

Father Tuck's

FIDGETY PHIL

and Other Tales



by

Louis Wain

Father Tuck's
"LITTLE
PETS"
Series

T.D.
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Veg. Scare ca 1910

\$1.750-



Fidgety Phil.

Let us hope that Philip will
Sit up nicely and keep still ;

Let us hope he will not mutter
While he eats his bread and butter,

But remember what he's at,
Like a little gentlecat !



Louis Wain

Plainly Philip is not able,
To behave himself at table!

They often warned her not to get
The matches down, but Harriet
Considered it
a piece of fun



To make a little
squib of one !
With startled ears
and rolling eyes,
The
puppies showed
complete
surprise,
“ Oh, dear !
Oh, dear !”
they said : “ It tries
Us very much,
and can't be wise !”
But Harriet answered
Dot and Nibs,
“ I mean to play
at little squibs !”
And then she
scraped a match along
The box's
roughened side.
How wrong !

Harriet and the Matches.

The Inky Cats.



How silly
of those
cats to think
It's wrong to be
as black as ink !
It's pleasant to be
white, no doubt,
But vulgar kittens shouldn't shout
So rudely when they chance to meet
A Blackamoor along the street !

Before the three
had time to think
Agrippa plunged
them in the ink.



Louis Wain.

The Kittens, who were white before
Are blacker than the Blackamore.

Shock-headed
Peter.



I think there can't
be anywhere
Such terribly
neglected hair.

I shudder when I look, because
I hate to see those ill-kept claws.

A cat might easily be neater,
And sweeter, than shock-headed Peter!



Boasting Benjamin.



Benjamin has a
cunning look,
A rod,
a basket,
and a hook,
As well as lots
of splendid bait
To tempt the
fishes to their fate.
He boasted,
when he started out,
He'd bring them
home a dish of trout,
And told them
to be sure at night
To have a hearty appetite!

Although the day is nearly done
He hasn't caught a single one.

Johnny Head-in-Air.

Little Johnny Head-in-Air
Somehow never seems to care

Much about the things that stand
All around him on the land,



But for ever turns his eyes
Upwards to the deep blue skies.



Head in air, and quite content,
Little dreaming where he went,

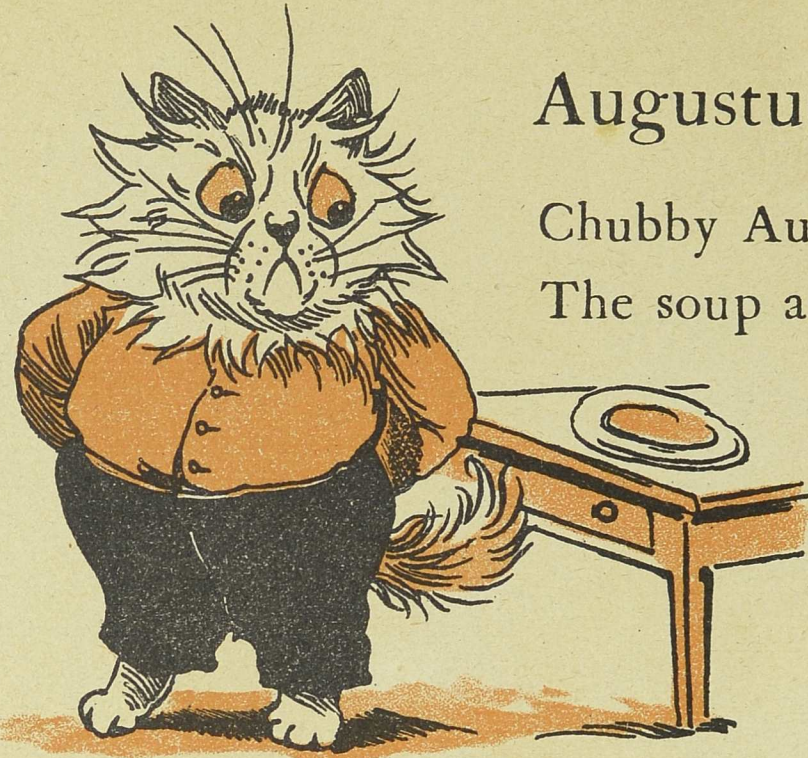
Once he walked (it makes me shiver!)
Off the bank along a river!

