

A PET READER



LAWSON

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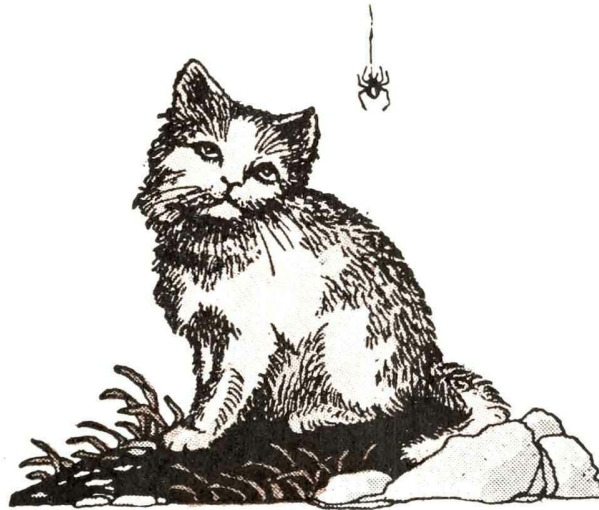
*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK A PET READER

A PET READER

by

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*Illustrated by
Ludwig and Regina
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Kindness to Animals

Little children, never give
Pain to things that feel and live.
Let the gentle robin come
For the crumbs you save at home.
As his meat you throw along,
He'll repay you with a song.

Never hurt the timid hare,
Peeping from her green grass lair;
Let her come and sport and play
On the lawn at close of day.

The little lark goes soaring high
To the bright windows of the sky,
Singing as if 'twere always spring
And fluttering on an untired wing.
Oh! let him sing his happy song,
Nor do these gentle creatures wrong.



Our Pets

Boys and girls, do you like pets?
Have you any pets?

Thirteen children in our room have pets.

Marion has a little kitten.
Fred has a cat, a little dog, and eight puppies.
A little puppy is Helen's pet.

Edwin has a mother cat and a baby kitten.
Leslie's father has a fox and a little rabbit.
Frances has a pet chicken.
Edna has a little billy goat.
Norman has a pet cat.

Eight little chickens are Lucile's pets.

The children love their pets.
They try to take good care of their pets.

We are going to tell you about our pets.
We shall tell you about other pets, too.

We hope that you will enjoy reading about them.

Dogs and Puppies



A Little Dog

I have a little dog,
With soft, long hair that curls,
And bright, black, sparkling eyes—
And he loves little girls.

He never barks or bites,
His temper is so mild,
And he dearly loves to play
With every little child.

My Dog

My dog plays with me.
He plays with the grass, too.
Sometimes he barks at me.

My dog licks my hand.
That is the way he tells me that he likes me.

Once, when I went to school, my puppy ran after me.
He tore my dress.

When I play with my jacks, my puppy takes them.

My dog is a very good playmate.

Other Dogs

I like my own dog, but I like other dogs, too.

I know one dog that carries a package of meat in his mouth.

Another dog tries to catch a ball.

When a boy throws a ball, the puppy runs after it.

One naughty dog chases rabbits and squirrels.

Spot pulls a little wagon.

Pet likes to cuddle down in the clothes basket.

Lassie digs holes in the garden.

Dogs and puppies do many interesting things.

A True Dog Story

This is a true story.

My mother told it to me.

When Earl was a little baby, his father had a dog.

Earl used to run away from home.

One day he went down to the railroad tracks.

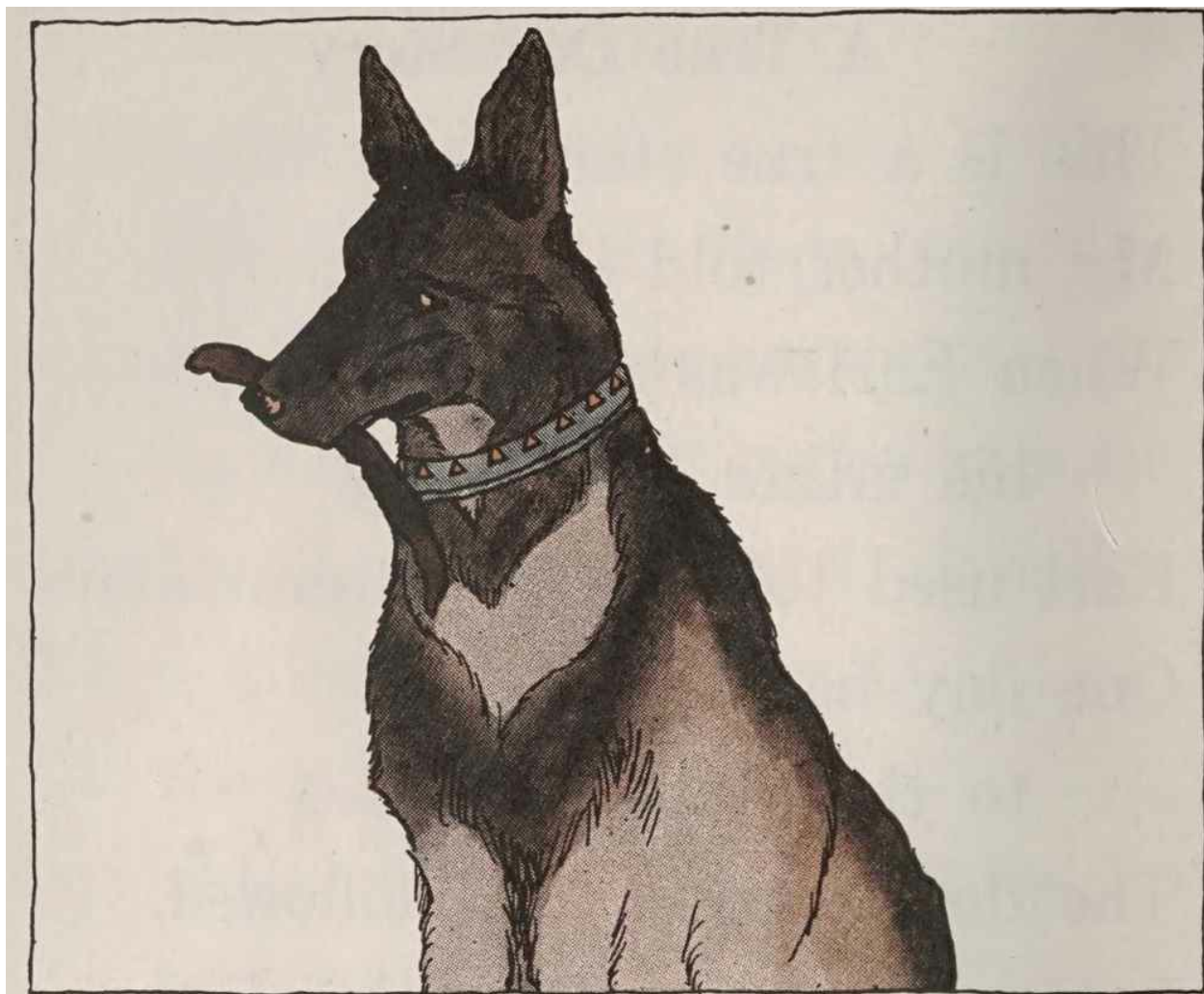
The dog saw him and followed.

Later, the dog walked ahead of Earl.

Earl did not know the way home.

So the dog showed him the way home.

Earl followed the dog and so found the way home again.



My Uncle's Dog

My Uncle Frank was a soldier.

He had an army dog.

The dog's name was Buster.

Buster learned how to do many things.

He knew how to mind quickly.

When Uncle told him to pick up a stick, he did it at once.

He would pick up a bat, too.

My uncle had the dog for a long time.

A Little Doggy

I had a little doggy
 That used to sit and beg;
But doggy tumbled down the stairs
 And broke his little leg.
Oh! doggy, I will nurse you,
 And try to make you well,
And you shall have a collar
 With a little silver bell.

Harriet and the Dog

Harriet is little girl two years old.

One day in June her mother was giving her a ride in the carriage.

Harriet saw a little dog.

The dog ran after the automobiles and tried to catch them.

When Harriet saw this, she turned to her mother and said, “Dog chase car.”

The dog chased other cars, too.

Harriet thought it was great fun to watch the dog do this.

She enjoyed watching the dog chase the cars.

The dog, too, had a good time.

Ben

Ben is a little pet dog.
He lives in a brick house near our school.

One day the man who owned him was out in the yard.
He had a big football.
A leather strap was fastened to this ball.

The man threw the ball.
He said, "Ben, get the ball."
Ben ran and got the ball.
He carried the ball by the leather strap.
He brought it back to his master.

One time the ball hit the dog on the head.
Then the dog rolled over on the ground.

He ran after the ball many, many times.
But after a while the man said, "This is the last time."

He took the ball and went into the house.
He said, "Come on, Ben."
The dog obeyed his master and followed him into the house.

I wish that I had a dog like that.
Do you?



Donald's Pet Dog

Donald had a pet dog.
His name was Ted.

One day Ted ran away.
He stayed away for a long time.
Then one day he came back.
He was glad to be home again.
But Donald was afraid that Ted might run away again.
So, at first, he tied him to a long clothes line.
Soon he noticed that the dog was panting.
Then he took him to the garden.
He filled a pail with fresh water.
Ted was very thirsty.
He drank and drank.
Ted was grateful to his master for the cool drink of water.
He looked up at Donald and wagged his tail as if he were saying, "Thank
you."

A Brave Dog

I read this story in a newspaper.
It was midnight.
The people were all fast asleep.
The house was burning.
A pet dog saw the smoke, and knew there was a fire.
The dog barked and barked,
until he awoke all the people.
He saved the lives of all the people.
He saved the life of a baby, too.
But the dog himself was so badly burned that he died.
The people buried him
in a little grave in a back yard.
They will never forget this brave dog.

