

THE DANDY LION

BY LOUIS WAIN
AND
CLIFTON
BINGHAM.

TRY OUR
PURE TEA

S



London:
Ernest Nister

Printed in Bavaria.
584

New York:
E. P. Dutton & Co.

(P)
WAIN, LOUIS
DANDY LION
[1900]



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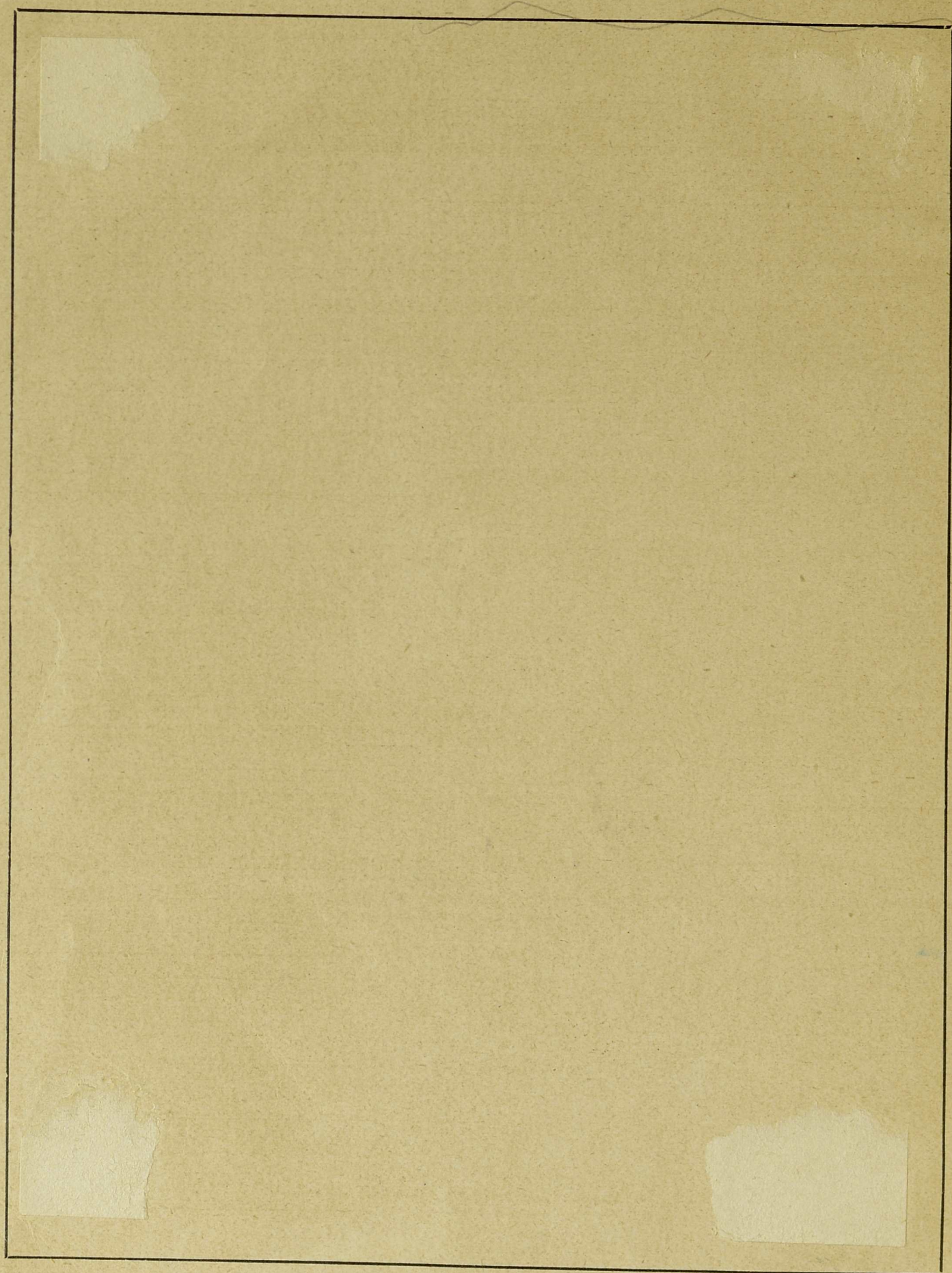
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The Dandy Lion.



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By
Louis Wain,
and
Clifton Bingham.



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The Dandy Lion.

THE Dandy Lion tried to be
One day a well-dressed Lion;
So, going out, he thought that he
A collar new would try on.





He gave his mane an extra brush,
And, glancing at the glass, oh!
Said he, without a tiny blush:
"All Lions I surpass, oh!"

Alas! the collar wouldn't fit:
It very nearly choked him;
He took two hours to fasten it,
And that, of course, provoked him.

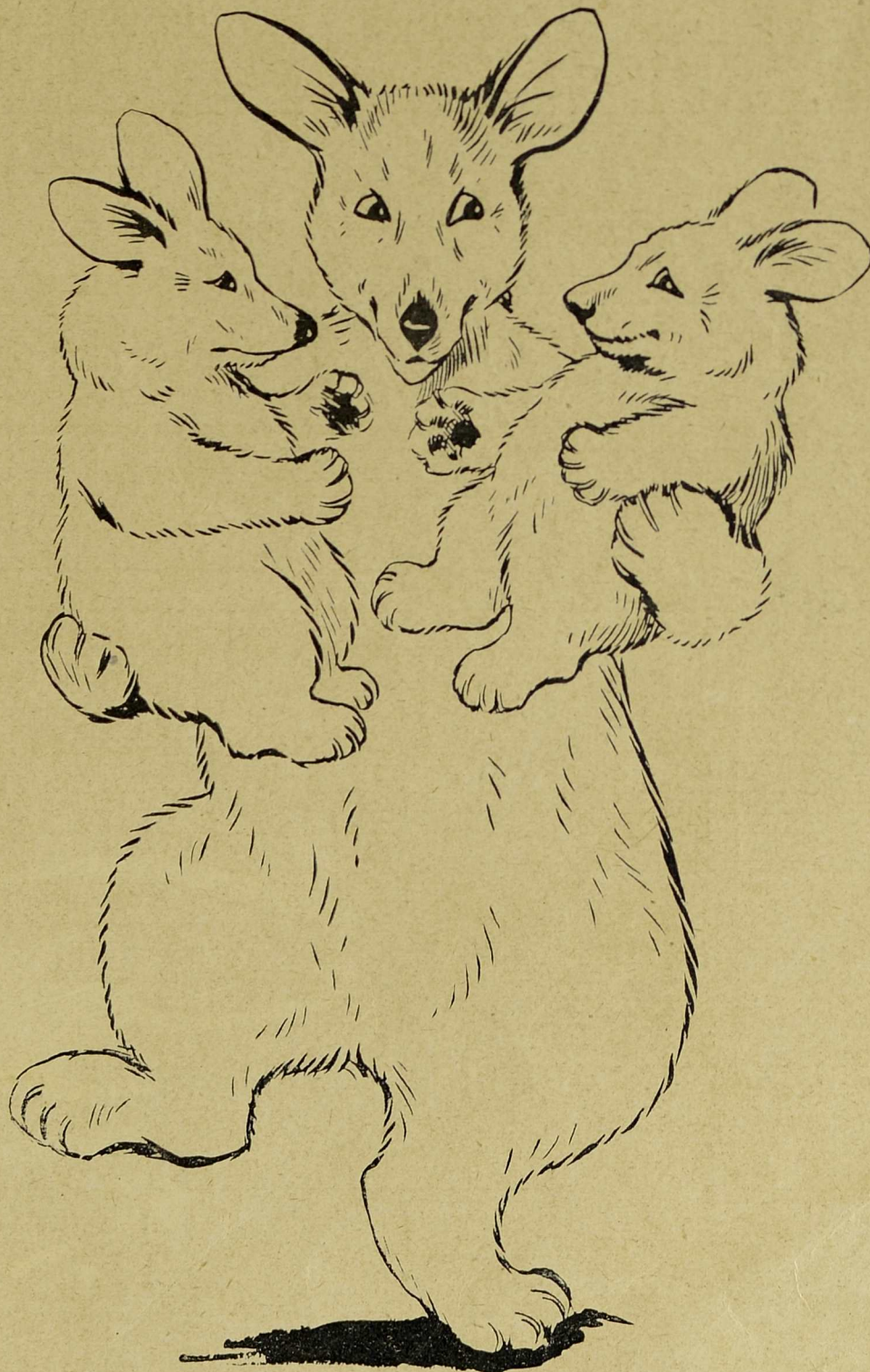
At last 'twas on. "I must be quick,
Or else my friend won't wait, oh!
Oh, where's my hat and where's my stick?
I fear I'm very late, oh!"

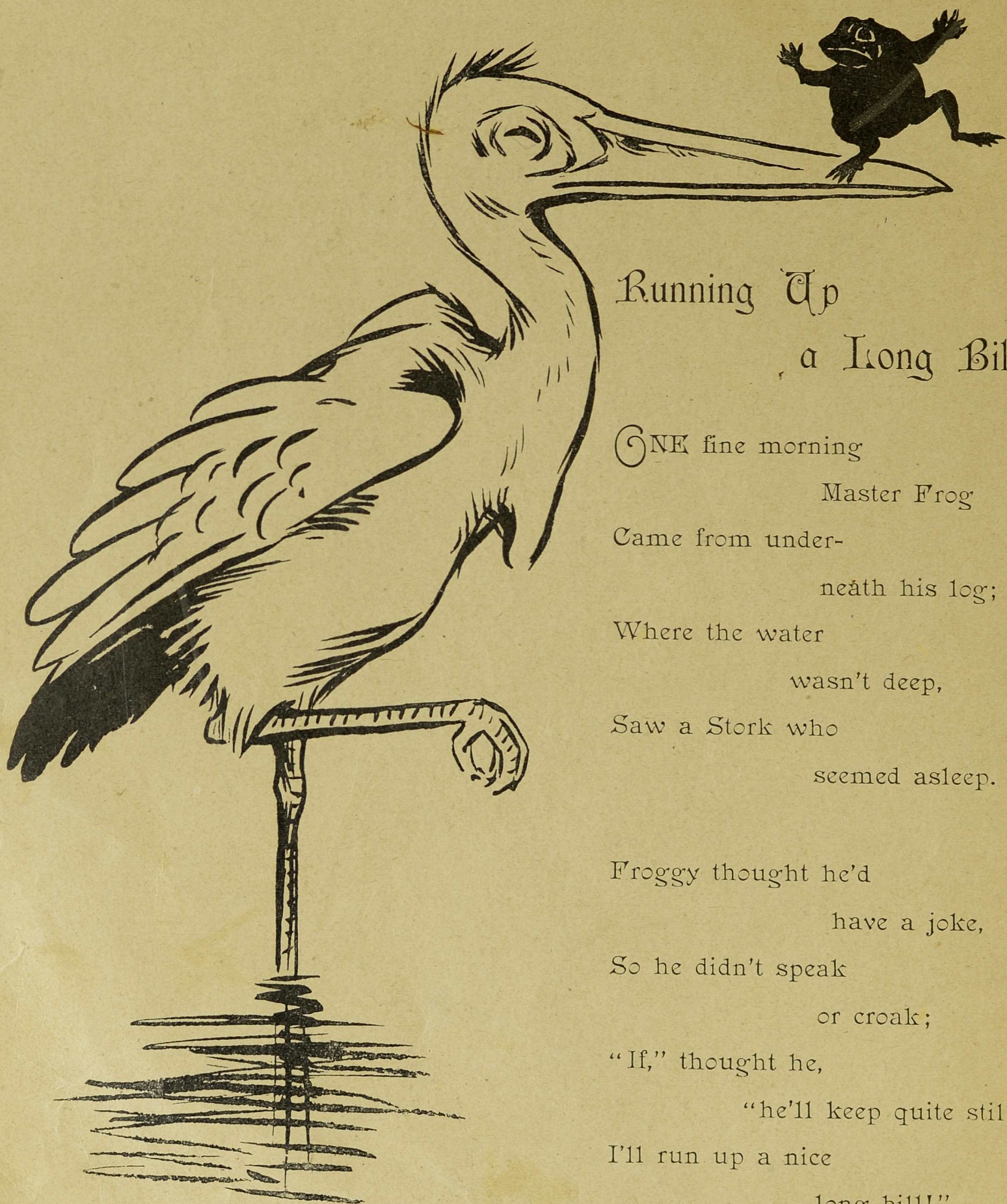
But, when at length he met his friend,
He tried to bow politely:
His collar wouldn't let him bend,
It fitted him so tightly!



