

PUSSIES AND PUPPIES

LOUIS
WAIN.



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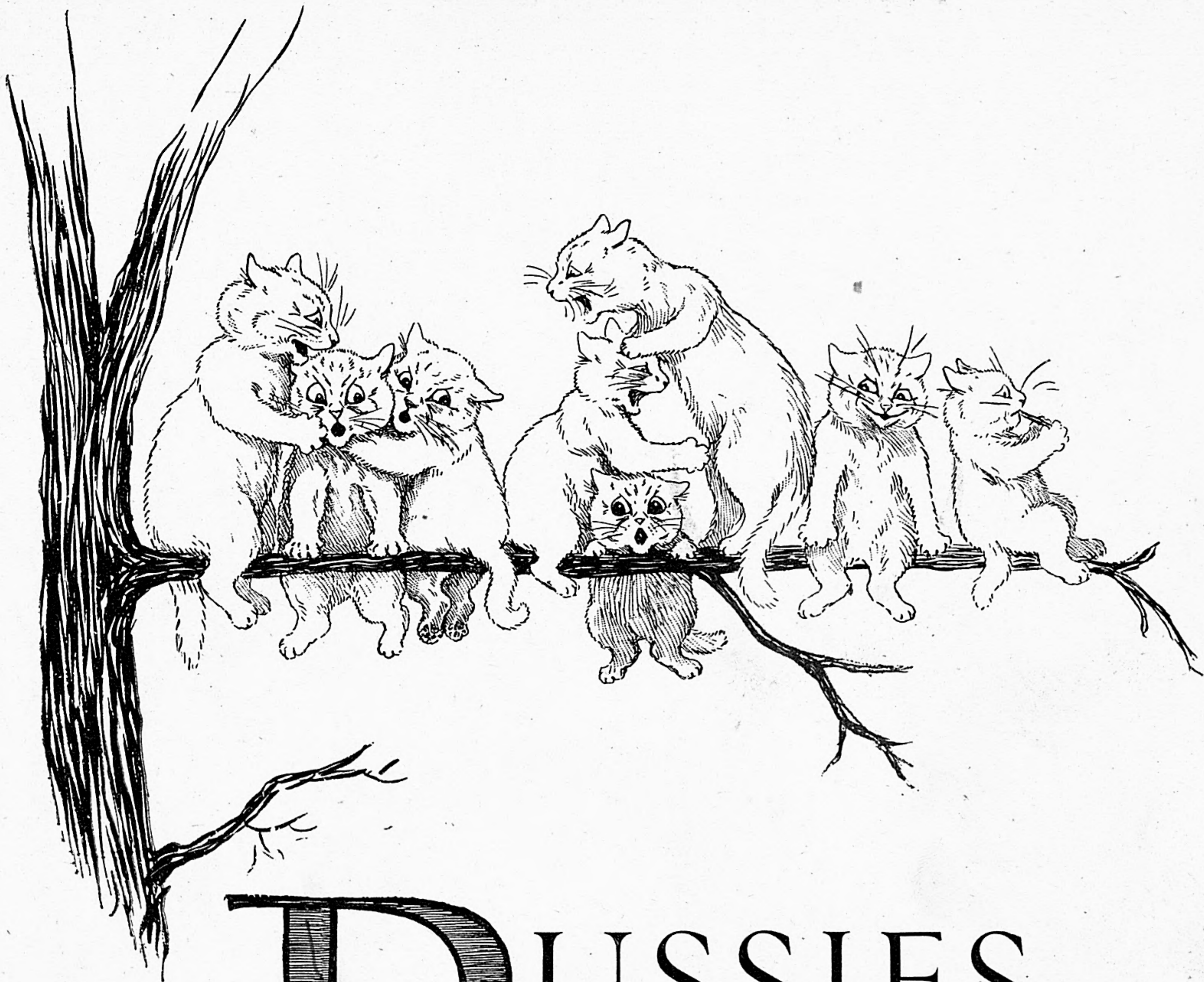
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PUSSIES AND PUPPIES



AN INTRUDER.

From a Water Colour Drawing by Louis Wain.



PUSSIES
AND
PUPPIES



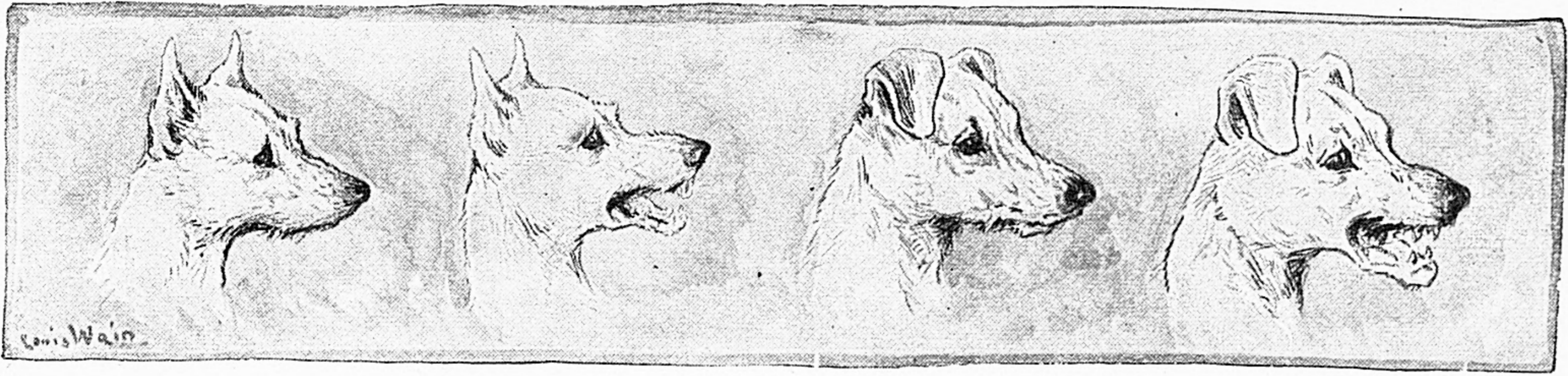
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LOUIS
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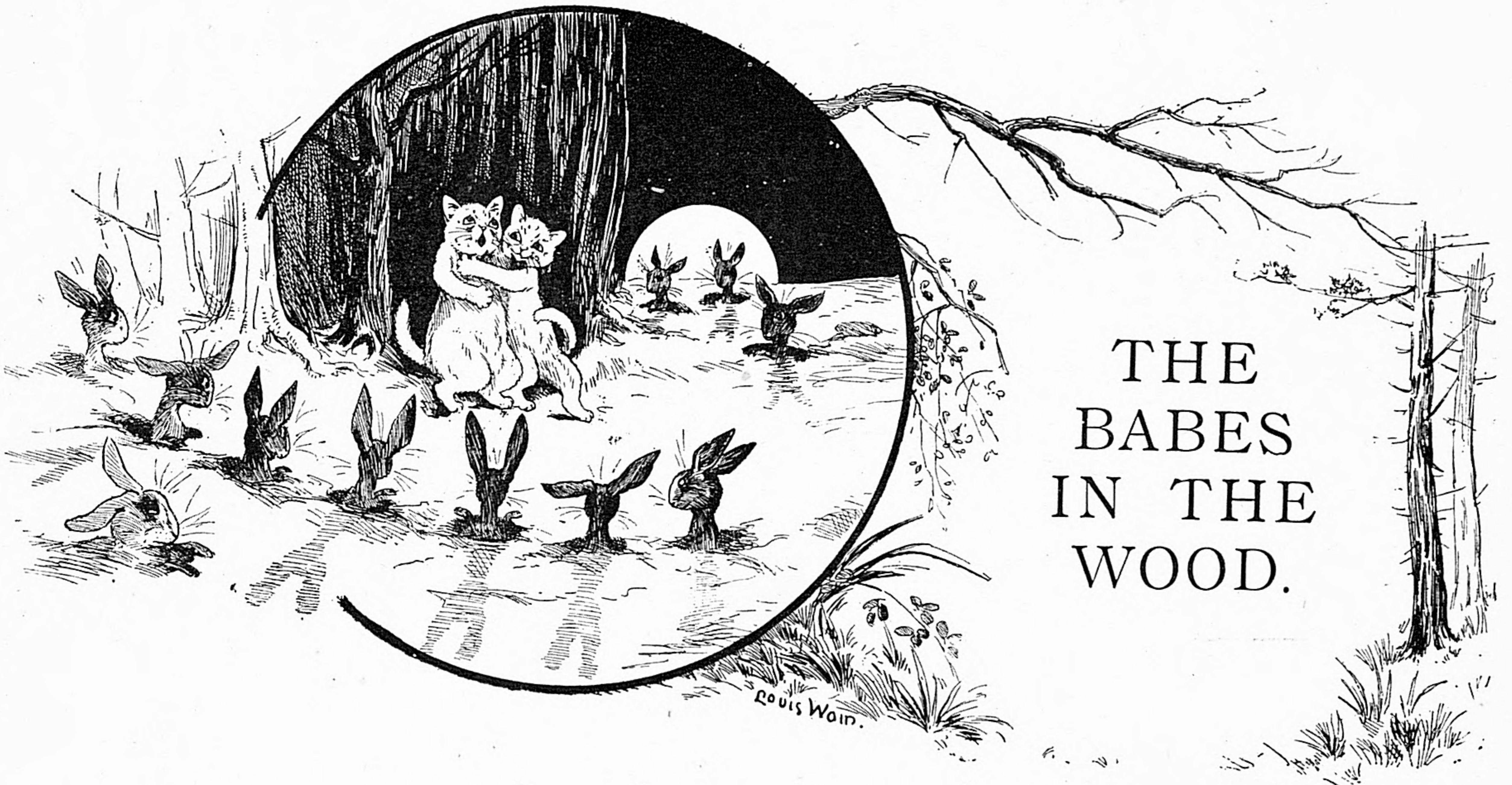


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THE
BABES
IN THE
WOOD.

TWO little pussies, losing their way,
Find themselves in the wood astray,
After the night comes on.

Sadly they utter a plaintive cry,
Lest they should hunger, and thirst, and die,
After the night comes on.

Bunnies, aroused by the doleful sound,
Pop their heads up out of the ground,
After the night comes on.

A SERIOUS CASE.

“NERVOUS debility, I think. Let me see your tongue. Ah, I thought so! What did you have for supper last night?”

“Only a very light meal, I assure you, doctor. Three mice and——”

“Three blind mice?”

“Well, one of them was rather short-sighted, but——”

“If you follow my advice, you will never touch a blind mouse. It is very bad for the digestion. I see that. I shall have to put you on a rigid diet. You may take a nice tender mouse cutlet now and then, but no potted meat of any kind.”

“And what about fish, doctor?”

“You may eat a shark or a whale once a week, if your appetite is equal to it, but nothing else. And you must take plenty of exercise. Twice a day, in the open air, run after your tail fifty times. Take a dose of quinine every morning, and come and see me again in a fortnight. Next patient, please!”



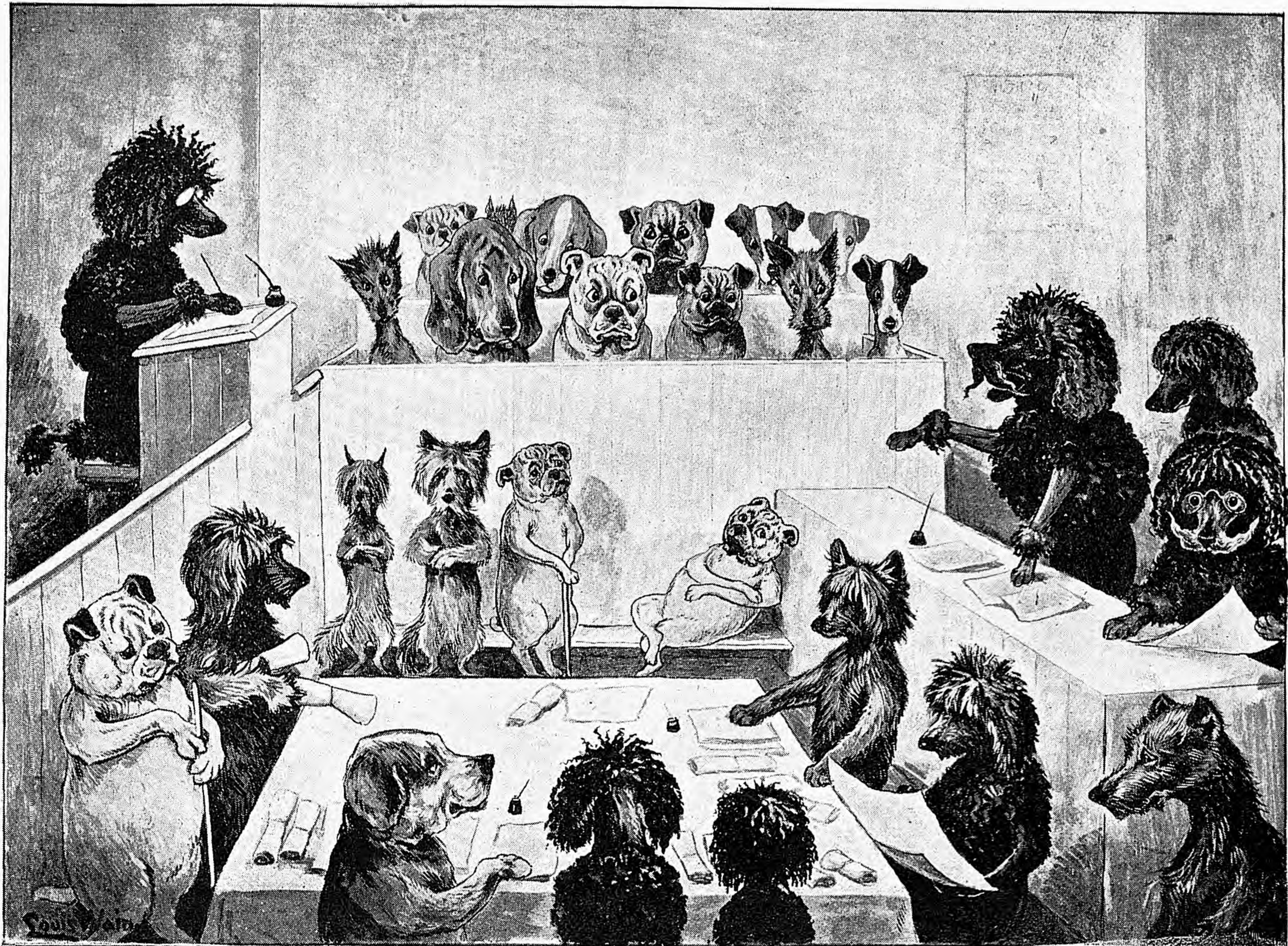
A SERIOUS CASE.

A TRIAL BY JURY.

DID you ever hear of it, children?

Oh, that was a trial indeed!
It must have been in the dog-days,
I think we are all agreed.
For the Lord Chief Justice Poodle
Sat in the judge's place,
Through his spectacles staring gravely
Into the culprit's face.

Old Dash for the prosecution,
Big Rex for the defence,
With Towser the little lawyer,
Crammed full of common sense.
And beyond the great square table,
With its paper, ink, and pen,
In a wise and solemn conclave,
Sat twelve dog-jurymen.



A TRIAL BY JURY.

Now, Dash had made his oration,
 Which the listeners said was fine;
 And Rex, the total abstainer,
 Had left off his bark and whine.
 Judge Poodle, he wiped his glasses,
 And, turning his curly head,
 "Gentle-dogs of the jury,
 What is your verdict?" he said.

Then the foreman of the jury
 Rose slowly and solemnly.
 ("Give a dog a bad name, and hang
 him!")

Snarled a cur of low degree.)
 "My lord, we agree in our verdict;
 The dog is guilty!" quoth he;
 "But we recommend him to mercy
 Because—*he's no worse than we.*"

M. E. R.



A FRUGAL MEAL.

“FISH-CAKES, mother?”

“Yes, dear.”

“And may I have some pickles?”

“No, darling; pickles don’t go well with fish-cakes.”



NAUGHTY KITS.

Oh, deary, deary me!
 How sad it is to
 see
 These little kits, scarce
 one year old,
 Who *ought* to be as good
 as gold,
 As naughty as can be!

Oh, fie! oh, fie! oh, fie!
 No wonder that they cry,
 For Mother's sent them
 off to bed,



And worse than all, has sternly said
They shall not taste her pie!

Mi-ew! mi-ew! mi-ew!

I wonder if it's true
That when those kits went out of
town

They knocked a brand
new scarecrow
down,

And chased some
chickens too?

Oh, deary, deary me!
I'm sure you'll all
agree

A better cat is Master
Jim;

It does one good to
look at him

In Baby's nursery!



POOR BULLY'S FALL.



"WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

"NOW, what's been done to
Bully,

What have you done, I say?
He's had a fall, a dreadful fall,
He's very ill to-day."

"We went to have a swing, sir,
We went to have a swing;
We mounted high towards the
sky—

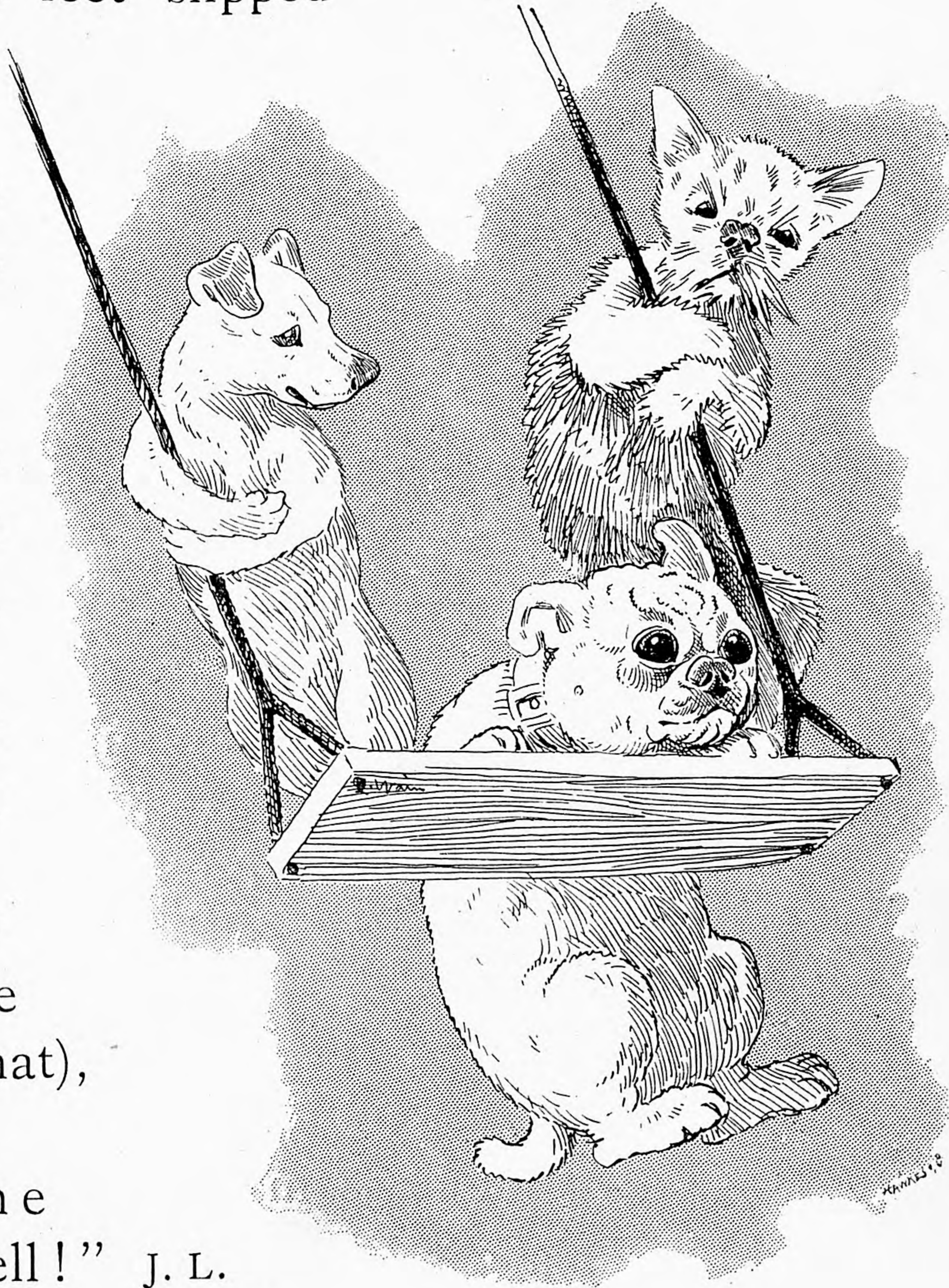
It was a pleasant thing."

"But Bully's head is aching;
You have not told me all.
Now, tell me—tell how Bully fell;
I'm sure he's had a fall."

"We put him on the swing, sir,
We put him on the swing.
We told him twice, as good advice,
To only sit and cling.

“ But when we mounted high, sir,
 But when we mounted high,
 You see his feet slipped
 off the
 seat—
 He did not
 tell us
why.

“ We hope
 he'll soon
 be well,
 sir,
 We hope
 he'll soon
 be well.
 He's *rather*
 fat (you've
 noticed that),
 And *that* is
 why he
 fell!” J. L.



“HOLD ON, BULLY!”

THE FISHING CLUB.

SPORTING Master Fluffie
Said, "I'm fond of fish—
Roach, and dace, and minnows
Make a dainty dish."

Forthwith he consulted
With some cats he knew.
"Quite so!" they responded;
"That is what we'll do!"

What was their intention?
Just to start a club!
Twice a week they fish with
Paste, or worm, or grub!

But, as proverbs tell us,
"There is many a slip,"
So a careless fisher
Got a sudden dip.



A FISHING CAT-AS-TRO-PHE!

PUSSIE'S SPEECH.

A RECITATION.



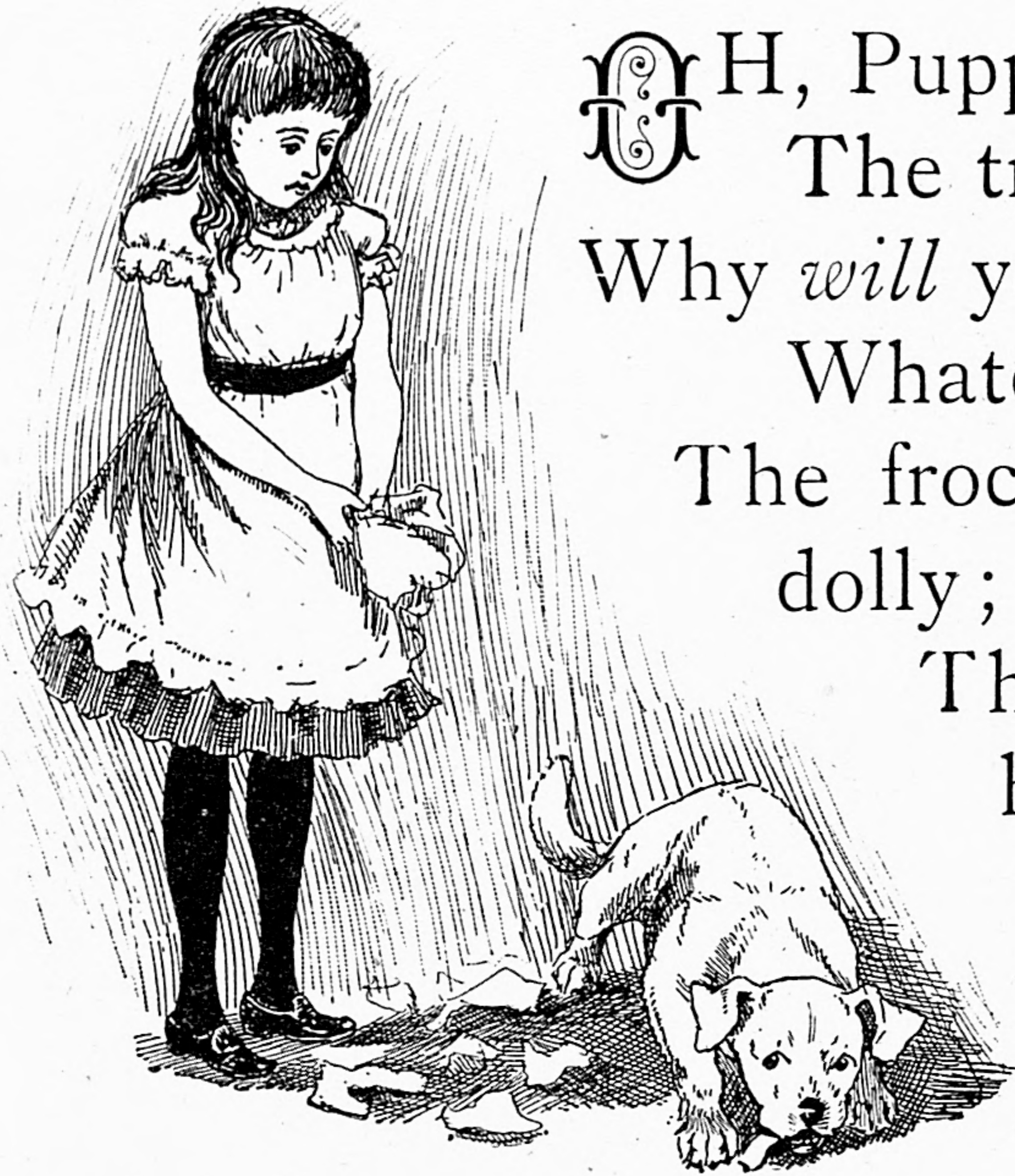
MIAOW! boys
and girls!
I'se only a poor
Pussie; an' I'se
most out o' breff
a-runnin' from
de man dat
frowed de boot-
jack at my old
head. But what
I'se goin' to tell
you is about
dat dare old

waspy which came to kiss me friendly
like, and den stung me wid his sting
most drefful bad. Miaow! miaow!
miaow!

Naughty waspy, him is a wicked story-teller; him said he like me and smole a pretty smile, but when he touched me he dropt nasty poison which burns red hot in pussie's blood and makes poor pussie cry. Miaow, miaowowow!

When waspy smile, make sure waspy got no sting. When wasp-like wine-glass smile, make sure wine-glass got no sting. De sting is wicked-spirit hiding in de cup; him want to bite big men. Little boy be big man some day; de sting smile-like on little boy; but little boy take care. Keep away from waspy, and from waspy's nest; signee pledge 'gainst waspy and waspy sting, den boy and girl will nebber cry like poor old pussie, Miaow, miaow, miaowyowy!

PUP'S SCOLDING.



OH, Puppy, it's very annoying,
 The trouble I have to endure;
 Why *will* you be always destroying
 Whatever I try to secure?
 The frock I've been making for
 dolly;
 The counterpane, too, for
 her bed;
 Her hat, trimmed with
 velvet and holly,
 Are all of them torn to
 a shred.

"YOU NAUGHTY PUP!"

You set all I tell you at nought, sir;
 You worry me out of my wits,
 And only to-day you were caught, sir,
 In pulling my dolly to bits.
 My poor little dolly! she never
 Did anything naughty to you,
 But patted and stroked you whenever
 I patted and petted you too.



