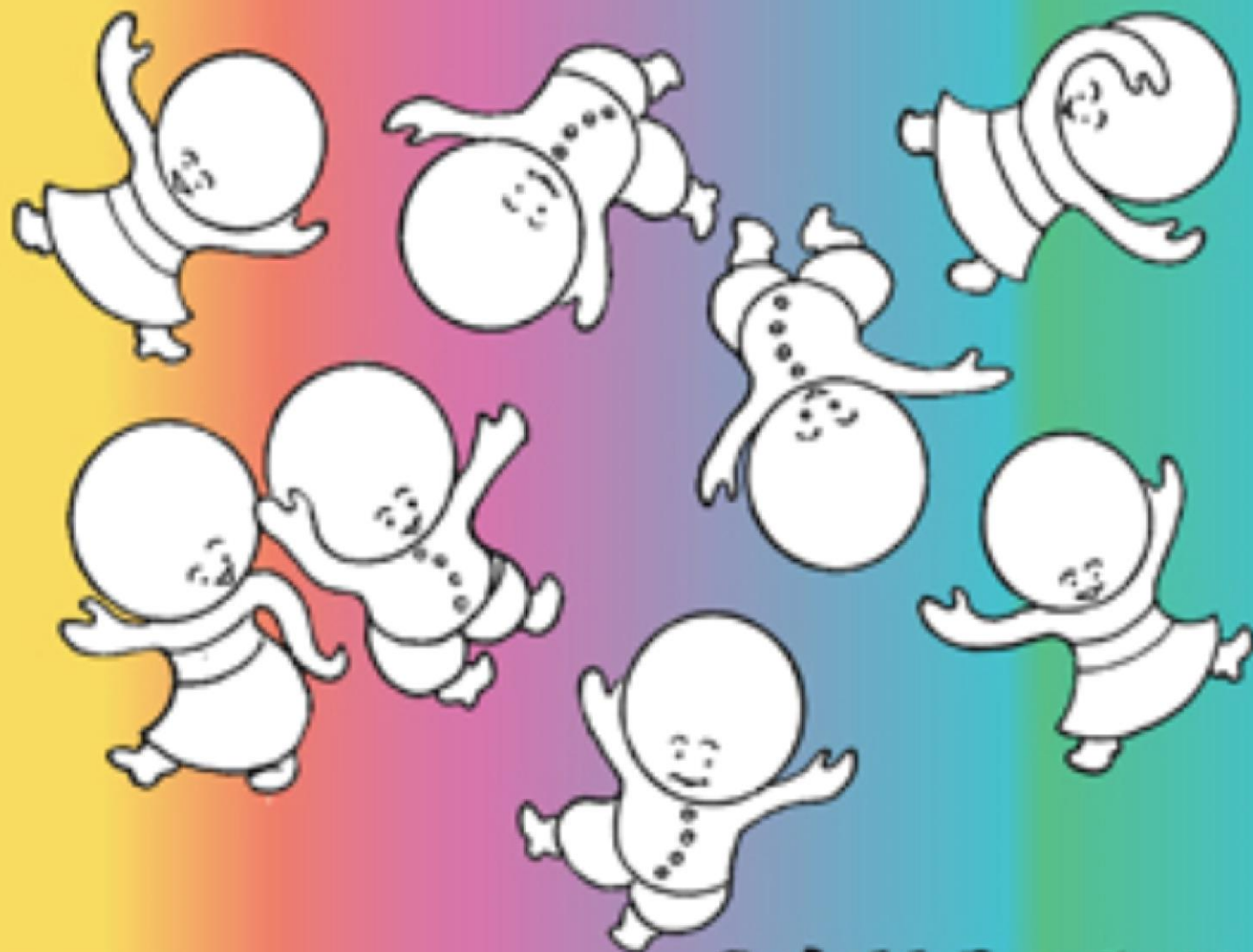


More Goops and How Not to Be Them



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Gelett Burgess

More Goops and How Not to Be Them By Gelett Burgess (1866-1951)

Deep in the heart of every parent is the wish, the desire, to have other adults tell us, in an unsolicited way, just how very polite one's child is! This perhaps was even more the case in 1903, when Gelett Burgess produced his second book on the Goops. With entertaining cartoons – caricatures of misbehaving children – he described many different breaches of tact and good manners.

Burgess wrote several books of poetry on the Goops, each poem describing some significant way in which an unthoughtful or unkind child could offend polite society and often offering the hope that the listener would never behave that way. Ahem! Well, perhaps very few people have succeeded in not acting Goop-like at some point in their lives, but read along with Burgess as he attempts to define, in a humorous fashion, exactly what the differences between "Good" and "Goop" are! (Summary by Mark F. Smith)

Read by Mark F. Smith; total running time: 00:24:45

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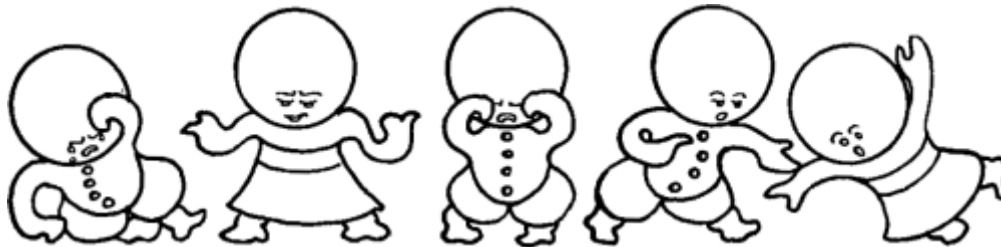


EbookBag

MORE GOOPS
AND
HOW NOT TO BE THEM:

A Manual of Manners for Impolite Infants

By Gelett Burgess



BOOKS BY GELETT BURGESS

VIVETTE; or the Memoirs of the Romance Association. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 152 pp. 8vo. \$1.25

A GAGE OF YOUTH; Poems, chiefly from the "Lark." 58 pp. Small 8vo. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. \$1.00

THE ROMANCE OF THE COMMONPLACE; A Collection of Essays upon the Romantic View of Life. 152 pp. Small 4to. Elder & Shepard, San Francisco. \$1.50

THE LIVELY CITY O' LIGG; A Cycle of Modern Fairy Tales for City Children. With 53 illustrations (8 in color) by the Author. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 210 pp. Small 4to. \$1.50. Boards, \$1.00

THE BURGESS NONSENSE BOOK; Being a complete Collection of the Humorous Masterpieces of Gelett Burgess, Esq. With 196 illustrations by the Author. 239 pp. Small 4to. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. Cloth, \$2.00 net. Boards,

\$1.25

GOOPS, and How to Be Them; A Manual of Manners for Polite Infants. With 90 illustrations by the Author. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 88 pp. 5th edition. Small 4to. \$1.50

MORE GOOPS, and How Not to Be Them; A Manual of Manners for Impolite Infants. With 90 illustrations by the Author. 88 pp. Small 4to. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. \$1.50

MORE GOOPS

and

How Not to Be Them

A Manual of Manners for Impolite Infants Depicting the Characteristics of Many Naughty and Thoughtless Children With Instructive Illustrations

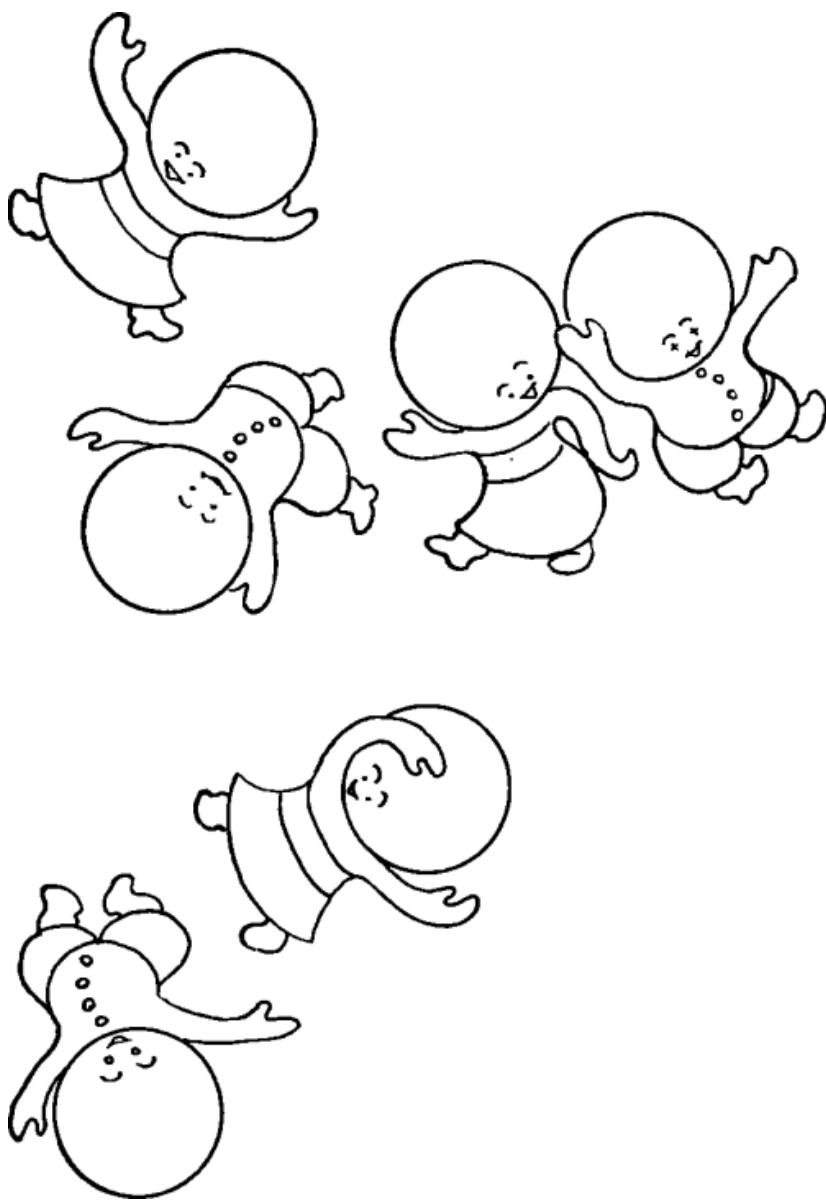
BY GELETT BURGESS

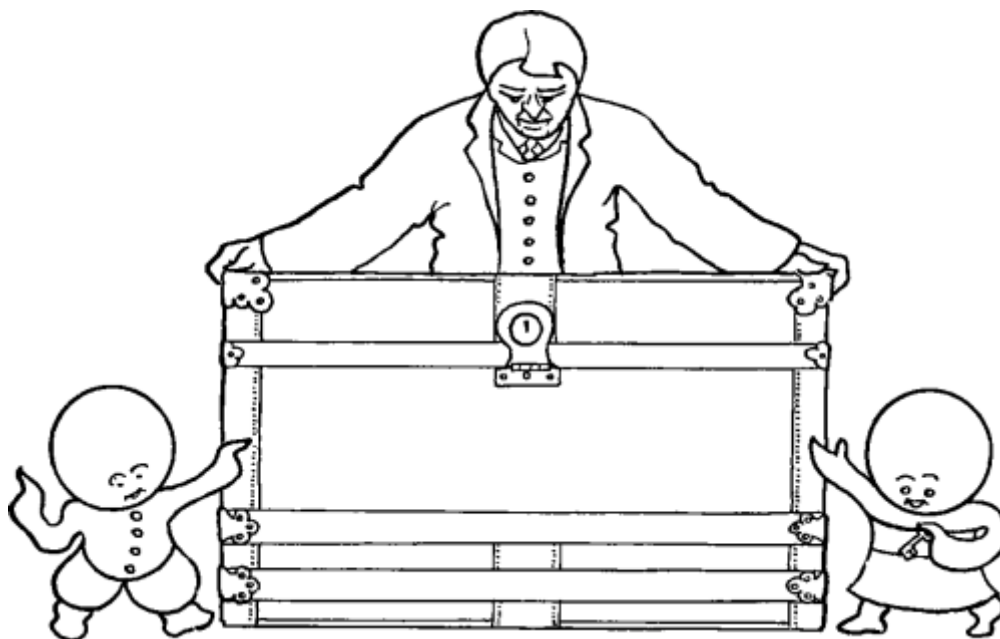
NEW YORK

Copyright 1903
By GELETT BURGESS

Published September, 1903







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INTRODUCTION

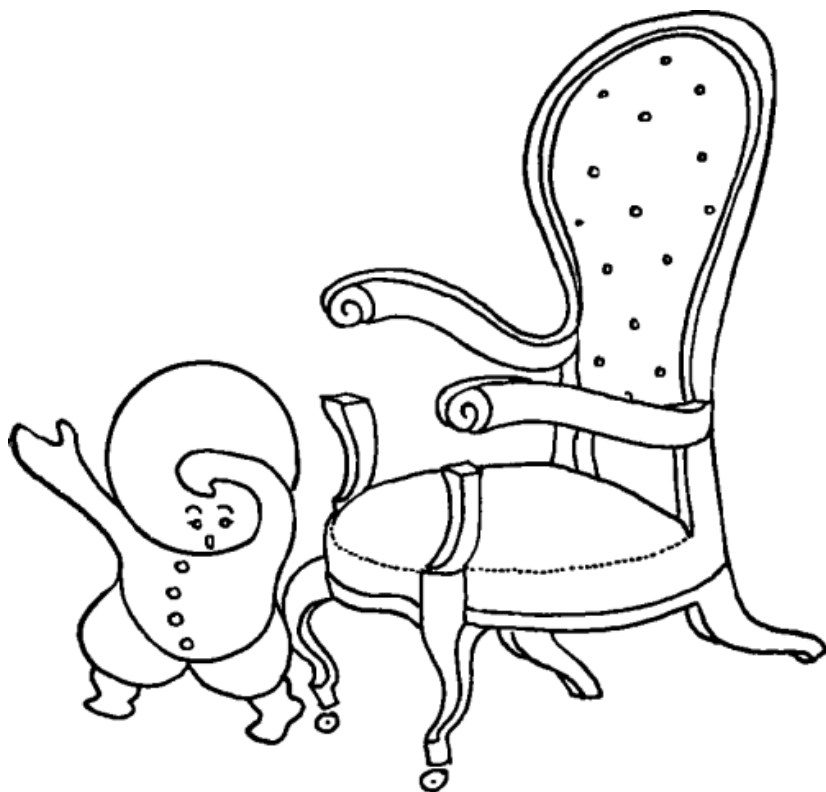
Children, although you might expect
My manners to be quite correct
(For since I fancy I can teach,
I ought to practice what I preach),
'Tis true that I have often braved
My mother's wrath, and misbehaved!
And almost every single rule
I broke, before I went to school!
For that is how I learned the way
To teach you etiquette to-day.
So when you chance to take a look
At all the maxims in the book,
You'll see that most of them are true,
I found them out, and so will you,
For if you are as GOOP derided,
You may perhaps reform, as I did!