Pal

One day in April we drove to a farmhouse.

The farmer had a little puppy only three weeks old.
He was brown and white.

We bought the dog for ten dollars.
We brought him home in a little basket.
Now he lives at our house.
We feed him toast and milk.

He is still a puppy.
Sometimes he is very naughty.
He even goes into our beautiful pansy bed.
But he is slowly learning how to behave.

His name is Pal.
When he grows up, he will be a big, beautiful collie.

“Doggy, You Must Promise”

Oh, doggy, you must promise
 (And mind your word you keep),
Not once to tease the little lambs,
 Or run among the sheep;
And then the little yellow chicks
 That play upon the grass,
You must not even wag your tail
 To scare them as you pass.



A Queer Mother Dog

I live on a farm, and own a dog named Happy.
One summer day I missed Happy.
I looked for her near the farmhouse, but could not find her.
Then I went out into the field.

Suddenly I came upon Happy.
I was so surprised when I found her.
She was playing “Mother.”

Guess who her children were!
They were not little puppies at all.
They were little rabbits.

I do not know where the mother rabbit was.
I never saw her.
But every day Happy would go into the field.

She watched to see that no harm should come to the little rabbits.
One day I heard Happy barking in the field.

When I came near, I found that she was barking because the rabbits had
disappeared.

Happy missed them very much, and for many days she seemed lonesome
without her baby rabbits.

Now, was not Happy a queer mother dog?

One Little Dog

Four little doggies sit in a row—
Bow-wow, bow-wow-wow, all of them go.
Three little dogs can add to the fun,
Two little dogs are better than one,
But one little dog is better than none.

Spot

When I go to school, my dog Spot follows me.

I try to get him to go back home.

I say to him, "Spot, go home!"

But he wants to say "Good-by" to me.

He lifts his paw as if he wished to shake hands and say "Good-by."

I shake his paw and then Spot goes home.

When he sees my mother, he barks.

I think he wants to tell my mother that I have gone to school.

When my sister and I come home from school, Spot is so glad that he runs to meet us.

When my father comes home, Spot says "Bow, wow!"

That is his way of saying "Hello."

A Loving Friend

Ah! doggy, don't you think
That you should very faithful be,
For having such a loving friend
To comfort you as me?
And when the school is over,
And we can run and play,
We'll have a scamper in the fields
And see them making hay.



The Dog and the Frog

One day my dog Jip went out into the garden.
A frog came into the garden, too.
Jip had never seen a frog.
Perhaps the frog had never seen a dog.
So Jip and the frog were both surprised.
Of course the frog was much smaller than Jip.
I thought that the frog would be frightened.
But he didn't seem to be.
He just looked at Jip and blinked his eyes.
Jip looked at the frog, too.
He really wanted to touch the frog.
But Jip was afraid of the little frog, and ran back to the house.
I didn't believe that Jip would be such a coward.
I was ashamed of him.

The Story of a Dog and a Cat

One day I was out in our back yard.
I was making a bird house.

While I was working, I noticed a dog and a cat.
The dog started to chase the cat.
The cat put up her back, and ran away quickly.
At first she ran in a zigzag way.
Then she got on a fence.
Next she jumped upon the barn near the fence.

The dog barked and barked.
The cat was badly frightened.
She almost fell off the barn roof.
She slid part way down, but caught herself on a shingle.

The dog walked round and round.
He must have wanted to make the cat dizzy.
After a while, the dog gave up trying to make the cat come down.
He went away.

Then the cat came down.
I picked up the poor kitty and petted her until she went to sleep on my lap.
Why can not dogs and cats be friends like little boys and girls?
Kitty didn't know—neither did I.

The Dog's Food

I feed my dog.

After we have eaten our meal, we give doggy the food that is left.

We always put his food on a saucer.

Then doggy eats the food.

Dogs like meat and bones.

Our dog drinks milk, too.

My puppy is fond of bread and milk.

I saw one dog eat some salmon.

A dog named Sport eats potatoes.

Another dog, Skip, eats candy.

He likes candy as well as I like it.

One dog eats oatmeal.

I think he knows that oatmeal is good for him.

Still another dog likes apples.

My sister's dog eats cornflakes.

One dog even likes beans.

Once we saw a dog eating popcorn.

Some dogs have to hunt their own food.

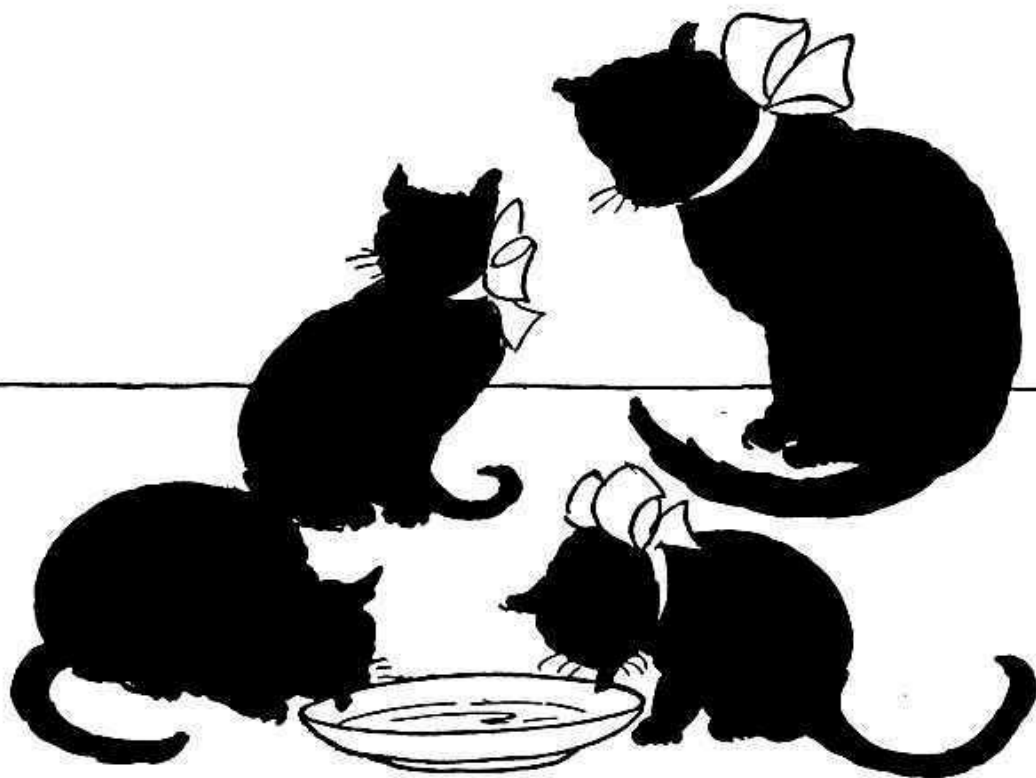
But most dogs are fed by people who give them good food.

All dogs should have water to drink and good food to eat.

We take good care of our pet dogs.

We feed them every day.

Kittens and Cats



Willing to Help

Six little mice sat down to spin,
Pussy passed by, and she peeped in.

“What are you at, my little men?”

“Making coats for gentlemen.”

“Shall I come in and bite off your threads?”

“No, no, Miss Pussy, you’ll snip off our heads.”

“Oh, no, I’ll not, I’ll help you to spin.”

“That may be so, but you don’t come in!”



How My Kitten Plays

My kitten plays with a string.
I hold the string in my hand.
I drag the string on the ground.
Then I run as fast as I can.

The kitten tries to catch the string with her paw.
Sometimes she catches the string.
Then she puts it into her mouth and runs away.

Sometimes, when she runs after me, she stumbles and falls.
The kitten can not always get the string.
Sometimes I run too fast for her.
Then she can not catch the string.

I like to play with my kitten.
I jerk the string quickly.
Then kitty jumps.
But she can not get the string.

