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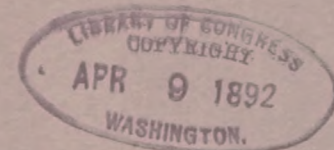
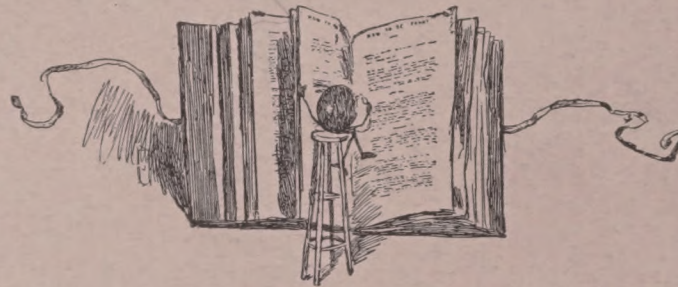
THE TIDDLEDYWINK'S POETRY BOOK

BY

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

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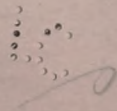
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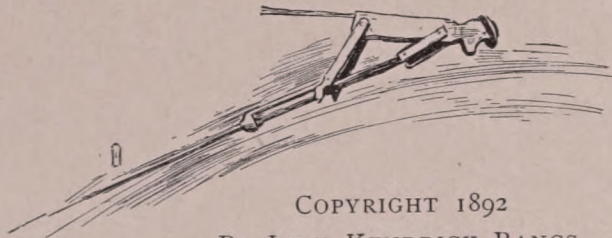
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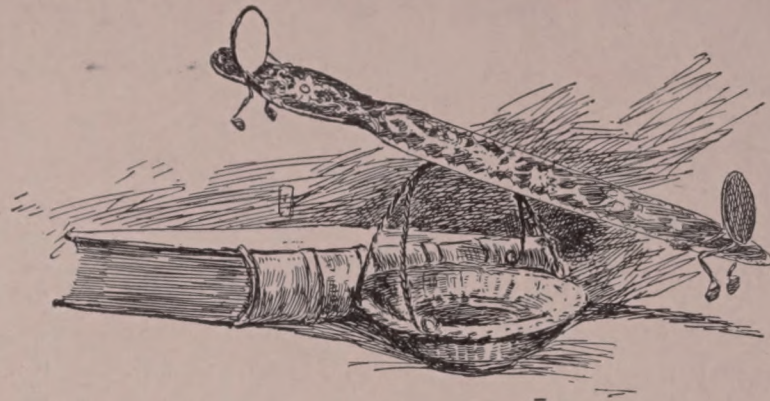
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JIMMIEBOY AND THE TIDDLEDYWINKS




SMALL Jimmieboy one soft June night
Found out a thing that pleased him quite,
Which was in short that Tiddles talked,
And sang, and danced, and also walked.
His nurse had put him in his bed,
And, several moments later, sped
To other things,—for she supposed
He was asleep : his eyes were closed.
Scarce had she gone when near the lamp
The youngster heard a tramp, tramp, tramp,
And looking toward the table, where
The lamp was standing, noticed there
The Tiddles climbing all about
Engaged in play and noisy rout.
There were the red ones and the blue,
The black and yellow, green ones too.
The white Tids strutted to and fro

Till Jimmieboy cried out "Hullo!"
Whereat they scampered out of sight
And then peeped back, to his delight.
Then one, less timid than the rest,
Came back and told him to get dressed,
And come along with them and play

Until the sun proclaimed the day,
Which he was glad enough to do,—
And O! the countries they went through.
He saw strange sights and wondrous beasts;
He sat down to the strangest feasts;
He heard the queerest poetry,
And met birds that you rarely see.
He heard fine music, and went through
The very finest sort of Zoo—
In which he saw the Mangatoo,
The Nightmare, and the Rooster who
Could crow most loud, yet never crew;
Met Cinderella at a ball,
In a most gorgeous dancing hall;—
And when at last the night was sped
He found himself once more in bed.
Some things he saw that happy night,
As you read on, will greet your sight—
And if you have in seeing these
The fun he had, they're sure to please,
And they by whom this work was done
Will not be sorry 'twas begun.







A FINE PLAN



I'VE written an invitation
To Dolly to visit us here,
And to have a small spree
With my sister and me.
She's certain, I think, to appear.

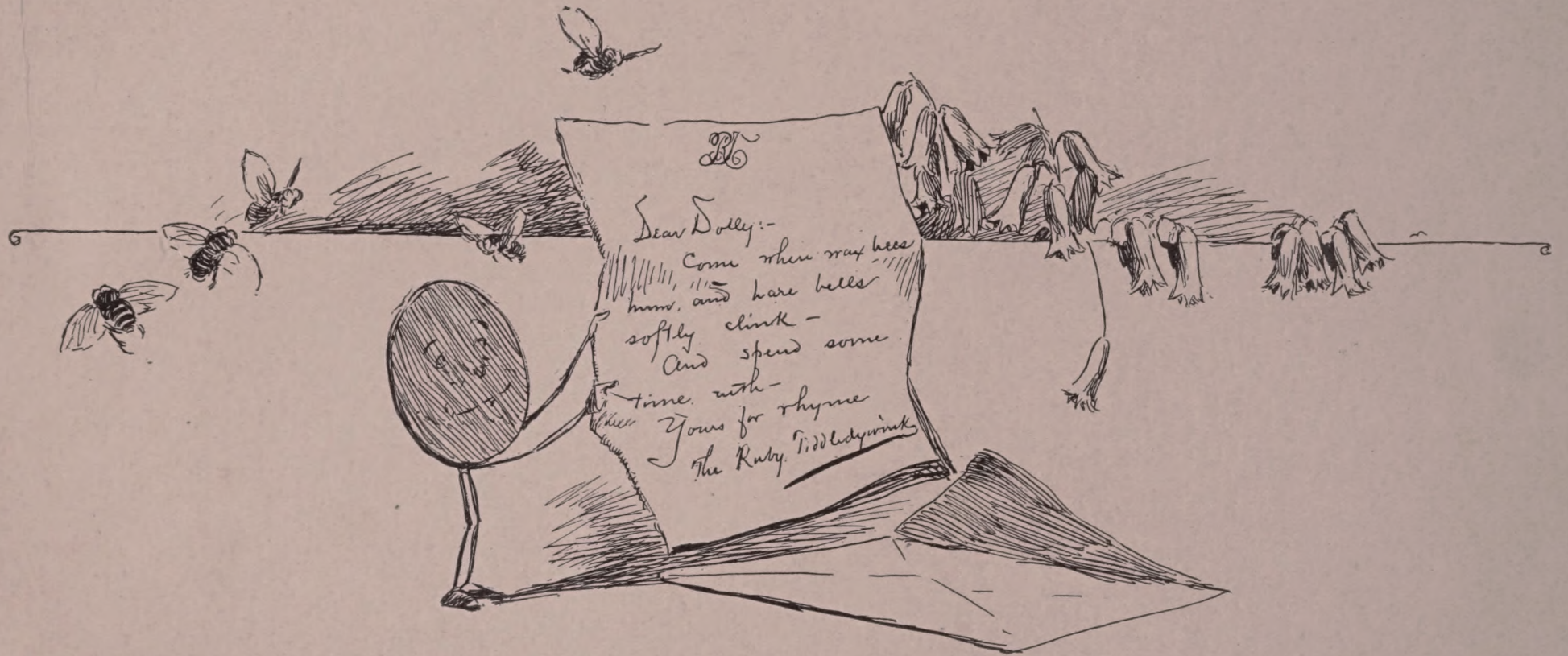
And now that I've got it written,
I wonder if Dolly will see,
From beginning to end
That the letter is penned
In most beautiful poetry.

The lines are all rhymed most neatly,
The wording is wonderful sweet ;
And I've written it, too,
In an ink of pale blue,
And really am proud of the feat.

I've mentioned the wax-bee's humming,
And I've mentioned the hare-bell's clink,
And I'm rather inclined
To think Dolly will find
I'm great at the using of ink.


