

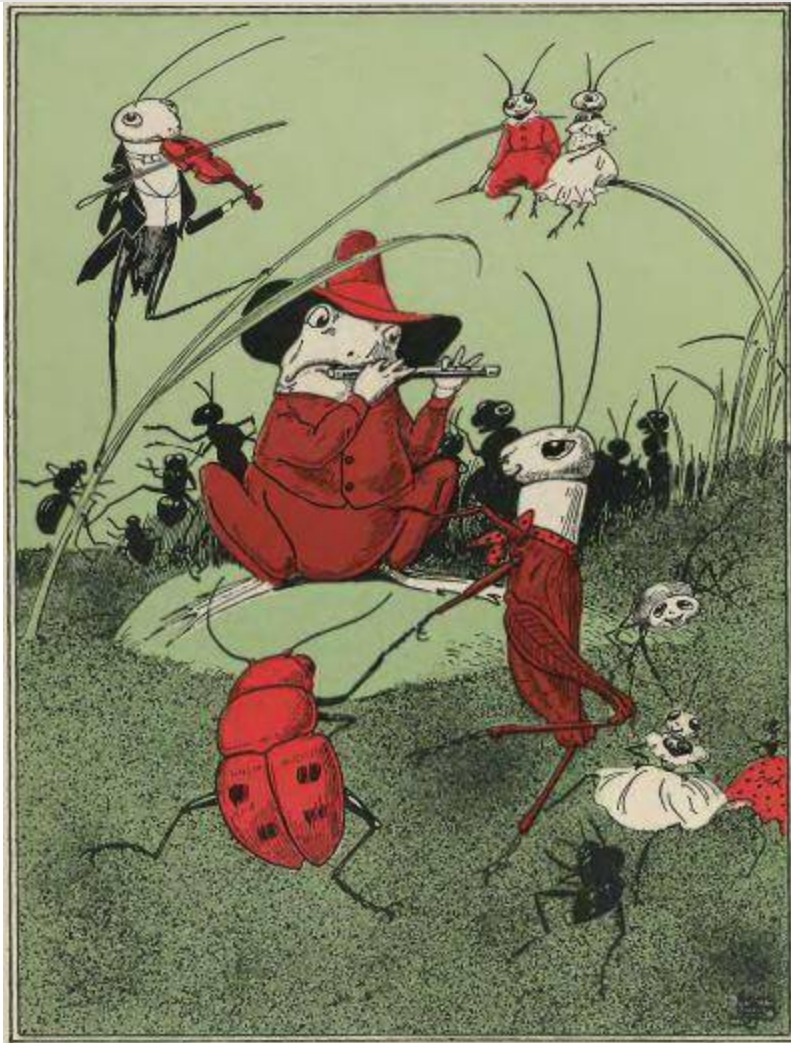
Fun



Nonsense

FUN & NONSENSE

BY WILLARD BONTE



Fun and Nonsense



*H.M. Caldwell Company
New York and Boston*

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New York and Boston

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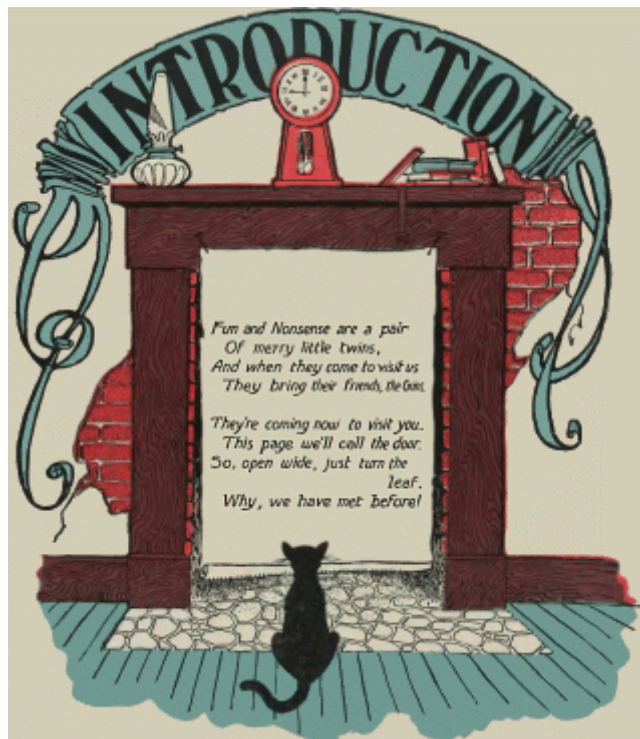
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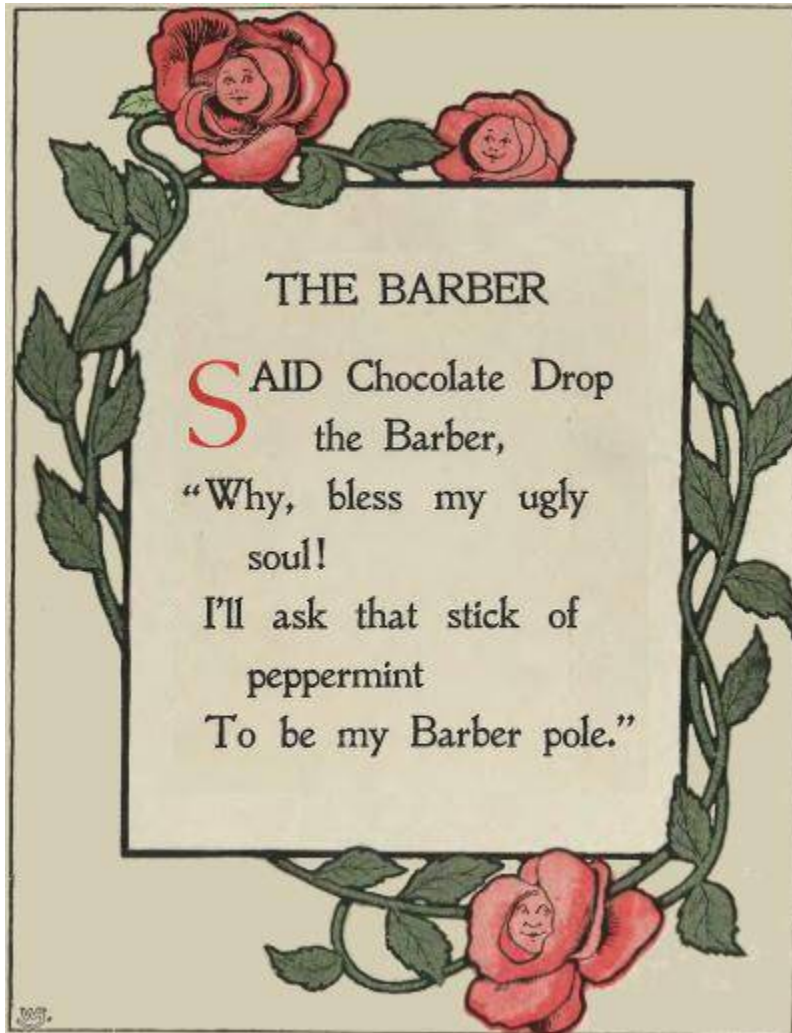


Fun and Nonsense are a pair
Of merry little twins,
And when they come to visit us
They bring their friends, the Grins.

They're coming now to visit you.
This page we'll call the door.
To open wide, just turn the leaf.
Why, we have met before!

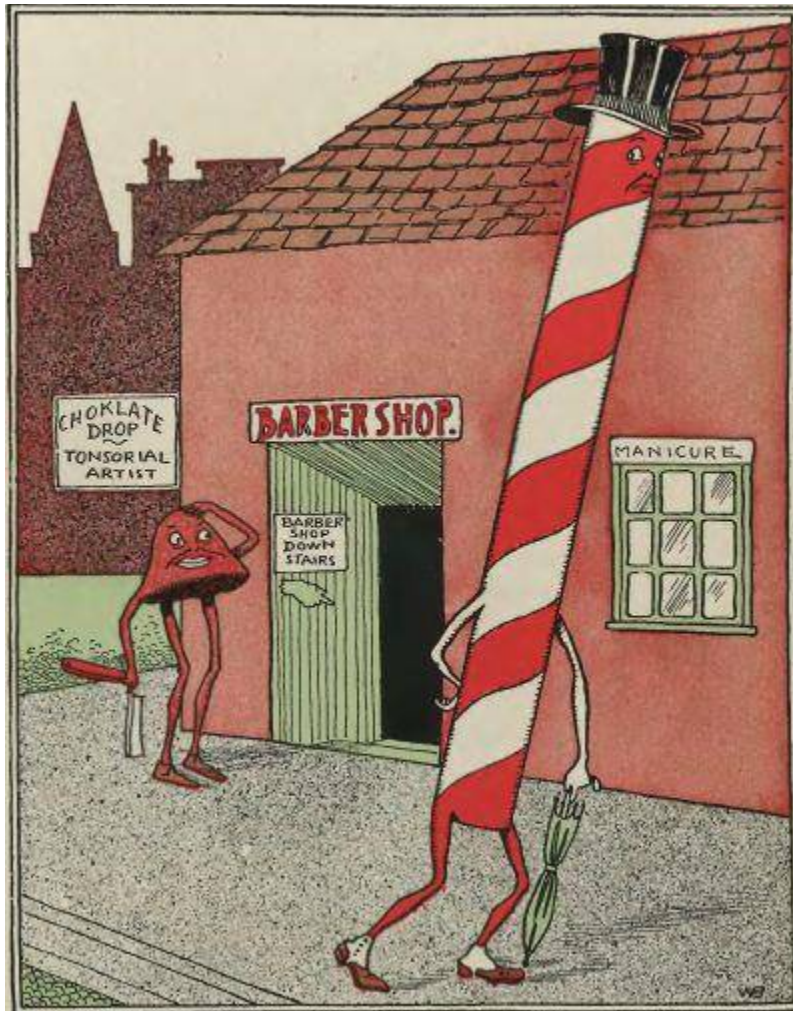
THE BARBER

Said Chocolate Drop the Barber,



"Why, bless my ugly soul!"

I'll ask that stick of peppermint
To be my Barber pole."



