

RUTHLESS RHYMES

FOR

HEARTLESS HOMES.

BY
Col. D. Streamer

ILLUSTRATED BY

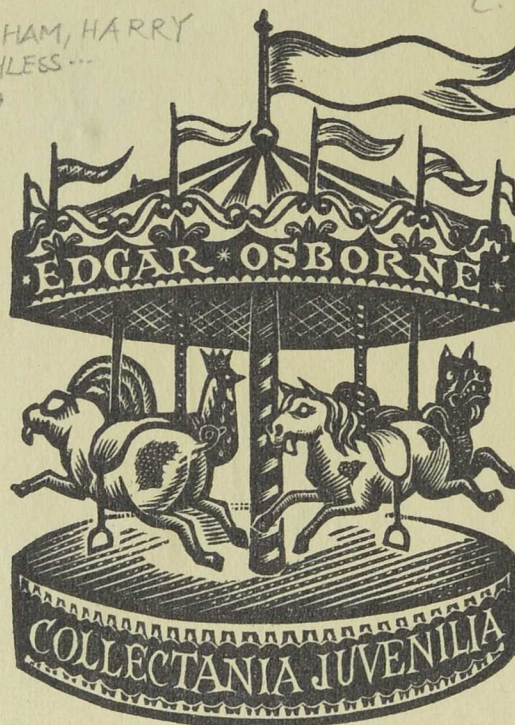
G. H.



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C.H.

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* These verses are printed with the kind permission of their authors.



With the most profound respect,
I inscribe my dedication,
Realising its effect
On this volume's circulation ;
Since your name can hardly fail
To command a ready sale.

If the sunshine of your smile
Lights our work, nor wanders off it,
Self and artist in a while
Hope to share a handsome profit ;
But, if you (and Fate) are cross,
Mr. Arnold bears the loss.

Do, I beg you, realise
Your responsible position,
If this book should ever rise
To a third or fourth edition ;
Understand what you have done
If it fails to weather one !

THE STERN PARENT.

Father heard his Children scream,
So he threw them in the stream,
Saying, as he drowned the third,
“Children should be seen, *not* heard!”



NURSE'S MISTAKE.

Nurse, who peppered baby's face
 (She mistook it for a muffin),
Held her tongue and kept her place,
 “ Laying low and sayin' nuffin' ” ;
Mother, seeing baby blinded,
Said, “ Oh, nurse, how absent-minded ! ”



G.H.

JIM; OR, THE DEFERRED LUNCHEON PARTY.

When the line he tried to cross,
The express ran into Jim;
Bitterly I mourn his loss—
I was to have lunched with him.



THE FOND FATHER.

Of Baby I was very fond,
 She'd won her father's heart ;
So, when she fell into the pond,
 It gave me quite a start.



EQUANIMITY.

Aunt Jane observed, the second time
She tumbled off a bus,
“The step is short from the Sublime
To the Ridiculous.”



TENDER-HEARTEDNESS.

Billy, in one of his nice new sashes,
Fell in the fire and was burnt to ashes ;
Now, although the room grows chilly,
I haven't the heart to poke poor Billy.



UNSELFISHNESS.

All those who see my children say,
 “ What sweet, what kind, what charming elves ! ”
They are so thoughtful, too, for they
 Are *always* thinking of themselves.
It must be ages since I ceased
To wonder which I liked the least.

Such is their generosity,
 That, when the roof began to fall,
They would not share the risk with me,
 But said, “ No, father, take it all ! ”
Yet I should love them more, I know,
If I did not dislike them so.



ECONOMY.

My eldest son (his name is Jim)
Came up to London and got lost ;
I've had to advertise for him—
You've no idea how much it cost.

And now, as it does not appear
That I shall see my boy again,
I'm sad to think I've wasted near-
-Ly £20, and all in vain !



APPRECIATION.

Auntie, did you feel no pain
Falling from that apple tree?
Will you do it, please, again?
Cos my friend here didn't see.

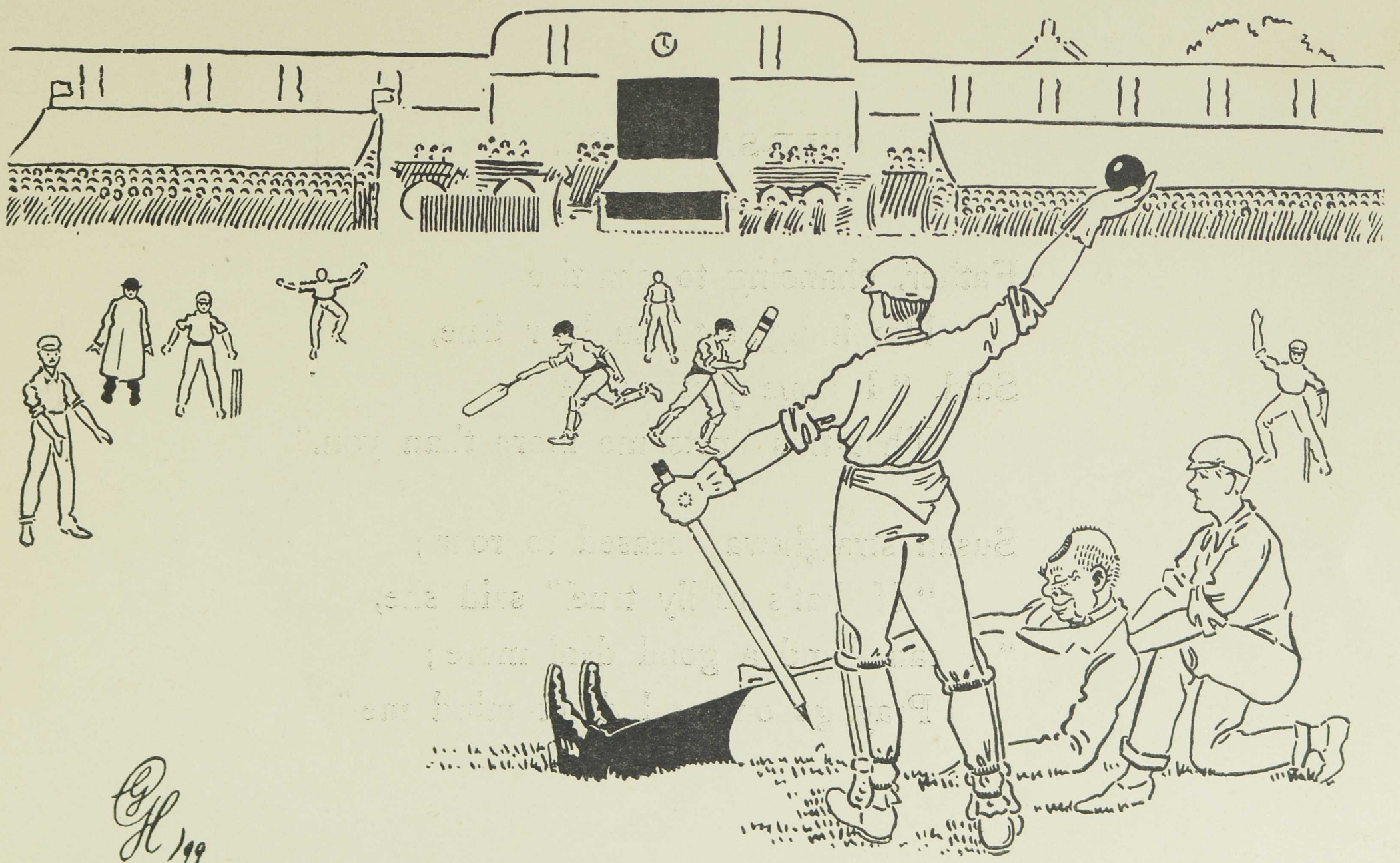


OBSTRUCTION.

You know " Lord's " ? Well, once I played there,
 And a ball I hit to leg—
 Struck the umpire's head and stayed there,
 As a nest retains an egg.
 Hastily the wicket-keeper
 Seized a stump and prized about ;

 Had it gone two inches deeper
 He would ne'er have run me out.

 This I minded all the more,
 As my stroke was well worth four.