I hope when the fair one sees it
And notes that it's real poetry,
She will hasten down here
And will call me "my dear,"
And ask if she can't marry me ;

For then I can easily tell her —
Without making Dolly enraged,—
That I cannot, for I
To the blue bottle fly,
Last Fourth of July, got engaged.




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Dear Dolly:-
Come when may bees
hum, and hare bells
softly clink -
And spend some
time with -
Yours for rhyme
The Ruby Tiddlywink



THE MANGATOO




ONE day the comic Mangatoo
From off his lofty perch down flew,
His morning paper 'neath his wing,
And thus to Jimmieboy did sing:
"You think I am a parrot, but
Although I have his lordly strut,
A parrot's just what I am not.
I can't deny his bill I've got,
His voice and eyes and general hue:
And 'twixt the post and me and you
I'm like the parrot in the phiz,
With claws and temper much like his,—
And yet I'm not a parrot,—you
'Ll observe I am a Mangatoo."

"Then what, I pray," said Jimmieboy,
In manner rather grave than coy,
"What is a Mangatoo; do tell?"
The creature thought and answered, "Well,
A Mangatoo
Is — *entre nous* —"


Well, he's a wondrous sort of bird,—
At least you know that's what I've heard —
That has the parrot's voice and beak,
And like the parrot likes to speak.
He has his claws and lordly strut,
His eyes and hue and temper, but
Is not a parrot,— don't you see?
In short a Mangatoo is — Me!"

"Ah, yes, I see. A Mangatoo,"
Said Jimmieboy, "is just like you,
A parrot through and through and through,
Yet not a Polly!" "That's it, sir.
He'd be a parrot if he were,
But as he isn't, don't you see,
Becomes a Mangatoo, like me."

Whereat the queer bird winked his eye,
And to his perch again did fly,
And Jimmieboy departing thence
Decided that the bird was dense, —
In other words lacked sense.







THE RAILBOAT



THE railboat is a wondrous thing,
Since it enables me
To take a fast express train if
I wish to cross the sea.

For they are faster far than those
Big ocean steamers, men
Spend weeks to go to Europe in
And weeks to come again.

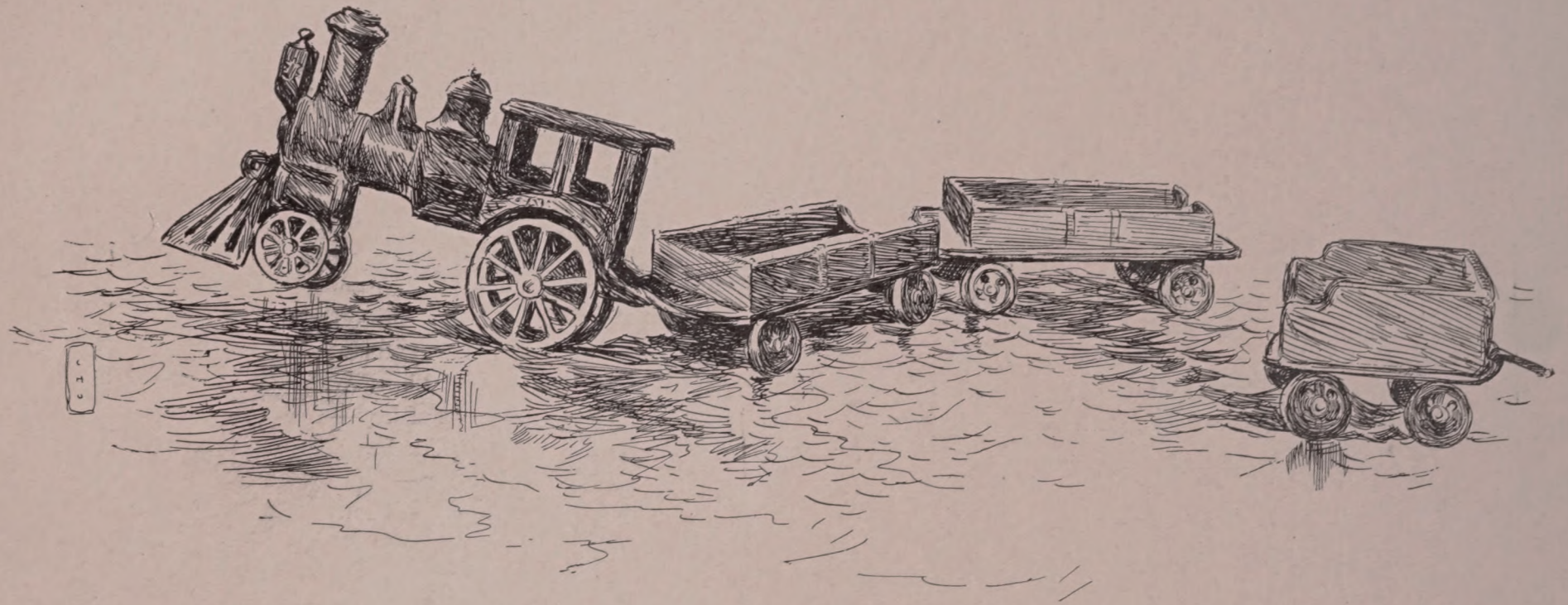
I would they were in general use,
Because one then could go
Across to Europe every week
And spend a day or so.


And I am sure I cannot see
Why we in Tiddle Land
Alone make use of railboats when
They are so truly grand.

It would, I think, be very fine
If one could leave for France
To-night, and get there in two days,
And over Paris glance.

And then to get aboard again,
And whisk back o'er the deep
To get a change of clothes and fly
To where the Chinese sleep.

To cruise about the ocean in
A handsome parlor car,
Would certainly become, I think,
Extremely popular.





THE ANIROONEY BIRD



WHEN this bird sings I'm told that he
Drives whales and codfish out to sea,
His voice is deep and rather harsh,
Like that of bull-frogs in the marsh,
And sometimes, when he's mad, they say
It sounds like German bands in May,
Or dishes falling off a tray.
One old man said he thought the sound
Resembled rumblings under ground,
Combined with rattling spoons and tongs,
And frying pans and dinner gongs ;
Another, that to him 'twas like
An orgunette off on a strike,
Assisted by a crowd of boys,
With every kind of childish noise.
To me, who've heard him try to sing,
But once, 'twas like a cracked bell's ring,
Mixed in with thunder and the song
Of cats when night is well along,
With just a dash of creaking doors,


Pop-guns and trumpet blasts in scores.
But, worst of all this awful bird,
His voice both night and day is heard,
By light of sun, by light of moon,
In "Annie Rooney" out of tune.

To any little girl or boy
I'll give the most desired toy,
If he or she will salt his tail
And have him locked up safe in jail,
Beyond the reach of friends or bail,
Where he no more can bother me
By singing wildly out of key—

"She's my Annie,
I'm her Joe—
Little—Annie—Rooney
Is
My
Sweet
Heart."

T. J. Spang





THE GRASSHOPPER BAND

OLD Major Grasshopper is leading his band,
He's gaily caparisoned—epaulettes grand;
His coat is embroidered with gold and
fine lace,
He's truly the handsomest one of his race.
The band that's behind him's a curious crowd,
One half's playing softly, the other quite loud,
And each one is playing—I wish they'd for-
bear—


A totally different, separate air.
Why, two of the twelve queer musicians you see
Are playing "Remember" and "Annie Roo-ney,"
And two pert grasshoppers are having some fun
With "Bye, Oh My Baby" and "John, Get
Your Gun."

"Whoa, Emma!" and "Comrades" two others
now play,
And one of them's tooting the March Boulanger.
Then more are compelling the welkin to roar,
With "White Wings," "Mikado," and old "Pin-
afore."

While two you can't see are indulging in bets
At which can get quickest through "Sweet Vio-
lets."

Such music as comes from it all, I must say,
I've not heard before in the whole of my day;
To wish to hear more, were I big enough dunce,
I'd set forty hand-organs going at once,
And listen for two bars, or possibly three,
And then grab my hat and jump into the sea.