Fish with fascinated eyes
Stared at Johnny in surprise!



Soon upon the bank was set Gouis Wain,
Little Johnny Head-in-Wet.

Augustus and the Soup.



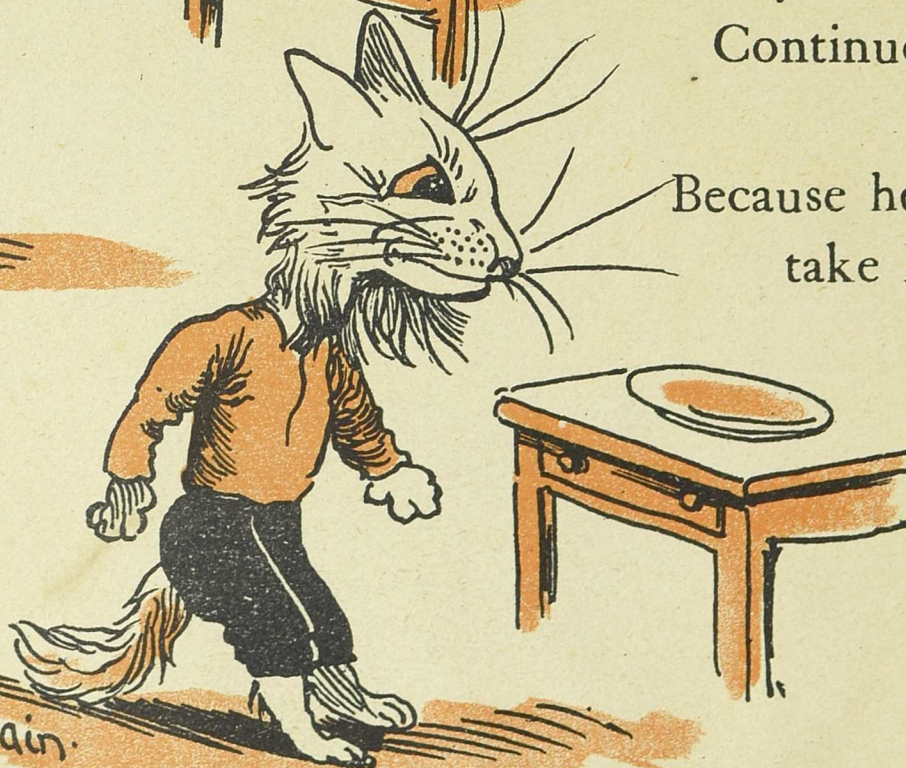
Chubby Augustus used to think,
The soup a most delicious drink,

But suddenly
one bitter day,
He sent his
bowl of soup away.
Next day they spread
a tablecloth,

And offered either soup or broth ;
But still Augustus wouldn't stoop,
(Though pale and thin) to lap
his soup.

The third and fourth days were
the same !

Augustus,
wholly lost to shame,
Continued rapidly
to droop,
Because he wouldn't
take his soup !