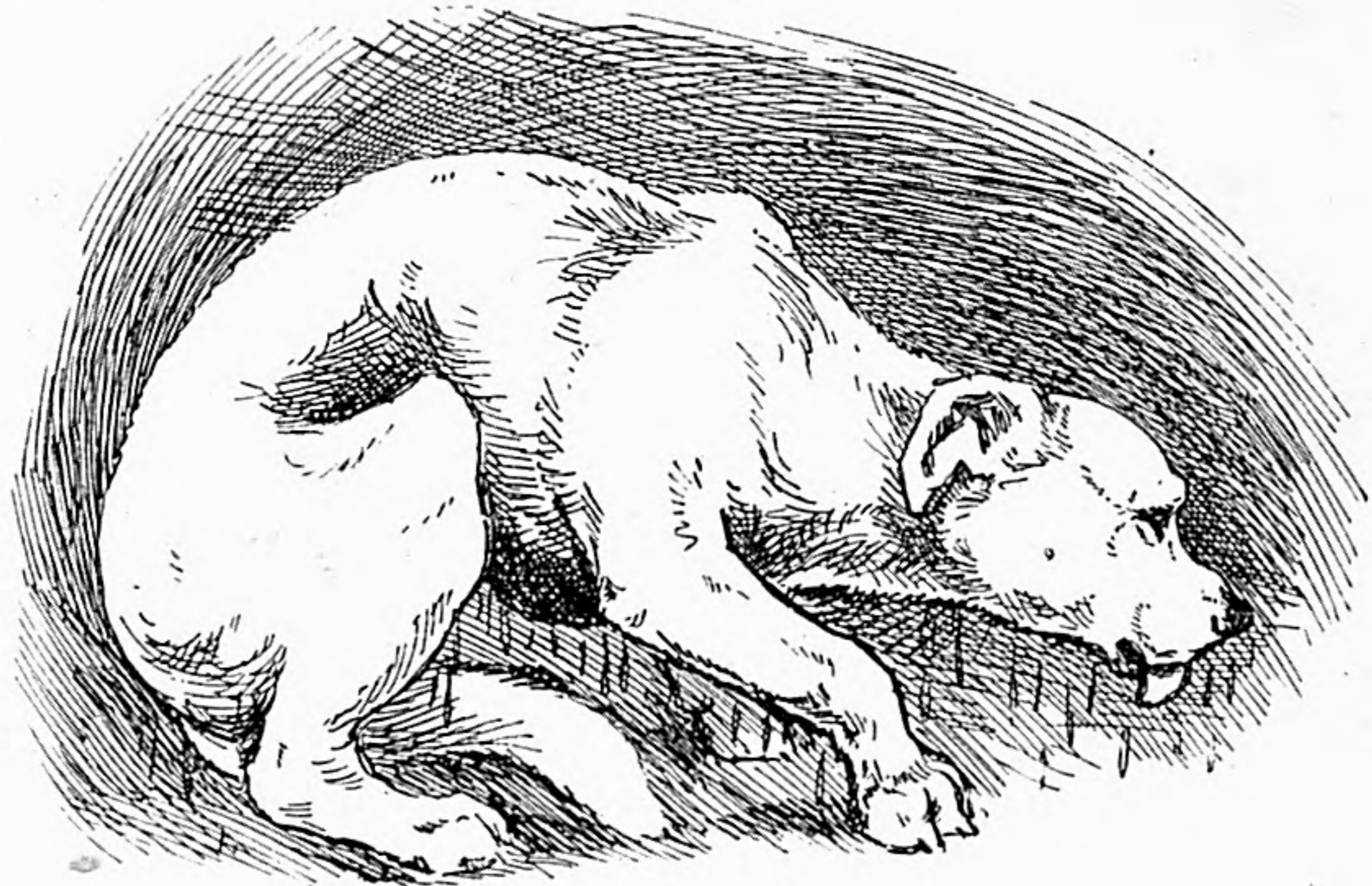
POOR DOLLY!

This morning when
 out with me
 walking,
 I told you to keep
 at my side,
 But 'twasn't a bit
 of good talking,
 Far over the
 meadows you
 hied.

You caused me a

lot of concern, sir,
 By getting half-drowned in the bog;
 Though I called you, you would not return, sir;
 You're a *most* disobedient dog!

Come! what I am saying is true, Pup,
 I'm dreadfully sorry
 to scold,
 But if you are naughty
 in youth, Pup,
 What will you be
 like when you're
 old?



BEING SCOLDED.



“LEARN TO OBEY, SIR!”

His manners, you see,
are so trying—

There, come along,
Pup, and be friends!
I'll scold you no more.

Come, be petted!
Oh, shame! it's my
honest belief
Your little black eye, sir,
is wetted
With tears of a real
puppy grief.

Well, first you must learn
to obey, sir;
And, Puppy, it's easy
to see
That if you don't alter
your way, sir,
A terrible dog you will be.

Oh, Puppy, dear Pup—
why, he's crying!
I don't *think* he ever
pretends—



“HE'S CRYING!”

DANDY TOM.

WHAT a swell! If a tall hat, and a cane, and a stiff collar, and a straw in his mouth could make any one a gentlecat, surely

Thomas, Esq., must be in the very front rank. And

what a beautiful swagger there is in his walk!

But I am sorry to say he has not paid for his hat, and if the hatter is not very generous, Tom

is likely to get into trouble. Are

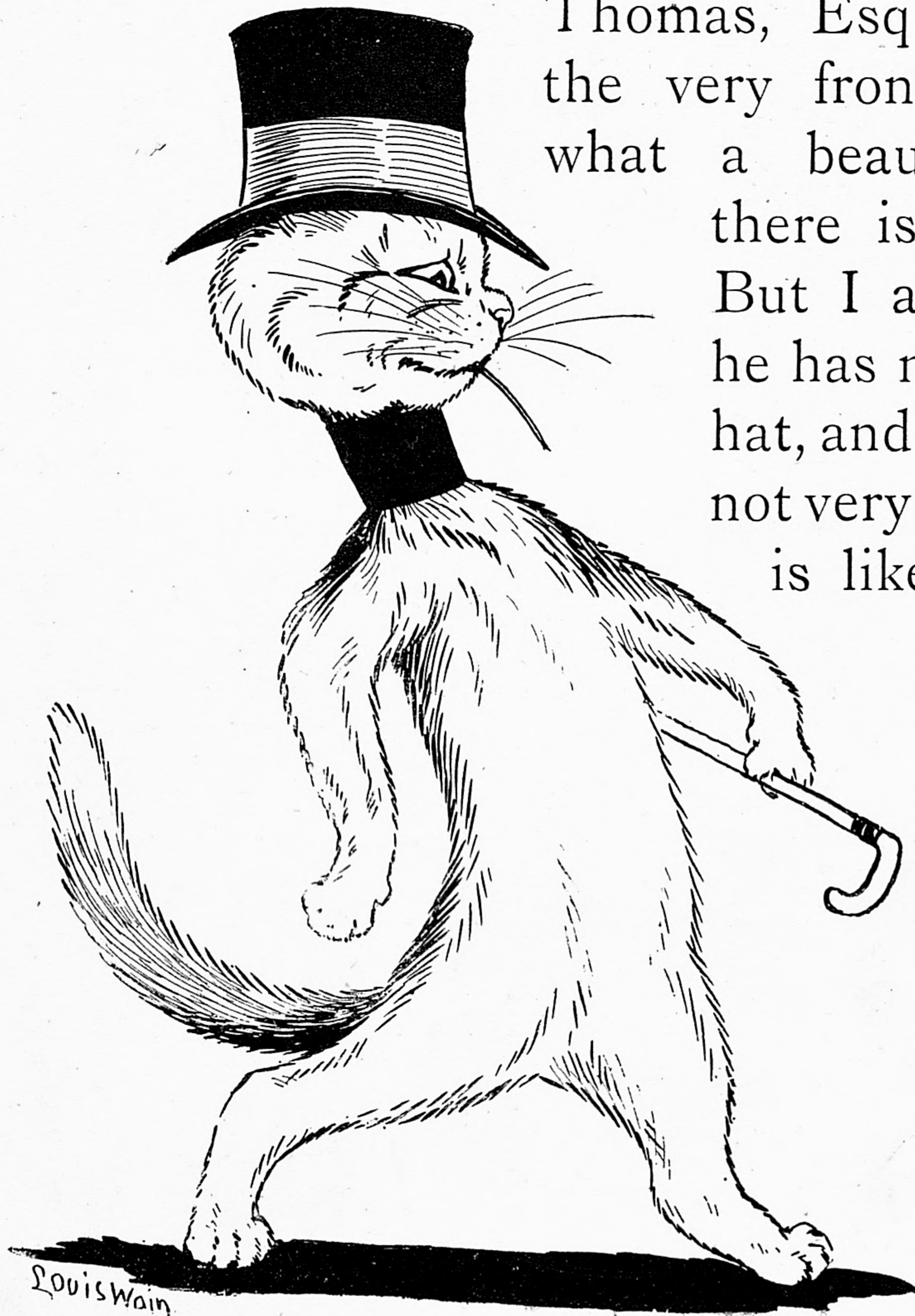
there not some other dandies

who wear a fifteen-shil-

ling hat when they ought to

be content with a shil-

ling one?



THE PUSSIES' PICNIC.



HEAR the horn! hear the horn!
 hurry up, I say,

For dinner will be ready in a trice,
 And little will be left, you know, for
 those who stop away,
 For father Tabb is *very* fond of
 mice.

Leave the swing a little while, drop your bat
 and ball;

And those who wish for dinner gather round;
 Cook has brought the dishes, but Tibb has had
 a fall,

And spilt his lemonade upon the ground.

But that was quite an accident, as any one can tell,

For Blackyback was creeping in the way;
 Tibb does not stop to mop it up or wonder why
 he fell,

But gets some more as quickly as he may.

The knives and forks and dishes now make a
 merry din,

And I am left all lonely and forlorn. [begin,
 Oh, pussies! oh, dear pussies! let me say ere you
 Please *don't* forget the cat that blows the horn!



THE PUSSIES' PICNIC.

TRYING IT ON.

“GOOD morning, sir. What can I do for you this morning?”

“If you please, I want a new—a new——”

“I understand, sir. You need not mention the dreadful word. I have a new stock just arrived. Kindly see how this fits you, sir.”

“It feels very com-fort-a-ble for a muz—for a head-dress, but are you sure it is in the fashion?”

“The latest pattern, sir. Suits you exactly, sir. And it matches your rosette perfectly. You will find it very well ven-ti-la-ted, so there will be no danger to your health.”

“What is the price of it, please?”

“Six beef bones, sir.”

“Would chicken bones do instead?”

“Very sorry, sir, but I cannot take less than beef bones.”

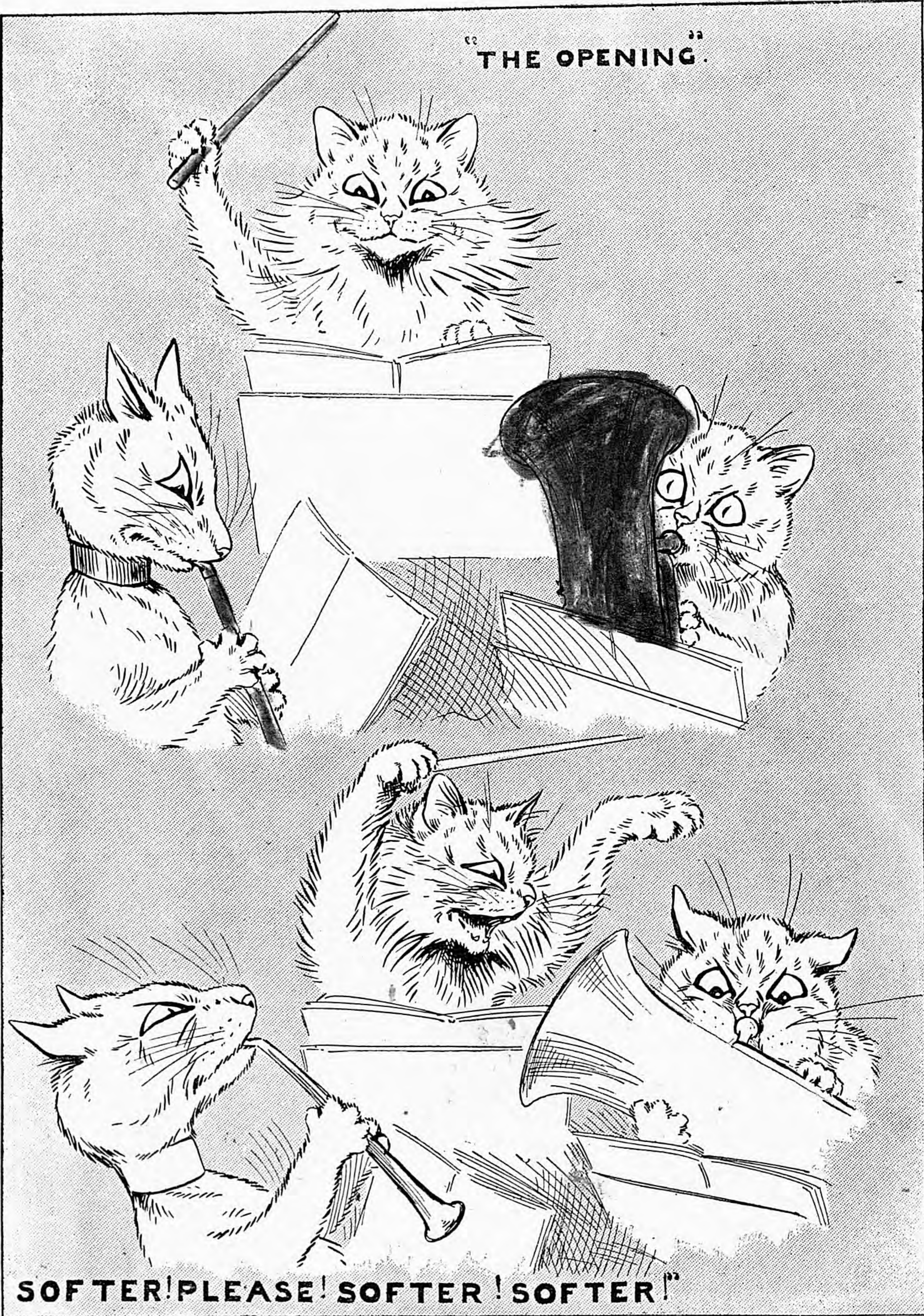
“Oh, all right, I dare say I can manage. I have come out without my purse, but I will send you the bones presently by Parcel Post. Good morning.”



Louis Wain.

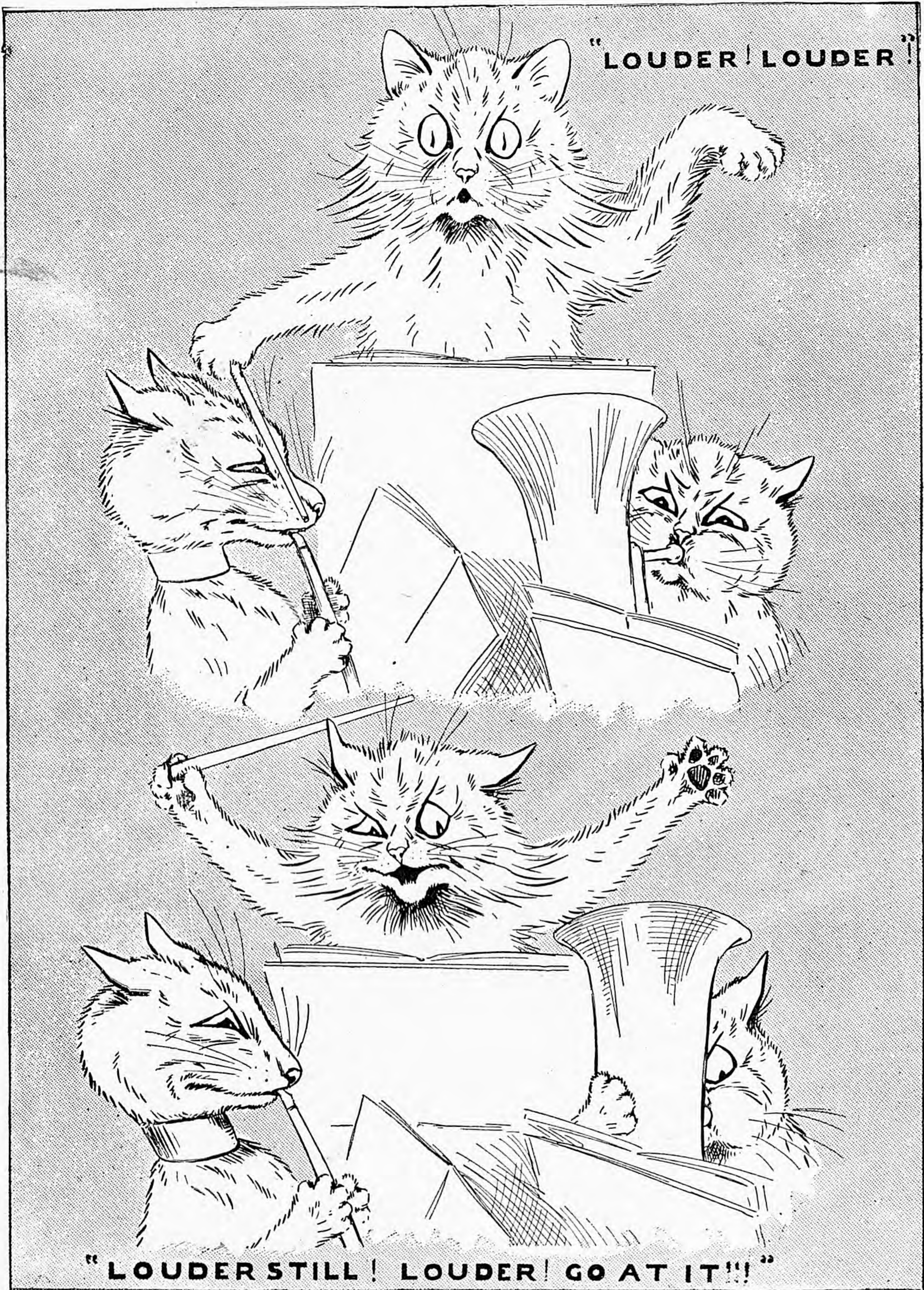
TRYING IT ON.

“ THE OPENING ”



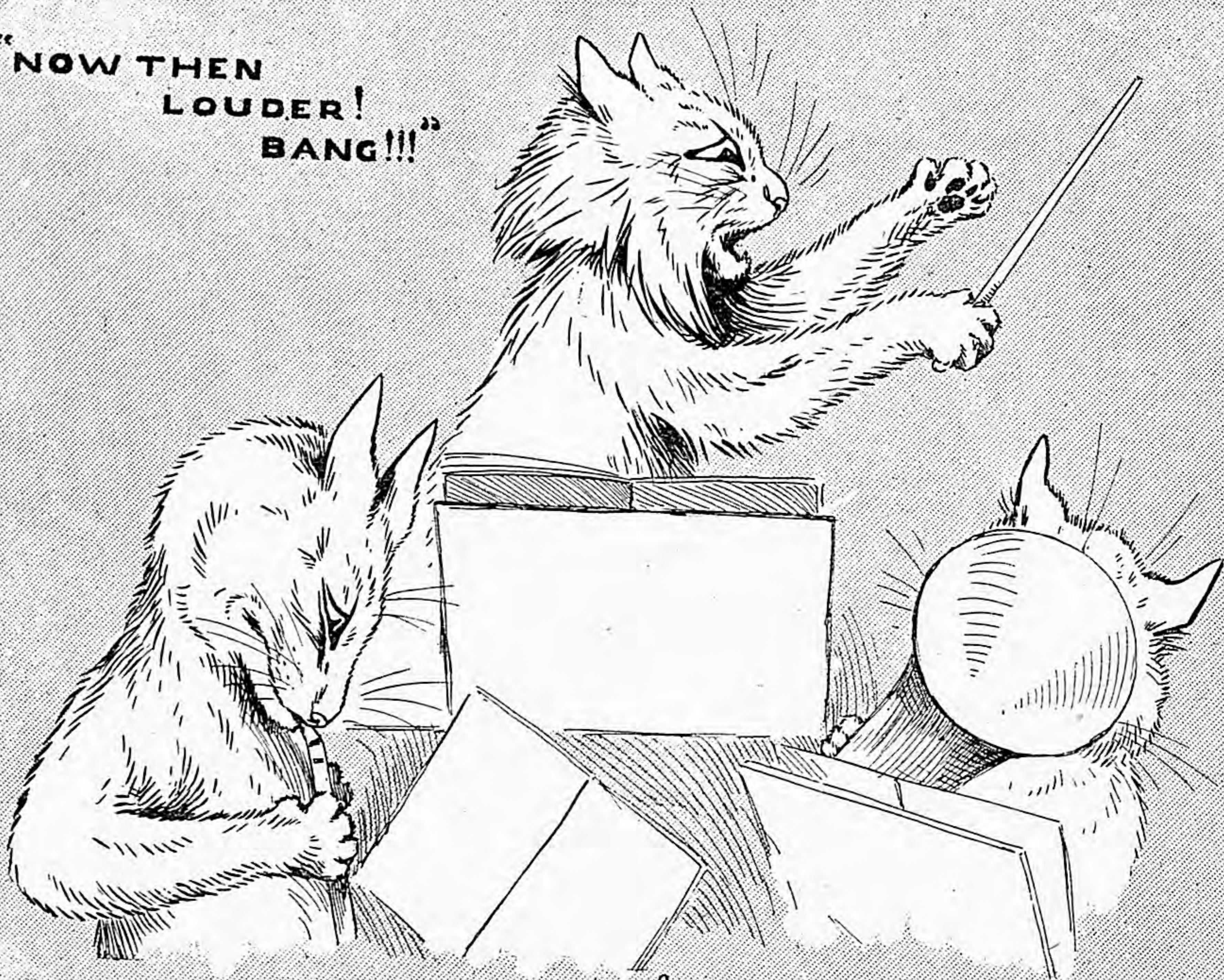
SOFTER! PLEASE! SOFTER! SOFTER!

THE REHEARSAL.



THE REHEARSAL.

**"NOW THEN
LOUDER!
BANG!!!"**



"FINISHED

Louis Wain
"THANK YOU"

THE REHEARSAL.

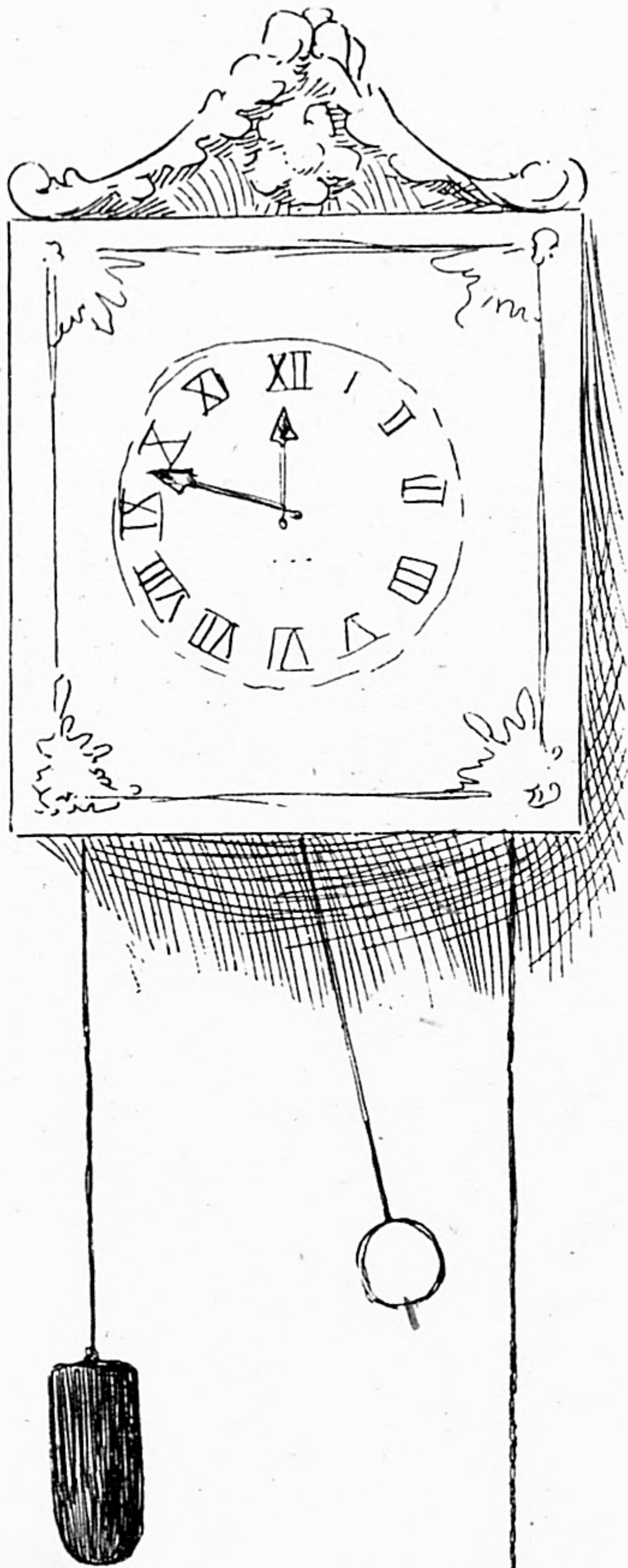
UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

A VERY lively time the Pussies had last Christmas at Miss Tabitha's party. There were some nice mouse patties for sup-

per, and plenty of mew-sic, and several brisk games, until they got so tired that their tails nearly dropped off. From the middle of the ceiling there was hanging a piece of mistletoe. I wonder what that was for?



YOU MUST NOT PLAY WITH FATHER TIME.



“ I WONDER whatever the
thing can be ?

Yap! yap!” said Turk, “ it
seems to me

It’s come from the ticking clock
up there,

To tell us the time of day.

So, Pup, for dinner we should
prepare—

’Tis nearly twelve, they say.”

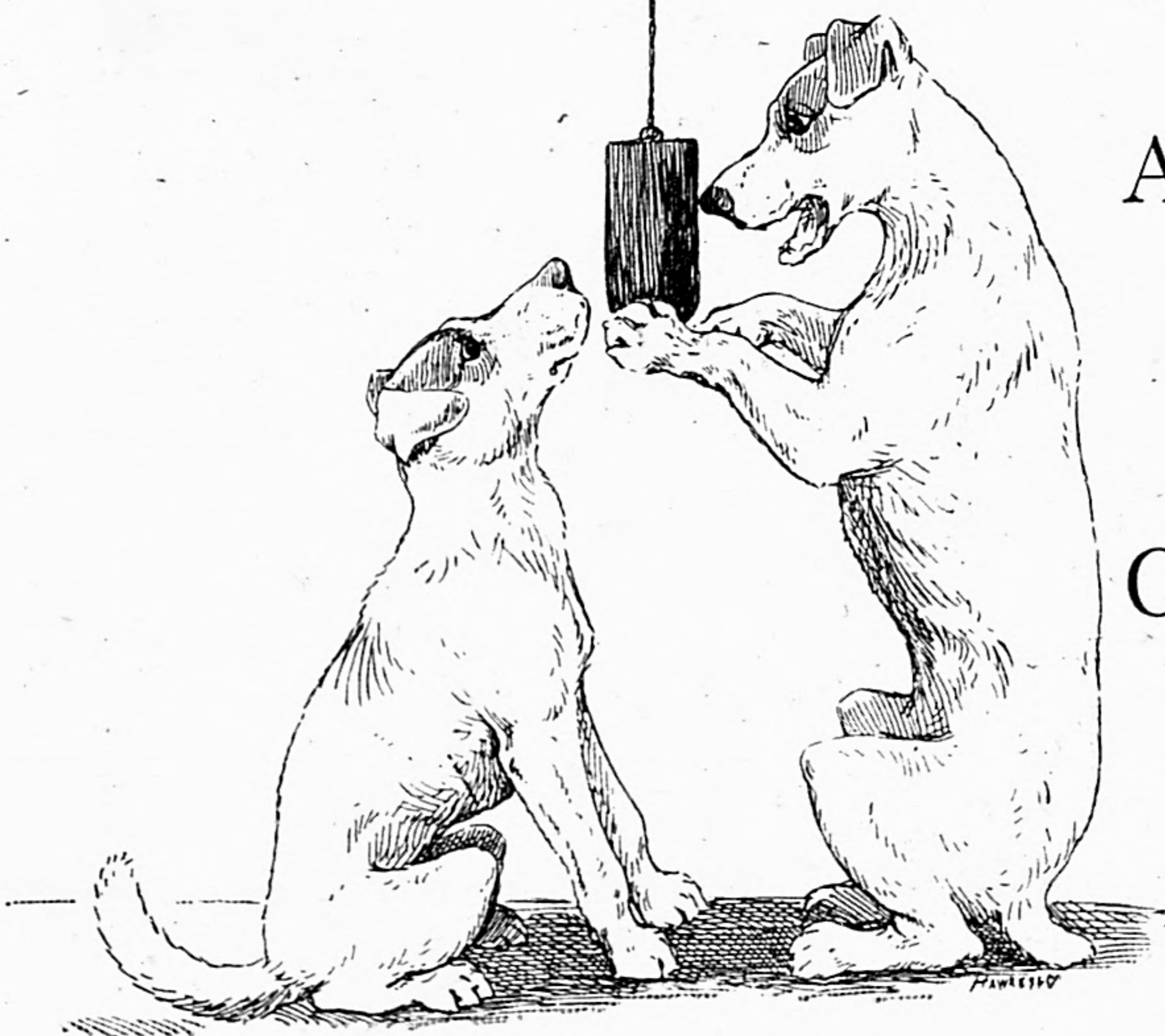
“ I don’t believe you, Mr. Turk,
It’s something makes the
clock to work,

And never meant to tell
us that.

