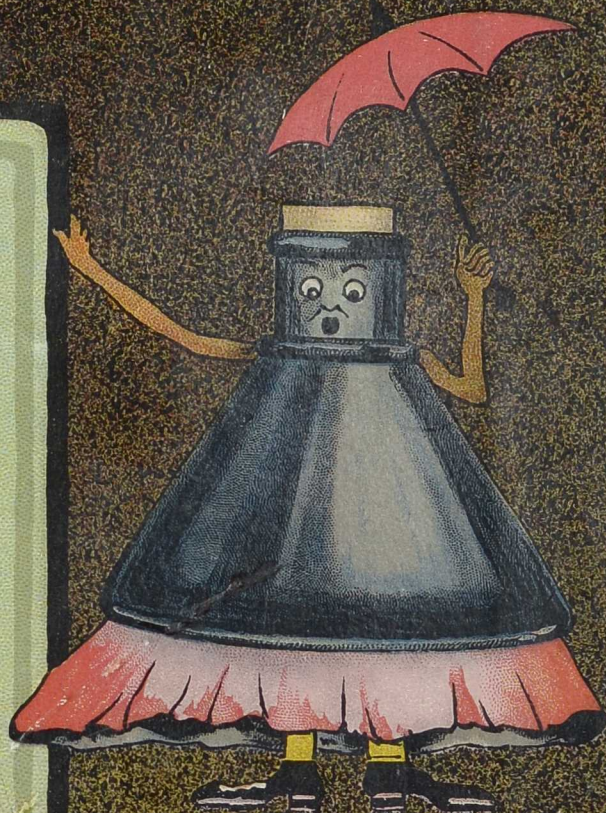
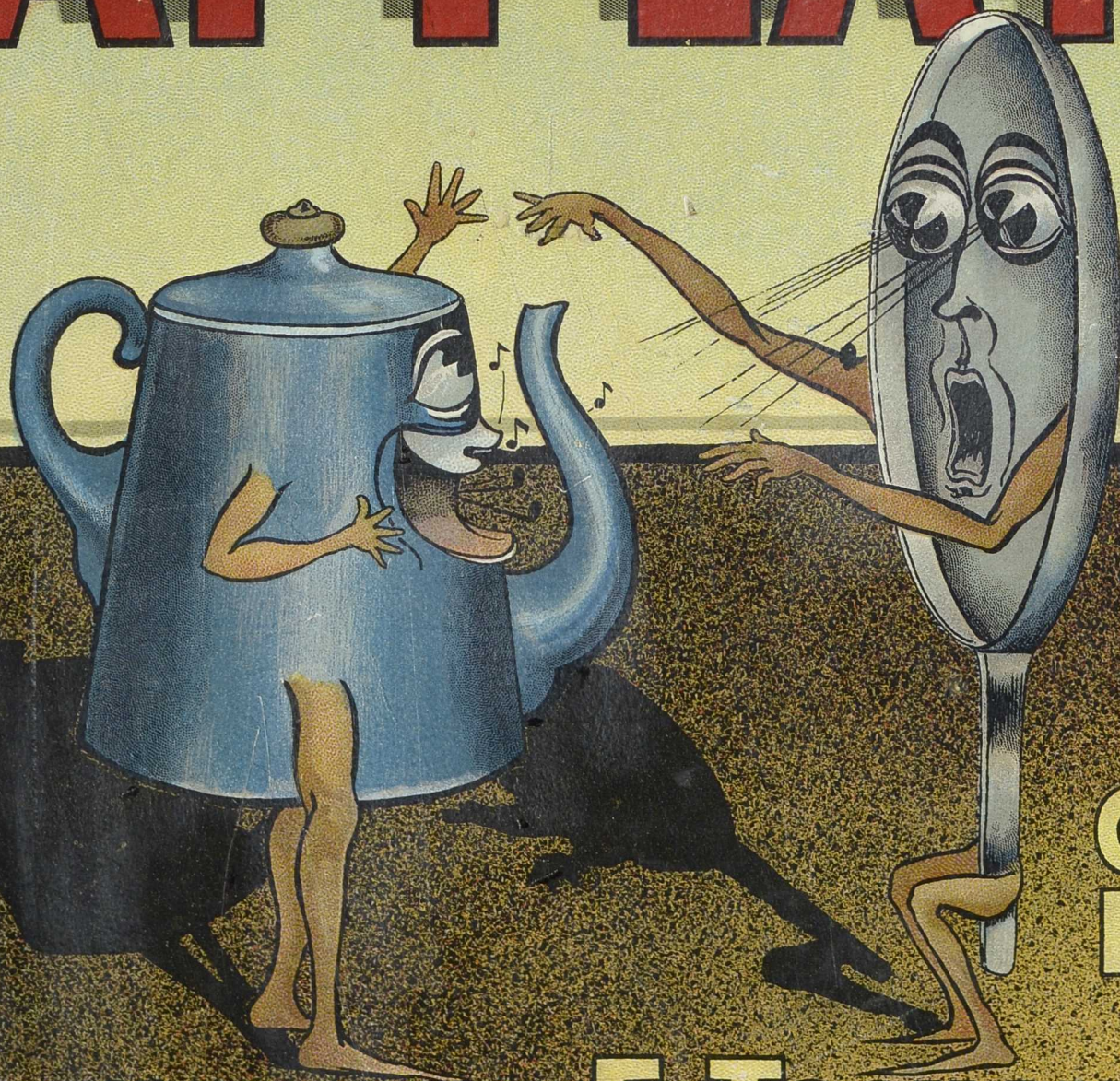




TIN TANS



AT PLAY



A
BOOK
FOR
CHILDREN

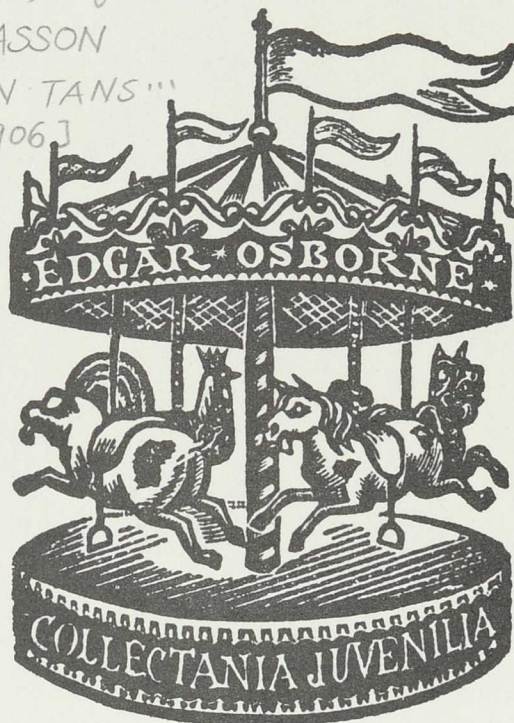
By
GRACIA
KASSON
AND
E. TSCHANTRÉ, JR.

(P) fol.

KASSON

TIN TANS'''

[1906]



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Russell
With much love from
"Old Quimps"
May 1906

Tin Tans at Play

A Book for Children



By

GRACIA KASSON

and

E. TSCHANTRÉ JR.



ERNEST NISTER LONDON.
E. P. DUTTON & CO NEW YORK.

Introduction.

THE Tin Tan's are a funny folk,
They eat and sing and dance and talk;
They live in kitchens and in rooms,
Are made of Tin plates, cups and spoons;
Of teapots, forks, tomato cans,
Of clocks, pie rollers, pots and pans.
Their clothes are made of brass and tin,
Some are quite stout, some rather thin;
But all have legs and arms and hands,
They have their music—noisy bands—
Hold meetings, concerts, parties, fights;
They travel, learn to see the sights.
They have their fires and put them out
With syphon, and with waterspout,
But
As soon as you enter
the kitchen and rooms
They change into common
saucers and spoons.





The Kitchen Curfew.

IT is the rule in Tin Tan land,
That when the bell tolls eight,
They hustle into dreamy land,
Before it is too late.
So every time the Curfew Bell
Tolls loud and clear at night,
They scamper to their shelves and nooks
And out goes all the light!
But don't you know, my children dear,
A fork is looking 'round
For tardy little Tin Tan boys
Who are not homeward bound.



And just like men in Goblin Town,
He creeps round in the dark
And springs upon the naughty one
Who stayed out for a lark.
Before they know just what they're at
He's caught them by the leg,
And oh! they are so scared to death,
They plead with him and beg.
He lifts them up high in the air,
And gives them such a scare—
He shakes them up and frightens them
And that's the way they fare.