WINDOW-SMOOCHERS

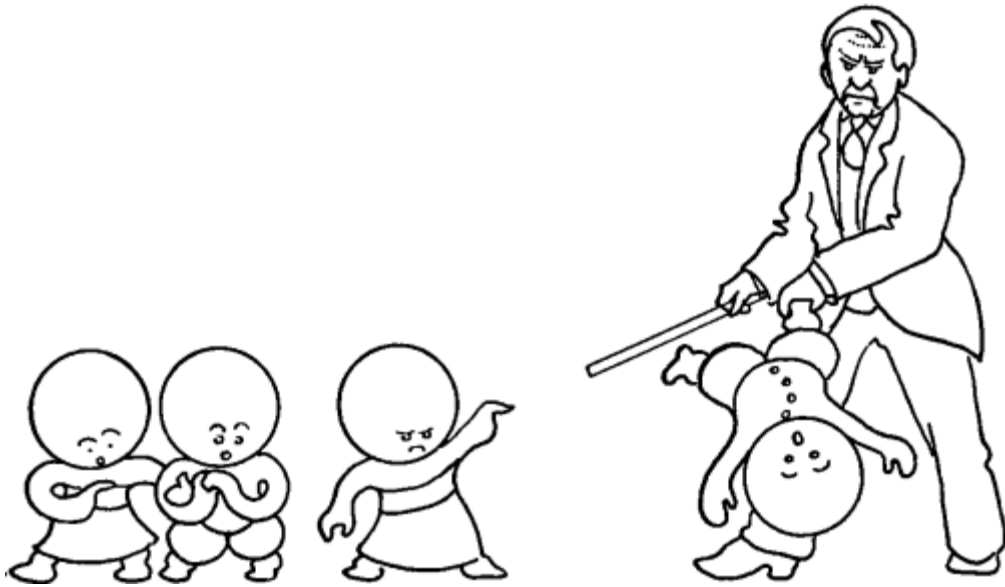
Little Goops are marking
On the window pane;
I forbid, in vain!
Noses, when they're greasy,
Leave a smooch so easy!
Rub it out again!
I shall have to scold them,
For I've often told them,
Kindly, to refrain!





A LOW TRICK

The meanest trick I ever knew
Was one I know *you* never do.
I saw a Goop once try to do it,
And there was nothing funny to it.
He pulled a chair from under me
As I was sitting down; but he
Was sent to bed, and rightly, too.
It was a *horrid* thing to do!



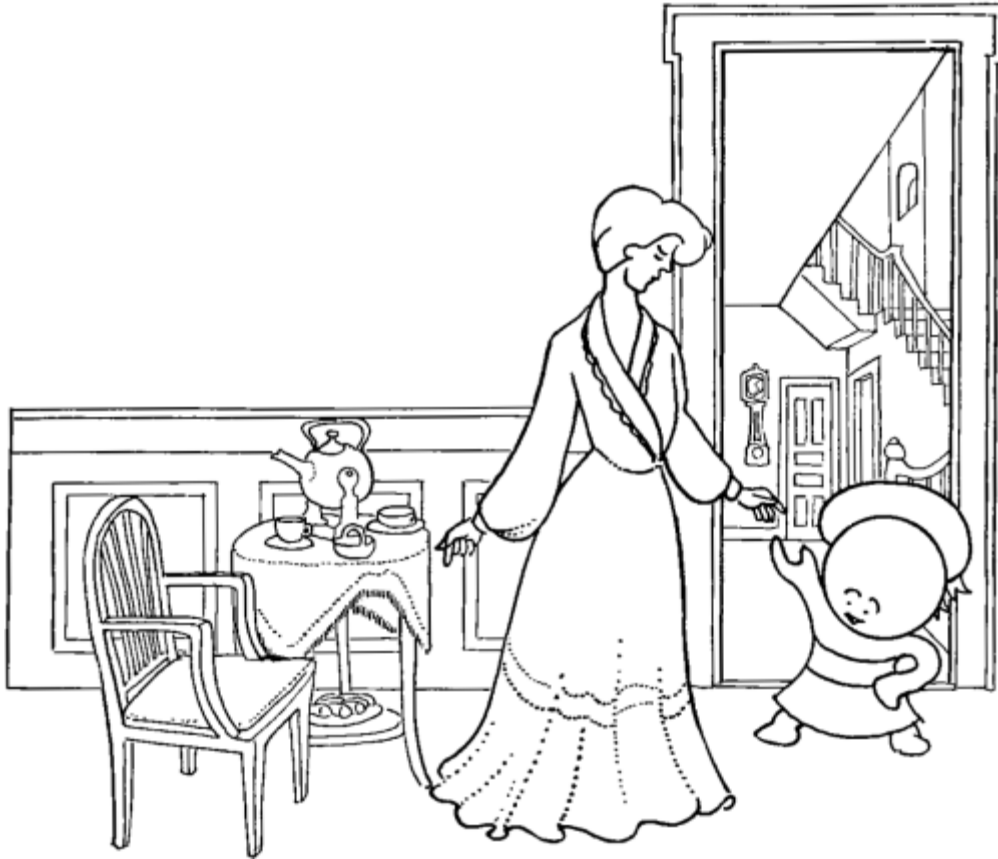


WHEN TO GO

When you go a-calling,
Never stay too late;
You will wear your welcome out
If you hesitate!
Just before they're tired of you,
Just before they yawn,
Before they think you are a Goop,
And wish that you were gone,
While they're laughing with you,
While they like you so,

While they want to keep you,—

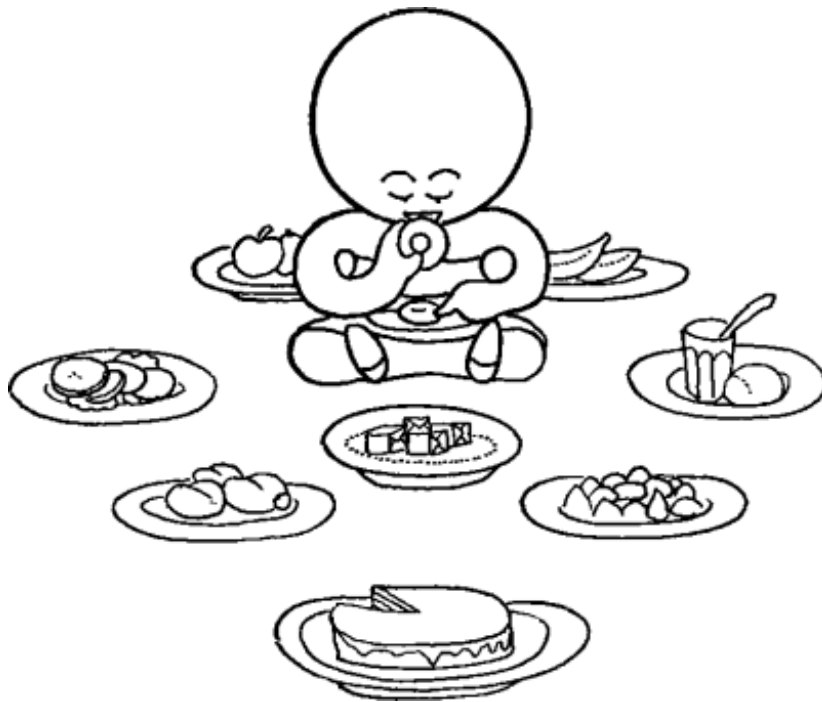
That's the time to go!





"AIN'T"

Now "ain't" is a word
That is very absurd
To use for an "isn't" or "aren't."
Ask Teacher about it:
She'll say, "Do without it!"
I wish you would see if you can't!



NELL THE NIBBLER

She ate some chocolate drops at 1,

At 2, she thought she'd take

A little jelly and a bun;

At 3, some frosted cake.

At 4, she nibbled at a roll;

At 5, a doughnut spied,

And ate it (all except the hole),

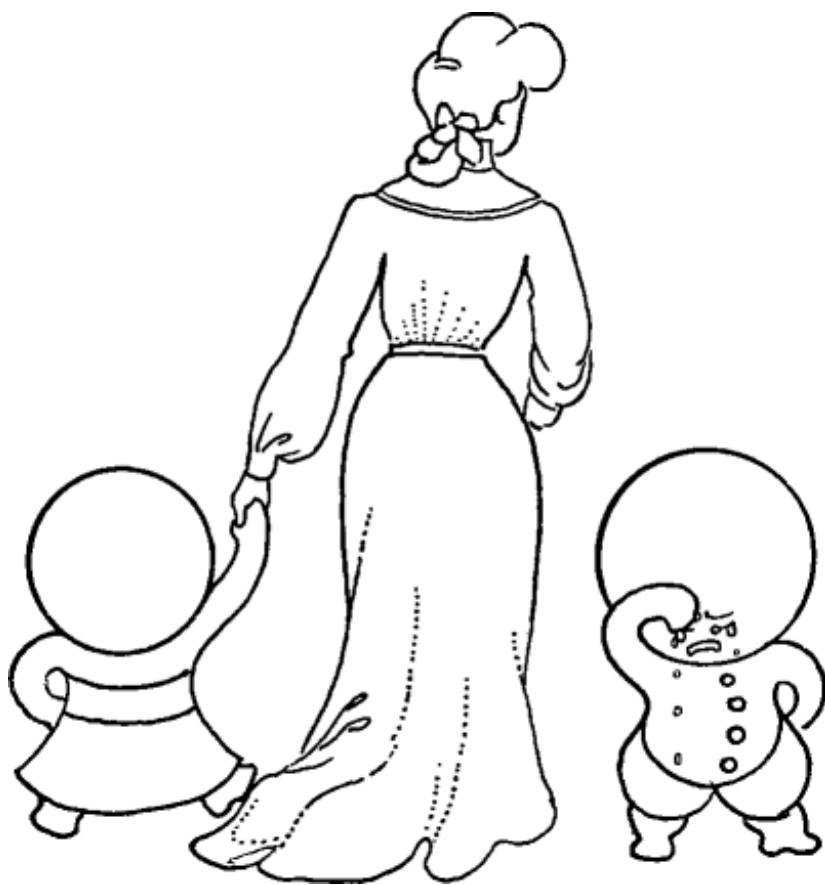
And then some cookies tried.

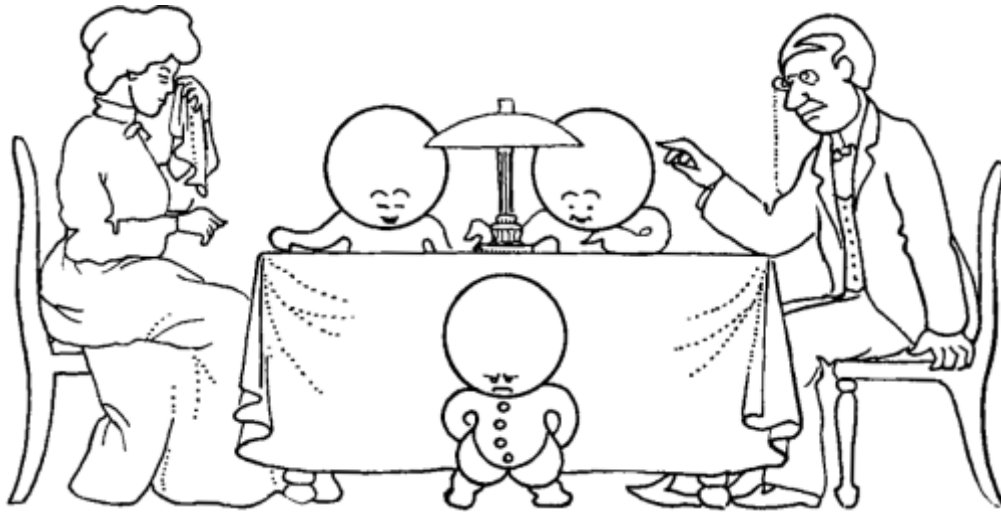
At 6, she didn't feel quite right,

And didn't care for dinner.

She said she had no appetite,

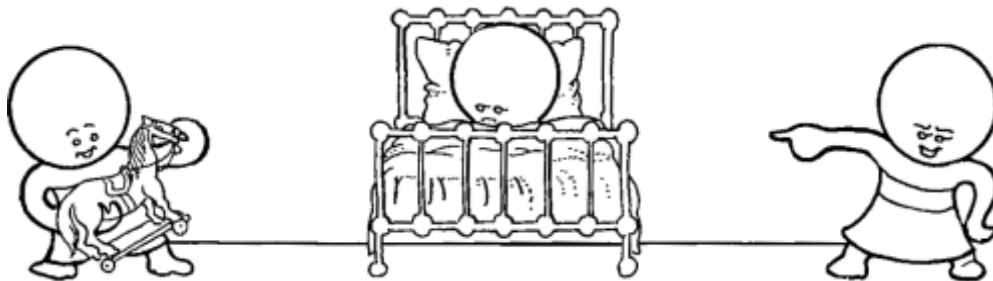
With so much Goop-food in her!





JUSTICE

Whenever brother's sent to bed,
Or punished, do not go
And peer at him and jeer at him,
And say, "I told you so!"



