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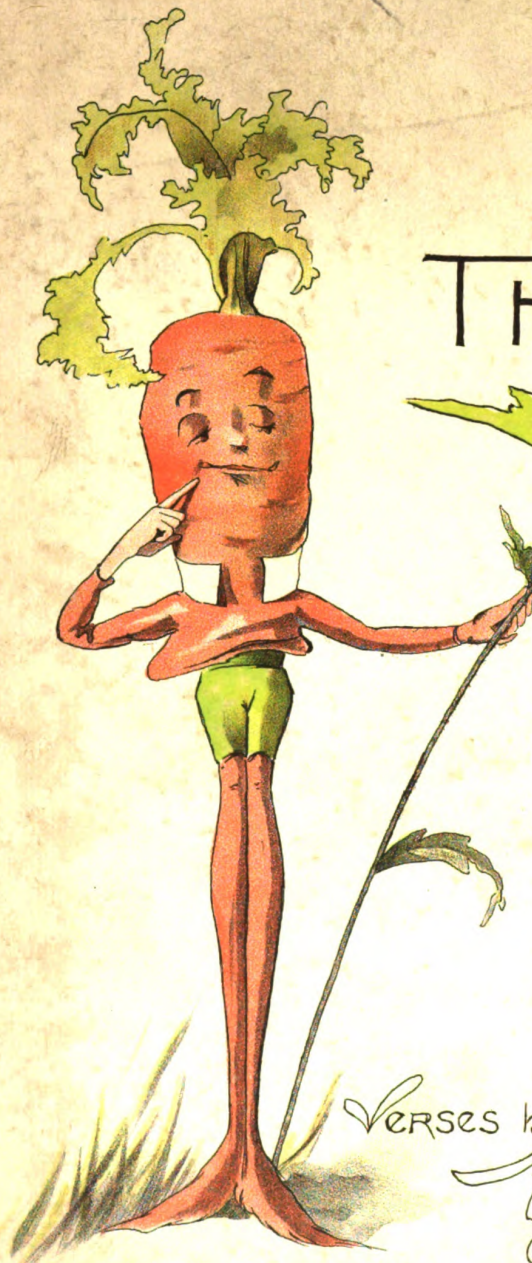
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THE

Vegetable

REVIEW

BY FLORENCE

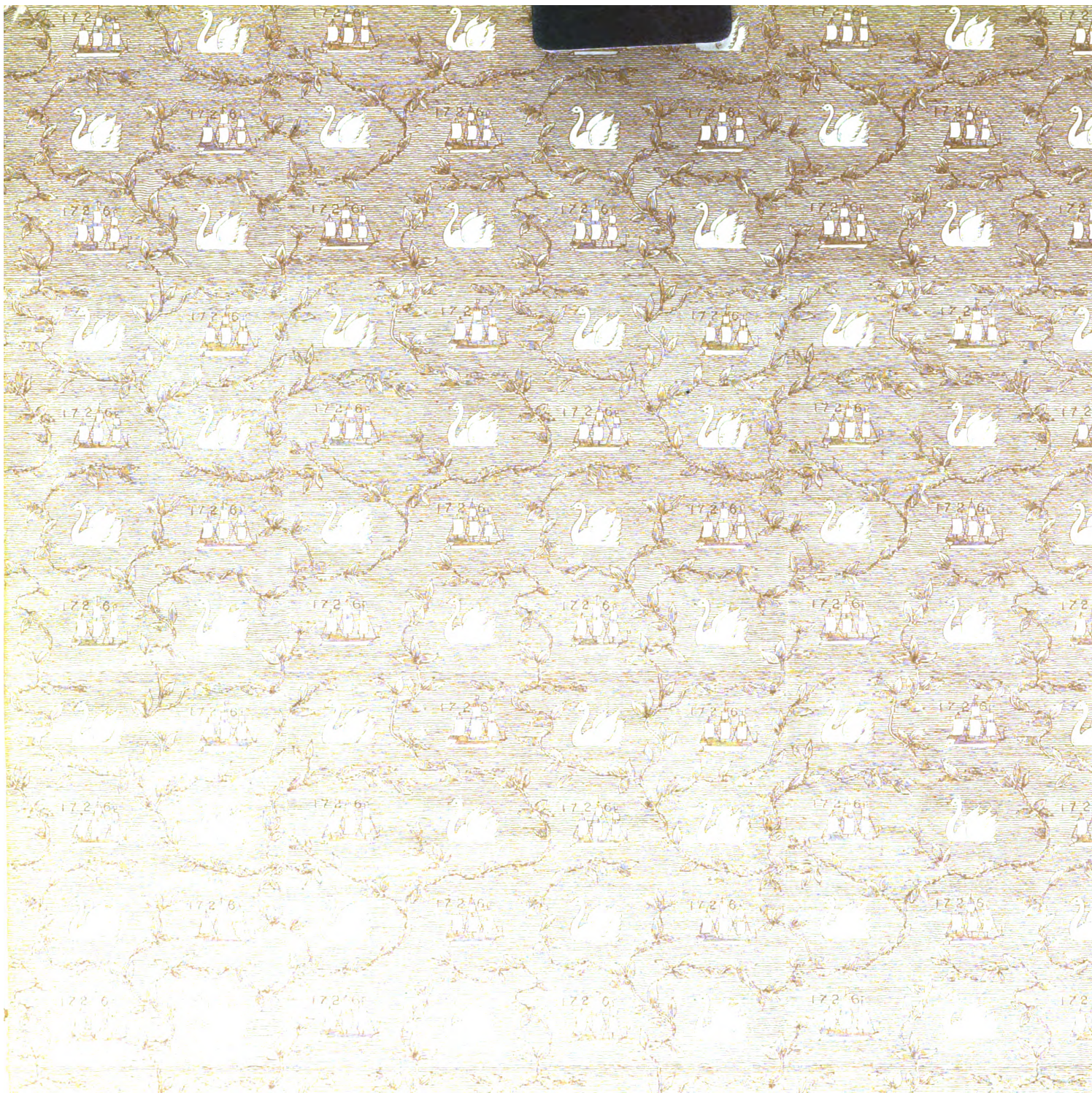
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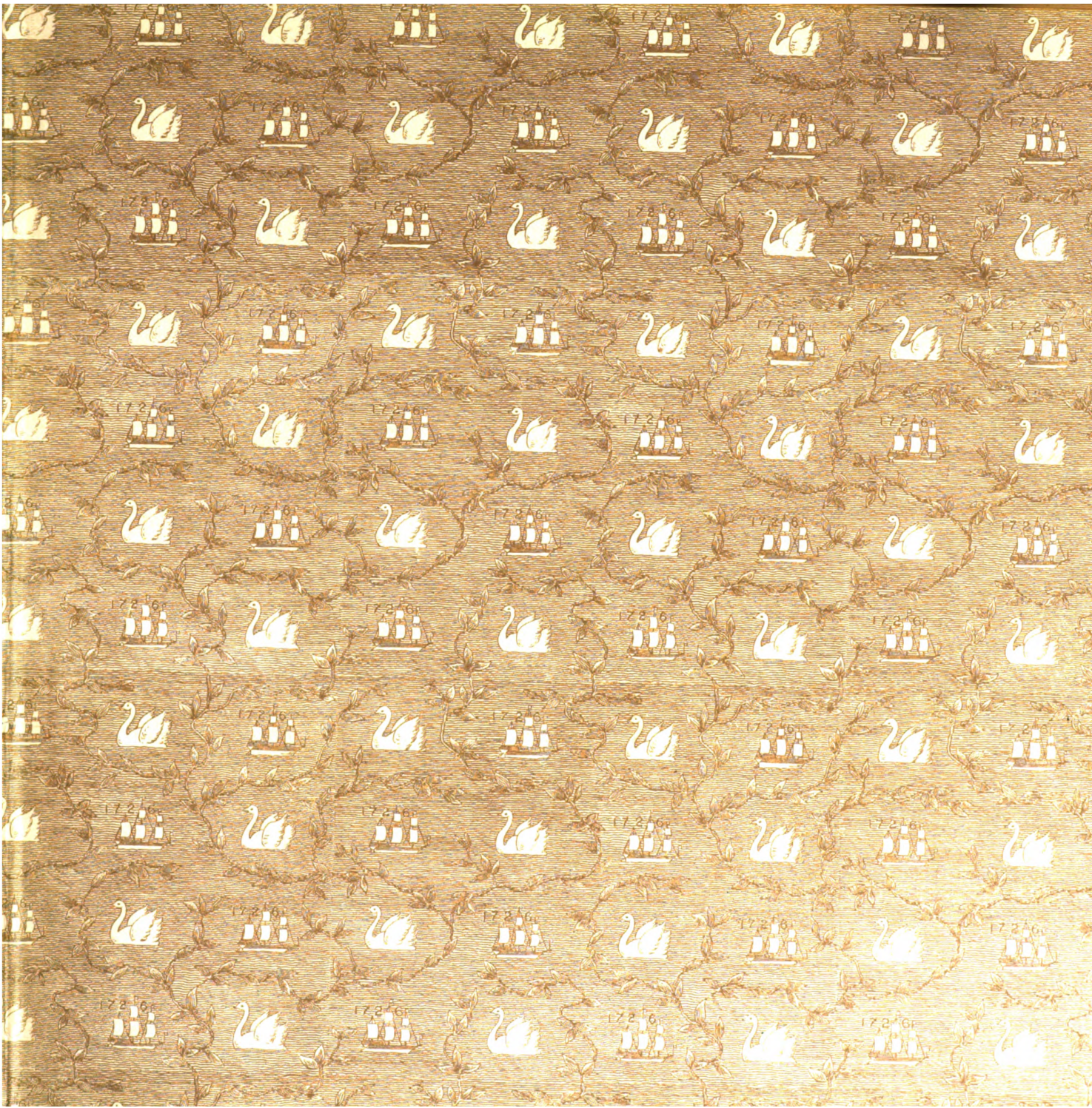
Verses by  
*Bertha Sydnor*

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*LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., LONDON NEW YORK, & B*

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J. S. J. D.







