

# THE GUESS BOOK OF RIDDLES



L.J. BRIDGMAN

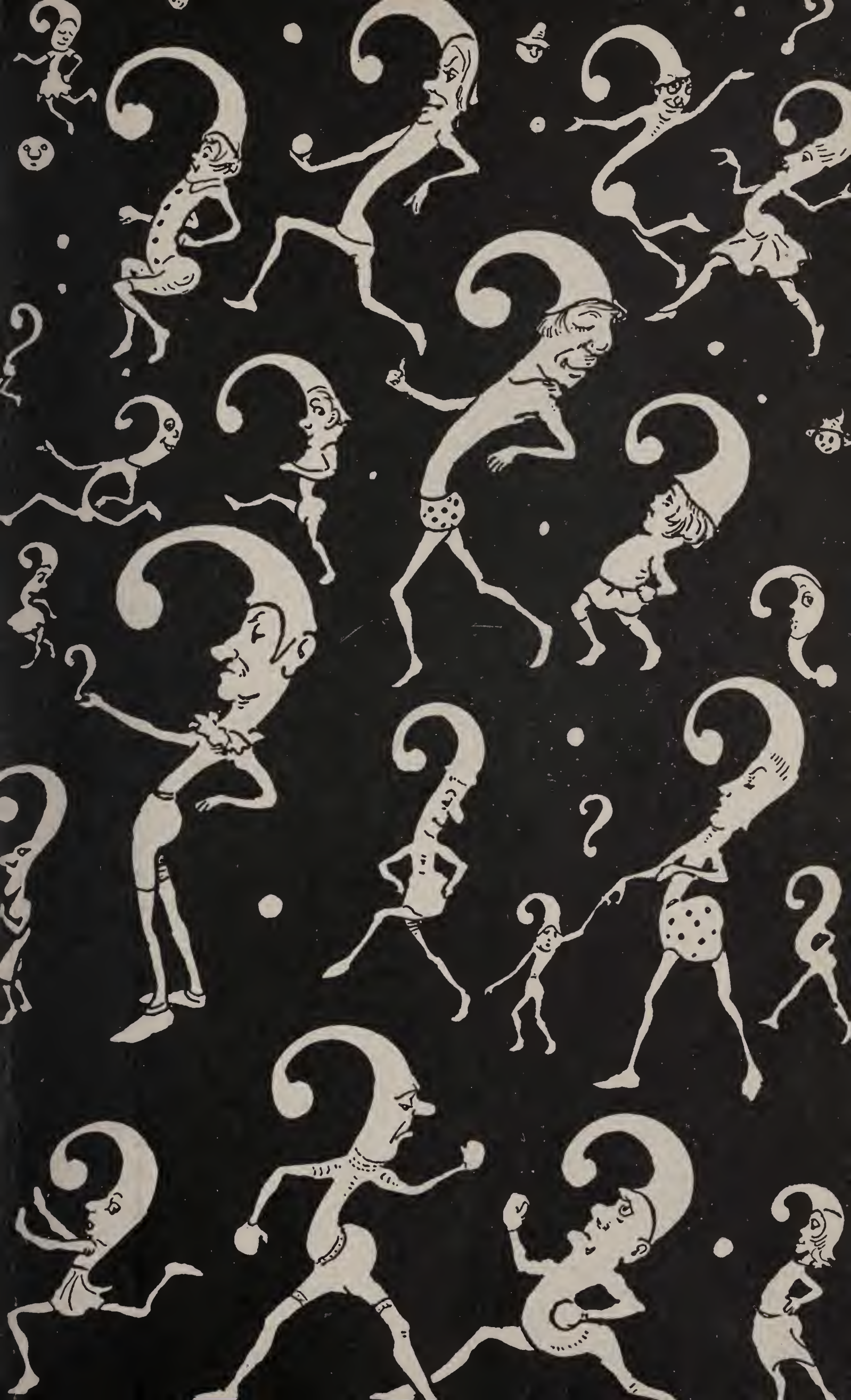


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# A GUESS BOOK OF RIDDLES









**O**n the trail of the What-is-it



# THE GUESS BOOK OF RIDDLES

VERSES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

L. J. BRIDGMAN

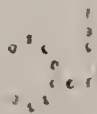


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SEP 18 1929

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# IMPORTANT!



THE right-hand pages hold their riddles  
I Guess them if you can, sirs,  
But if you can't, just turn the pages—  
There you'll find the answers.



Answers on the back.

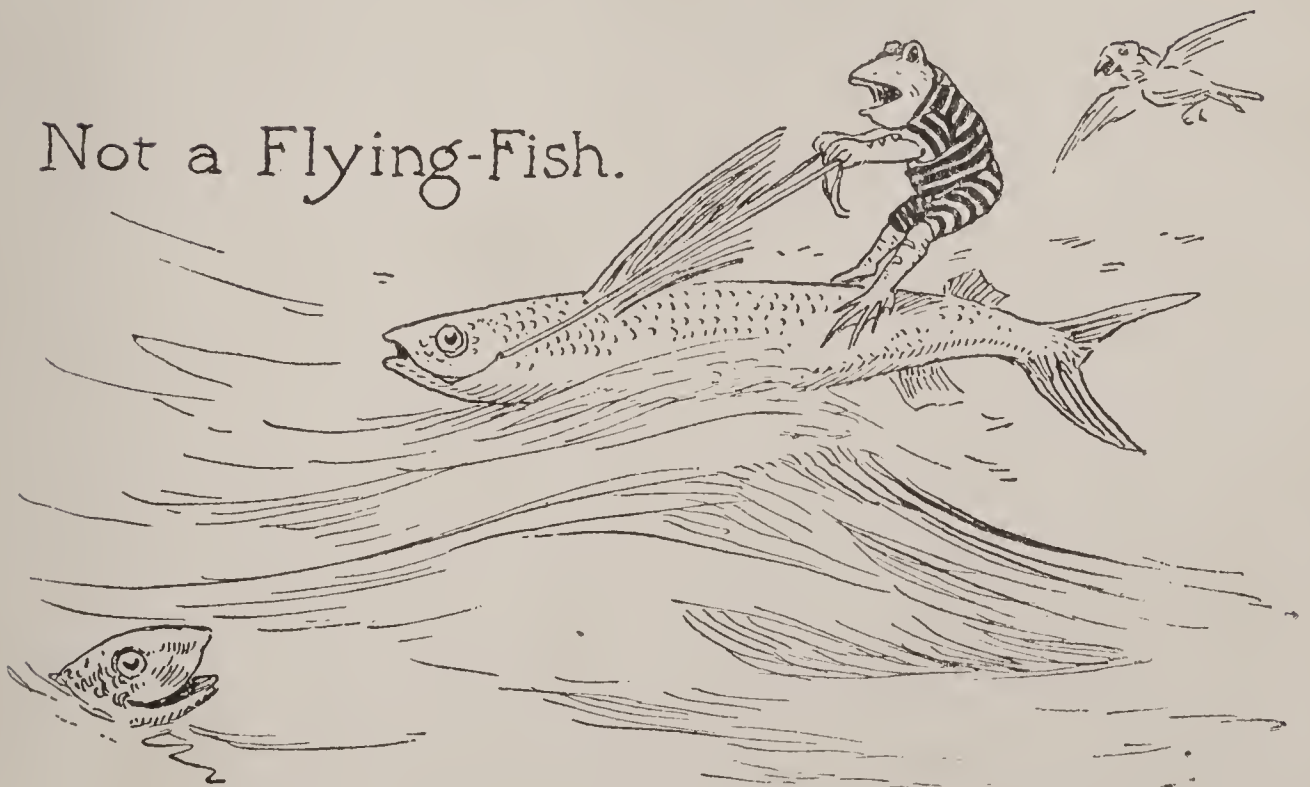
SEP 18 1929

Not the Ocean,



ITS waves and ripples please us all,  
We love to see it flying.  
And none can make a better one,  
You'll waste your time in trying.

Not a Flying-Fish.



# OUR FLAG.



## Not Travelers.

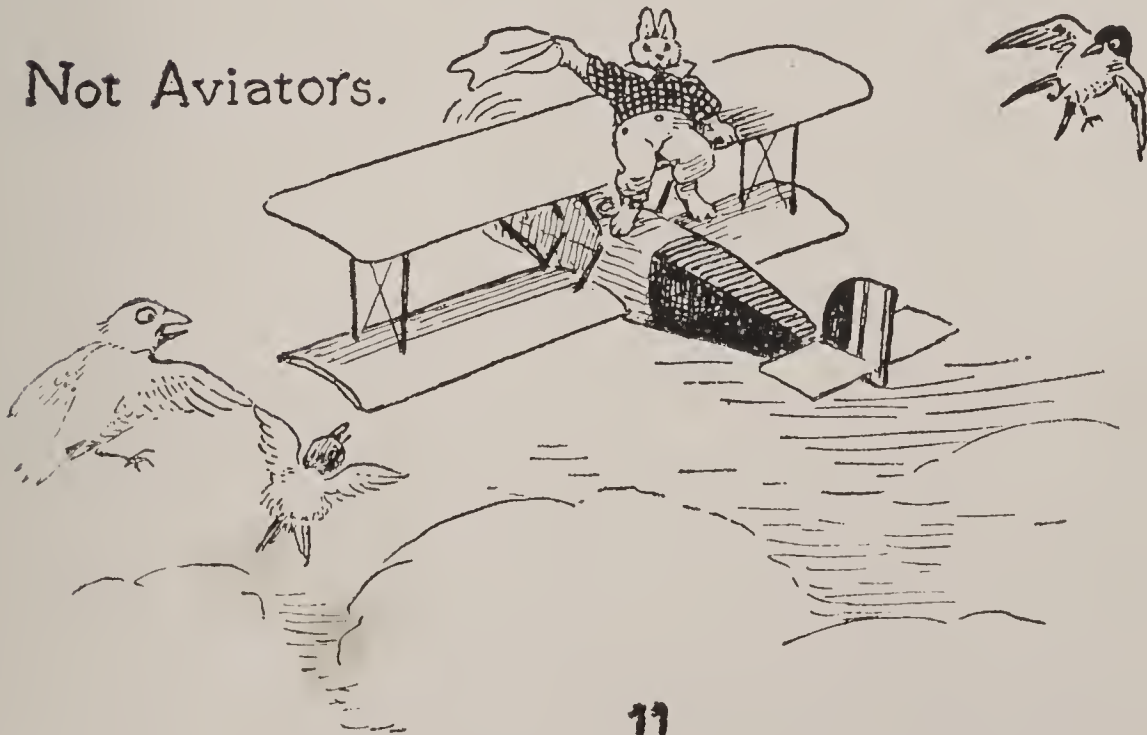


**T**HEIR trunks are all packed and they wave their salutes.

Will they hurry away on the wing?  
Don't worry, my dear; you'll not lose them. Don't fear!

They never do leave till the spring.

## Not Aviators.

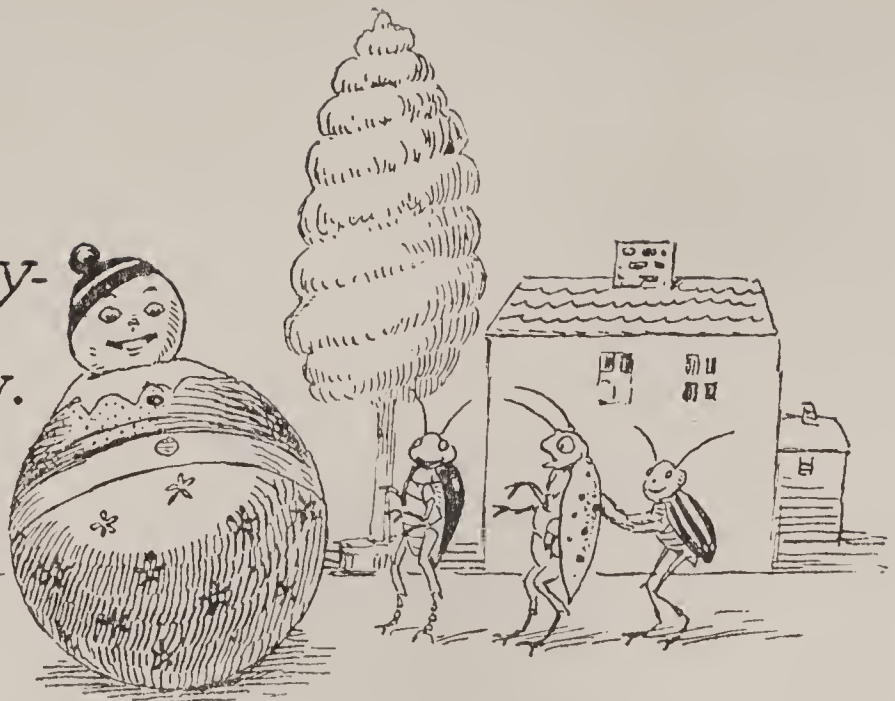


# TREES.





Not a Humpty-  
Dumpty.




**H**E lived for days and months and  
years  
Almost away from air,  
And never a leg nor arm had he,  
And never a lock of hair.  
But neither crippled nor lame was he,  
Nor had he a coat to wear.

Not a Frog.



# A FISH.





Not a Prima Donna.


THE songs she sings beneath bright  
moons

Disturb my night's repose,  
But, oh, those whispery, rumbly tunes!

She charms us all with those.

You must come near and listen well  
To hear her rumble song.

I've told enough so you should tell  
To whom these songs belong.



Not Baby.

# A CAT.



Not a Vacation.



A DIGGER worked to get it,  
It took him all the day.  
And when, at last, he got it,  
What was it, anyway?

So light you couldn't weigh it,  
No color one could see,  
Much bigger than the digger,  
What, then, could it be?



Not a Gas Well.

# A HOLE.



Not a Camp.



I KNOW a place where fellows go  
Without a shoe or stocking.  
And no one tells them, "Go away!"  
Or thinks their costume shocking.



Each year I spend much of my time  
In that delightful place,  
And while I'm there, they don't expect  
A boy to wash his face.



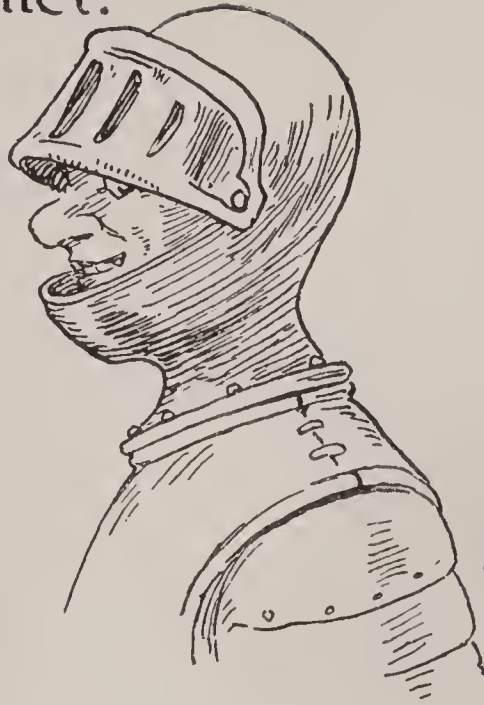
Not Fairy-Land.

# A BED.





Not a Helmet.



Not a Crown.



Not  
a Wreath.

LIKE a cap, it is worn on the head,  
And its color, brown, yellow or  
red,  
May change much in style  
If worn a great while,  
And look like a hank of white thread.



Not a 'Tam'.



Not a Ribbon.

Not a Net.



# HAIR.



Not a Prowler.

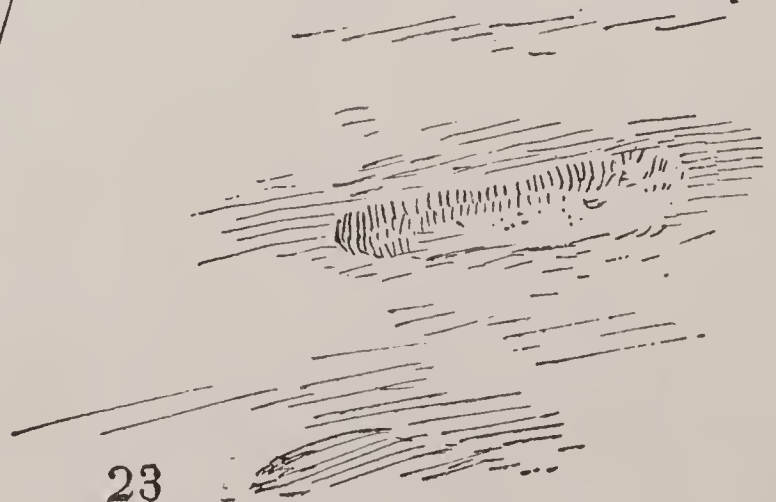


DOES it fear the sun, or why  
Does it behave so very shy?  
It always right behind me goes  
When sunshine falls upon my nose.  
'Tis mine, as any one can see,  
It looks, sometimes, so much like me.

Not a Dog.



Not a Footstep.



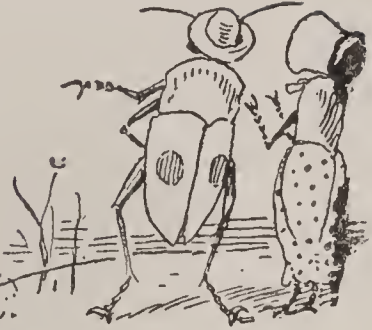
# A SHADOW.



Not this.



Not a Gimlet.



Not a shovel.



ONE eye, sharp toe,  
Not an ear or nose,  
Stabs here, stabs there,  
In and out she goes.

No mouth, she's fed  
Only in her eye.  
Slim, sleek, pushed, pulled,  
Never known to cry.