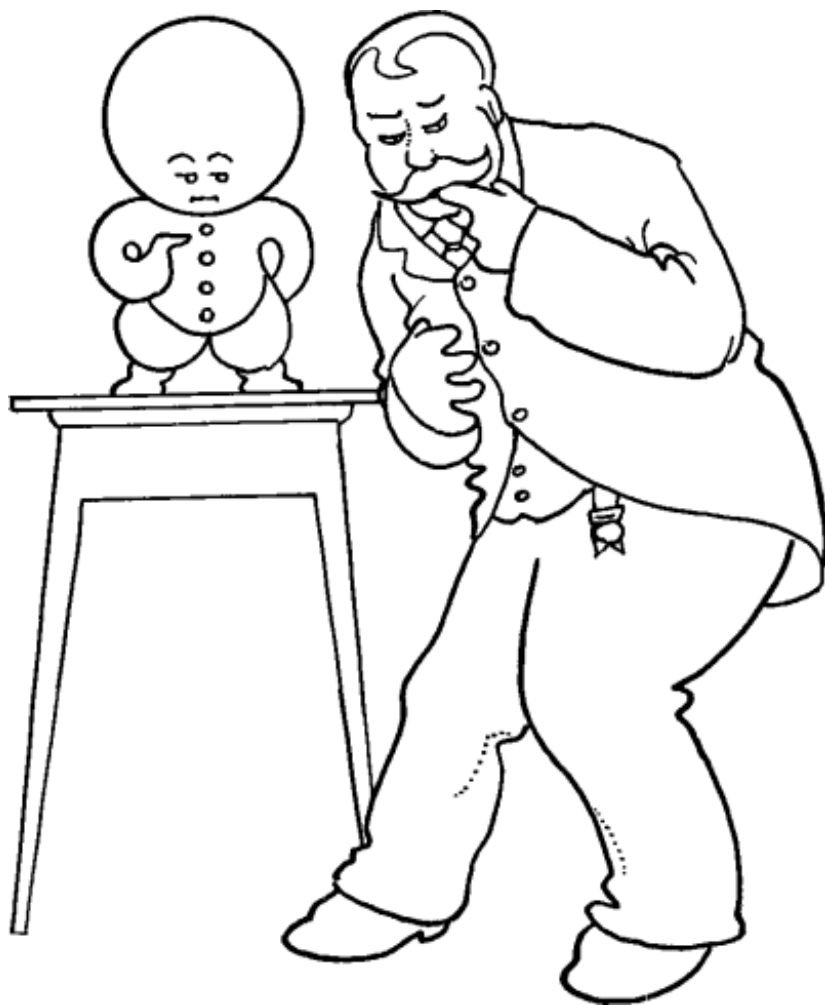
Nor should you try to make him laugh

When he has been so bad;

Let him confess his naughtiness

Before you both are glad!





A PUZZLE

There are about a thousand things

I'm not allowed to do;

Most everything I'm fondest of

I'm told is wrong—are you?

They say, "*Please don't do that, my child!*"

They say, "*You mustn't, dear!*"

I hope sometime I'll learn what's right,

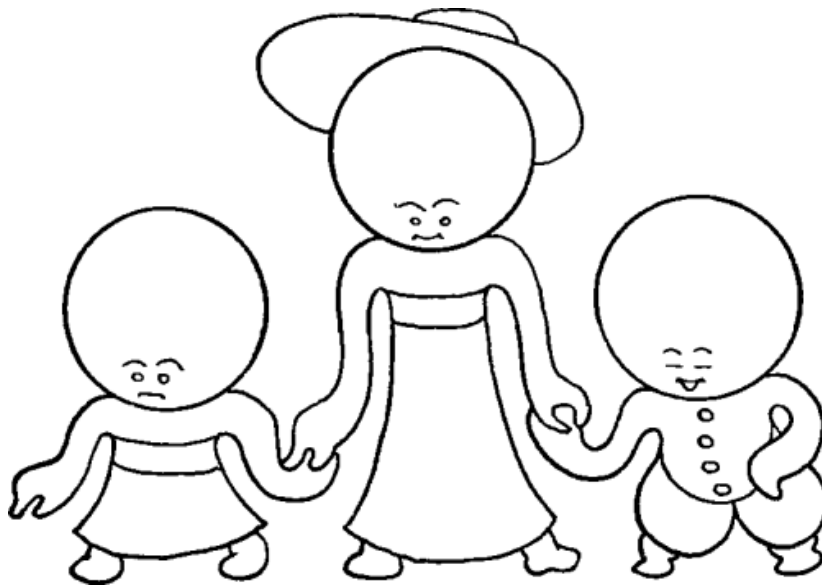
For now it seems so queer!



19 03

FRANKNESS

When you are talking, I expect
You'd better hold your head erect!
Please look me squarely in the eye
Unless you're telling me a lie.
For if you crouch and look askance,
Regarding me with sidelong glance,
I'll think it is a Goop I see
Who is *afraid* to look at me!

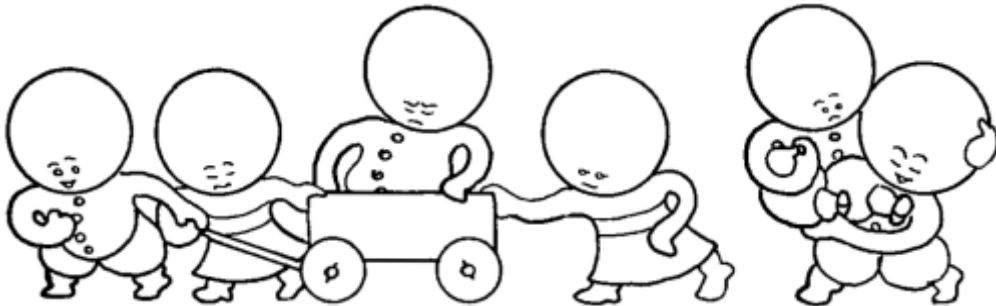


THE DUTY OF THE STRONG

You who are the oldest,
You who are the tallest,
Don't you think you ought to help
The youngest and the smallest?

You who are the strongest,
You who are the quickest,
Don't you think you ought to help
The weakest and the sickest?

Never mind the trouble,
Help them all you can;
Be a little woman!
Be a little man!





WALKING WITH PAPA

"Won't you walk a little farther?"

Said a Goop to his Papa;

"It is really quite delightful,

And we haven't travelled far;

Wont you walk a little farther,

There's a house I'd like to see!

Won't you walk a little farther,

Till we reach that cherry-tree?"

"Won't you carry me? I'm tired!"

Whined a Goop to his Papa;

"And my feet are sore and weary,

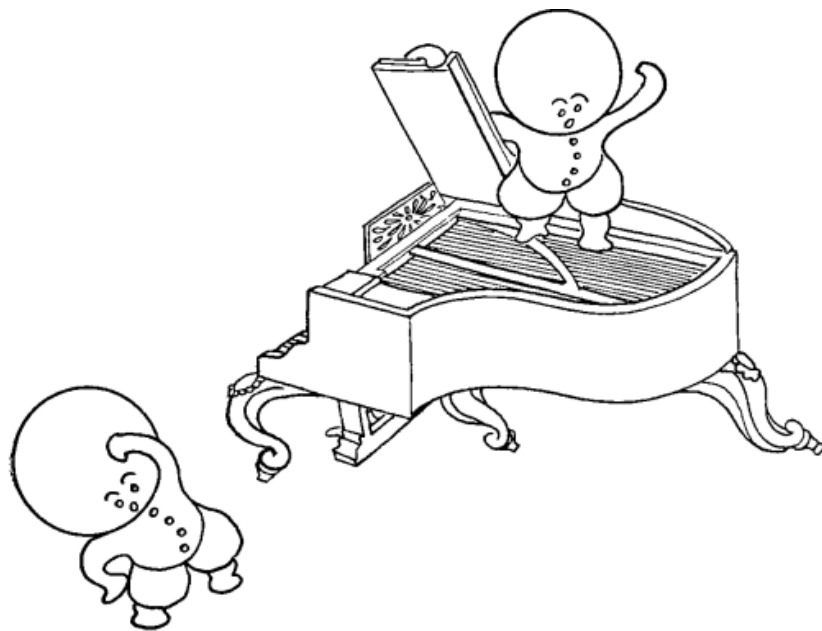
And we've gone so *very* far!

Won't you carry me? I'm tired!

And I *can't* walk back alone!

Won't you carry me? I'm tired!"

And the Goop began to groan.



PIANO TORTURE

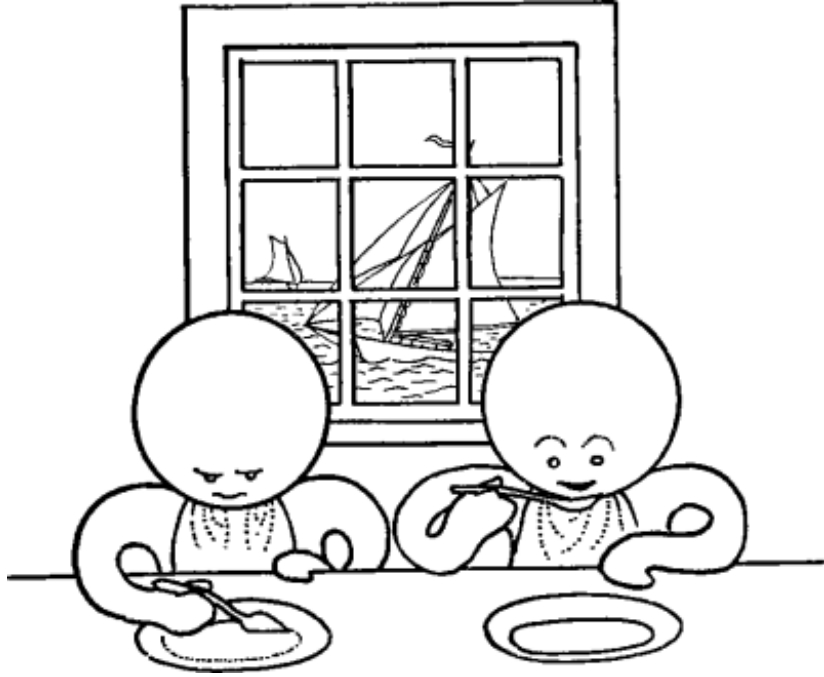
Pianos are considered toys
By Goops, and naughty girls and boys;
They pound upon the keys,
They lift the cover up, on top,
To see the little jiggers hop,
And both the pedals squeeze!

But instruments so rich and fine
(Especially if they're not mine)
I ought to treat with care;
So when my elder sister plays
She'll find it is in tune always,
Nor injured anywhere!



AT TABLE

Why is it Goops must always wish
To touch *each* apple on the dish?
Why do they never neatly fold
Their napkins until they are told?
Why do they play with food, and bite
Such awful mouthfuls? Is it right?
Why do they tilt back in their chairs?
Because they're Goops! So no one cares!



HOW TO EAT SOUP

Whenever you are eating soup
Remember not to be a Goop!
And if you think to say this rhyme,
Perhaps 'twill help you every time:

*Like little boats that put to sea,
I push my spoon AWAY from me;
I do not tilt my dish, nor scrape
The last few drops, like hungry ape!*

*Like little boats, that, almost filled,
Come back without their cargoes spilled,
My spoon sails gently to my lips,
Unloading from the SIDE, like ships.*



BABY'S APOLOGY

Dear little seed, queer little seed,
Tucked into bed in the garden,
Why don't you grow? Why, don't you know
Baby is asking your pardon?

Out, little seed! Sprout, little seed!
Baby did wrong without knowing!
Hoping for you, groping for you,
To see if you *really* were growing.

Break, little seed! Wake, little seed!
Baby will watch and not harm you.
Everything's bright, everything's right,
Nothing is here to alarm you.

Dress, little seed! Yes, little seed,

Fold your green leaflets around you;

There, little seed! Fair little seed,

Baby's *so* glad he has found you!



IN THE STREET

Peelings on the sidewalk,

Apple-cores and all,

Kick them in the gutter;

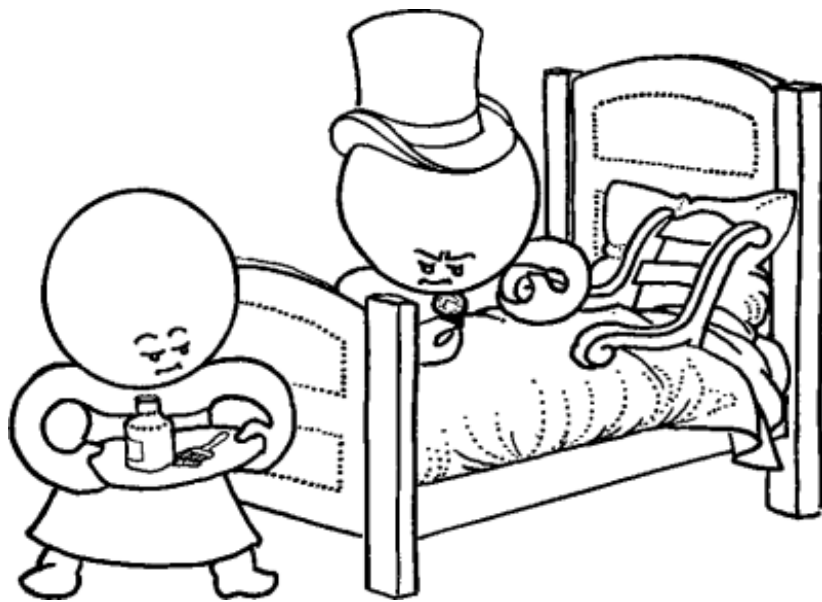
Save some one a fall!