The  
Vege-Men  
Rever

Pictures by

*Florence K. Updell*

Verses by *Bessie*

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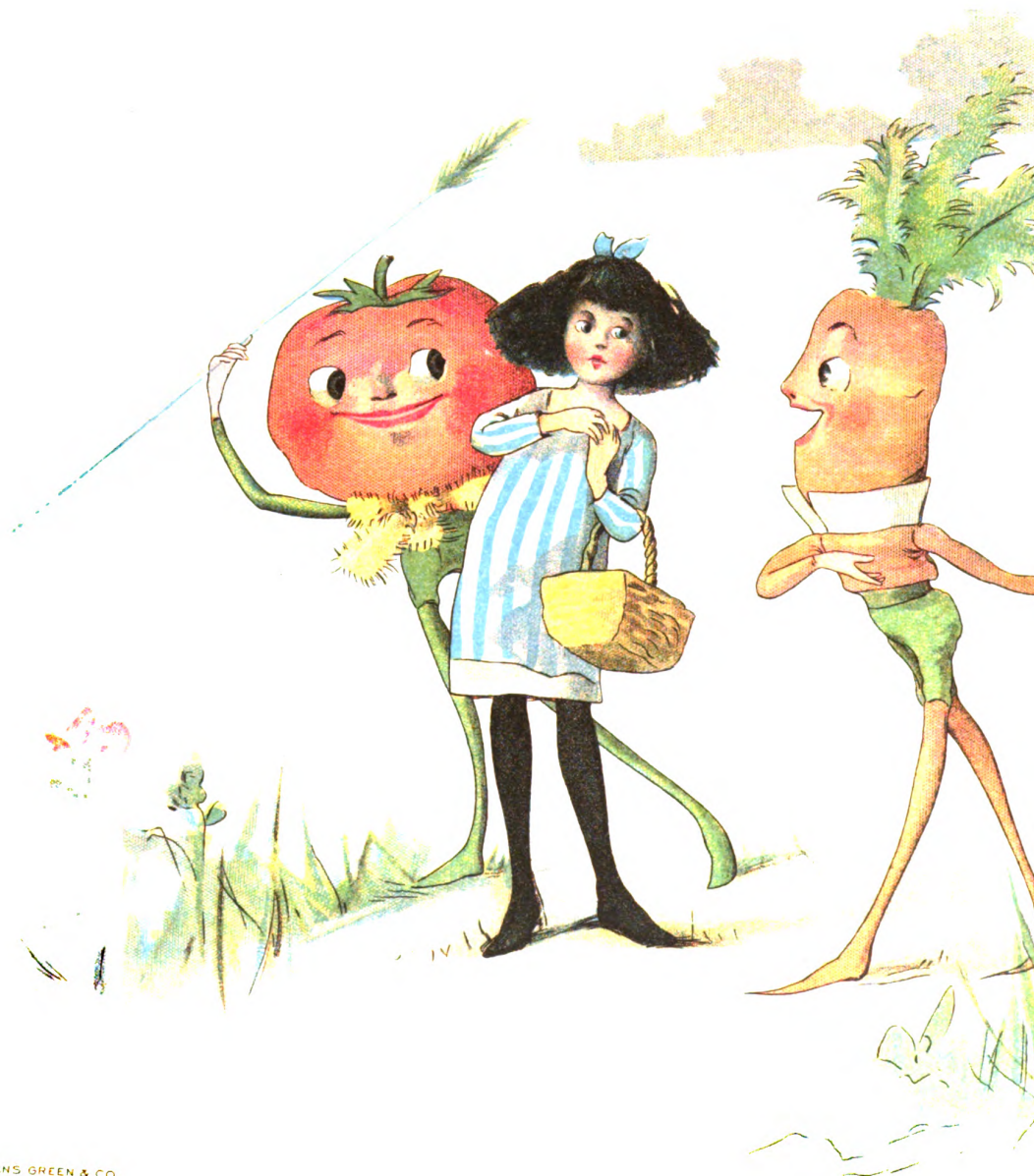
## *THE VEGE-MEN'S REVENGE.*

### *PART FIRST*

"Good day, pretty Poppy! we've met you at last  
After watching and waiting for quite a week past.  
You're alone as we see,  
Said Herr Carrot with glee,  
As he winked at his friend Don Tomato.



"If soup-greens you want in that bag  
We can furnish the best you could e  
And the secret you'll k  
As to how we all grow  
In our cool, pleasant underground w



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"Now how nice that will be!" replied Poppy with

"And may I ride there in this coach which I see

"Yes, we brought it for you,

It would safely hold two,

And these onions though young are all *strong*



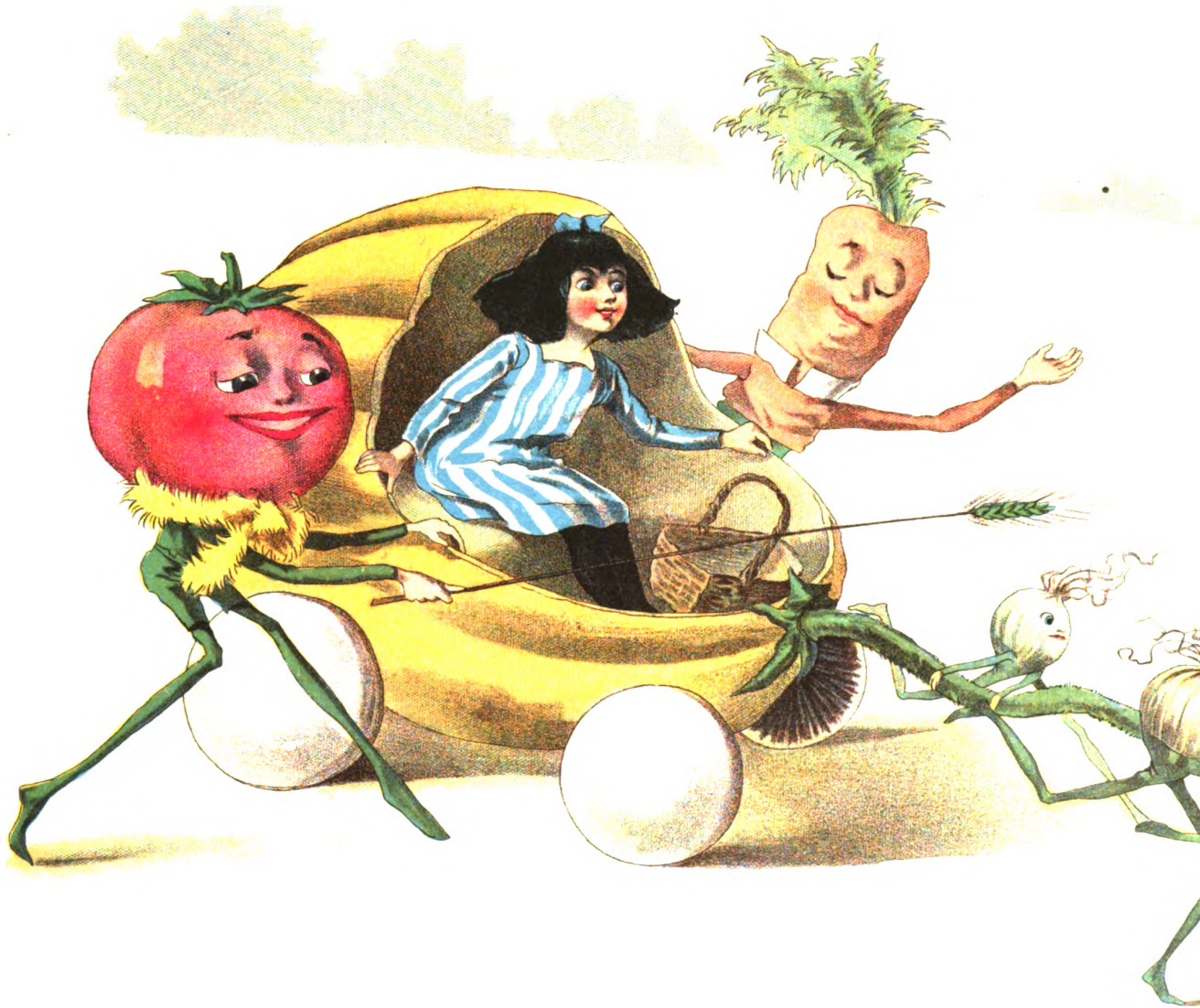
*We* don't care to ride, but will bot

For Tom has the whip-hand, whate

The horses are frisky,

And driving is risky,

So step in sweet Poppy and onwa



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In the cornfield they found a large hole in the ground  
Through which seemed to travel soft echoes of  
And to Poppy's surprise  
As she stared with both eyes,  
Into this rolled the playful Tomato.

Herr Carrot smiled sweetly, and said  
"Ah! but won't it be dark so that no  
If the sun doesn't shine  
I shan't think it so fine,  
And I really half fear I might fall





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"Just give me your hand and I'll help you to stand,  
Now! One! two! three!—off we go! isn't it grand!"  
Through the tunnel they flew,  
The sensation was new,  
But poor Poppy could not say 'twas nice O!

Perhaps she'd done wrong! would mama t  
And supposing down there she should no  
It was seldom her fate  
At the lunch to be late,  
She began to feel quite in a fright O!



“Dear Carrot! turn back! for I dont want to go!  
I'd rather return to the world that I know!  
They'll be looking for me,  
And you surely must see  
That a girl cannot walk in the dark O!”

