

# Mother Goose in Gridiron Rhyme

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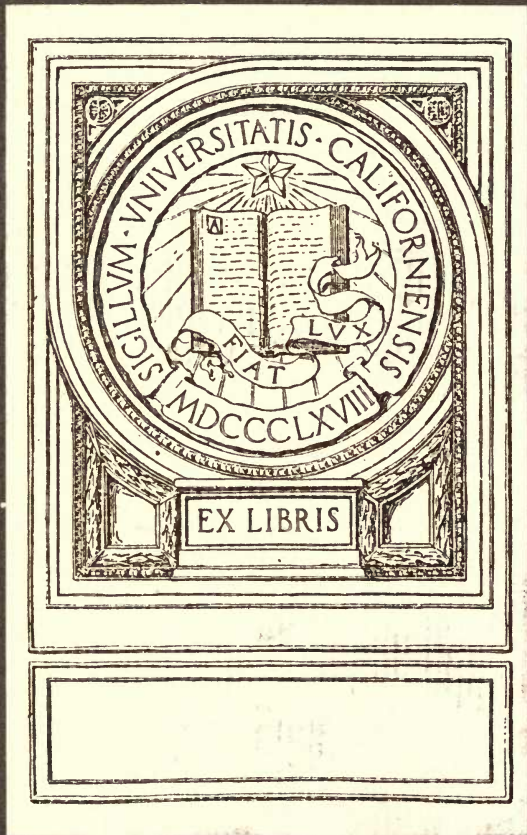
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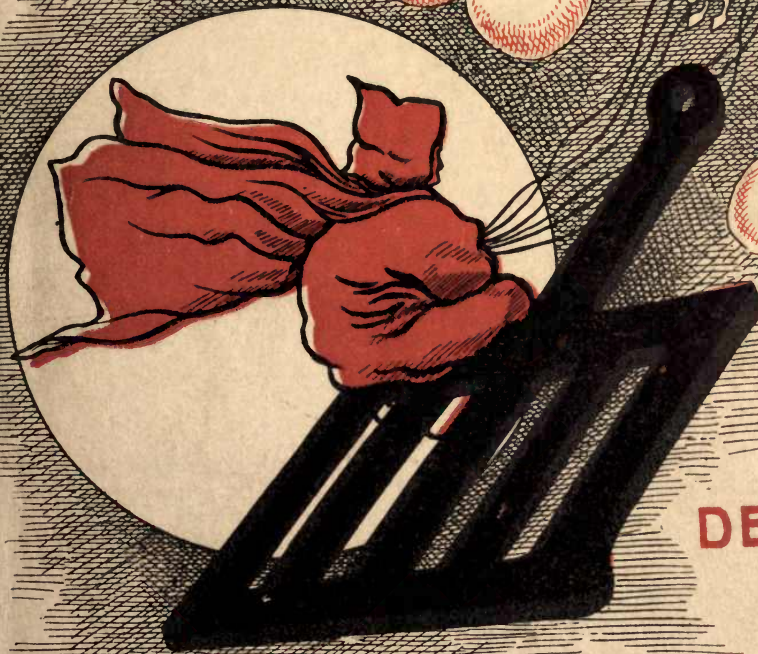


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**MOTHER  
GOOSE** IN

**GRIDIRON  
RHYME**



**DECEMBER  
1911**

# MOTHER GOOSE

IN

# GRIDIRON RHYME

A Collection of  
Alphabets, Rhymes, Tales and Jingles  
WITH 80 ILLUSTRATIONS



DECEMBER DINNER OF  
**The Gridiron Club**  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
DECEMBER 9, 1911

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W3 G815

1911

no yard  
August 1890



**The Gridiron Press**

W. F. ROBERTS COMPANY, MANAGER

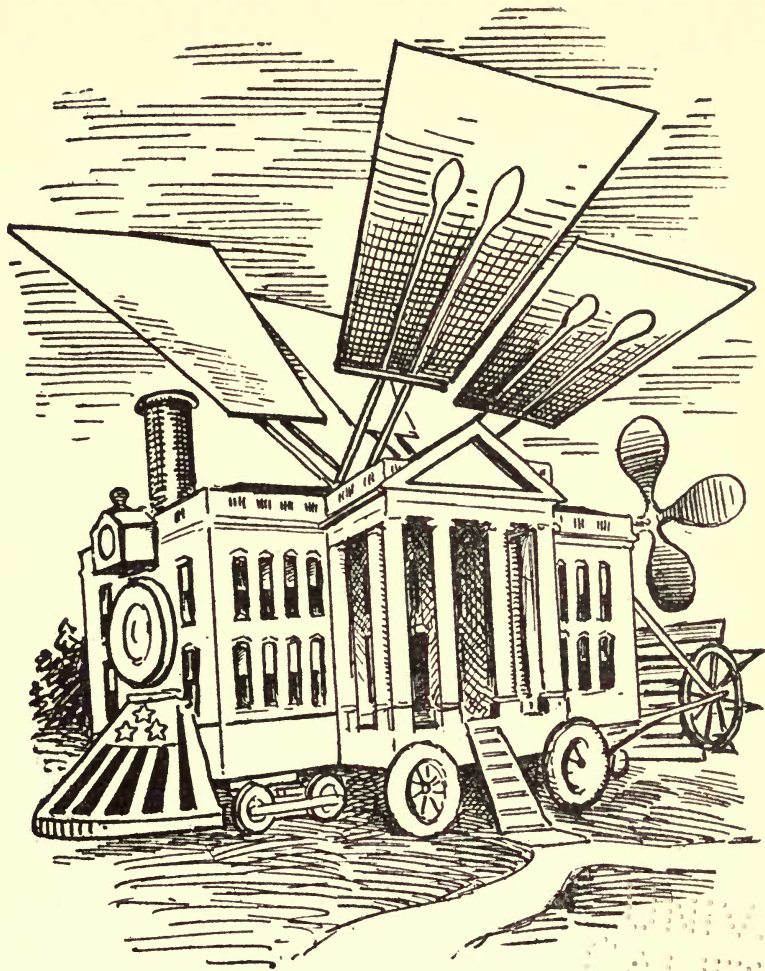




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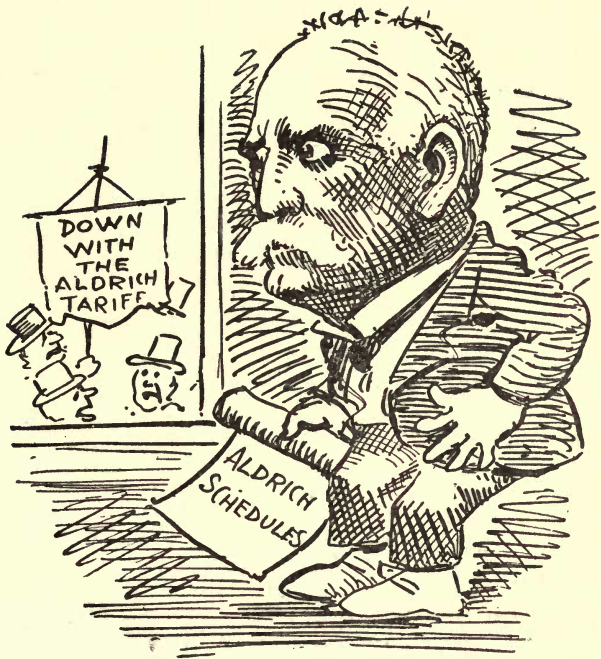
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This is the house that Jack  
(ought to have) Built.