Barrel hoops, glass, and cans,

And wires in the street,

Kick them in the gutter;

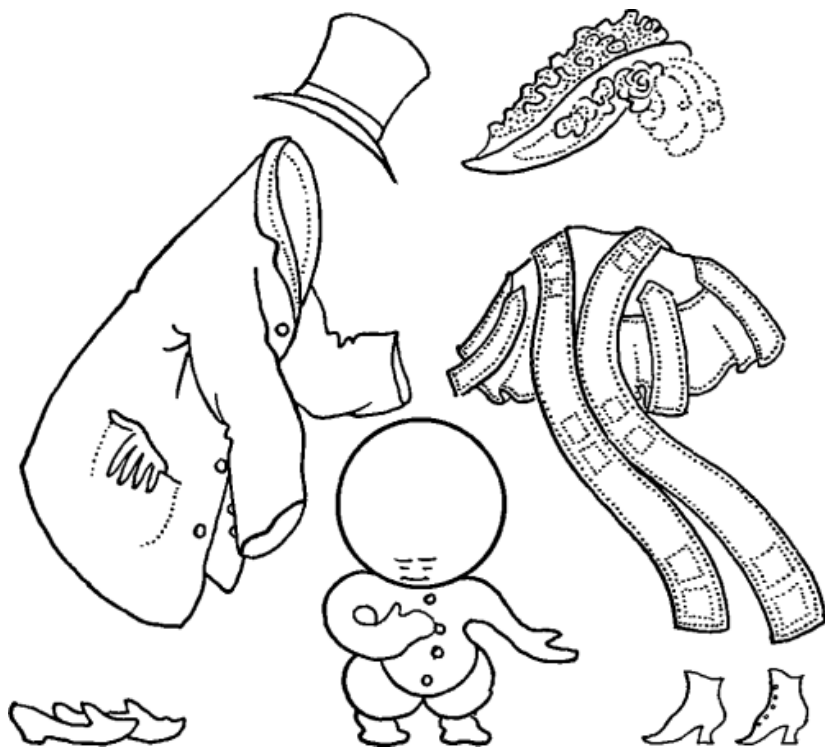
You'll save some horse's feet!



SICK FURNITURE

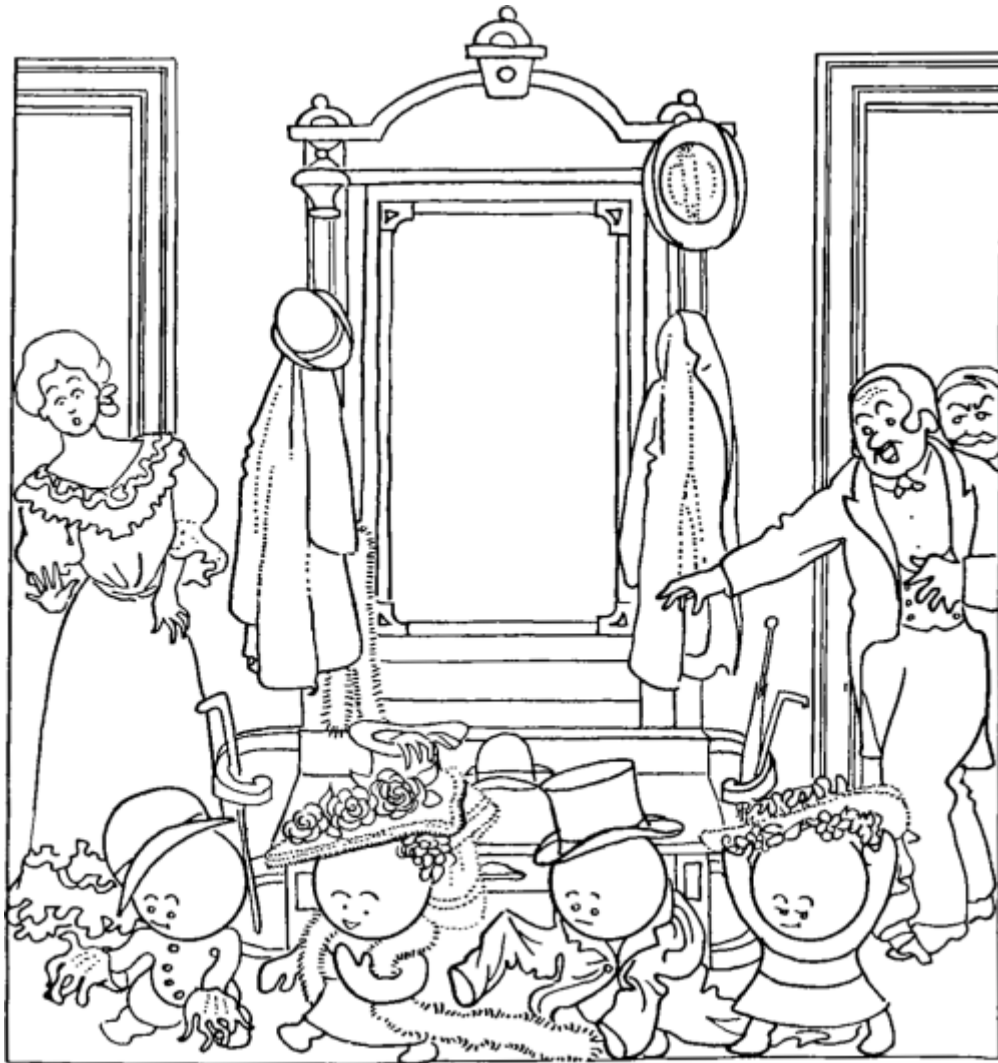
Sitting on the table,
Standing on the chairs,
That's the way the legs are broken and the cushion tears!
How'd you like to pay the bill for varnish and repairs?

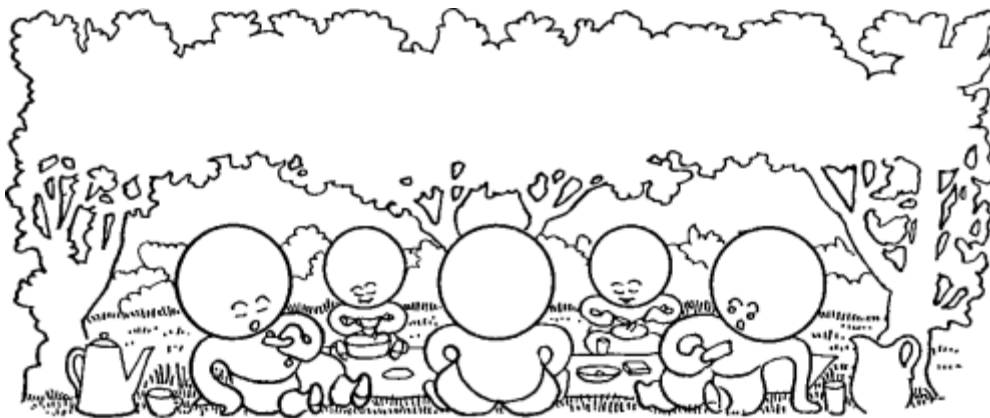




BORROWED PLUMES

Don't try on the wraps,
The bonnets and caps
Of company coming to call!
Admire, if you please,
But garments like these
Should always feel safe in the hall!



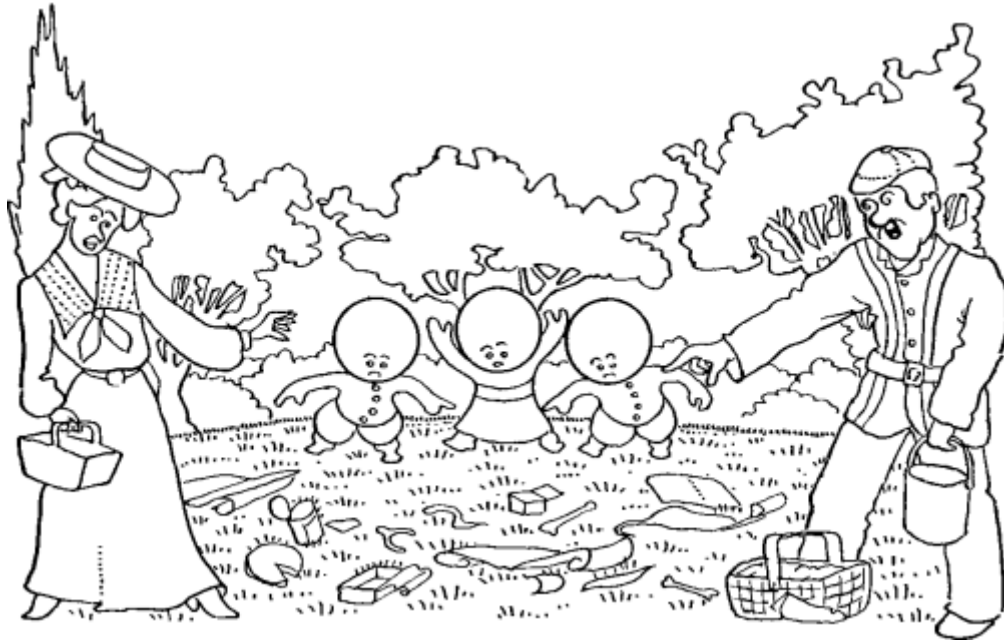


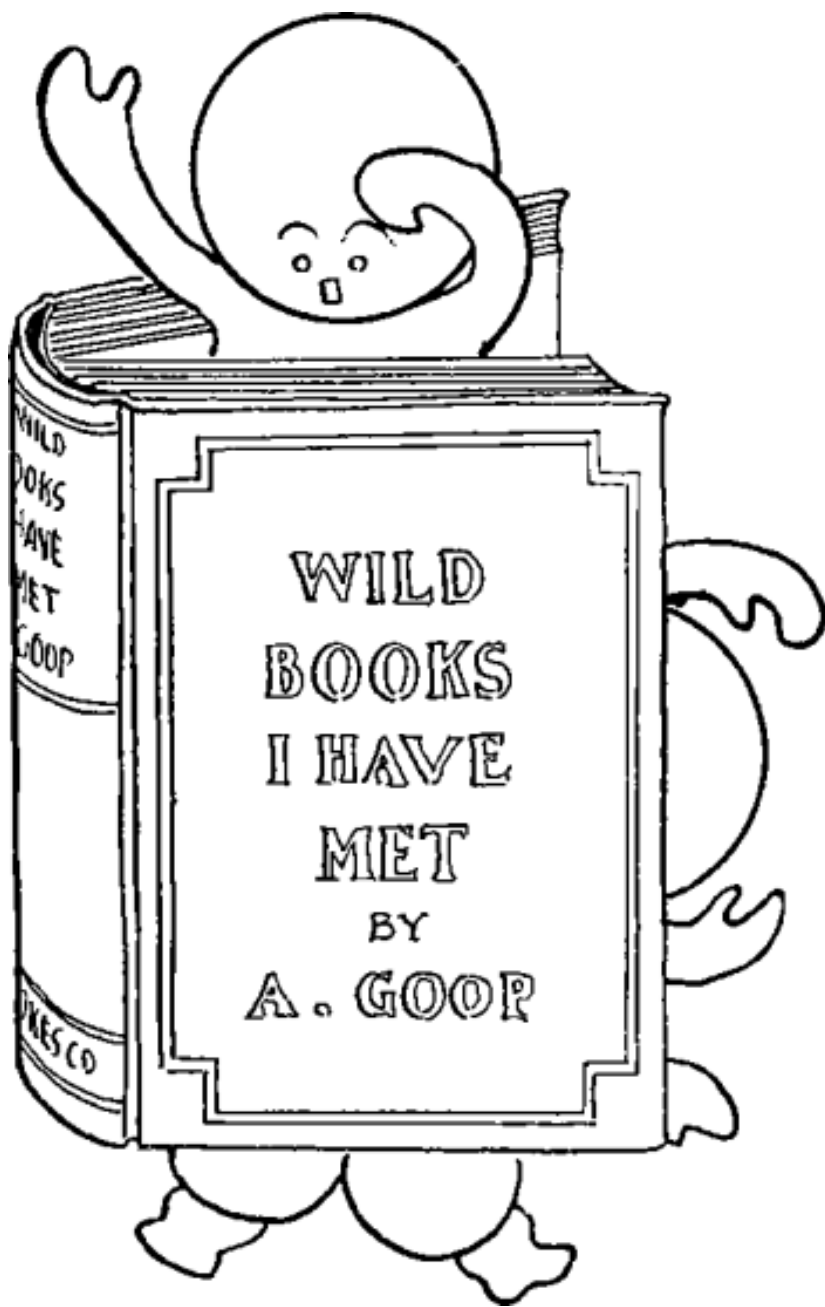
THE GOOP PICNIC

They came to the best sort of place for a rest,

On the grass, with the trees overhead,
They sat down in a bunch and they opened their lunch,
And they had a be-autiful spread!

And when they were done, and they'd had all their fun,
They proved they were Goops, or were blind;
For they picked up their wraps and they left all their scraps
For the *next* picnic party to find!





BOOK-MANNERS

If you scribble on your books,
How disgusting it looks!
Here a word, and there a scrawl,
Silly pictures over all!
Take a paper, or a slate,
If you want to decorate!



POOR MOTHER!

Oh! Isn't it shocking!

Just look at your stocking!

Just look at your brand new boots!

Your waist is all torn

And your trousers are worn—

Just *look* at the holes in your suits!

Your father is working

All day, without shirking,

To pay for the clothes that you wear;

Your mother is mending

All day, and attending

To you, with the kindest of care.

And so, while you're playing,

Think of father, who's paying,

And mother, who's working so hard;

While you kneel on your knees,

Or climb up the trees,

Or make your mud pies in the yard!



