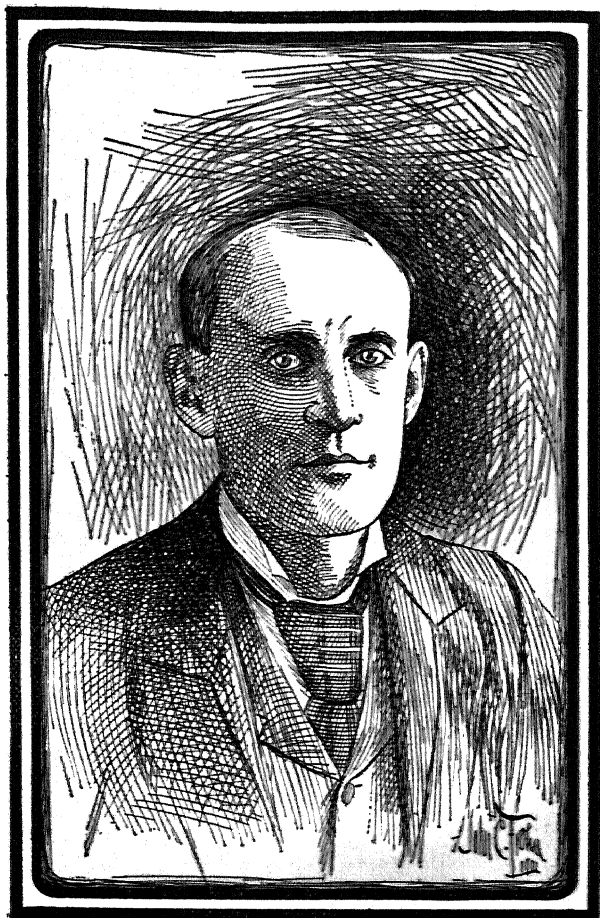

**Nonsense
for
Old
and
Young.**



Eugene Field.

Nonsense
FOR
Old and Young

By EUGENE FIELD



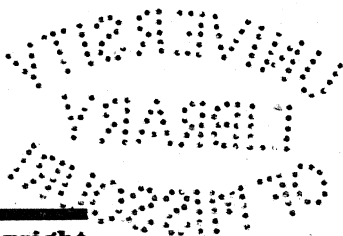
Illustrated by
JOHN C. FROHN



BOSTON

Henry A. Dickerman & Son
PUBLISHERS

MCM I



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**"A little nonsense
now and then,
is relished by
the best of men."**



**Oliver
Wendell
Holmes.**

512407⁵⁸

A Foreword.



IN compiling this volume we have endeavored to add pictorially to the amusement in these funny conceits from Field's versatile brain.

The majority of the sketches herein, appeared in the *Denver Tribune*, under the title of *The Tribune Primer*, with various sub-titles, beginning Monday, Oct. 10, 1881, and ending Monday, Dec. 19, of the same year. The entire number of these quips was about 162, of which 94 were first published in book form as *The Tribune Primer*, in 1881. The balance, with the exception of five which are so local in their application that they have now lost some of their fine sarcastic humor, we here present for the first time with illustrations.

In their original form the sketches were designated by Roman Numerals instead of titles and were made up of short sentences, with a liberal display of capital letters after the style of first lessons in reading for children.

THE PUBLISHERS.



Nonsense for Old & Young.



One Autumn Night.



CALM, delightful autumn night;
A moon's mysterious, misty light;
A maiden at her window height,
In proper robe of fleecy white.

The little wicket gate ajar ;
A lover tripping from afar,
With tuneful voice and light guitar,
To woo his radiant guiding star.



The lute gave forth a plaintive twang—
Oh, how that doting lover sang !
A bull-dog with invidious fang—
A nip, a grip, and then a pang !



A maiden swooning in affright.
A lover in a piteous plight,
A canine quivering with delight—
A wild, delirious autumn night !

A Portrait of a Lady.

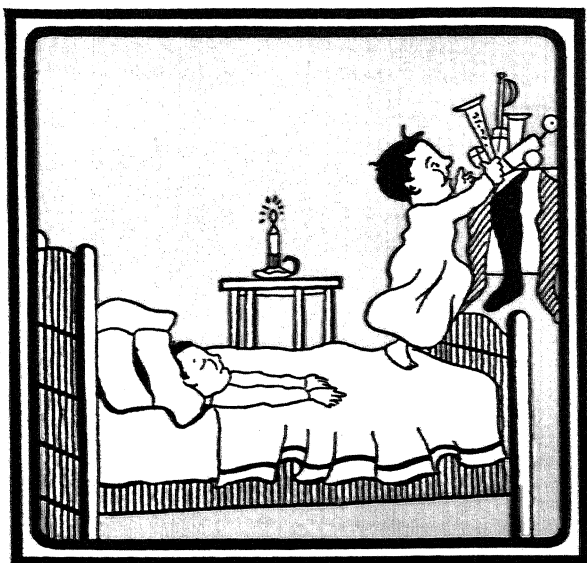
HERE we have a Lady. She was at a Party last Night, and the Paper spoke of her as the Amiable and Accomplished Wife of our Respected Fellow Citizen. Our Respected Fellow Citizen is now as Full as a Tick, and his Amiable and Accomplished Wife is Walloping him with the Rolling Pin. The Lady seems to be more Accomplished than Amiable.



Would You?

IS this a Picture of an Actress? No, it is a Picture of a Boodle Politician. Is it not Beautiful? The left Eye is Closed. It must be Tired. He is Sitting on a Barrel. It must be a Barrel of Jam. Would you like to get your Little Hand into the Barrel? We Would.





Good James and Naughty Reginald.

ONCE upon a Time there was a Bad boy whose Name was Reginald and there was a Good boy whose Name was James.

Reginald would go Fishing when his Mamma told him Not to, and he Cut off the Cat's Tail with the Bread Knife one Day, and then told Mamma the Baby had Driven it in with the Rolling Pin, which was a Lie. James was always Obedient, and when his Mamma told him not to Help an old Blind Man across the street or Go into a Dark Room where the Boogies were, he always Did What She said.