'Twas useless to plead, his long legs had  
And our poor Poppy feared he had planned,  
The air grew much warmer,  
They turned a sharp corner,  
And now she saw daylight and such a st



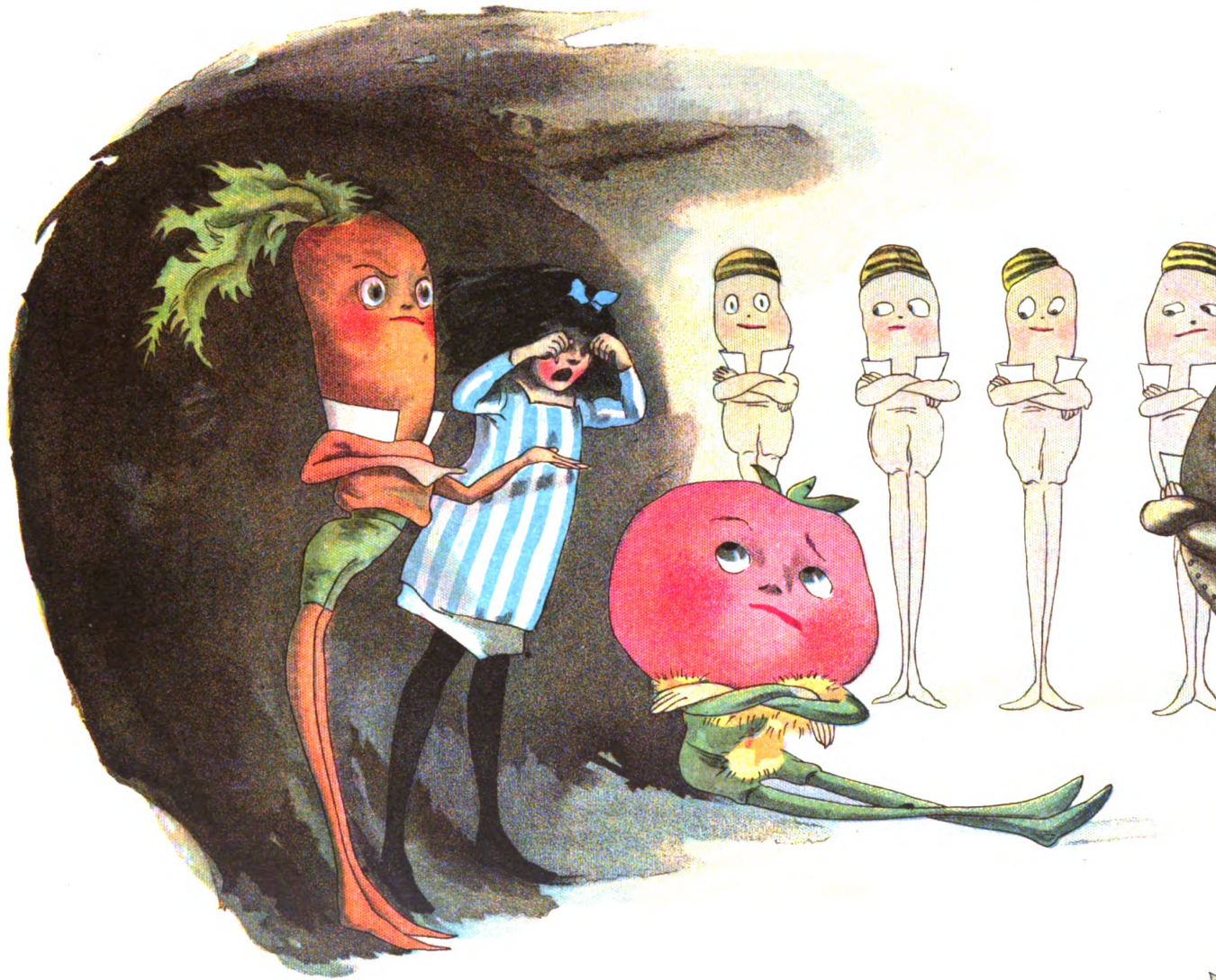


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They paused for one moment before stepping  
Tomato blushed scarlet, — (he was very stout,  
He had rolled down so fast  
Poppykin stood aghast  
When she saw both their eyes looked quit



Herr Carrot spoke crossly — "Look  
We mean you to suffer for all you  
To our King you must go,  
He awaits you below,  
We will soon take you into his C



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~ PART SECOND ~

"Behold me! King of the Vege-men's Land!  
The earth is peopled with my useful band,  
Without us you would starve, and maybe die,  
And yet you torture us without a sigh!

In boiling fat  
We've often sat  
That you might eat French Fry.

Oftimes in fiercest oven's raging heat  
Your cruel cooks our tender forms heat  
And through our Jacket's unprotecting  
We've felt ourselves resolving into dust  
We're chopped for hash  
And fixed for mash  
To make potato crust.



So now on you the tables we will  
And see how you will like to boil  
What ho! my guards in modest  
Go! plant this child and cultivate  
I want to know  
How mortals grow  
'Twill be a novel



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And then his royal arm he fiercely waved,  
While Poppy wondered if she might be saved  
From such a fate as never had she dreamed  
"No hearts have they!" the youthful victim screamed

But in her ear

Came whisper clear

A kindly voice it seemed:



"Gay little flower from mortal world  
I've got a heart, and you shall taste  
Pray have no fear, but quietly submit  
Just laugh and jump into the soft

'Tis not so deep—

And once asleep

You'll better think of it."



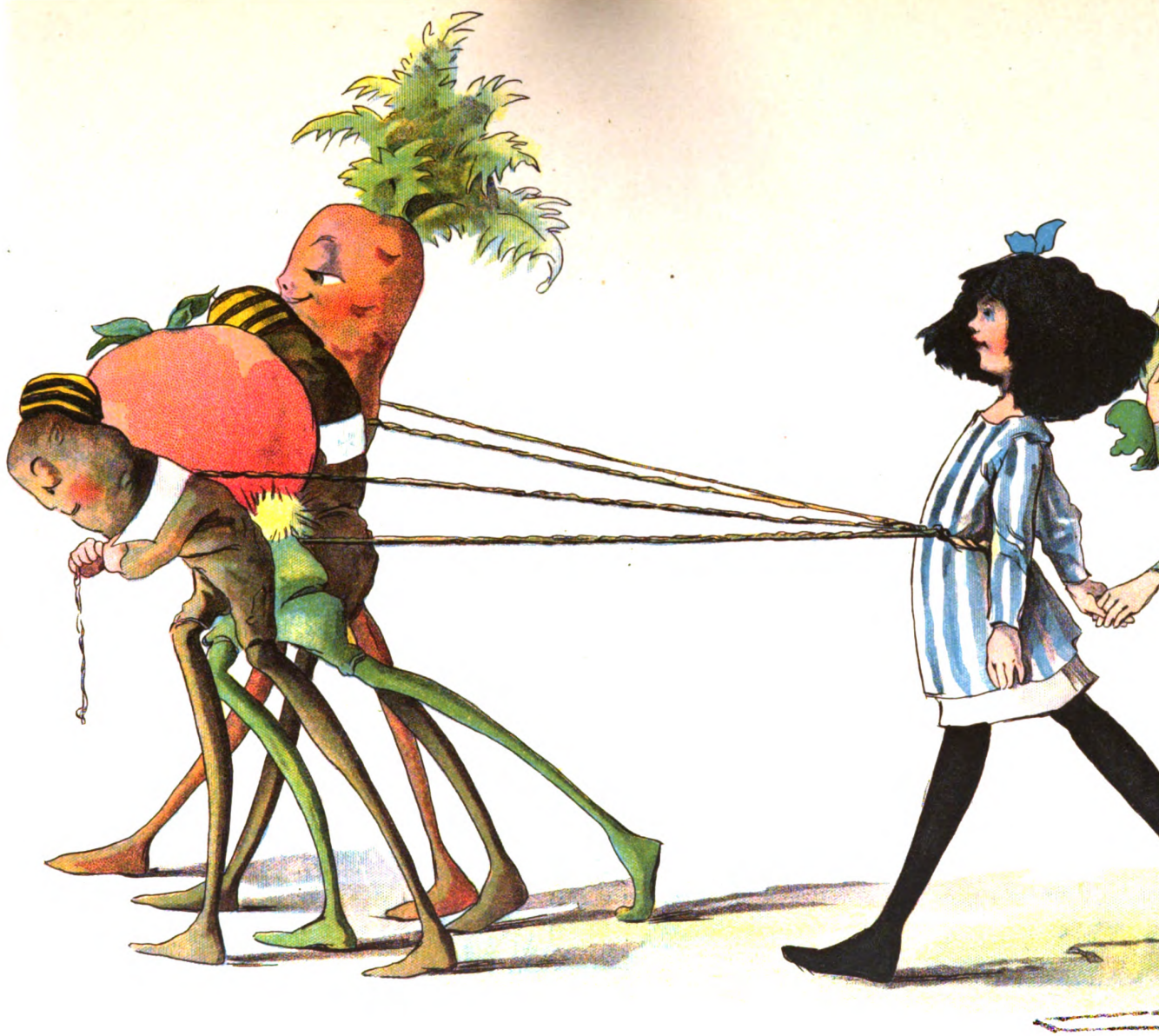
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So, when her guards returned with yards  
One tied her round the waist—(not tight I ho  
To their surprise she never flinched a bit  
But stepped out jauntily towards the pit;  
Her cabbage friend  
Sweet smile did lend,  
Approving human grit.



His back was turned, but on the other side  
With spade and rake two guards looked on  
For Poppy never winced, she stood quite  
Nor feared the doing of King Murphy's  
"This curious bed  
I'll try"—she said,  
"This big round hole I'll fill."





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"When you get underground," friend Cabbage said,  
"You'll fall asleep and dream that you're in bed,  
And by-and-by feel conscious of small thrills  
Which every fibre of your being fills,

Then slowly rise  
To where blue skies  
And warming sunshine growing power distils.