THE REFUSAL

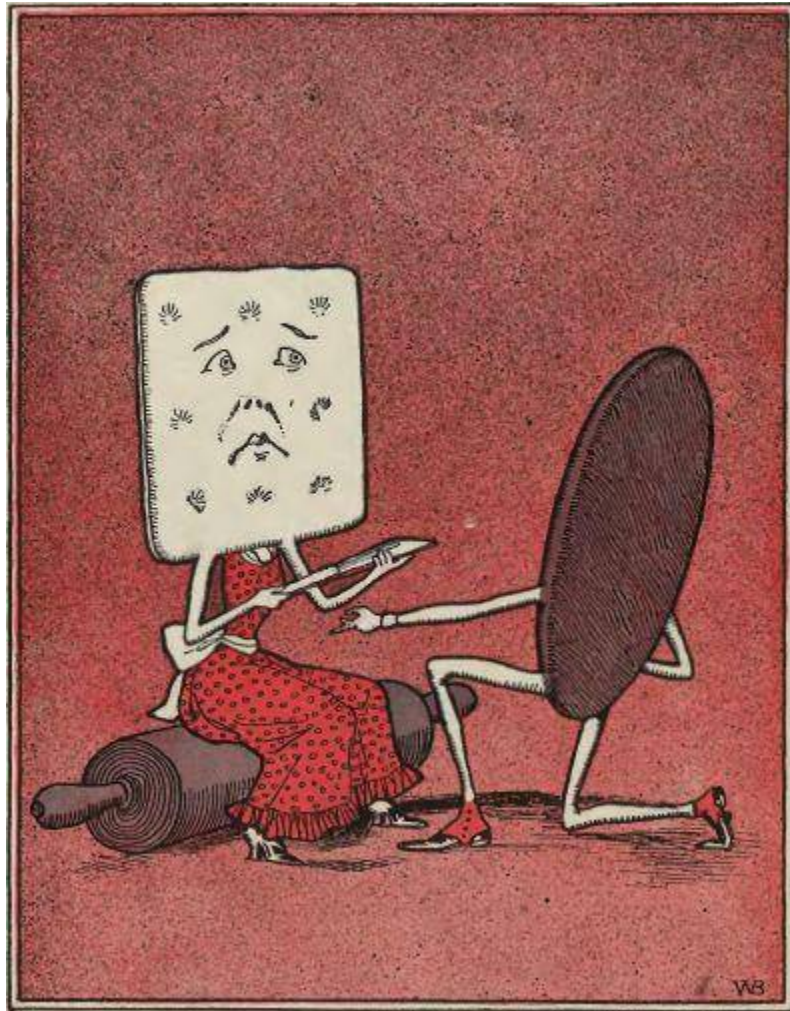


THE REFUSAL

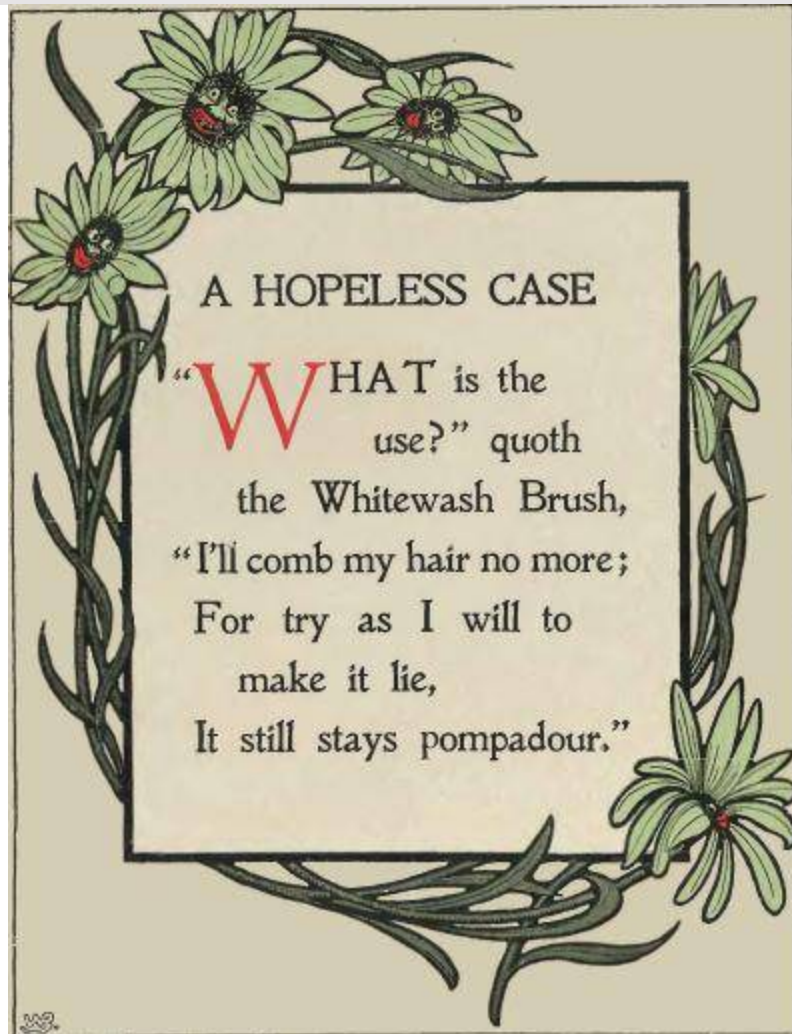
“**D**EAR, sweet Lady
Cracker,
My passions you know.”
“And I scorn them, Judge
Wafer,
As you’re lacking in
dough.”

"Dear, sweet Lady Cracker,
My passions you know."

"And I scorn them, Judge Wafer,
As you're lacking in dough."

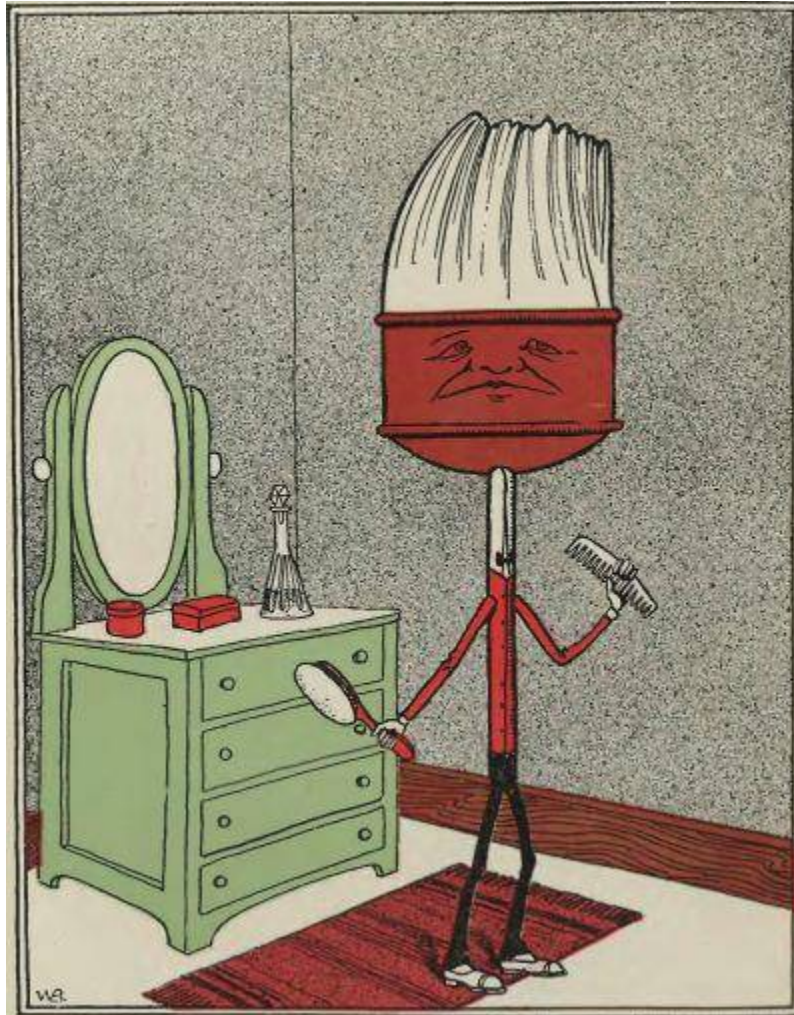


A HOPELESS CASE

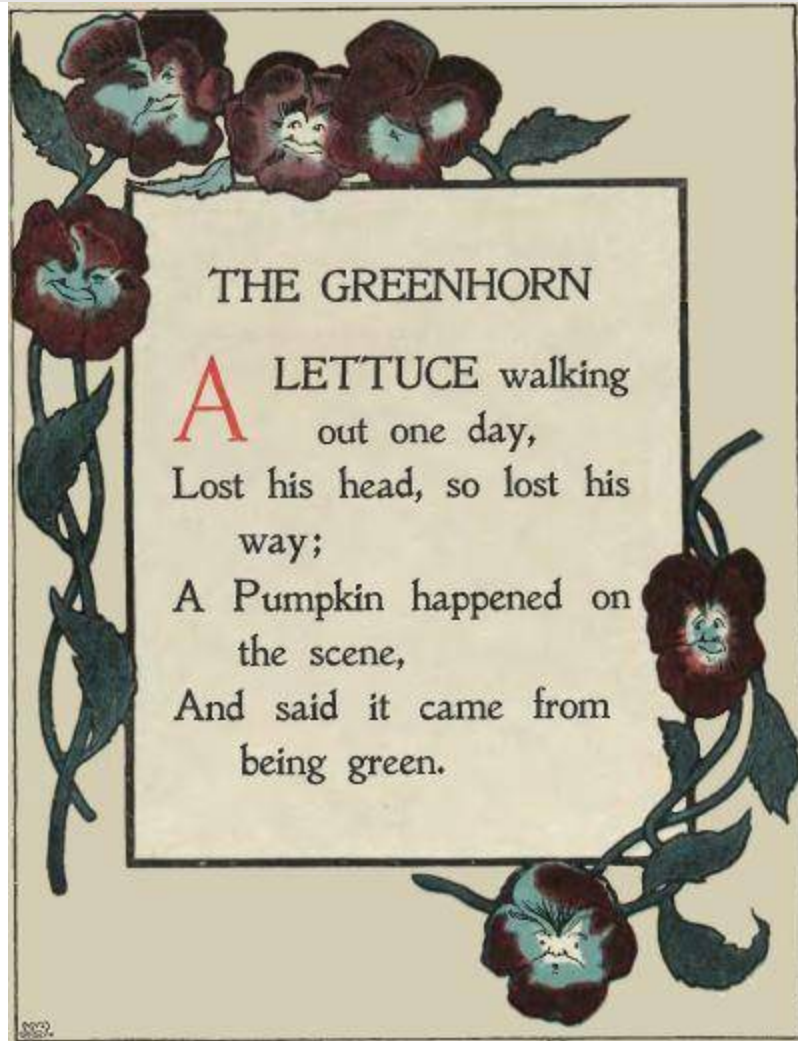


"What is the use?" quoth the Whitewash Brush,
"I'll comb my hair no more;

For try as I will to make it lie,
It still stays pompadour."