Beat 'em up, beat 'em up, progressive  
man,  
So we will, Bobby, as fast as we can;  
We'll beat 'em and kick 'em and mark  
'em N. G.,  
Yours truly, T. R., Jimmie G. and Giff P.



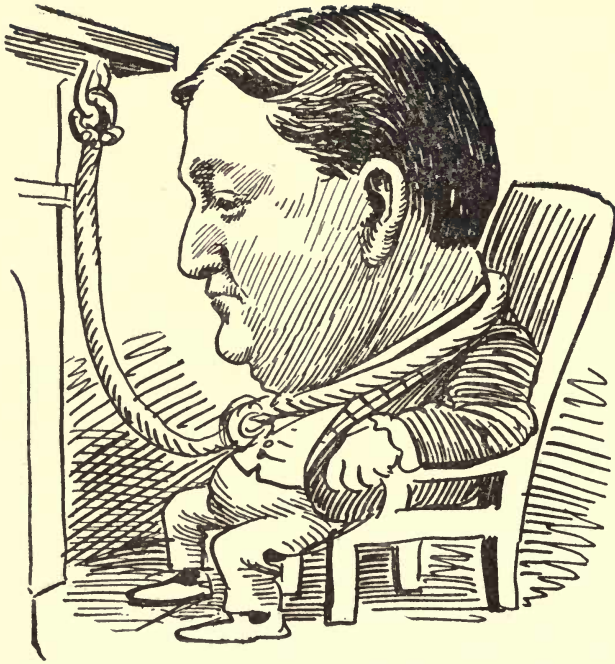
**A** Is for Aldrich, of fame and  
renown,  
Whose tariff bill still is the talk  
of the town.



**B** Is for Bourne, of third term  
repute,  
Now with the Taft boom en-  
gaged in dispute.



**C** Is for Cannon, or Clark, as you  
please,  
Czars before whom all fall on  
their knees.



**D** Is for Davis, of Ozark, b'gum,  
Who has just been "bridled"  
and now stays t' hum.

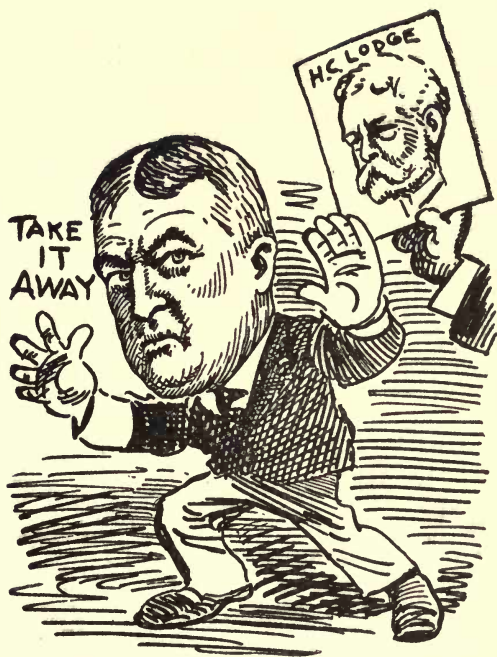


**E** Is for Ebenezer, with billiard ball  
head,  
If t'were not white t'would prob-  
ably be red.

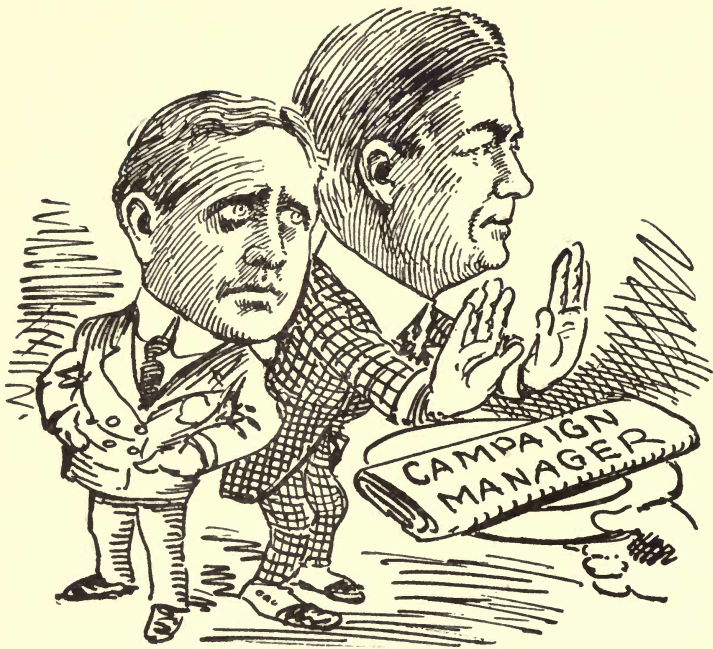




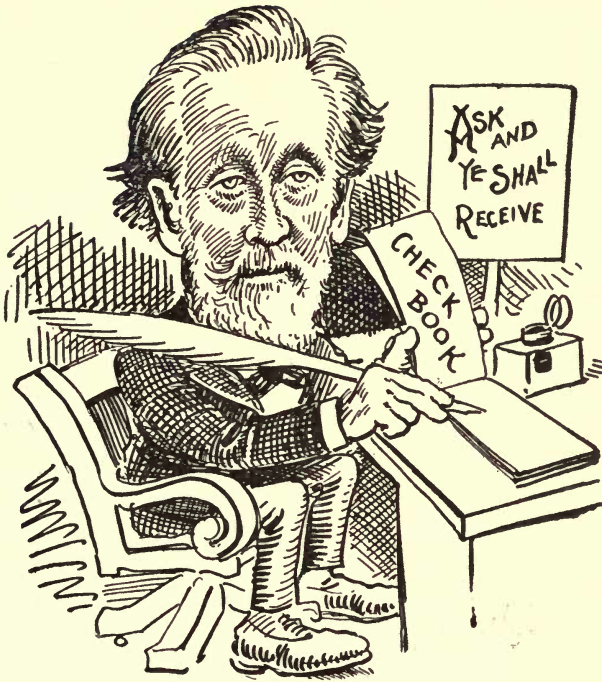
**F** Is for Fisher, President Taft's  
"hope;"  
Giff is now handing out only soft  
soap.



**G** Is for Gardner, his daddy's  
named Lodge;  
Mention it to Gus, and Gussie  
will dodge.



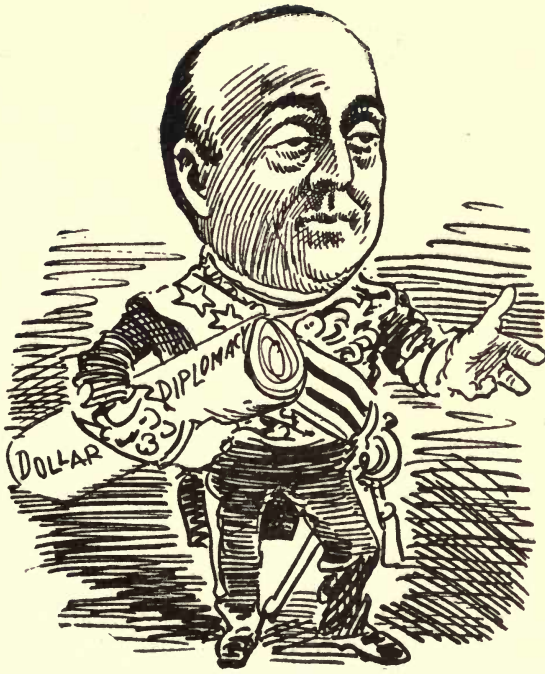
**H** Is for Hitchcock, or Hilles, both  
good  
To run a campaign, if either  
one would.