I cannot tell just what you'll grow to be,  
But that is what our people want to see,  
You've changed my species into varied  
Yet we have kept a heart both large and

If you prove fine  
Our King will dine  
On you in state;—and now shake hands



Then on they march with eve  
A curious crew,—each one with  
The two potato men wore co  
While Carrot and Tomato dres

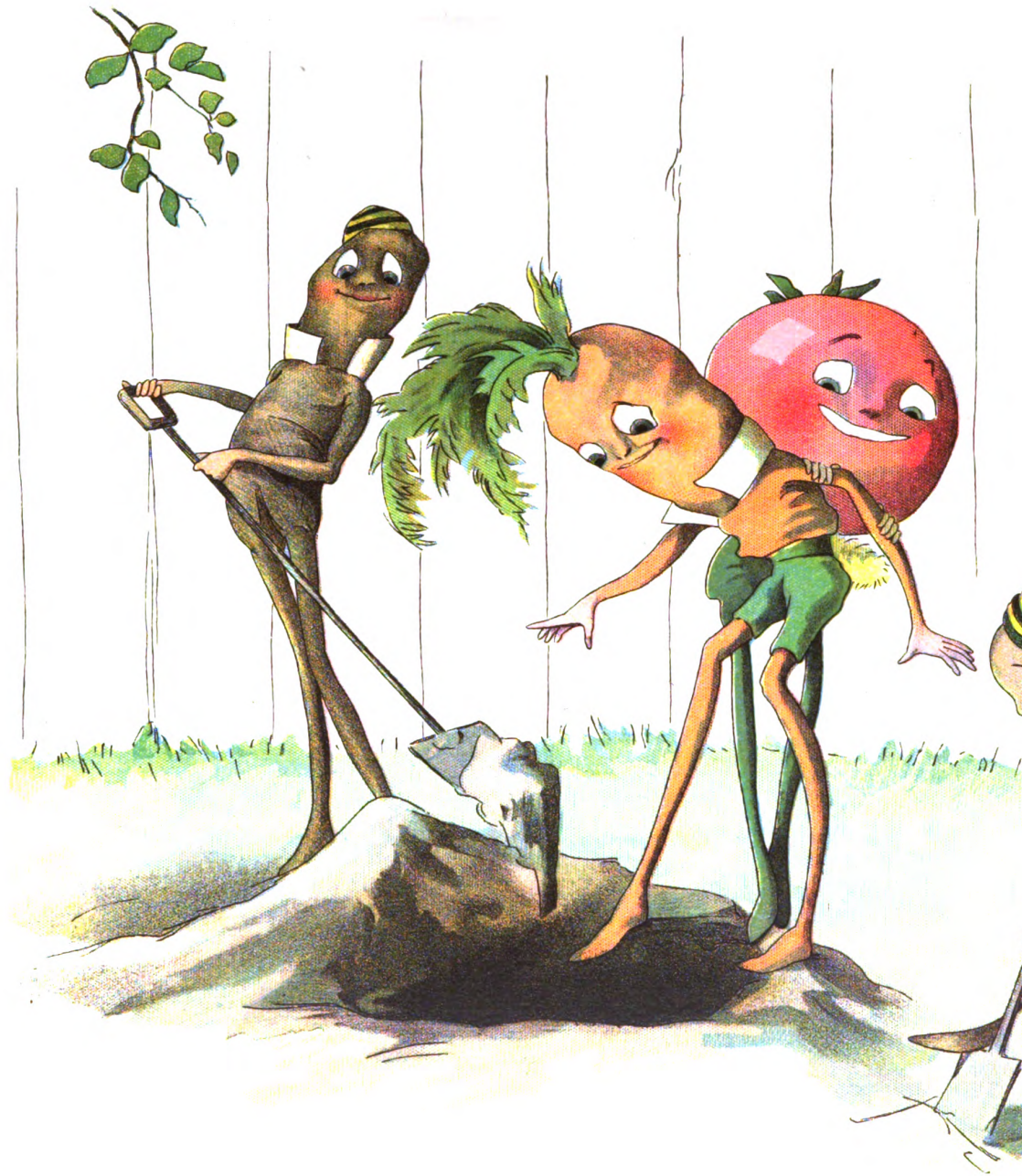
"My four in han  
Looks really g  
Quoth Poppy—walking on wit



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The hole is reached, it lies at Poppy's feet.  
She blows across to them some kisses  
"Good bye, you stupid, blundering Carrot root  
And you! great red-faced old tomato fruit,  
I'll laugh at you  
In French ragout  
When you are cooked *my* taste to suit

I'm not afraid of you one single bit,  
Though now you seem to have the best  
Whoever heard, I ask you both again  
Of vegetables harming mortal men!  
O never fear  
But you will hear  
From me some time, though now I can't say



Her eyes close tight as Poppy makes the  
And for one moment feels her heart go thru  
Then reassured by what friend Cabbage sa  
She settles calmly just as though in bed;

The hole they fill

With dextrous skill

And to King Murphy's throne the way is led

By a new comer we've not met bef

—Sweet Sugar Corn—and yellow hair—

Her dress of green set off each pe

While lightly as the maiden took each

She touched the ground

With rustling sound

Like zephyrs whispering through a



She said—"I wish that Poppy could have sta  
To play with me—she was so fair a maid,  
But if she grows to something very sweet,  
No doubt but I shall find her good to eat;  
So rake the ground  
And water round  
And very carefully this seedling treat."



Herr Carrot smacked his lips and gr  
While Don Tomato's eyes much large  
They both looked forward to the m  
The coming Fall,—when Poppy wou  
Have taken root  
And borne some fruit  
—But here their greedy speculation





For they were ordered off to other w  
Which in King Murphy's realm they dar  
And young Miss Corn went in to curl her  
Of finest hair that fell in silken shocks,  
While laughing light  
At Poppy's plight

This dainty maiden in her green bow

What Poppy dreamed I've not h  
And Mother Earth can keep a s  
It takes some time for little b  
And leaf and blossom till the s  
So let her lie  
'Neath summer sky  
We'll see her soon again I hav



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Now Mike and Dan had special orders got  
To regularly take a watering - pot  
And sprinkle carefully the rich earth bed  
That this new vegetable might be fed,  
While little Jake  
With hoe and rake  
Would smooth the ground at pretty Poppy's



And reaching there betimes one e  
Was first to see that two green leav  
His large, bright eyes were fixed up  
When from Dan's water-can a charg  
Though Mike looked  
He could not save  
His little friend from Daniel's



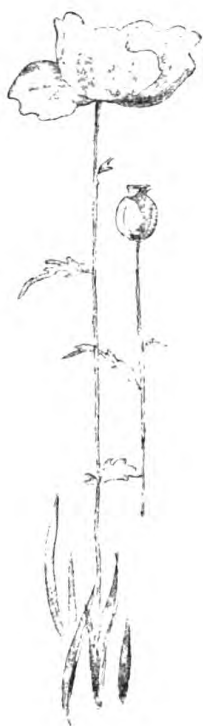
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He scampered off his little coat to dry,  
Shouting the news to every passer-by,  
The baby onions gathered, full of glee,  
And tall Asparagus bent down to see

The pretty sight:

All felt delight,

Though Cabbage friend looks sad-faced you'll

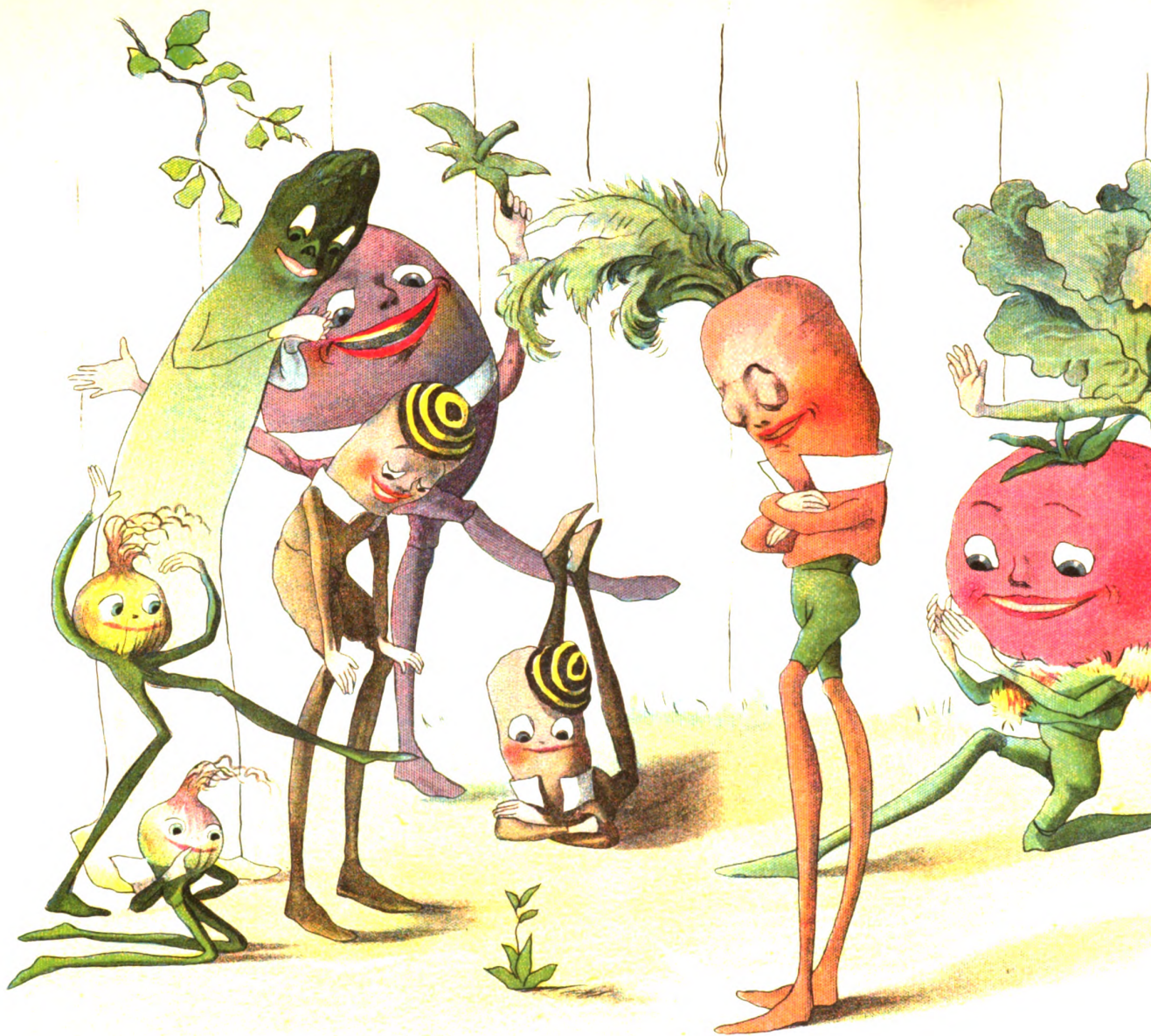


Then big-faced, purple Egg-plant joined the  
And with Herr Carrot and Tomato gazed  
For Jaky told each vegetable he met,  
About the wonderful new plant they'd