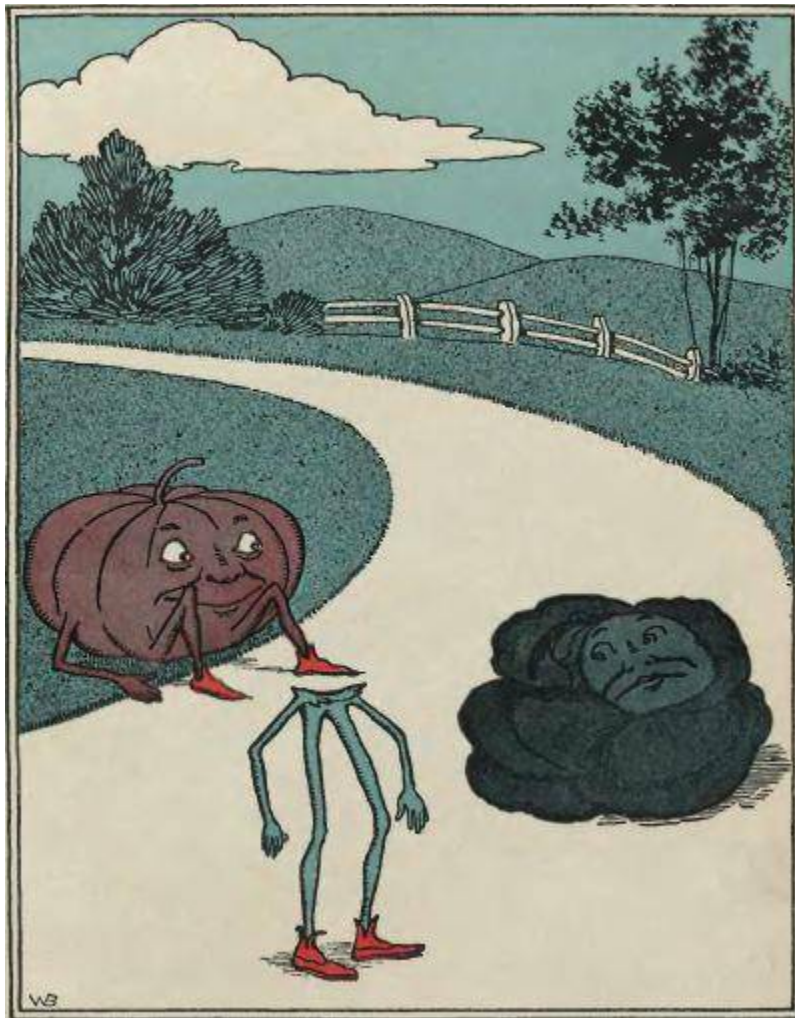


THE GREENHORN



A lettuce walking out one day,
Lost his head, so lost his way;

A Pumpkin happened on the scene,
And said it came from being green.



OLD MR. MATCH

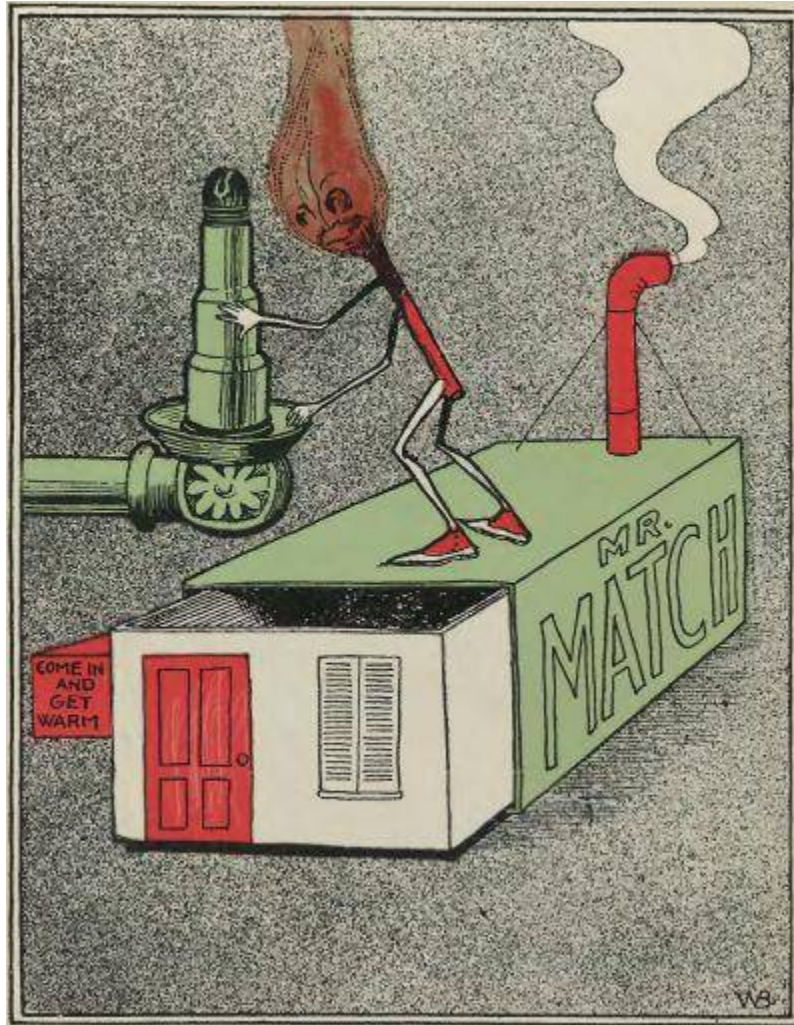


OLD MR. MATCH

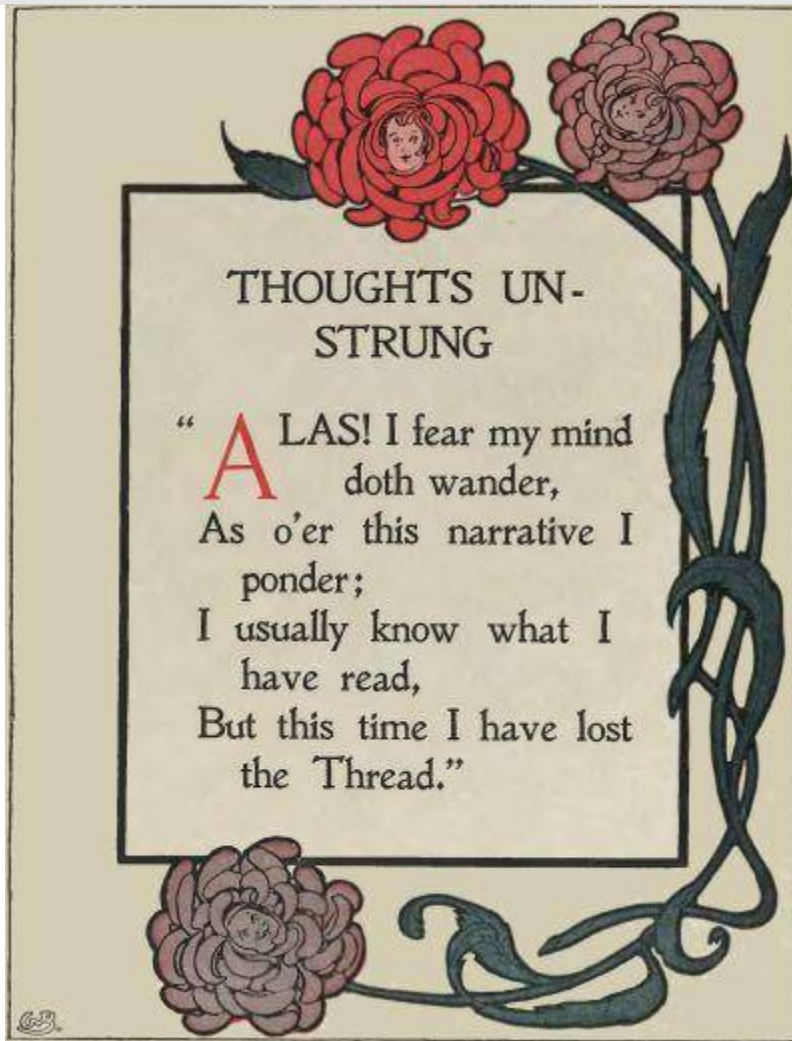
OLD Mr. Match gave
his head a good
scratch,
And his face lighted up
with a smile;
“It is getting quite dark, but
with my cheery spark
I will lengthen the day
for awhile.”

Old Mr. Match gave his head a good scratch,
And his face lighted up with a smile;

"It is getting quite dark, but with my cheery spark I will lengthen the day for awhile."