The Twins.

MAMMA BRUIN has two such beautiful twins,
As like one another as two new pins;
Sometimes she cannot tell one from the other:
Then Mamma Bear is a puzzled mother!





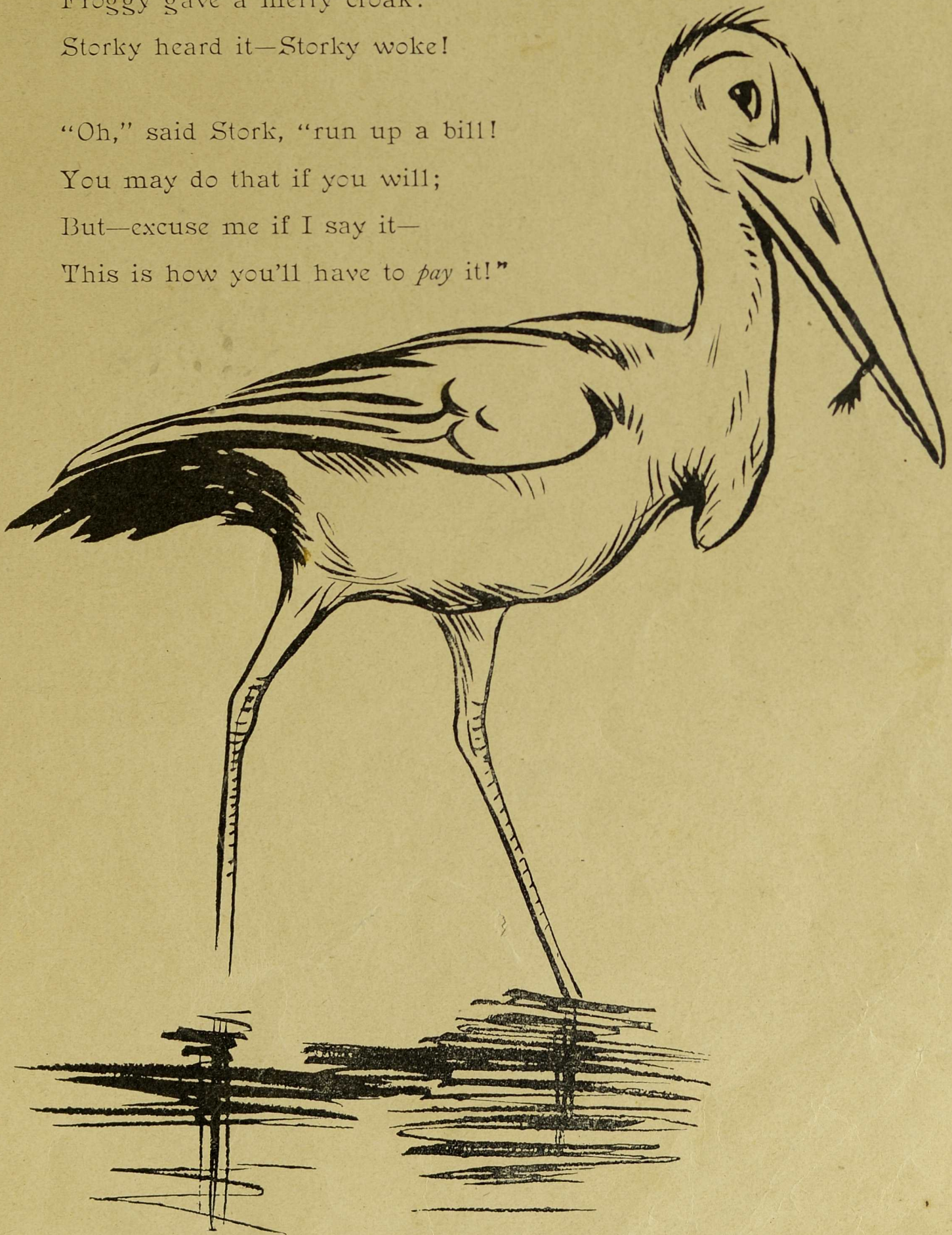
Running Up a Long Bill.

ONE fine morning
Master Frog
Came from under-
neath his log;
Where the water
wasn't deep,
Saw a Stork who
seemed asleep.

Froggy thought he'd
have a joke,
So he didn't speak
or croak;
"If," thought he,
"he'll keep quite still,
I'll run up a nice
long bill!"

Froggy gave a little dance:
Storky didn't even glance;
Froggy gave a merry croak:
Storky heard it—Storky woke!

"Oh," said Stork, "run up a bill!
You may do that if you will;
But—excuse me if I say it—
This is how you'll have to *pay* it!"



The New Jack and Jill.

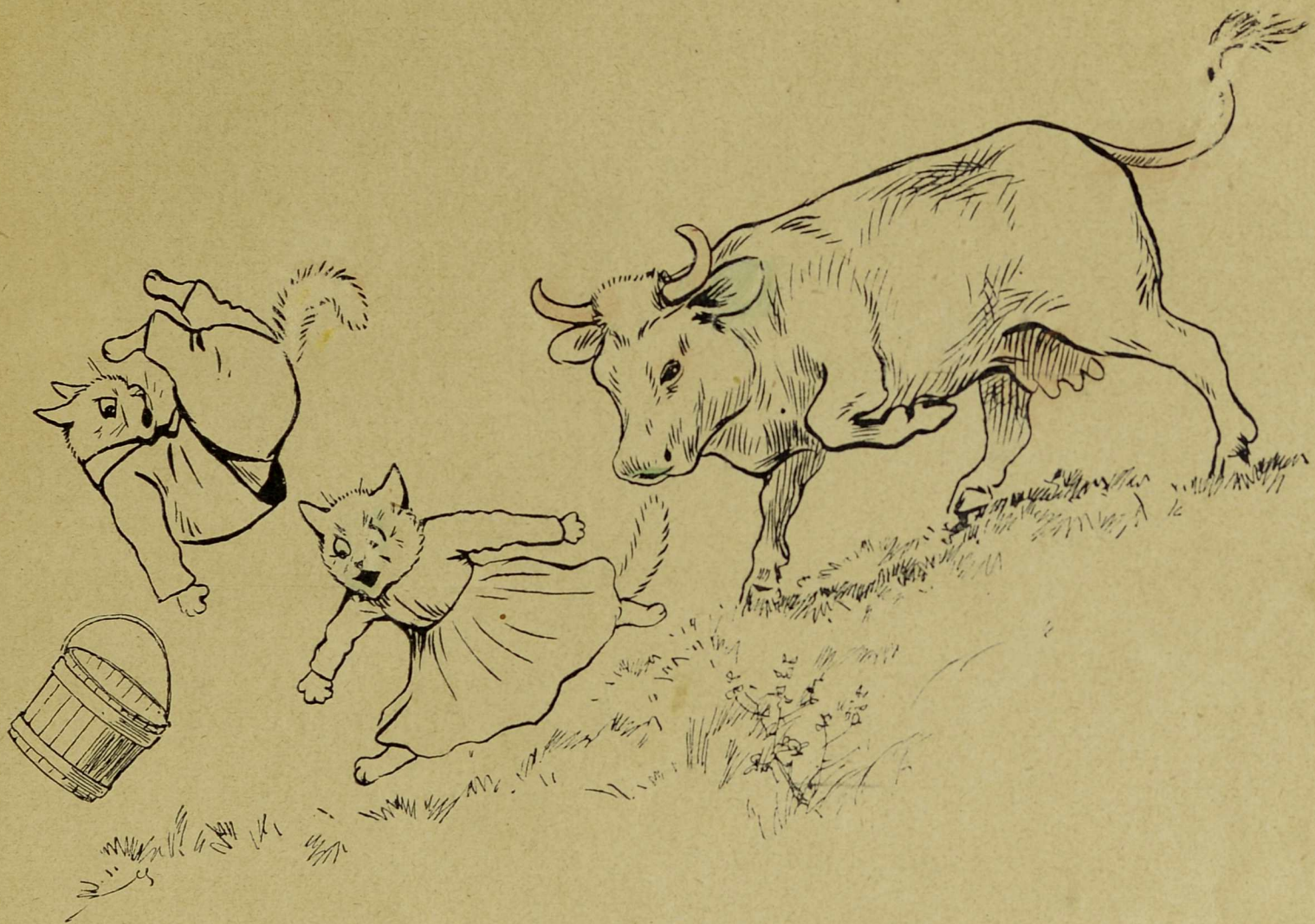
JACK and Jill
Went up the hill

To fetch a pail of milk, oh!

Jack was drest
In his Sunday best,

And Jill in her gown
of silk, oh!





Said Jack to Jill:

“We’ll go and fill

With milk this pail full up, oh!”

Said Jill to Jack:

“Then we’ll go back,

On bread-and-milk to sup, oh!”

The cow was large

And made a charge,

“A pail of milk—you dare, oh!”

And Jack and Jill

Ran down that hill

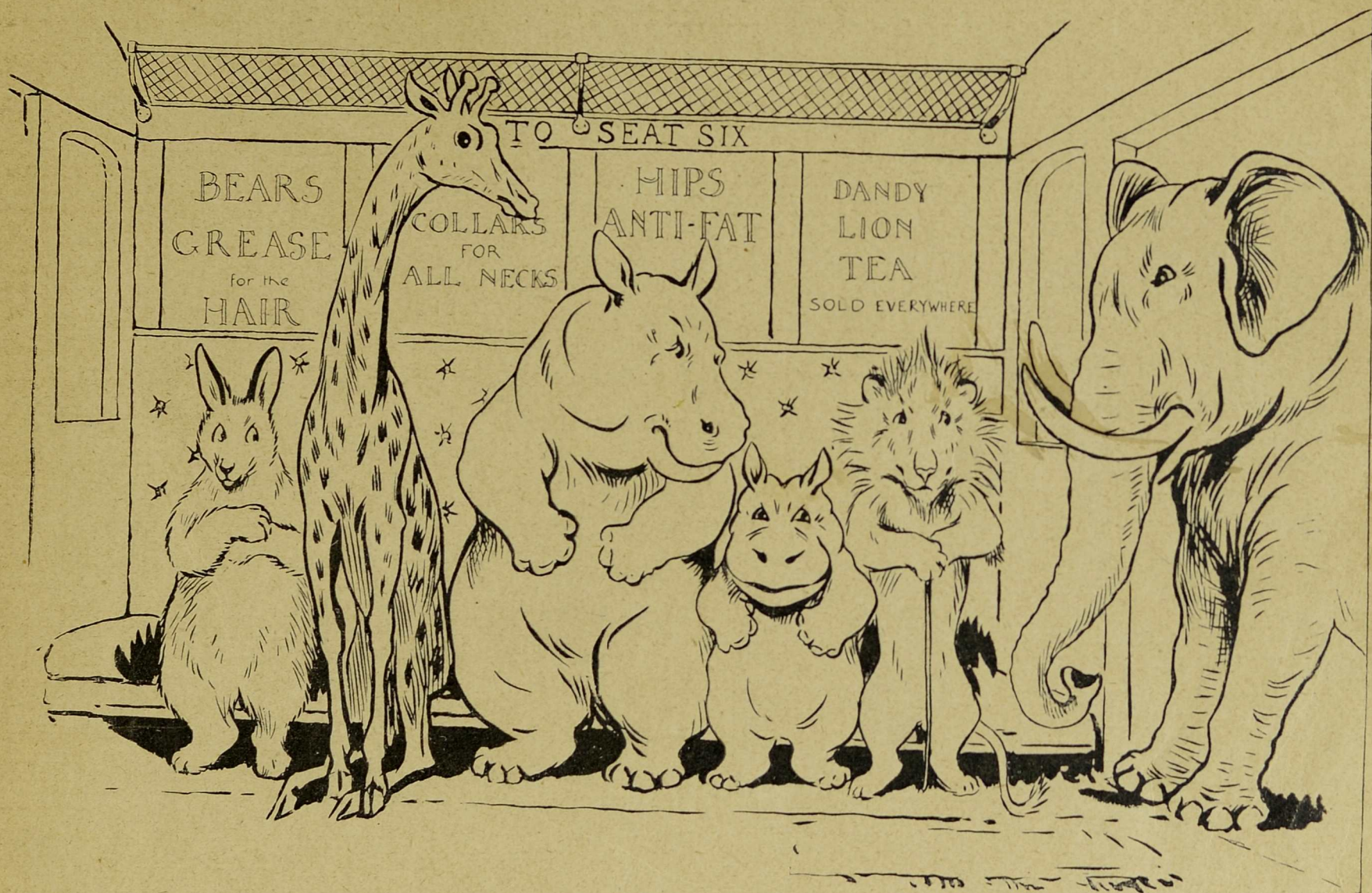
As fast as they could tear, oh!



