

TALES OF LITTLE CATS



CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

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TALES OF LITTLE CATS

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Illustrations by
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The Kindest Cat I Ever Knew

I have a little kitten dear,
And she's as white as snow,
But she is not just like my lamb,
She does not always go;
I only take her out to walk,
When it is very cold,
And she is very, very good,
And does just as she's told.



When I get tired of loving her
And combing out her fur,
And I get tired of making b'lieve
That I can hear her purr,
I put her in my little trunk
And shut the lid down tight,
And there she stays for days and days,
And never cries a mite.



Oh my! I 'most forgot to say
My kitten's name is Fluff;
And goodness me! I 'most forgot!
My kitten is a muff!



O My! She Scratches Me

O see this darling little cat,
She's nice as she can be;
She is the dearest little cat,
And yet she scratches me.



I try to hold her right side up,
As careful as can be;
But when I hold her wrong side up,
Oh my! she scratches me.



His Photograph

My kind friends had asked for my Photograph,
And so I went down one day
With a tear and a sigh and a sort of laugh,
And I sat for my picture that way.

But the man who was there said "'twill never do
To sit for a picture like that,
You must calm yourself down with a thought
or two
So you'll look like a serious cat."



So I sat with a look straight ahead of me—
Forgot all the world and its play—
And the picture he took is right here to see,
And the man said I looked just that way.



But you see I was born 'mongst aristocrats
And his manner in picturing me
Made my head and my fur raise as any cat's
Would raise toward a man such as he.



The Kittens' Quartet

O see, O see the little birds,
The little birds, the little birds,
O see, O see the little birds,
All singing in the tree.
All singing in the tree, the tree,
All singing in the tree;
I suppose they belong to somebody else,
But I wish they belonged to me.



The Dog's Soliloquy

"Lucky dog," that's what they called me,
'Twas before cats came my way,
Long before I learned the adage—
"Every dog will have his day."
Education's spoiled my pleasure;
I would rather heathen be,
Than to see that cat a-reading,
When she should be up a tree.



Once I was dear Katherine's playmate,
All her time she spent with me;
When a cat came near my Katherine
She'd say, "Scat 'em up a tree."
But that little Katherine Swisher
Changed her mind one summer's day;
Now she holds that selfsame kitten—
I'm the one she "scats" away.



My! but that cat likes to chase me,
Rather scratch poor me than eat,
Jumps upon my back and claws me,
Feels as though she had ten feet.
And does Katherine Swisher scold her?
No; she says, "Now, Kittie dear,
Don't you know that dog would bite you
If your mistress wasn't near?"



And she's teaching that cat poems,
Reads them from her little books.
Deceitful cat pretends to listen,
Fools poor Katherine with her looks,
Tells me I am educated
When she sees me feeling bad.
I could eat that cat with pleasure,
That cat drives me nearly mad.



Kitten and the Lily

I once was like a ball of snow,
Altho' I was not chilly;
I jumped into a funny place,
The middle of a lily;
And when I looked into my glass,
I did not know 'twas me,
Because I was all yellow;
Because I was all yellow;
Because I was all yellow,
Where the white place used to be.



The Shut-Out Kitten

There was a "shut-out" kitten,
Upon a rainy day,
Who wasn't with his Mother
'Cause, you see, he ran away;
And the men and boys they shouted,—
And the dogs, they barked and jumped,—
And this little "shut-out" kitten
Only cried and scratched and humped.

But this little "shut-out" kitten,
Upon this rainy day,
Learned a lesson he remembered
When he found himself astray;
Learned the men were only playing,—
And the boys were not so bad;
And that claws could make a dog howl,
While it made a kitten glad.



The Kitten and the Cream

I'm out here on the back porch,
I hear them calling "stop;"
Of course I like my nice warm milk,
But oh! this bottle with the cream on top!



Have You Seen My Kittie?

