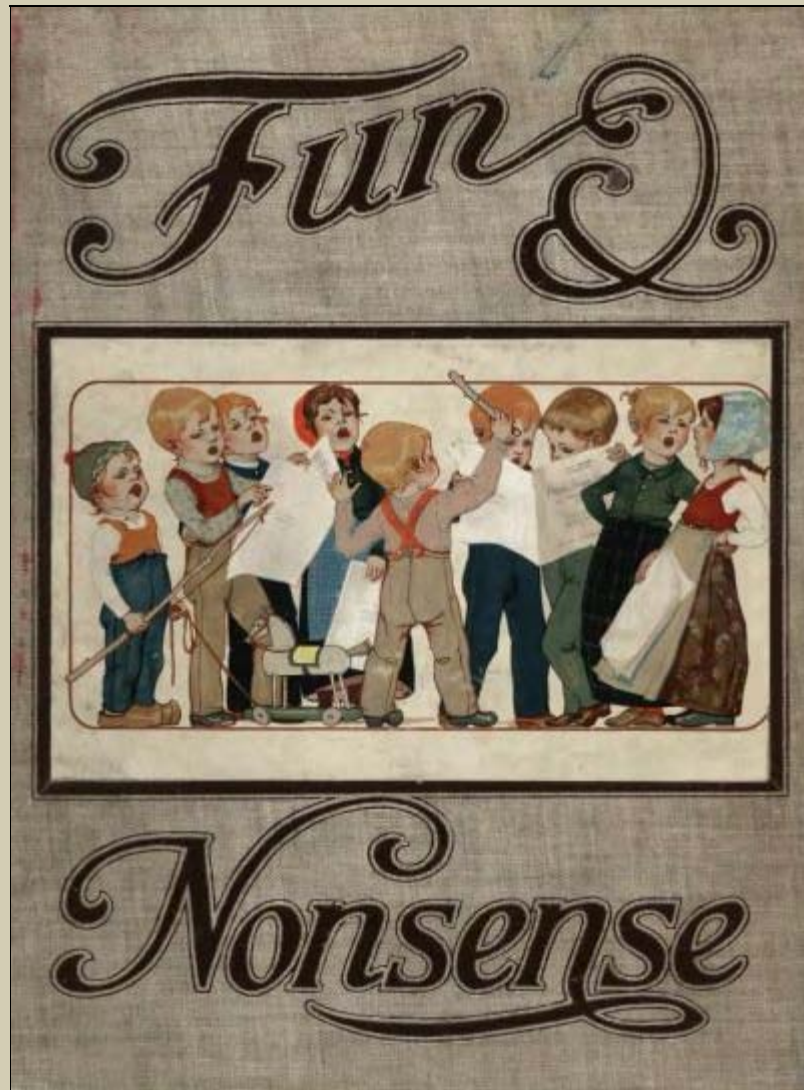


*Fun & Nonsense*



**By Willard Bonte**



# Fun and Nonsense



H. M. Caldwell Company  
New York and Boston

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## Contents

### INTRODUCTION

THE BARBER

THE REFUSAL

A HOPELESS  
CASE

THE  
GREENHORN

OLD MR.  
MATCH

THOUGHTS  
UNSTRUNG

THE MISER

DR. KEY'S ANSWER

THE CHASE

A RISING DOCTOR

THE SAILOR BOLD

OVERHEARD IN THE  
CORN-FIELD

TWINS

A SHARP LOVER

THE GREEDY LITTLE  
PITCHERS

OBLIGING MR.  
HAMMER

THE MALICIOUS  
BRUSH

THE WISE PEN

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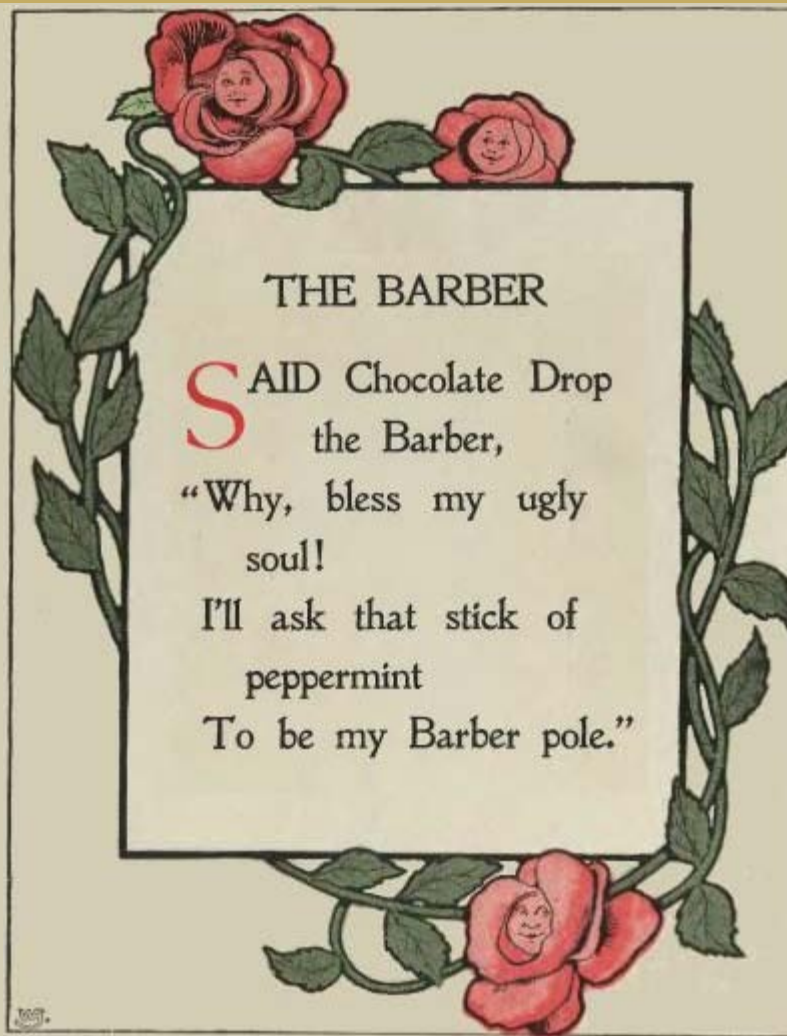
## INTRODUCTION



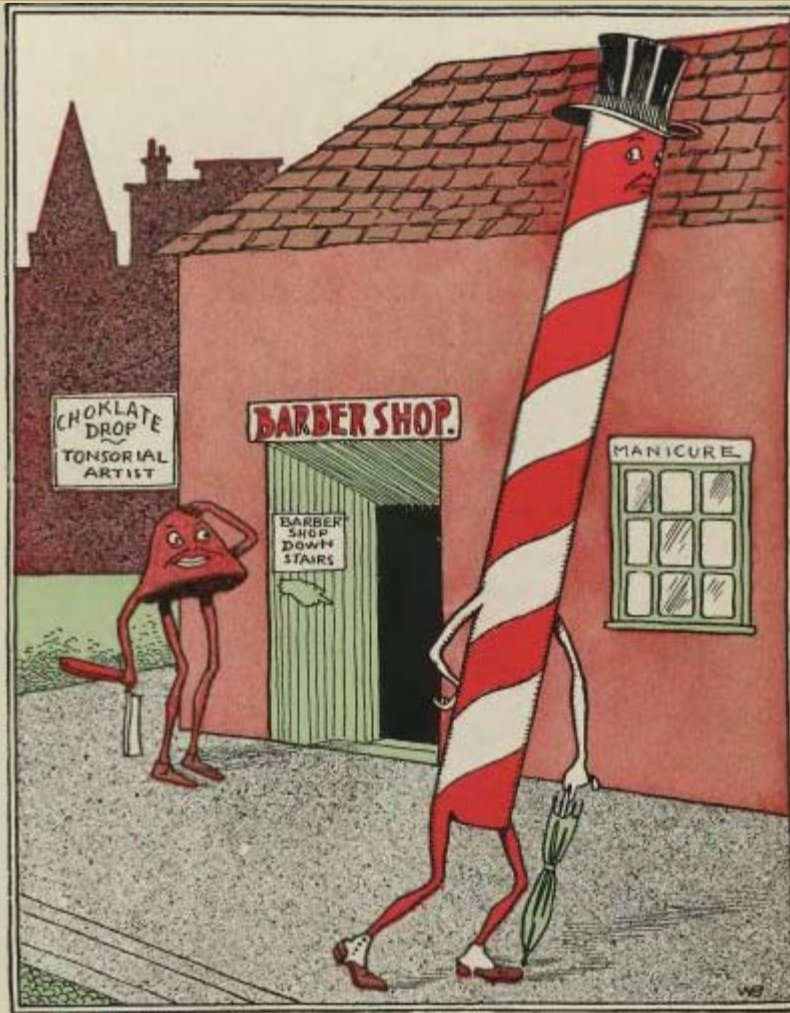
Fun and Nonsense are a pair  
Of merry little twins,  
And when they come to visit us  
They bring their friends, the Grins.

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!