It came when the loud
bell rang.

Oh, please don’t give it
so hard a pat,

It might go off bang!
bang !”



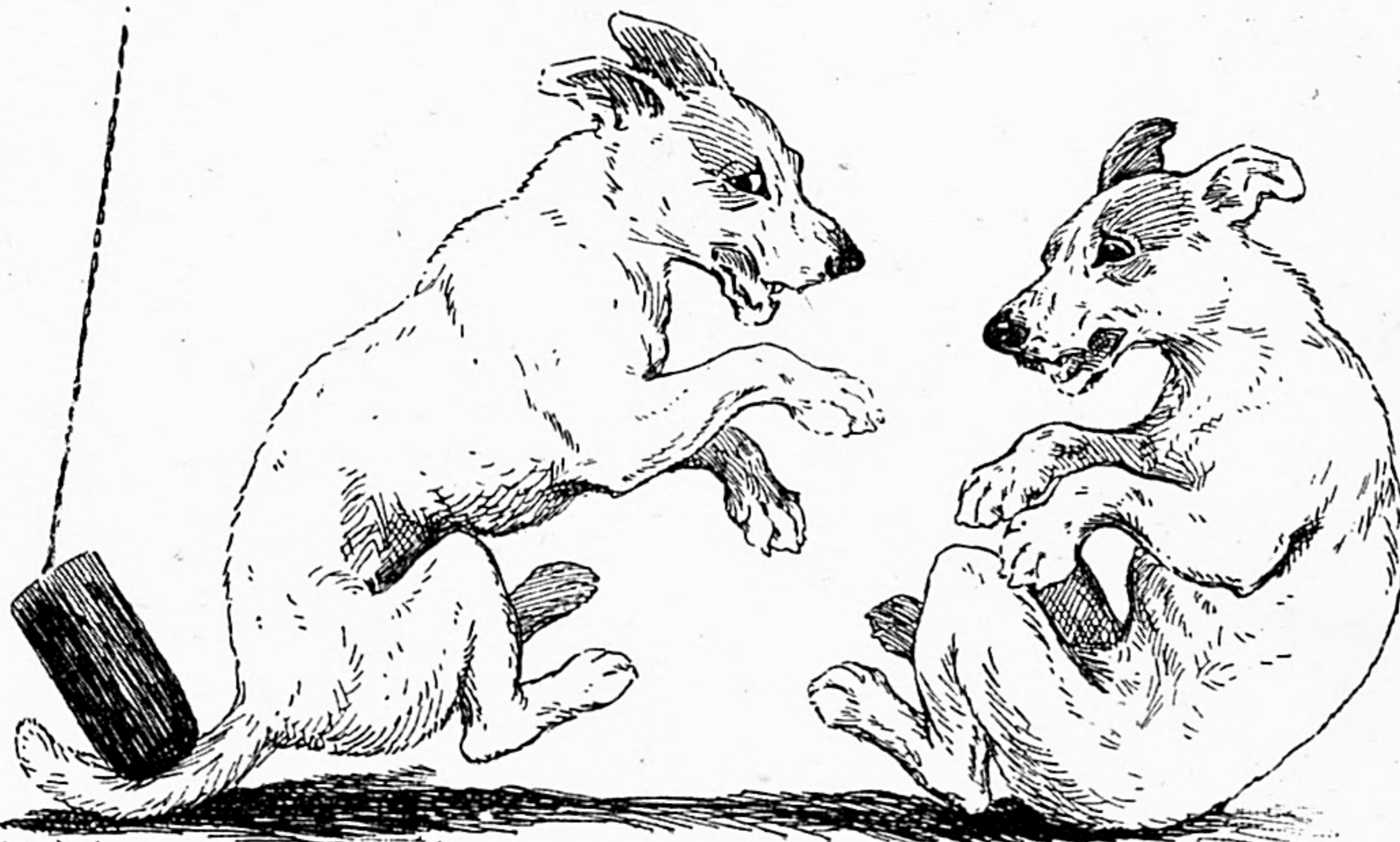
“You foolish Pup,” said Turk, “you see
It’s just as hard as hard can be,
And far too big and strong to break
With such a gentle stroke ;
So let us give it a little shake—
Oh, hark! I thought it spoke.”

“I fear ’twas something spoke in the clock,
For I plainly heard it go ‘shock, shock,’
And the hands, oh, look, have ceased to go,”
Said Pup, in a startled tone.

“Oh, what will happen I’d like to know ;
Why *didn’t* you let it alone ?”

Then came a crash, a jangle and bang—
No bell so loudly ever rang ;
And Pup, poor Pup, with sudden pain,
Gave forth a frightened wail.

For the weight
behind had
snapped its
chain,
And fell with a
thud on his
tail !



J. L.

LOUIS WAIN

THEIR MOTHERS' PRIDE.

TWO cats and two kittens—

Now which would you say
Of the two doting mothers
Is proudest to-day?

Two cats and two kittens—

Which pussie would grieve
With the bitterest anguish
Her darling to leave?

Two cats and two kittens—

Which mother would wail
If her hopeful young offspring
Were drowned in the pail?

Two cats and two kittens—

Which mamma's advice
Will best train her young one
To capture the mice?



THEIR MOTHERS' PRIDE.

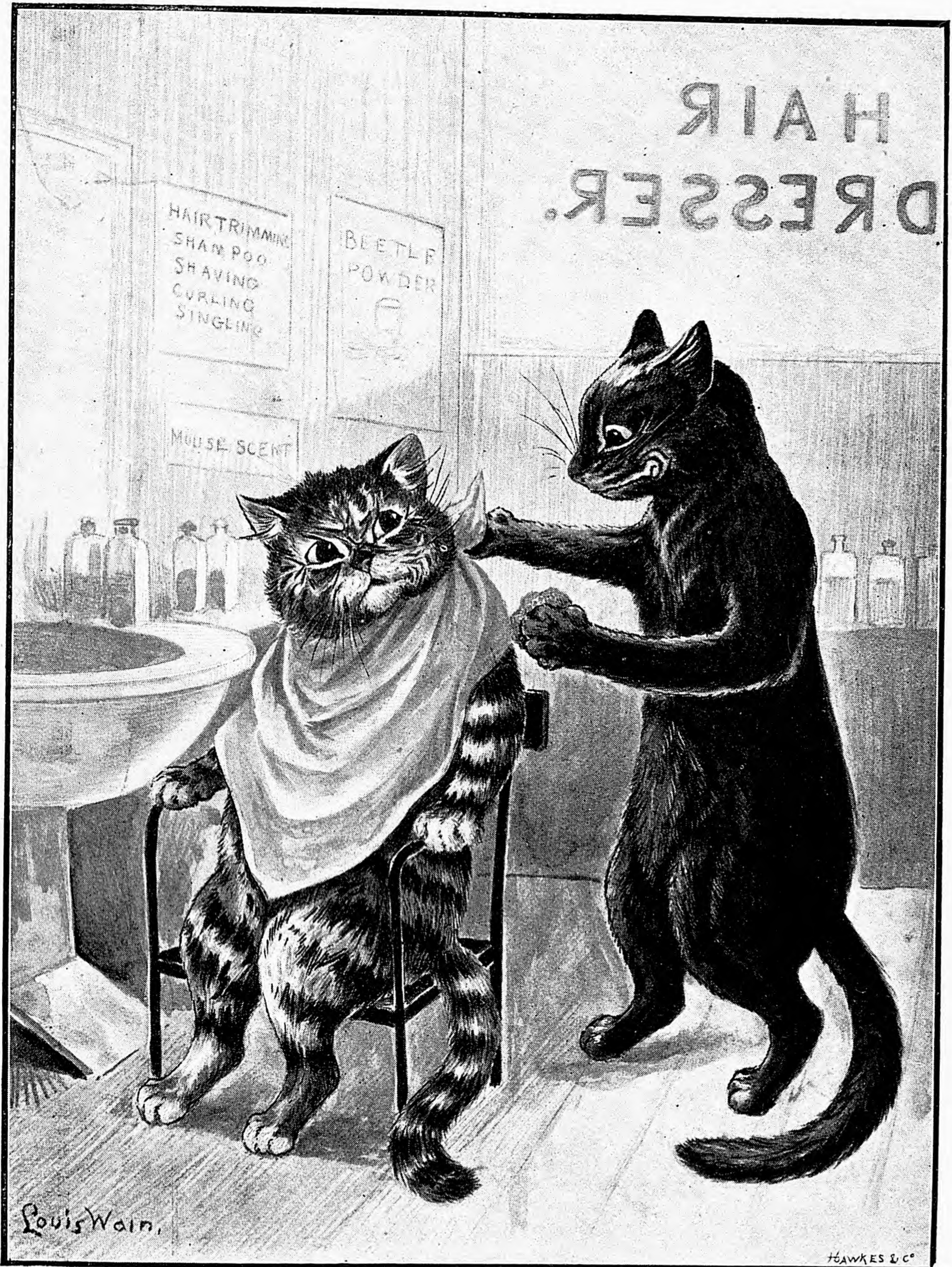
IN A HURRY.

“**I**’VE been invited out, sir!
 I’m very pleased, you know;
 Had *you* been asked, no doubt, sir,
 You would have liked to go.

“So if you do not mind, please,
 (I haven’t long to stop),
 Just cut my hair behind, please,
 And trim it on the top.

“My whiskers should be curled, sir—
 But time is flying fast;
 I would not for the world, sir,
 Arrive among the last.

“My friends would think it rude, too,
 Should I be very late,
 And might eat all the food, too;
 For *no* one likes to wait.”



THE PUSSY-CATS' BARBER.



THE TUBBING.

MOWEL and tub, tub and towel,
 Why should a bath make a good kitten
 howl?

Tub and towel, towel and tub,
 Is it not bracing to have a good rub?

Soap and sponge, sponge and soap,
 Better to laugh than to cry or to mope.
 Sponge and soap, soap and sponge,
 'Tisn't so bad when you've taken the plunge.



THE TUBBING.

MRS. CARLO'S NEW HAT.



GREAT Mrs. Carlo sat down on the mat
 And said, "I have only a moment to
 stay,
 So tell your dear mother I've bought
 a new hat,
 And thought I would pay her a visit
 to-day."

Then Puppy looked up with a smile of surprise :
 "My mother has gone to the market," he said,
 "But when she returns with whatever she buys,
 I'll tell her you called with a thing on your head."

Said great Mrs. Carlo, "I think I will stay,
 Dear Pup, till your mother comes back from
 the town ;
 I'll rest me just here, if I'm not in the way,"
 And the great Mrs. Carlo lay peacefully down.

Alas ! on the hat in her slumber she rolled,
 She crumpled the straw, and the feather she
 broke.

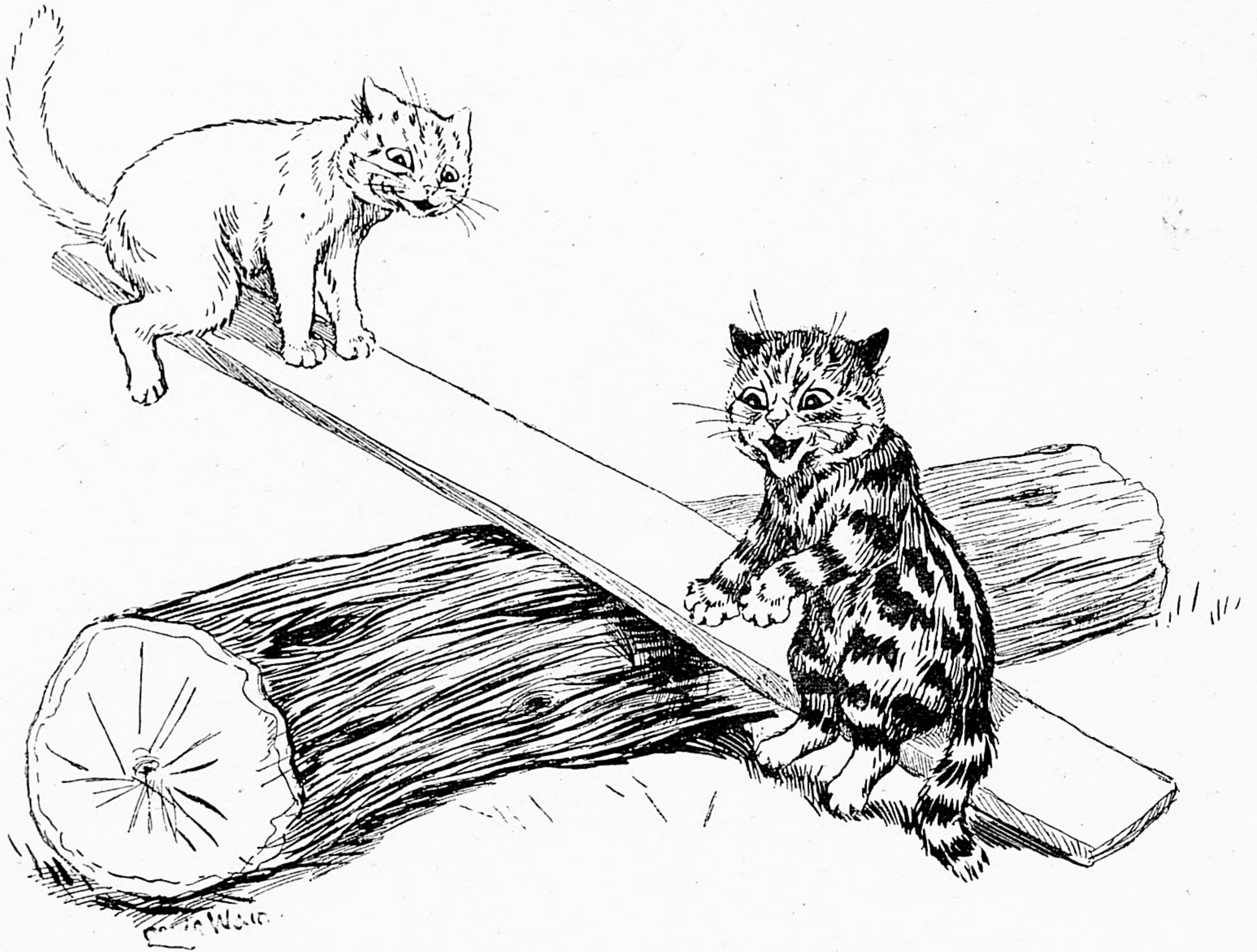
Her uncovered head felt a little bit cold,
And great Mrs. Carlo in terror awoke.

Then, just at that
Pup's mother
And said, as
w e p t i n
"I'm grieved, Mrs.
find you con-
By something
sensible dogs

moment
returned,
her visitor
despair,
Carlo, to
cerned
t h a t
never wear."

J. L.



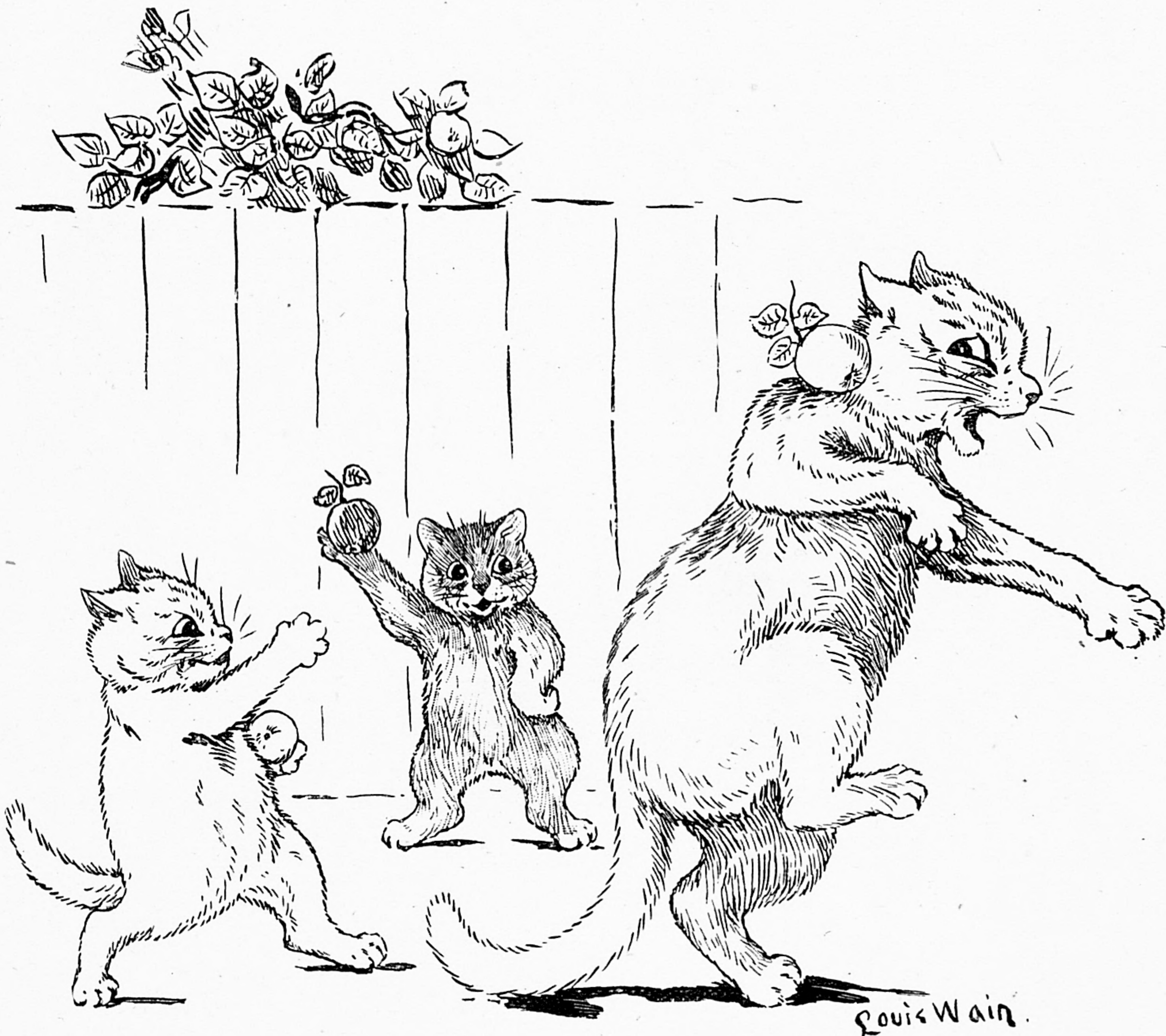


PUSSIES AT PLAY.

DID you ever see kittens so happy and gay
 As dear little Tab and her playmate to-day?
 Now down to the earth, and now up to the sky,
 With no one to tease them till Squaller came by.
 Old Squaller was angry because, I am told,
 The milk in his saucer this morning was cold;
 And when in the garden the kittens he spied,
 "It's time that you went to your lessons!" he cried.
 "And when I'm unhappy it makes matters worse
 To see any cats who are just the reverse."

He ran to the see-saw to chase them away,
Too peevish himself to let other folks play.
But he didn't go far, for the two kittens found
Some ripe rosy apples that lay on the ground,
And threw such a shower at his peevish old head,
He thought it much better to leave them instead!
And when by the fire he lay cosily curled,
He thought: "*It's not well to be cross with the world.*"

J. L.



MAKING FRIENDS.

NO call on Punch, Jack, Bob, and Prin,
Three dusky doggies came one day;
And thus they did the talk begin

In a polite and pleasant way:

“We hope we find you all quite well—
We’re strangers here, as you can tell;
We’ve travelled from a foreign land,
Dear friends, to shake you by the hand.

“From sunny France we’ve sailed away,
Across the rolling waves of blue;
And now we’ve all arrived to stay
And pass a happy time with you.”

Prin slumbered on, but all the rest
Gave welcome to each stranger-guest,
And said, “Pray share our biscuits now!
We’re glad to see you—bow-wow-wow!”



Louis Wain.

A FRIENDLY CALL.

CHRISTMAS WAITS.

DO you know Grimalkin Square?

It is very quiet there.

But each year, when Christmas waits

Play at Mother Tiptoes' gates,

Baby Tiptoes wakes from sleep,

Granny Purr begins to weep,

Master Tom beside the fire

Miaows and sphitz with rage most
dire;

Humps his back and cuts a caper,

'Cause he cannot read the paper!

Well, you scarcely would believe,

When they came this Christmas Eve,



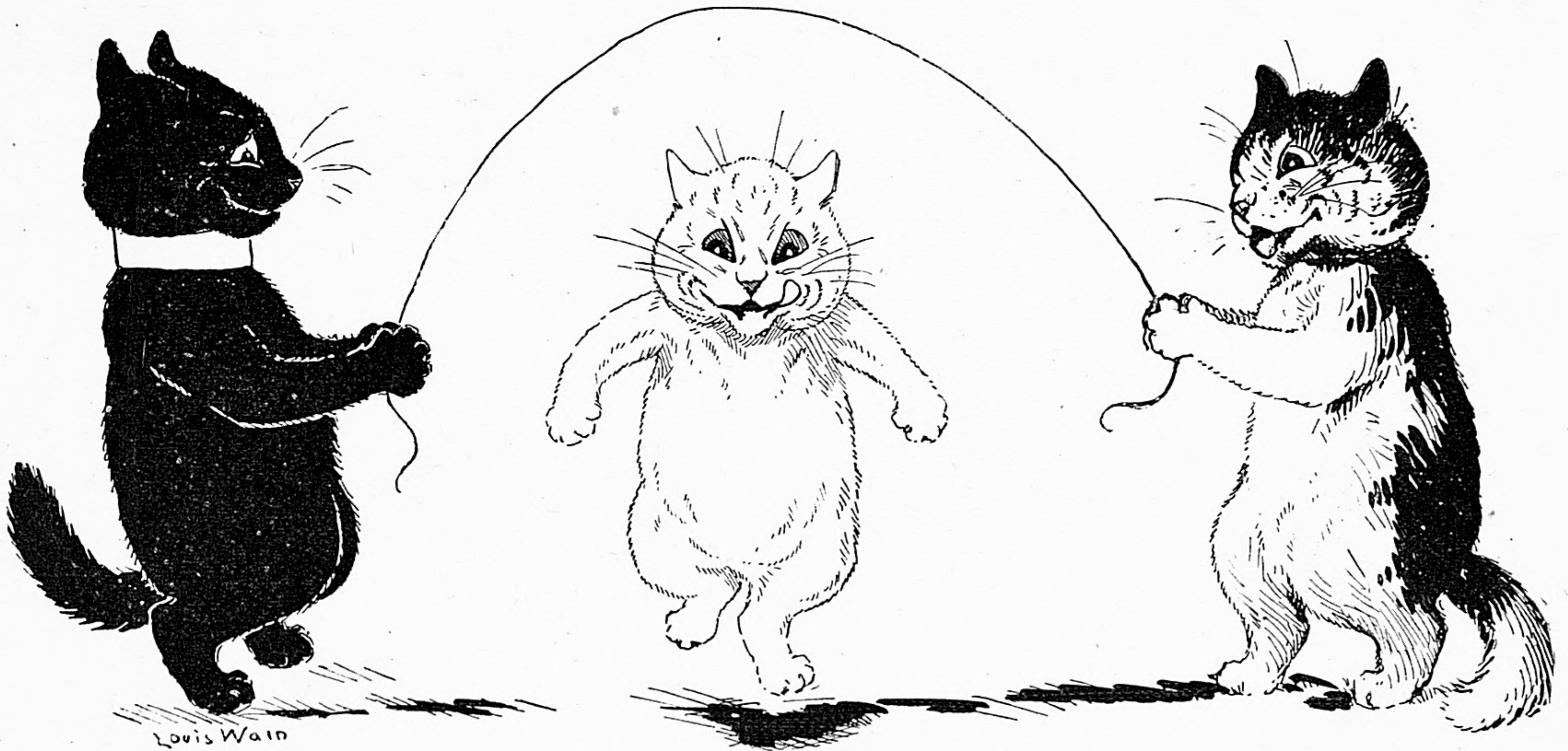
THE CHRISTMAS WAITS.

Horrid trumpet pom-pommed thrice
'Neath the window—"Three blind
mice."

Tiptoes then was heard to say,
"Who will send those waits away?
I will give a lovely toy
To that Pussy, girl or boy,
Who will drive them from the
house,

And, as a treat, some potted mouse!"
How they tried to make them go
Best the artist's hand will show;
But I think 'twas Tiptoes' daughter
Did it with a jug of water!

L. H.



PUSSYKINS' PARTY.

A VERY nice party had Pussykins Mew,
 The guests came in white, and in pink,
 and in blue.

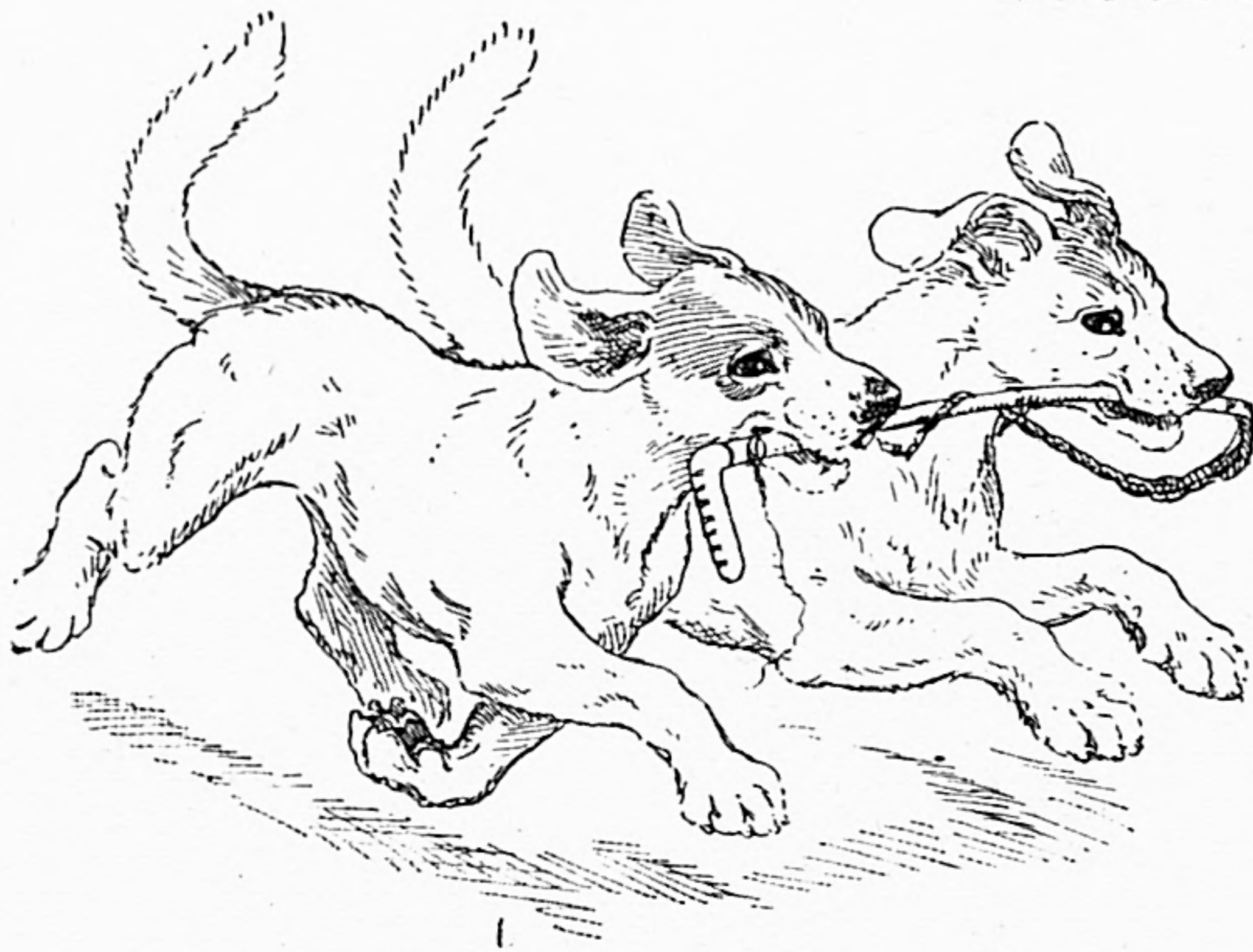
There were merry young kittens and tabithas
 prim,

Whose coats and whose whiskers were silky and
 trim.