That is why they Called him Good James. Well, by and by, along Came Christmas. Mamma said, You have been so Bad, my son Reginald, you will not Get any Presents from Santa Claus this Year ; but you, my Son James, will get Oodles of Presents, because you have Been Good. Will you Believe it, Children, that Bad boy Reginald said he didn't Care a Darn and he Kicked three Feet of Veneering off the Piano just for Meanness. Poor James was so sorry for Reginald that he cried for Half an Hour after he Went to Bed that Night. Reginald lay wide Awake until he saw James was Asleep and then he Said if these people think they can Fool me, they are Mistaken. Just then Santa Claus came down the Chimney. He had lots of Pretty Toys in a Sack on his Back. Reginald shut his Eyes and Pretended to be Asleep. Then Santa Claus Said, Reginald is Bad and I will not Put any nice Things in his Stocking. But as for you, James, I will Fill your Stocking Plumb full of Toys, because You are Good. So Santa Claus went to Work and Put, Oh ! heaps and Heaps of Goodies in James' stocking but not a Sign of a Thing in Reginald's stocking. And then he Laughed to himself and Said, I guess Reginald will be Sorry to-morrow because he Was so Bad. As he said this he Crawled up the chimney and rode off in his Sleigh. Now you can Bet your Boots Reginald was no Spring Chicken. He just Got right Straight out of Bed and changed all those Toys and Truck from

James' stocking into his own. Santa Claus will Have to Sit up all Night, said He, when he Expects to get away with my Baggage. The next morning James got out of Bed and when He had Said his Prayers he Limped over to his Stocking, licking his chops and Carrying his Head as High as a Bull going through a Brush Fence. But when he found there was Nothing in his stocking and that Reginald's Stocking was as Full as Papa Is when he comes home Late from the Office, he Sat down on the Floor and began to Wonder why on Earth he had Been such a Good boy. Reginald spent a Happy Christmas and James was very Miserable. After all, Children, it Pays to be Bad, so Long as you Combine Intellect with Crime.



His Busy Day.

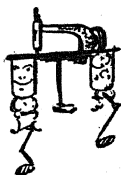


THIS Man is very Busy. He is pushed for Time. He looks as if he had more on his Hands than he could accomplish. We feel Sorry for him. He has an Important Engagement to Keep, and he is Hurrying up Matters to Meet it. He is to be Hung at Noon to-morrow.



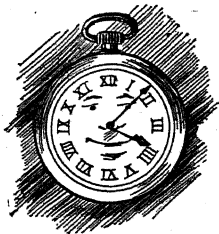
The Joyful Whirligig.

HERE is a Sewing Machine. It was Made for little Children to play with. Put your Feet on the Treadles and Make the Wheels go round Fast. See how the Thread unwinds and the Needle bobs up and down! This is Lots of Fun. Do not Deny baby the privilege of Putting his Fat little Finger under the Needle. It will Make pretty holes in the Finger and give Baby something to occupy his Attention for a Long time.



A Fairy Tale.

HERE we have Papa's watch. There is a Fairy in the Watch. Would you Like to Hear her Sing? If you will Drop the Watch on the Floor, the Fairy in the Watch will Sing the Prettiest little Song you ever Heard and all the Wheels will Buzz just as Funny as can Be. When papa Comes home and finds the Fairy has been Singing, maybe he will Ask you to Step out into the Woodshed with him on a Matter of Business.



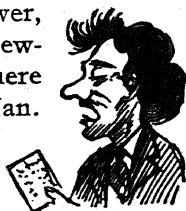


An Epitaph.

HERE lies the body of Mary Ann
Who rests in the bosom of Abraham.
It's all very nice for Mary Ann,
But it's mighty tough on Abraham.

The Hustler Hustling.

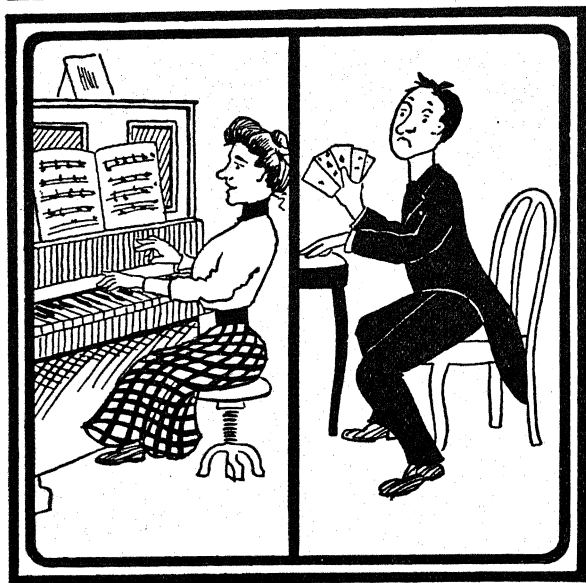
WHAT is that I see? That my Child, is the *News* Interviewer, and he is now Interviewing a Man. But where is the Man? I can see no Man. The Man, my Child is in his Mind.



The Maid of Orleans.

HERE is a Molasses jug. It is Full of Molasses. How many Flies are there in the Molasses? That is a Hard one to Answer. Those flies will Look Proud spread out on Sister Lucy's buckwheat Cakes in the Morning. But Lucy will not Care. She will pick them out of the Molasses with her Taper Fingers, and Wipe them on the Bottom of her Chair. But if her Beau were there she would Yell and say, Oh, how Horrid. The strength of a Woman's Stomach depends Largely on the surroundings.





Fancy vs. Fact.

MABEL is sitting at the Piano, and she is Singing a Song. The Song Says he is Waiting for Her in the Gloaming. Mabel appears to be giving herself Dead Away. He is Not Waiting for her In the Gloaming at all. He has just Drawn a bobtail Flush, and he is Wondering whether he had Better Pull out or stand in on a Bluff. Mabel would Touch a Responsive Chord in his Bosom if she were to Sing take Back the Hand which thou Gavest.

Society as Reported.



HIS is a Recherche Affair. Recherche Affairs are sometimes Met with in Parlors and Ball Rooms but more Generally in the Society Department of Newspapers. A Recherche Affair is an Affair where the Society Editor is invited to the Refreshment Table. When the Society Editor is told his Room is Better than his Company, the Affair is not Recherche.



A Musical Genius.



HO is the Man? The Man is Admiral McLean and he is Getting Ready to Sing. Can the Admiral Sing? Those who have heard him Say he Can Not. Has he ever Sung a Song Through? Nobody can Tell. Why can Nobody Tell? Because every Body walks Away when he Begins for to Sing.





The Nervy Drummer.