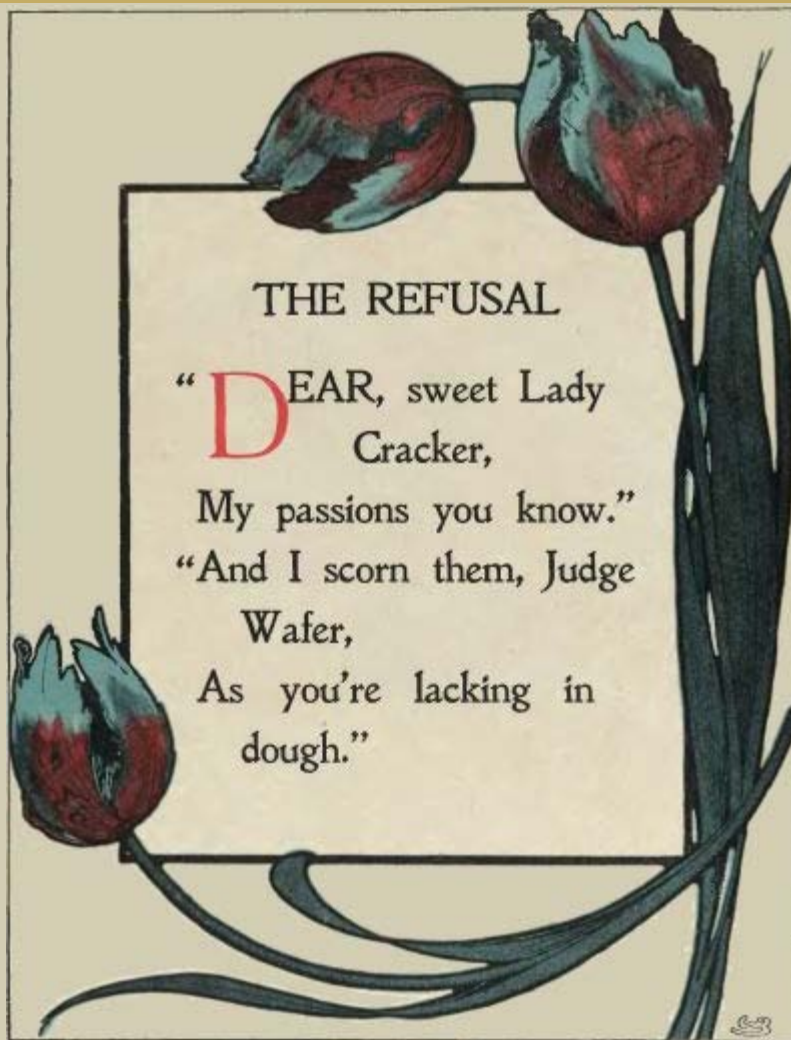
## THE BARBER



Said Chocolate Drop the Barber,  
"Why, bless my ugly soul!  
I'll ask that stick of peppermint  
To be my Barber pole."



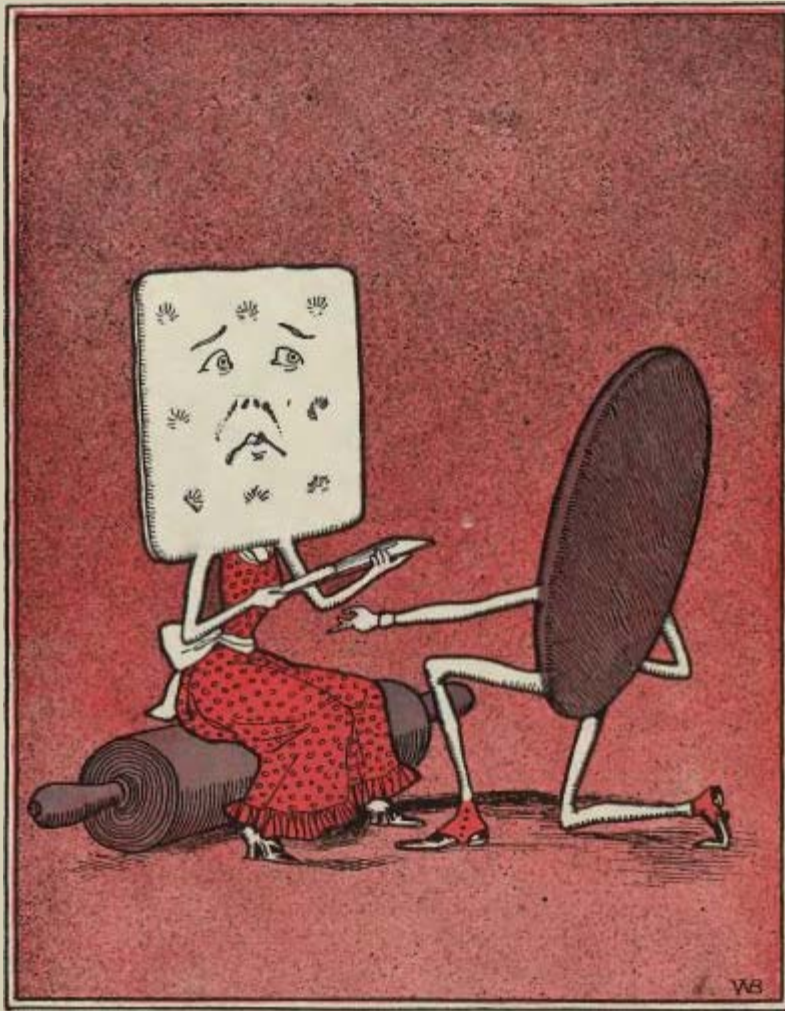
**THE REFUSAL**



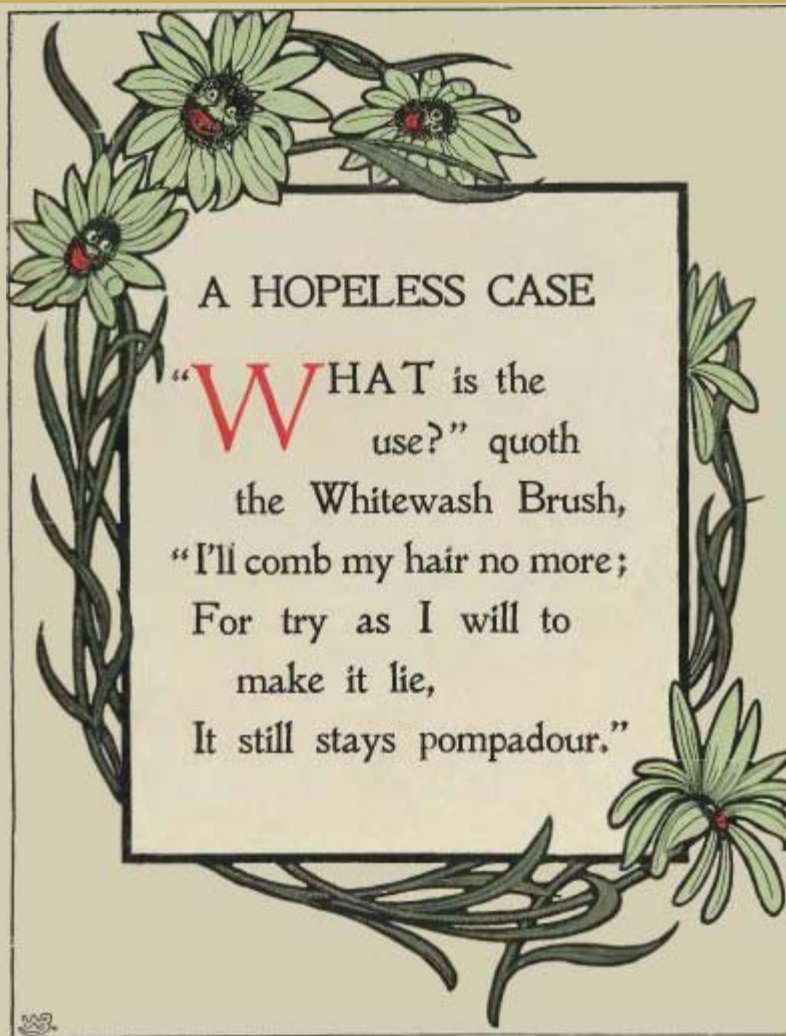
THE REFUSAL

"**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."