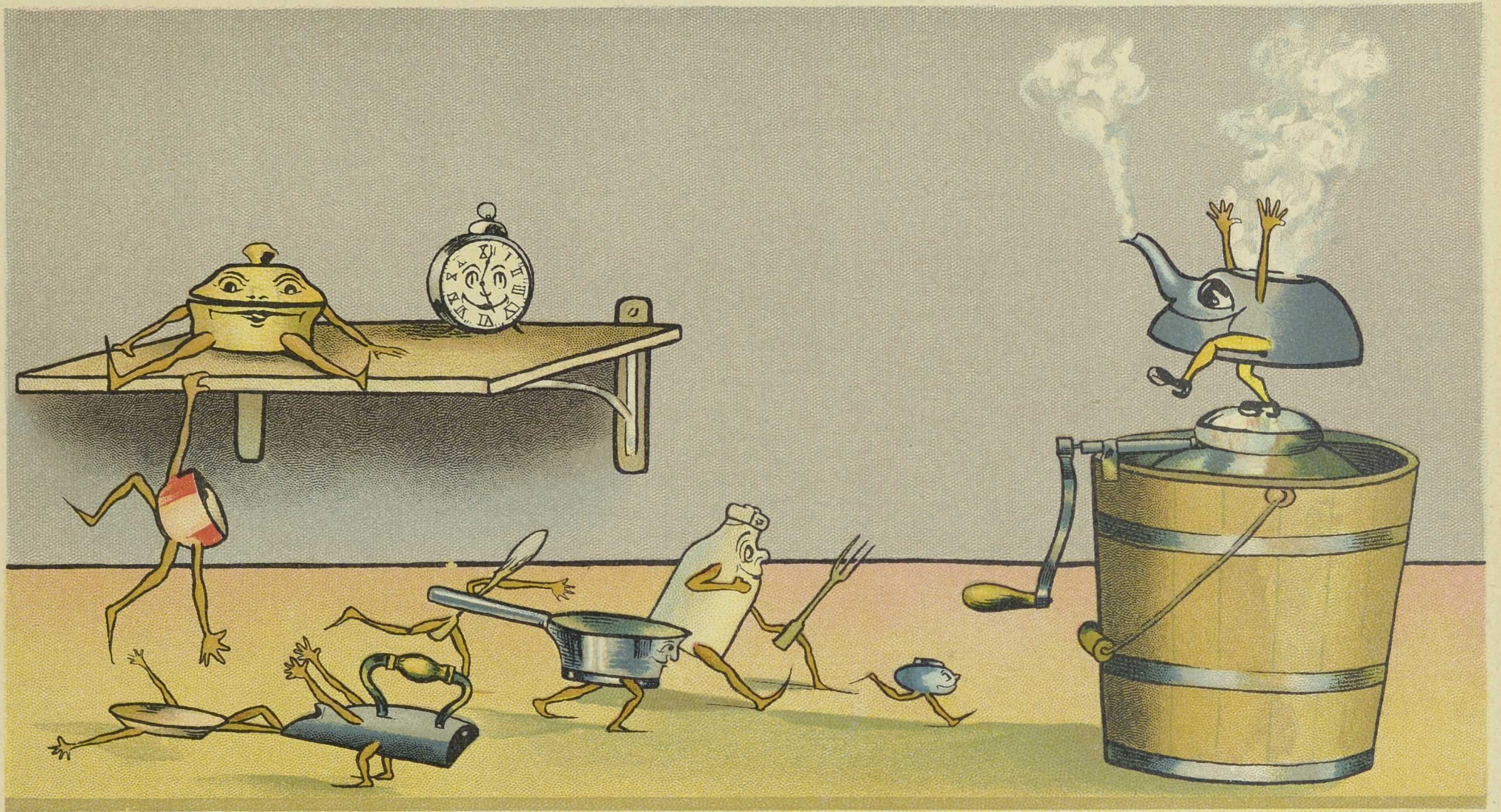
IT'S Mr. Ink and Mrs. Ink
You see upon this page—
They're healthy, wealthy, wise and proud,
And just ten years of age.

They like to climb the lofty peaks
Of books upon the shelves—
They're very fond of Dickens' works,
They will improve themselves.

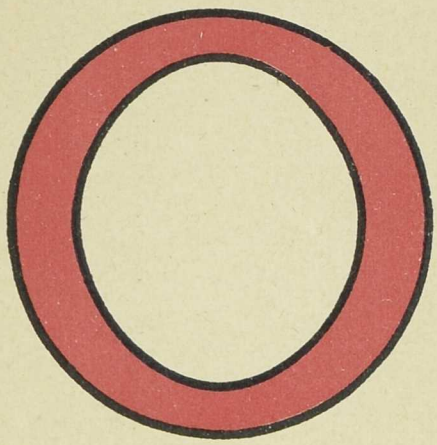
One day they climbed up where the books
Were piled up in a row,
But Mr. Ink looked down to speak
To Mrs. Ink, you know.

The cork flew out—the ink poured down
On Mrs. Ink's new dress,
She hurried home with Mr. Ink,
To wash it out—I guess.





The Ice Cream Freezer.

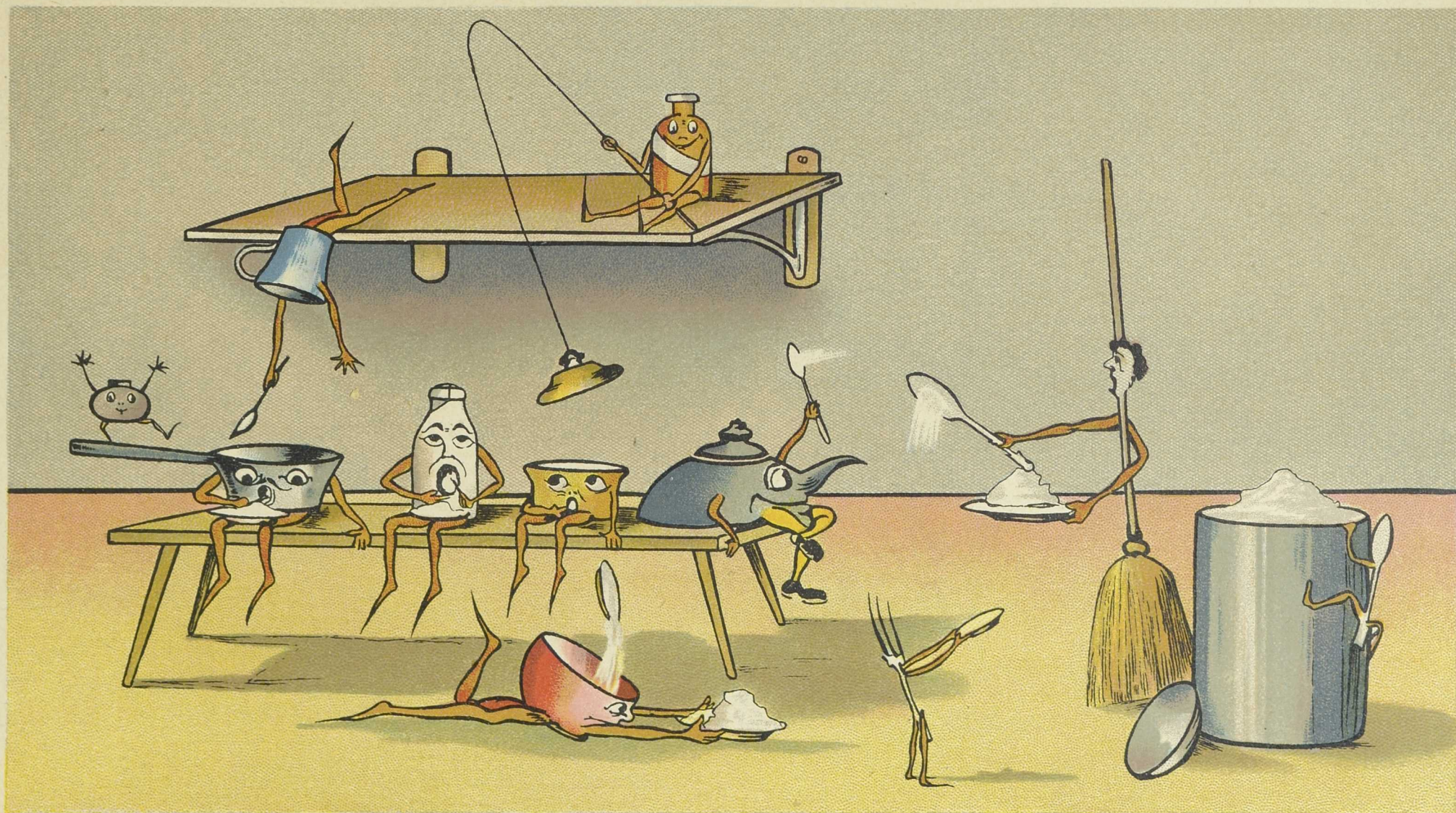


OUR tea-kettle Jim was searching around,
And what do you think the big villain found?
A big ice cream freezer, full to the brim,
He called to his crowd and yelled with a grin:

“Come on, we will turn this handle around.”
They came with a jump, a skip, and a bound.
The freezer then groaned, it creaked, and it sighed;
The cream was so thick it swelled up with pride.

They all took their seats on a bench in the room,
And each one in turn was served by the broom,
As each Tin Tan took his plate of ice cream,
He smiled with delight and said—"What a dream!"

And it's "HI!" for the cream,
And it's "HO!" for the freezer,
And "UMM'N!" for some Mazy Pop.





The Humming Tea-Kettle!

THE tea-kettle hummed a beautiful song:
 “Humpty-Dumpty-Dum!”

The teapot stood near, the song jarred his ear;

“Humpty-Dumpty-Dum!”