At supper the darlings had everything nice,
 And afterwards played at cat's-cradle and mice,
 At skipping, at jumping, and *mewsical* chairs,
 Whilst some little kitties sat out on the stairs.
 When that party was over, each pussy-cat said,
 "Miaou, Ma'am, and thank you," and went
 home to bed.

H.

A HUNTING MISHAP.



"A-HUNTING WE WILL GO."

STARTING at a merry trot,
These two puppies, Turk and Spot,
Said, "The world is all aglow,

So off a-hunting we will go."

But as the river edge they win,

Oh, sad mishap,
T u r k tumbles in!



A FRIEND IN
NEED

kick about."



A MISS
AT THE
STREAM.

"Oh, save me, Spot!"
he seems to shout,
"Pull hard! and I will

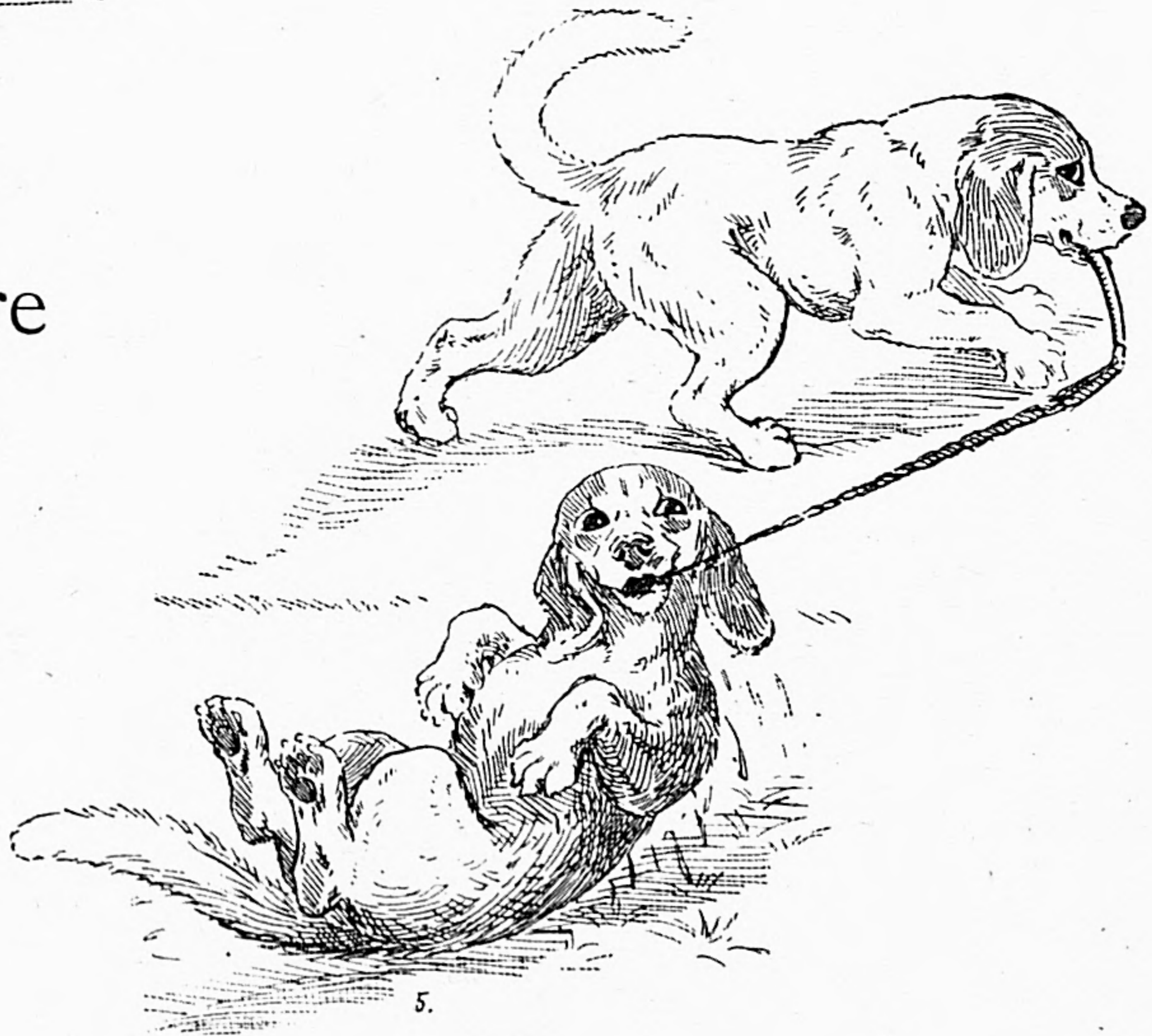
So Spot hung on with might
and main,
And dragged him to the shore
again,



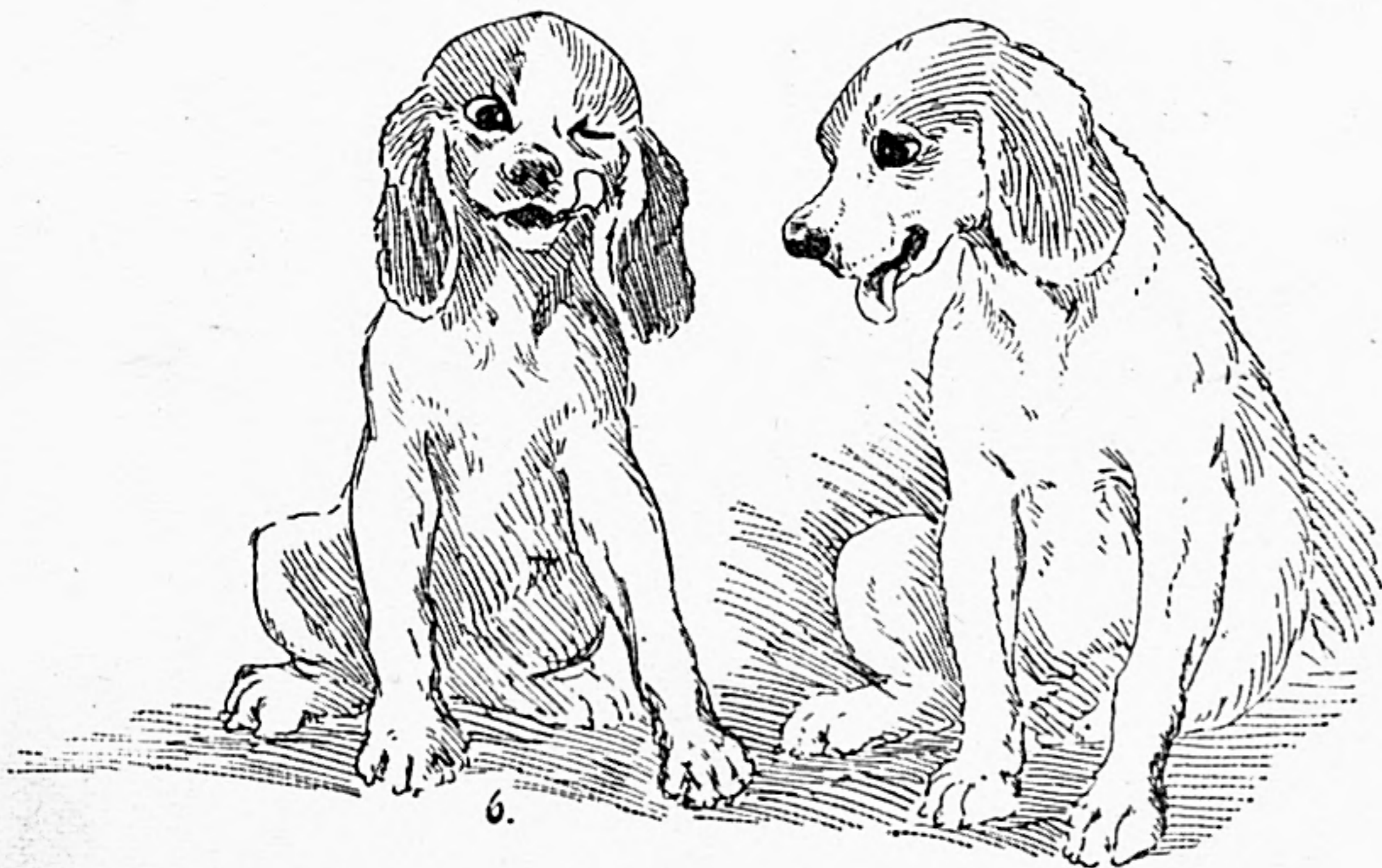
4
IS A FRIEND INDEED.

And frightened more
than he'd confess.

They trotted home
less gay, no doubt,
Than they had been



5.
SAVED!

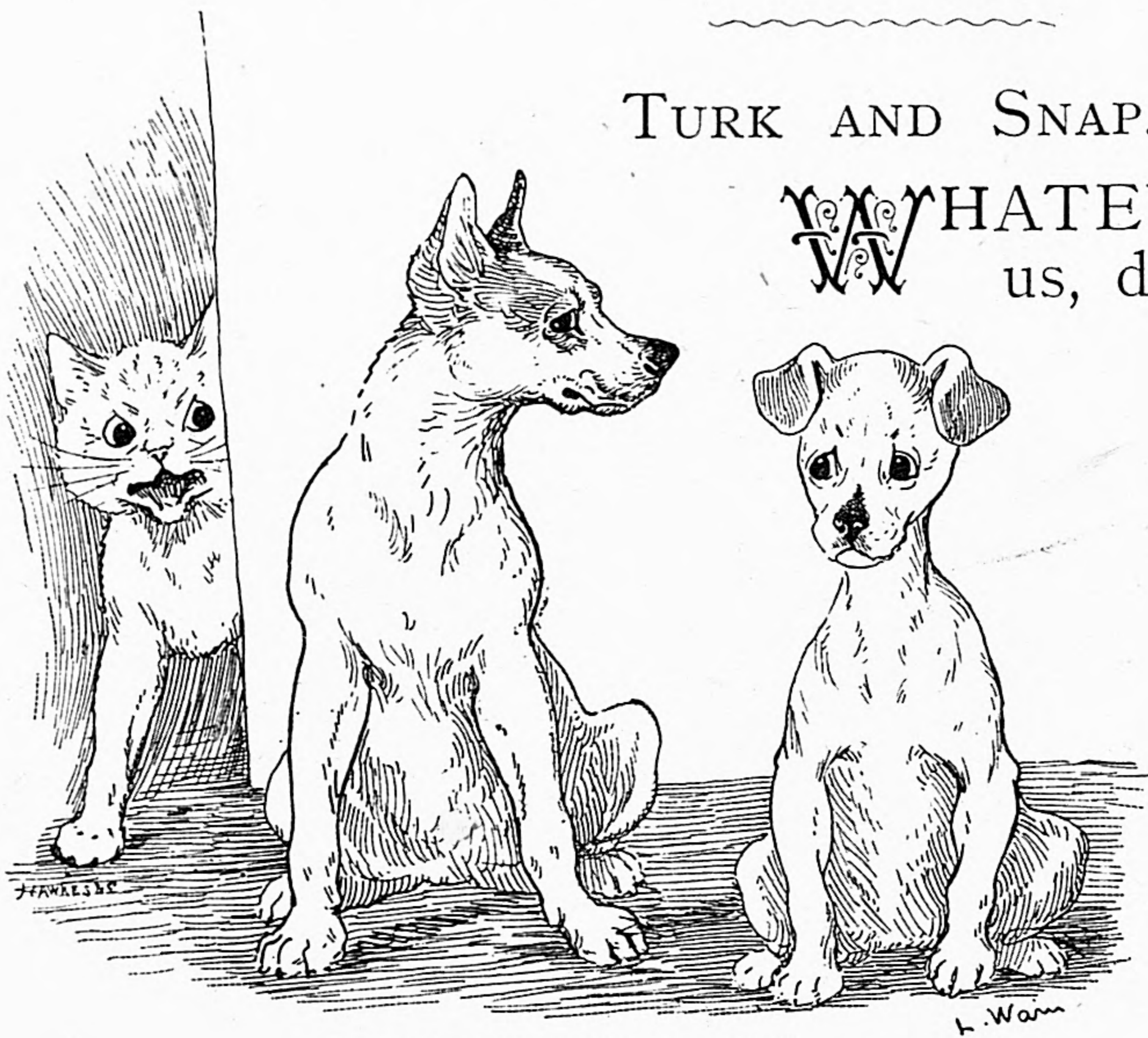


6.
"I'LL DO AS MUCH FOR YOU ANOTHER DAY."

on starting out.
"Oh, Spot, I'll do"—
Turk seems to say—
"As much for you
another day." J. L.

WHAT CAN IT BE?

TURK AND SNAP.



"WHATEVER'S THAT?"

WHATEVER'S that? Oh, tell us, do!

Such sounds we never heard.
It isn't I. It can't be you—
For that would be absurd.

TABBY.

I'll sing to you in changing keys,
But won't detain you long;

My little I'll sing

song is sure to please,
my little song.

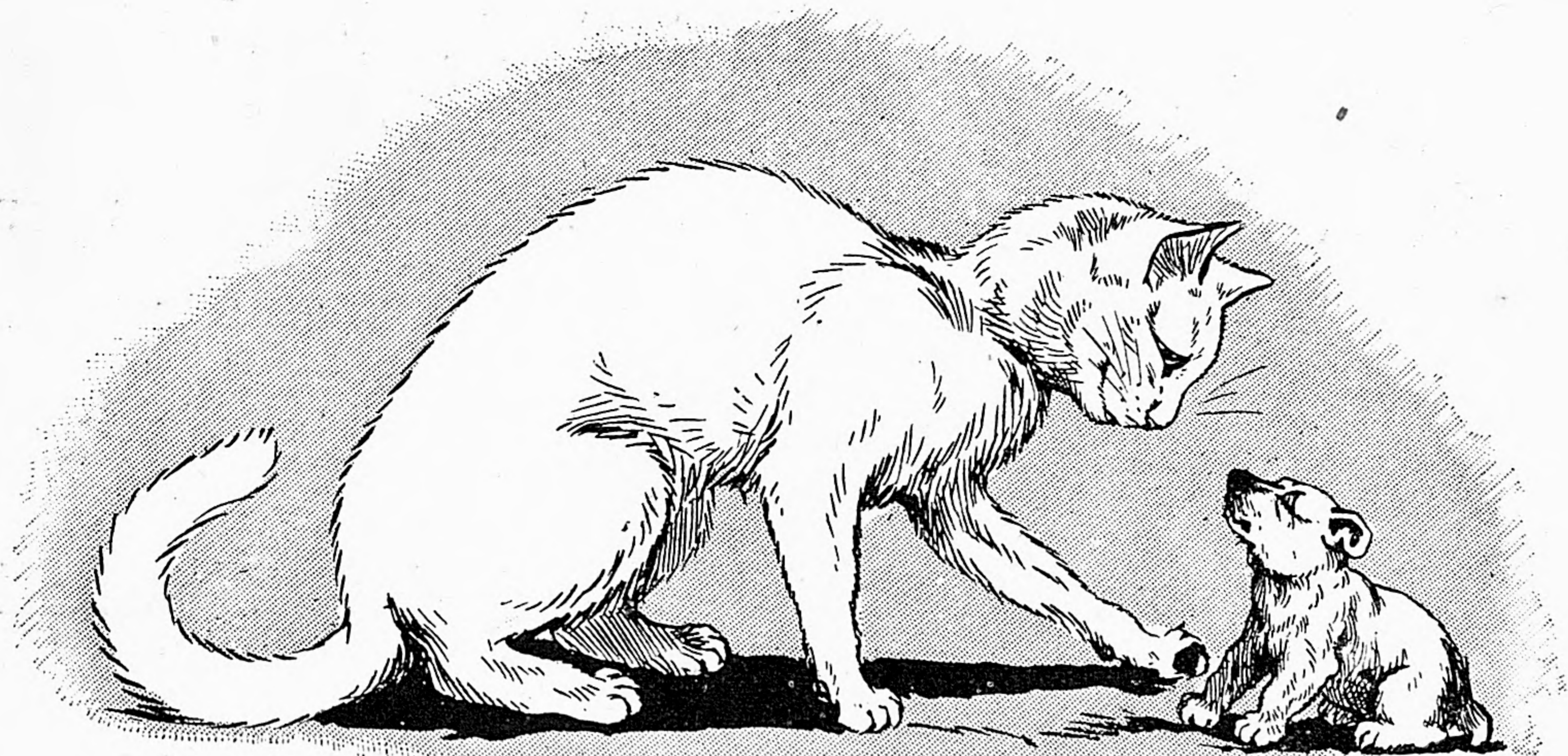
TURK AND SNAP.

It is no doubt a pretty thing—
This little song you know;
But, dear Miss Tabby, while you sing,
Excuse us—
We must go.

J. L.



PUSSIE'S SONG.



A LESSON IN PRONUNCIATION.

“ I WISH you could speak more plainly,
 ↓
 ↓ Puppy. Your accent is shocking. Now,
 say Miaow.”

“ Bow-wow.”

“ No, Puppy, that won't do. You've got
 the vowels nearly right, but your consonants
 are quite wrong. Try again—Miaow.”

“ Wow-wow.”

“ Dear, dear, how you try my patience! I
 must send for a doctor and get him to take off
 the tip of your tongue. Perhaps that will make
 it easier for you. Good-bye.”

“ Bow-wow-wow-wow-wow.”

THE SALT SEA.

“OH, dear! After I’ve paid five shillings for an excursion ticket to the sea-side, and then to find that somebody’s been and gone and put some salt in the water.”

“I’m sorry you’re so disappointed. Shall I explain it to you?”

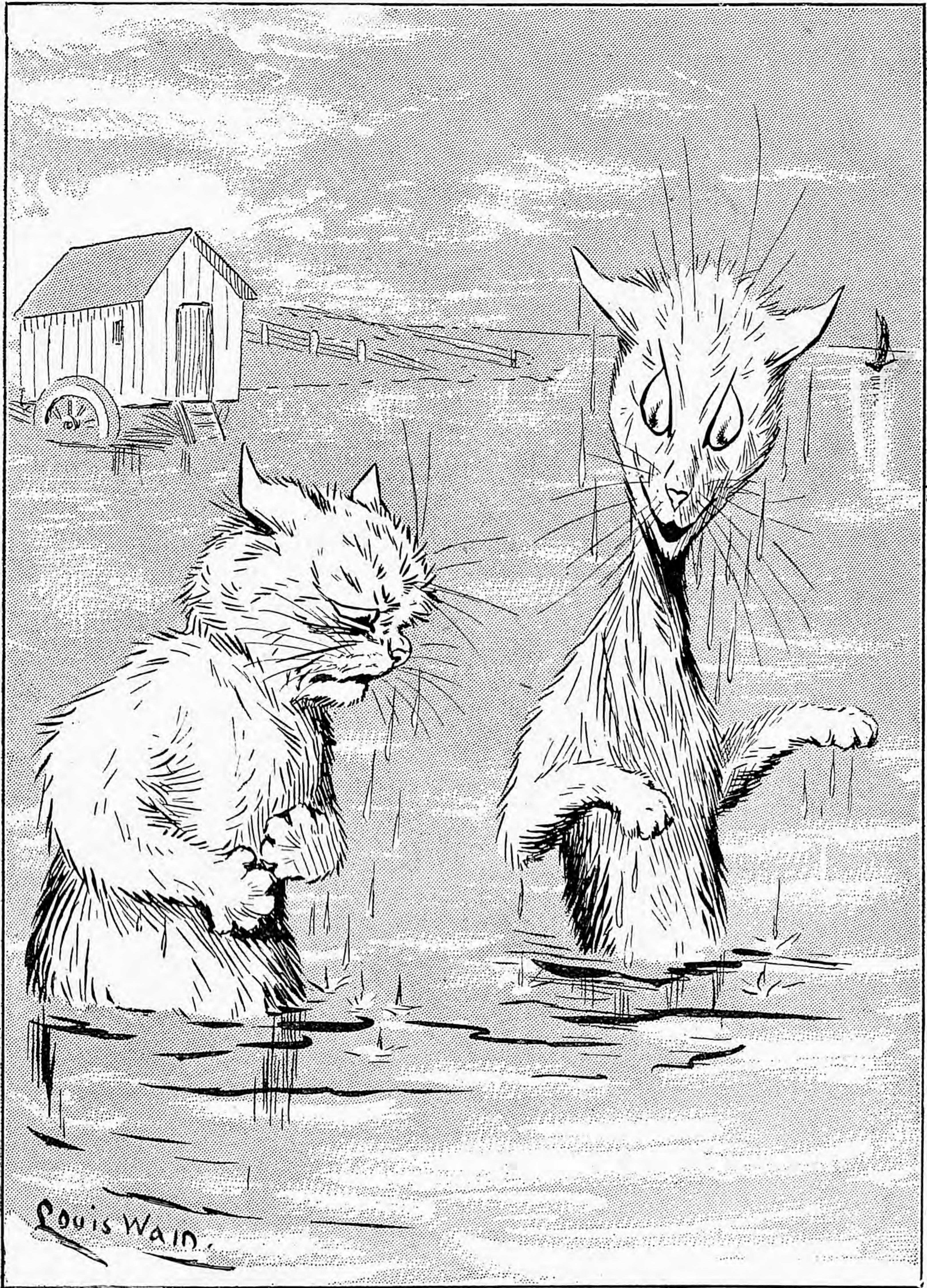
“Miaow! miaow! Yes, please explain, as quick as you can. Oh, my poor throat!”

“Well, you understand about evaporation, don’t you? You see——”

“No, indeed, I can’t. It’s got into my eyes now. Never no more will I——”

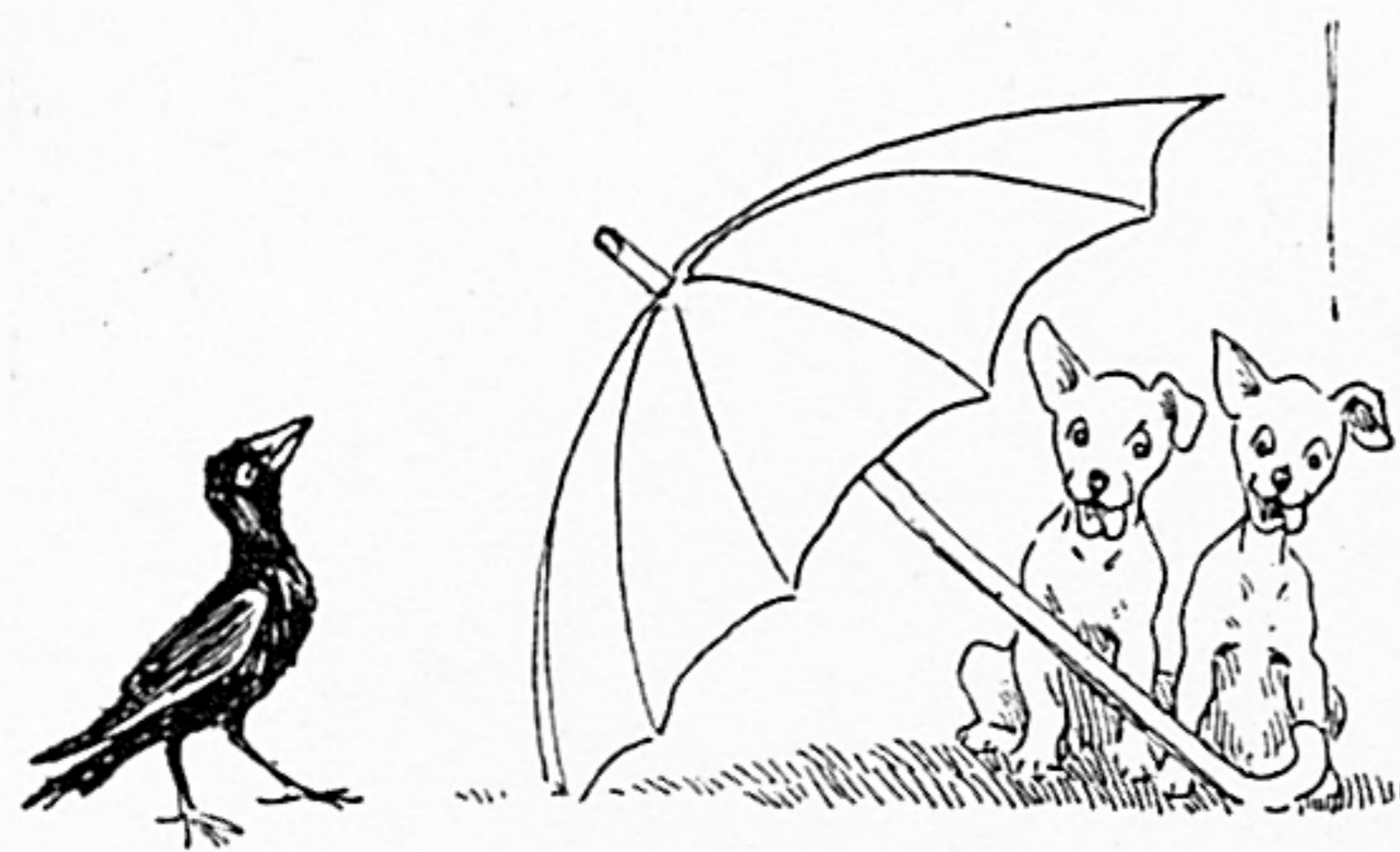
“You are aware, of course, that when the sun shines vertically upon the tropical areas——”

“Areas! Oh dear, I wish I was home in the area now, with a saucer of milk to get this horrid taste out of my throat! And I believe it’s got into my lungs. Miaow, miaow, miaow!”



"WHO PUT THE SALT IN THIS WATER?"

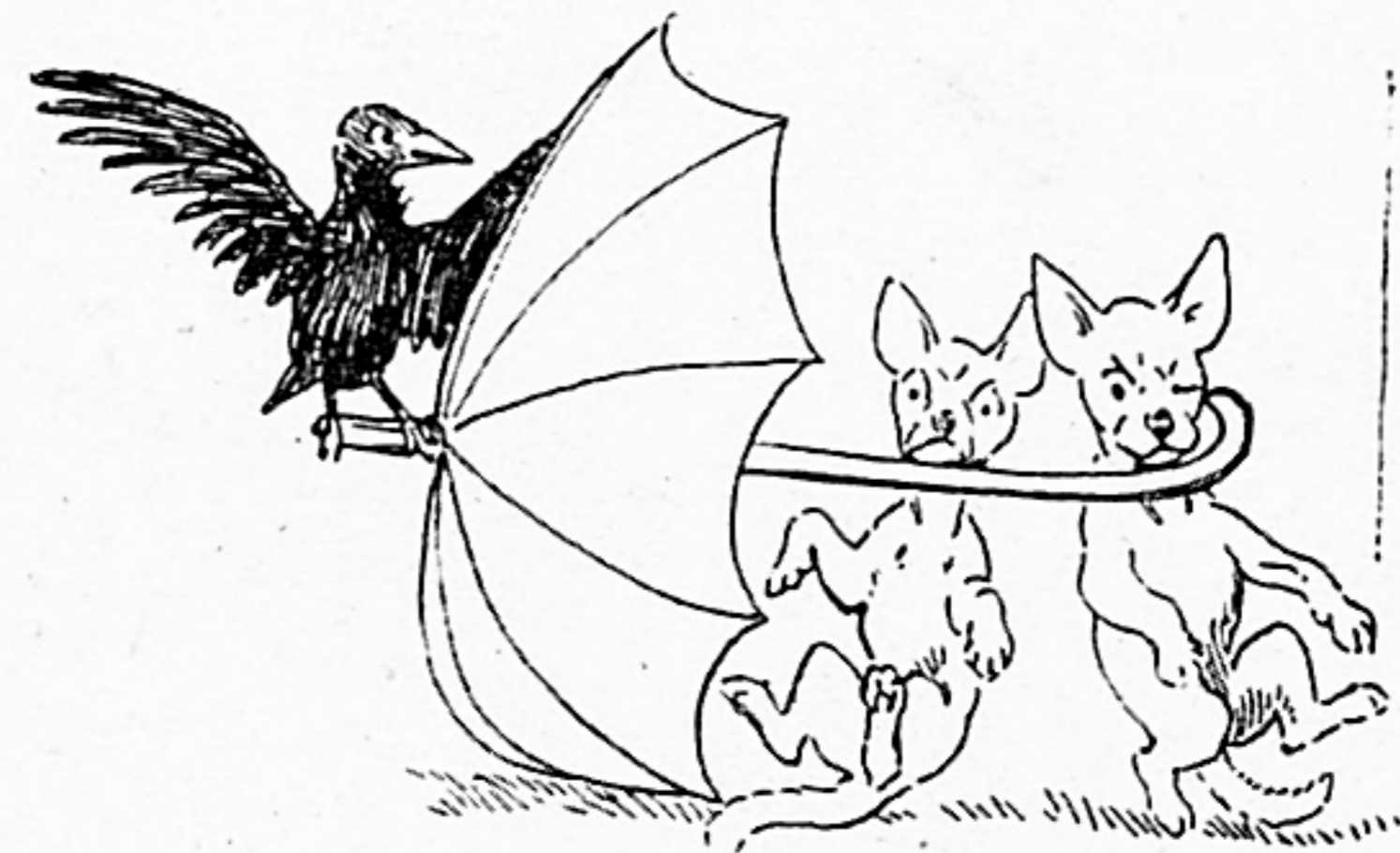
MR. CROW AND THE PUPPIES.



