

YULE'S BOOK

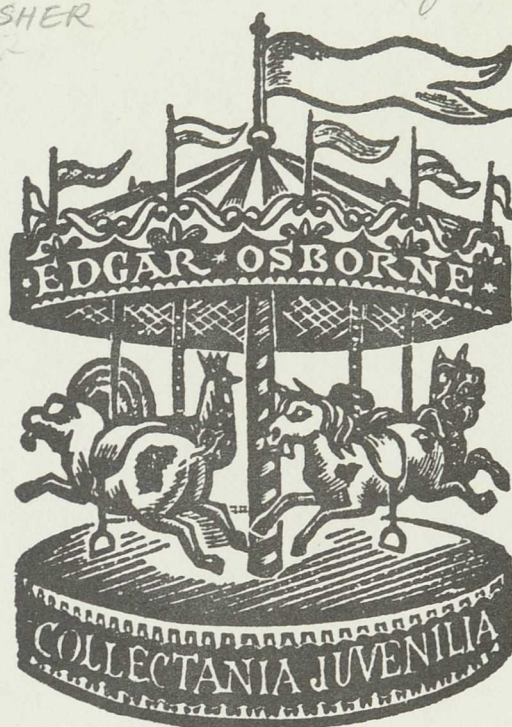
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SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO., LTD.

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YULE'S BOOK—I.



LONDON:
J. B. LEECH, 11, ABchurch Lane, E.C. 4.
1891.

YULE'S BOOK—I.



LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO.
1902.

YULE'S BOOK—
TO G.R.R.



The first of the year is the day
When the sun is in the sky
And the birds are in the air
And the flowers are in the ground
And the world is in the spring
And the world is in the spring
And the world is in the spring
And the world is in the spring



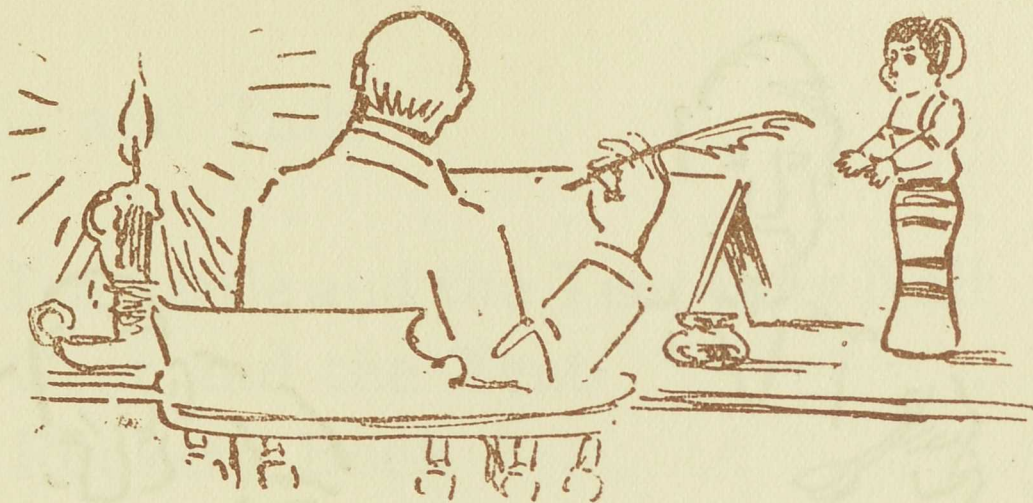
LONDON:
SIMPSON, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO.
1894

To G.B.B.



The wind is on the river all day long,
And while it blows it sings a song
Of little boats and little sails
And launches trim with foaming trails,
A song of trees, a song of flowers,
A song of swans and fairy bowers :
It sings a sweeter song than this is,
A song of laughter and of kisses,
And while it sings of these—all through
It sings of joy, dear child—and you.





PREFACE.

The sketches and short stories in this book are a selection from a number made by Yule with no other object than the amusement of a small child.

The keen interest they evoked, the eagerness with which they were awaited day by day, and the great pleasure they gave to Yule's small friend, were observed by the writer.

At his request, Yule has consented to publish these few pages in order that the innocent joy afforded to one child may be shared by many.

Some of the sketches might be embellished, but to re-draw them would alter their character and detract from their value. They are therefore produced in their original state.

M.D.

October, 1902.



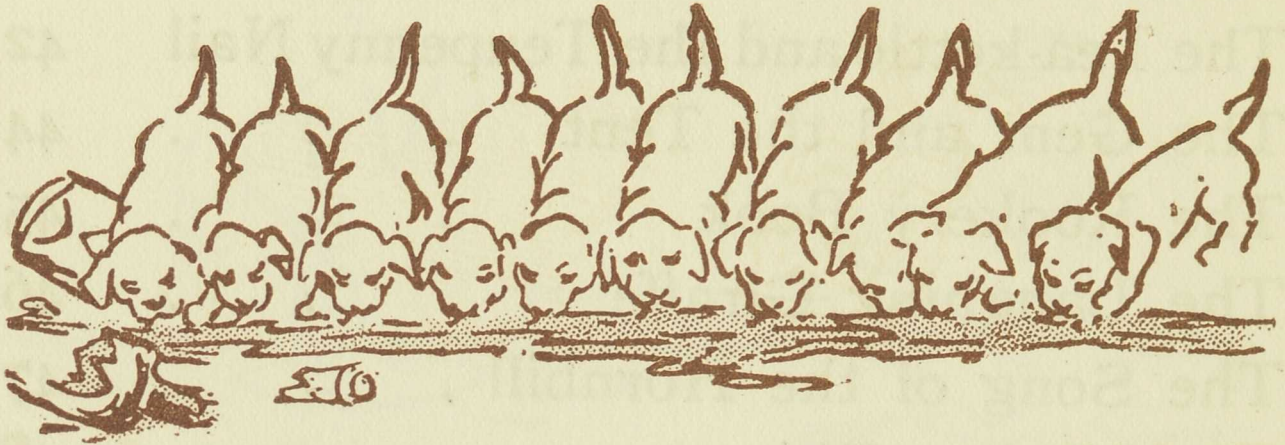
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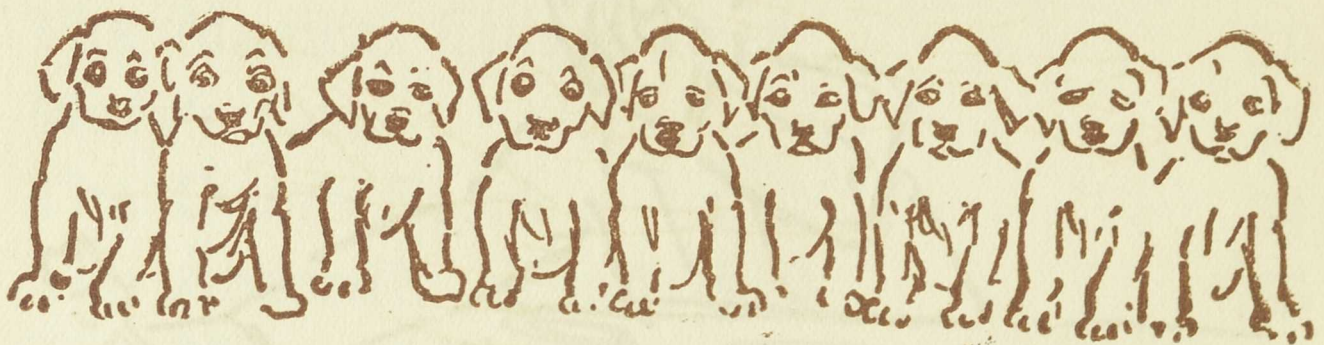
TEN LITTLE PUPPY DOGS.