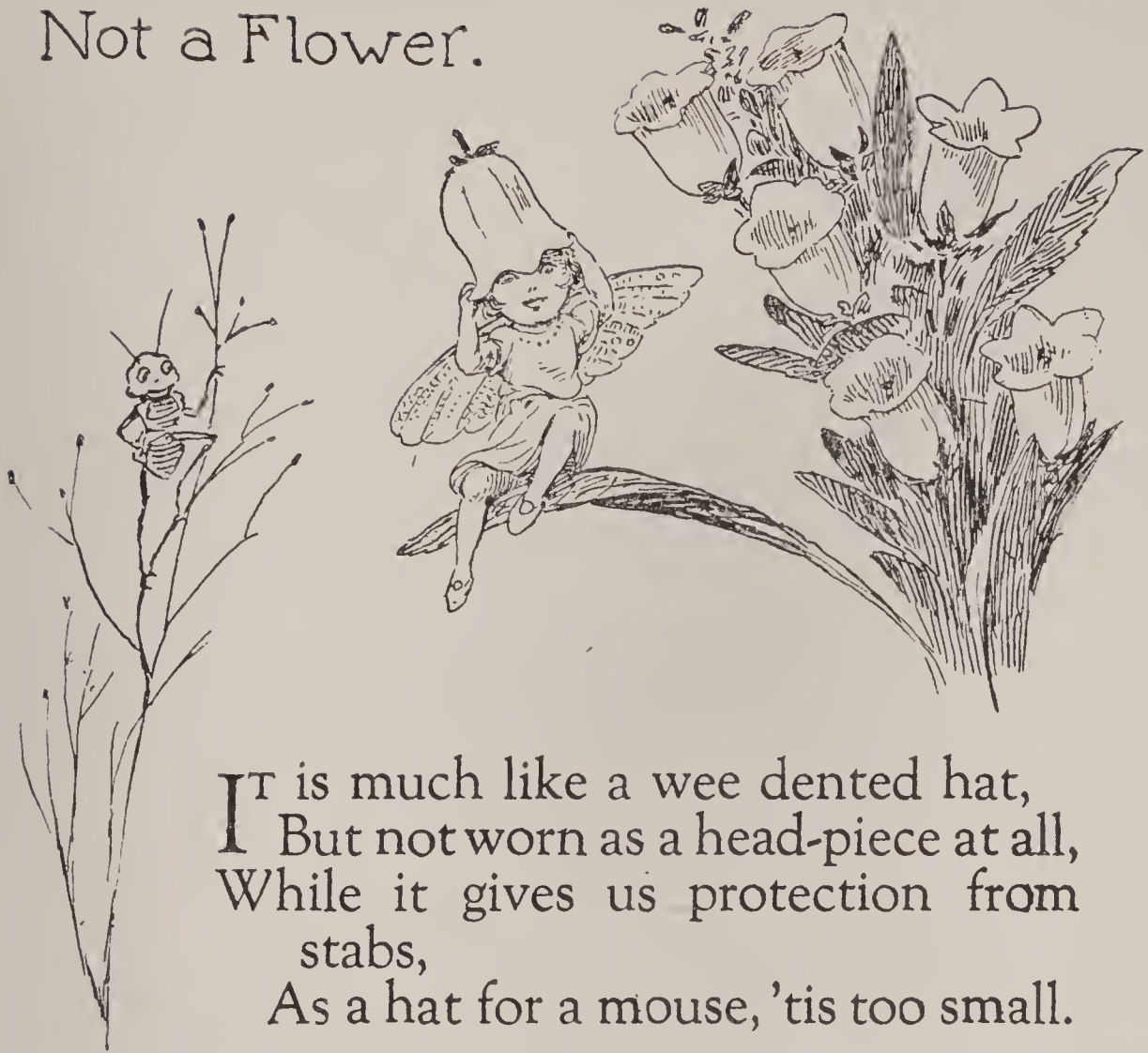


Not an Awl.

# A NEEDLE.

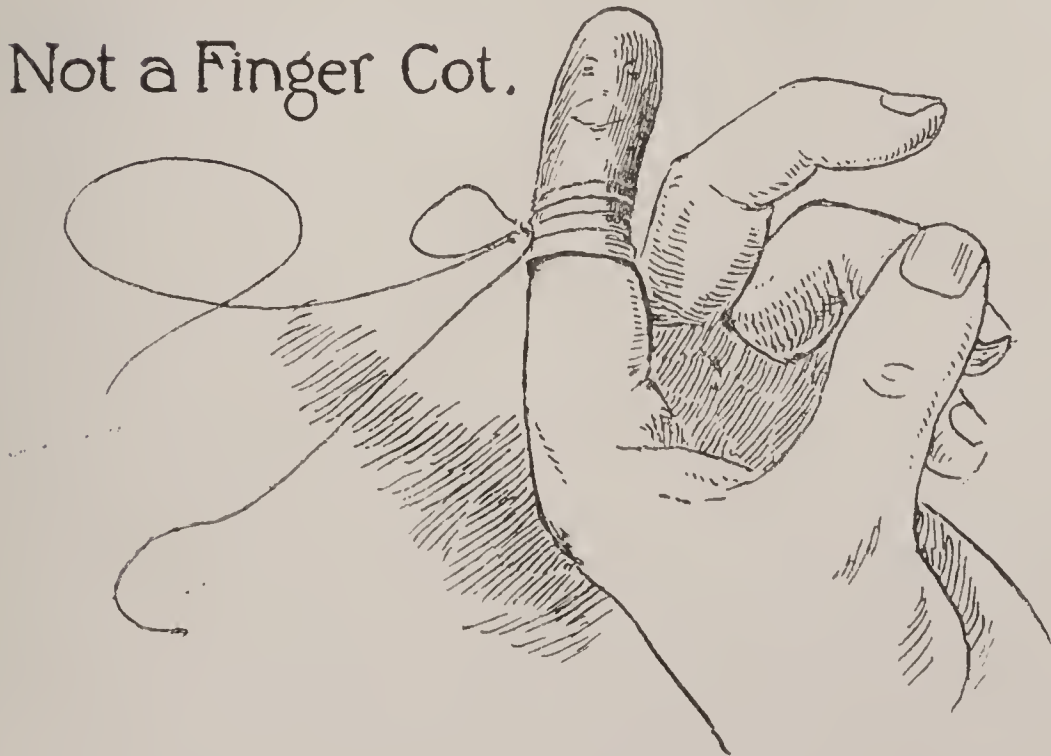


Not a Flower.



IT is much like a wee dented hat,  
But not worn as a head-piece at all,  
While it gives us protection from  
stabs,  
As a hat for a mouse, 'tis too small.

Not a Finger Cot.



# A THIMBLE.





Not Pupils.

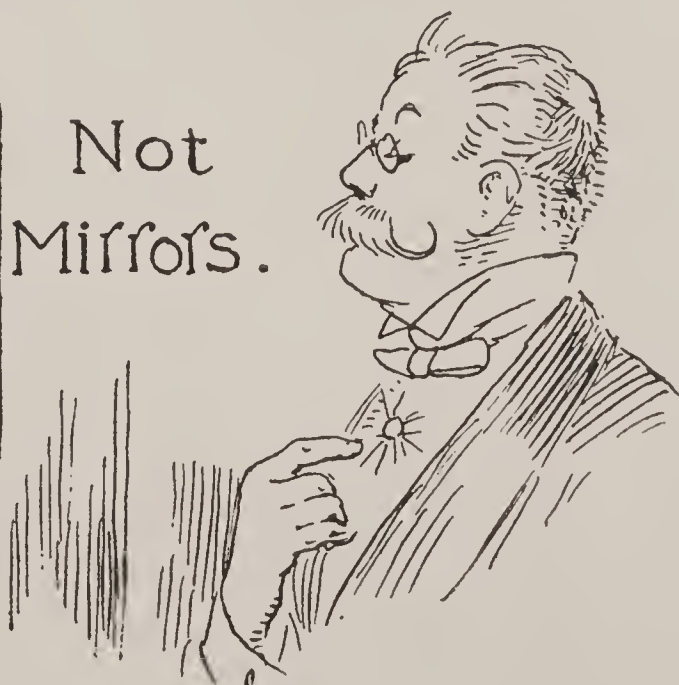


THEY are pretty and polished,  
But each one demands  
A quite close inspection  
Of faces and hands.

But you never need worry;  
Their features will pass  
A most careful inspection;  
They're kept under glass.



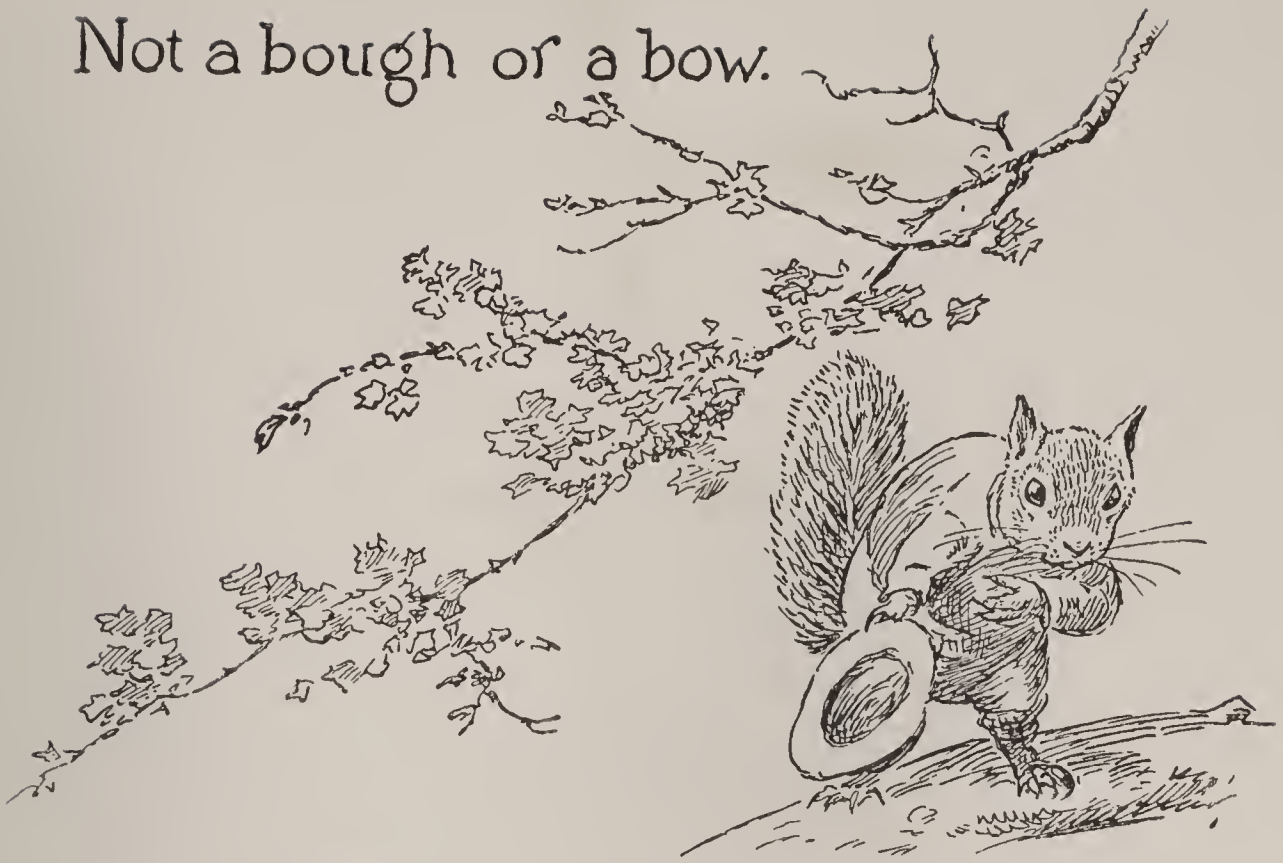
Not  
Mirrors.



# WATCHES.



Not a bough or a bow.



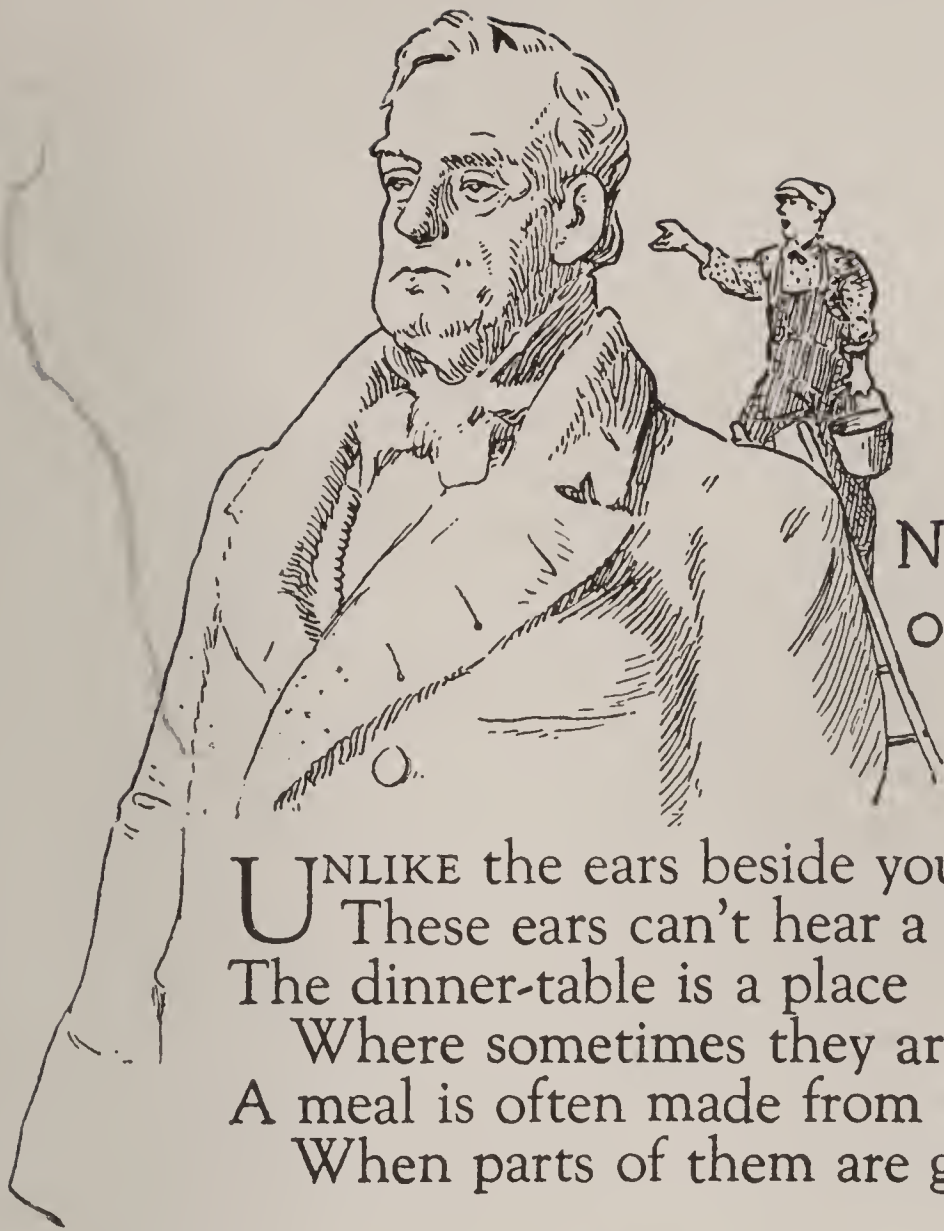
THEY say each tree has it,—  
A dog has it, too.  
But a dog's is a kind  
Not open to view.

Neither Fur nor Fir.



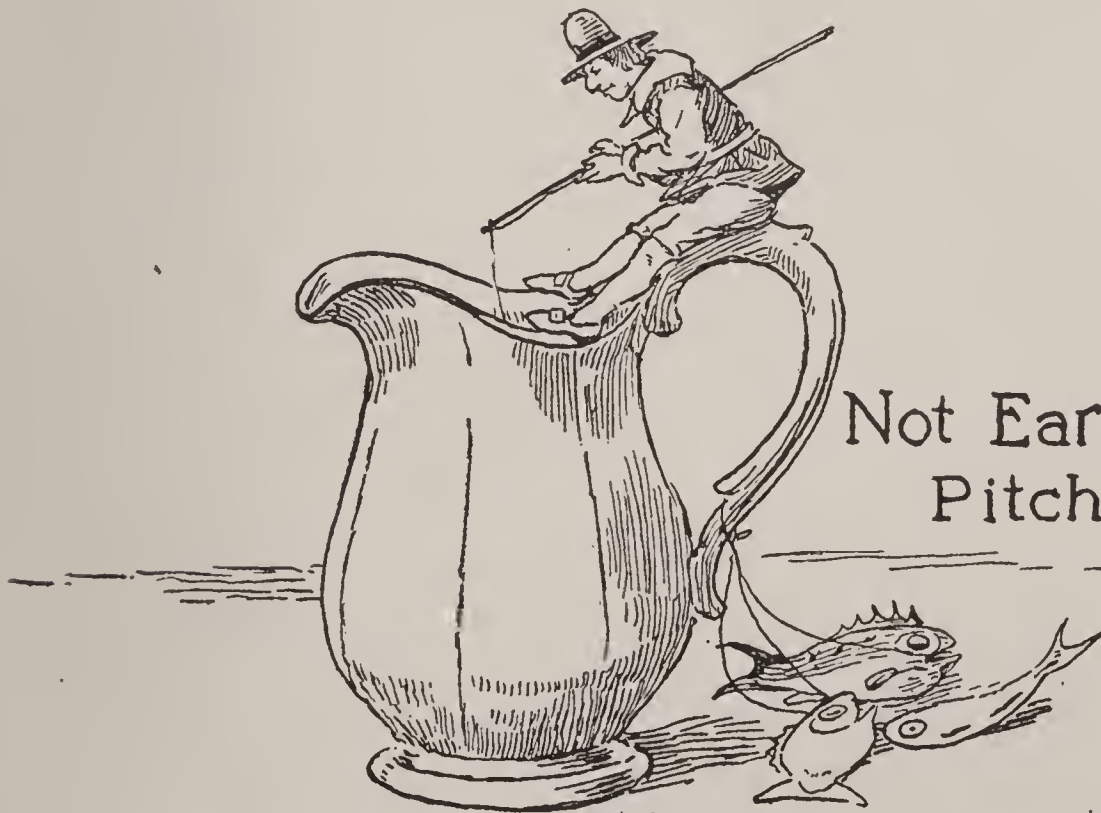
# BARK





Not the Ears  
of a Statue.

UNLIKE the ears beside your face,  
These ears can't hear a sound.  
The dinner-table is a place  
Where sometimes they are found.  
A meal is often made from them  
When parts of them are ground.



Not Ears of  
Pitcher's.

