

ANIMAL CHILDREN

THE FRIENDS OF THE
FOREST AND THE PLAIN.



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ILLUSTRATIONS
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Sometimes I am so sorry
that my papa is a king,
It's really most annoying
and hurts like everything
To have the little girls and
boys all want to run
away,
For if I am a lion prince,
I'm a baby, anyway!



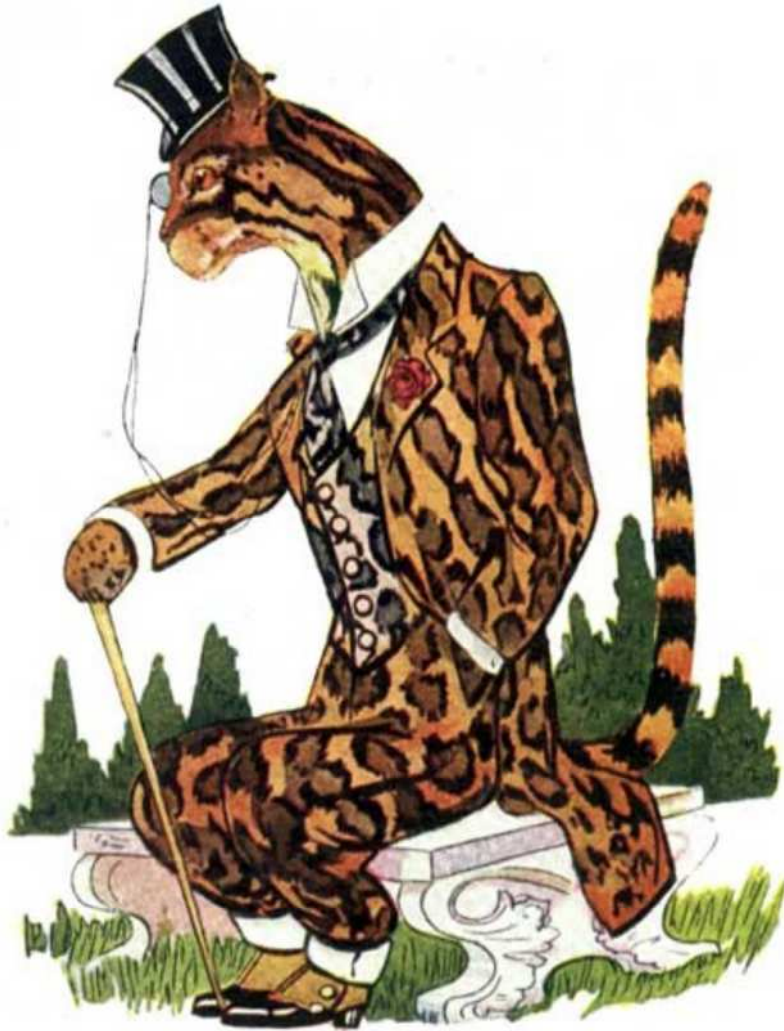
Some jungle boys, by
mischief made quite
bold,
Once took the baby
tiger, so we're told,
And in broad stripes they
smeared his coat so
fine,
And 'round his neck they
hung a "Fresh Paint"
sign.



This monkey thought the
leopard's spots
Were pasted on for polka-
dots,
He asked her how much it
would cost
New ones to buy if those
were lost.



In her red and white gown
Miss Weasel's so pert
We are very afraid she's a
gay little flirt;
She is fearful of no one—
beast, reptile or man,
Just winks and cries gaily:
"Catch me, if you can."



This dapper young chappy
is Dude Ocelot,
With coat trimmed in many
a dash and a spot;
He's graceful and elegant,
sly, too, as well,
Just what he'll do next no
one ever can tell.



The cheetah is a great big
cat

But very quick, for all of
that.

