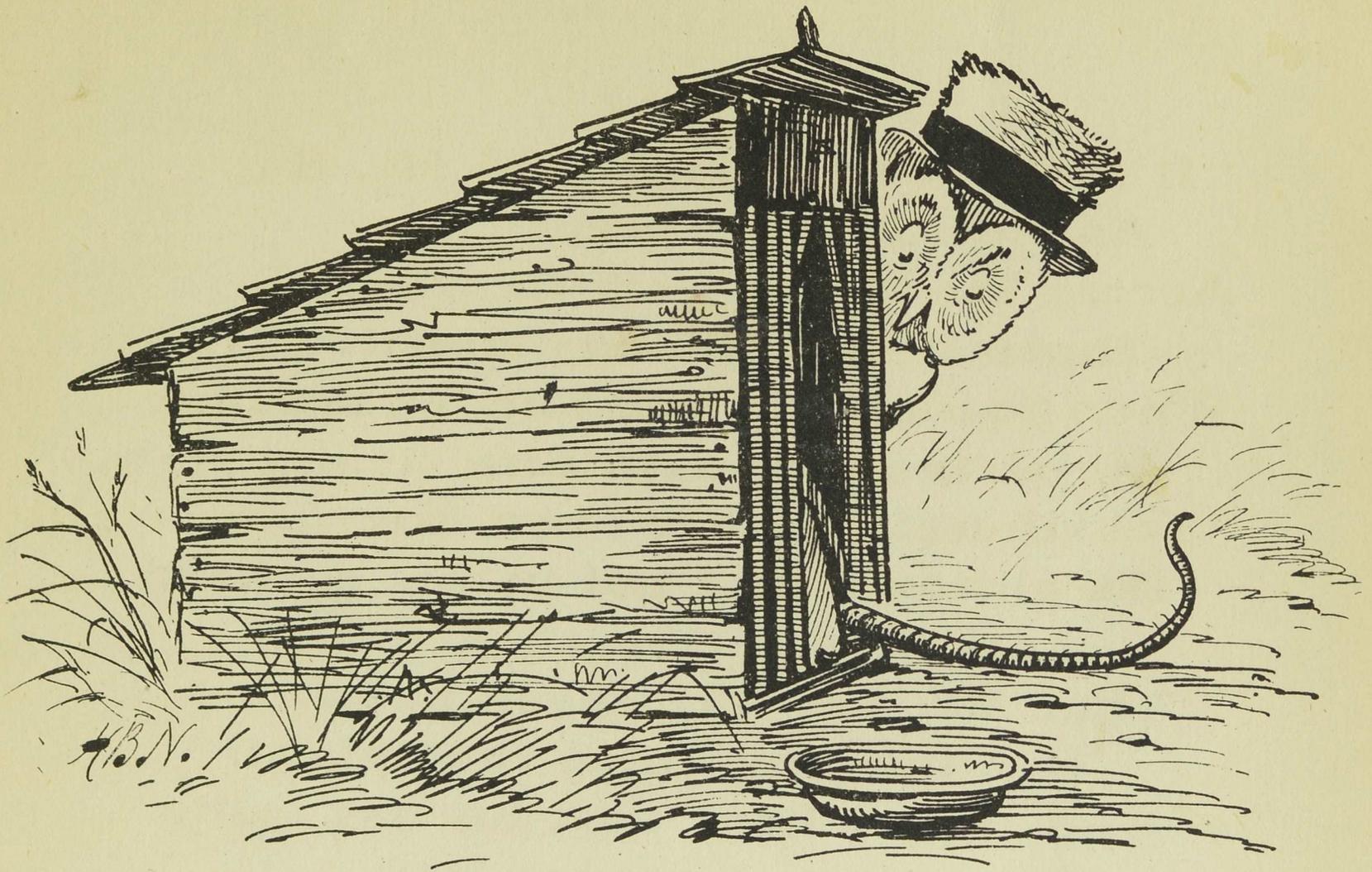


“There’s not a rat would recognize me now”

**“But first of all,” thought he, “I must
Disguise myself somehow;
There! Dressed like this, there’s not a rat
Would recognize me now!”
In beaver hat, and long-tailed coat,
Cried he: “Upon my word,
I look more like a poacher than
An ordinary bird!”
So off he set that very night,
A big stick ’neath his arm,
To keep watch for that robber rat,
The thief of Clover Farm.**

**“It’s nice and dark,” said Mr. Rat,
As stealthily he crept
Across the silent farm to where
Those little chickens slept.
When to the chicken-hutch he came,
He slyly peeped within;
“Yes, there they are—two, four, six, eight—
Now, how can I get in?”**





'T was quickly done, his teeth so sharp
Soon gnawed the lath away;
Then with a laugh, inside the hutch
He crawled without delay!
But, oh! that wicked robber rat,
That villain steeped in crime,
He little knew that Sergeant Owl
Was watching all the time!