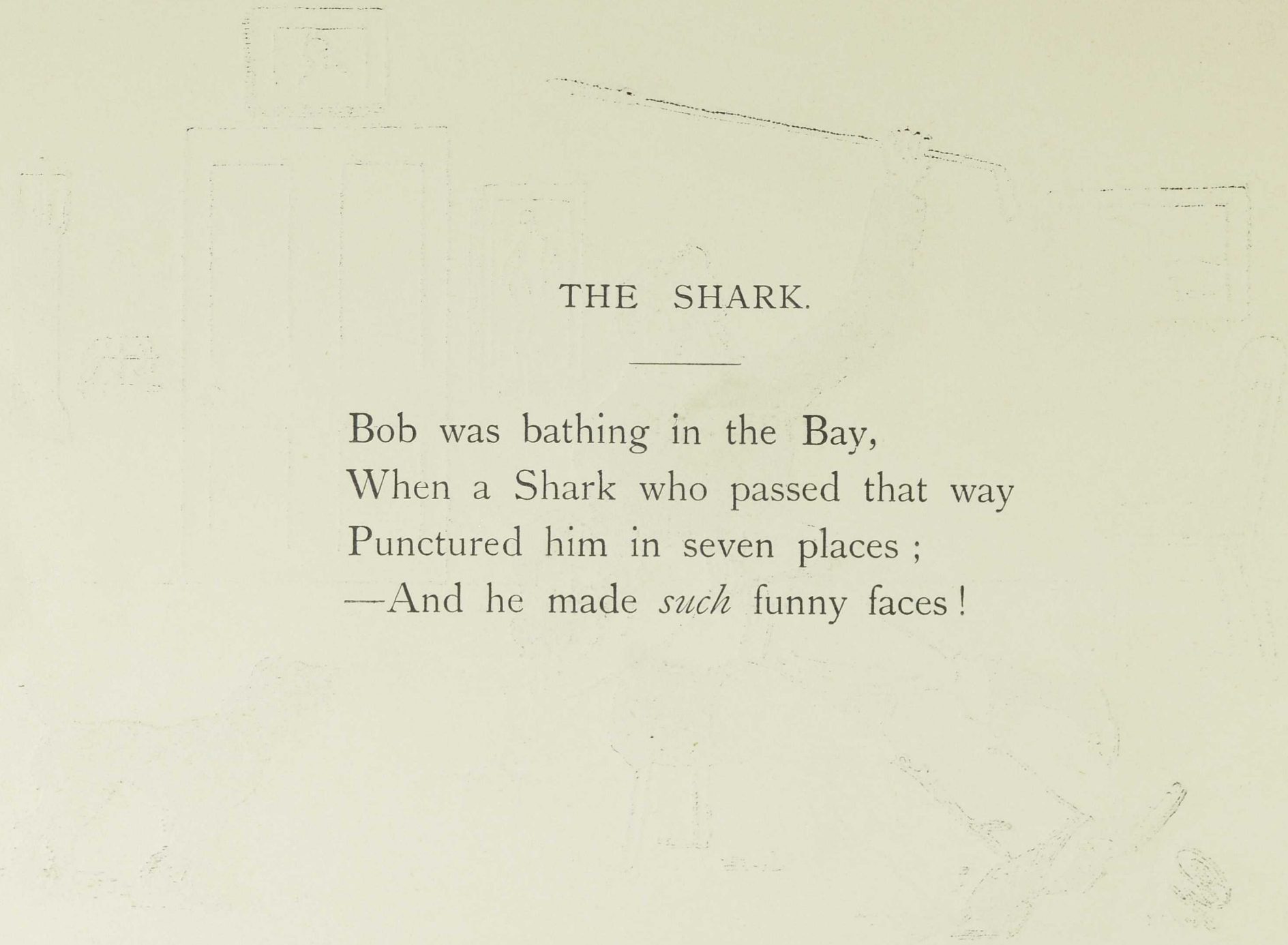
G.H. 199

SELF-SACRIFICE.

Father, chancing to chastise
His indignant daughter Sue,
Said, "I hope you realise
That this hurts me more than you."

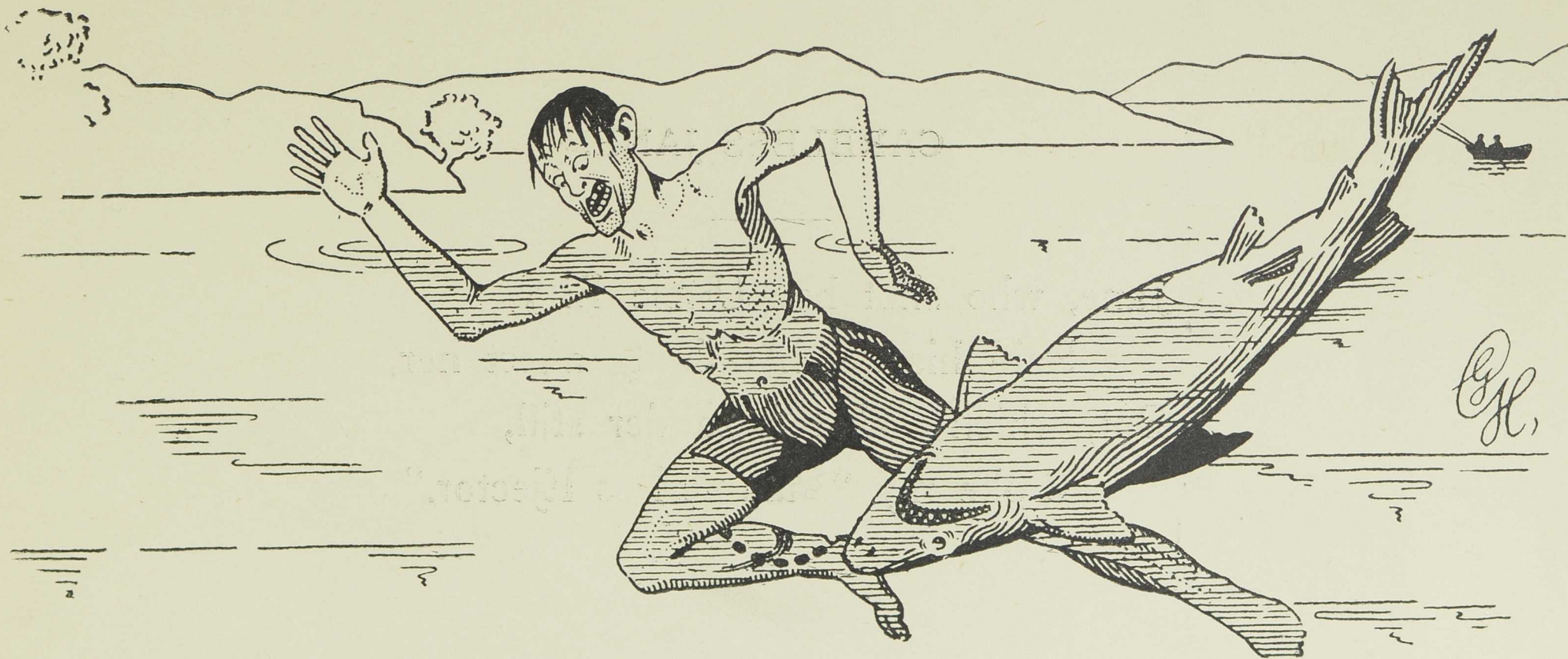
Susan straightway ceased to roar ;
"If that's really true," said she,
"I can stand a good deal more ;
Pray go on, and don't mind me."



The page features faint pencil sketches in the background. On the left, there are several rectangular shapes representing buildings or houses. In the center, a long, thin line suggests a horizon or a distant shore. On the right, a large, curved shape indicates the presence of a bay or a body of water. At the bottom of the page, there are more sketches, including what appears to be a shark's head and tail, and some smaller, less distinct shapes that could be other animals or objects in the water.

