

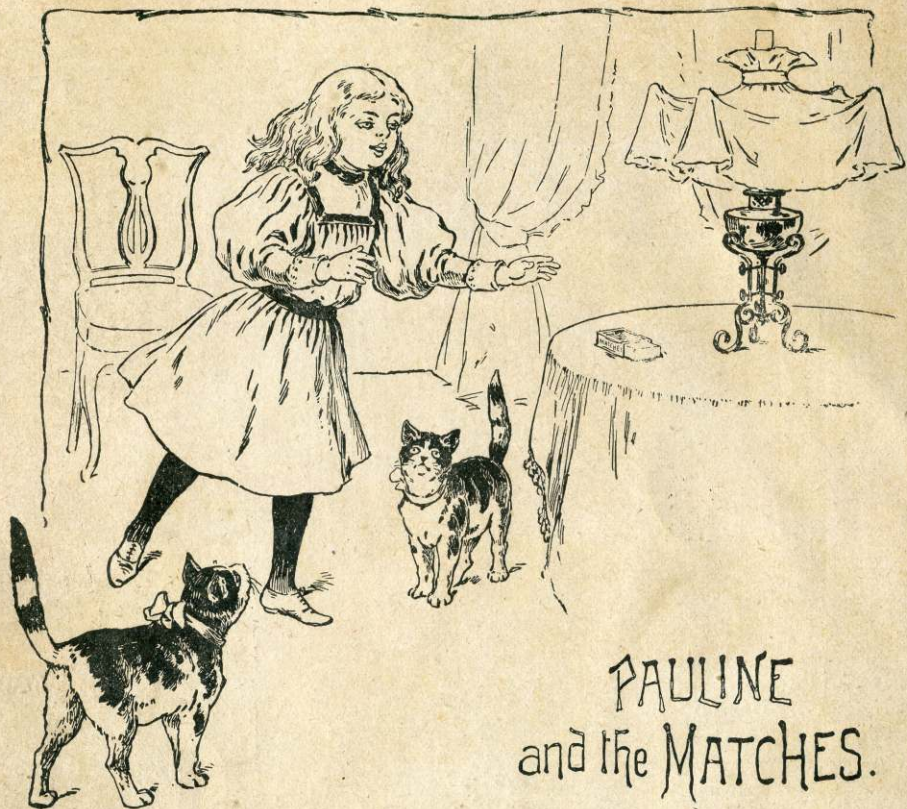
# DALLINE AND THE MATCHES AND ENNIOUS MINNIE



Red  
Riding  
Hood  
Series.

COPYRIGHT 1903 BY  
McLOUGHLIN BROS.  
NEW YORK.





PAULINE  
and the MATCHES.

**M**AMMA and Nurse went out one day,  
And left Pauline alone at play;  
Around the room she gaily sprung,  
Clapped her hands, and danced, and sung  
Now, on the table close at hand,  
A box of matches chanced to stand,  
And kind Mamma and Nurse had told her,  
That if she touched them they would scold her;



*PAULINE AND THE MATCHES.*

But Pauline said, "Oh, what a pity!  
For when they burn, it is so pretty!  
They crackle so, and spit, and flame,  
To see them's better than a game.  
I will just light a match or two,  
As oft I've seen my mother do."

\* \* \* \* \*

When Mintz and Mauntz, the cats, came by,  
They raised their paws and began to cry;  
"Me-ow!" they said, "me-ow, me-oh!  
You'll burn to death if you do so,  
Your parents have forbid,  
you know."

But Pauline would not  
take advice,  
She lit a match, it was  
so nice!

It crackled so, and  
burned so clear—  
Exactly like the picture  
here.

She jumped for joy  
and ran about,  
And was too pleased to  
put it out.











When Mintz and Mauntz, the cats, saw this,  
They said "Oh, naughty, naughty Miss!"  
And stretched their claws,  
And raised their paws;  
" 'Tis very, very wrong, you know;  
Me-ow, me-oh, me-ow, me-oh!