Ten little puppy dogs tasting currant wine,



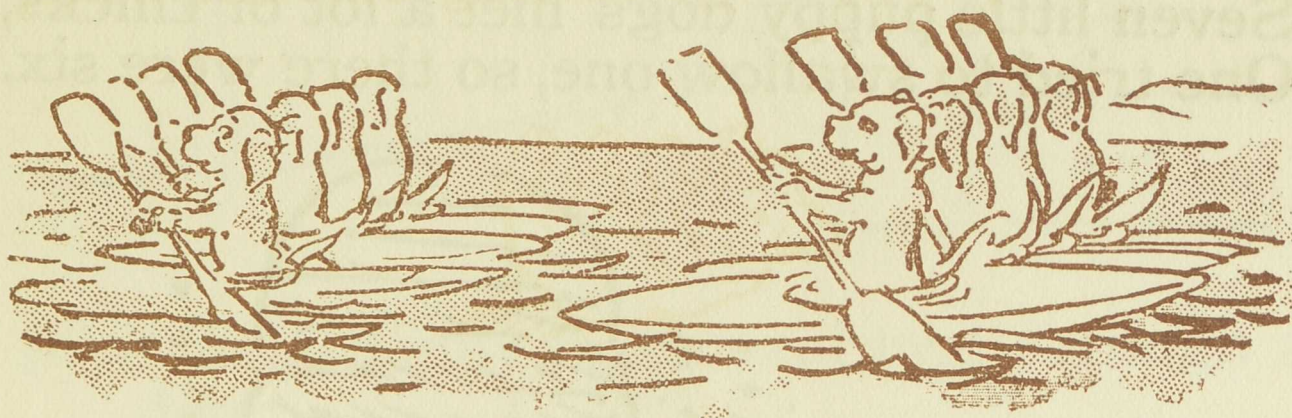
One took a drop too much, so there were nine.



Nine little puppy dogs sitting up late,
One thought he saw a ghost, so there were
eight.



Eight little puppy dogs canoeing on Loch
Leven,

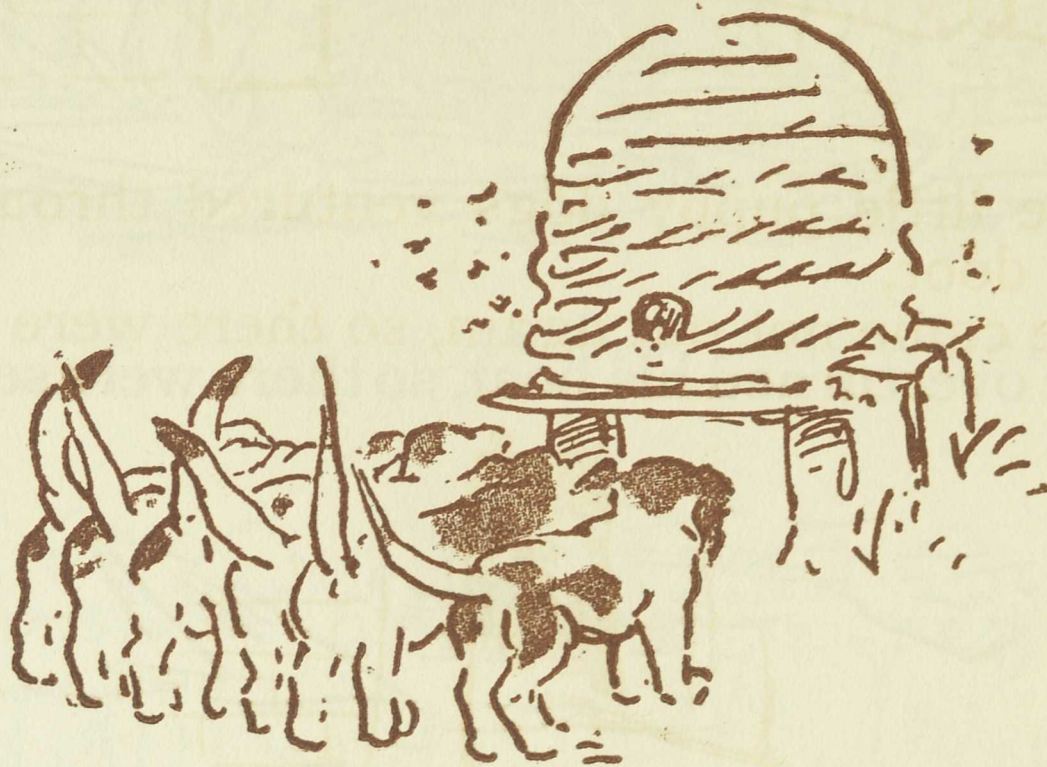


One overturned his boat, so there were seven.





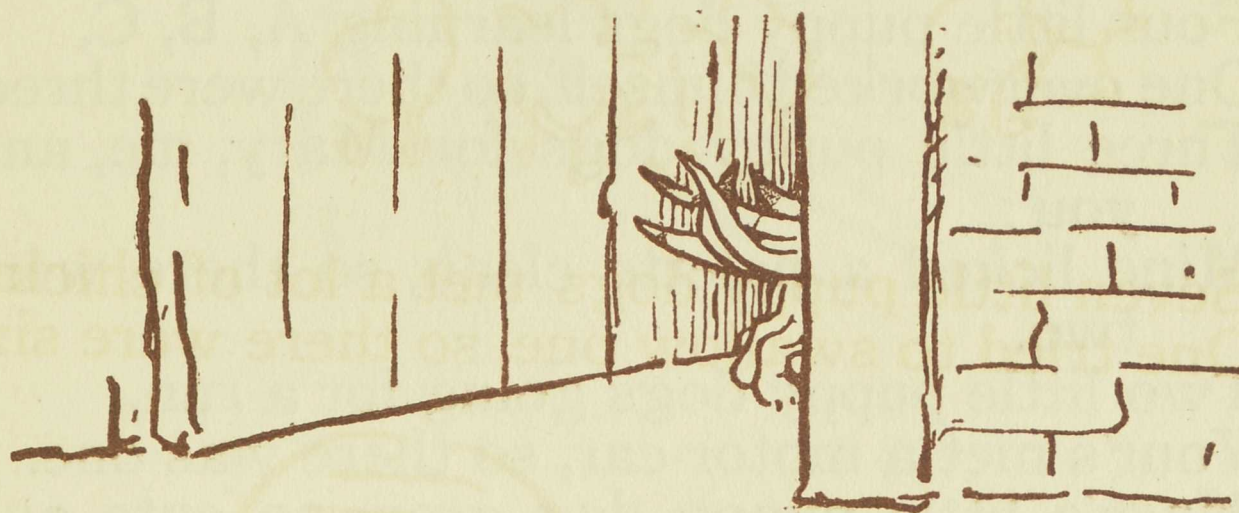
Seven little puppy dogs met a lot of chicks,
One tried to swallow one, so there were six.



