

# ANIMAL CHILDREN

*THE FRIENDS OF THE  
FOREST AND THE PLAIN.*



EDITH BROWN KIRKWOOD

ILLUSTRATIONS  
M. T. ROSS

# ANIMAL CHILDREN

by Edith Brown Kirkwood



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*The Friends of the Forest and the Plain.*



Drawings by  
M.T. Ross



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*To all children who find  
friends in the Forest or on  
the Plain, and especially to  
Samuel and to Gilbert, this  
book is lovingly dedicated.*

## FOREWORD



When God made the world He planted the flowers and the grass and the trees to make things beautiful to look upon; He swung the sun and the moon and the stars in the sky to make things bright; He put the birds in the trees to fill the air with music, and when He made the animals we believe that he intended them to be the friends of man.

Why, isn't the dog the best playmate that a boy can have? Did any one ever hear of Towser or Gyp being false friends? And the soft, dainty, cunning bit of a fluffy ball of a kitten who comes rubbing its downy sides against the tiny girl's skirts begging for a return caress, is there a play-

fellow more lovable? And the squirrel who comes begging at the window for nuts; the bunny rabbit who snuggles its delicate nose, trustingly, under the little boy's chin; the horse who has been man's friend in times of trouble and of peace, bearing his burdens or scampering with him over the fields and roads in play; the cow who has sent her good milk to the babies of all time; the sheep and the goats who have given of their wool to keep us warm,—we love them all dearly.

In this volume we have tried to make friends and playmates of all of the animals. You have loved the "Flower Children" and the "Bird Children" whom the publisher already has made your playmates. We feel that you are going to be just as happy to know the "Animal Children." Therefore we add to "The Little Cousins of the Field and Garden" and "The Little Playmates of the Flower Children," this volume—"The Friends of the Forest and the Plain."

EDITH BROWN KIRKWOOD M.T. Ross



ANIMAL CHILDREN

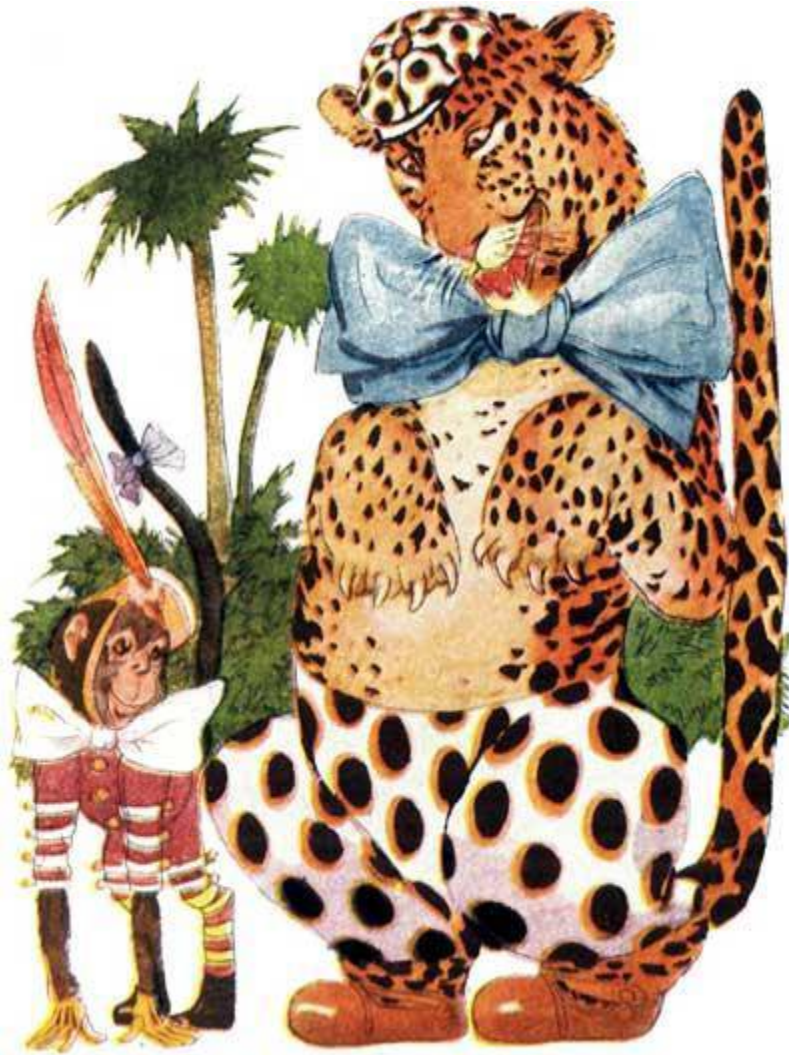




Sometimes I am so sorry  
that my papa is a king,  
It's really most annoying and  
hurts like everything  
To have the little girls and  
boys all want to run away,  
For if I am a Lion prince,  
I'm a baby, anyway!