IS this a Brass Foundry? No, it is a Travelling Man. He carries big Trunks all over the Country and Makes Love to Dining room Girls. He has Been all Over and Under Europe and Taken in all the Great Masters: He has Scoured the Alps clean. He can Tell more Smutty Stories than a Politician, and he can get Bilin' slower on More Liquor than any Government official. The best Way to get along with the Travelling men is to get along Without them.

Lunar Lore.



THE Moon is a Satellite. A Satellite is a Sort of Associate Editor. It revolves around Somebody Else and gets full on Four Quarters. The Moon is a great Way from the Earth. It would Take a Street Car 16,000,000,239 years to Make the Distance. A Snail could Make it in half that Time. Break a piece of Glass out of Mamma's mirror, Smoke it over the Lamp, and look at the Moon through it.



The Senator.



HERE we have a Senator. He is a Proud Bird. He has been Renominated and he is Happy. And who is the Bird with the Senator? It is one of his constituents. Is he Happy? Yes, he too is Happy because the Senator is Happy. But not too Happy. Just Happy Enough.





A Colonial Accident.

MAJOR ANDRÉ was a British officer. Benedict Arnold hired him for Four Dollars a day to go as Spy into the American Camp and hear the News. He carried important Papers in his Boots, and, upon being Arrested by the Americans, the Papers were found. Then they said they would hang him. He was sorry for what he had Done and Said he was going to Heaven. He fell with a Dull, Sickening Thud. They are going to Build a Monument to him, not because he did Wrong, but because he got Caught.

A Natural Mistake.



IS this an Ass? No, this is the Editor of a paper at Central City. Oh, what a Mistake! No, my Child, the Mistake was a Natural one. You would not Insult an Ass, would you?

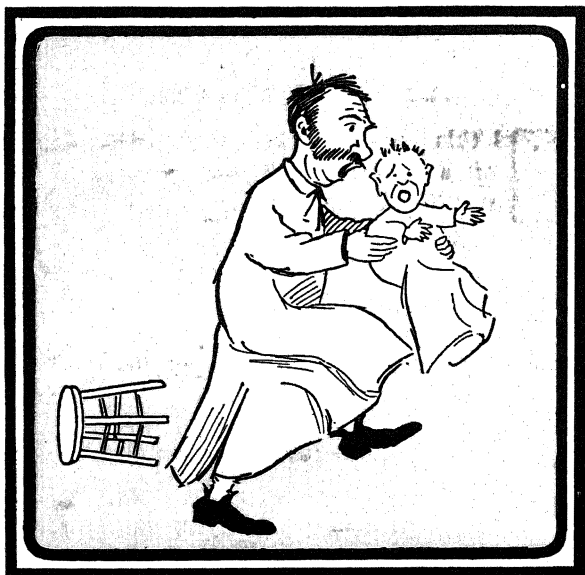


Luminous Law.



IS this a fire? No, it is not a fire. It is the Judge of the County Court. Why did you think it was a fire? Because it looked so Red. The Judge is a Nice Man. He writes Articles about the Governor. You must not Mistake Him for a Fire again. But you may Compare him with the Warm, Sensuous glow of a Neapolitan Sunset.





"Oft in the Stilly Night."

BABY and I in the weary night
Are taking a walk for his delight;
I drowsily stumble o'er stool and chair
And clasp the babe with grim despair,
For he's got the colic
And paregoric
Don't seem to ease my squalling heir.

Baby and I in the morning gray
Are griping and squalling and walking away —
The fire's gone out and I nearly freeze —
There's a smell of peppermint on the breeze.
Then Mamma wakes
And baby takes
And says, "Now cook the breakfast, please."



A Sad, Sad Story.

THE young Man is Reading a Letter and seems Deeply Agitated. Maybe it is a Letter from his Sweet-Heart, and she has Given him the Grand Bounce. How his Breast Heaves and how his Heart must Throb under his Celluloid Shirt Front. The Letter is from His Tailor. Let us not Invade the Secrecy of the poor Young man's Grief.



Fashion Notes.



LIPPERS should be worn High on Bad little Boys this Winter.

Fashionable Corns are to be Trimmed with Steel-Blue Razors this Season.



Red Pepper worn on Hot Stoves continues to Create quite a Sensation in the Best Social Circles.

The Chivalrous Editor.



HIS is an Editorial Writer. He is Writing a Thoughtful Piece about the Degeneracy of the Age. He talks about the good old Times when Men were Manly and Youthful Breasts were Pregnant with Chivalry. By and by he Will go Home and Lick his wife for not Cutting up enough Cord Wood for the kitchen Fire in the Morning, and he will Spit tobacco all over his daughter Esther's new silk Gown.

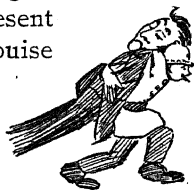


Easy Mathematics.

If you are good at addition, put down a column of figures, five figures in a row, and the sum will represent the age of Clara Louise Kellogg.



Suppose a man with a bottle of whiskey were to set down the bottle and carry the whiskey, what would the result be?



If one gallon of coal oil will blow up a kitchen stove, how much Kansas City gin is required to make a man feel like a barn afire?



If a Pueblo bed-bug can travel seventy rods in one hour, when there is nothing ahead to encourage him, how many miles will he travel in ten minutes to meet a fat man from Cheyenne?

**A Mean Man.**

CHICAGO Papa is so Mean he Wont let his Little Baby have More than One Measle at a time.





The Office Towel.



IS this a Corner Lot? No it is a Towel. It has been serving an Apprenticeship in a Printing Office for the past Four Years. The horses are Dragging it Away. A man will Take an Ax and Break the Towel into Pieces and Boil it for Soap Grease. Then he will sell the Towel for Tripe. If you find a Piece of Tripe with a Monogram in one Corner, you may Know it is the Towel.

Scandal on Foot.

WHAT is that Walking along the Street?
That, my Son, is a State
Senator. Will you not Tell
me all About it? No, my
Son, you are too Young to hear
Scandal.

**The Old T. D.**

IS it a Pipe? Yes it is Papa's Pipe
and it Has not been
Cleaned out for Four
months. It is full of
Ashes and Spit. It would
not Hurt the Pipe if you
were to Take several good
long Sucks at it.





The Awful Bugaboo.



HERE was an awful Bugaboo
Whose Eyes were Red and Hair was
Blue ;
His Teeth were Long and Sharp and
white
And he went Prowling 'round at Night.