Whose leaves of green

His eyes had seen

Whilst raking gently in the ground s

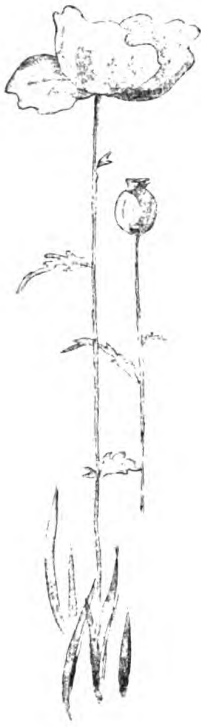


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But now we'll hurry on to that bright day  
When through all vegetable land so gay  
The news had travelled from King Murphy  
That Poppy-growths of every shape and sort  
Were to be found  
The garden round,  
Herr Carrot to the spot His Highness brought

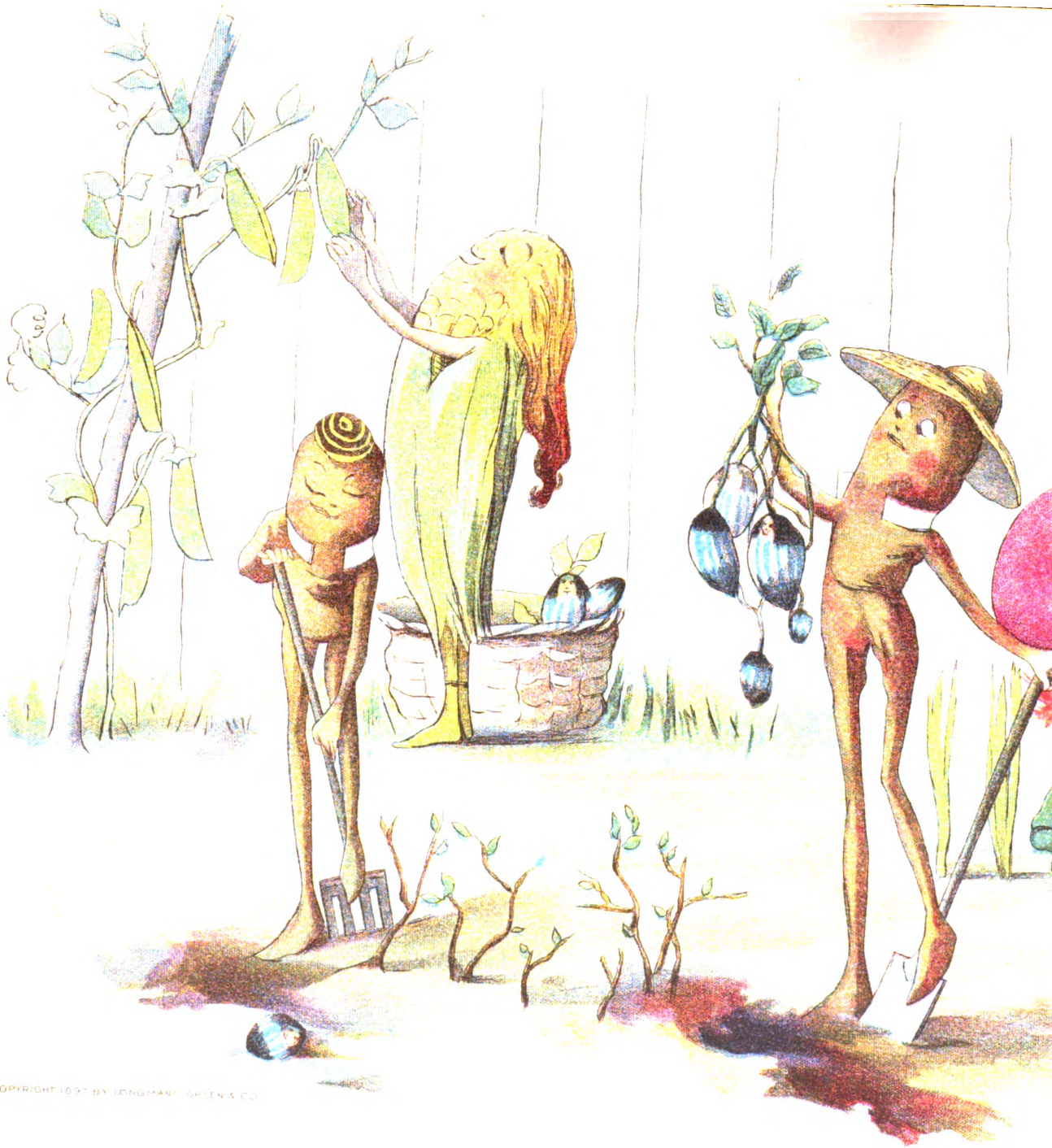
Well pleased His Royal Majesty appeared  
For in his secret heart he'd sometimes  
His scheme would not succeed quite to  
But never had he dreamed that he should  
Results like this -  
'Twas rapture! bliss!  
A problem solved to benefit his ki



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His palate watered for each dainty dish,  
To hurry on the feast was now his wish;  
Into the field with spades his minions file,  
Each wearing on his face a cheerful smile;  
Miss Corn dills peas  
From vines like trees,  
The ripened crops display a tempting pile.

Tomato rolls with joy upon the ground,  
Kicking aloft the treasure he has found,  
Dan digs potatoes from the dry, loose earth,  
The uprooted bulbs fill Mike with endless mirth  
Cabbage and Corn  
Are quickly torn  
From stalk and sheath to which they owe their birth



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Miss Corn, with merry laughter trips along  
Occasionally bursting into song;  
With pardonable pride Mike lifts a sack  
You'd think was big enough to break his  
Upon the road  
A barrow load  
Of turnips spill along the sandy track;

For Jake and Mike were in a  
And wrestling without meaning  
Their well packed barrow got a  
Which made for both the youngs  
But I've heard  
All work - r  
Will cause dark shadows in t





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Straight to the royal kitchen they repair,  
The Chef, amazed, receives them with a stare  
Such fine variety must tax his skill,  
His cook-book recipes scarce meet the bill;  
With thoughtful frown  
He sits him down  
Intent with honor his great post to fill.



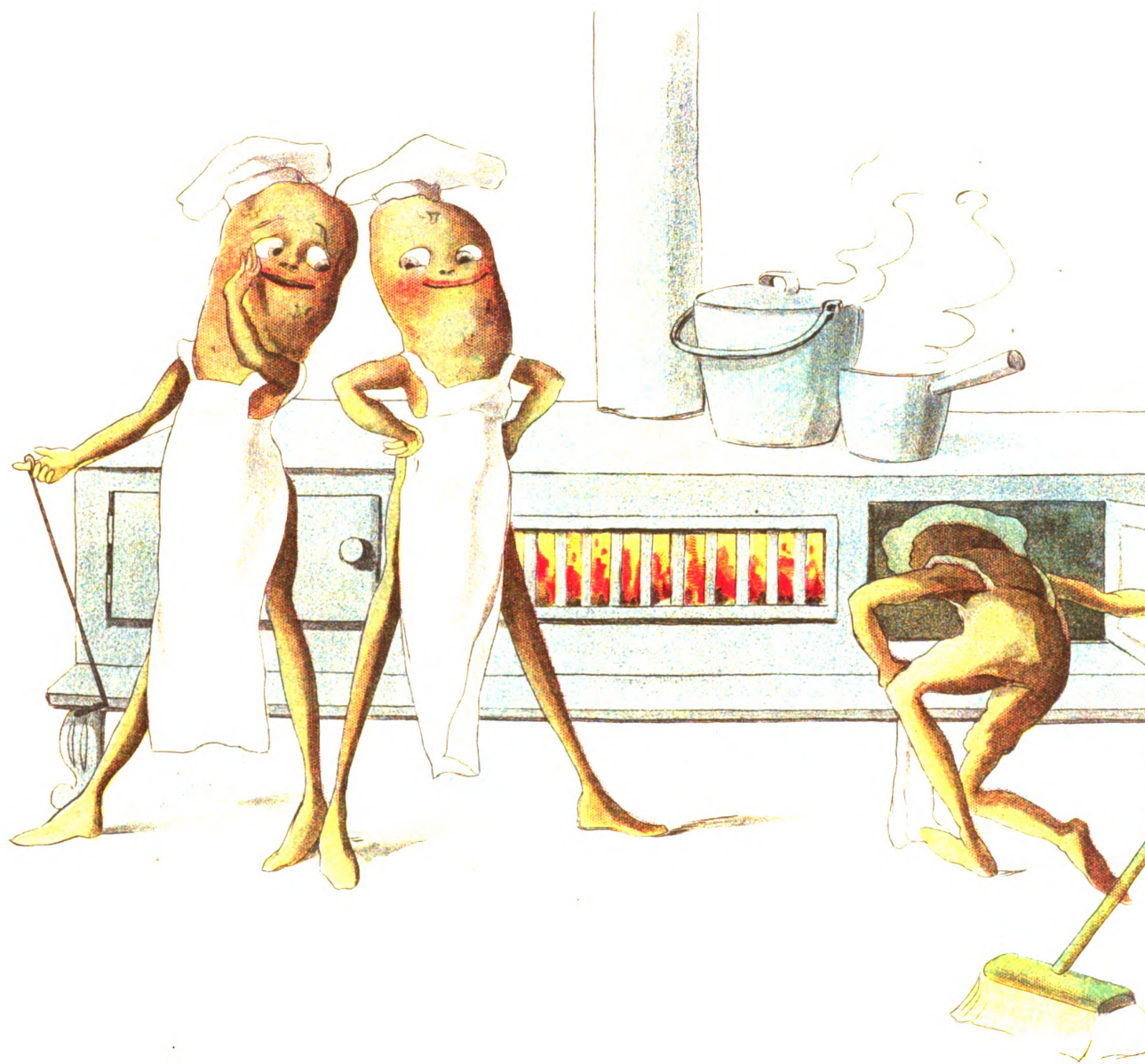
Jake, Mike and Dan are set the peas to  
And husk the corn, because they work  
Such lovely color does the lettuce take  
It quite attracts the admiring little  
With tints of blue  
All bathed in dew,  
His eyes with wondering pleasure





Into the second kitchen let us peep,  
One man is set the dusty floor to sweep,  
Two others talk beside the roaring grate  
Where boiling saucepans hiss in steaming steam  
For joints of meat  
The oven's heat  
Is fast preparing at a sizzling rate.