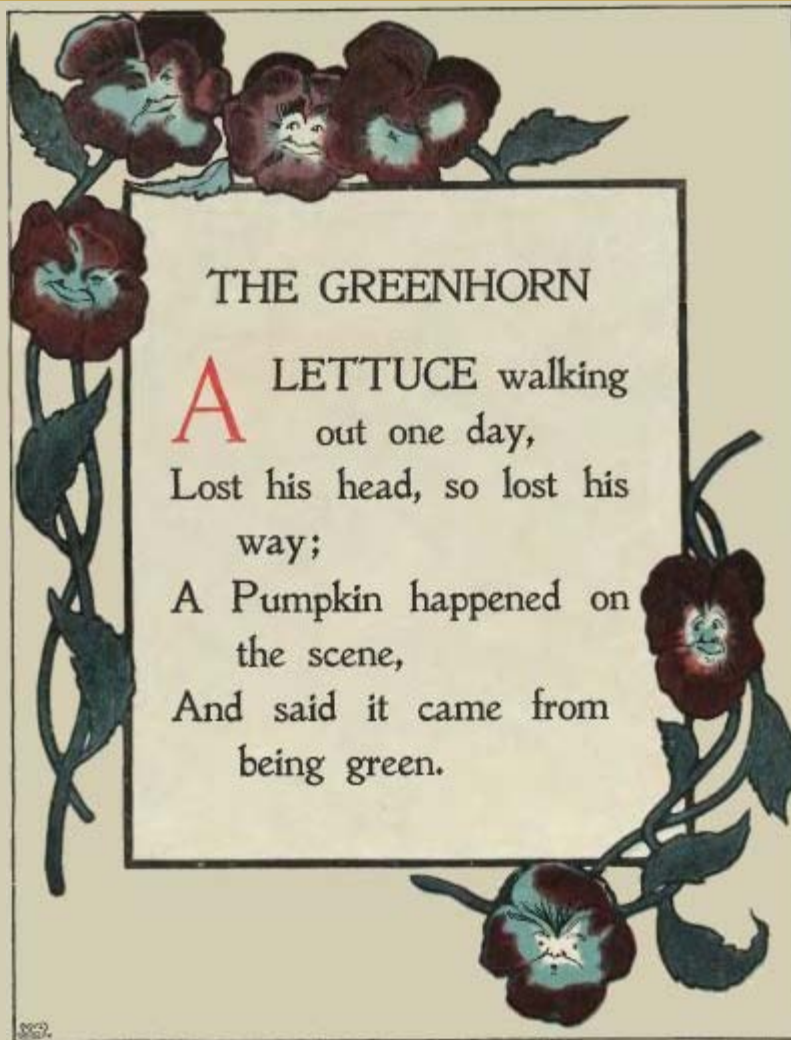
**A HOPELESS CASE**



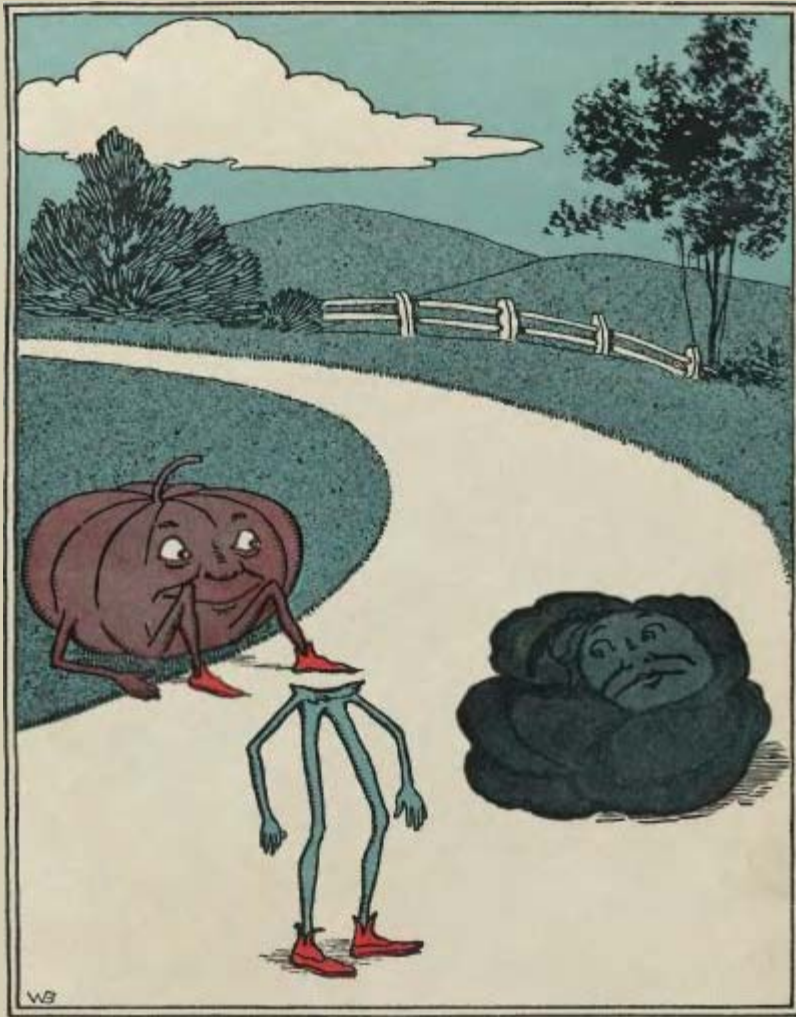
"What is the use?" quoth the Whitewash Brush,  
"I'll comb my hair no more;  
For try as I will to make it lie,  
It still stays pompadour."



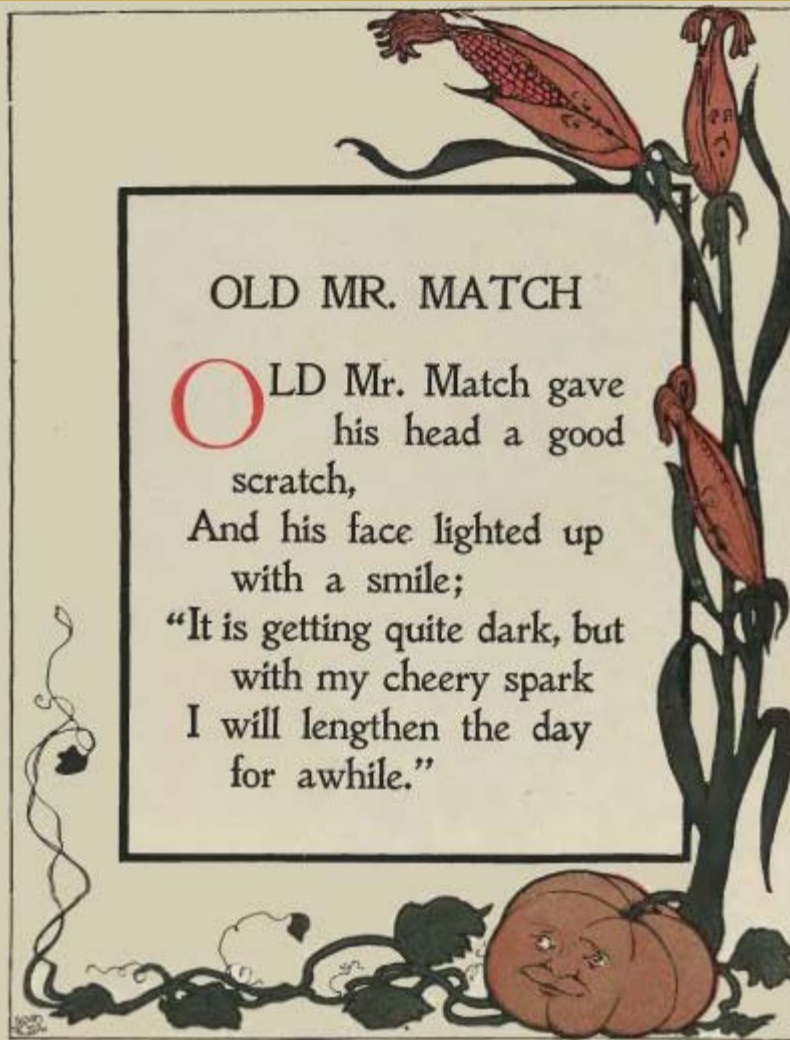
**THE GREENHORN**



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.