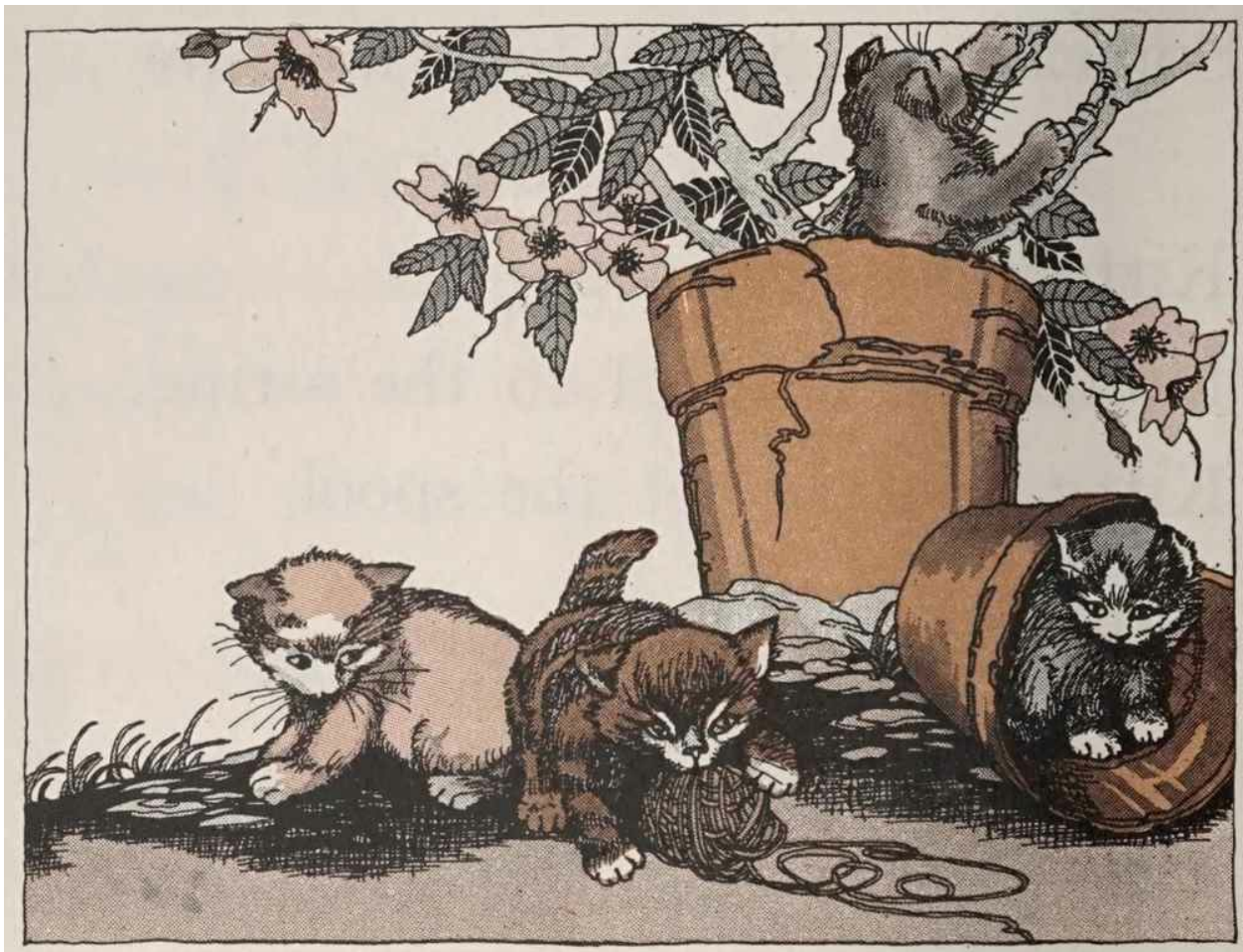
Sometimes I use a tape measure instead of a string.
Kitty tries to get it.
I often tie a spool to the string.
Kitty tries to get the spool.

I think it is fun to play with my kitten.
The kitten likes to play, too.

Ding Dong!

Ding dong! ding dong!
I'll sing you a song.
'Tis about my little kitty.
She's speckled all over,
And I know you'll love her,
For she is very pretty.

Eliza Lee Follen



What Kittens Do

Our kitten plays with me.
Sometimes she is cross.
Then she scratches my arm.

If we are unkind to kitty, she may scratch us.

My little kitten plays with her mother's tail.
Sometimes she rolls on the grass.
When the kitten falls, she says "Meow!"

I used to have a kitten that would chase her own tail.

Harry's kitten plays with a shoe string.
Marion's kitten plays with her toes.
Another kitten plays with a ball.
My aunt has a kitten.
I touched his whiskers.
He turned his head and tried to bite me.

Next time I am not going to touch his whiskers.
I like to watch the kittens.
They do so many interesting things.

The Pussy Cat

A pussy cat came to our door,
That we had never seen before.
He was all cold and wet and thin,
So Mother went and brought him in.
And now he lives with us, and he
Is just as happy as can be—
All round, and warm, and smooth, and fat.
I love that little pussy cat.

Edith Ballinger Price

The Kitten's Food

All kittens must have milk to drink.
I know one kitty that eats fish.
Another one likes salmon.

John's kitten eats potatoes and gravy.
One pet kitten eats oatmeal.
A kitten named Teddy likes ice cream.

My kitten likes bread and milk.
She likes meat very much.
We put the meat on an old plate.
Then kitty holds the meat with her paws and eats it.
When she smells the meat, my kitten always purrs.

My kitten drinks milk, too.
We put the milk into a little saucer.
Then the kitten laps the milk from the saucer.

When my kitten wants something to eat, she says "Meow."
Then I give her some food.

Our kitten eats after we have eaten.
She eats the food that is left over.

Food makes the little kitten grow.
I always try to give my kitten good food.



Two Friends

My grandmother has a pet dog and a pet cat.
They are the best of friends.

Sometimes both kitty and doggy lie down on the same rug in front of the
fireplace.
They eat from the same dish, and drink from the same pan.

They both lie down in the same old armchair.
They are good pals.

Grandmother says that she likes both the dog and the cat.
She is glad that they are good friends.

If they were enemies, she wouldn't know what to do with them.

The Kitten at Play

I visited a friend's home.
They had a kitten.
The kitten was black and white.
He was a pretty kitten.

It was the fall of the year.
The dead leaves were on the ground.
The kitten saw a pile of leaves in the yard.
The wind blew the leaves.
The leaves whirled round and round.

The kitten ran after the leaves.
He could not catch the leaves.
One leaf stopped.
The kitten thought it was a mouse.
So he put the leaf into his mouth.

When he found it was not a mouse, he dropped the leaf.
But the kitten still chases leaves.
I like to watch him play.

The Kitten and the Falling Leaves

See the kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall,
Withered leaves—one—two— and three—
From the lofty elder tree!
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair.

William Wordsworth

Keeping Clean

Did you ever see a mother cat wash herself?
She wets her fur with her tongue.
She washes her whole body that way.
Then she washes her face with her wet paw.
She uses her front paws for hands.
She likes to keep herself clean.
She wants the little kittens to be clean.
So she washes them too.
Mother cat's fur is shiny.
She is a very clean cat.
She is cleaner than some children I know.



The Cat and the Rat

Once upon a time I had a cat.
He was a big cat.
One day he was in the house.
I opened the door.
The cat went out-of-doors.
After a while, he wanted to come back into the house.
He mewed and scratched at the door.
So I opened the door and let him in.
I was surprised because he had a rat in his mouth.
The rat was already dead.

But the cat wanted us to see the rat that he had caught.
I think the cat was proud of what he had done.

The Ways of a Cat

See the kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!

William Wordsworth

The Cat and the Dog

One Sunday we saw a big cat climb up a tree.
Just then a dog came by.
The dog tried to get at the cat.
The dog stood at the foot of the tree and barked.

The cat would not come down.
The dog barked and barked.
At last he became very tired.
Then the dog went away.

The cat looked all around.
She did not see the dog anywhere.
So she climbed down the tree.
Then the cat ran home.

Hens and Chickens



How to Get Breakfast

Said the first little chick,
With a queer little squirm,
“I wish I could find
A fat little worm.”

Said the next little chick,
With an odd little shrug,
“I wish I could find
A fat little bug.”

Said the third little chick,
With a shrill little squeal,
“I wish I could find
Some nice yellow meal.”

“See here,” called the hen,
From the near garden patch,
“If you want any breakfast
Just come here and scratch!”



Our Chickens

We have a mother hen and many little chickens.
We keep the chickens in a barn.
When the chickens were very young they looked like fluffy balls.
Every day they go out in the yard.
The mother hen takes care of them.

We lost some of our chickens.
Some were weak and died.
The rats killed some of the chickens.
The mother hen stepped on one.
A board fell on one chicken and killed it.

But we still have many baby chickens.
Mother and I feed the chickens.
When the chickens were smaller, we gave them milk and oatmeal.
Now we feed them corn.
We throw the corn on the ground.
When the chickens see us, they come running to the place where we are
standing.
They are always glad to get something to eat.

At night the little chicks cuddle under the mother hen's wings.

The Clucking Hen

The clucking hen sat on her nest—

 The nest was in the hay,

And warm and snug beneath her breast

 A dozen white eggs lay.

My Pet Hen

I have a pet hen.

She seems to like to follow me around the yard.

When she gets into the chicken coop, she jumps up on the nest in a wooden box.

She lays eggs for us.

We eat some of the eggs, and sell some of them.

This spring my pet hen had some baby chickens.

She took very good care of them.

Once when I was feeding my little hen, she jumped upon my arm.

I was frightened.

I screamed.

I ran away as quickly as I could.

But now I am not afraid.

I still feed my pet hen every day.

Cock-A-Doodle-Doo

A little boy got out of bed—
 'Twas only six o'clock—
And out the window poked his head
 And spied a crowing cock.
The little boy said, "Mr. Bird,
 Pray tell me, who are you?"
And all the answer that he heard
 Was, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Grandmother's Chickens

My grandmother has some chickens.
One chicken looks so funny!
That is because he has not many feathers.

Grandfather helps grandmother take care of her chickens.

Every day my grandfather goes out to hunt for eggs.
Sometimes he finds eight eggs.
He finds them in the chicken house.

When grandfather goes into the hen house, the hens become frightened.



They flap their wings, and fly to the other end of the house.
My grandfather has a little pan that grandmother gave him.
He puts water into this pan.
The chickens drink the water.
Every day grandfather goes to the corn-crib to get corn.
He feeds the corn to the chickens.
My little cousin likes to play with grandmother's chickens.
He tries to catch them.
When he touches them, the chickens say "Cut-cut, cut-a-cut!"

A Queer Hen

In a city in Maine there lives a bus driver.
This bus driver has a pet hen that is very tame.

When the hen hears the driver taking the bus out of the barn, she runs to the car.

When the driver takes his seat at the wheel, the hen flies up and sits beside him.

As the driver goes from town to town, the hen stays with her kind friend.
She stays with him all day long.

When the bus driver returns home at night, the hen flies down to the ground.
Then she runs to the barnyard door, and has her supper with the other hens.

After her long automobile trip, this hen is very tired.
So she goes to roost very early in the evening.

After a night's rest, she is ready to start out again in the morning.
Rain or shine, this hen never misses her automobile ride.

Now, is she not a queer hen?

