

MY EYES MOVE

I HAVE A VOICE
PRESS THE CENTER OF COVER



Pinky-Winky
Dog Book

THIS BOOK BELONGS TO

Address

FROM

Address



THE
PINKY WINKY
DOG BOOK

MOVING EYES INVENTED BY
MABEL · HUNT · SLATER

Pat. May 2, 1922

VERSES BY
DOROTHY · WHIPPLE · FRY

ILLUSTRATED BY
L. J. BRIDGMAN



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THE NICEST PUP.

It isn't every little child
Who owns a dog like me,
A puppy of such talents and
Of such a high degree.

For I can talk and wink my
eyes!

It's wondrous nice, I find,
And makes life very sociable
To be one of my kind.

I never chase the cats about,
Or bring in bones or dirt,
And if you let me fall quite
hard,
It doesn't even hurt.

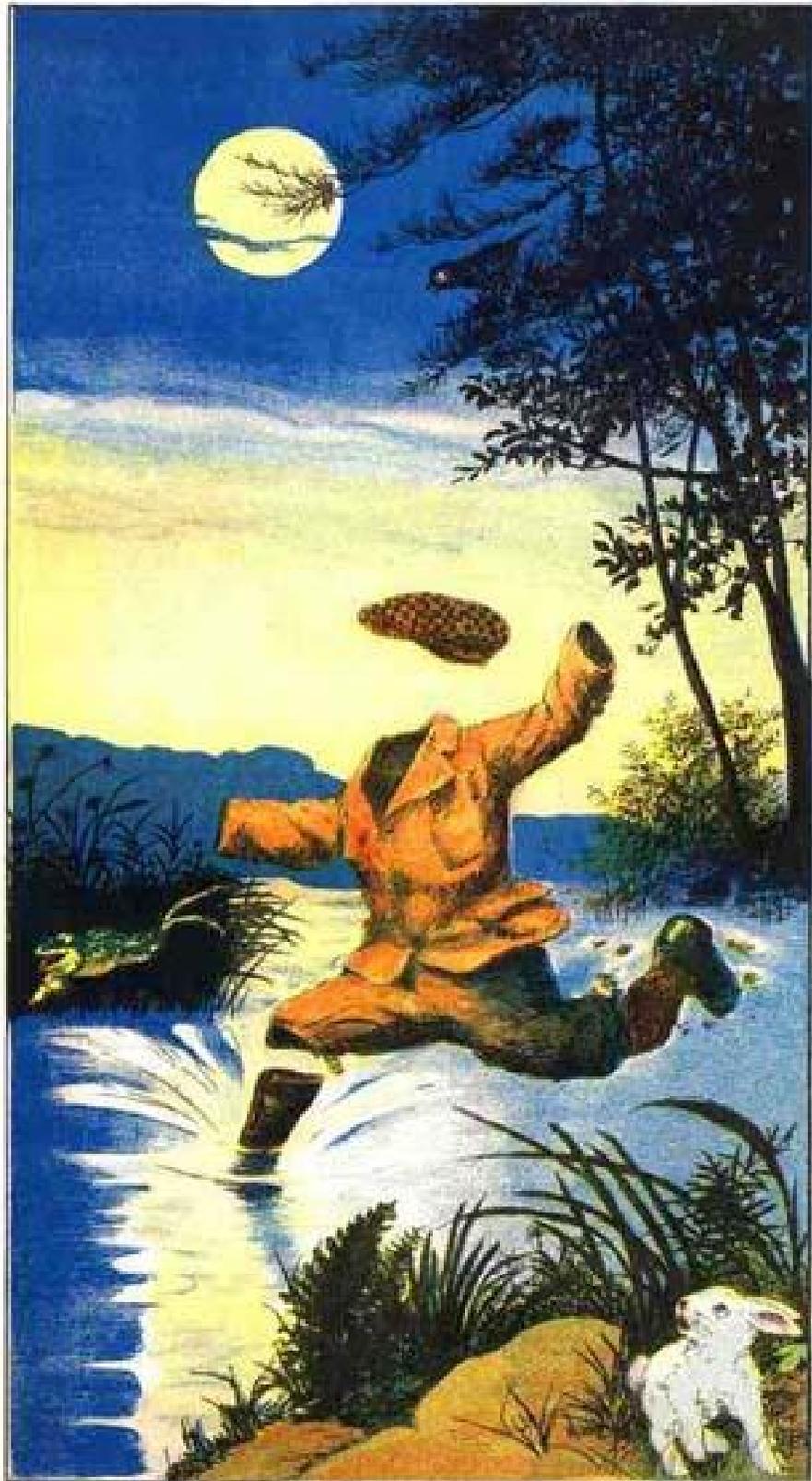
My little master says to me,
"You're just the nicest
pup."