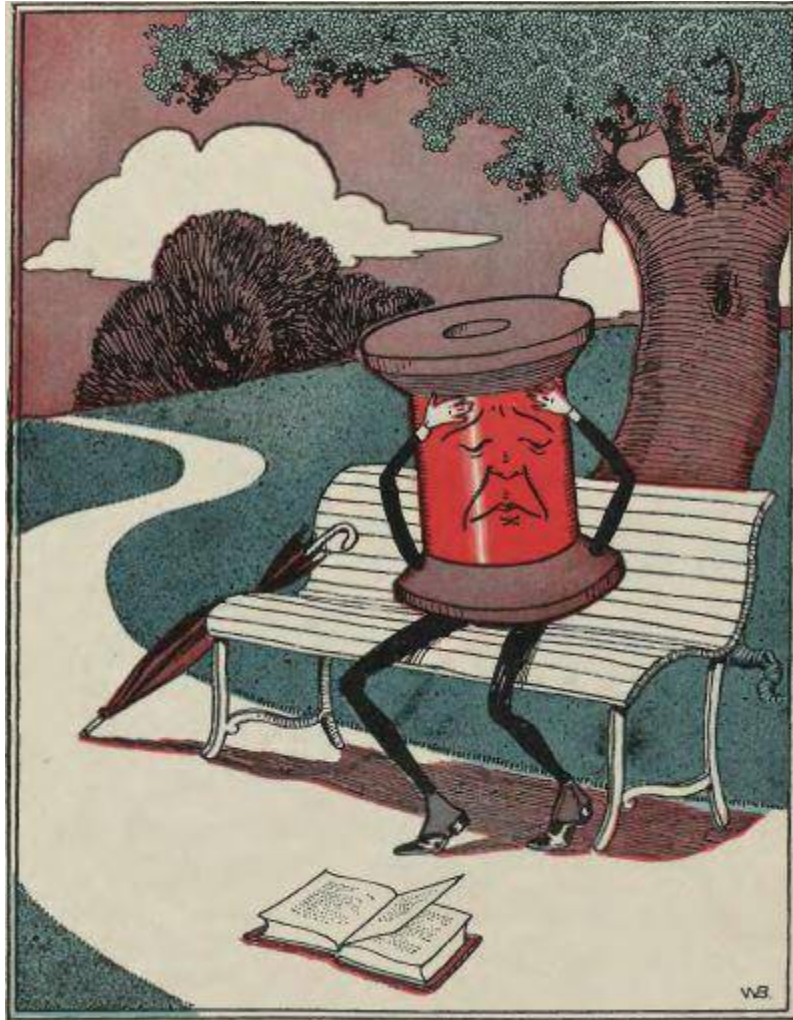


THOUGHTS UNSTRUNG

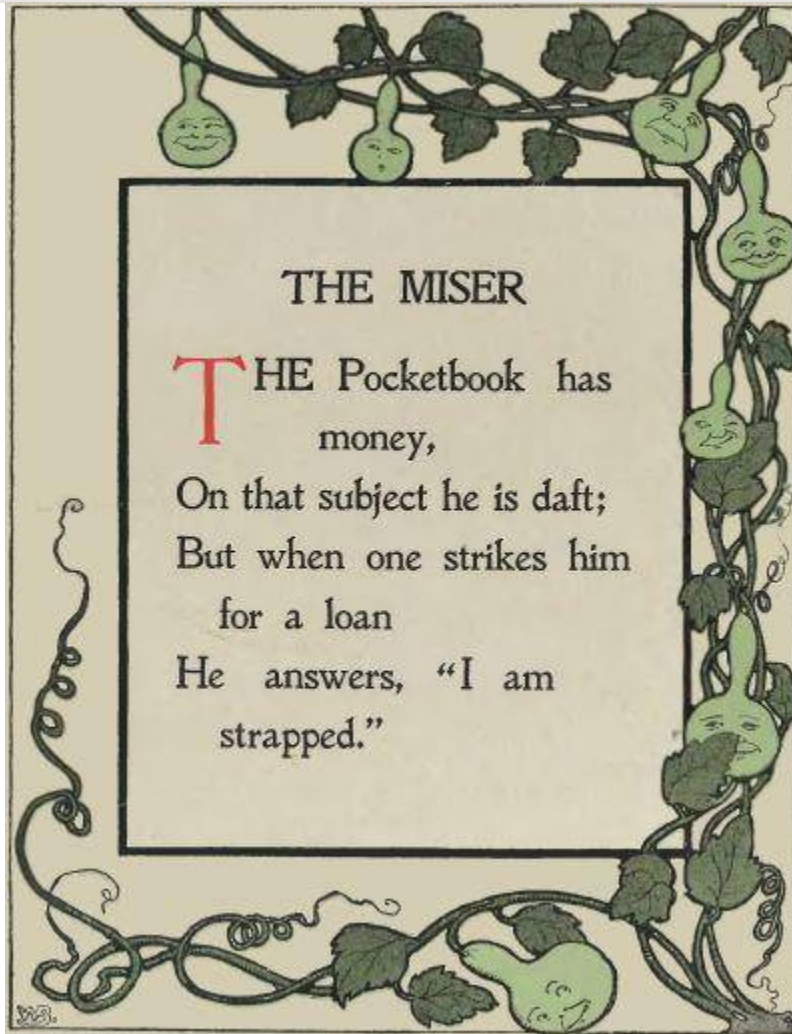


"Alas! I fear my mind doth wander.
As o'er this narrative I ponder;

I usually know what I have read,
But this time I have lost the Thread."

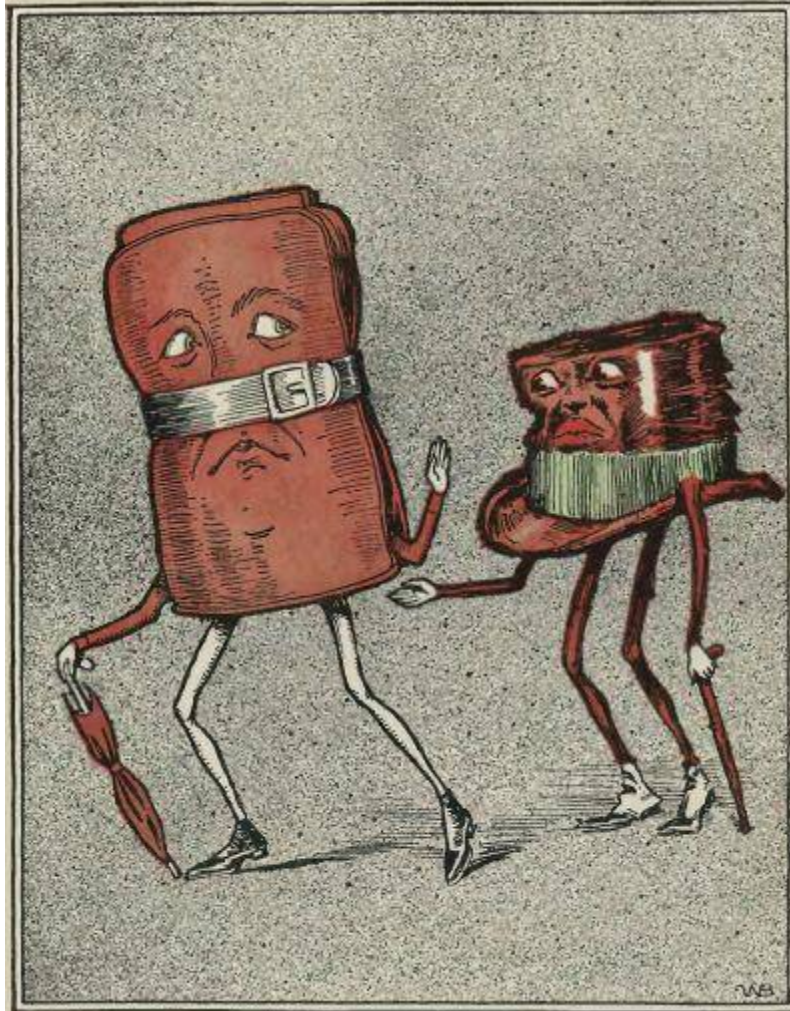


THE MISER

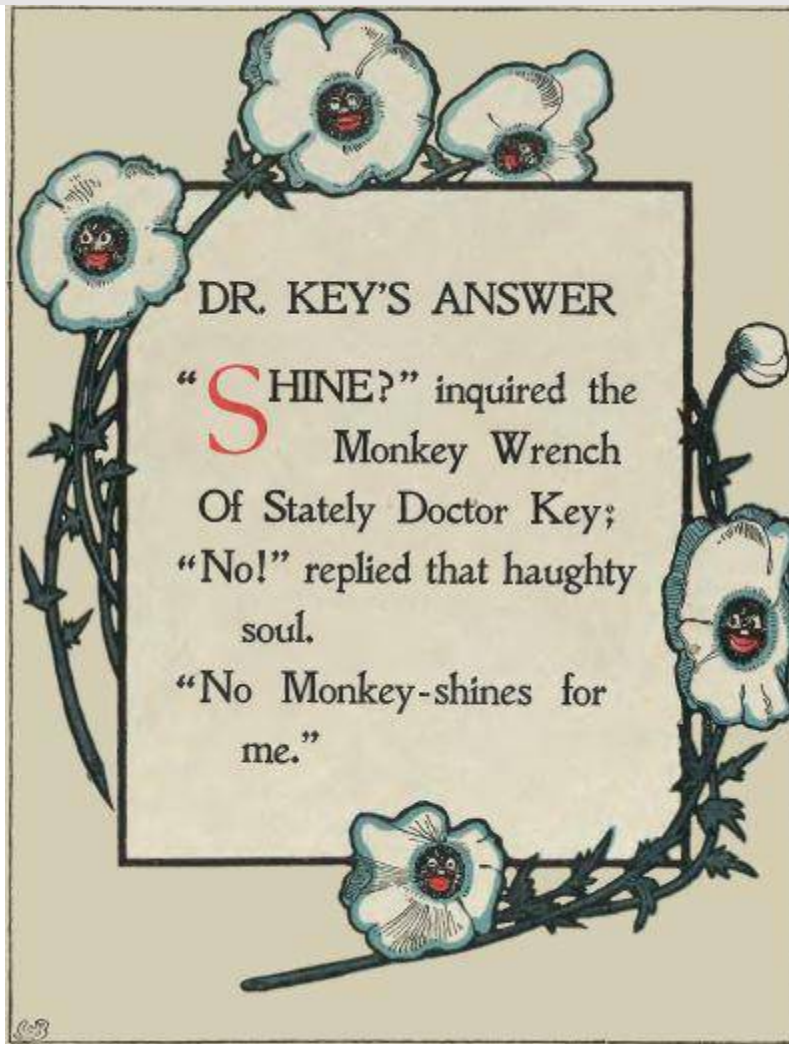


The Pocketbook has money,
On that subject he is daft;

But when one strikes him for a loan
He answers, "I am strapped."

