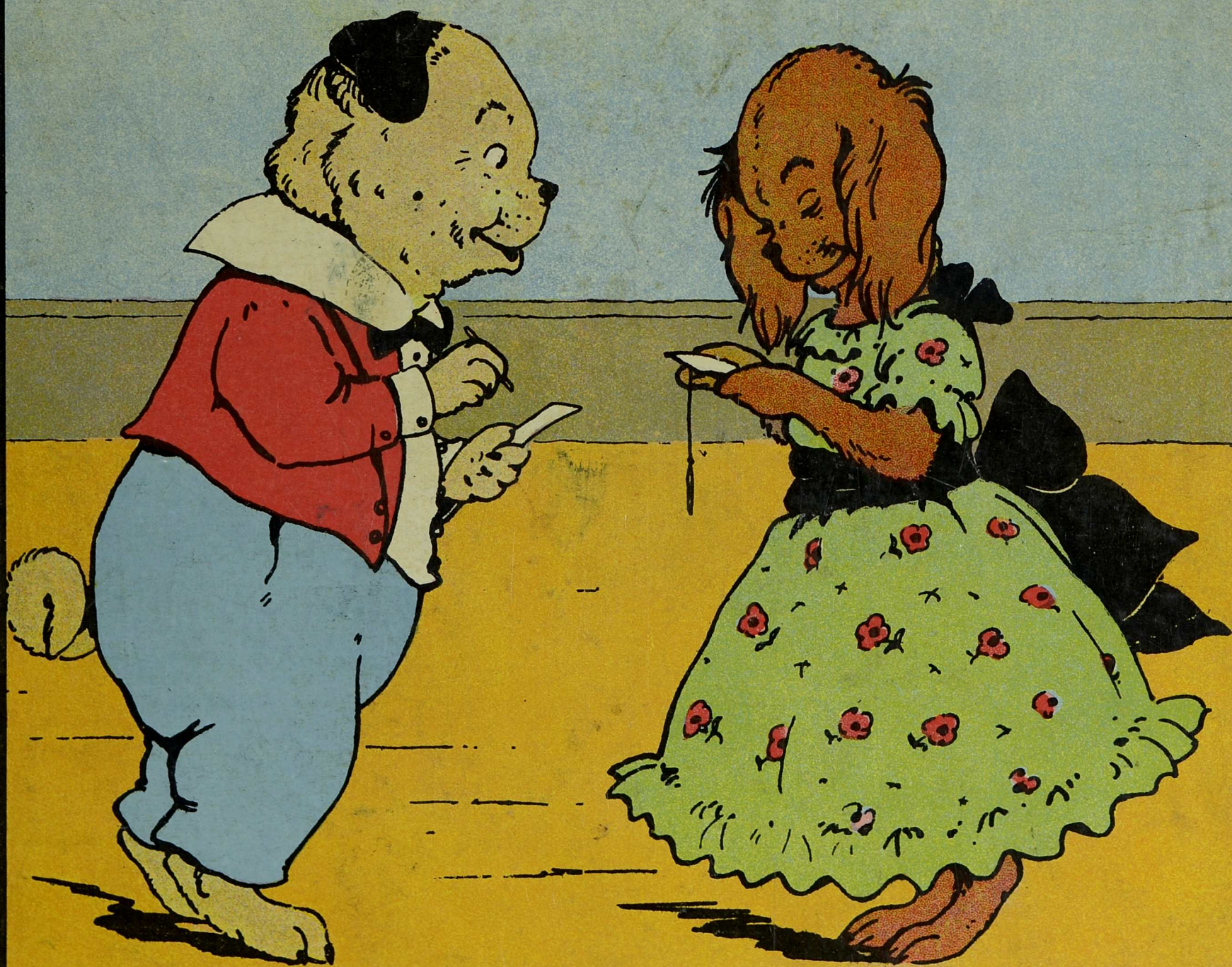
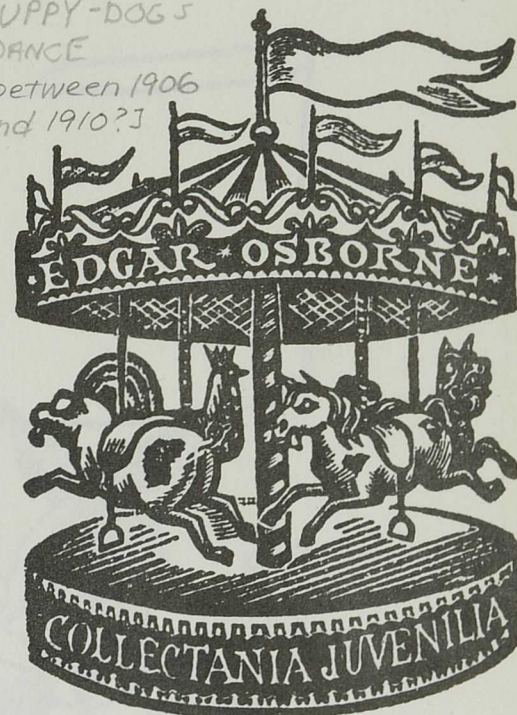