She's cunning but she's
gentle, too,

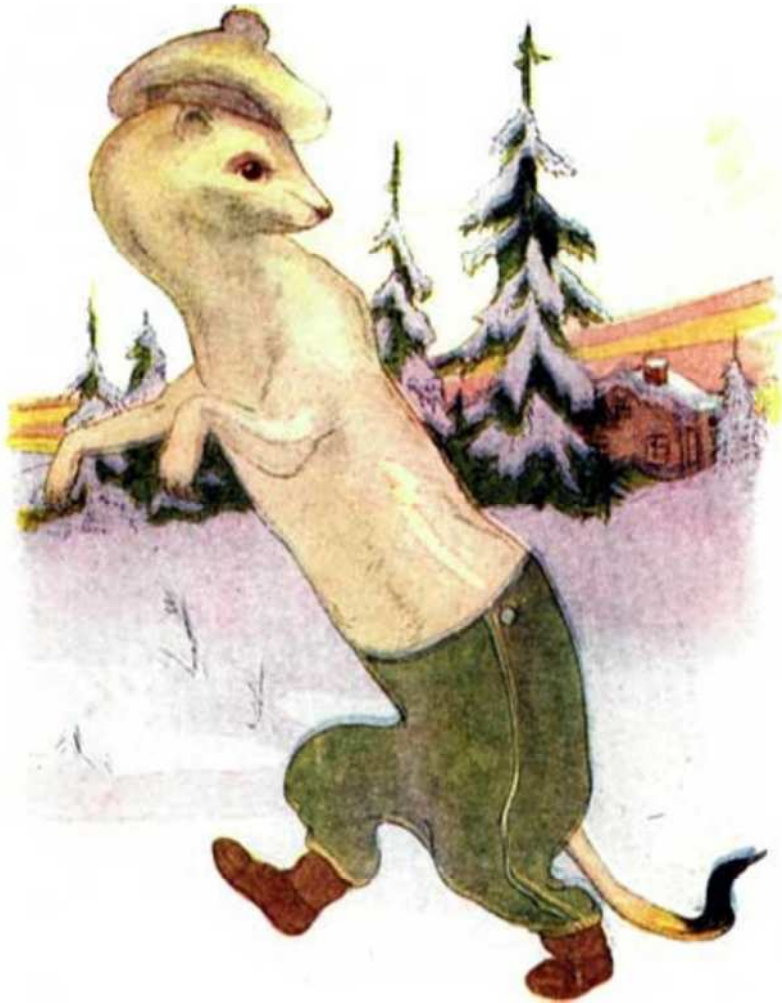
And if you're good she's
good to you.



The little bobcat and
Canadian lynx
Just must be related (so
everyone thinks).
Except for their ears
they're alike as two pins,
And look every whit as if
they were twins.



A dainty, fastidious man is
Lord Otter,
Who can live just as well on
land as in water.
He'll eat but the flakiest
part of a fish,
And this he considers his
favorite dish.



"It really is a bother to be
sought by everyone,"
The vain young ermine
boasted.

"Why, it keeps me on the
run.

To get away from kings and
queens and peers and
ladies great—

It truly gets me all fussed up
and in a dreadful state."



Young ferret, detective,
said, "I'll show you where
To track the bold rabbit
right into his lair."
Then he never saw bunny
right under his eyes,
But went swaggering off
looking wondrously wise.



"Now, Johnnie, my child,"
said wise Mama Sable,
"When you see a trap run
as fast as you're able,
Or else, ere you know it,
your skin will be gone
As a beautiful fur for some
lady to don."



Mother opossum says she'd
like to ask
Just why other mothers
should find it a task
To care for one baby.
Why, here she has four,
And there's plenty of room
on her tail for some
more!



Mr. and Mrs. Mongoose
are popular as can be,
The reason being very plain,
as you will all agree,
They are cunning and
affectionate and clean
and very nice,
They kill all snakes and
insects and naughty rats
and mice.



It must be very easy for
the busy beaver mother
To feed the beaver sister and
her little beaver brother,
For when they beg:
"We're hungry, give us
something to eat,
please!"
She sends them off to nibble
at the bark of the big trees.



The puma is a bandit who'll
not meet you face to face
But waits to spring upon
you from some well
hidden place.

He'll strike you when your
back is turned, but away
he's sure to fly

If you should turn to look
him right squarely in the
eye.



Lemur stays in bed all day
And waits until the night to
play;
That's why his soft feet
make no sound
And why his eyes are big
and round.



The bowery boy of the
woods is young Mink.
His coat is so lovely one
never would think
That'd he do naughty
things, but we've often
been told
He is tricky and wicked and
saucy and bold.



"I'm not so very big around
and not great as to
length,
But one thing peccaries have
learned—in numbers
there is strength.
Now, if you do not bother
me I will not bother you,
But all my friends and
family will help me if you
do."



Who is this boy in clothes
so neat?

Young Springbok, Africa's
athlete.

He lives up in the mountains
tall,

And as a jumper beats
them all.



The long-eared bat and the
flying fox and the flying
squirrel, too,

Decided to give an
aeromeet just to show
what they could do.

So they formed a club and
went around and invited
everyone,

Then up they flew and did
their stunts, and had a lot
of fun.



She is dainty as snowdrops
that fall from the skies,
Is this dear little kitten with
bright, shiny eyes
And velvety ears and pretty
pink nose
And lovely white suit of soft,
furry clothes.



Baby raccoon takes all his
food and goes straight
to the pool,

He eats not one small bite
of it until it's wet and
cool.

Now, although you may
think this strange and
stop to wonder why,
He, no doubt, thinks it just as
queer for you to like yours
dry.



The greatest of travelers
that one can meet
Is the little deer mouse with
the pretty white feet;
North, south, east or west
she will go at her will,
And never, no never, is
known to keep still.



The baby zebra never
should roam
So very far away from her
home,
Lest someone, thinking that
her striped gown
Was a candy stick, might
eat her down.



"I'm stopping for a moment
just to say 'How-do-you-
do?'