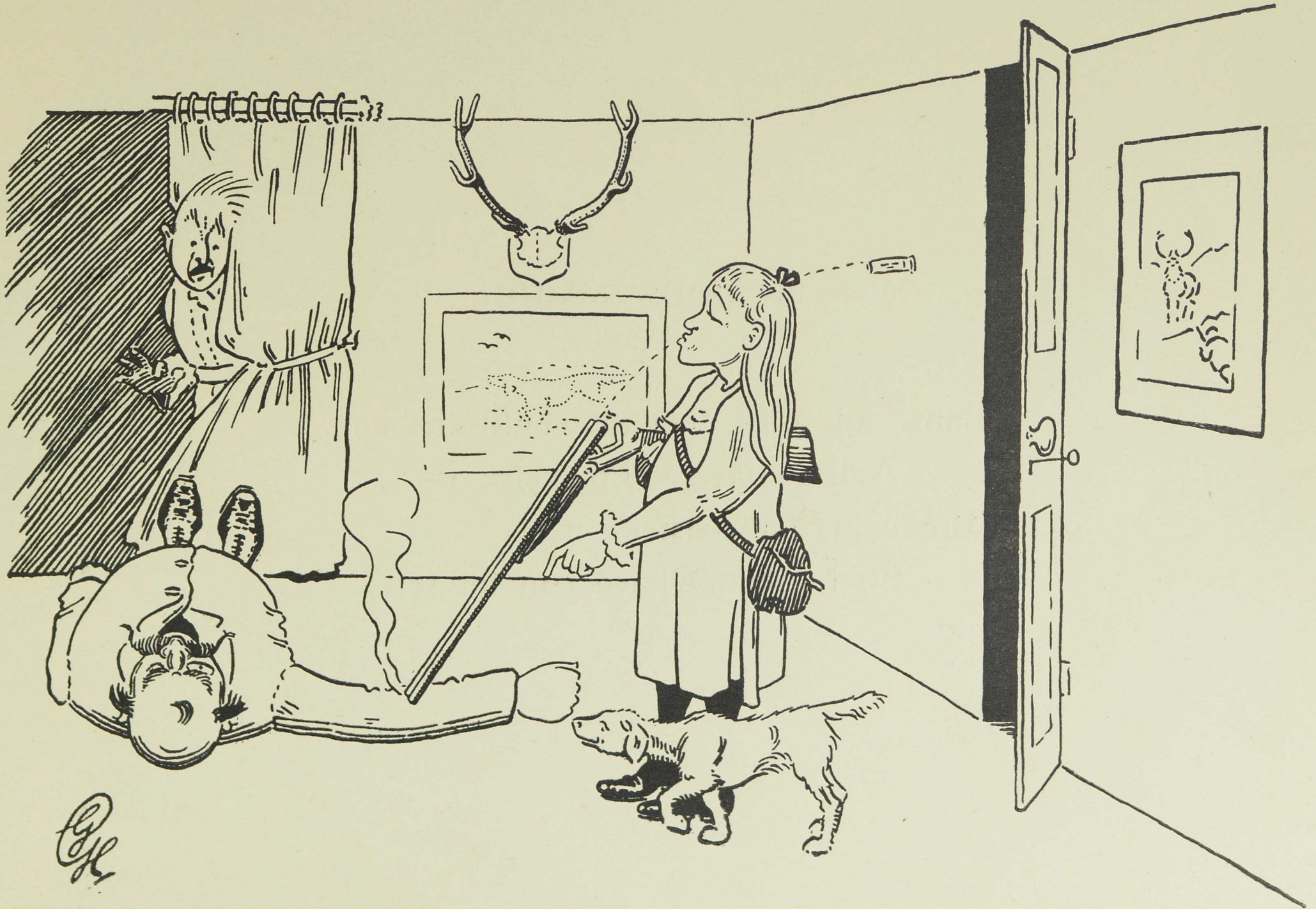
THE SHARK.

Bob was bathing in the Bay,
When a Shark who passed that way
Punctured him in seven places ;
—And he made *such* funny faces !



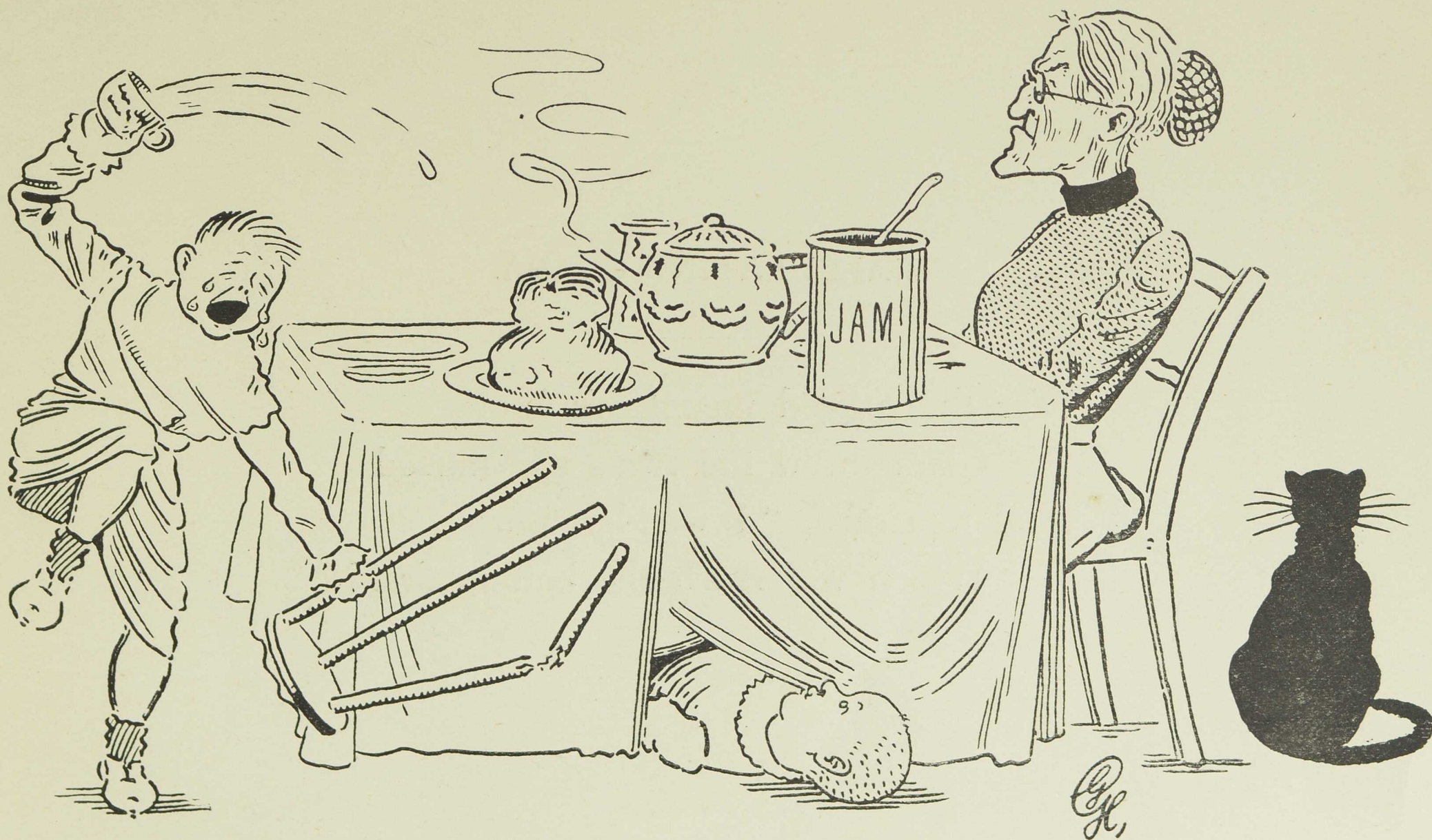
CARELESS JANE.

Jane, who shot her Uncle Bill,
Said his death did not affect her,
But, which makes it sadder still,
Broke my "hammerless Ejector."



IMPETUOUS SAMUEL.

Sam had spirits nought could check,
And to-day, at breakfast, he
Broke his baby-sister's neck,
So he shan't have jam for tea!