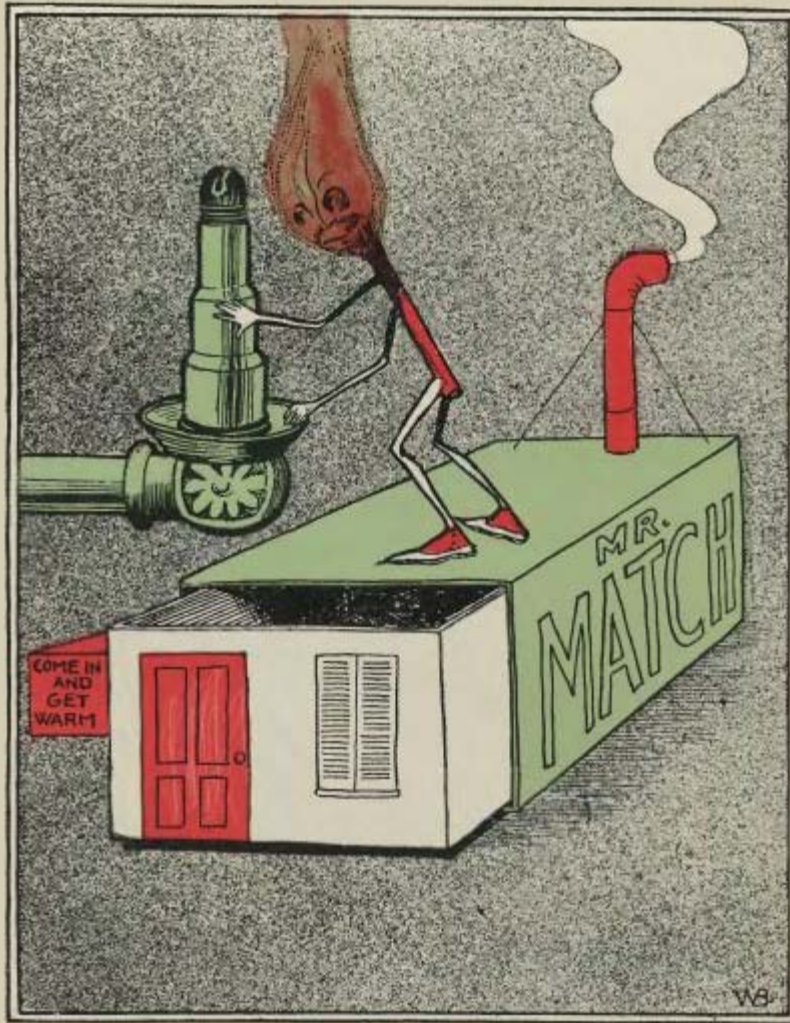
**OLD MR. MATCH**



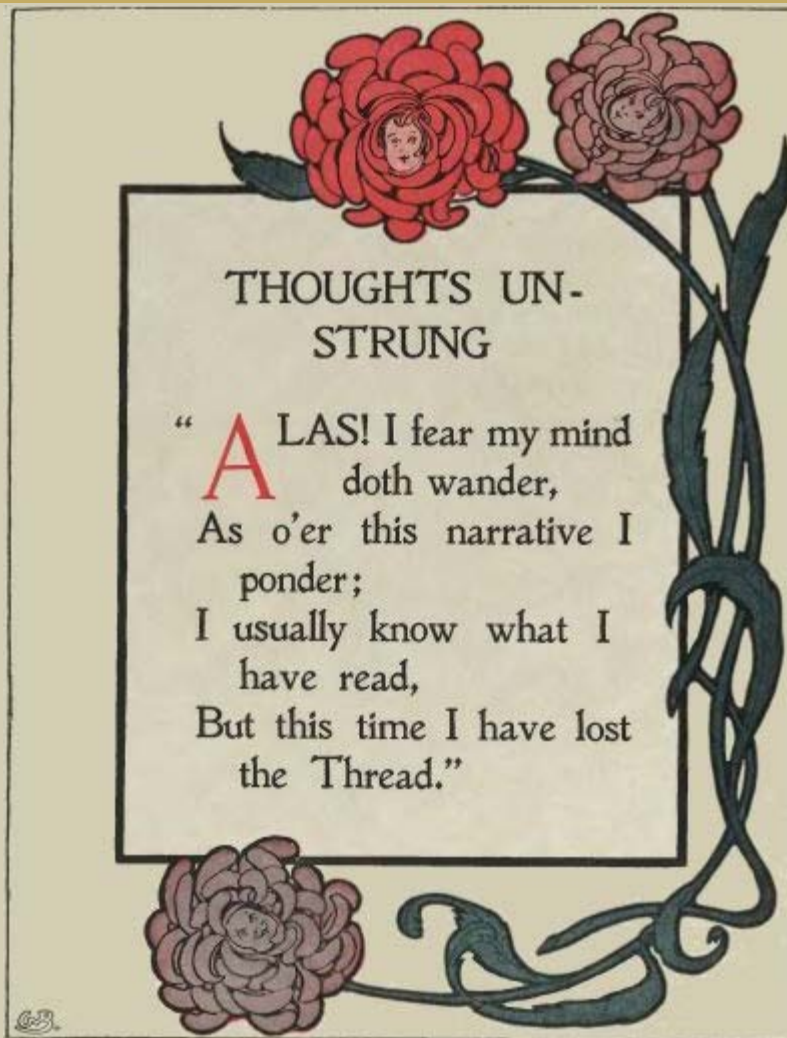
## OLD MR. MATCH

**O**LD 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."

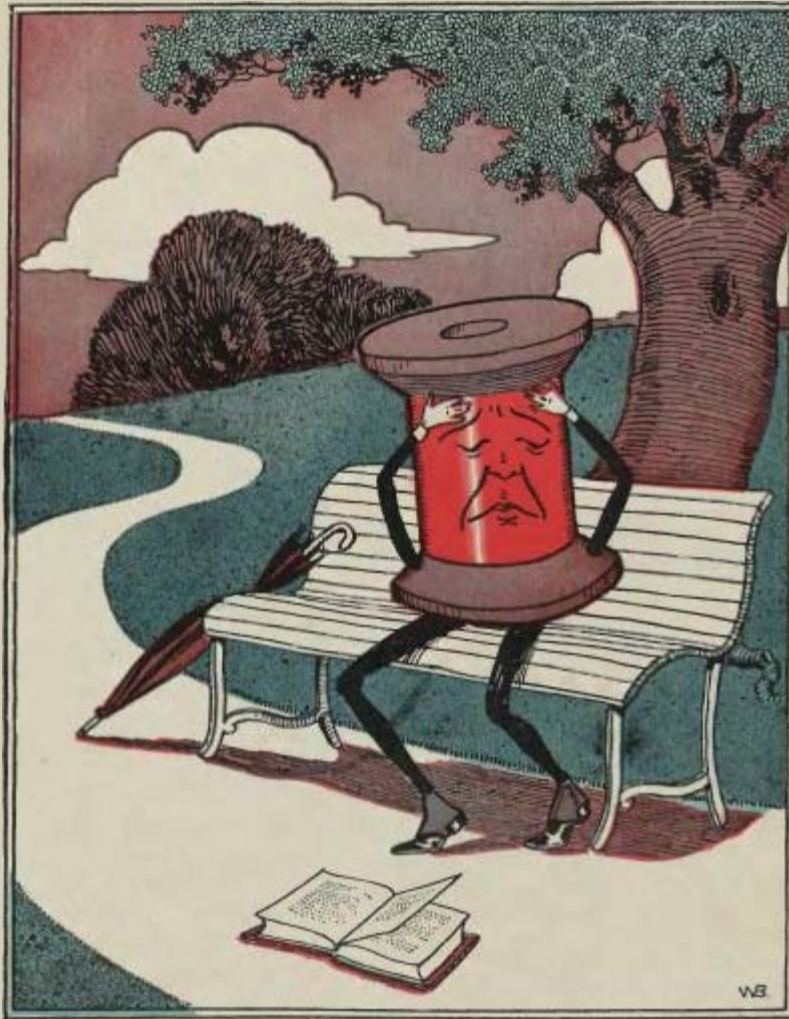
Old Mr. Match gave his head a good scratch,  
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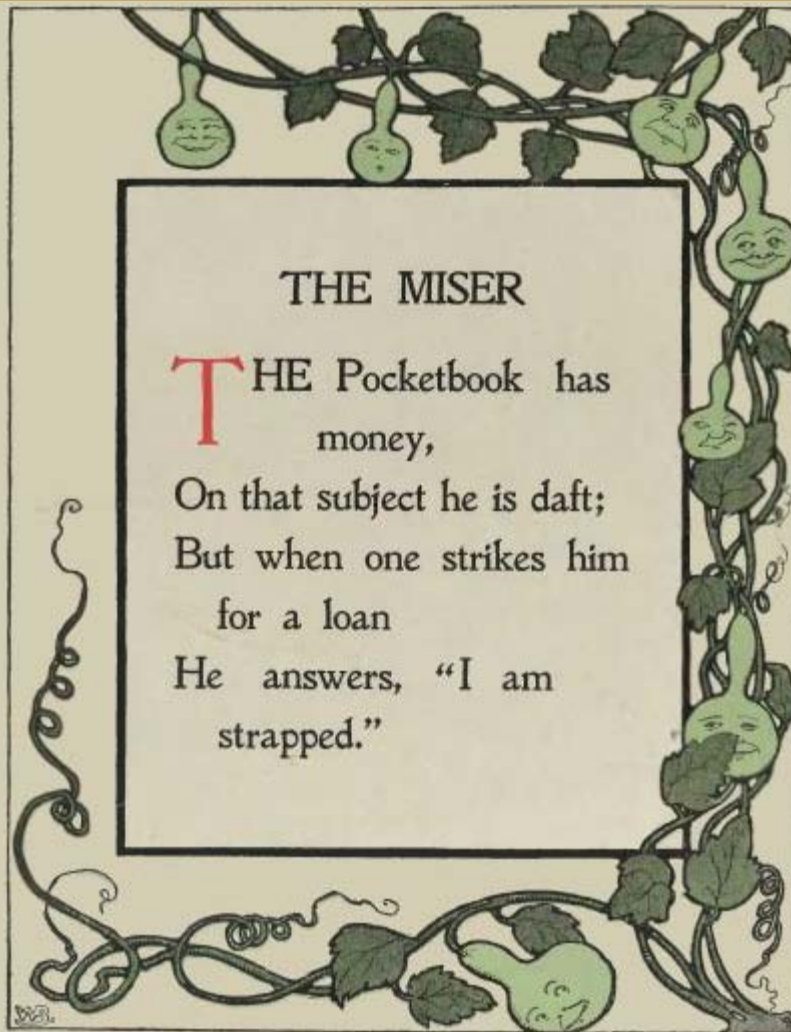
**THOUGHTS UNSTRUNG**



"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**



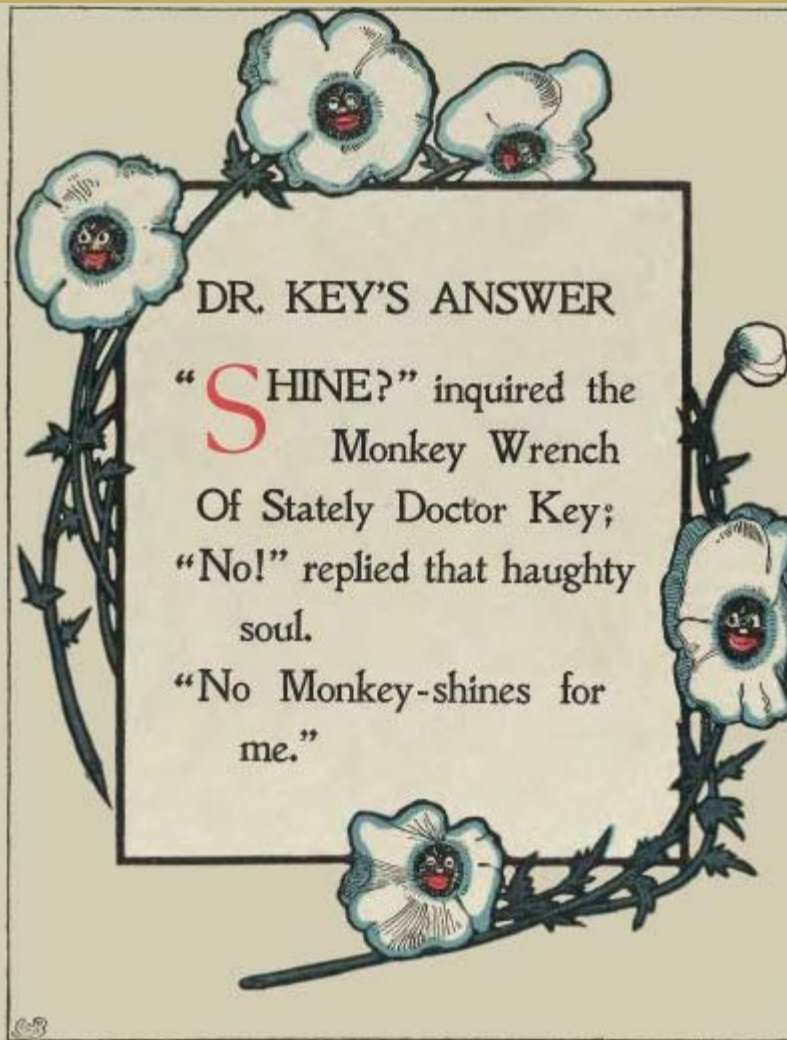
## THE MISER

**T**HE Pocketbook has  
money,  
On that subject he is daft;  
But when one strikes him  
for a loan  
He answers, "I am  
strapped."