**“Ha, ha!” exclaimed Detective Owl,
“I’ve caught you, sir, at last!”
As by the tail, with one strong claw,
He held that robber fast.
He pinched that tail of his so hard,
And gave him such a fright,
That Mr. Rat has never been
Out thieving since that night!
And now I hear that he has quite
Turned over a new leaf;
Though still a Rat, to-day he’s not
A poacher or a thief!**

—Clifton Bingham.



He held the Robber fast

AN IRISH JIG

OH! here is the place for enjoying your holidays,
Where all the Piggies are having such jolly
days,

Fiddling and jigs, and all kinds of frivolities—
Ireland's the place where I wish to be soon.

“Keep it up, darling!” says Judy to Pat.

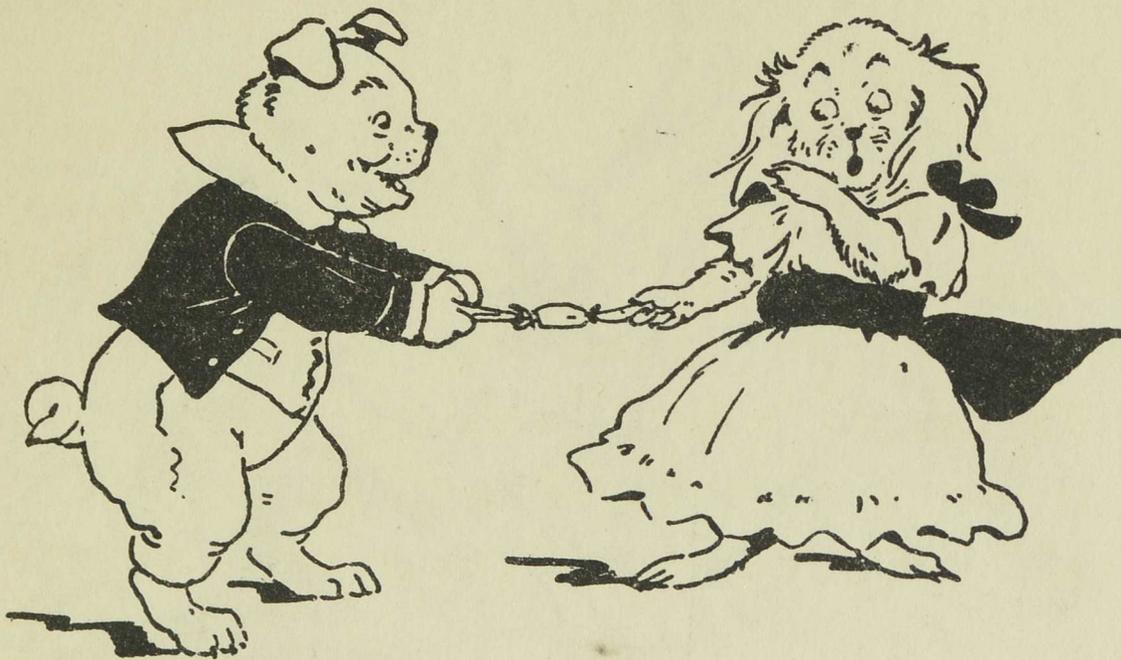
“Arrah,” says he, “you may trust me for that!

Though I feel like to drop,

Sure I can never stop,

While the old fiddler can keep up the tune!”