THE WOBBLEDYPIE



OH this is the horrible Wobbledypie,
Who sees through a wonderful window-
glass eye,
With shutters for lids,
No friend of the Tidds,
Who're always in hiding when Wobble is nigh.

Just look at his nose—what a curious nose!
'Twill reach from his forehead right down to his
toes.

The hat on his head
Is yellow and red,
A match for his fluffery, feathery clothes.

He stole his umbrella—'tis cotton, and green—
He eats all his meals with a sewing machine.
The chief of his joys
Is teasing Tidd boys
With tricks that are horrid, unpleasant and
mean.


Puts salt in their coffee and milk in their cream,
He throws their best clothes in the bubbling
stream
When swimming they go,
And cries out "O-ho!"
When anyone questions the use of the scheme.

The Tidds hate him most, though, because he has
got
One habit, the vilest of all the vile lot:
'Tis funny, he thinks,
To grab up the 'Winks
And souse 'em all into the mucilage pot,


Which makes 'em so sticky it makes 'em all cry,
And very unhappy, and that is just why
The 'Winkys all flee
Whenever they see
That horrible creature the Wobbledypie.

Topsy






THE TIDDLEYWINK PONY

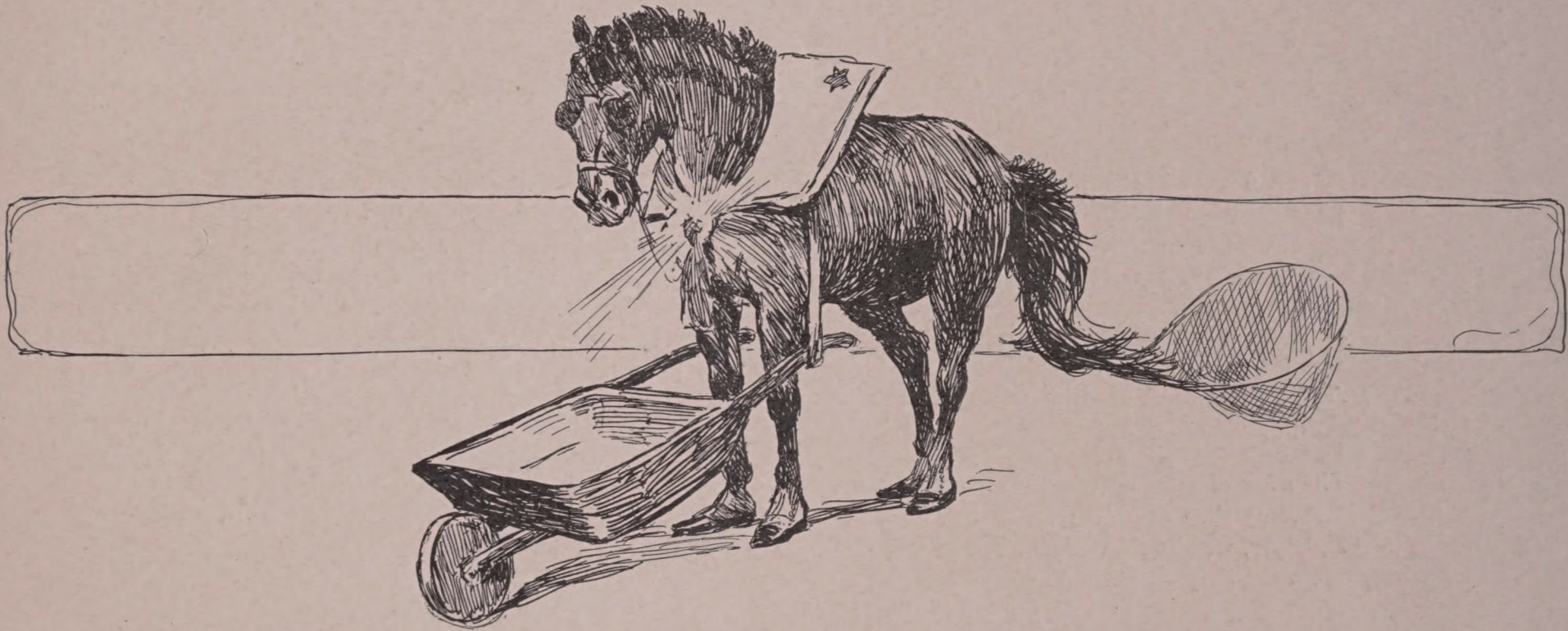



THIS is the pony—color, pink—
That's owned by Miss Red Tiddledywink,
Who keeps him always bright and clean
And feeds him well on vaseline.

The pony wears a diamond pin,
Just out of reach, behind his chin ;
A sailor-collar on his neck
That's white as snow, without a speck ;
Although blue specs the pony wears
Upon his eyes—he's several pairs—
His diamond shines so wondrous bright
It hurts the little pony's sight.
That net that grows upon his tail
To catch the flies doth never fail,
And when he's out upon the street
He wears fine shoes upon his feet ;

They're patent leathers—look and see—
And make his small heart beat with glee.
The barrow that he's harnessed to
Is painted red and white and blue,
And when Miss Ruby goes to ride
She sits upon the left-hand side,
And tells the pony, you must know,
Just where she does not want to go.
And then the pony goes straight there,
So that, to get most anywhere,
The only plan the owners find,
Is not to say what they've in mind,
But something else entirely
Which makes all right two times in three.
A strange small horse is this, I think,
But just right for a Tiddledywink.







THE TIDDLEYWINK FLOWERS



THE flowers in this pleasant land,
Although they're made of wax,
Are very pretty, and not one
A lovely perfume lacks.

A rose sometimes will smell just like
A bit of heliotrope,
And for the scent of mignonette
A lily e'en may hope.


The odor of the violet
At any time may come,
If, haply, we should wish for it,
To the chrysanthemum.

The mullen stalk may smell as sweet
As any flow'r that grows ;
And I have seen a bleeding heart
That smelt just like a rose.

Indeed, whatever odor we
Desire in any plant,
We always have, and no one dares
To tell us that we can't.

And this is how we get them so :
At first the seed is sown,
And then to water it we use
Our favorite cologne.





THE COCKADOODLEDON'T




IN me
You see
The famous Cockadoodledon't.
I *can* crow loud—but, no! I won't!
And that's the reason why, you see,
All people are so fond of me.
My feathers are of lovely hue—
Red, green and yellow, pink and blue,
And look most swell, so people say,
On bonnets, and I make 'em pay.
The ladies from the country round,
Besieging me, are always found.
Because my feathers are so grand
They're sought for throughout all the land,
So that I've gone into the trade,
And oh, the millions I have made!
Why, really, I just roll in wealth,
And haven't made a cent by stealth.
Just try to think,—
Excuse my wink,—
How much I make, my little man,
From working on this feather plan :
I sell blue feathers for a dime,
Unless you take eight at a time,

In which case I add on ten cents,
Because the labor is immense.
It takes a day, 'twixt me and you,
To grow a feather of that hue.
Red feathers cost you somewhat more,—
It takes two days to sprout forth four—
I charge eight dollars for a score.
But should you call for forty-nine,
To sell at all I would decline,
Because, you see, in winter weather,
I might be left without a feather,
And so contract a heavy cold,
Which for the health is bad, I'm told.
In other ways I'm doing well.
Folks send me flowers which I sell ;
And sometimes men send me cigars
Packed up in boxes and in jars,
The which I vend on railway cars.
All things considered, sir, it pays
To be a creature fond of praise
And get it—to know how to crow,
And keep my voice closed, don't you
know.

"None knew him but to
love him -

None named him but
to praise"





SLY OLD TOM

[RATTY SPEAKS]



RODY, see that sign there,
Old Tom Cat's put out?
Wants to curry favor,
Haven't any doubt.

Thinks the folks 'll like him,
If he catches me,
'Ticularly, Rody,
If he does it free.