Louis Wain

The Skipping Cat.

OH! I've heard of Cats
Who could catch big Rats,
And Cats who were
much too lazy;
Of Kittens who'd play
With their tails all day,
Till their mothers
thought them crazy!
I have heard tales too,
And so must have you,
Of Cats who have
stolen the dripping;
But upon my word
I ne'er saw or heard,
Till now, of a Cat
going skipping!



No Luggage Allowed.

"No room indeed! Conductor, hi!

You must find room for me—

If I don't catch this omnibus,

I shan't get home to tea!"

"No luggage is allowed in here,"

The passengers all cried;

"We'll try and find you room, but you

Must leave your trunk outside!"





THE WEDDING
PROCESSION.



The Cats' Wedding.

THE tiles for miles
were all astir
When Miss Mew
married Mr. Purr—
Their friends
were all invited.
The other Cats
all came to see
How nice a bride
Miss Mew could be—
The Kittens
were excited!

And when 'twas over, one and all
Were present at the wedding ball—
The dancing there was splendid.
The only one who wasn't gay
Was poor old Tom; but he, they say,
Was once Miss Mew's intended.

(12) Ice Bears.



TWO Bears went skating on the ice,
All on a winter's day;
The wind was keen, the sport was nice,
The moments slipped away.
Alas! ere day was over, they
To quarrel did begin;
They both fell out, and, strange to say,
They both of them fell in!



DANGEROUS.
ICE TOO HARD.

DANGEROUS.
ICE TOO SOFT.



Louis Wain.

FUN.

Washing-Day.

WHAT do I use to wash with, pray?
Come in and see on washing-day.
Mousetrap soap is a splendid thing—
Makes a Cat laugh and her Kittens sing!
Take a bar and fill up your tub,
Then with a will
 you rub and scrub:
But of advice I'll
 give you a piece—
Mind and use lots
 of elbow grease!
That makes Cats
 and Kittens gay
In Pussy-cat Town
 on washing-day!



The Animals' Cricket Match.

THE Animals' great Cricket Match

Took place the other day;

The Cat was there, for she could catch

The Mice so well, they say.

The Lion went in

first, I'm told,

Though brave

without a doubt;

They all knew well

that he was bold—

Alas! it was

“bowled” out!

The Elephant was

sent in next,

But failed to

make a score,

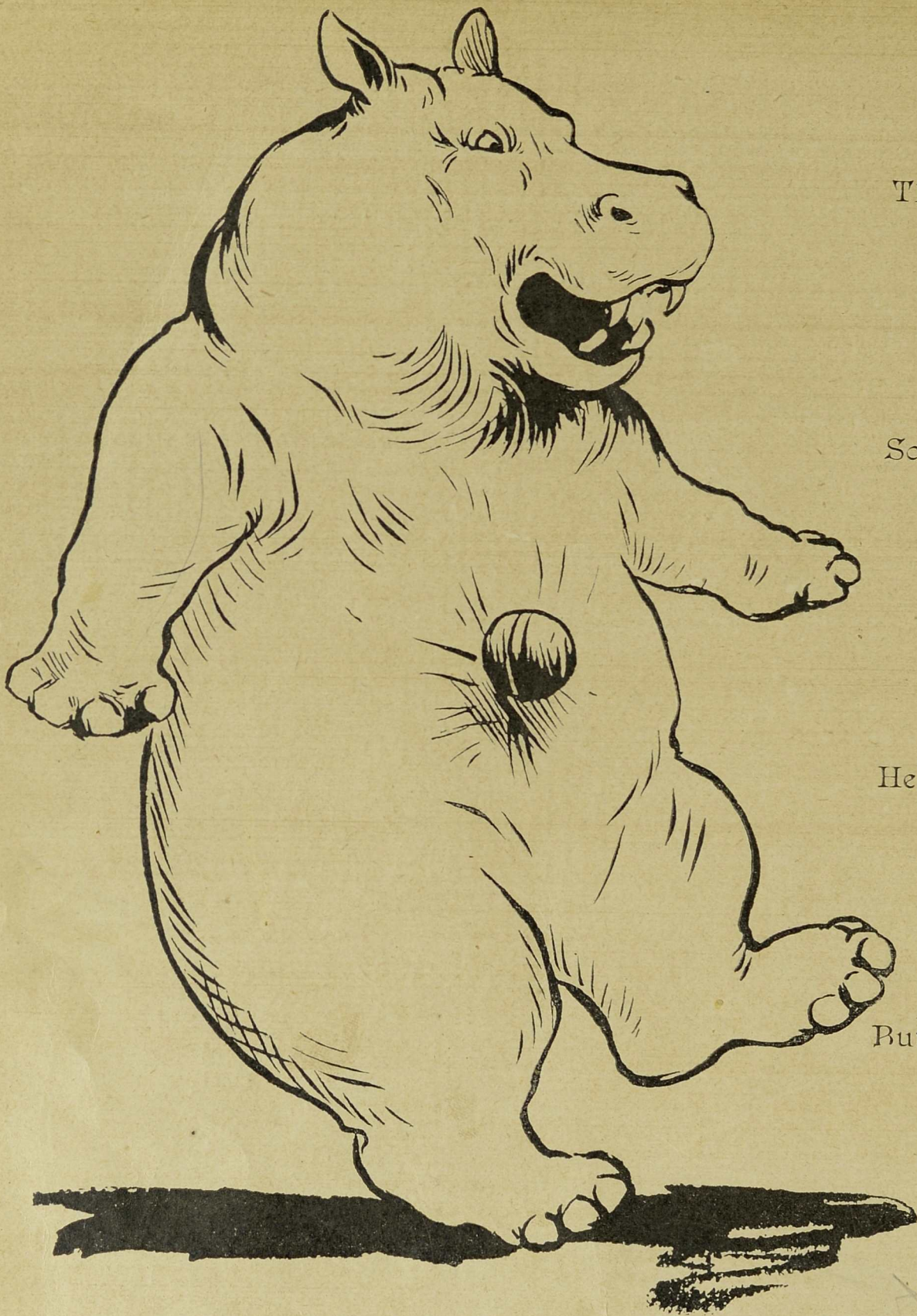
For he was soon

sent back perplexed—

For being

“trunk before.”





The Hippo was
the long-stop made;
He was not
slim or small,
So no one felt
a bit afraid
He would not
stop the ball.

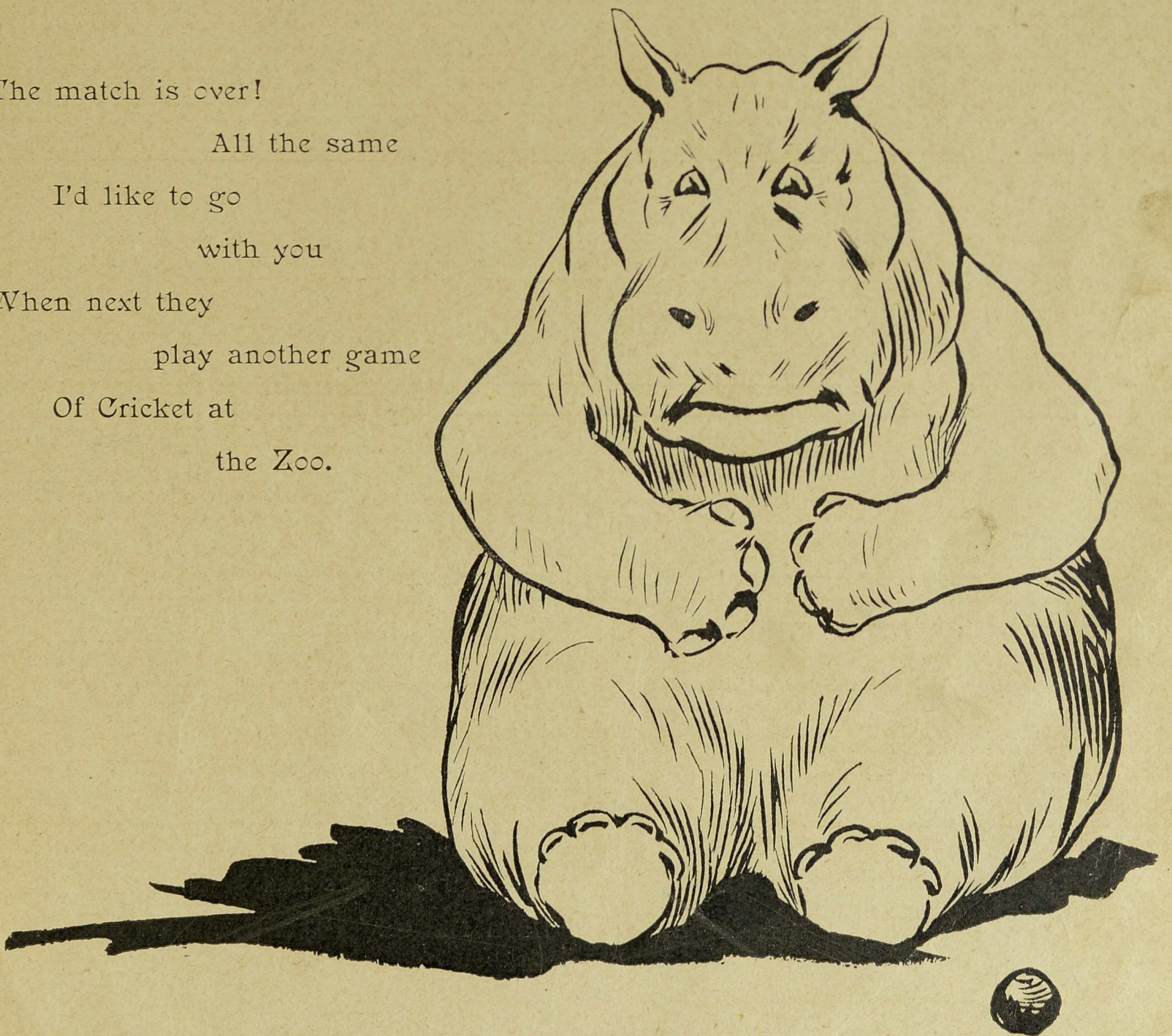
He stopped it finely,
as you see,
He fielded it
with ease;
But when they cried:
"No ball," said he:
"I'll *bawl* now,
if you please!"

He went away at last, because
The ball was much too strong;
So, though the Hippo long-stop was,
He didn't stop there long.

