

FOXY GRANDPA

FLIP- FLAPS

ILLUSTRATED
BY

BUNNY



M·A·DONOHUE & C.
• CHICAGO •

FOXY GRANDPA IS PRESENTED.

I was present at the time when "Foxy Grandpa" and the two attendant boys were born of Mr. Schultze's fertile brain and I am, therefore, pleased because it is my privilege to make this little speech of presentation. The three were created in a restaurant while Mr. Schultze and myself were eating luncheon. Mr. Schultze said:

"What do you think of a series of comic drawings dealing with a grandfather and his two grandsons?"

We had talked about all the popular series of comic pictures which had been published in the newspapers and comic periodicals and had tried to analyze them so as to devise a new series which would also succeed.

"The grandfather should be the clever one of the trio," he said. "In most of the other cases the young folk have been smarter than the older people upon whom they played jokes. Let's reverse it."

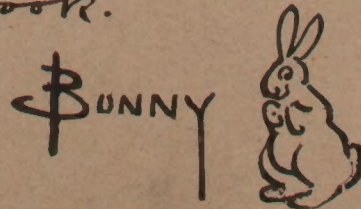
The following morning he came to my office with sketches for half a dozen series, and with the name "Foxy Grandpa" in his head.

The success of the series was instantaneous. So well known did "Foxy Grandpa" become in a few weeks that letters addressed to "Bunny" (the name by which Mr. Schultze signed his drawings) came to the *Herald* office by the score. One letter reached him, although its address consisted merely of a copy of one of the little rabbits which he so cleverly added to his signature, and which have become his trade-marks. The clerks in the New York Post Office at once recognized the little rabbit and forwarded the letter to Mr. Schultze at the *Herald* office.

So-called comic pictures are too often dependent on vulgarity for their fun. Too often the pain, physical or mental, of some of the characters involved is the laugh-provoking motive. But lovable, laughable "Foxy Grandpa" has none of these unpleasant characteristics. He is a clean, fine old fellow, as jolly as he can be, and the very kind of an old gentleman that grown people as well as children must not only smile at, but admire. Mr. Schultze's conception might almost be called the Mr. Pickwick of comic pictures.

EDWARD MARSHALL.

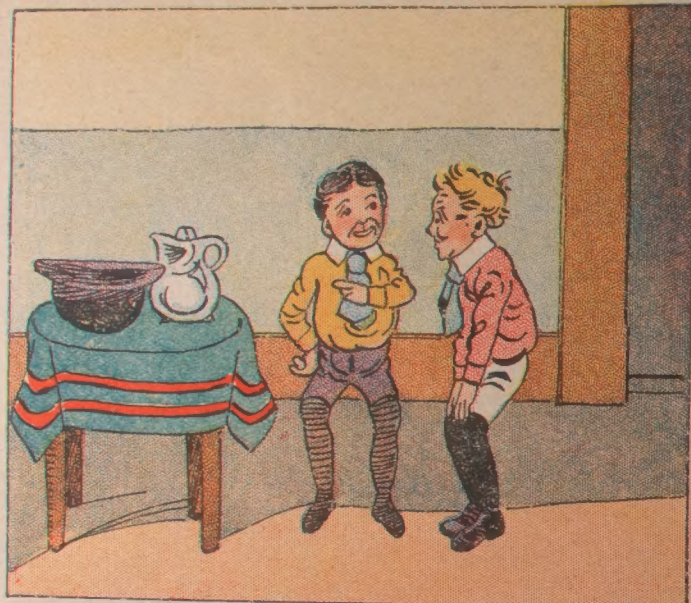
*To grandfathers who are and to those who are to be,
I merrily dedicate this book.*



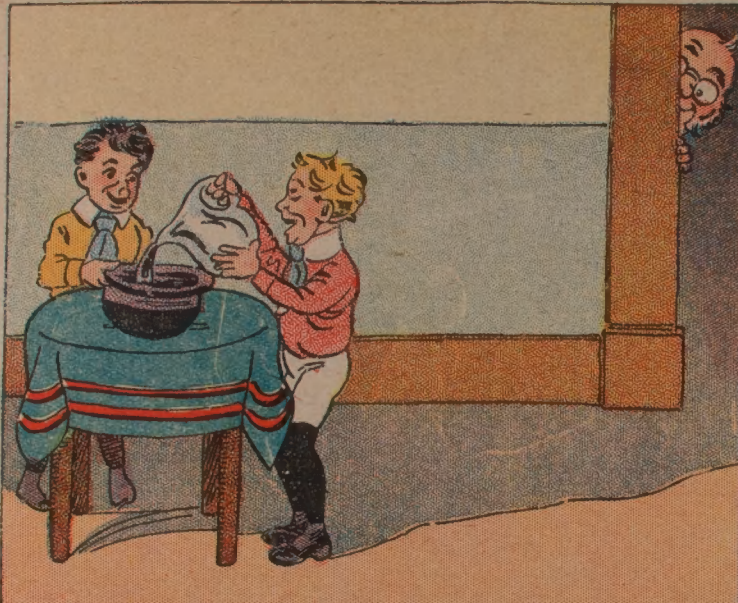
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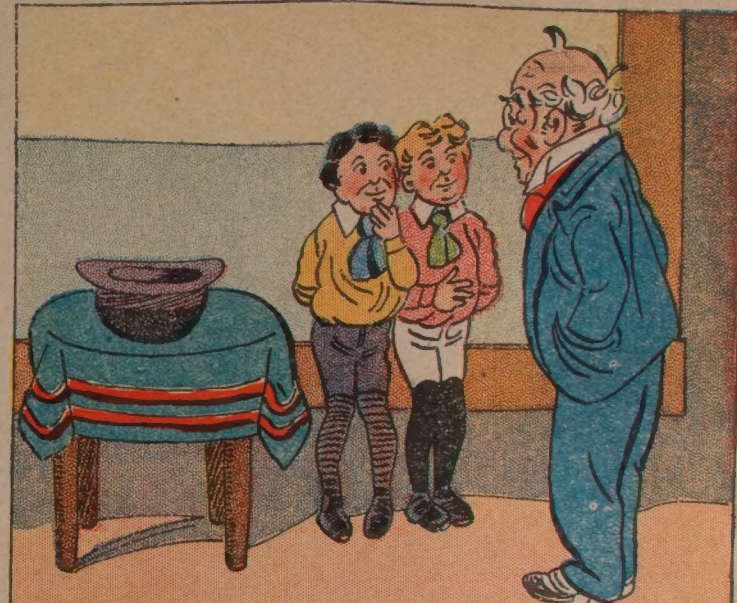
Foxy Grandpa and the Waterfall.



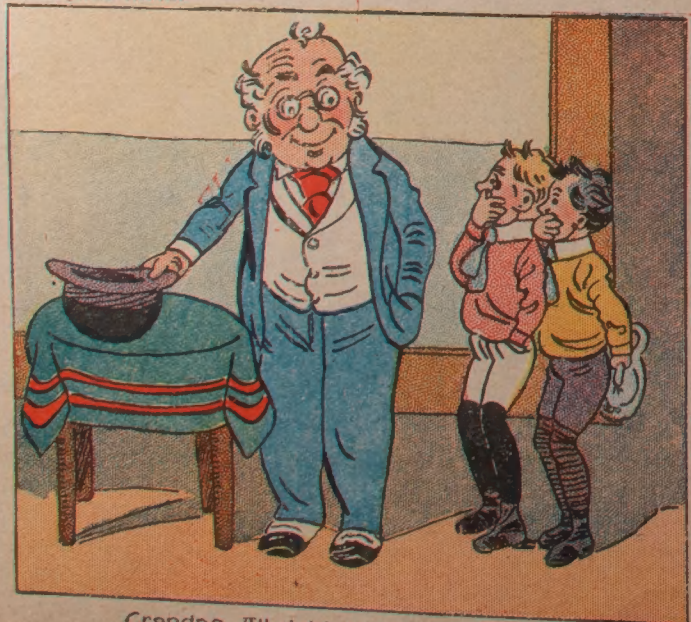
Boys—Ah! here's Cran'pa's hat. Let's get even with him this time.



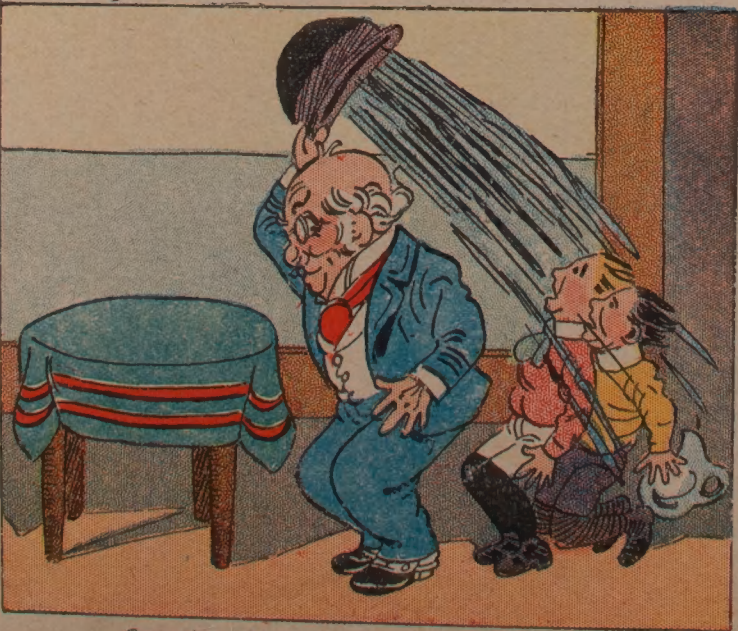
Boys—We'll pour in some ice water and give him a cooling down.



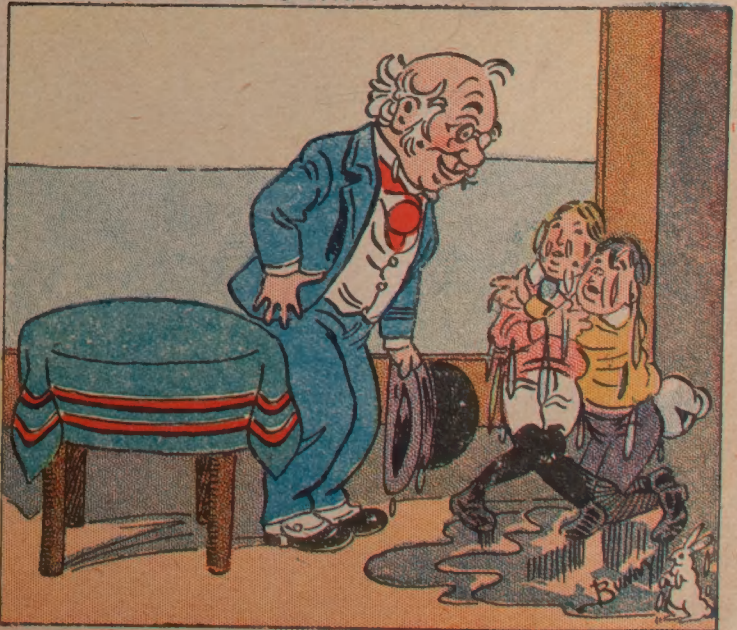
Boys—Good morning, Gran'pa. Put on your hat and we'll show you a waterfall.



Grandpa—All right, boys; right away.

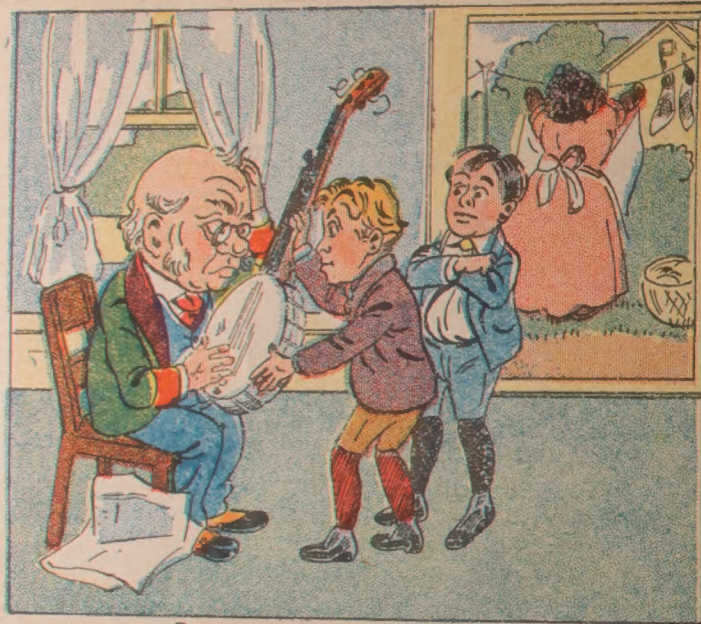


Grandpa—Now for the waterfall, boys.

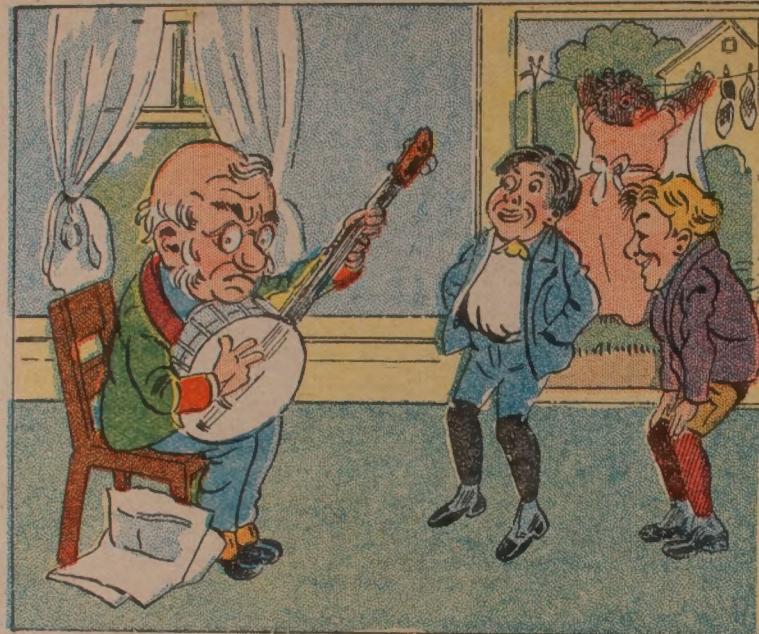


That will teach you boys not to try any rude tricks on your dear old Grandpa.

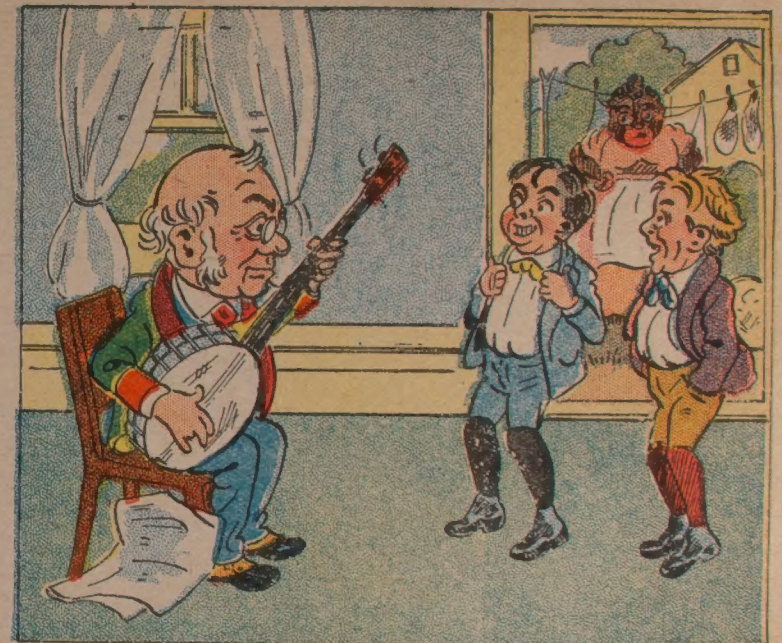
Foxy Grandpa—He has a go at the banjo.



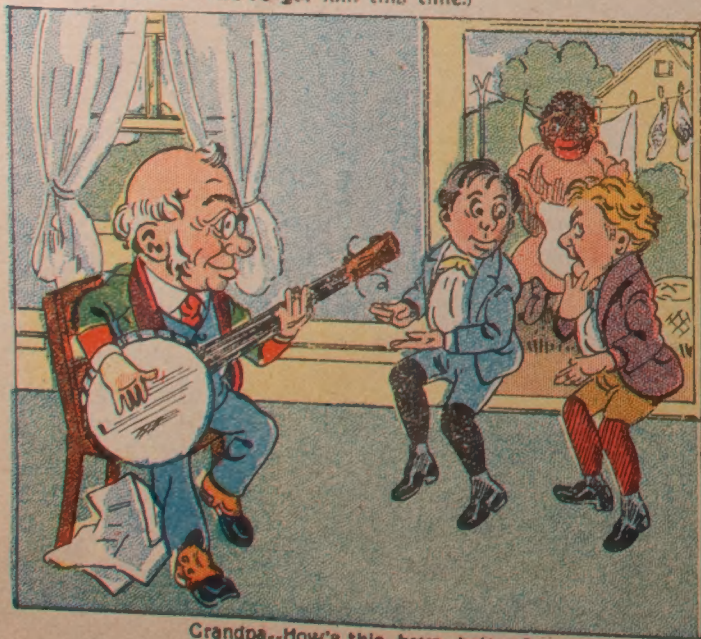
Boys--Oh! Gran'pa, will you play us a tune? (We've got him this time.)



Boys--Ha! Ha! Oh! we knew you couldn't play.