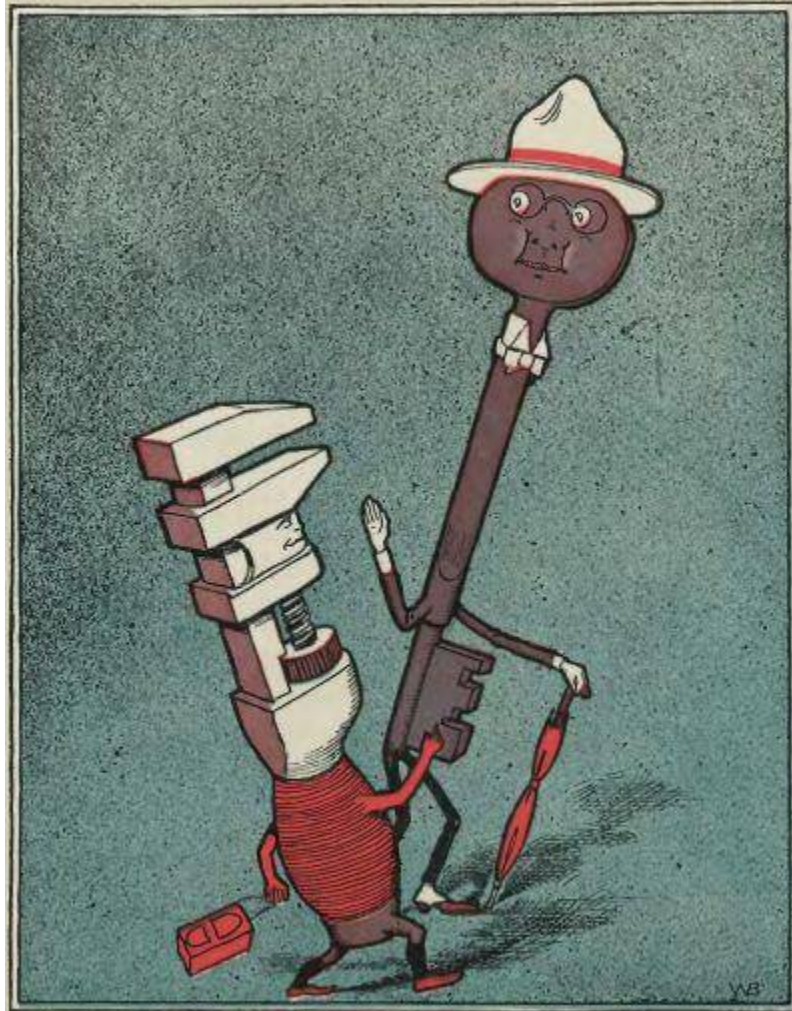


DR. KEY'S ANSWER

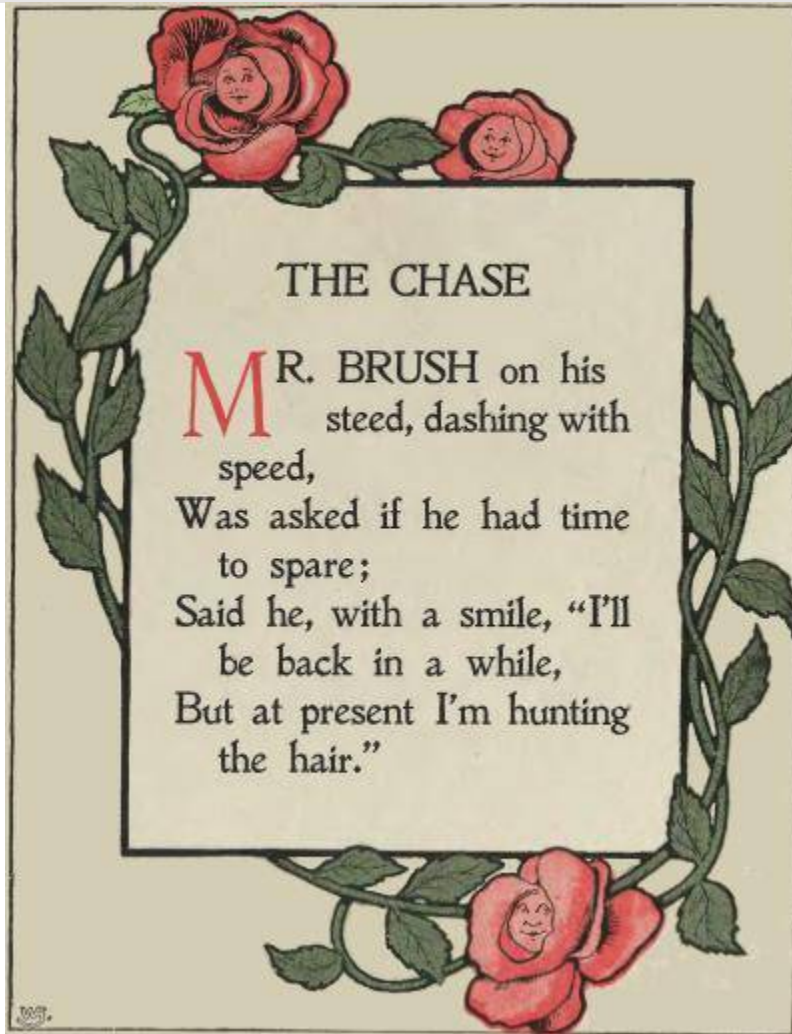


"Shine?" inquired the Monkey Wrench
Of Stately Doctor Key;

"No!" replied that haughty soul.
"No Monkey-shines for me."

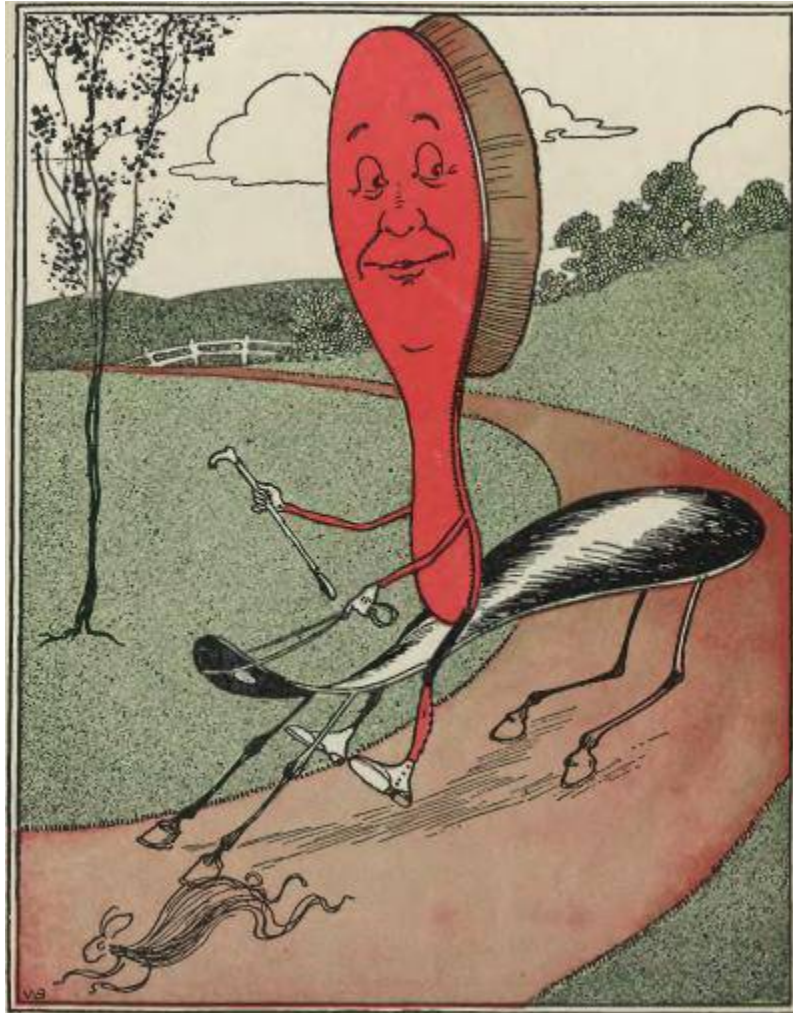


THE CHASE

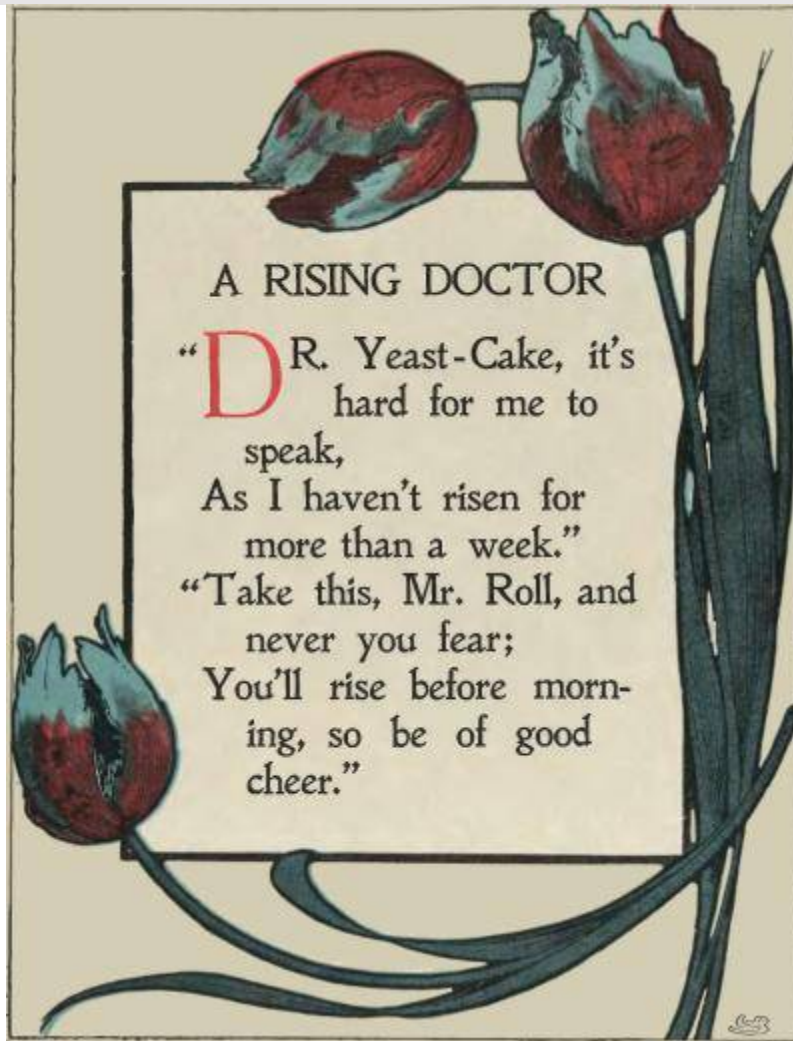


Mr. Brush on his steed, dashing with speed,
Was asked if he had time to spare;

Said he, with a smile, "I'll be back in a while,
But at present I'm hunting the hair."