CHEATING

I thought I saw a little Goop

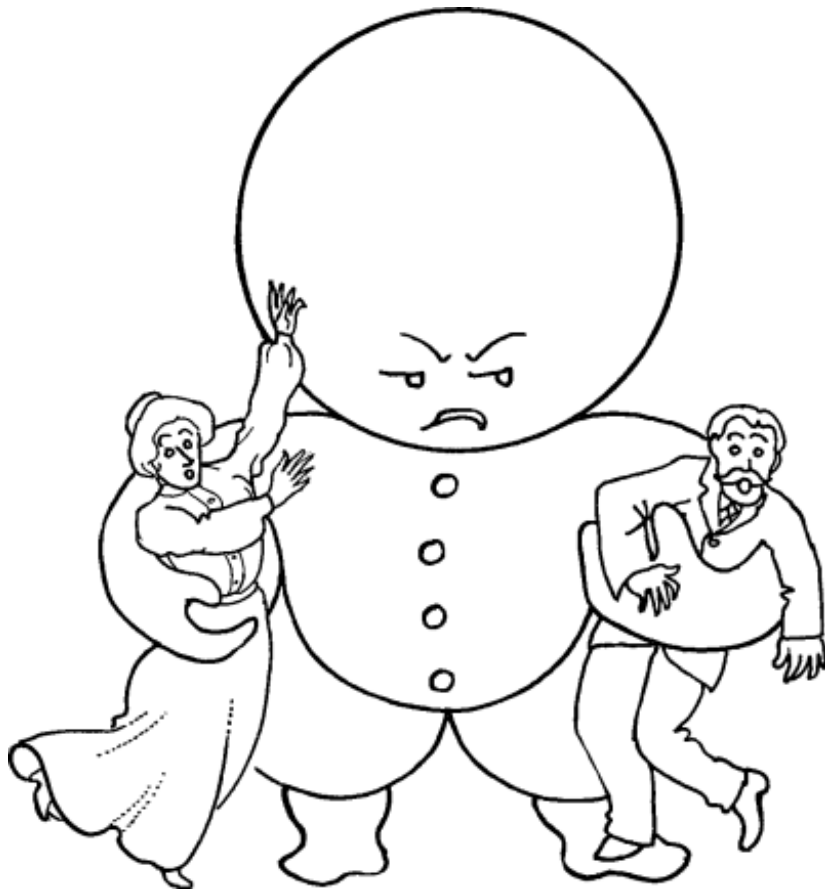
Who didn't pay his fare;

I looked again; the passengers

Were gazing at him, there.

"They think that he's a thief!" I said;

"I wonder does he care?"



GOOP! GOOP! GOOP!

Goop! Goop! Goop!

I wish you'd wash your face!

Goop! Goop! Goop!

Your hands are a disgrace!

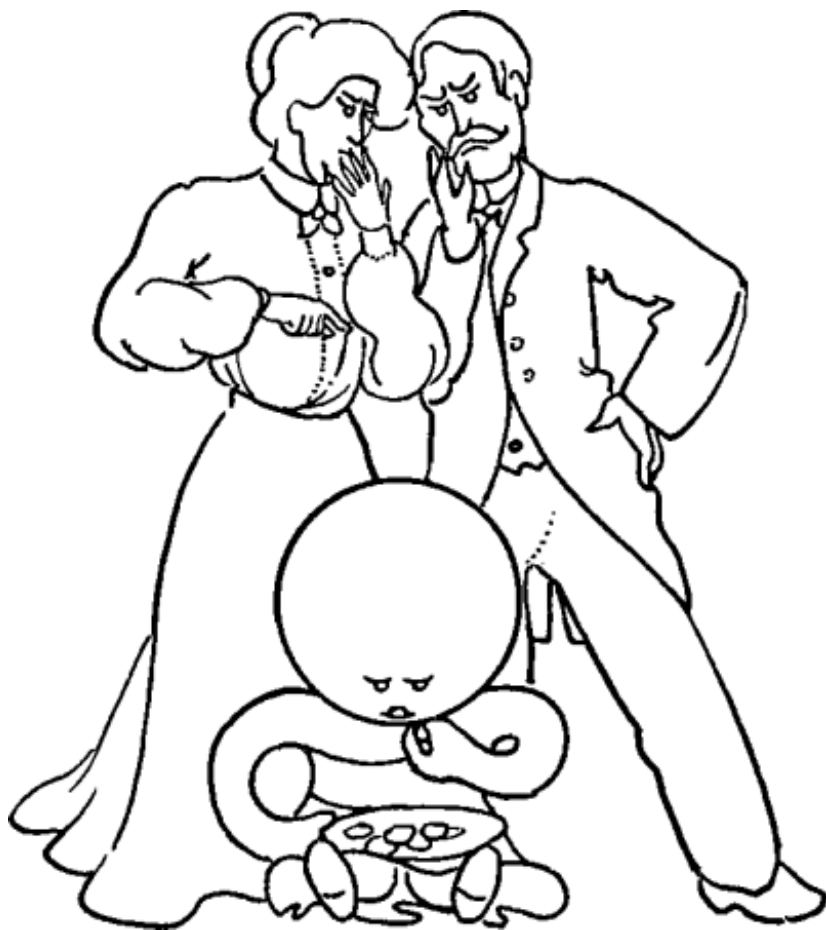
Goop! Goop! Goop!

Put things back in their place!

I wish you were polite,

Instead of a

Goop! Goop! Goop!



VISITING

When a Goop goes out to
visit,

'T isn't very pleasant, is it,

To hear him ask his friends
for things to eat?

And to hear the little sinner

Say he wants to stay to
dinner

Is a piece of impoliteness
hard to beat!

*"Mother said that I could
stay*

If you asked me!" is the way

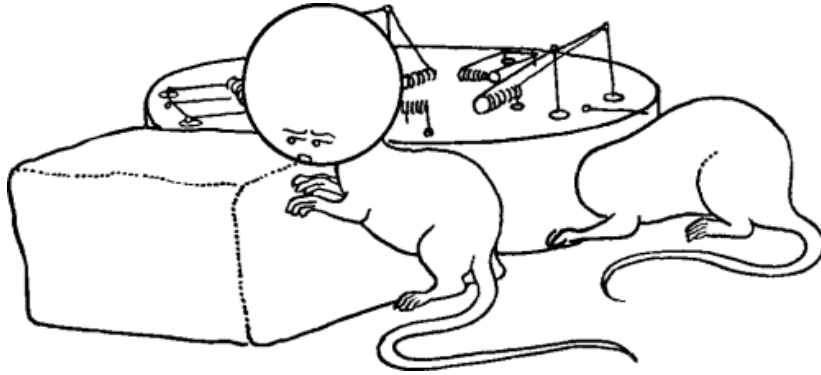
That a Goop will make them
ask him to remain.

It is better to be slighted

Than to stay when not
invited,

For they *never* ask a Goop to

come again!



PICKING and STEALING

When you are fetching bread, I trust

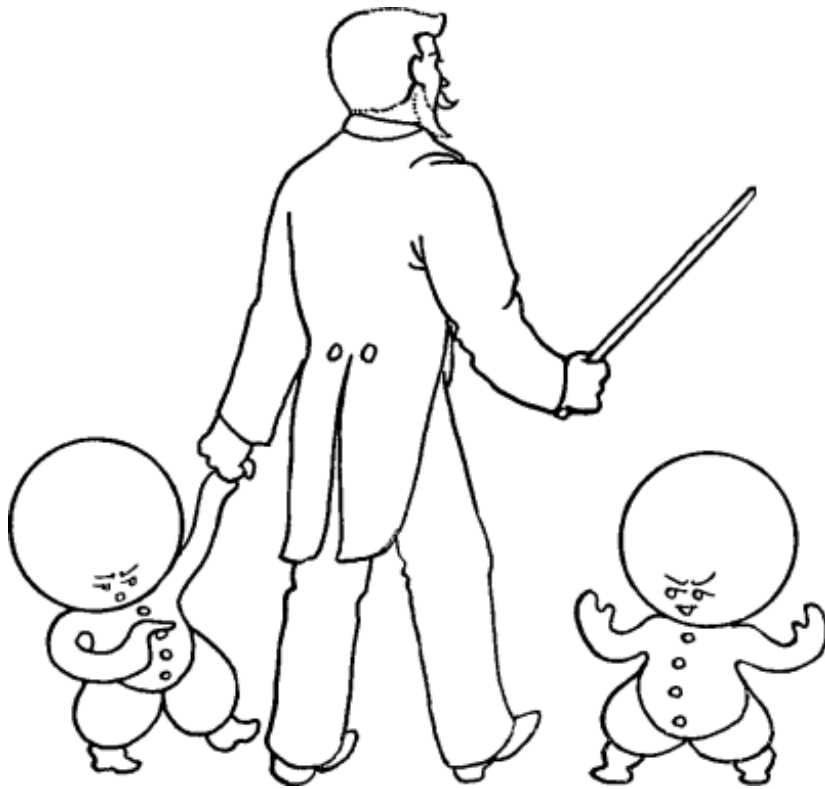
You never nibble at the crust

When in the kitchen, do you linger

And pinch the cookies with your finger?

Or do you peck the frosted cake?

Don't do it, please, for Mother's sake!



LOYALTY

Mother's found your mischief out!

What are you going to do?

Cry and sulk, or kick and shout?

Tell your mother all about

Brother's mischief, too?

Or,

Take your punishment, and say,

"I'll be better, now!"

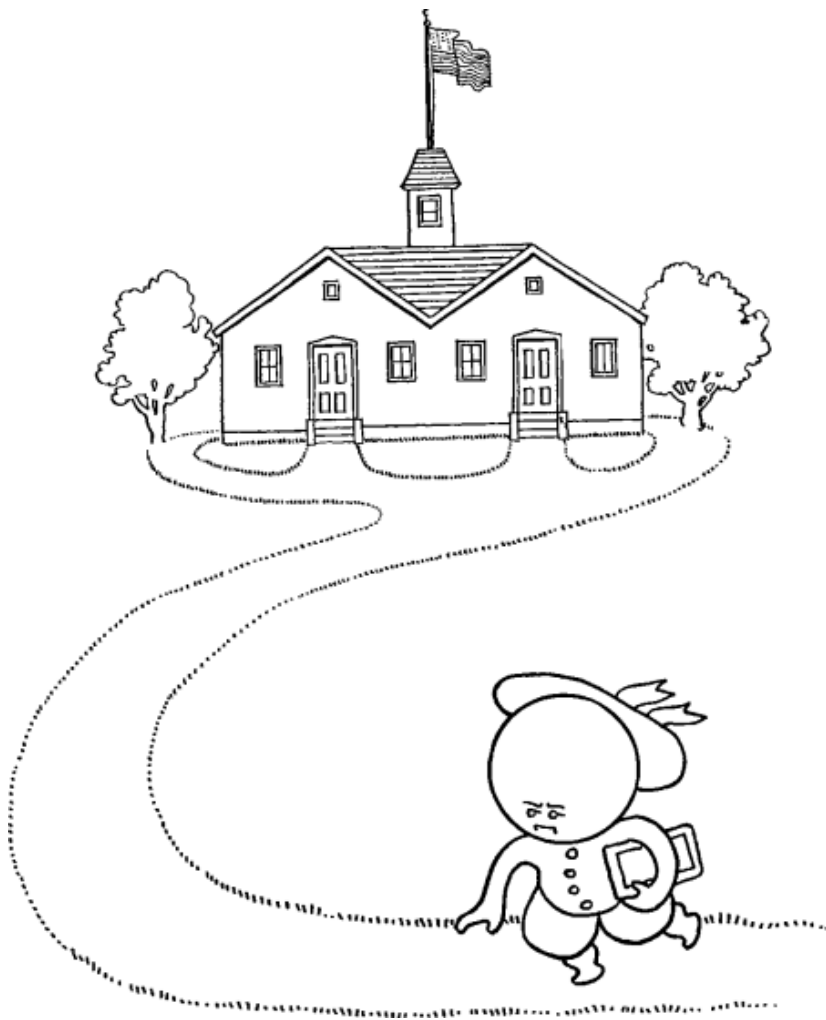
Never mind the horrid way

Brother treated you, at play;

Don't tell it, anyhow!

It is the Goops, who have no shame,

Who say, "*'Twas some one else to blame!*"



INDOLENCE

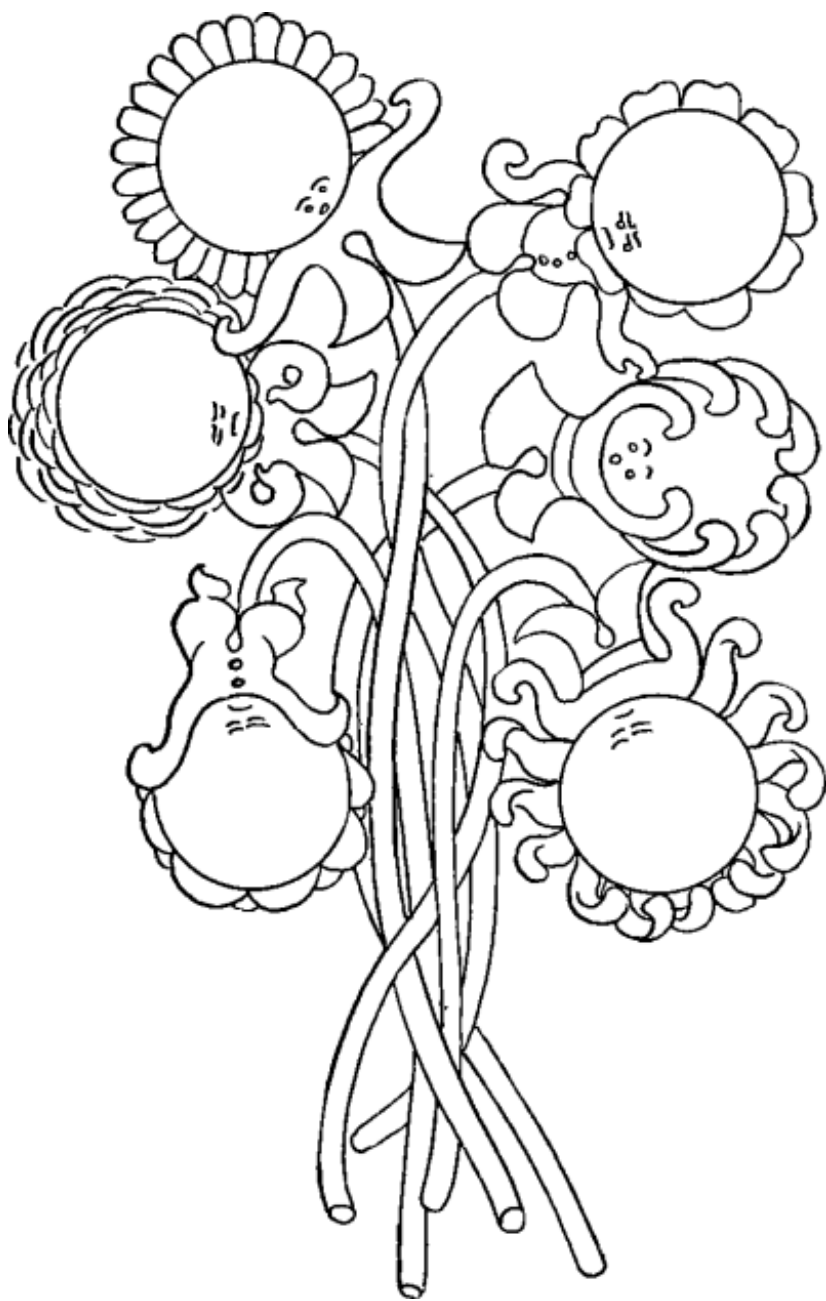
There was a Goop who lay in bed
Till half-past eight, the sleepy-head!
He couldn't find his stockings, for
He'd thrown them somewhere on the floor!
He couldn't find his reading-book;
He had forgotten where to look!
His breakfast grew so very cold,
This lazy Goop began to scold;
And then he blamed his mother, kind!
"You made me late to school!" he whined.