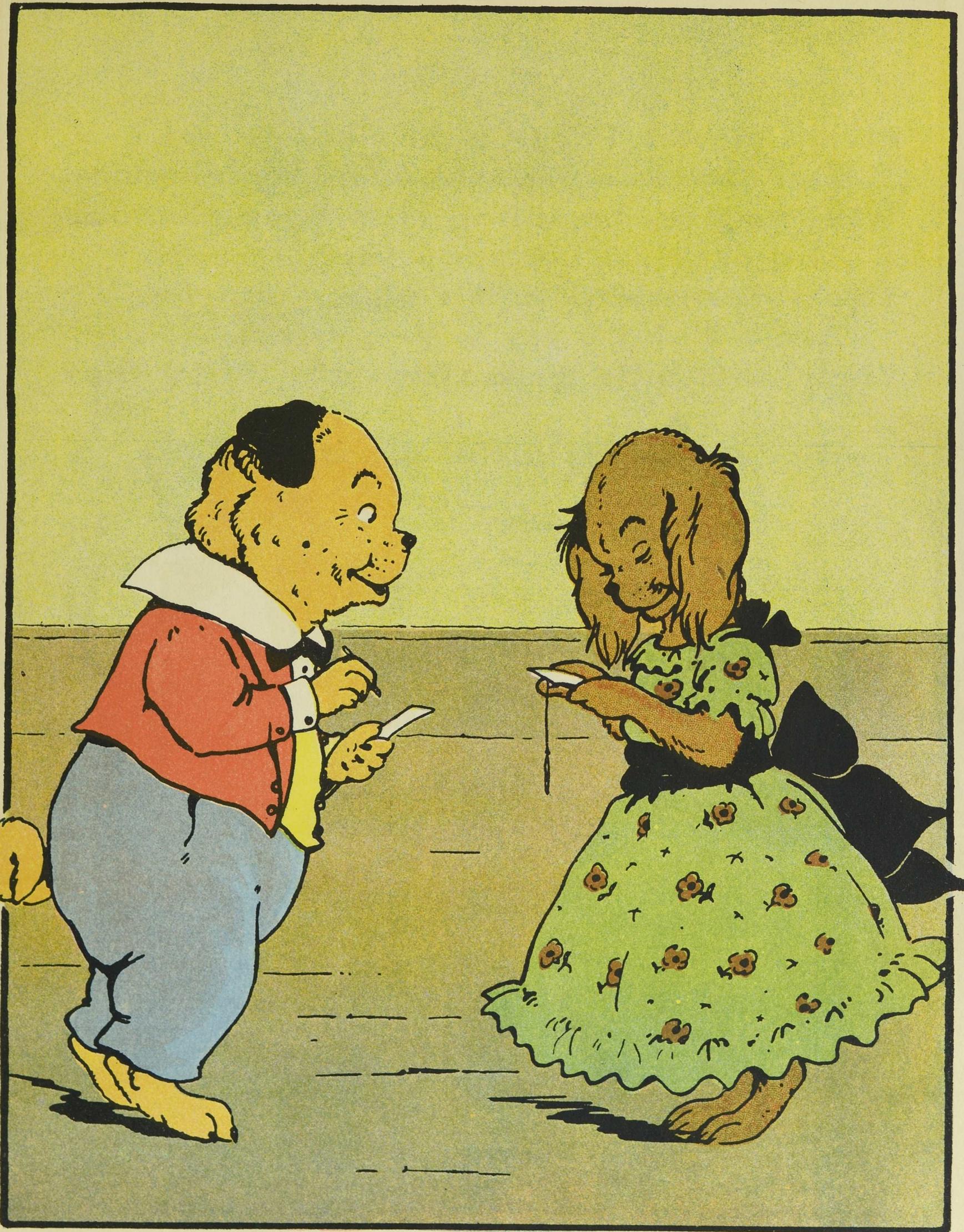


THE PUPPY-DOGS' DANCE

MISS Spanieletta gets ready at home
To go to the Puppy-dogs' ball;
Her nurse, with a brush and a shocking
bad comb,
Looks cross and not happy at all.