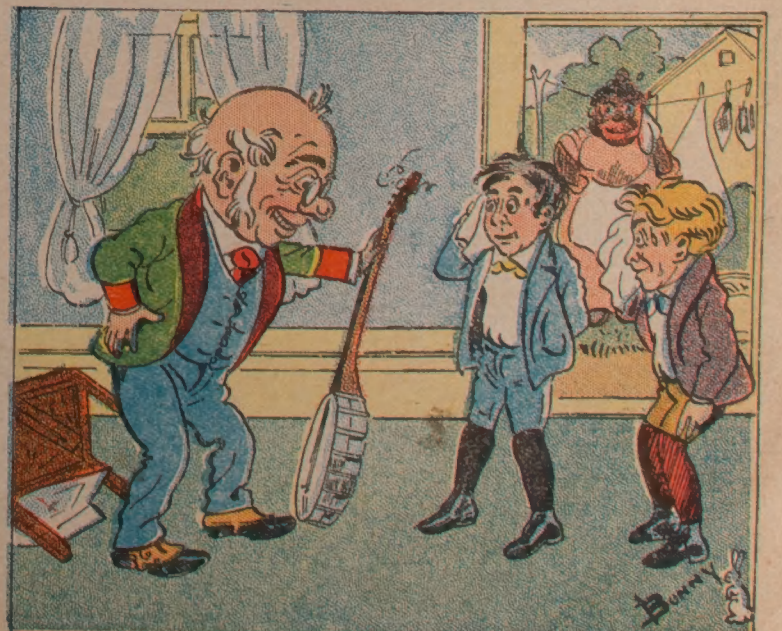
Boys--So that's what you call playing, gran'pa?



Grandpa--How's this, boys--better?

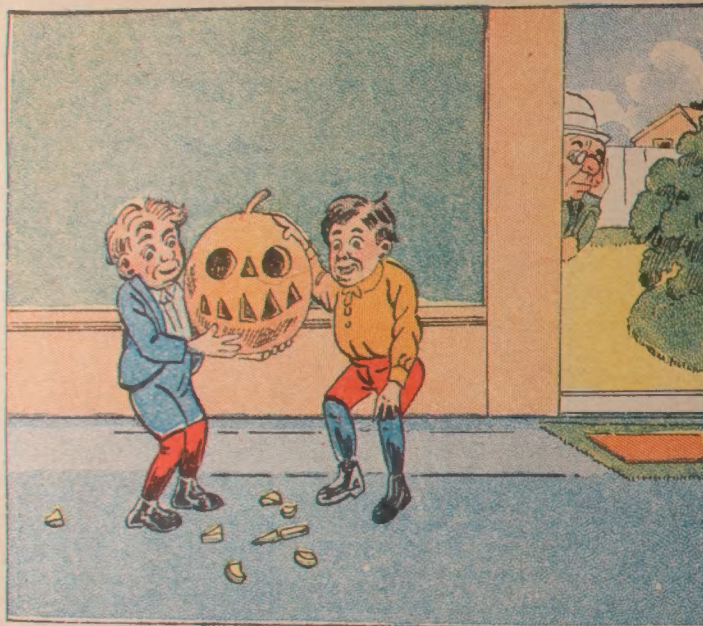


Grandpa--Anything else you want me to play to-day?

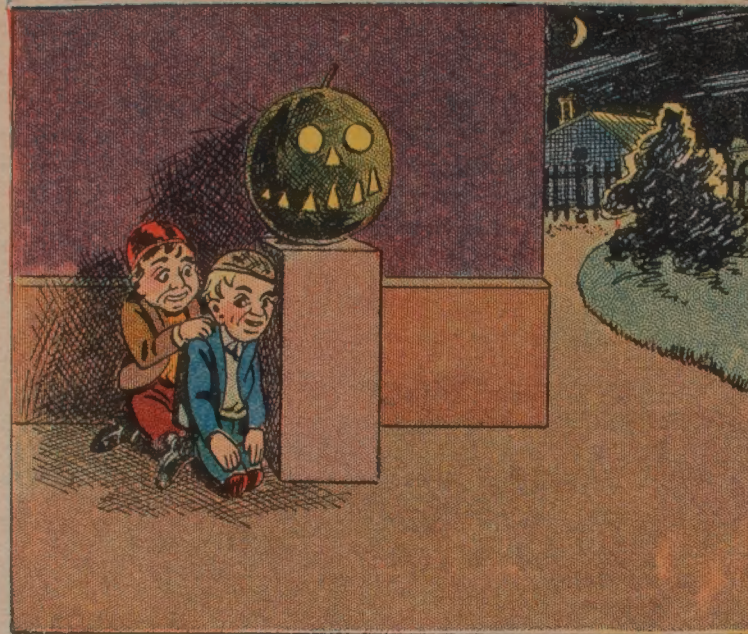


Grandpa--Oh! no, boys; your old grandpa can't play the banjo.

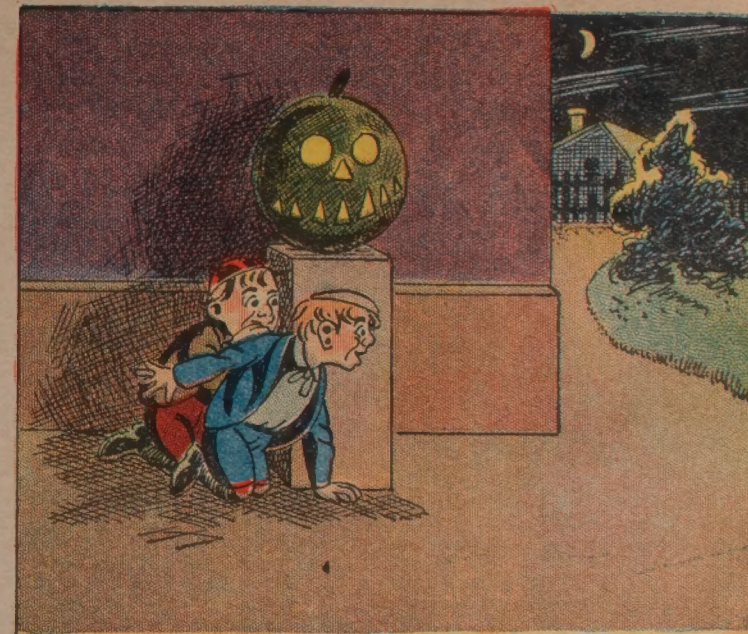
Foxy Grandpa—The boys thought they could fool the old gentleman, but he fooled 'em.



We won't do a thing when gran'pa comes home this evening.



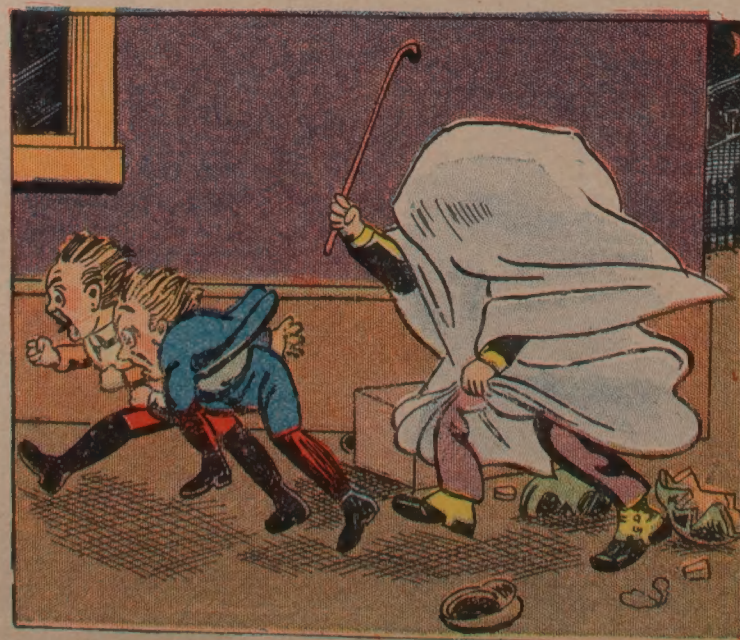
Oh, he'll be along soon now.



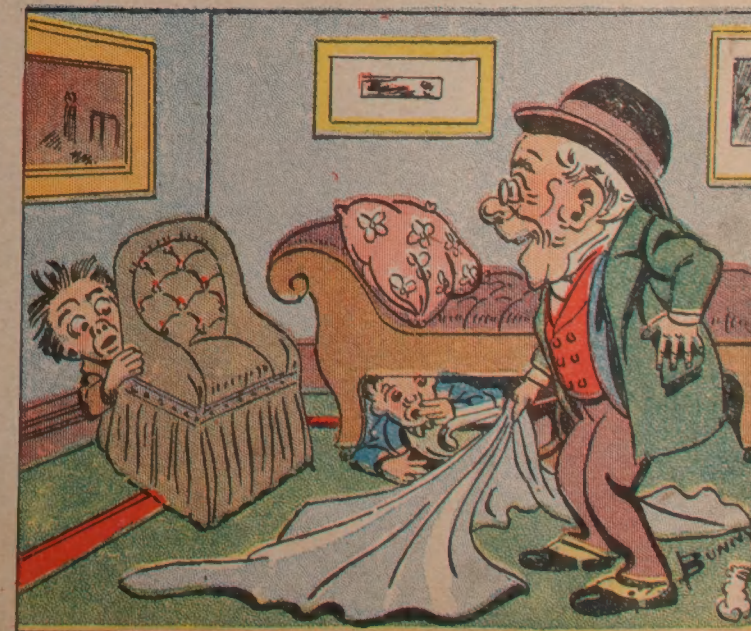
(The gate slams).--He's coming now.



Br-r-r-ah! ha! he!



waki waki waki



So you would like to frighten your poor old gran'pa, would you.

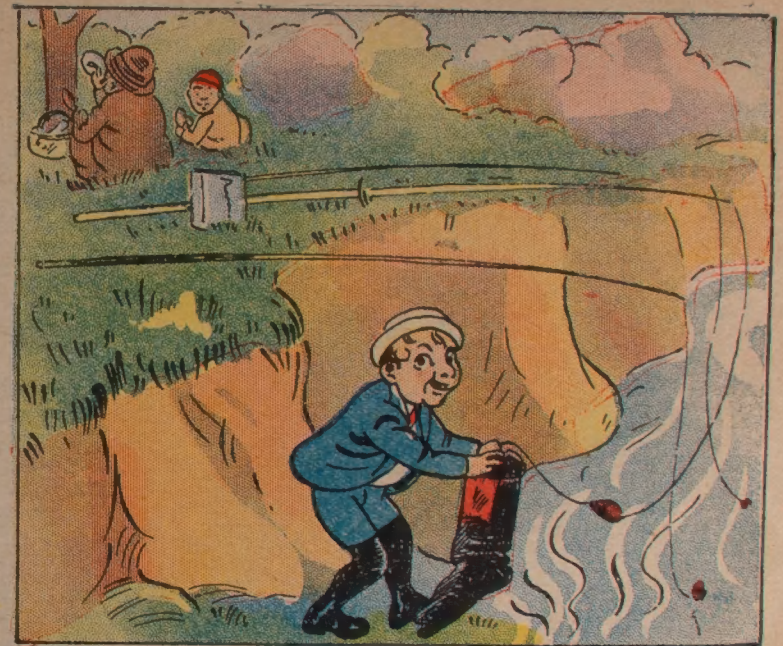
Foxy Grandpa — Even the fish stand in with him.



Grandpa—Boys, this is a fine day for fishing.



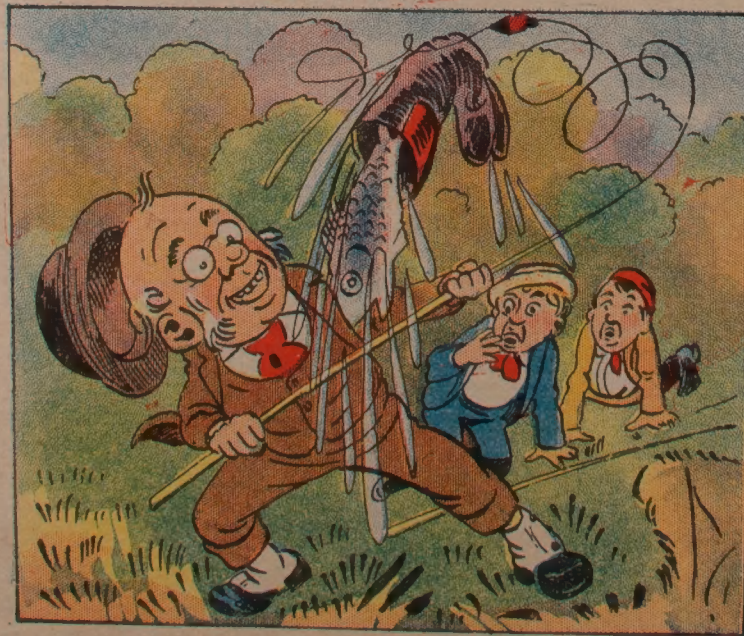
Grandpa—But they don't seem to be biting very fast
Let's have a little lunch.



Boys—Now for a little fun with grandpa.



Grandpa—Hello, boys, I've got a bite.

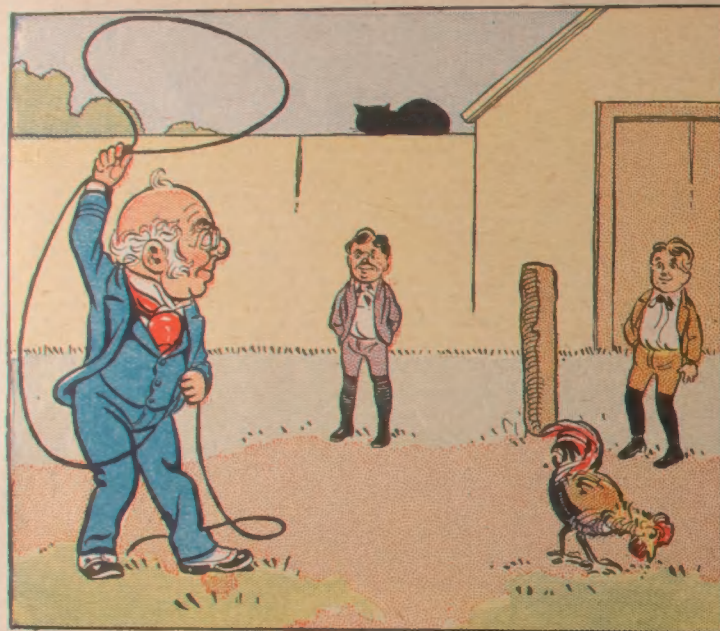


Grandpa—Hoop-lal—what a big fellow!

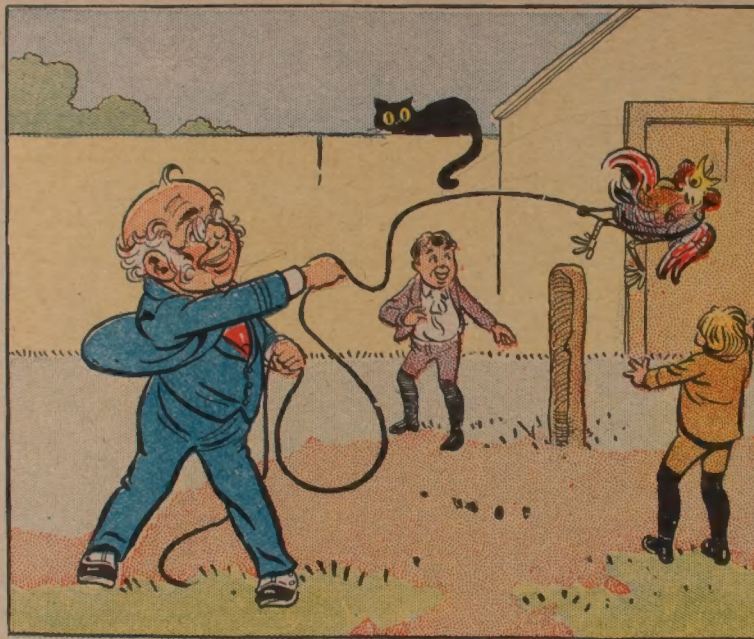


Grandpa—Well, boys, this is the first time I knew fish
wore boots.

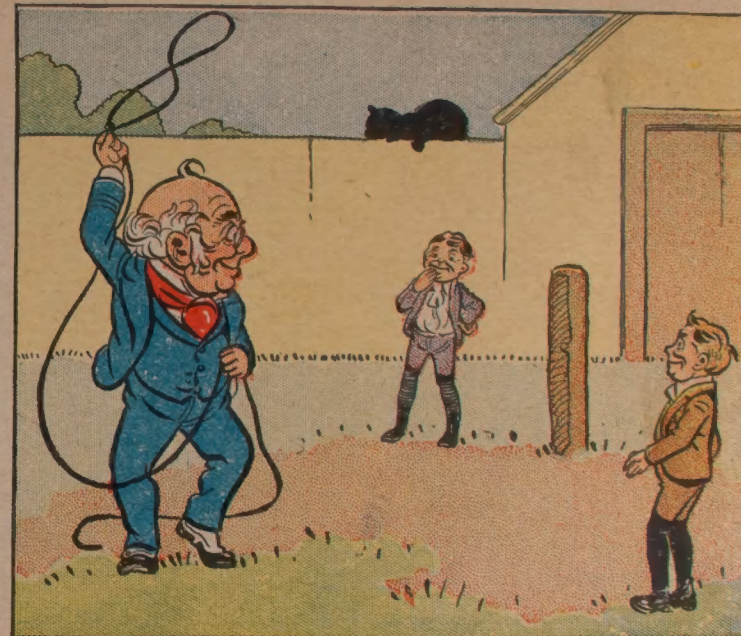
Foxy Grandpa Throws a Lasso.



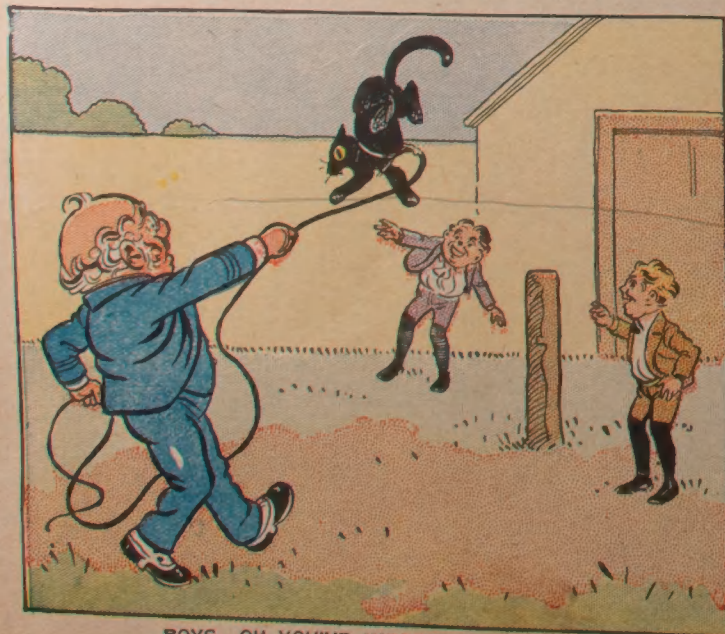
GRANDPA---NOW, BOYS, WATCH ME LASSO THAT POST.