"Let things in order, perfectly be done  
So said the Chef, as, rising with the sun  
He set his boys to polish every pot  
And every tray and saucepan he had  
The bill of fare  
Was very rare,  
Success *must* be assured to him, —



The King had vowed his office he'd bestow  
On some one else who *did* his business know,  
The "*Cordon Bleu*" of course he'd give to him  
If he could gratify his latest whim,  
"But otherwise,  
By all my eyes,  
I'll banish you to deepest dungeon dim!"



Thus swore His Highness as he  
Rejoicing greatly at the monster  
And swift repairing to his castle  
He summoned to his call a minstrel  
That sweetest soul  
Might float around  
And work a charm in Vegetable

An orchestra of wheat the prelude played,  
Conductor Wind it's every movement swayed  
From tenderest whisper into rush of sound  
The rhythm breathed and trembled o'er the ground

The King's eyes close,  
He finds repose,

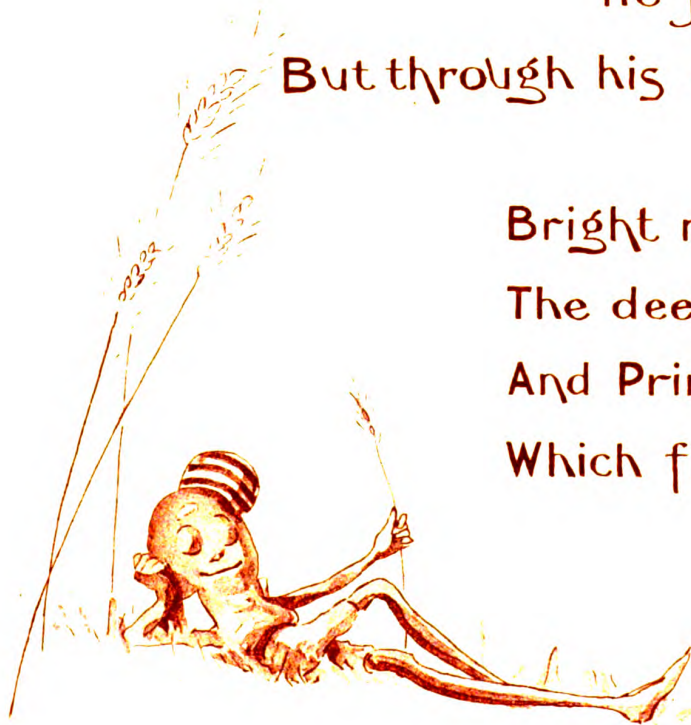
But through his dreams the fairy strains a

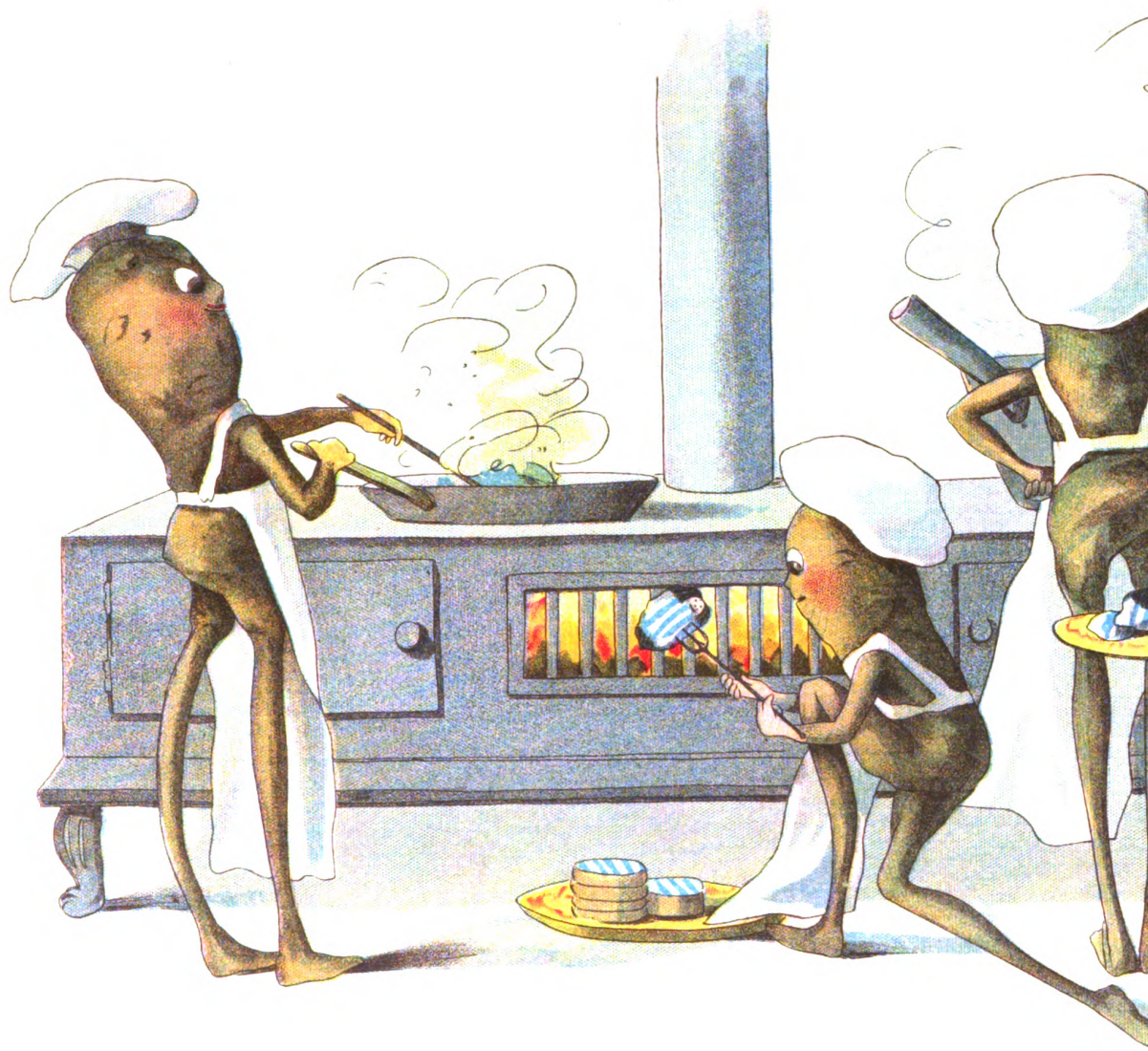
Bright nodding Harebells soon in chime  
The deeper note is held by Periwinkle  
And Prima Donna Nature leads the choir  
Which finer ears may drink in ever