“WE care not if the rain
should fall;
We care not if the rain
should stop.

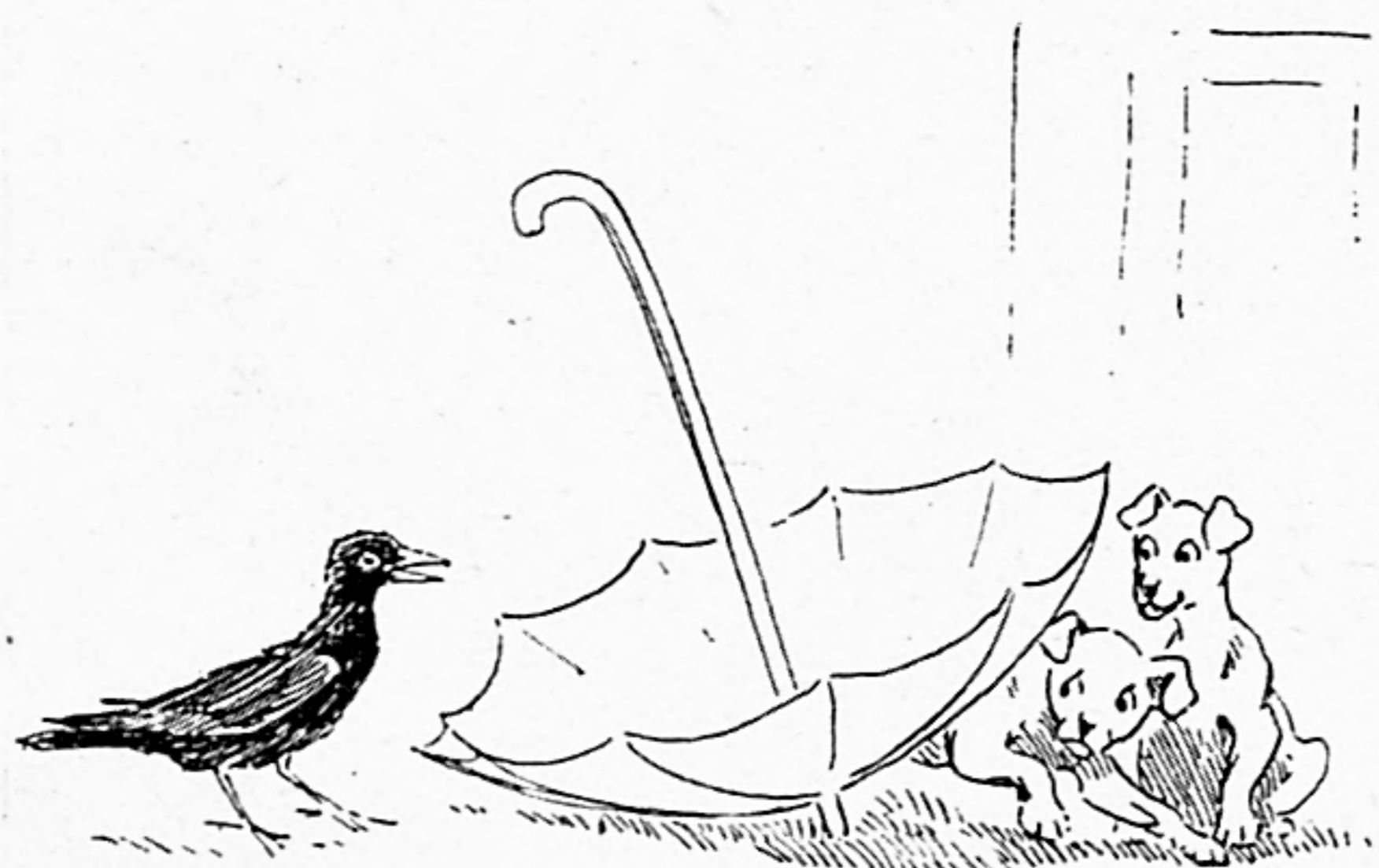
This shelter snug,” the Puppies cried,
“Will keep off every tiny
drop.”

But Mr. Crow was on the
search



For any mischief he could
do,

And said, “That seems a
pleasant perch!
It must be meant for me,
not you——”

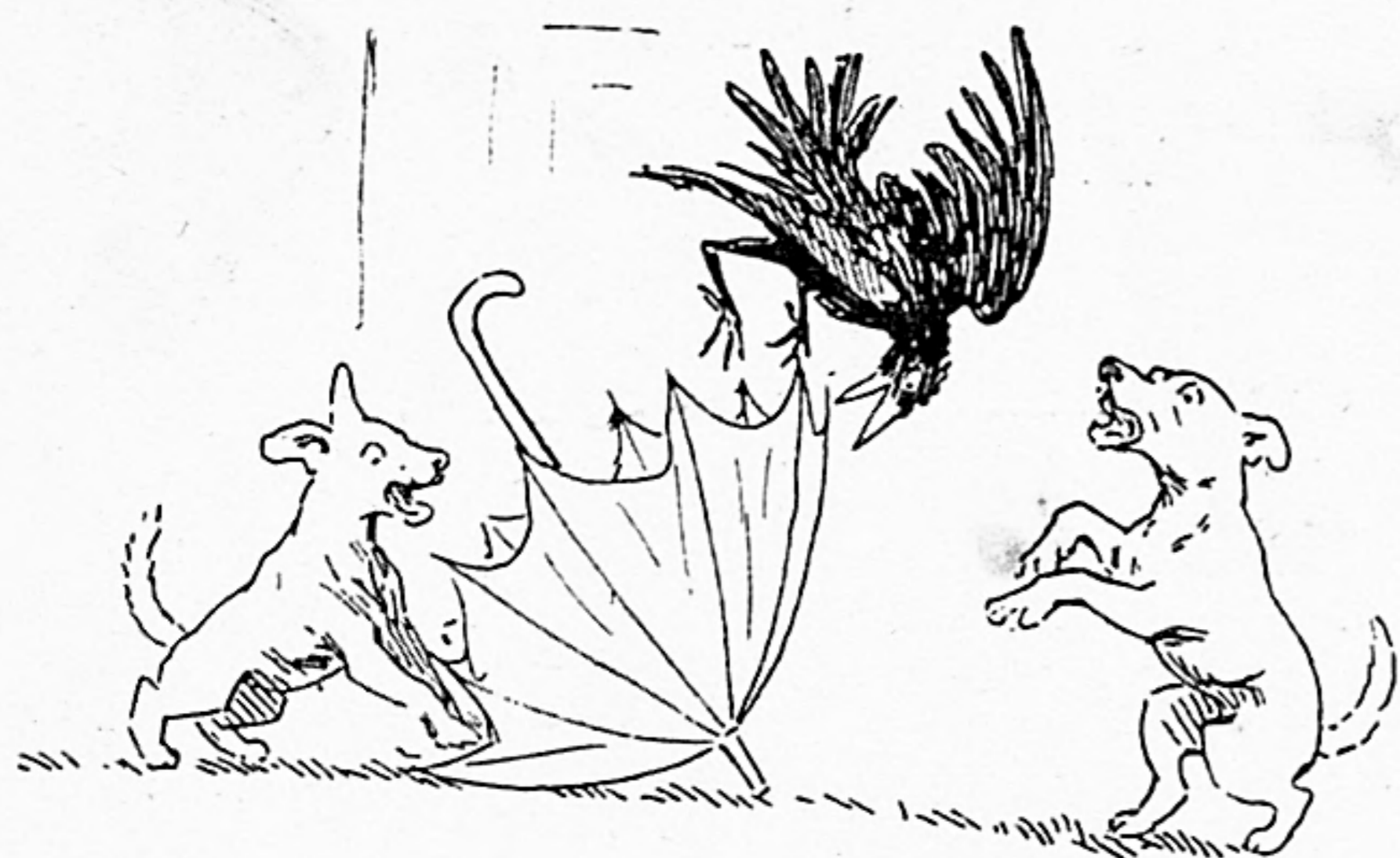


“Oh dear! oh dear!” the Puppies cried,
“Why, this is very far
from fun.

There’s Mr. Crow on
yonder side!

Now, Mr. Crow, what
have you done?”

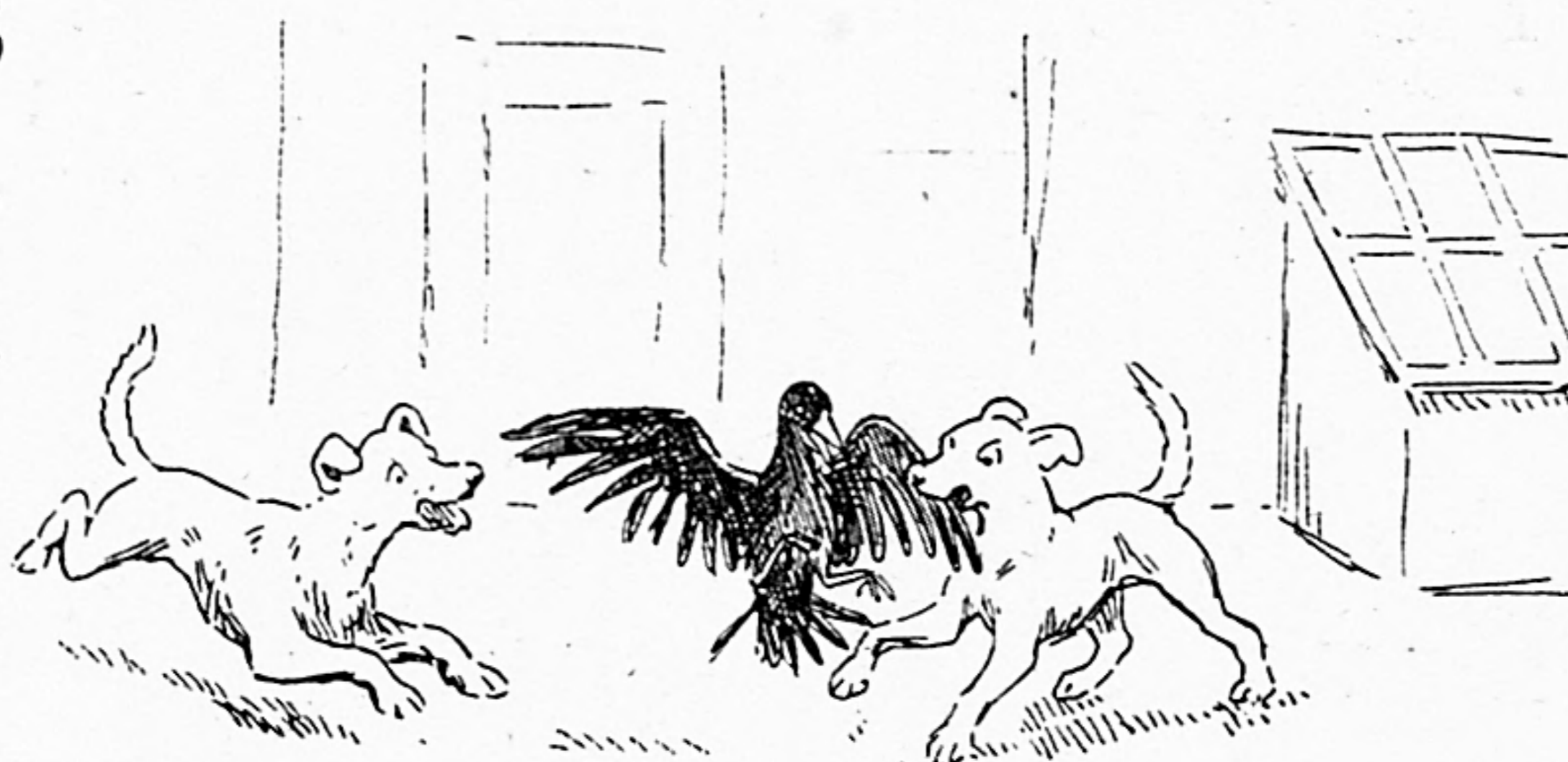




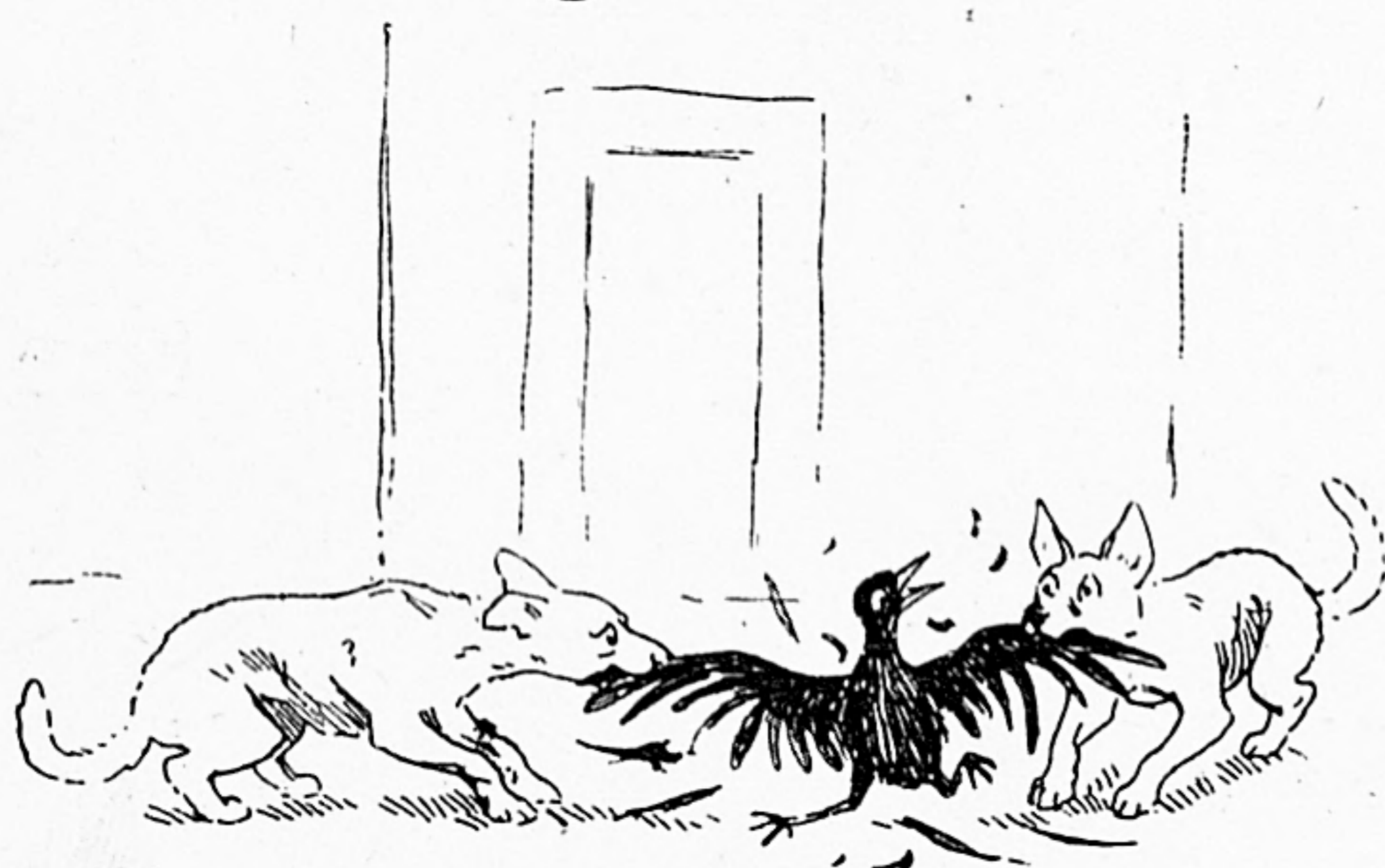
“We never tease *you*, Mr. Crow,
We never *would*. Come
down from there.
This shelter snug is ours,
you know.

Your conduct, sir, is most unfair.”

“Such tricks are mean;
such tricks are vain.
You really are a selfish
thing.
You shall not serve us
so again.

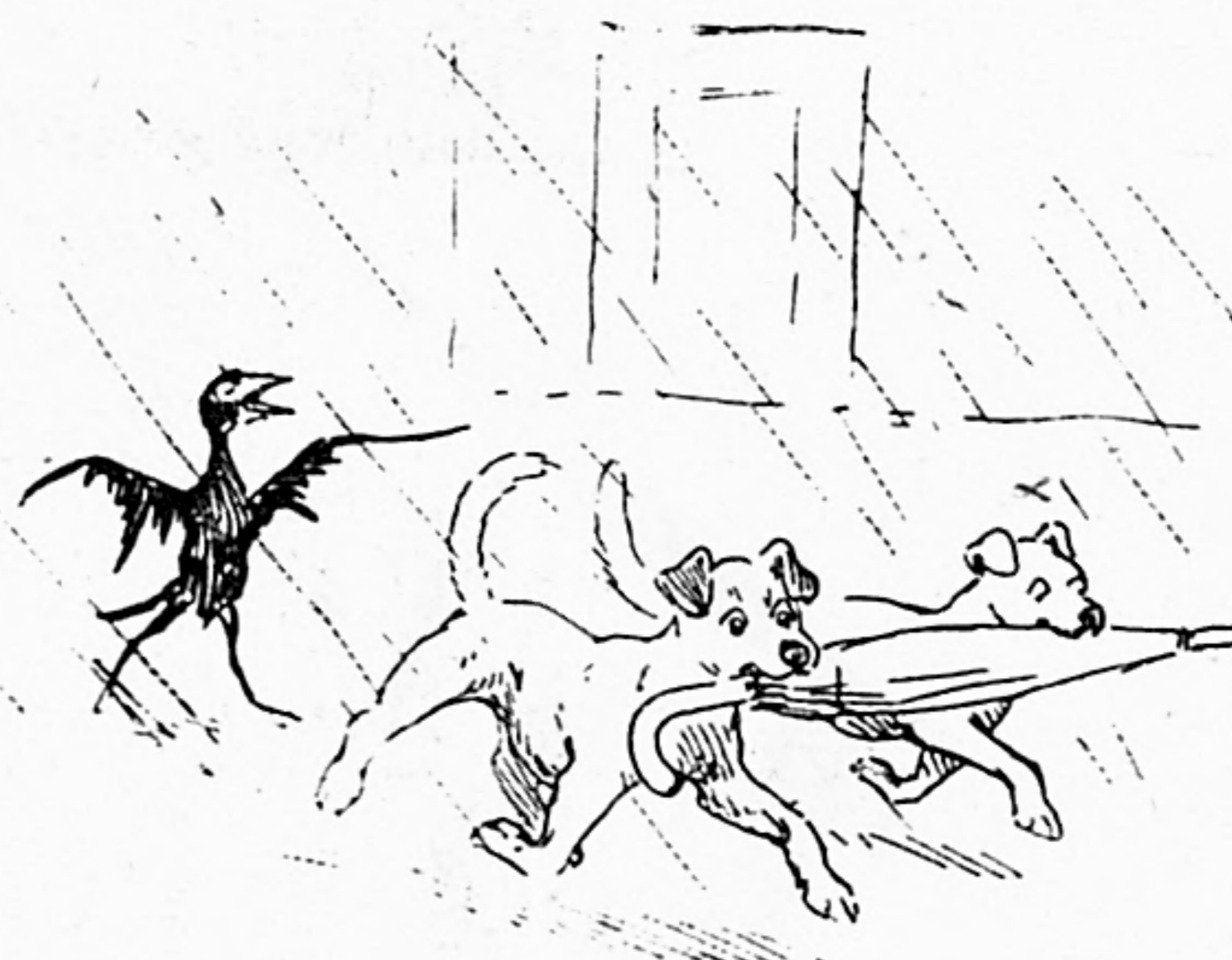


Now, Spot, secure his
other wing.”



The rain began to fall in
showers;
The Puppies' anger

seemed to grow.
They said again, “This
shelter's ours,
We mean to keep it, Mr.
Crow.”

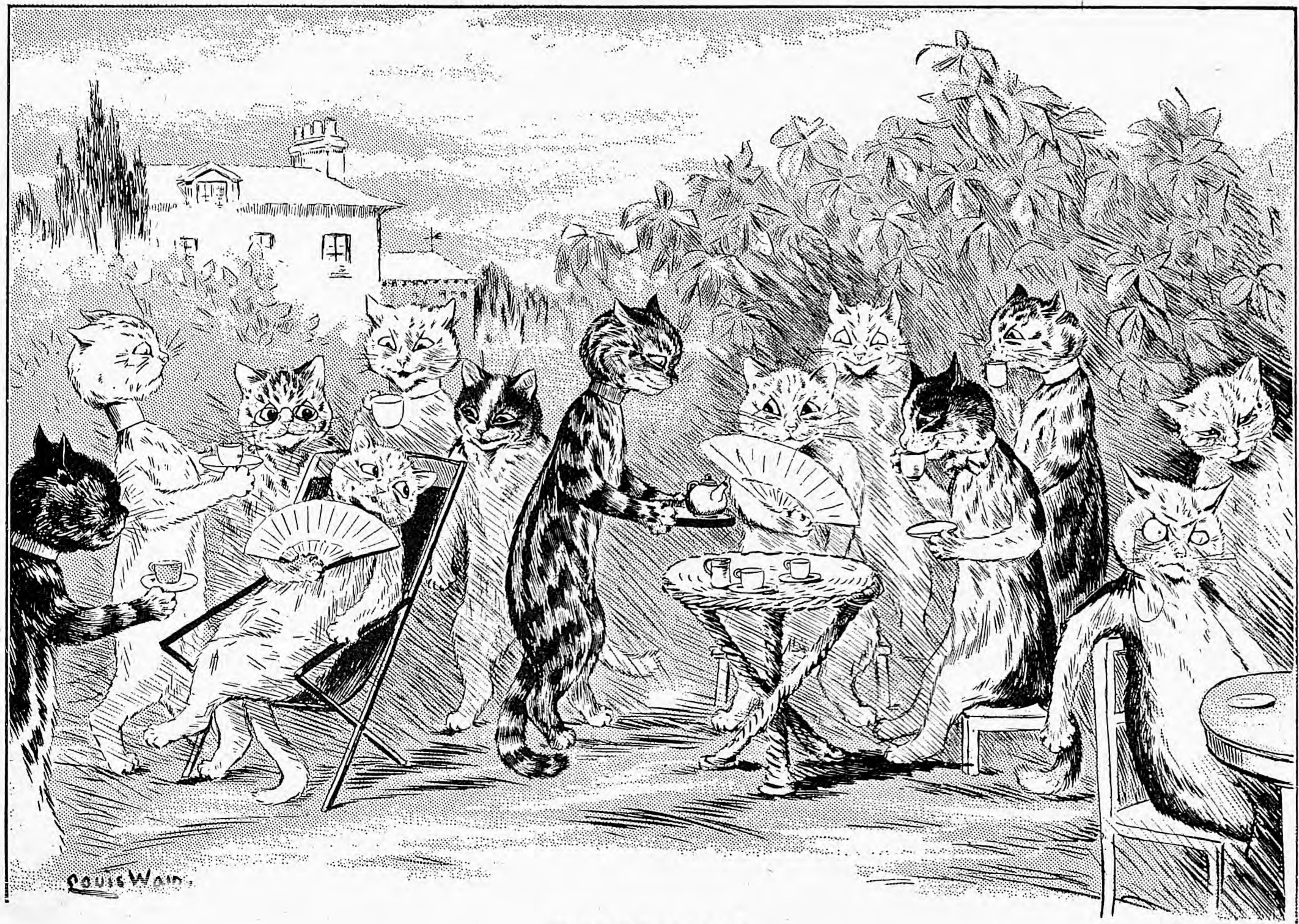


THE GARDEN PARTY.

'T WAS the function of the season,
 And without sufficient reason,
 Not a pussy of distinction but was anxious to
 be there;
 Oh! the strife and emulation
 To secure an invitation!
 Then the all important question for the ladies
 —what to wear?

After weeks of weary waiting,
 Wet days, fine days alternating,
 Dawned at length in brilliant sunshine the
 grand garden-party day.
 And the pussies flocked in dozens
 With their sisters, aunts, and cousins,
 To the house upon the hill-top, where the
 festival held sway.

With so many lovely faces
 Setting off their furs and laces,
 Cream in plenty, waiters twenty, garden chairs
 and shady trees,
 All the guests were sweetly gracious,
 And with smiles most efficacious
 Showed their hostess very plainly that she had
 not failed to please.



THE GARDEN PARTY.

THE CATS IN THE KITCHEN.

NOW, here's a chance we do not often get;
 It's one, perhaps, we never had before.
 If cook returns and finds the things upset,
 We shall not have such frolic any more.

But as she's gone a-marketing to-day,
 She won't be back till after nine o'clock;
 So, let us have an hour of merry play,
 For when she comes we're sure to hear her
 knock.

Then off they romped, the cups and plates
 among;
 They spilt the milk down startled Tabby's
 nose!

Upon the gasalier they gaily swung,
 And climbed upon the dresser shelf in rows!

So great their fun, they noticed not the clock.
 Alas! time flies so quickly when we play.
 And cook returned—they did not hear her knock,
 Nor did they wait to hear what she would
 say.



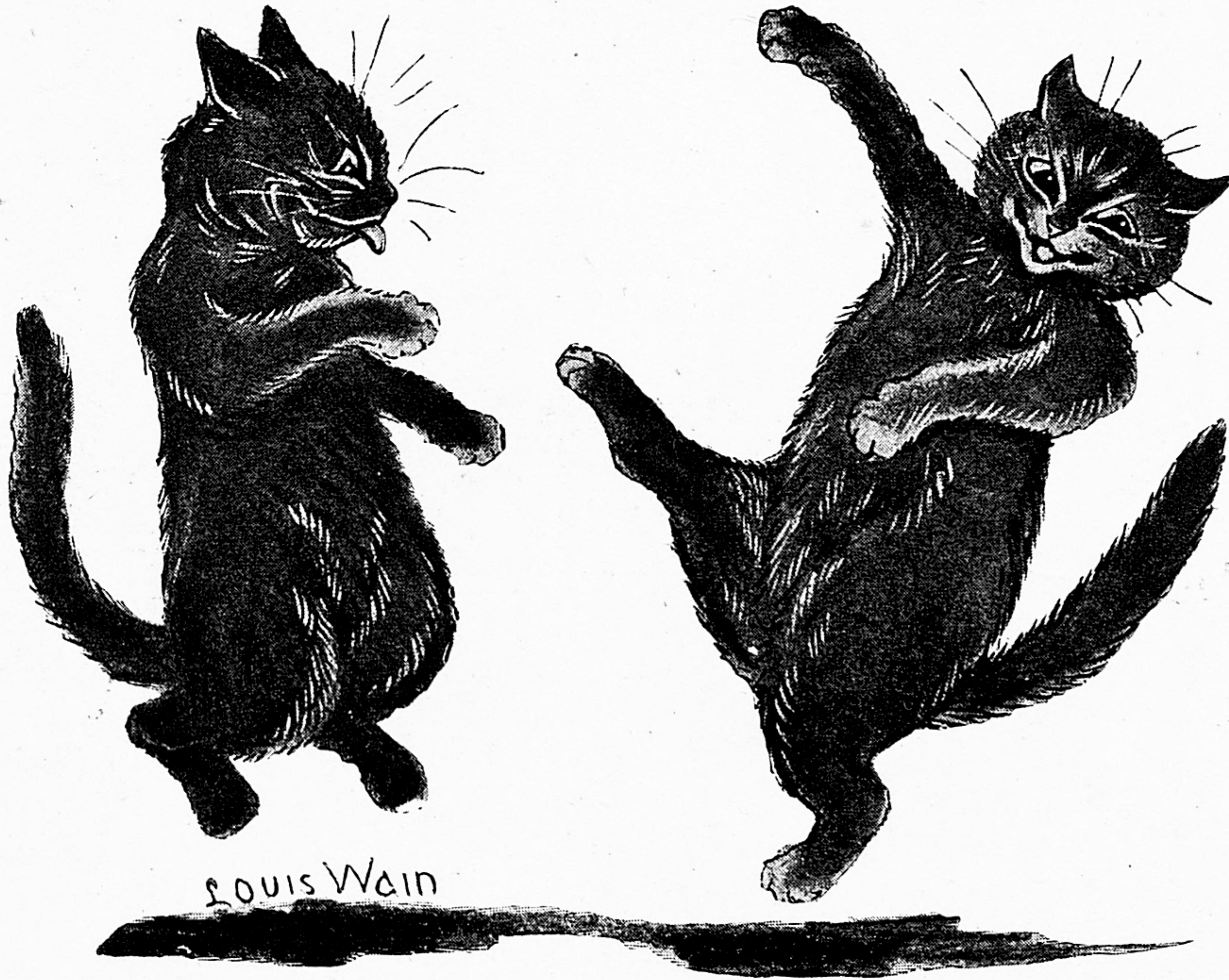
WHEN THE COOK'S AWAY, THE CATS WILL PLAY.