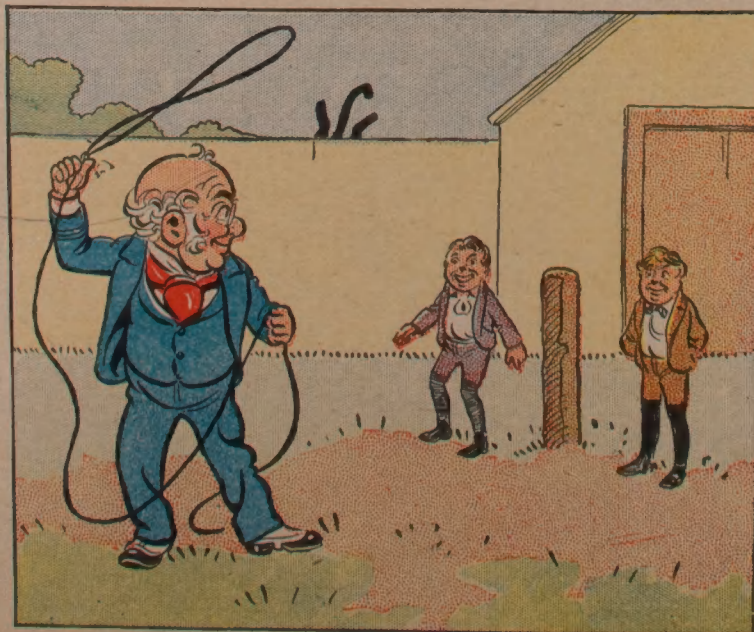
BOYS---WHY, GOODNESS, GRAN'PA. YOU'VE CAUGHT THE ROOSTER.



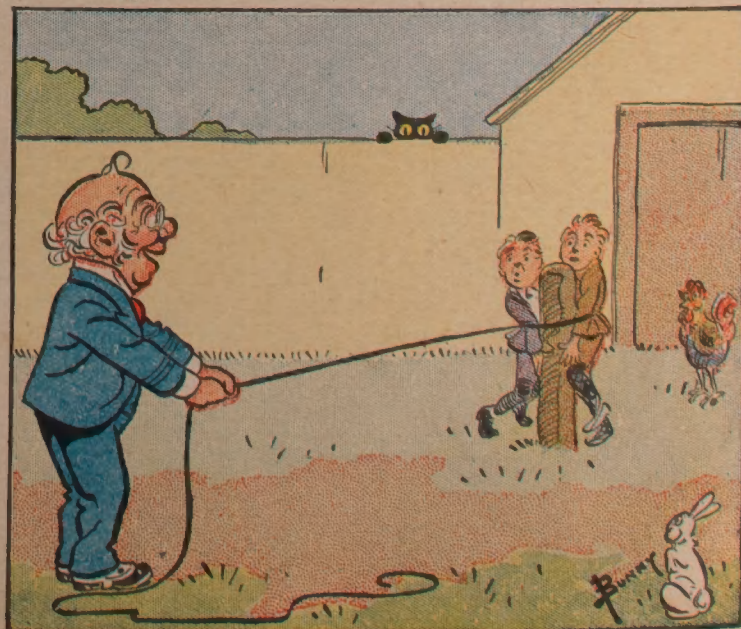
GRANDPA---THIS IS THE TIME, BOYS, THERE'S NOTHING IN THE WAY.



BOYS---OH, YOU'VE MISSED AGAIN, GRAN'PA.



BOYS---THE ONLY SAFE PLACE IS NEAR THE POST, GRAN'PA.



GRANDPA---WELL, BOYS, I'VE BETTER LUCK THIS TIME.

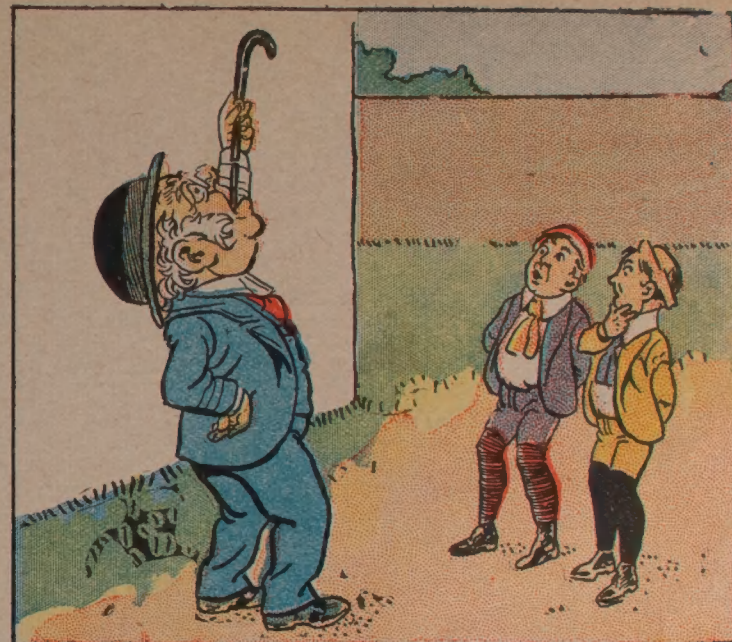
Foxy Grandpa—He is Able to Use a Cane.



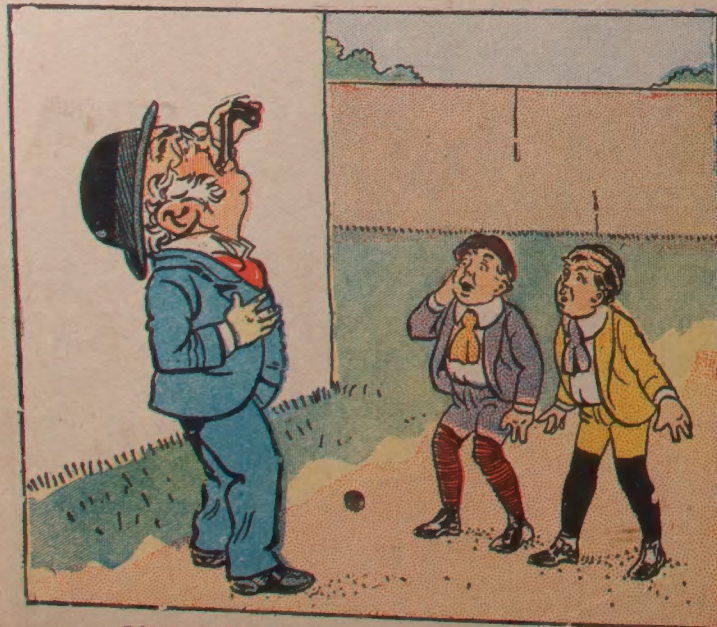
GRANDPA—HERE, BOYS! COME ON; I'LL SHOW YOU A NEW TRICK.



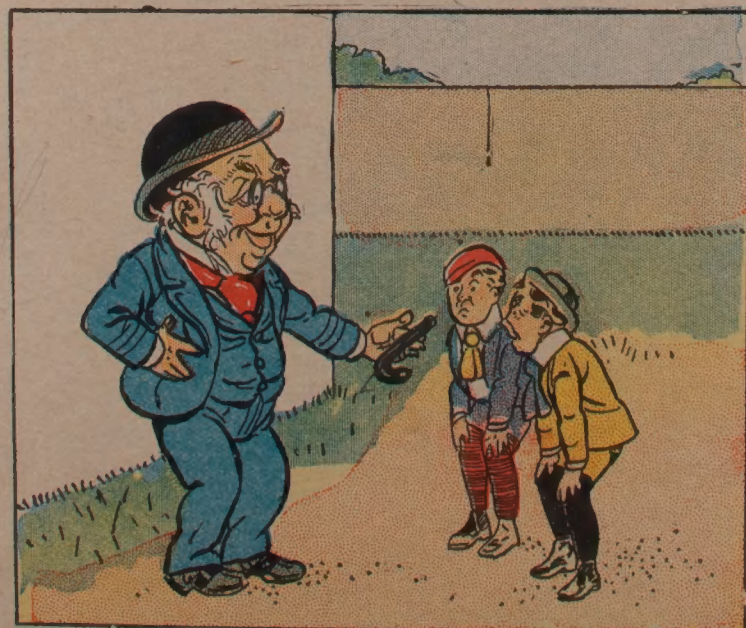
GRANDPA—YOU'VE HEARD OF SWORD SWALLOWERS?



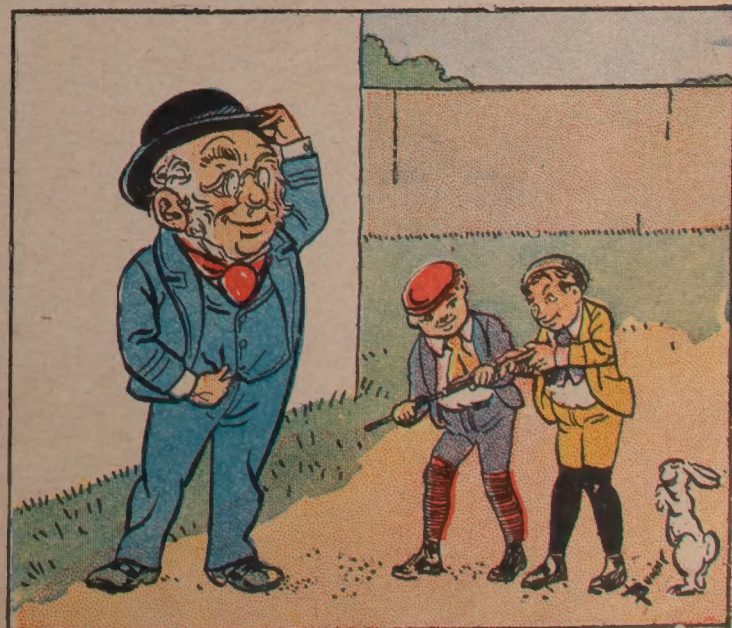
GRANDPA—NOW, JUST WATCH ME.



BOYS—GOOD GRACIOUS, GRAN'PA, BE CAREFUL.

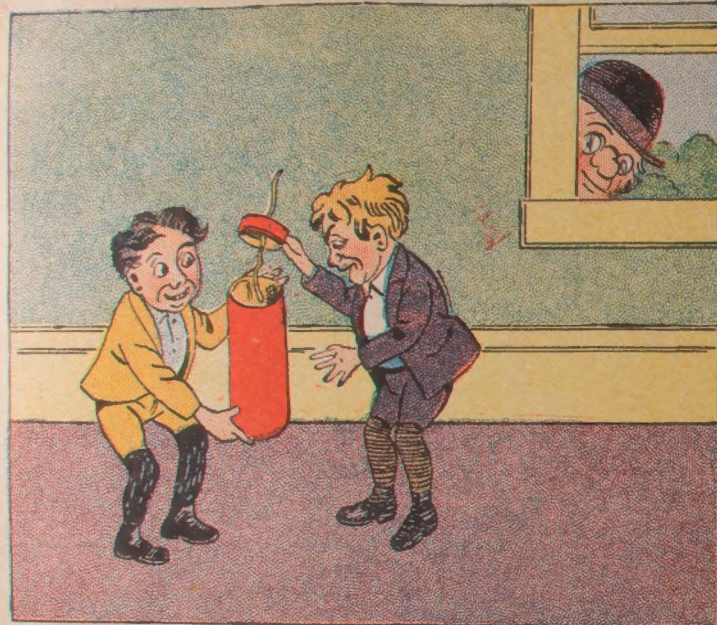


GRANDPA DON'T WORRY, BOYS; IT'S ONLY A TELESCOPE CANE.

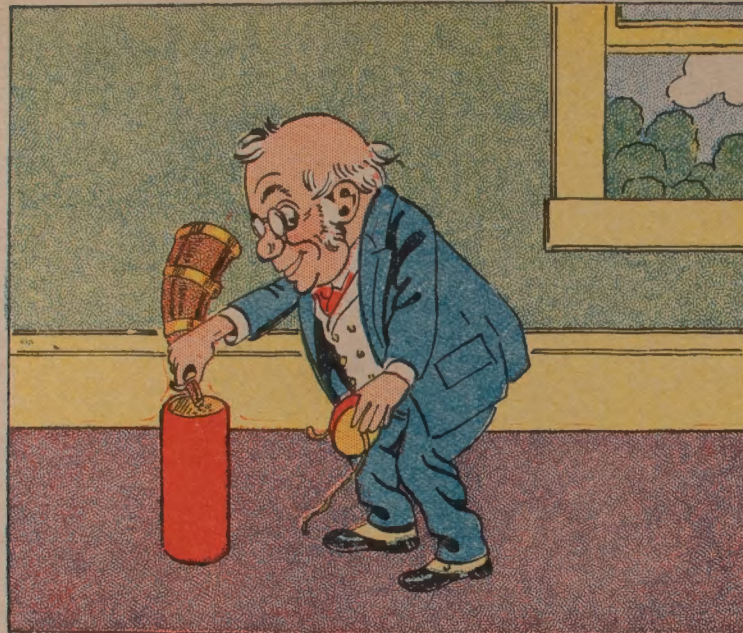


BOYS—WELL, GRAN'PA, THIS STICK IS A WOILDER. YOU FOOLED US GOOD THAT TIME.

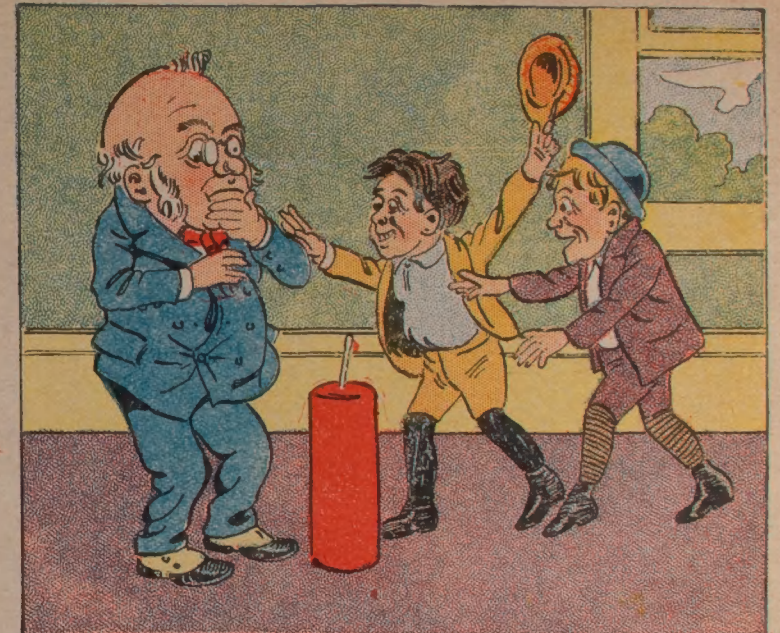
Foxy Grandpa — He helps do a little advance celebrating.



The Boys--Won't we have fun out of Gran'-pa with this fake giant firecracker?



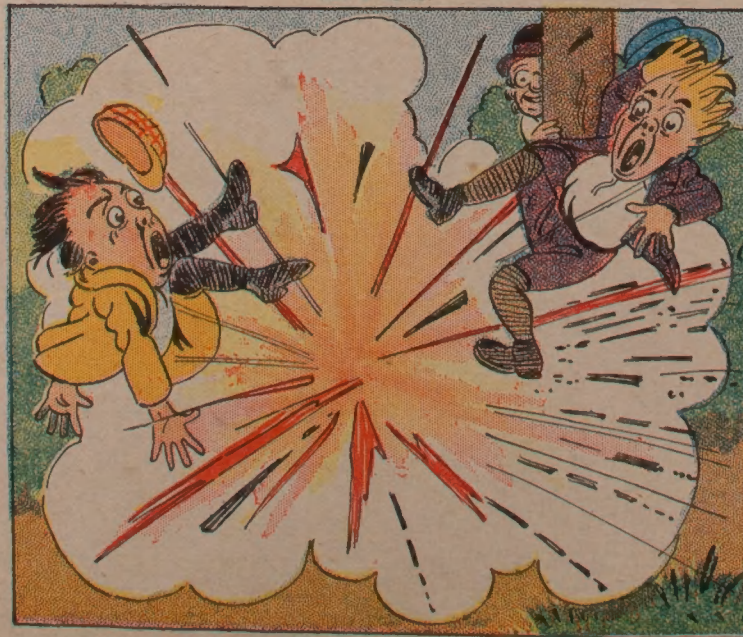
Grandpa--Oh! I'll soon make this anything but a fake.



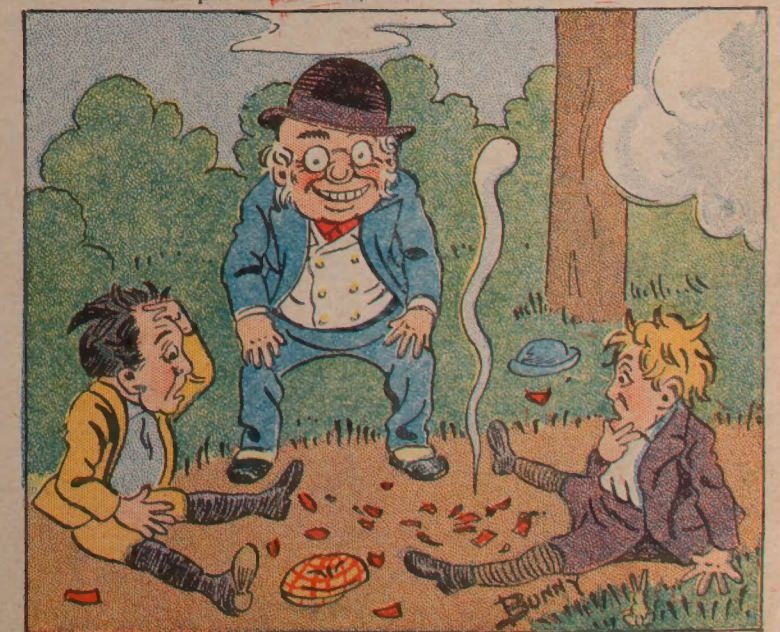
The Boys--We've been looking everywhere for you, Gran'pal Come help us commence celebrating.