So leave the King

While still they sing

And to the kitchen once again



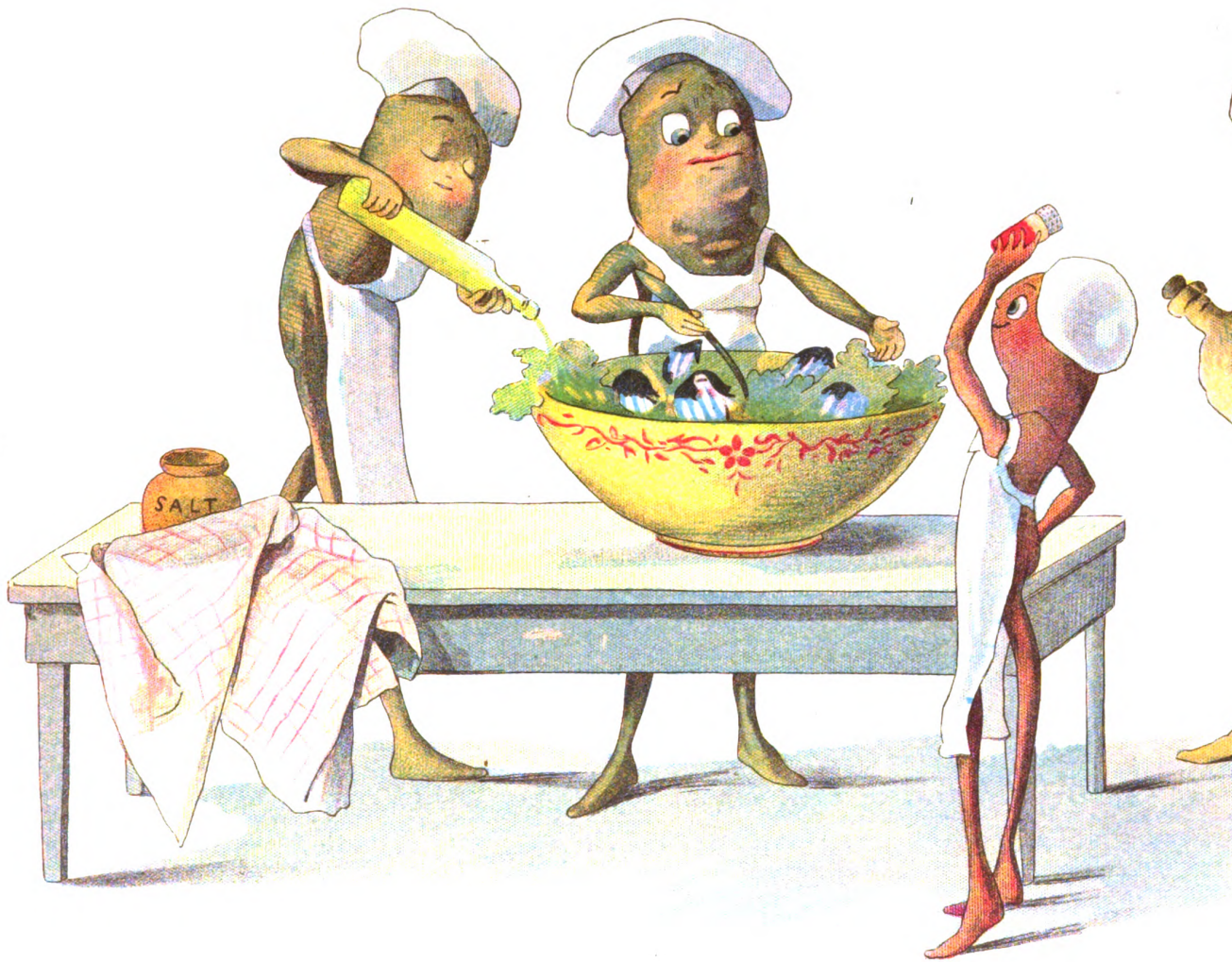


In fierce array drawn up behold the cooks,  
Concocting dishes never found in books,  
With tints of so remarkable a hue  
The salad is a symphony in blue  
The soup pale pink,  
—But only think!

Whoever saw a black and crimson stew?



Of business in that kitchen there's  
The spluttering frying-pan make  
A tiny scullion with an anxious face  
Hurries with fresh supplies at rap  
"Peachblow" his name  
And no mean fame  
Has been achieved by little Peac



His skin, -I hardly need to give the hint,  
-Baptizes him, it has a peachy tint,  
He's much admired in Western lands you know,  
And quite sought after by both high and low.

With grown up folk  
He loves a joke,  
And just a bit of teasing "makes things go"



He'd been despatched for pepper from the

Then wouldn't give it up - the merchant

He'd withdraw it every time

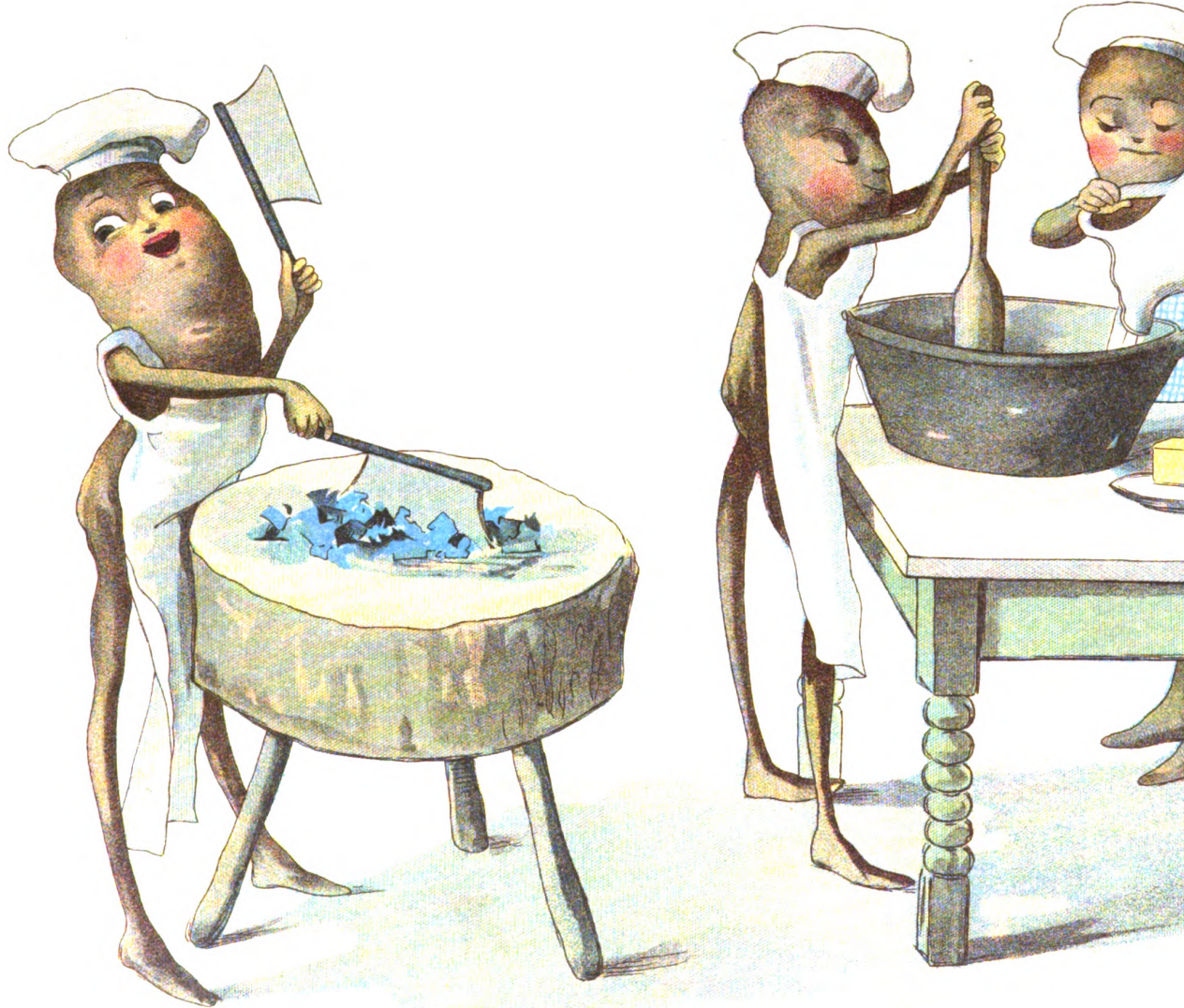
Which would try the finest

Till with a

And angry

His spoon commenced some





“O sing a song of choppers”, sang the Chef,  
“You’ll enjoy my hatchet duo (if you’re deaf!)  
My minces are so perfect, you’ll allow  
The King himself might treat me to a bow;  
A pepper breeze  
Won’t make me sneeze,  
And onion never brings a tear, I vow!



For I take life as easy as I can,  
No fear have I of any mortal man,  
If they fail to like the hashes that  
I can upon a new position fix;  
My axes drop  
Chip-chop, chip-chop,  
So sharp are they they’d cut up s



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Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Was that the dinner-be  
The servants from the kitchen fly pell-mell!  
With soup and fish and entree, out they go,  
For Kings wont wait a minute as you know.

Alas for greed!

“More haste, less speed;”

Mike proves this to his everlasting woe!

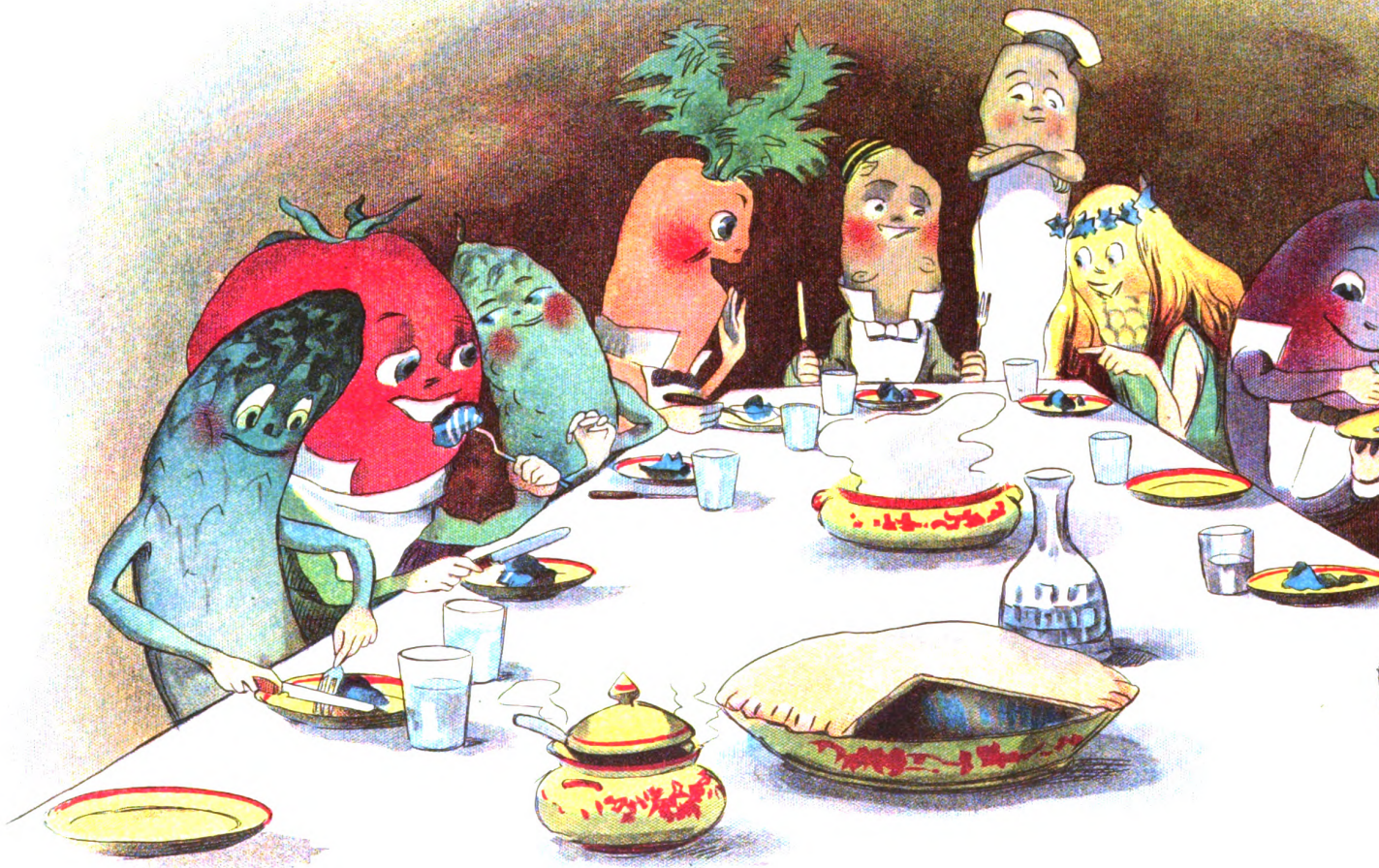


In his apron he had failed to mend  
His long foot caught and down of co  
Tripped Dan, who was the nearest o  
And nearly got them all into the so

