

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND



by

*BRIGGS*¹⁴

Verses by Wilbur D. Nesbit

To "Hinch"
From
Bob Cavanaugh

12-1-16

When a Feller Needs a Friend

When a Feller Needs a Friend

by

BRIGGS 14

Verses by Wilbur D. Nesbit



Published in the Shop of
P.F. VOLLAND & CO.
CHICAGO, U.S.A.

Copyright, 1914,
P. F. VOLLAND & CO.
Chicago, U. S. A.
(All Rights Reserved)

When a Feller Needs a Friend

SAY, girls an' fellers,
Briggs has gone to
work an' got up a
nuther book like "Oh,
Skin-nay"—only it's
different again. An' it
shows how a feller feels
—an' a girl, too—when



everything goes wrong.
An' Nesbit has wrote a
verse for each picture,
just like he did for the
Skin-nay book, 'cause he
an' Briggs understands
how it is when a feller

needs a friend. An' Volland he has printed
it in a reg'lar book, an'
it is deddicated to all
girls an' boys an' their
parents dear an' true.



Between Two Fires

I'M late for school—
I've broke the rule
An' don't know where to go.
If I go on
My chance is gone—
Th' teacher 'll scold, I know.

If I go back
I'll get a whack
From ma, right on th' ear.
What can I do?
I wish I knew—
I know I can't stop here.



Between Two Fires

No Fun To Be a Girl

I DON'T see why I can't do things like a boy
But mama, when I try boy-fashion to slide,
Says all of her teaching I simply de-destroy
An' wants me to know that she feels hor-ri-fied!
Just wait! I'll grow up to a voter some day
An' first thing I do will be slide just that way.



No Fun to be a Girl

A Real Calamity

THERE ain't no charity anywheres,
There ain't a single soul that cares,
There ain't a person wants a boy
To have th' slightest bit o' joy.
I lost my nickel; I can't go
To see th' movin' picture show,
But all th' world goes right along
As if there wasn't nothin' wrong.



A Real Calamity

The Wall Flower

I TRY to smile each little while
When some boy looks at me —
I wonder why they hurry by
As if they did not see.
If I'd a chance how I could dance!
But I must keep this chair
And try to smile each little while
As if I didn't care.



The Wall Flower

A Blighted Hope

IT'S no use, Pup, I told you so
When I first met you down th' street.
I told you my ma would say "No!"
Because she thinks that dogs ain't neat.
It's no use, Pup; you should 'a turned
Th' other way. It makes me mad,—
Think of th' tricks you would have learned!
Think of th' good times we'd have had!



A Blighted Hope

The Mean Things

WHEN I was on my way to school
I had a accident.
Some day you may have one, then you'll
Know, maybe, what it meant.
Those awful boys they laughed an' yelled
An' shouted things beside.
I'm glad I fixed it so it held,
Or else I would have cried.



The Mean Things

The Modern Feminine

I THINK that boys are awful things!
They grin at ever'thing we wear.
They stand around with whisperings
Behind their hands, but I don't care!
O dear, O dear! These latest styles!
No wonder they embarass you.
No wonder boys watch us with smiles—
But then, what can a woman do?



The Modern Feminine

Spring Fever

TH' first day o' spring, when the trees is all green
An' birds is a-singin' as gay as you please,
An' all of th' grass looks so new-made an' clean,
An' you can't hear much but th' hum o' th' bees,
W'y, then's when I wish I could shut up my books
An' run out barefooted an' play everywhere—
But teacher she gives me th' sternest o' looks
An' says to stay in—an' I say it ain't fair!



Spring Fever

Saturday Morning

SPOTTY BURK, he's gone a-fishin',
Warts Malone's out on his bike—
Huh! There ain't no good a-wishin'
I could do one thing I like.
When I'm growed up, then you'll see me
Livin' always out-o-doors.
Hermit Dan—say, that will be me
With no carpets on *my* floors.



Saturday Morning

It Always Happens

I DON'T see why they make a fuss about their clean old floors
An' yell at me when I come in from bein' out of doors.
They drive me from th' dinin' room, th' parlor an' th' hall
An' say I'm trackin' mud, when I don't bring in much at all.
W'y, floors is big; there's lots o' room; I don't see why they care
For just a little bit o' mud that's tracked in here an' there.