# EARS OF CORN.

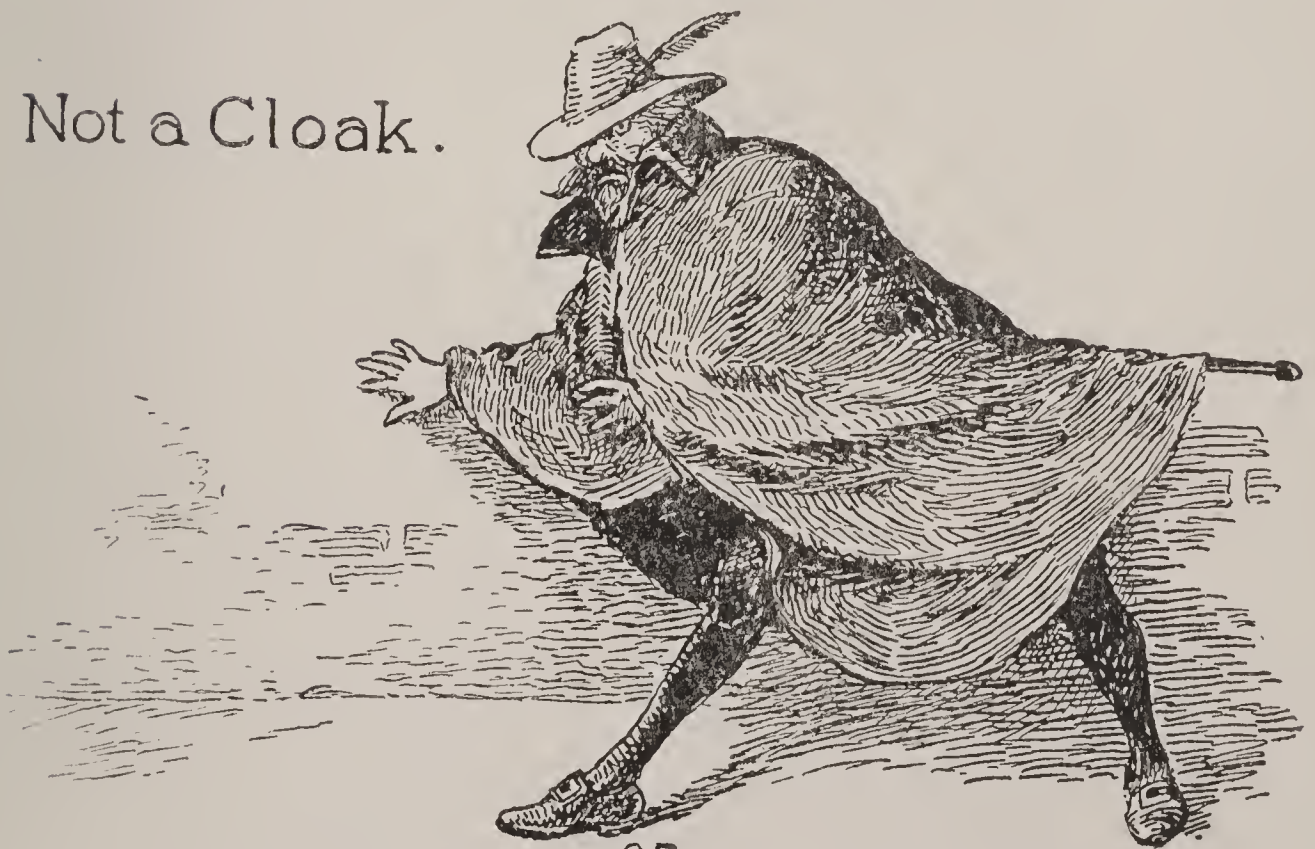


Not Smoke.



IT rhymes with poke. If you should  
hear it,  
Don't run away. You need not fear it.  
It isn't dangerous. Not half!  
When seen, perhaps you'd only laugh.

Not a Cloak.

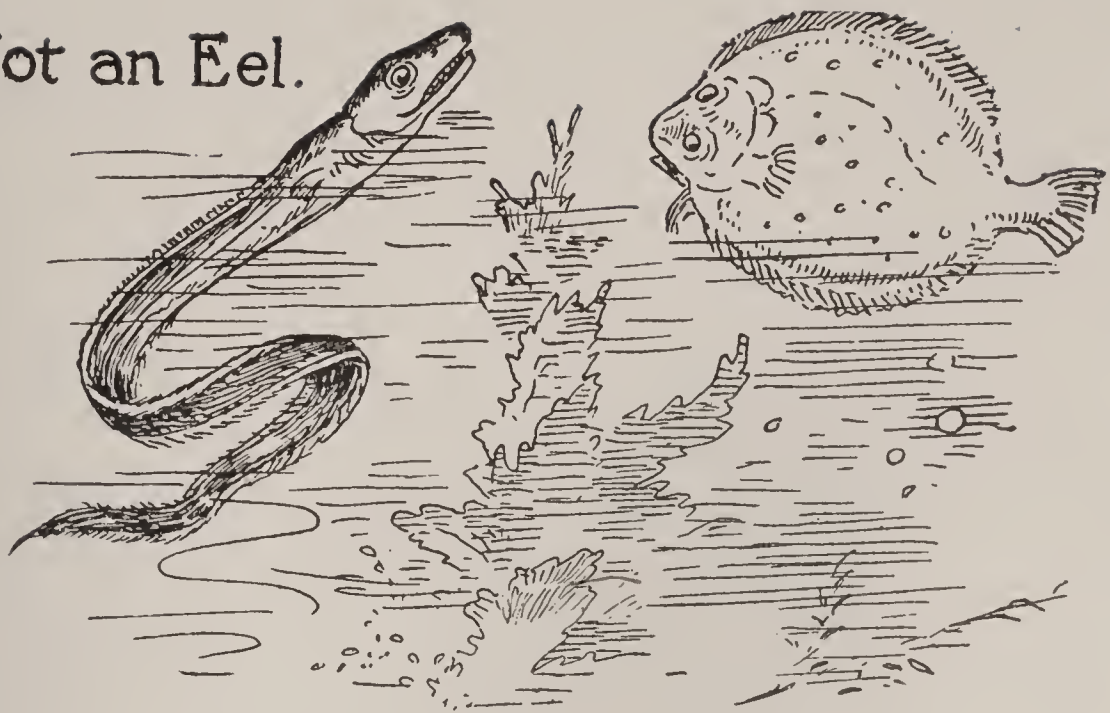


# A JOKE.





Not an Eel.



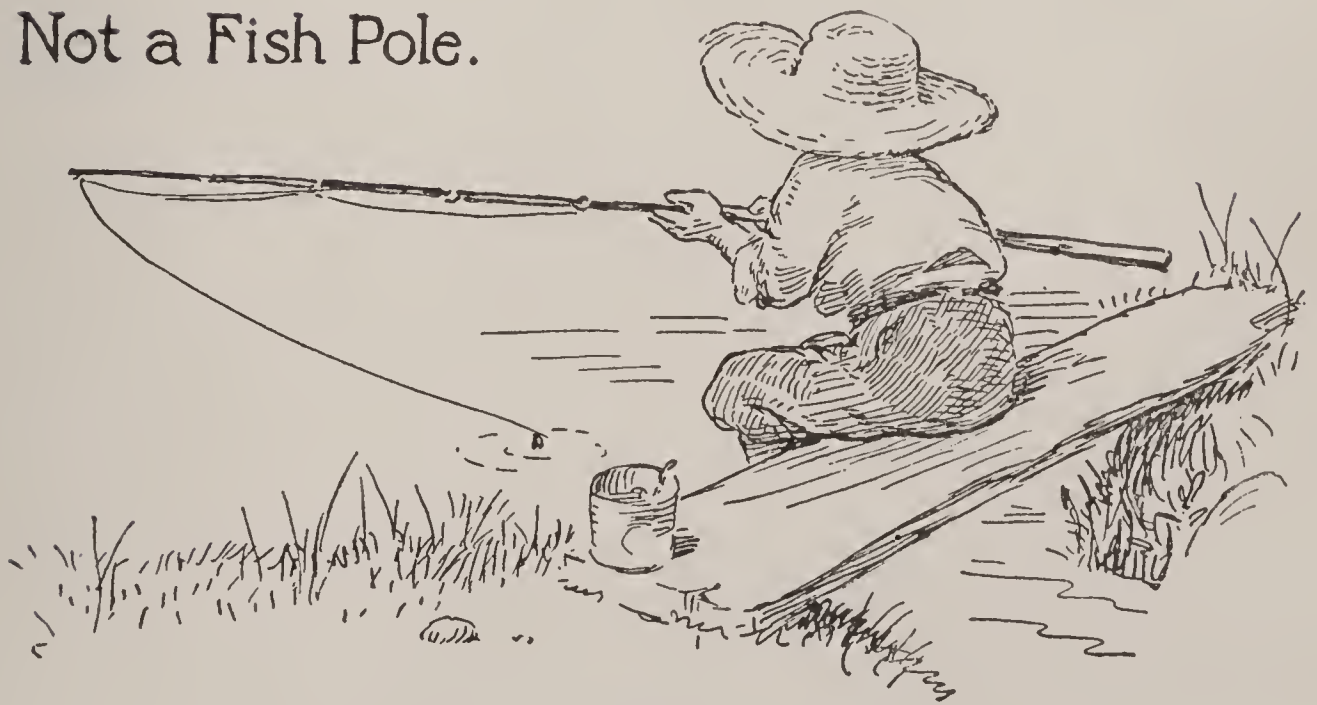
SUCH a slim little stripe in a shiny,  
round coat!

How it grows in the warm sun's  
bright rays!

But its jacket still fits, and it's worthy  
of note

That it isn't so tall on cool days.

Not a Fish Pole.



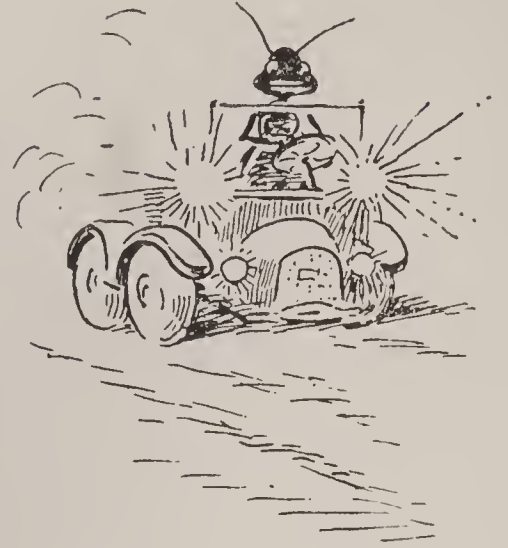
# A THERMOMETER.



Not Potatoes.



Not a Motor Car.



SOME have two eyes, some have four.  
You can buy them at the store.  
Some are white, or black, or red;  
Their lives oft hang just by a thread.

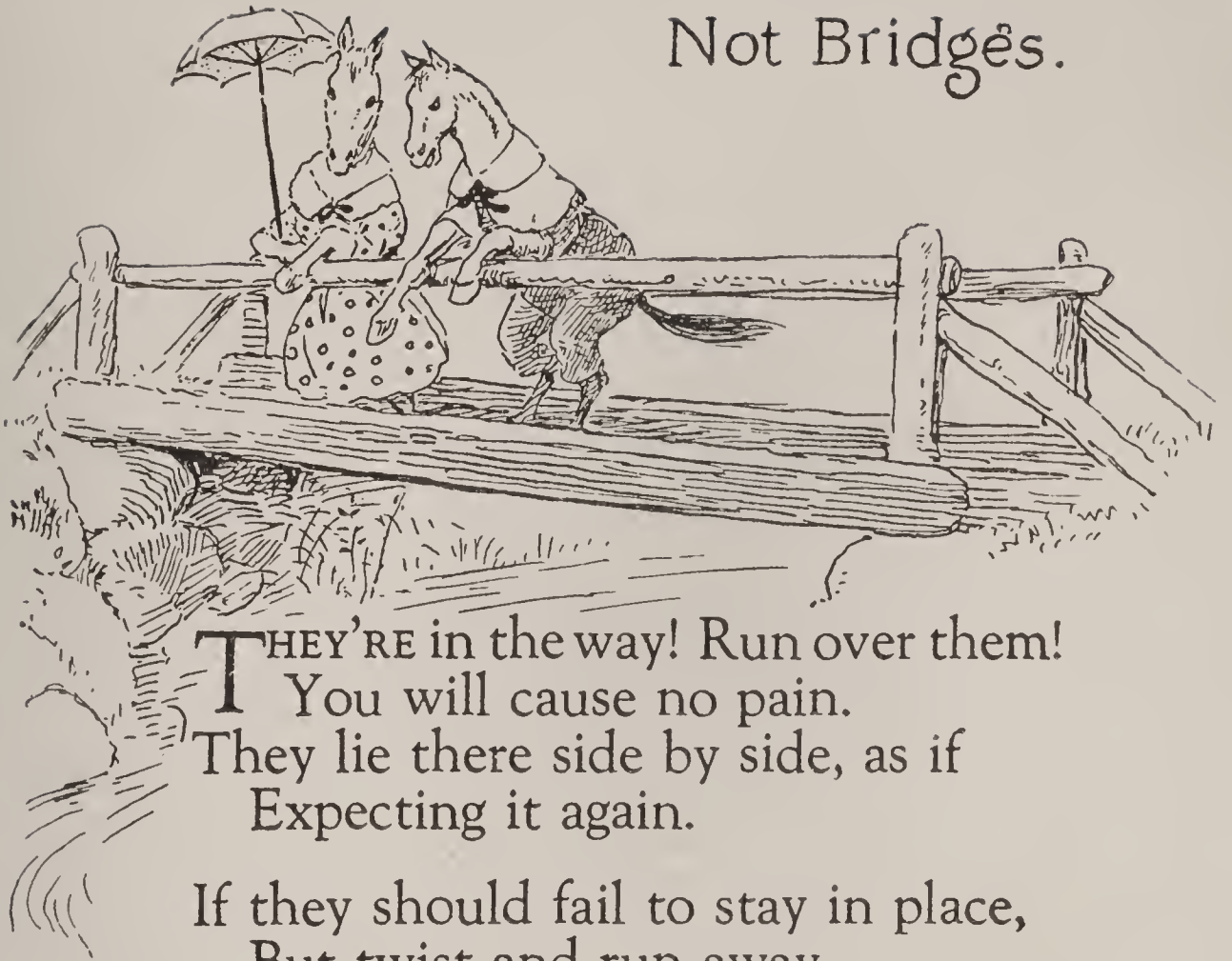
Not Spectacles.



# BUTTONS.



## Not Bridges.



**T**HEY'RE in the way! Run over them!  
You will cause no pain.  
They lie there side by side, as if  
Expecting it again.

If they should fail to stay in place,  
But twist and run away,  
For many people that would be  
A very dreadful day.

## Not Paving Stones.



# RAILROAD RAILS.





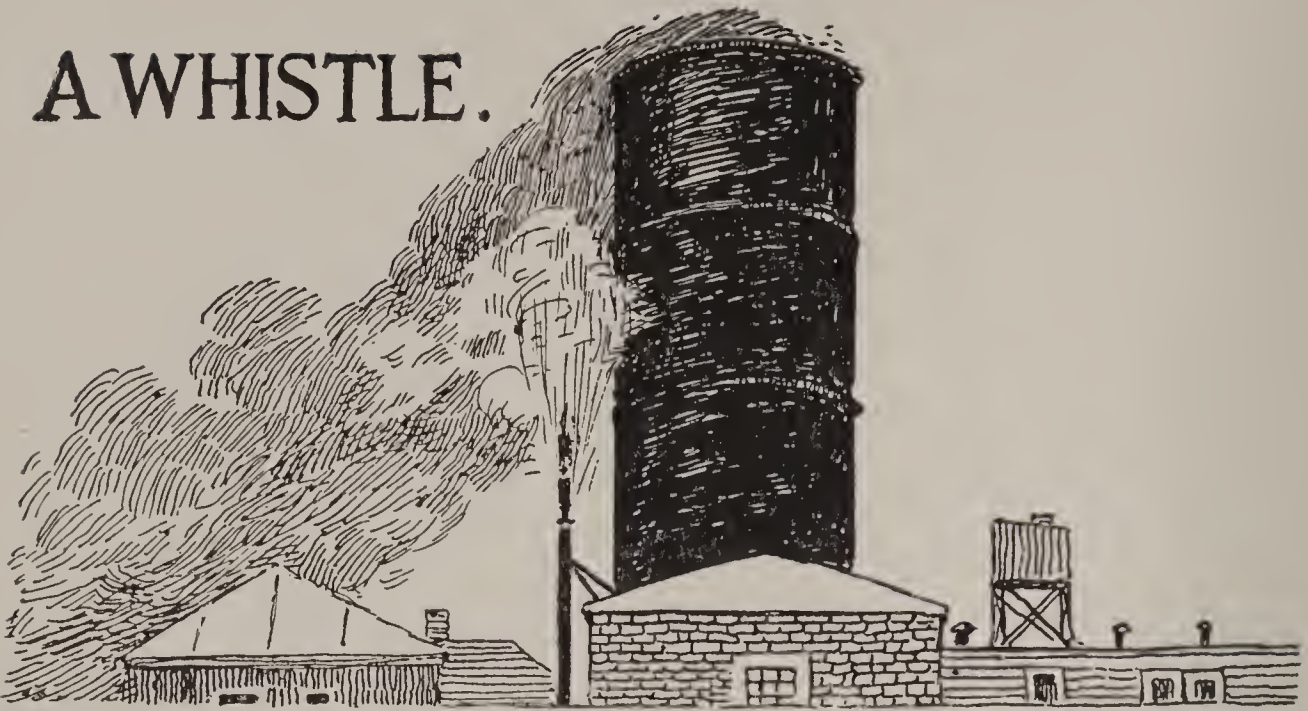
Not a sign.

IT calls folks to work and it tells  
them to stop.  
As if controlling the whole of the  
shop.  
It tells you where engines or steam-  
ships may roam.  
It signals our doggie to hasten for  
home.

Not a Bugle.

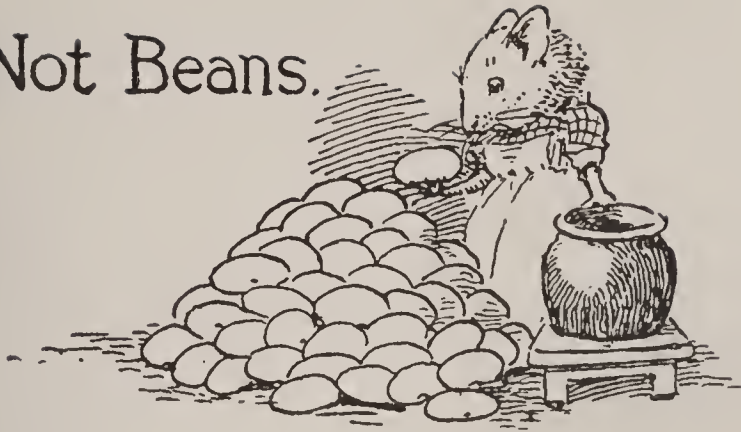


# A WHISTLE.





Not Beans.



Not Cauliflowers.



SOME little white packages came  
from the farm,  
Don't handle them roughly, or they'll  
come to harm.  
The wrappers just fit, and once they  
are broken,  
Not a mender exists from your house  
to Hoboken.



Not Onions.

# EGGS.



Not Snowflakes.