A little Girl was Tucked in Bed,
A pretty Night Cap on her Head ;
Her Mamma heard her Pleading Say,
“ Oh, do not Take the Lamp away ! ”



But Mamma took away the Lamp
And oh, the Room was Dark and Damp ;
The little Girl was Scared to Death —
She did not Dare to Draw her Breath.



And all at Once the Bugaboo
Came Rattling down the Chimney Flue ;
He Perched upon the little Bed
And scratched the Girl until she bled.



He drank the Blood and Scratched again —
The little Girl cried out in Vain —
He picked Her up and Off he Flew —
This Naughty, Naughty Bugaboo !



So, children, when in Bed to-night,
Don't let them Take away the Light,
Or else the Awful Bugaboo
May come and Fly away with You !

The National Debt.

HERE we have a Greenbacker. He seems Troubled about Something. He is Troubled about the National Debt. He is Grieving because the Country of his Nativity owes one Billion Dollars. The other Man around the Corner is a Grocery Man. He, too, is Troubled, but he is not Worrying about the National Debt. Oh, no. He is Worrying about the one Dollar and Forty cents the Greenbacker owes him.



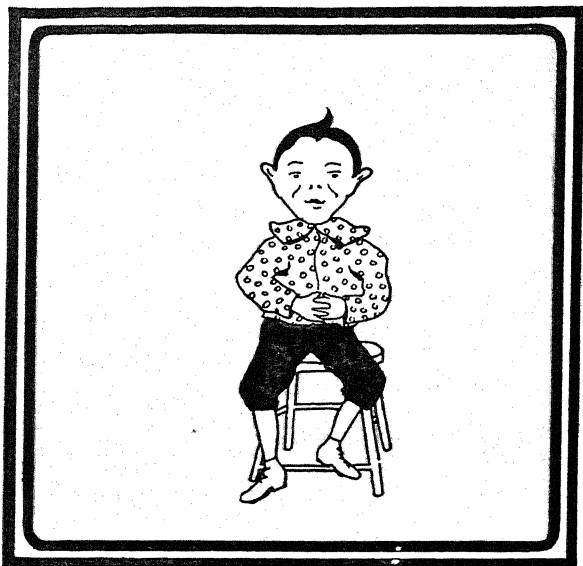
Johnny's Alphabet.

A STANDS for Apple, so hard and so Green—
B stands for Boy who is going away—
C stands for colic that Soon will be seen—
D stands for Devil that's shortly to pay.



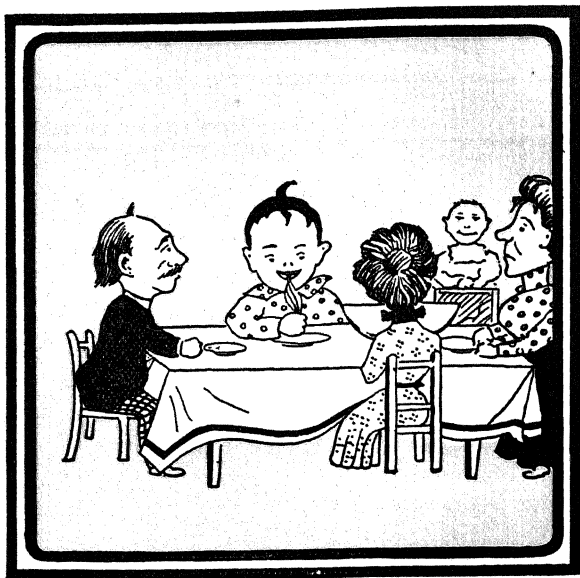
THANKSGIVING TALES

For the Profit of the Nursery Brigade.



Tale I—Prolog.

THIS little Boy looks as if he had On his Father's clothes. Maybe he Has not had Anything to Eat for a Month. He is Sitting on a Stool. He is Waiting for Something. His hands are clasped over his Stomach. Can he be Waiting for his Thanksgiving Dinner? What a Queer little Boy to Wait so Patiently? If he were to Cry, he would get his Dinner Sooner, wouldn't he?



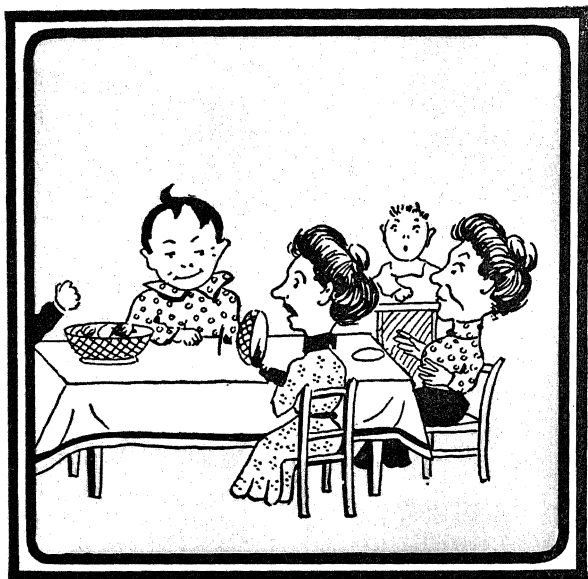
Tale II—Succulent Soup.

IN the Tureen there are two Gallons of Soup and Eleven Cove oysters. Do not Be Afraid. The Soup is Pretty Hot, but it will not Burn you. If it is too Hot, you can Spit it out on the Carpet. Do you like Cove oysters? They are Baby oysters Taken out of the Shell before they are Hatched. Some People dry them and use them for Gun Wads. They are much more Digestible than sole leather.



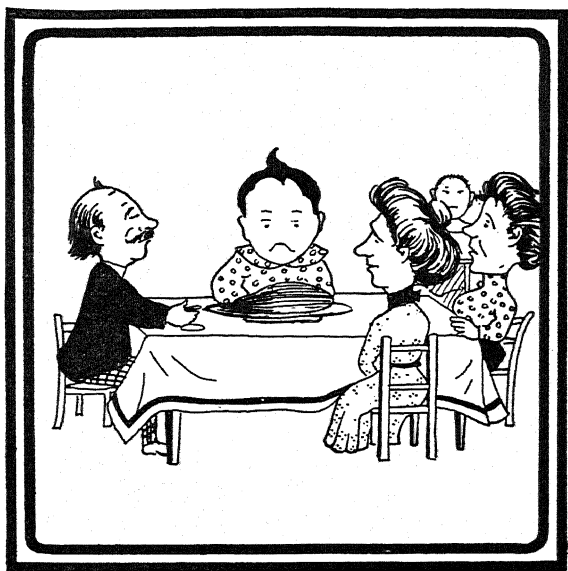
Tale III—Tempting Turkey.