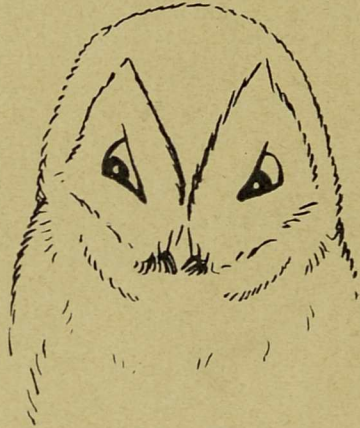
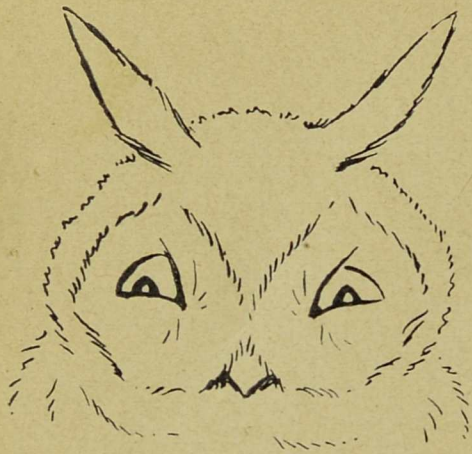
The Antelope of course was there—
He'd such a graceful form;
They also had the Polar Bear,
Who played to make him warm!

The Umpire Hippopotamus
Was made as well, you know;
The others dared not make a fuss
When he said: "Out you go!"

The match is over!
All the same
I'd like to go
with you
When next they
play another game
Of Cricket at
the Zoo.



The Barn Dance.



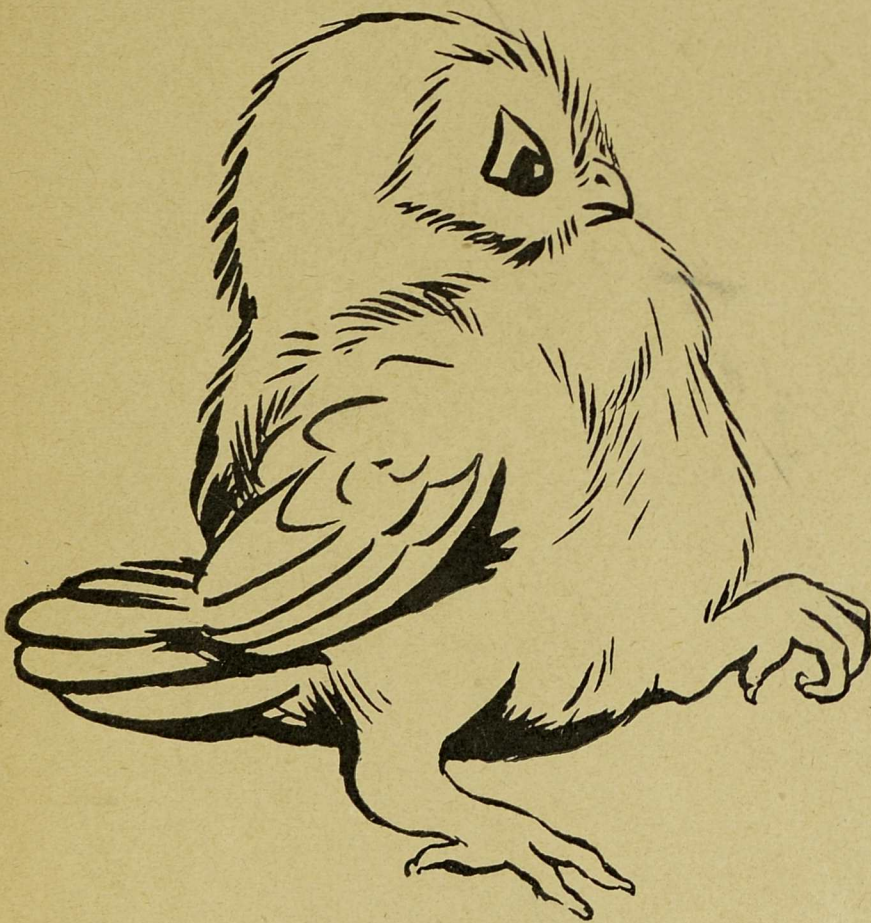
WHEN all the place is still at nights,
And out are all the glaring lights,
Then you will see that sight of sights—
The true and only Barn Dance!

When boys and girls are all in bed,
Then ev'ry Owl puts out his head,
And up and down with lightsome tread
They dance a proper Barn Dance!

The baby Owls all say: "Too-whoo!
When we grow up, that's what we'll do!
We'll give each night a Barn Dance too,
A reg'lar royal Barn Dance!"

They sit up in their nests at night
And hoot with glee to see the sight,
While Pa and Ma in great delight
Go dancing their own Barn Dance!

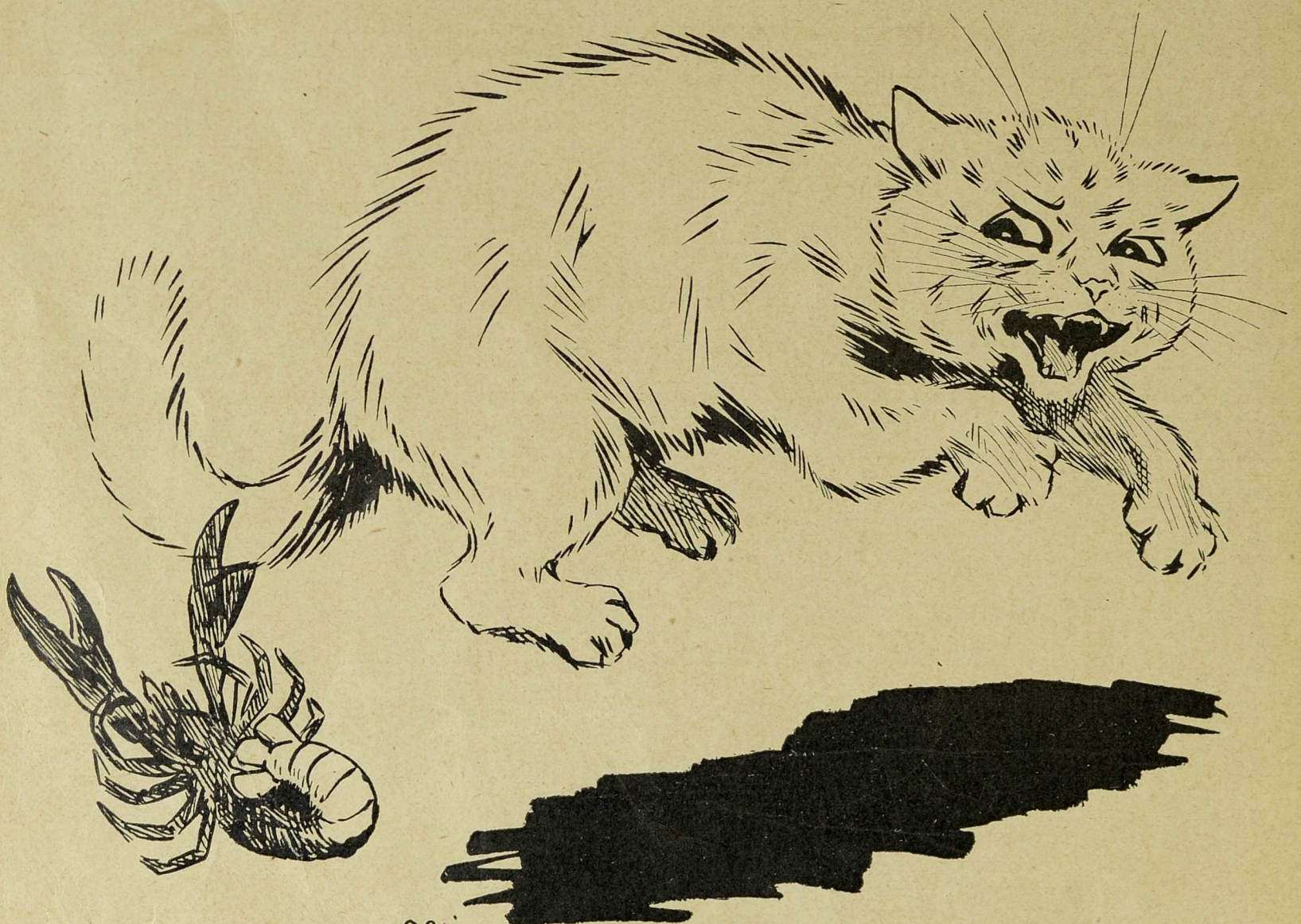
For boys and girls may hop and prance
Whenever they can find the chance;
But only Owls know how to dance
The mad and merry Barn Dance!



The Tale of a Tail.

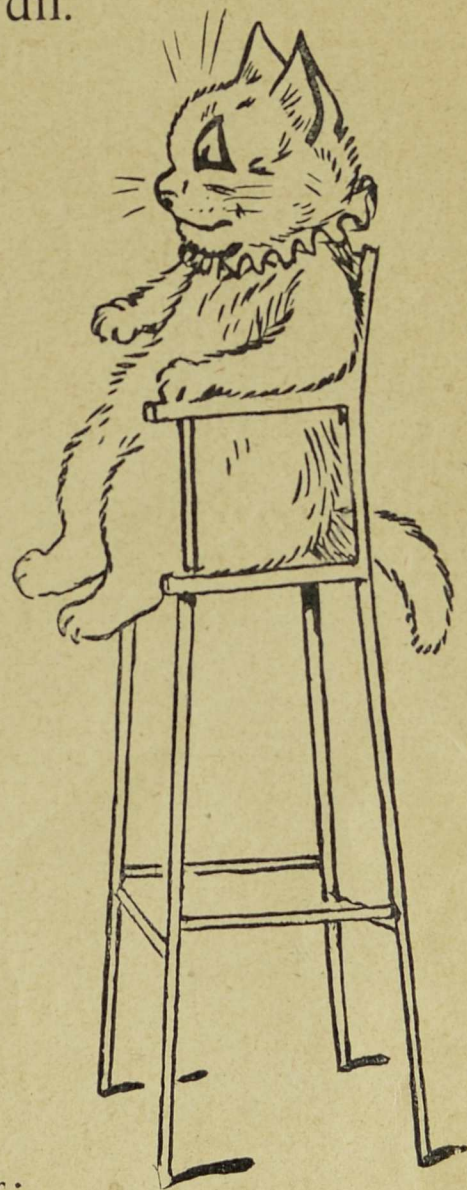
It was a little Lobster on the shore,
A tiny little Lobster—nothing more,
And when Pussy on four paws
Came in reach of its long claws
It gave a little pinch and nothing more!

It was a Kitten's tail so hurt and sore,
An aching Kitten's tail and nothing more;
But since that sad day of woe
When that Lobster nipped it so,
It hasn't been the tail it was before!