The Boys--Here! What's your hurry, Gran pa?



The Firecracker--Boom-----



Grandpa--Boys, you ought to be ashamed to frighten your dear old Gran'pa like that.

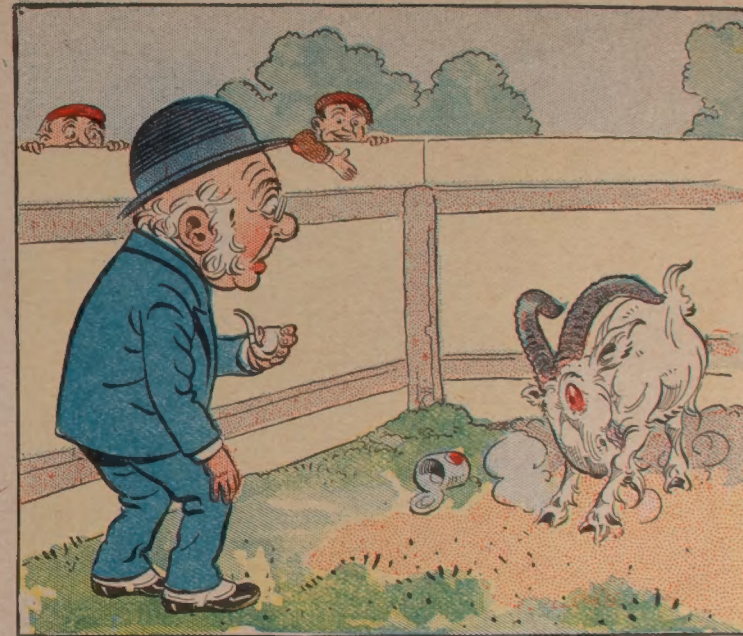
Foxy Grandpa—The Boys Show Him Their New Goat.



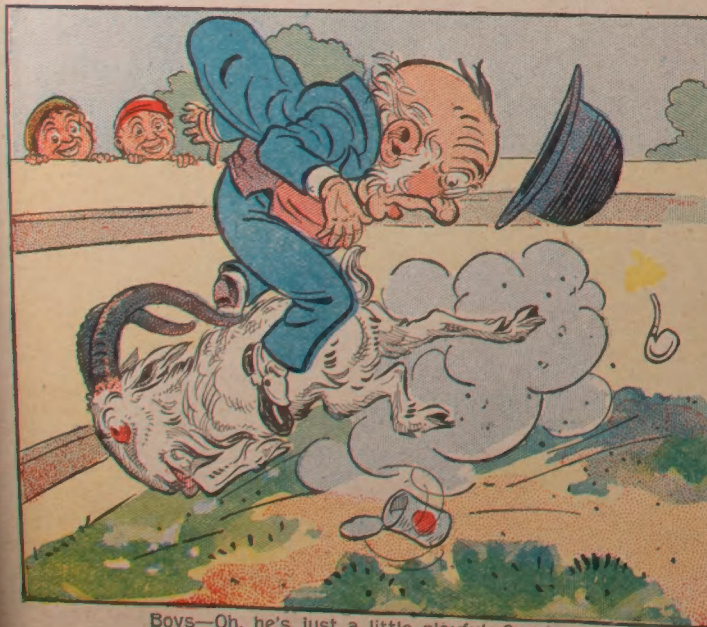
Boys—Gran'pa, won't you come and see our goat?



Boys—Walk right in, Gran'pa; he's just inside.



Grandpa—Say, boys, are you sure he's gentle?



Boys—Oh, he's just a little playful, Gran'pa.



Grandpa—Well, here then, boys, you play with him awhile.



Grandpa—Oh, that's all right; he'll soon be getting tired, boys.

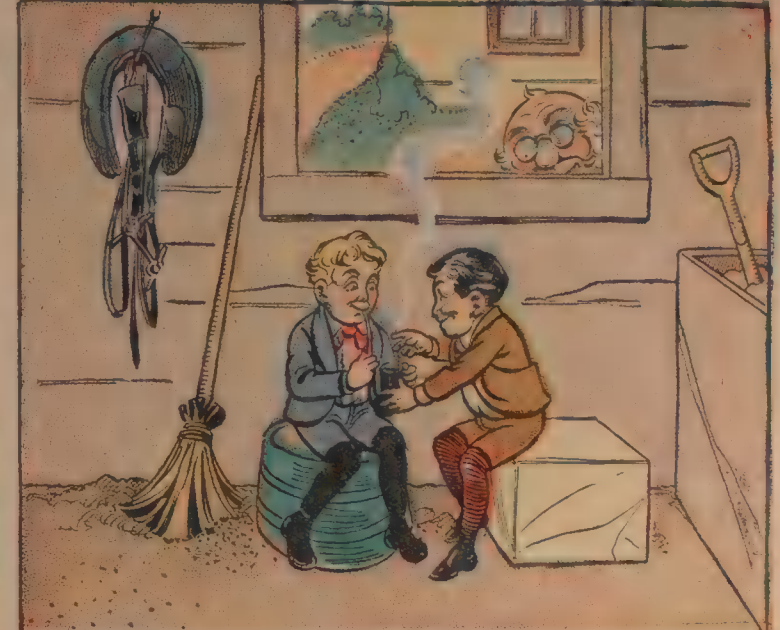
FOXY GRANDPA—HE PUTS OUT A FIRE.



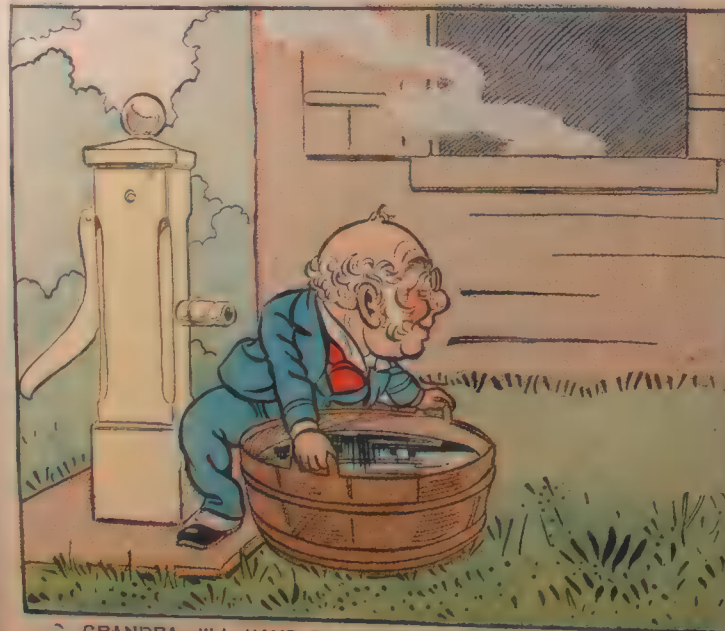
BOYS—LET'S HURRY BEFORE GRAN'PA SEES US.



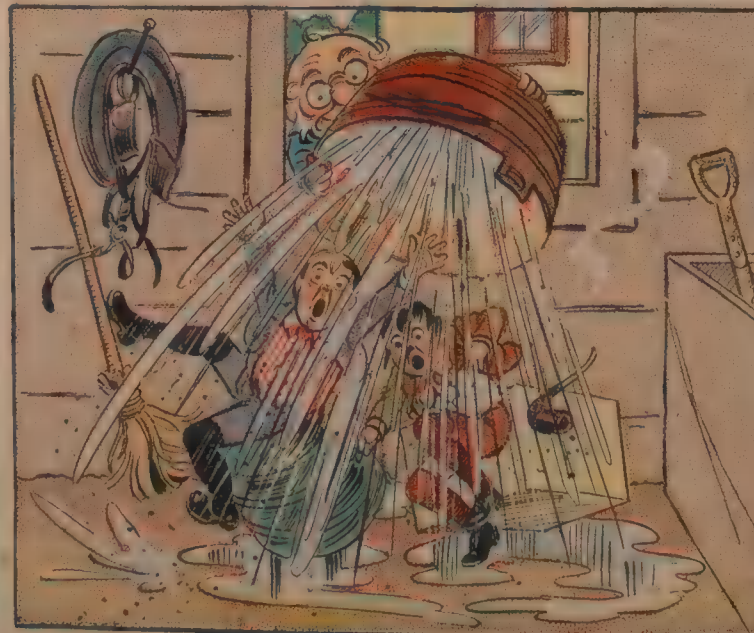
GRANDPA—I WONDER WHAT THOSE BOYS ARE UP TO NOW.



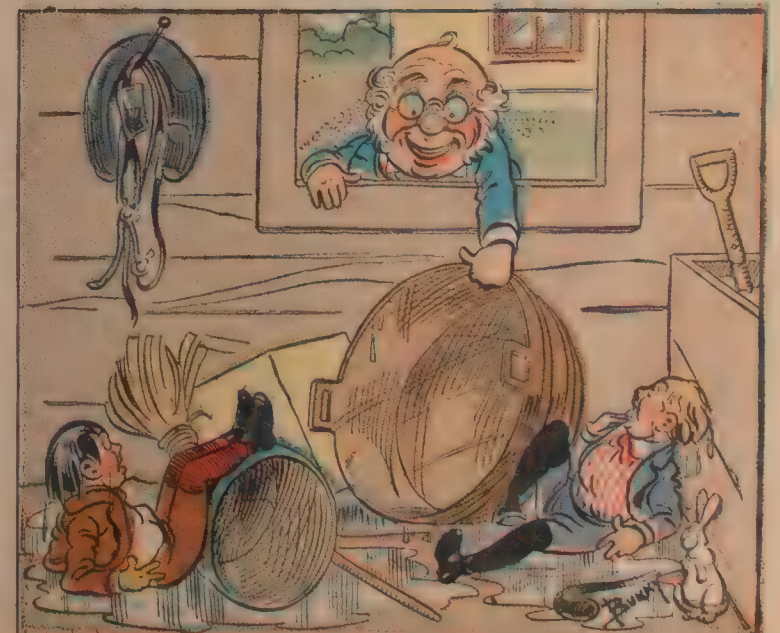
BOYS—OH. JUST LOOK AT THE SMOKE; SHE'S GOING FINE.



GRANDPA—I'LL HAVE TO TEACH THOSE BOYS TO LEAVE MY PIPE ALONE.



BOYS—HELP! HELP!



GRANDPA—GOODNESS! IS THAT YOU BOYS. I THOUGHT THE BARN WAS ON FIRE.

Foxy Grandpa—He Tries the Boys' New Donkey.



Boys---Gran'pa, would you like a ride on our new donkey?



Grandpa---He looks gentle. I'll just try him a little.



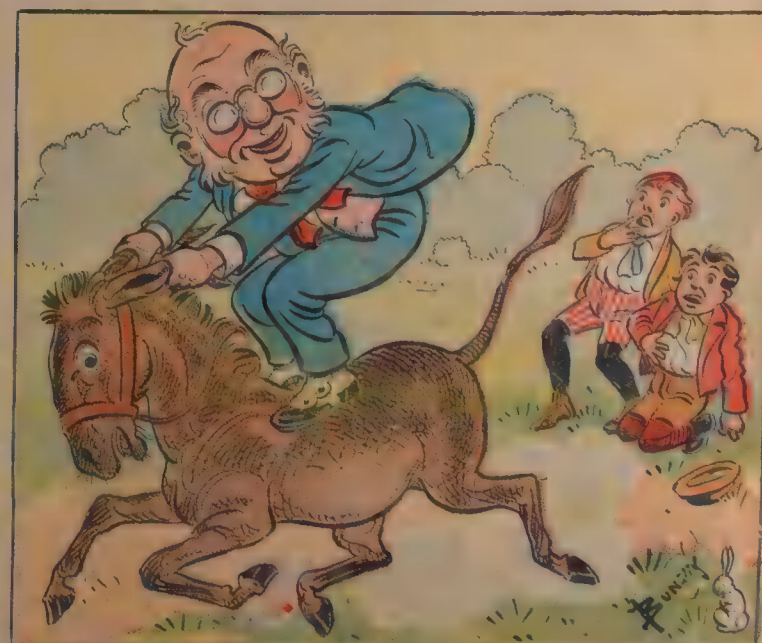
Grandpa---Whoa, boy!



Grandpa---Hello, he's quite frisky. (Rather)

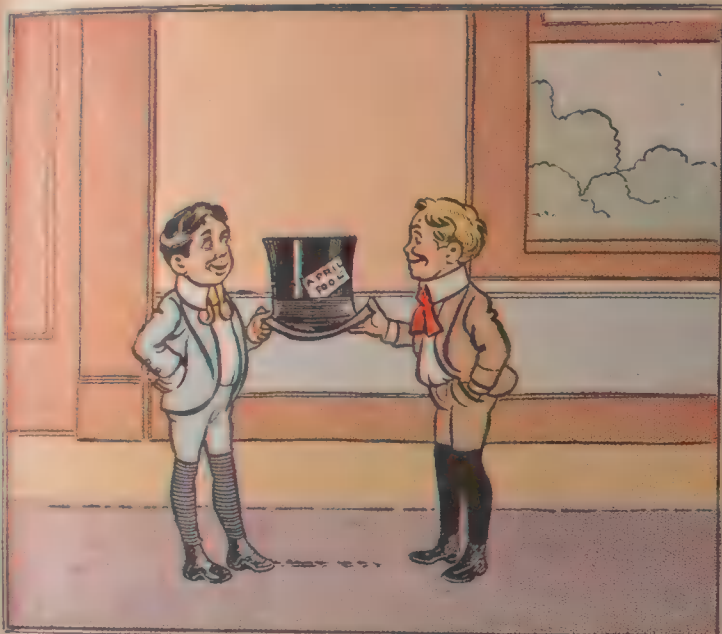


Grandpa---Here, boys, help! help me hold him.

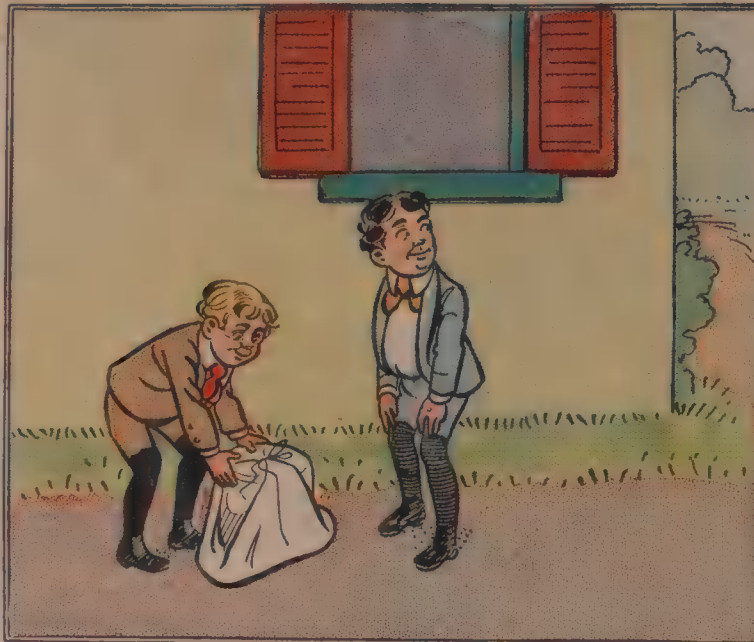


Grandpa---He's all right now, boys. I guess I can manage him.

Foxy Grandpa—His Easter Hat.



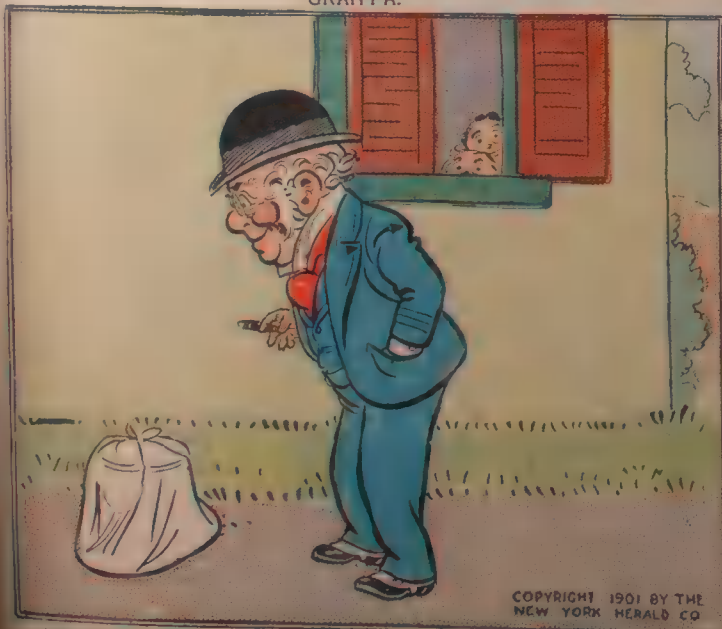
BOYS—WON'T THIS MAKE A FINE EASTER SURPRISE FOR GRAN'PA.