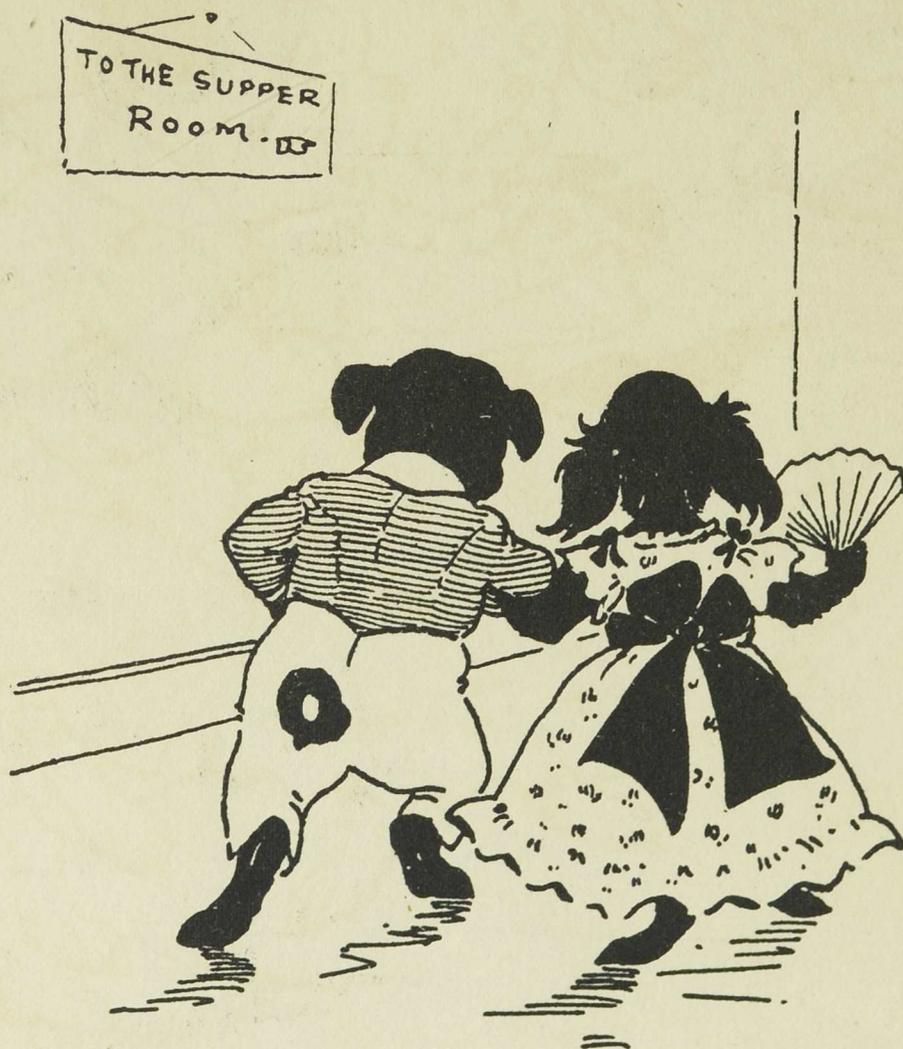


The Toilet



May I have the Pleasure?

Plump Master Puggy is anxious to get a
Few dances, some round and some square,
With smiling, beguiling Miss Spanieletta,
The prettiest lady-pup there.
Sweet Spanieletta and Puggy, good pup,
Are off and away with a whirl,
Their soft little paws from the floor they
lift up,
His wee tail is all of a curl.





The Merry Dance

BABY BUNNIES IN THE WOOD

TWO baby bunnies in the wood
Met Mr. Fox, so smart and gay;
They found him friendly, thought him good,
He played the flute, they danced away.
“Come, baby bunnies, to my home,
I’ve almond rock, and tops, and balls,
With many other pretty things
For ev’ry little friend who calls.”





Light-hearted Innocents

The bunnies' little eyes grew bright,
They clapped their little paws with glee,
So off they went.—Said Huntsman Dog
Behind the hedge,—“I'll watch those
three.”

Soon to the fox's home they came,
A dismal den among the rocks;
“Come, bunnies, take a meal with me,
You're plump and juicy!” said the fox.



Trustful Bunnies!

The baby bunnies sighed and cried,
“Oh, take us home, kind sir!” they said.—
Hurrah! Rushed in good Huntsman Dog,
Who seized the fox, and killed him dead.

.

My little readers, if away you roam,
Don't wander with kind strangers far from
home!
Keep by your side, in day as well as dark,
A faithful dog who'll bite as well as bark!

Good Accommodations
Special Terms for
Pic-nic Parties &c.
Ralph Reynard



The Reward of Wickedness

TRY AND BEAR IT

THREE little bruins on holiday bent,
To play in the garden their mother-
bear sent,

“Gruff, Ruff, and Muff, dears, be good, and
don't tease

The poor little chicks,—and **BEWARE
OF THE BEES!**”

Quickly the little bears scampered away,
But soon they grew weary of frolic and
play;

Said Gruff, “With my stick I will stir up
the hive;

We'll see if those silly old bees are
alive.”