Oh! do stop that song,

You’ve sung all day long;

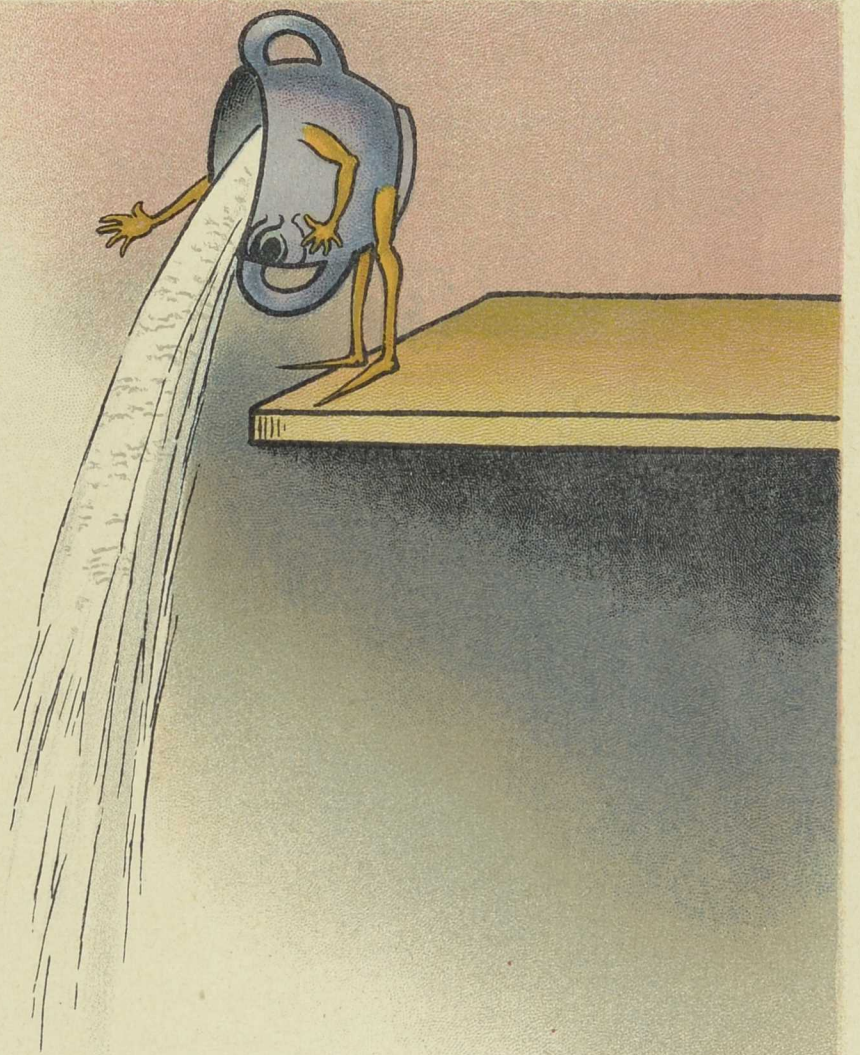
“Deedle-de, Doodle-de-Doo!”

The kettle called back.
 She gave him a whack;
 Not quite a nice thing to do.
 They fell with a roar,
 The tea washed the floor;
 A terrible sight to see.
 Then steam filled the air;
 They were a sad pair
 When the time came
 to serve tea!



T The Serenade.

THREE Tin Tans
went to serenade
The sugar bowl,
they loved her all,
And down the kitchen
they parade
To sing to her and
make a call.

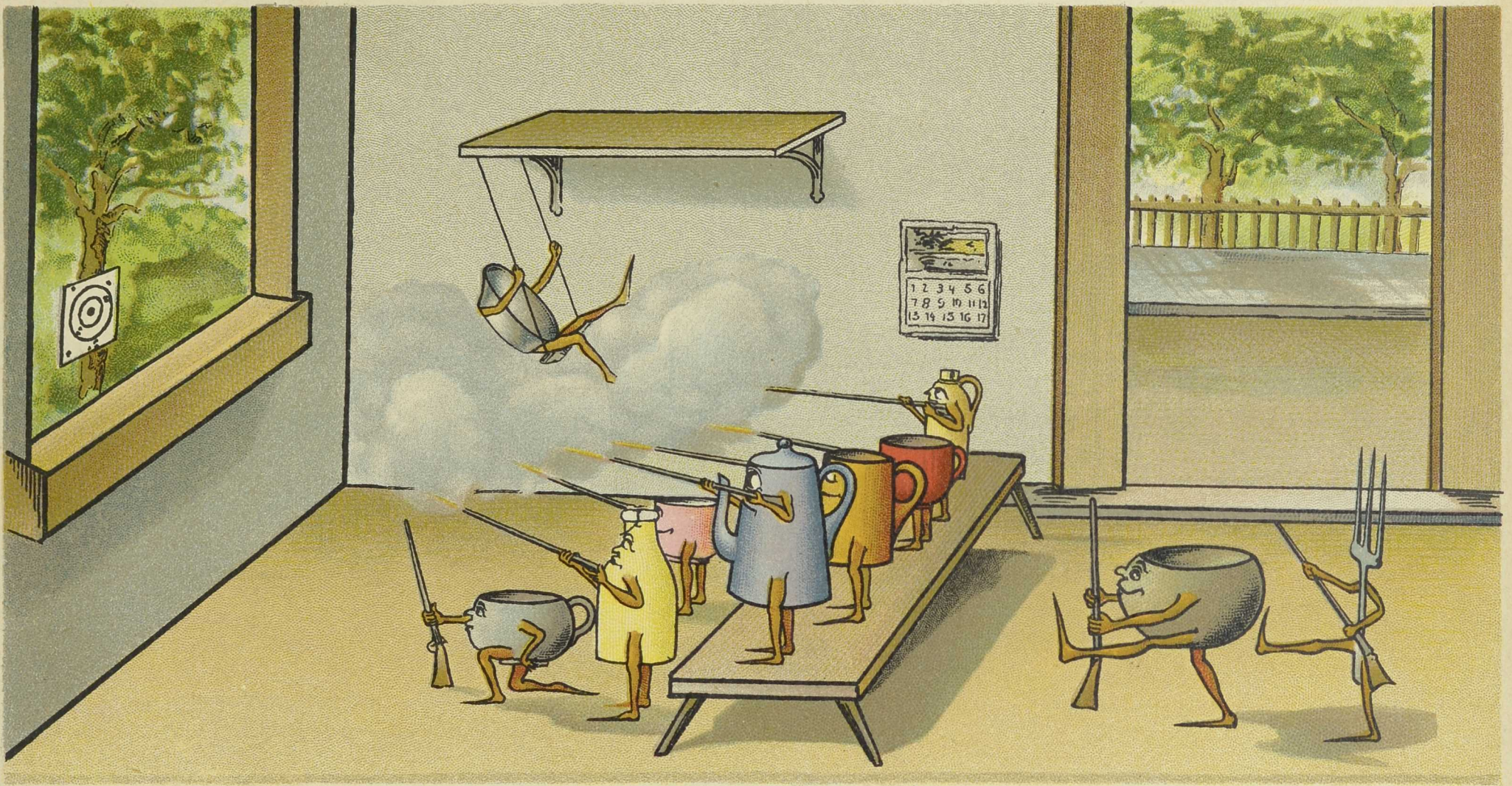


The sugar bowl arose and said:
“Dear friends, you honor me to night
As you’ve come here to sing to me,
But I, dear ones, must take my flight.”

For, father’s step is on the stair,
And mother’s voice is calling me;
And so I make my gracious bow,
You are a jolly crowd, I see.

She bowed with grace
and bent so low,
She almost toppled to the ground,
The sugar poured
out on their heads,
And then they left
with joy profound.





Rifle Practice!