A RISING DOCTOR



A RISING DOCTOR

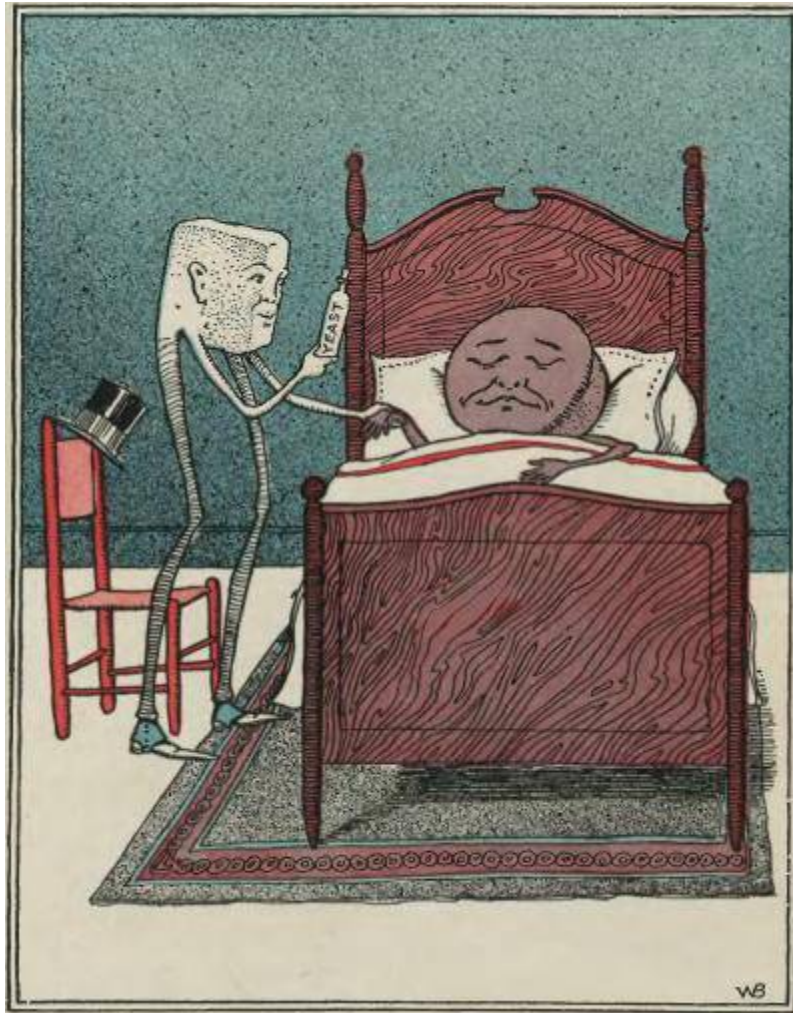
“**D**R. Yeast-Cake, it’s
hard for me to
speak,

As I haven’t risen for
more than a week.”

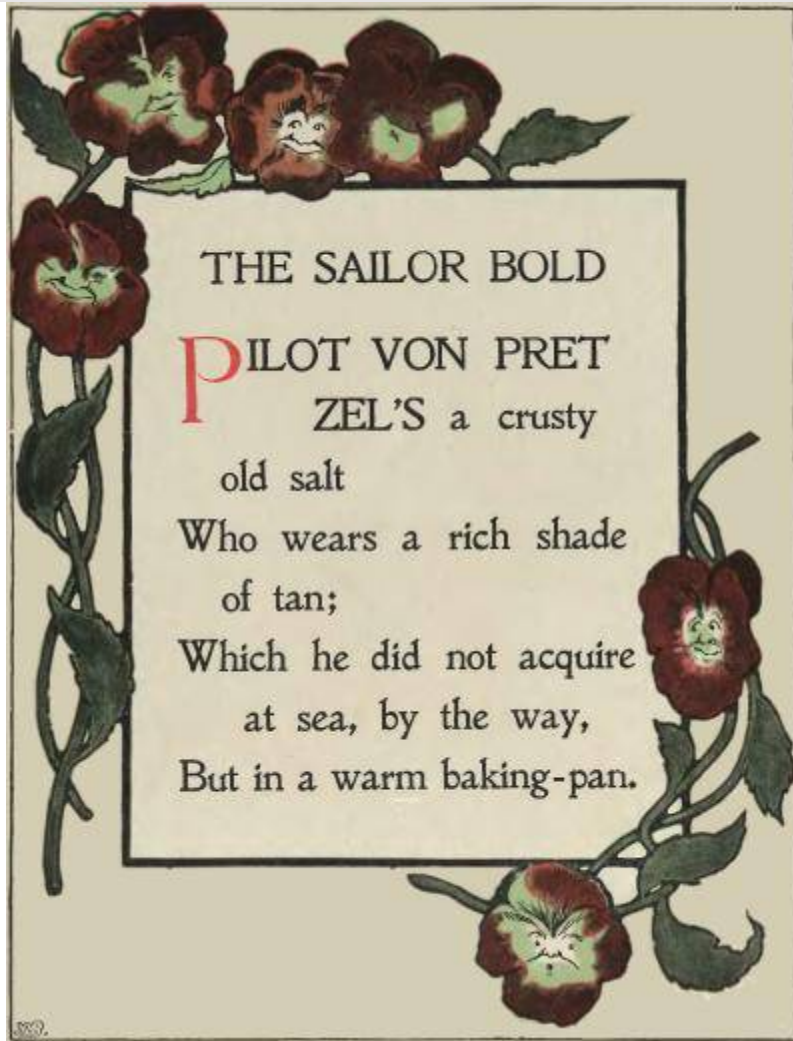
“Take this, Mr. Roll, and
never you fear;
You’ll rise before morn-
ing, so be of good
cheer.”

"Dr. Yeast-Cake, it's hard for me to speak,
As I haven't risen for more than a week."

"Take this, Mr. Roll, and never you fear;
You'll rise before morning, so be of good cheer."