BRI 69

It Always Happens

The Wrong Career

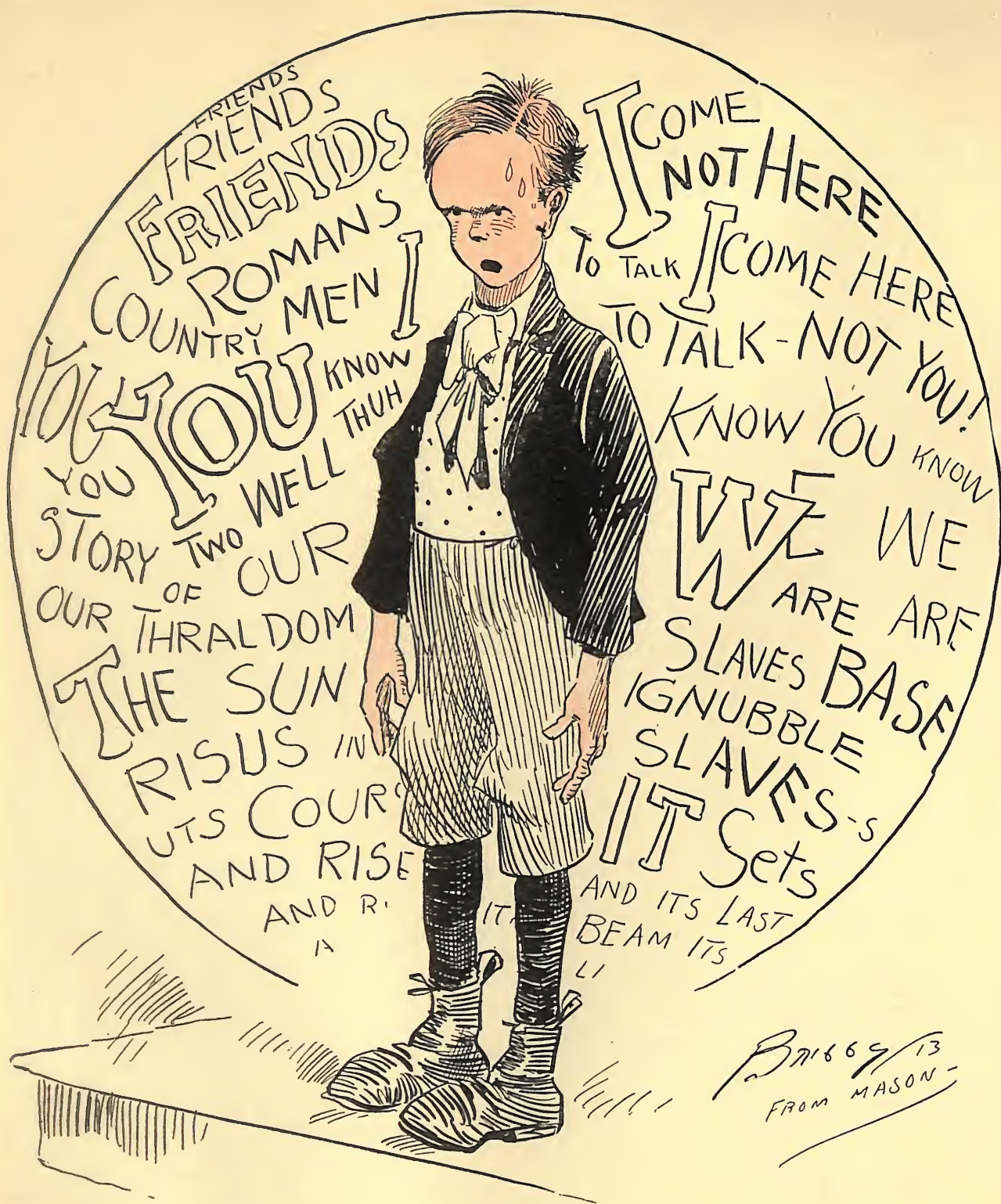
I WANT to be a Mathewson, a Cobb or a McGraw,
An' I could be when I grow up, exceptin' for my maw—
W'y, ever' time our team starts out to have a practice game
Then sure as fate you'll hear my maw a-callin' out my name
An' makin' me come right in home to dress up—ain't it queer
She vows that I was born to have a musical career?