Louis Wain

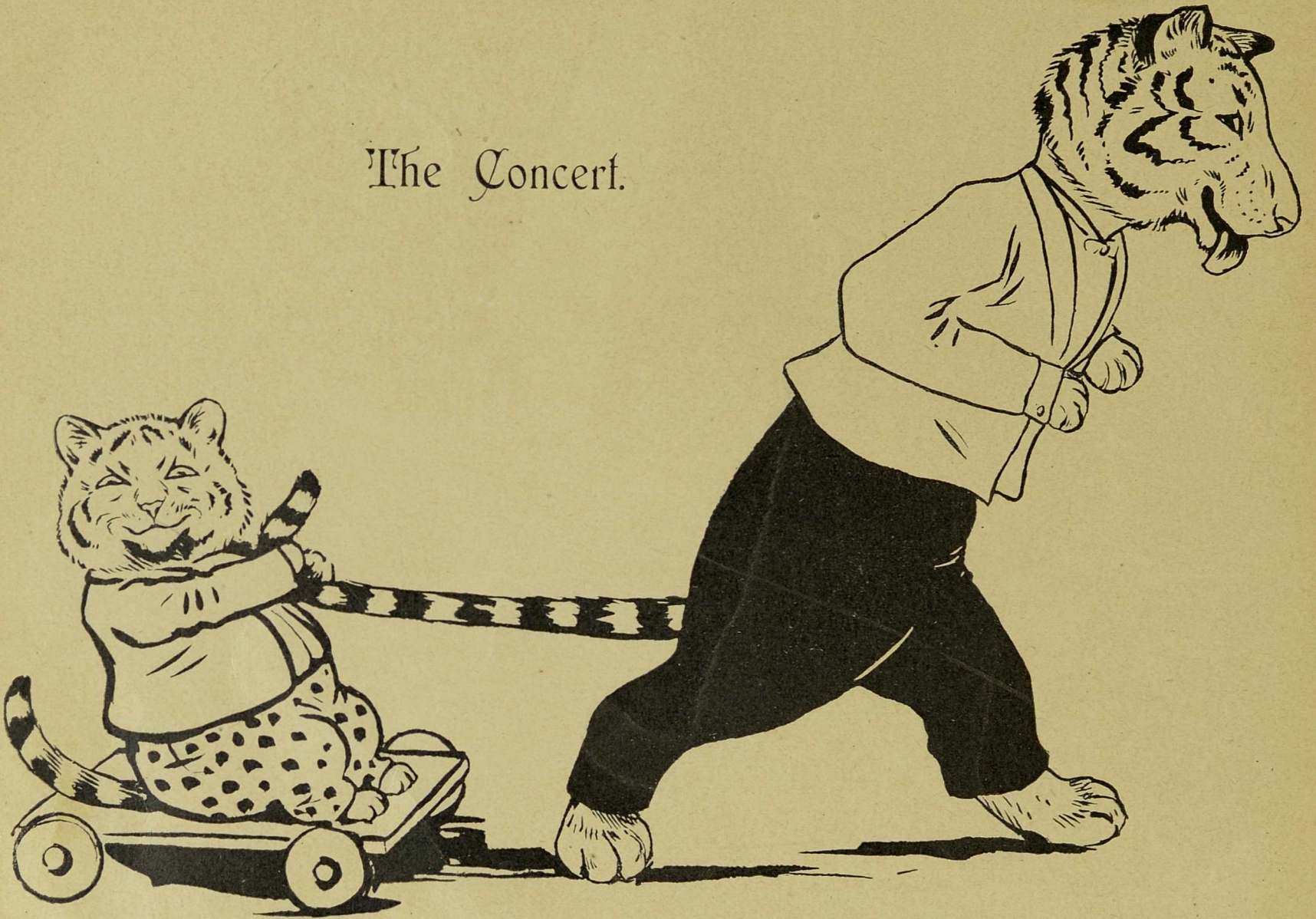
The Portrait.



Louis Wain.

SIT quite still, sir, on that chair;
Do not stir, and pray don't stare;
Try to give a pleasant smile—
Do not grin, sir, in that style.
Think of something very nice,
Cotton reels, or milk, or mice.
Ha! that's good—now you can laugh:
It's a splendid photograph!

The Concert.



HAVE you heard of the Animals' Concert

That they gave at the Zoo one day?

I'm told that everyone was present

Who could possibly get away.

Some went in their coaches or carriages,

And some went on their own four paws;

Baby Tiger rode on her new motor,

That Tiger Tim carefully draws.

The first one to appear was the Lion,
Who with his paws such skill employs;
He thumped and he banged the piano,
As if he thought music meant noise!

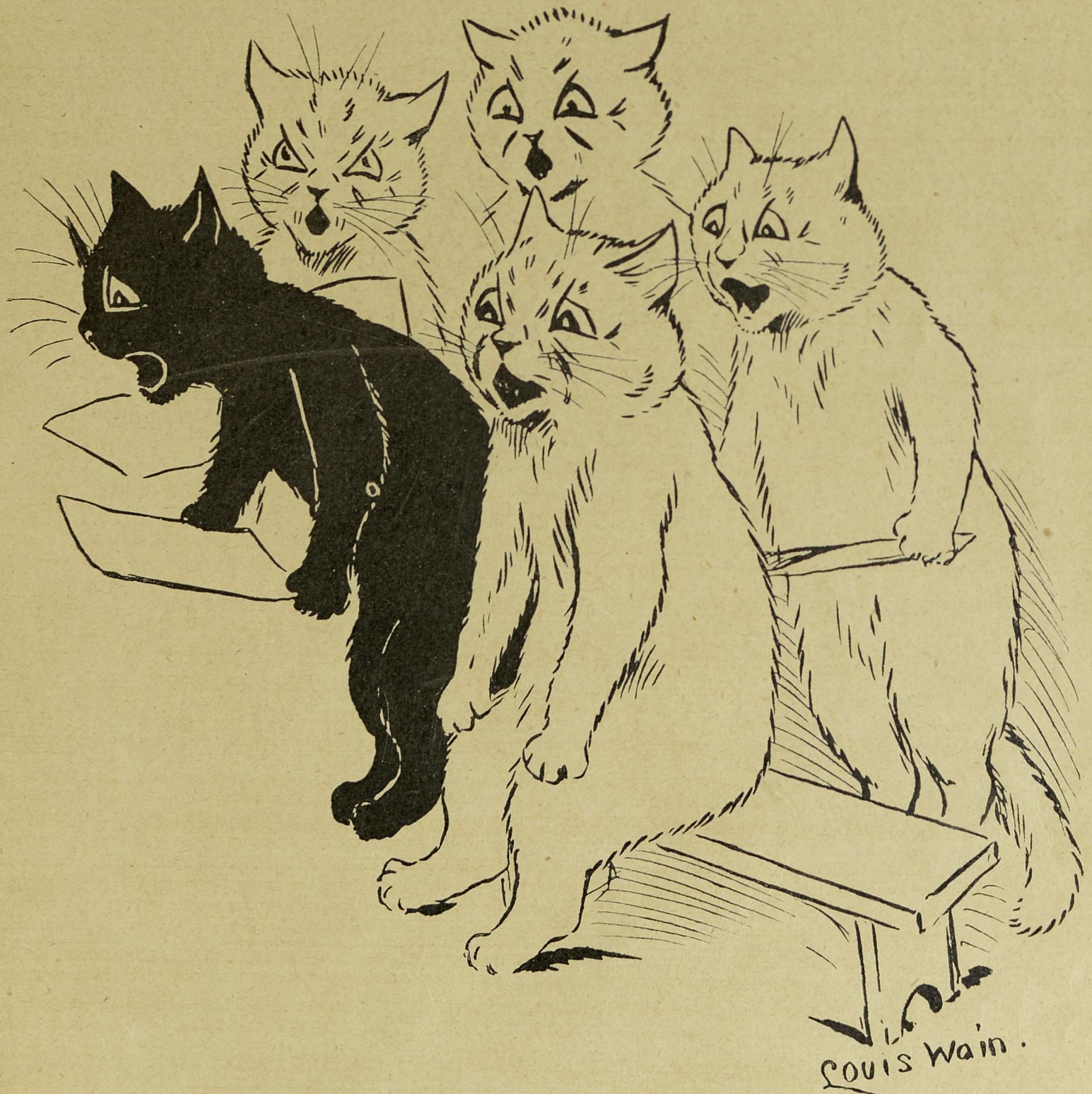
When they shouted: "Bravo!" and encored him,
He bowed, with a shake of his mane,
And he felt quite a Lion pianist,
As he sat down
and played again!





Next there came Thomas Purr, the Conductor,
Who met with a storm of applause;
He conducted the famous Cat Chorus,
With their music held in their paws.

When they sang all the windows were opened,
And boots, bricks, and things came out flop,
For they made such a noise that the neighbours
Thought it time for the Concert to stop!



The Painter.

THOMAS PURR of Pussytown

Is a painter splendid;

Never paints things upside down,

But as they're intended.

One fine day he painting went,

He was brisk and busy;

All the morn

in work he spent

Till he grew

quite dizzy!

With his paint-brush large and wet

Steadily he painted;

But alas! his pot upset

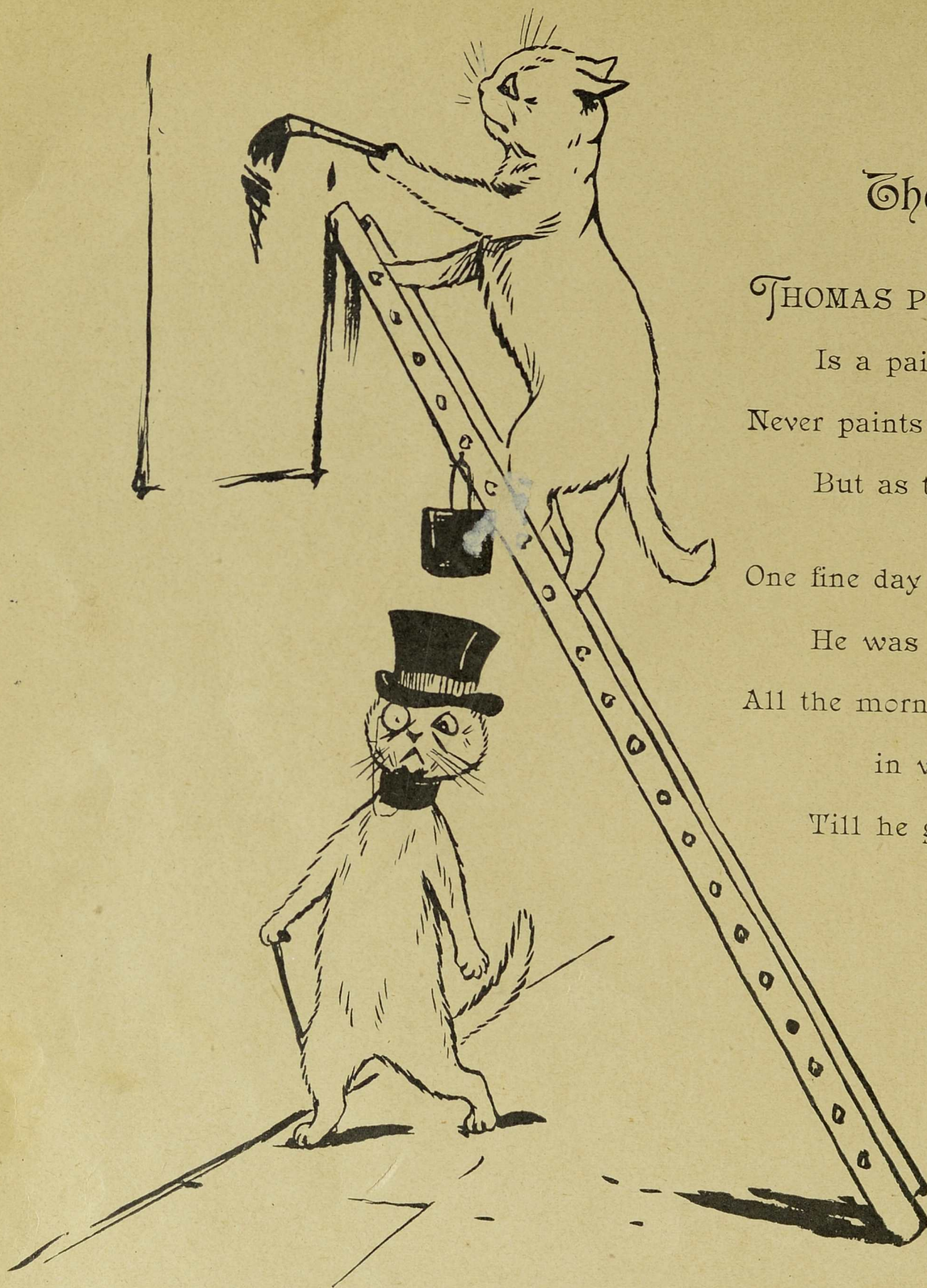
Thomas nearly fainted!—

Accident? 'Twas worse than that,

For his paint-pot tumbled

Right upon a passing Cat—

Goodness! how he grumbled!



It was that young Dandy Cat,

Mr. Thomas Mouser.

Picking up his cane and hat,

First he stuttered: "Now, sir!"