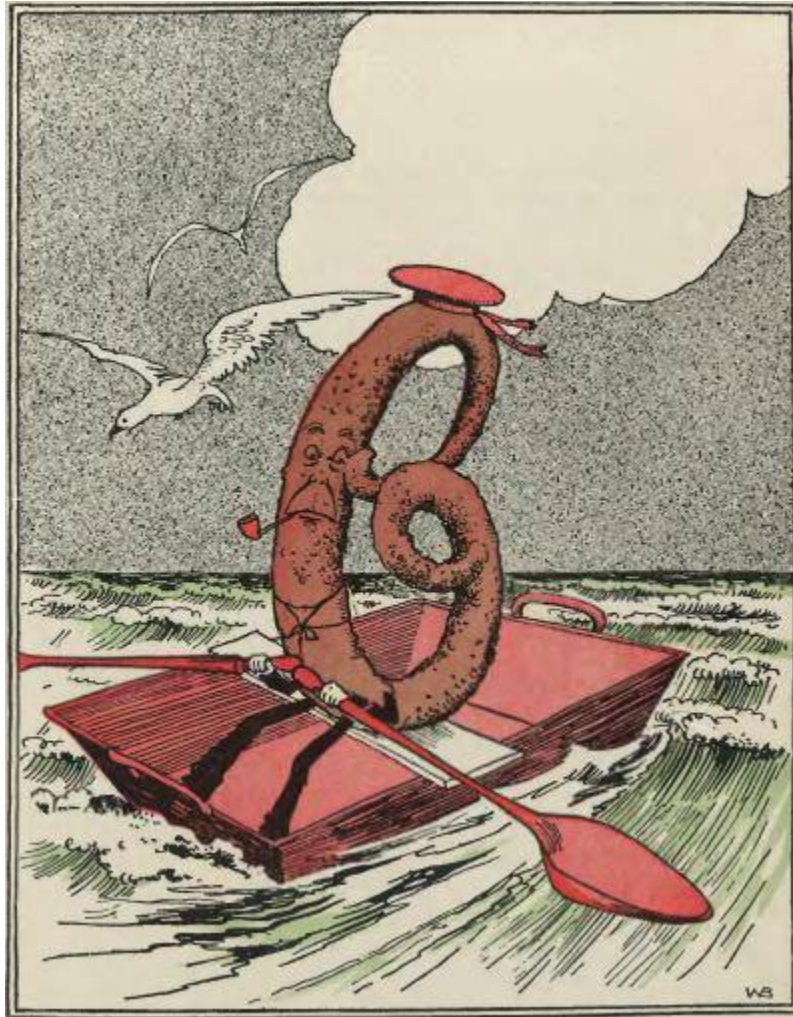
THE SAILOR BOLD



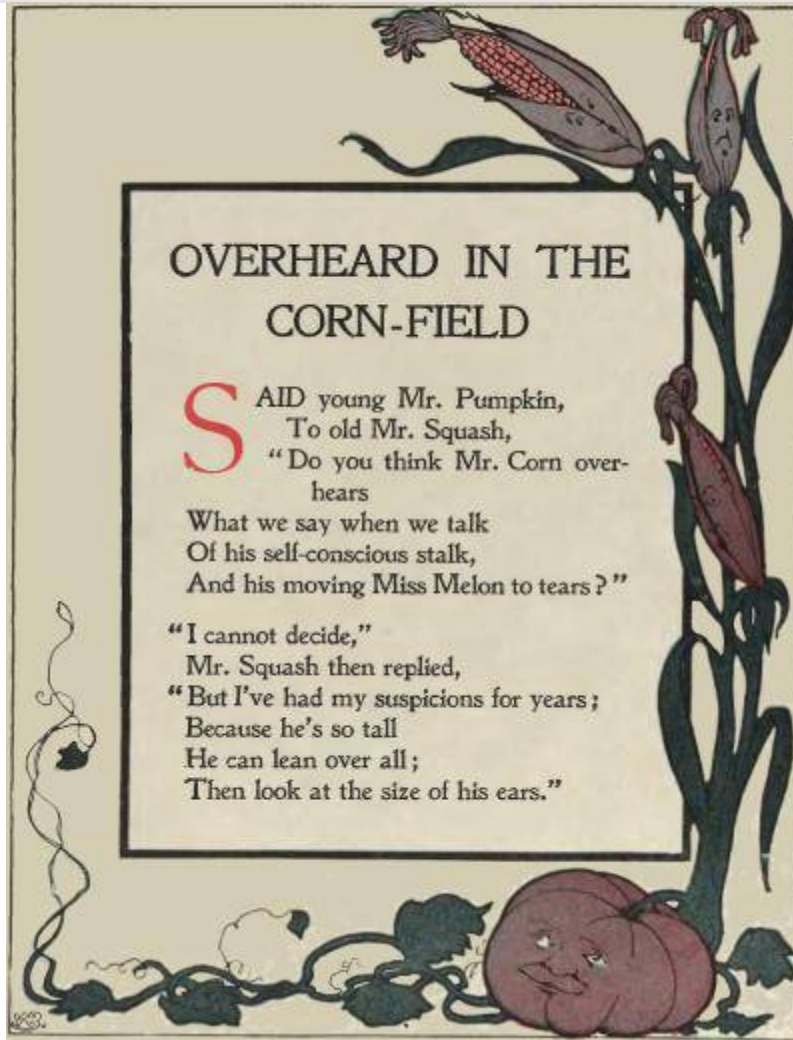
Pilot Von Pretzel's a crusty old salt
Who wears a rich shade of tan;

THE SAILOR BOLD
PILOT VON PRET
ZEL'S a crusty
old salt
Who wears a rich shade
of tan;
Which he did not acquire
at sea, by the way,
But in a warm baking-pan.

Which he did not acquire at sea, by the way,
But in a warm baking-pan.



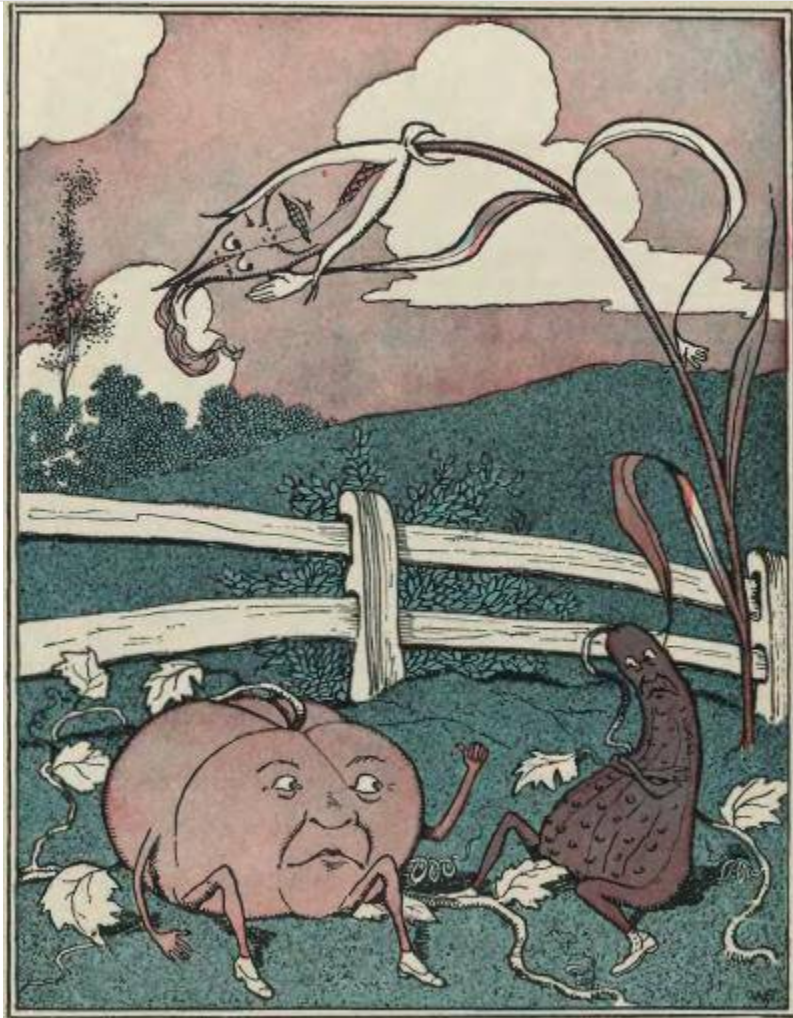
OVERHEARD IN THE CORN-FIELD



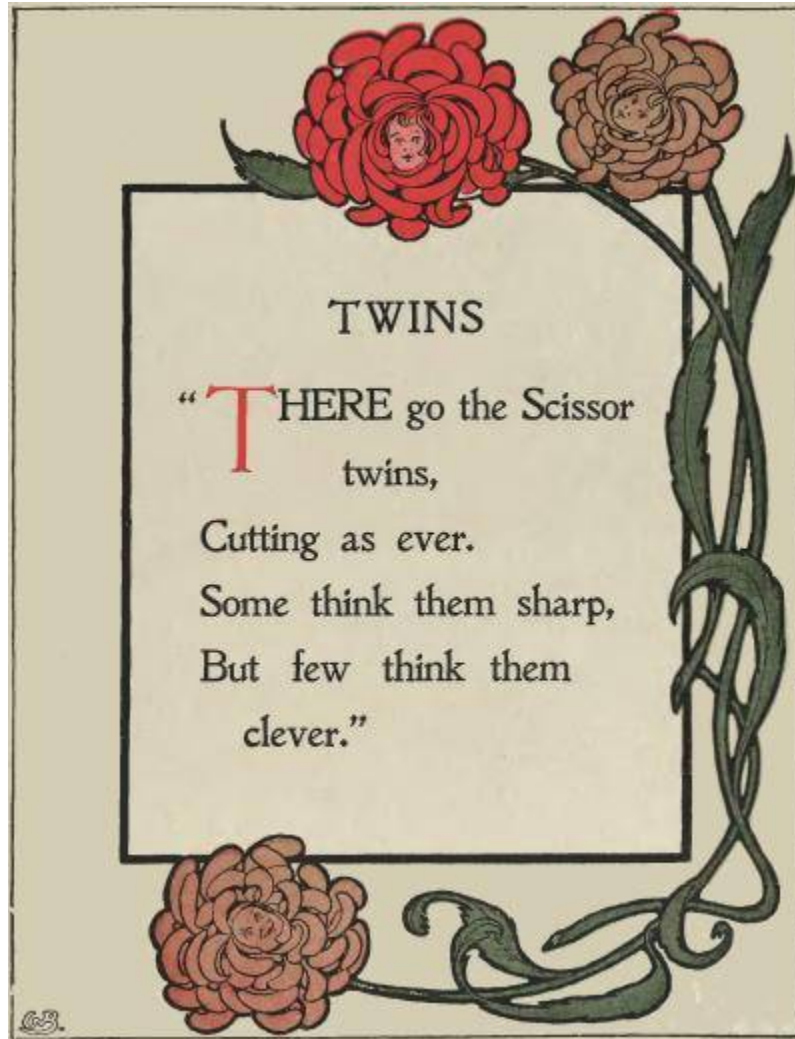
Said young Mr. Pumpkin,
To old Mr. Squash,
"Do you think Mr. Corn overhears
What we say when we talk

Of his self-conscious stalk,
And his moving Miss Melon to tears?"

"I cannot decide,"
Mr. Squash then replied,
"But I've had my suspicions for years;
Because he's so tall
He can lean over all;
Then look at the size of his ears."



TWINS



"There go the Scissor twins.
Cutting as ever.

Some think them sharp.
But few think them clever."



A SHARP LOVER

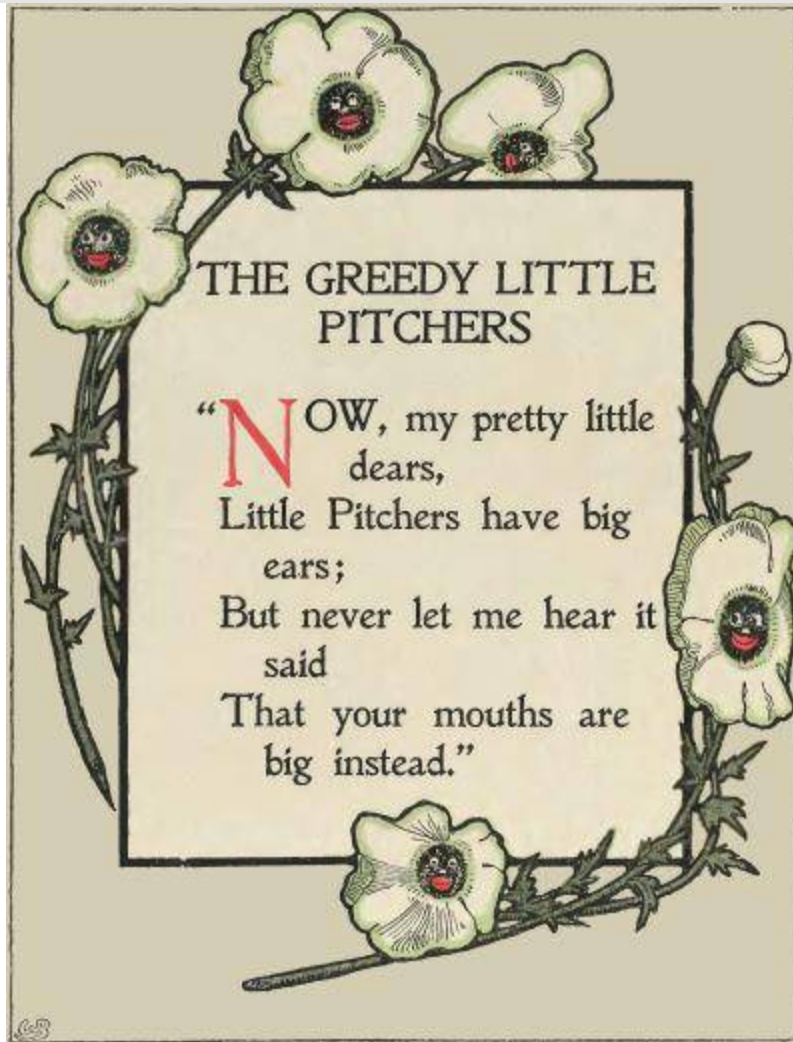


"I dread you much, my little miss,
You're such a dainty thing,

I fear although quite sharp myself,
You've got me on the string."