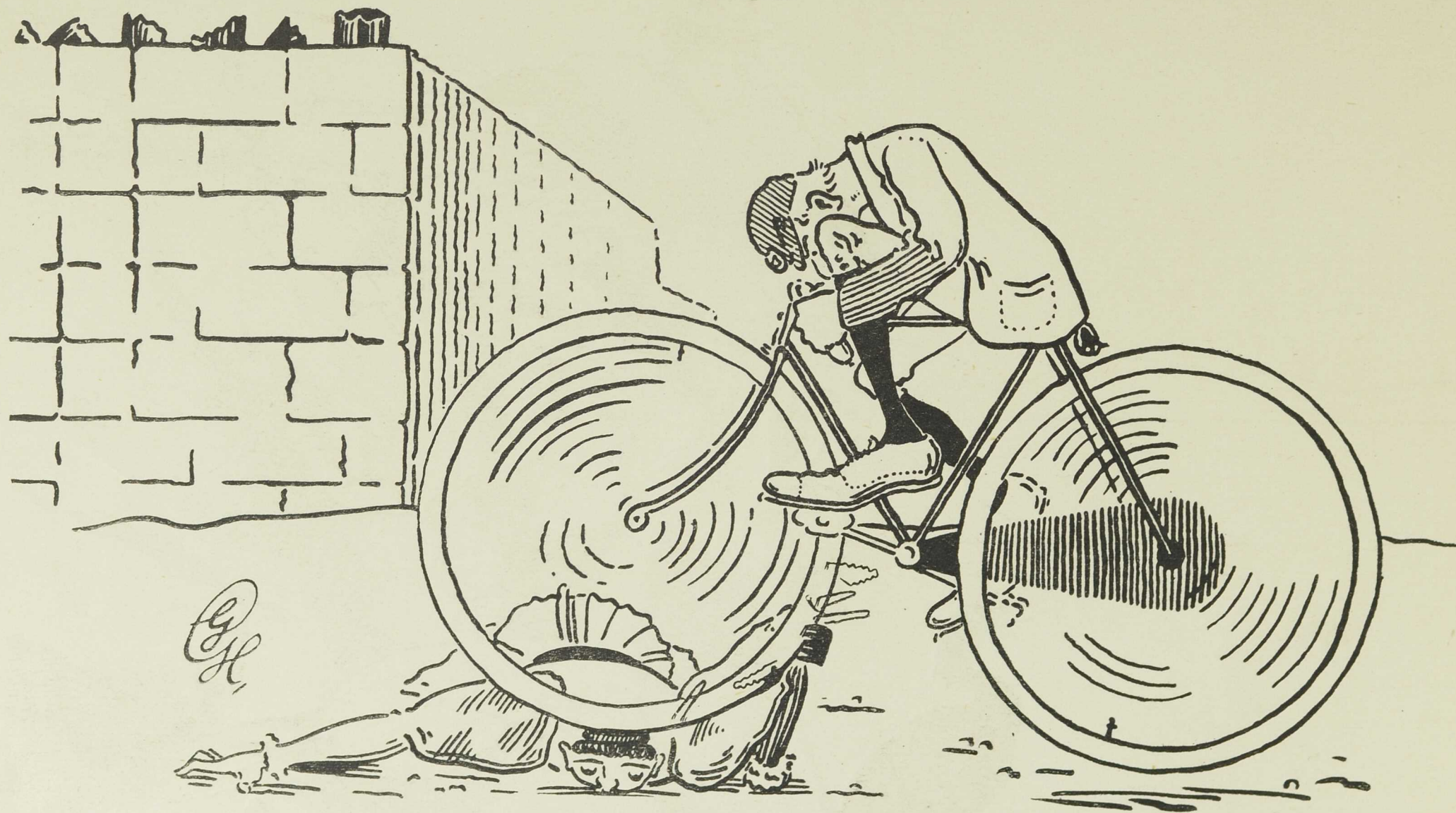


CALCULATING CLARA.

O'er the rugged mountain's brow
Clara threw the twins she nursed,
And remarked, "I wonder now
Which will reach the bottom first?"

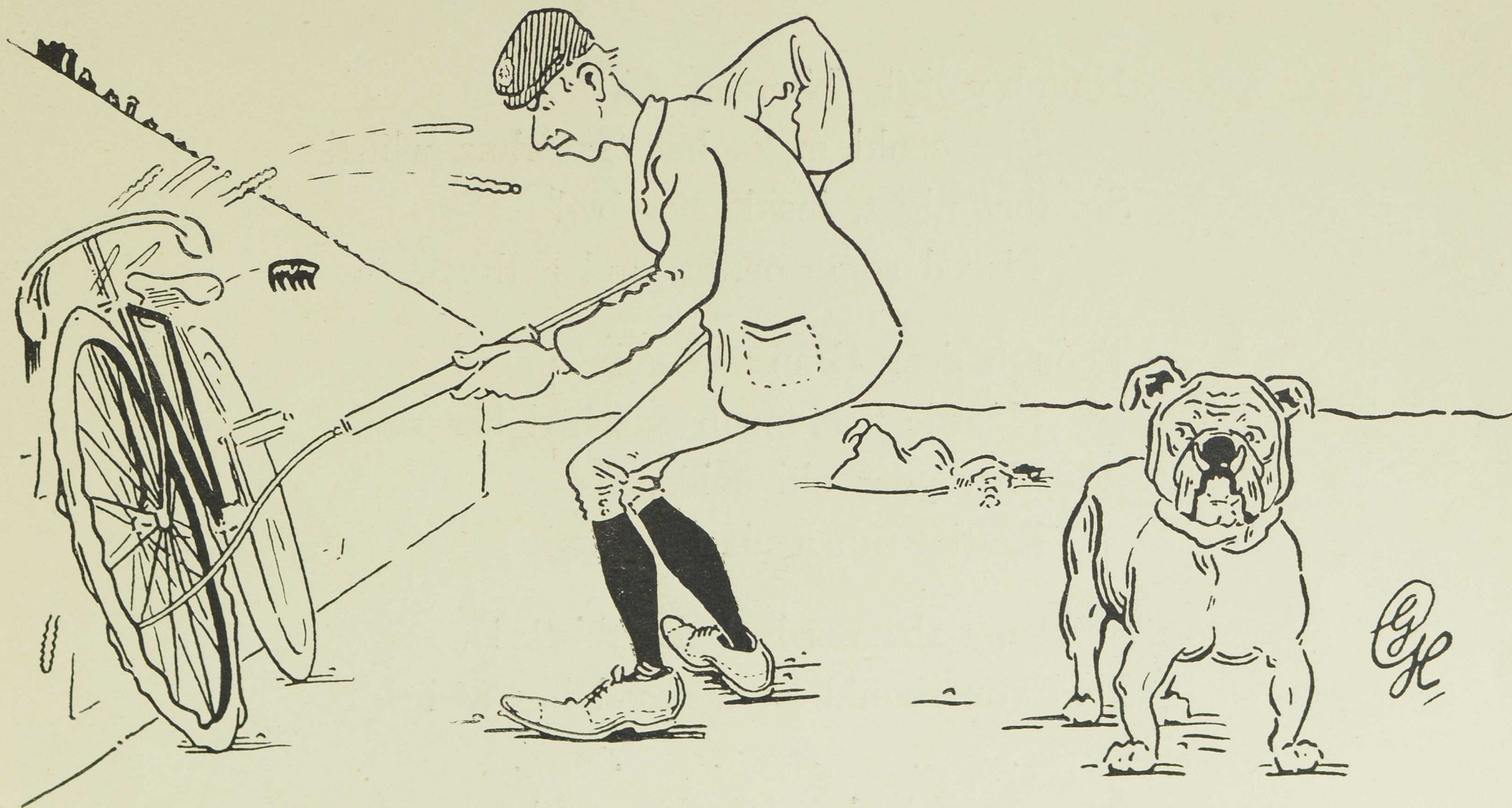


SCORCHING JOHN.



John, who rode his Dunlop tyre
O'er the head of sweet Maria,

SCORCHING JOHN.



When she writhed in frightful pain,
Had to blow it out again.

INCONSIDERATE HANNAH.

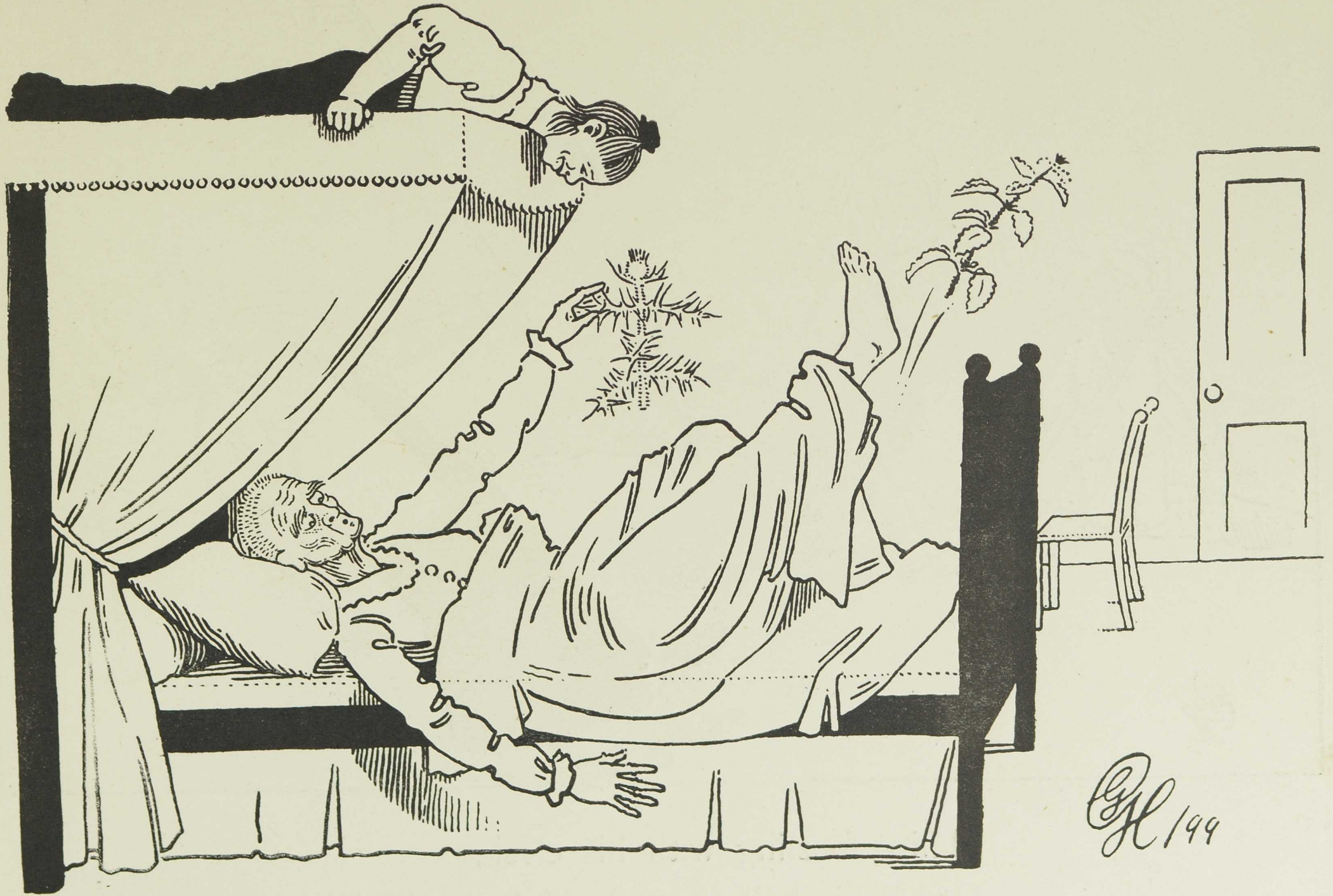
Naughty little Hannah said
She could make her Grandma whistle,
So, that night, inside her bed
Placed some nettles and a thistle.