THE PUPPY DOGS' DANCE





P
PUPPY-DOG'S
DANCE
[between 1906
and 1910?]



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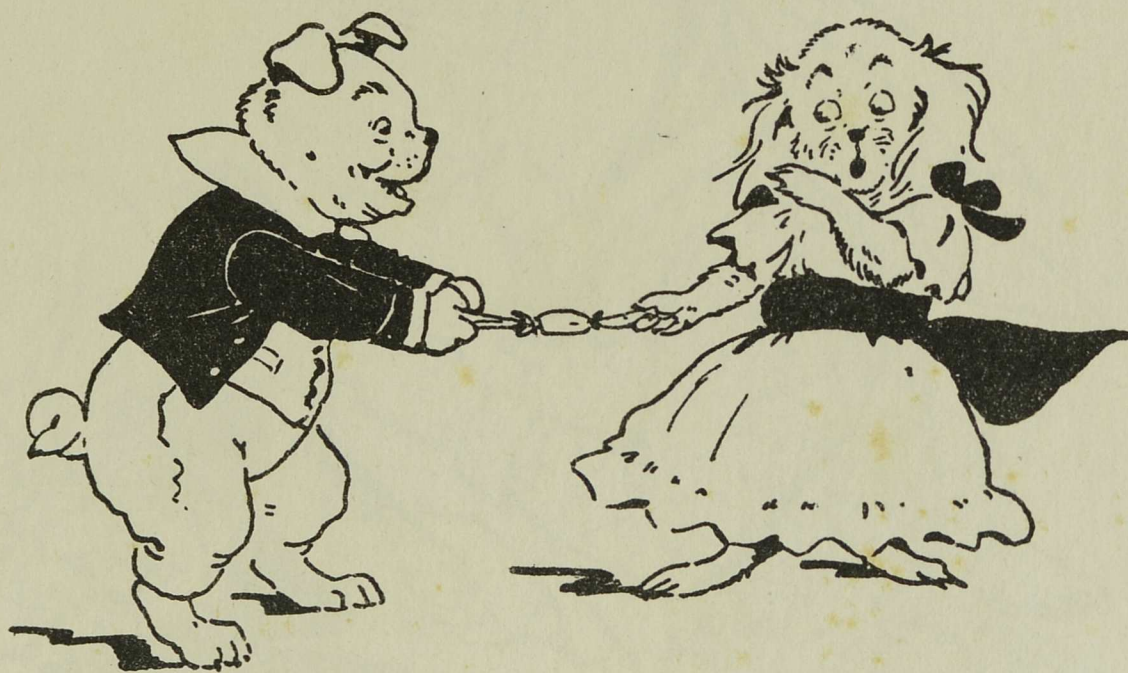
The Puppy-Dog's Dance