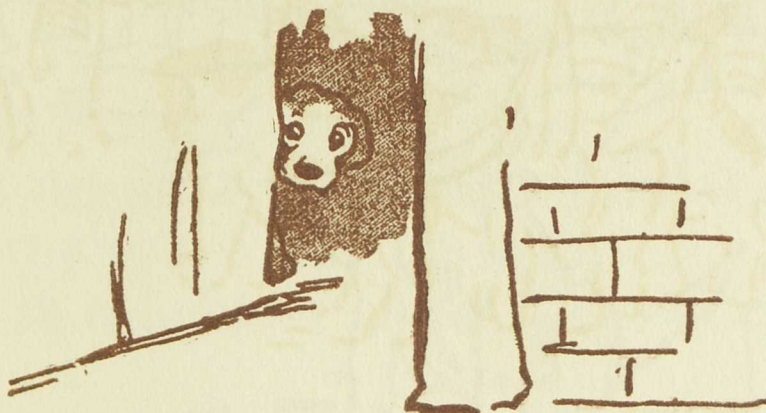
Six little puppy dogs staring at a hive,

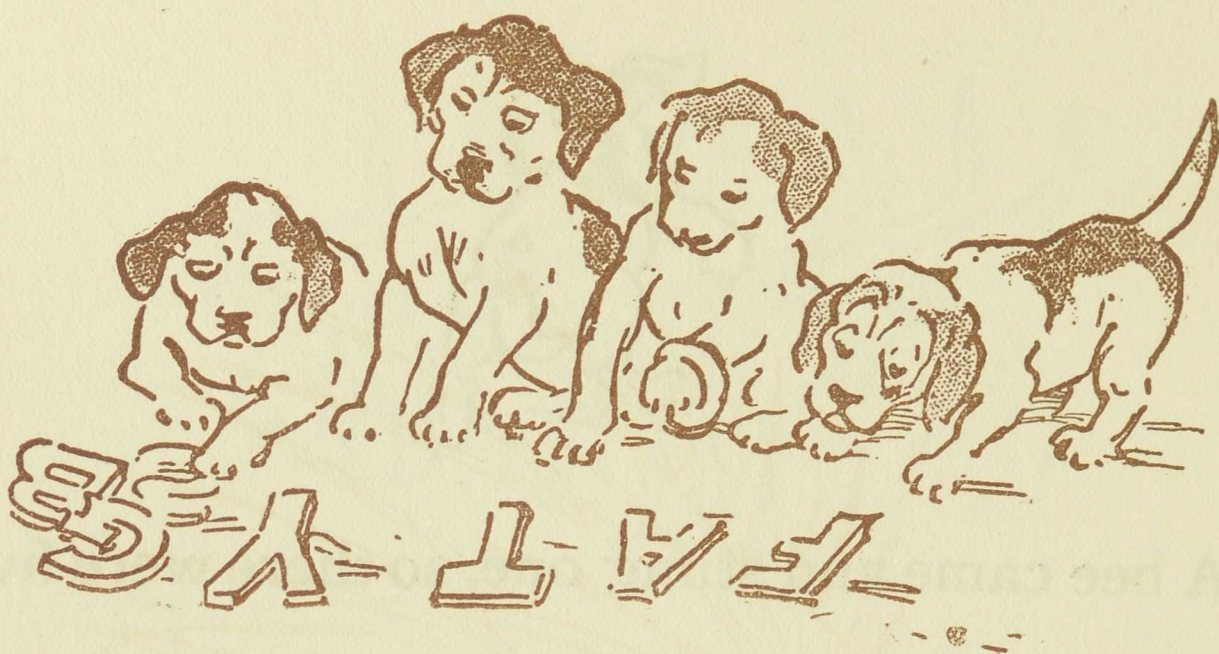


A bee came and stung one, so there were five.



Five little puppy dogs ventured through a
door,
One came not out again, so there were four.





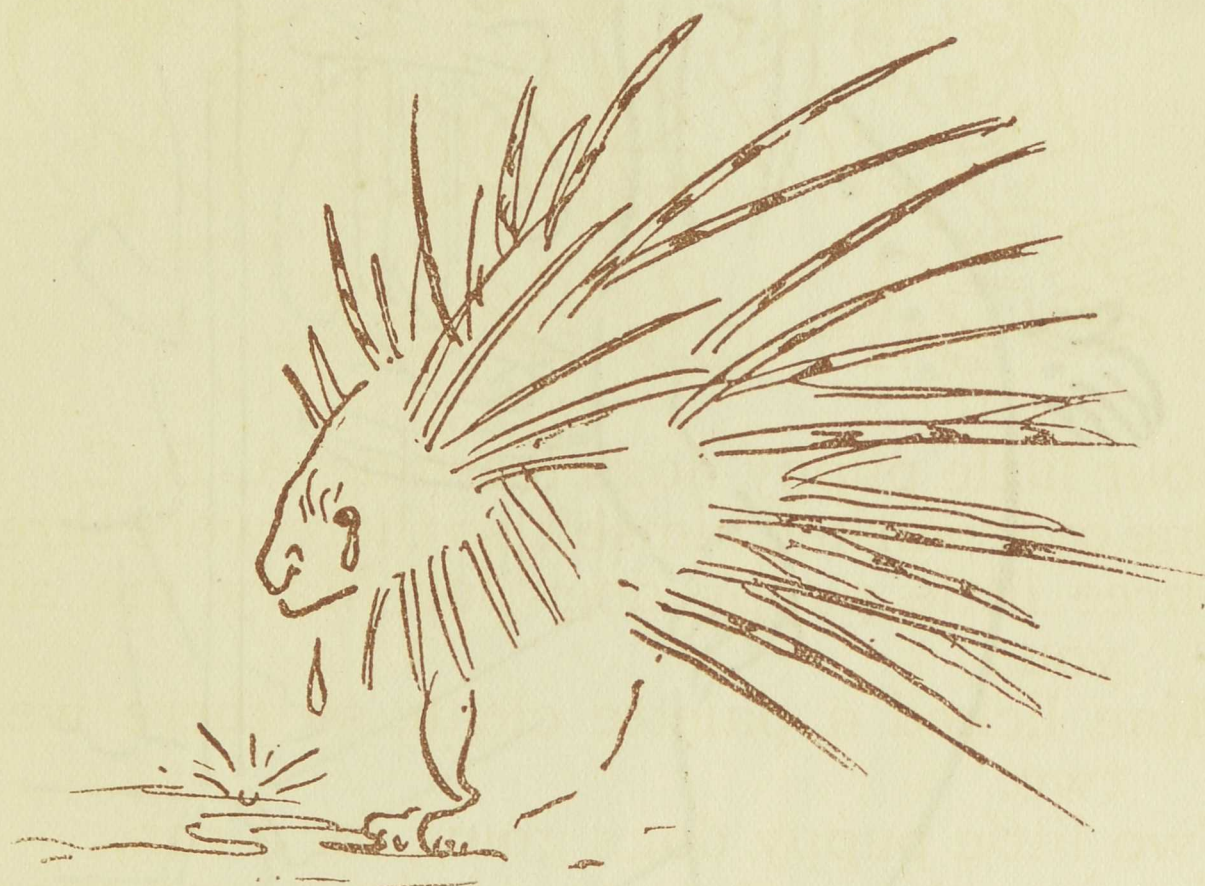
Four little puppy dogs learning A, B, C,
 One overworked himself, so there were three.
 Three little puppy dogs for Mary, me, and
 you:

Mine licked a palette clean, so there were
 two.