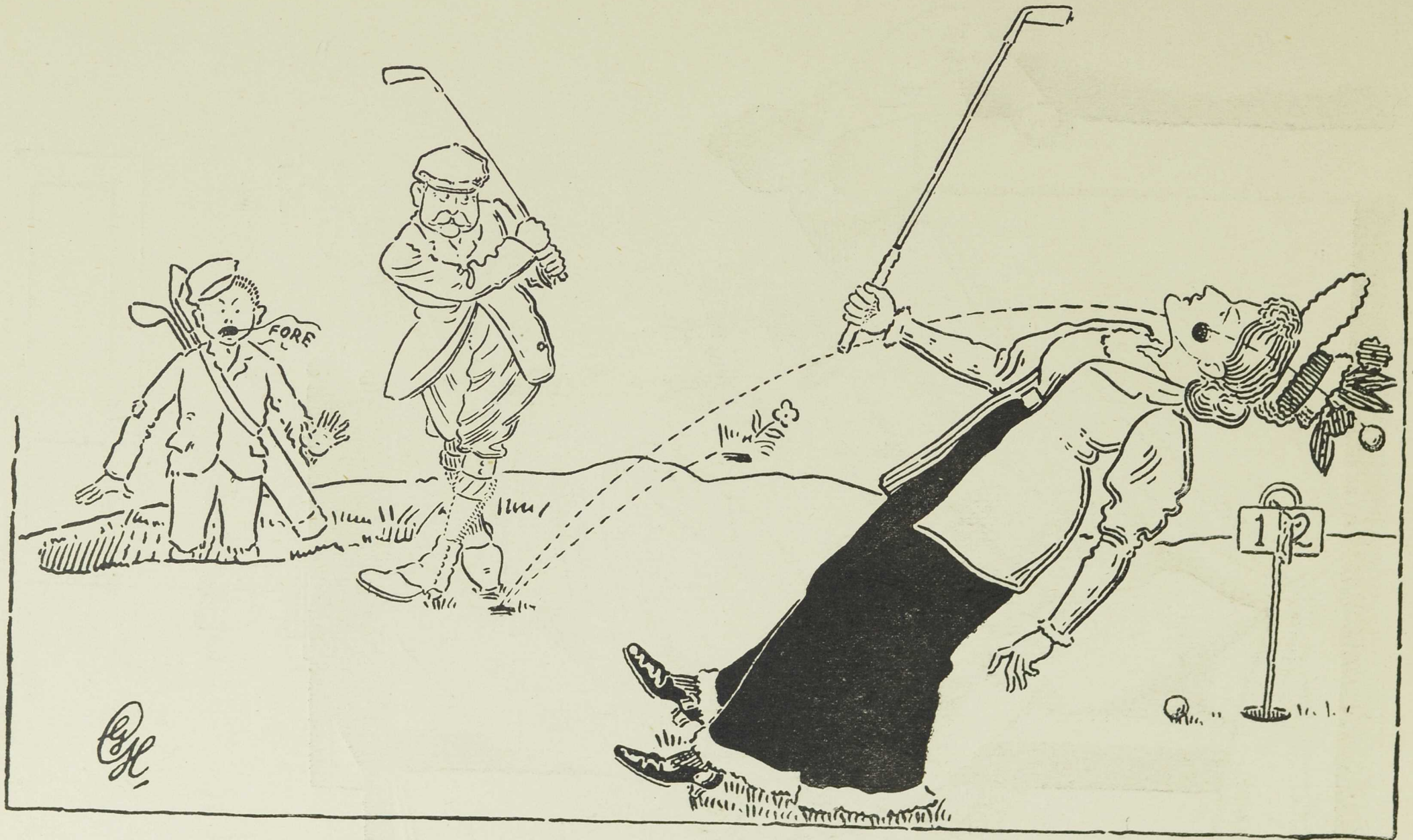
Though dear Grandma quite infirm is,
Heartless Hannah watched her settle,
With her poor old epidermis
Resting up against a nettle.

Suddenly she reached the thistle!
My! you should have heard her whistle!

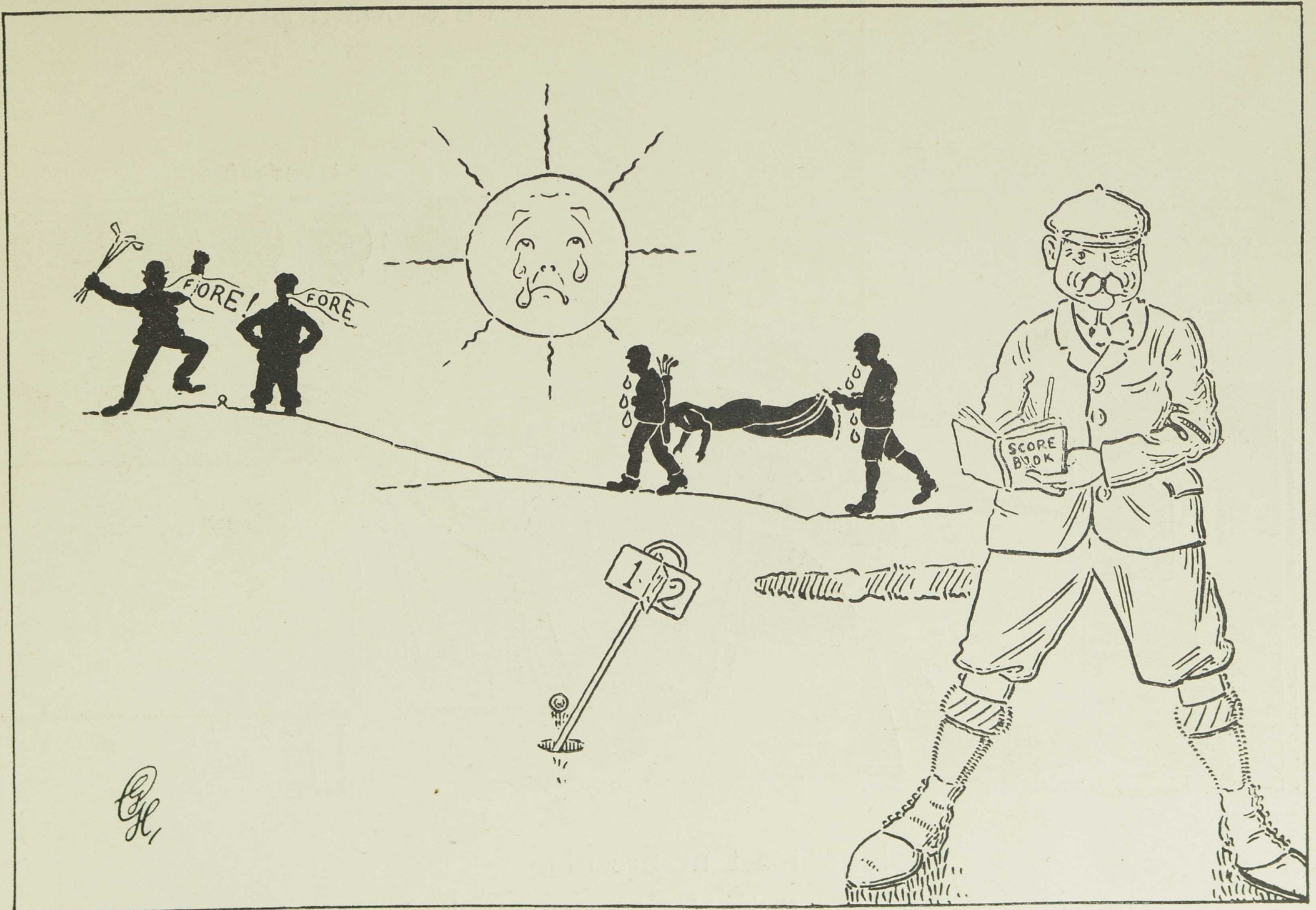
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A successful plan was Hannah's,
But I cannot praise her manners.