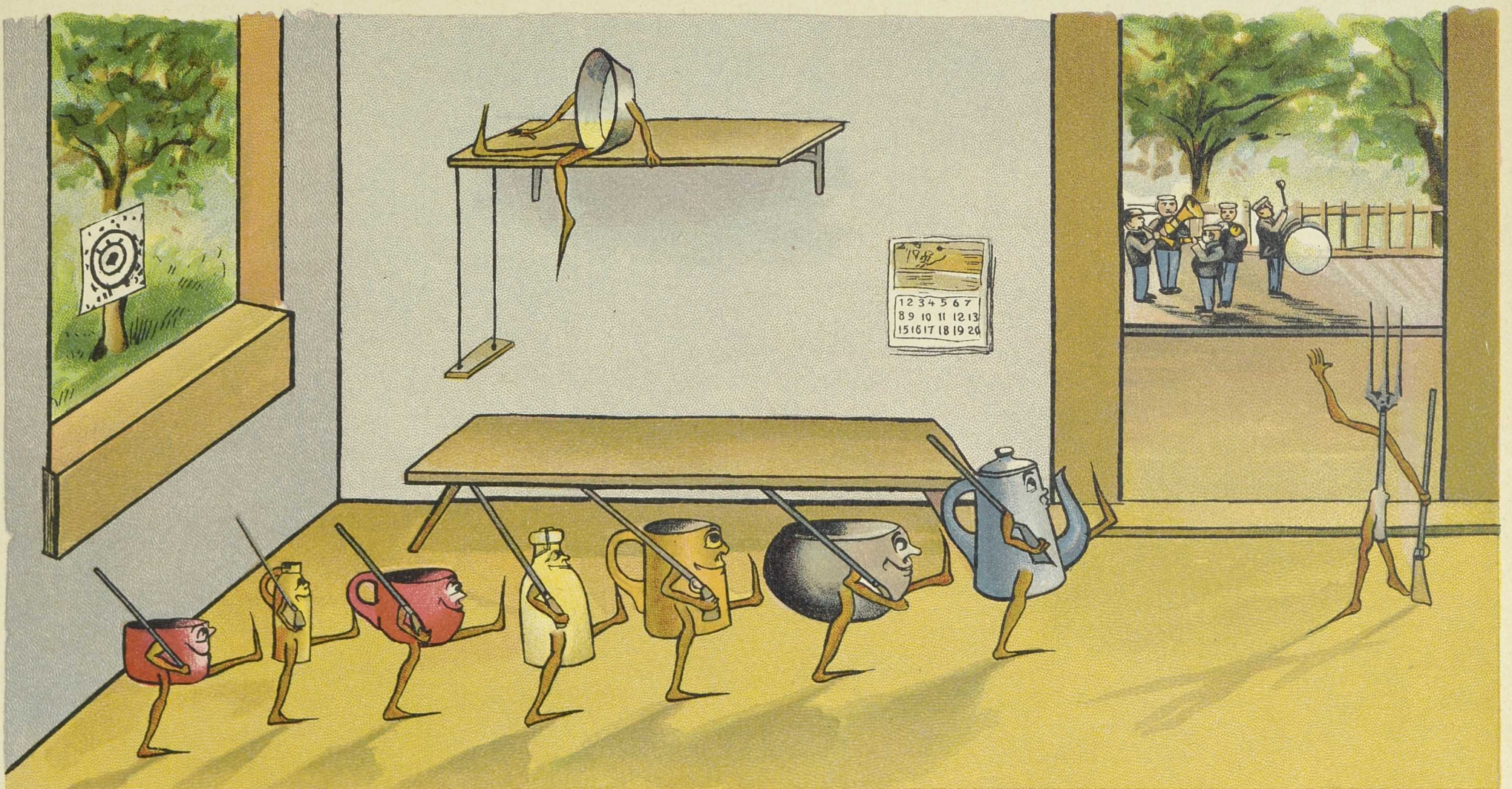
SAID the cup: "It is plain,
Yes, as plain as can be,
That we none of us know
How to shoot at a tree!"

So they put up a card,
And they stood in a row,
Then they raised up their guns,
And their eyes were aglow.

Then they heard a band play,
And they thought it meant war;
So they stood up in line,
And they marched to the door.

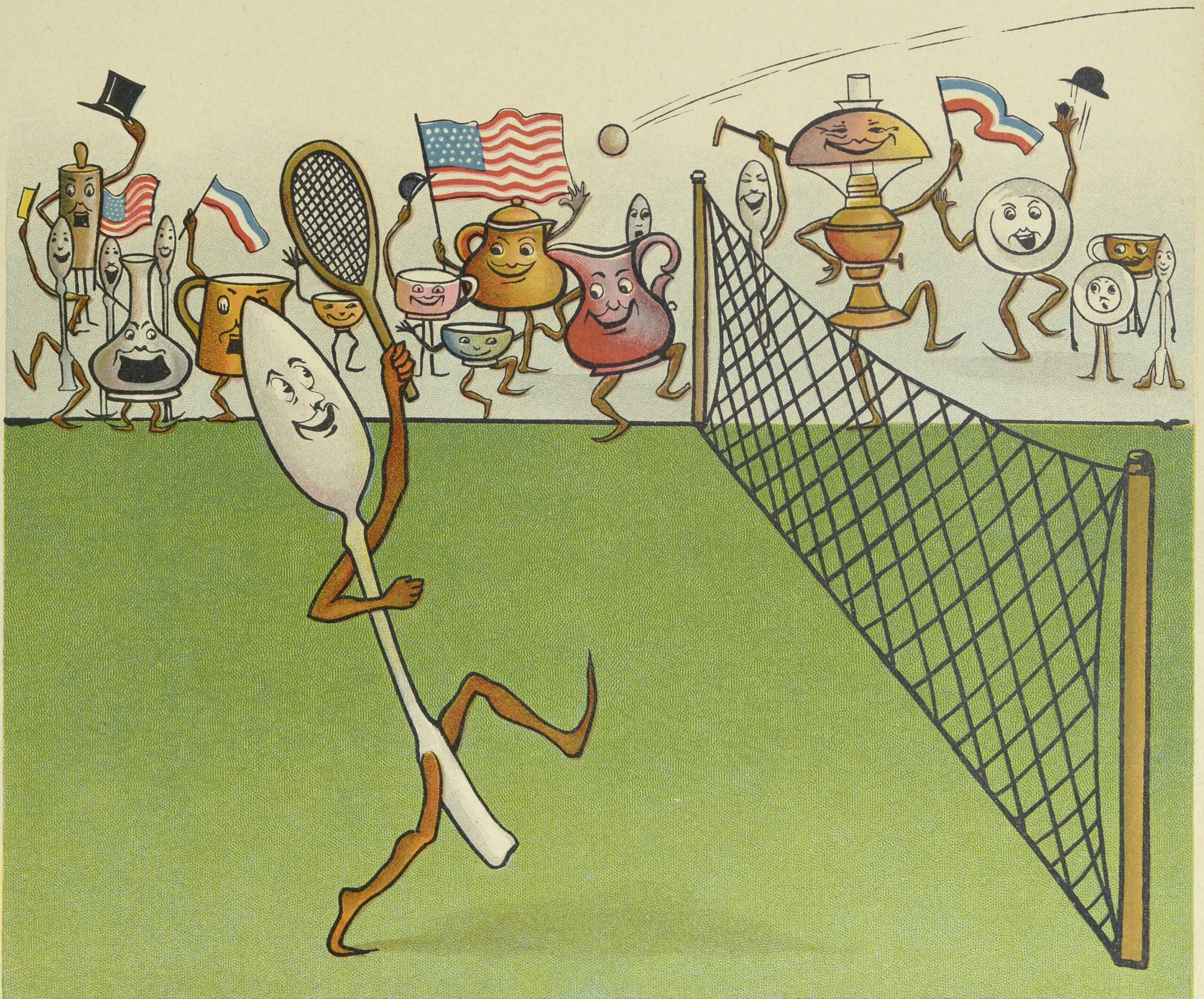
But the fork called out: "HALT!"
In the air held his hand,
"Not a step do you go,
It's our own Tin Tan band."

So they put down their guns;
To their places they went;
But they learned how to shoot,
And the time was well spent.



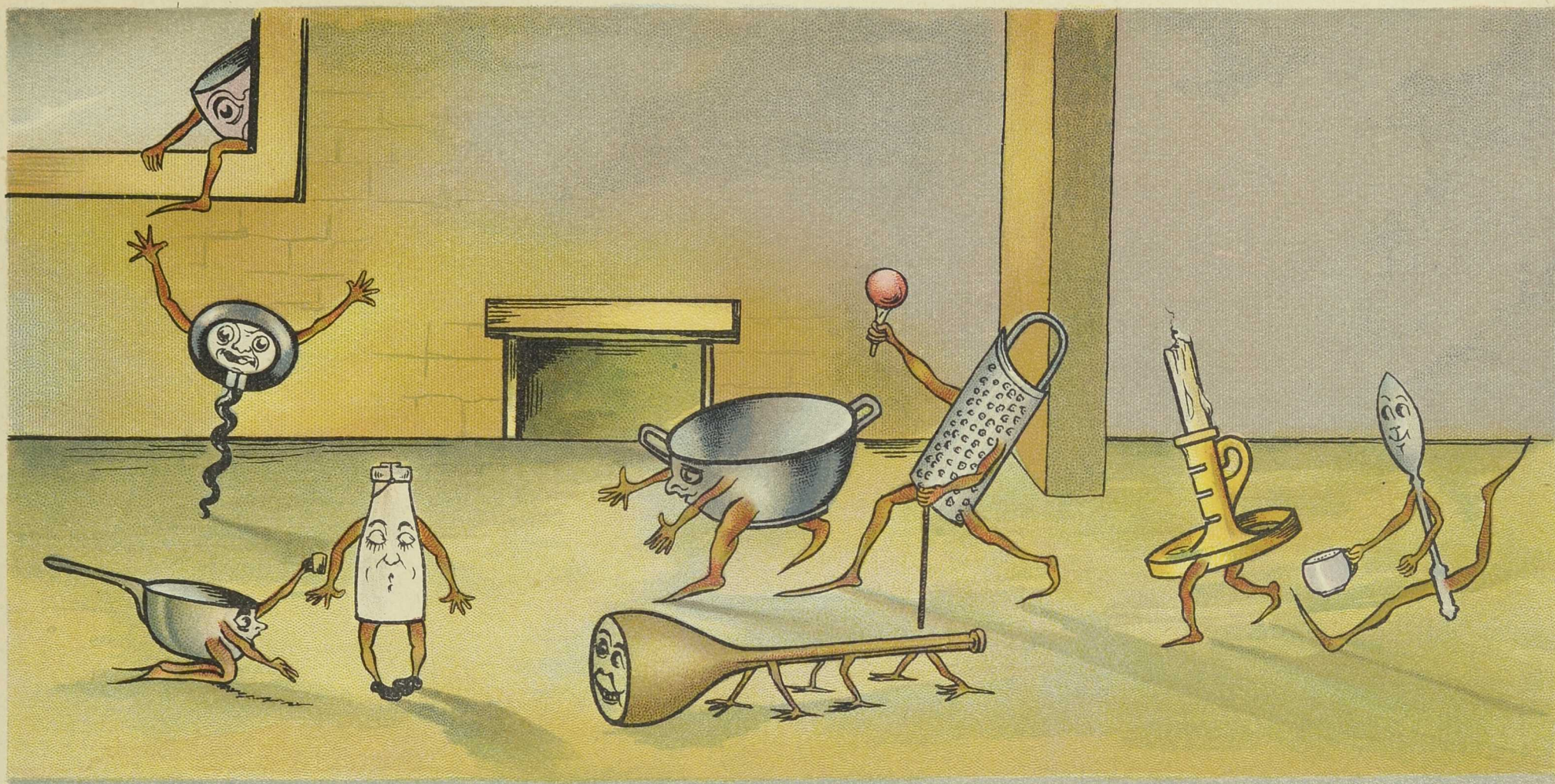
Lawn Tennis.