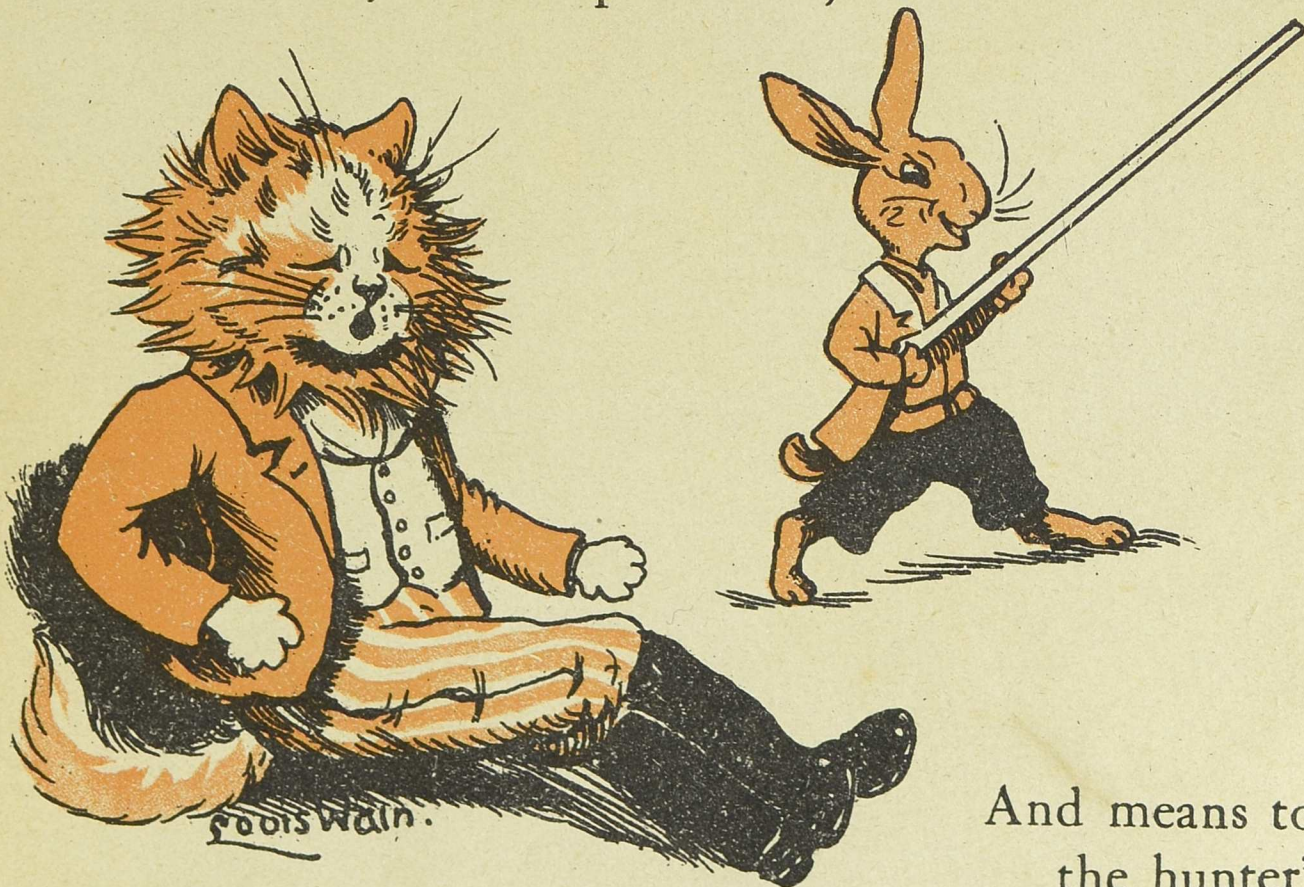
Sovishain.

The Cat that went Shooting.

This is the cat who
doesn't care
A bit about the gentle hare,



And this the hare
who doesn't mind
About the cat, but creeps behind,



And means to steal
the hunter's gun
When he is dozing in the sun.

FOOTSWAIN.



Louis Wain The hunter flies, the hare puts up
The gun and shoots a coffee cup!

Little Suck-a-Thumb.

His Mother said,
"Now Conrad,
come!"



Till I return, don't suck
your thumb!"



But even while she
crossed the yard
Her heedless child was
sucking hard!
She'd often said
the scissor-cat
Would punish him
for doing that.

He came and snipped!
He snipped once more,
And Conrad's thumbs were on the floor!



Louis Vuitton.



Nº 9832.

DESIGNED IN ENGLAND - PRINTED IN BAVARIA

RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS, LTD
CONDON . PARIS . NEW YORK

Publishers to Their Majesties the King & Queen.