

# CATS

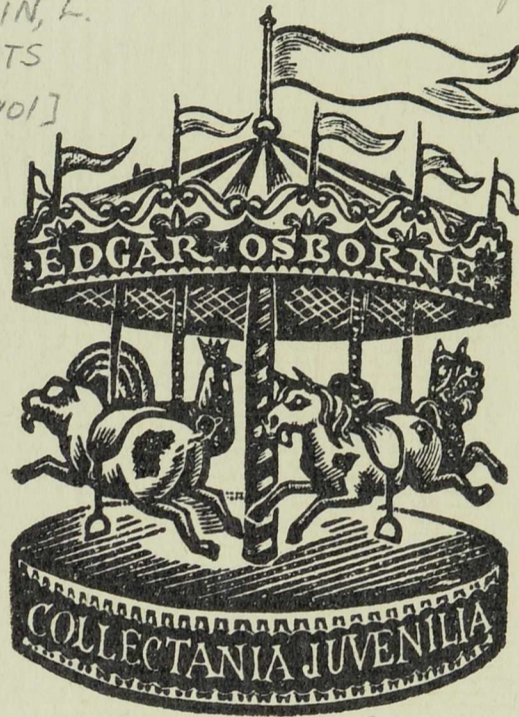


Louis Wain

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WAIN, L.  
CATS  
[1901]

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# CATS

PICTURED BY  
LOUIS WAIN  
AND  
VERSED BY  
"GRIMALKIN"



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CATS!

CATS!!

CATS!!!





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## SHOPPING

IF you please, Mr Butcher, my Mamma has sent

To know if you've anything nice :

What price are you charging for sparrows to-day?

And how much an ounce are your mice?

She says that the last lot you sent her were tough,

And, really such treatment's not fair ;

In fact, Mamma says if it happens again,

She'll buy them in future elsewhere.

'Twas quite a mistake! Oh, if that is the case,

Kindly give me a nice little mouse,

And a couple of sparrows—well, yes, if you will,

You can send them at once to our house.

How much does that come to? I'll pay for them now.

Did you say just a ha'penny together?

You'll send them up soon?—Oh! my change?—Thanks,  
good-day.

Yes, isn't it beautiful weather!



SHOPPING

## THE NAUGHTY FISHES

WHAT are you doing there, Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat?

—Fishing for something for tea.

Whom will you give it to, Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat?

—Mother, and babies, and me.

The kettle is boiling, the table is laid, and I promised  
to take home to-night

A nice lot of fish for the bairns, but, alas! the naughty  
young fishes won't bite.

What are you fishing for, Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat?

—Soles, or a nice little sprat.

What will you do with them, Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat?

—Boil them, or fry them in fat.

I'm fishing for winkles, and bloaters, and shrimps, or  
anything else I can get.

But the fishes won't bite; though I'm sure one would  
think, they'd be glad to get out of the wet.



THE NAUGHTY FISHES

## TABBY AND TOMMY AT WORK

THERE were two little kitties at a school that I knew once,  
But I fear that each puss was a bit of a dunce.

They thought it very hard they should learn to read and  
write,

When out of doors 'twas lovely, and the sun was shining  
bright.

Some dunces seem quite clever when playing at a game ;  
I wonder, now, if any of you children are the same ?

Of course, if pussies will not work, they can't expect to  
play :

If we want some fun to-morrow we must do our task  
to-day.

And so they put the cap on Tom, that's always kept at  
schools,

To show that idle little cats are idle little fools.

And as for Tabby, very soon she danced and cried with  
pain,

For I regret to say she got a whipping with the cane.

I hope that every little child will learn from what I've said,  
That a lazy one is sure to get a fool's cap on the head.  
I'm sure you'll all agree with me, that doing what is  
right

Is better than a whipping, by a very jolly sight.

Another day I'll tell you, in another sort of rhyme,

How Tom and Tab were both good cats, and had a  
jolly time.