A FINE English cup and American spoon
Decided to play for the Championship soon,
And so they arranged for a Lawn Tennis match
Upon Mr. Joseph Brown's strawberry patch.



The cup served the ball with a quick, jerky swing,
The spoon drove it back like a Lawn Tennis king.
The Tin Tans cheered loudly for cup and for spoon.
It was the best game that was played there in June.





The Bottle that Grew in the Night.

THE tiny milk bottle "Wee-wee"
Was fed on pure milk as you see.
She was so thin and white!

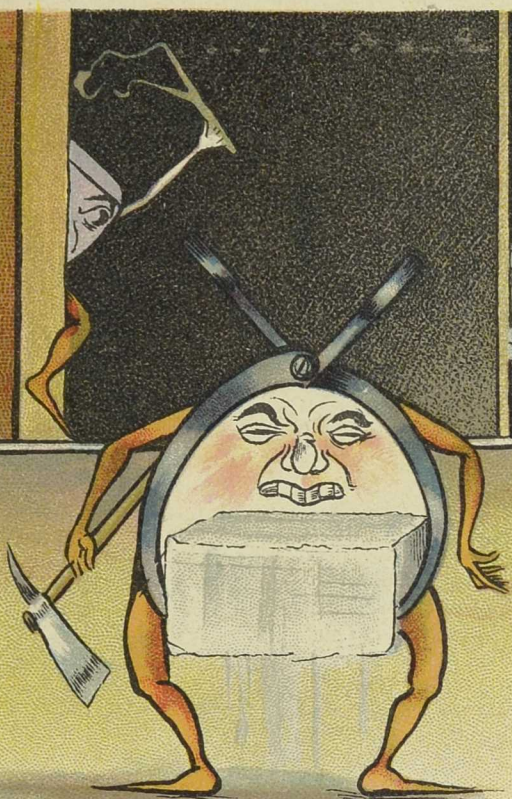
One morning at dawn when they woke,
A fat bottle got up and spoke,
It gave them such a fright.

"Dear friends, I am little Wee-wee,
So fat that I hardly can see,
I was so thin last night."

She swelled till she burst
out her side,
Nothing could be done,
and she died.

She grew fat
in the night.



