

Every Day Fables : N^o. 3:

The
Door-mat
and
the
Scraper?

Written
and
Depicted
by
R. André:



LONDON:
Society for Promoting
Christian Knowledge
C. & J. B. Young & Co.
New York.

3-50-20

Gordon Infant School

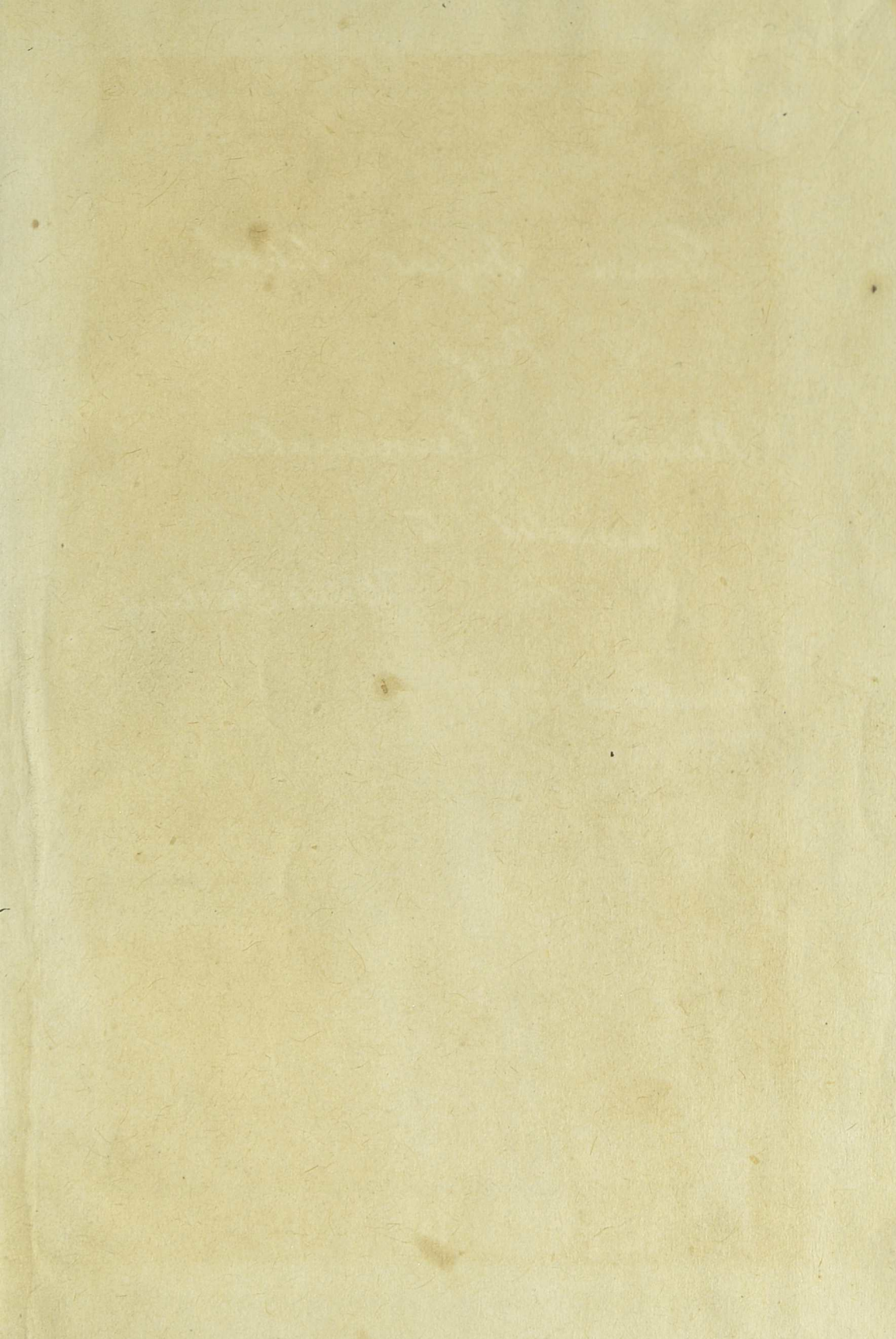
Prize

Religious Examination

awarded to

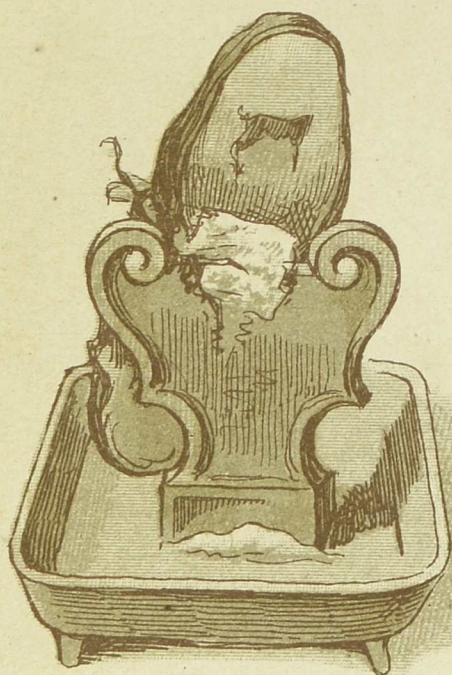
Willie Stirling

Christmas 1857.



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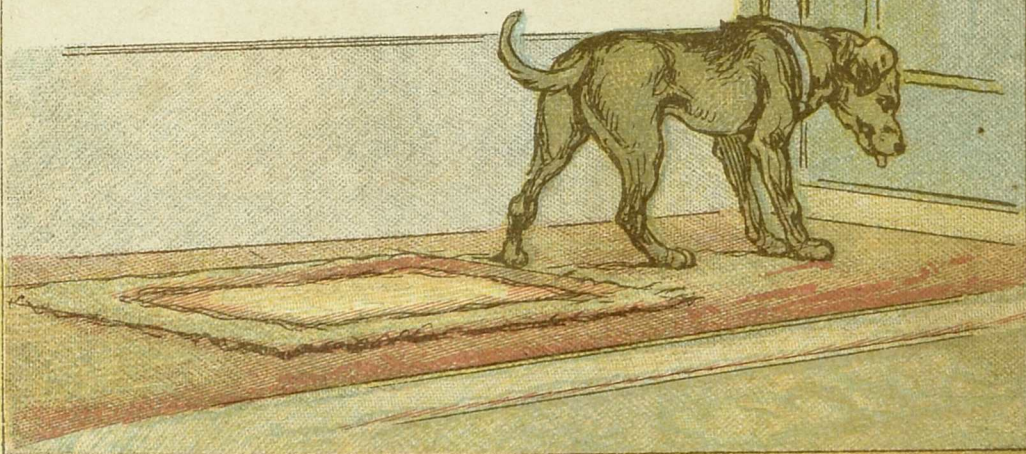
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The Doormat & the Scraper:

W

E have always been excellent friends, we two, having so much in common, although we but seldom see each other, except under the bottom of the door; and, when I do look, there is too much draught to be pleasant. I have certainly thought that the Scraper is a stuck-up, stiff sort of fellow who never cares to visit anybody, whereas I, the Doormat, am often on the move, and at least once a week have my head knocked against the wall outside for the good of my health.



On these days I am in the habit of showering down a quantity of dust on my friend, by way of small talk. It is the only compliment I can pay him, and luckily he is fond of dirt. I often think I am very like the people indoors, for our conversation depends

so much on the weather.



Certainly our duties are of a very menial kind, but my position is the better of the two. I live indoors, and he stands out of doors, and in all sorts of weather. Then his business is to see that I am not made too dirty; while mine is to save the front hall. But I have always found my duty very exhausting, and my constitution was never equal to boots.