TABBY AND TOMMY AT WORK

## TOMMY AND TABBY AT PLAY

I SHOWED you Tom and Tabby too  
At school the other day,  
And now instead, I'll show to you  
Young Tom and Tab at play.  
They've promised they'll obedient be,  
As little pussies should,  
For they have learnt—'tis best, you see—  
For youngsters to be good.

They've got a jolly skipping-rope,  
And don't they have some fun!  
If you are good, I'm sure I hope  
Some day that you'll have one.  
Now, don't you think that having toys  
And lots of merry skipping,  
Is better than being naughty boys,  
Who only get a whipping?





Louis Wain.

TOMMY AND TABBY AT PLAY

## PETER AT THE SEASIDE

LAST August Daddy took us all, the little ones and me,  
To spend our summer holidays at Whitstable-on-Sea.  
I had a pair of sand-shoes, and a nice big spade and pail,  
A fishing line I had as well, and a lovely boat to sail.

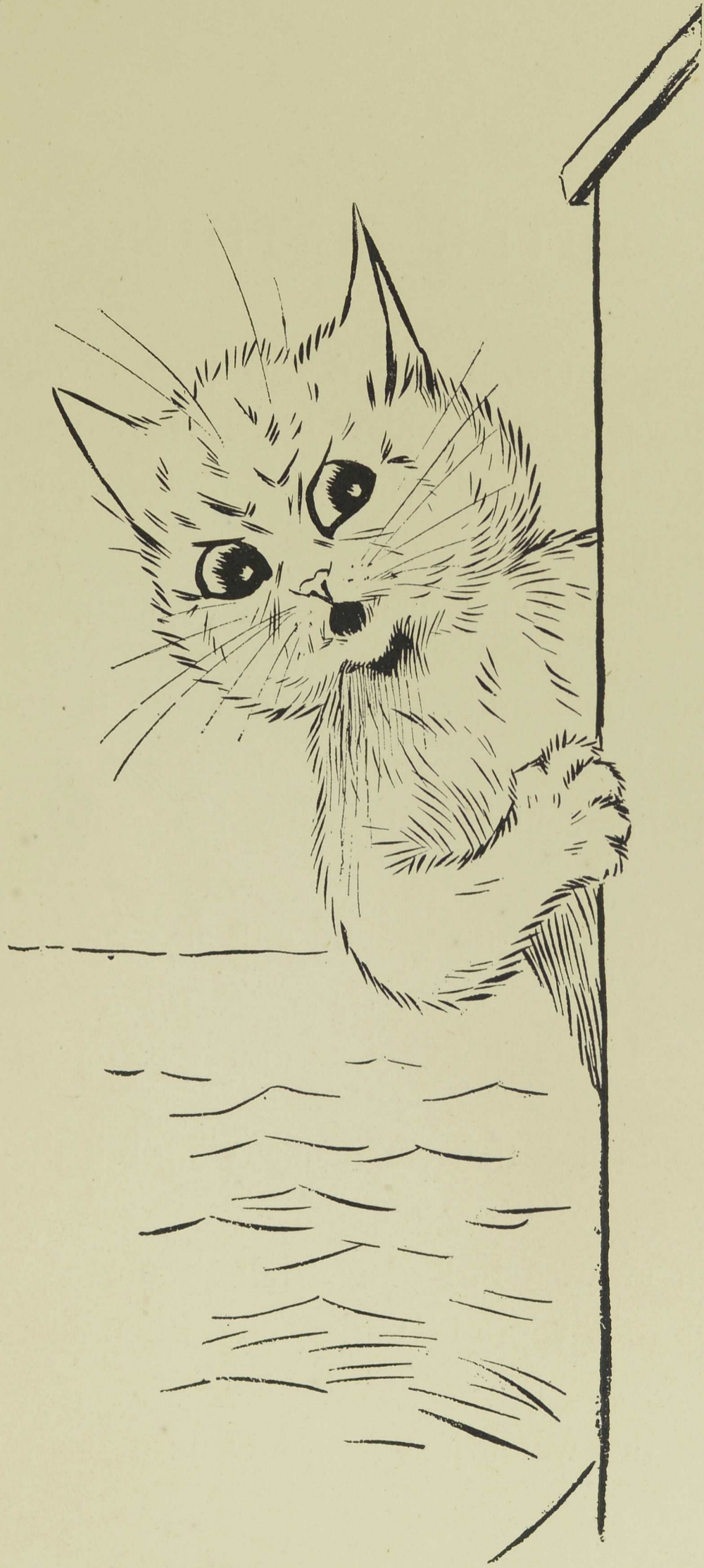
Each morning on the sands we went, and built a castle  
tall,  
And when the sea came rolling up you'd see that castle  
fall.