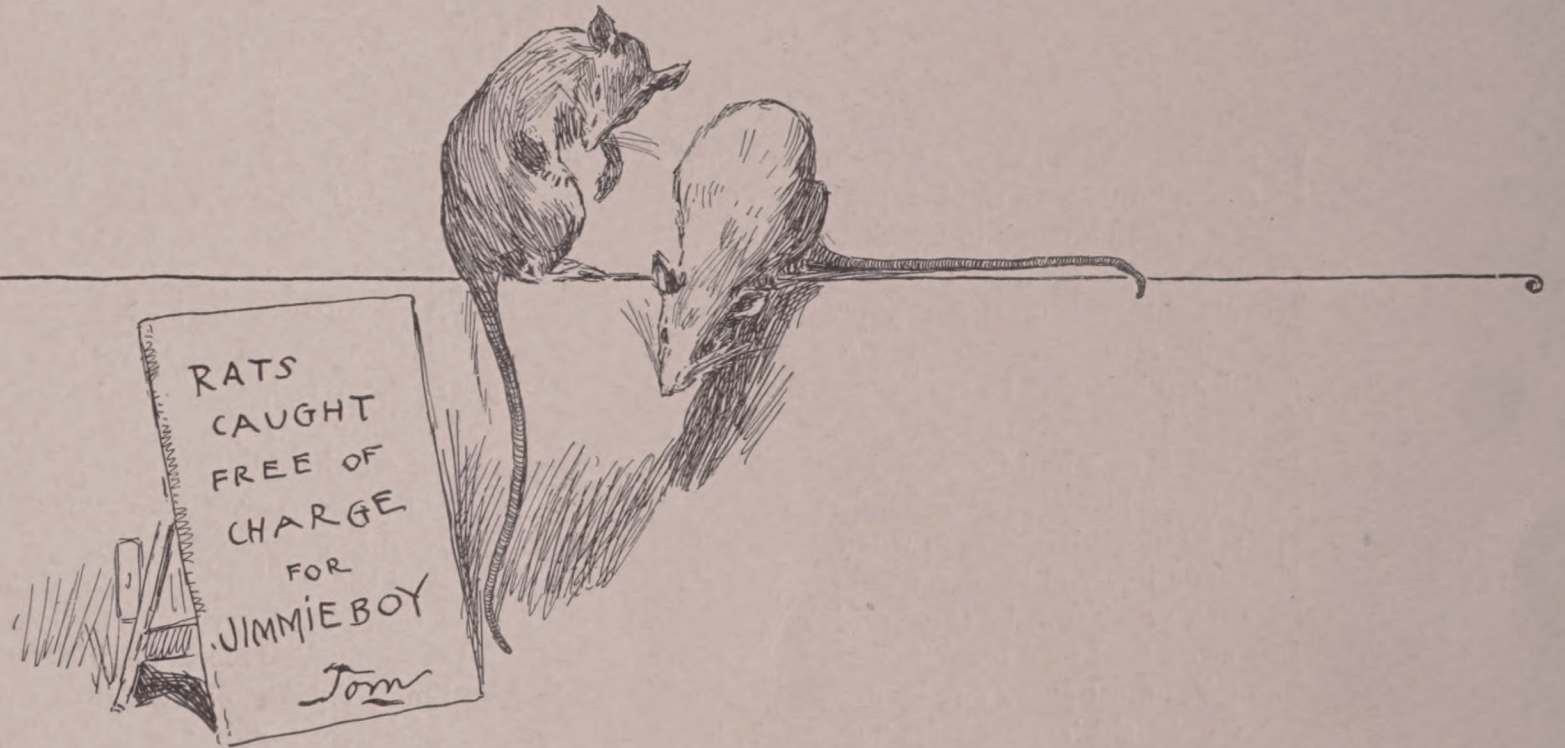
Horrid, mean old thing, he
Dearly loves a fight.
Hangs around my doorstep,
At it day and night.


He's a sly old creature,
Asks for no reward.
Hopes to get it, just the
Same, the mean old fraud.

Tries to catch me sleeping
Every night and day,
Says he'll never ask a
Single cent of pay.


But I know him, Rody,
Tommy thinks if he
Catches one of us poor
Rats next day he'll see

Round his neck a purple
Ribbon made of silk,
And for luncheon, maybe,
Sixteen quarts of milk.







THE TEEHEELEPHANT




HERE comes the great Teeheelephant,
Who wears a satchel, for he can't
Afford a trunk in which to hold
Gumdrops and peanuts, tarts and gold.
His disposition is most sweet,
His smile is broad—say, seven feet—
And when he's glad he laughs and shrieks
So that the echoes last for weeks.
His hide is soft and furry, and
Feels like a kitten's to the hand.
His eyes like rubies glisten when
He gets a jester in his den ;
Because, you know, he feeds on jokes,
Just as on beef feed other folks.
The jokes must every one be new,
Or else the Teehee cries "Boo-Hoo!"
And when he cries like that—poor wight!



It is a very painful sight.
Small Jimmieboy, whom here you see,
Is somewhat frightened at Teehee,
Because he never saw before
A creature having such a roar.
But little Tidd, who's with him there,
Is standing firm, without a care,
And says, "Don't be afraid, my boy,
I'll see that he does not annoy.
If he begins at teasing you,
He'll have to reckon with me, too ;
And though I'm small and rather slim,
I think I'm big enough for him."
Which makes me smile, for to Teehee
Small Tidd's no bigger than a pea,
And were I Tidd and little Jim,
I'd turn and madly flee from him.







A NARROW ESCAPE



ONE day, this poor Teeheelephant
Got weeping, just because
A great big awkward rabbit came
And stepped upon his paws.

Now, Teehee's paws are very soft,
And so, of course, it hurt
To have them trampled rudely on
By this young rabbit pert.

And so Teehee began to weep,
His tears coursed down his cheek,
And every now and then he'd ope
His small hand-bag and shriek.


A handsome life preserver that
Right by his cage was placed,
And tie it firmly round about
His twenty-eight-foot waist.

Then as the tears fell to the ground,
They formed a little pool,
For each was big as those great globes
The teachers use in school ;


And as the pool grew deeper, and
The water mounted high,
The more did poor old Teehee shriek,
The more did Teehee cry.

And finally, so hard he wept,
The pool reached to his knees ;
And he, I fear, would have been drowned
Had he not thought to seize