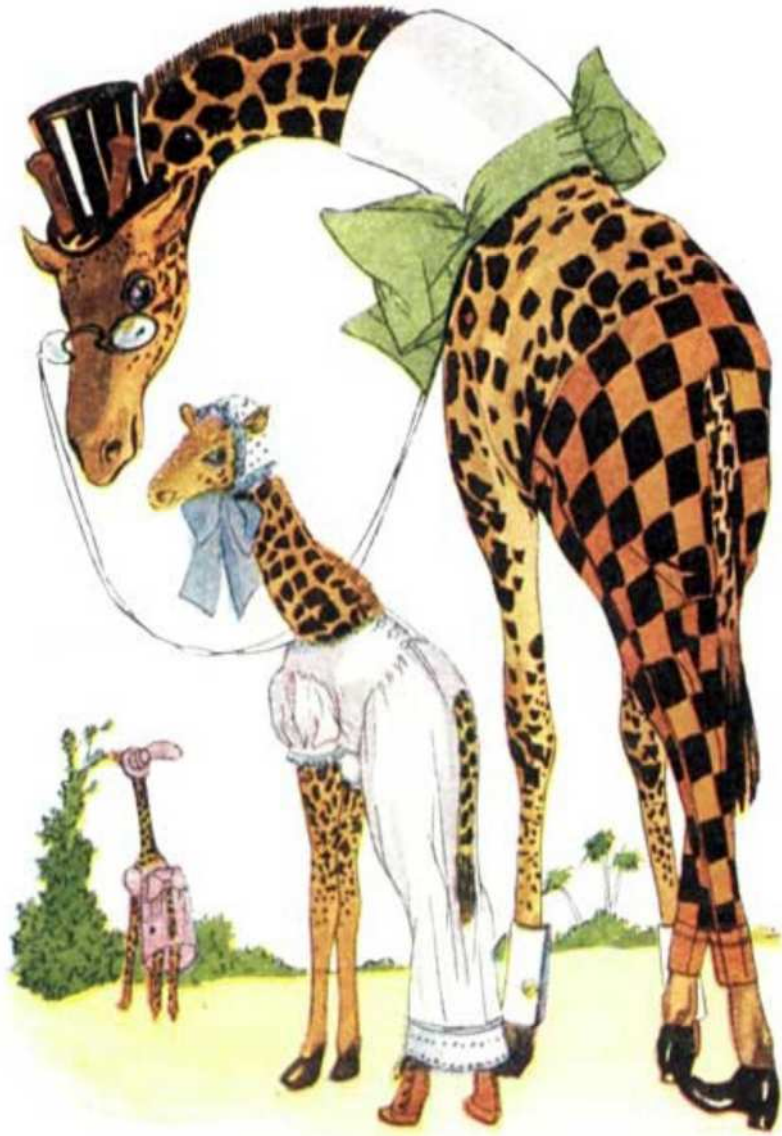
I've just been decorated with
this ribbon of deep blue

Because of all the
gracefulness with which I
trot and prance—

No wonder that you give Sir
Horse your most admiring
glance!"



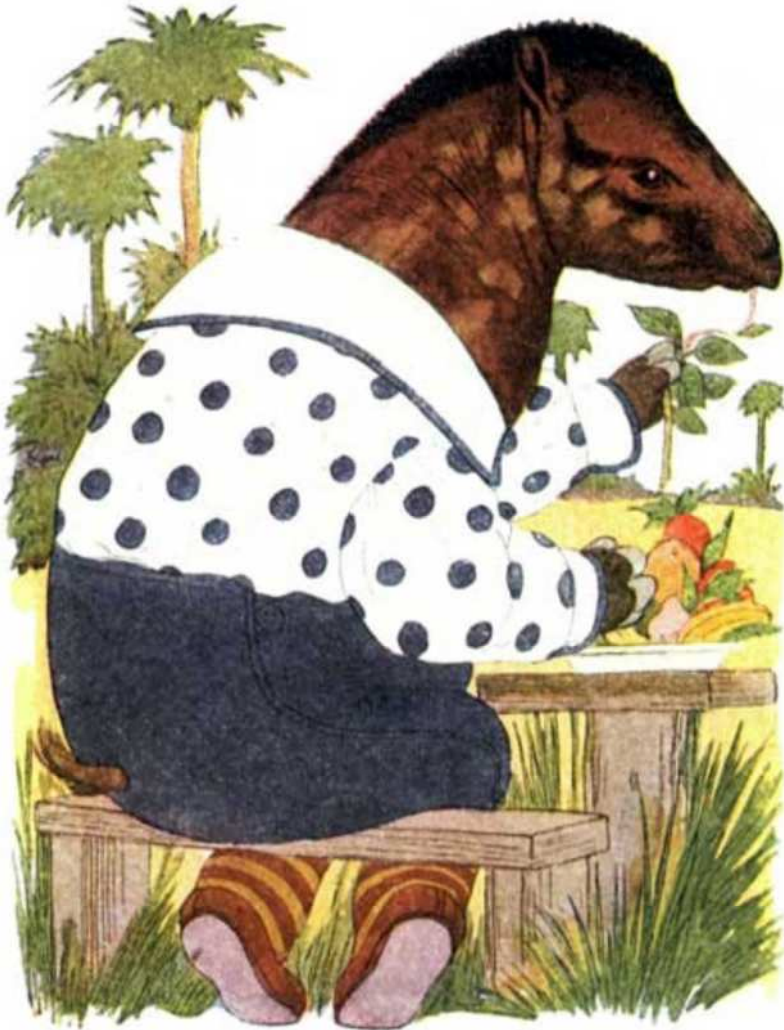
This tale is not so very new,
And, no doubt, has been
told to you,
But donkey went to school
to play,
And now he sits dressed up
this way.