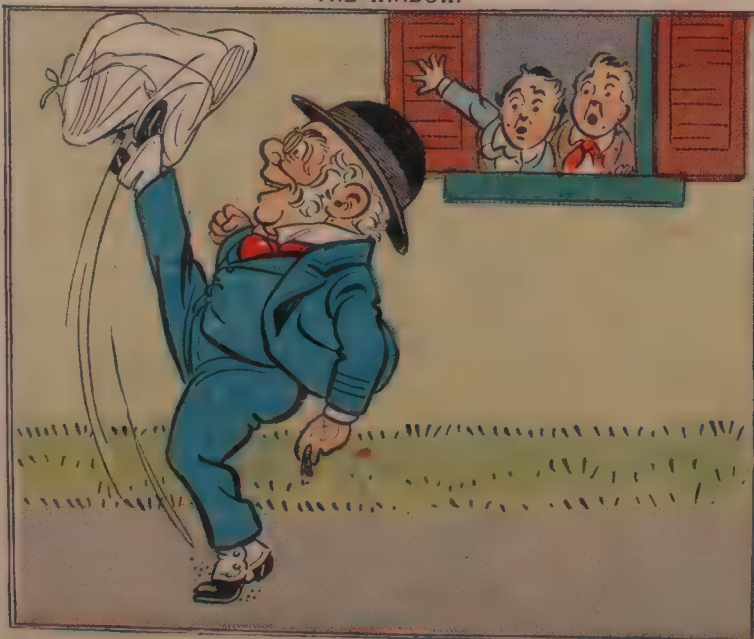
BOYS—NOW LET'S PLACE IT HERE SO WE CAN WATCH FROM THE WINDOW.



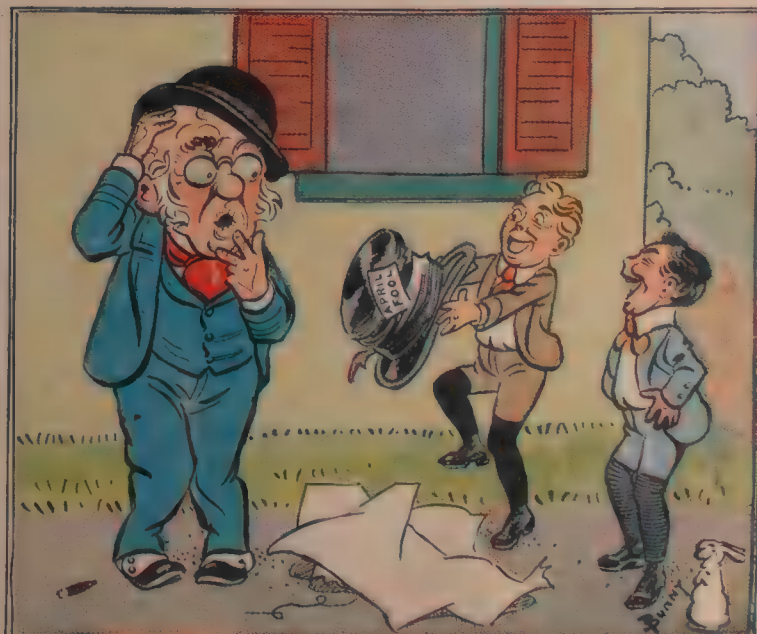
BOYS—HERE COMES GRAN'PA, NOW.



GRANDPA—AH! THIS LOOKS LIKE AN APRIL FOOL PACKAGE. BUT I'M TOO OLD ■ BIRD TO BE CAUGHT SO EASY.



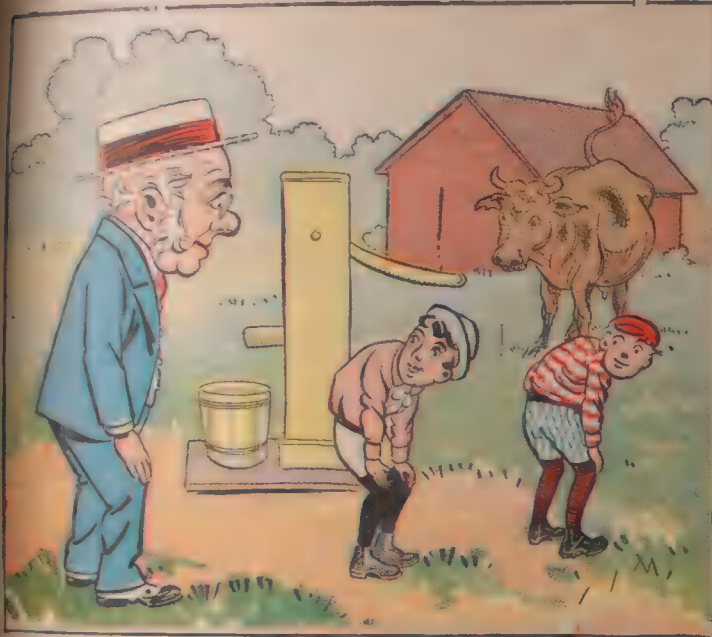
GRANDPA—I'LL RISK A KICK.



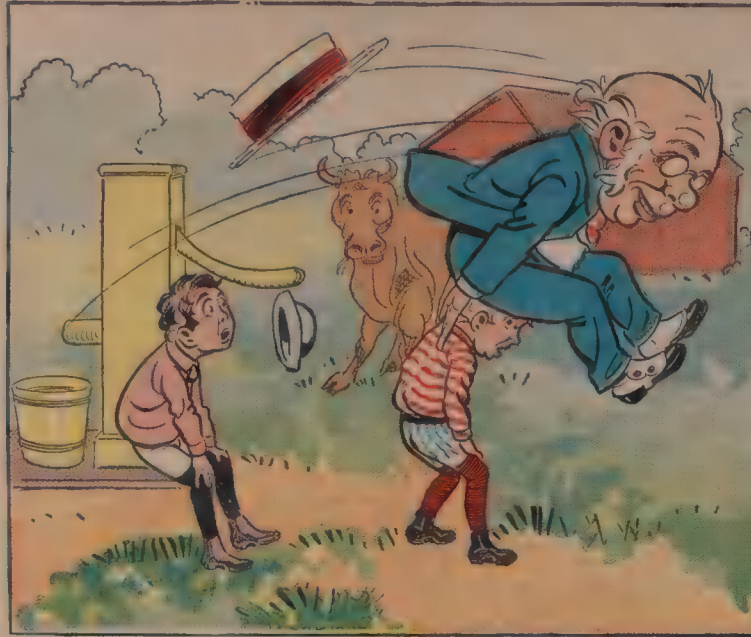
BOYS—WHY, GRAN'PA! YOU'VE SPOILED THE NICE NEW EASTER HAT WE BOUGHT FOR YOU.

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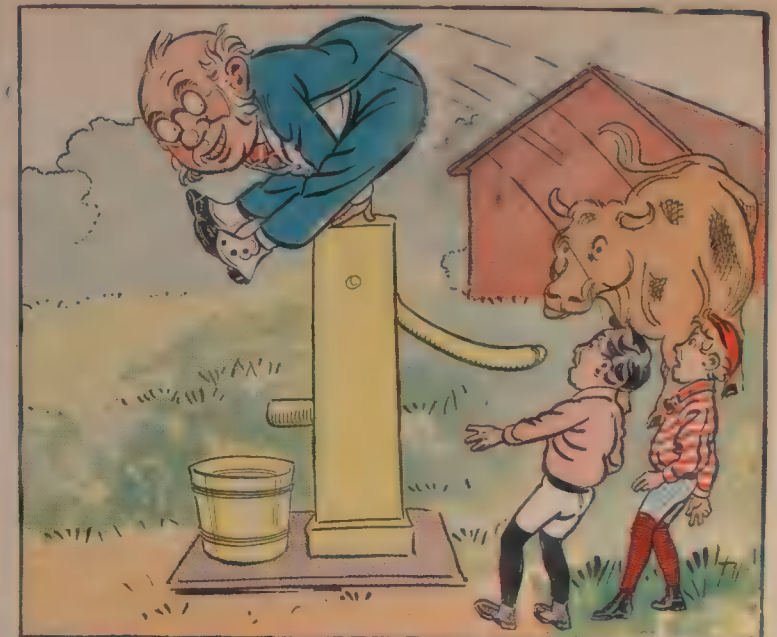
Foxy Grandpa—He Learns How To Play Leapfrog.



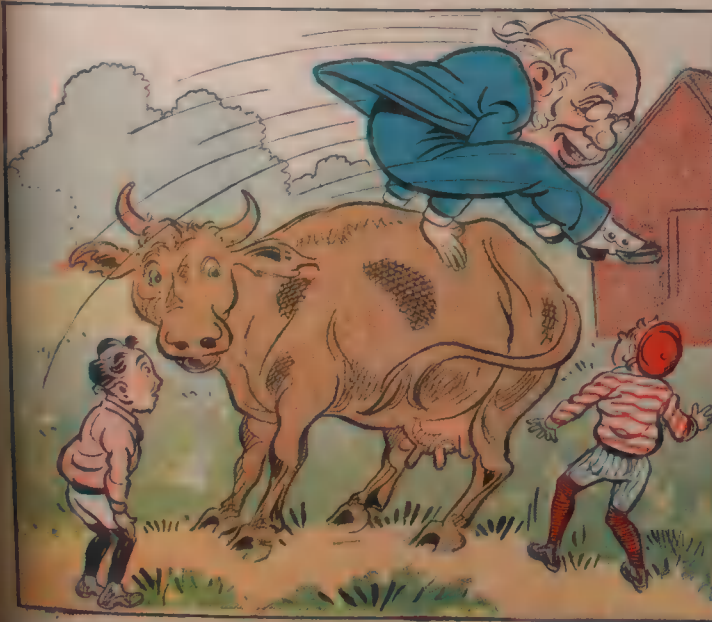
Boys---Come, gran'pa, don't be afraid; let's play leapfrog.



Grandpa---All right, boys; here goes.



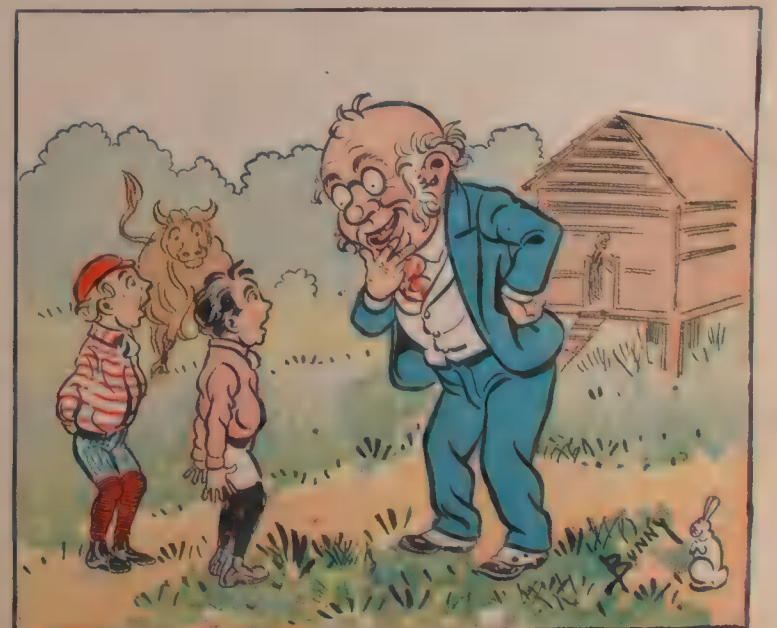
Grandpa---Over the pump.



Grandpa---Here we are, over Bossy.



Grandpa---Now for the hen house.



Grandpa---Well, boys, any other little game for to-day?

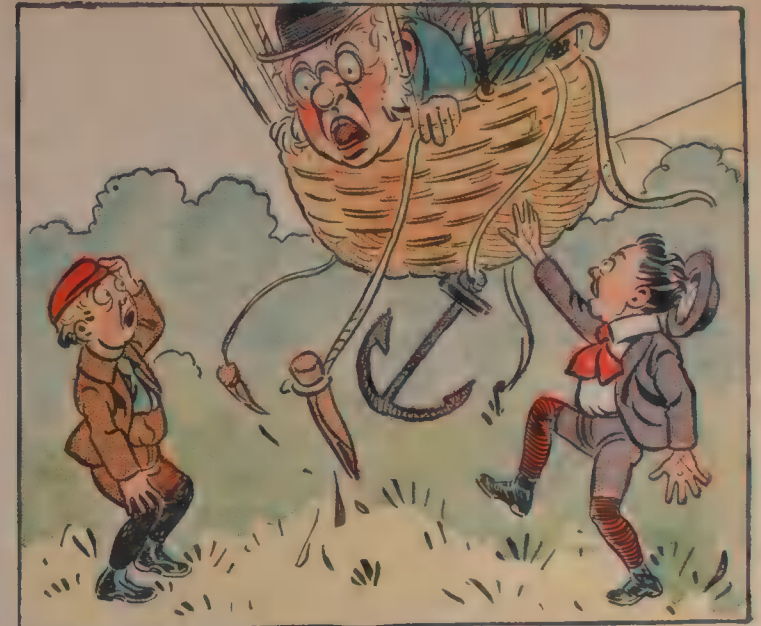
Foxy Grandpa—He Makes a Balloon Ascension.



BOYS---OH, GRAN'PA. LOOK, THERE'S A BALLOON!



GRANDPA---BOYS, I'LL JUST SEE HOW IT FEELS TO BE IN A BALLOON.



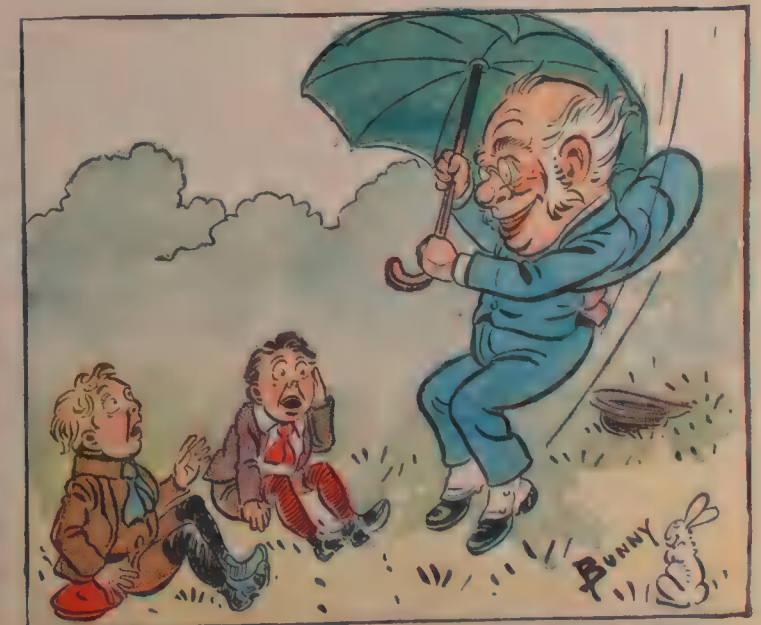
BOYS---OH, GRAN'PA, IT'S BREAKING LOOSE!



BOYS---HELP! HELP! COME BACK, GRAN'PA!



BOYS---WELL, I DECLARE!



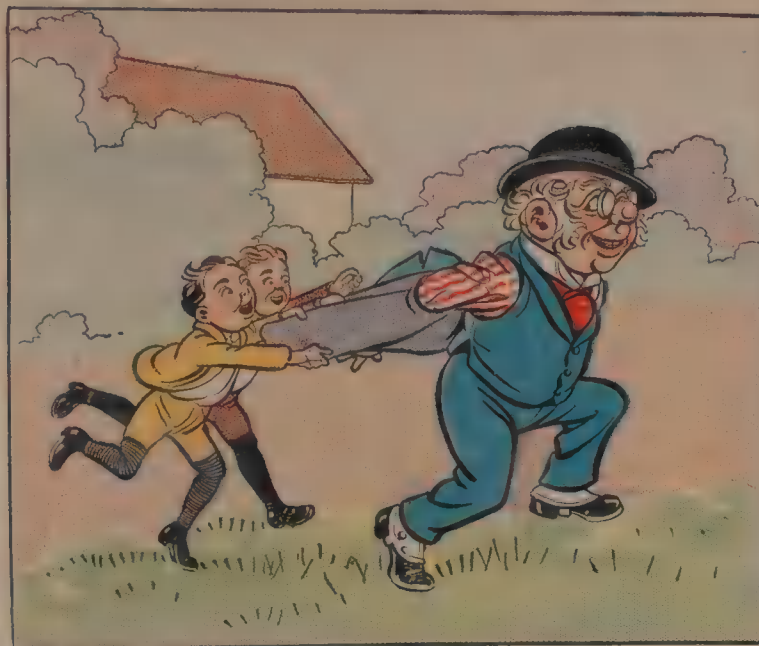
GRANDPA---GOODNESS GRACIOUS, BOYS, IT WAS LUCKY HAD MY UMBRELLA!

Foxy Grandpa—How he Got Away.

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GRANDPA---COME, BOYS. WE'LL HAVE A GAME OF FOX AND HOUNDS.



BOYS---GIVE UP, GRAN'PA; WE'VE GOT YOU.



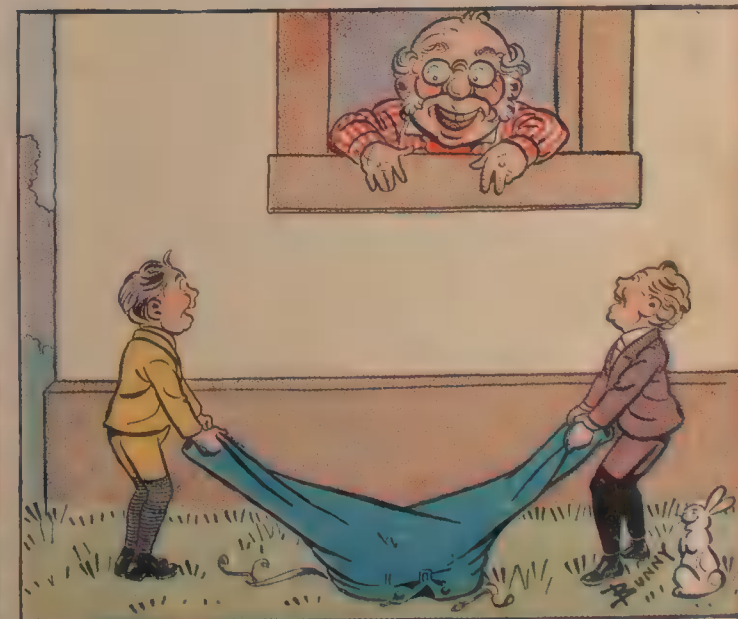
GRANDPA---NOT YET, BOYS.