Two little puppy dogs going for a run,
 Your's met a motor-car, so there was one.
 Mary's little puppy dog grew so cute and
 clever,

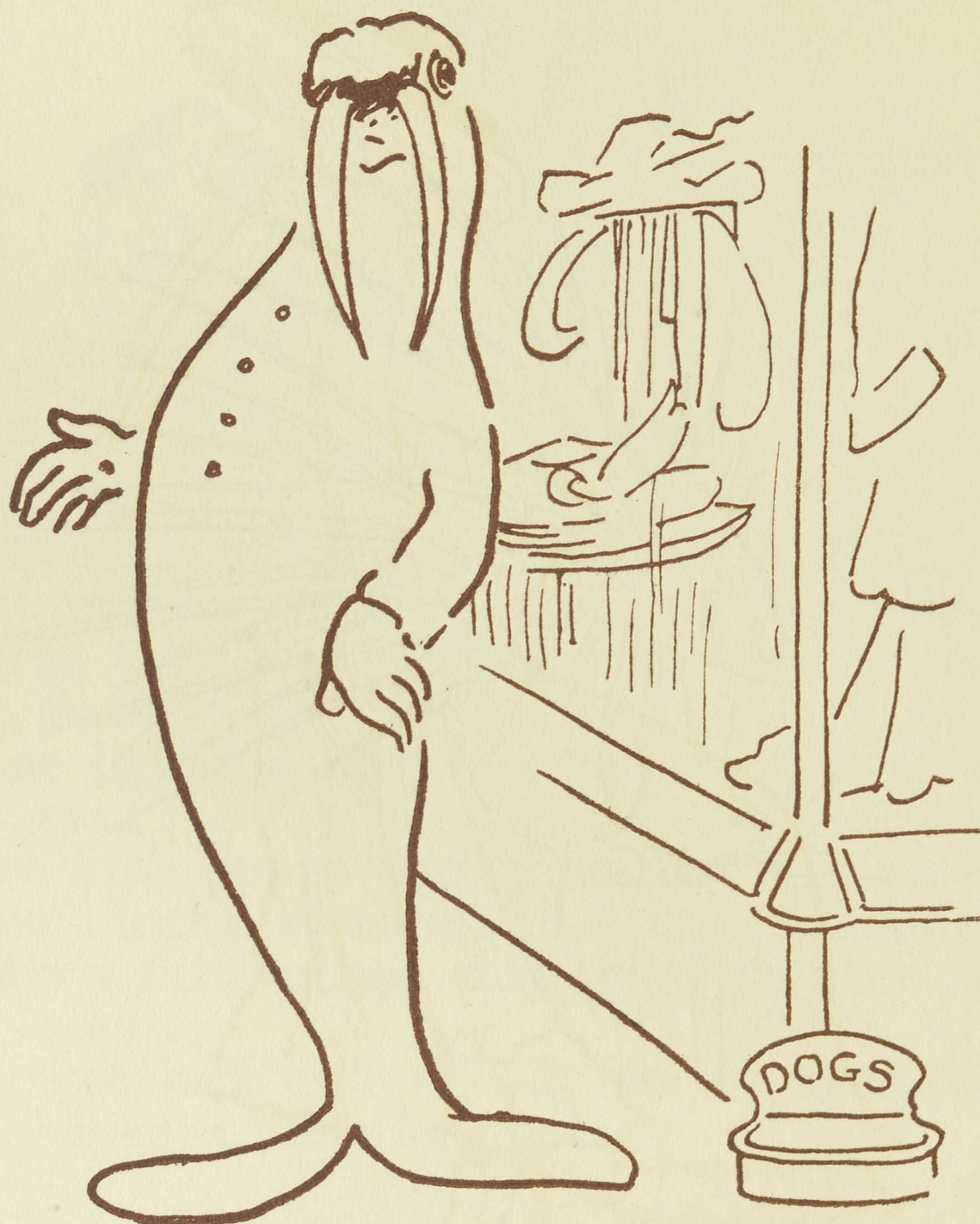
He got safe out of all his scrapes, and
 means to live for ever!





This is the Fretful Porcupine
Who eats no nuts and drinks no wine;
His motto should not be ignored:
"The pen is mightier than the sword."

THE SHOPWALKER.



Within this entry wide you see
The fair Shopwalker stands,
A very pompous person he
With large and billowy hands.
When you have purchased tons of clothes,
Or things that are for Art meant,
He says with accent adipose,
“Madam,—the next department?”

"THE DUCHESS" WINTER
FASHIONS.



Among the Season's prettiest novelties is Messrs. Duckpond's new "Pelicalisse" costume—consisting of a blouse slip, nicely tucked and inserted into a hookonanoff skirt. This is unbreakable and would be nice for dinner-ware.



Winter Fashion for the Young
(Second Childhood).



Child's Winter Coat.
(Messrs. Miaow and Marys).



Ready-made costumes—wonderful value at the price.

Double-breasted semi-sac coat, with fashionable bell breeks, the whole costume complete, with full length collarette.

Price in South African Tweed—half-a-guinea; best Chippendale brocade, 12/6.

The "Giraffic News," of October 20th, says "extremely piquante."



A Novel Nursemaid's Perambuloovercoat
in Russian Walrus-Skin.
(Messrs. Yule and Uncle).

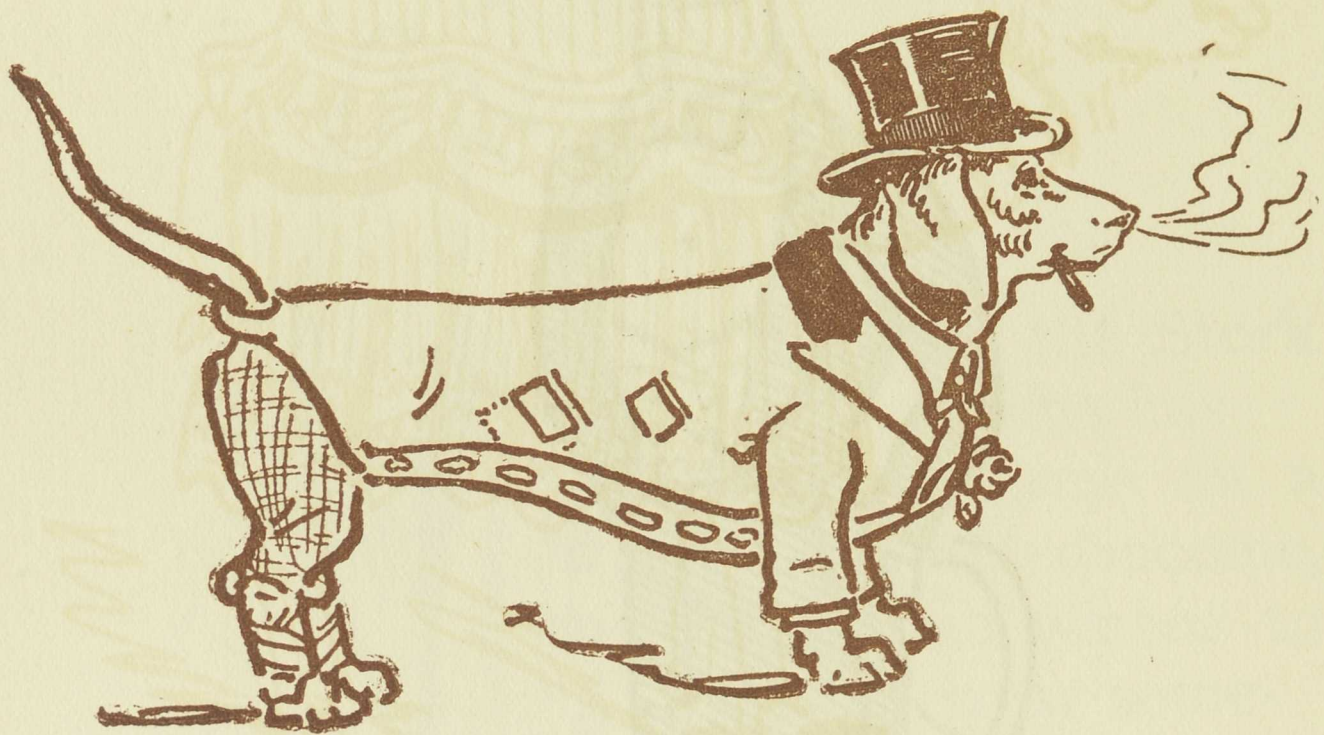


For the Stork
who has
to dress on a
limited income,
and wishes to
wear some-
thing of real
style with
just a spice of
sauciness.

The "Marabou" skirt with elytra sleeves
and four rows of endive wiggle garnished
with narrow satin ribbon and radishes.
Supplied in several tints.



Picturesque Trousers (Silk Rolls)
For Hunt Balls
(Messrs. Tally-Ho and Crop).