The Wrong Career

Torture

I KNOW my piece before I speak—
I've studied it for one whole week.
But when I stand before th' school
I get to feelin' like a fool,
An' ever'thing is jumbled so
It's worse than if I didn't know.
I bet you old De-mos-the-nes
He never went to schools like these!



Torture

Can Such Things Be?

I HEARD him as plain as I hear what you say !
He turned down a bid to th' game.
The other man begged him to go see them play
But he wouldn't go, just the same.
Let somebody *ask me!* Oh, just let 'em start
To ask me, an' what would I do?
His ticket an' him would be two miles apart
Before he had got half way through.

"I'VE GOT FOUR
TICKETS FOR THE
ENTIRE CITY SERIES
AND I WANT YOU TO
SHARE THEM WITH ME -
I DON'T WANT
TO GO ALONE"

"I TELL YA BILL
I CAN'T GO - I'VE
GOT TOO MUCH
WORK TO DO -
GET SOME
BODY ELSE"



BRIGGS/13

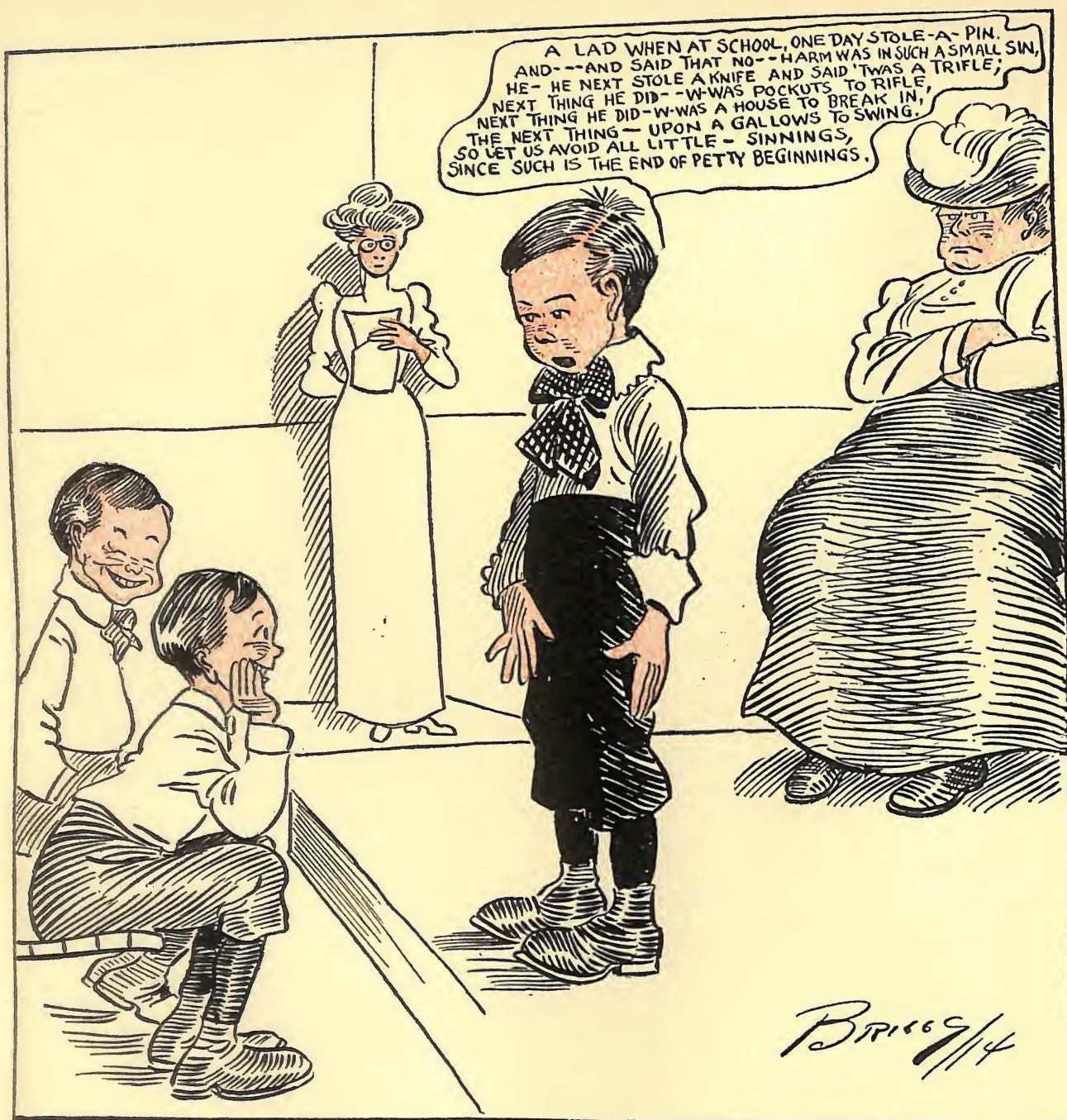
Can Such Things Be?