THE MISINFORMATION BIRD

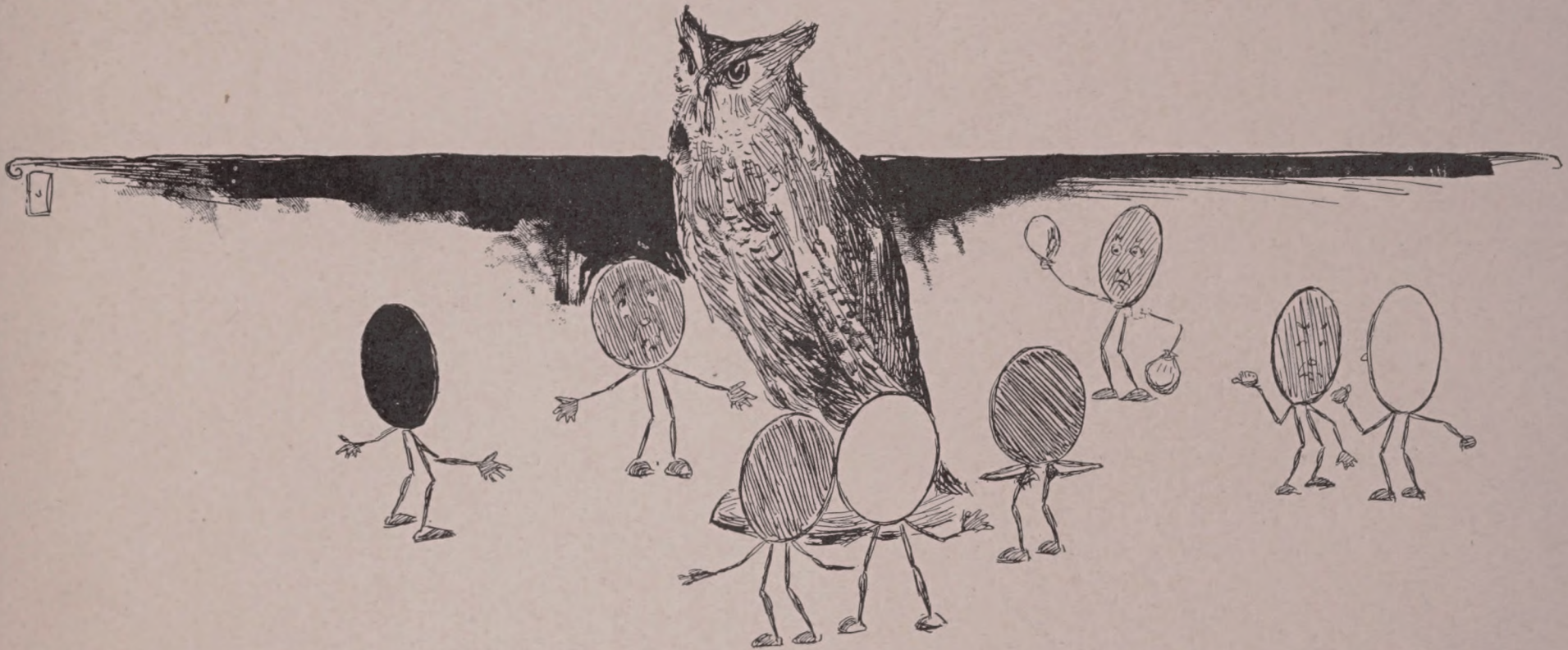



NOW, here's a very pretty fight,
The Tidds are wrathful, oh yes, quite,
Because the owl, that strange old bird,
Has told them things that are absurd ;
Which, when they told to other folks,
Those others said were only jokes.
For instance : first he told poor Red
A pin had brains within its head,
And Red supposed the old bird knew,
And told the Plush Dog it was true,
Whereat the Plush Dog laughed and laughed,
And said he thought that Red was daft.
To Blackey then the Owl remarked,
The big Oak-tree at midnight barked ;
Which Blackey went to hear and found
The green old tree made ne'er a sound.
But worst of all, the mean thing told
The small Blue Tidd that brass was gold,
And Bluey paid out eighty cents
To get a brass watch, worth two pence.



Another time the Owl observed
That base-balls should be square, not curved,
Whereat the Tidds got up a match,
And not a square ball could they catch,
Because the angles hurt their hands
And they were jeered at by the stands.
So that is why you see them now
Engaged in having one grand row,
And telling that old Owl that he
Is just as mean as mean can be ;—
And that they really don't believe
He knows a pocket from a sleeve ;
A red wheelbarrow from a clam ;
A river from a battering ram ;
The difference 'twixt an asymptote
And tooth-picks at a table d'hote.
In fact they say, " Bird, what you know,
Is of the sort that isn't so."
And while I'm not part of the fight,
I really think the Tidds are right.







“FARE, PLEASE”



I THINK perhaps, maybe,
This homely doll-baby,
Desires to ride on a railway somewhere,
And has had the hard fate,
To be stopped at the gate
By Shem, Ham or Japhet, demanding her fare.

There's a look of surprise
In the rag-baby's eyes,
At anything really so ridicu-lous.
No dolly that she e'er
Has heard of has paid fare,
And so Madame Raggy's inclined for a fuss.


“Look ye here, sir,” she says,
“The Rag-baby ne'er pays
For riding in cars, wagons, trucks, or on vans ;

I have always gone free,
Which is why, don't you see,
I have left buying tickets all out of my plans.”

But old Shem won't give in ;
He replies with a grin,
“The rules are quite plain as to your case applied.
All toys without nurses,
Must have in their purses,
The cash to pay up if they wish for a ride.

“So pay up your penny !”
“But, Shem, I've not any ! !”
“Step lively, then, madame, get out of the way.
I'll lend you a nickel
To buy a tricycle,—
You cannot ride free on the railroad to-day.”



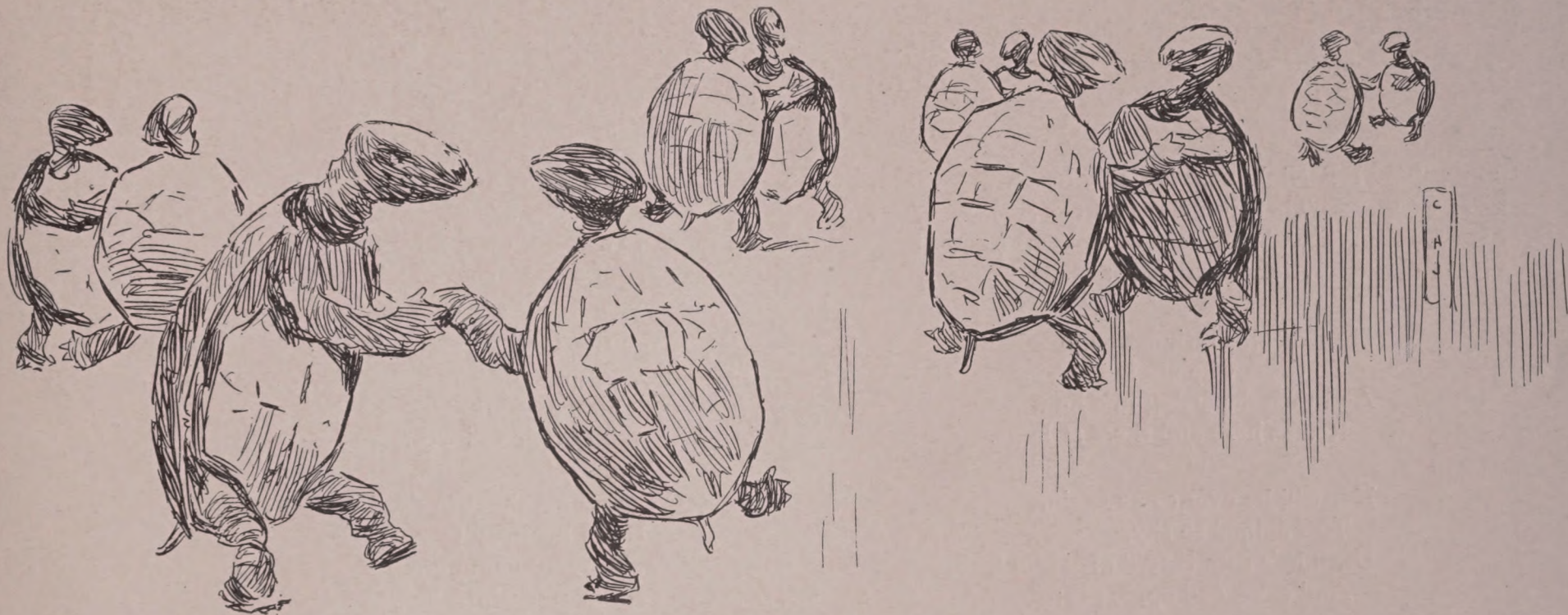



THE DANCING TURTLES



THESE Turtles do not really dance,
As though they learned to waltz in France,
Nor do I think, from what I see,
They studied it in Italy ;
And I am certain that their grace
Was not learned from the English race ;
And furthermore, I do opine
They never learned it near the Rhine ;—
And I will wager you a dime,
'Twas not acquired in Russian clime ;
And confident indeed I am,
'Twas quite unknown in Amsterdam.


The way they wobble 'bout the knees
Is utterly unlike Chinese ;
And Persians, when in dance they flit,
Are like the Turtles not a bit ;
Nor can they say they learned in far-
Off fabled, sunny India,
And he, I say, but tempts the fates,
Who says they studied in the States.
In fact, since watching them, my dear,
To my own mind 'tis very clear,
Their dancing is so strangely rare —
They never learned it anywhere.





THE NIGHTMARE

[BY THE RED TIDDLEDYWINK]



THE Nightmare is a silly horse,
That lives down in our Zoo,—
Who, when things do not suit him quite,
Kicks up a great ado.