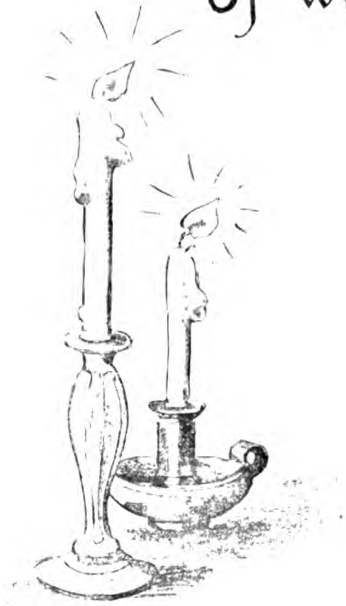
No use to cry,

He'd lost the fry,

The wisest he, yet saddest of th



The Banquet Hall is bathed in amber light  
From hollowed pumpkins filled with candles bright  
While round the board in Autumn tints arrayed  
Are placed the guests,—a man and then a maid  
In the grand stand  
A lively band  
Of well-trained fiddlers merry music play



Bermuda Onion, like a mother  
Ties a clean bib upon her sprig  
On one side Egg-Plant and the other  
These pompous gentlemen praise  
Who makes no noise  
Like some small  
But smiles with an expression



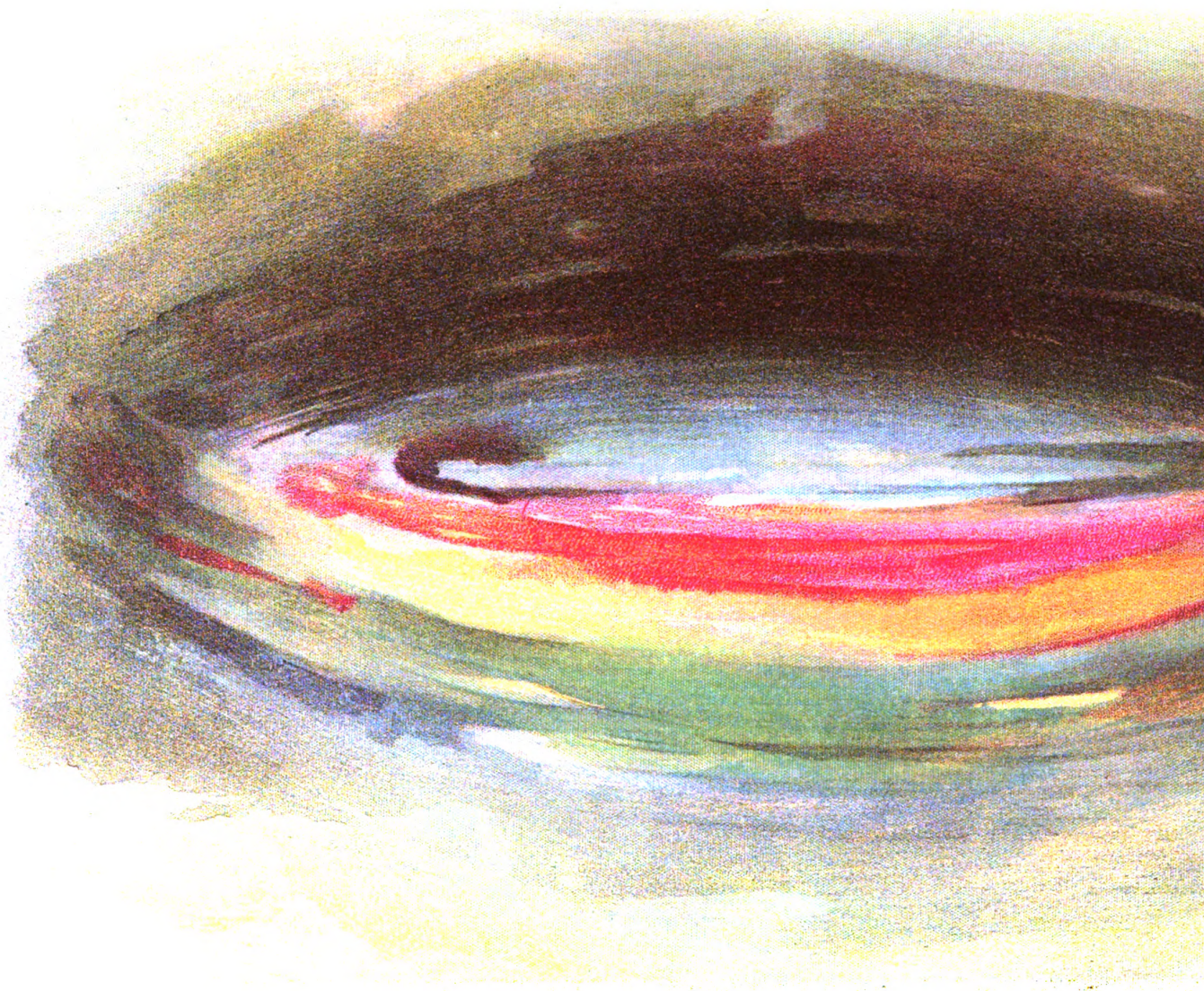
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Swift as a flash the music takes a turn,  
With weirder light the colored candles burn  
The table seems to disappear from view  
As into mystic dance these strange folk flew  
While round and round  
With whirring sound,  
Each moment wilder the excitement grew.



Miss Corn is the embodiment of  
The heavier vegetables dip toward  
Tomato and Miss Cucumber laugh  
The infection spreads through all the  
"Faster!" they cry  
As round they fly  
"This dance is to Miss Poppy Cornflower!"





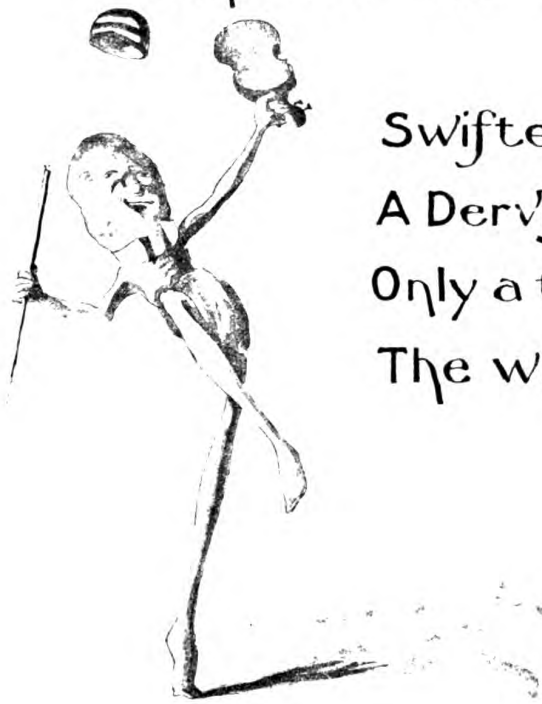
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Through her we've punished all her cruel race  
Hoping 'twill teach them how to keep their place  
For centuries they've had us in their power,  
But now the slave has his triumphant hour

So dance away

This happy day,

Tomorrow we will meet in Poppy's bower."



Swifter and swifter twine their clinging  
A Dervish dance by color made comple  
Only a tinted whirlpool now they seem  
The whirring sound becomes the storm

The yellow light

Is blurred to sight

'Tis like the nightmare of a



A shudder seems to wring the vibrant air  
It fills the ears like wails of wild despair  
A splitting crack! a crash! a deafening  
The flooring crumbles and through space t



Wild arms they throw

Down! down they go!

And total darkness quickly covers all.



And then there comes a burst of  
It fills all nature with its splend  
It shines upon the grass, the flo  
And on a little maid who sits

With staring eyes

Of dazed surpr

And very much alive I'm bound

~ PART THIRD ~

"Was that really a dream from which I've awoken?  
Well! I'm sure I don't call it a *bit* of a joke!  
I was planted you know  
And of course had to grow  
Through that cruel old red-faced Tomato



Why of course 'twas that wicked Herr  
Who behaved just as horrid as horrid  
For he took me away  
In the midst of my play,  
-At least so I thought in my dream (



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Yes - the more I think over that terrible dream  
The madder I get! and so real does it seem  
I'll just have to know  
How the frightful things grow  
And whether they're really alive O!

Ah! there you all are! safe enough  
Such innocent things to give me such  
I was sent out to  
A big basket full,  
And I s'pose now you think I w





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But though I know truly you can't walk  
I mean you shall all have a pretty hard  
So come out of your beds  
By the hair of your heads  
You shall soon be put into the soup.

Then Mr. Tomato - I'm going for you  
And old King Potato - you'll get in the  
You'll boil and you'll fry  
And be mashed by and by  
Since that is just what you were made for.





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There! now I feel better! it was a queer  
I must run and tell mother! - how true it  
    'Twas a real fairy tale  
    That would most turn you  
Perhaps she'll write it down in a book

For I'm wide awake now and had  
But to make myself sure I'll just sing  
    A regular shout  
    All the fairies to rove  
For they're well enough in their



Bertha



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