Novelty in Coats—
The Sausage Overroll.
(Messrs. Saveloy, Pieson and Coy.)



The "Howdedah"
Accordion-pleated Bactrian Frock with
glacé roundabout, trimmed Egyptian em-
broidery—to fit young camels two to three
years—15/6—in yellow, green, and pink.

THE PUZZLED POSTMAN.



Postman: "I wish they wouldn't send these
Easter Eggs so near hatching!"

THE BABY GIANT.

The Chief Commissioner of Police was sitting at his breakfast-table, eating a succulent sausage, when a boy brought several telegrams. The first read "Giant, forty feet high, has sat down on railway-lines near St. Pancras—Scotch Express in collision—Send force to remove obstruction."

The second telegram read "Giant, of incredible size, walking towards Oxford Street, tripped on University College—wrecked building. Giant picked up ten Slade School students."

The third telegram read "Giant put six lady students in mouth, but rejected them immediately—Several seriously injured."

The Chief Commissioner laughed—ate more sausage—laughed again, and was taking up "The Times," when Lord Roberts, without being announced, came rushing frantically into the room. The perspiration poured down his dear old face as he clutched the Chief Commissioner by the coat and lugged him to the window. There, in the middle of Piccadilly, was an enormous, vast, huge, incredibly big, Baby Giantess. The telegrams had been wrong, for she was at least 70 feet high. She was dressed in a blue frock, had no hat, and had lost one of her shoes. At this moment she was standing quite still, with the top part of the Nelson

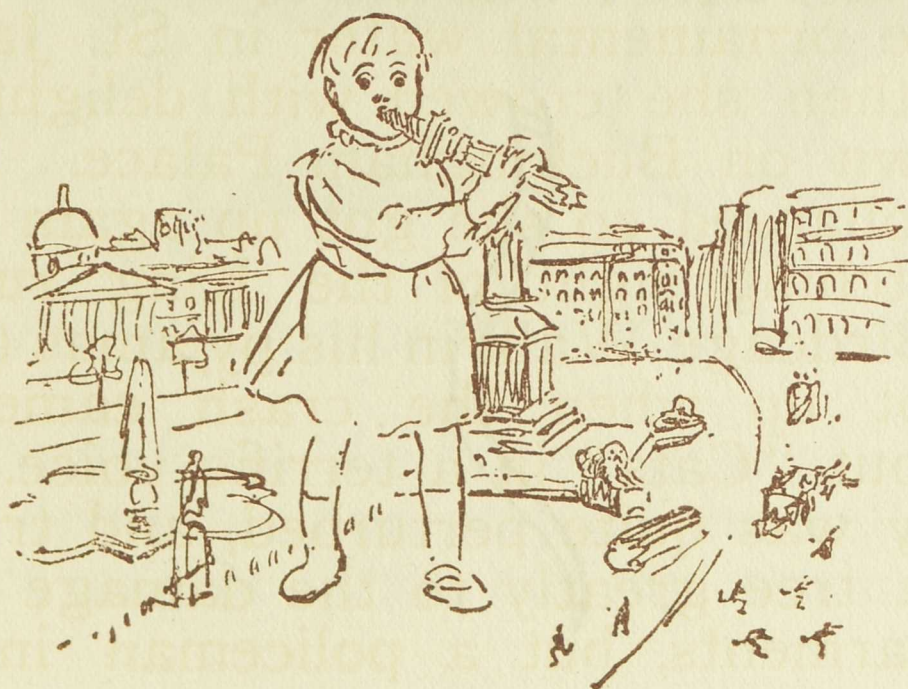
Column in her hands, biting pieces off Nelson. They were evidently not to her taste, for she made an extraordinary face and hurled the piece of masonry into the air. (It crashed through the roof of St. George's Hospital and woke up the night-porter who had just gone to bed).

It is sometime since London was so completely upset. At first nobody would believe it except those who had actually seen the Giantess, but, as the news spread, crowds hurried to try to get a sight of her. Nobody knew in the least what to do. To try to kill her would have been monstrous, she was so ridiculously human, and everyone who saw her from a hundred yards' distance was entirely captivated by her delicious baby ways. She gravely picked up a hansom cab, and rubbed the horse against her cheek as if it had been a toy mouse. She took up a bus full of people and emptied them out into the ornamental water in St. James's Park—then she crowed with delight, and sat down on Buckingham Palace. It entirely collapsed, so she got up again cross, and catching sight of the King running down Birdcage Walk in his pyjamas (for he was not up when the crash came) she called out "Cats" in a terrific voice. His Majesty was quite perturbed, and tried to climb a tree greatly to the damage of his light garments, but a policeman induced

him to come down, and lent him his tunic.

All the telegraph-offices in the Country were by this time over-worked and glutted with messages waiting to go over the wires. A Cabinet Council had been already summoned but Arthur Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain both refused to believe in the Giantess as they had not seen her—so they adjourned the meeting for an hour. They sent over to consult the Medical Officer of the Local Government Board, who said “Chloroform her,” and it was surprising that no one had thought of this before.

A large quantity of chloroform and ether was got together, and the Fire Brigade put one of their hoses to work directing a stream of the mixture at the infant Giantess’ head. After fifty people had been stupified, she gave signs of drowsiness, and lay over quietly with her head in Victoria Station. There, for the present, we must leave her.





This Monkey's called the Wanderoo—
Look at his beard and hair!
They had one like him at the Zoo
The last time I was there.





I'm a young Chimpanzee with a will of my
[own,
And I come from the hot equatorial zone,
I write operettas and play on the 'cello—
My ears may be large, but my music is
mellow.

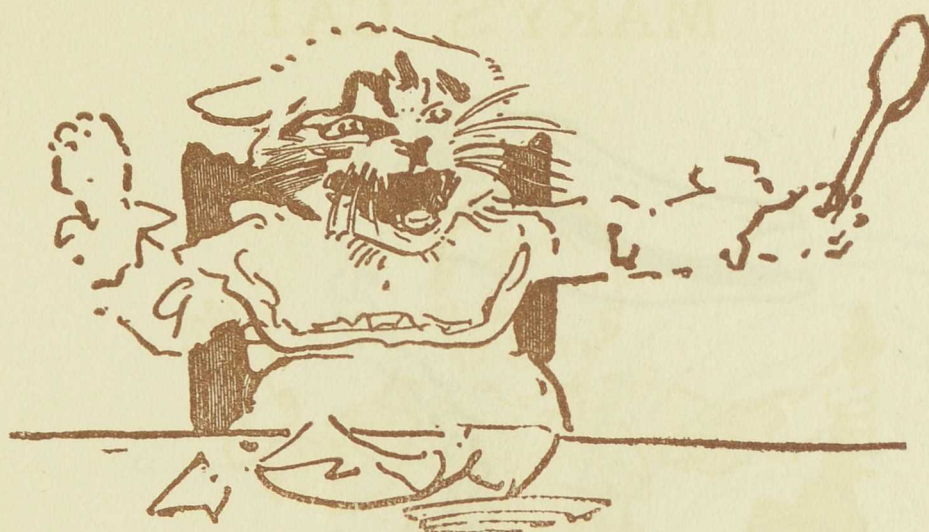
MARY'S CAT.



Mary had a little cat,
As black as any crow,
And everywhere that Mary went,
The cat was dragged in tow.

If Kitty miaowed she'd rather not,
'Twas not the least avail,
And Mary lugged it by a leg,
Or pulled it by the tail.

As this went on, the naughty cat
Got gradually thinner,
And soon it had no appetite,
For breakfast, tea, or dinner.



Said Mary "if oo don't feed up,
I'll tell oo what I'll do—
I'll bang oo little body
Till the bones is tummin froo!"

When this tremendous threat she heard,
Our pussy shook all over,
She ate her dinners like a bird,
And now she lives in clover!