Final Examination

I'VE brought that teacher apples, an' I've took notes to her beau—
An' here she asks me questions that don't give me any show!
W'y, you can't tell me, honest, that there's anybody lives
Can answer half th' questions that she sets up there an' gives.
I wisht I had th' nerve to say: "It's all told in th' book
An' if you simply got to know, w'y, you jest take a look!"

Trials of a Demosthenes

WHEN I get up to speak a piece my hair gets right on end,
My tongue gets thick an' prickly like an' I forget each line,
An' all the fellers grin at me—an' I got to pretend
I like to speak, because my ma she thinks that speakin's fine.
If folks just knew how hard it is, an' how your stummick feels
All gone-like, an' your hands is big, an' you're afraid you'll fall,
An' ice-cold shivers chases up an' down from head to heels,
Why, then they'd never think a boy should speak a piece at all.



Trials of a Demosthenes

Under the Ban

WHY is it rich folks' little girls
With dandy clo'es an' nifty curls
Can't come a-near us poor folks' boys
Without their nurses makes a noise
An' yells an' calls them back so quick
As if they thought we'd make 'em sick?
Th' funny part is, rich kids fuss
Because they want to play with *us*.



Under the Ban

In Second Place

OUR baby's as red from its head to its toes
As a beet, an' it ain't got no hair, not at all—
With its queer little eyes an' its shoe button nose!
Aw, shucks! How I wish't it would start out to bawl.
I'll betcha them wimmen would not call it "Dear!"
Since it come, why, I might as well not be here.



BR 1669/12
In Second Place

Too Faithful Fido

NOW, Fido, he don't never bite,
But he ain't surely got a right
To take my stocking an' just fly
Right in th' house as soon as I
Was ready to go barefooted—Now,
I got to 'plain this thing somehow!

Being Sick

MA says to be a man, an' take it an' get well;
Ma says to swallow it an' never mind th' smell.
Doctor only laughed at me whenever I would groan—
Huh! When he needs medicine he never takes his own.



Being Sick

A Springtime Cruelty

MAW says I can't go barefoot! What does a woman know
About how good it feels to let your shoes an' stockin's go?
W'y, how's a feller goin' to wade, an' play, an' run,
Or climb a tree? When he's dressed up he can't have any fun.
There's Freckles busted his big toe, an' Squib's got a stone bruise
A'ready—but I got to waste th' summer wearin' shoes!



A Springtime Cruelty

The Outsider

HENRY Jordan, he's a smarty—
Went an' had a birthday party.
He thought I would get excited
'Cause I didn't get invited.
I went by, an' stopped a minute
Just to see who he had in it.
Ma says: "Never mind them, sonny—
Ever'thing in life ain't money."