THE LAW OF HOSPITALITY

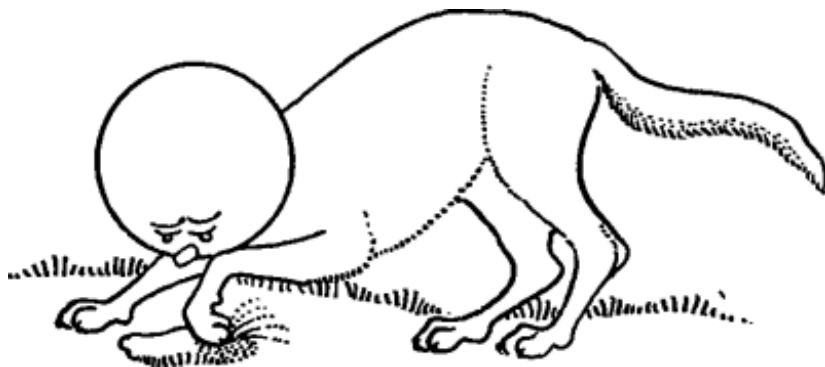
There is a very simple rule
That every one should know;
You may not hear of it in school,
But everywhere you go,
In every land where people dwell,
And men are good and true,
You'll find they understand it well,
And so I'll tell it you:

*To every one who gives me food,
Or shares his home with me,
I owe a debt of gratitude,
And I must loyal be.
I may not laugh at him, or say
Of him a word unkind;
His friendliness I must repay,
And to his faults be blind!*



THE FLOWER HOSPITAL

I dreamed I found a sunlit room
Filled with a delicate perfume,
Where, moaning their sweet lives away,
A thousand lovely flowers lay.
They drooped, so pale, and wan, and weak,
With hardly strength enough to speak,
With stems so crushed and leaves so torn
It was too dreadful to be borne!
And one white lily raised her head
From off her snowy flower bed.
And sighed, "*Please tell the children, oh!
They should not treat the flowers so!
They plucked us when we were so gay,
And then they threw us all away
To wither in the sun all day!
We all must fade, but we'll forgive
If they'll let other flowers live!*"



PUPPY GOOPS

Candy in the cushions

Of the easy-chair;

Raisins in the sofa—

How did they get there?

The little Goop who's greedy

Does it every day,

Like a little puppy,

Hiding bones away!



EXAGGERATION

Don't try to tell a story

To beat the one you've heard;

For if you try, you're apt to lie,

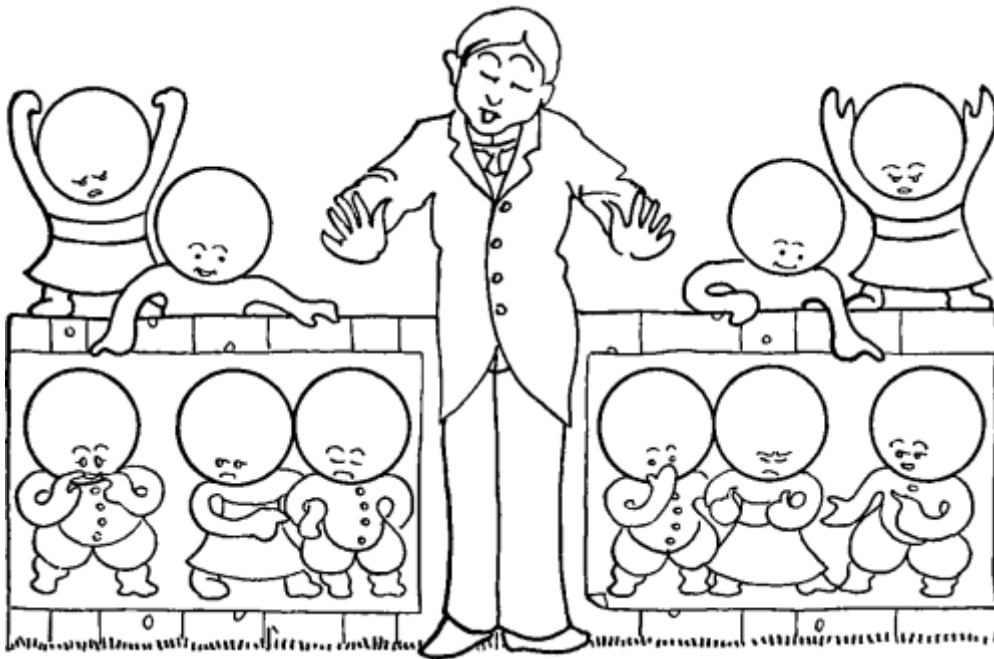
And *that* would be absurd!

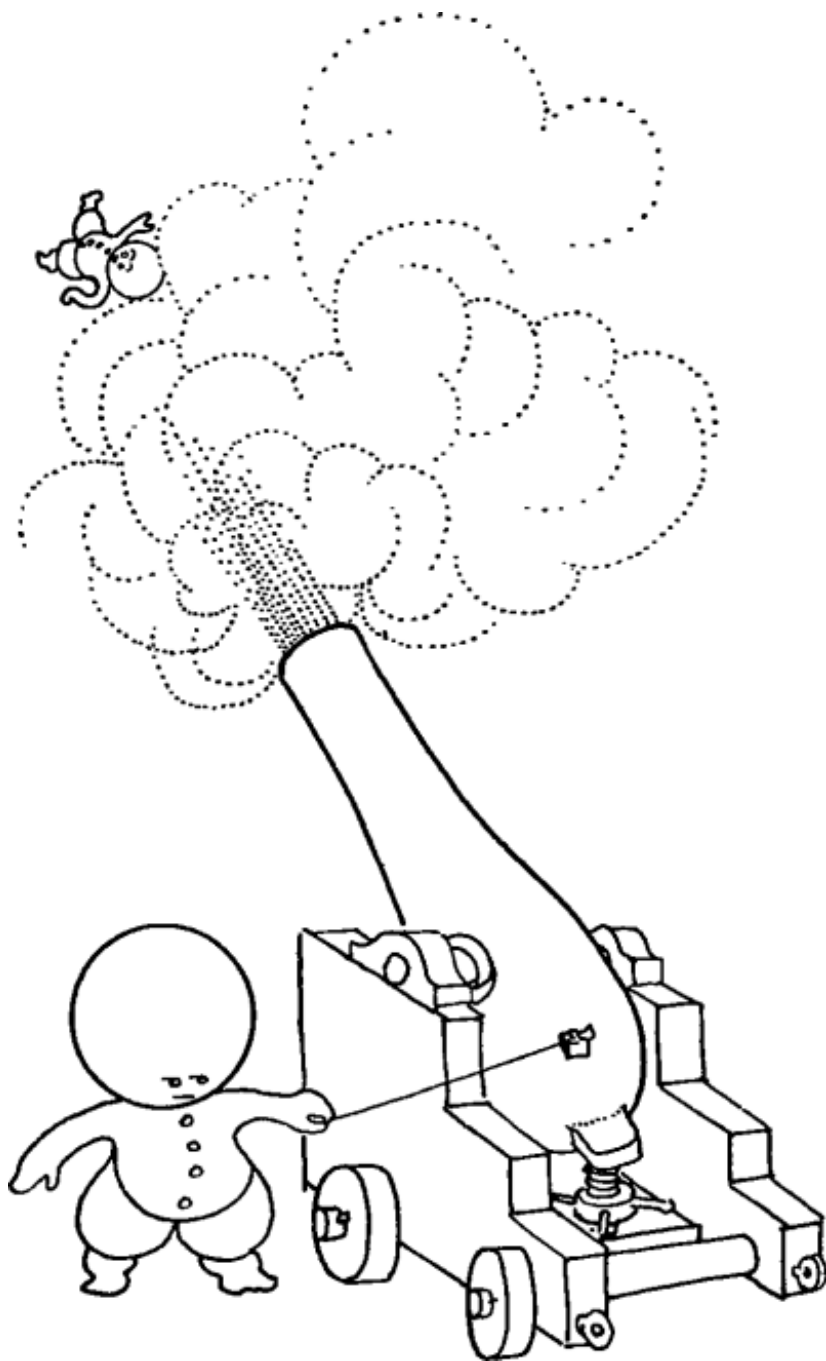
Don't try to be more funny

Than any one in school;

For if you're not, they'll laugh a lot,

And think you are a fool!





NOISE! NOISE! NOISE!

Do you slam the door?

Do you drag your feet?

Making noise enough for four

Hundred thousand Goops, or more,

Tearing up the street?

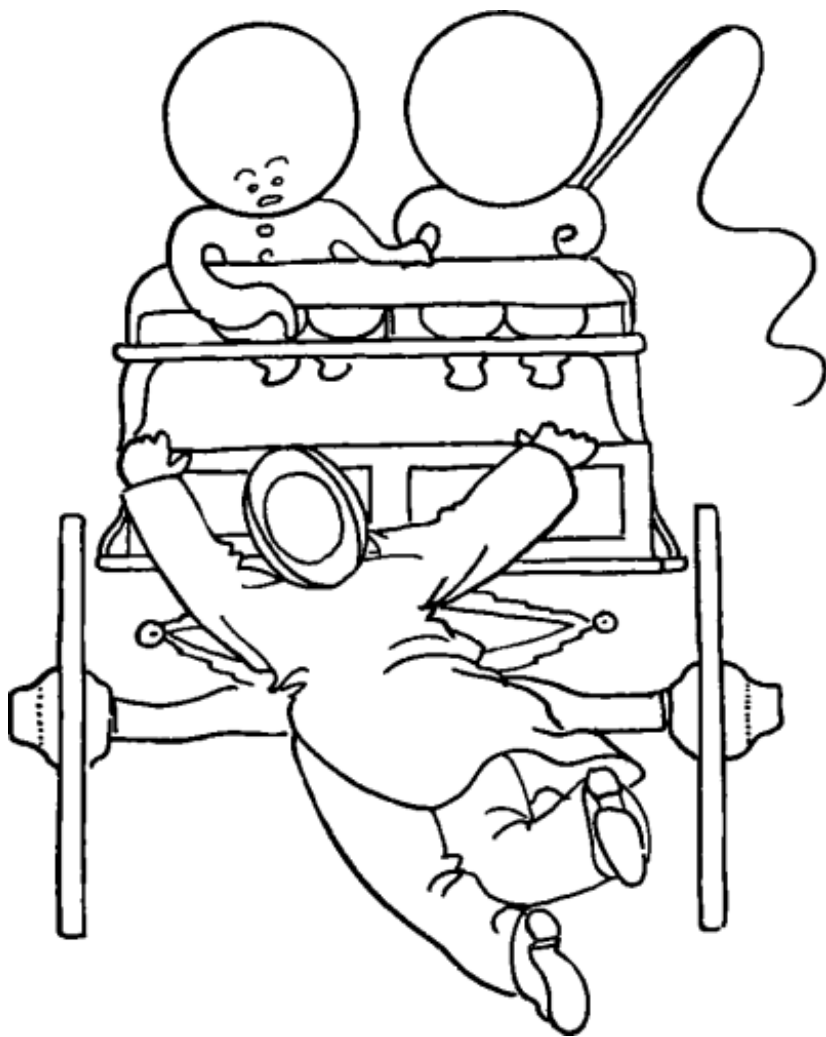
Clattering down the stairs,

Storming through the hall,

Pounding floors, upsetting chairs,

Do you think your father cares

For your noise, at all?



STEALING RIDES

I thought I saw a little Goop

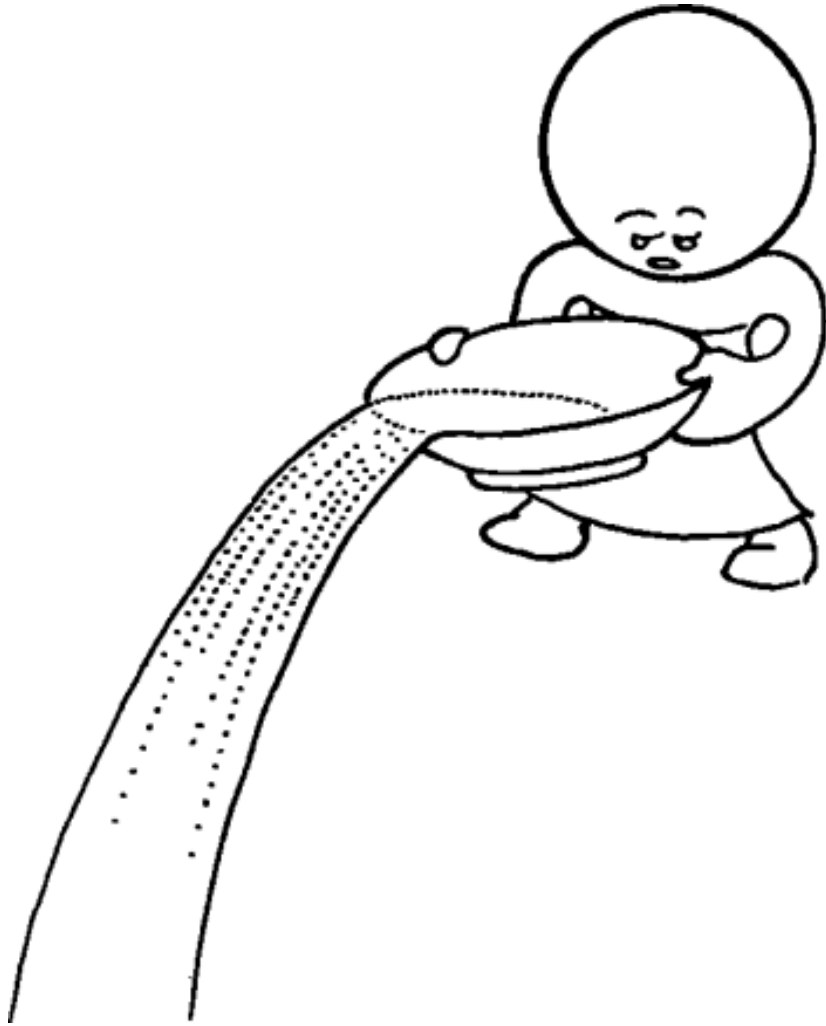
Who hung behind a cart;

I looked again. He'd fallen off!