WHAT a Big Fat Turkey it is! It must have eaten lots of Worms and Caterpillars to be so Fat. It is stuffed with nice Stuffing made of Old Crusts and spoiled Biscuits. The Gravy looks Quite Tempting. It does not Look like Tobacco Juice, does it? The Innards of the Turkey have been Chopped up and are in the Gravy. Unless the Cook was very Careful while Chopping up the Innards, there is a Piece of her Finger in the Gravy, too. Will you Try some of the Turkey? Take a Drum Stick, the Pope's Nose, a Side Bone, the Neck, some of the Breast and the Wishbone. If that is not Enough, ask Mamma please Can you have some More.



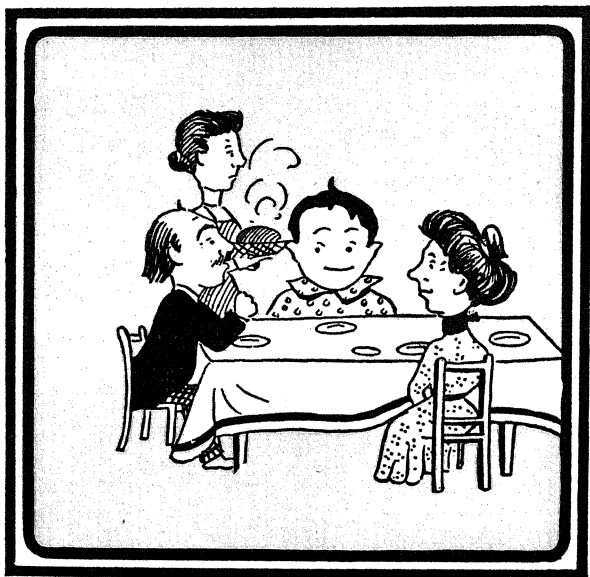
Tale IV—Various Vegetables.

THE vegetables smell good. Two or three of these Onions would make you Stronger. Suppose you Try some of the Turnip and Squash. Pickled Beets are also Good to Eat just before going to Bed. The mashed Potato is healthy when There are no Potato Bugs in it. They are very Plenty this Year. Will you put Some Jelly on Your Bread? How Mad it would Make your Big sister Jennie to Tip the Jelly over in her lap. Suppose you Try it as a Joke.



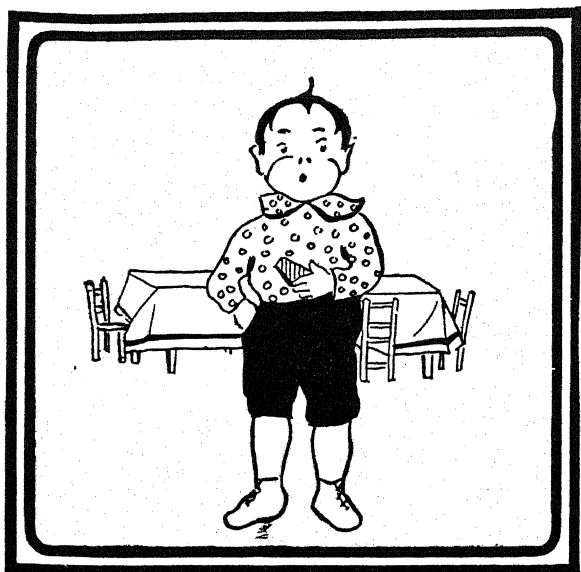
Tale V—Venerable Venison.

HERE we Have Some Venison. It may Taste a trifle Venerable for it has been hanging Up in the Shed for Several Weeks. But Papa says it is not Fly Blown, and Everything Goes on Thanksgiving Day. Once the Venison was a little Deer and lived in the Mountains. A man Caught it and Hung it up on a Tree and cut its poor little Throat and let it Bleed to Death. What a Bad Man. Perhaps the Deer's baby deers are crying for their Mamma who will Never come.



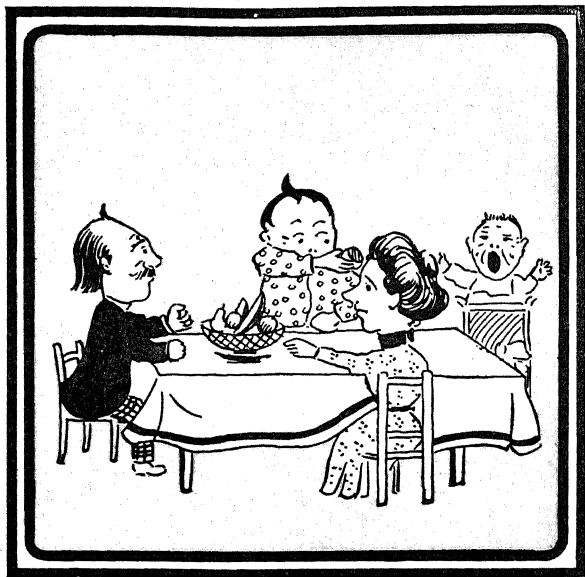
Tale VI—Peptonic Pudding.

THE Hired Girl is bringing on the Pudding and it is a Daisy. We mean the Pudding. It is full of Plums. Make Mamma give you a Big Piece of the Pudding with Ever so many Plums in it. If we Were you, we would Swallow the Plums whole and Then they will stay By You longer. When you have Eaten the Pudding, pick your little Dish up and Drink the Sauce.



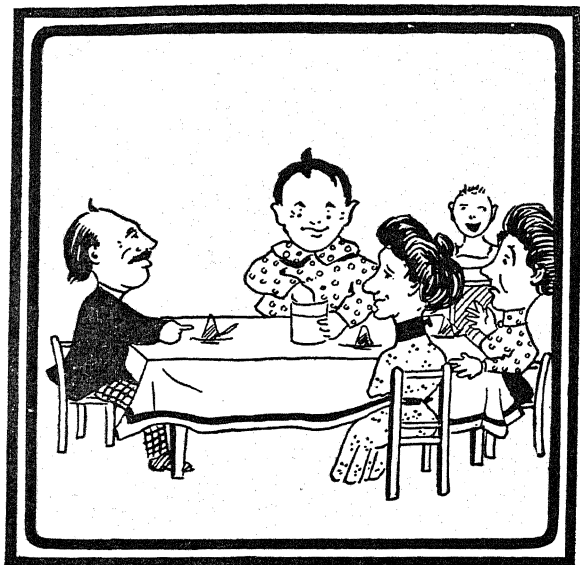
Tale VII—Painful Pie.