We both suffer in the same way; and
nobody who has not been born a
Doormat can possibly know
how nervous one feels

at the sound of

a bell. I

hear a

metallic

sound out-

side; I

know my

friend is

suffering;

but the

next mo-

ment it is

my turn,

and people

rub and

scrub my

poor face

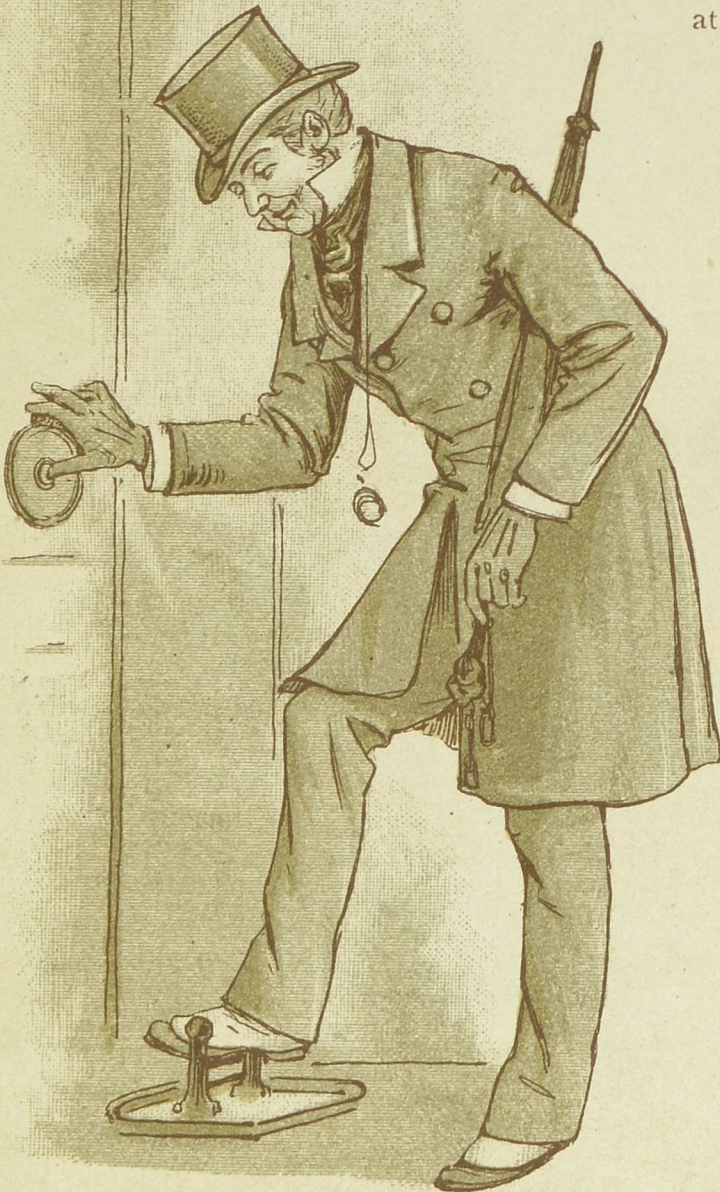
till I have

scarcely

any face

left to

boast of



I wish people never grew up to be men,
 for children very often pass me by; and
 when they wipe their shoes, hurt me very
 little. But I never could understand why
 there is so much fuss made about clean-
 liness; and why the Hearthrug and
 the Staircarpet should be
 so pampered has
 always been



a puzzle to both of us.

I have heard people talk of the different ways there
 are of shaking hands; and I find there is just the same
 character in the wiping of shoes. Some visitors scrub away
 without any respect for my feelings,
 whilst others rub
 apologetically,
 and almost
 under protest. But
 between



them all,
 I am not
 the mat I
 was, and am
 growing as
 bald as the
 master of
 the house!"

"All your own fault," whispered the Scraper under the door, "you lie down to be trodden on. Stand up as I do; and even hob-nails can't hurt you. Let the boots come; I am a scraper of iron will, and I defy them.