Then as Tom Purr nothing said,

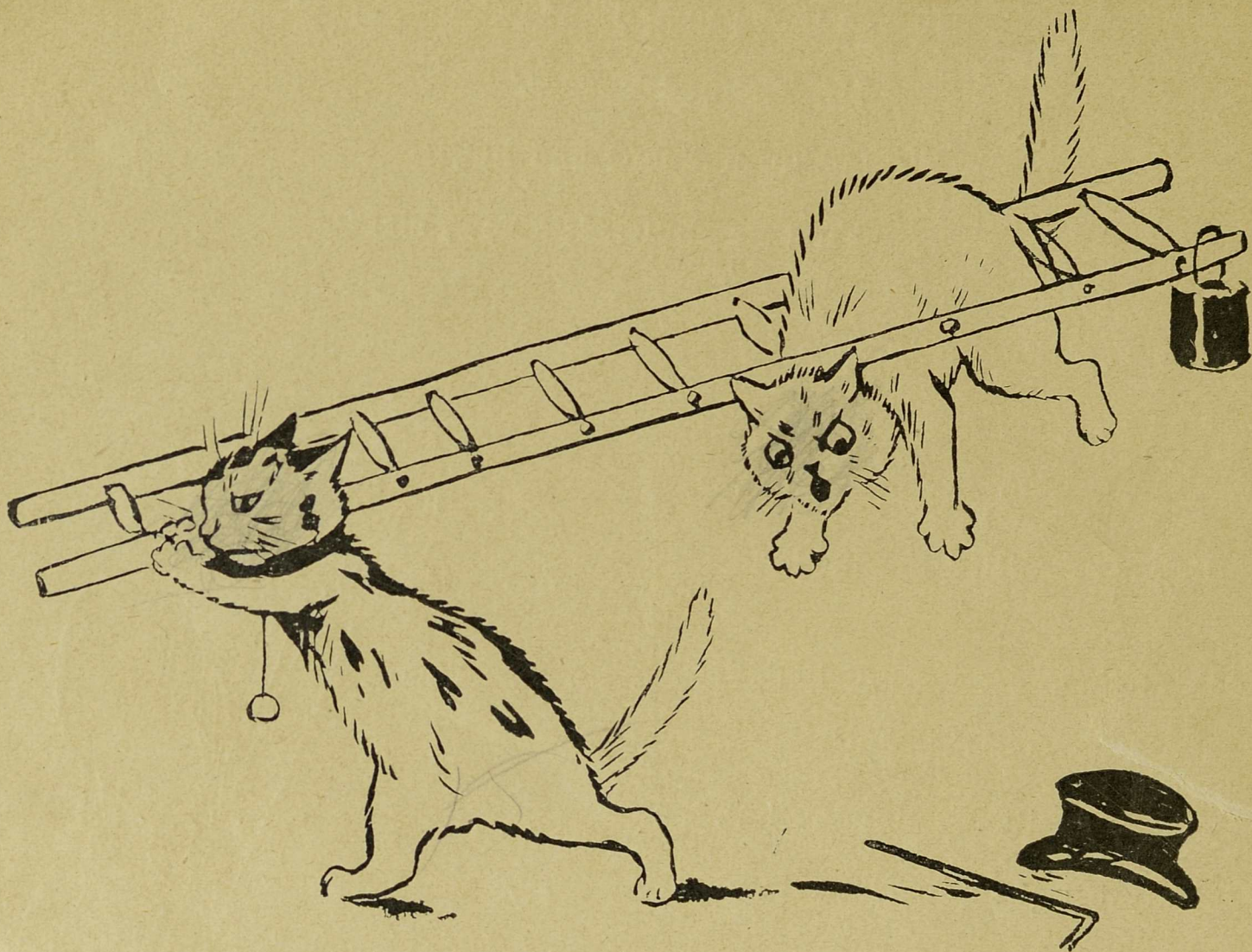
Mad he grew and madder,
Stamped his paw and, growing red,
Down he pulled the ladder.

"Look at this, sir; look at that!"

Cried he most irately;

"You have spoilt my Sunday hat,
Only bought quite lately!"





"You can have that damaged hat;

I will have your ladder!"

Tom Purr in the roadway sat:

Cat was never sadder.

How it ended no one knows,

But the latest news is

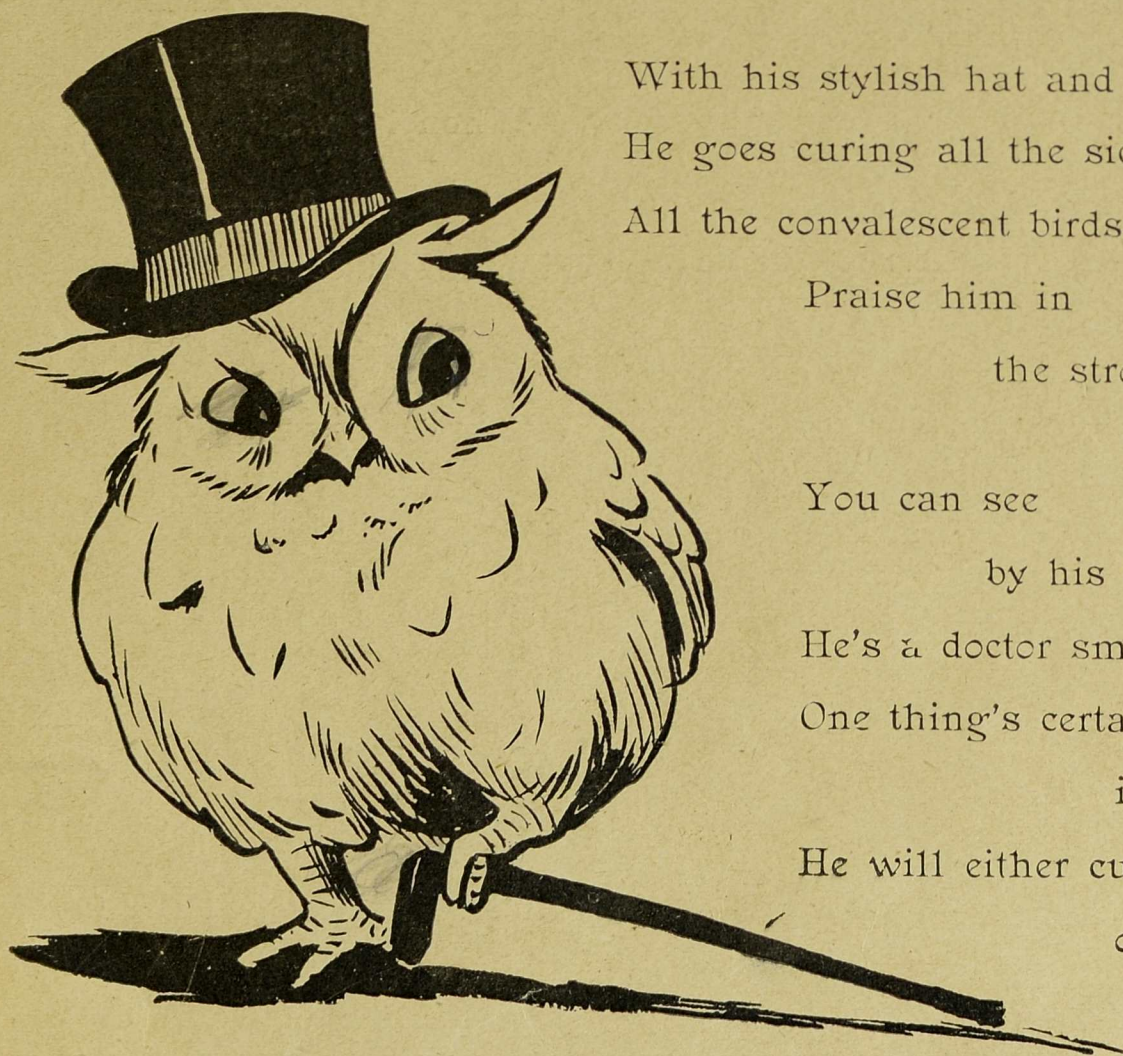
When Tom Purr out painting goes,

Care and paint he uses.

Doctor Owl.

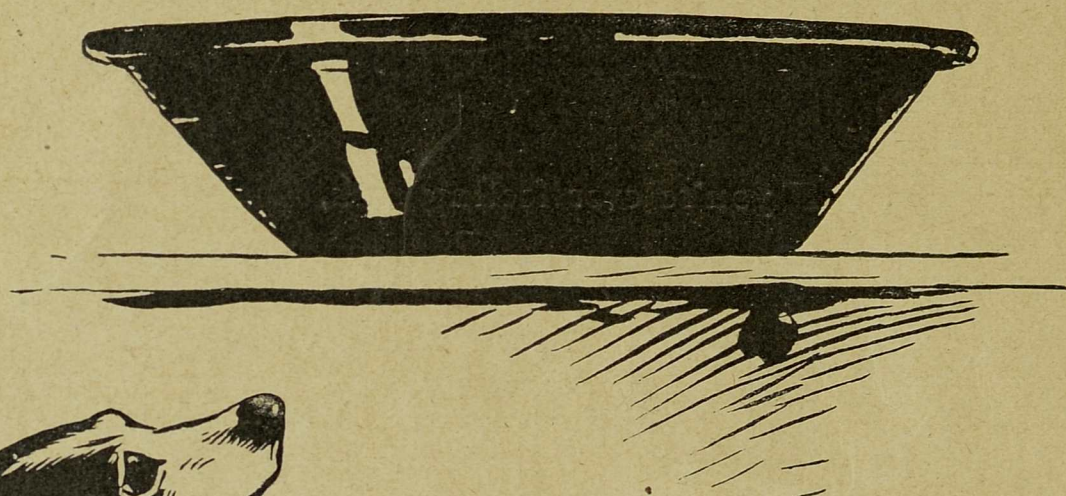
If you're ever feeling sick,
Doctor Owl will cure you quick;
Every bird in Town will own
He's the smartest doctor known.

Go to him if you feel ill,
Ask for mixture, or for pill;
Like his beak, his bill's not long,
Though his medicine's nice and strong.



With his stylish hat and stick
He goes curing all the sick;
All the convalescent birds
Praise him in
the strongest words.

You can see
by his bright eyes,
He's a doctor smart and wise;
One thing's certain—
if you're ill
He will either cure
or kill!



Smelling and Tasting.

"THAT smells nice,"
one day said Fido,
When he was
a simple Pup;
"Wish that I could
reach it, I do;
It smells good—
I'd eat it up!"

Stretching far as
he was able,
Quite without
a thought of ill,
By-and-by he touched the table,
And that smell
seemed nicer still.

One paw up, and then the other,
Then he tipped the basin up;
Fido looked and whined, "Oh, mother!"
Such a sad and scalded Pup!



'Twas hot water—
 nice it wasn't,
As he found out
 all too well;
He's a wiser Dog
 and doesn't
Judge things
 always by the smell!



Over the
Garden Wall.

YOUNG Mr. Tabby
met pretty
Miss Mew
Under the garden wall;
Gave her sweet kisses—
well, more
than two,
Under the garden wall!

Only they didn't know Tommy was there;
In love and war, of course, spying is fair—
Love-making Pussies should always beware
Of "under the garden wall!"

Tommy was angry to see such a sight

Under the garden wall.

"Wait," he exclaimed, "and I'll give them a fright

Over the garden wall!"