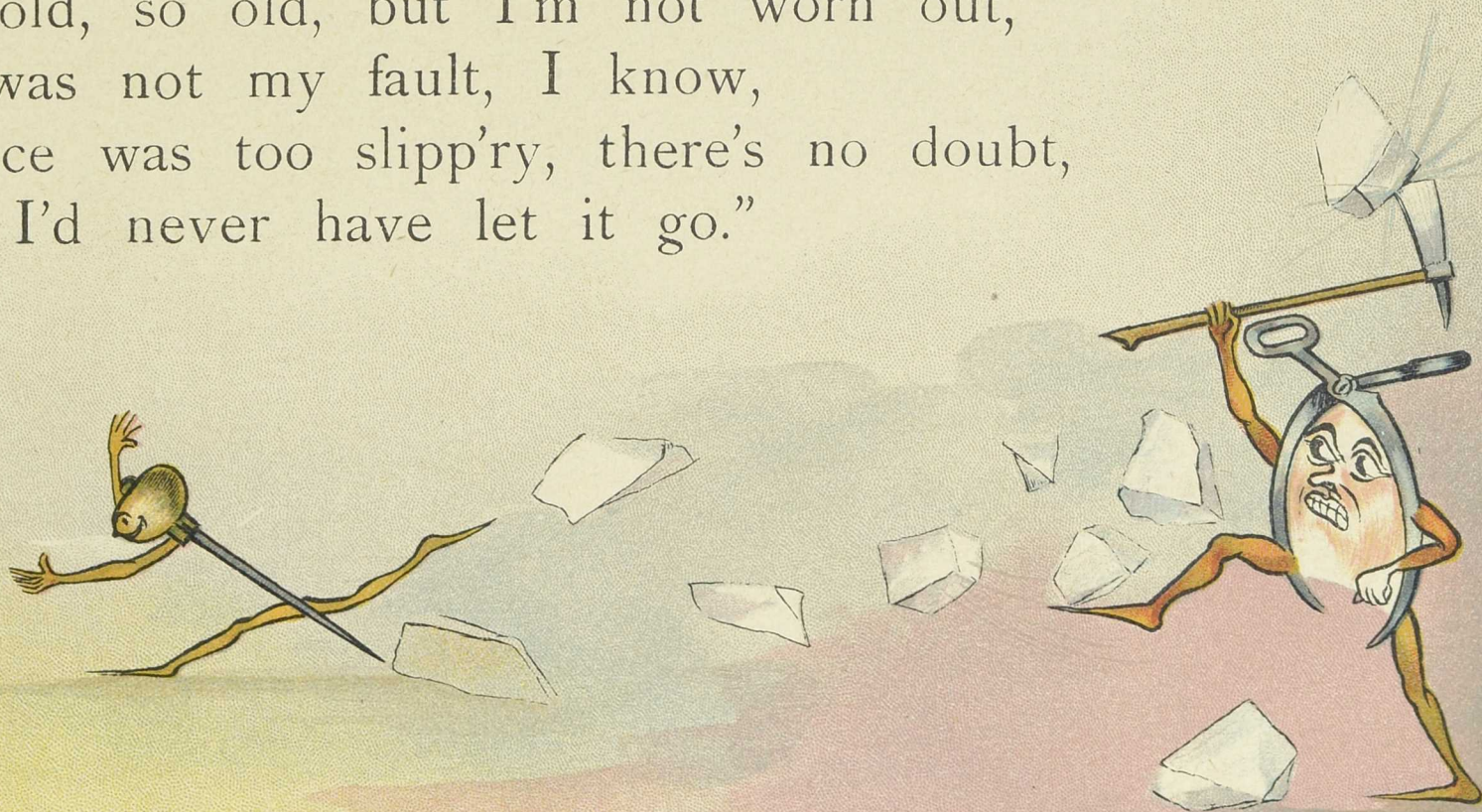


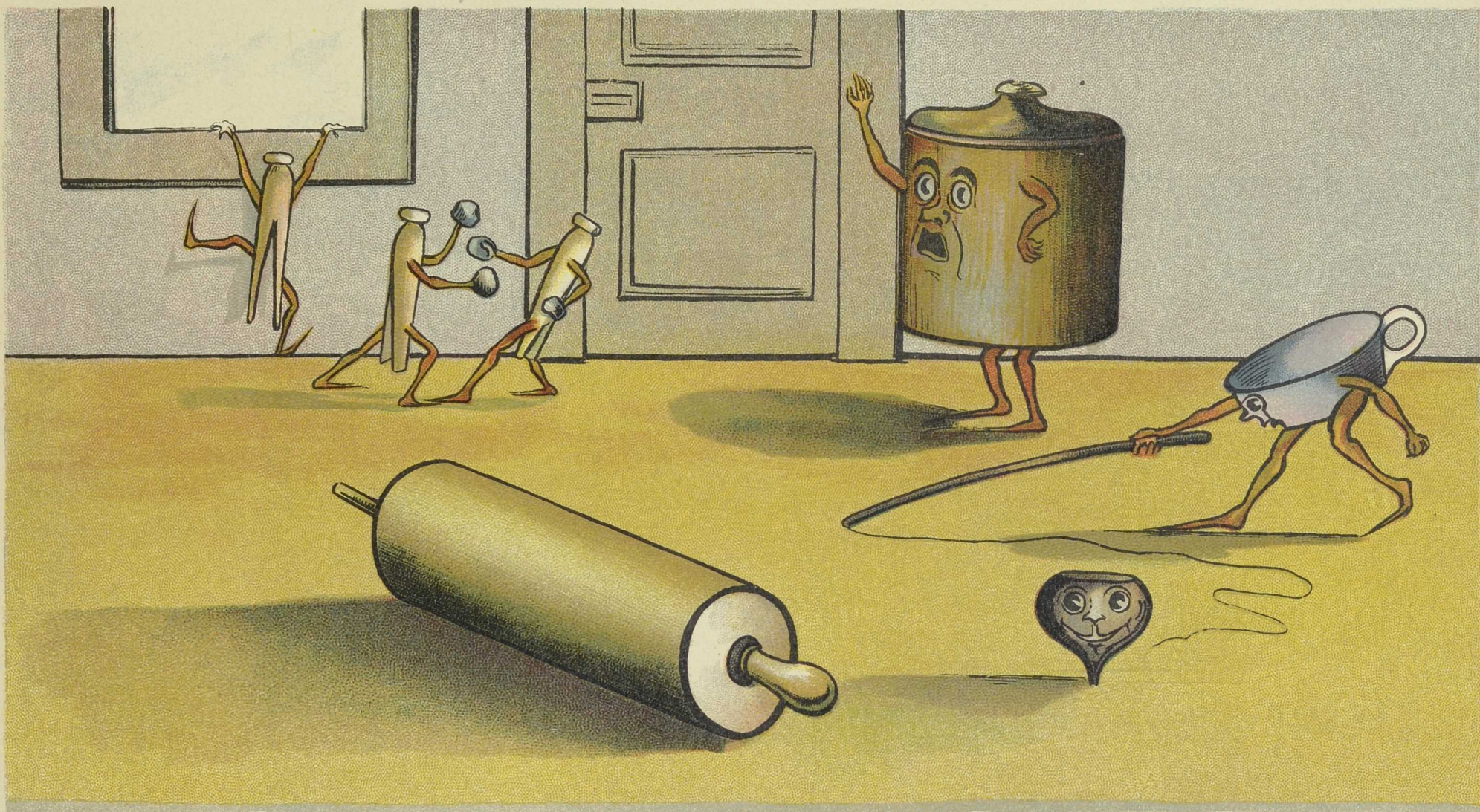
The Ice Tongs.

THE ice-tongs walked in the kitchen room
With a straight and manly tread;
“I’ve dropped the ice,” he remarked with rage,
“And I wish that I were dead!”

“I’ve carried ice for the past ten years,
And it never dropped before!”
He raised his arm, and he hacked away
And he thundered with a roar:

“I’m old, so old, but I’m not worn out,
It was not my fault, I know,
The ice was too slipp’ry, there’s no doubt,
Or I’d never have let it go.”





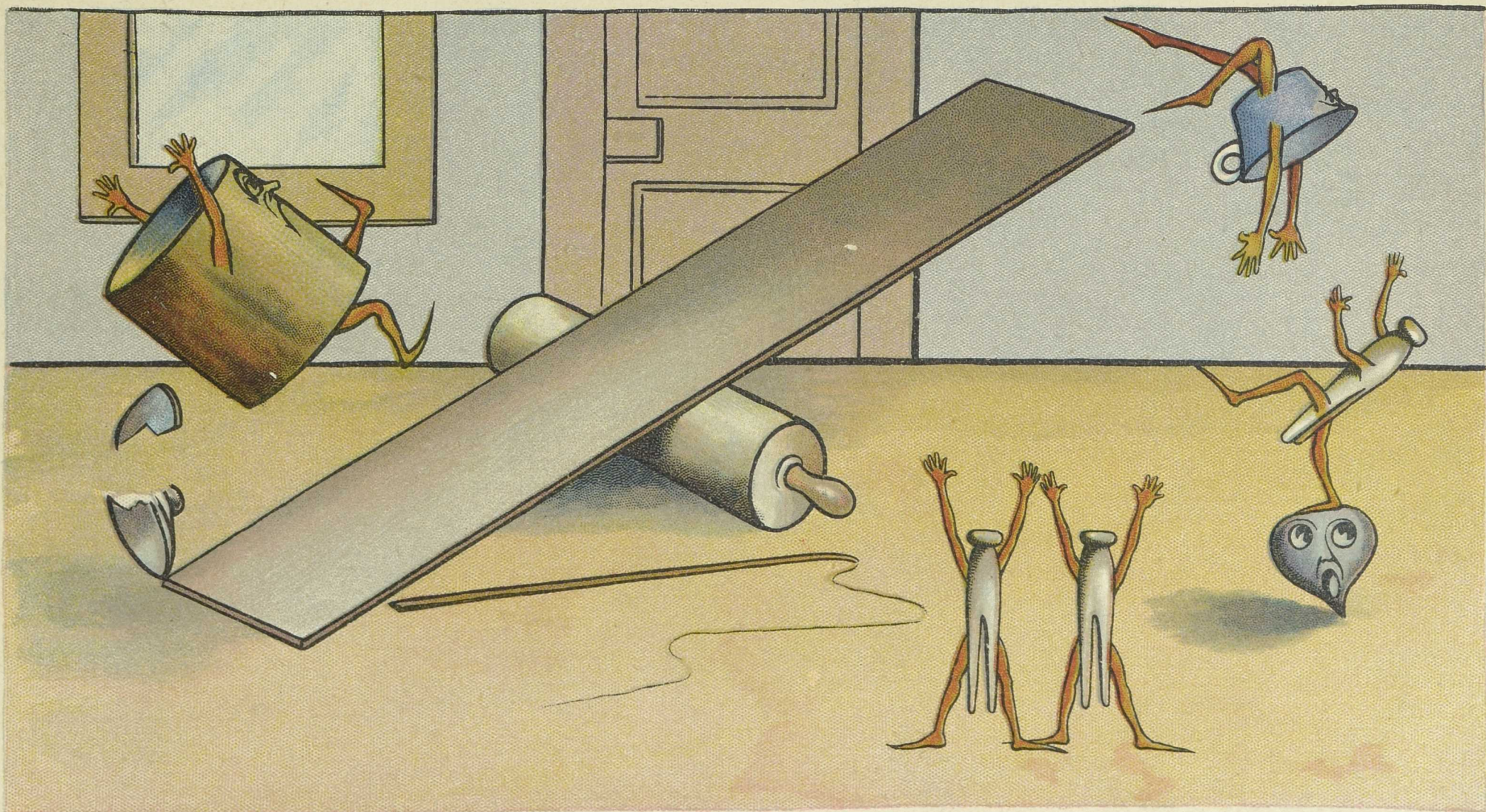
The See-Saw.

THE rolling-pin rolled upon the floor
And called the jar standing near the door:
“Let’s make a see-saw and I will be,
The log to balance you, don’t you see!”

They called the cup and the happy pair
Would see-saw up and down in the air,
Until the pin refused to play
And then she suddenly walked away.

The pin rolled out on the floor so quick
That no one heard it, 'twas done so slick;
They gave a gasp and they gave a sigh
And shrieked for help as the pin rolled by.

Of course you know how the story goes
When Tin Tan pins will turn up their toes;
They flew up high, both the jar and cup;
It took them hours just to clean them up.





The Coon Jug.

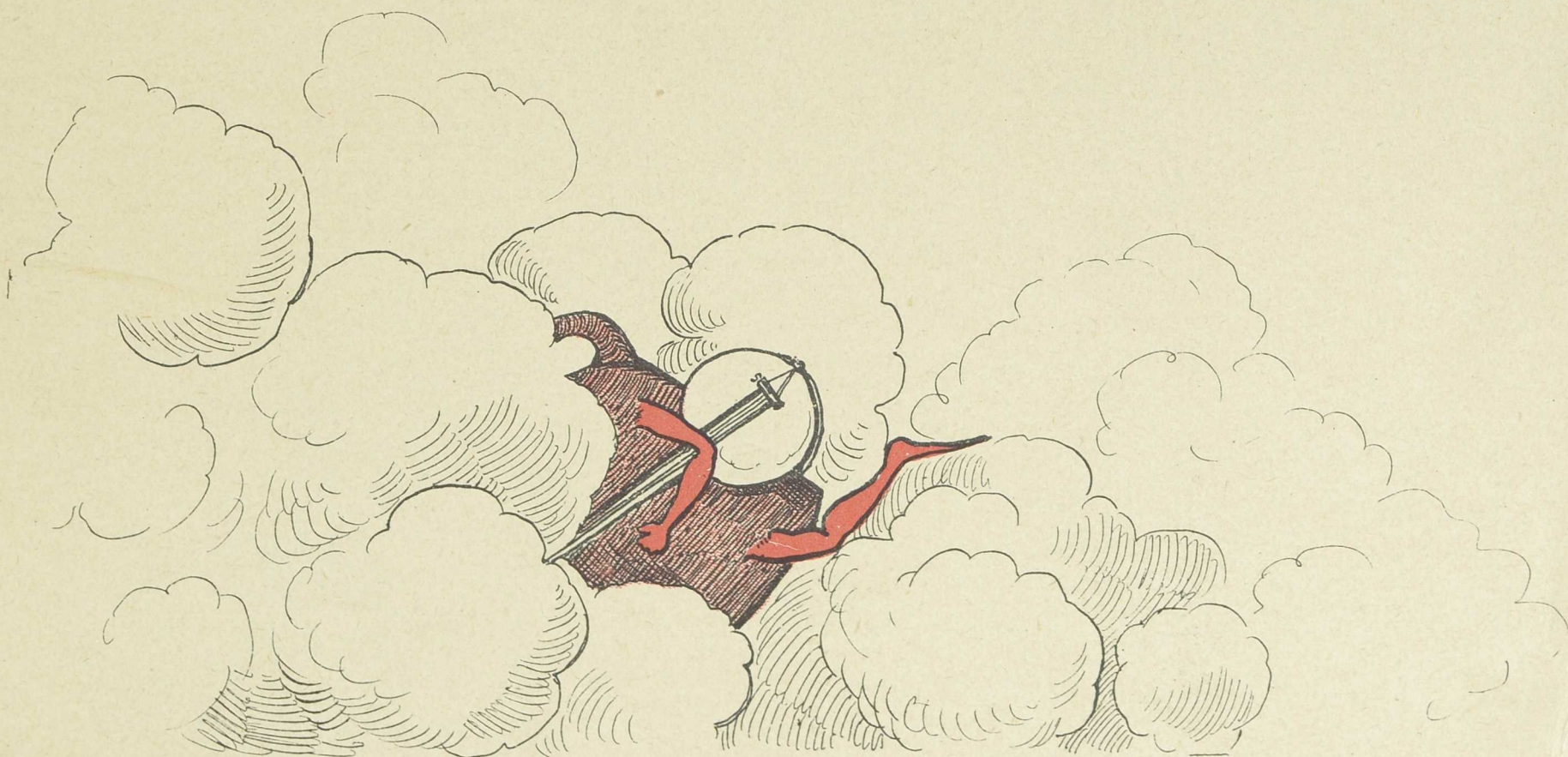
*T*HERE was a little brown jug and
He was the only coon;
He sang and played on the banjo
And whistled to the moon.