**I**s for Isaac, a Biblical name;  
“Ask and ye shall receive”—He knows  
that game.



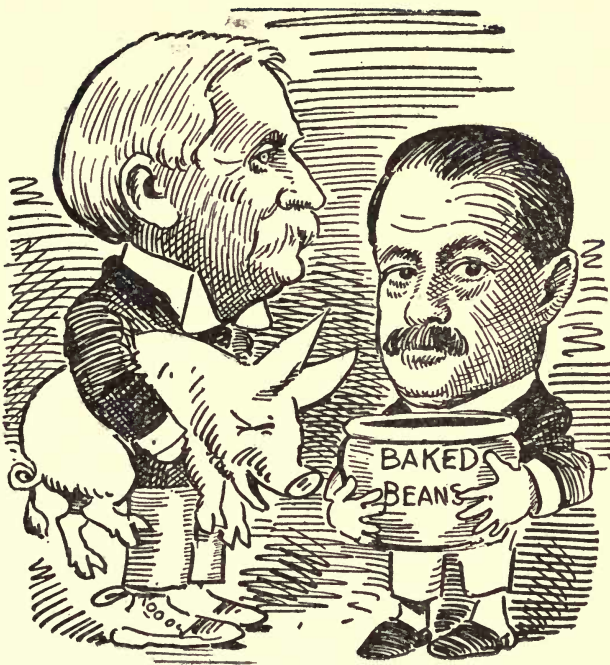
**J** Is for Jimmie—guess it, if you can;  
You will find he is somewhat of a  
Mann.



**K** Is for Knox, not knocking, you  
know,  
Whose dollar diplomacy is now  
all the go.



**L** Is for La Follette, a whirlwind  
for talk,  
Whose Presidential boom Taft  
hopes to balk.



**M** Is for MacVeagh or Meyer,  
men of means;  
One represents pork and the  
other baked beans.

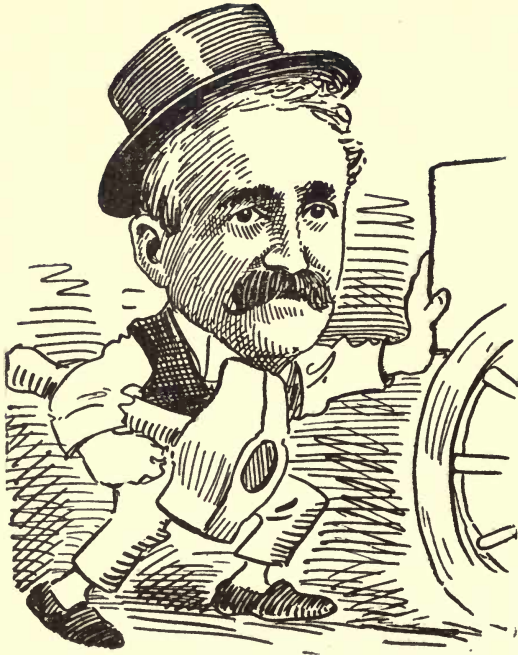




**N** Is for Nagel, from St. Louis  
town,  
A Cabineteer who aspires to a  
gown.



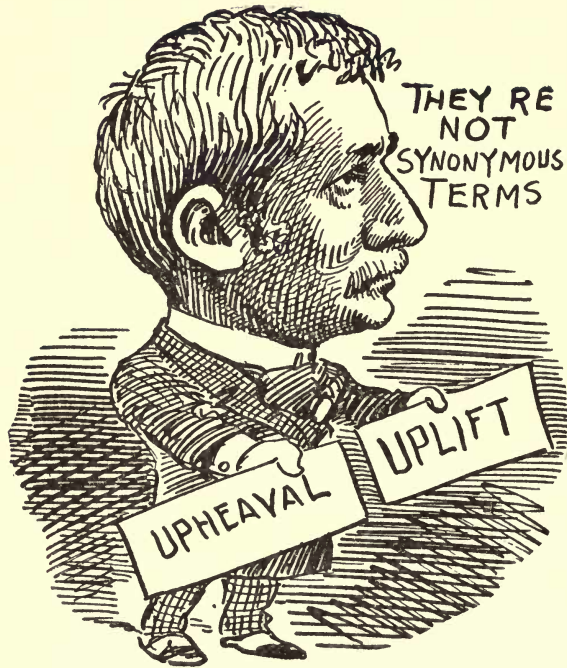
**O** Is for Owen, Sir Robert, the bold,  
Whose "Isms" made Bailey's  
extremities cold.



**P** Is for Pinchot, a chip off the block;  
He's equally good at the boost or  
the knock.



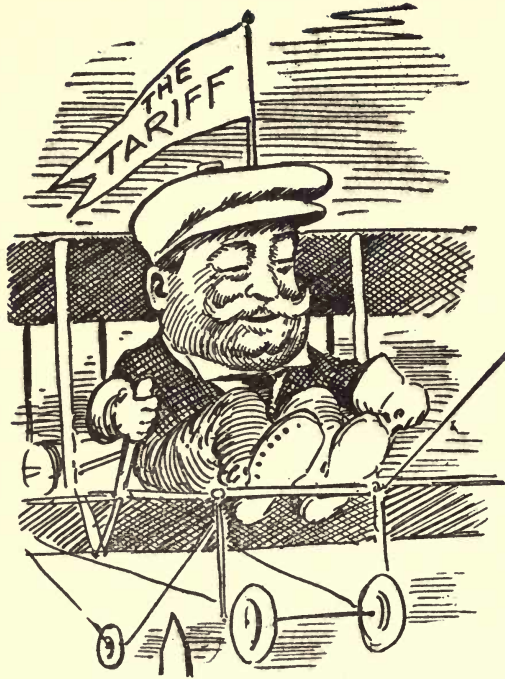
**Q** Is for Quillen, alias John Tilson.  
Pabst? Schlitz? Anheuser? We  
have it! Pilsen.