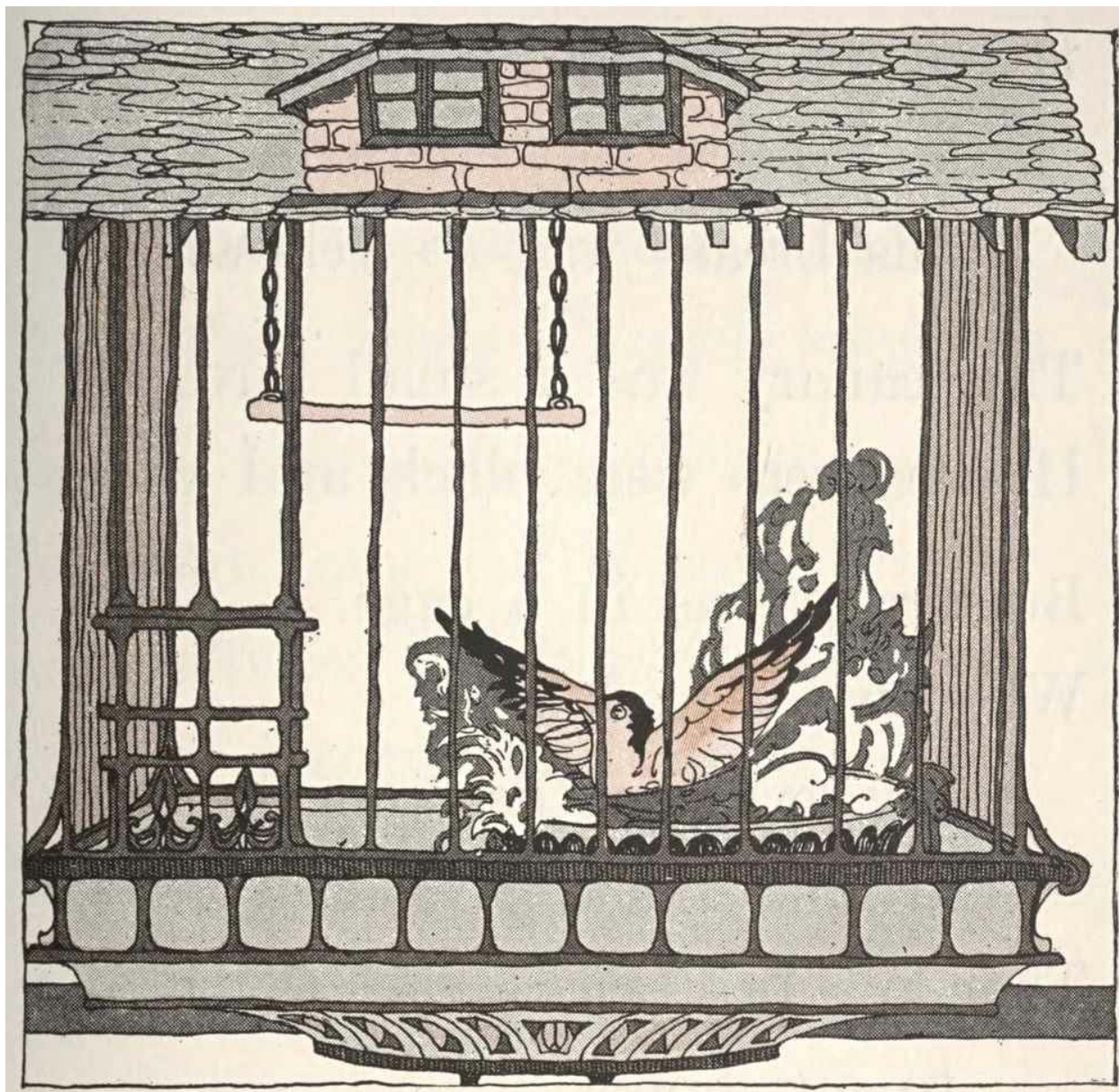
Canary Birds



Sing, Little Bird

Sing, little bird,
 When the skies are blue,
Sing, for the world
 Has need of you.
Sing when the skies are overcast,
Sing when the rain is falling fast.

Sing, happy heart,
 When the sun is warm,
Sing in the winter's
 Coldest storm.
Sing little songs, O heart so true,
Sing, for the world has need of you.



Buttercup

Once I went to my grandmother's house.
My grandmother gave me a canary.
His name was Buttercup.
He was called Buttercup because his breast was so yellow.

This canary was a small bird.
His feathers were black and yellow.

Buttercup was in a cage.
When we went home my grandmother put paper around the cage.
Then my brother carried the bird to our home.

Now we enjoy the bird very much indeed.
We take the best care of him.
We like to listen to his sweet song.

How We Care for Our Canary

We keep the canary in a cage.

We place the cage near a window where there is much sunshine.

Every day we feed the canary.

We put some cuttle bone between the bars in a corner of the cage.

We do not give our canary sweet or salty food.

We call our canary Dickie.

Dickie is fond of lettuce.

So we often give him lettuce.

We feed our bird apples, too.

Sometimes we give him crackers.

We give bird seed to our canary.

We put the seed into a dish.

Then Dickie helps himself.

He often spills the seed.

Then my mother has to sweep it up.

Of course we remember to give our bird fresh water to drink every day.

Indeed, we try to take good care of our canary.

Because we care for him, Dickie sings sweet songs for us.

The Little Bird

“Little bird! little bird! come to me!
I have a green cage ready for thee.”

Lydia Maria Child

The Bird's Bath

Our bird has a bath every day.
We put fresh water into a little dish.
The bird gets into the dish.
The dish is his bath-tub.

First he puts his head into the water.
He splashes around and has a good time in the water.
After he has had a bath, he sits in the sun and dries himself.

When he is dry, he sits on the swing.
He has a good time swinging himself.
We like to watch him swing.
He seems to enjoy himself so much.

Cleaning the Canary's Cage

We clean the bird's cage every day.
First my mother takes down the cage.
She lifts it off the hook.
She carries the cage to the kitchen.
The top is fastened to the bottom with hooks or catches.
Mother unfastens the hooks.
Then she lifts off the top.
The canary hops upon the swing.
Sometimes he flies around the room.
But he always comes back to the cage.
My mother removes the paper from the bottom of the cage.
Next, she gets some newspaper.
She cuts it to fit the cage.



She always puts fresh sand on the bottom of the cage.
She cleans the bird's dishes, too.
She puts fresh water into one dish.
She puts seed into the other dish.
Then she hangs the cage on the hook near the window.

My Grandmother's Canary

My grandmother has five pet canaries.
She keeps them in cages.
One day one of her birds became frightened.
He flew up and struck his head against the top of the cage.
Then he fell down dead.
This bird was my grandmother's best singer.
She felt very sorry to lose him.
She was sad when he died.
Now she has another singer in his place.
And grandmother is happy again.

Wild Birds



Bird Trades

The swallow is a mason,
And underneath the eaves
He builds a nest, and plasters it
With mud and hay and leaves.

Of all the weavers that I know,
The oriole is the best;
High on the branches of the tree
She hangs her cosy nest.

The woodpecker is hard at work—
A carpenter is he—
And you may hear him hammering
His nest high up a tree.

Some little birds are miners,
Some build upon the ground,
And busy little tailors, too,
Among the birds are found.



Mother Robin

One spring day I was playing out-of-doors.
I noticed a mother robin near by.
She had two baby robins in a nest near our porch.
The nest was up in a maple tree.

While I was watching, the mother bird flew to the fence.
She picked up a worm.
Then she flew back to the nest.

The baby birds opened their hungry mouths very wide.
Mother Robin gave the worm to the baby robins.
They ate the worm, and said "Peep, peep."

The Bird with a Broken Wing

One day I was picking violets for mother.
Two boys whom I knew passed by.
One of the boys had something wrapped up in his handkerchief.
I asked him what it was.
He told me that it was a little sparrow.
I looked at the sparrow carefully so as not to frighten him.
I saw that his wing was broken.
My friend carried the sparrow to his home.
He showed the bird to his father.
He asked if he could keep it.



His father said that he must take care of the bird if he kept it.
The boy bound the broken wing with string and toothpicks.

The wing was soon as strong as ever.
Then the little sparrow flew back to his friends.

The Sparrow

Glad to see you, little bird,
'Twas your plaintive chirp I heard.
What did you intend to say?
“Give me something this cold day?”
That I will, and plenty, too.
All these crumbs I saved for you.

A Bird House

My cousin made a bird house.
I liked it so well that I asked him to make one for me.
My cousin made a bird house for me, too.
It took a long time to finish it.
After it was finished, my cousin brought it to our home.
Then my father put the house on the branch of a tree.
One day I saw a wren fly into the house.
Oh, how glad I was!
Now many birds seem to enjoy the bird house.



The Woodpecker's Nest

We have an old cherry tree in our back yard.

One day last spring we heard a pounding noise outside our kitchen window.

Then we noticed that a woodpecker was making holes in the tree with his strong bill.

Tiny pieces of wood fell to the ground as the woodpecker kept boring.

After a while there was a round hole in the cherry tree.

This hole the woodpecker lined with grass.

It became the nest which one day held three eggs.

Still later, there were three baby birds in the nest.

We liked to watch the woodpeckers feed the baby birds.

One day the birds disappeared, and the nest was empty.

Now I am hoping that next year there will be another nest in our cherry tree.

The Building of the Nest

They'll come to the apple tree—Robin and all the rest—
When the orchard branches are fair to see,
In the snow of the blossoms dressed;
And the prettiest thing in the world will be
 The building of the nest.

How We Help the Birds

In the winter time it is very cold.
The snow often covers the ground.
Then it is very hard for the birds to find food.

We can help the winter birds by giving them crumbs.
It is fun to do this.
Sometimes we may throw crumbs on the sidewalk.

At other times we put them on the window sill.
The birds always find the crumbs.
You may be sure that they eat them, too.