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



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



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



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



The cheetah is a great big cat  
But very quick, for all of  
that,  
She's cunning but she's  
gentle, too,  
And if you're good she's  
good to you.



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



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



"It really is a bother to be  
sought by everyone"  
The vain young Ermine  
boasted. "Why, it keeps me  
on the run  
To get away from kings and  
queens and peers and ladies  
great—  
It truly gets me all fussed up  
and in a dreadful state."



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



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



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



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



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



The puma is a bandit who'll  
not meet you face to face  
But waits to spring upon you  
from some well-hidden  
place.  
He'll strike you when your  
back is turned, but away he's  
sure to fly  
If you should turn to look  
him right squarely in the  
eye.



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



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



"I'm not so very big around  
and not great as to length,  
But one thing Peccaries have  
learned—in numbers there is  
strength.

Now, if you do not bother  
me I will not bother you,  
But all my friends and  
family will help me if you  
do."



who is this boy in clothes so  
neat?  
Young Spring-bok, Africa's  
athlete.  
He lives up in the mountains  
tall,  
And as a jumper beats them  
all.



The Long-Eared Bat and the  
Flying Fox and the Flying  
Squirrel, too,  
Decided to give an aero-  
meet just to show what they  
could do.  
So they formed a club and  
went around and invited  
everyone,  
Then up they flew and did  
their stunts, and had a lot of  
fun.



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



Baby raccoon takes all his  
food and goes straight to the  
pool,  
He eats not one small bite of  
it until it's wet and cool.  
Now, although you may  
think this strange and stop to  
wonder why,  
He, no doubt, thinks it just  
as queer for you to like  
yours dry.



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



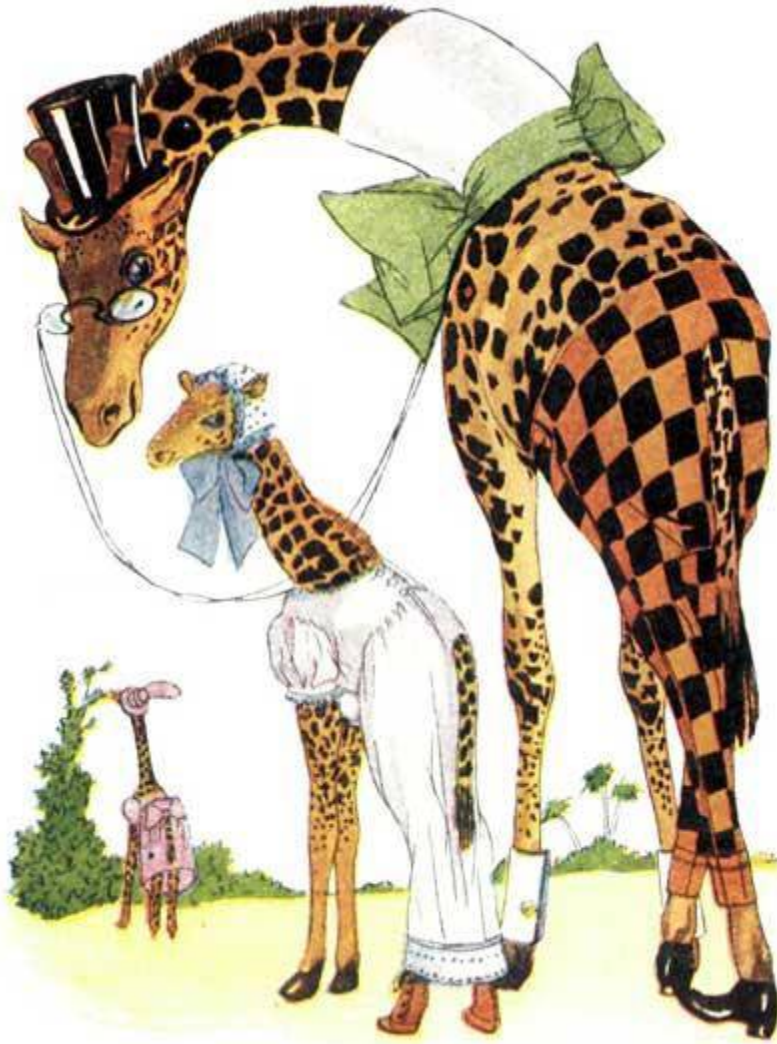
The baby zebra ne'er should  
roam  
So very far away from  
home,  
Lest someone, thinking her  
striped gown  
Was candy-stick, might eat  
her down.