**R** Is for Root, not the root of all evil,  
To whom the term uplift does  
not mean upheaval.



**S** Is for Sherman, or Stimson. Help!  
Help!  
Which one will Taft take unto  
himself?



**T** Is for Taft, or Tariff so high  
"Which must be revised" (in  
the sweet bye and bye).

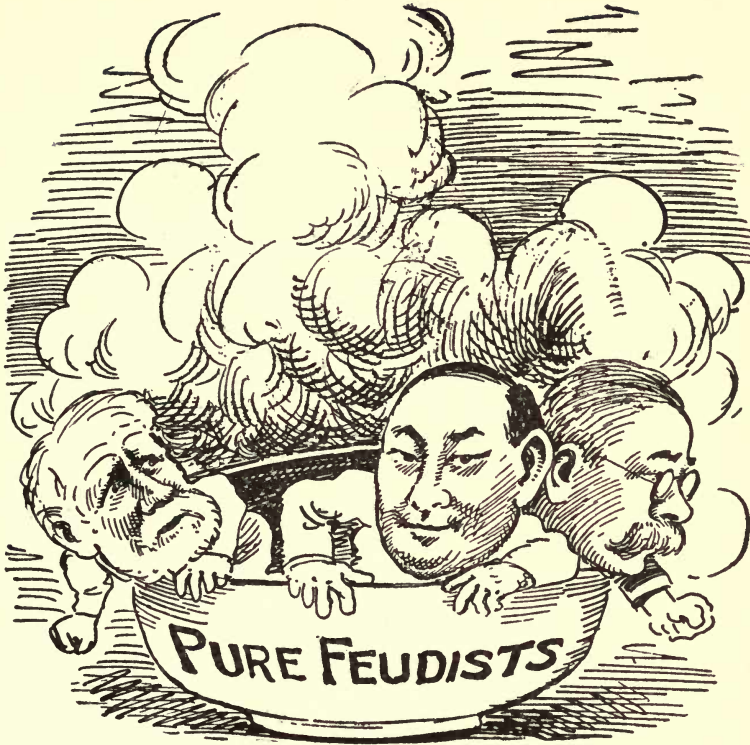


**U** Is for Underwood, of stately  
mien. Oh!  
His tariff speeches give a pain  
to Sereno.





**V** Is for Vreeland. Standpatter?  
You bet!  
On tariff and bobtails he's  
standing still yet.



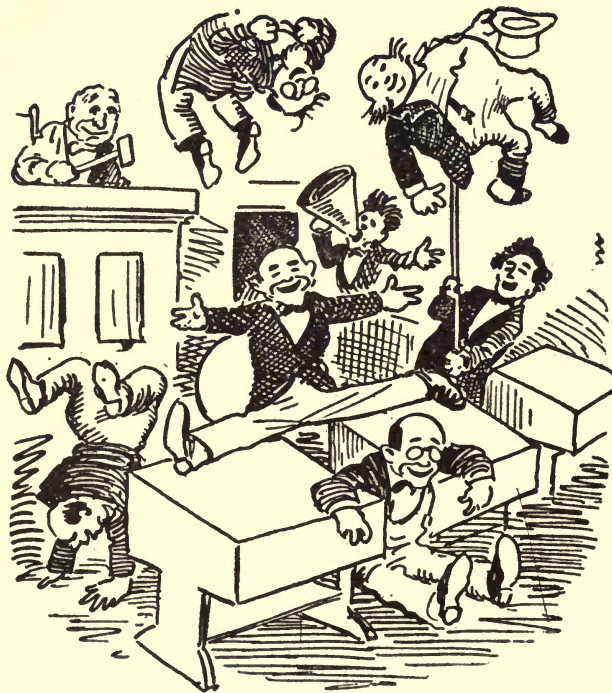
**W** Is for Wickersham, Wiley and  
Wilson,  
An adulteration Taft can't  
keep still, son.



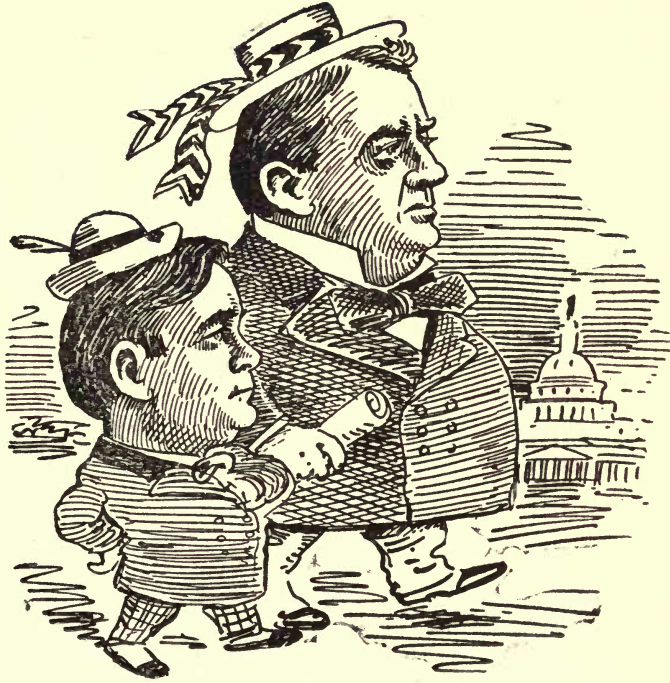
**“X”** Is for those who from public life sever;  
They come and go, We go on forever.



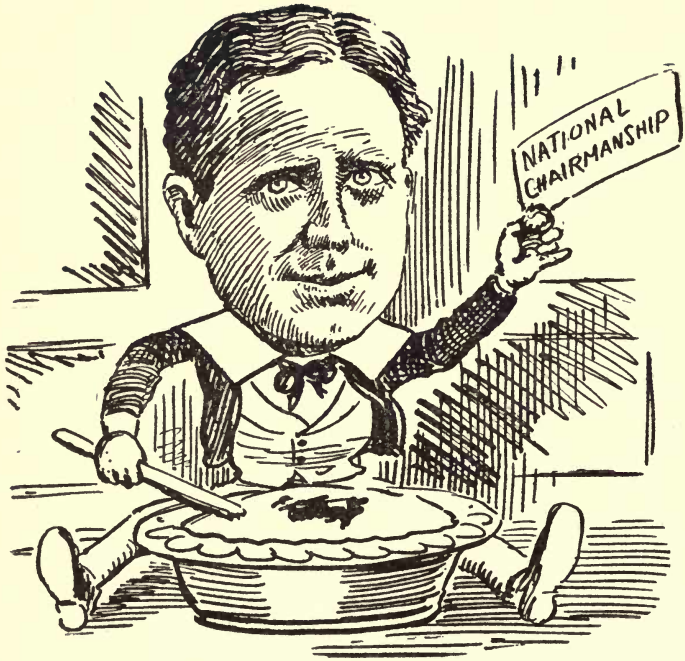
**Y** Is for “Yes,” the blushing maid’s  
answer;  
Candidates always say “Yes” if  
they can, sir.



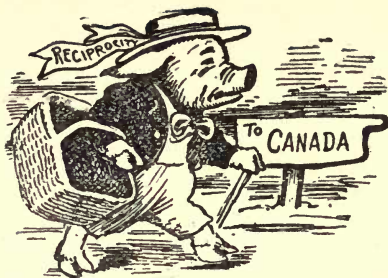
**Z** is for Zoo, a part of the show;  
The big show now here is Con-  
gress, you know.



As Bill Heyburn and Bill Borah  
Were walking out one Sunday,  
Says Bill Heyburn to Bill Borah,  
"Tomorrow will be Monday."

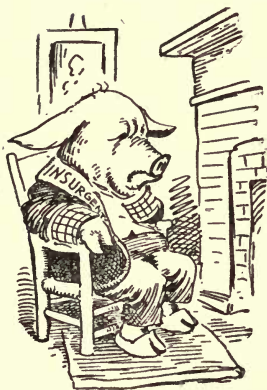


Little Charlie Hilles, first aide to Will, is  
Eating some White House pie;  
If he puts in his thumb and pulls out this  
plum,  
There is nobody here who will cry.



1. This little pig went to market.

2. This little pig stayed at home.



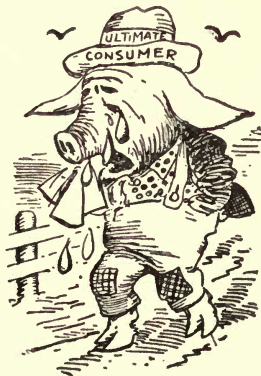
3. This little pig had roast beef.