I'm glad he likes me and I
know

He'll never give me up.

—Dorothy Whipple Fry





MY LITTLE SUIT.

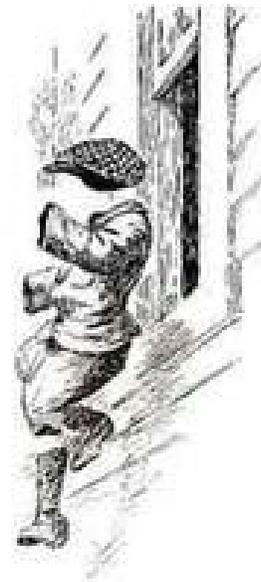
Dearest Mummie! Oh, Mummie! What
do you suppose?
I am sure some strange boy must have had
on my clothes!
I could never have left them so dirty last
night.
Just you look! They are truly the
shockingest sight!

Can you possibly think that my own little
clothes
Could have started away by themselves?
Now, who knows
But they got sick and tired of lying right
there
So they just got together and jumped off
the chair.

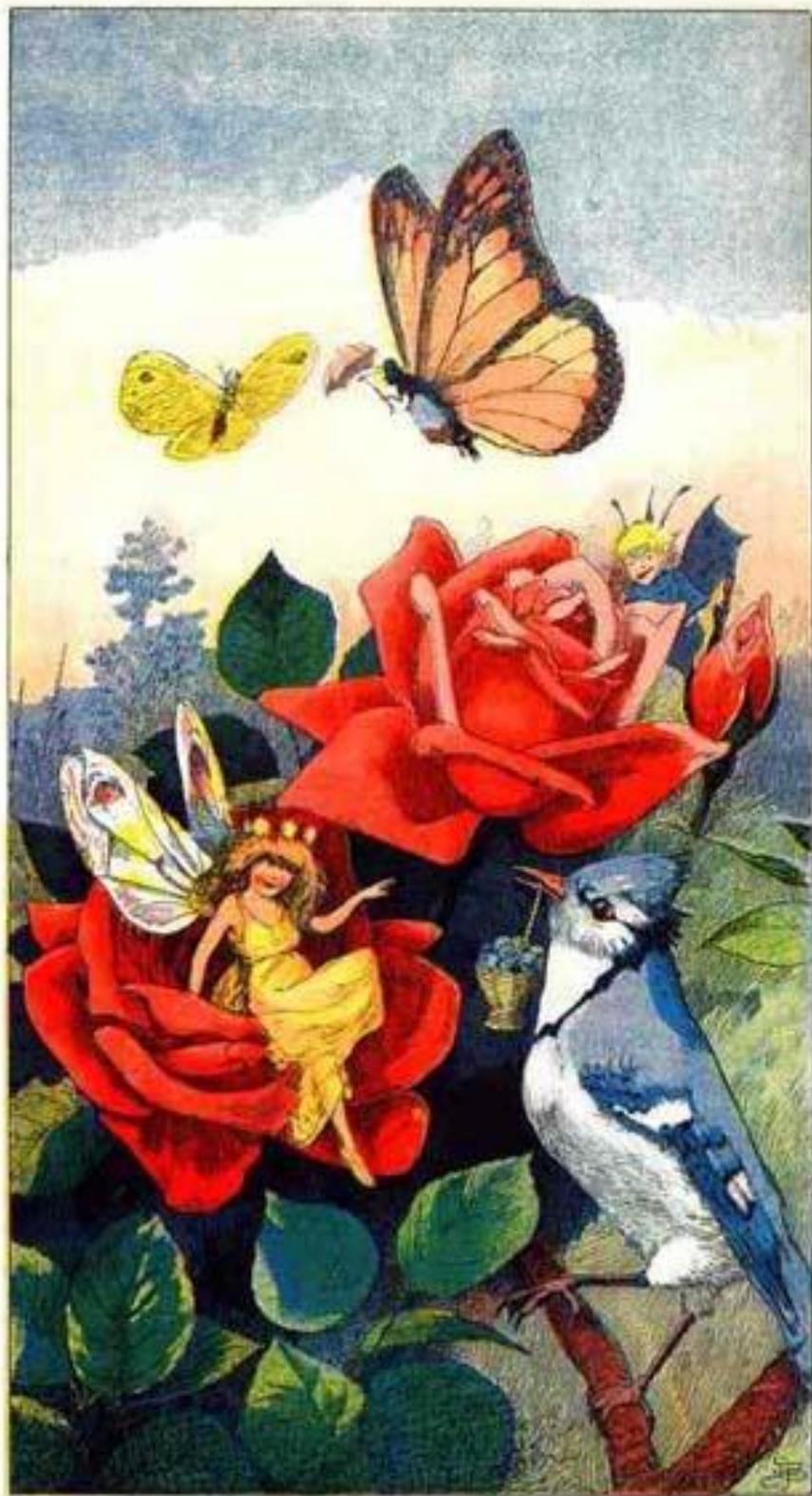
Then they went off in swimming, I'm sure as can be,
'Cause they always have wanted to do that with me,
But, mostly, I take all my clothes off, and so
This one time they decided in swimming they'd go.

