

# Pets and Playmates



E. P. DUTTON & CO

NEW-YORK:  
31 West Twenty-Third Street

# Pets & Playmates



Children, you should  
keep in mind,  
Never once to be unkind,  
To God's creatures  
great and small,  
Kind to one and kind to all.

Cows that stand in shady stream,  
Bring you warm new milk and cream.

• Sheep that lie within the fold,  
Keep your bodies free from cold.

All do something for your good -  
Clothe you, house you, give you food.



*A DONKEY RACE.*

## A Donkey race.



his is the way we ride a race,  
we ride a race,  
we ride a race,  
And really we go at a fearful pace,  
On donkey-back of a morning."

' We each have a donkey what *will* go,  
what *will* go,  
what *will* go,  
And the donkeys like it don' you know,  
On the sands of a Summer morning?'

*"I think I hould like to see the race,  
to see the race,  
to see the race,"*

"We fear, dear sir 't's out of the case,  
To show you the race this morning."

We regret we cannot, for want of space,  
Show you the whole of the donkey race,  
Which really was run at dreadful pace  
On a Summer's day in the morning.



*THE PICNIC.*

## A Tea Party.



This sweet little party,  
consisting of three,  
Have taken their doggie,  
and gone out to tea,  
I would have gone,  
too, but they didn't  
ask me.

They've teacups and tea things, of  
teaspoons a few,  
Some real china plates, and a big teapot, too,  
And a dear little kettle that's nearly brand new.

They've plum cake and cherries and pears with  
their tea,  
But they've no bread and butter that I can see,  
They must have forgotten to bring it, these three.

There's no nursie here any bother to make,  
There's no one to ask you what you will take,  
Or to say, "I think that you've had enough cake."

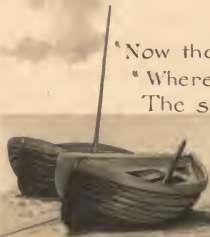
Good-bye little party consisting of three,  
I wish for you all, though you didn't ask me,  
Many happy returns of your Afternoon Tea.

# A Daring Enterprise.

Two little folk, one Summer day,  
Were walking hand in hand,  
And soon a daring enterprise  
These two brave hearts had planned:  
It was to stop the rising tide  
From coming on the sand.

Now Ben, he had a bucket,  
And Sissy had a spade,  
And first they heaped a lot of stones-  
Foundations must be laid,  
And long before the sun had set  
A splendid fort was made,

"Now that's the sort of fort," said Ben,  
"Where you and I can hide,  
The sea won't come along the sand  
For we shall stop the tide;  
At that a wicked  
little wave  
Laughed as it licked  
the side."



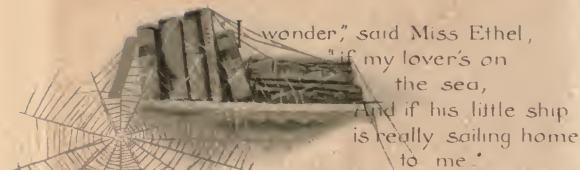


It laughed until it broke in two,  
And ran back down the shore;  
"There now," said Ben, "I told you so,"  
It won't come any more;  
When back there came upon his ear  
The sea's deep sullen roar.

Then louder roared the angry tide,  
And higher rose the sea,  
Till by-and-bye there came a wave,  
As big as any three;  
And stormed the fort and garrison,  
As clean as clean could be.



# Wonders.



"I wonder," said Miss Ethel,  
"if my lover's on  
the sea,  
And if his little ship  
is really sailing home  
to me."

"I wonder, too," said Freddy, "if, when I am a man,  
I shall find a Treasure Island; I shall try to if I can."

"I know," said Maud, "the Pögey comes to us when  
we're not good;  
I wonder if he really lives in a great big dark  
black wood."

"I wonder," said the baby, "if the stars up in the sky  
Are little holes for God to peep down from His  
throne on high."

"I wonder, said the little mouse, "if you can tell me,  
please,  
I wonder if it's  
really true the  
moon is made  
of cheese."





*FAIRY TALES.*



an, come here,  
Make a bow,  
There's a dear  
Good bow-wow.

Fido's good,  
And he sees  
That he should  
Say "yes, please."

So must you,  
Fan, my dear,  
Do so, too,  
Now you hear.

"If you please"  
Is polite,  
And "thank you,"  
Fan, is right.

Dinner's here,  
Fido he's  
Waiting, dear,  
Now say "please!"





*"SAY PLEASE".*

You have finished your picture-book, my  
    little maid,  
    You are fast asleep in the sun;  
    God send you a bright sunny life, little maid,  
    'Tis a picture book just begun.

I have finished my picture-book, too, little maid,  
    I must whisper good-bye, little one,  
    As you lie in the shade, good-bye, little maid,  
    My picture-book stories are done.

Lithographed and printed by E. Nister  
at Nuremberg.  
Copyright.

