

THE TRIBUNE PRIMER

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The Tribune primer by Eugene Field

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EUGENE FIELD

**THE
TRIBUNE PRIMER**

1/10 *revised 1/18*

The Tribune Primer

BY

EUGENE FIELD



BOSTON

PRIVATELY PRINTED.

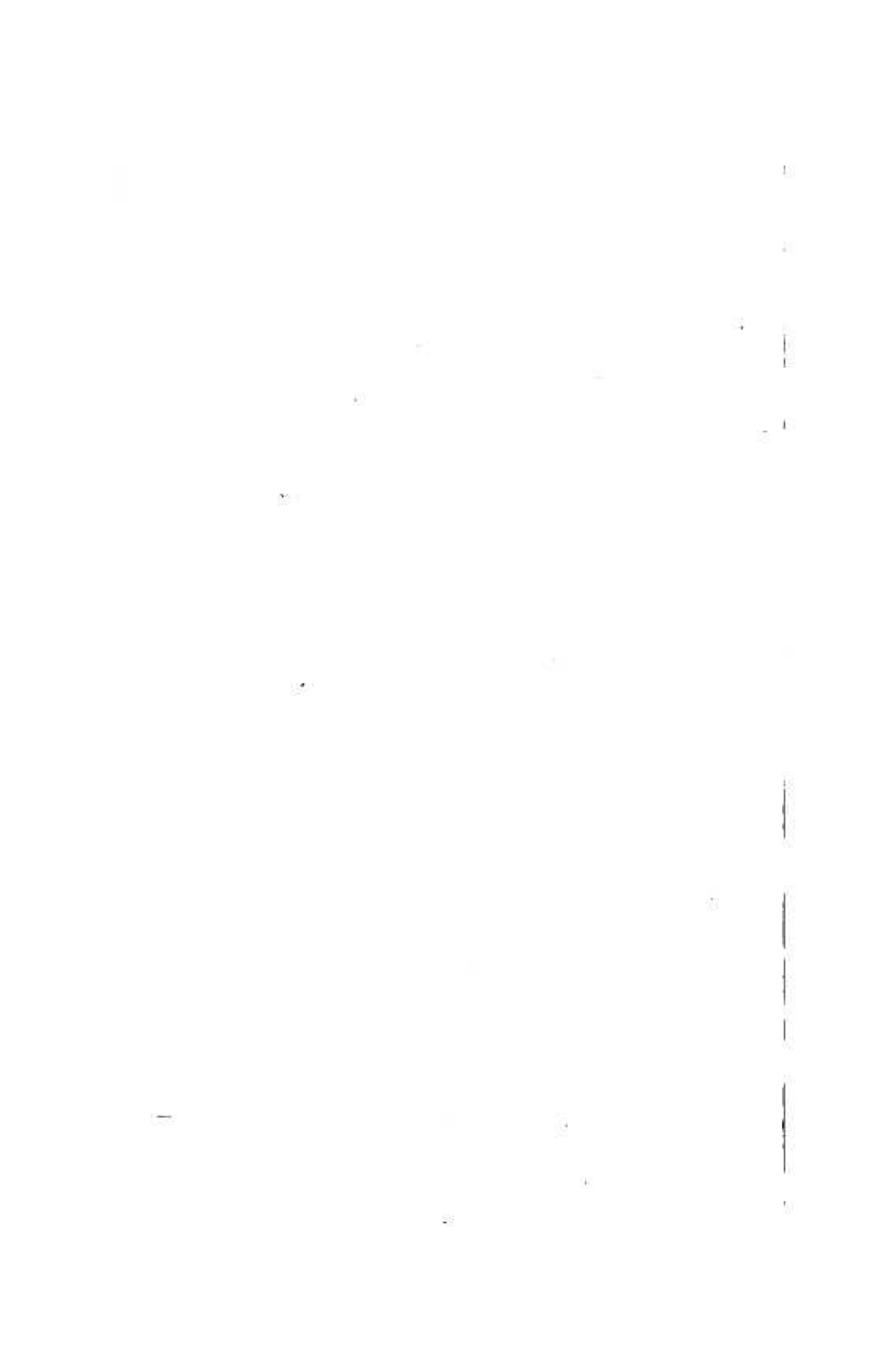
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FOR THE COLLECTOR.

"THE TRIBUNE PRIMER," EUGENE FIELD'S first book, was issued in Denver in 1882, when the author was editor of *The Denver Tribune*. The first edition was a 24mo bound in pink paper covers, and not over fifty copies were printed, of which probably less than ten are in existence. It is said that a copy was sold recently for \$125.

"THE MODEL PRIMER," being selections from "THE TRIBUNE PRIMER," with illustrations, was issued by FRED TREDWELL, Brooklyn, 1882. This is a 16mo with paper covers, and worth about \$18.00.



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THE TRIBUNE PRIMER.

THE EDITOR'S HOME.

Here is a Castle. It is the Home of an Editor. It has stained Glass windows and Mahogany stairways. In front of the Castle is a Park. Is it not Sweet? The lady in the Park is the editor's wife. She wears a Costly robe of Velvet trimmed with Gold Lace, and there are Pearls and Rubies in her Hair. The editor sits on the front Stoop smoking an Havana Cigar. His little Children are playing with diamond Marbles on the Tesselated Floor. The editor can afford to Live in Style. He gets Seventy-Five Dollars a month Wages.

THE CHEWING GUM.