Then sometimes Mummy took us out to bathe in a  
machine—

Why is it Mother always wants us kittens to be clean?

It's very well for grown-up folks to be so brave and bold,  
But I was rather frightened, for the water looked so cold.  
And when my Mummy dipped me in, oh! didn't I just  
shout.

A lady came and asked us what the fuss was all about.



PETER AT THE SEASIDE

## PETER BATHING

Now, do you know, I *was* a silly puss to be afraid ;  
The water was so nice and warm, I soon began to wade  
Right out to sea, and when the waves came splashing  
up like rain  
I felt I'd like to be a fish, and ne'er come out again.

How all the boys and girls would laugh if I could have  
my wish !

When I popped up I'm sure they'd say, that is a rummy  
fish !

And when the fisherman came out, and caught me in his  
net,

He'd think I was the very strangest fish he'd ever met.

Some people think that cats can't swim, but they mistaken  
are,

For I can swim a little way, though not so very far.  
I've learnt to dive right under, and when on my back I  
float,

I lie upon the water just as safely as a boat.



*Louis Wain.*

PETER BATHING

## PETER'S PUSSIES' PARTY

THERE'S going to be a fancy ball to-night upon the tiles,  
And pussy cats from all around are coming miles and  
miles.

There'll be queens in silk and satin, and a king with a  
golden crown ;

And as for me, why you can see I'm going as a clown.

The band will be conducted from your bedroom window-  
sill.

If you listen you will hear it when it strikes up a quadrille.  
There's sure to be some singing too, so do not make a fuss  
If you can't sleep, just have a peep, and won't you envy us !

There's clotted cream for supper, and a splendid sparrow  
pie,

And all of the refreshments are the best that we can buy.  
The moon will light our ballroom, and I'm sure you will  
agree

That all the stars are prettier far than fairy lamps could be.

We're going to start at nine o'clock, and keep it up all  
night ;

We shan't go home till morning when the sun is shining  
bright.

I'm sorry I can't ask you too, I wish I had the chance ;  
But then, you see, there'll only be just pussies at our dance.



PETER'S PUSSIES' PARTY

## PETER AT THE BARBER'S

How would you like your hair cut, sir?

Not very much off to-day?

Wonderf'ly warm for the season, sir,—

Hair's getting a trifle grey,

And rather thin on the top, sir. Now,

If you will take my advice,

You'll try just one bottle of "Sproutoline,"

Ten shillings, that's all, is the price.

Anything else, sir? A nice shampoo,

Or a shave? — Oh! you shave at home?

Then let me advise you to try a tube

Of our exquisite shaving foam.

Brush hard or soft, sir? As I remarked,

For comfort and perfect ease,

Our shaving cream is the finest thing—

Oh, thank you. Next cat, if you please.





PETER AT THE BARBER'S

## THE DISOBEDIENT KITTEN

“IF you please, dear Mamma, may I go out to play?”

Asked frolicsome Nick, one fine winter's day.

“You may go out and play,” his kind mother replied;

“But be sure you don't go to the river to slide.

The river is swift, and the ice is so thin,  
I'm afraid of it breaking, and letting you in.”