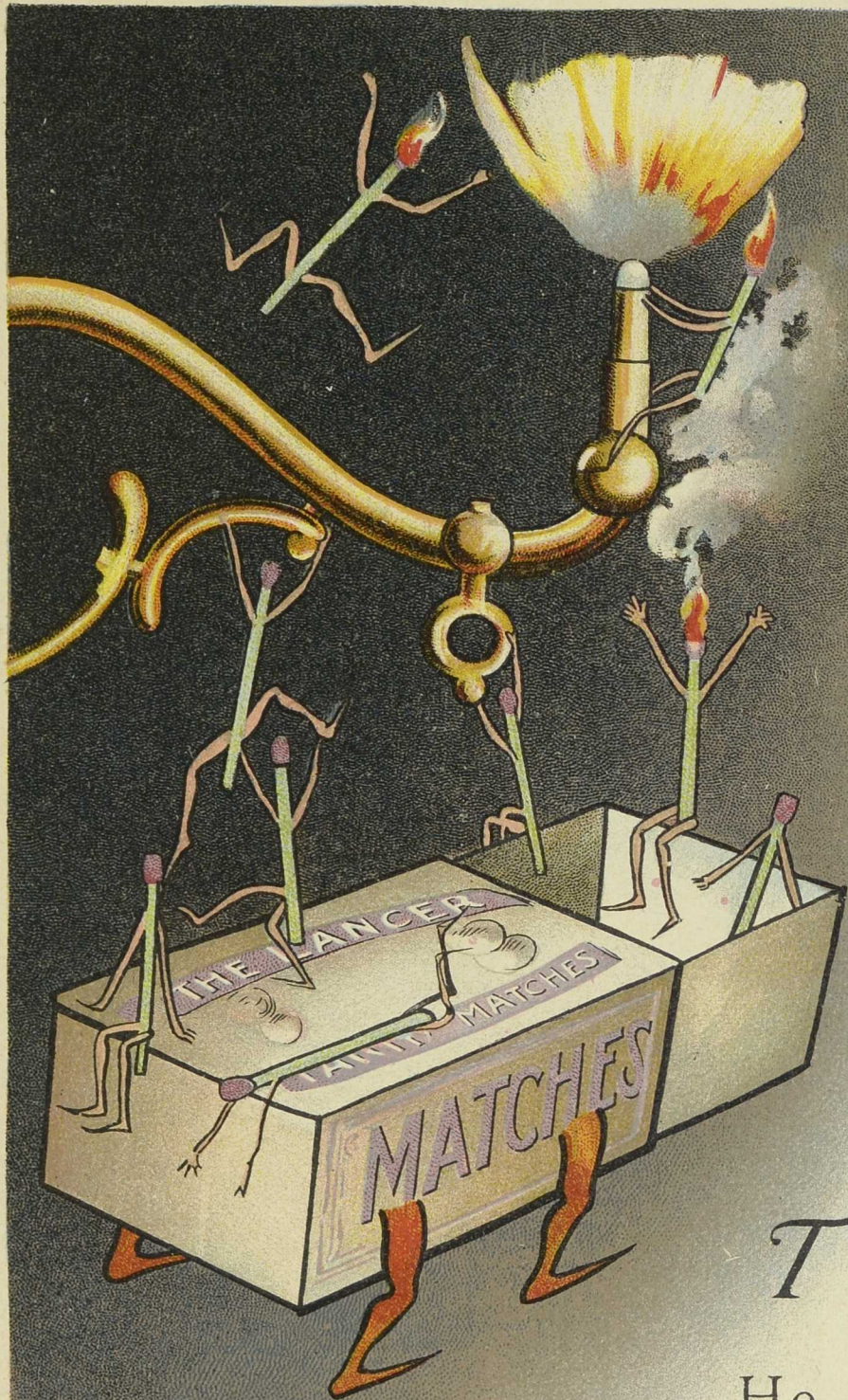
As soon as midnight approaches,
And when the stars shine bright
That Tin Tan plays his banjo
Throughout the moonlit night.

“Plinkety-plink-plank.
Plinkety-plank-plunk.
Plinkety-plankety-plink-plank.
Plinkety-plank-plunk!”

“I’ve come from Cloudland, honey,
The land where I was born;
The coons are black as night, dear,
They rise at early morn.”

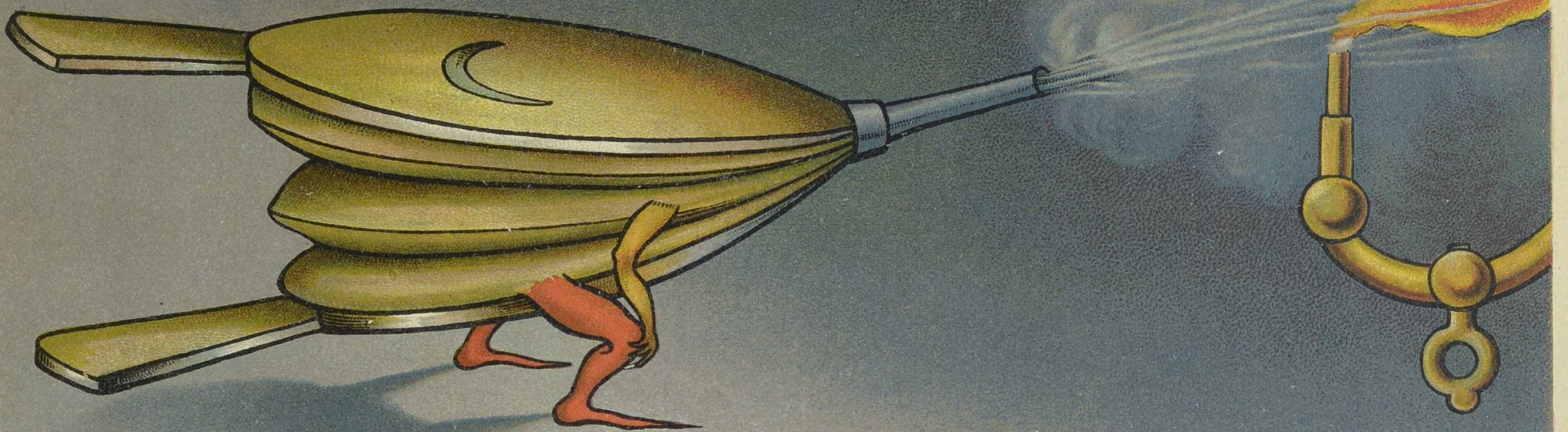
He only sings when the moon is out,
At other times he quickly goes:
Perhaps he hides behind a cloud,
But where he came from no one knows.