PICTURES AND VERSES FOR
LITTLE FOLK



BLACKIE AND SON LIMITED
LONDON GLASGOW DUBLIN BOMBAY



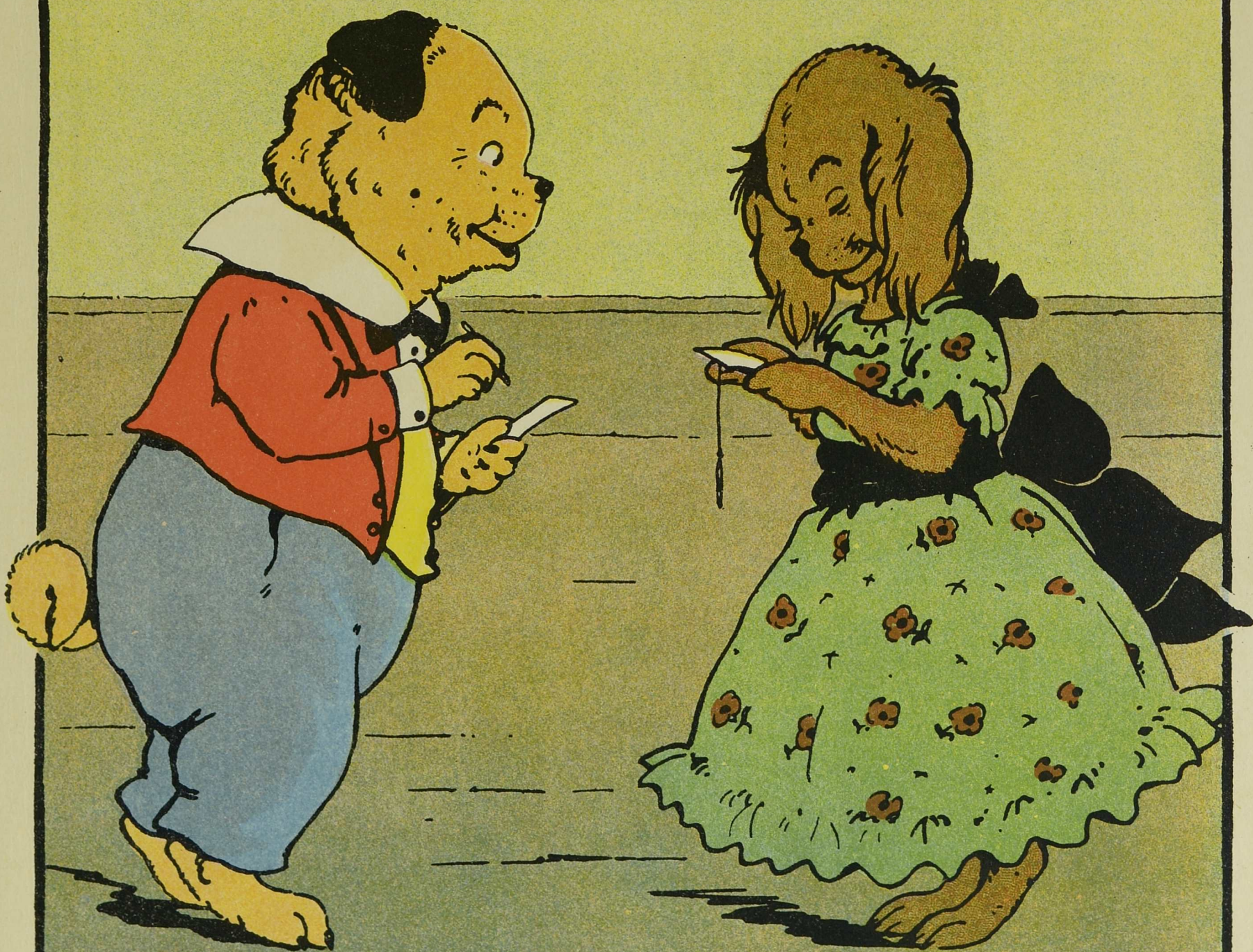


THE PUPPY-DOGS' DANCE

MISS Spanioletta gets ready at home
To go to the Puppy-dogs' ball;
Her nurse, with a brush and a shocking
bad comb,
Looks cross and not happy at all.