Here is the only baby who
never makes a noise
(Which must be very
puzzling to little girls and
boys).

Yet the giraffe is happy
'though he cannot shout
or sing,

For with that great long
neck of his he can reach
anything.



The tapir feeds on leaves
and fruit
He's very, very hard to suit,
For boys who don't like
bread and meat
Have to find other things to
eat.



He has climbed to the top
of a rocky throne
To look down on a land once
so proudly his own,
His people are scattered, he
has no place to go,
He is weary and sad, poor
King Buffalo.



"Lemonade, lemonade," the
bold monkey cried,
"It's only five cents, and it's
cooling beside."
Miss Camel just sniffed and
tossed high her head,—
"I drink only every nine days,
sir," she said.



Milk or meat or leather for
shoes,—
Almost anything that we
choose,—
We'll find the good cow
gives with joy
To every nice little girl and
boy.



I wonder where the names
come from (I'm sure
that you do, too).

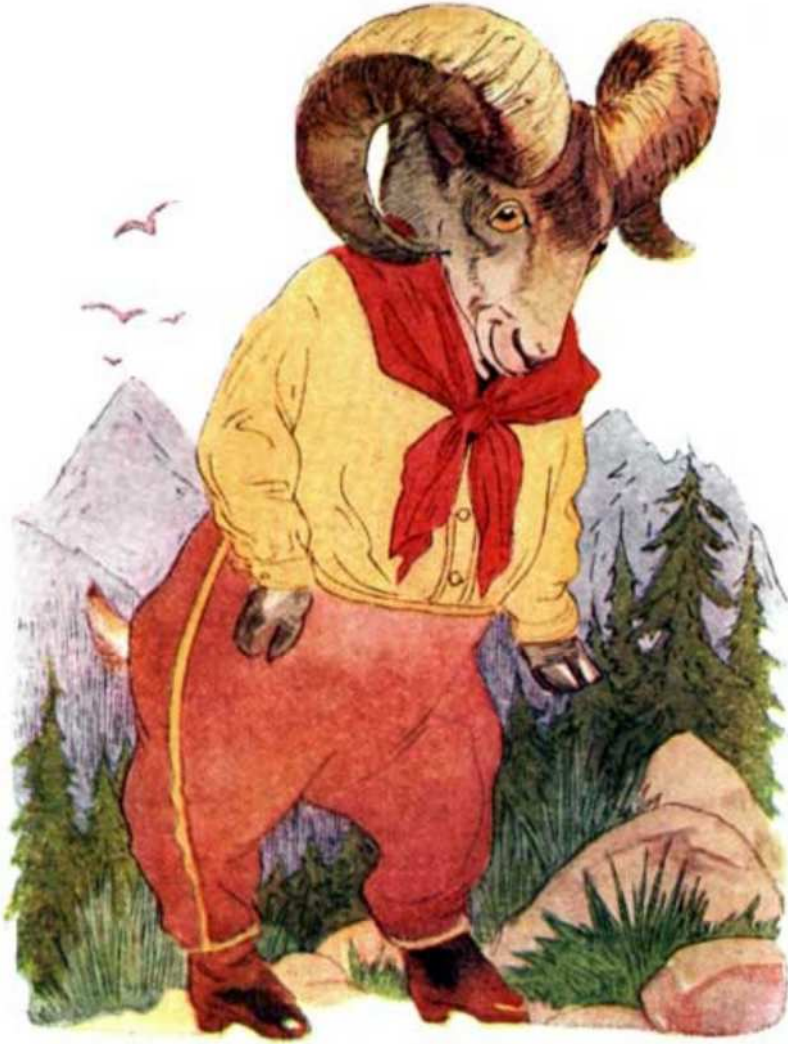
For instance, there's the
animal that has been
called the gnu.

His race is just as strange,
too, for no one seems to
know

Just what he is—an antelope,
horse, bull or buffalo.



Big moose came boldly
from behind the tall
trees,
And said in loud voice: "Who
called, if you please?
I'm ready to meet any one
who says 'Fight,'
But we'll come in the open
and do the thing right."



I am not sure I'd care to
meet

This big horn goat upon the
street.

Not when his eyes and smile
and air

Just seem to shout: "Come,
if you dare!"



Brave soldier ibex stalks
before the mountain
fortress high,

And watches eagerly to
note a stranger passing
by.

"Who's there?" he calls, and
to his friends he whistles
the alarm,

And off they go to mountain
tops where they are safe
from harm.



The chamois lives in the
mountains high,
He's ever and ever and ever
so spry;
He leaps and he plays with
never a fall—
I'm sure that you never
could do that at all.