The hive tumbled over, and, sharp'ning
their stings,

Out hurried the bees with a whizzing
of wings:

The little bears ran, but the buzzing bees
flew,—

I'd rather be here than be there,—
wouldn't you?



Are the Bees Alive?



YES!!

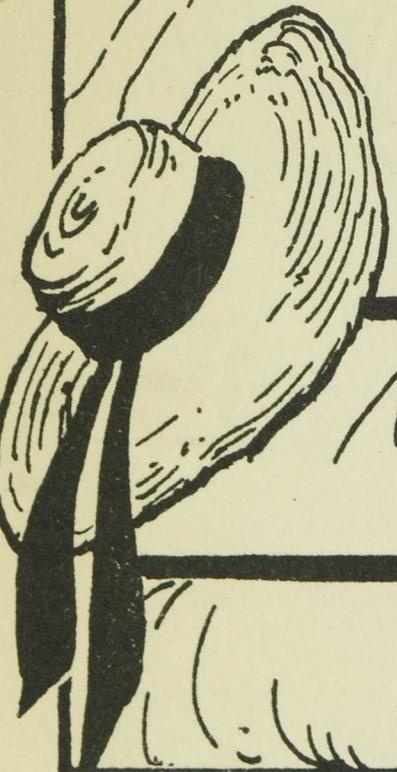
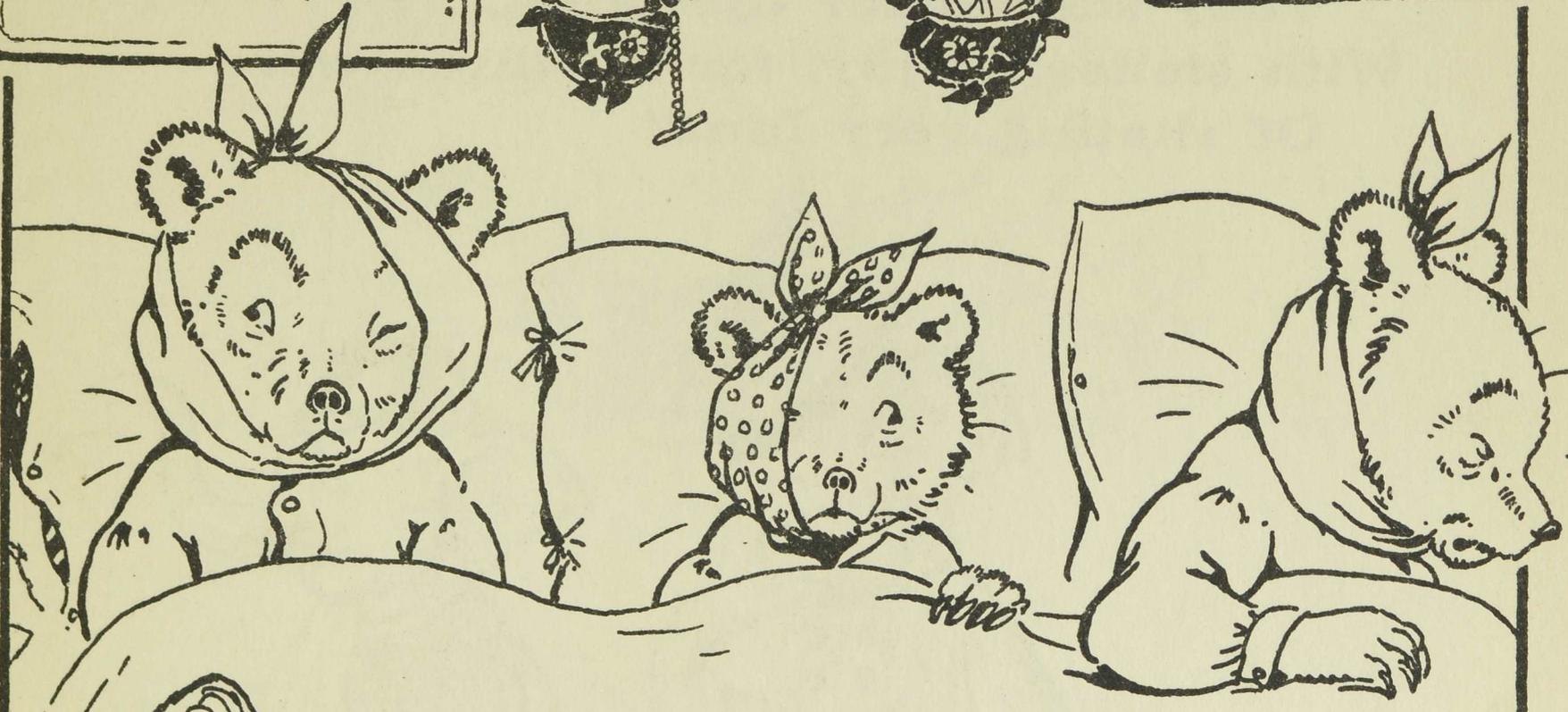
The mother-bear put her poor children to
bed,
And bound with a "hanky" each sore
little head;
The little bears promised, with many a moan,
No more to be naughty,—to let bees
alone;
And Gruff by his sisters was heard to
declare, "It
Is best when you're punished to grin hard
and bear it!"