ENOUGH TO MAKE

WHAT a funny story!

Excuse me if I grin;
Such jokes almost compel me
To jump out of my skin.



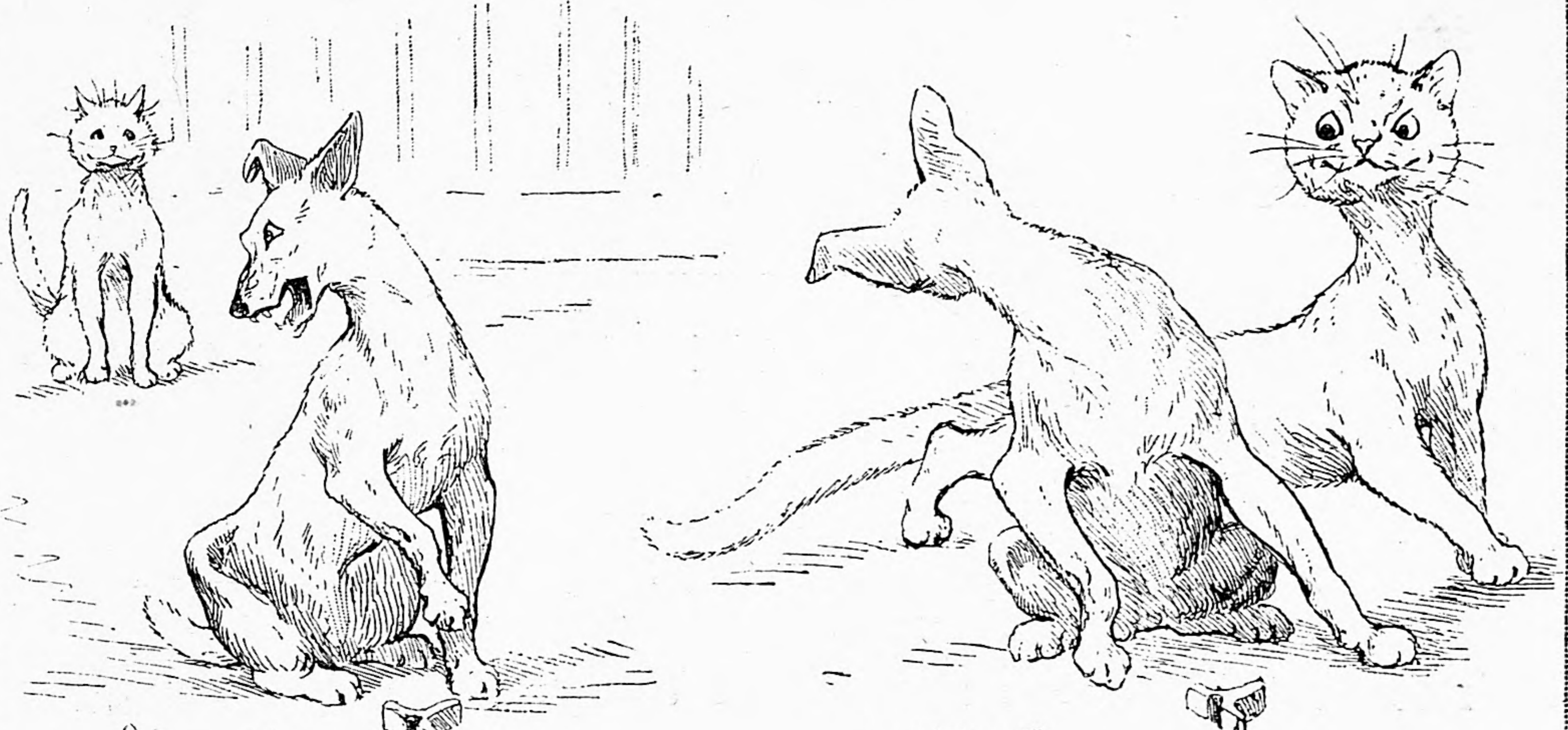
A CAT LAUGH.

My sides are nearly splitting,
And I am aching so,
I must let off my spirits
Through my fantastic toe.

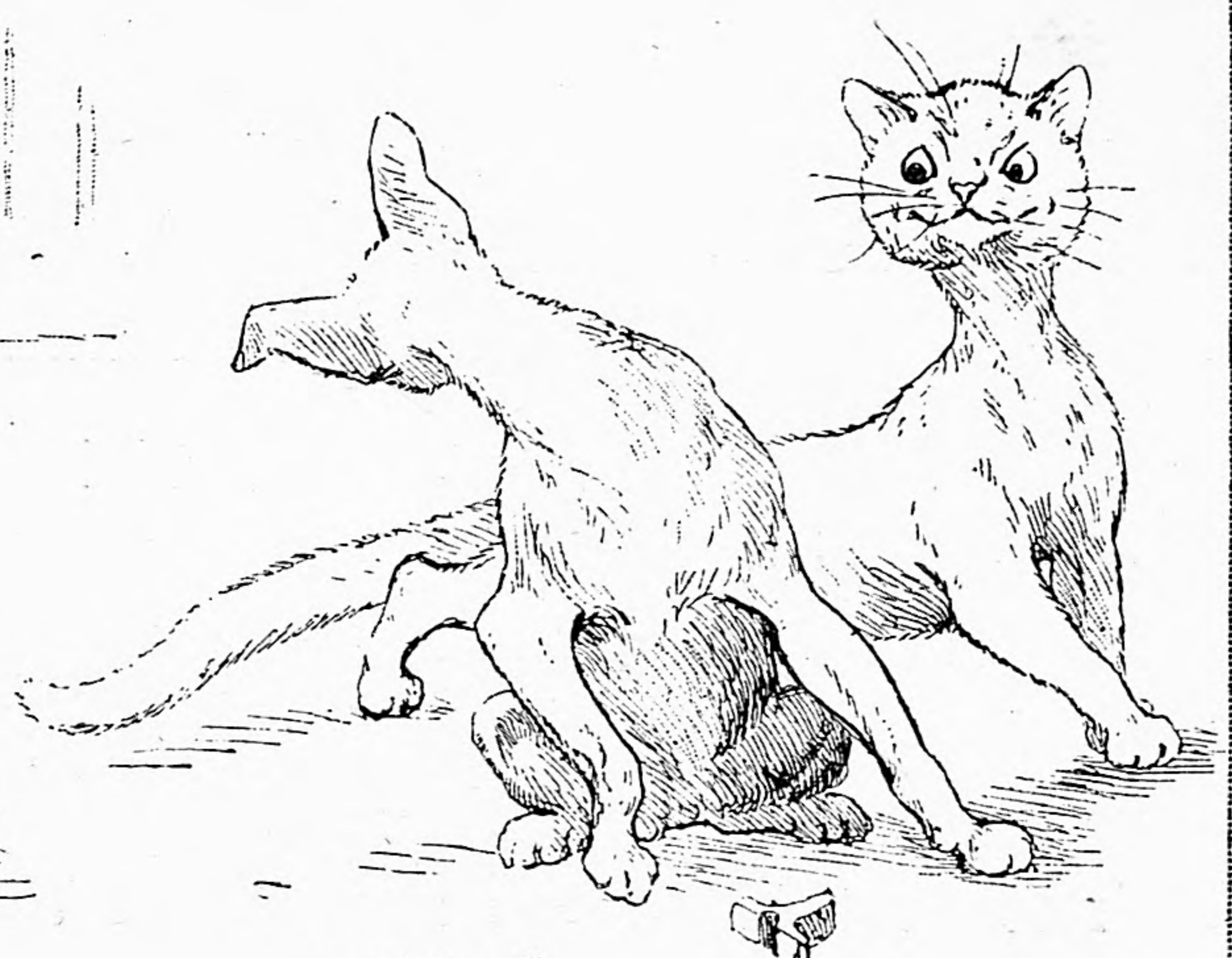


A MYSTERY.

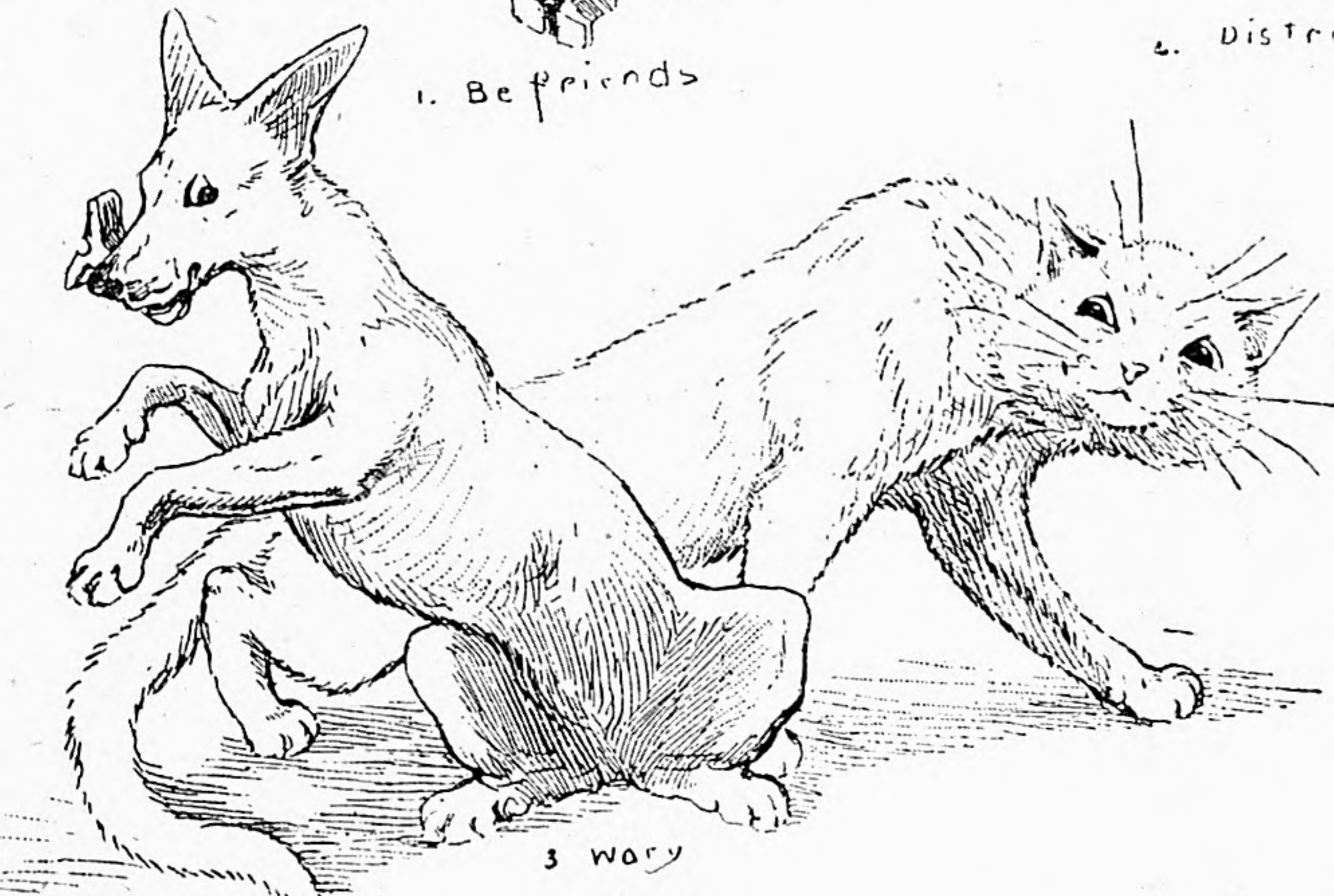
M'M! Very funny how that door keeps moving! It can't be the wind, because it's indoors. And there's no man behind it, for if there was a man there, he would walk in. I'll go round and see— Bow, wow, wow. Miaow, miaow.



1. Be friends



2. Distrust



3. Wary



4. Making it up



5. Desire gratified.



6. Results

Louis Wain

L.C. & C.

A CAT AND DOG STORY.

BREAKING UP FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

“**H**URRAH! hurrah! hurrah! The time has come at last!

The jolly, jolly holidays are near,
For Christmas, merry Christmas, is coming very fast,
The best of all the seasons of the year.

“So pack up all the spelling-books, the pencils, and the chalk,
There’s not another lesson to be done;
And tell each other what to do as loud as you can talk—
Of course, it’s rather noisy, but it’s fun.

“There’s White has got his tail between the hinges and the lid!

You talk so loud, you cannot hear him yell;
And Tabb has tipped a pot of ink on Puffy Purrer’s head—
He’d like to make us fancy that it *fell!*

“Now ready all! and let us give another hearty cheer,
As all the packing up is safely done:
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the time that’s very near—
The season of festivity and fun.”



GETTING READY FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

AT THE DENTIST'S.

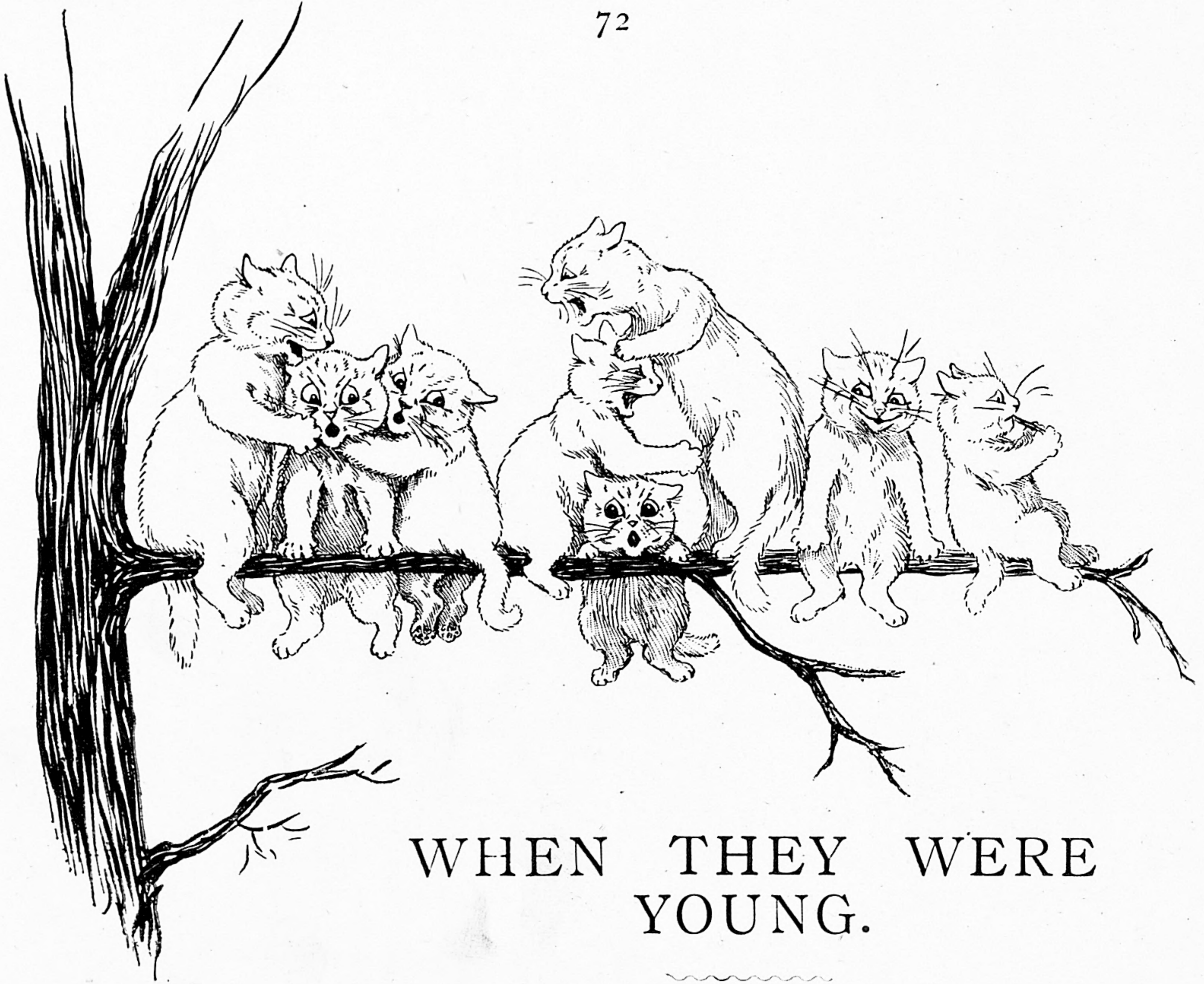
MISS TABITHA had suffered very badly from toothache for six weeks. The pain was so sharp that it was beginning to make her thin. She was losing her appetite, too, and she would not even touch a beautiful stale sprat that was lying in a corner of the back garden.

A friend gave her some tooth powder, which she rubbed on every morning and evening with the softest part of her paws. But still—oh, dear!—her aching tooth smarted so much that she decided she would have it out.

The first time she crept up the steps of the dentist's house, the tooth suddenly got better, so she went home again. Then it got worse than ever. So the second time she went right in to see the dentist. She had no sooner sat down in the chair and opened her mouth, than he put in his pincers. There was one sharp pull, and it was all over. And from the way Miss Tabitha danced for joy down the front steps, you would have thought she was a young kitten!



AT THE DENTIST'S.



WHEN THEY WERE
YOUNG.

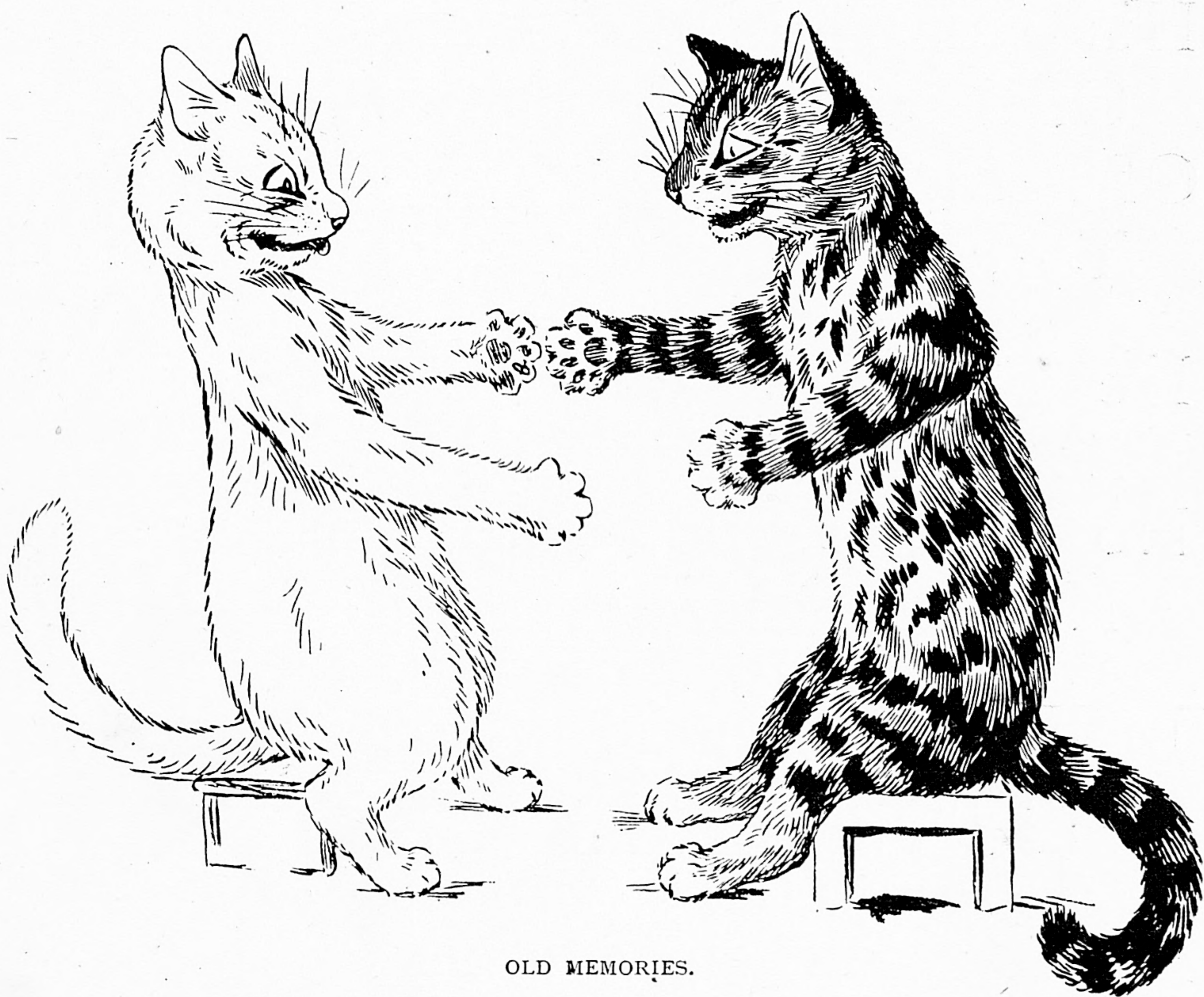
WHEN they were young they thought
it right

To scratch, and squall, and mew ;
And climb up trees a giddy height
To get a pleasant view.

And though the tree had many boughs,
They thought it better fun
To leave the rest for other cats,
And scramble on to *one*.

But *that* was in their kitten days.
Two only *now* remain ;
For two were sent to Wimbledon,
And two were sent to Spain.

But where the other two are gone
I don't remember now—
Ah! here they are. Still laughing o'er
Their frolic on the bough. J. L.



A CRUSADER.

BEWARE! Do not approach too
near!

There's danger in the way.
A valiant knight doth now appear
In armour for the fray.

His warlike helmet seems to speak
Of deeds of high renown;
Of heroes such as bravely seek
To cast some tyrant down.

He is a most courageous knight,
So boldly will he dare!
No butcher's boy doth him affright
Nor gentle pussy scare.

In his campaigns no soldier dies,
No helpless victim groans;
And for his feats he asks no prize
But a few tasty bones.



A VALIANT KNIGHT.

HOW TINY GOT THE DOOR OPEN.

MRS. TINY'S kitten was round and soft like a little grey ball, and it lay in a comfortable basket, on the floor of a cupboard, not far from the kitchen fire.

Mrs. Tiny generally went mouse-hunting of an evening, leaving her baby asleep. One cold night she had been out longer than usual, and when she returned, found that everybody was gone to bed. But she heard the baby kitten crying piteously for its mother.

So she marched straight to the well-known corner, and discovered that some one had accidentally shut the cupboard door, and she could not possibly open it.

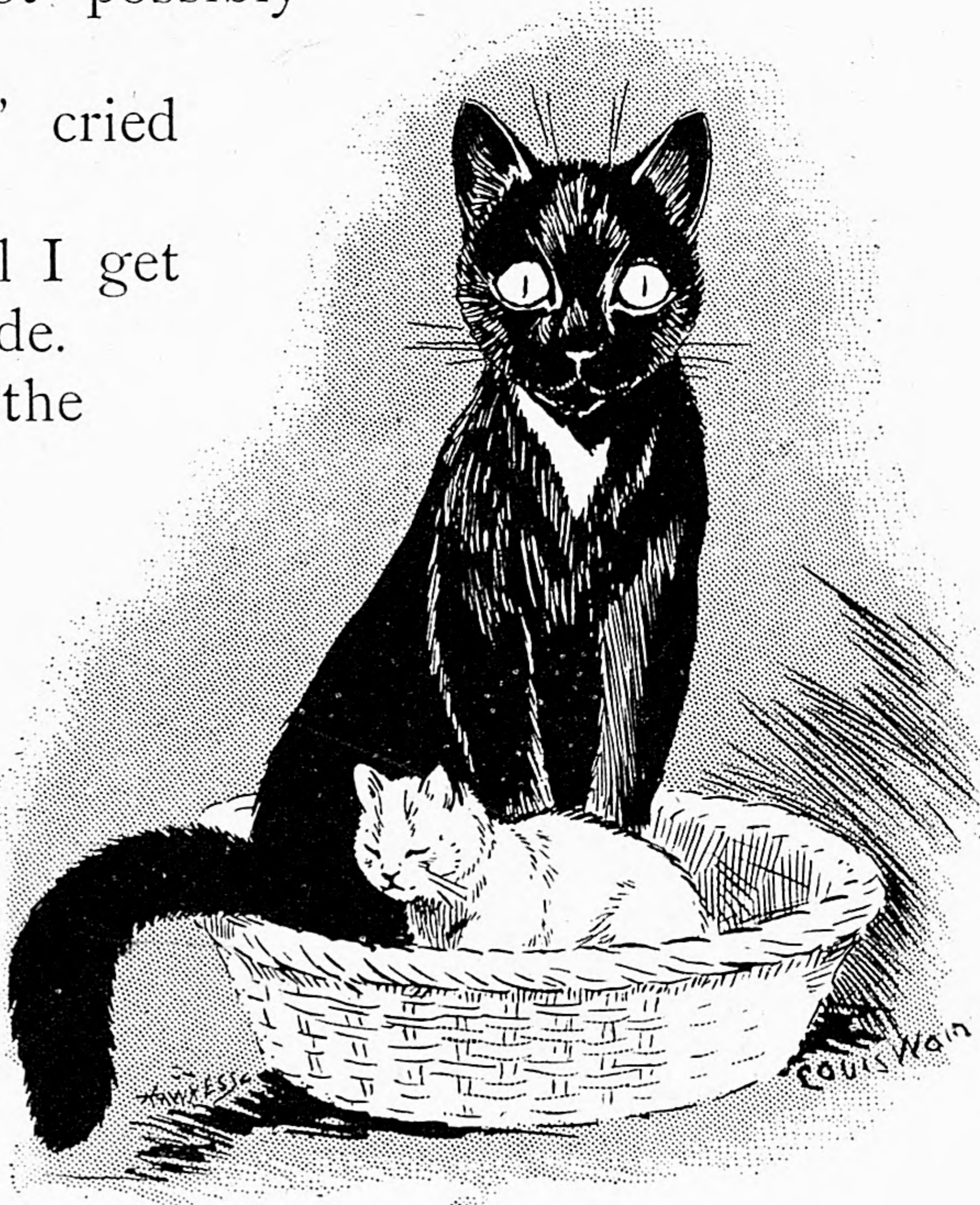
"Mew, mew, mew," cried kitty, inside.

"Mow-ow, how shall I get in?" said mamma, outside.

"Mew, mew! Open the door!" wailed the kitty.

Mrs. Tiny tried the door, but it was of no use, and then she sat down outside to think.

Then she went silently up the stairs to the door of a room at the end of a passage; and taking hold of the



MRS. TINY AND KITTY.

corner of a mat, she scraped it up and down against the door, over and over again, so that it sounded like a strange sort of knocking.