4. This little pig got none.



5. This little pig cried wee, wee, all the way home.







“Robert, come give me your fiddle,  
If ever you mean to thrive.”

“Nay, I’ll not give my fiddle  
To any man alive.

“If I should give my fiddle,  
They’ll think that I’ve gone mad,  
For many a joyful day  
My fiddle and I have had.”



There was a busy man who lived on a  
hill,  
He lives there yet, but not always still.  
On Tennessee Iron he says he was "wise,"  
And he's the ONE man who never  
tells lies.



Billy Lorimer picked a peck  
Of Hines' splinters;  
A peck of Hines' splinters  
Billy Lorimer picked.  
If Billy Lorimer picked a peck  
Of Hines' splinters,  
Where's the peck of Hines' splinters  
Uncle Isaac picked?



## OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

(Or the Horrible Tale of Mrs. Ultimately Consumed)

Old Mother Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard

To get her poor children a bone;  
But when she came there

The cupboard was bare,

It was plain the shelves held none.



She went to the baker's  
To buy them some bread,  
But wheat had gone up,  
Reciprocity was dead.

She went to the joiner's  
A coffin to buy,  
But she found that cremation  
Was not half so high.



She took a clean dish  
To buy them some trout,  
But the price was so "fishy"  
She came away without.

She went to the ale-house  
To buy them some beer,  
But the cost of the drink  
Took away all the cheer.



She went to the tavern  
For white wine and red,  
But when she had priced it,  
She took water, instead.

She went to the hatter's  
To buy them a hat,  
But the things that were swell  
Made her pocket-book flat.



She went to the barber's  
With wigs to display,  
She found nothing there  
But a high price "toupee."

She went to the fruiterer's  
To buy them some fruit,  
But the figures had taken  
The aerial route.





She went to the tailor's  
To buy them a coat,  
The tailor convinced her  
That she was the "goat."

She went to the cobbler's  
To buy them some shoes,  
It was plain she must give  
To the tariff its dues.

She went to the sempstress  
To buy them some linen,  
The cost plainly showed her  
She was in for a skinnin'.

She went to the hosier's  
To buy them some hose,  
He took what was left,  
Increasing her woes.

The Dame made a curtsy,  
The Trusts made a bow;  
The Dame said, "Your servant."  
The Trusts said "Kow-tow."



Then Old Mother Hubbard  
Went back to the cupboard  
Where she had sought for a bone;  
And she said, "I declare,  
It will have to stay bare,"  
So the poor little children got none.



Little Simon met a Sly Man  
Going to Alaska;  
Says Little Simon to the Sly Man,  
“What is there, I ask you?”

Says the Sly Man to Little Simon,  
“There’s copper there in plenty.”  
Says Little Simon to the Sly Man,  
“Of coppers I have many.”

Little Simon had six brothers  
Who saw what there was in it;  
They sent the Sly Man to Alaska—  
Little Simon to the Senate.



Little G. P.  
Went to sea,  
In an open boat;  
The little boat  
bended—  
My story’s ended.



There was a fat man from St. Lou-ay,  
Sat trust-busting one sunshiny day;  
For the press he had naught,  
Though steel was his thought,  
Which vex'd the fat man from St. Lou-ay.



A dillar, a dollar,  
A 12 o'clock  
scholar,  
We like the  
Senate's gall;  
It's coming now at  
2 o'clock—  
Why does it come  
at all?



Jimmie Lloyd, a Con-  
gressman,  
Came back to Wash-  
ington  
On Democratic victory  
feeling vain;  
He stepped in a pat-  
ronage muddle,  
Like a Missouri toll-  
road puddle,  
And he swears he'll  
ne'er do that again.

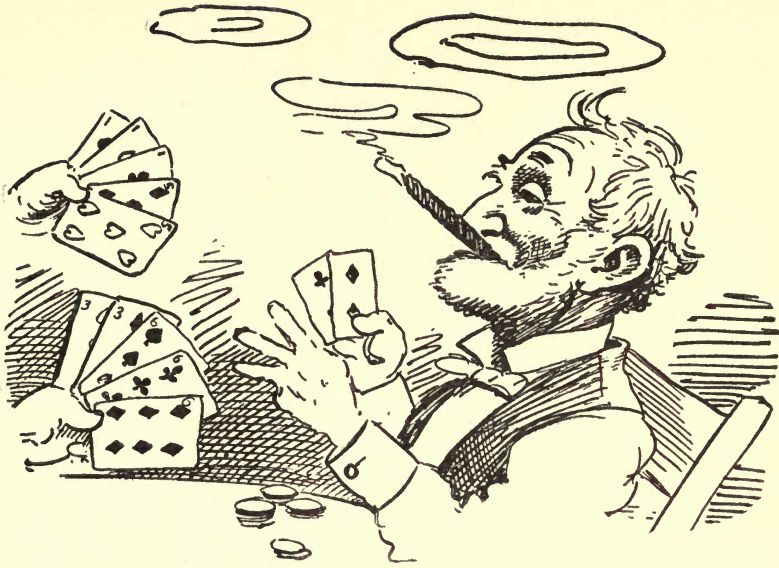


Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any pull?  
The Tariff Board is after the rates on Wool:  
Yes, we have stand-patters and the A. P. T. L.,  
While presidential vetoes are doing very well.





Cabot and Murray each separately delve  
On their own little jobs 'till the clock  
strikes 12;  
Then up starts Cabot and looks far away,  
"Oh, brother Murray, we are both from  
Back Bay!"  
"Yes," says Murray, choking, by stealth,  
"Until Adjournment—then each for him-  
self."



Old King Joe was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was he;  
He called for his smoke,  
And his highball, too,  
And he called for his cronies three.  
And every crony had a very good hand,  
And a very fine hand had he;  
“Tweedle dee, tweedle dee,” said Old  
King Joe,  
“Oh, there’s none so rare as can compare  
With a stand-pat hand. Give me three.”

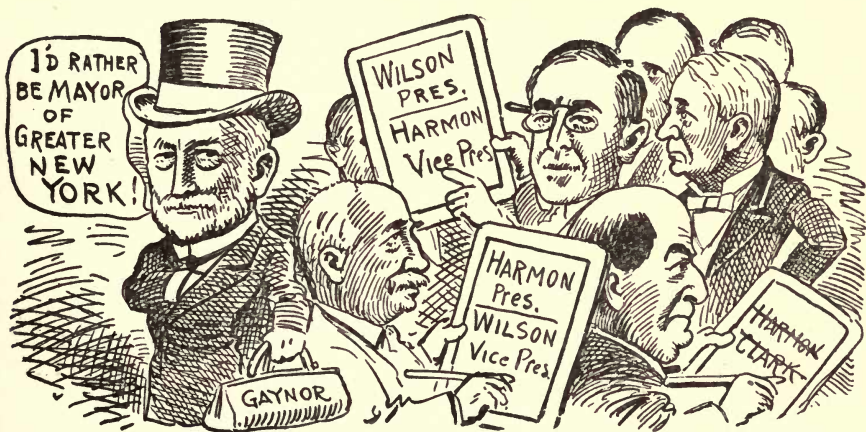


There was a man from New York Town,  
And he was wondrous wise;  
He raked in sheckles by the pound  
From trusts, and closed his eyes.