In the summer time it is often hot and dry.
The birds are warm and thirsty.

So, to help them we put water into a pan.
Then the birds find water to drink.
Sometimes they bathe in the water.
They splash around and have a good time.

We can help the birds both in summer and in winter.
In winter we should give the birds some crumbs to eat.
In summer we should give them water.



Carrier Pigeons

I think these birds are called carrier pigeons because they carry letters.
They carry letters and small parcels from place to place.
The letters or parcels are tied under the pigeon's wing.

This pigeon loves its own home.
It always will come back to its own home.
It flies very high, and comes back home in a straight line.

During the World War, the army kept carrier pigeons.
These carrier pigeons were used to carry messages.

The Pigeons

The sun is in the sky,
The pigeons homeward fly.

The Swallow

Fly away, fly away over the sea,
Sun-loving swallow, for summer is done;
Come again, come again, come back to me,
Bringing the summer and bringing the sun.

Christina G. Rossetti

A Song

Ding dong! ding dong!
I'll sing you a song.
'Tis about a little bird.
He sat on a tree,
And he sang to me,
And I never said a word.

Eliza Lee Follen

More Feathered Pets



Why Some Birds Hop and Others Walk

A little boy said to a little bird, “Stop,
And tell me the reason you go with a hop.
Why don’t you walk, as boys do, and men,
One foot at a time, like a dove or a hen?”

“Use your eyes, little boy; watch closely and see
What little birds hop, both feet, just like me,
And what little birds walk like the duck and the hen;
And when you know that you’ll know more than some men.

“Every bird that can scratch in the dirt can walk;
Every bird that can wade in the water can walk;
Every bird that has claws to catch prey with can walk,
One foot at a time—that is why they can walk.

“But most little birds that can sing you a song
Are so small that their legs are not very strong
To scratch with, or wade with, or catch things—that’s why
They hop with both feet. Little boy, good-by!”

Ducks on a Farm

One day last summer, we visited a farm.
We stayed all night.

Toward evening, we saw some ducks in the barnyard.
They walked as if they were in a parade.

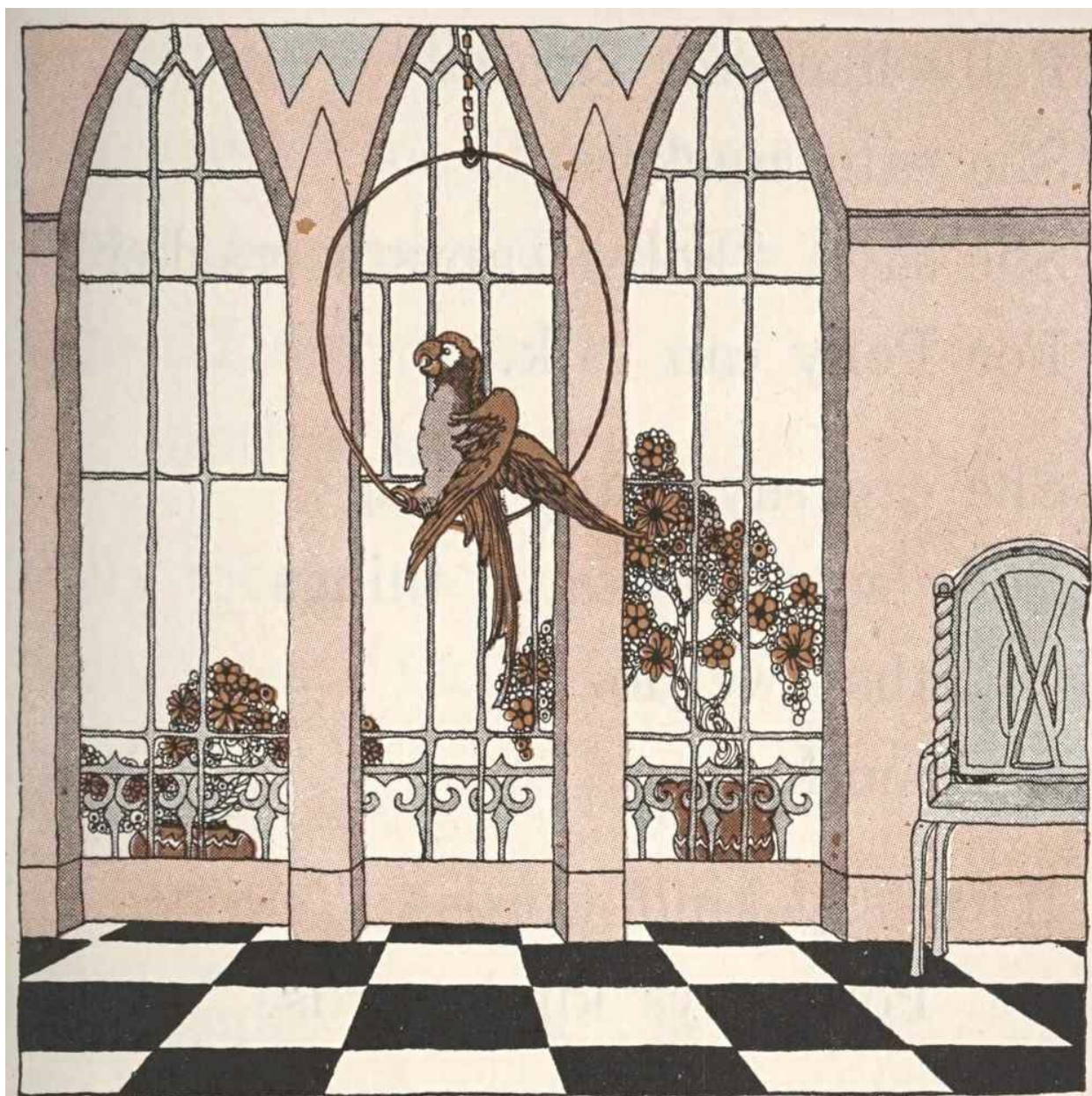
They looked as if they were playing “Stump the leader.”
When they walked, they waddled in such a funny way.

I laughed when I saw them.
They said “Quack, quack!”

Other ducks were swimming in a pond.
The ducks seemed to like to swim.
They said “Quack, quack,” over and over again.
I wish I could swim in the lake as well as ducks swim in the pond.

Quack, Quack

“Quack, quack!” says the duck,
 “Was there ever such good luck!
Spring has cleared the pond of ice,
 And the day is warm and nice,
Just as I and Goodman Drake
 Thought we’d like a swim to take.”



Polly

Polly is a parrot.
She has a crooked beak and bright colored feathers.
Polly likes to scream.
She eats crackers.
She says, "Polly wants a cracker!"
For Polly can talk.

She can say many things.
Polly says the same things that we do.
She mocks us.

If we say kind words, Polly says kind words.

If we say cross words, Polly says cross words.
So we must be careful how we speak.
When the people pass, Polly says "Hello!"

Sometimes Polly calls "Mamma!"
She says "Good-by," too.
Polly also says "Naughty boy."
When I am naughty, mother says that.

Polly mocks mother and says it too.
Polly says, "Go to bed."

Polly can say "Meow," so that it sounds like the cat.

Polly calls the dog too.
She calls, "Sport, come here!"
We talk to Polly and Polly talks to us.
Indeed Polly seems like a real playmate.

Doves

Doves are such gentle birds that we all love them.
They say “Coo, coo.”

Some doves are white.
Other doves are bluish-gray.

Once I had a gray dove.
One day my sister and I went out on the back porch to clean some vegetables.
The dove flew up on my head.

My uncle’s doves flew into the barn through the open door.
They made their nest up in the hayloft.
Sometimes they flew over the meadows.
They flew far away.
But they always came back.

The Turtle Doves' Nest

High in the pine tree,
 The little turtle-dove
Made a little nursery
 To please her little love.
“Coo,” said the turtle-dove,
 “Coo,” said she,
In the long shady branches
 Of the dark pine tree.

Our Dove

One day my mother saw a dove upon the porch.
The dove was not at all afraid.
It was so tame that mother thought this dove belonged to some one.
But no one claimed it.
My mother took the dove into our house.
At first she put it into a basket.
Later she bought a cage for it.
Now we keep the bird in a cage.
Sometimes we let the dove out of the cage.
Then we have a hard time catching it.
I like this dove.



A Turkey Story

I went to pay my friend a visit.
My friend lived on a farm.
Her mother had some turkeys.
She was keeping them for Thanksgiving Day.
I tried to feed the turkeys.
When they saw me, they said “Gobble, gobble!”

One turkey was a cross gobbler.
He was such a large turkey that when I saw him, I said, “Oh, what a big
bird!”
Once this big fat gobbler chased me.
I was frightened and ran as fast as I could.

The Turkey Gobbler

Have you seen the turkey gobbler,
 With his loud, important air,
As he struts about the barnyard
 Like a king without a care?

Horses and Ponies



Dobbin

Old Dobbin lives in grandpa's barn
The whole long winter through,
But when the summer comes again,
He has much work to do.

And so he gets up while it's dark,
And eats a little hay.
Before I am awake at all,
He's ready for the day.

He never says he'd like to rest,
And I never saw him frown;
It's "Dobbin here" and "Dobbin there"—
He trudges up and down.

A little boy, when summer comes,
May run, and shout, and play,
But Dobbin works from morn till night,
Each sunny, summer day.



A Gentle Horse

I know a horse that lives on a farm.
He is an old horse, but he still works.

He sometimes pulls the plow.
I am a little boy only seven years old.
But this horse lets me ride upon his back.

One day I rode across the fields.
One time a little girl rode on this horse's back.
She fell off, but she didn't get hurt.
She was just frightened.

The horse was so good that he stopped.
He didn't move an inch.
He was ever so still.

Was he not a sensible horse?