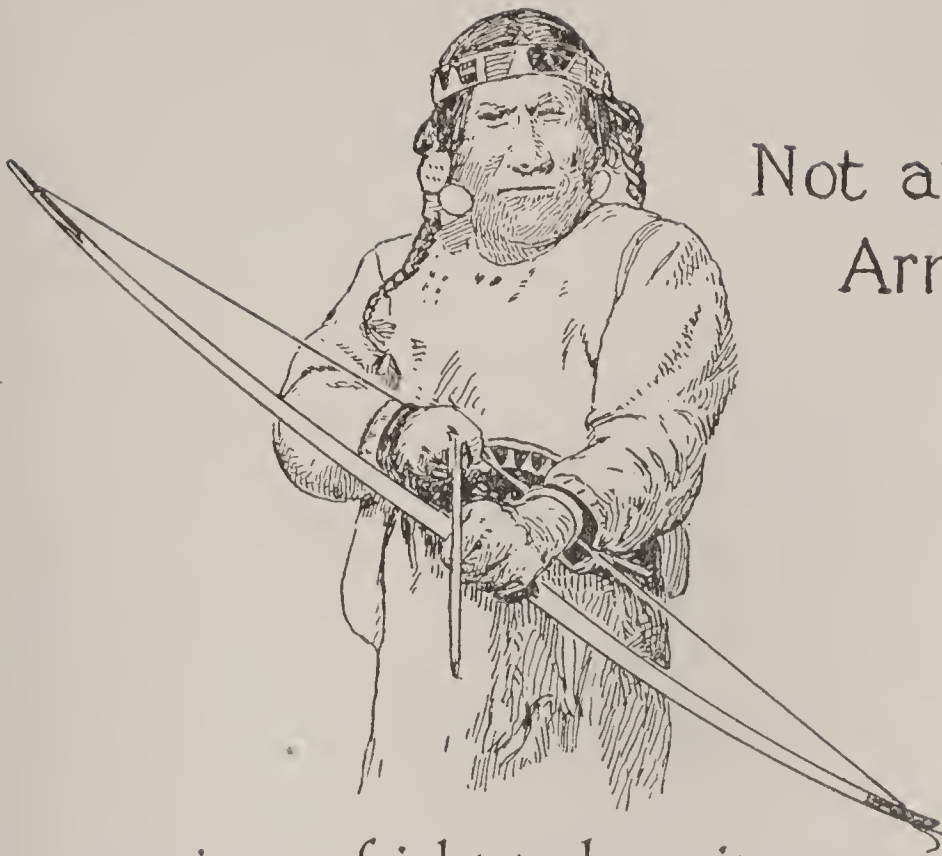
THEY have no fists, yet come to blows.  
In winter, you feel them on your  
nose.  
They ride the sky, but have no planes.  
Nor need umbrellas when it rains.



Not Mischievous Frosts.

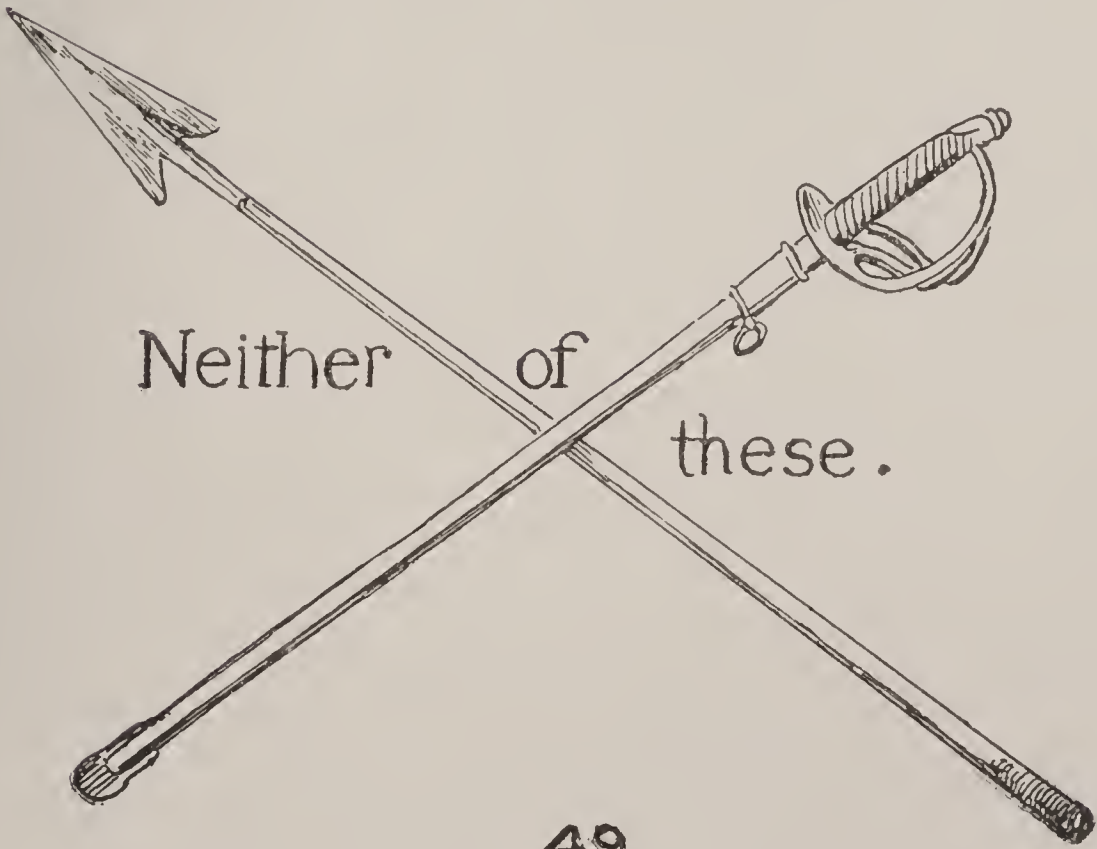
# THE WINDS.





Not an  
Arrow.

IT gives a fright to have it near,  
When pointed at one, and, 'tis  
queer,  
That, with its loud and startling  
cough,  
It does no harm till it goes off.



Neither of  
these.

# A GUN.





Not Dividers,

**T**HIN-LEGGED, big-eyed,  
Always led by hand,  
Yet he rides astride  
When folks take command.

No feet—just points;  
Path is never wide;  
Legs without joints;  
His task is to divide.

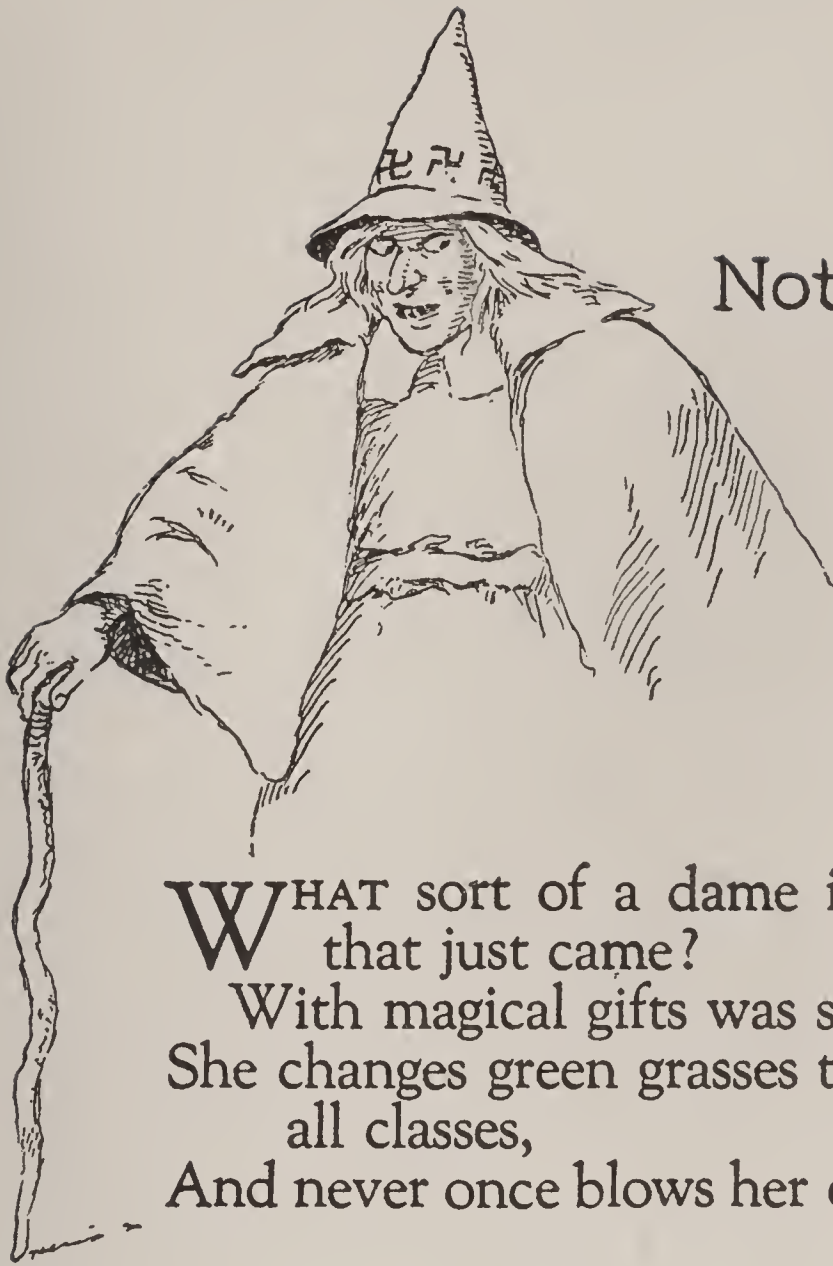
Not Stilts.



# SCISSORS.







Not a Witch.

**W**HAT sort of a dame is the one  
that just came?  
With magical gifts was she born?  
She changes green grasses to food for  
all classes,  
And never once blows her own horn.



Not a Cook.

# A COW.





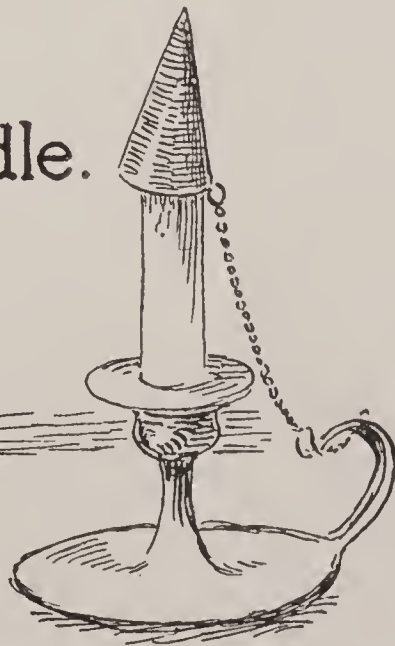
DR. HARE

Not a Doctor.

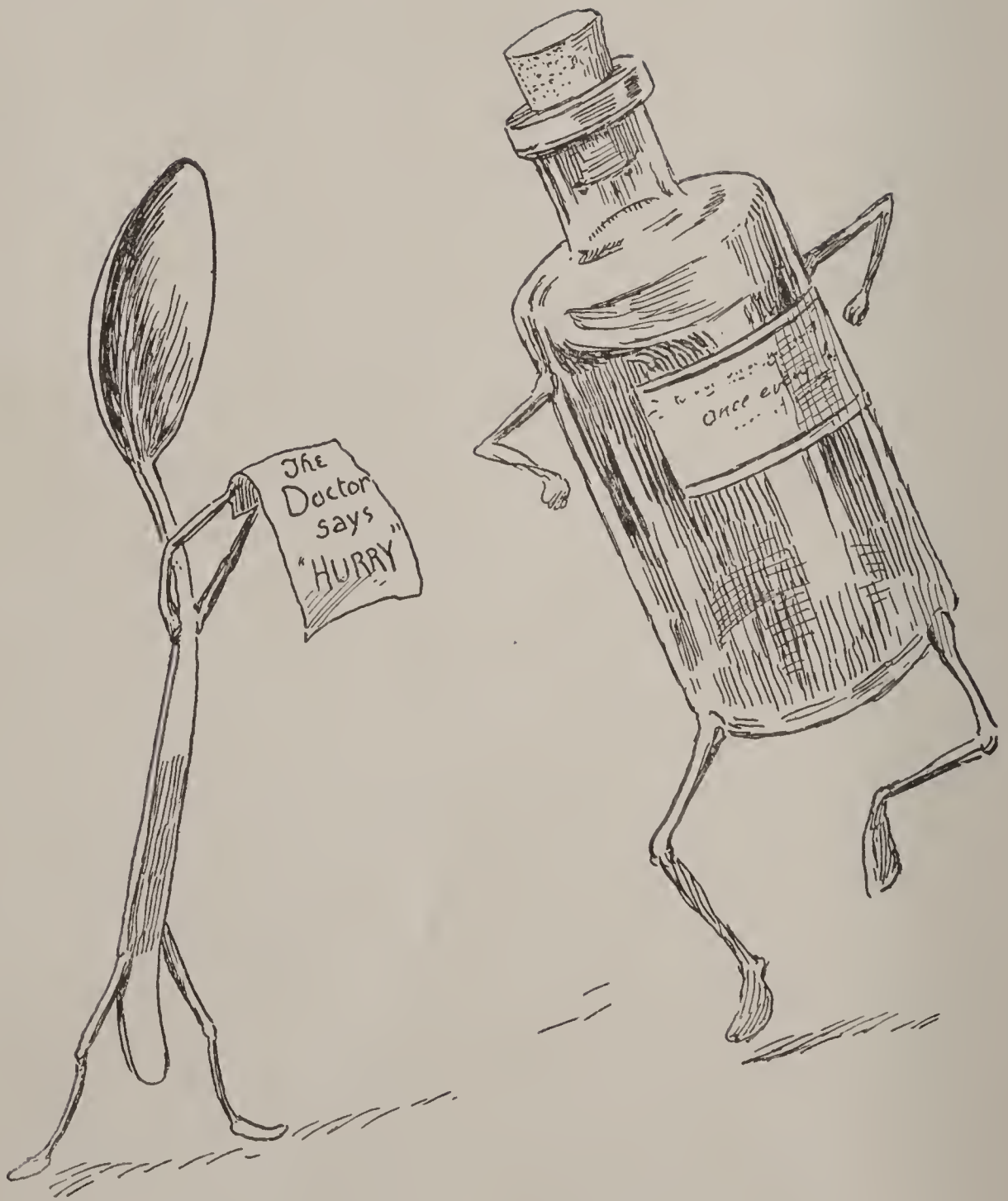
HE will not serve you what he has,  
Until his hat is off,  
No matter what your trouble is,—  
A fever or a cough.

His hat rests on his shiny neck,  
No eyes, no nose, no lip;  
He serves whatever he may have,  
But he must get a tip.

Not a Candle.



# A BOTTLE.



Not a Kitten.



At times each day it rests upon my  
lap

As still as if asleep, but takes no  
nap.

I do not pet it once, nor chide it for  
its slips.

Yet, I confess, sometimes I press it  
to my lips.

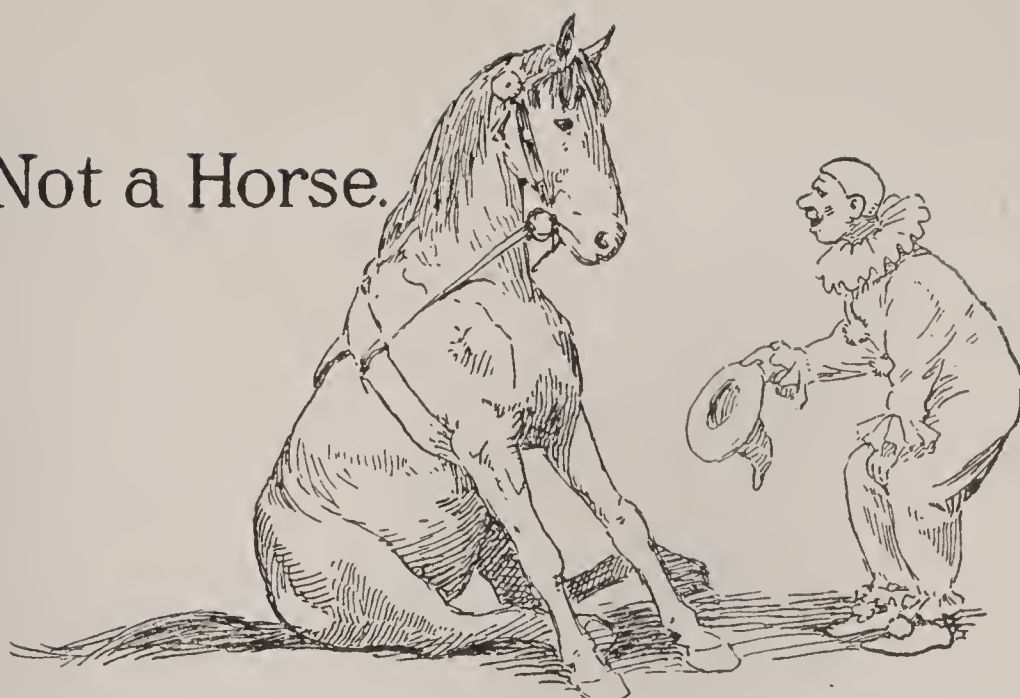


Not a  
Puppy.

# A NAPKIN.



Not a Horse.



IT runs past the house and on, far  
away,  
And yet it stays here in its place, day  
by day,  
And never a sound does it make in  
its going,  
But goes just the same if it's raining  
or snowing.



Not a River.

# A STREET.





Not Candy.



THE thing these busy fellows make  
We take away.  
Did you say money? My mistake!  
What did you say?

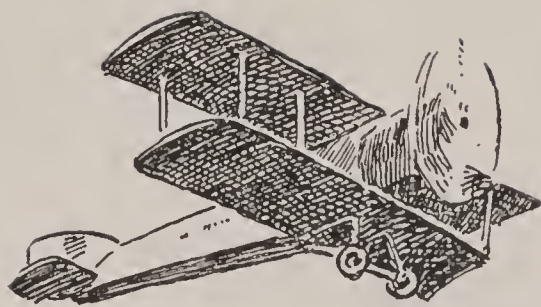
That comb is sticky from the thing,  
And very sweet.  
Each busy fellow has a wing.  
Come, let us eat!



Not Molasses.