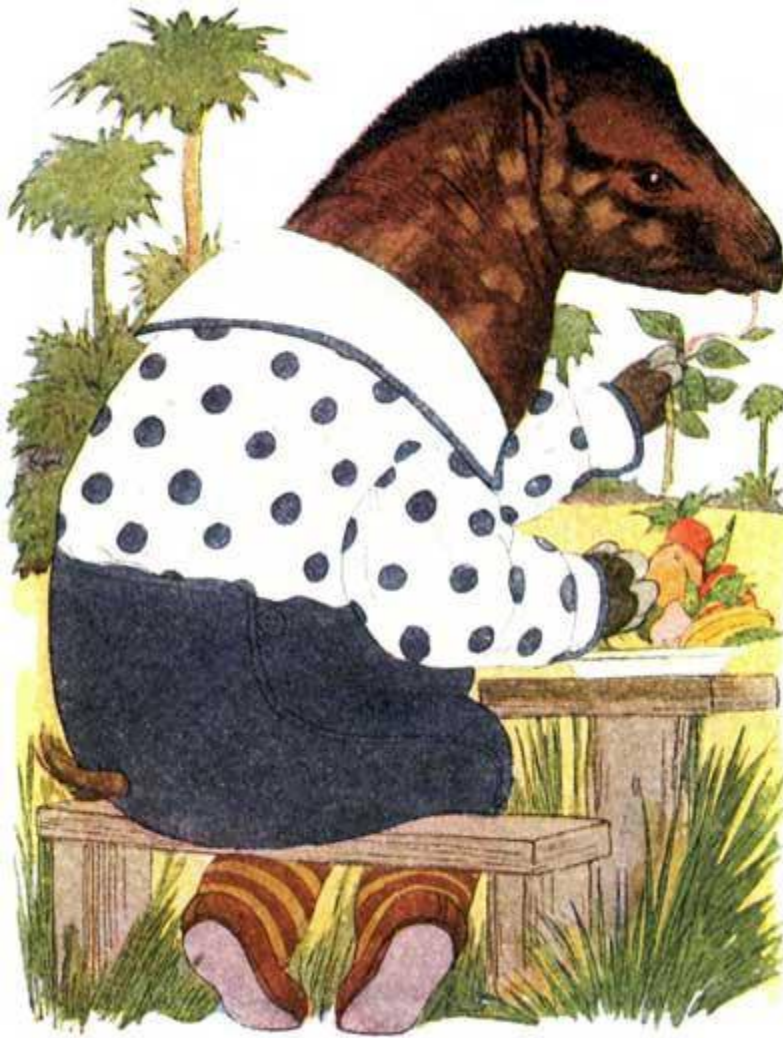
"I'm stopping for a moment  
just to say 'How-do-you-do?'  
I've just been decorated with  
this ribbon of deep blue  
Because of all the  
gracefulness with which I  
trot and prance—  
No wonder that you give Sir  
Horse your most admiring  
glance!"



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



Here is the only baby who  
never makes a noise  
(Which must be very  
puzzling to little girls and  
boys).  
Yet the Giraffe is happy  
'though he cannot shout or  
sing,  
For with that great long neck  
of his he can reach anything.