Horses

Many horses live on farms where they get plenty of grass and hay to eat.

Some horses work very hard.

They work in the fields.

They pull plows and wagons and hayracks.

At night, they stay in the stables.

In the city, horses pull coal, ice and milk wagons.

The milk wagon horses learn to wait for their drivers.

While the driver delivers the milk, his horse stands still.

Horses are out in all kinds of weather.

Boys and girls, and men and women sometimes go riding on horses they rent
for an hour or more.

Trained horses can jump over poles.

Some horses pull circus wagons.

A long time ago, horses used to pull street cars.

In the city, we don't see many horses any more.

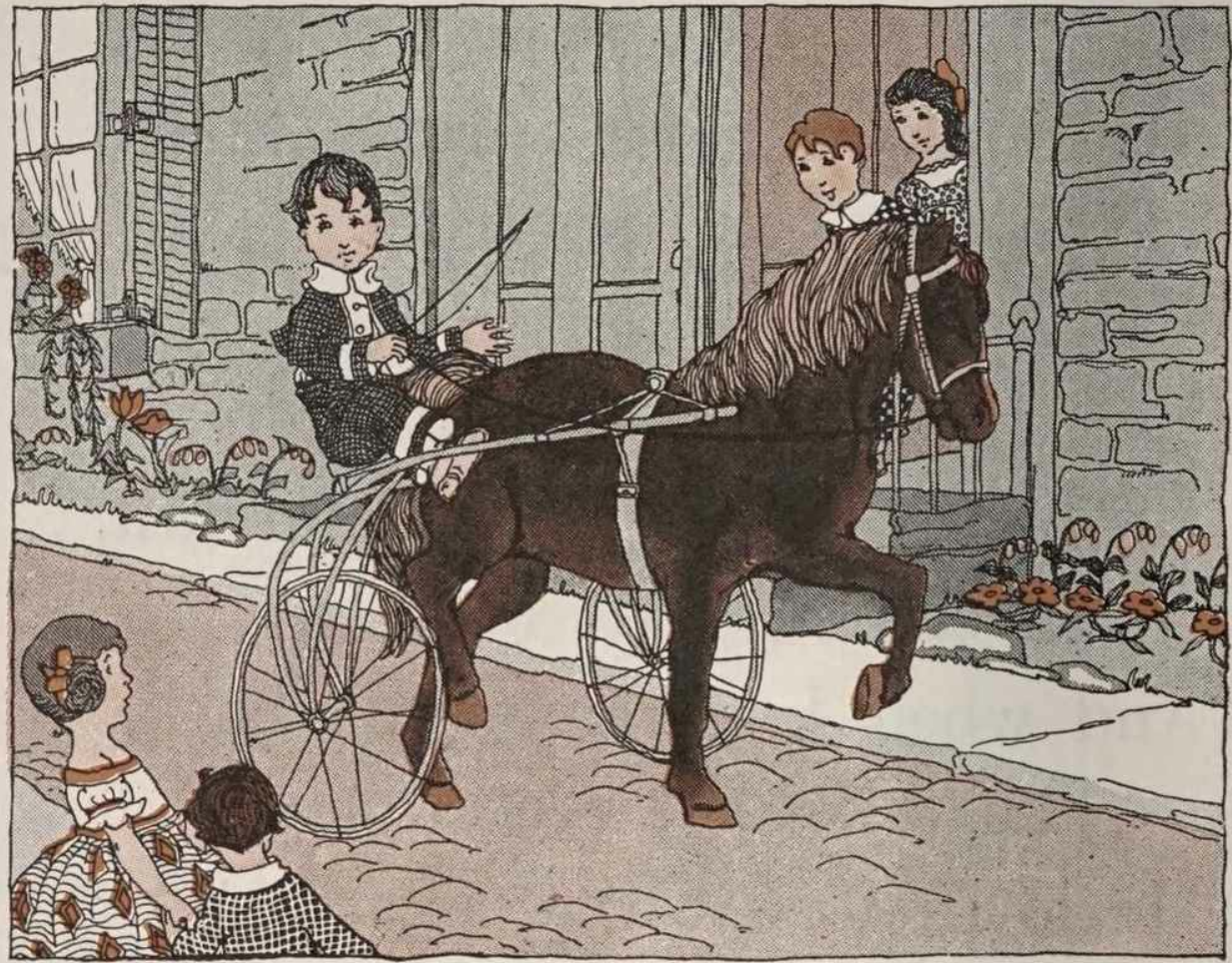
Automobiles have taken the place of horses.

But still, horses are useful and deserve good care.

My Pony

My pony has four curving hoofs so tiny and so trim,
You'd be surprised to see how fast they trot along with him.
He has a flowing mane and tail, a shining coat of hair,
And when I get upon his back, he takes me everywhere.
He loves to eat the sugar that I bring him in my hand,
He loves to trot and gallop down the street at my command.
He loves to rub his nose against my shoulder, for you see,
I love my pony dearly and I know that he loves me.

*Alice C. D. Riley from Lilts and Lyrics
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My Cousin's Pony

My cousin has a pet pony.

He is a Shetland pony.

His name is Teddy.

My cousin lives near Camp Grant and goes to a country school.

He lives a long way from the school.

So, instead of walking, he hitches his pony to a cart that his father made for him.

This cart looks like a racing cart.

My cousin rides to school every day.

One Saturday, he drove over to our home.

We gave the pony some oats in a sack.

We laughed when the pony spilled the oats.

My cousin likes his pony very much.

He will not sell him.

He always tries to give Teddy the best of care.

Jean's Riding Horse

Jean is eighteen years old and lives on a large farm.

She is my cousin, and she owns a fine riding horse.

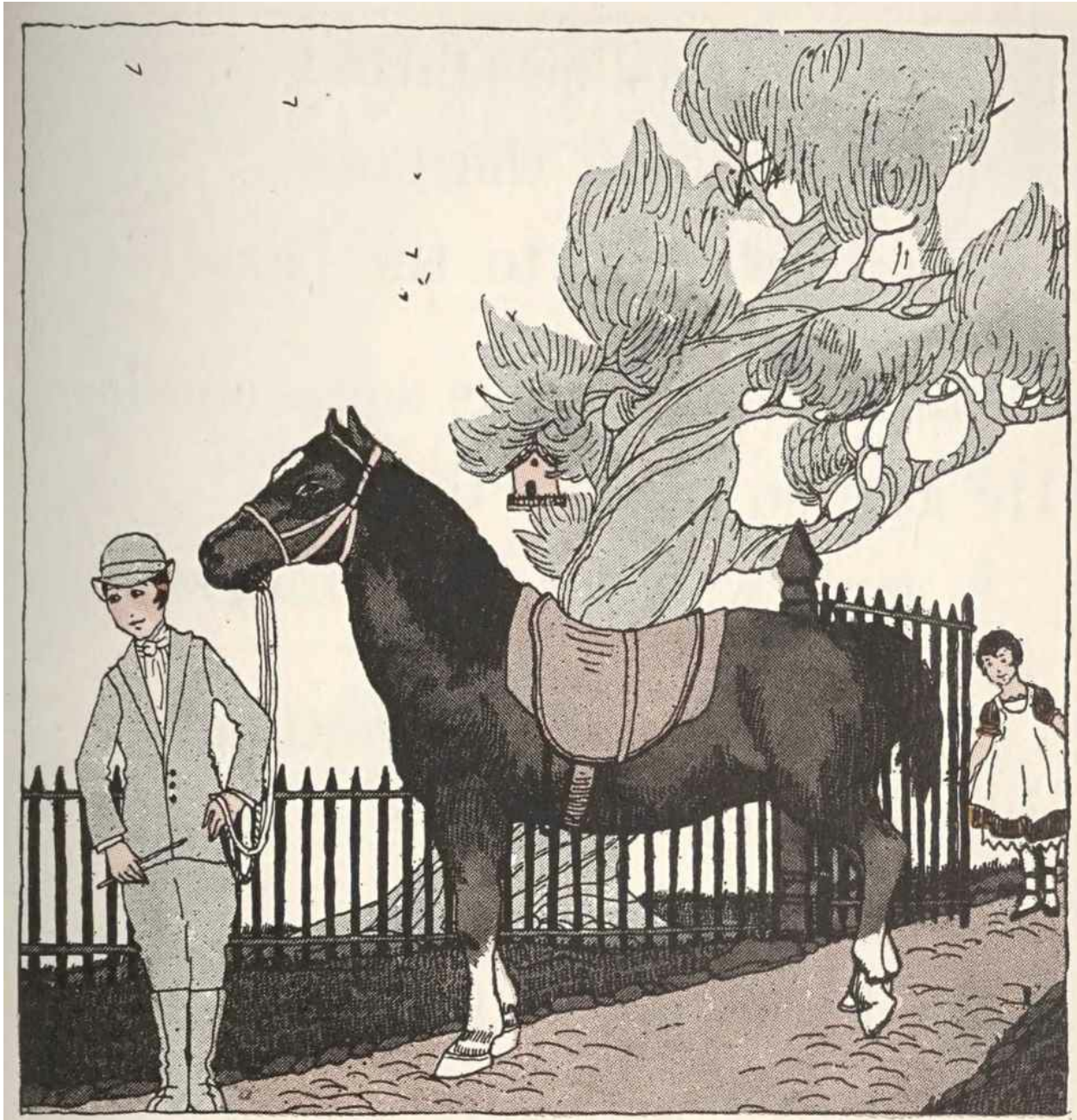
She calls her horse Beauty.

Beauty has white legs, a white spot on his head and another white spot near his tail.

One August day Jean dressed in a pretty riding suit and went for a ride.

When she came home, I was standing near the gate.

I saw Jean ride toward the barn.



When she stopped a moment, the horse helped himself to some grass from the lawn.