BOYS---OH, WE'LL SOON HAVE YOU. NOW.



BOYS---WE'VE GOT YOU THIS TIME, GRAN'PA.



GRANDPA---BOYS. I WAS TOO SMOOTH FOR YOU THAT TIME.

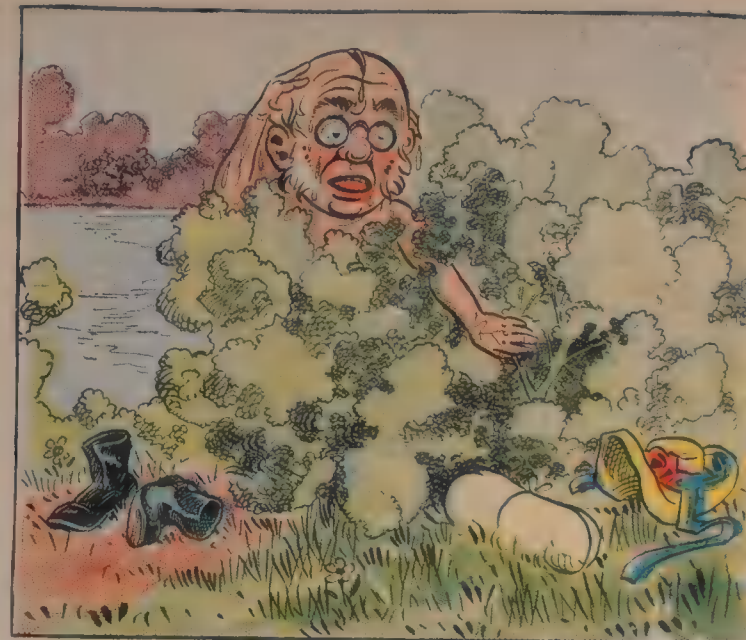
Foxy Grandpa Goes Swimming—At Last the Boys Win Out.



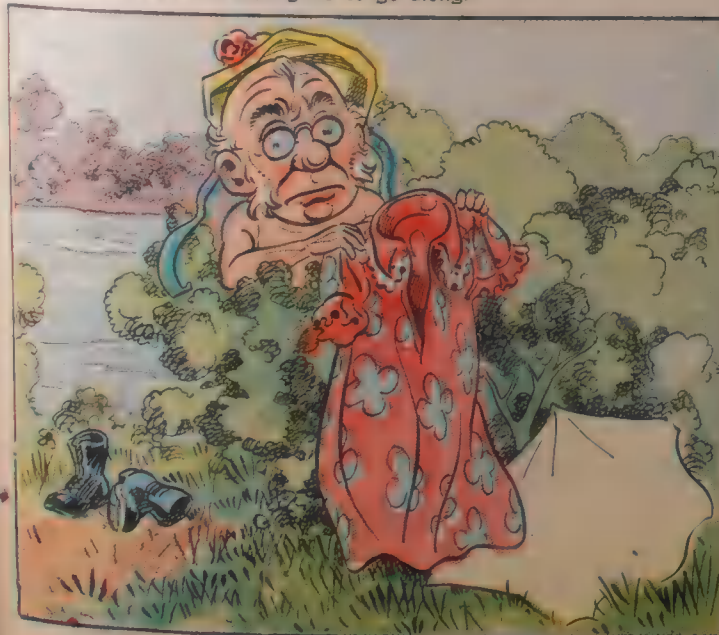
The Boys---Grandpa's going swimming, let's get even with him for not asking us to go along.



The Boys---Easy, now, he's not looking.



Grandpa---Great Scott! some tramps have taken my clothes; wonder what they left in that package?



Grandpa---Well, this outfit's better than nothing.



Grandpa---Goodness gracious! if I'm seen now my reputation's lost.

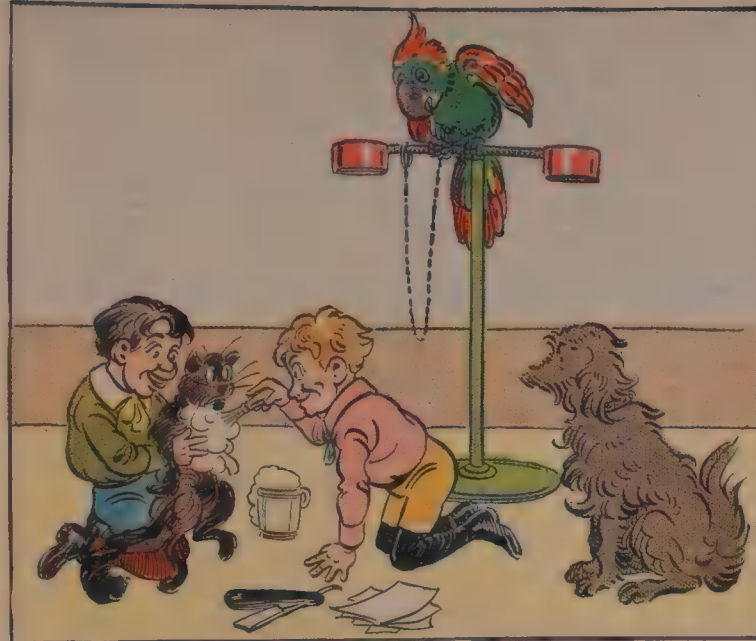


Grandpa---Why, I'm Grandpa; don't you know me, dear

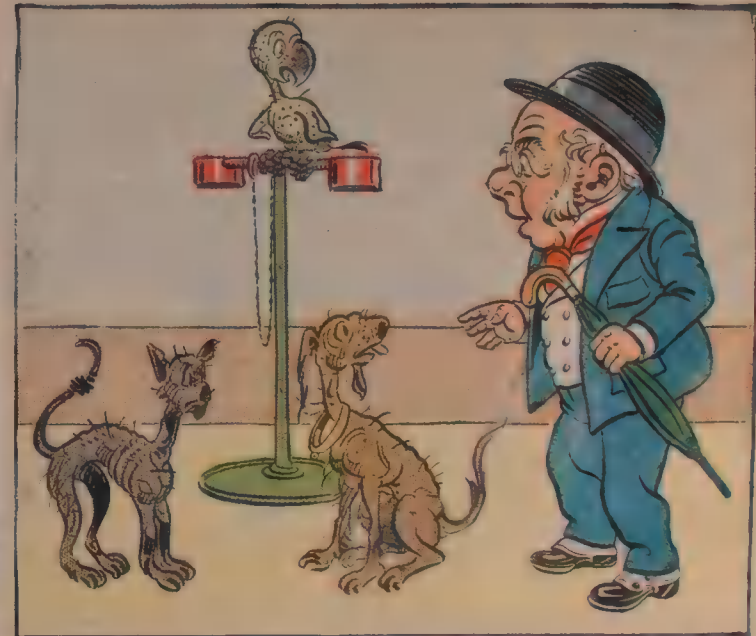
Foxy Grandpa—The Boys Would Fool With His Razor.



The Boys—Oh! Here's Gran'pa's razor; let's have some fun with it.



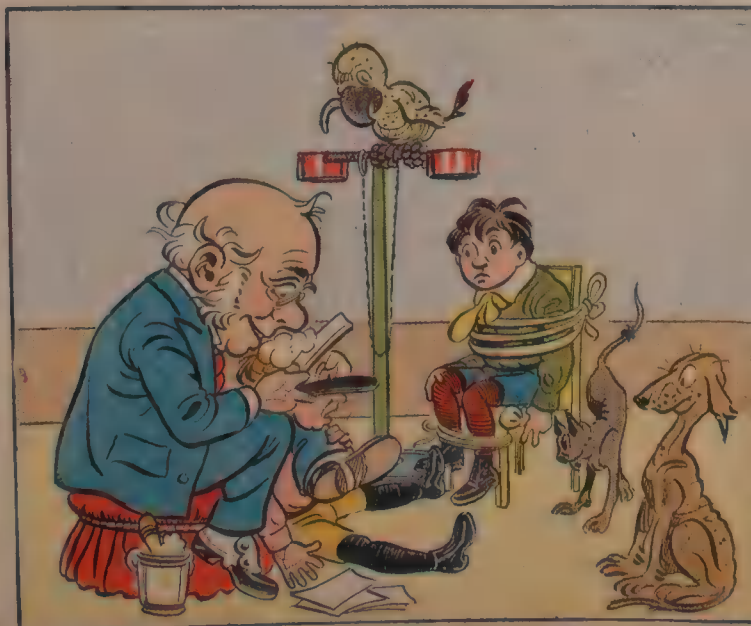
The Boys—Now hold still, Kitty.



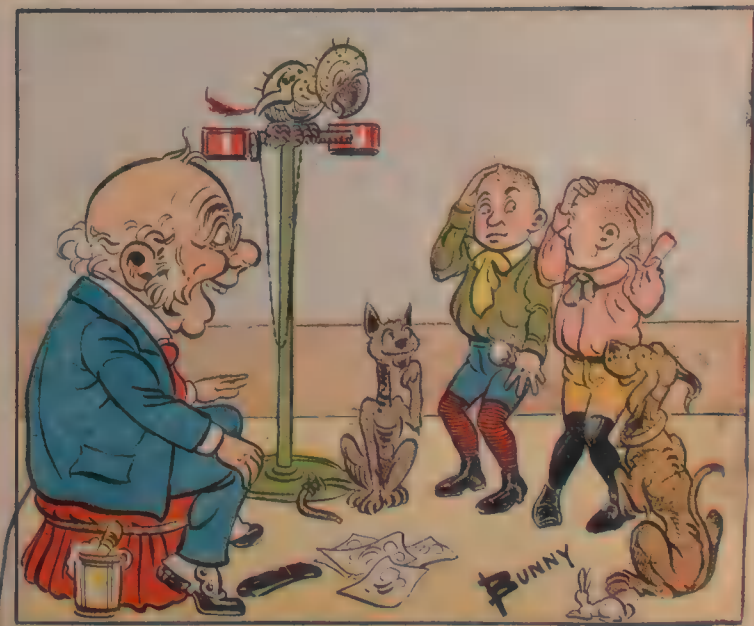
Grandpa—Goodness me! What's the matter here?



Grandpa—Didn't I tell you shavers to be kind to dumb animals?



Grandpa—Now I'll just give you a taste of your own lather.



Grandpa—Now will you be good?

Foxy Grandpa—The Boys Teach Him How to Play Baseball.



Boys—We'll soon teach you how to play, Gran'pa.



Boys—Oh! you're learning fast, Gran'pa. Remember, three misses is out.



Boys—When you miss this one you're out, Gran'pa.



Grandpa—Did I hit it, boys? (Oh! did he? Look at the bat.)

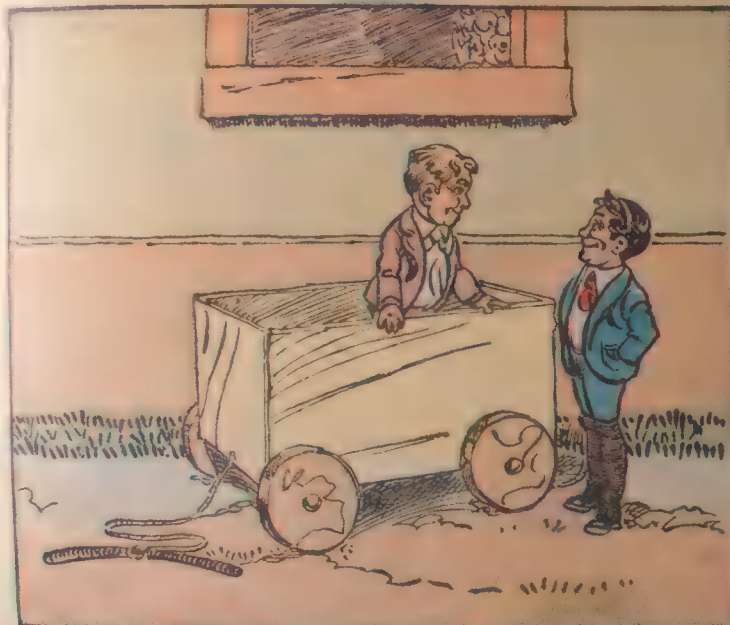


Grandpa—This looks like a lost ball.

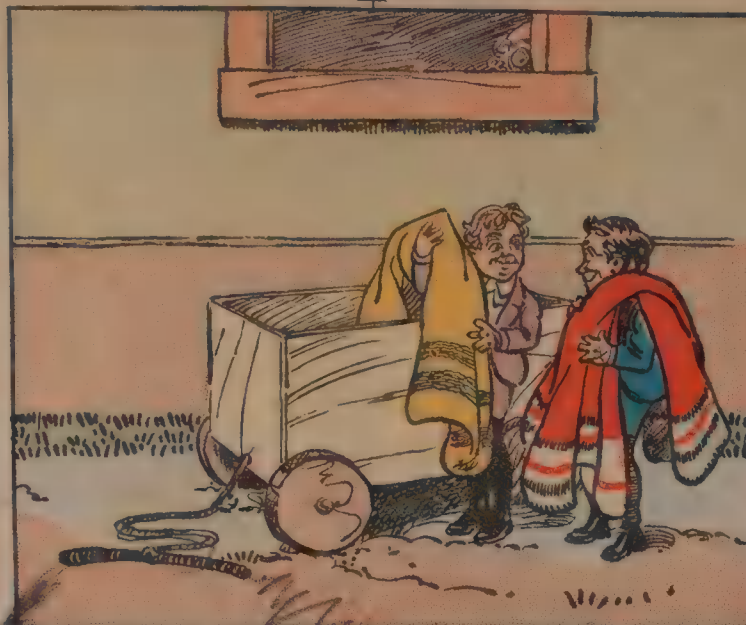


Grandpa—Never mind, boys, we'll get another ball and bat and you can finish showing Grandpa how to play

Foxy Grandpa—He gets a free ride.



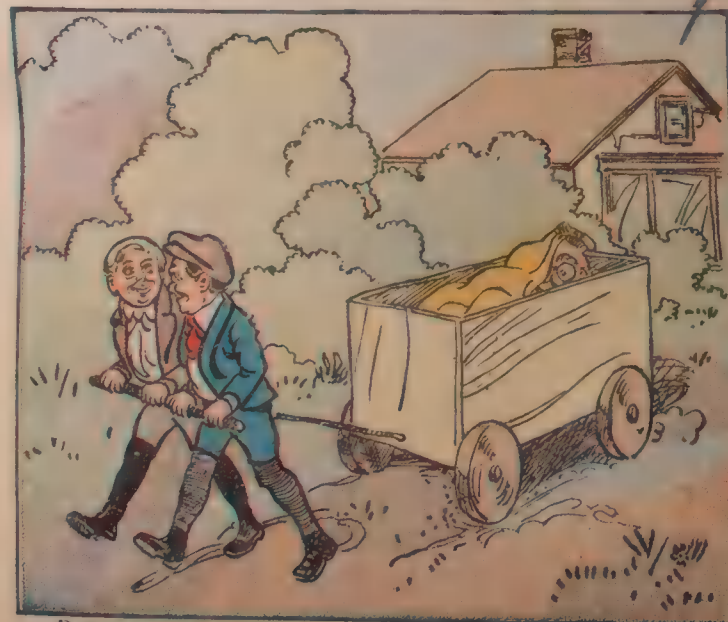
Boys—Oh, say! let's run away from Gran'pa.



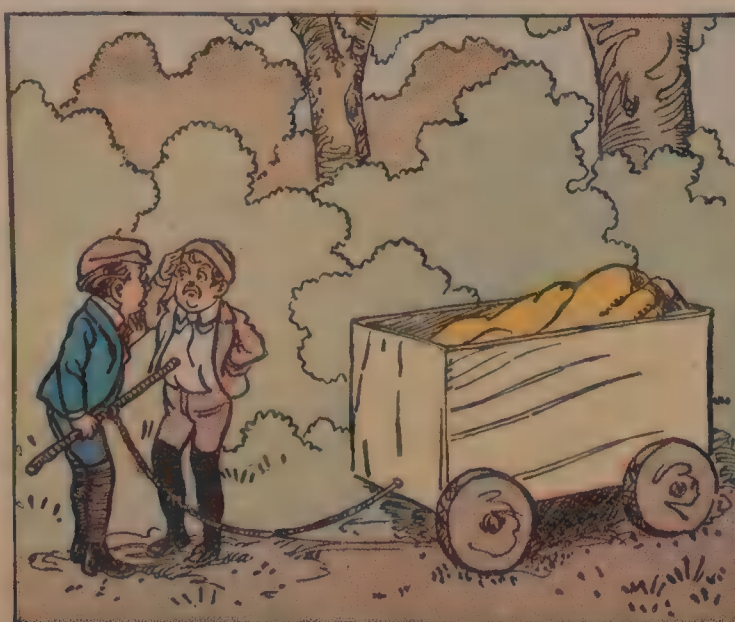
Boys—We'll fill our wagon with blankets to sleep on.



Grandpa—Ah! now's my chance. They've gone for their hats.



Boys—Goodness! those blankets are heavy. We don't mind, though, for this is the time we're getting ahead of Gran'pa.



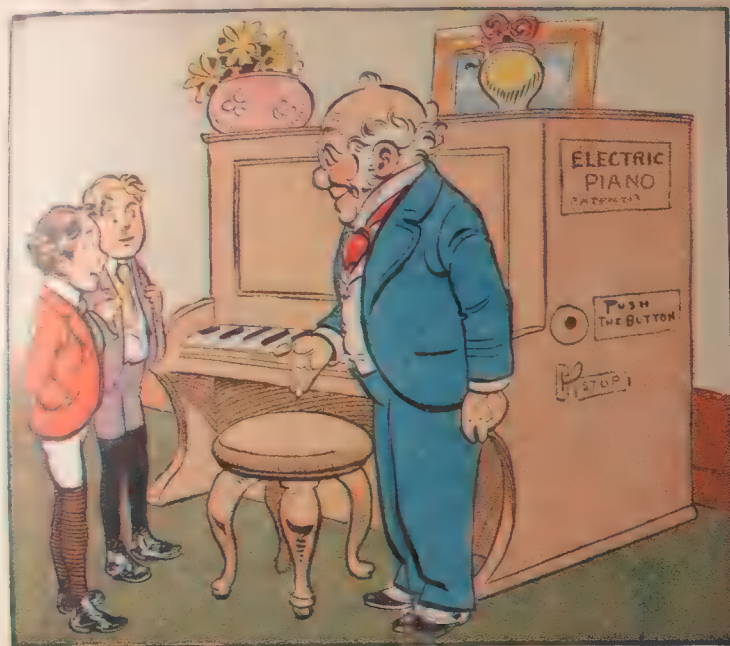
Boys—Oh, dear! it's lunch time and we forgot to bring something to eat.