Said frolicsome Nick: “All right, Mother dear,  
I promise you truly, I will not go near.”

Disobedient young Nick to the river did run,  
Saying, “Mother's so timid, and sliding's such fun;”  
Then he rushed on the ice with a skip and a jump,  
When crash! it gave way, and Nick he went bump.

My gracious, I never saw such a to-do.

They brought ropes, and life-belts, and hot blankets too;  
And though he was saved from the water, I'm told,  
That naughty young kitten caught such a bad cold!



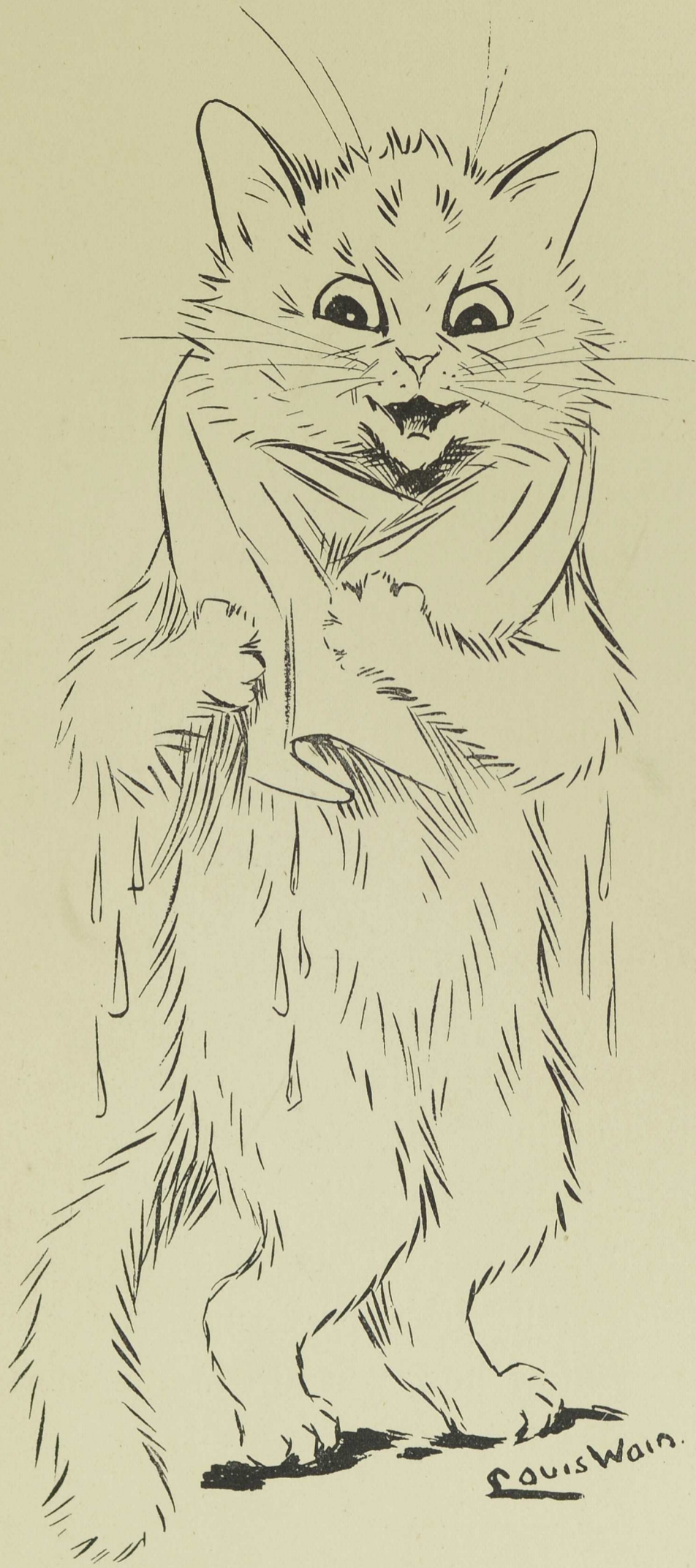
Louis Wain.