THERE are Three Kinds of Pie—Cocoa-nut Pie, Lemon Pie and Mince Pie. They are the Only Kinds of Pie little children should Eat. You will do Well to Try them All. As much Pie as Possible under the circumstances would be Proper. The best way to Eat Pie is to Take it up in your Fingers. This is Liable to make Pretty little Spots on your Shirt Front. Do you suppose by Trying Hard you could Slip a Piece of the Lemon Pie into your Pocket to Eat after you go to Bed to-night.



Tale VII—Fretful Fruit.

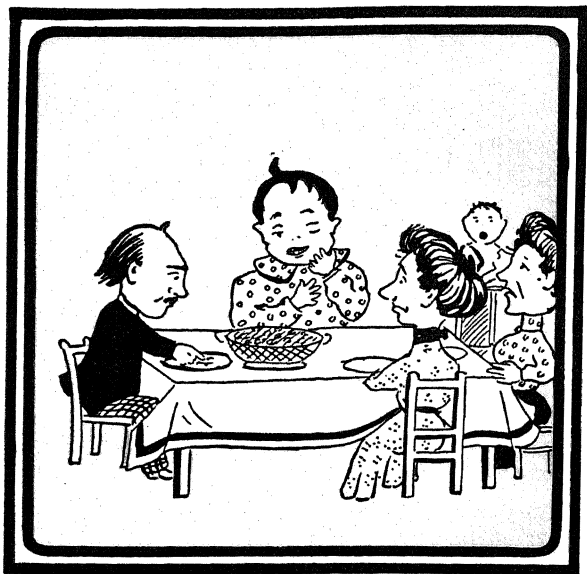
OH, what Beautiful fruit! Apples, Oranges, Bananas, Grapes, Pears and Figs! Make a Grab for them or you May not Get any. Good little children Eat grapes, skin and all. I wonder if the Figs have Worms in them. But never Mind: this is no Time for Questions. Your Mamma says Orange Juice will Stain your Frock, but it Will Not. What Fun it would be to Squirt some Orange Juice in the Dear Little Baby's Eyes!



Tale IX—Innocent Ice Cream.

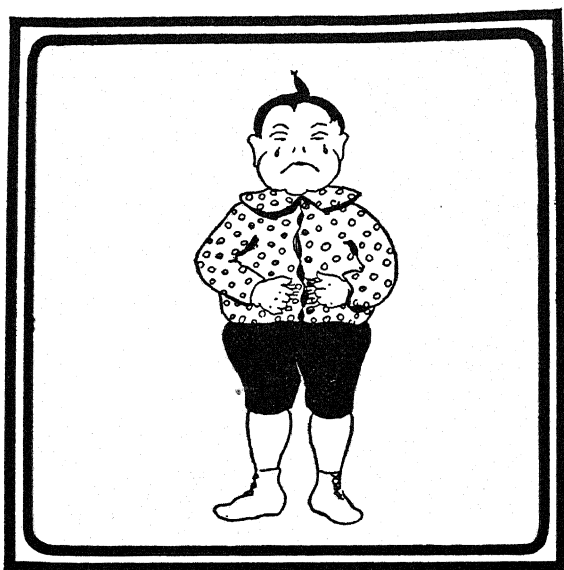


HA, here Comes the Ice Cream. About two Plates apiece will be Enough for the Children. Ice Cream is Funny Stuff. You eat it and feel it in your Eye. When you have Eaten all you Want, you will Find it right Jolly to Pick the Ice Cream up in your Fingers and Paddle it Around in your Tumbler of Water.



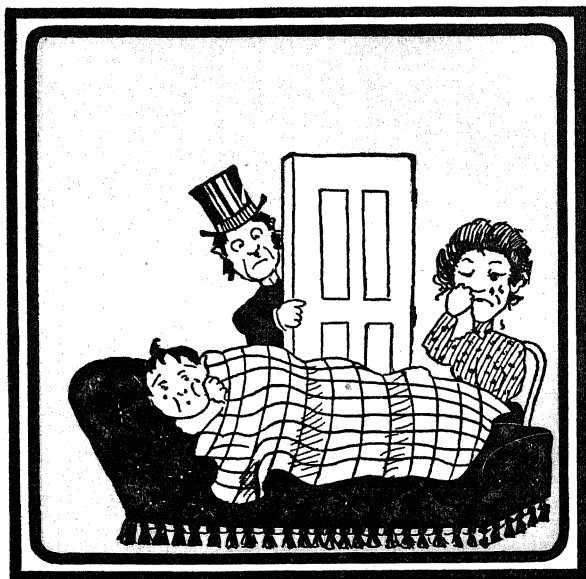
Tale X—Nutritious Nuts.

HERE we Have the Nuts. They are good for Children. Crack them with your Teeth. Be sure to Drop the Shells on the Floor for the Cat to Eat. Do not Forget to put a Good Many in your Pocket for the Poor Little blind Girl who Lives around the Corner.



Tale XI—Wierd and Woful.

THIS little Boy looks too Big for his Clothes. He must have been Measured when he Had the Ague. Mamma will Have to take off His Vest with a Button Hook to-night. What makes the Boy so pale? He has his Hands gathered together over his Diaphragm. Is the Boy Sick? The Boy is Sick. Maybe he has Swallowed something that does not Agree with Him.



Tale XII—Enter the Diligent Doctor.