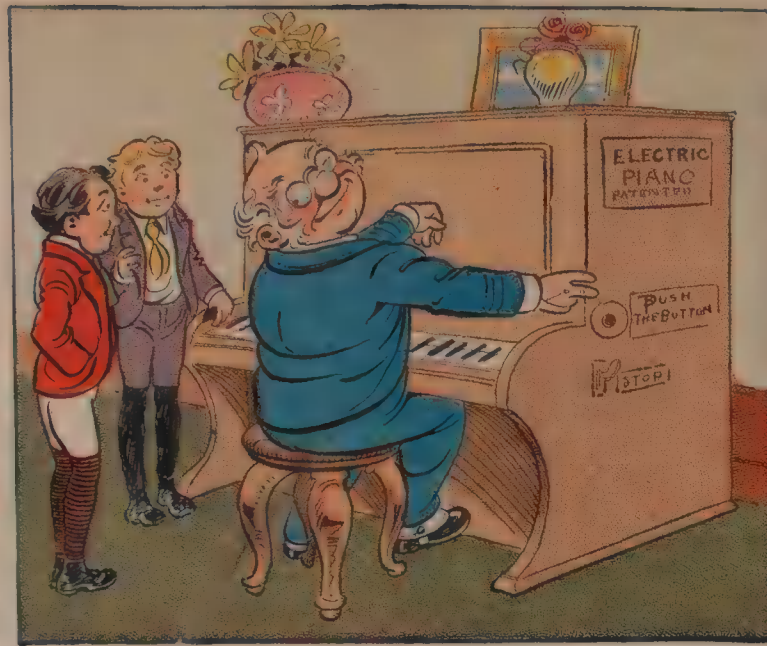
Grandpa—Hello, boys! ready for luncheon?

Foxy Grandpa as a Pianist.

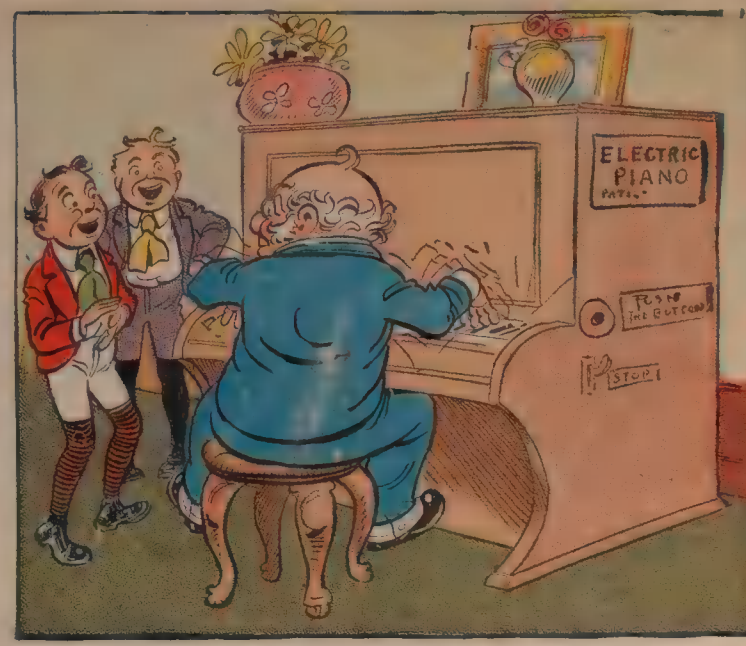
Copyright, 1901, by the New York Herald Co.)



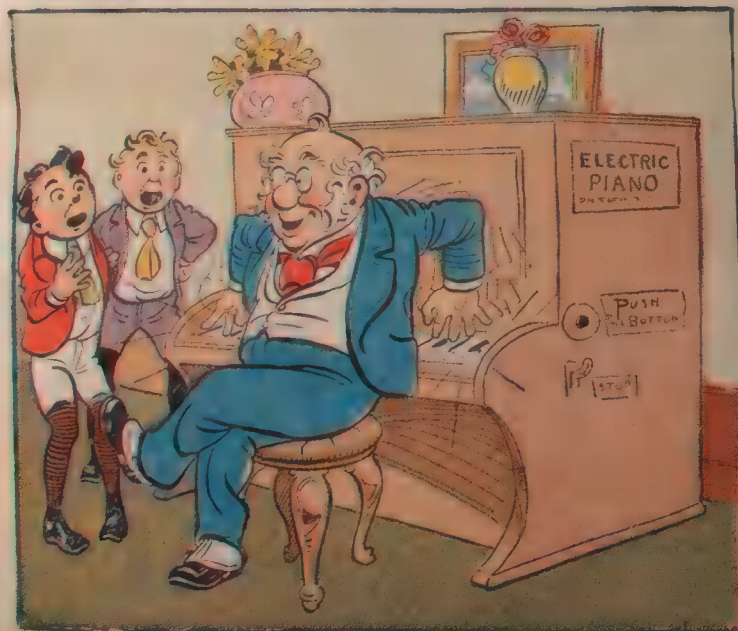
GRANDPA---HERE, BOYS, IS A NICE NEW PIANO FOR YOU. I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO PLAY IT.



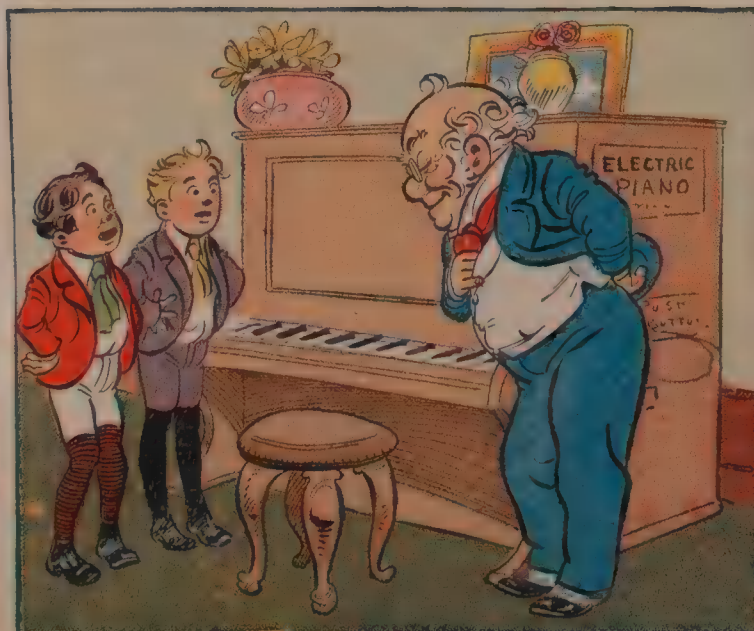
GRANDPA---NOW, WHAT SHALL I PLAY, BOYS--BEETHOVEN'S SONATA?



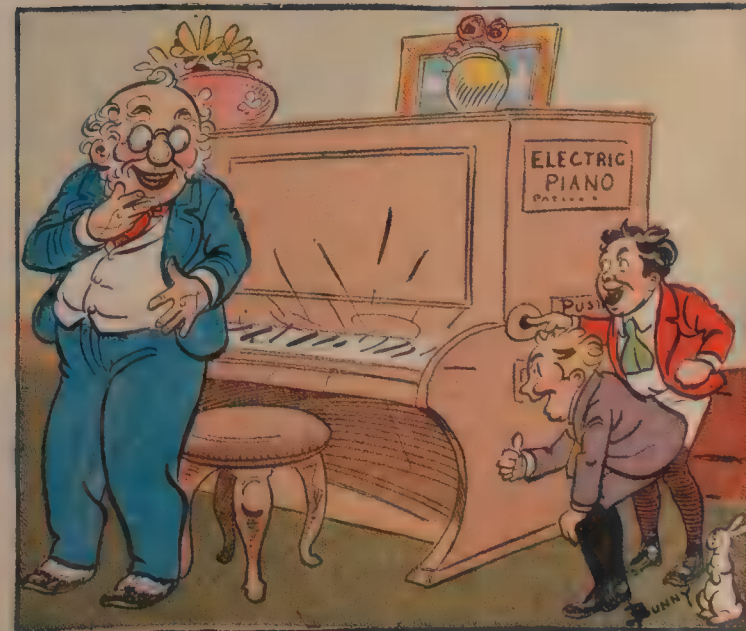
GRANDPA---AH, A LITTLE RAG TIME.



GRANDPA---JUST AS EASY BACKWARD.

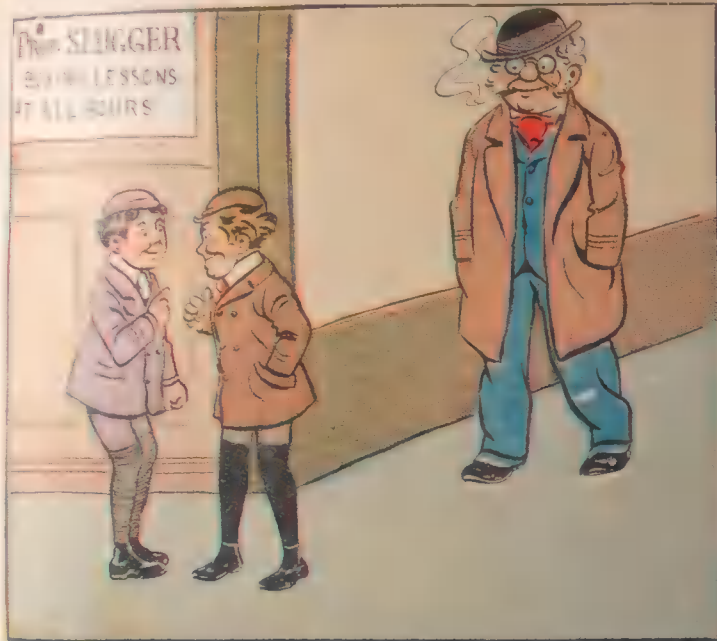


BOYS---GRAN'PA, YOU ARE A WONDER.

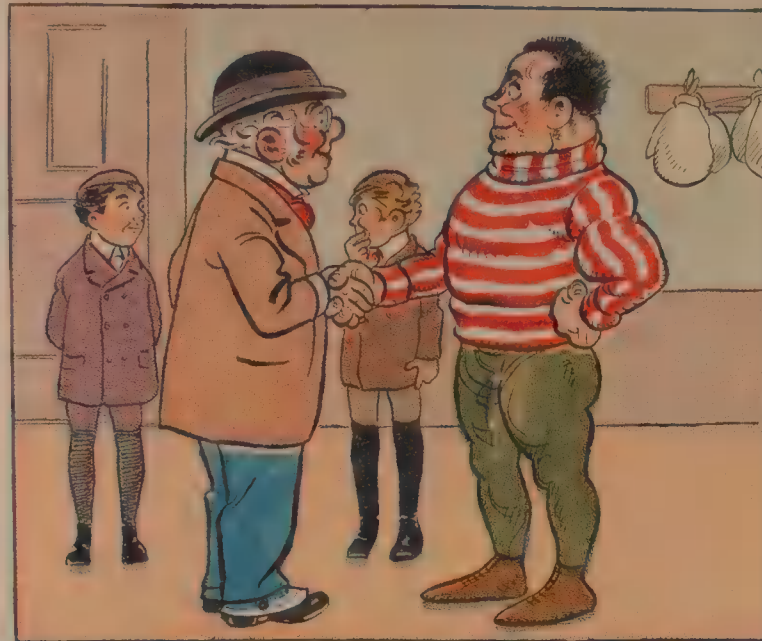


BOYS---OH, YES, GRAN'PA, YOU ARE A WONDER; BUT THIS TIME WE CAUGHT YOU!

Foxy Grandpa and The Boxing Teacher.



BOYS...HERE'S A CHANCE FOR US TO GET GRAN'PA WARMED. LET'S TAKE HIM IN FOR A BOXING LESSON.



BOYS...OH, DEAR! THIS IS A SHAME. WE WILL HAVE TO TELL THE PROFESSOR NOT TO HURT GRAN'PA.



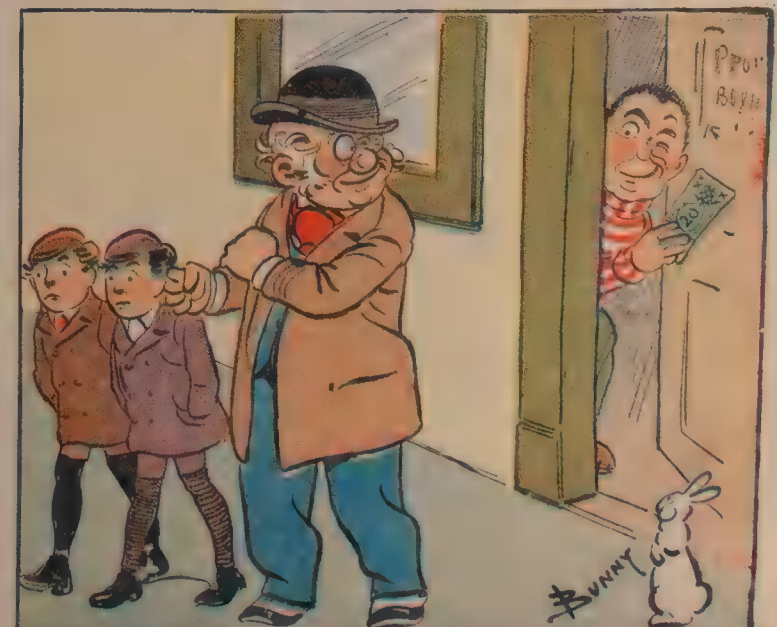
GRANDPA...HERE, PROFESSOR, TAKE THIS TWENTY AND DON'T FORGET TO TREAT ME RIGHT IN THIS LITTLE AFFAIR.



BOYS...LOOK, GRAN'PA DODGED, BUT THE PROFESSOR WILL GET HIM NEXT TIME.



GRANDPA...OH, I'VE GOT YOU NOW, PROFESSOR. GIVE UP.



GRANDPA...WELL, BOYS, I'M GLAD TO SEE I CAN STILL RELY ON MY PUNISHING ABILITY.

Foxy Grandpa—A False Alarm.

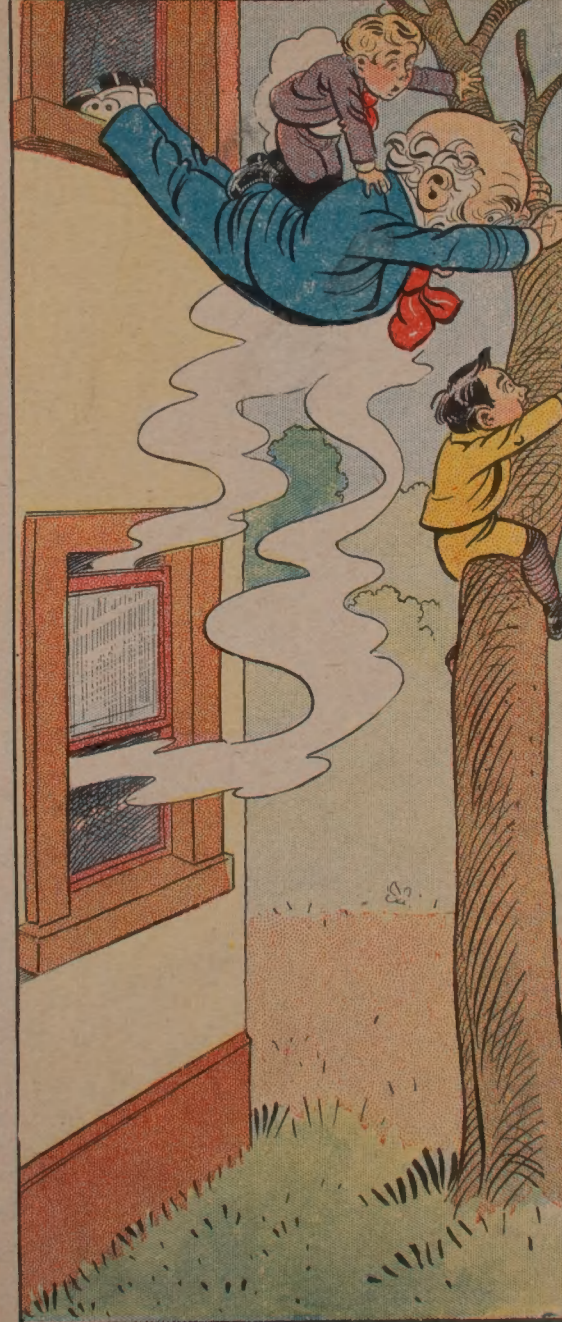
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BOYS--LOOK GRAN'PA! THE HOUSE IS ON FIRE. HOW WILL WE GET DOWN?



GRANDPA--HERE'S THE QUICKEST WAY BOYS. NOW CRAWL OVER.