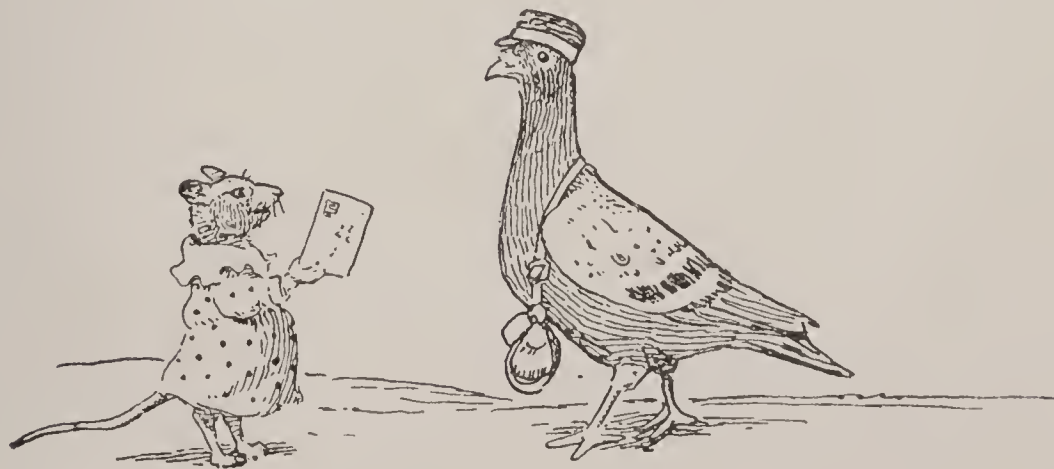
# HONEY





Not an Airplane.

IT runs afar across the land,  
Some say, from pole to pole;  
And, for those who understand,  
Takes words right to their goal.



Not a Carrier-Pigeon.

# TELEGRAPH WIRES



## Not Bad Boys.



THEY travel by thousands each day  
of the week,  
And the reason they travel is not far  
to seek.

They are licked, put in corners, and  
slapped in their faces.

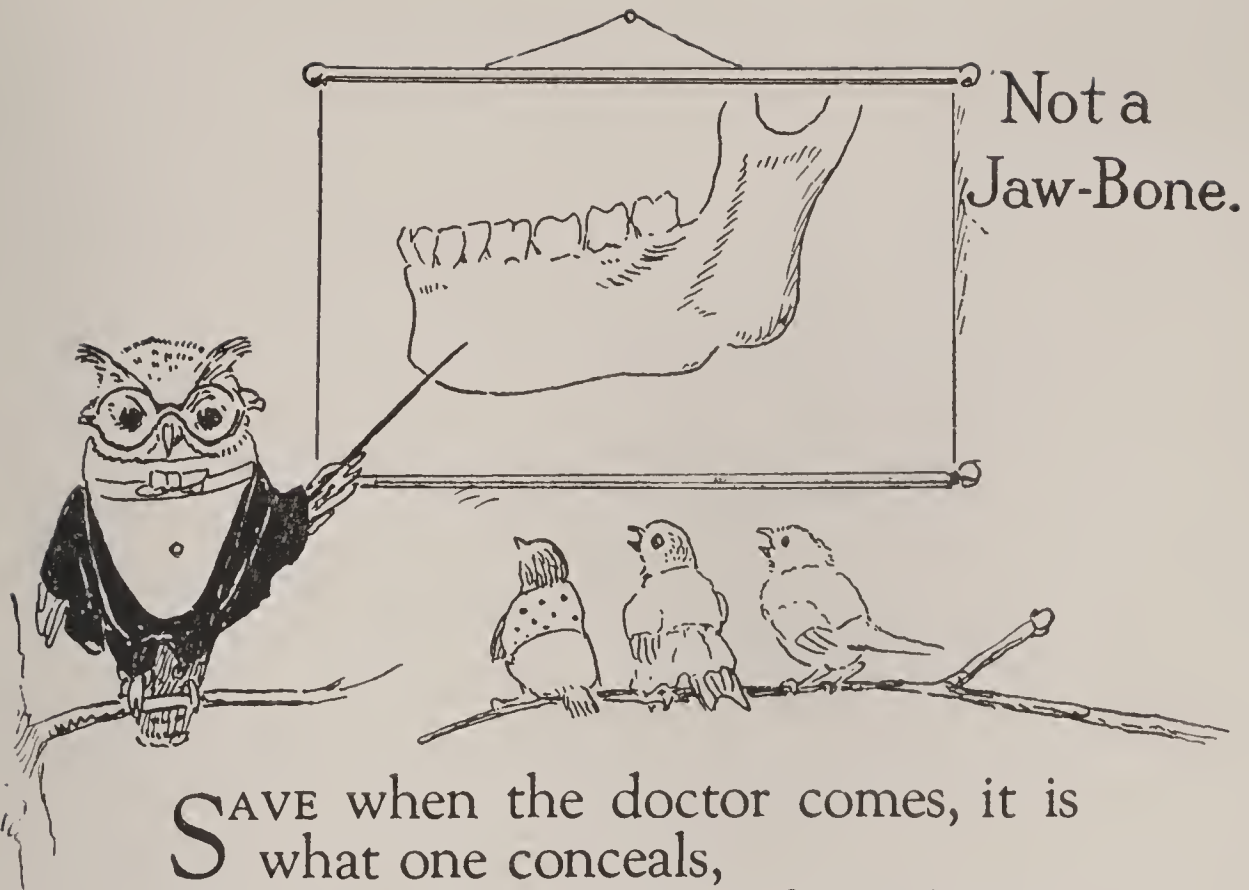
Why wouldn't they travel to far-away  
places!



## Not Dogs.

# POSTAGE STAMPS





SAVE when the doctor comes, it is  
S what one conceals,  
Though every person of good taste  
has one to use at meals.  
And yet, when one is quarreling, it  
often is stuck out  
Defiantly, unmannerly. It means more  
than a pout.



Not a Fist.

# A TONGUE

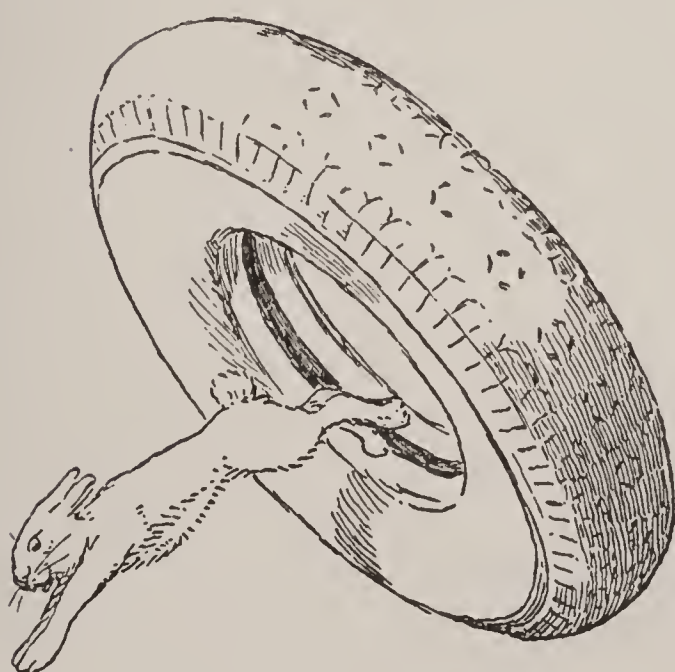




## Not Teething Rings.



MY sister has a golden ring  
Which pleases her like anything.  
The rings I like are brown and wide,  
And very tasty, when they're fried.



Not Tires.

# DOUGHNUTS

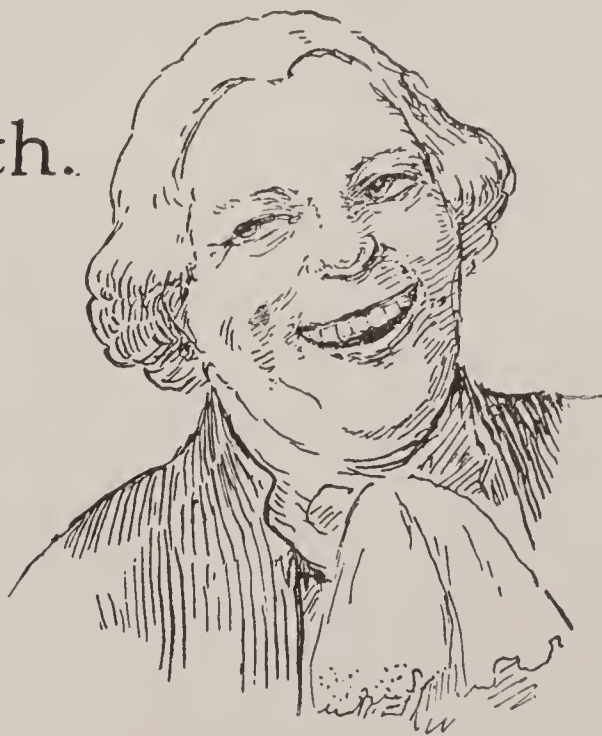


Not Fingers.



**B**EFORE your nose they stand in rows,  
And many things they tell.  
No noise, no stir, without demur  
They stay there for a spell.

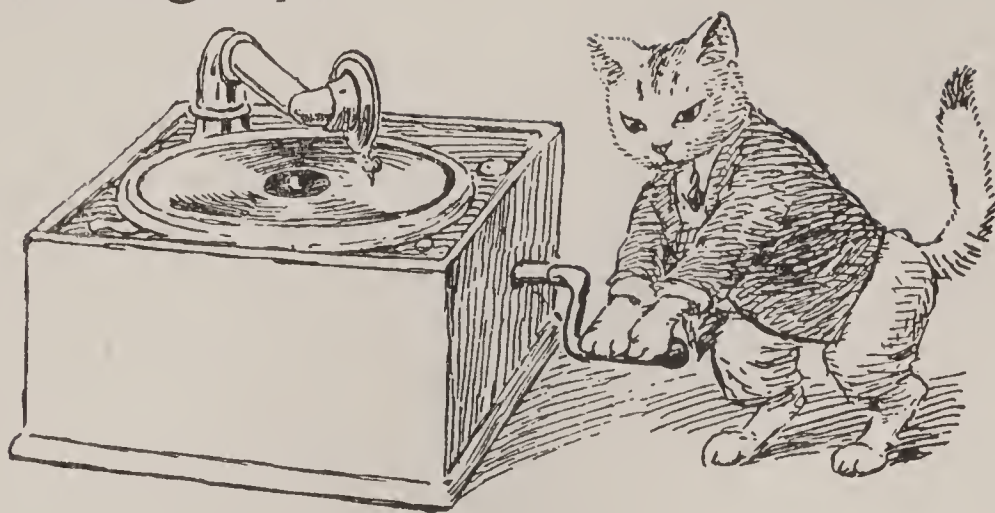
Not Teeth.



# PRINTED WORDS

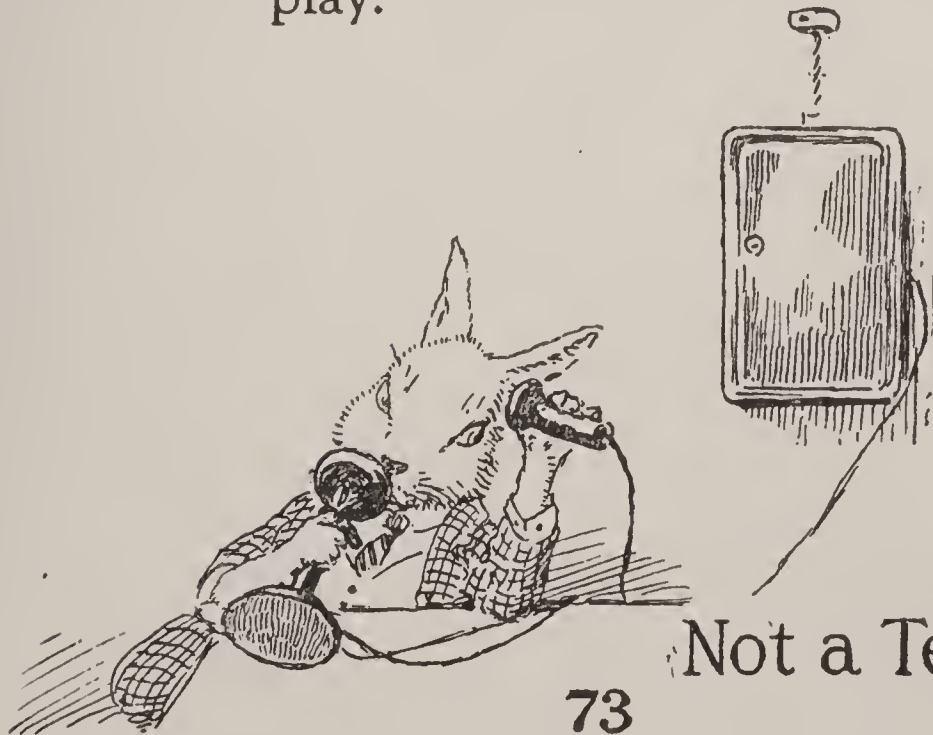


## Not a Phonograph.



THE magician asked, "How are your ears, my friend?  
Ah! Perhaps they need boxing! To that I'll attend!"

And he gave me a box right away.  
Then I heard very clearly, from away  
out of sight  
Things that roused my attention and  
and caused me delight,—  
Like the music when orchestras  
play.

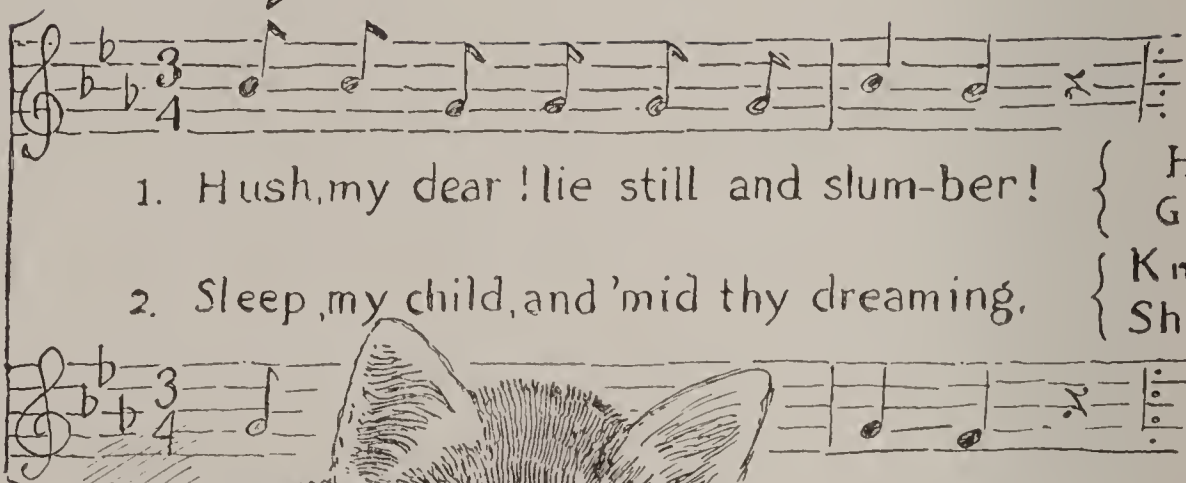


Not a Telephone.

# RADIO.

## LULLABY

*Tranquillo*

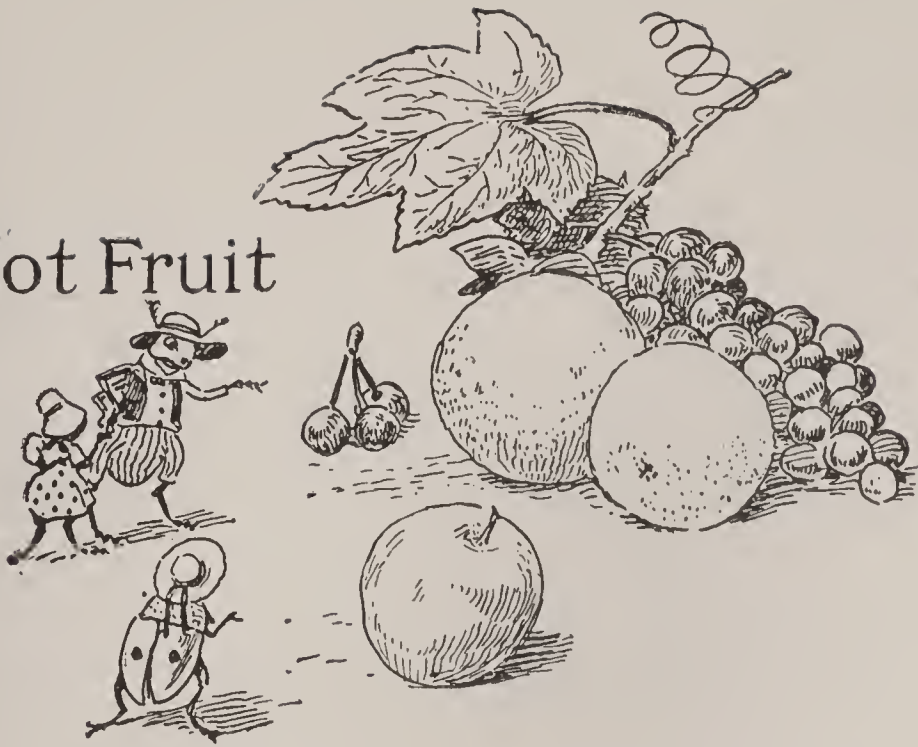


1. Hush, my dear ! lie still and slum-ber! { H  
G.

2. Sleep, my child, and 'mid thy dreaming. { K n  
Sh

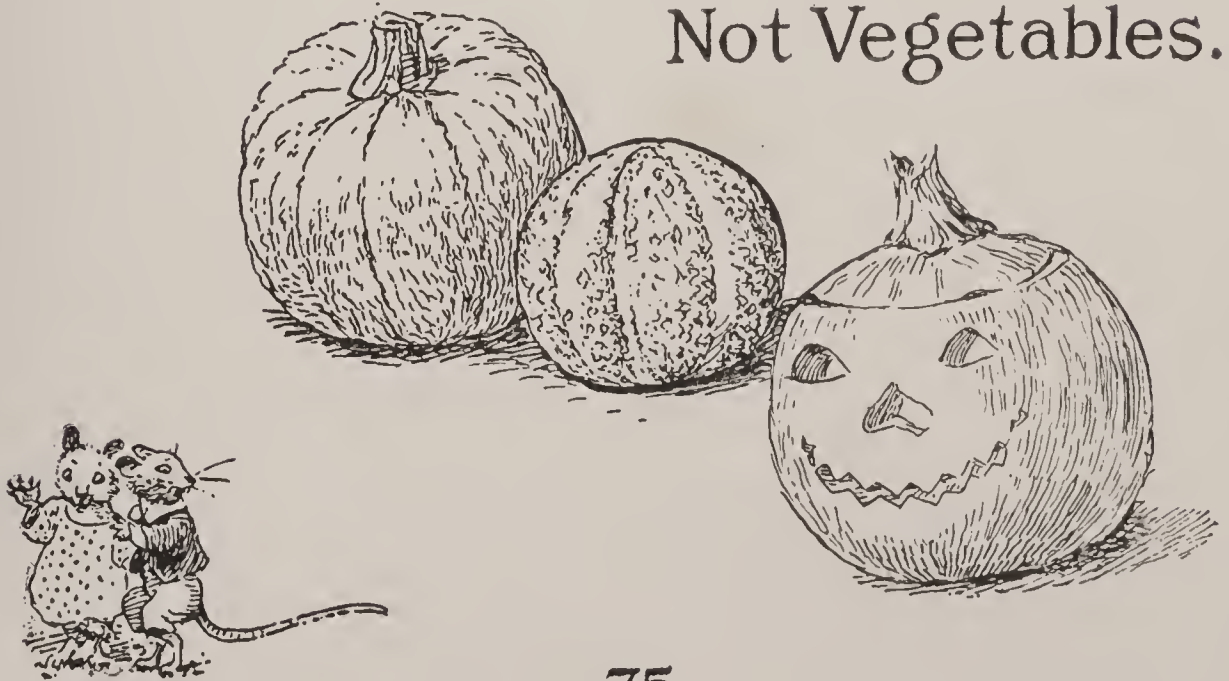


## Not Fruit



**T**HEY'RE always round in every sort  
of weather,  
And handy for us all, for when they  
get together,  
A score of them equals a dollar in  
trade,  
So when one escapes you, a search  
must be made.