It gave me *such* a start!

"If he were killed, some day," I said,

"'Twould break his mother's heart!"



UNTIDY GOOPS

I think you are a Goop, because

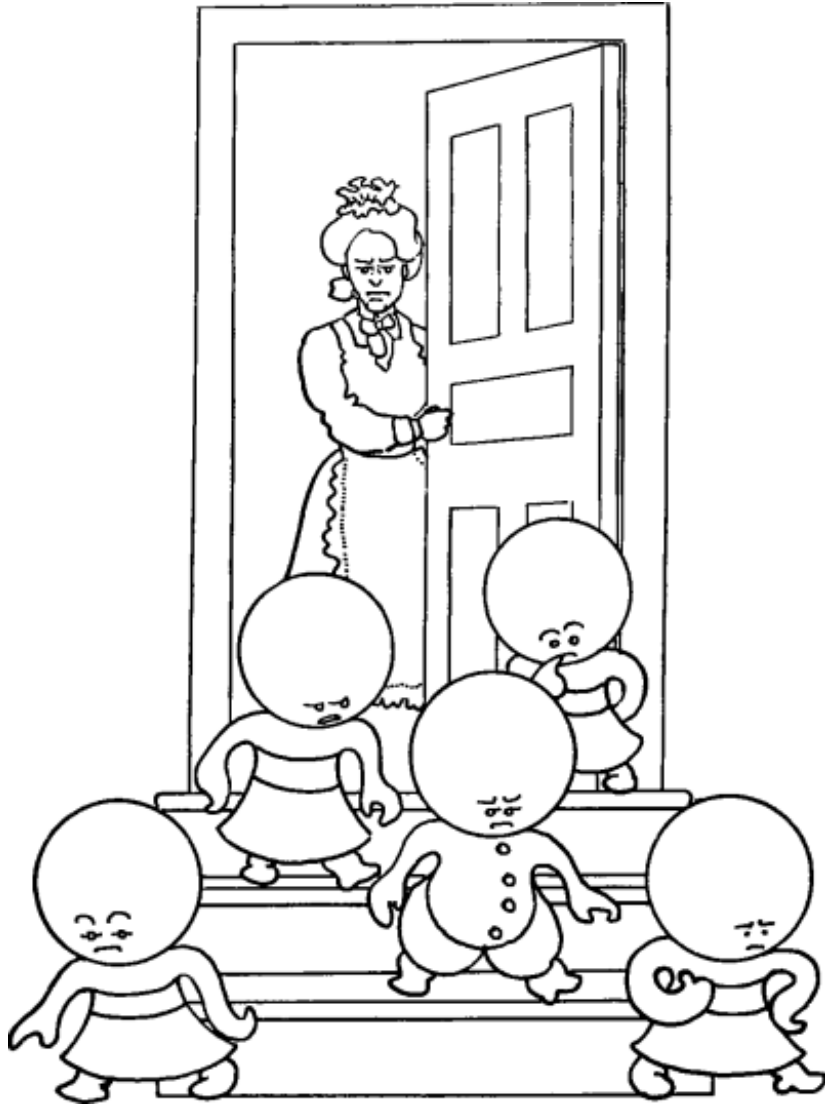
You never shut your bureau drawers,

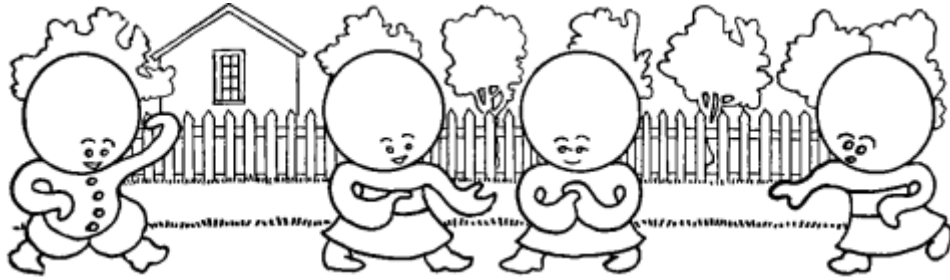
You do not close the door!

You leave your water in the bowl,

You put your peelings in the coal!

I've told you *that* before!

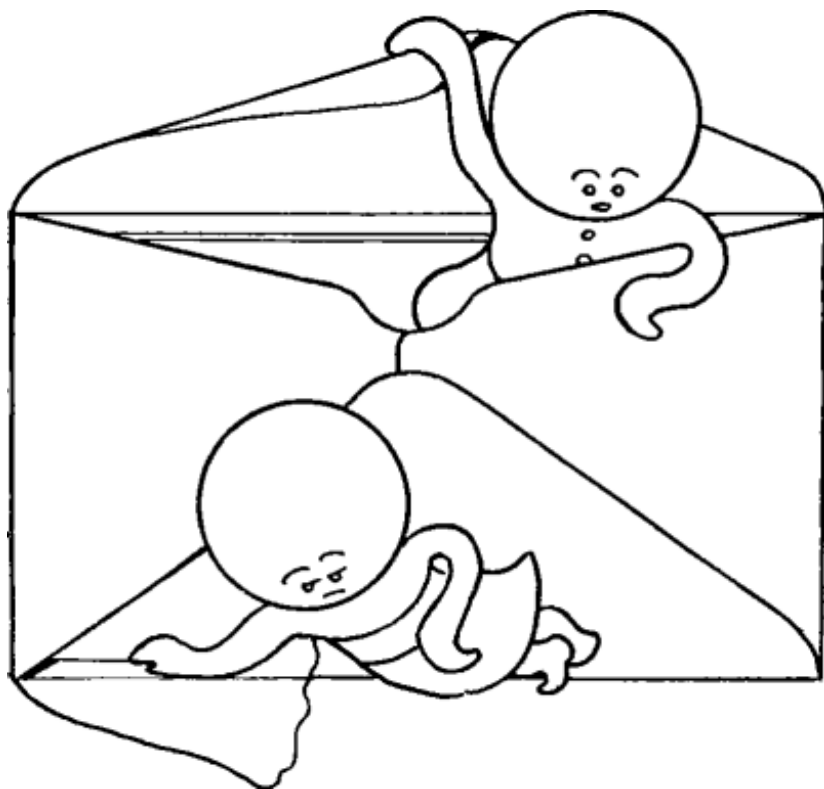




A GOOP PARTY

"Please come to my party!" said Jenny to Prue;
"I'm going to have Willy, and Nelly, and you;
I'm going to have candy and cake and ice-cream,
We'll play *Hunt-the-Slipper*, we'll laugh and we'll scream.
We'll dress up in caps, we'll have stories and tricks,
And you won't have to go till a quarter past six!"
But alas! When she mentioned her party, at tea,
Her mother said, "No! It can't possibly be!"
So Jane had to go and explain to her friends,
And that is how many a Goop party ends!
Just speak to your mother *before* you invite,
And then it's more likely to happen all right!



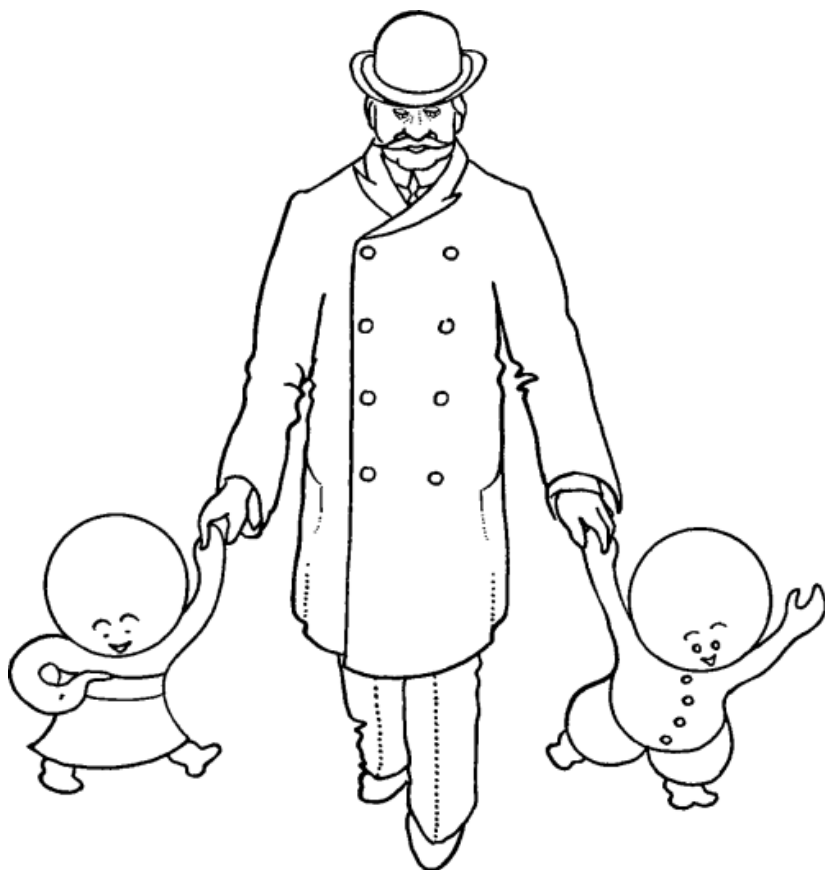


INQUISITIVENESS

I gave a letter to a Goop
To take to Mrs. Bird;
And what d'you think he went and did?
He read it, every word!
Now, isn't that the rudest thing
That you have ever heard?

Why, he would peep through keyholes,
And listen at the door!
And open parcels, just to see
What came from every store!

Now, have you ever *ever* heard
Of such a Goop before?

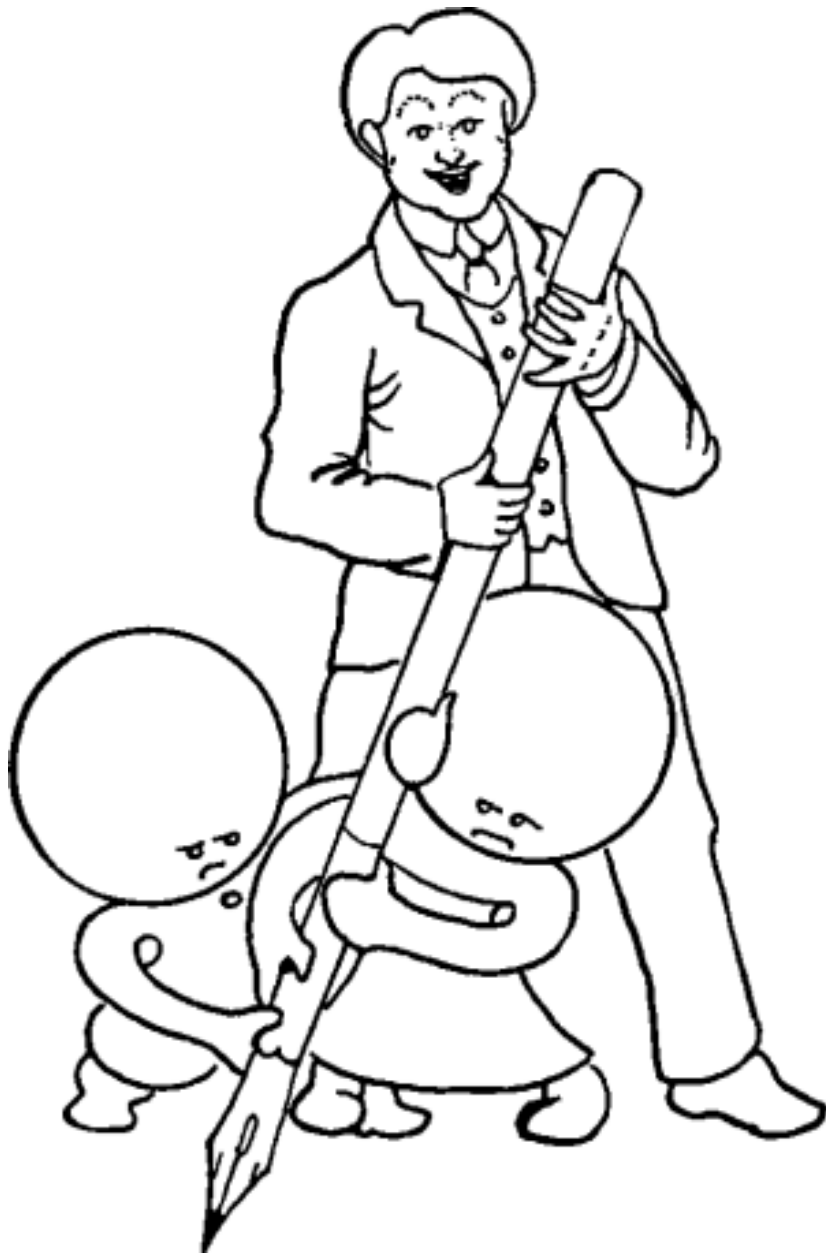


DON'T BE GOOD

Just because you want to go
To the circus, or the show;
But, when all your fun is o'er,
Be as good as you were before!