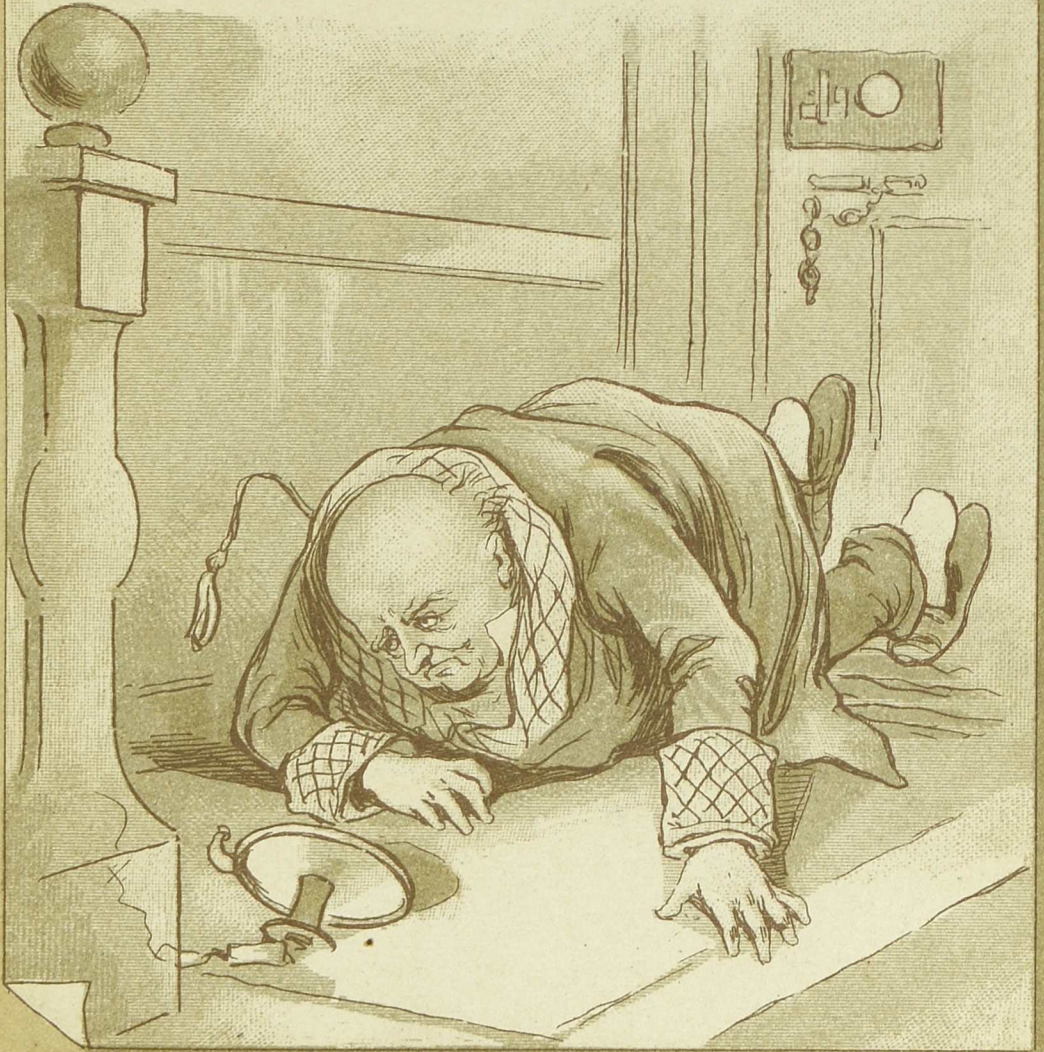


But any boy may kick *you* along the passage."

"I can't help my constitution being delicate, can I?"

pleaded the Doormat, "the wear and tear of my public life, as the people in the drawing-room say, is killing; and it is only seldom that I can summon up pluck to trip one of the enemies that have reduced me to this extremity.

Heigho! I am past work, and there is no home for doormats who have seen better days.