## Not Vegetables.

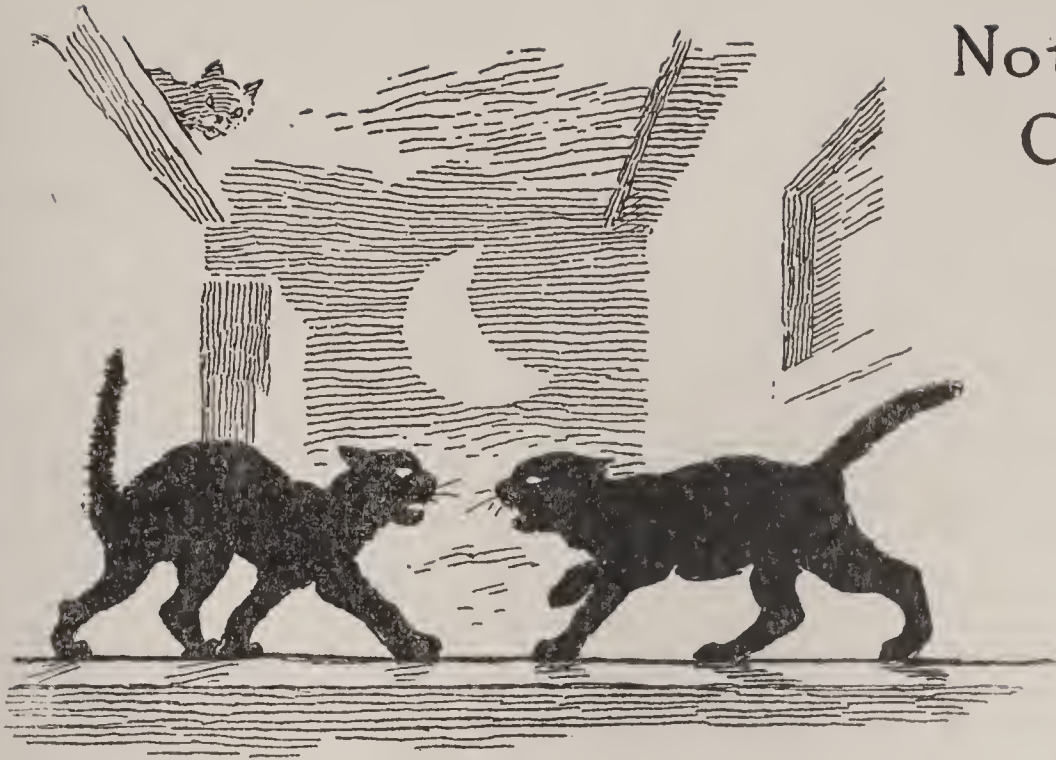


# NICKELS.



I never saw them growing so,  
But nickels come from mints I know,  
Now here are nickels. Here is mint.  
Doubt not what you see in print!





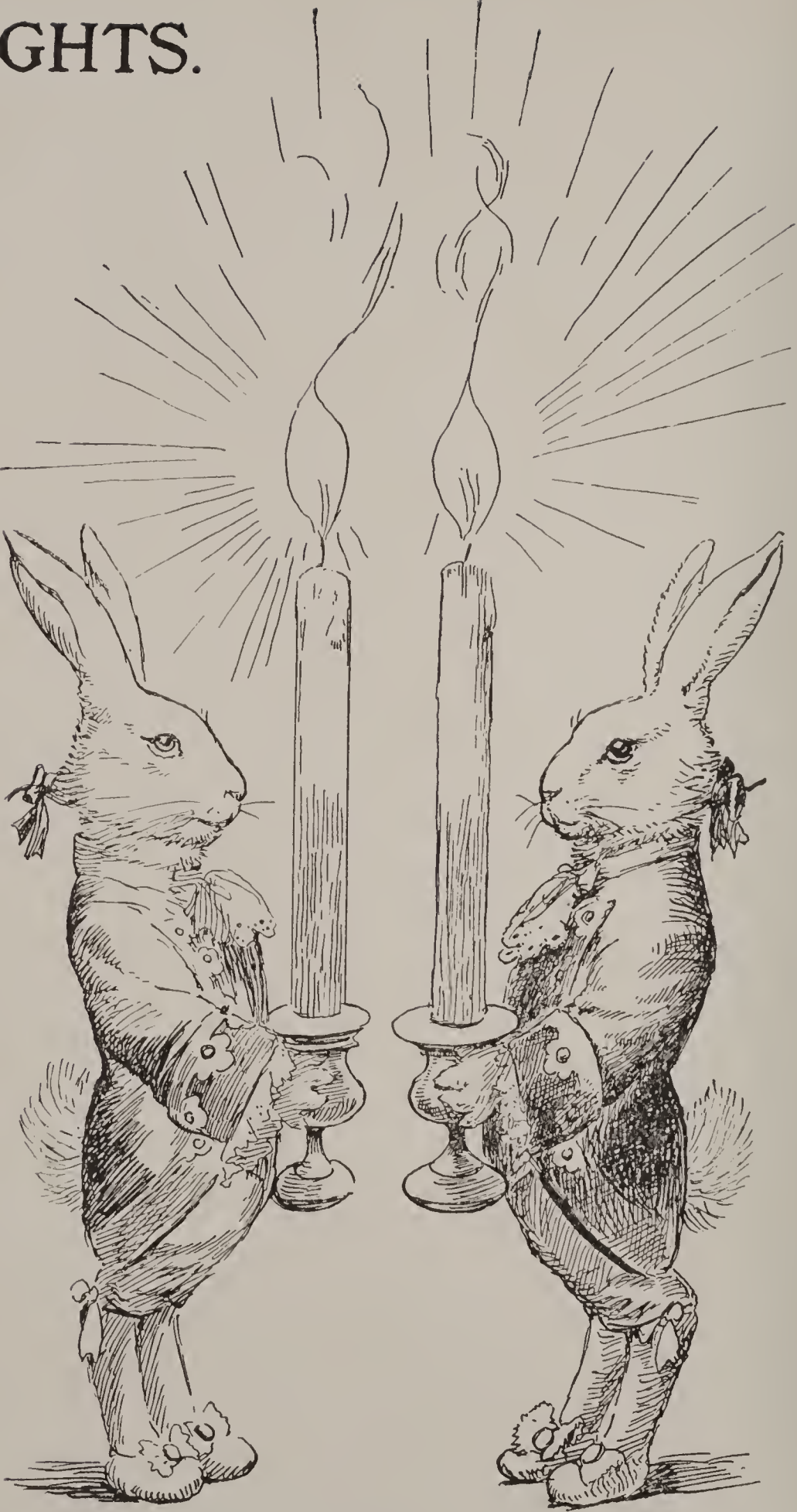
Not  
Cats.

**M**OST people put them out at night,  
Yet do not lock them out.  
No evening party seems quite right  
Unless some are about.

Not  
Dogs



LIGHTS.



## Not Candy.



**M**Y sweetheart gave me one.  
Where is it now?  
I had it. It has gone—  
I don't know how.

And yet, it seems to me,  
I liked it very well.  
Here, there, where can it be?  
'Twas on my lips to tell.



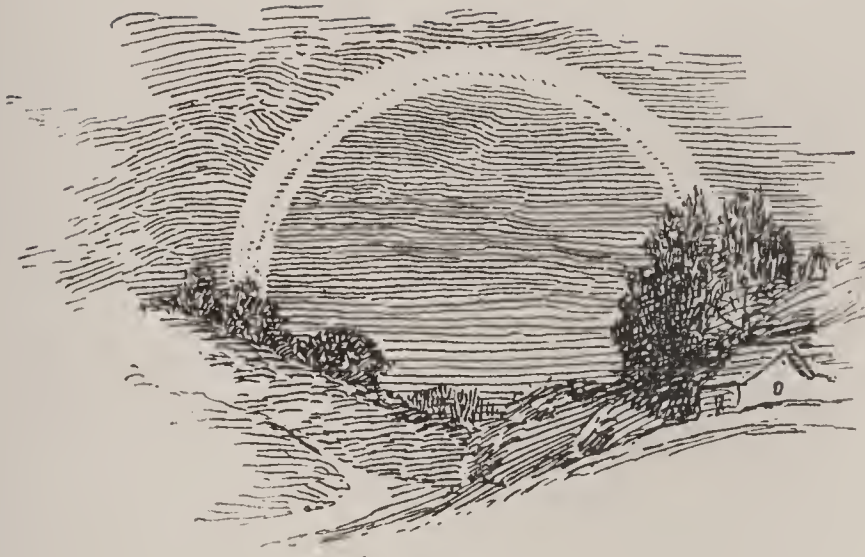
## Not a Flower.

# A KISS.



Comin' thro' the rye.

## Not a Rainbow.



**M**ADE rather long and very narrow,  
This bow has never sent an arrow.  
'Tis oft in scrapes, like many boys,  
And like them, makes a deal of noise.

Not a Bow of  
Hair Ribbon.



# A VIOLIN BOW.



Not Boys.

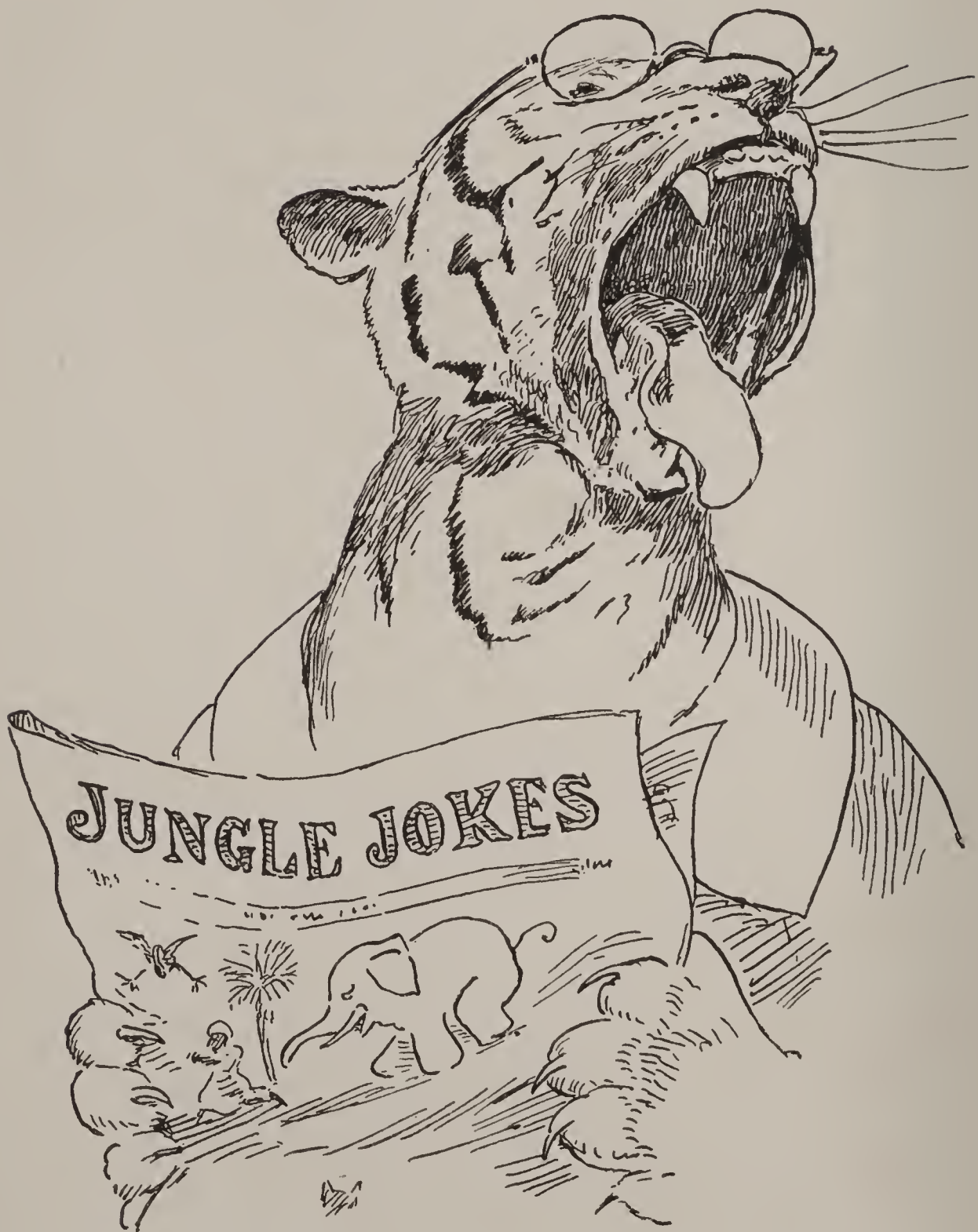


THEY sit right here before our eyes  
Astride a living seat,  
Like little twins, in shape and size,  
But ne'er the twain shall meet.

Not Mosquitoes.

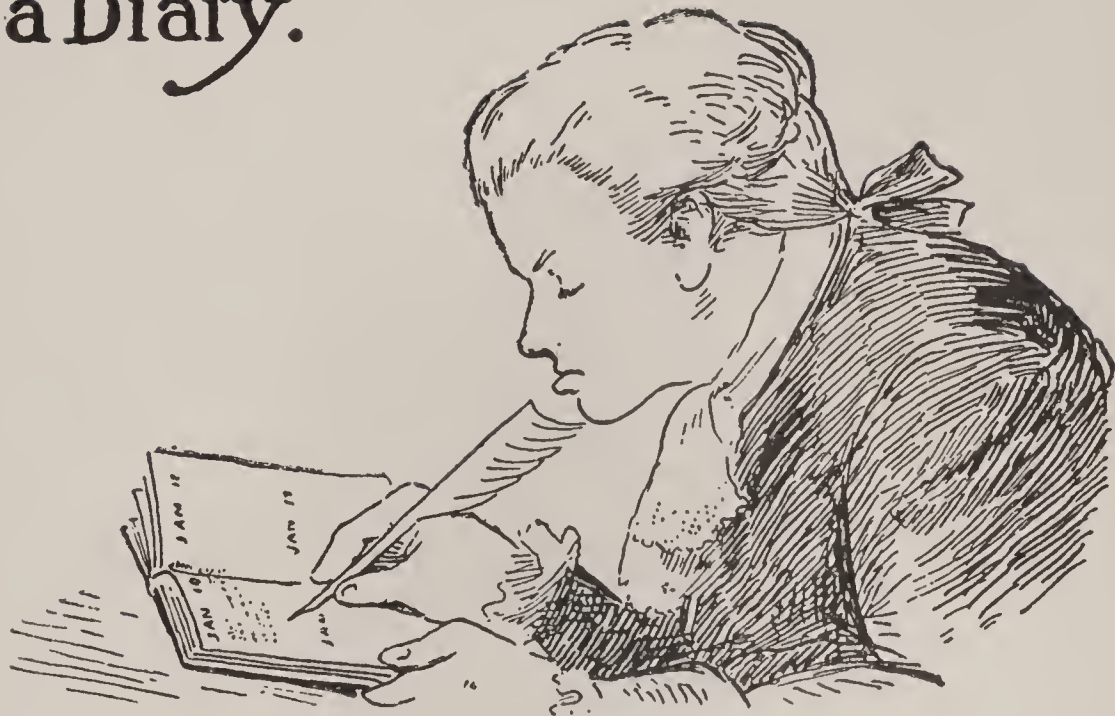


# A PAIR OF SPECTACLES.





## Not a Diary.



ITS days are numbered. Yet it does  
not grieve.  
It tells what every person may believe.  
It eats no fruit from trees or plates.  
And yet 'tis always full of dates.

## Not a History.



# A CALENDAR.

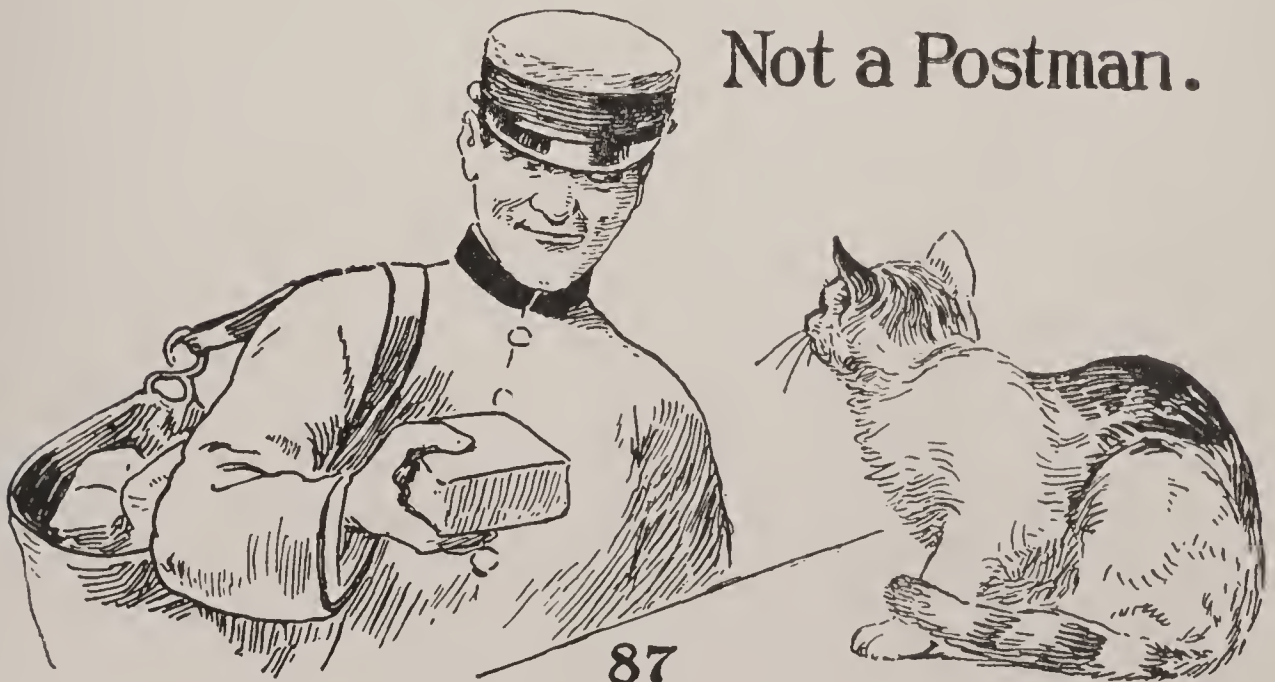


## Not a Baker.



**A**LL the day long he goes over the town,  
To and fro, and up and down,  
Leaving a cake at this or that door.  
We like his cakes and always want more.  
One thing is strange!—The cakes will not stay!  
Even with doors shut, they all run away.