Young Mr. Tabby declared it was rain,

Pretty Miss Mew curled her tail in disdain—

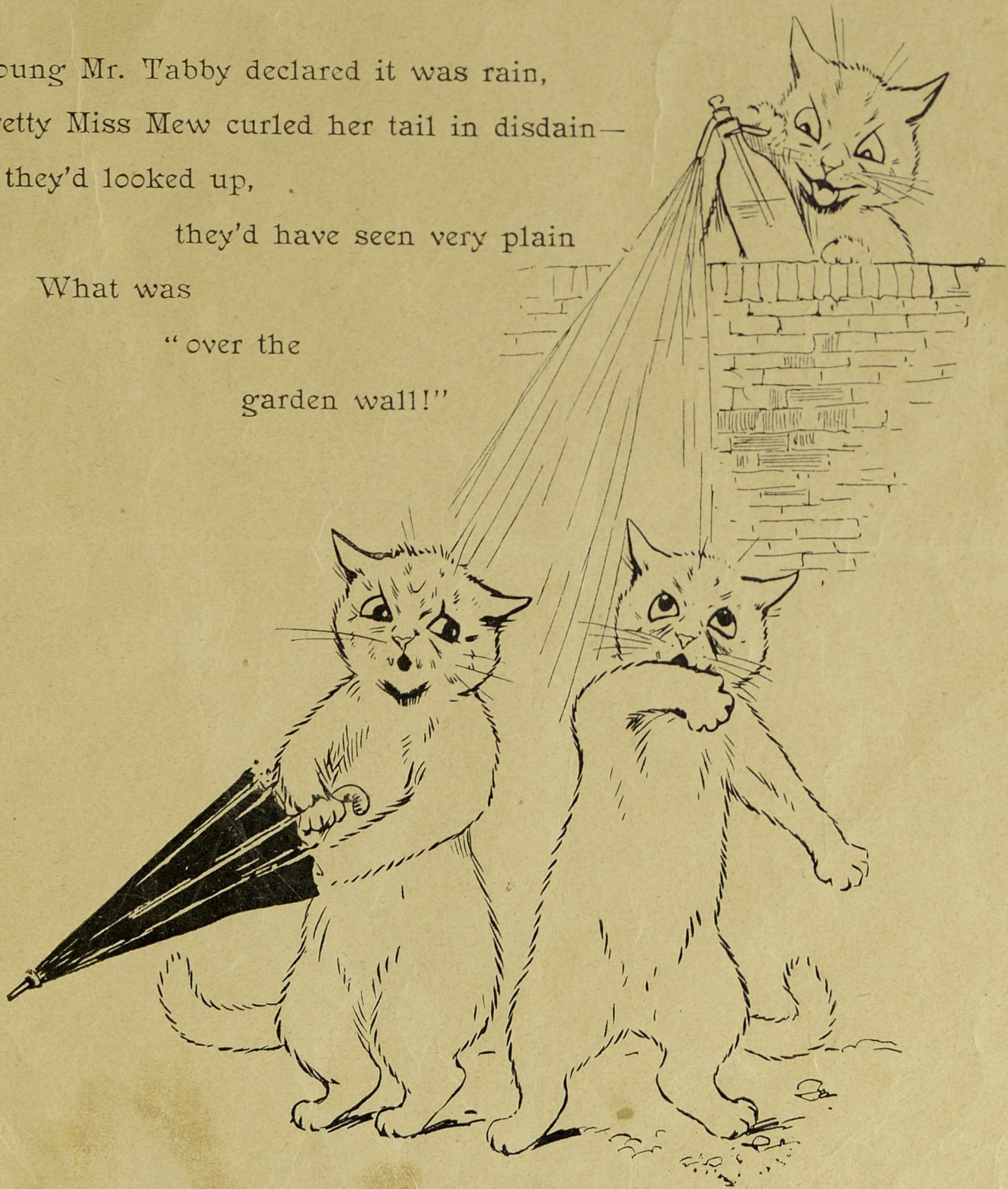
If they'd looked up,

they'd have seen very plain

What was

"over the

garden wall!"







THE OBSTACLE
RACE.

Louis Wain.

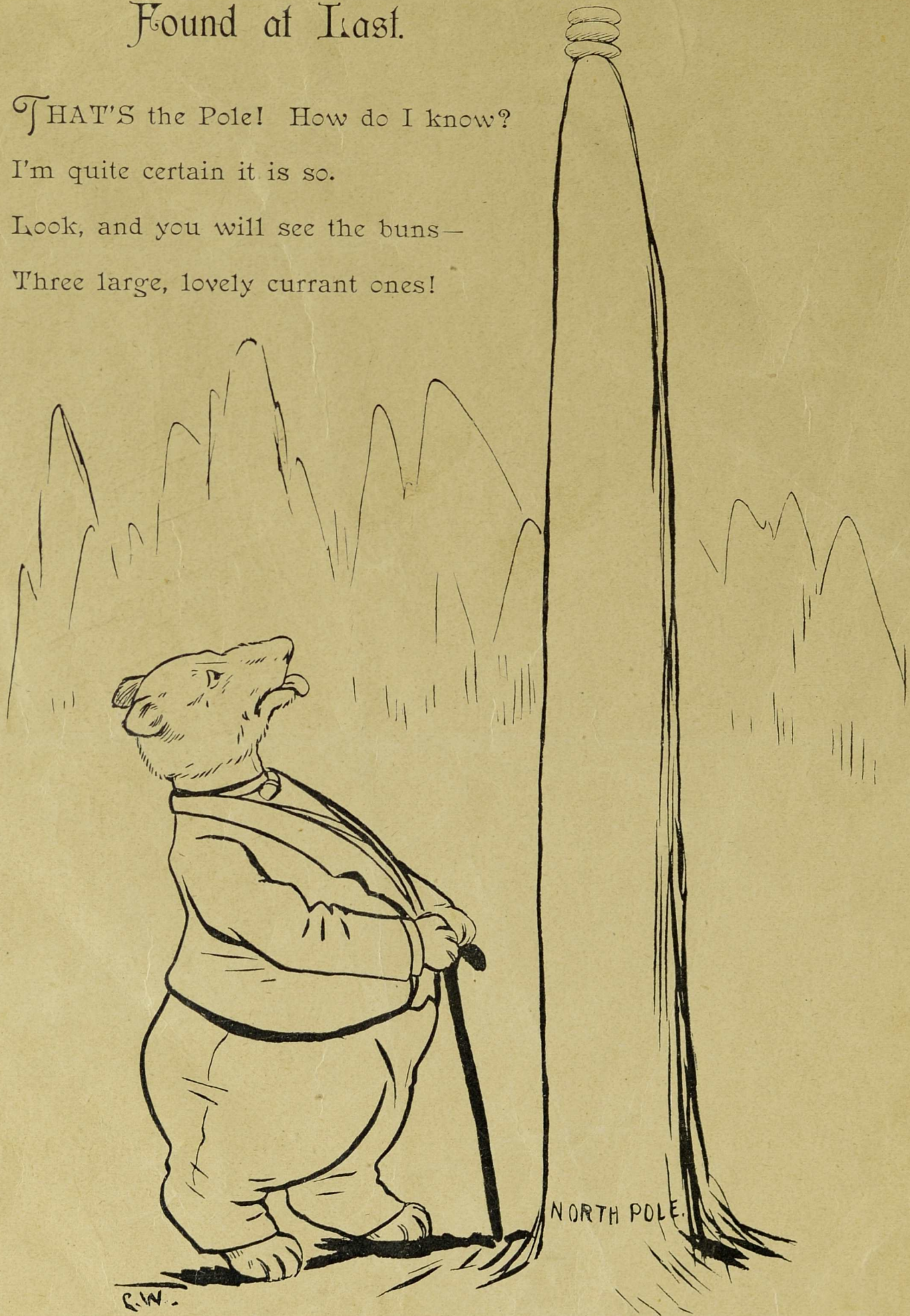
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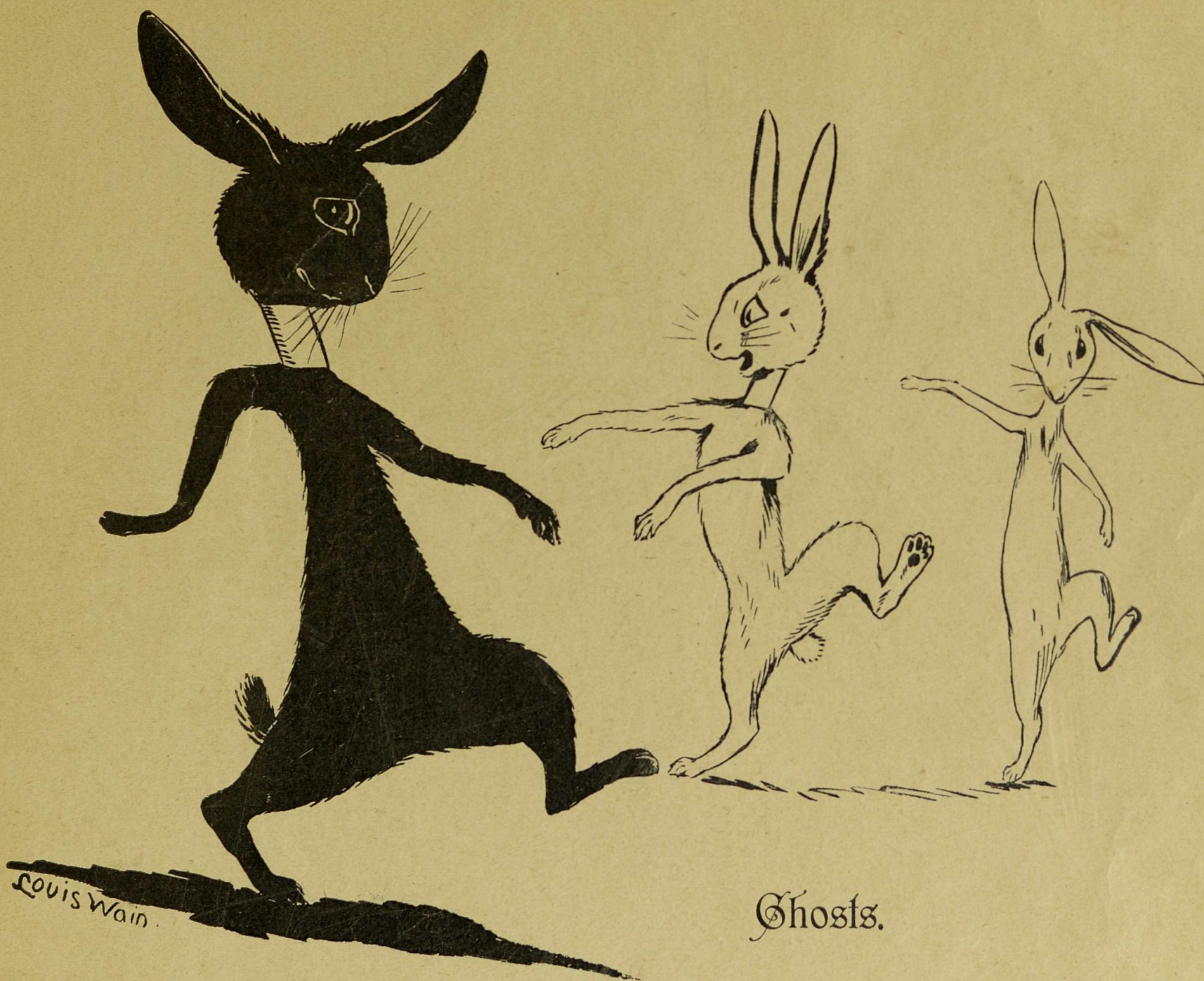
THAT'S the Pole! How do I know?

I'm quite certain it is so.

Look, and you will see the buns—

Three large, lovely currant ones!