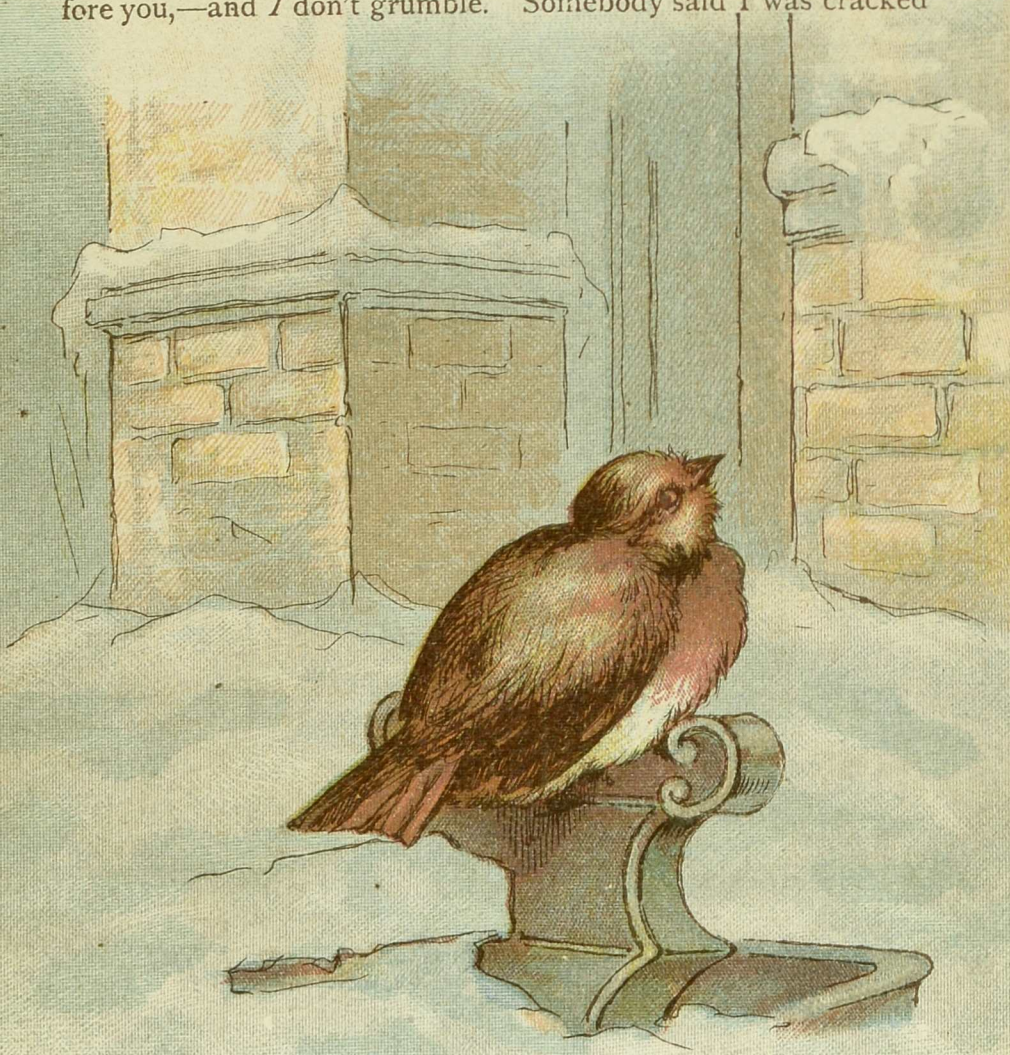


And when at last I come down to the dustbin,
I shall be haunted by the old shoes who have ruined me!



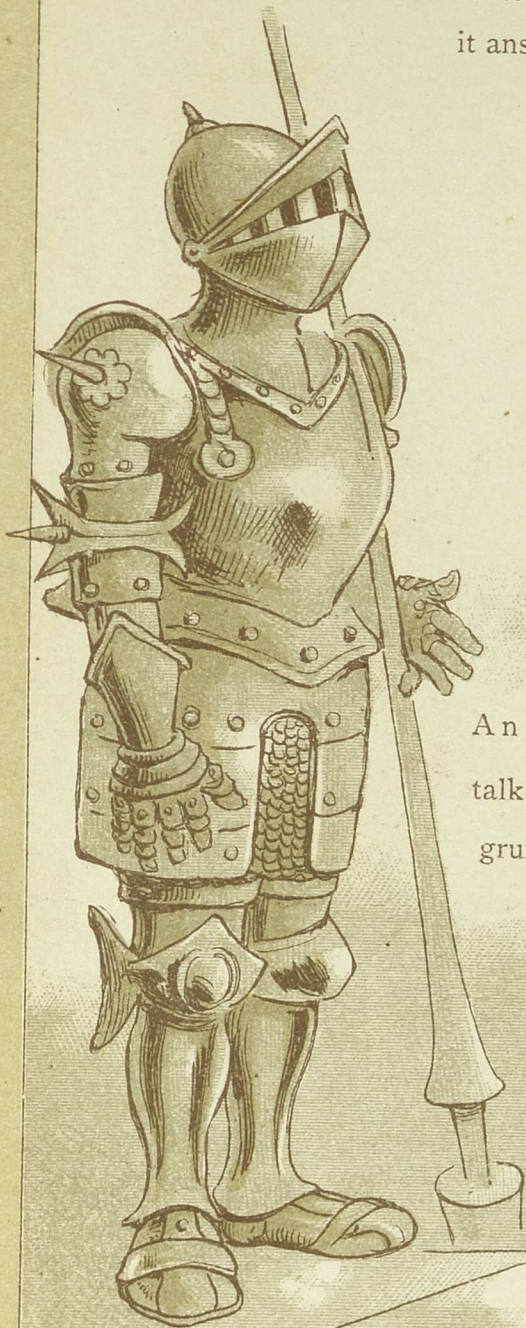
But perhaps when they have retired from active business
and feel that they are past all cobbling, and their pride
is down at heel, they may learn to feel sorry for *me*."