The Pocketbook has money,  
On that subject he is daft;  
But when one strikes him for a loan  
He answers, "I am strapped."



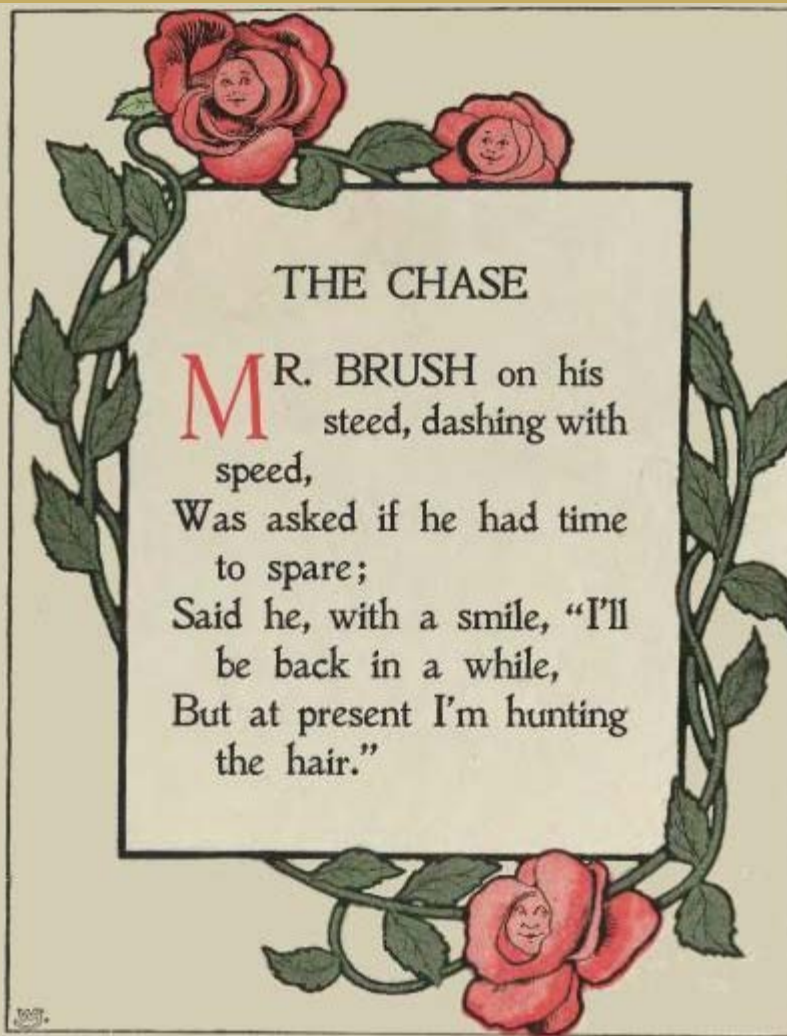
**DR. KEY'S ANSWER**



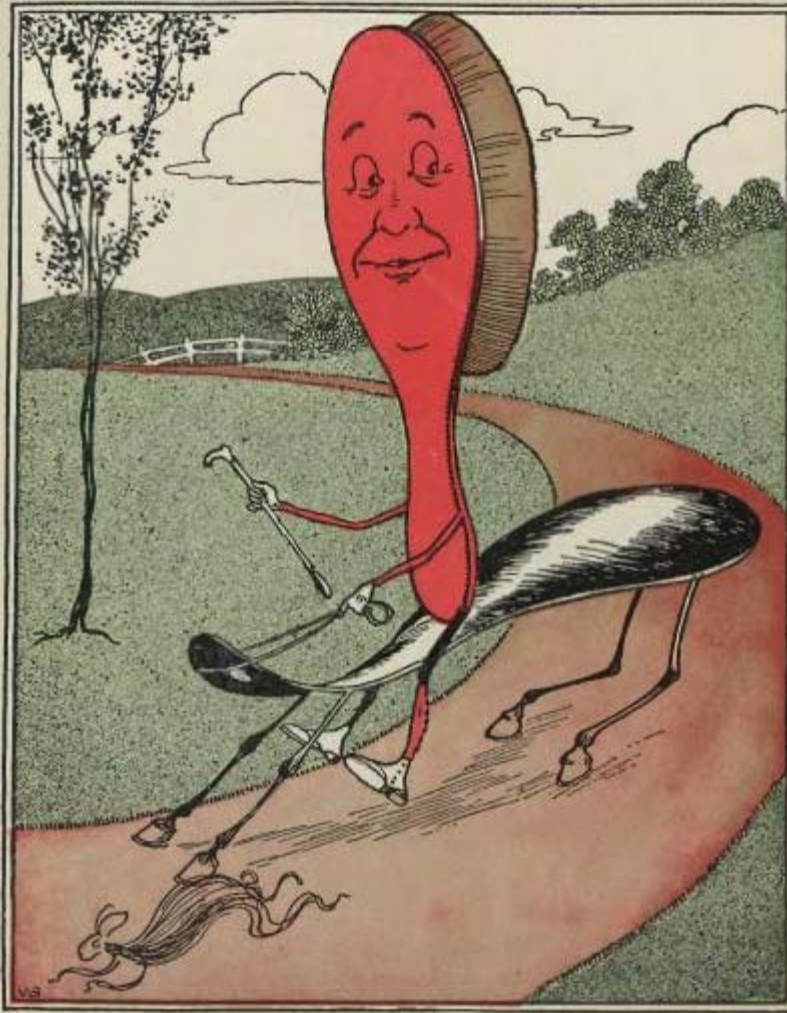
"Shine?" inquired the Monkey Wrench  
Of Stately Doctor Key;  
"No!" replied that haughty soul.  
"No Monkey-shines for me."



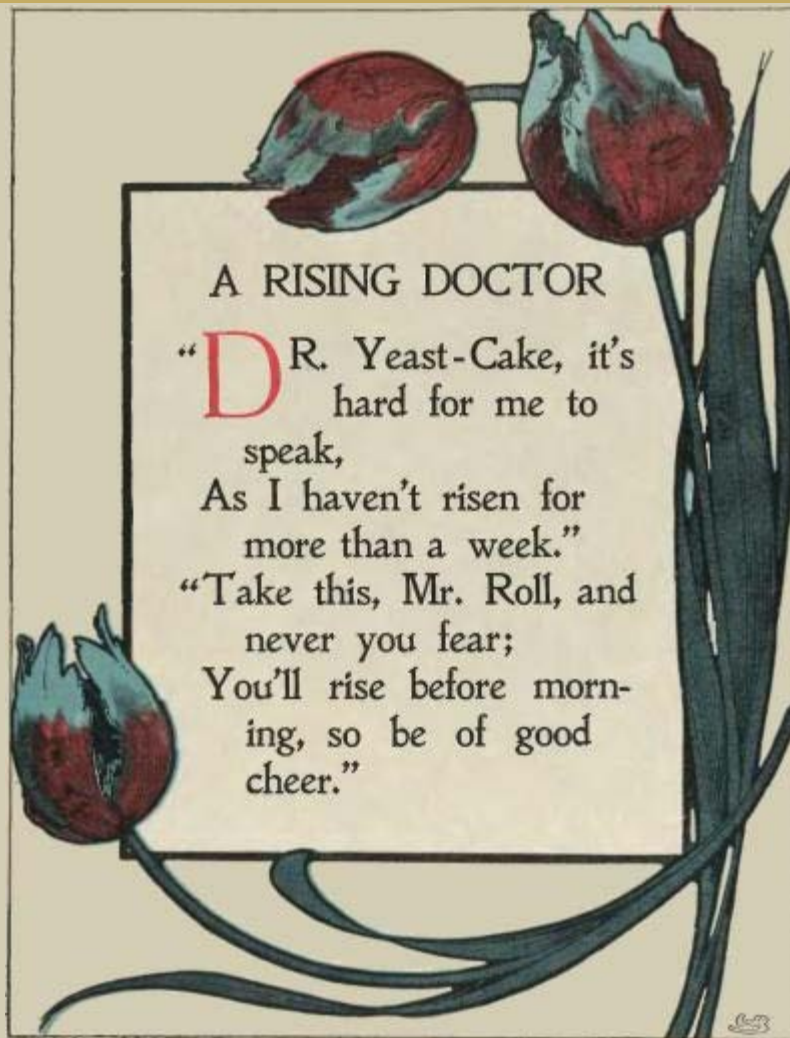
**THE CHASE**



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."