Billy Goat and Nanny Goat
went out one day to tea.
They promised Mother Goat
they'd be good as they
could be,
But on the way they passed
some goats who cried:
"Oh, see the dude!"
And then they had to go back
home for Billy got real
rude.



Her coat is soft as velvet, of
a lovely yellowbrown,
With a bit of fawn for
trimming and a lining
white as down.

Her eyes are large and
kindly, she is gentle, too,
as well,

You would love a little
playmate as sweet as
Miss Gazelle.



A sturdy young American is
rocky mountain goat
With big, strong horns upon
his head, and shaggy,
furry coat;
He loves to scramble over
rocks or leap a mountain
brook,
And should you chase him
he will fly into his hidden
nook.



"We reindeer come straight
from your own Santa
Claus,
In our gallop of joy we never
will pause;
We eat from the mountain-
tops, drink from the
dells,
And use for our skipping-
ropes merry sleighbells."



A large and handsome
personage is the most
noble yak,
His mantle is a fringe of
hair that drapes his
sides and back;
He's very, very grand,
indeed, when he stands
up, you see—
In fact, he's just as noble
as a noble ought to be.



When young Mrs. Kangaroo
goes for a hop,
To call or to market or,
perhaps, out to shop,
She has no nice carriage
where baby can ride,
So he creeps in a pocket
that hangs at her side.



He does not care when the
sleet comes down, or the
chilly wind blows strong,
For he wears a hat that is
made of horn and a fur
coat, warm and long.

He never gets frostbitten
toes 'though in snow and
ice he plays;

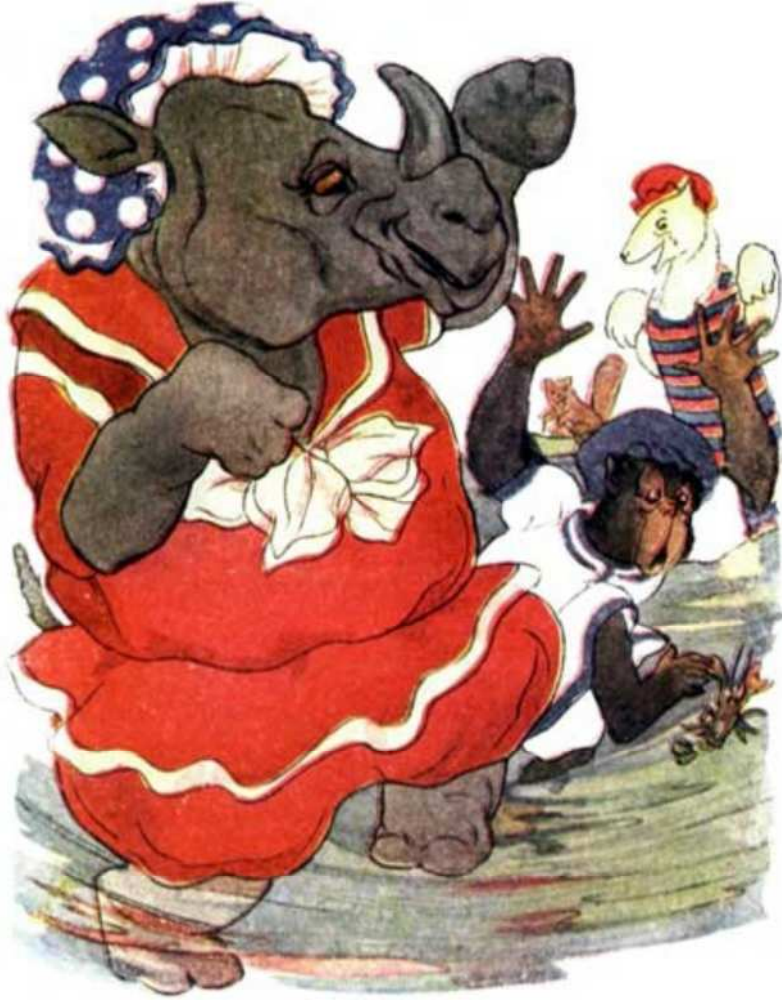
Now being a muskox can't be
bad in the long, cold
winter days!



"The very best I have, sir, fine
and a whole yard wide,
It wears, and has no bother
of a right and wrong side;
I'm sure she'd like a dress of
it—it will not spot or pull."
Then Miss Alpaca added:
"I know—it's my own wool."



This dear little sheep has
lost Bo-Peep,
She wandered away as he
lay asleep,
He has found her bonnet
and shepherd's crook,
But for little Bo-Peep in vain
does he look.



Young Miss Rhinoceros gave
a beach party;
She greeted her friends
with a welcome most
hearty.
They laughed and they joked
and they swam in the
sea,
And the party was fun, as a
party should be.



She comes from Spain, this
proud, proud Dame,
Mistress Merino is her
name.

Her wool weaves into dress
goods rare,
Her skin makes gloves the
ladies wear.



Merry guinea pigs one day
Went out in the fields to
play.