THE DISOBEDIENT KITTEN

## JUST OUT OF MY BATH

Boo-o-o! Isn't it cold?  
I've just had a dip in the ocean.  
Boo-o-o! Isn't it cold?  
I'm all of a shake and commotion.  
The sooner I'm dry the sooner shall I  
Be comfy again, I've a notion.

Phew! Isn't it hot?  
I'm all of a tingle and glow.  
Phew! Isn't it hot?  
I'm warm as a toast, do you know?  
A bath in the sea makes you brisk as a bee,  
And sturdy and strong makes you grow.



JUST OUT OF MY BATH

## INDIGESTION

OH dear! Mr Doctor, what am I to do!

I'm really afraid I shall die.

I never was in such a terrible stew,

For I've swallowed a bluebottle fly!

I'm sure 'tis no wonder that I'm in a fright,

For the nasty old thing is alive!

And he's buzzing inside me from morning till night,

As brisk as a bee in a hive.

Hum! show me your tongue,—Ha! I think 'twill be best

To give you a spider or two;

And just put a fly-paper, hot, on your chest,—

No doubt, that will soon pull you through.

If you do as I tell you, you'll come to no harm;

Still I hope this will act as a warning:

Don't worry yourself, there's no cause for alarm.

Let me know how you are in the morning.



Louis Wain.

INDIGESTION

## WAITING FOR A BITE

WHENEVER shall I get a bite? I think it most unfair.  
I haven't caught a single fish, and I am in despair.  
I've been here all the morning, and it really doesn't  
seem

As though there can be any fish at all in this old  
stream.

I've offered them a dainty feast of worms, all fat and  
red ;

I've tried with caterpillars, and with balls of nice new  
bread.

My rod and line are both brand new, my bait is of the  
best ;

Now, can't I tempt some little fish to come and be my  
guest ?





WAITING FOR A BITE

## A BITE AT LAST

I SOMEHOW have a feeling—now I wonder if I'm right?  
That if I wait a little bit I'm sure to get a bite.  
I'll wait a minute more, and if my patience is in vain,  
I've quite made up my mind I'll never fish down here  
again.

There really does not seem to be much chance of any  
luck.

Upon my word! the fishes here have not a bit of pluck.  
'Tis no use waiting longer, so I think I'll go home  
now

What's that! Help!—Murder!—Oh! my tail! Here,  
stop it! Mow! wow! wow!



A BITE AT LAST

## THE MUSICIAN

Toot! toot!! toot!!!

I'll play you a beautiful tune

On my flute! flute! flute!

To-night, by the light of the moon.

I'm a splendid musician, as you can tell;

In fact, friends assure me I play so well,

That sweet as the sound of a silver bell

Is my toot! toot!! toot!!!

Scoot! scoot!! scoot!!!

How dare you kick up such a row

Oh you brute! brute! brute!

I wish I could catch you now.

Unless what you want is a good hard blow,

I give you fair warning, you'd better go,

Or else I shall very soon lay you low

With a boot! boot!! boot!!!



*Louis Wain.*

THE RICHARD MUSICIAN

## WHO THREW THAT BOOT ?

HULLO ! what's this ?—A great big boot ? Hi ! here, I beg your pardon,

But can you tell me, sir, who shied this boot into our garden ?

It nearly hit me on the nose as I was going out, And really 'tis most dangerous to throw such things about.

You threw it, sir, you say, because my flute you could not stand !

Why, that's the chap at number nine, who's in the German band !

You ought to be more careful, sir ; but, still I pardon you,

For I have often felt inclined to throw things at him too !



Louis Wain.

WHO THREW THAT BOOT?

## A KITTEN BRAVE AND BOLD

THIS morning I was lucky ;  
I saw a nice big bone,  
And, as I'm very plucky,  
I claimed it for my own.