But he had time for just a mouthful.

For as soon as he started to eat Jean got off the horse and led him to the barn.

I think Beauty is like some children.

He gets so hungry that he can't wait for his dinner.

“A Farmer Went Trotting”

A farmer went trotting upon his gray mare,
With his daughter behind him, so rosy and fair.
A raven cried croak! and they all tumbled down—
The mare broke her knees, and the farmer his crown.

Rabbits



The Rabbits

Between the hill and the brook, ook, ook,
Two rabbits sat in the sun, O!
And then they ate the green, green grass,
Till all the grass was gone, O!

And when they had eaten enough, nough, nough,
They sat down to have a talk, O!
When there came a man with a gun, un, un,
And fired at them over the walk, O!

But when they found they were sound, ound, ound,
Nor hurt by the gun, un, un, O!
They picked themselves up from the ground, ound, ound,
And scampered away like fun, O!

Rabbits

Rabbits are very timid animals.

Their ears are very long, and their hearing is very keen.

They like to live in burrows, which they dig under the ground.

Wild rabbits like to run about the fields and woods.

Rabbits have a funny hop.

When they go from place to place, they leap.

They like cabbage, leaves, carrots, beets and clover.

They are interesting pets.

Sometimes they become tame enough to eat out of our hands.



One rabbit used to like to lie under a chair in the living room.
This rabbit would go into the garden, but would always come back to the
house.

We do not often let rabbits come into the house.

Little Bunnies

Little bunnies, oh, take care! Beware!
See the farmer, with keen eye,
Gun on shoulder, passing by;
He is fond of rabbit pie!
So my bunnies, do take care! Beware!

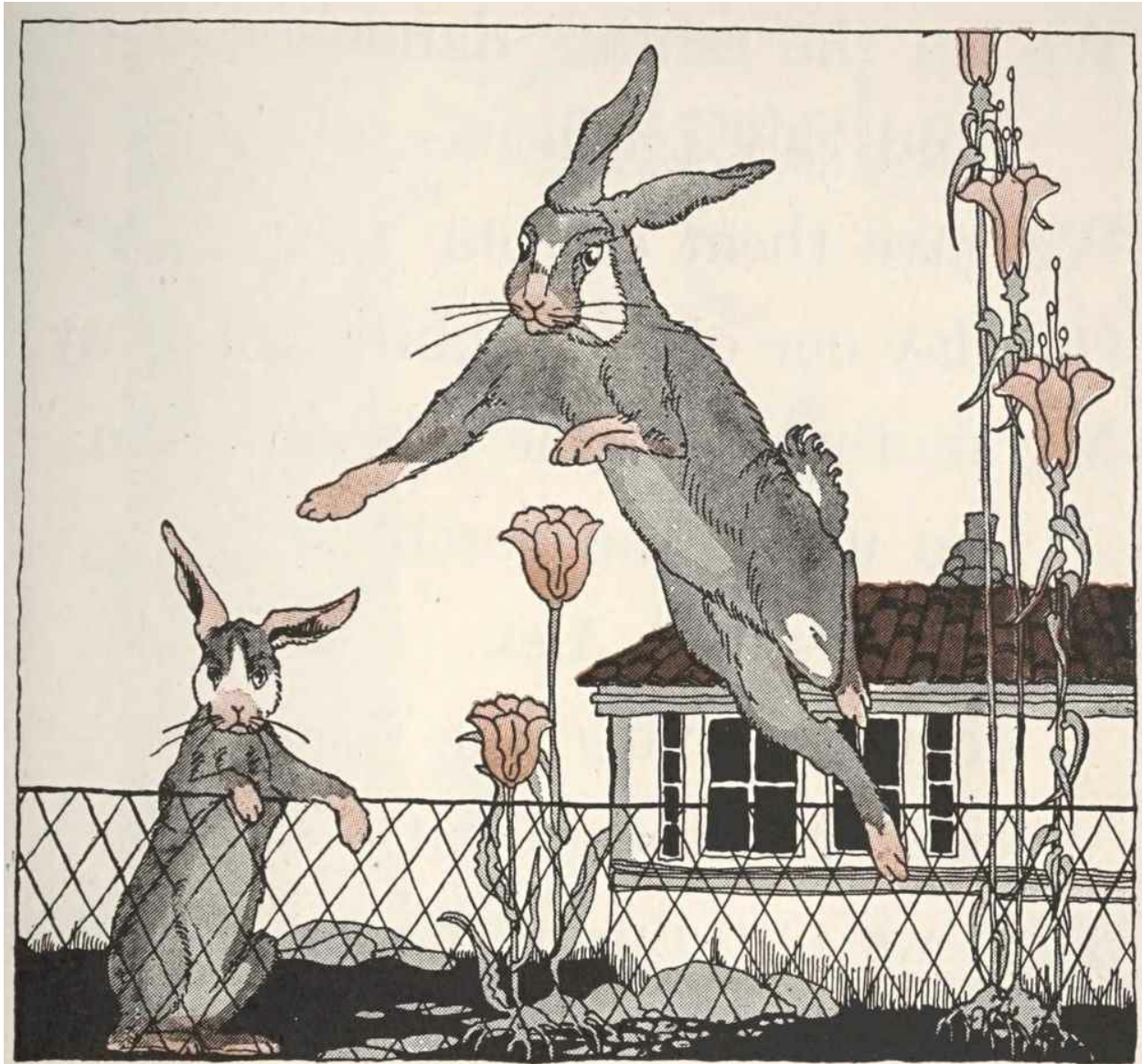
Joseph C. Sindelar
From Nixie Bunny in Workaday-Land

My Soldier Rabbits

A soldier once lived at our house.
He gave me two rabbits.
They came in a box.

This is how it happened:
I was playing out-of-doors.

My daddy called me.
He said that there was a surprise for me in the house.
I went into the house, and looked everywhere.
At last I found the box with two rabbits in it which the soldier had given to
me.
You may be sure that I was glad.



The first thing I did was to thank the soldier for this surprise.
My daddy made a house for the rabbits.
We kept it in the back yard.
We fed the rabbits dandelion and cabbage leaves.
We gave them carrots, too.
One day one of the rabbits ran away.
My mother told me she saw him go under the porch.
A friend named Alex crawled under the porch and got the rabbit.
Then we put Bunny back into his own house.
My rabbits sniff in such a funny way.
Now I can sniff like a rabbit too.

I call my rabbits “Soldier Rabbits,” because a soldier gave them to me.

Squirrels



The Squirrels and the Gun

Five little squirrels sitting on a tree,
This one says, "What do I see?"
This one says, "I see a gun!"
This one says, "Come, let's run!"
This one says, "Let's hide in the shade!"
This one says, "I'm not afraid!"
Bang! goes the gun
And all the squirrels run.

Some Squirrels I Watched

One day, when I was playing out-of-doors, I noticed several squirrels.
They seemed to be playing “Tag.”
They chattered as they played.

They ran up and down the trees.
They went around the trees and down to the ground.
Then they ran up into a tree.

After a time a dog came.
The squirrels crossed over on a telephone wire to another tree.
They climbed to the top of this tree.



The dog grew tired of waiting for the squirrels and went away.
Then the squirrels came back to the first tree.
They stayed there such a long time that I did not see them again.

Eating Nuts

Squirrels are very fond of nuts.

One day I saw two squirrels eating some acorns.

They found the acorns on the ground.

They sat up on their hind legs, and held the nuts with their front paws.

They looked as if they were holding the nuts with real hands.

One Sunday afternoon I had some nuts.

I put the nuts into my pocket and went out-of-doors.

I saw a squirrel.

I took some nuts from my pocket.

Then I tapped on the sidewalk with a nut.

The squirrel heard the tapping.

When he saw me, I held out my hand.

After some coaxing, the squirrel came up and took the nut.

He came up several times.

I fed him the nuts until they were all gone.

Another time I saw a squirrel taking nuts from a man's hand.

The squirrel carried the nuts to his hole in the tree.

Perhaps he was saving the nuts for winter.



The Lost Nut

Once I saw a squirrel with a nut in his mouth.
He carried the nut to a tree, and put it into a hollow.
He wanted to save the nut.
After he had put the nut away, he went down to the ground and up another tree.
He stayed for some time, and then came back to the first tree.
He looked for the nut, but he couldn't find it.
Do you know what had happened?
Another squirrel had found the nut and carried it away.
I saw the second squirrel take the nut.
I felt sorry for the little squirrel that lost the nut he had tried to save.
Don't you feel sorry, too?

The Squirrel's Arithmetic

High on the branch of a walnut tree
A bright-eyed squirrel sat.
What was he thinking so earnestly?
And what was he looking at?

The forest was green around him,
The sky blue over his head;
His nest was in a hollow limb,
And his children snug in bed.

He was doing a problem o'er and o'er,
Busily thinking was he;
How many nuts for this winter's store
He could hide in the hollow tree.

He sat so still on the swaying bough
You might have thought him asleep.
Oh, no; he was trying to reckon now
The nuts the babies could eat.