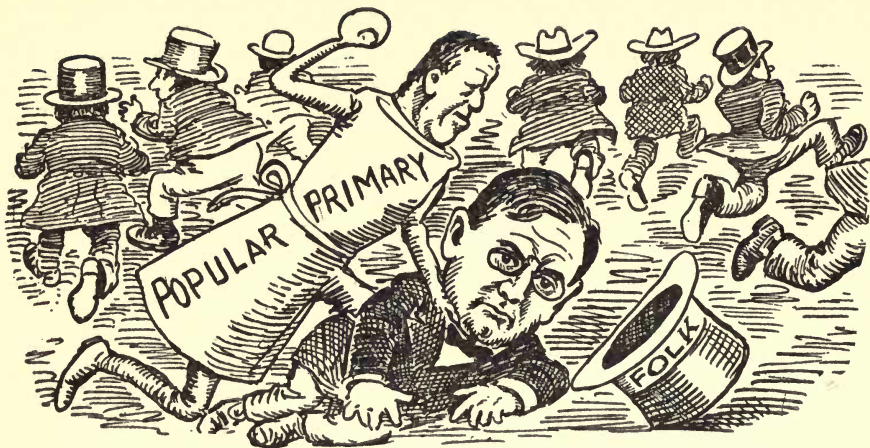
But he came down to Washington  
And with all his might and main,  
He jumped into so many trusts,  
He gave them all a pain.



Ten little candidates in presidential line—  
One got bashful, and then there were nine.



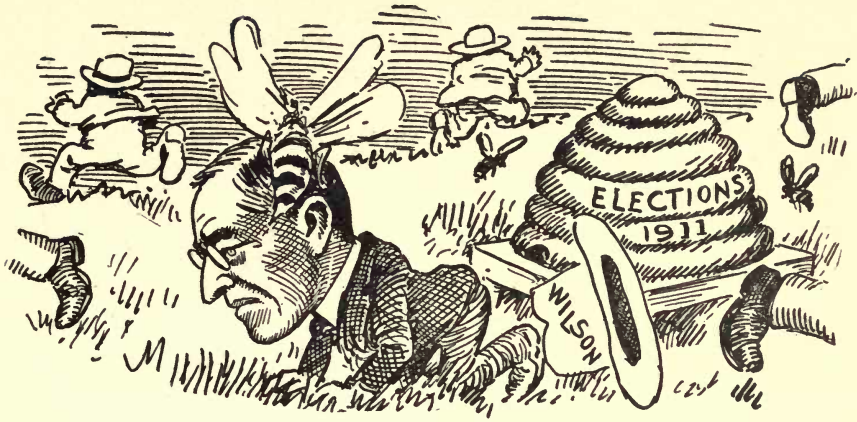
Nine little candidates tried to frame a slate—  
One backed out, and then there were eight.



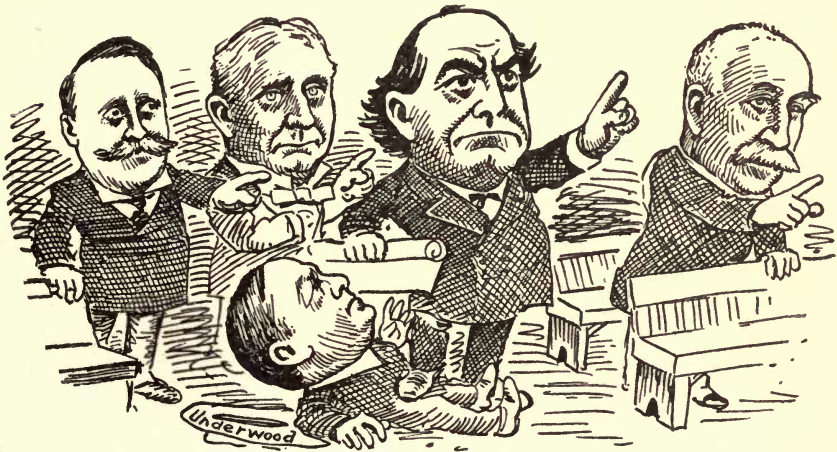
Eight little candidates for political heaven—  
One hit a primary, and then there were seven.



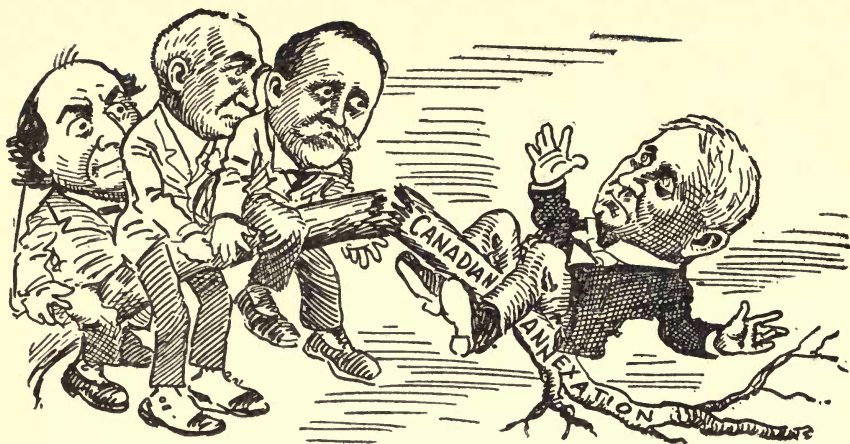
Seven little candidates went to fixing sticks—  
One got hurt, and then there were six.



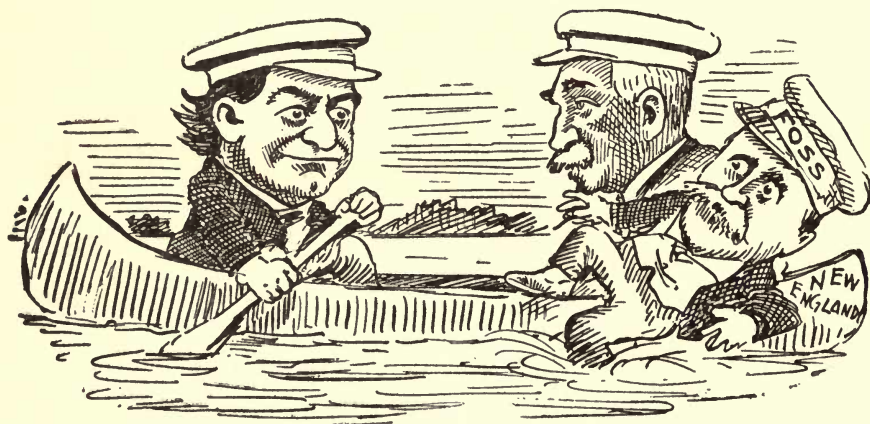
Six little candidates monkeyed with a hive—  
One got stung, and then there were five.



Five little candidates tried to take the floor—  
One got stepped on, and then there were four.



Four little candidates tried to climb a tree—  
One fell out, and then there were three.



Three little candidates out in a canoe—  
One fell overboard, and then there were two.



Two little candidates fooling with a gun—  
One got shot, and then there was one.



One little candidate standing all alone—  
He got left, and the dark horse won.