The Outsider

The Helpless Age

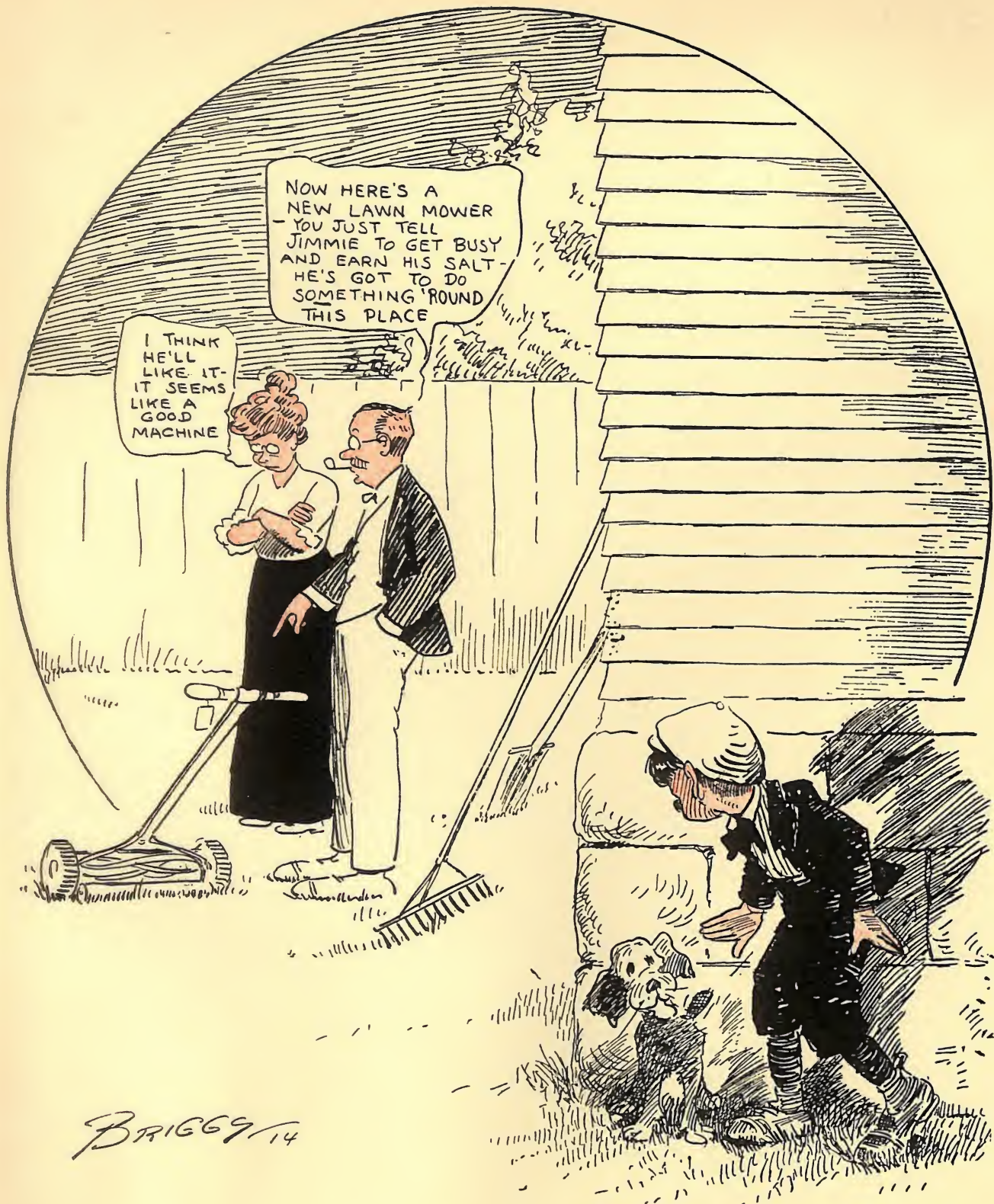
I WOULDN'T be a baby for anything you'd pay—
A lot o' wimmen fussin' you an' chuckin' at your chin
An' sayin' all th' foolish things that wimmenfolks can say,
An' bouncin' you an' kissin' you until you cry like sin.
W'y, ever since our baby come you wouldn't know I'm here;
I might as well pack up my things an' go an' run away.
I think that babies make some folks act somethin' awful queer—
I wouldn't be a baby for anything you'd pay.



The Helpless Age

The Queerness of Parents

WHAT'S th' good of havin' any yard?
Pushin' a lawn mower 's awful hard.
Pa an' ma they talk, an' both look wise,
Sayin' it will give me *exercise*.
Ain't I gettin' exercise enough?
Bet you pa ain't muscled half as tough!
We raise grass enough for all th' town—
Soon as it comes up we cut it down!