THE GREEDY LITTLE PITCHERS

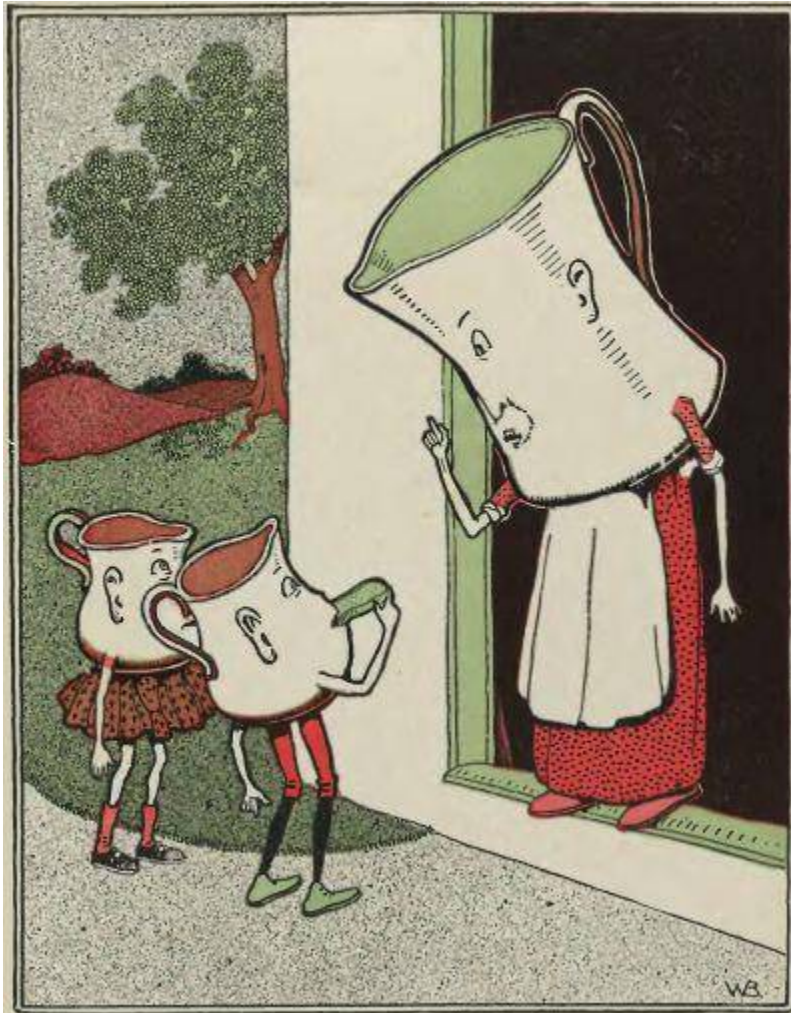


THE GREEDY LITTLE PITCHERS

NOW, my pretty little
dears,
Little Pitchers have big
ears;
But never let me hear it
said
That your mouths are
big instead."

"Now, my pretty little dears,
Little Pitchers have big ears;

But never let me hear it said
That your mouths are big instead."



OBLIGING MR.
HAMMER



Old Mr. Hammer
Was so very, very good,

That he gave Mr. Shingle Nail
A drive through the wood.



THE MALICIOUS BRUSH



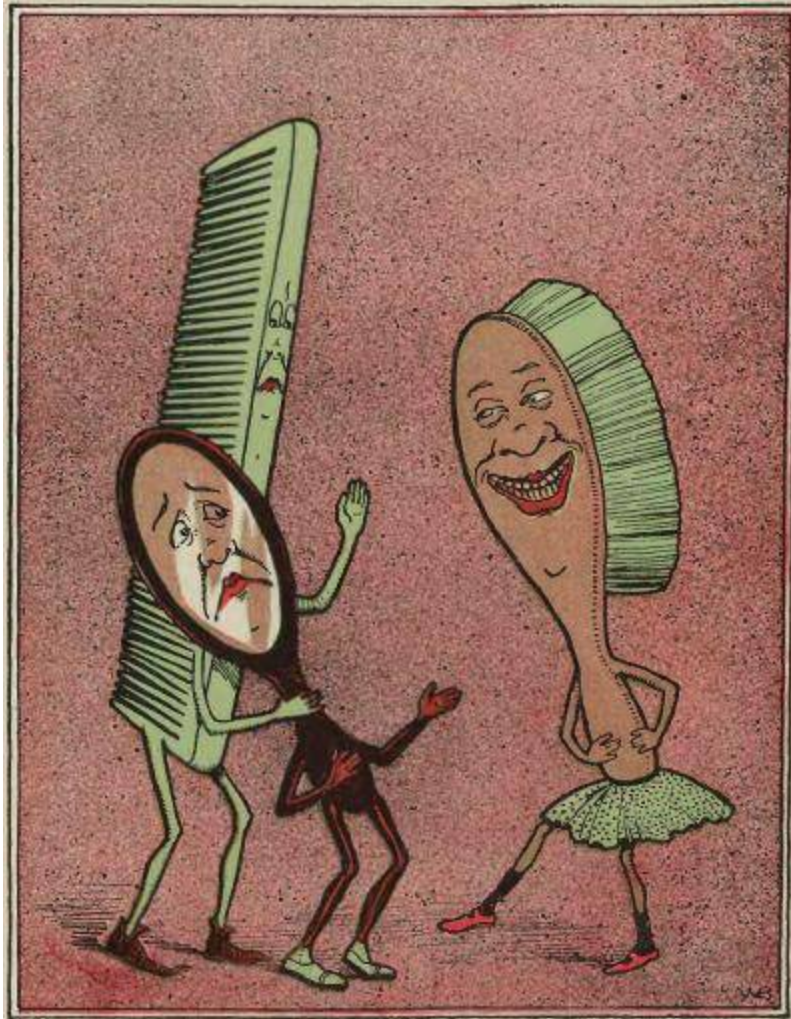
THE MALICIOUS
BRUSH

WHEN poor little
Hand-Glass

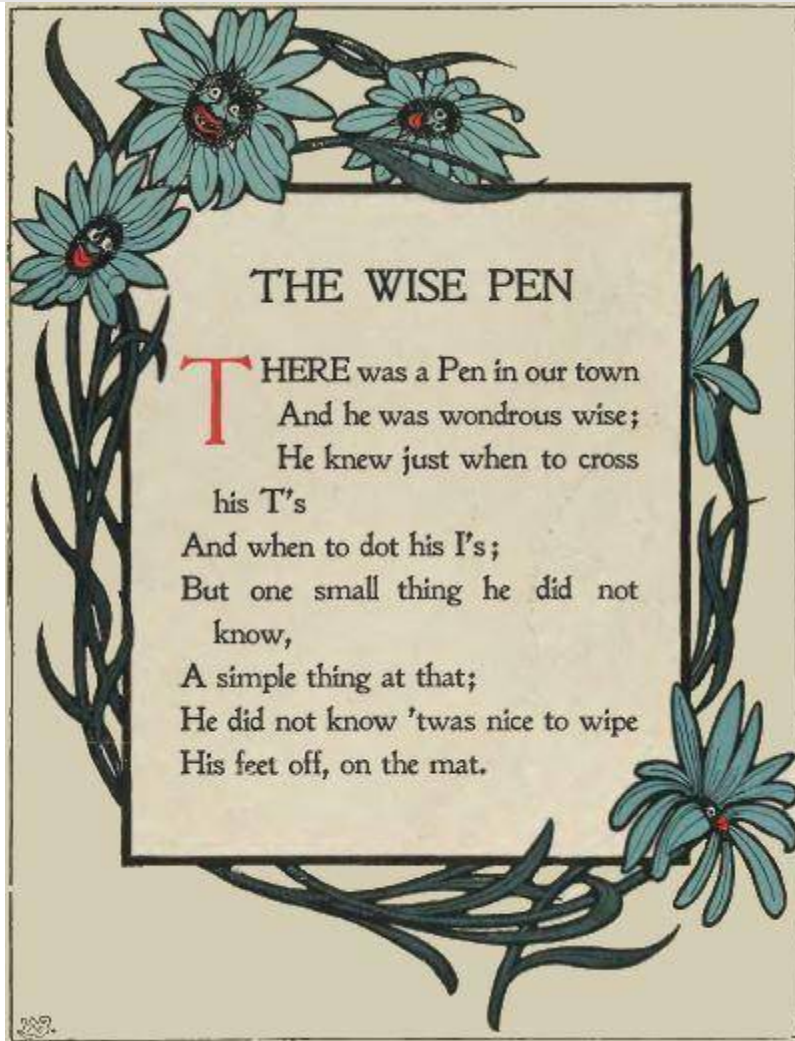
Was loudly berated
For casting reflections,
The Brush was elated.

When poor little Hand-Glass
Was loudly berated

For casting reflections,
The Brush was elated.



THE WISE PEN



There was a Pen in our town
And he was wondrous wise;
He knew just when to cross his T's
And when to dot his I's;

But one small thing he did not know,
A simple thing at that;
He did not know 'twas nice to wipe
His feet off, on the mat.