HOW DO THE LITTLE
BUSY BEE IMPROVE
EACH SHINING HOUR?

BEAR
AND
FORBEAR

BE
PATIENT



Sadder and Wiser

A SKATING HOLIDAY

SAID Jumbo junior to Mamma,
“The ice will bear, they say;
We’ll wrap up nice and warm, and take
A skating holiday.”

So Jumbo, Ma, and Little Jim
They started for the pond,
With smiles of joy, for all three were
Of skating very fond!





**They chatted gaily as they went,
And very soon got there,
And though they were such heavy folk
They found the ice would bear.**

**Mamma then had her skates put on,
While up and down Jim ran,
To keep himself from getting cold,
And soon the fun began.**

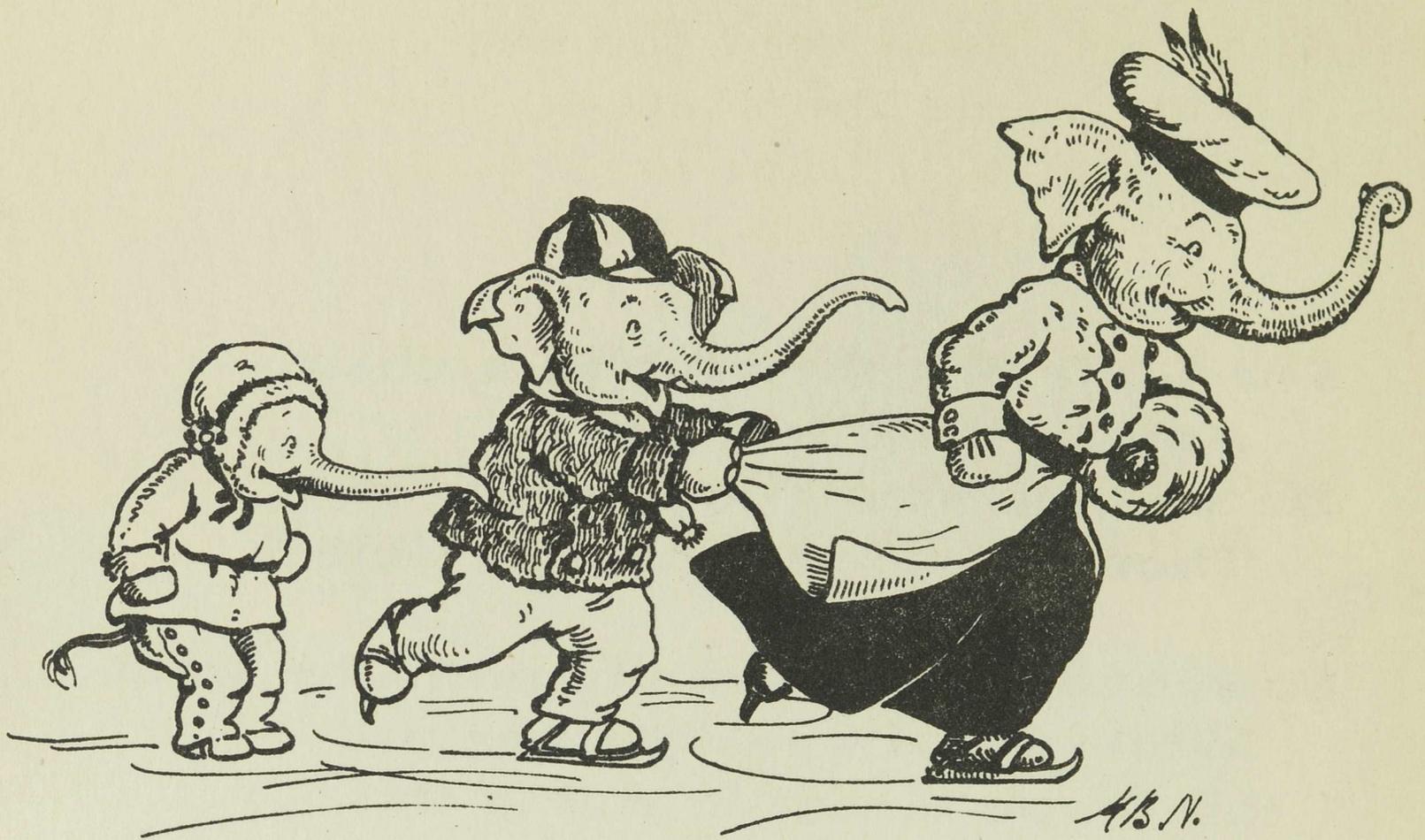


Daddy and Jim

For Little Jim they found a chair,
And in it he was tied;
He was too young to skate as yet,
Though he knew how to slide.

So round and round the pond he went,
While Daddy pushed behind;
I think you'll say, in doing this,
That he was very kind.

Mamma then had her skates put on,
While up and down Jim ran,
To keep himself from getting cold,
And soon the fun began.



Then next they made a chain of three,
And skimmed along the ice;
Jim held on by his trunk and cried:
"Oh, this is just as nice!"

When others skating saw the plan,
They came and joined the fun;