BRIGG 14

The Queerness of Parents

A Knight of the Bath

WHEN I was in our swimmin' hole,
W'y, here come all Miss Perkins' class
O' girls—an' right away they roll
Their table cloth out on th' grass,
An' stay, an' stay—an' me neck-deep
An' cold! My teeth was shakin' loose!
An' ma, she scolds an awful heap
An' says that ain't a good excuse!



A Knight of the Bath

The Nightly Surprise

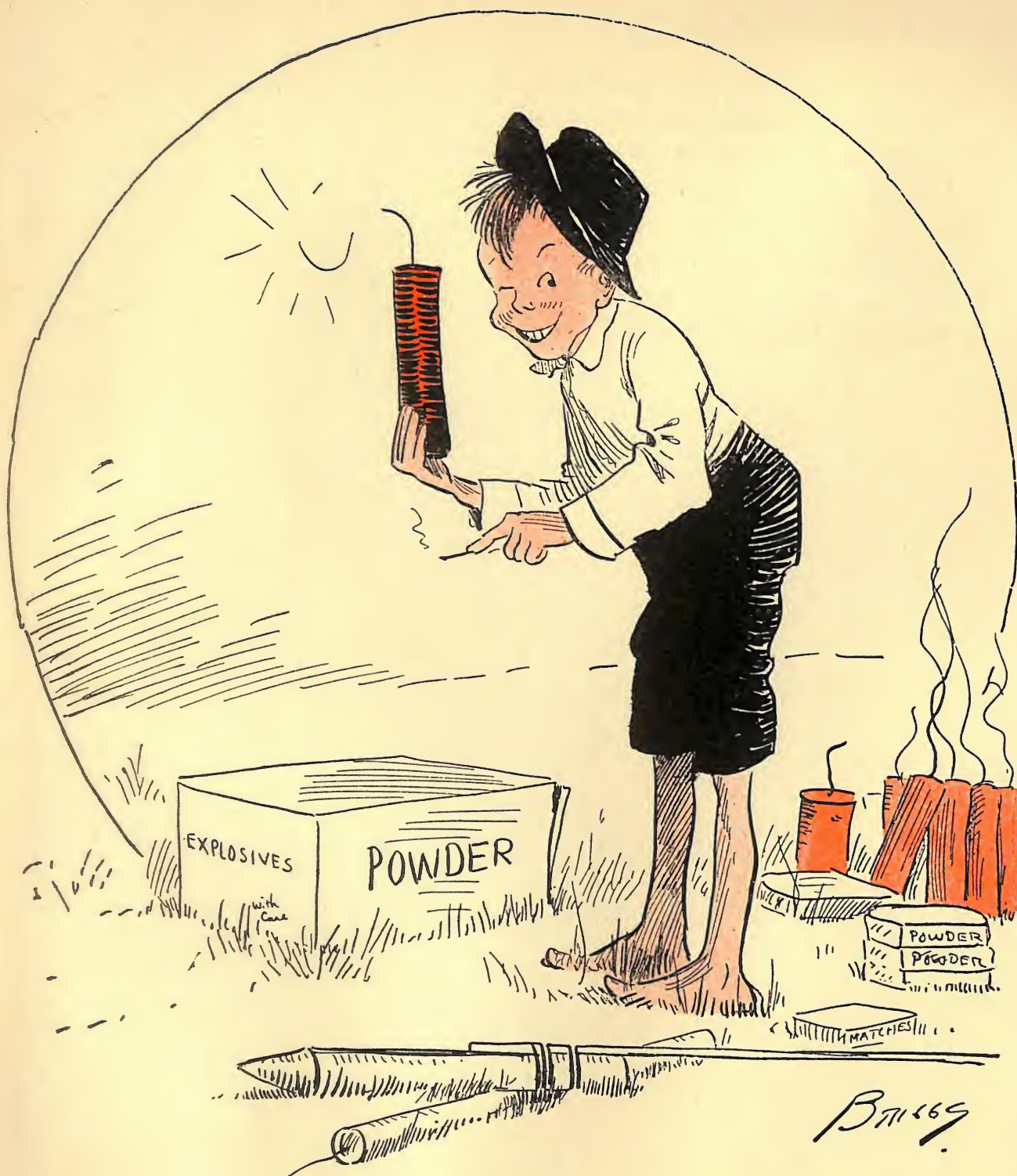
I TRIED all day to keep 'em clean; I stepped light in th' dust,
An' when I struck a puddle, w'y, th' mud was scarcely mussed;
I climbed on Murphy's wagon wheel an' just stepped in th' tar,
An' then walked through a plaster bed, but not so very far—
I looked at them a while ago an' they looked ruther clean—
But maw is th' partickularest woman ever seen!