Then they waded about in the mud after
frogs
And they splashed themselves muddy by
capsizing logs.
Then they climbed up the pine trees, all
covered with dirt.
There was none to get scratched. There
was none to get hurt.

Then they scampered about, picking
flowers and things,
And went sliding down slopes and went
turning hand-springs,
Then, at last, just as dirty as dirty
could be,
They jumped back on my chair and lay
still as you see.



—Dorothy Whipple Fry





WHY I WAS BORN.

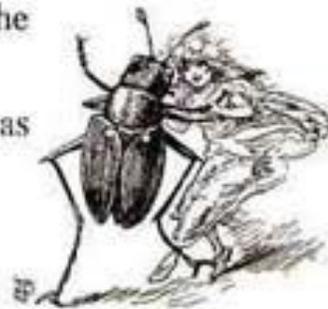
When I was a fairy and
lived in a rose,
A long, long time ago,
I used to fly up to
the downy clouds
To see the stars a-
glow.

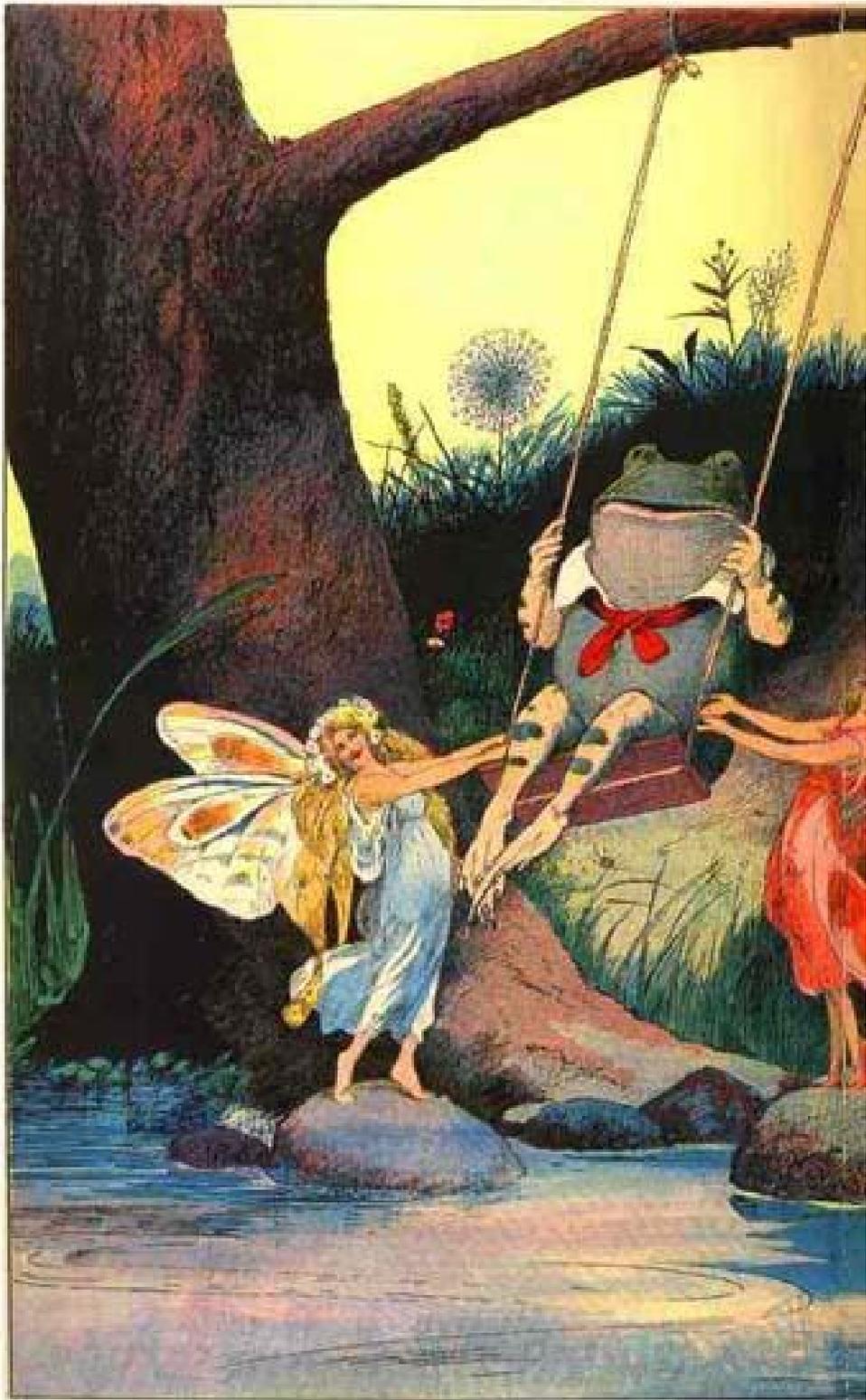
I used to ride on the backs of birds
And snuggle in their down.
I used to look at the funny things
Below me in the town.