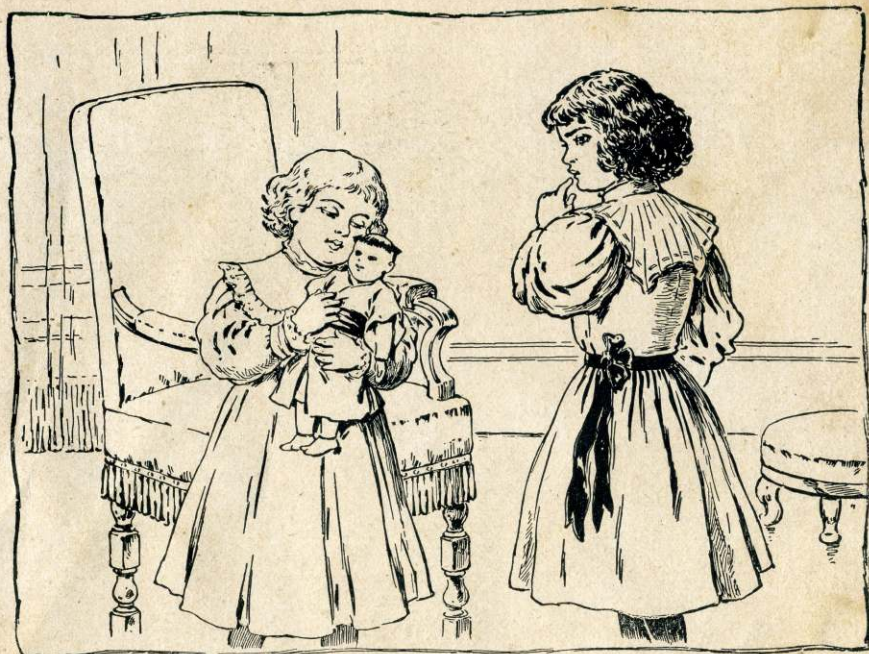


*PAULINE AND THE MATCHES.*

You will be burnt if you do so,  
Your mother has forbid you know.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Now see! oh! see, a dreadful thing!  
The fire has caught her apron-string!  
Her apron burns, her arms, her hair;  
She burns all over, everywhere.  
Then how the pussy-cats did mew.  
What else, poor pussies, could they do?  
They screamed for help, 'twas all in vain,  
So then they said, “We'll scream again;  
Make haste, make haste! me-ow, me-oh!  
She'll burn to death—we told her so.”  
So she was burnt with all her clothes  
And arms, and hands, and eyes, and nose;  
Till she had nothing more to lose,  
Except her little scarlet shoes;  
And nothing else but these were found,  
Among her ashes on the ground.  
And when the good cats sat beside  
The smoking ashes, how they cried!  
“Me-ow, me-oh, me-ow, me-oh!  
What will Mamma and Nursy do?”  
Their tears ran down their cheeks so fast,  
They made a little pond at last.



## ENVIIOUS MINNIE.

**M**INNIE had charming eyes of blue,  
A figure trim and slender, too,  
And gracefully her hair did curl,—  
She was, in truth, a pretty girl.

And yet, with all these beauties rare,  
These angel eyes, and curly hair,  
Oh, many, many faults had she,  
The worst of which was jealousy.









When on the shining  
Christmas tree  
Saint Nicholas hung  
his gifts so free,

The envious Minnie could not bear  
With any one these gifts to share.

And when her sisters' birthdays came,  
Minnie—it must be told with shame—  
Would envy every pretty thing  
Which dear Mamma to them would bring.



*ENVIOUS MINNIE.*

Sometimes great tears rolled from her eyes,  
Sometimes she filled the air with cries,  
For days together she would fret  
Because their toys she could not get.

Ah, then, how changed this pretty child,  
No longer gentle, sweet, and mild,  
That fairy form and winsome face  
Lost all their sprightliness and grace.

Her tender mother often sighed,  
And to reform her daughter tried,  
"Oh! Minnie, Minnie," she would say,  
"Quite yellow you will turn some day."

Now came the merry Christmas feast;  
Saint Nicholas brought to e'en the least  
Such pretty presents, rich, and rare,  
But all the best for Minnie were.

But Minnie was not satisfied,  
She pouted, fretted, sulked, and cried;  
Sisters and brothers had no rest—  
She vowed their presents were the best.

Now to her little sister, Bess,  
Saint Nicholas brought a yellow dress;  
This Minnie longed for, envious child,  
And snatched it from her sister mild.





Then all in tears did Bessy run  
To tell her mother what was done,  
While Minnie went triumphantly  
To try the dress on, as you see.

And springing quickly to the glass,  
What saw she there? alas! alas!  
Oh! what a sad, a deep disgrace!  
She found she had a yellow face.

“Ah me!” she cried now, in despair,  
“Where are my rosy cheeks—oh, where?”  
“Ho!” screamed the parrot, “now you see  
The punishment of jealousy!”





NO. 15