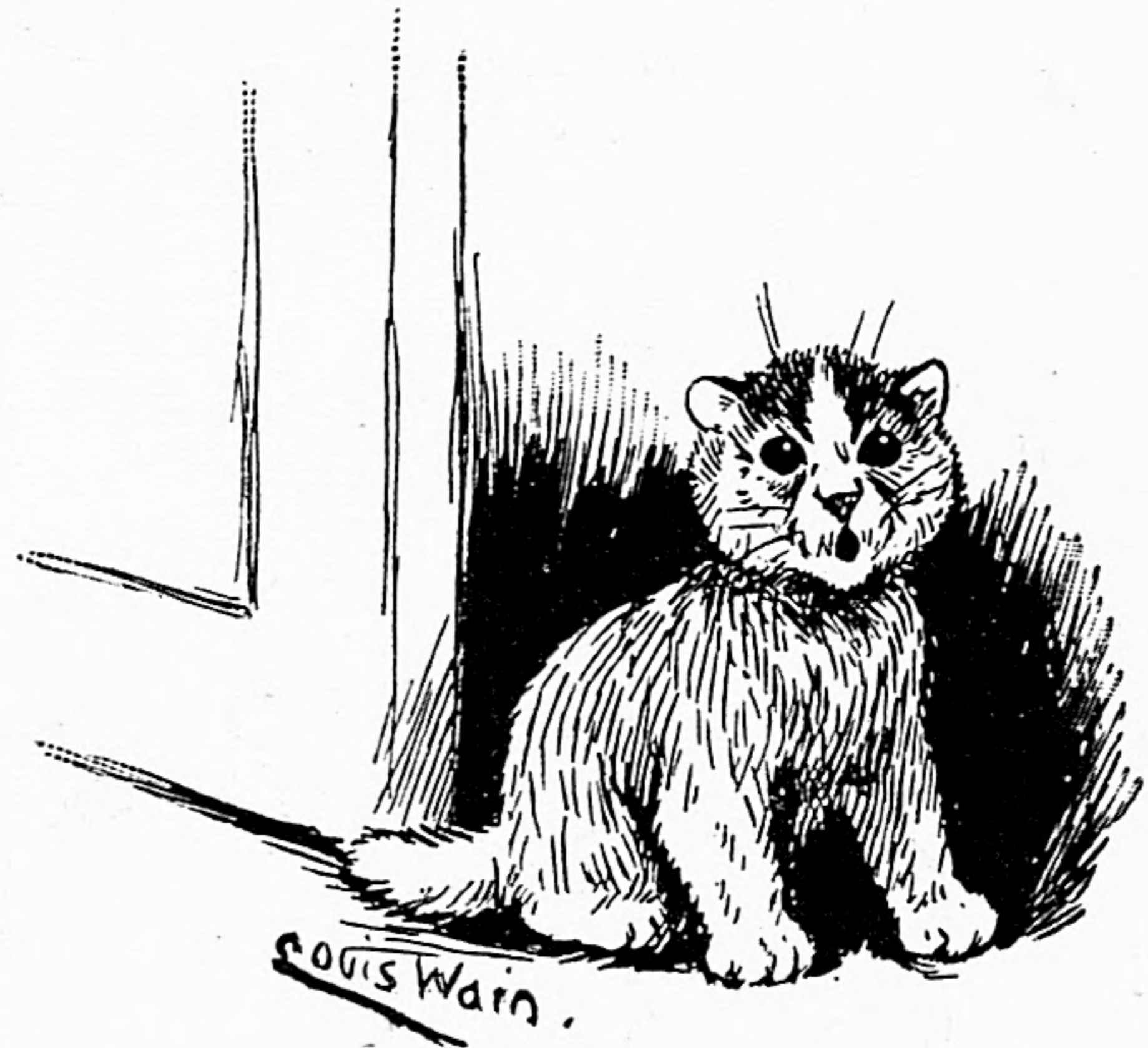
At first Miss Hilda thought it was rats. When she came to the door, with a lighted candle, and saw it was Tiny, she wondered what was the matter. It was evident that Tiny wanted her mistress to follow her; so she

went down to the kitchen, where the yells of the kitten could clearly be heard. Mrs. Tiny paused before the closed cupboard, and looked up mutely into Miss Hilda's face.

"I never saw anything more intelligent," said Miss Hilda, as she turned the handle. The next instant out came kitty, who was soon rubbing her little cold, wet nose comfortably in her mother's warm black fur.

"I could all much more quickly if Miss a cat," said Mrs. when the kitchen quiet again. she was not as expected. And if ever you let any one shut the cupboard door again when I'm out, I'll give you a good scratching. Do you hear, Kitty?"

"Purr," said the kitten, sleepily, and that was all the answer she made.



"MEW, MEW! OPEN THE DOOR!"

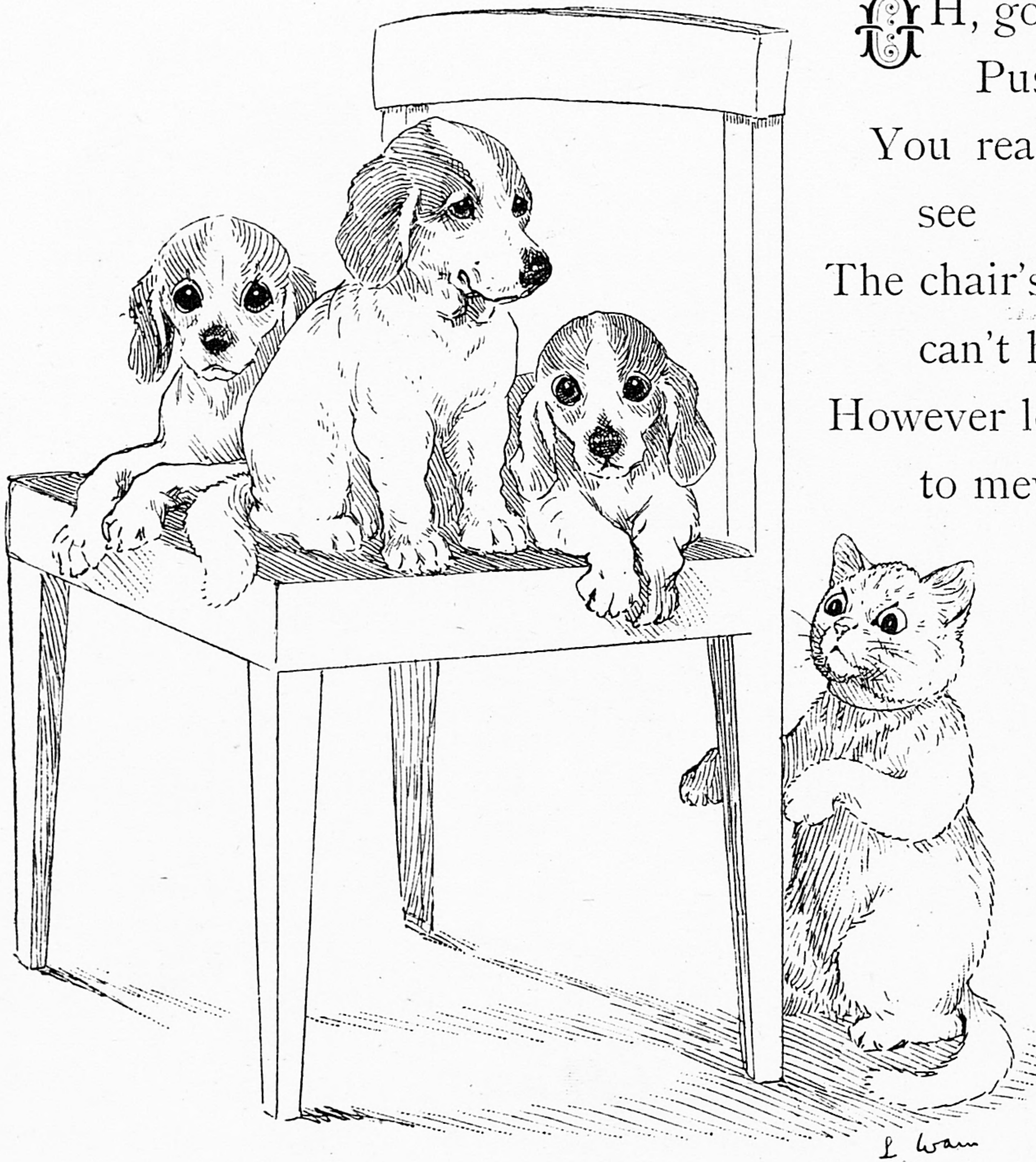


"OUT CAME KITTY."

have explained it easily and Hilda had been Tiny to herself, was dark and "But, after all, stupid as I ex-

pected. And if ever you let any one shut the cupboard door again when I'm out, I'll give you a good scratching. Do you hear, Kitty?"

“ONLY ROOM FOR THREE.”



O H, go away, Miss
Pussykins,
You really ought to
see
The chair's full up, we
can't have you,
However loud you like
to mew—

There's
only
room for
three.”

“Though
little
dogs,
like little
boys,

Should try to be polite,
Still, this one fact is very clear—
We won't give up to you, my dear,
From morning until night.”

Then Pussykins grew very cross,
 And said it was not fair,
 And called them naughty puppy dogs
 To get upon her chair.

“You’ve been there such a long, long time!

It’s surely *my*
 turn now;”

To which those
 little pups
 replied,

“Yap! Yap!”
 and “Bow-
 wow-wow!”

Then Pussy
 leapt upon
 the chair

As slyly as
 could be,
 And cried, “Ah,
now, you
 puppy dogs,
 There’s only
 room for
me!” L.



A PUPPY'S PRANKS.

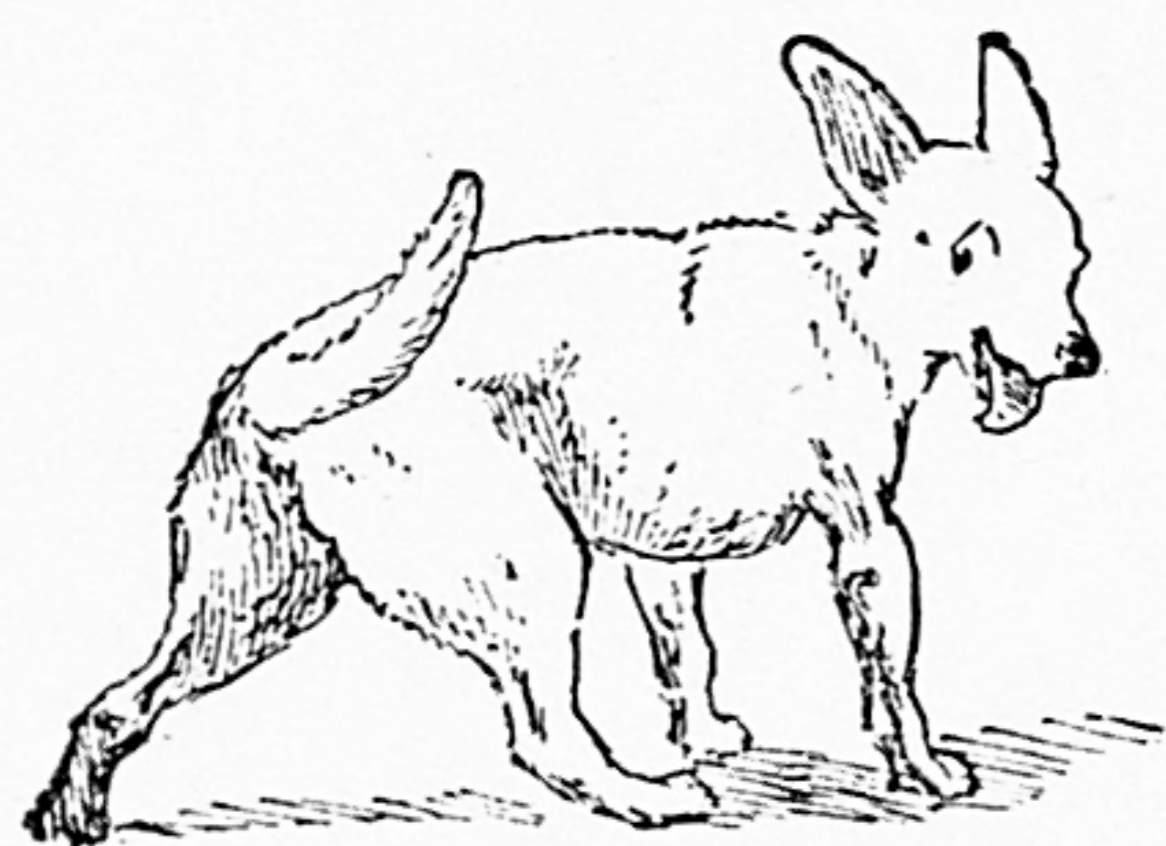


His name it was “Sweet Innocent,”

And “innocent” he looked, no doubt;

He sat him down one day, intent

On something fresh to think about.



“Aha! my little tail,” said he;

“If I can catch it now,” he growled,

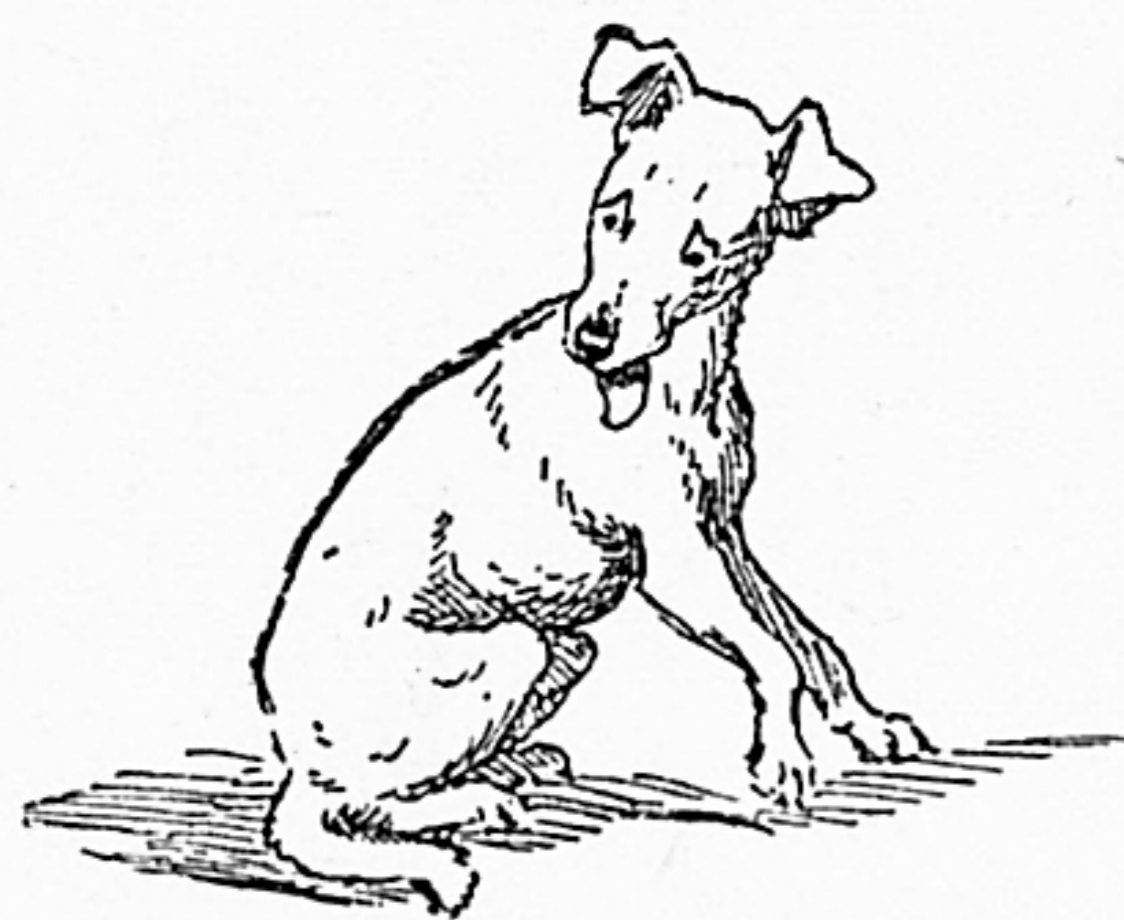
“A circle I shall surely be!”



At last he caught it—and
he howled!



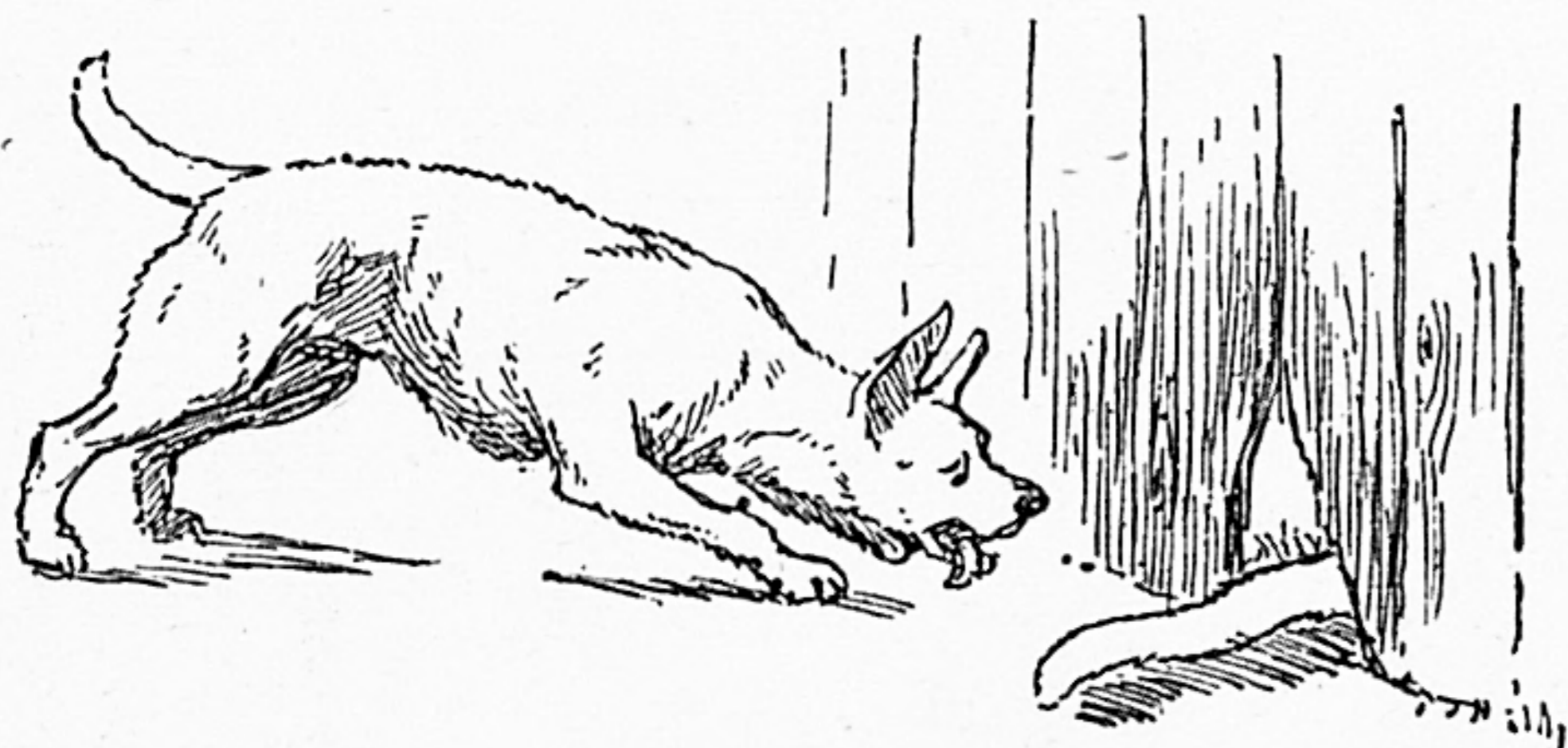
And then he sat him down
once more,
And as he licked his tail
so sore,

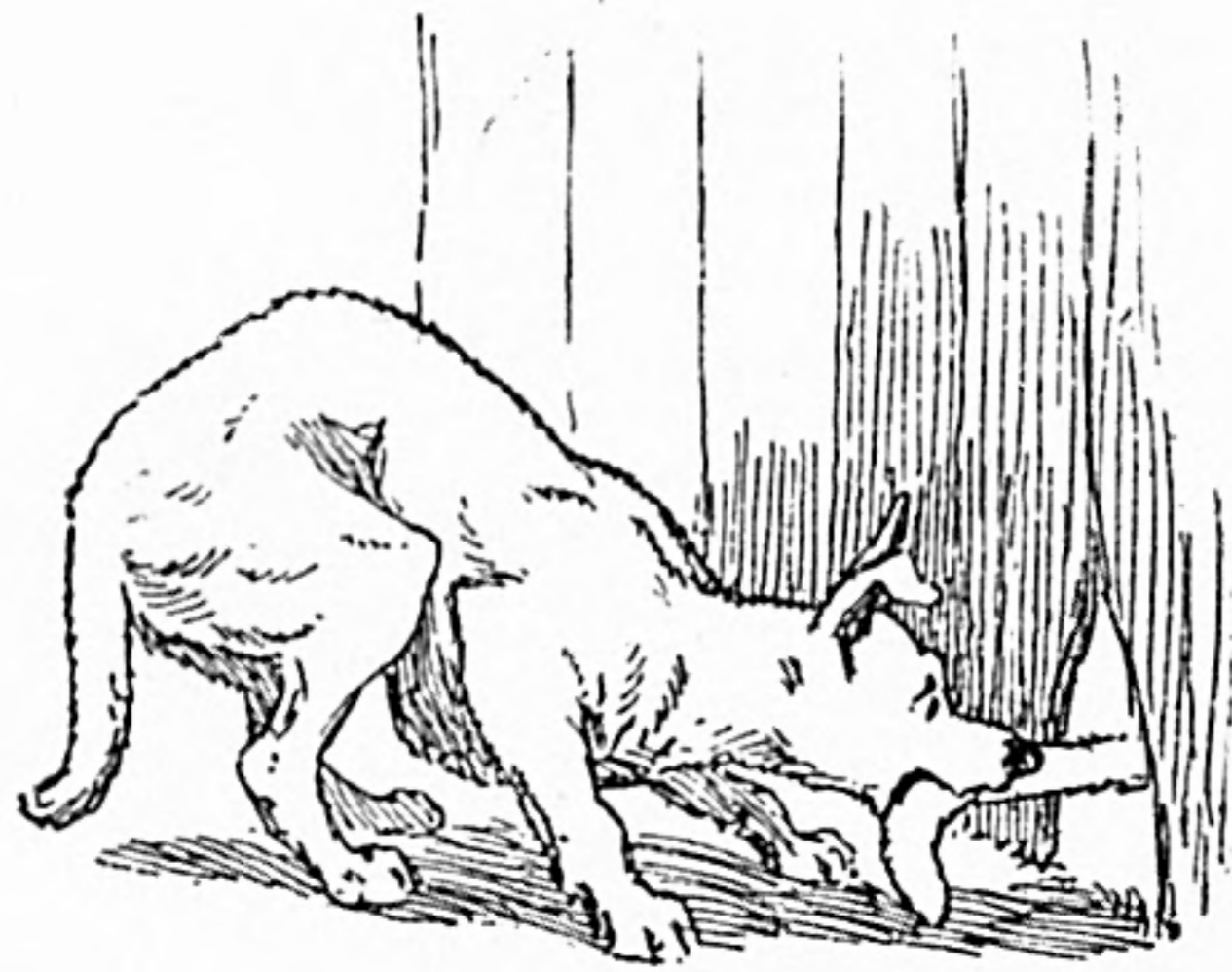


Said, “I was silly to intend
To join my head and latter end;
I’ll never try again—Hullo!

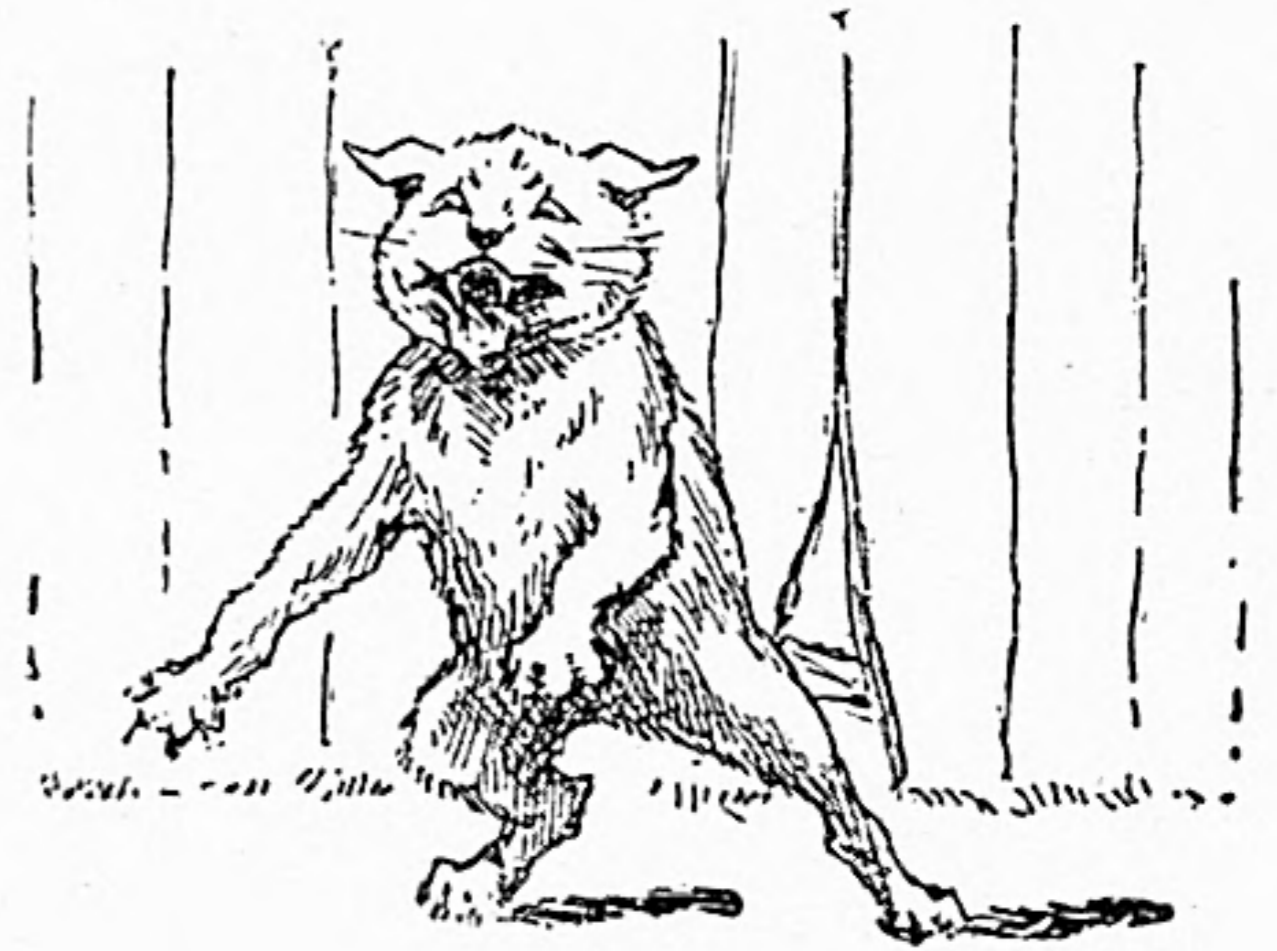


“A tail! as I’m a
pup! Ho! ho!
Now, could I but
get hold of
that!” He did!