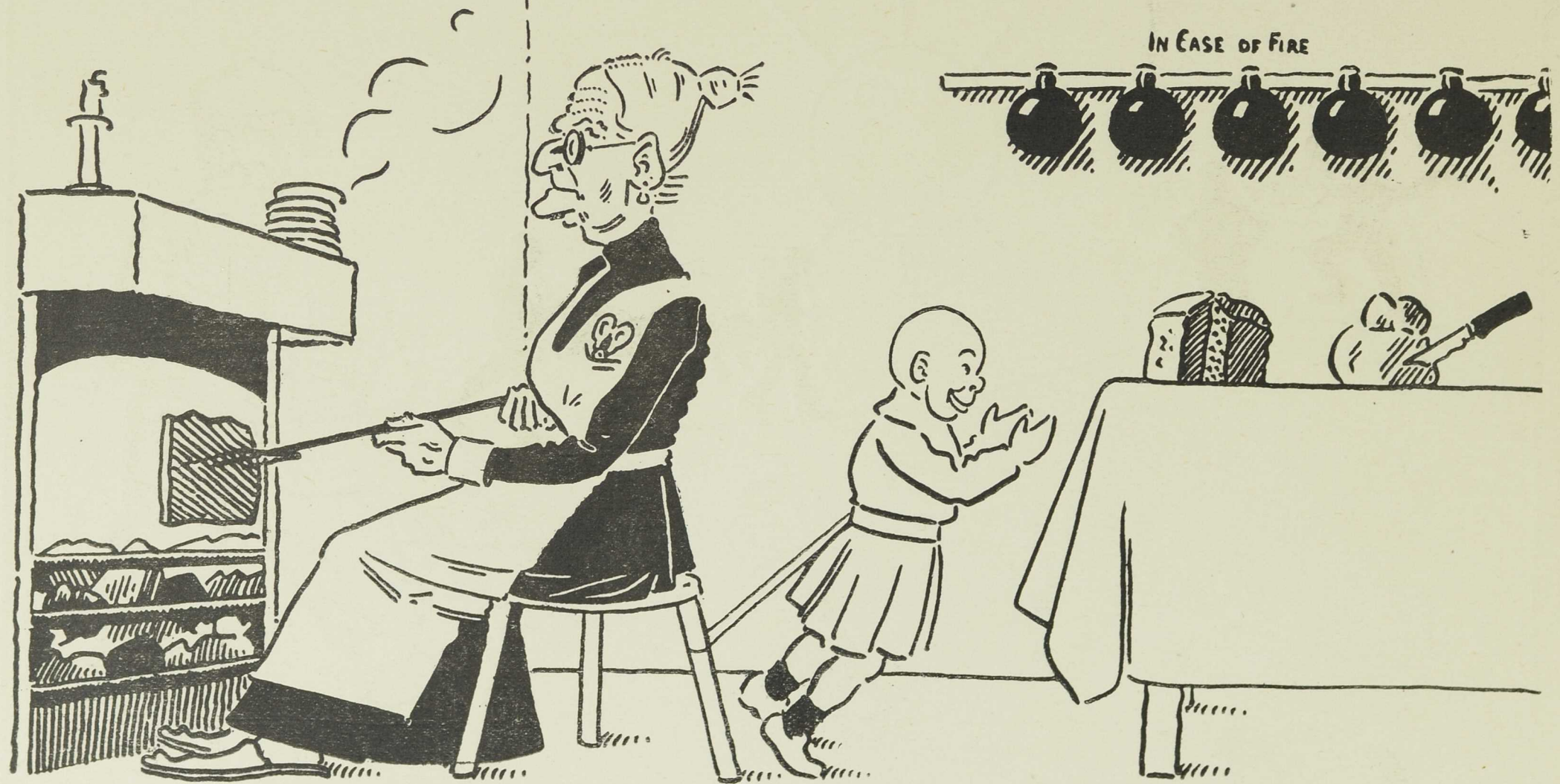


Philip, foozling with his cleek,
Drove his ball through Helen's cheek ;

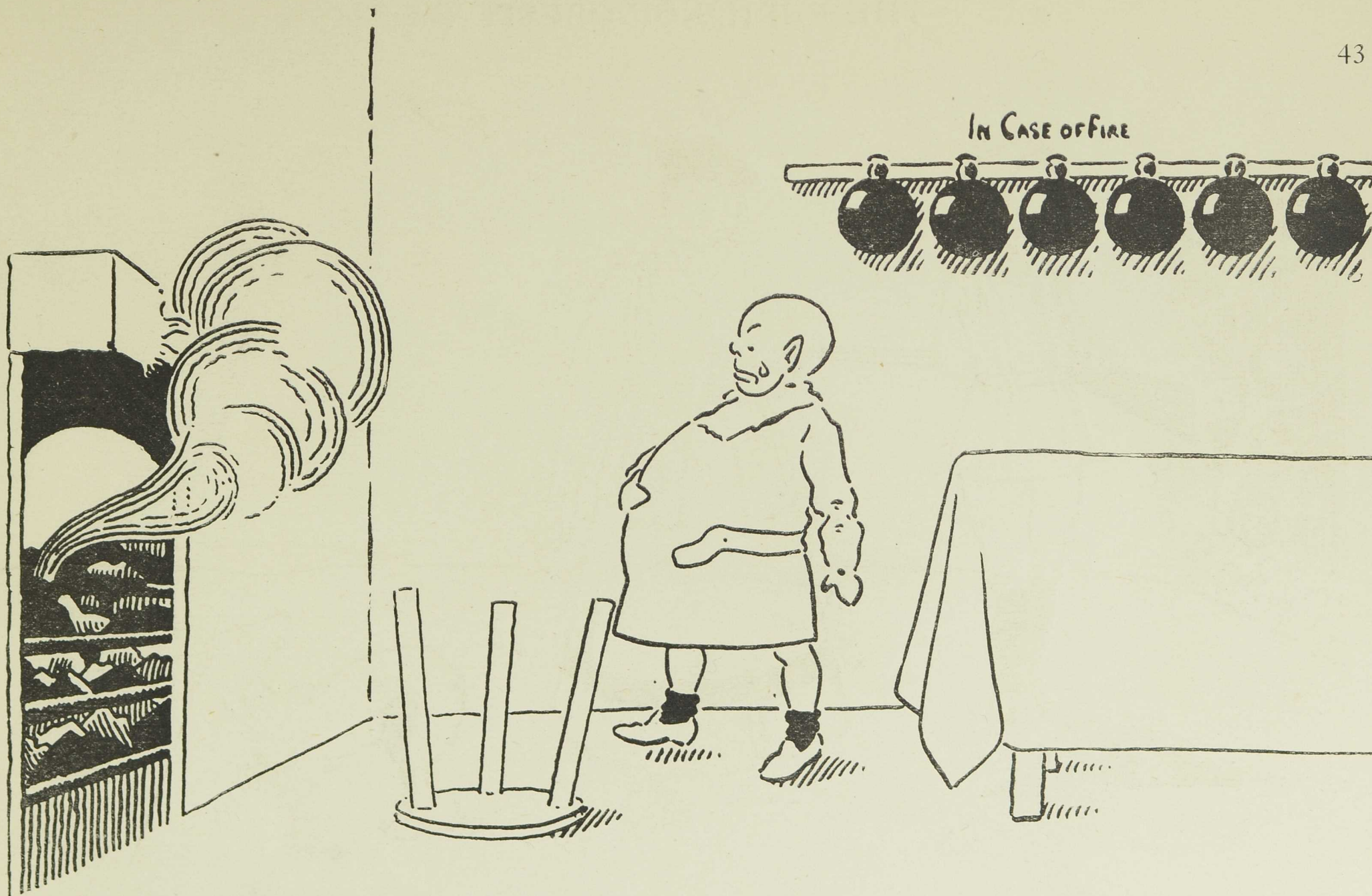


Sad they bore her corpse away,
Seven up and six to play.

H. J. L. G.



Making toast at fireside,
Nurse fell in the grate and died;



And, what makes it ten times worse,
All the toast was burned *with* nurse.