The Nightly Surprise

A Sane Fourth Convert

I STARTED out th' Fourth all right—
I had some crackers that was fine
An' made more noise than dynamite.
I wish they never had been mine.
I guess my fingers will get well;
I've got a blister on my ear;
When I set down I have to yell—
I won't be shootin' none next year.



A Sane Fourth Convert

'Tis a Grand Game—Golf

I GUESS I can make it around today;
These two bags is heavy as lead.
I'm tuggin' them steady, though, anyway—
I wisht I could mop my head.
My, wasn't it shady an' cool back there?
I wisht I could sit down an' rest.
I bet you that fattest big man will swear
Although I'm a-doin' my best.



BR1669/14

'Tis a Grand Game—Golf

On a Hot Day

MY muvver said to come an' try
To get some bits of ice
Buhcause th' baby's like to die—
It's had a spazzum twice.
But then a little tike like me
Must wait till he can get
A chanst to pick up ice, you see,
An' then as like as not there'll be
Just nothin' left but *wet*.



Brigg 1/14

On a Hot Day

And Freedom Shrieked

NOW, how is a feller a-goin' to swim
When his ma comes an' yanks him right out o' th' crick?
An' all o' th' fellers is laughin' at him!
I tell you it just makes me sorry an' sick.
No use to tell ma how she breaks up my joy—
My ma she's a woman—she wasn't a boy.



And Freedom Shrieked

Hole in the Pocket

I *HAD* a dime—an' Susie Bland
She met me at th' soda stand,
An' when we'd drunk our glasses, w'y,
Th' soda man was standin' by
An' I felt in my pocket where
Th' money was, an' it ain't there.
An' Susie, *she* just sailed up street
An' told her folks I was a *cheat*.



Hole in the Pocket

That Dreadful Moment

AW! My ma, when there's comp'ny here
She calls me in th' parlor, too.
An' speaks o' me as "Bertram, dear,"
An' her old callers stick like glue!
She tells about my baby talk,
My dimpled hands and rosy heels,
And just how I first learned to walk—
Don't she know how a feller feels?



That Dreadful Moment

Home Doctoring

WHEN ma has nothin' else to do,
It seems to me that she just fills
Me up with every kind o' pills;
She always says: "They're good for you!"
An' I forget an' start to chew
On some o' them, an' nearly die—
An' Missus Emma Fergus, w'y,
She tells ma things she never knew.



Home Doctoring

A la Paderewski

AW' what does wimmen know about a man?
I wisht I had a sister, anyway!
I'll bet I sprain a finger soon's I can
So I won't have to try to learn to play.
Ma thinks I'll take to this an' some day go
Like Paddyrewski does—but you just wait.
I'll either run a movin' picture show
Or else I'll be a brakeman on a freight.



B771669/12

A la Paderewski

A Thad, Thad Thtate

AW, whath the uthe? I've loht two teeth
An' they won't give me any peathe!
My pa he howlth when he theeth me
An' thithter thimply thriekth with glee.
Jutht wait till comp'ny cometh—all right!
I'll tell that pa'th cometh out at night!



LAUGH JACK AND
LET PAPA SEE
HOW FUNNY YOU
LOOK WITH YOUR
FRONT TEETH OUT

IS HE GETTING
HIS SECOND
TEETH ?

HE LOOKS
SO FUNNY
WHEN HE
LAUGHS

BRIGGS

A Thad, Thad Thtate

At Hard Labor

WITH all the fellers gone to play
Ma makes me work—on *Saturday!*
An' *woman's* work! Oh, as I peel
Puhtatoes, how I hope *they* feel
Th' way I gouge. All right! An' say,
I'll peel each one through 'most half way!