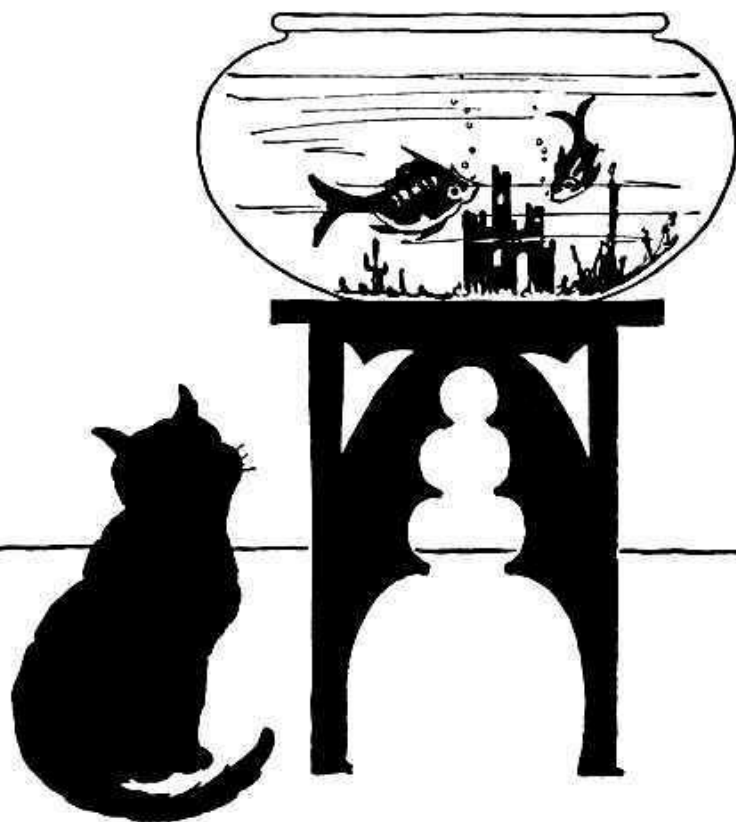
Then suddenly he frisked about,
And down the tree he ran.
"The best way to do, without a doubt,
Is to gather all I can."

Annie Douglas Bell

Whisky Frisky

Whisky Frisky, hippity hop,
Up he goes to the tree-top.
Whirly twirly, round and round,
Down he scampers to the ground.

Other Pets



Come, My Children

Come, my children, come away,
For the sun shines bright to-day;
Little children, come with me,
Birds and brooks and flowers to see.

See the little lambs at play
In the meadows bright and gay;
How they leap and skip and run,
Full of frolic, full of fun!

Bring the hoop and bring the ball;
Come, with happy faces all.
Let us make a merry ring,
Talk and dance and laugh and sing.



A Pet Goat

Lottie has a pet goat.
She keeps it in the woodshed.
Lottie's goat has two horns which bend backward.
He has a bearded chin, too.
This goat is playful and quite tame.
Sometimes the goat likes to be petted.
At other times he doesn't want to be touched at all.
Sometimes Lottie's goat is very friendly.
But oftentimes he is ugly and cross.
His actions are different at different times.
He walks, stops short, runs or leaps.
Sometimes he comes to you and sometimes he runs away from you.
Lottie enjoys her goat, and thinks that he is an interesting pet.

The Sheep

“Lazy sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant field you lie,
Eating grass and daisies white,
From the morning till the night;
Everything can something do,
But what kind of use are you?”

“Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray.
Don’t you see the wool that grows
On my back to make your clothes?
Cold, ah, very cold you’d be,
If you had not wool from me.”

Ann Taylor

Mary's Lamb

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.
He followed her to school one day—
That was against the rule.
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.
And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear.
And then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, "I'm not afraid—
You'll keep me from all harm."



“What makes the lamb love Mary so?”
The eager children cry.
“Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,”
The teacher did reply.

The Cow

The friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart;
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day.

And blown by all the winds that pass,
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass,
And eats the meadow flowers.

Robert Louis Stevenson



In the Meadow

Over in the meadow,
Where the brook runs blue,
The sheep says, “Baa!”
And the cow says, “Moo!”

My Father's Fox

My father had a fox.
The fox came from Michigan.
My uncle gave the fox to my father.
When we got him, he was just a month old.

He was brown in color.
We kept him in a big cage down by the barn.
He slept in a little box that I got for him.

He used to try to get out of the cage.
Sometimes he tumbled over.
The fox never bit us.
We kept him for some time.
Later my father sold him.
I do not know how much money father got for this pet fox.
I suppose the new owner wanted the fox for his beautiful fur.

The Little Foxes

Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox named "By-and-by."
Then set upon him quick, I say,
The swift young hunter "Right-away."
Around each tender vine I plant,
I find the little fox "I can't."
Then, fast as ever hunter ran,
Chase him with bold and brave "I can."

Our Monkey

Now, instead of a fox, we have a monkey.
We have a trapeze for him.
He climbs up this trapeze.
He swings himself by his tail.

We feed the monkey bread.
He likes peanuts too.

Sometimes he shakes hands with us.
We talk to him.
He seems to understand what we say to him.
He acts just like a little old man.



The Monkey and the Hand-Organ Man

When my mother was a little girl, a hand-organ man sometimes came to our city.

His pet monkey would sit on top of the hand-organ.

This monkey wore a green cap, a bright red jacket, and little black trousers.

Sometimes he lifted his cap, as if he were saying, "How do you do!"

After the hand-organ man had played some lively music, the monkey collected pennies from the people who were listening.

He always brought the pennies to his master.

The monkey did many tricks.

My mother and her playmates were always sorry when the hand-organ man went away.

I wish I could see a hand-organ man and a monkey sometime soon again.

The Monkey Man

The sun in winter goes away
 And makes you light the light,
But in the summer time it's day
 All day until it's night.
So we just play until at last
 We don't know what to do.
And then the monkey man comes past
 And brings the monkey, too.

Edmund Vance Cooke from Cheerful Children

Our White Mice

We had some white mice for pets.
We kept them in a wire cage.
The white mice ran round and round the cage.

They liked to ride on the merry-go-round that was in the cage.
They worked the merry-go-round, and made it go round and round.

One day we went away.
We forgot to fasten the door of the cage.
The white mice got out.

When we came back, we looked for them.
But we never found them again.

You may be sure that we were sorry to lose them.
Next time I shall be more careful with my pets.

A Little Mouse

Ding dong! ding dong!
I'll sing you a song.
'Tis about a little mouse.
He looked very cunning
As I saw him running
About my father's house.

Eliza Lee Follen

My Uncle's White Mice

My uncle had some white mice.
One day he brought them into the room.

One mouse crawled up my uncle's sleeve.
My uncle felt the tickling on his arm.
So he pulled the mouse out of his sleeve.

The other white mouse crawled upon me.
I became frightened, and screamed and ran around the room.

My uncle had to take the mice away.
He put them into the cage.
I enjoy watching them, but I don't like to have them running around the
room.

The Mice

The little mice stay in their holes
And hide themselves by day;
But when the house is still at night
They all come out to play.
They climb upon the pantry shelf,
And taste of all they please;
They drink the milk that's set for cream,
And nibble bread and cheese.

The Two Gold Fishes

I have two gold fishes that Aunt Ruth gave me for a birthday present.

I keep them in a large bowl on a table near a south window.
The fishes seem so happy as they dart quickly back and forth in the water.

They are golden in color, and look like twins.
I call them Golden and Sunny.

But I don't know which one is Golden nor which one is Sunny.

Once a week I put fresh water into the glass bowl.
Every day I feed the fish some fish food which I buy downtown.
I give them seaweed, too.

I have had the fishes for three months.
I am going to try to take such good care of them that my fishes may live for a
long time.

Aunt Minnie's Gold Fish

Last spring Aunt Minnie had a lily pond made in her lawn.
The pond is four feet deep and is filled with city water.
The sides of the pond are made of cement.

Beautiful water lilies grow in this pond.
Some of the lilies are pure white, others are rose colored.

There are also many buds that will soon open and become lovely water lilies.

Fifteen fat gold fish have their home in this beautiful place.
Some of the gold fish have black spots on their tails.
They seem so happy, living among the water lilies.

They like the oatmeal that my aunt feeds them.
I think it is the oatmeal that makes them so fat.

When the cold days of autumn come, my aunt puts the gold fish in a large
tub.

She keeps the tub in the cellar.
Once a week she changes the water.

The fish are comfortable even in the winter time.
But I believe that the fish like their lily-pond home better than their tub home
in a dark cellar.

Where the Stream Runs Blue

Over in the meadow,
 Where the stream runs blue,
Lived an old mother fish
 And her little fishes two.
“Swim,” said the mother;
 “We swim,” said the two—
So they swam and they leaped
 Where the stream runs blue.

Olive A. Wadsworth

Frogs at School

Twenty froggies went to school
Down beside a rushy pool.
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests all white, and clean.
“We must be in time,” said they;
“First we study, then we play;
That is how we keep the rule,
When we froggies go to school.”

Twenty froggies grew up fast;
Bullfrogs they became at last.
Not one dunce among the lot,
Not one lesson they forgot.
Polished in a high degree,
As each froggie ought to be,
Now they sit on other logs,
Teaching other little frogs.

George Cooper

About the Book

A Pet Reader is an outgrowth of group and individual oral composition work in a primary classroom. The stories, based upon suggestions from children and upon fact and observation, have been adapted to the child's interests and mental capacity. The book will commend itself to teachers for several reasons.

1. As the vocabulary in large measure is already a part of the child's oral expression, it will, with economy of time and effort, increase his reading equipment.

2. Because, with few exceptions, the sentences are comparatively short, this reader will have a tendency to increase fluency, and facilitate thought-getting.

3. The theme is one of universal interest to child life, therefore, *A Pet Reader* will entertain as well as instruct, primary children. A teacher sometimes has to inspire an interest in the subject. But the interest in pets does not have to be created—it is already present.

4. The reading material is fresh and attractive—a merit that will be appreciated, since so many books offer only repetition of folk and fairy tales. While commendable in themselves, these prove tiresome to the children because of sameness of content.

5. Little rhymes and bits of verse, supplementing the stories, increase the attractiveness of the reading matter. All rhymes are intended to be read by the teacher to and with the pupils.

It is hoped that the book may be a source of pleasure and profit to teachers and pupils everywhere.

EDITH WILHELMINA LAWSON

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK A PET READER ***

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