He sends his resignation in
To those who are in charge,
And then departing in a huff,
Roams here and there at large.

Nor will he ever come again,
This animal so shy,
Until he's sure they'll give him fruit,
And cake, and apple pie ;

And cream and crackers ; nuts and wine ;
Asparagus and cheese ;
And custard, raisins, lemonade,
And oysters cooked with peas.

And this is why you rarely see,
In ordinary Zoos,
This disagreeable animal,
Who never will wear shoes,—

Who roams about in dead of night
Upon his tipsy toes,
And leaves behind him horrid dreams,
No matter where he goes.



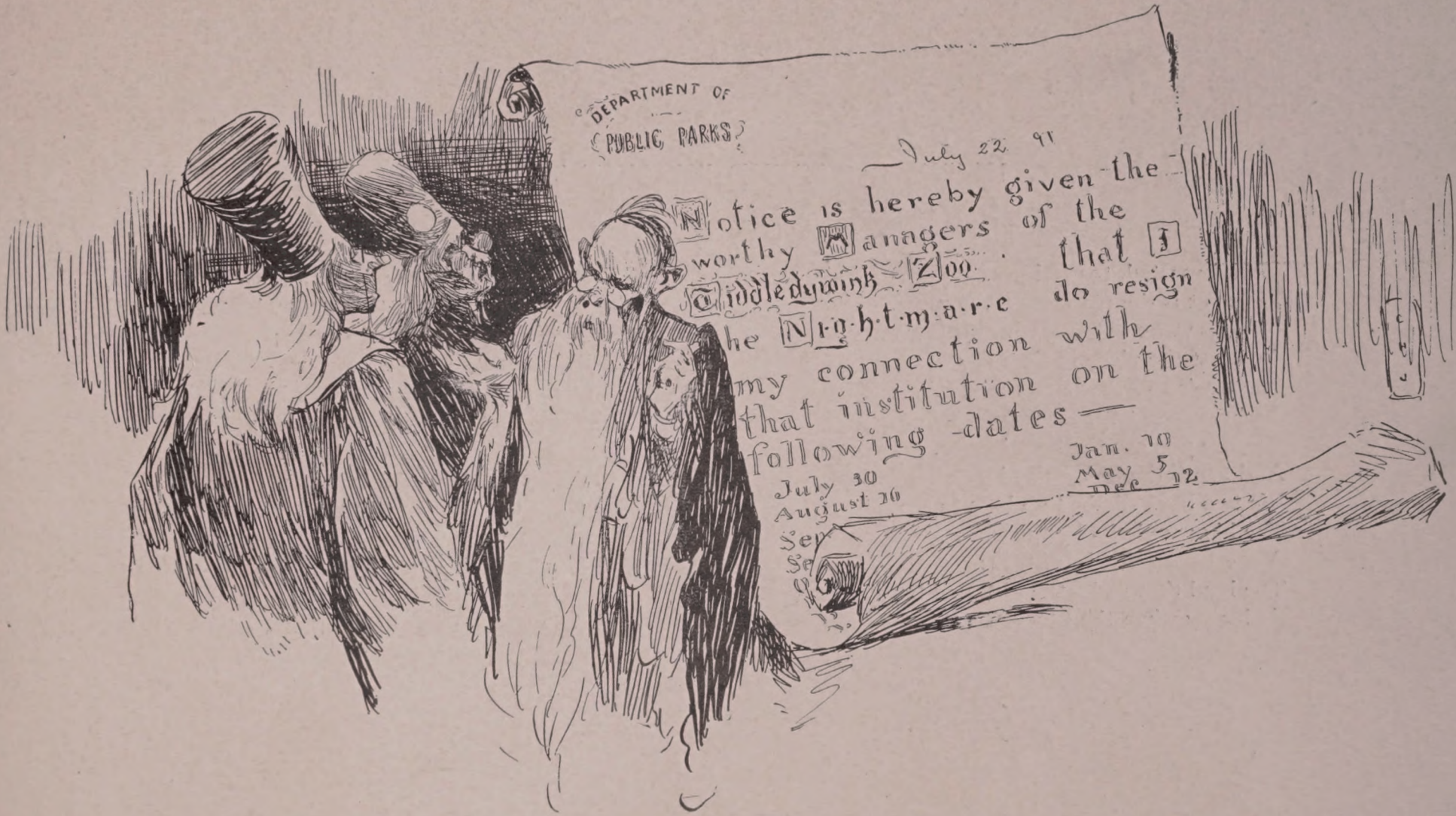
DEPARTMENT OF
PUBLIC PARKS


July 22 91

Notice is hereby given the
worthy Managers of the
Cuddledywinh Zoo that I
do resign
the Nightmare
my connection with
that institution on the
following dates —

July 30
August 20
Sep
Sep

Jan. 10
May 5
Dec 12





IN THE ROASTED PEANUT TREE




THE roasted, toasted peanut tree,
That is the place for us, you see.
'Tis warm as toast, when toast is warm,
And just the place in time of storm;
The tree's so hot the rain may fall,
And never wet the tree at all—
Because you see the heat is spry,
And keeps the boughs and peanuts dry.
We two have climbed up here to see
The big parade go by the tree;
A great parade it is, of toys:
The kind that make the girls and boys
So happy when the Christmas time

Comes round, and merry church-bells chime.
The Plush Dog's there, the Hobby-horse,
The Monkey-on-a-stick, of course;
The big glass Agate—like an eye—
With two slim legs goes stalking by,
And then Tin Soldiers by the score;
Shem, Ham and Japhet, and old Noah,
And all the beasts out of the Ark,
Like those they have up in the park.
Then Dolls with music in their throats,
And Lambs, and Rams, and Billy-goats,—
And as they march they all salute,
And then pass on upon their route.



DO NOT
MONKEY
WITH THE
PEANUTS



THE POLICEMAN'S CHORUS

WE are the noine tin-pin police,
We're none uv us very obese—
Which manes we're not fat,—
'Tis plain to see that
We're bound upon kapin' the peace.

We notice you think we luk queer,
Your smoiles reach around to your ear.
Ho-ho,—you don't dare
Come out uv your lair,
And give us wan chance at ye here.

Our names they are Patsy Tyrone,
Jim Murphy and Martin O'Hone,
And Billy O'Toole,
Pete Kelly, John Poole,
And Tom, Dick and Harry Malone.


We are the noine tin-pin police!
We're none uv us very obese,—
Which manes we're not fat;—
'Tis plain to see that
We're bound upon kapin' the peace!

There's eight from the ould town uv Cork
And wan from the Oislands of Ork.
We kem in a boat,
And phin we would vote,
We take a run down to New York.

Phin toys think they'll have a hub-bub,
And raise a great rub-a-dub-dub—
They call on us boys,
To squelch all thim toys,
And give the disthurbers the club.

And all the day,
It's, "Move on—say
What do ye think we're here for, eh?
You moind your eye,
And don't you thry
To sthop us moindin' yours,—hi—hi!"





NOT ENVIOUS




THE DOLL

IF I had been a Tiddledywink,
I should have died, I really think;
They are so very, strangely thin,
No sign of nose, nor any chin;
With legs that join right on their heads,
No bigger than most cotton threads;—
No hair to mention, and their feet
So large they take up all the street,
Their eyes, as far as I can see,
Not made of glass, but ivory,—
You can't see through such eyes, you know,
And glass is made to look through,— so
I really am most glad to think
I am a Dolly dressed in pink,
And not a moon-faced Tiddledywink.


THE TIDDLEDYWINKS

We'd hate to be that Dolly there
So loaded down with flaxen hair,
With eyes that shut and eyes that wink,
And dresses made of blue and pink,
She always has to sit and be
The pink of pink propriety.
She cannot dance for fear she'll lose
The buttons off her dollar shoes.
She cannot fall from chairs or bed
For fear she'll crack her waxen head.
She can't enjoy those lovely clothes,
Because she can't see past her nose.
She can't eat rich and creamy whips,
Because she cannot move her lips,—
And worst of all, with pride she's puffed,—
Although with sawdust she is stuffed.