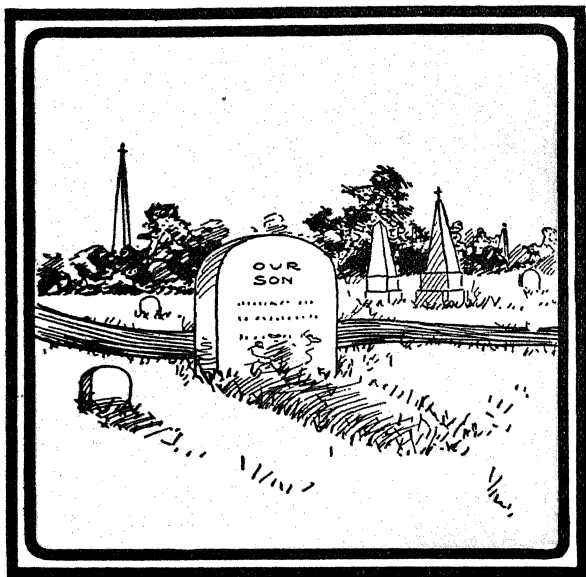
WHO is the Man coming through the Door? He is the Doctor. This is the Worst Symptom of the Boy's Illness we have Seen yet. How can the Boy get Well now? The Doctor asks Mamma how the Boy is. Mamma is crying. The Doctor says he can Fix the Boy.



Tale XIII—Exit the Beautiful Boy.



HE Doctor has Fixed the Boy.



Tale XIV — Epilog.

HERE we have a Cemetery. Can you see the Little grave Stone over there? It is very Cute. There must be a Boy Planted somewhere Near it. Wouldn't you Like to be Planted under a Cute little Stone like That? Unless you do Justice to your Dinner to-day you cannot Hope for such a Reward of Merit.

Beautiful Hortense.



MISS Hortense is working a Beautiful Piece of Embroidery. It is a Motto in Green and Gold. It asks What is Home without a Mother. When Miss Hortense gets it Done, she will Give it to her Beau, who Tends a Dry Goods counter. You cannot see Miss Hortense's Mother. She is in the Back Yard doing the Week's Washing. By and by she will be Bringing in Coal for the Parlor Stove, because Miss Hortense's beau is Coming to-night.



A Toilet Episode.



MAMMA'S Tooth-brush is on the Bureau. Suppose we scrub out the Sink with it. Then Mamma will wonder what she has Eaten to give her such a Bad Breath. She will Think the Tooth-brush has been Sitting up with a Corpse.



A Terrible Monster.



H, what an awful Sight! It is the Editor of the Colorado Springs *Gazette*. He has Long, White Teeth and there is Blood on his gums. He is a Bad Man and he has just Eaten a Poor Little Baby. He is trying to get the Capital Removed. If he gets the Capital Removed, he will Eat a Poor Little Baby every Day. You must Tell your Dear Papa not to vote to have the Capital Removed.



Poor Pussy.



HERE we have a Dornick and a Cat. The Cat is Approaching the Well. She thinks there is a Mouse there. Suppose we approach the well with the Dornick. There is no Mouse as we Can See. Perhaps the Mouse is at the Bottom of the Well. Let us Hitch the Dornick to the Cat and Put Them in the Well. Then the Cat will not Come back without the Mouse.





A Fish Story.



SEE the Fish. The Fish is a Trout and Breathes through his Ears. He lives in a Brook and May be if you try you can Catch him. Any little Boy who catches so many measles ought to be Able to Catch one little Fish. The Trout Weighs four Ounces, but you can say he weighs four Pounds. Do not call him a Speckled Beauty or you will be Shot. Eat him, Head, Tail, Inwards and All, and get a little Bone in your Throat if you Can.



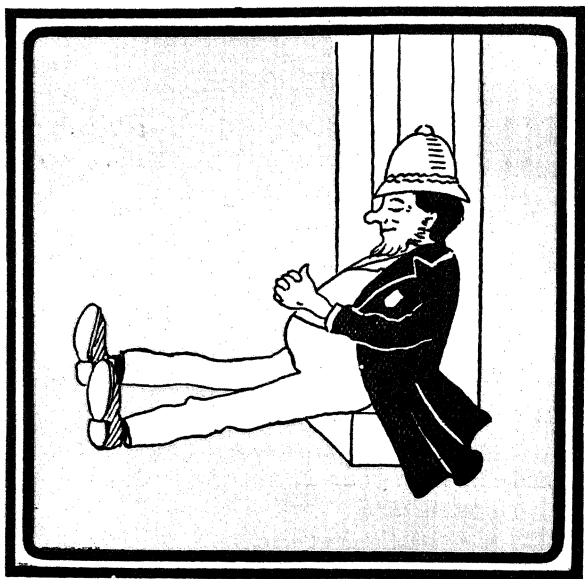
Beware.



H, children you Must never chew Tobacco—it is Awful! The Juice will Quickly make You sick, If once you get your Maw Full.

— S. J. Tilden.





The Vigilant Cop.

DO not Make a Noise or you will Wake the Policeman! He is Sitting on the Door Step asleep. It is very Hard on Him to Have to Sleep out of Doors these Cold Nights. There is a Bank being Robbed around the Corner and a Woman is being killed in the next Block. If the Policeman Waked up, he might Find it out and Arrest somebody. Some people Believe this is what Policemen are for, but the Policemen do not Think so.

Something Doing.



IS this a Cemetery? No, it is a Picture of Pueblo during the Busy Season. Do you see the Man Patting the Dog on the Back and Promising him a Bone if he will lie Down and Go to Sleep again? This is What they Call an Intensely Exciting Sensation in Pueblo. The Earth is going to Live five hundred Million years Longer, and Pueblo expects to be the State Capital before the End of that Time. You will not Live to see it the Capital—or, at least, you ought to Hope Not.



Poor Little Bennie.



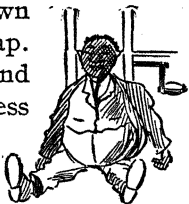
BENNIE is Lying in the Cradle and he is Crying because Mamma will not give him the Moon. What a Naughty Mamma not to Give her little Boy the Moon! But Mamma does not care how much Bennie Cries. She has a Son, and the Moon can go to Thunder.



Our Motor Press.



IS this Not a Beautiful steam Press?
The Steam is Lying Down
on the Floor taking a Nap.
He came from Africa and
is Seventy years Old. The press
Prints Papers. It can Print
nine hundred papers an Hour.
It takes One hour and Forty
Minutes to Print the Edition of
the Paper. The paper has a circulation of
Thirty-seven Thousand. The Business Man-
ager says So.



Freedom Defined.



WHY is this great and glorious country
called America? Prin-
cipally because that is
its name. Can you
bound it? No, because it is
a republic and will not be
be bound.



A Political Object Lesson.