THE PERILS OF OBESITY.

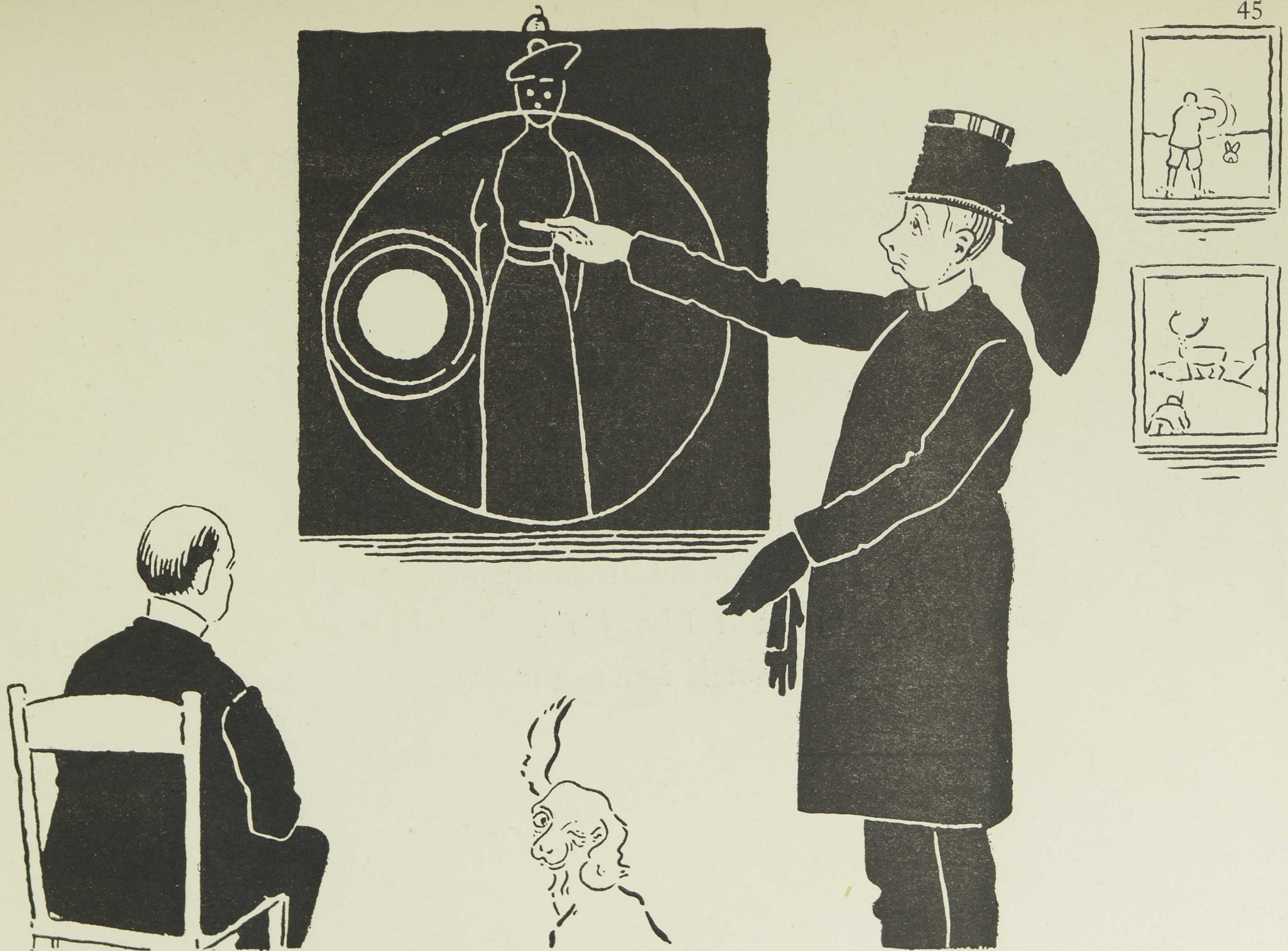
44



G. H.

Yesterday my gun exploded
When I thought it wasn't loaded ;

Near my wife I pressed the trigger,
Chipped a fragment off her figure,



'Course I'm sorry, and all that,
But she shouldn't be so fat.

MR. JONES.

“There’s been an accident!” they said,
“Your servant’s cut in half; he’s dead!”
“Indeed!” said Mr. Jones, “and please
Send me the half that’s got my keys.”

G. W.



LA COURSE INTERROMPUE.

I.

Jean qui allait à Dijon
 (Il montait en bicyclette)
Rencontra un gros lion
 Qui se faisait la toilette.



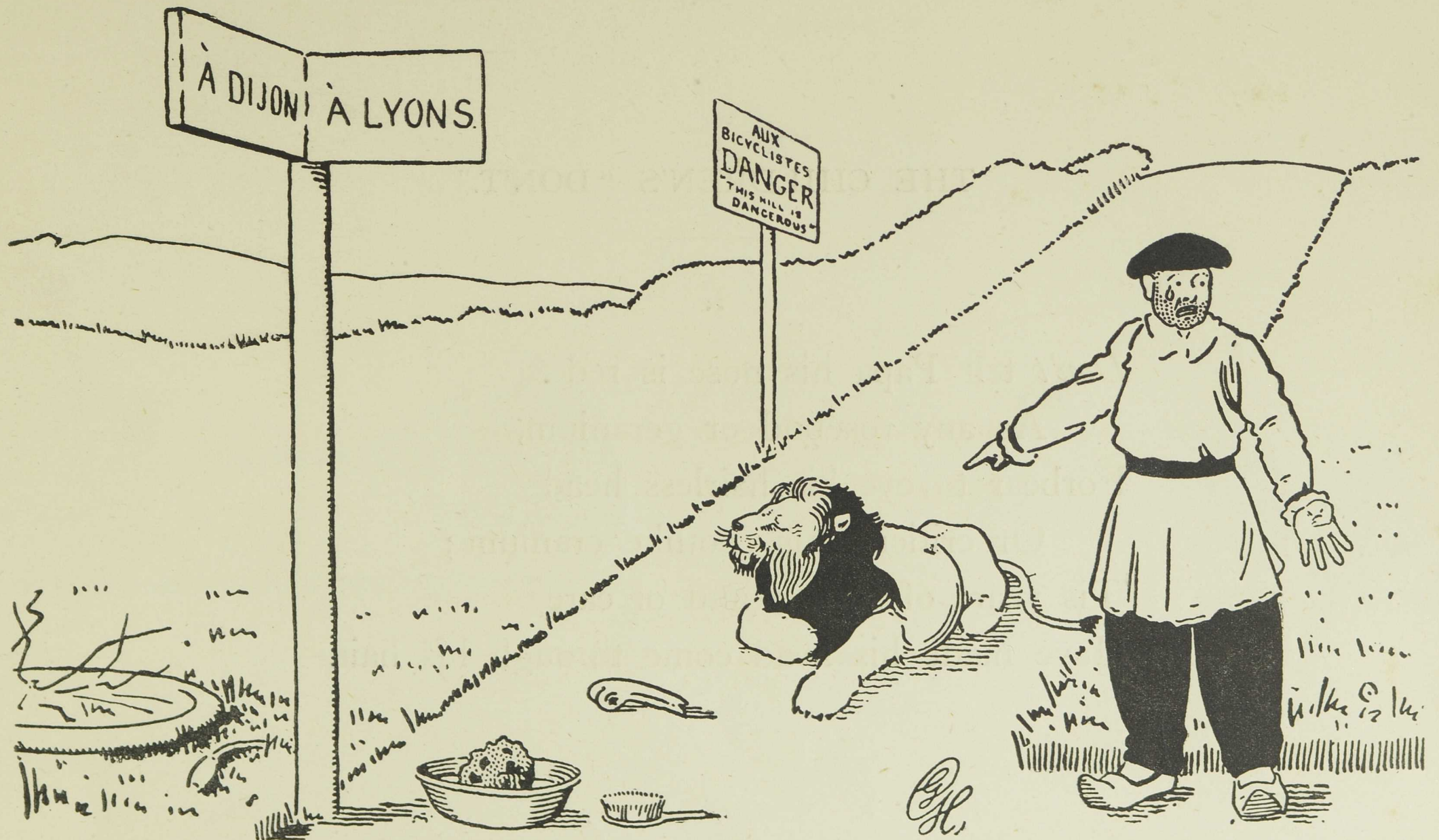
LA COURSE INTERROMPUE.

II.

Voilà Jean qui tombe à terre
Et le lion le digère !

.

Mon Dieu ! Que c'est embêtant !
Il me devait quatre francs.



THE CHILDREN'S "DON'T."

I.