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Here we Have a Piece of Chewing Gum. It is White and Sweet. Chew it awhile and Stick it on the Under Side of the Mantel Piece. The Hired Girl will find it There and Chew it awhile Herself and then Put it Back. In this Way one Piece of Gum will Answer for a Whole Family. When the Gum is no Good, Put it in the Rocking Chair for the Minister or your Sister's Beau to sit upon.

THE BAD MAN.

Here is a Man who has just Stopped his Paper. What a Miserable looking Creature he is. He looks as if he had been stealing Sheep. How will he Know what is going on, now that he has Stopped his Paper? He will Borrow his Neighbor's Paper. One of these Days he will Break his leg, or be a Candidate for Office, and then the Paper will Say Nothing about it. That will be treating him just Right, will it not, little Children?

THE OYSTER.

Here we have an oyster. It is going to a Church Fair. When it Gets to the Fair, it will Swim around in a big Kettle of Warm Water. A Lady will Stir it with a Spoon, and sell the Warm Water for Forty Cents a pint. Then the Oyster will move on to the next Fair. In this Way, the Oyster will visit all the Church Fairs in Town, and Bring a great many Dollars into the Church Treasury. The Oyster goes a great Way in a Good Cause.

THE POOR DOG.

The Dog looks sick. He has been celebrating the Fourth of July. There is a Bunch of Fire Crackers tied to his Tail, also a tin Dipper. The Dipper does not Seem to Bother him as much as the Fire Crackers. He is Wishing it was Christmas. We fear he is not a Patriotic Dog.

THE NASTY OIL.

Do not take the Castor Oil. It is very Nasty and will Make you sick. Mamma wants you to Take it so you Will be Sick and can't go Out and Play with the other Boys and Girls. If Mamma will give you a Velocipede and a Goat and a Top and a Doll, then you may Take the Castor Oil and it will not Hurt you.

THE HUMOROUS BOY.

This man is a School Teacher. He is going to Sit Down in the Chair. There is a Bent Pin in the Chair, and it will Bite the School Teacher. The School Teacher is a very able Man, and he will find it out as soon as the Bent Pin Tackles Him. Will the School Teacher rise again? We should smile. But the School Teacher will not smile. He will Play a Sonata with the Ferrule on the Boy's Back. The Boy put the

Bent Pin in the Chair. He is Trying to be a Humorist. When the School Teacher gets Through with him, the Boy will Eat his Meals from the Mantel-Piece for a Week.

THE HACK-DRIVER.

What is the Man in a Big Coat and Broad Hat? It is a Hack-Driver. What is a Hack-Driver? He frequently is a Reformed Train-Robber. He does not Rob Trains any more, but he Robs poor Young men who are too Full to Walk Home at Night. Does the Hack-Driver Drink? Yes, whenever he is invited. He will also smoke one of your Cigars if you Urge him. Will the Hack-Driver stop the Hack at the Corner and let you Walk the Rest of the Way to the House, so you may Tell your Wife you Walked all the Way Home? He will, by a large majority.

THE FOOLISH ROACH.

This is a Cock Roach. He is Big, Black and Ugly. He is Crawling over the Pillow. Do not Say a Word, but lie still and Keep your Mouth open. He will Crawl into Your Mouth and You can Bite him in Two. This will Teach him to be more Discreet in Future.

THE GUN.

This is a gun. Is the Gun loaded? Really, I do not know. Let us Find out. Put the Gun on the table and you, Susie, blow down one barrel, while you, Charlie, blow down the other. Bang! Yes, it was loaded. Run quick, Jennie, and pick up Susie's head and Charlie's lower jaw before the Nasty Blood gets over the New carpet.

THE UNFORTUNATE MOUSIE.

Poor little Mouse! He got into the Flour Barrel and Made Himself Dead. The Cook baked him in a Loaf

of Bread, and here he lies on the Table cut in two by the Sharp bread Knife. But we will not Eat poor Mouse. We will eat the Bread, but we will Take the Mousie and Put him in the Cistern.

THE COAL HOD.

Oh, how nice and Black the Coal-Hod is! Run, children, Run quick and put your Little Fat hands in it. Mercy me, your Hands are as Black as the Coal-Hod now! Hark! Mamma is Coming. She will spank you when she Finds your Hands so Dirty. Better go and Rub the Black Dirt off on the Wall Paper before she Comes.

THE EDITOR'S KNIFE.

Here we have a Knife. It looks like a Saw, but it is a knife. It belongs to an Editor, and is used for Sharpening Pencils, killing Roaches, opening Champagne Bottles, and Cutting the Hearts out of Bad men who Come into the office to Whale the Reporters. There is Blood on the Blade of the Knife, but the Editor will Calmly Lick it off, and then the Blade will be as clean and Bright as ever. The Knife cost seventy Cents, and was Imported from London, Connecticut. If you are Good, perhaps the Editor will Give it to you to Cut off the Cat's Tail.

THE PRETTY PARROT.

What a nice Bird this is! It is a Parrot. See it Stand on its Perch with its Beak, while its Legs kind of Lay around Loose in the Air. Will the Parrot swear? Just pull his tail and See. Oh, what a Profane bird! The Lady should not Teach her Parrot to Swear, because when the Preacher comes he will feel Bad about it. Would you like a little Wax finger? Then put your Hand in the Parrot's Mouth and let him Fondle it awhile. The Doctor will see you Later.