CHICKENING



THE Tiddledywinks don't care to fish, the
water is so wet,
And so, when they would have some sport,
such as the anglers get,
They sail down to the chicken-yard aboard a
wagonette.


There, to a piece of thread, they tie a hook made
from a pin,
Which baited with a grain of corn,—their faces
all a-grin,—
They cast out on the ground, and then they call
the chickens in.

And oh! the sport those Tiddles have! The ban-
tams they do catch!
Sometimes they haul a rooster in,—a rooster
hard to match,—
And once a Tidd a turkey caught,
down in the cabbage patch.


And how the ducks and goslings quack when they
perchance are snared;
And how the geese all waddle off, their bravery
impaired
By seeing others getting that for which they're
not prepared!

Indeed, this chickening's lots of fun, as those
who've tried remark.
There is no chance of drowning, or of being gone
'til dark,
And some folks say the chickens think it is a
jolly lark—

As well they may, because they know,—that is,
the chickens do,—
That being caught by Tidds does not involve a
chicken stew,
Because they're always let go free when'er the
angler's through.





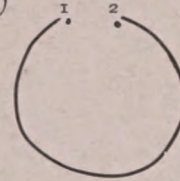


ROUND THE WORLD




THESE Tiddledywinks, they thought one day,
They'd like to travel far away,
And see how big the big world was—
Just as the great explorer does.
And so they got upon a train,
That went out West and back again ;
And then they stepped on board a ship,
And o'er the ocean made a trip ;
Through China journeyed ; then struck South,
To where the Ganges keeps its mouth ;
Through Persia, Turkey, Russia, then
To where Wilhelm holds sway o'er men ;
Through France to England ; then the three
Once more crossed o'er the salt, salt sea
To Yankeeland, and then straight home,
Resolved no more again to roam.
And they decided, after all,
The world, though big, was likewise small.


“Because,” said one, “the world is round,”
(And marked two points upon the ground
Like this)



“And goes from one to two,
Which makes it plain to me and you,
That, though one way 'tis many a mile,
And takes, to walk, a wondrous while,
The other way, the total trip
Is hardly more than I can skip
Upon one leg, and not half try,
And that's the way to go, say I!”
Their brothers, though, were glad that they
Had really gone the other way,
Through seas and far-off lands of kings,
Because they brought home such fine things.







THE FOOLISH TENPIN



THIS Tenpin is a foolish thing
To leave his native town,
To seek his fortune in this world,
Where he must be bowled down

Why, when you think how beautiful
This Tenpinville must be,
'Tis hard to understand just why
The Tenpins from it flee.

I'm told that sweetest fruits grow wild
Out in the Tenpin fields ;
That forty thousand quarts each day
The Tenpin cream-well yields ;

Ah ! Tenpin, do not leave this place,
This lovely, happy town,
To seek your fortunes in the world,
Where you will be bowled down.

That Sunday clothes cost nothing there ;
And that the circus pays
The Tenpins who will come and laugh
At what the old clown says ;

That school keeps only Saturday ;
That candy grows in beds ;
And that in summer Tenpins can
Go coasting on their sleds ;

That soda-water's always free ;
That birds sing real, live tunes ;
And that the Tenpin boys eat jam
All day with table spoons.

TENPINVILLE

GO TO THE
LAKES
VIA THE GREAT

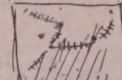
BIG ROUTE

GO
TO
NEW
YORK



NEXT TRAIN
LEAVES
AT
10 P.M.

THE...
Great
BASKET
LINE




BOSTON
NEW YORK

THE
SNAPPER
ROUTE
TO
BOSTON
AND
ALL POINTS
EAST & SOUTH

ARE YOU
Going North
IF SO TAKE
THE
CLOTHES
LINE FROM
POLE to POLE





A SLEEPING CONTEST




HERE is a most exciting race,
Far more so than the huntsman's chase
Of deer and fox, through wood and dale ;
Far more so than small boats to sail ;
Far more exciting than that one
In which two mortals take a gun,
To see how near a wee small spot
Each one can plant an ounce of shot.
'Tis more exciting, too, they say,
Than catching sardines in the bay ;
Or putting salt on robins' tails,
Or riding horseback after snails,
Or hunting horse-flies with a bow,
Or fighting tigers with a hoe,


Or chasing ostriches and mice
On summer days across the ice.
But what is best about this race
Is that it leaves no single trace
Of weariness in those who try
Conclusions with a tight-closed eye.
And sometimes when the baby cries
At night, and will not close his eyes,
I tell him, right straight to his face,
I wish he'd try one little race
With me, and see which of us two
Could quickest go to sleep, and who
Could win the contest, rather odd,
By reaching first the Land of Nod.

SLEEPING
CONTEST





THE WHIMPERJAM



THIS is the wondrous Whimperjam
Eating his mid-day meal;
A shoe-horn for a nose he has,—
I wonder if it's steel;

Or only brass, like most shoe-horns,
And parlor fire tongs;
Just see his arms,— four-jointed, and
His fingers look like prongs.

His mouth, it seems, is very small
For him to whimper through,
And eat his jam with thrice a day,
Just as we mortals do.

Because I do not think that he
Is handsome, like the clam.
There really is small beauty in
This famous Whimperjam.


And see the stockings on his legs,—
They look like barber poles,—
Except they're rather slim for that,
And doubtless full of holes.

That ruff that runs around his neck,—
How strange that ruff appears—
It is, I think, a pity that
It does not hide his ears.

Indeed, I think it would be well
If that fine ruff could hide
His eyes and nose, his legs and arms,
And all the rest beside;







GREEDY SI



THIS is a picture of a boy,
Who Pumpkin pie did so enjoy
That he would gnash his teeth and cry
At all times, when not eating pie.
His name was Si.
'Twas pie for breakfast, pie for lunch,
And pie at dinner Si would munch.
'Twas pie at dawn and pie at night.
For pie he'd scream and howl and fight.
Before, betwixt and after meals,
He'd eat these dainties shaped like wheels;
Until, one day,
He put, they say,
Some fourteen dozen pies away,
Which filled his parents with dismay.
And then! Oh then! next morning came,
And Si was missed. They called his name—
“Oh Si! Say, Si!”
They offered sixteen kinds of pie,

But to their calls came no reply—
And why?

Because that naughty, wicked boy,
Who pumpkin pie did so enjoy,
Himself had turned into a pie,—

Poor Si!

And, what was worse, a hungry wight
Had broken in the house that night
And stolen that same pumpkin pie,
And swallowed it—and swallowed Si,—

That naughty, greedy little boy,
Who pumpkin pie did so enjoy,
He'd fight


All night

To get a bite

Of pie; Oh, my!

The moral, as it strikes my eye,
Is, that the parents of poor Si
Did wrong to let him have the pie.





THE UNHAPPY ELEPHANT



“Oh, dear! Oh, dear!” the Elephant said,
“It is so awful hot!
I’ve fanned myself for twenty weeks,
And haven’t cooled a jot.”

“It’s terrible to be so large,
In days as hot as these,—
There’s so much of one to be warm,
And very little breeze.”

“Each boy and girl that comes here brings
An apple or a pear,
When I would give my lovely tusks
For just one breath of air.”

“And though peanuts and ginger-snaps
Are often very nice,
There are times when I should prefer
A berg or two of ice.”

“For don’t you see, the more I fan
Myself to cool one spot,
The other sections of myself
Grow nearly twice as hot.”