A great big dog came growling ;  
But soon I let him see  
That bullying and scowling  
Would never frighten me.

I'm just a tiny kitten,  
And only two months old ;  
But I'm a true-born Briton,  
And so I'm brave and bold.





Louis Wain

A KITTEN BRAVE AND BOLD

## A WONDERFUL STORY

I'VE just been reading such a lovely story, all about  
A pussy and his master; you've read it too, no doubt.  
The name of it is "Puss-in-Boots"—he's such a clever  
cat,

I'm sure I never thought a puss could be so wise as  
that.

He dresses up just like a man, and reads, and writes,  
and talks;

He has a pair of smart top-boots to put on when he  
walks.

In fact, he's such a wonder, I can't believe it's true;—  
I never saw a pussy cat in boots before—did you?



A WONDERFUL STORY

## THE CLUB MATCH

HURRY up, sir! come on quickly!—Run! run!! run!!!  
Just a few more hits like that, and the game is won.  
Back again, sir!—sharp's the word. Oh, dear! was that  
a catch?

He's dropped the ball!—Yah! butter fingers! you won't  
win the match.

How many's that? Four runs you say? Oh, crickey!  
how I'm puffing!

I love young birds, but really I shall have to give up  
stuffing.

I've grown so very fat of late, the Captain's been  
complaining:

He says that I must leave the Club, unless I go in  
training.



Louis Wain.

THE CLUB MATCH

## WELL STOPPED, SIR!

I'm known at school to all my chums as "Little Butter Fingers";

For, somehow, when they come to me, the balls are always stingers.

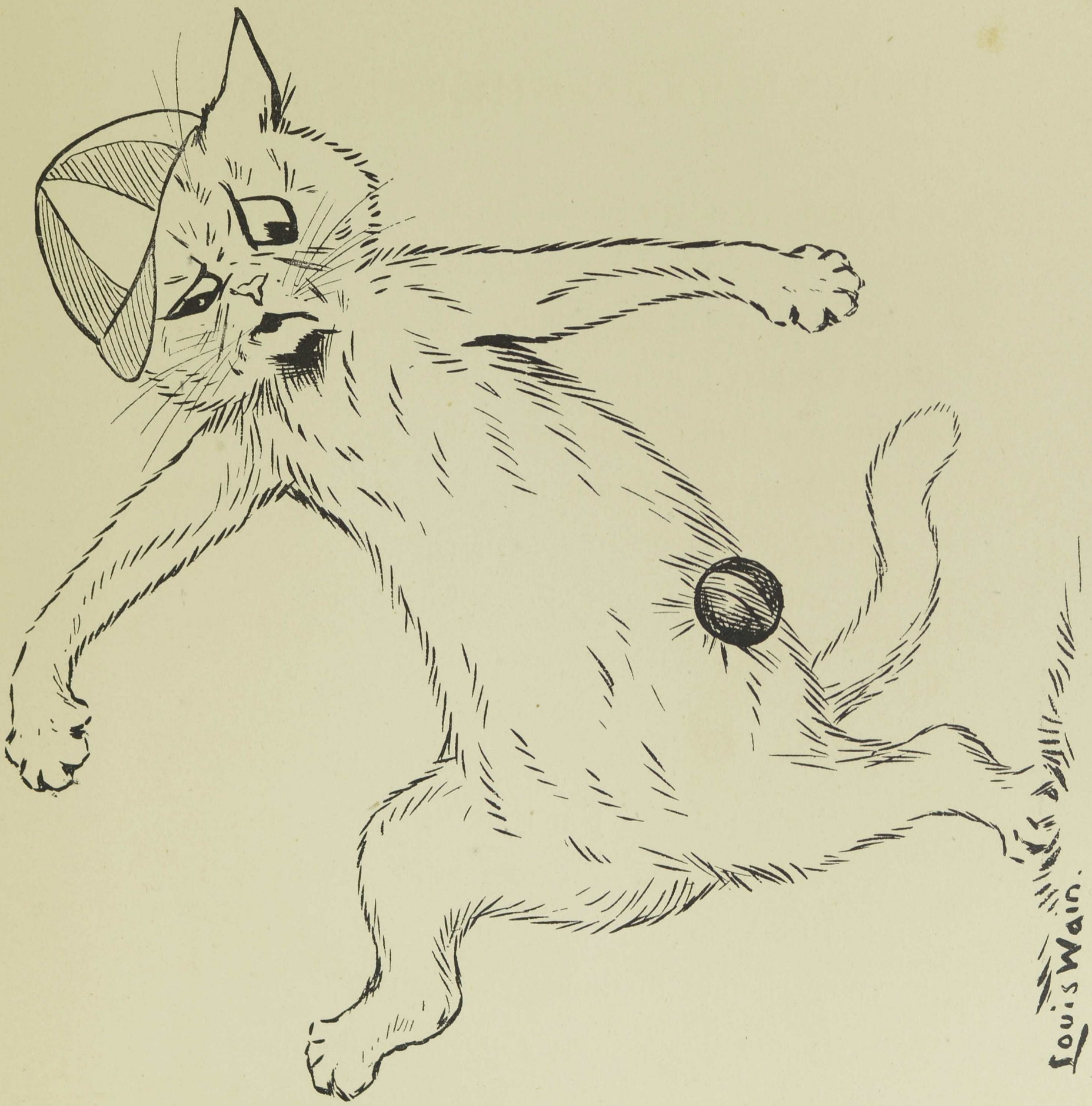
I really hate to field at all, for I have such bad luck, That even when my innings comes, I'm bound to score a "duck."