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



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



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



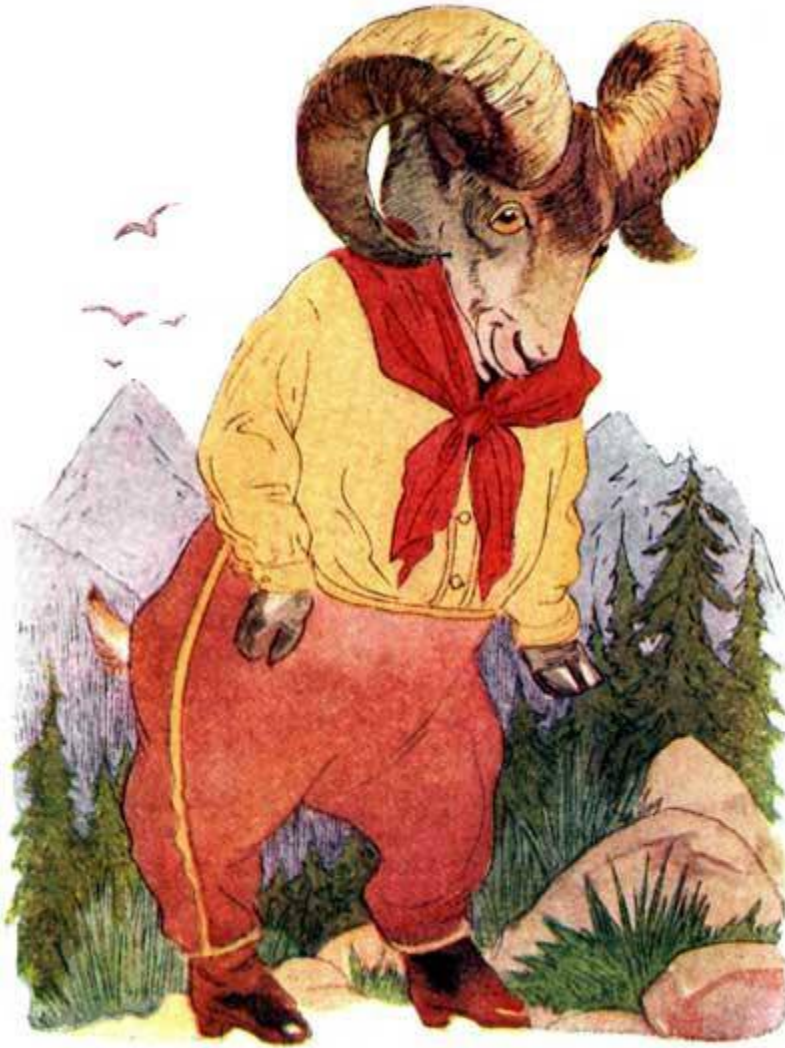
Milk or meat or leather for  
shoes,—  
Almost anything that we  
choose,—  
We'll find the good Cow  
gives with joy  
To every nice little girl and  
boy.



I wonder where the names  
come from (I'm sure that  
you do, too).  
For instance, there's the  
animal that has been called  
the Gnu.  
His race is just as strange,  
too, for no one seems to  
know  
Just what he is—an  
antelope, horse, bull or  
buffalo.



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



I am not sure I'd care to  
meet  
This Big Horn Goat upon  
the street.  
Not when his eyes and smile  
and air  
Just seem to shout: "Come,  
if you dare!"



Brave soldier ibex stalks  
before the mountain fortress  
high,  
And watches eagerly to note  
a stranger passing by.  
"Who's there?" he calls, and  
to his friends he whistles the  
alarm,  
And off they go to mountain  
tops where they are safe  
from harm.



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



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



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

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

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



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



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



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



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



He does not care when the  
sleet comes down, or the  
chilly wind blows strong,  
For he wears a hat that is  
made of horn and a fur coat,  
warm and long.  
He never gets frostbitten  
toes 'though in snow and ice  
he plays;  
Now being a MuskoX can't  
be bad in the long, cold  
winter days!



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



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



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



She comes from Spain, this  
proud, proud Dame,  
Mistress Merino is her  
name.  
Her wool weaves into dress  
goods rare,  
Her skin makes gloves the  
ladies wear.



Merry guinea pigs one day  
Went out in the fields to  
play.  
Daisy smiled and wished  
that they  
Would never, never go  
away.



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



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



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



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



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



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



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



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



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



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



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

I've scattered master's papers  
and upset all of his ink,  
But then if little Monkeys  
always were so very good  
They'd not be little monkeys  
who just can't act as they  
should."



He is so very lazy that he is  
even loath  
To walk upon his own  
feet—this funny boy named  
Sloth.  
He swings upon the  
branches from morning until  
night,  
And eats the leaves about  
him with laziest delight.



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



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



This naughty boy just eats  
and eats until he is a sight,  
He eats until he cannot hold  
another tiny bite.  
Of course, he's just an  
animal—they call him  
Wolverine—  
But does he make you think  
of boys that you have ever  
seen?



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



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



Naughty, naughty Squirrel  
baby, just as mother has you  
dressed  
In your ribbons and your  
laces and your go-to-  
meeting best,  
Then to run and grab an  
apple and get yourself all  
mussed!  
Are you not afraid that  
mother will be very, very  
fussed?