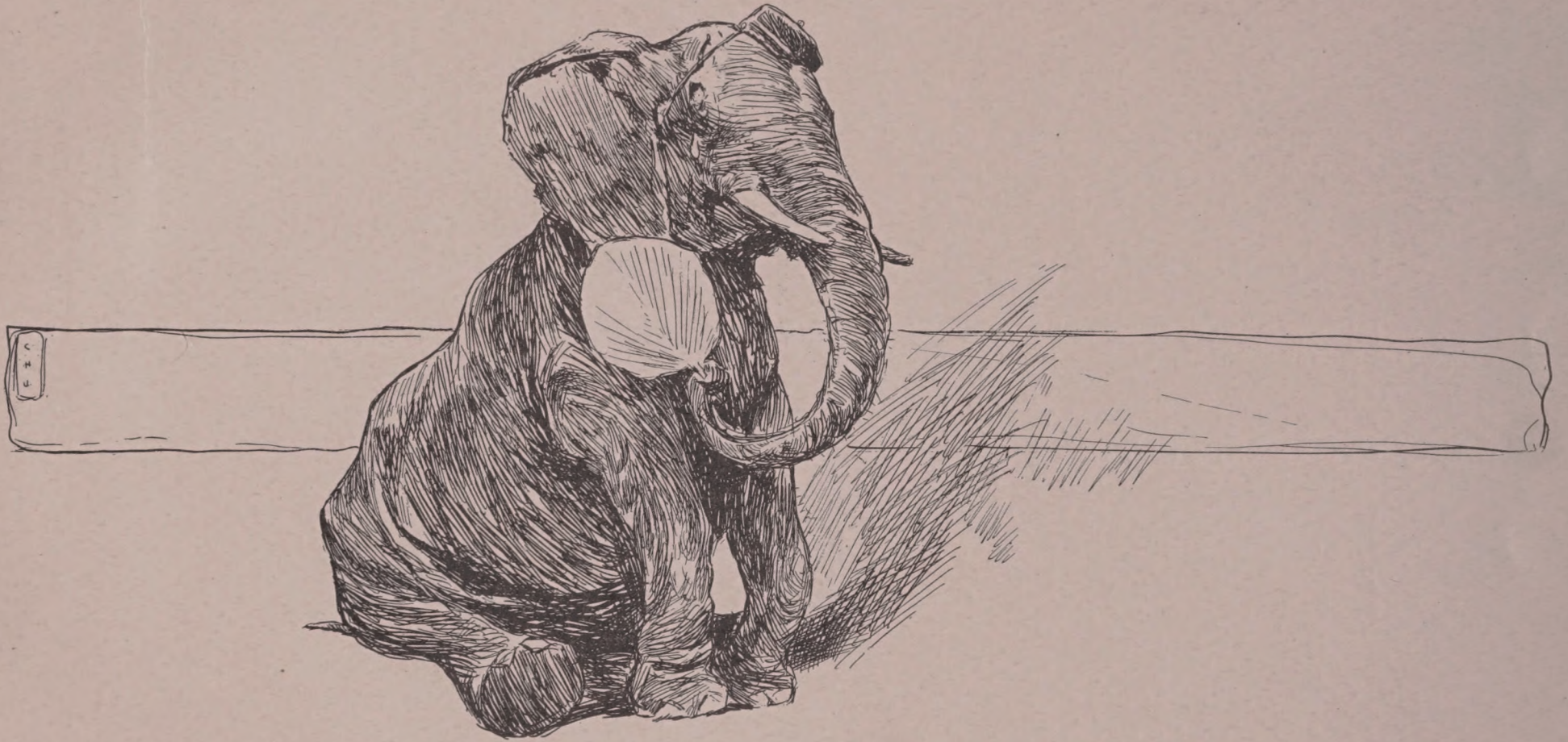
“It’s very well to jeer at me,
And say I’ve got a fan;
But can’t you see it was not made
For me, but for a man?”


“The fan that’s really large enough,—
The fan of which I dream —
Is larger than an opera house,
And should be worked by steam.”

“Ah! would I were an oyster down
Beneath the vasty deep,
Where it is always cool and calm,
And living’s very cheap.”

“Oh, would I were a What-is-it,
A camel or a bear,
A puppy dog from Mexico
That hasn’t any hair;

“Oh, would I were a kangaroo,
Or anything extant,
Except a sizzling, suffering,
Red-hot old Elephant.”





THE OWL




"I THINK," to me observed the Owl,
"That I'm a truly wondrous fowl.
My eyes are big as all out doors,
And sharp as needles are my claws.
Here in my head is wisdom stored,
Much greater than the books afford.
If you should ask me what I think
I'm worth, I'd say without a wink,
Ten thousand hens, a million geese,
Plus twenty thousand quail, obese,
Plus sixty billion robin eggs,
Plus eighty storks with fourteen legs,
Plus sparrows, roosters by the score,
Plus ninety million turkeys more.
Just add to these a herd of calves,
Divide me up in sixty halves,
And all these things you've heard me name
Would equal just one of those same.
Why, really, if you'd offer me
All birds in air, all fish in sea,
With men and beasts, and land thrown in,
I'd look at you and mildly grin,

And say, 'Cheep! Cheep! Too Cheep. You may
Not buy a bird like me to-day;
For what you offer is too small.
You could not buy me, sir, at all—
Not even were the universe
Shut up there in your silken purse!
But, if you'd like to hire me
To come and board and lodge with thee,
Why, that is different; I'll come,
For—let me see—we'll put the sum
At fifty cents a year, and I
Will board and lodge there 'till I die!
What's that? You say you wouldn't keep
A thing like me near where you sleep?
Too—whoo! Too—whoo! Too—whit! Too—
whay!

Is all, dear sir, I've got to say—
And if you knew just what that meant
Your feelings would be turbulent!

Too-oo-oo-ooo
Whoo-oo-ooo!"





FROM THE BLACK TIDDLEDYWINK'S NURSERY MELODIES



MR. RAM'S STORE

BAH, Bah, old gray Ram,
Have you any silk?
Not a spoonful, but I am
Well supplied with milk.

Bah, Bah, tell me, then,
Have you cottage cheese?
Not a bit, Ma'am, but I've splen-
Differous green peas.

Bah, Bah, give me some
Loaves of fancy breads.
Madame, I have not a crumb;
Won't you buy some sleds?

Bah! Ram, will you say
Why this store you run?
Yes, dear Madame, that I may
Have a bit of fun.

A DISAPPOINTMENT

I had a little Billy Goat,
His name was Dapple Pink,
I dressed him in a blanket blue,
With lining made of mink.

I sent him to the County Fair,
Dressed in his Sunday rig,
But just because he ate so much,
They said he was a pig.

And as he was not very fat,
And hadn't button eyes,
The judge decided that he'd give
Another pig the prize.

BABY

Giggle, giggle,
[Writhe and wriggle,
Papa's gone to town ;]
Nurse's washing baby's things,
Mamma, do not frown.

SNOW


Snow, snow, do not pack,
For the shovelling breaks my back.




“Hey Diddle Diddle
The Pig and the Griddle
The Cat sat down on
the Range

The Little Mouse grinned
When the Taters were skinned
And the Butcher ran off
with the Change.”





JIMMIEBOY TO THE TIDDLEDYWINKS



“TIDDLES,” said Jimmieboy,
When they were through,
“I’ve had an elegant
Journey with you.

“I’ve seen the strangest of
Wonderful things—
Rarer, far rarer than
Wren’s teeth or kings.

“And I am sorry, sirs,
Now we’ve returned,
That our convention is
To be adjourned.


“But, I will tell you what:
If you will go
Whither I take you, I’ll
Show you *my* show.

“For I have animals
Up in my lair,
Fine as the Mangatoo,
Or the Nightmare.

“Lions of plaster and
Horses of wool,
Marvellous creatures, sirs,
By the Arkful.

“Soldiers, the bravest of
Brave, made of tin;
Walking dolls, talking dolls,
Dolls that will grin.

“Come with me, any time,
And I will see,
If I can’t make you glad
As you’ve made me.”





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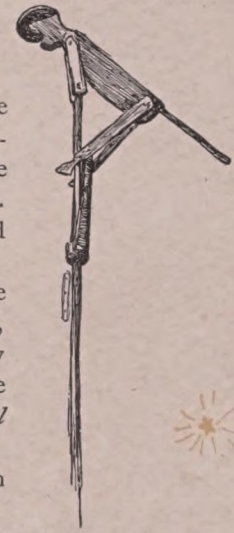
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