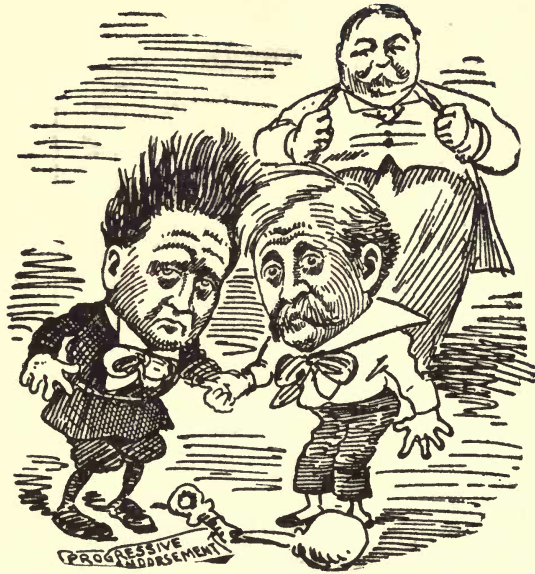
Jim and Henry went up the hill  
To fetch a pail of votes, sir;  
Jim fell down and broke his crown,  
And Henry was in the same boat,  
sir.

Up both got and home did trot,  
With sundry funny capers;  
Bill Barnes had the job to plaster their  
knobs,  
And keep it out of the papers.

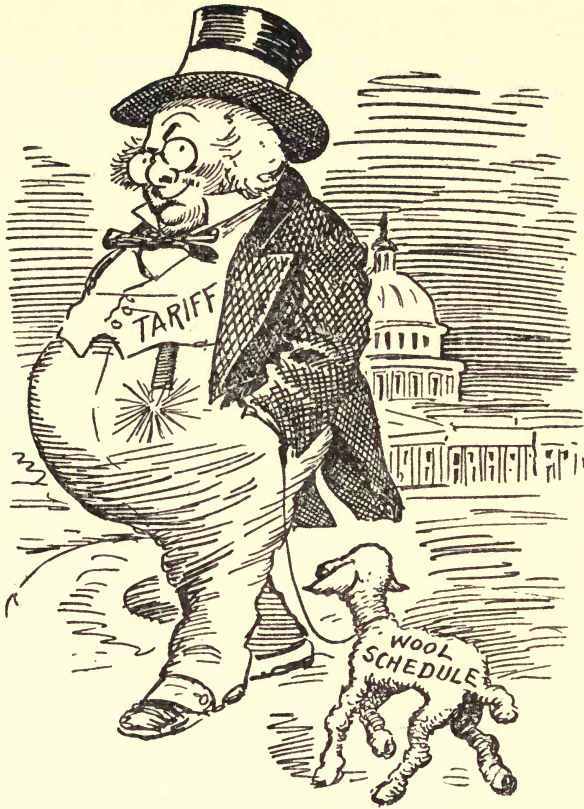


Frankie Hitchcock went to sea,  
Heeding not my tearful plea;  
He'll come back and marry me,  
    Pretty Frankie Hitchcock.

Frankie Hitchcock 's lean and fair,  
Combing down his yellow hair;  
Now he 's gone up in the air;  
    Pretty Frankie Hitchcock.



Albert C. and Robert L.  
Resolved to have a battle,  
For Albert C. said Robert L.  
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.  
Just then came by a monstrous man,  
As big as a tar-barrel,  
Which frightened both the heroes so,  
They quite forgot their quarrel.



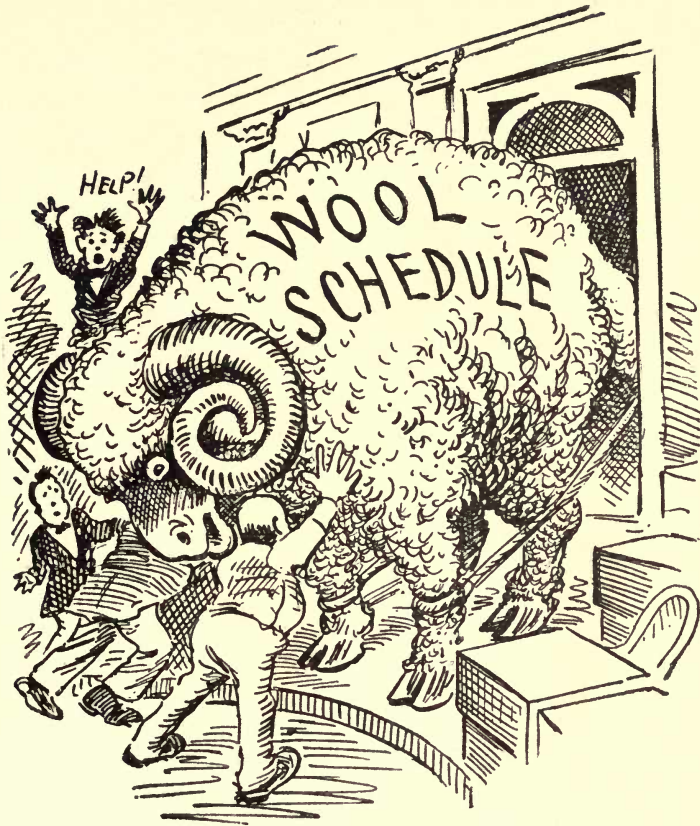
## THE TARIFF'S LITTLE LAMB.

(A Melodrama in Eight Stanzas.)

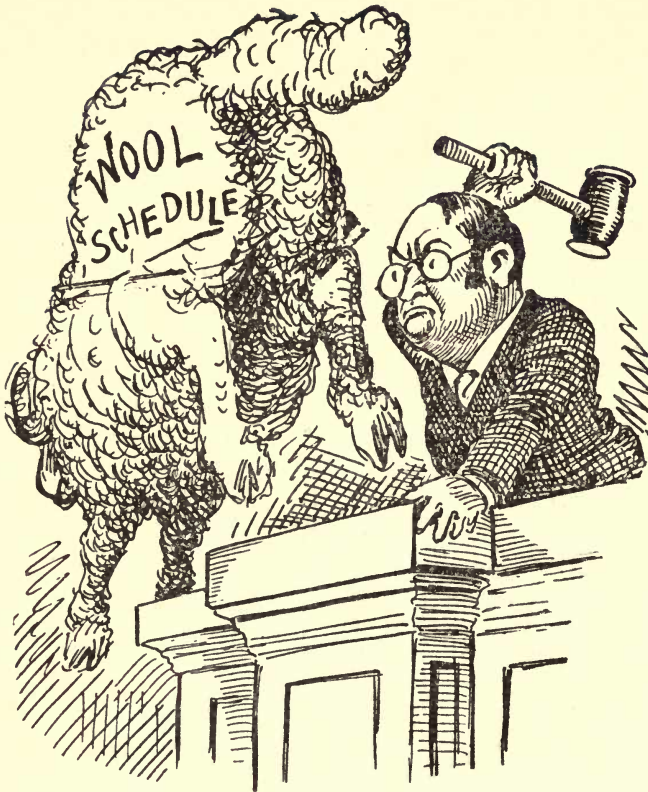
The tariff had a little lamb,  
Its fleece was snowy white,  
It followed him around all day,  
And slept by him at night.



Once this little lamb was small,  
But now it is not so,  
For the tariff fed his little pet  
Until it had to grow.



To Congress it was brought one day;  
They tried to put it out,  
But they found the lamb was now a  
ram,  
Which had grown very stout.



The President was a little man ;  
His face was bright, but red ;  
And he had little hair upon  
His bald and shiny head .



And when he could not catch the lamb,  
He called upon the "regulars,"  
While "insurgents" chased it 'round the  
room,  
And made a dreadful noise.