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



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



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



They call this boy the Coati,  
His name is strange, and so  
is he.  
He laps to drink, digs with  
his snout.  
On ground or trees he runs  
about.



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



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



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



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



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



Tommie and Tillie Badger  
went out in the field to play.  
Said Tommie: "Here, I'll  
teach you—put down your  
head this way,  
Then toss your heels into the  
air and give a little twirl—  
You can't help turning  
somersaults although you  
are a girl."



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



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



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



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



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



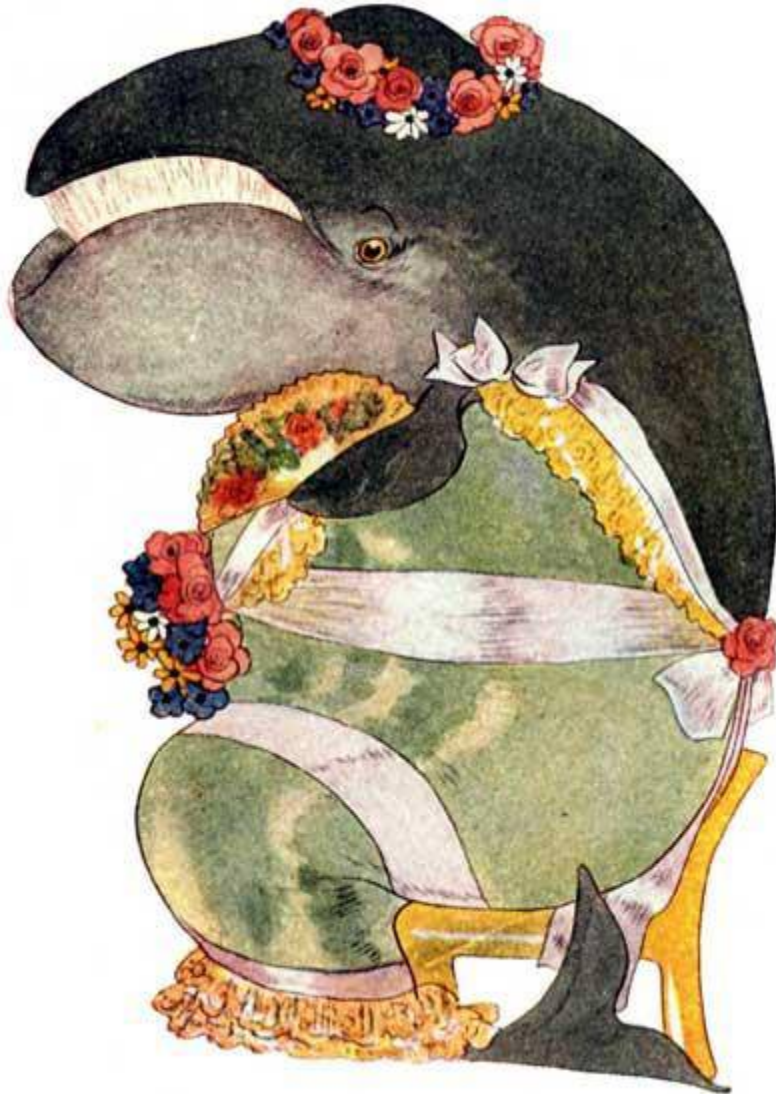
This queer little Mole has a  
star for a nose  
Just the shade of the pink in  
a dew-wet rose.  
He lives down in the ground  
where 'tis always like night,  
So perhaps his star nose is to  
twinkle for light.



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



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



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

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Gnu	<a href="#">42</a>	Spring-bok	<a href="#">29</a>
Goat	<a href="#">47</a>	Squirrel	<a href="#">76</a>
Gopher (Leopard Spermophilus)	<a href="#">87</a>	Tapir	<a href="#">38</a>
Gorilla	<a href="#">67</a>	Tiger	<a href="#">12</a>
Gray Wolf	<a href="#">82</a>	Walrus	<a href="#">74</a>
Guinea Pig	<a href="#">58</a>	Weasel	<a href="#">14</a>
Hippopotamus	<a href="#">60</a>	Whale	<a href="#">95</a>
Horse	<a href="#">35</a>	Wolverine	<a href="#">73</a>
Hyena	<a href="#">84</a>	Woodchuck	<a href="#">72</a>
Ibex	<a href="#">45</a>	Yak	<a href="#">51</a>
Kangaroo	<a href="#">52</a>	Zebra	<a href="#">34</a>