"Ah," replied the Scraper, "nothing would please you unless all the world had wooden legs! I am as old as your great-great-grandfather—I mean the fourth doormat before you,—and *I* don't grumble. Somebody said I was cracked



the other day; but look at the winters I have gone through."

The Doormat seemed to laugh in every fibre as it answered under the door, "The man in armour might as well complain of being pelted with snowballs! or the dish-cover say the flies are troublesome!"



And you
talk of *me*
grumbling!



But at any rate I don't boast like *you*!"

The Scrapper looked as stiff as ever, and stood like a sentry on his post, too important to take notice of idle chatter. But the Brass Handle of the front door thought it



time to speak. "I have my outside eye on you, friend Scrapper," he said, "and my inside eye on you, friend Doormat, and I have a keyhole for my ear. I have heard all you both have said, and perhaps you'll forgive my brazen impudence in settling

your dispute. *You are both in the wrong.*" "How's that, umpire?" asked the Doormat, who knew something about cricket, from having been used as a wicket in the hall on a wet half-holiday. "Both sides always are in the wrong in every quarrel," said the Brass Nob.



“ *You*, friend Scrapper, are unduly proud of your strength; and *you*, friend Doormat, are too much inclined to be discontented, when in reality you are both worthy creatures and do your duty excellently well. And if you die worn out in good service, what of that? We all love old pensioners; and if they have lost an arm or a leg, we know that they have



served their country well.

There is something to boast of in having lived a life of usefulness, and that is my sermon."

At that moment the door was opened, and the Scraper and the Doormat saw at once that the Brass Nob must be wiser than themselves, or how could his round face look so bright and happy?

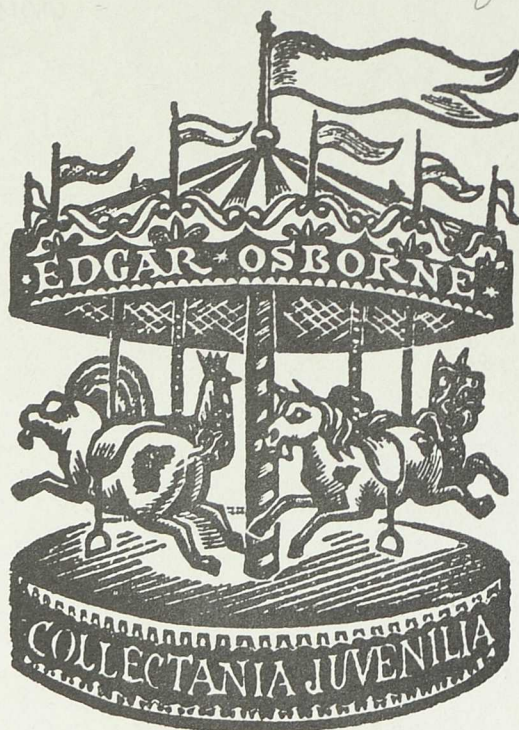


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