## Not a Postman.



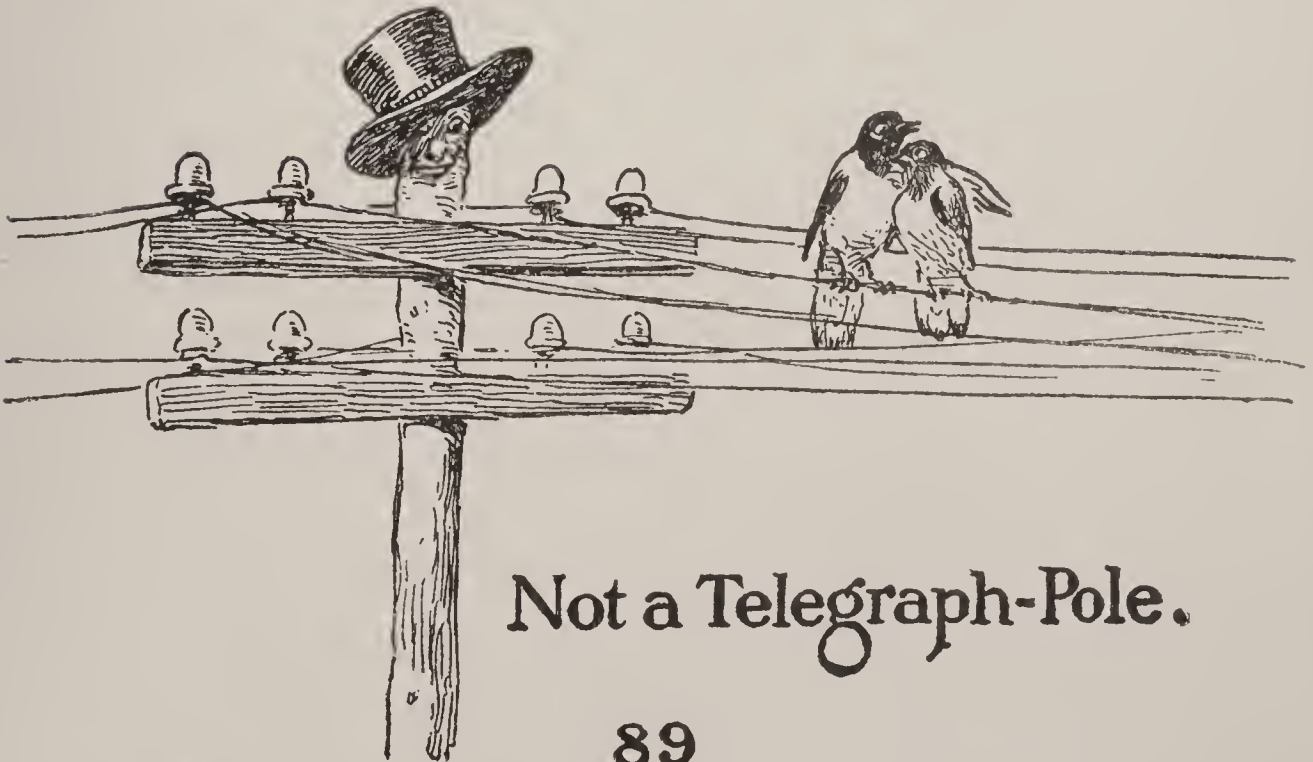
# THE ICEMAN.



## Not a Jack-in-a-Box.



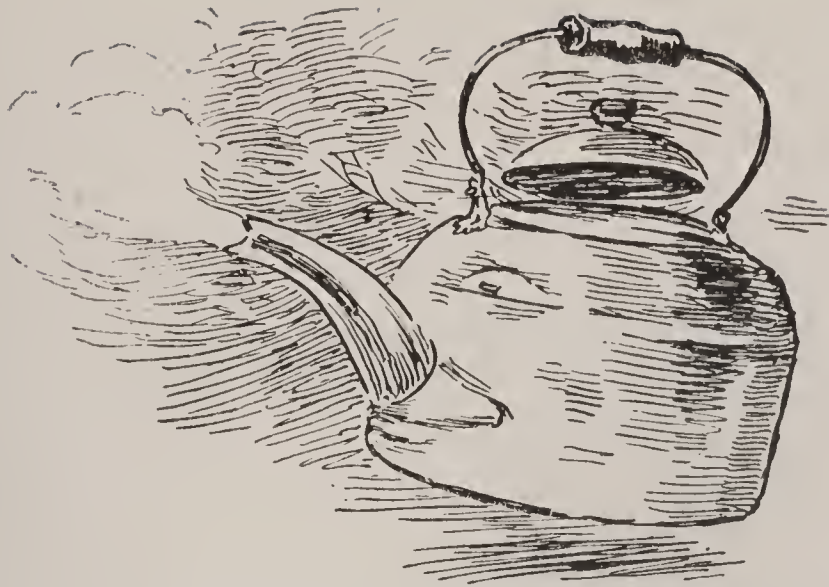
A SLENDER dark fellow in snug coat  
of wood  
Helps you express your ideas when  
you wish,  
And he furnishes lines, as a friendly  
soul should,  
But his lines wouldn't help you to  
fish.



Not a Telegraph-Pole.

# A LEAD PENCIL.





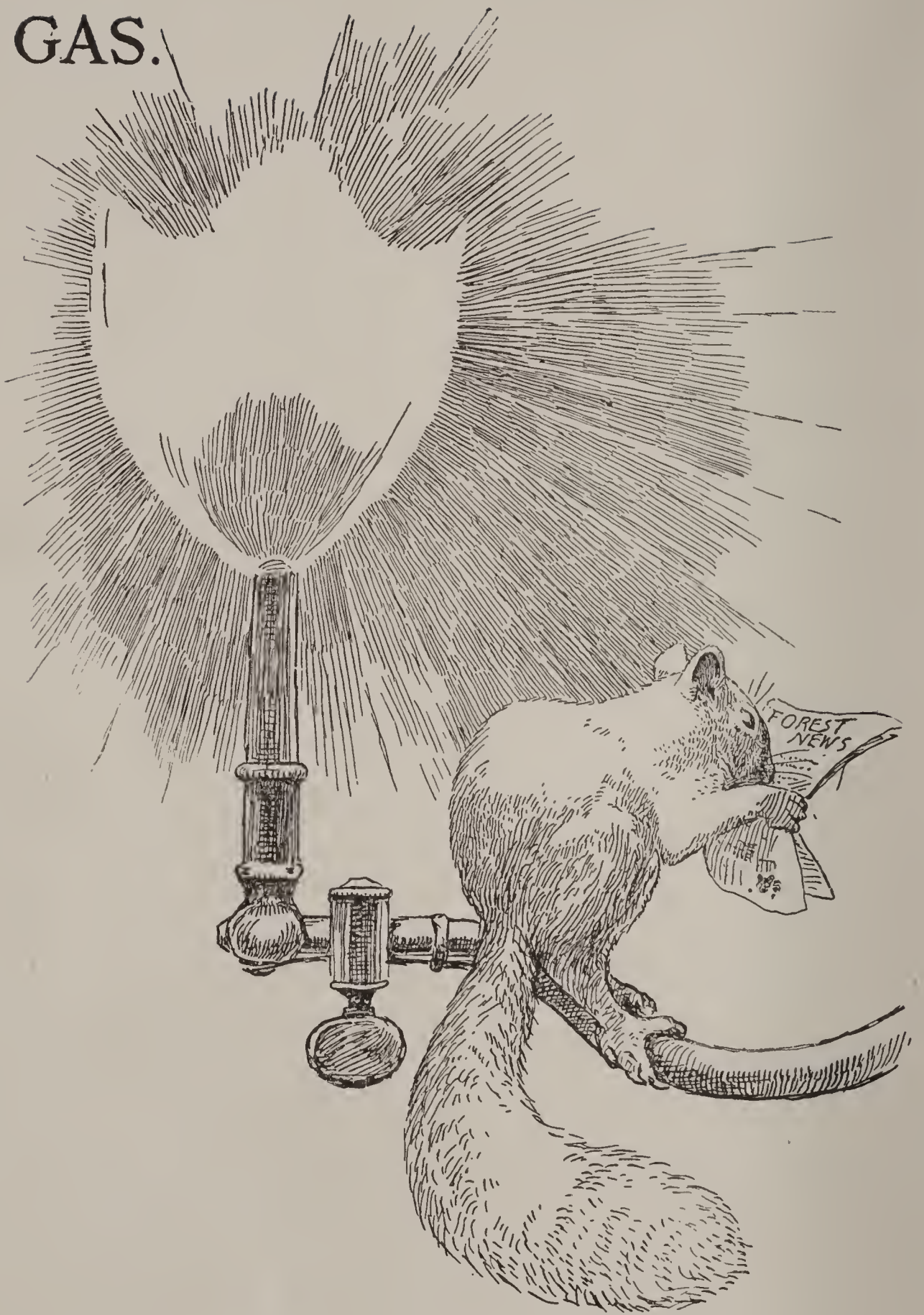
Not  
Hot  
Water.

**H**E enters the house quite unseen,  
Though you look,  
Whether coming by night or by  
day.  
Though he brightens the household  
and helps out the cook,  
Still he has one remarkable way;  
Every one dreads being scorched by  
his fire,  
But he will not work, I have learned,  
Unless he gets hotter than most cooks  
desire,—  
For he never helps out until burned.



Not Electricity

GAS.





Not a Cow.



OF all butter-makers who live around here, B. G. is the best I have heard of this year.

He needs not a thing from the dairy-man's shelf,  
But makes a good butter of only himself.



Not a Butter Grocer.

# BILLY GOAT.

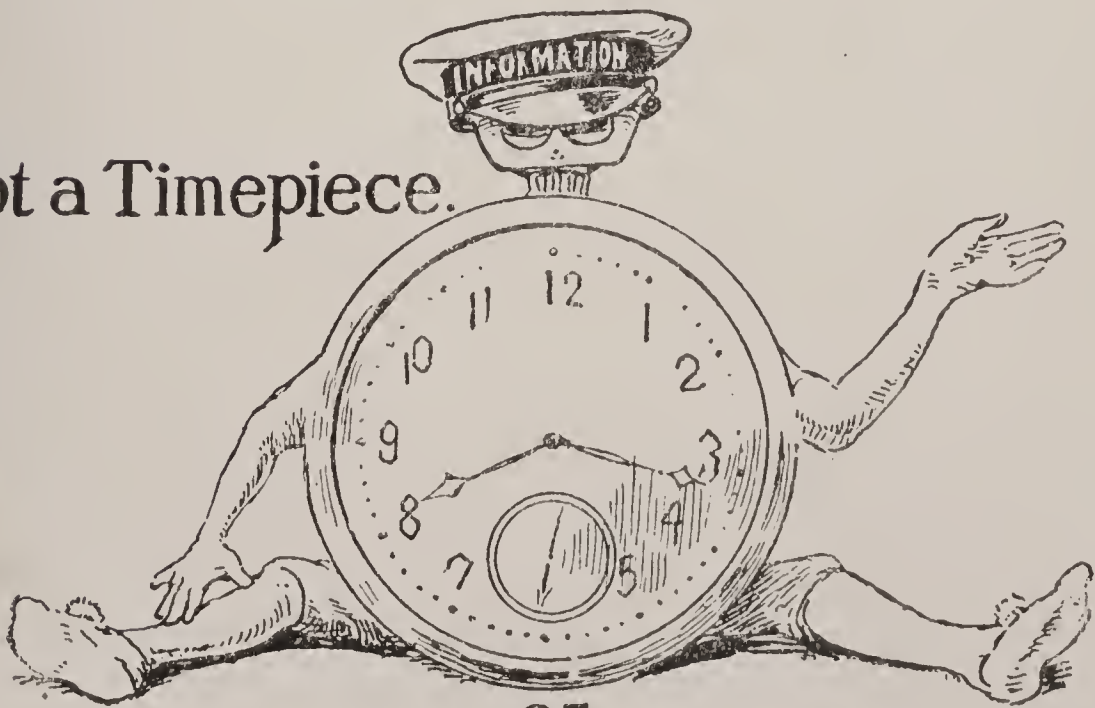


Not a  
Thermometer.



ITS lined, white face  
Affords a place  
At which folks point their noses.  
And each new day,  
Both young and gray  
Must know what it discloses.

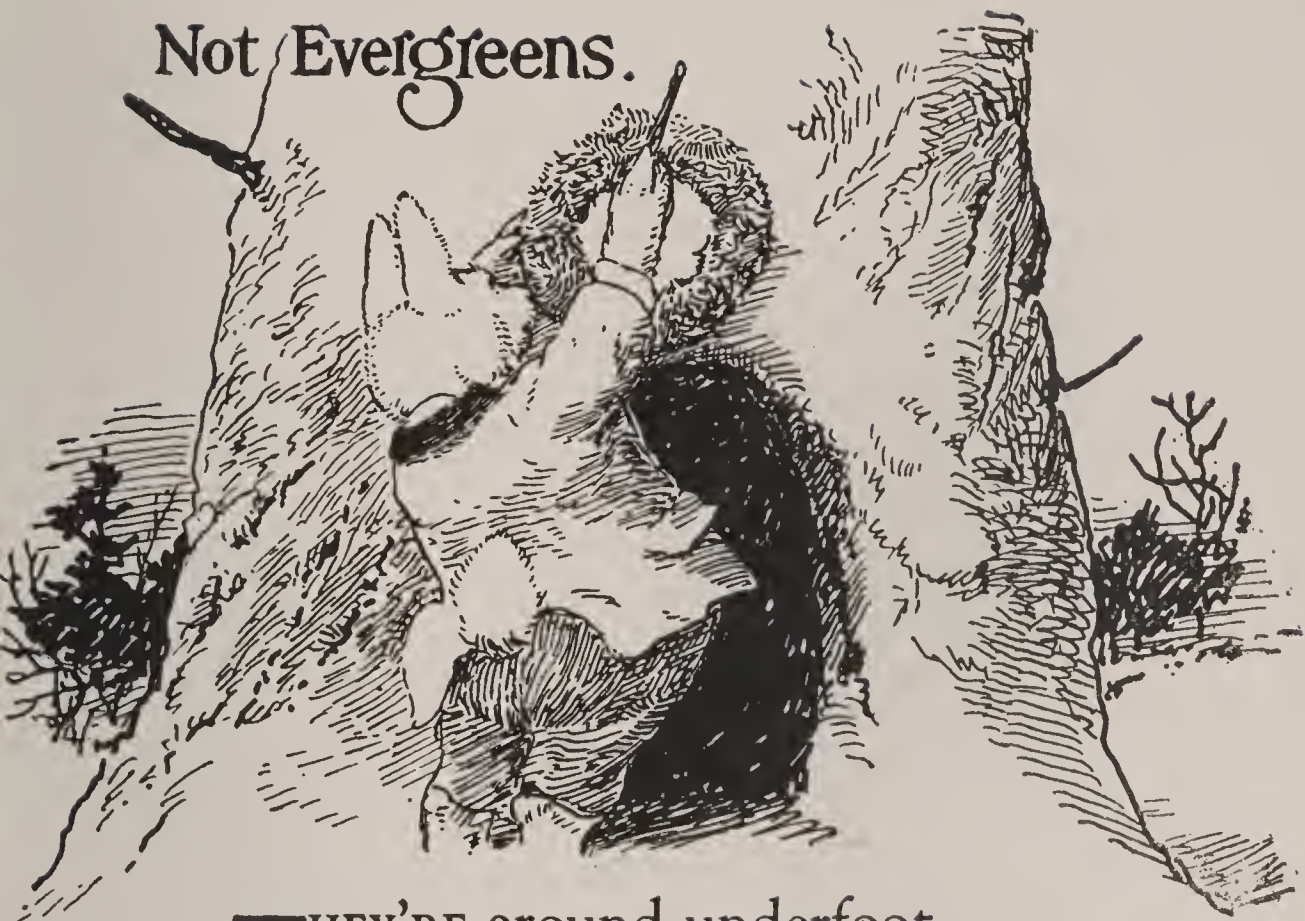
Not a Timepiece.



# A NEWSPAPER.



Not Evergreens.



THEY'RE around underfoot,  
And down low in September,  
But, my! They're raised up  
And puffed out in December!



Not Pop-Corn.

# STOCKINGS.



## Not Airplane and Balloon.



LOOK quickly! What is this I see?  
A quickly flies away from B.  
The two seem very much like brothers,  
Beloved by Indians and by others.  
B wears little but a string,  
A wears scarcely anything.



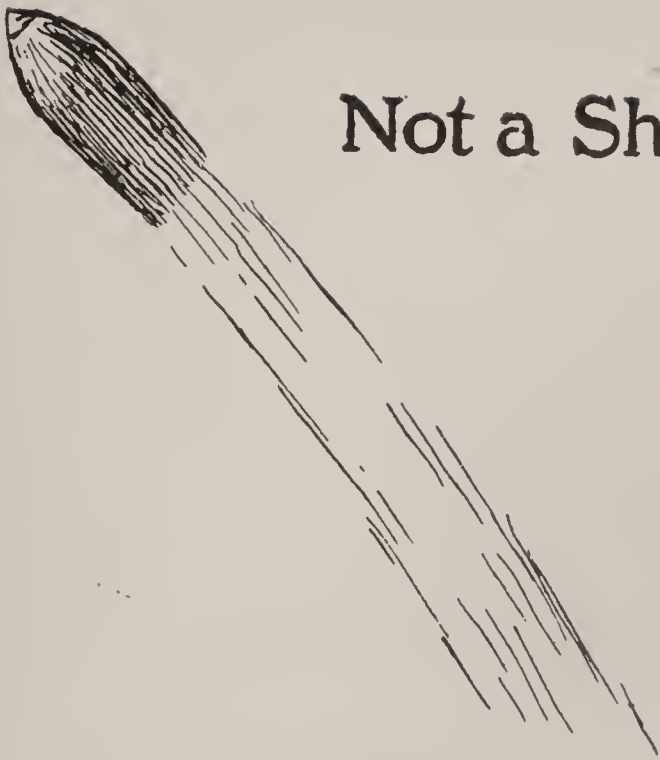
## Not Ant and Bee.