MORAL.

Be guided by your Mary's sense,
And never mope or pine,
And though you're nearly pulled to bits,
Never forget to dine.





Thought the Whale-headed Stork
 “If I only could talk,
I would say some remarkable things.
The world I’d delight,
 But I can’t even write,
For there’s not a quill left in my wings.”



This little bird
Is quite absurd,
And much too proud to live,
Then let him die,
And in a pie,
Some pleasure he may give.

THE MENAGERIE MARRIAGE.



He bought his boots in a Bond Street shop ;
His collars were washed in Spain ;
He curled his hair with a cabbage net,
And he never went out in the rain.



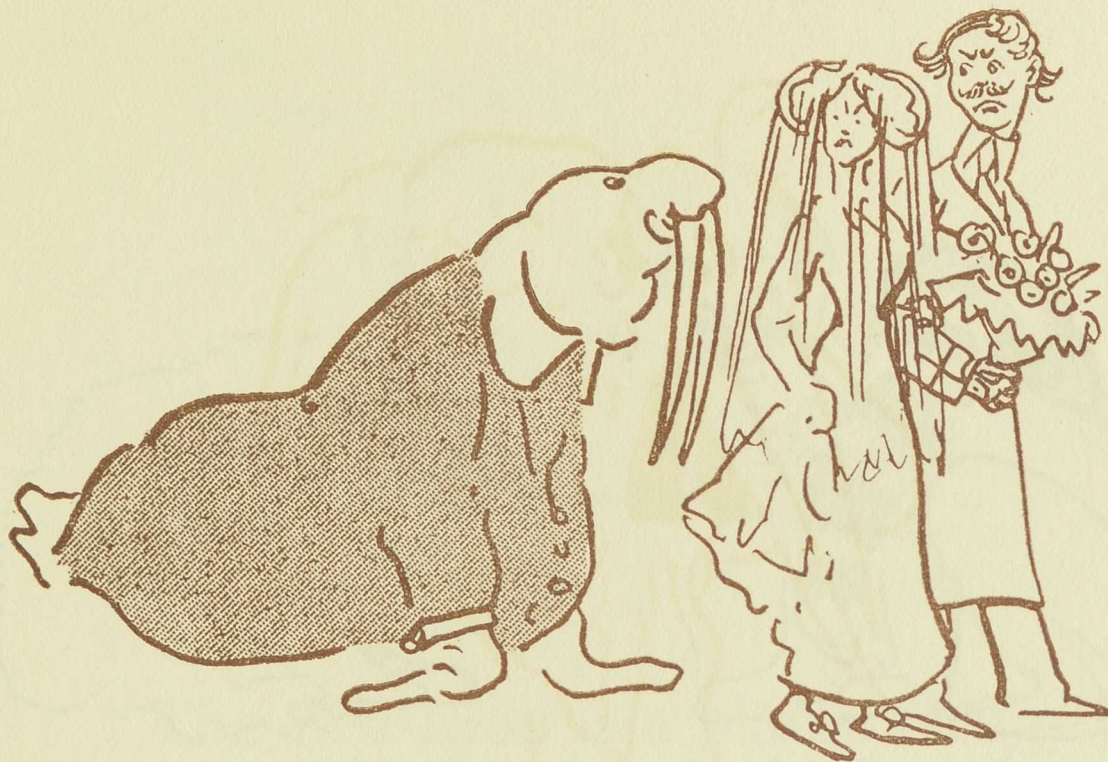
Now wasn't he nice, and don't you think,
I couldn't have made a mistake,
To marry this man in a travelling van,
With a bun for a wedding cake?



My bridesmaids were six Gulls and a Bear,
With the young Orang Outan;
I'd a Kangaroo to give me away,
And the Walrus was best man.



When the Parson came to the words "I will,"
The Bear gave such a sneeze,
That he dropped the book, and we all of us
shook,
Till revived with McKergow cheese.



Then all went well, though the Walrus' kiss
Was a trifle large and fine!
But I gave him a look as I signed the book,
With a quill from the porcupine.



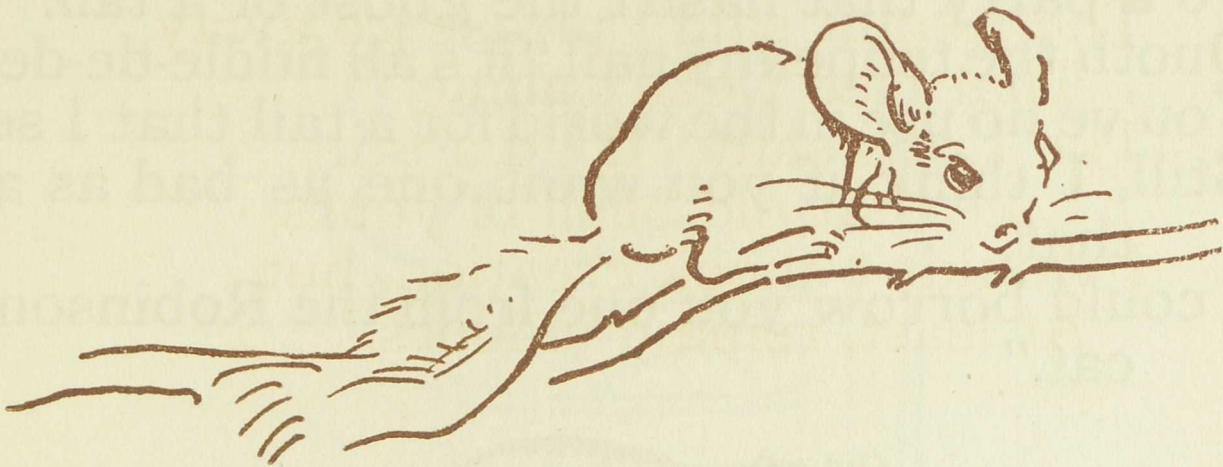
That night we all had plum-punch hot,
The Giraffe drank too much;
He tied his neck in a true-love knot,
And that was the finishing touch.



The Lemur and the Loris
Were sitting side by side,
The Lemur said "please go away,
That face I can't abide."
The Loris said "If I'd a tail
Like that old bush of yours,
I wouldn't shock creation, but,
At least, remain indoors."



The Sea-Lion is a placid thing,
And if there's mischief nigh,
He never tries to interfere
But winks the other eye.



The little Chinchilla is nine inches long,
So a Chinchilla coat can't be bought for a
song.

THE TEA-KETTLE AND THE TENPENNY NAIL.



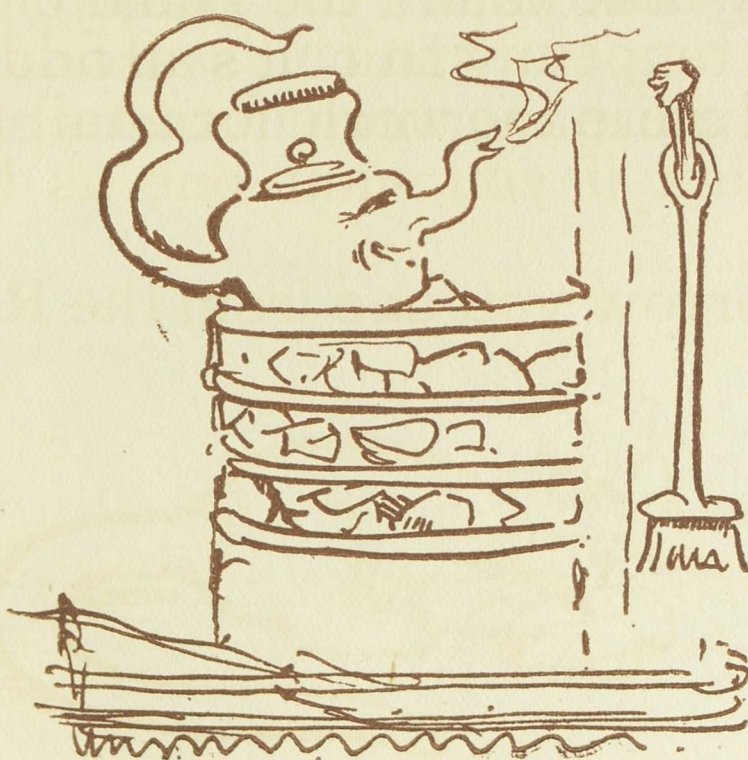
The tea-kettle sang to the tenpenny nail,
“How I always regret that I haven’t a tail!
I know I’ve a beautiful spout and a lid
With a button on top—but I’d gladly be rid
Of them all—for such things are of little avail
To a party that hasn’t the ghost of a tail.”
Quoth the tenpenny nail “it’s all fiddle-de-dee,
You’ve no use in the world for a tail that I see
Still, I think if you want one as bad as all
that,
I could borrow you one from the Robinson’s
cat.”