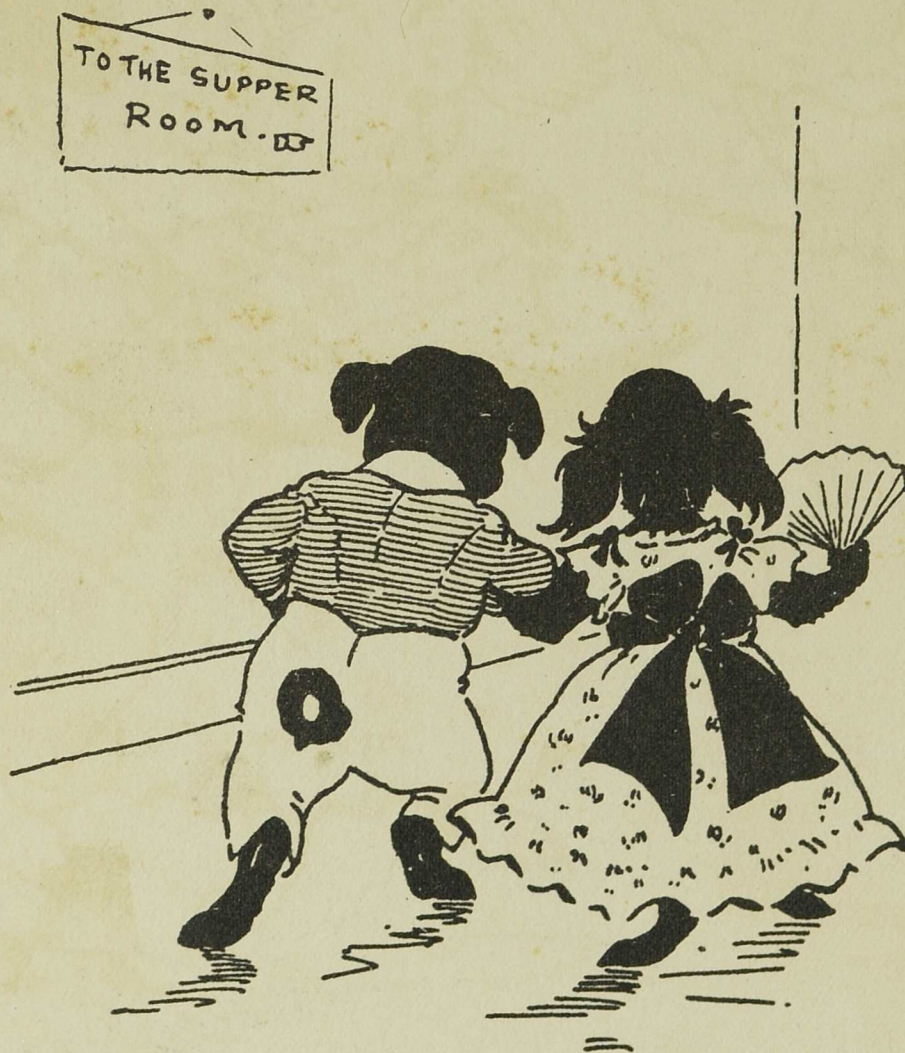


The Toilet



May I have the Pleasure?

Plump Master Puggy is anxious to get a
Few dances, some round and some square,
With smiling, beguiling Miss Spanieletta,
The prettiest lady-pup there.
Sweet Spanieletta and Puggy, good pup,
Are off and away with a whirl,
Their soft little paws from the floor they
lift up,
His wee tail is all of a curl.