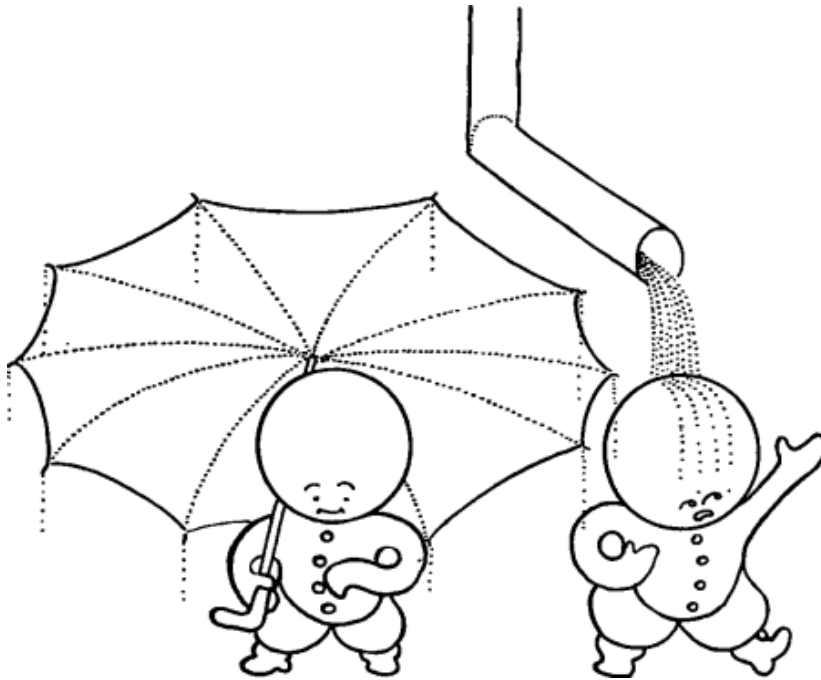
DON'T BE BAD

Just as long as you dare to be,
Because your mother doesn't see.
Do not wait for her to scold,
But be just as good as gold!



WRITE RIGHT!

If you were writing with your nose,
You'd *have* to curl up, I suppose,
And lay your head upon your hand;
But now, I cannot understand,
For you are writing with your pen!
So sit erect, and smile again!
You need not scowl because you write,
Nor hold your fingers *quite* so tight!
And if you gnaw the holder so,
They'll take you for a Goop, you know!

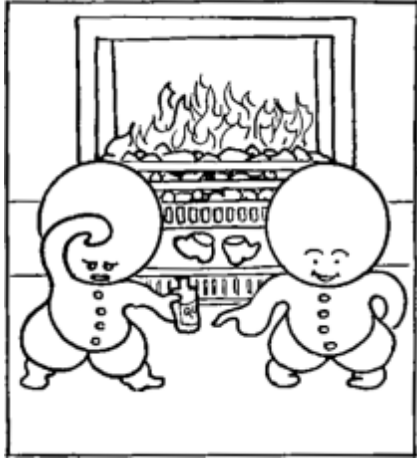


WET FEET

Down the street together,
In the rainy weather,
Went a pair of little boys along;
One of them went straying
In the gutters playing,
Doing all his mother said was wrong;

One of them went dashing
Into puddles splashing,
Under dripping eaves that soaked him through;
One of them avoided
All the other boy did,
Dodging all the slimy, slushy goo.





One of them grew chilly;

Said he felt so ill he

Knew he'd caught a cold, and coughed a lot!

The other was so warm he

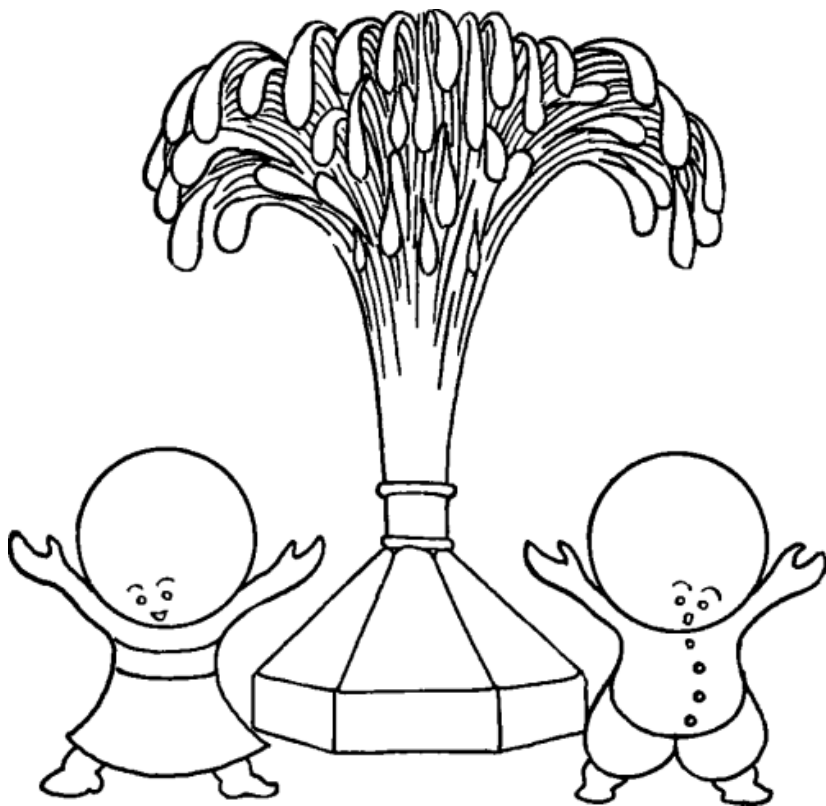
Said he *liked* it stormy!

Which of them was Goop, and which was not?



DRESS QUICKLY!

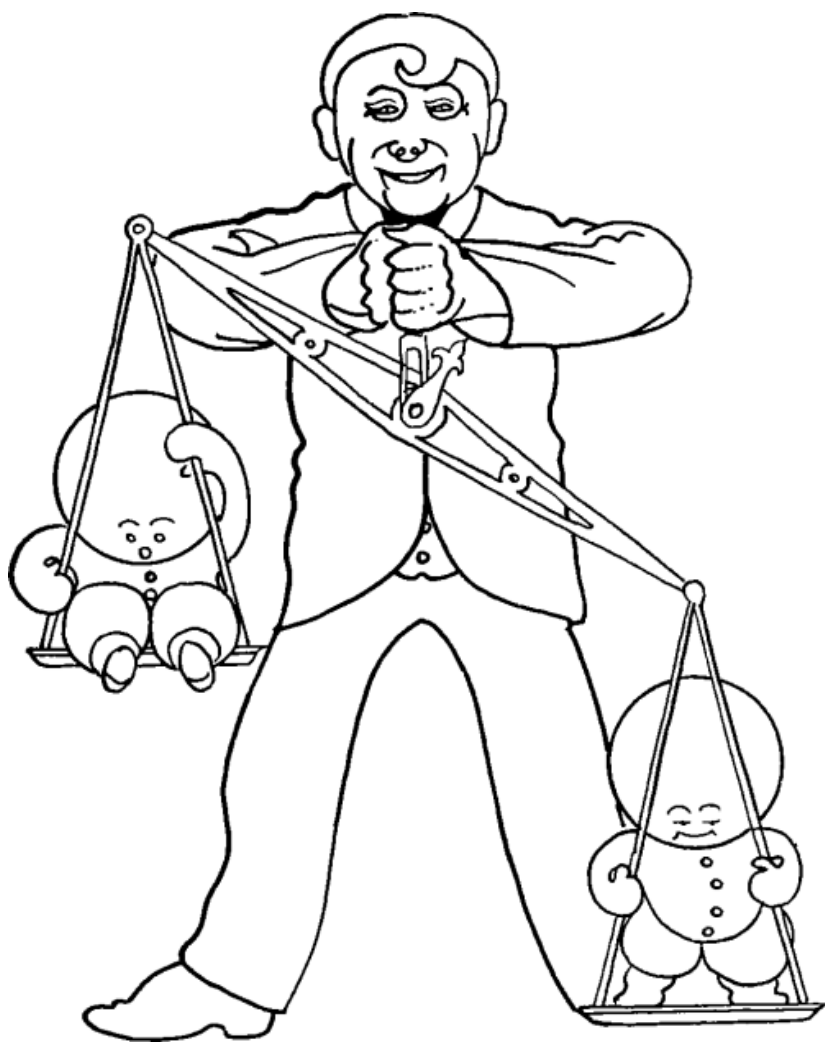
All your life you'll have to dress,
Every single day (unless
You should happen to be sick),
Why not learn to do it quick?
Hang your clothes the proper way,
So you'll find them fresh next day;
Treat them with a little care,
Fold them neatly on a chair;
So, without a bit of worry,
You can dress in quite a hurry.
Think of the slovenly Goops, before
You strew your clothing on the floor!



DANGER!

Ink, ink! What do you think!
You're sure to be stained, if you play with the ink!
You're sure to get black, if you play with the ink-well,
Before you begin it, just stop once, and think well!
All over your fingers, all over your face,
All over your clothes, and all over the place!
Your mother'll be angry, your father'll say, "*There!*
I said not to touch it; you said you'd take care!"

When Goops are so mischievous, they have to drink
Forty-four dozen bottles of raven black ink!



THE REASON WHY

Everybody liked Ezekiel.

Why?

You could scarcely find his equal.

Why?

If he made a mistake,

He said he was wrong;

If he went on an errand,

He wasn't gone long;

He never would bully,

Although he was strong!

Everybody hated Mello.

Why?

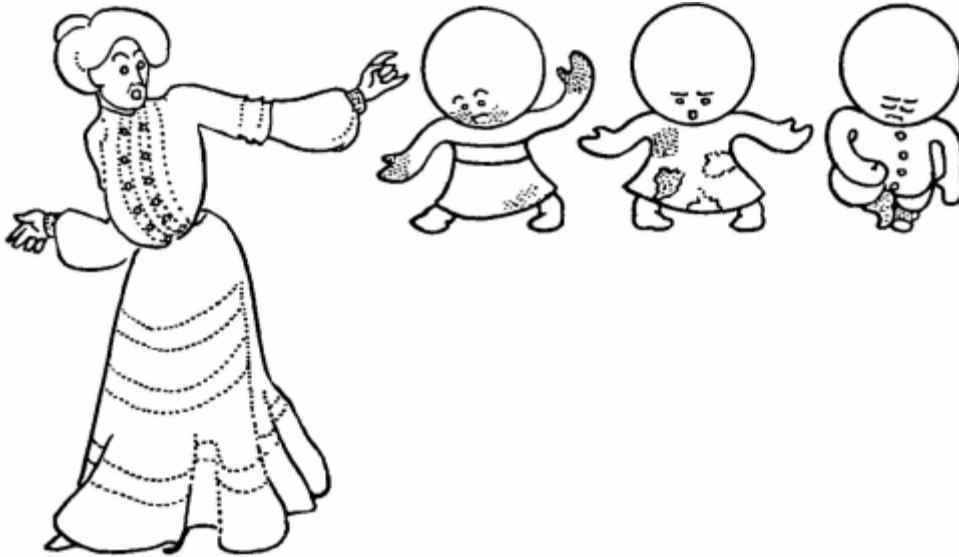
He was such a surly fellow.

Why?

If you asked him for candy,

He'd hide his away;
He never would play
What the rest wished to play;
He would say *horrid* words
That he oughtn't to say!



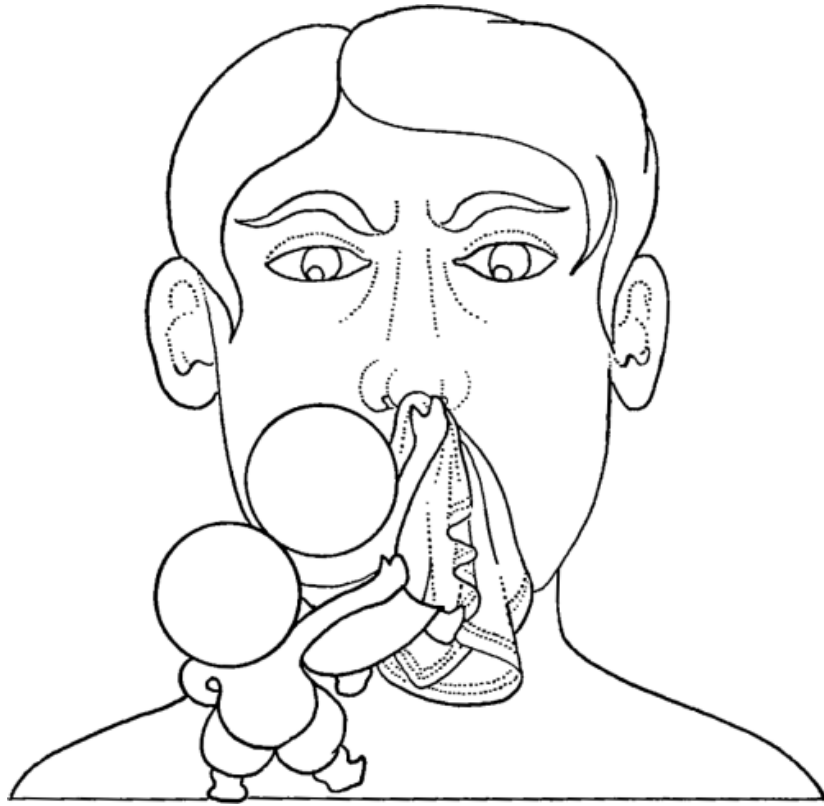


IN GOOP ATTIRE

I'll make you a dress of a towel,
And trim it all over with soap,
With a sponge for a hat
And a wet one, at that!
And *then* you'll be happy, I hope!
You may act like a Goop, if you please,
In garments constructed like these!

But now, while you're dressed up so neatly,
Don't wipe off your hands on your frock!
The smooching that lingers
When you wipe off your fingers,
Will give your dear mother a shock!
The result will be even more shocking,
If you wipe off your shoes on your stocking!





IMPOSSIBLE!

There once was a Goop (*it is hard to believe*
Such unpleasant behavior of you!)

Who always was wiping his nose on his sleeve;
I hope that this Goop wasn't you!

He always was spitting (for fun, I suppose),
I couldn't believe, it of you!

And putting his fingers up into his nose;
I KNOW that this Goop wasn't you!