O you see that Candidate over There! He is standing still. He is a Democratic Candidate. If he were a Republican he Would be Running. Democratic Candidates are not real Candidates. They can not Run. They do not even Walk. When you are very Tired and Want to rest you ought to Become a Democratic Candidate.



Honesty on the Run.



F a poor but honest voter chases a reformer four blocks in ten hours, how many blocks will he have to go to catch him? This depends altogether on the location of the Bank.





The Truth About the Cherry Tree.

WHO was George Washington? He was Mrs. Washington's little Boy. One Day he went out in the Orchard and got the Hired Man to chop down a cherry tree. "Who has done this Deed?" asked George's mother that Very Afternoon. There was Blood in the Old Lady's Eye. In order not to get fired, the Hired Man gave George two marbles and a Top to say he Did it. "Mamma," said George, "I cannot Tell a Lie. I Done it with the Ax." Whereupon his Mother complimented him on his Truthfulness, but gave him One in the Neck for using Bad Grammar.

An Ode to a Cat.

HUNGRY Cat —

A foolish Rat.

A lively Run —

Exciting Fun.

Ferocious Jaws —

Remorseless Claws.

A dying Squeal —

A hearty Meal.

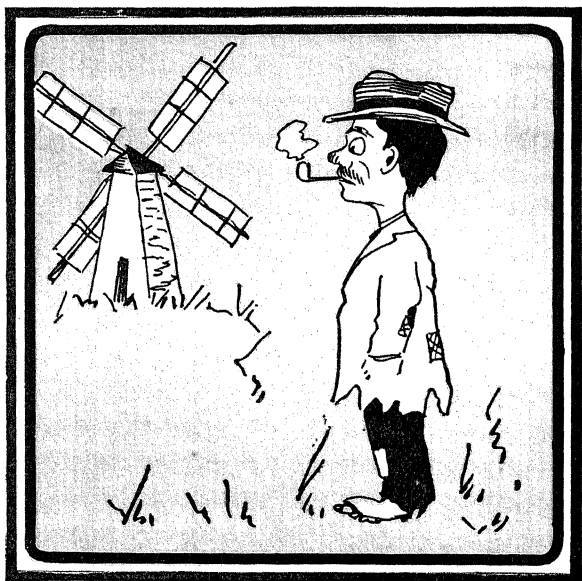
Alas, poor Rat !

O happy Cat !

**Look Out! Boogies!**

WID you ever see a Bugaboo? Ask
Mamma to Blow out
the Light to-night after
you Go to Bed and Let
you See a Bugaboo? It has
a Big Voice like a Bear, and
its Claws are as long as a
Knife. It will Bite Good
Little Children and Run off
with them to the Cold Dark Woods where they
can Never see Mamma any More. If you are
Good, Beware of Bugaboos.





Hot Air vs. Cold Water.



SEE the Wind Mill. It is a Pretty Sight. It has Sails that go Round and Round and Make a Noise like the Whirring of a bird's wings. The Wind Mill Looks Sad. It has had Hard Luck. It used to be a Democratic politician and Furnish Enthusiasm for Arapahoe county Campaigns. But Wind will not Run a Campaign and so the Wind Mill lost its Job. And now it Stands out on a Bleak Prairie and Hauls water out of the Cold, hard Earth for a living. Any Kind of Honest Labor is awful rough on a Democrat, but Having Anything to Do with Water breaks him All Up.

The Worried Magnate.

WHO is the old man I see? The old man is a Railroad Builder, and his brow is clouded. Why is his brow clouded? It is clouded because this is Monday and he cannot build any railroad track. Why can he not build railroad track on Monday? Because he is pious and remembers the Sabbath day to keep everybody he can hire wholly—busy. He only builds on Sunday. This is the reason he is so much respected in saloons and other mercantile establishments.



His Day of Rest.

IS this a Sunday? Yes, it is a Sunday. How Peaceful and Quiet it is. But Who is the Man! He does not Look Peaceful. He is a reporter and he is Swearing. What makes him Swear? Because he has to Work on Sunday? Oh, no! He is Swearing because he has to Break the Fourth Commandment. It is a sad thing to be a Reporter.



The Foxy Compositor.

AS the Printer tobacco? He has But
he will not Tell you So.
He carries it in the Leg
of his Boot and when he
wants a Chew he Sneaks down
in the Back Alley where Nobody
can See him. When he Spits
tobacco, it Sounds like a Duck
diving in the Water. The prin-
ter is a Queer man. He is a Fickle person.
Sometimes he has Ten thousand Ems on the
string, but they are Always his Dupes. If you
are a Printer, Do not Be a Blacksmith or you
will get Fired.





**'Tis sad—there's an
end to all good
things.**



Other Field Books.

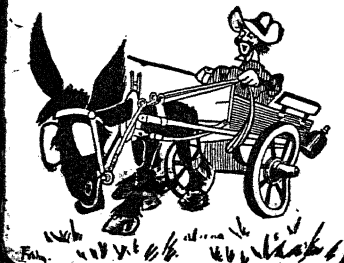


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Field — DeKoven Song Book	2.00
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House, The	1.25
Little Book of Profitable Tales	1.25
Little Book of Western Verse	1.25
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A SOFT WORD

FROM

Robert J. Burdette

REGARDING

"What Happened to Wigglesworth"

Abraham Lincoln once said, "God must love plain people, because he made so many of them." Then humor must be heaven born, because it glorifies the commonplace.

Mr. Fuller's humor has no need of the finger post of an introduction. His manner bears no stamp save that of his own personality. His characters introduce themselves as old friends, who try to surprise us by thinly disguised voices, by the change of a beard, or the innocent assumption of ignorance of our identity. The people concerning whom Mr. Fuller writes in these chronicles, he would have us believe dwell in Maine. But I knew them in Illinois; you have them in New York; they are your neighbors in California. We recognize them as old friends. Some busy years have separated us; a multitude of cares have swarmed into our lives and driven them out of our thought, and grateful are we that this apostle of humor suddenly turns the limelight of his humor upon the stage of this old work-a-day world of ours, revealing the little group of actors to our gaze saying, "Did you ever see these people before?" And our ready, happy looks of glad and instant recognition contradict our "No we never did" that goes with the extended hand of welcome greeting. Into his book, Mr. Fuller has put the laughter of our own lives. Our highest and most grateful appreciation of what he has done, will be to take the laughter of his book into our own hearts.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Cairo, Egypt, February 6, 1901.

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