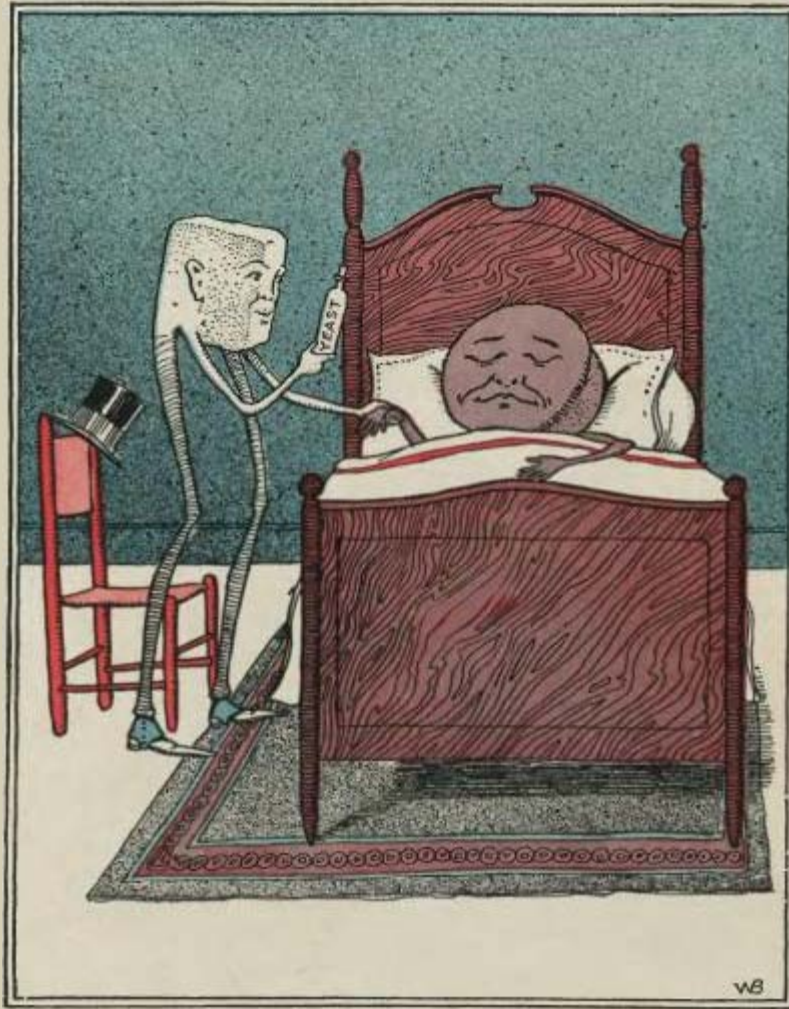
**A RISING DOCTOR**



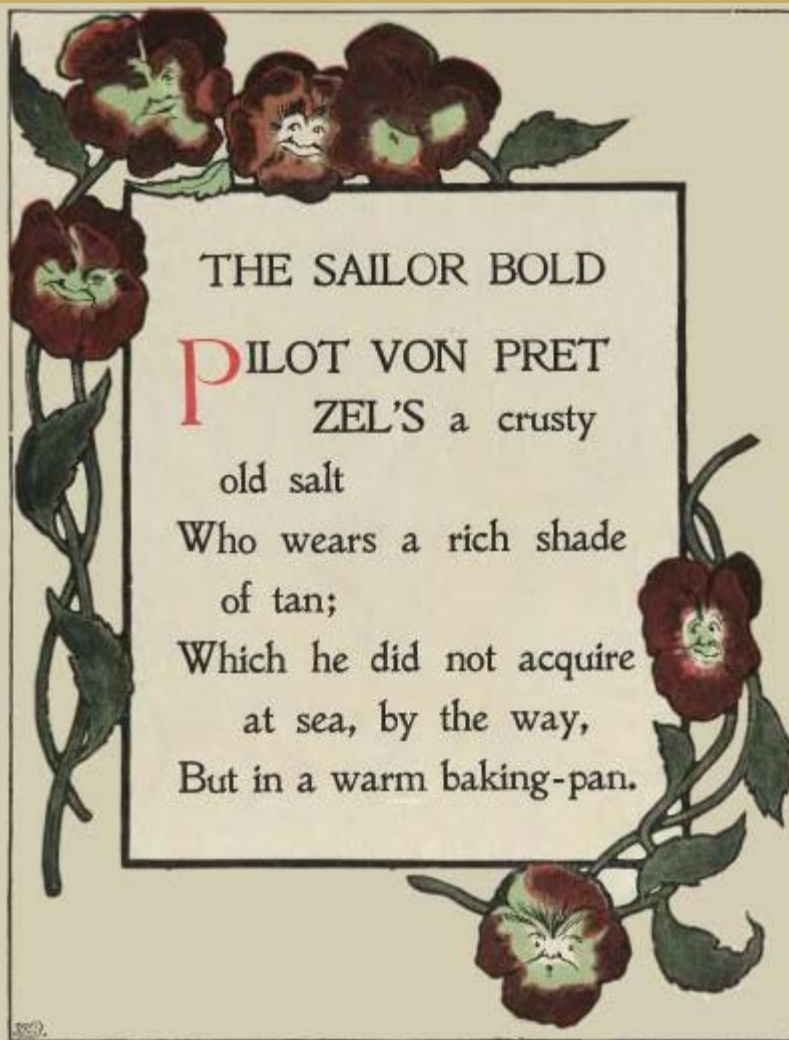
A RISING DOCTOR

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



**OVERHEARD IN THE CORN-FIELD**



## OVERHEARD IN THE CORN-FIELD

**S**AID young Mr. Pumpkin,  
To old Mr. Squash,  
"Do you think Mr. Corn over-  
hears

What we say when we talk  
Of his self-conscious stalk,  
And his moving Miss Melon to tears?"

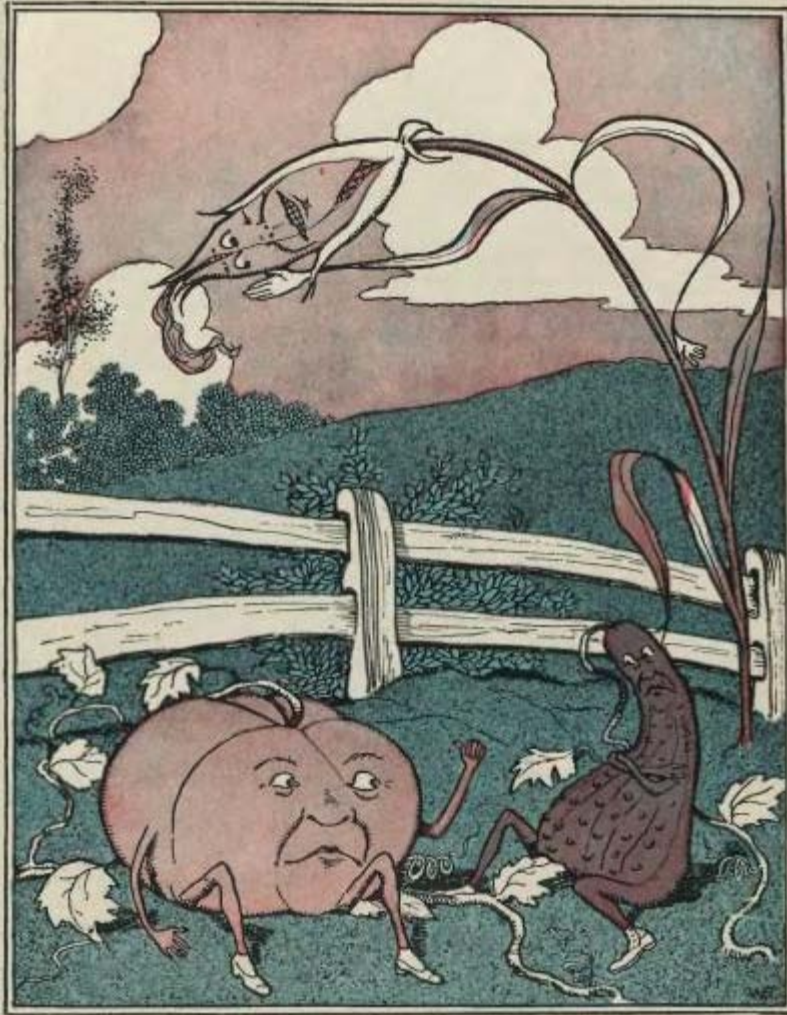
"I cannot decide,"

Mr. Squash then replied,

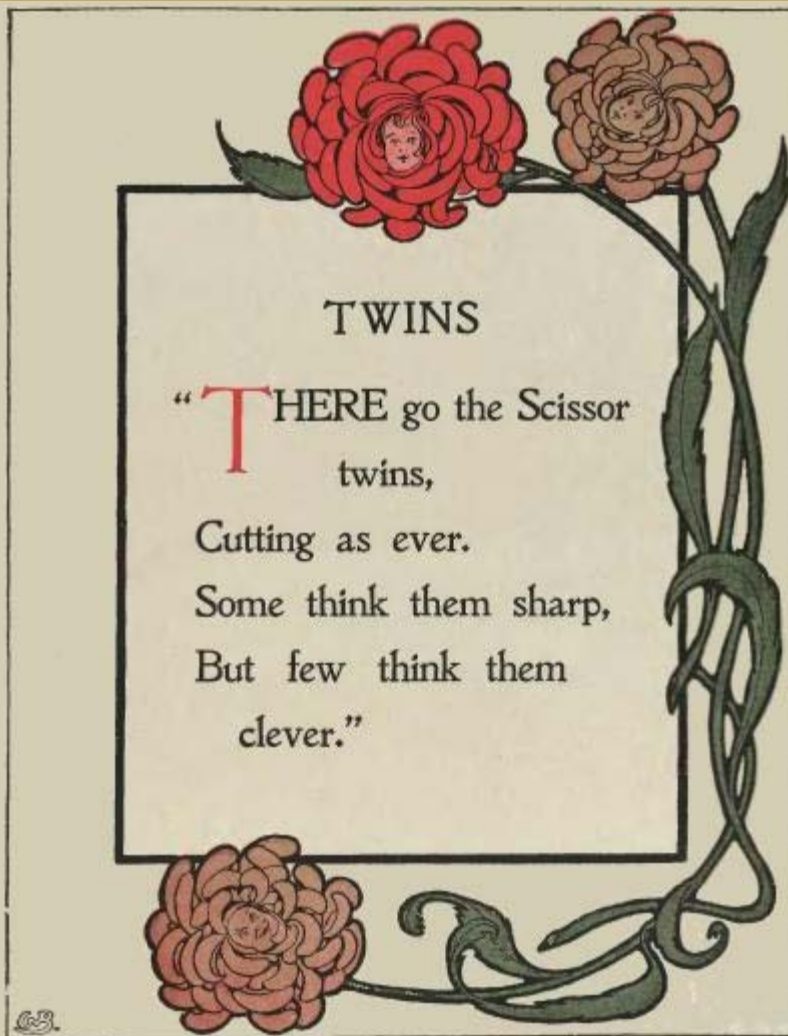
"But I've had my suspicions for years;  
Because he's so tall  
He can lean over all;  
Then look at the size of his ears."