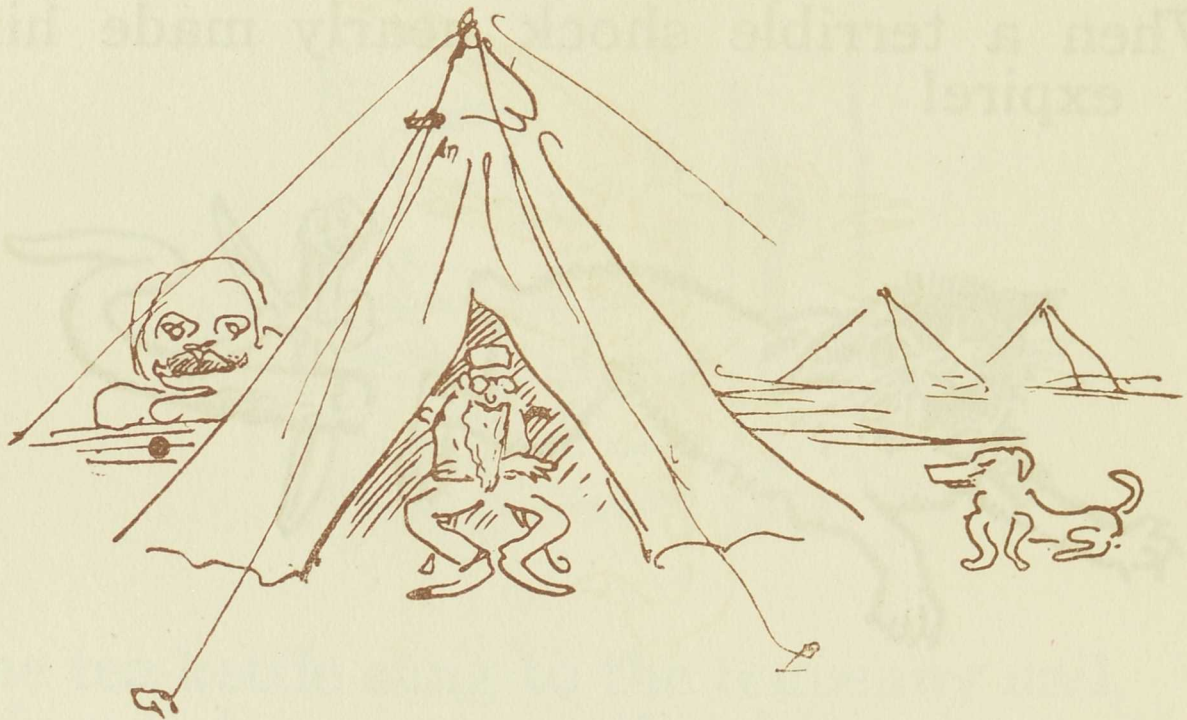
The same afternoon, in the Robinson's flat,
Old Thomas lay cosily curled on the mat;
He was drowsily dozing alone by the fire —
When a terrible shock nearly made him
expire!



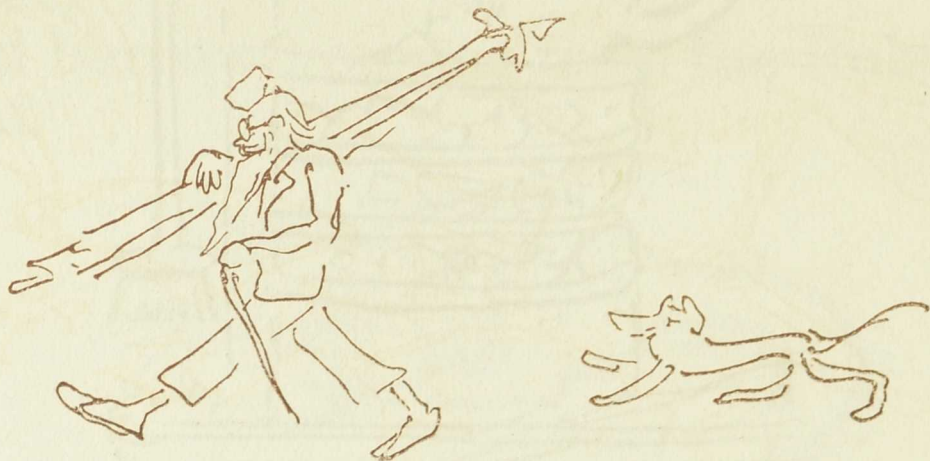
But the tea-kettle now has a beautiful tail
And she sings all day long to the tenpenny
nail.



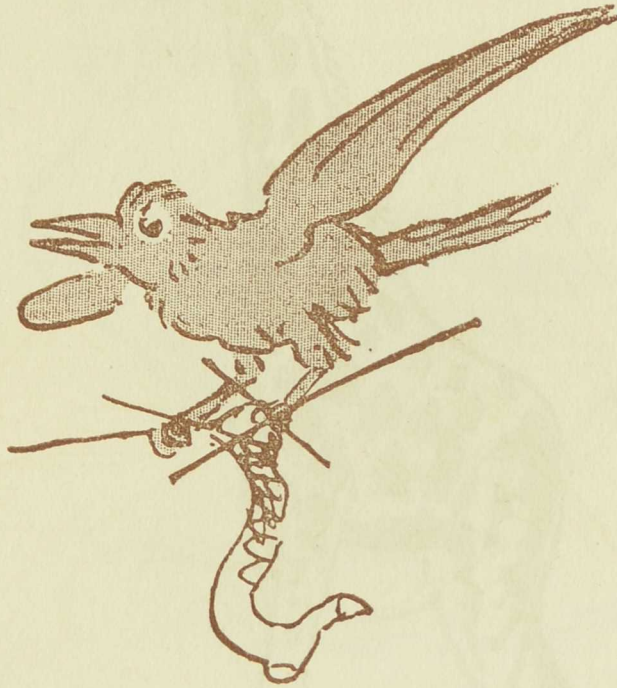
THE GENT AND THE TENT.