So in a little while that chain
Was quite a lengthy one!

Although 't was cold the exercise
Soon made the skaters glow;
When asked if they were getting tired,
Jim shouted out, "Oh, no!"

But Jumbo skated up and said:
"I'm thirsty as can be!"
And then they stopped, and each one had
A lovely cup of tea!



When others saw the way Mamma
Went flying through the air,
They all declared that she was quite
The finest skater there!

The merry afternoon wore on,
Till westward sank the sun,
But they did not take off their skates
Until the day was done.

And as they journeyed home again,
Papa was heard to say:
"We'll have, next week, if there's no thaw,
Another holiday."

—Clifton Bingham.



Mamma went flying through the Air

ON THE ICE

THE frost's holding fast; it is winter at last;
So our skates from the cupboard we'll take.
'Tis a half-holiday, so we'll all go away,
And sport on the ice-covered lake.

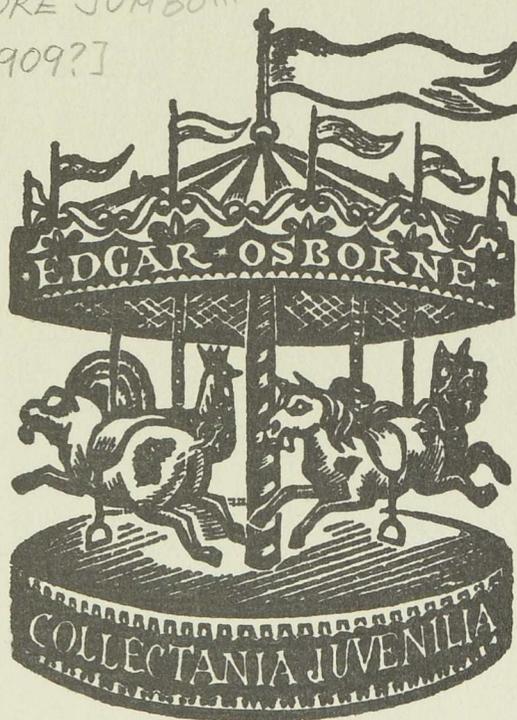
Johnny Fox and Miss Claire are the first to be
there,

Right out to the middle they glide;
And I hope, for her sake, that the ice will not
break,

Till they're safe on the opposite side.



(P)
MORE JUMBO!!!
[1909?]



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