Daisy smiled and wished
that they
Would never, never go
away.



Here is a Sister Piggy and a
Brother Piggy, too,
The story they are telling
here would not apply to
you,
For selfish little sisters who
make their brothers cry
Do not belong in houses but
with piggies in the sty.



Now here's a little lady who
seems a wee bit shy,
Or is it that a teardrop is
trembling in her eye?
Well, I am sure that you or I
would make an awful
fuss
If we should have to have
her name—"Miss
Hippopotamus."



In animal land, as
everywhere, there lives a
Mr. Boar
Who never is contented
unless he holds the floor;
His fellows all may frown at
him but he cannot
refrain
From pushing into
everything—he's so
selfish and so vain.



Mother and father and little
Miss Bear
Went out for a walk and a
bit of fresh air,
Not through the dark woods
(the old tale to repeat)
But in their best clothes,
right down the front
street.



When little Miss Polar Bear
goes out to skate,
She never is bothered by
having to wait
Until mother wraps her all
snugly in fur,
For those are the clothes
that she carries with her!



Just look about and see if
you
Can find a friend who's
quite as true
As this old doggie that you
see
A-smiling here at you and
me.



I'm just a little Puppy and
good as good can be,
And why they call me
naughty, I'm sure I
cannot see,
I've only carried off one
shoe and torn the baby's
hat
And chased the ducks and
spilled the milk—there's
nothing bad in that!



The mandrill looks so very
queer
I'm glad he lives way off
from here;
He's purple, blue, red, black
and brown,
I'm sure he is the jungle
clown.



The baby gorilla, of the
family called ape,
Is very like you in size and in
shape,
But he lives in the jungle
with black hair for
clothes
And he gets very naughty
the older he grows.



This cute little brother and
sister you see
Seated cosily high on the
limb of a tree
Are the marmoset twins,
whose appealing round
eyes
Look from flower-like faces
in wond'ring surprise.



"I've climbed up here to smile
at you and, oh, what do
you think?

I've scattered master's
papers and upset all of
his ink,

But then if little Monkeys
always were so very good
They'd not be little monkeys
who just can't act as they
should."



He is so very lazy that he is
even loathe
To walk upon his own feet—
this funny boy named
Sloth.

He swings upon the
branches from morning
until night,
And eats the leaves about
him with laziest delight.



He works on tunnels night
and day,
This marmot boy from far
away.
When winter comes then in
he creeps,
And there until the spring he
sleeps.



The woodchuck resides in a
hole in the ground,
He is surly and cross, and
he never is found
Out in the bright sunlight
unless it's to see
If he can't make more
winter for you and for
me.



This naughty boy just eats
and eats until he is a
sight,

He eats until he cannot hold
another tiny bite.

Of course, he's just an
animal—they call him
Wolverine—

But does he make you think
of boys that you have ever
seen?



Old Mr. Walrus climbs out
of the deep
For a breath of air and an
hour of sleep.
You will note that he isn't
much on looks
But his skin we make into
pocket-books.



He sits on the top of a
bright wooden stand,
He stands on his head or he
shakes your hand,
He dances a jig or he
trumps a chant—
This jolly old circus
Elephant.



Naughty, naughty squirrel
baby, just as mother has
you dressed

In your ribbons and your
laces and your go-to
meeting best,

Then to run and grab an
apple and get yourself all
mussed!

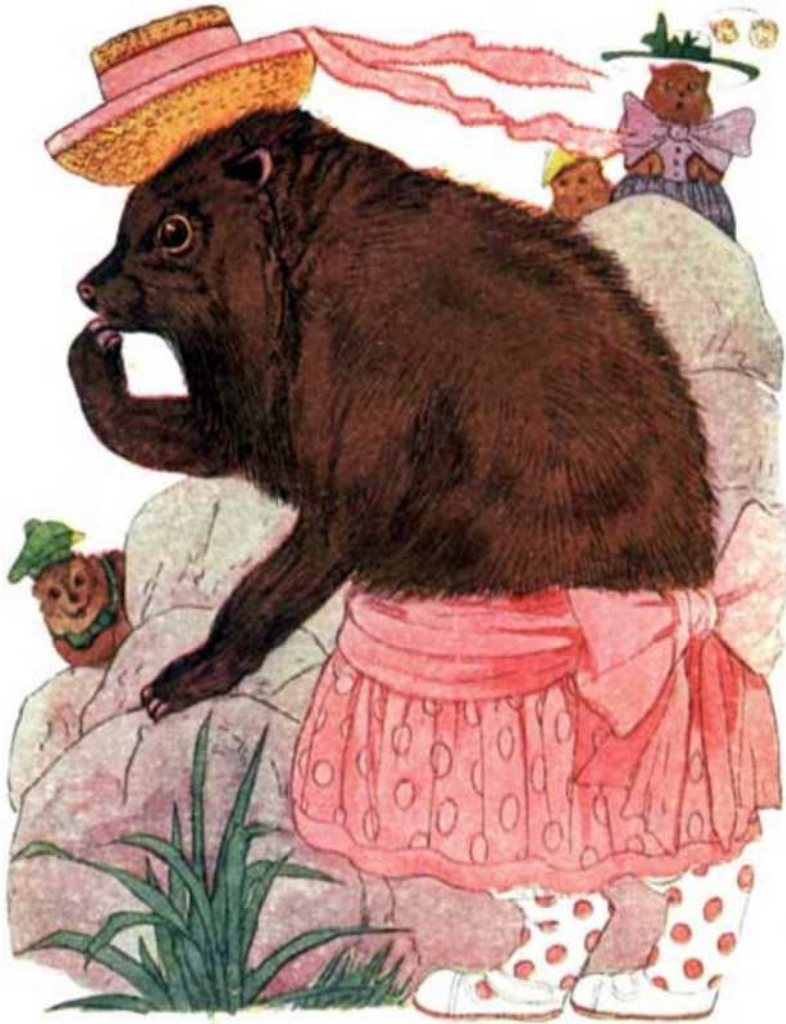
Are you not afraid that
mother will be very, very
fussed?