The Merry Dance

BABY BUNNIES IN THE WOOD

TWO baby bunnies in the wood
Met Mr. Fox, so smart and gay;
They found him friendly, thought him good,
He played the flute, they danced away.
“Come, baby bunnies, to my home,
I’ve almond rock, and tops, and balls,
With many other pretty things
For ev’ry little friend who calls.”





Light-hearted Innocents

The bunnies' little eyes grew bright,
They clapped their little paws with glee,
So off they went.—Said Huntsman Dog
Behind the hedge,—“I'll watch those
three.”

Soon to the fox's home they came,
A dismal den among the rocks;
“Come, bunnies, take a meal with me,
You're plump and juicy!” said the fox.



Trustful Bunnies!

The baby bunnies sighed and cried,
“Oh, take us home, kind sir!” they said.—
Hurrah! Rushed in good Huntsman Dog,
Who seized the fox, and killed him dead.

.

My little readers, if away you roam,
Don't wander with kind strangers far from
home!

Keep by your side, in day as well as dark,
A faithful dog who'll bite as well as bark!



The Reward of Wickedness

TRY AND BEAR IT

THREE little bruins on holiday bent,
To play in the garden their mother-
bear sent,
“Gruff, Ruff, and Muff, dears, be good, and
don’t tease
The poor little chicks,—and BEWARE
OF THE BEES!”
Quickly the little bears scampered away,
But soon they grew weary of frolic and
play;
Said Gruff, “With my stick I will stir up
the hive;
We’ll see if those silly old bees are
alive.”



The hive tumbled over, and, sharp'ning
their stings,

Out hurried the bees with a whizzing
of wings:

The little bears ran, but the buzzing bees
flew,—

I'd rather be here than be there,—
wouldn't you?



Are the Bees Alive?



YES!!

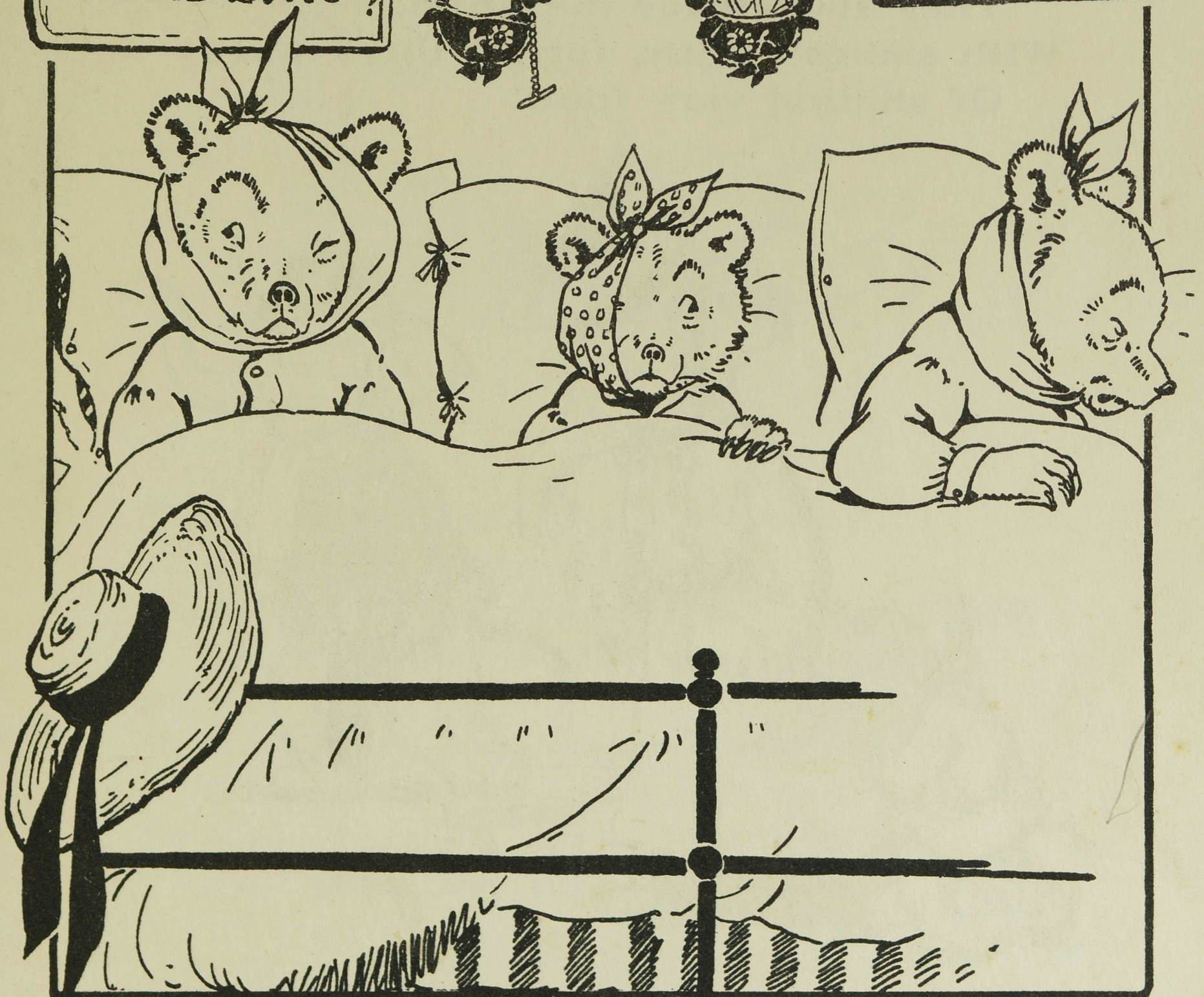
The mother-bear put her poor children to
bed,
And bound with a "hanky" each sore
little head;
The little bears promised, with many a moan,
No more to be naughty,—to let bees
alone;
And Gruff by his sisters was heard to
declare, "It
Is best when you're punished to grin hard
and bear it!"