Don't tell Papa his nose is red
As any rosebud or geranium,
Forbear to eye his hairless head
Or criticise his cootlike cranium ;
'Tis years of sorrow and of care
Have made his head come through his hair.

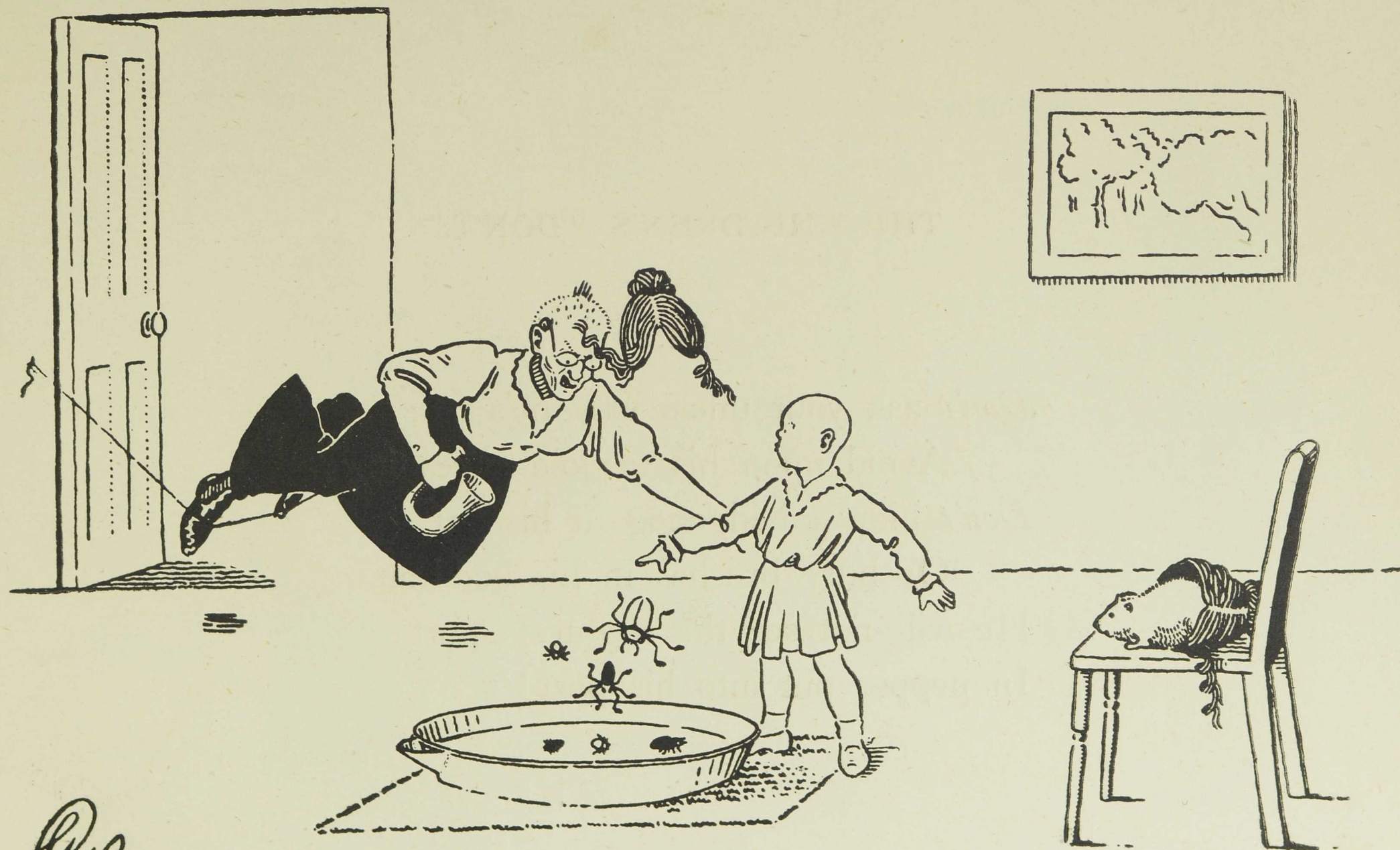


C.H.

THE CHILDREN'S "DON'T."

II.

Don't give your endless guinea-pig
(Wherein that animal may build a
Sufficient nest) the Sunday wig
Of poor, dear, dull, deaf Aunt Matilda.
Oh, *don't* tie strings across her path,
Or empty beetles in her bath!

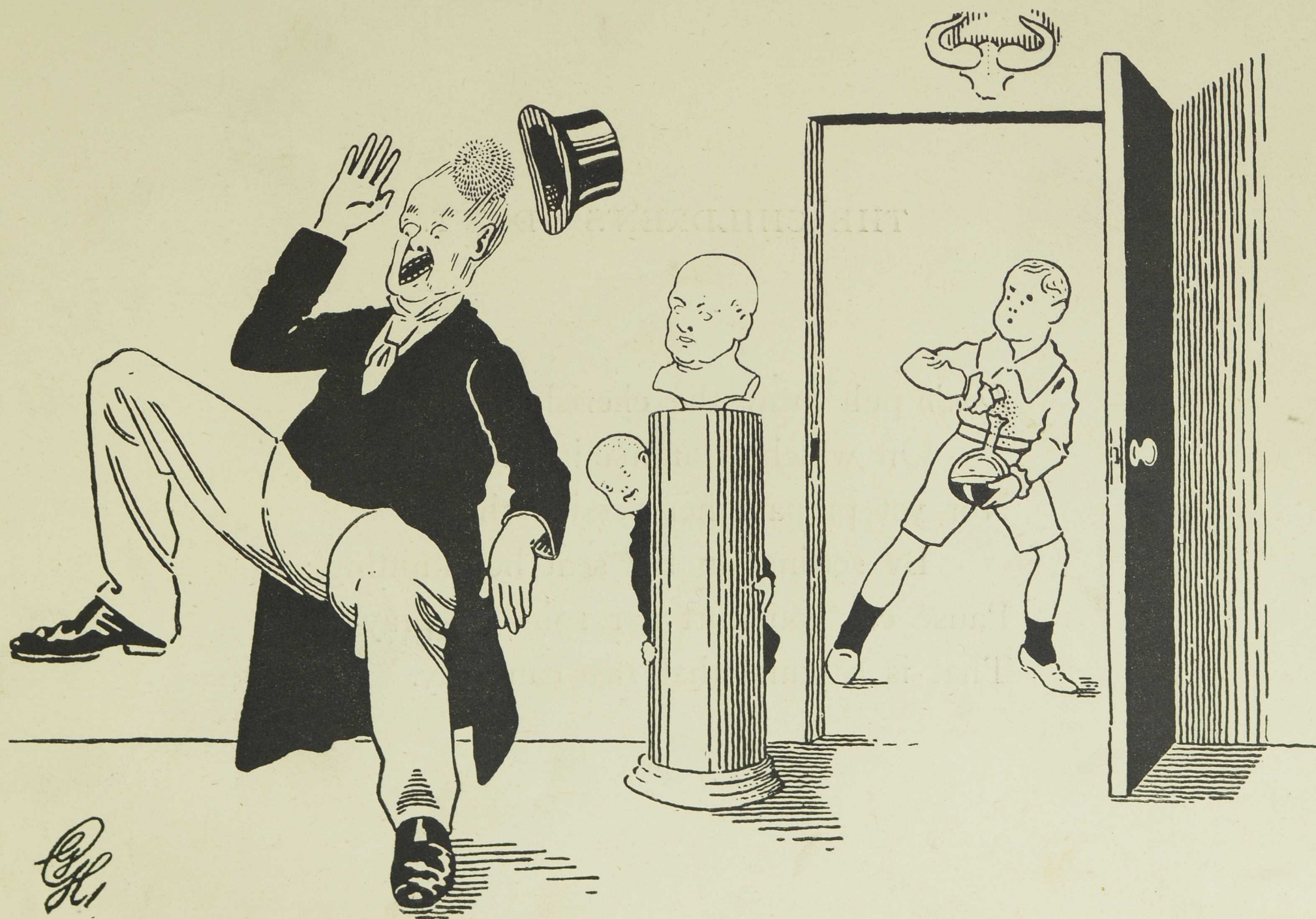


Ch.

THE CHILDREN'S "DON'T."

III.

Don't ask your uncle why he's fat;
Avoid upon his toe-joints treading;
Don't hide a hedgehog in his hat,
Or bury brushes in his bedding.
He will not see the slightest sport
In pepper put into his port!



THE CHILDREN'S "DON'T."

IV.

Don't pull away the cherished chair
On which Mamma intended sitting,
Nor yet prepare her session there
By setting on the seat her knitting;
Pause ere you hurt her spine, I pray—
That is a game that *two* can play.