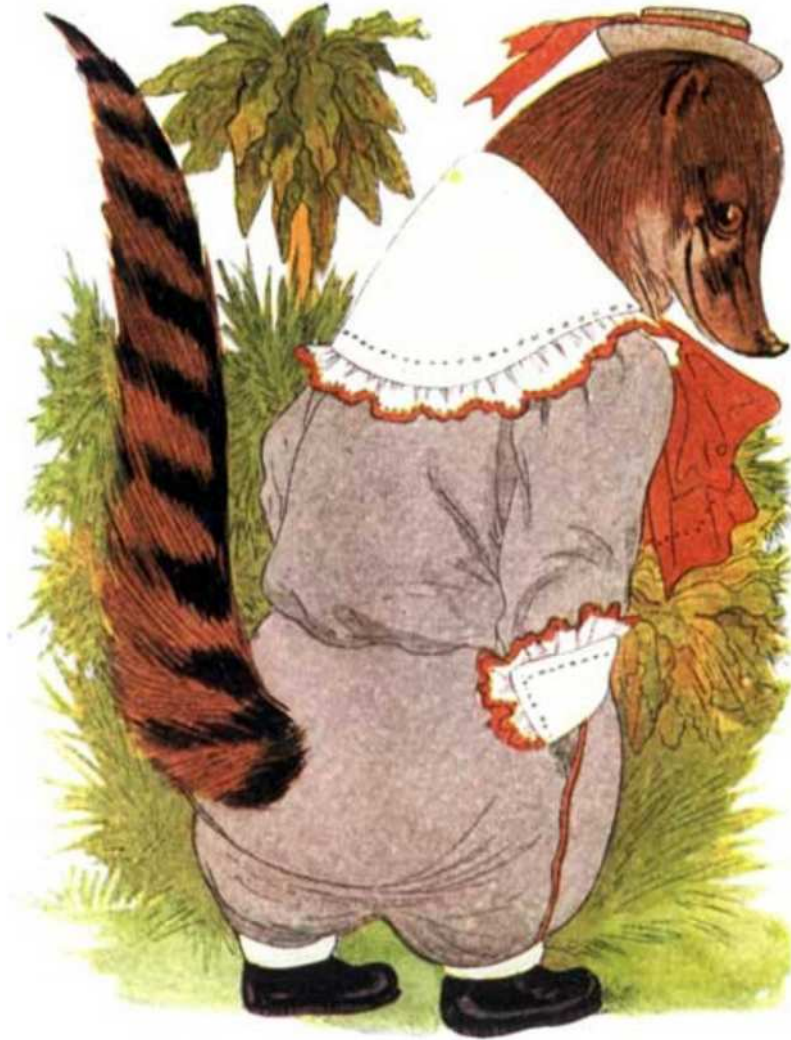
To market, to market, with
baskets of eggs,
Jack rabbit goes hurrying
on his long legs;
He'll buy him some colors—
red, green, yellow, blue,
And when Easter comes
'round you know what
he'll do.



Chipmunk is a jolly lad,
Always friendly—never sad,
Shares with friends his
wheat grains yellow,
He's a genuine good fellow.



The coney lives in Palestine
But he is very seldom seen.
You see he is so small and
shy
He hides when folks are
passing by.



They call this boy the coati,
His name is strange, and so
is he.

He laps to drink, digs with
his snout.

On ground or trees he runs
about.



The cute little dogs that live
on the prairie
Were having a party and
making quite merry,
When Big Dog, on watch,
heard a noise and called,
"Hush!"
And into their holes went
the guests in a rush!



What do you suppose is in
gray wolf's pack
He carries so stealthily over
his back?
Some chickens, a lamb and
an old mother hen
He has stolen to hide away
in his den.



His manners are so charming
and his eyes so very
bright,
I do believe that we might
call young fox a gallant
knight;
But then when he is cunning
and just a little pert,
I'm not so sure but we should
call this same young fox a
flirt.