HOW DO TH THE LITTLE
BUSY BEE IMPROVE
EACH SHINING HOUR?

BEAR
AND
FORBEAR

BE
PATIENT



Sadder and Wiser

mt

A SKATING HOLIDAY

S AID Jumbo junior to Mamma,
"The ice will bear, they say;
We'll wrap up nice and warm, and take
A skating holiday."

So Jumbo, Ma, and Little Jim
They started for the pond,
With smiles of joy, for all three were
Of skating very fond!





They chatted gaily as they went,
And very soon got there,
And though they were such heavy folk
They found the ice would bear.

Mamma then had her skates put on,
While up and down Jim ran,
To keep himself from getting cold,
And soon the fun began.



Daddy and Jim

For Little Jim they found a chair,
And in it he was tied;
He was too young to skate as yet,
Though he knew how to slide.

So round and round the pond he went,
While Daddy pushed behind;
I think you'll say, in doing this,
That he was very kind.

Mamma then had her skates put on,
While up and down Jim ran,
To keep himself from getting cold,
And soon the fun began.



Then next they made a chain of three,
And skimmed along the ice;
Jim held on by his trunk and cried:
“Oh, this is just as nice!”

When others skating saw the plan,
They came and joined the fun;
So in a little while that chain
Was quite a lengthy one!

Although 't was cold the exercise
Soon made the skaters glow;
When asked if they were getting tired,
Jim shouted out, "Oh, no!"

But Jumbo skated up and said:
"I'm thirsty as can be!"
And then they stopped, and each one had
A lovely cup of tea!



When others saw the way Mamma
Went flying through the air,
They all declared that she was quite
The finest skater there!

The merry afternoon wore on,
Till westward sank the sun,
But they did not take off their skates
Until the day was done.

And as they journeyed home again,
Papa was heard to say:
“We’ll have, next week, if there’s no thaw,
Another holiday.”

—Clifton Bingham.



Mamma went flying through the Air

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