Have you seen my kitten gray?
She's the cat that runs away;
My, but she is awful wild,
She's a dreadful, dreadful child,
Just as soon as she sees me,
Off she goes and climbs a tree,
Yet that kitten I love well,
What's the matter, can you tell?



Did she climb a tree so high,
Seemed to reach 'most to the sky?
Did she always squirm and wail,
If you held her by the tail?
Mama says that it's all me,
Kittens really good would be,
But the kittens I have known,
Seem to want to live alone.



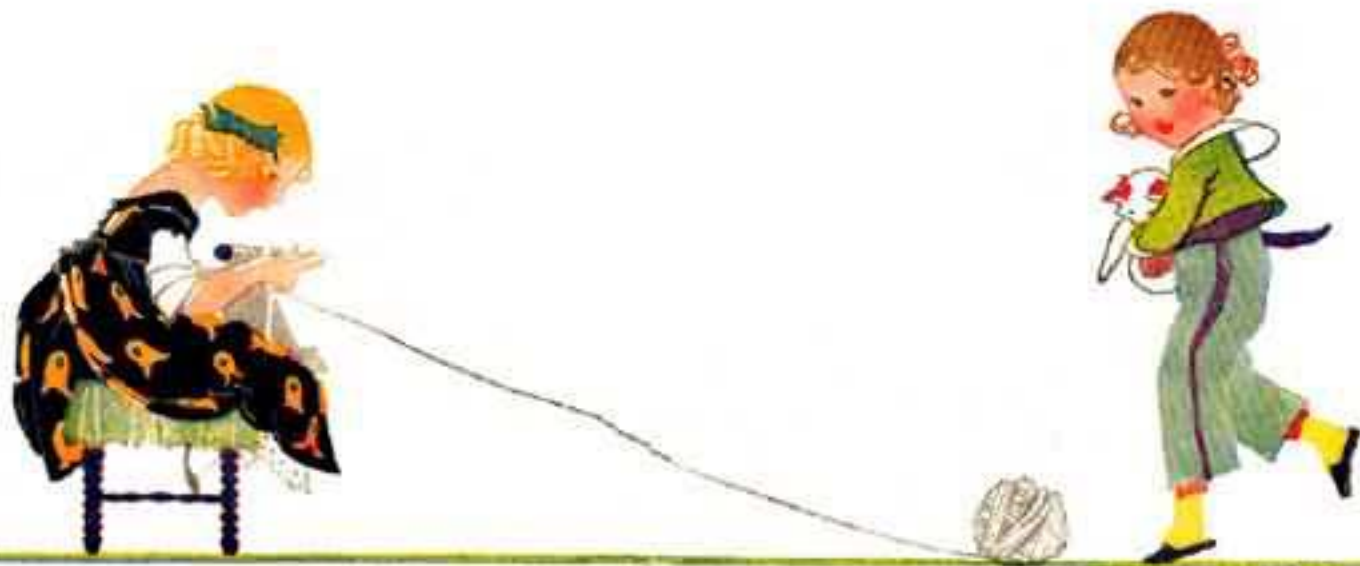
Dear me suzz!
Kittie, Kittie, Kittie, Kittie,
Kittie come and play,
Kittie, Kittie, Kittie, Kittie,
Please don't run away.
You're the kitten I love well,
What's the matter, can't you tell?
Kittie, Kittie, come let's play.



The Patriotic Kitten

Our home is patriotic
As every home should be,
But I am just a kitten
So War don't int'rest me.

But looks are quite deceiving—
(An adage, very true)
For I look patriotic—
I'm all red, white and blue.



He did it in the garden
With two new cans of paint,
And when I saw what happened
It almost made me faint.

My ears were painted reddish,
(The painting made me wail)
But he made me patriotic
When he put blue on my tail.



But when the family saw me
I knew I'd "make a hit."
They said "Our snow-white kitten
Has lived to 'do his bit.' "



The End.