"NOW DON'T PARE THOSE
POTATOES TOO THICK -
AND WHEN YOU GET
THAT DONE - FILL
UP THE WOOD BOX"



B771667/13

At Hard Labor

The Impossible Rule

I GOTTA new football—but what does ma care?
She says I mus' keep it as *clean*!
An' I mustn't muss up the clothes that I wear
Nor at rowdy playin' be seen.
W'y, what is the answer? W'y, who ever heard
Of football that could be polite?
I got to play *pretty*—there ain't any word
That tells how I feel except "*fight*!"

"NOW DON'T DIRTY
YOUR CLOTHES AND
KEEP OFF YOUR
KNEES- DON'T GET
YOUR NICE NEW
FOOTBALL SOILED-"



Briggs

The Impossible Rule

A Cinder in the Eye

I DON'T see why they scold me so
Because when we start out to go
Some place for comp'ny dinner, w'y,
I get a cinder in my eye.
An' all of them they scold me then
An' say I've spoiled things once again.
They oughtn't scold an' make you bawl
For things that you can't help at all.



HAVE HIM BLOW HIS
NOSE MAR'GRET - I'VE
HEARD THAT THAT'LL
DISLODGE A CINDER

WILLARD! DO AS
YOUR MOTHER TELLS
YOU! YOU FOLKS
BETTER GO ON AND
I'LL GO BACK HOME
WITH HIM

I NEVER KNEW
IT TO FAIL; IF
WE WANTA GO
ANY PLACE THIS
YOUNGONE HAS
SOMETHING LIKE
THIS TO SPOIL
EVERYTHING
OPEN YOUR
EYE AND
LET MOTHER
SEE!

A Cinder In the Eye

The Model Youth

HERE comes Albert Henry Gerson!
Sh-sh! You know th' way your ma,
An' th' teacher—every person
Talks as if he was the law.
We should copy Albert's manners,
We should walk in Albert's tracks—
Soak him, first shot to Buck Danners,
Then we'll see just how he ac's.



The Model Youth

The Pioneer

THE ice looked so nice an' so slick an' so good
Just like it would hold me—I thought that it could.
An' now it is crackin'—more trouble, I'll bet,
For ma says I just mustn't get my feet wet.



The Pioneer

Turned Down

MY Sunday School teacher she said I could aid
By sellin' ten tickets, an' so I went 'round
To old Mister Perkinses 'cause he has made
Donations to 'most every Cause to be found.
But he wasn't home, an' th' rich folks all said
It wasn't th' way they was 'customed to give.
I can't understand it; I guess me an' Fred
Will have to try next where the poor people live.



Turned Down

Day Before Christmas

DAY before Christmas, an' ever'body grins
An' never sees a little boy with clo'es held on with pins.
I wisht my daddy hadn't died, an' maw was not so poor—
I ast her would ol' Santy come; she said she wasn't sure.
An' then she sat an' looked away, an' seemed most awful sad—
Day before Christmas, an' ever'body glad!



Day Before Christmas

Kids Don't Understand

KID brothers, they can't understand
Just what it means to be dead broke;
They wish for things to beat the band—
An' honestly, it ain't no joke
To see ol' Christmas comin' on
An' you without a cent to spend.
When every Christmas chance is gone
Is when a feller needs a friend.



"GEE WHILIKINS!
BE REASONABLE
CAN'TCHA HENRY?
CAN'T YA T'INK
OF SOMETHIN' FER
ABOUT TWO
CENTS? I
AIN'T A
MILLYUN-AIRE!

Kids Don't Understand

Needing a Lift

NOW, make yourself be just as light as you can
An' mebbe I'll lift you to look at th' toys
Above all those grown-ups, for I heard th' man
Say he had this counter for small girls and boys.



Needing a Lift

Impending Disaster

LOOK at Egbert, talkin' fine
To that stuck-up Bessie Smith.
It's no fault of yours or mine
What he soon will be struck with.
Don't you tell him! Watch it come!
Snow enough to fill a cart!
Keep it still as if you's dumb—
Next time he won't be so smart.



Impending Disaster

When School Takes Up

WELL, good-bye, Chrismus holidays—o' course you had to end
Just when a feller's used to havin' fun.
His folks say it is foolishness. There's no use to pretend—
The worst time of a good time 's when it's done.



Briggs 14

When School Takes Up