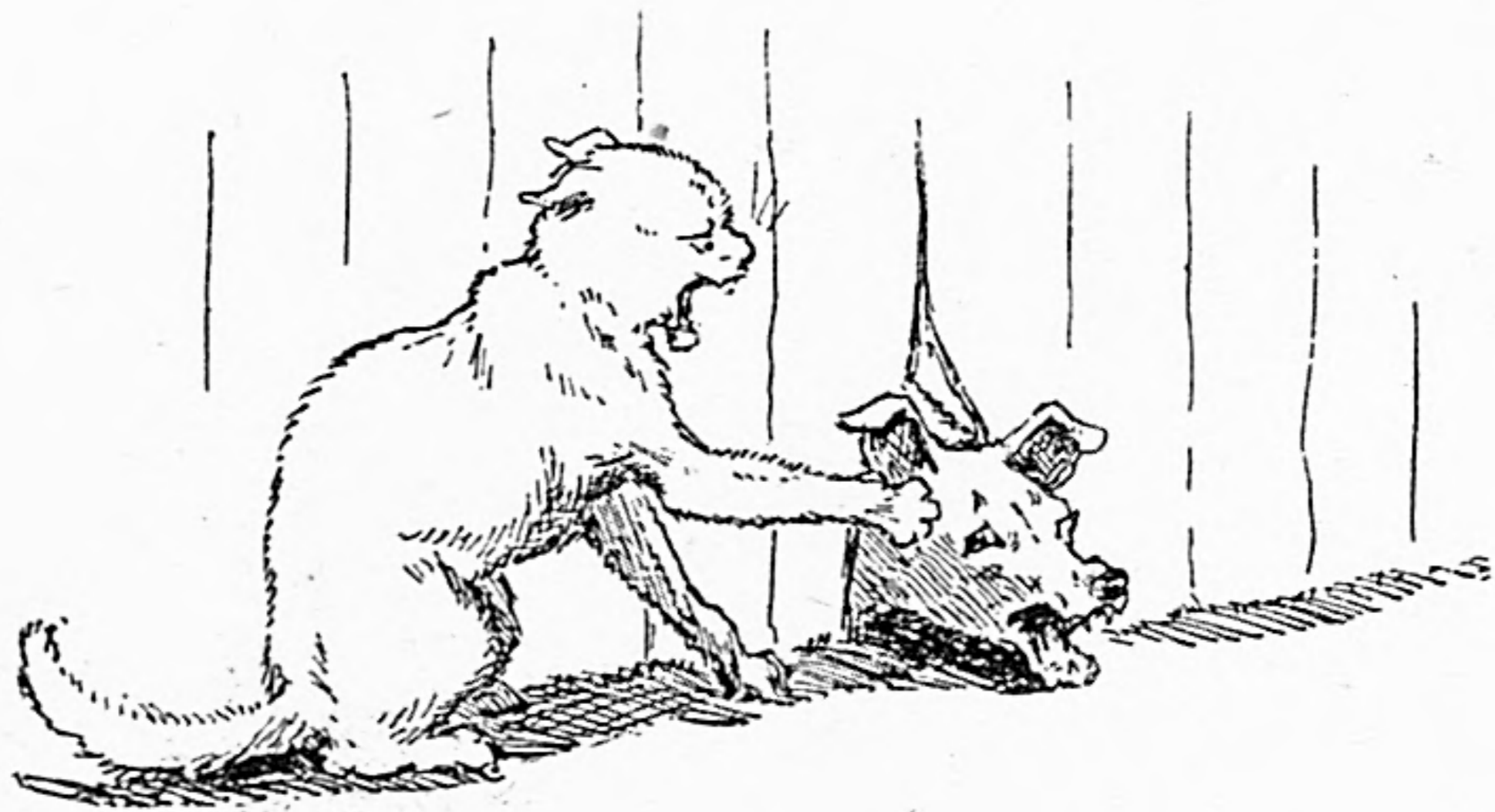




But Mistress
Pussycat,
To whom the
tail belonged,
objected,



And gave him what he ne'er expected,
For he was loth to let it go,
While Pussy, screaming, tugged it so,
That Puppy's head got fixed at length,
And then, exerting all her strength,



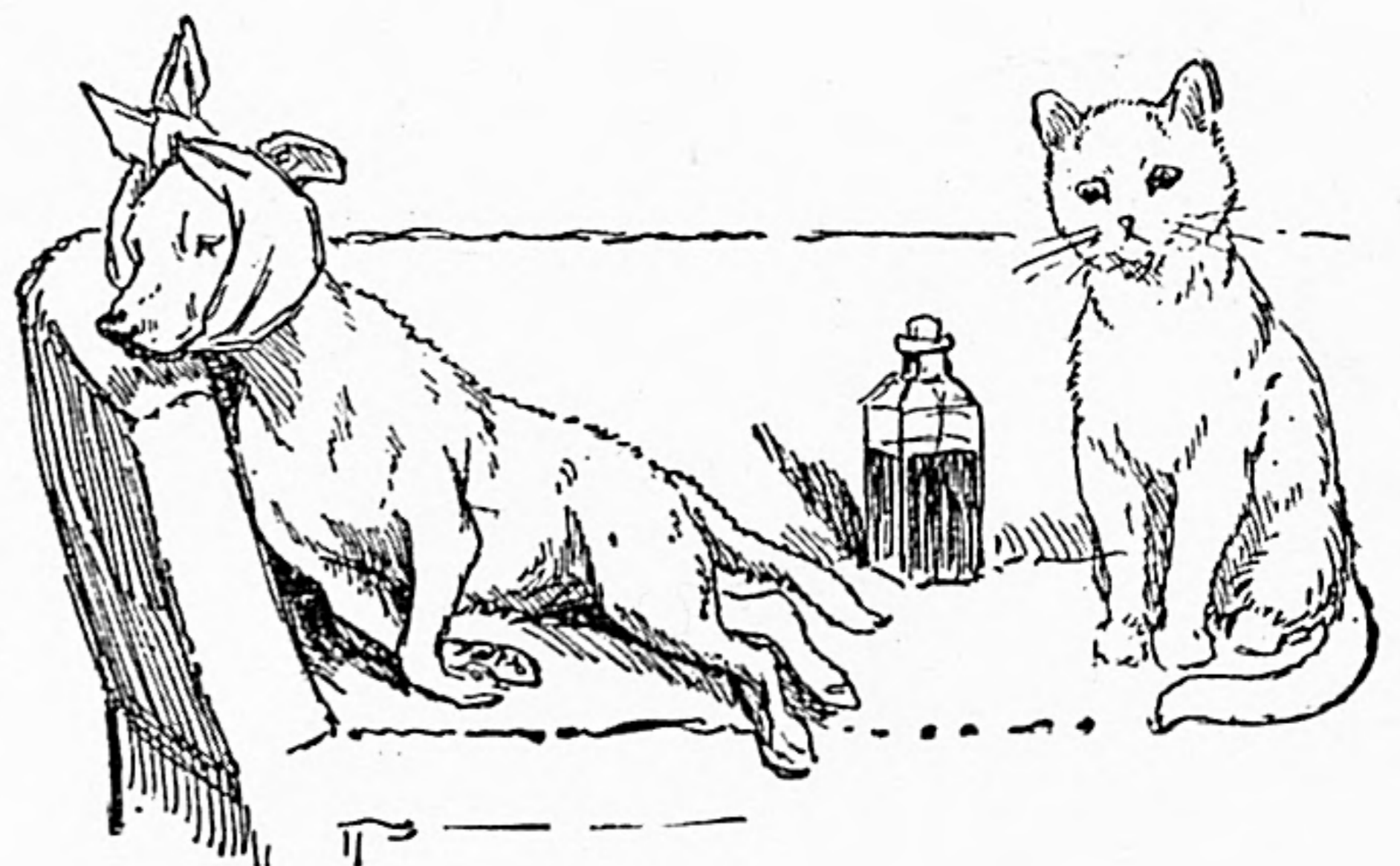
Puss freed herself,
and, oh, dear,
dear!

There was a dreadful
scene, I fear!

Soon afterwards they met again,
And each was smarting still with pain;
Said Puss, "We're

comrades in mis-
fortune now,
Come, let's be friends."

Pup meekly said,
"Bow-wow!"



DON'T YOU THINK THEY'RE LIKE THEIR FATHER?

THEIR father is a very learned Professor at the University of Dogford. He is anxious that his children may also become scholars and wear spectacles in time.



THE CATS' EXCURSION.

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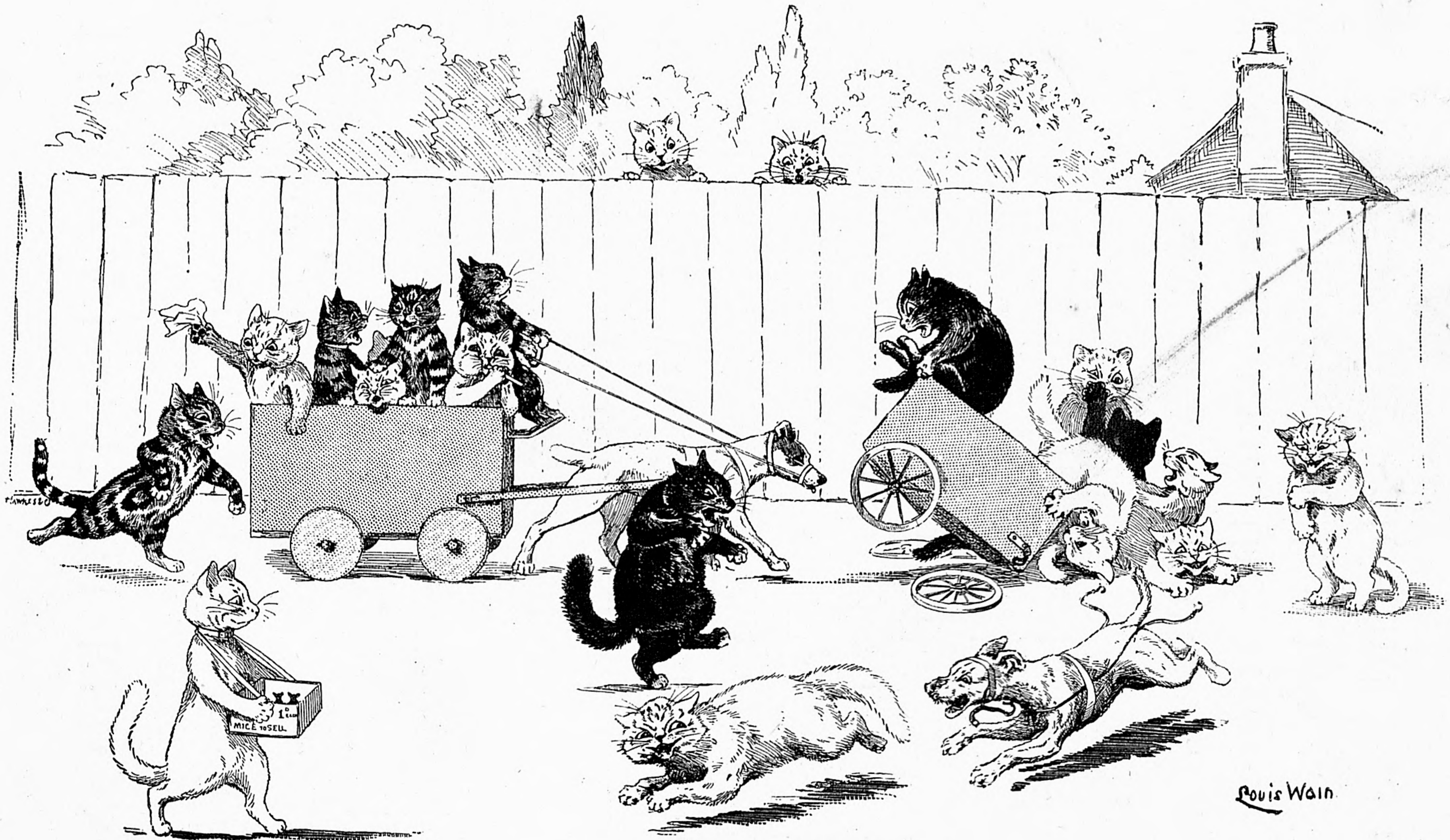
TWO waggons full of pussies  
Once started for a drive;  
It was the greatest wonder  
They all reached home alive.

An accident soon happened  
Which spilt the foremost load:  
The waggon tumbled over  
And pitched them on the road.

The axle-tree was broken,  
And loosened were the wheels,  
The pussy who was driving  
Took quickly to his heels.

A doctor who was sent for,  
Was soon upon the ground  
And found, except for bruises,  
That all were safe and sound.





THE CATS' EXCURSION.

# THE FIRST SKATE OF THE SEASON.

OVER the icy tide they glide  
 (I'm sorry for those who don't);

Here and there the ice will bear,

Though here and there it won't.

Hark! a crash! too thin, too thin,

Tab and his wife are in, are in;

Water over the nose and chin!

But Puffy's pluck and Grippy's rope

Each ready aid extends.

They cheer with golden words of hope

Their poor unlucky friends.

Hark! a shout—"Ah! now they're out!"

Full praise the deed deserves,

For when another's in distress

True courage never swerves.

J. L.



THE FIRST SKATE OF THE SEASON.

## DOGGIE AND THE GLOVE.

“YOU hungry young puppy!  
How starved you must feel  
To want to partake of  
A glove for your meal!

“’Twill spoil your digestion  
And make you quite ill,  
And the doctor will see you  
And give you a pill.”

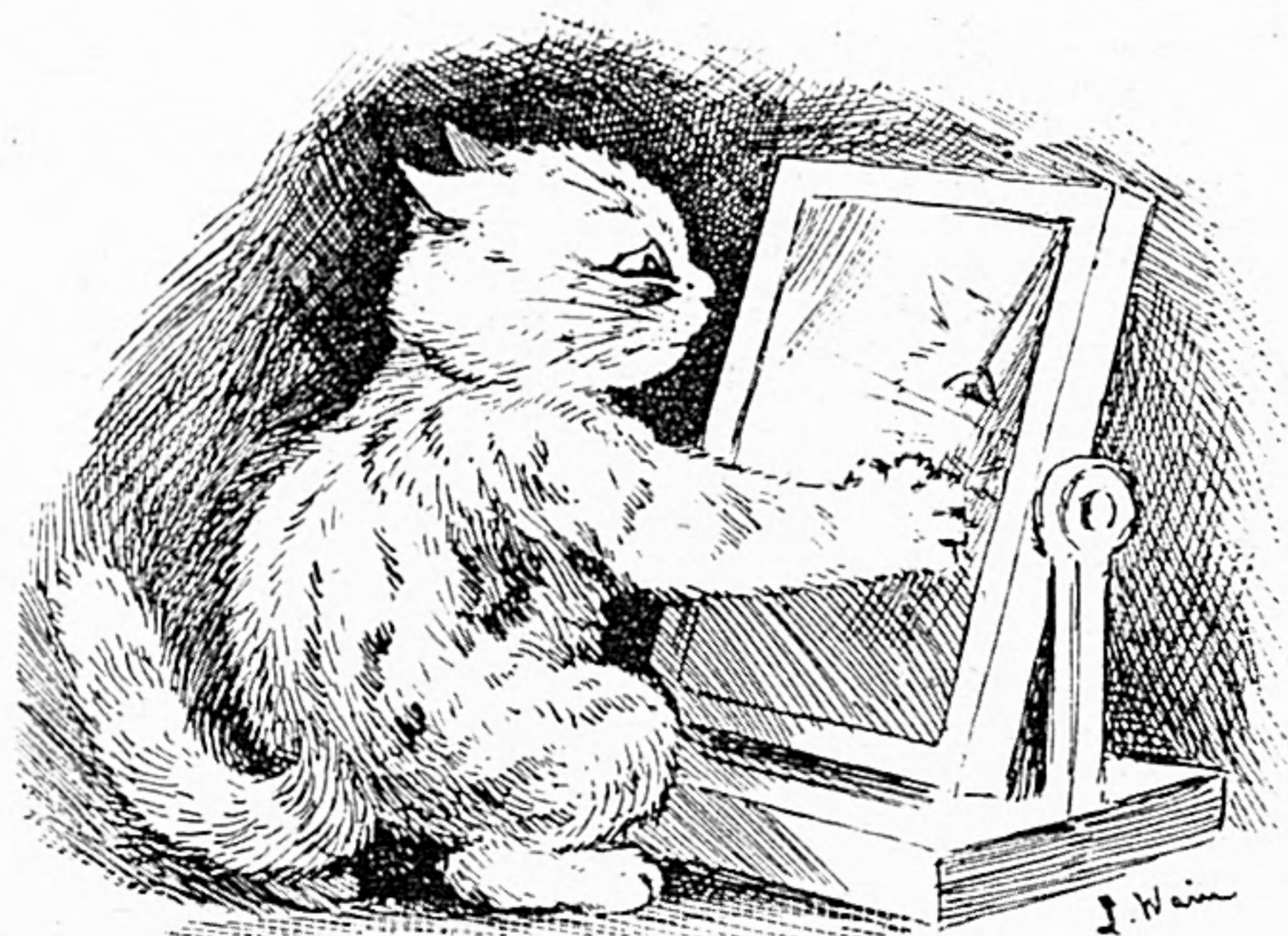
“You funny boy, Tommy,  
To think that I love  
To eat for my dinner  
A skinny old glove.

“The glove is my master’s;  
I’m taking great care  
To save it from thieves when  
He wants it to wear.”



DOGGIE AND THE GLOVE.

## A PUZZLE FOR PUSS.



BARON VON  
GLEICHEN

had a favourite cat which was very much puzzled by the mirror in his

room. At first she kept running around it, hoping to catch the cat she saw in the glass. After finding that there was no other cat outside the glass but herself, she began to think there must be one inside. So she put out her forepaw and carefully felt the glass on both sides, trying to find out how thick it was. She soon discovered, however, that if there was a hole in the glass, it was not deep enough to hold a cat, so she gave up the whole thing as a mystery.

# HOW TO PRODUCE THE VOICE.

~~~~~  
Doh!



Ray!



Ya-ow!



MOUSE OR JUGGED
HARE?

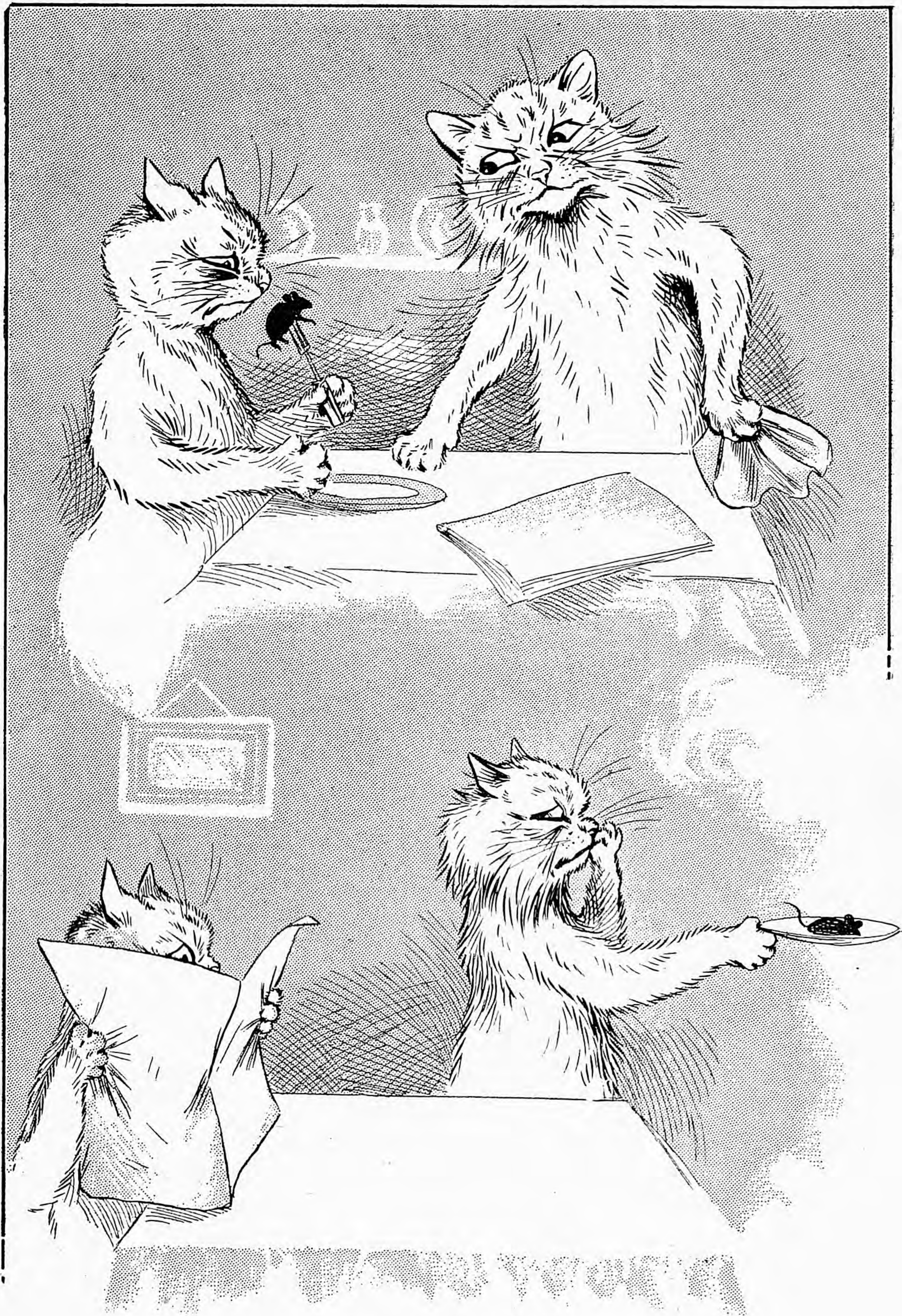
I.

“**W**AITER! this mouse
is a week old.”

“Very sorry, sir, I am sure,
sir.”

II.

“Bring me something else
quickly. I can't stay
here all day, because I
must catch the 2.30.”



MOUSE OR JUGGED HARE?

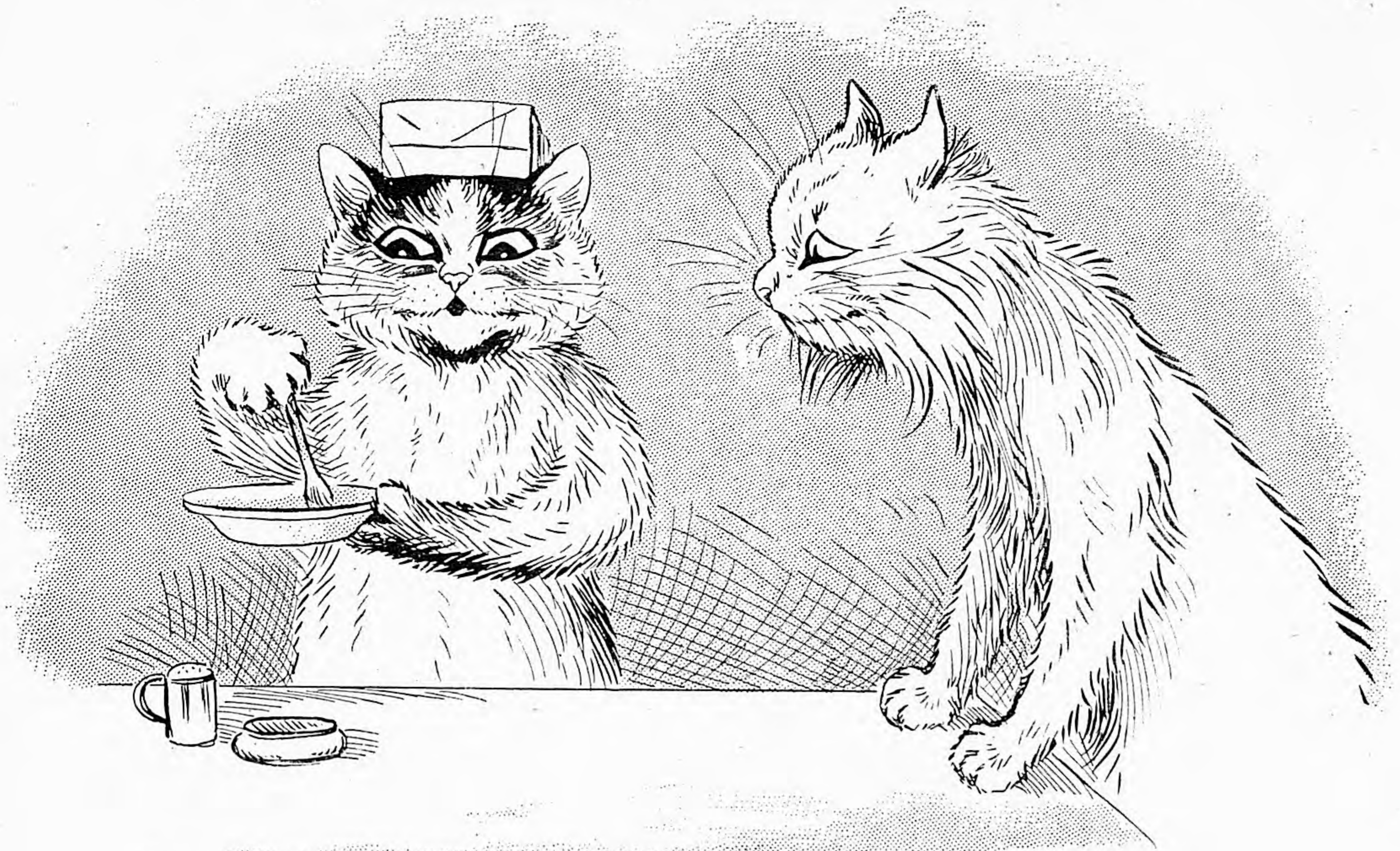
III.

“Just mix it up with mustard, pepper, salt, and colouring matter, and then call it Jugged Hare, and he'll take it all right.”

IV.

“A capital dish, waiter! Bring me some more.”

“Very sorry, sir, but the cook says it's 'off,' and it takes a whole week to make.”



Louis Wain.

MOUSE OR JUGGED HARE?

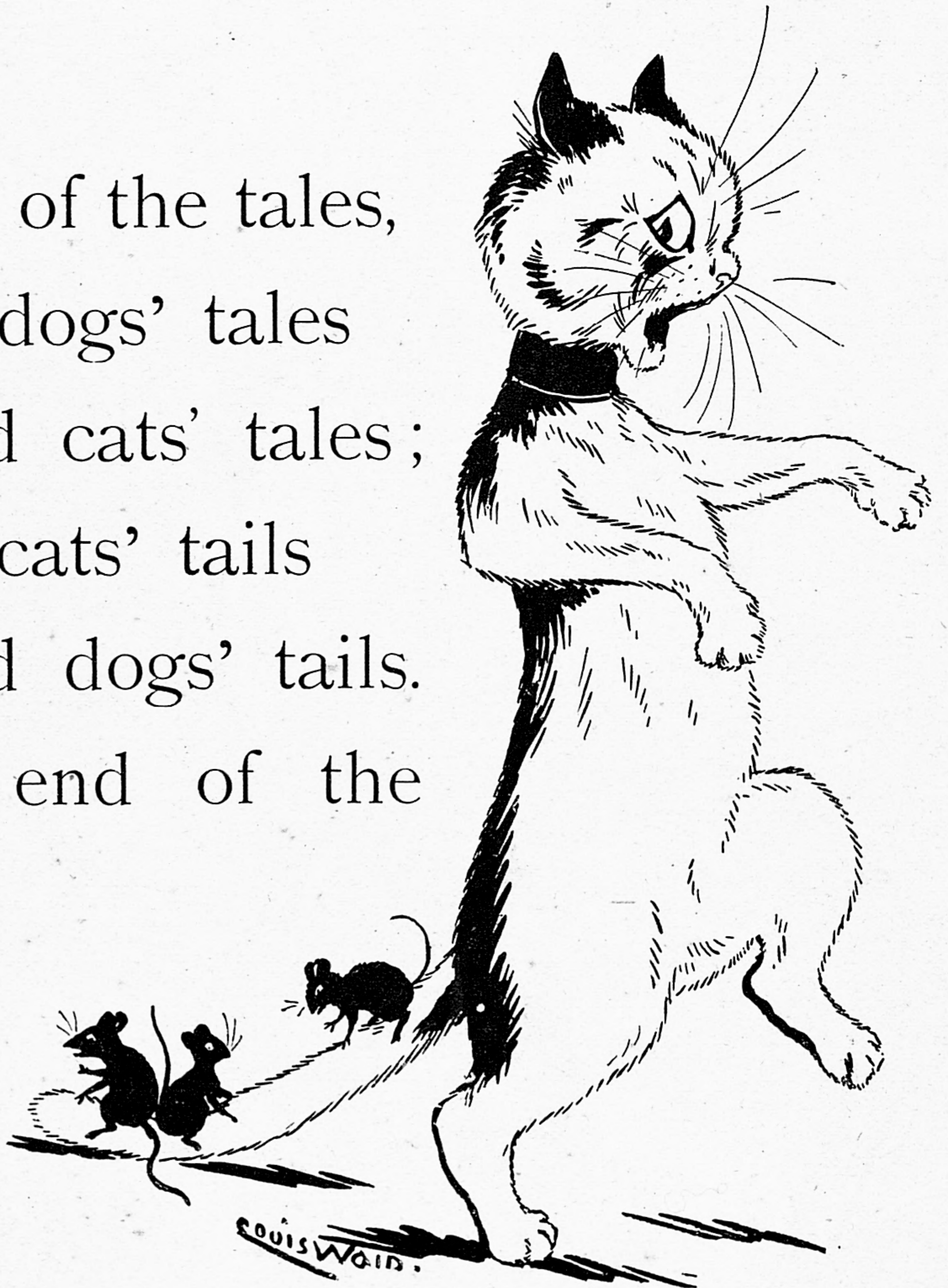
THE TAIL END.

THE tail end of the
book

Is the end of the tales,
Of dogs' tales
And cats' tales;
Of cats' tails
And dogs' tails.

The tail end of the
book

Is the end
of the
tails.



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