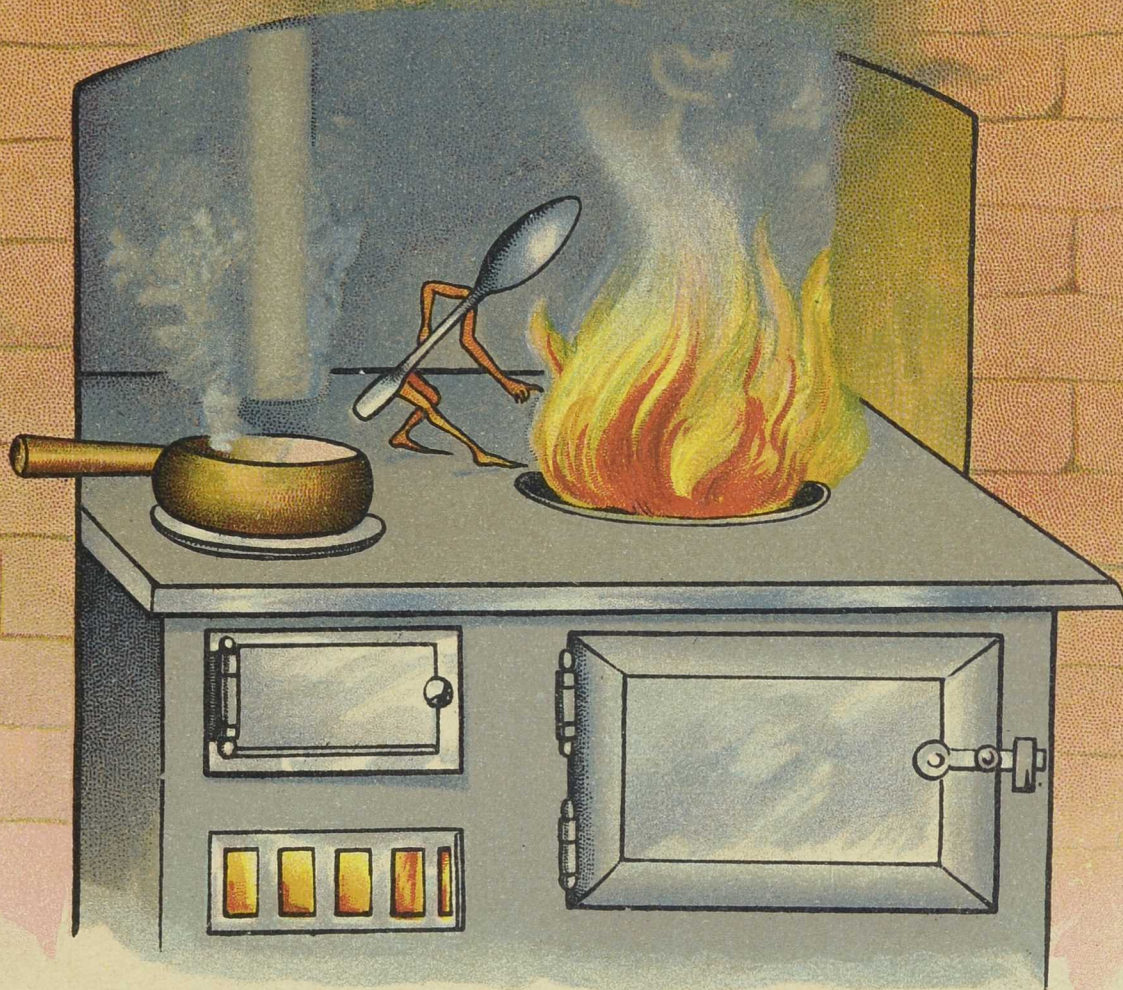


The Story of the Gas Jet.

THE match-box spied a gas jet
Which was not lit at all—
He called the little matches
To climb up on the wall
And light the gloomy gas jet
That hung there in the dark,
So all at once the matches
Made haste to light a spark.
They crawl up to the ceiling,
Oh, see them, how they go;
They scramble o'er each other
These matches, in a row.



That very night at ten o'clock
Sir Bellows happened in;
And saw that gas jet burning bright
And said it is a sin
To waste the gas when no one's here,
Who needs a lit-up room?
So I will pump my bellows hard
And stop it pretty soon!
The room was filled with noisy blasts
And wind and cold air too,
And out went all the brilliant light;
He blew, and blew, and blew.



The Tea-Spoon and the Flame.

A CUTE little tea-spoon
Was standing one morning
Upon the old cook stove;
Outdoors it was storming.

She stooped and she bent low
And touched with her fingers
The lid and the griddle,
She stops, and she lingers.

Such moaning and crying,
Such screaming and yelling,
Such din and such clatter,
Oh dear! what's the matter?

The cute little tea-spoon
Was caught by the flame
And hurled in the cook stove,
Now who was to blame?

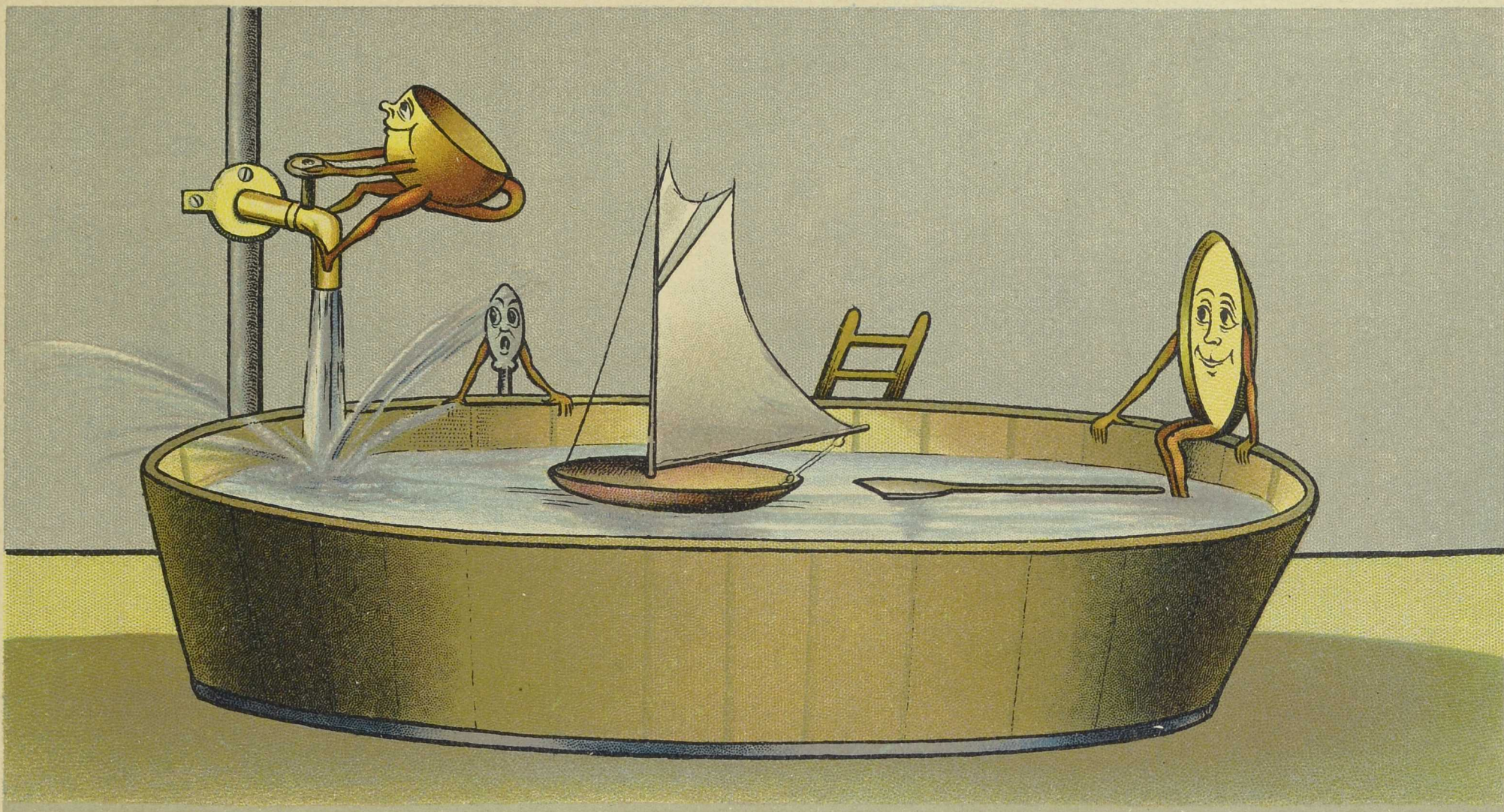
She yelled out: "Oh, help me!
Oh, dear me," she sighed,
"My silver is melting,
Oh, help me!" she cried.

Such moaning and sighing,
Such screaming and crying,
Such din and such clatter,
Oh, dear, what's the matter?

Then the Tin Tans below
Cried aloud in their woe:
"We will help you right out in a minute;
You are burnt, sister spoon,
But we'll rescue you soon,
We're so sorry, dear spoon,
that you're in it."

They searched all that night
By pale candle light,
Also went to the ashes to poke;
But the spoon was not there,
Though they looked in despair,—
For the Tea-spoon had
gone up in *smoke*.





The Race in the Tub.

THE cup and the saucer went out for a sail,
They turned on the faucet and filled up the pail.
They called out the platter to come for a race;
He climbed up the ladder and made for the place.
They brought out two oars
and they stepped in the boat;
They paddled around till the referee spoke:
“It’s time by the clock for the race to begin.”
The crowd shouted “Go!” and they all pulled to win,
They pulled and they paddled and raced like a bird,
They plunged through the water
when fierce cries were heard.

“Oh stop! Mr. Saucer; Oh stop! Mr. Cup;
If you are not careful you’re sure to smash up,
Just look, you are steering too near to the brim.”
But both rushed ahead and were smashed on the rim.
Oh! what a commotion, and oh! what a scare,
And oh what a sight when they flew through the air.
The cup had the handle torn off with a jerk,
The ambulance came with the hospital clerk.
They carted them in, and they plastered them up,
And they glued them together, both saucer and cup.