# BOW AND ARROW



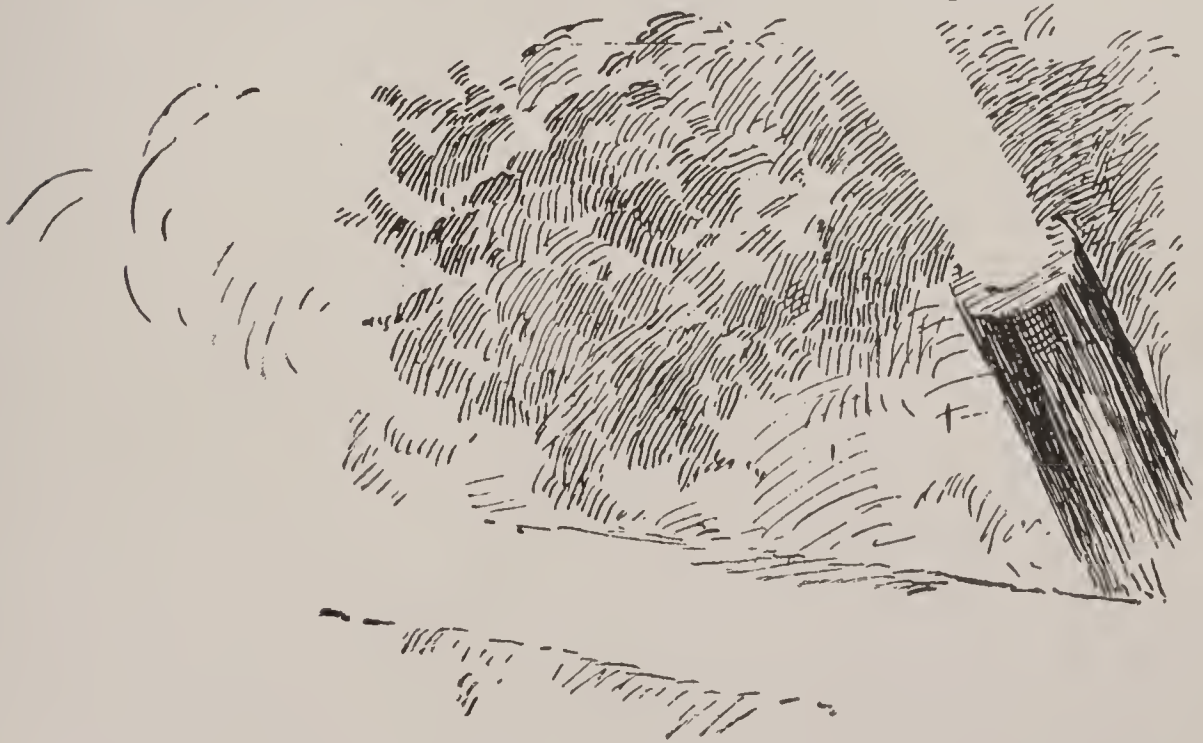


## Not a Shell.



**I**F he should scratch his head, there  
wouldn't be  
Much left of head or body one could  
see.

So, maybe, if we'd like to have him  
linger,  
'Tis better that he has no arm or finger.



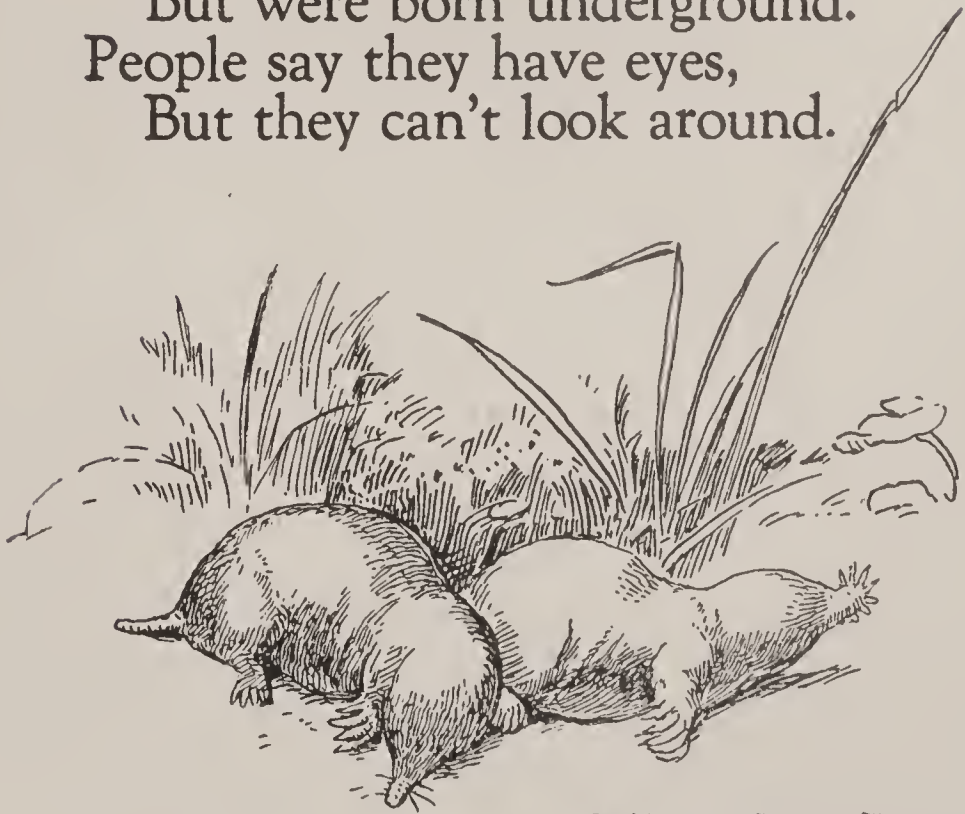
# A MATCH.



## Not Insects.

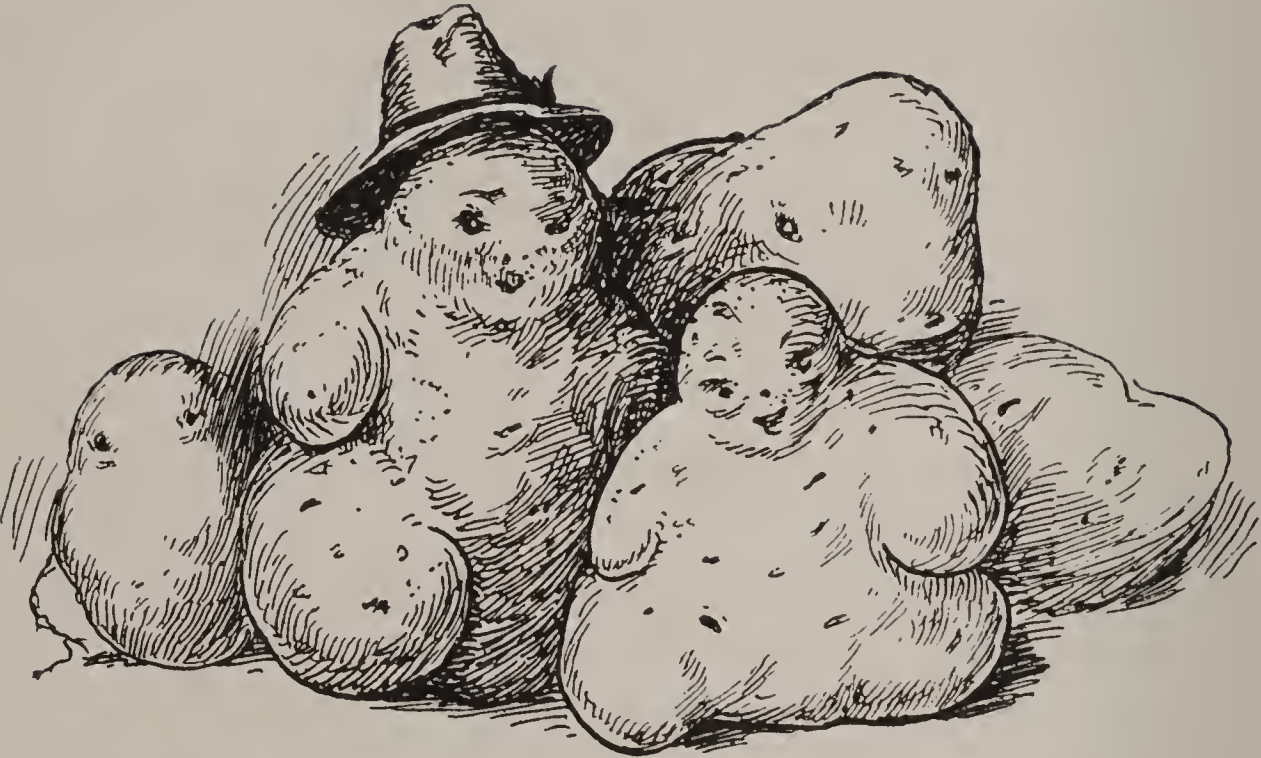


BY the man with the hoe,  
They are frequently found.  
They come from the hills,  
But were born underground.  
People say they have eyes,  
But they can't look around.



Not Moles.

# POTATOES.



## Not a Lighthouse.



TAKE a look from where you stay!  
I know a pretty sight  
That you can see,—oh, miles away—  
And may see best at night.

Sometimes 'tis round; sometimes 'tis  
slim,  
With two well-pointed ends,  
Its size is vast. To distance dim,  
Each sharpened point extends!

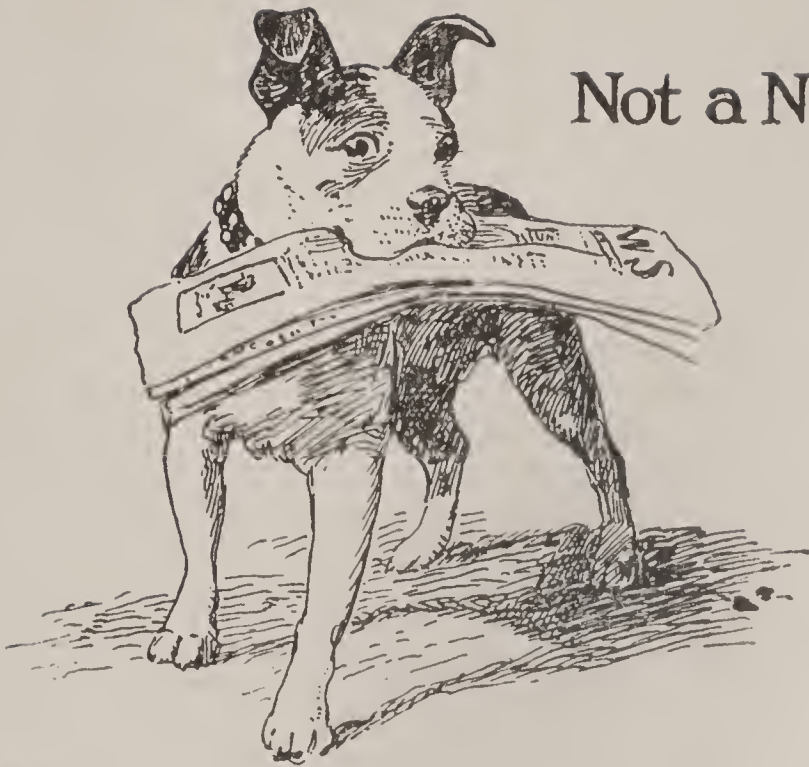


Not Fireworks.

# THE MOON.



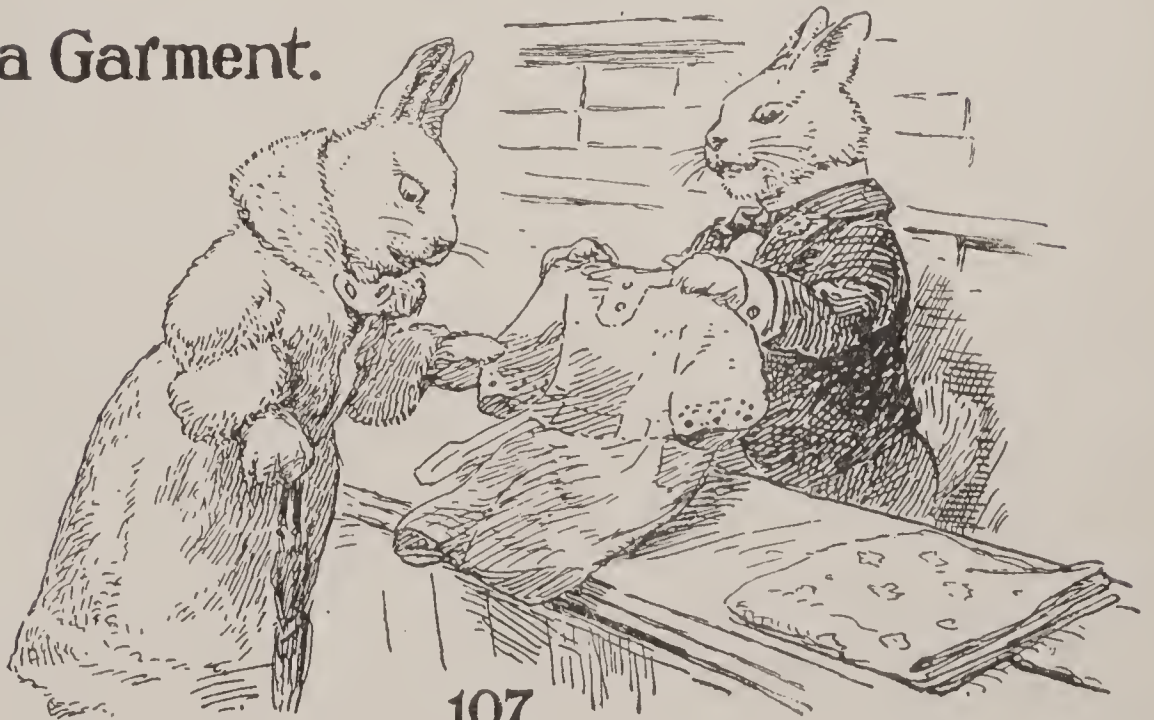
Not a Newspaper.



THERE'S one for every day,  
And one for every night,  
One for every travelled way,  
And one for every flight.

Faithfully your course pursue,  
And, whether you're slow or fast,  
If you keep on, 'tis very true,  
You'll come to it at last.

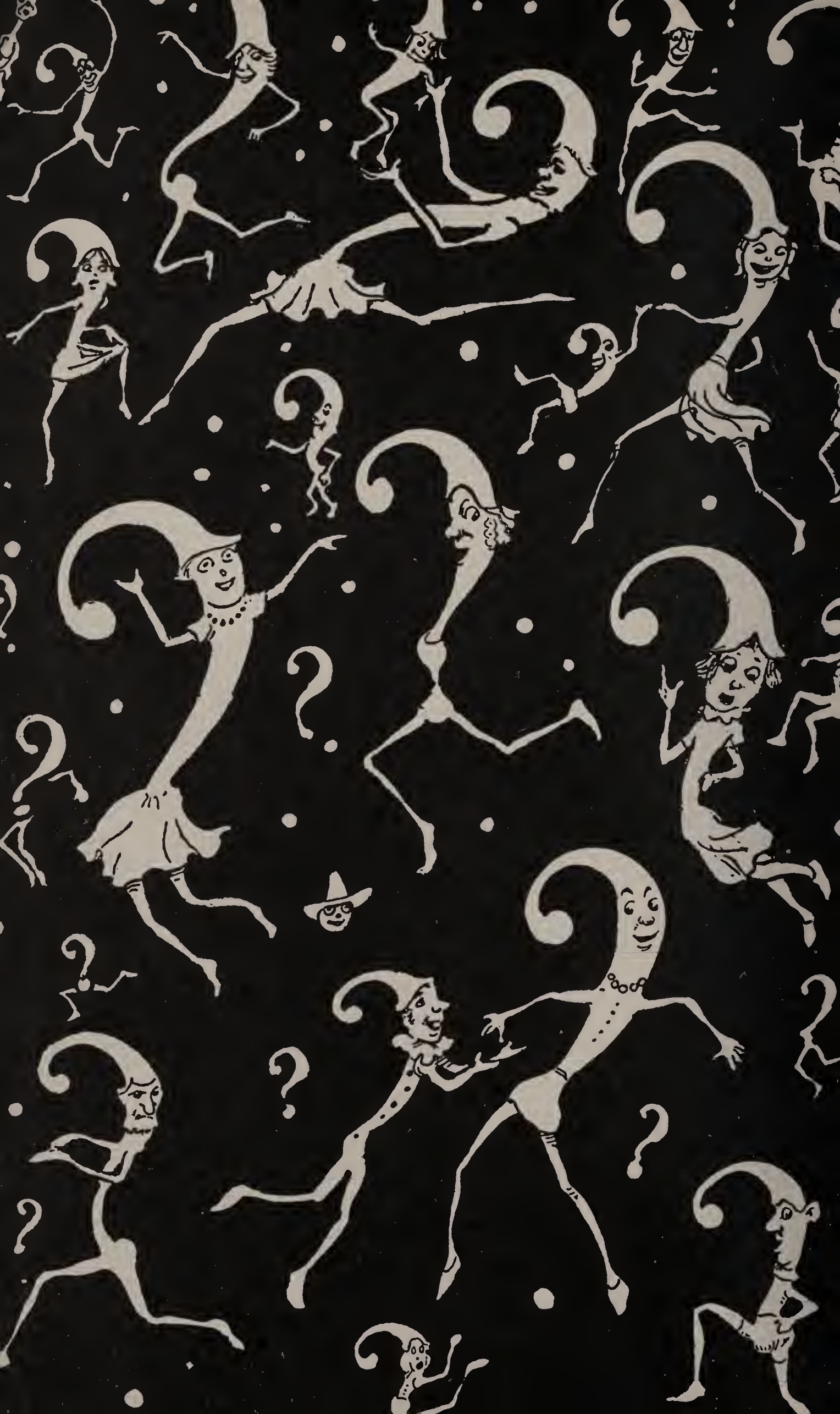
Not a Garment.





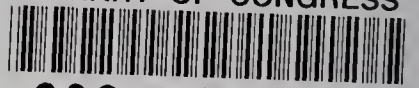








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