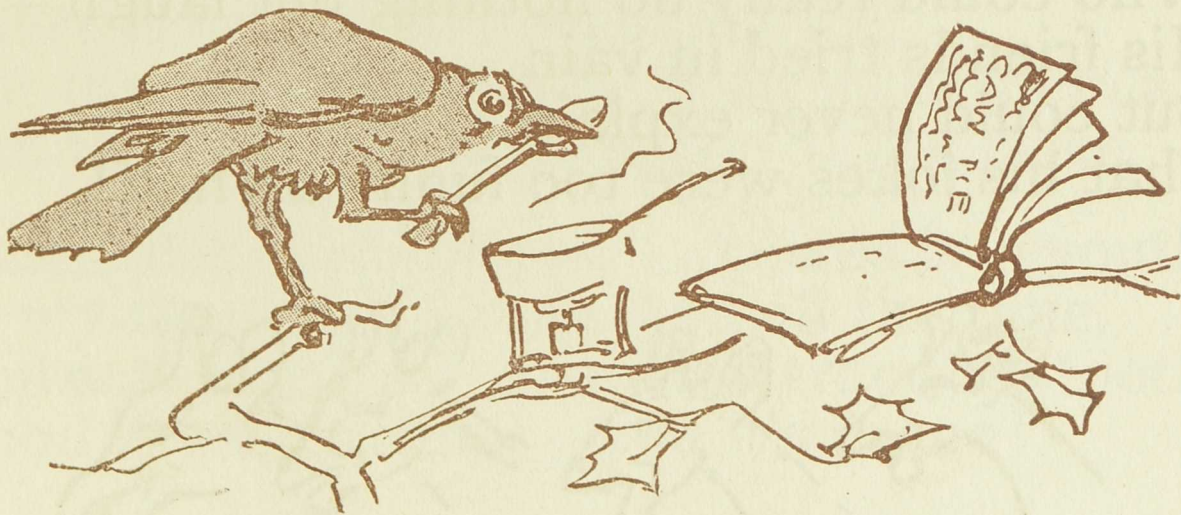
There was an old Gent, who lived in a tent,
He took his house with him wherever he went
When they asked him the reason, he said
"In one season
I've saved quite a fortune in taxes and rent!"



THE ROOKERY BOOK.



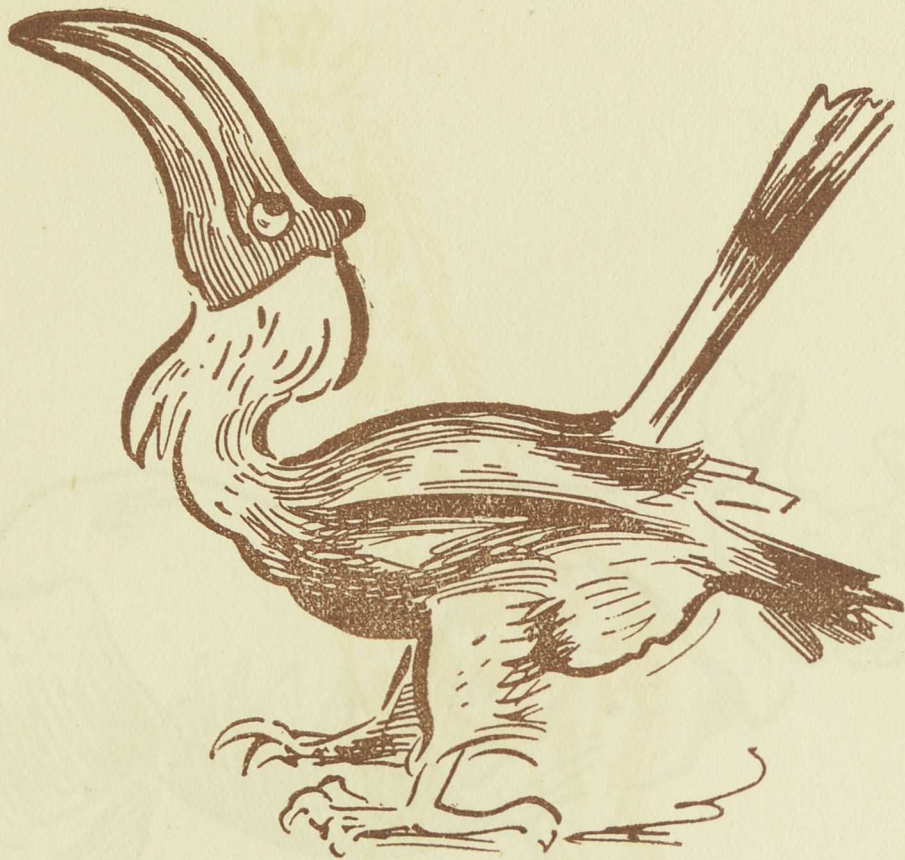
There was a remarkable Rook
Who learned to knit stockings and cook!
So strange were his dishes
By everyone's wishes
He put them all down in a book.





There was a facetious Giraffe,
Who could really do nothing but laugh—
His friends tried in vain
But could never explain
That his jokes were too funny by half!

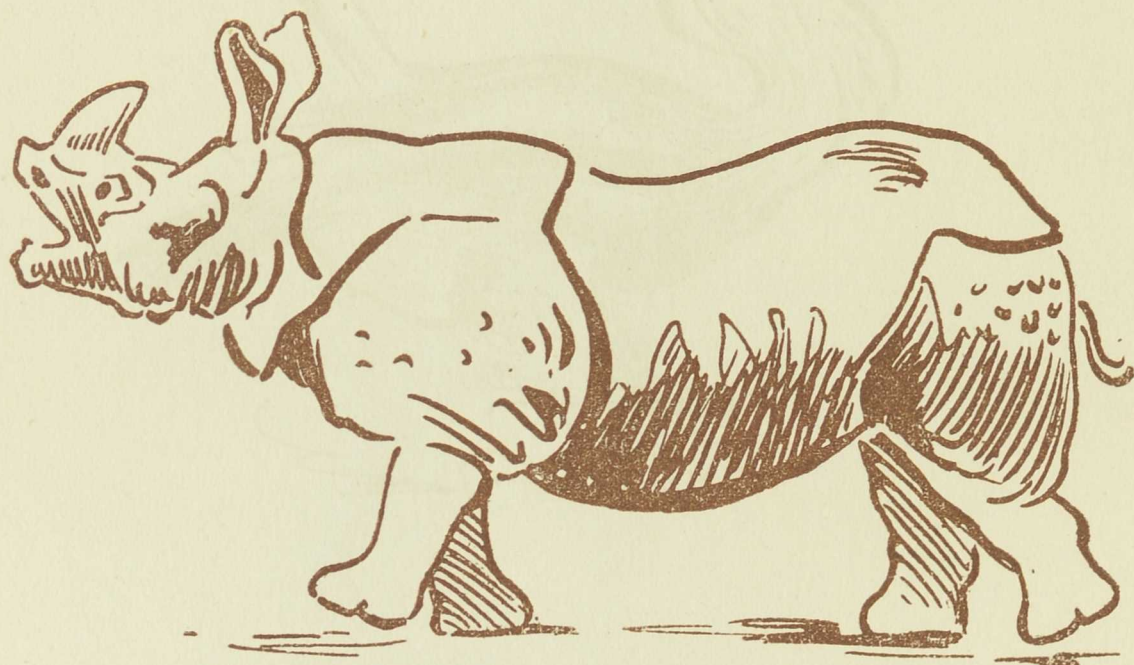




Oh, where in the wide world is toffee so sweet
As down at the corner of Hanaway Street ?
It's a taste and a twang that is simply superb,
And it's lovely to suck as you sit on the kerb.

There are jujubes in plenty and aniseed ball,
There is candy and cocoanut ice,
But the candiest—jujubest sweet of them all,
Can be bought nowhere else at the price.

I sucked it in childhood, I chewed it in youth,
In my manhood I munched all the time,
And now that I've lost my last trace of a tooth,
I boil it with s'rumps—and it's prime !



I AM THE INDIAN RHINOCEROS
AND I FEED ON GRASS,
I AM NOT PARTICULARLY LOVELY
BUT IN A CROWD DON'T YOU
THINK I MIGHT PASS?



I AM THE INDIAN RHINOCEROS
AND I FEED ON GRASS
I AM NOT PARTICULARLY LOVELY
BUT A CROWD DONT YOU
THINK I MIGHT PASS?