We just want to ask if you
ever have seen a
Much dirtier boy than this
little hyena?
He has played in the street
at making mud pies
Till nothing is clean save the
whites of his eyes.



Beau coyote sings a nightly
tune
To his lady fair in the big,
round moon.
She smiles and throws
moonbeams to him
And he serenades till her
light is dim.



Tommie and Tillie Badger
went out in the field to
play.

Said Tommie: "Here, I'll teach
you—put down your head
this way,

Then toss your heels into the
air and give a little twirl—
You can't help turning
somersaults although you
are a girl."



Miss Leopard Sperophilus,
with her high-sounding
name,
Says just to be called
"Gopher" is really a shame,
And she's right here to tell
you—if this knowledge you
should lack—
She's the only one who wears
the stars and stripes upon
her back.



Doggy barked and said:
"What fun
To make that Porcupine girl
run;
Girls for boys to tease were
meant."—
But girls with pins are
different.



Sir Knight Armadillo, from
tail tip to nose
In armor that's sure to bring
terror to foes,
Goes forth with his
weapons to his battle
ground,
And looks like a pineapple
walking around.



Away in Australia the
echidna stays.
He is noted because of his
strange little ways;
His claws are so sharp that
in manner quite tragic,
When frightened he sinks in
the ground as by magic.



Miss Anteater's mouth is
so dreadfully small
It scarce seems it could be
a real mouth at all,
And her long, furry tail is her
blanket at night,
It covers and tucks her in all
snug and tight.



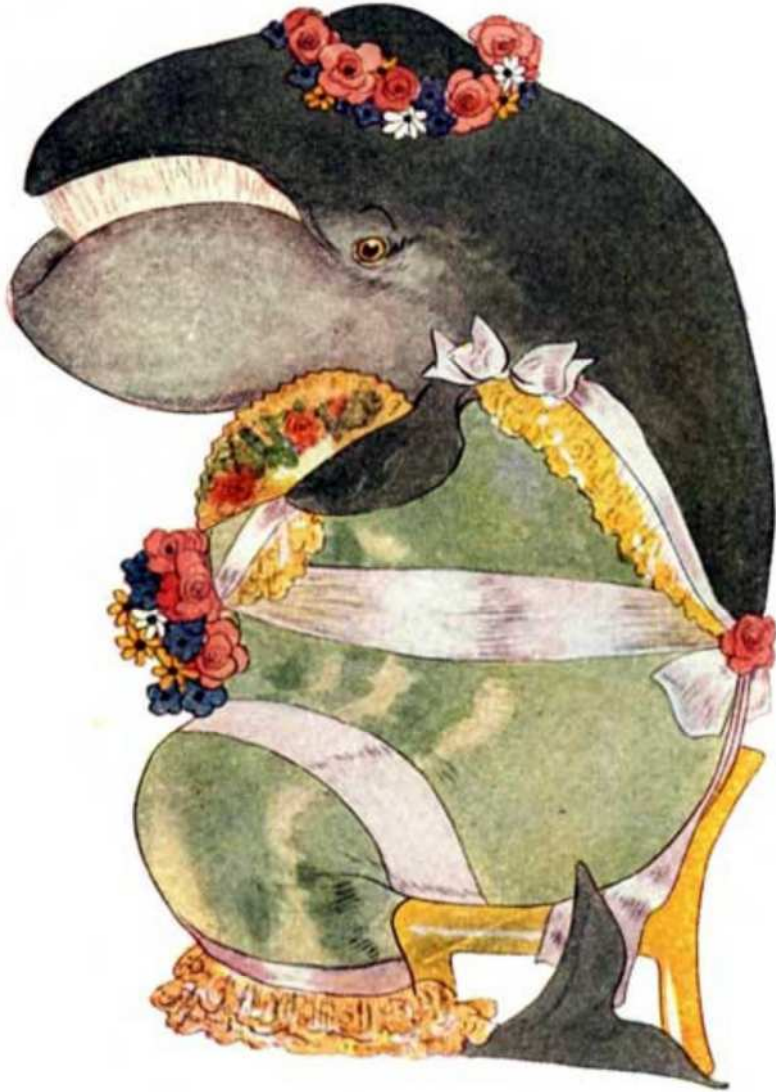
This queer little mole has a
star for a nose
Just the shade of the pink
in a dew-wet rose.
He lives down in the ground
where 'tis always like
night,
So perhaps his star nose is
to twinkle for light.



Here we have Mr. Duckbill of
no little fame;
His mouth, you will see, is
what gives him his name.
He can walk, swim or
burrow and (so we have
heard)
His wife, Mrs. Duckbill, lays
eggs like a bird.



Such a dainty little person in
her coat of pale, clear
gray,
Is this maiden, Miss
Chinchilla, and the hunter-
folks all say
She is so clean she's
exquisite and never
dreams of harm
When they go to take her
silken fur which helps to
keep her warm.



The circus fat lady is big
Mrs. Whale
With her very large head
and her very long tail,
And her ears and her eyes
almost covered from
sight
In the folds of thick skin
that wrap her up tight.