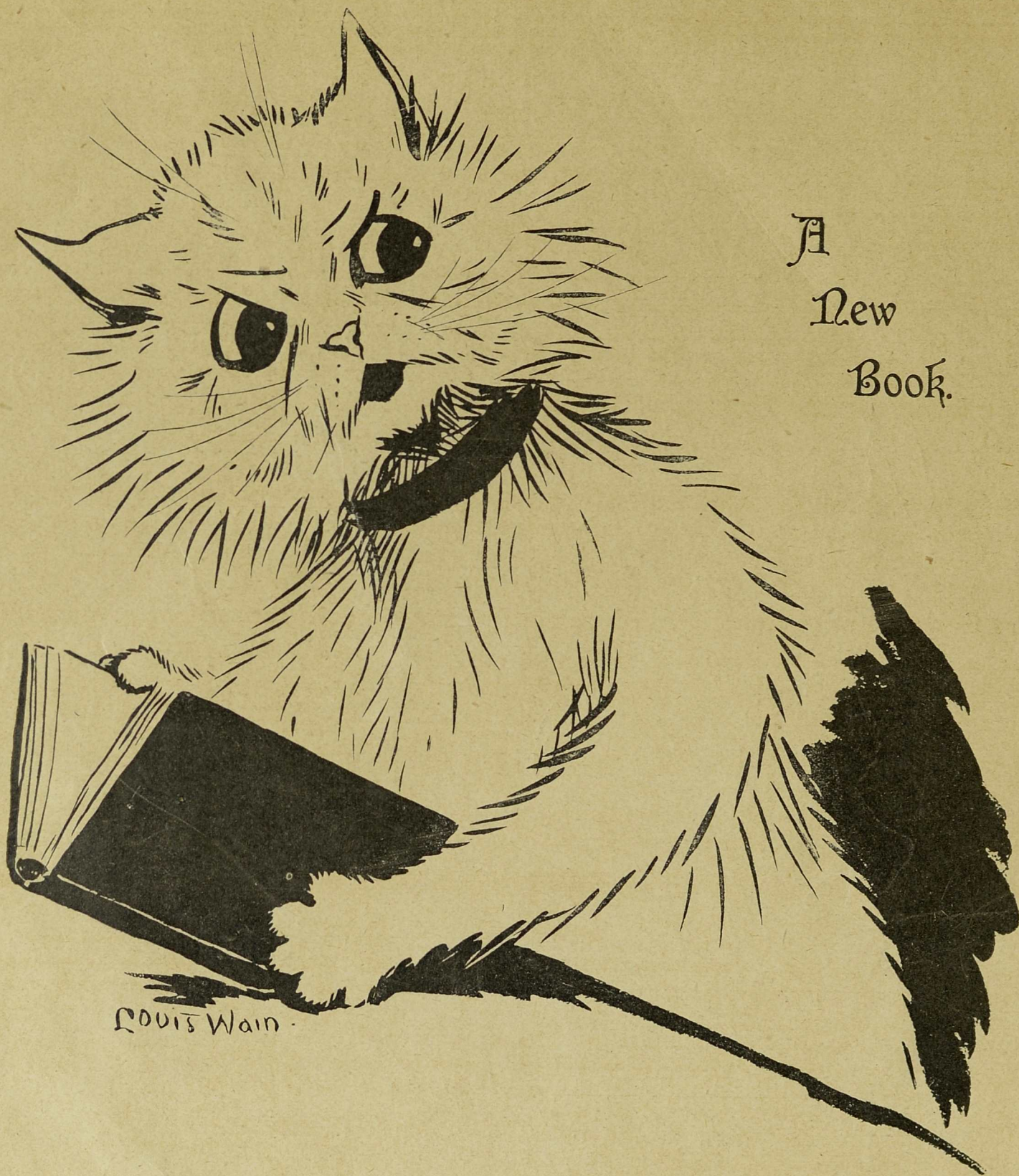




Ghosts.

GOING home quite late one night,
Bunny had a dreadful fright;
For he saw two Bunny ghosts,
White and ugly, so he boasts!

Bunny says he saw them dance;
Then he ran while he'd the chance.
Since he saw that dreadful sight
He goes early home at night!

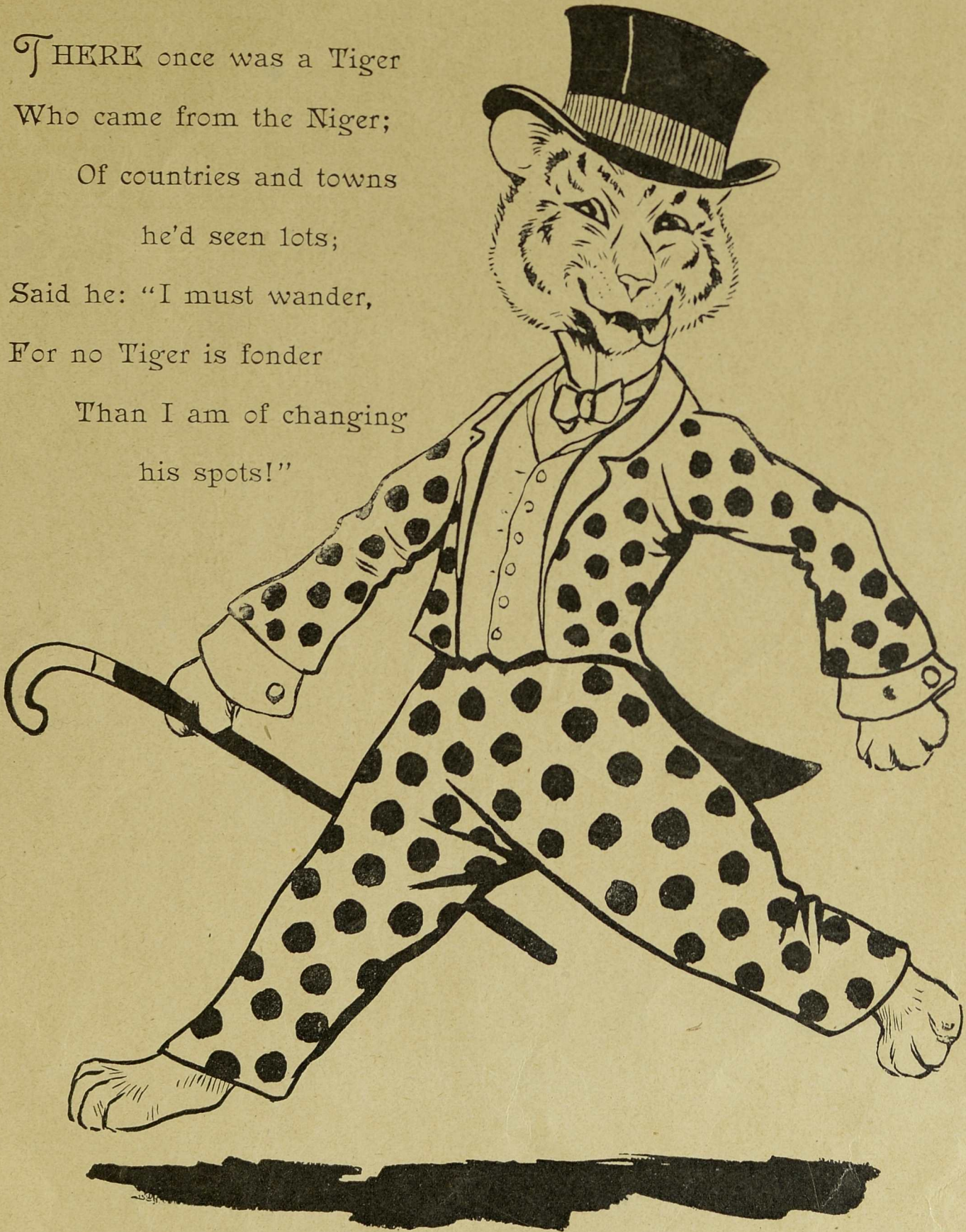


A
New
Book.

WHAT am I reading?—Something new:
A treatise by Professor Mew
On how to educate your Kitten—
The finest volume ever written!
I have no Kittens? Well, that's so;
But I can teach those who have, you know!

Changing His Spots.

THERE once was a Tiger
Who came from the Niger;
Of countries and towns
he'd seen lots;
Said he: "I must wander,
For no Tiger is fonder
Than I am of changing
his spots!"



The Little Truant.

PAPA, angry as could be,

Took young Bruin on his knee;

Couldn't find a chair, so sat

Down upon his Sunday hat!

"Listen, sir, and have a care:

You're a naughty little bear,

Playing truant from your school—

Corner, cane, and dunce's stool!"

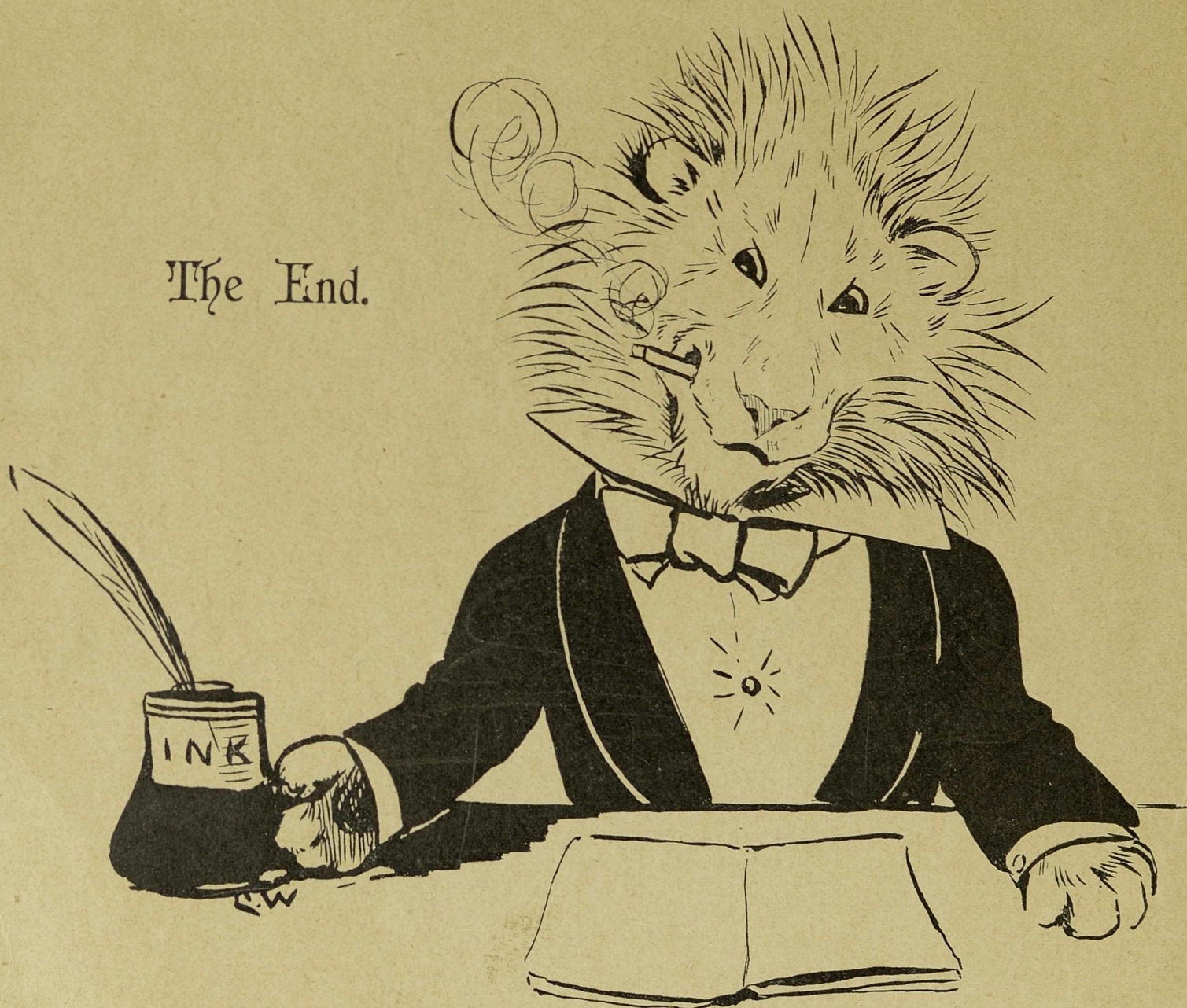




Papa, who had angry grown,
Quite forgot he weighed ten stone—
Hat gave way and then, ha! ha!
Down came Bruin and Papa!

Bruin laughed until he cried,
Papa laughed in time, beside—
That was why, so people say,
Bruin got no cane that day!

The End.



THE Dandy Lion wrote a book:
His friends both great and small he took,
And put them in it every one—
Oh! how he laughed when it was done.
And then he put: "The END"—
To show the book was done, you see.