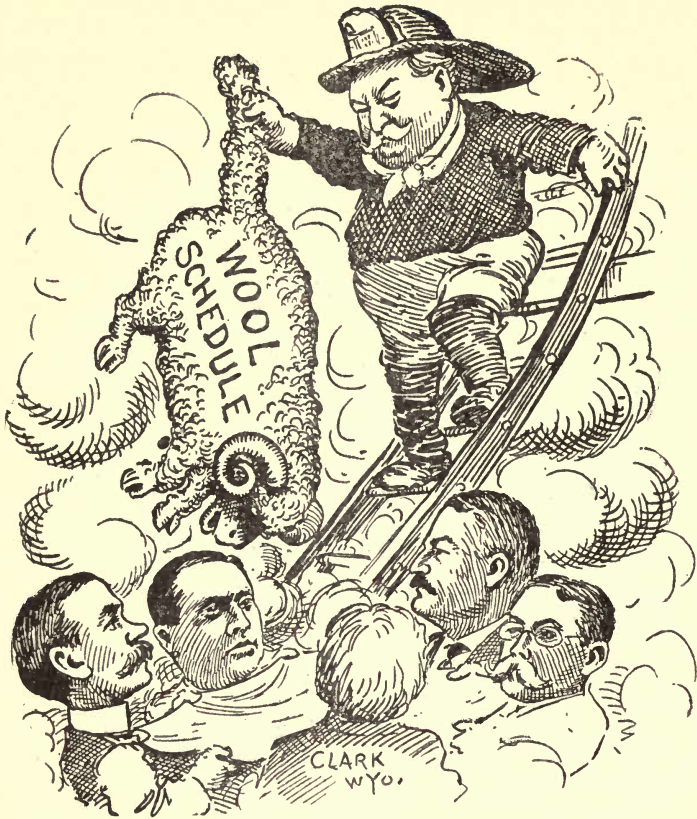




And still it ran about the room,  
And did not seem to tire,  
Until the Democrats jumped in,  
And set the place on fire.



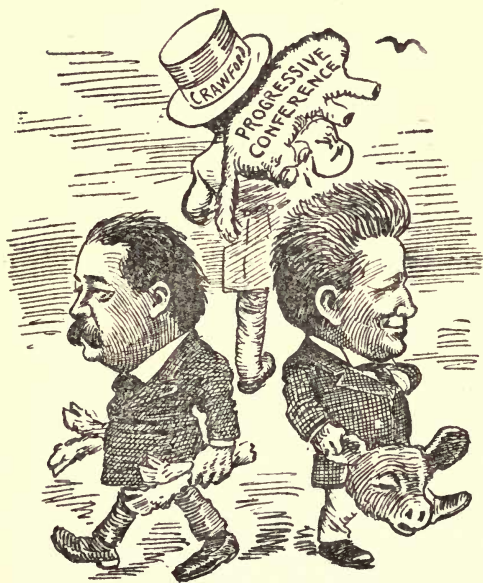
The bells then rang, the firemen came,  
But could not quench the fire;  
The poor lamb fled and hastened to  
The White House to expire.



When the tariff missed his little lamb,  
He raised a dreadful wail;  
Just then Mister Taft pulled it out,  
And saved it by the tail.

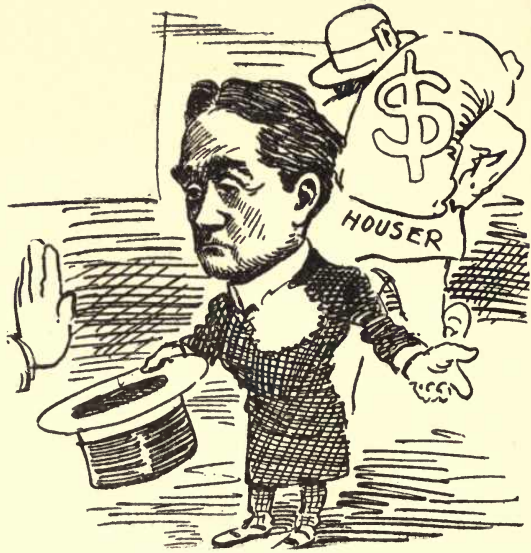


Ride a cock-horse to  
Manassas, of course,  
To see the great major  
when not on a horse;  
With braid on his shoul-  
ders and mud on his  
toes—  
These were only a few  
of his woes.

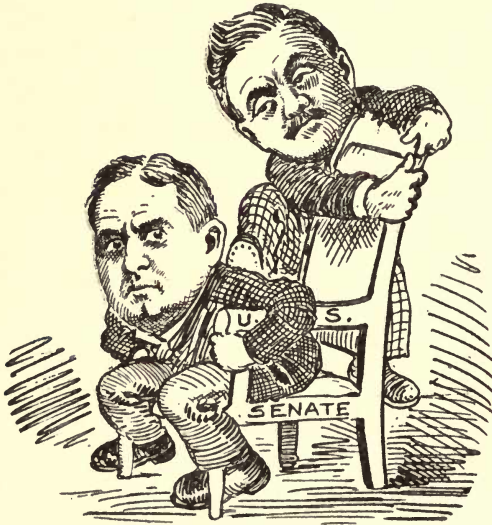


Moses Clapp  
killed a calf,  
Coe I. Crawford  
got the half;  
Bob LaFollette  
got the head—  
Ring the bell, the  
calf is dead!

Jack Bourne  
passed the hat,  
And found the  
income lean;  
Walt Houser  
had been be-  
fore, you see,  
And licked the  
platter clean.



We'll sing you a chorus,  
About George W.  
Norris,  
And now my  
story's begun.  
We'll sing you  
another  
About Norris  
Brown (not his  
Brother),  
And now my  
story's done.

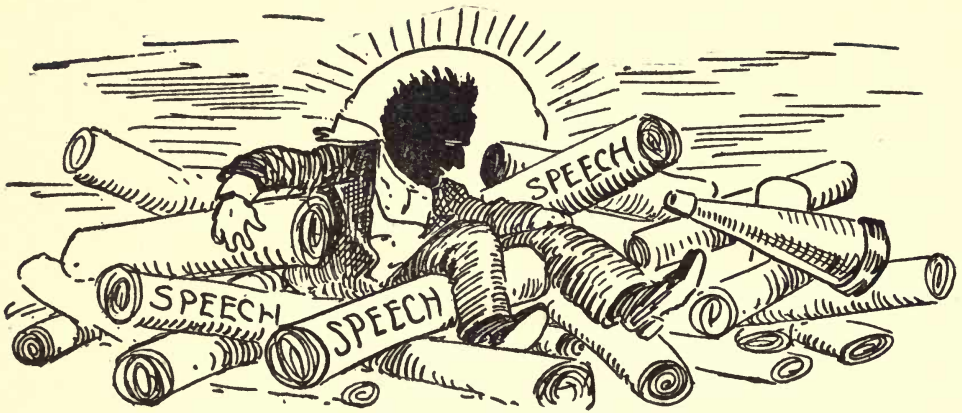




Walter be  
nimble,  
Walter be  
quick,  
And settle  
Alaska  
With a big  
stick.



Bye, Billy, bunting,  
Daddy's gone a-hunt-  
ing,  
To get a little thicker  
skin,  
To wrap his Billy  
bunting in.



## TO CONGRESS

Men of words and not of deeds  
Are not just what this Congress needs;  
Although 't has been a most popular place  
To talk one's self black in the face.

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The End.