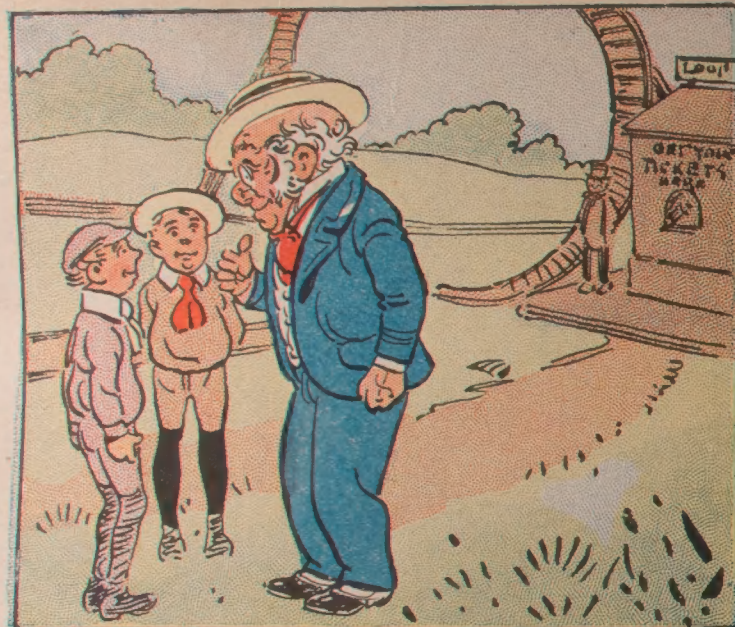


BOYS--STEADY GRAN'PA

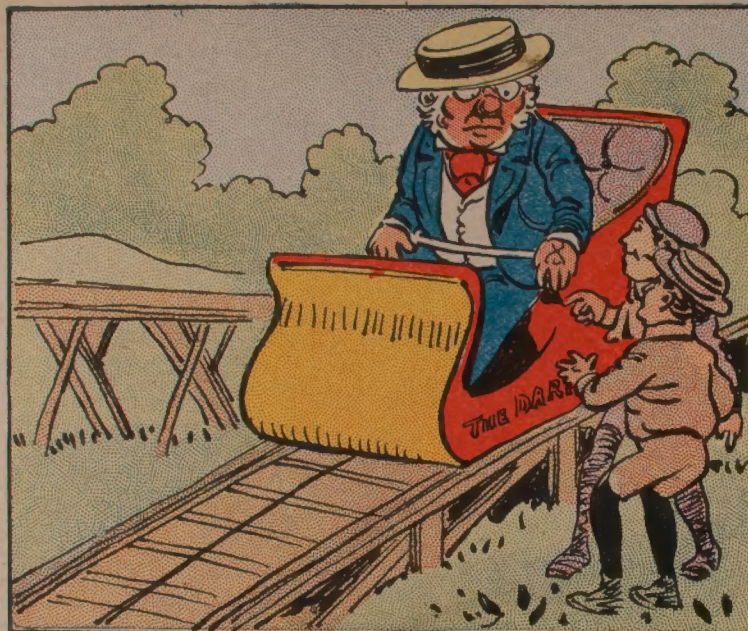


GRANDPA--GOODNESS, IT'S OUR OWN PLUM PUDDING!

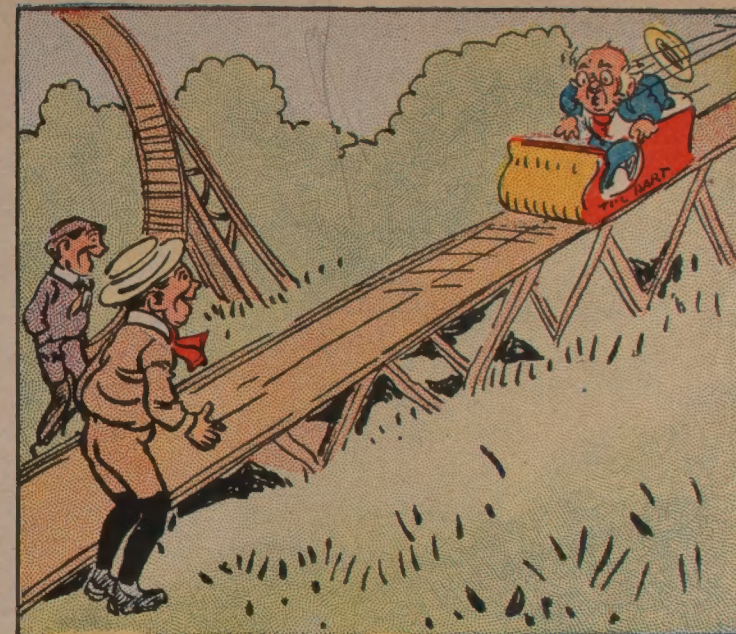
Foxy Grandpa on the Loop the Loop.



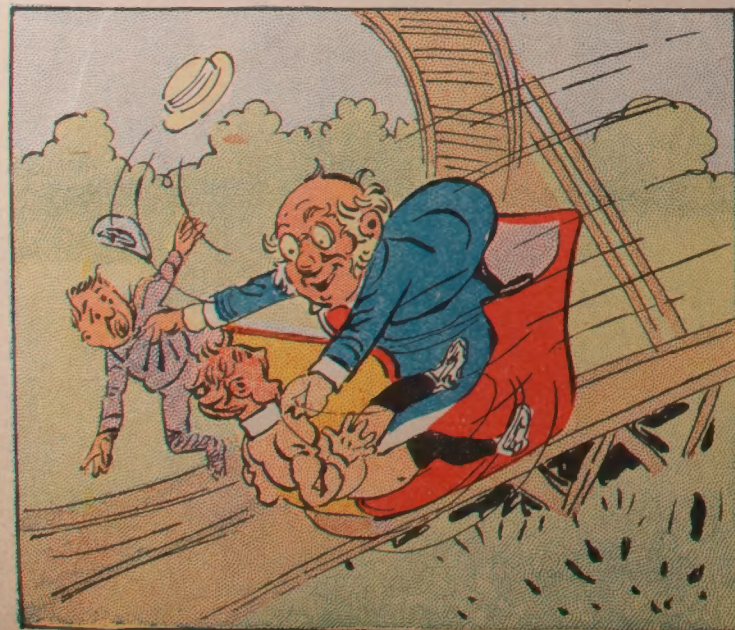
Grandpa Come, boys, let's try the Loop the Loop.



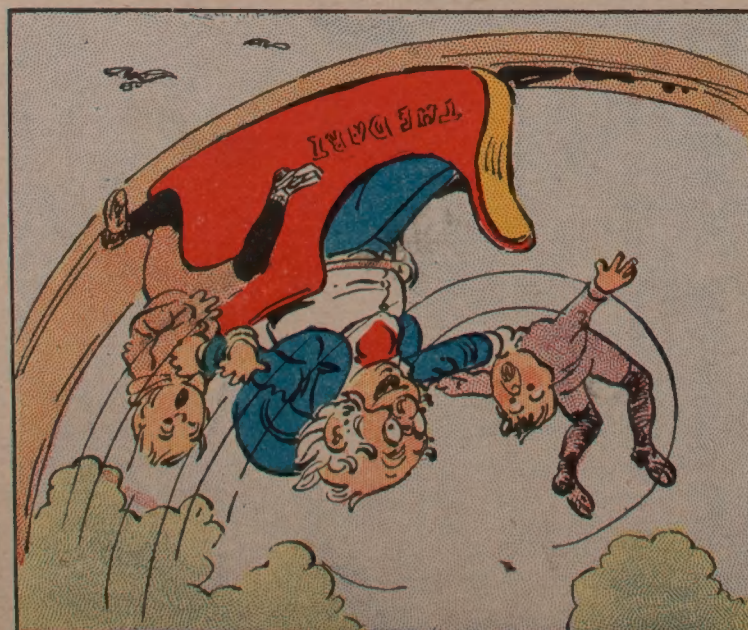
Boys—Gran'pa, we'll go down and watch you try it first.



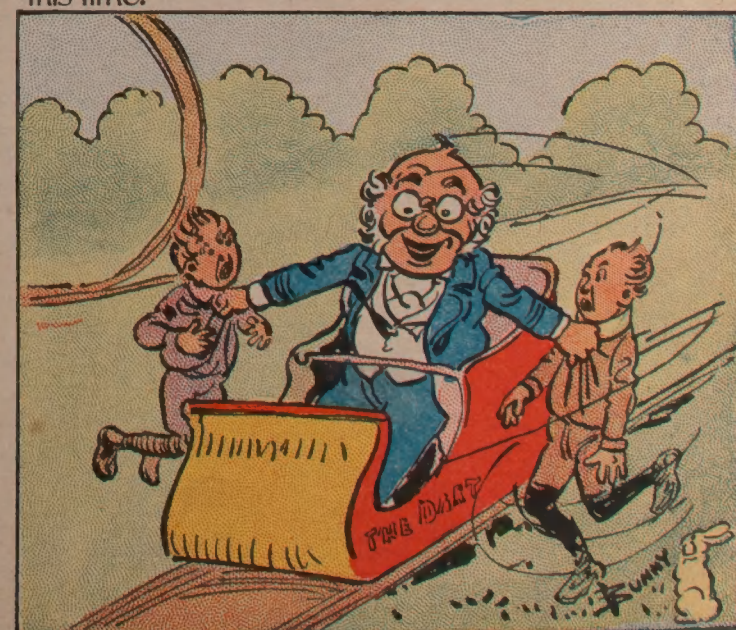
Boys—Here he comes! we've got Gran'pa frightened this time.



Grandpa—Hello, boys, it's great; come along.

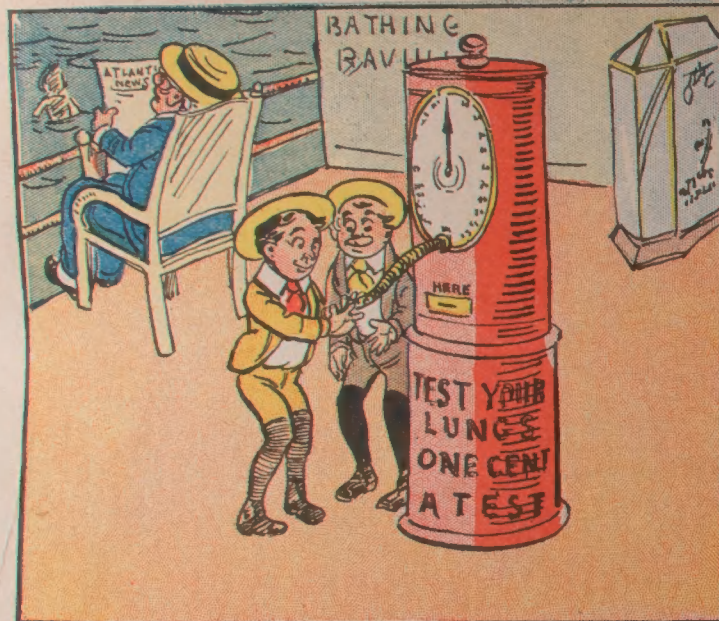


Grandpa—Here we go around.

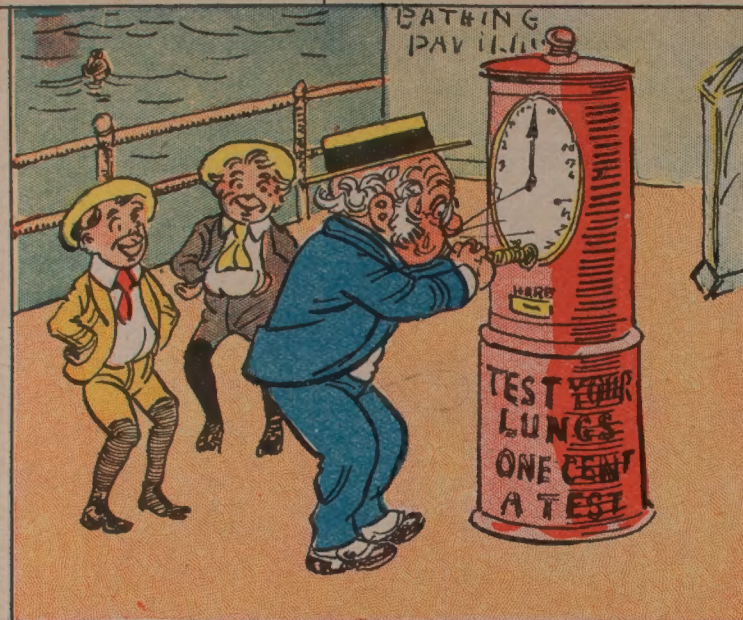


Grandpa—Well, boys, I got one on you that time.

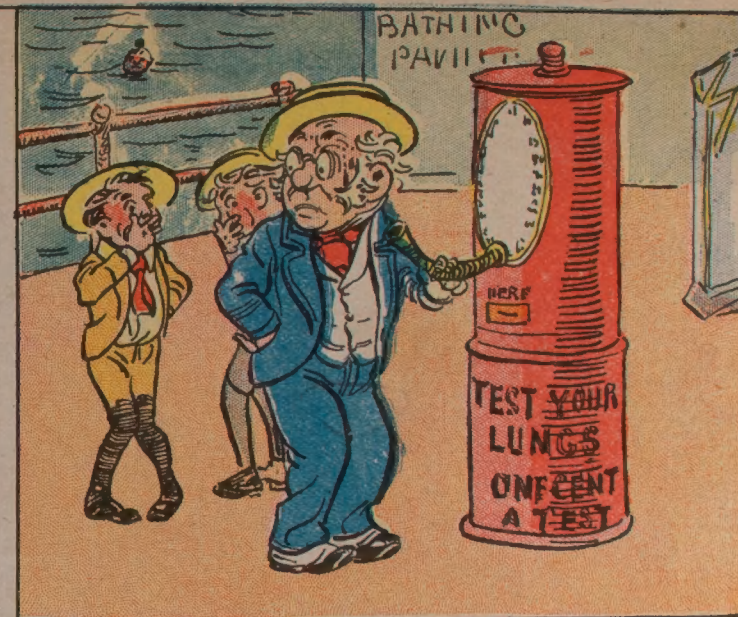
Foxy Grandpa and the Lung Tester.



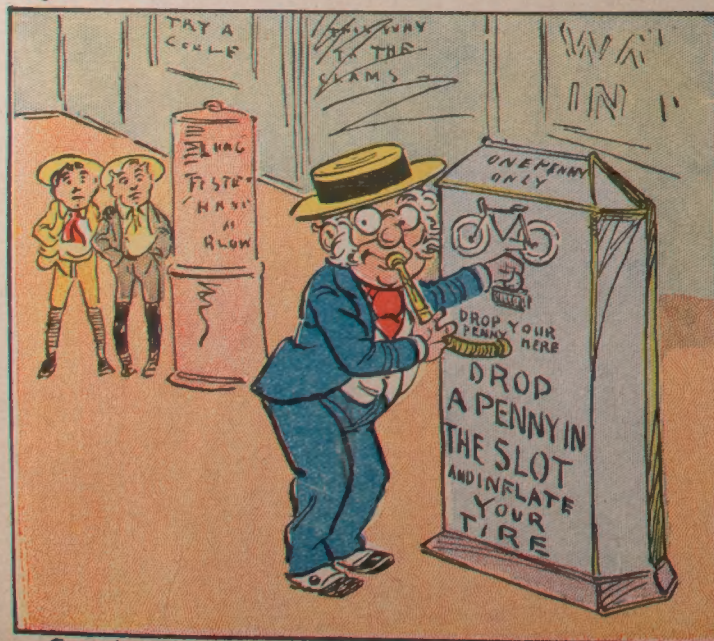
Boys—Let's stop up the tube and then get Gran'pa to try a blow.



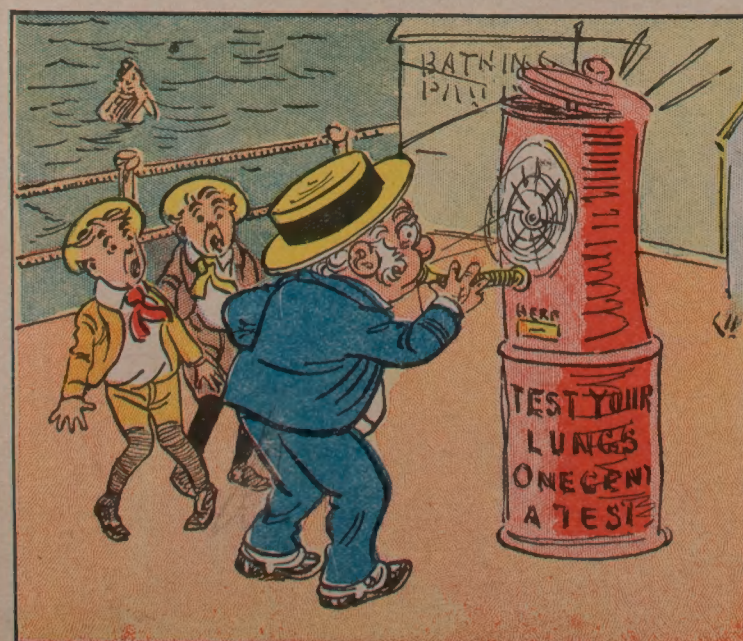
Boys—Why Gran'pa you're not half trying.



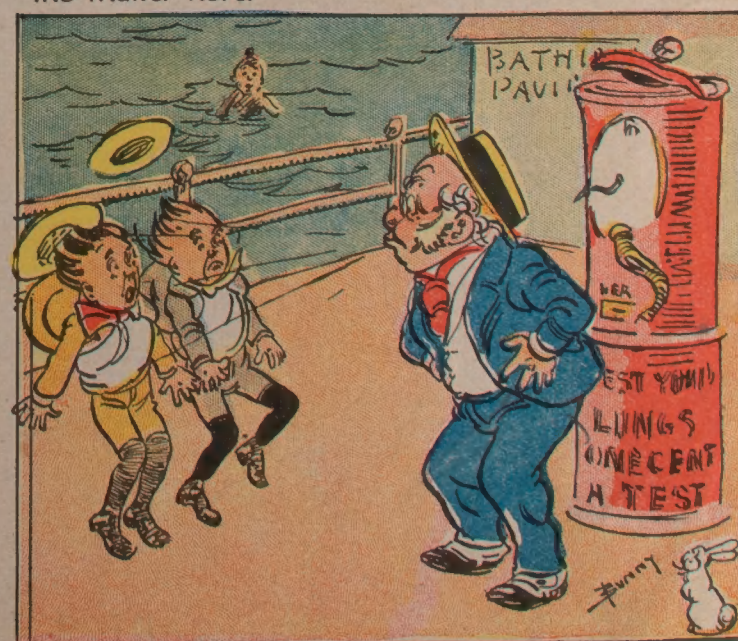
Grandpa—Say, boys, there seems to be something the matter here.



Grandpa—Just wait a minute, I'll soon be ready for that lung tester.



Boys—Goodness! Gran'pa's blown the machine to pieces!



Grandpa—Well, boys, anything else to blow?