I'm always getting such hard knocks, I wonder that I play.

I'm sure it isn't fair that all the balls should come my way.

What! me again? Well now, you see, this time I will not drop it.

Smack! bang! Oh, my! I'm black and blue! Here! hi, you fellows, stop it!



Louis Wain.

WELL STOPPED, SIR!

## THE LODGING-HOUSE CAT

I DARESAY if I were to tell you  
That plenty of pussy cats smoke,  
You'd think I was telling a story,  
Or else it was only a joke.  
But really there's one sort of pussy  
That's clever as clever can be :  
It carves legs of mutton in slices,  
And drinks wine and spirits at tea.  
Wherever the people let lodgings  
There's one of these cats to be found ;  
And if you should ask the landlady,  
She'll tell you I'm right, I'll be bound.  
Next year, when you go to the seaside,  
Just keep your eyes open, and see,  
You're bound to find such a pussy ;  
If you don't, drop a post-card to me.





Louis Wain.

THE LODGING-HOUSE CAT

## A CHRISTMAS TOAST

My friends and brother Pussy Cats, we've met this  
Christmas Day

To have some fun and frolic, and a lot of jolly play.  
Some silly people seem to think that Pussy Cats delight  
To quarrel with each other, to spit, and scratch, and fight.  
If anybody dares to tell such stories, let *me* catch him!  
I'll punch his head as hard as hard, and, golly, won't I  
scratch him!

They say we're cruel to the mice; indeed I've even heard  
It said, we can't be trusted with a little dickey bird.  
Of course, my friends, we know full well such tales are  
quite untrue;

I dearly love all dickey birds, and so, I'm sure, do you.  
In fact, there's nothing I like more, excepting nice fat mice,  
Which reminds me, Mr Carver, I'll take another slice.  
At Christmas time we know 'tis right for each of us to  
send

A present and good wishes, with love to every friend.  
And so I drink your health, and hope all little girls and  
boys

Will have a jolly holiday, and heaps of pretty toys.  
Now in return, please don't forget, that lots of fish and  
milk

Are just the very things that make a pussy soft as silk.



Louis Wain.

A CHRISTMAS TOAST

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