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."



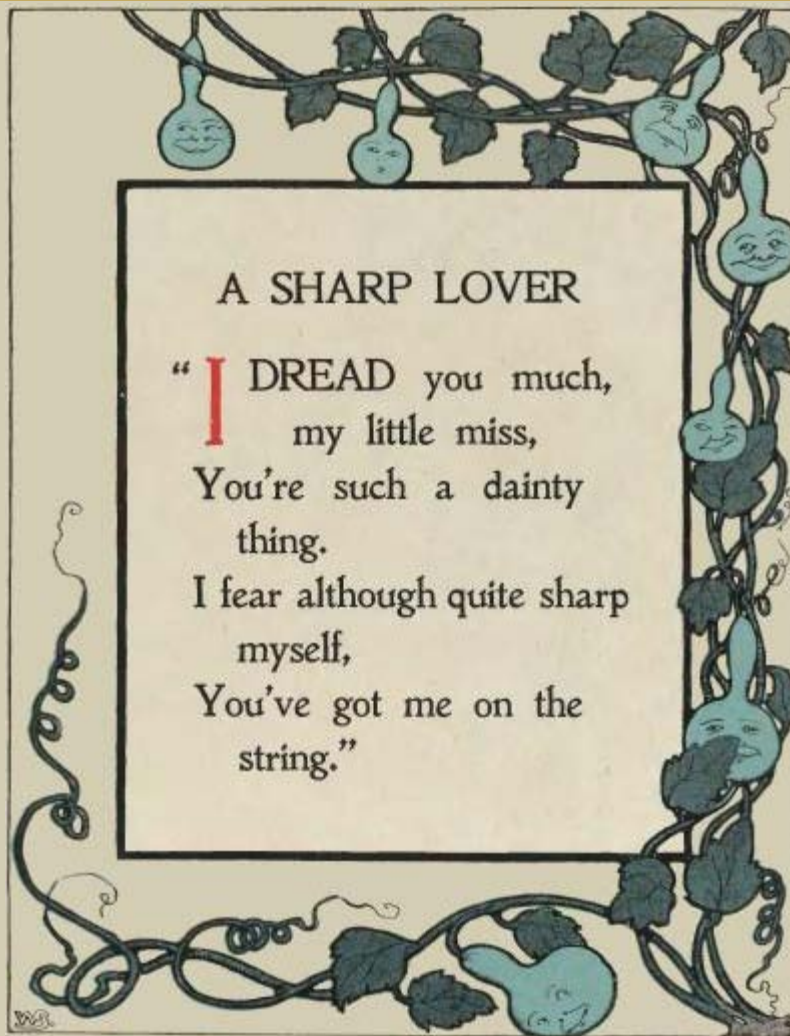
**TWINS**



"There go the Scissor twins.  
Cutting as ever.  
Some think them sharp.  
But few think them clever."



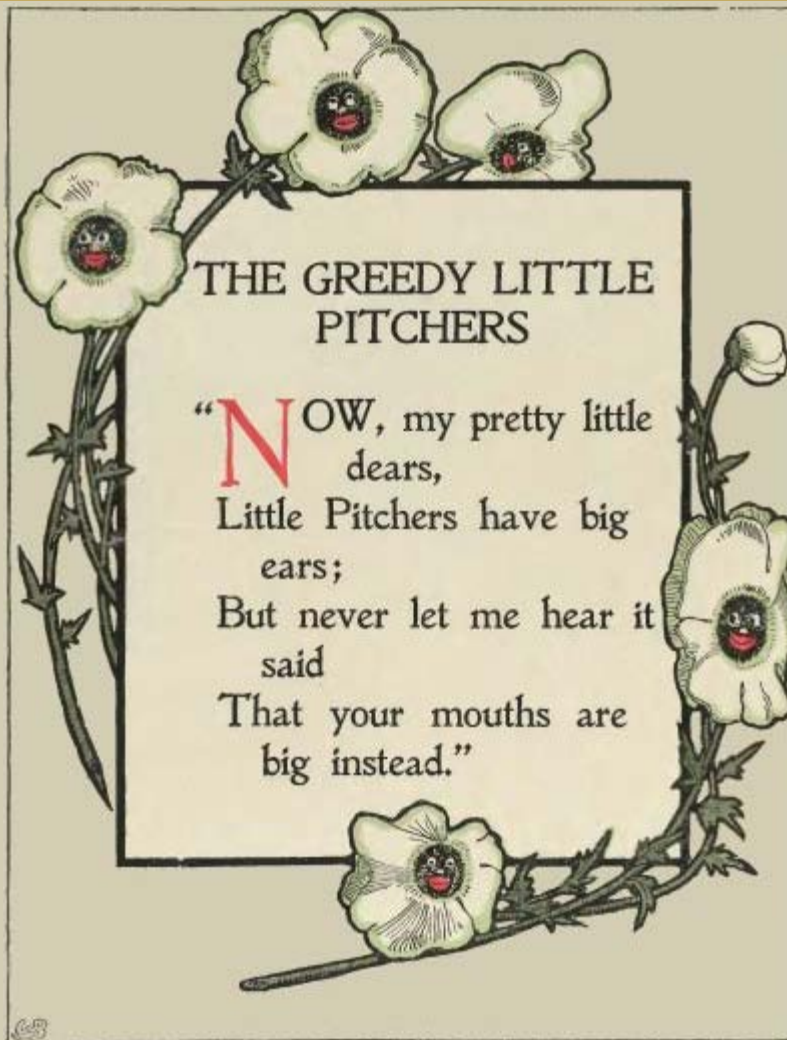
**A SHARP LOVER**



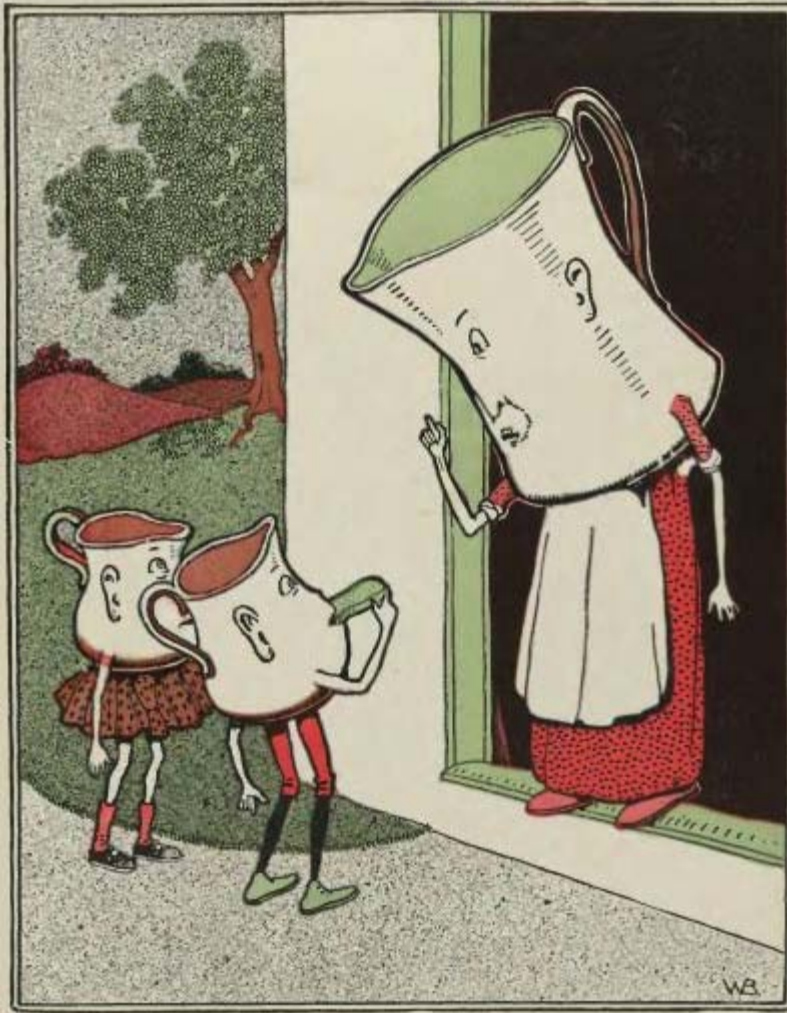
"I dread you much, my little miss,  
You're such a dainty thing,  
I fear although quite sharp myself,  
You've got me on the string."



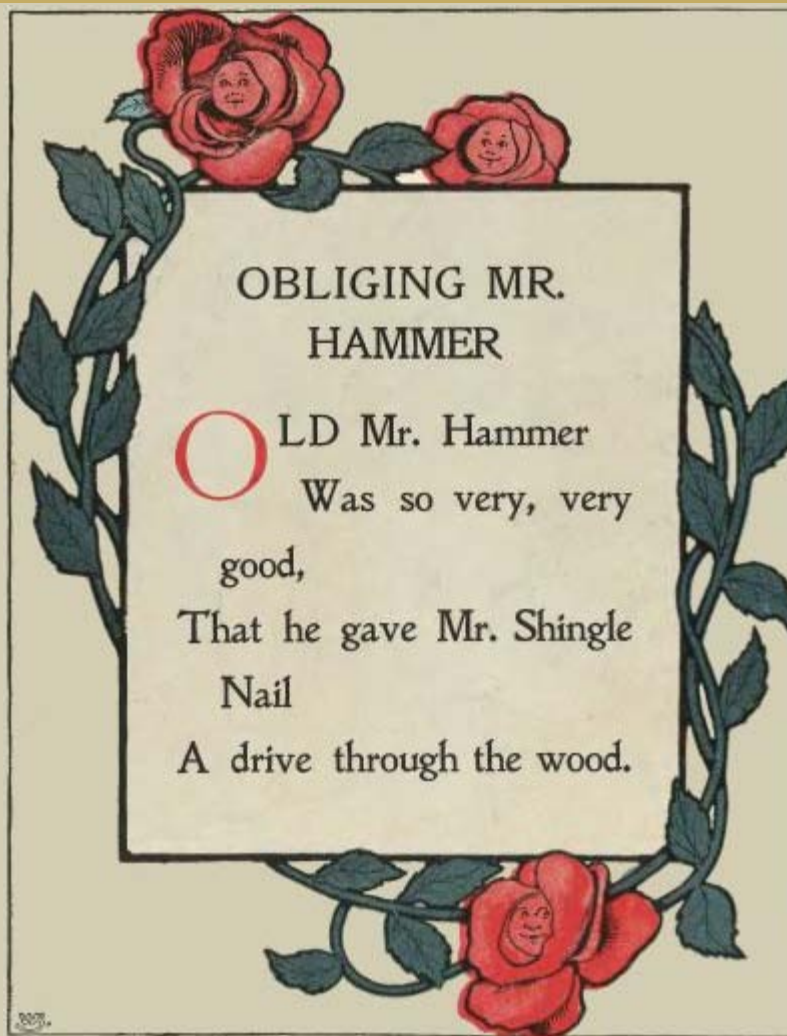
## THE GREEDY LITTLE PITCHERS



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



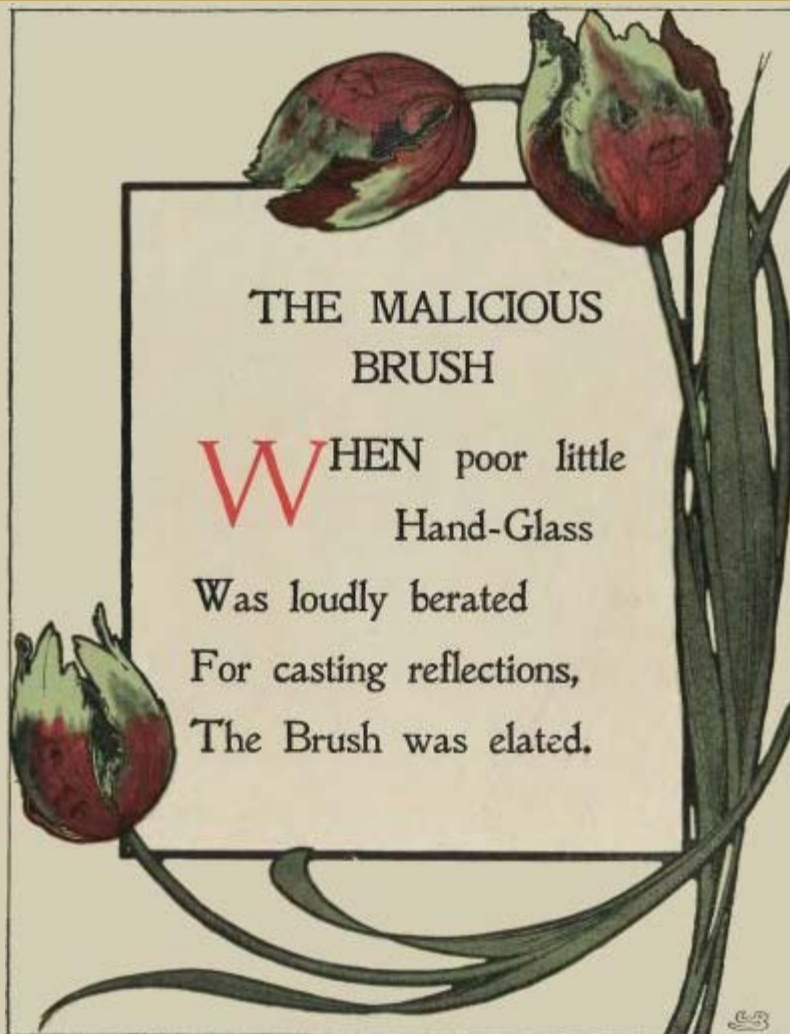
**OBLIGING MR. HAMMER**



Old Mr. Hammer  
Was so very, very good,  
That he gave Mr. Shingle Nail  
A drive through the wood.



**THE MALICIOUS BRUSH**

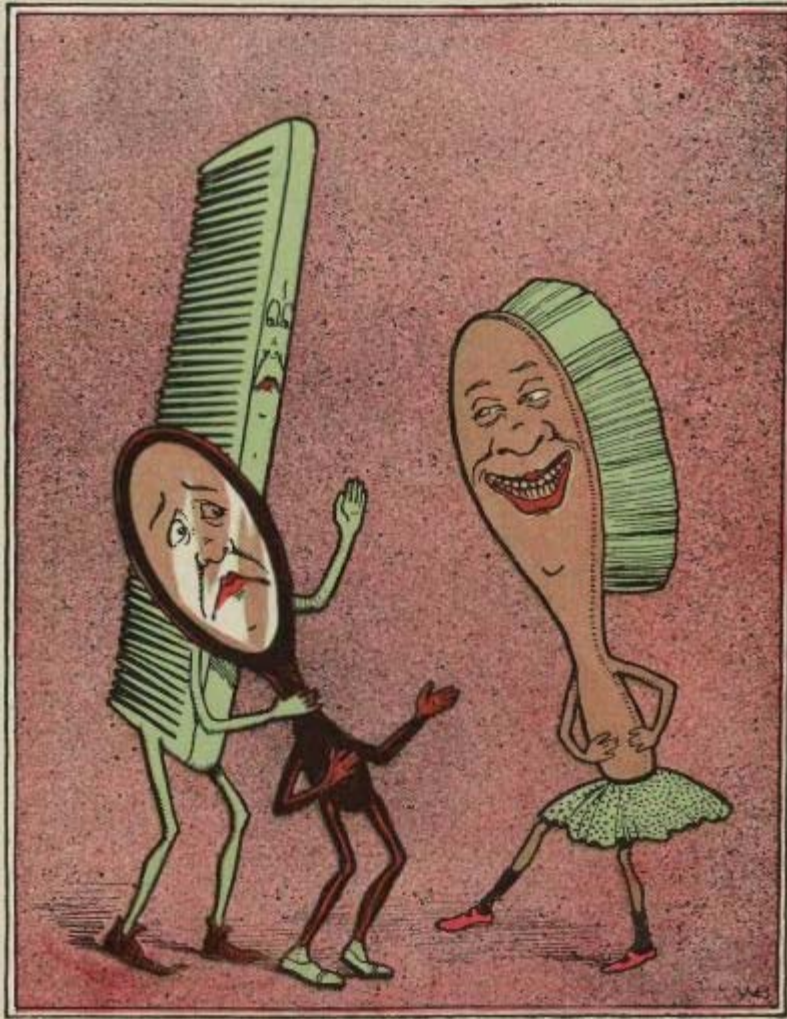


THE MALICIOUS  
BRUSH

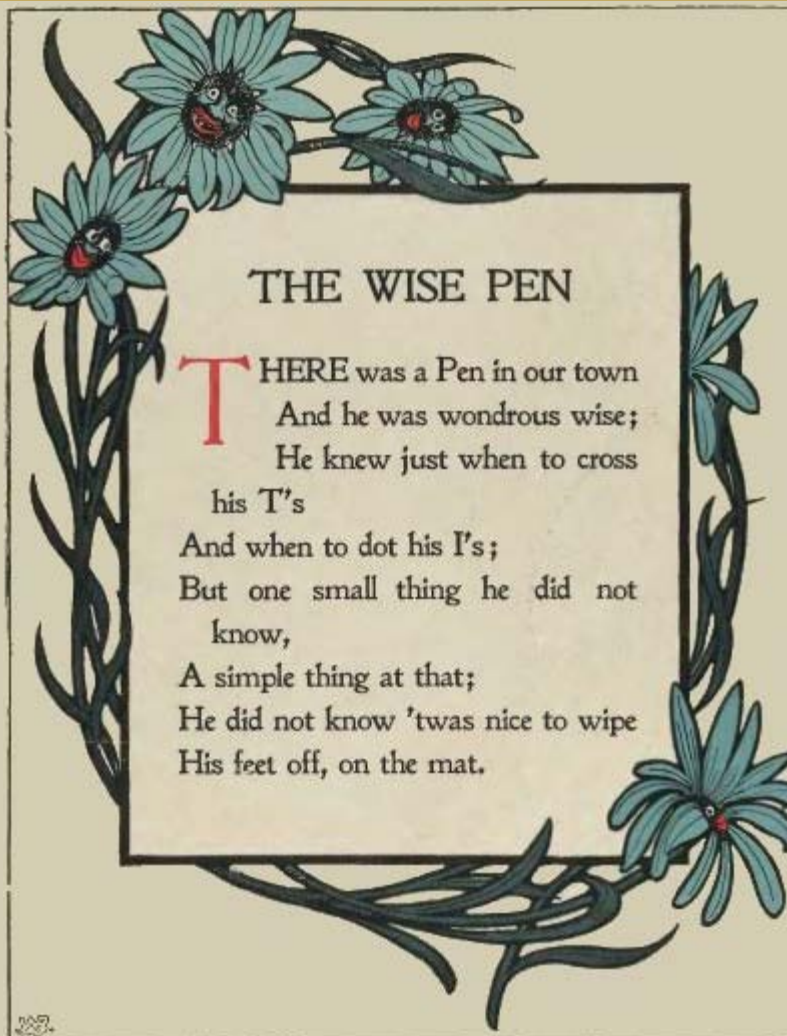
WHEN poor little  
Hand-Glass

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**



## THE WISE PEN

**T**HERE 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.

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.