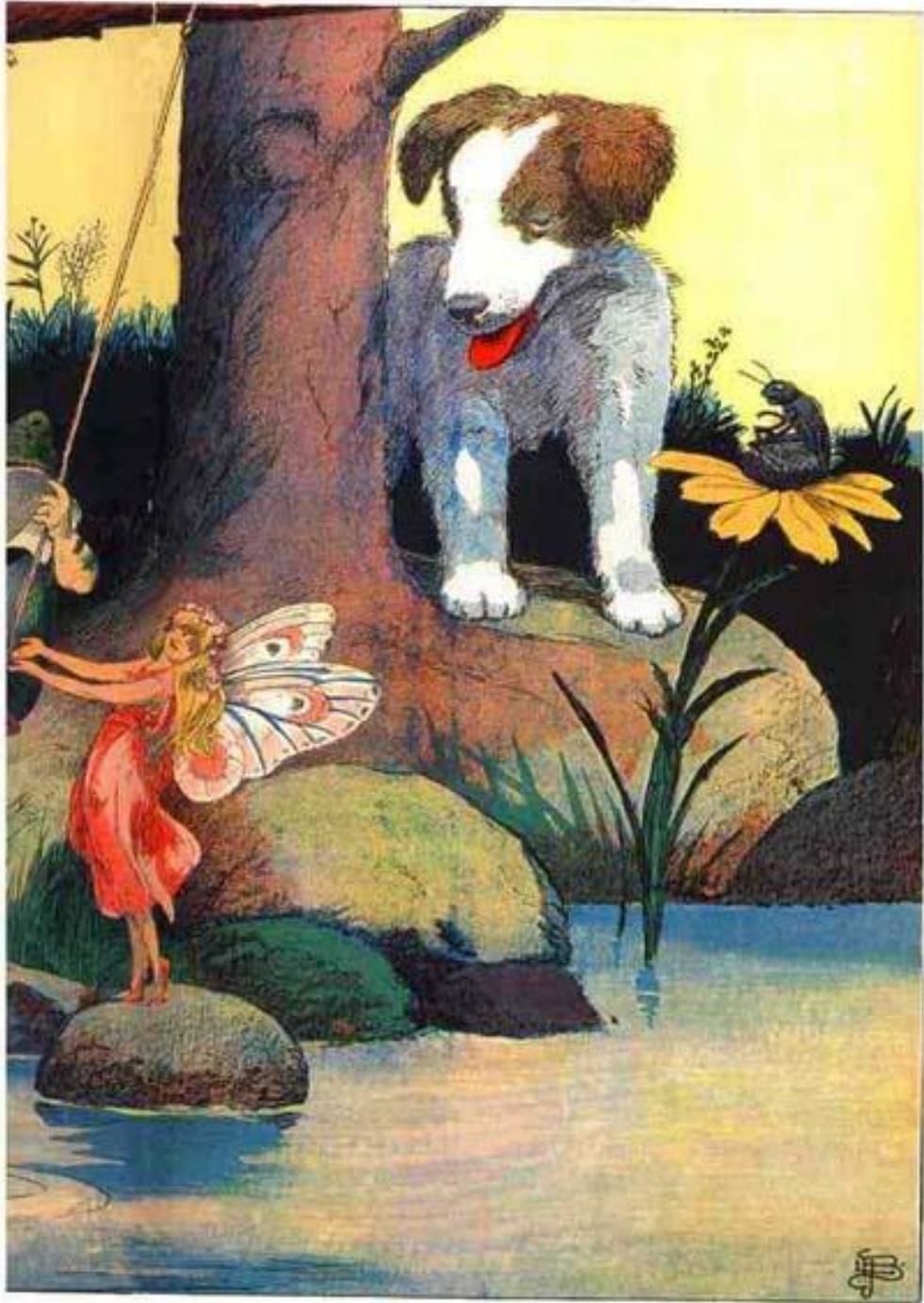
When I was a fairy and lived in a rose,
At morning and at night
I saw the sweet flowers come open and close
Their petals of soft light.

But once I was late, coming home from a ball.
Shut tight was my home in the
rose!
So then, without home, there was
naught else to do
But just to be born, I suppose.

—Dorothy Whipple Fry







MY SOLDIERS.

My little tin soldiers
had a fight.



They chased all around in the dead of night.

I heard the rattle and dreadful din
On the nursery floor, so I peeked in.
I saw swords flash in the blue moon light.
Those little red coats looked ever so bright
And how they fought, that brave brigade,
To defend their home from a mouse's raid!

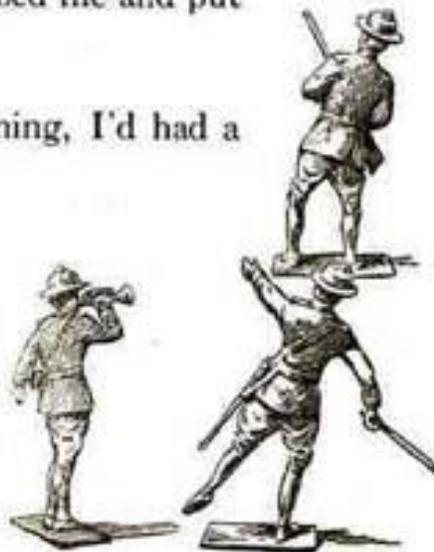
"Hurrah for my soldiers! Hurrah!" I said,---
Just then someone grabbed me and put
me to bed

And told me, next morning, I'd had a
bad dream

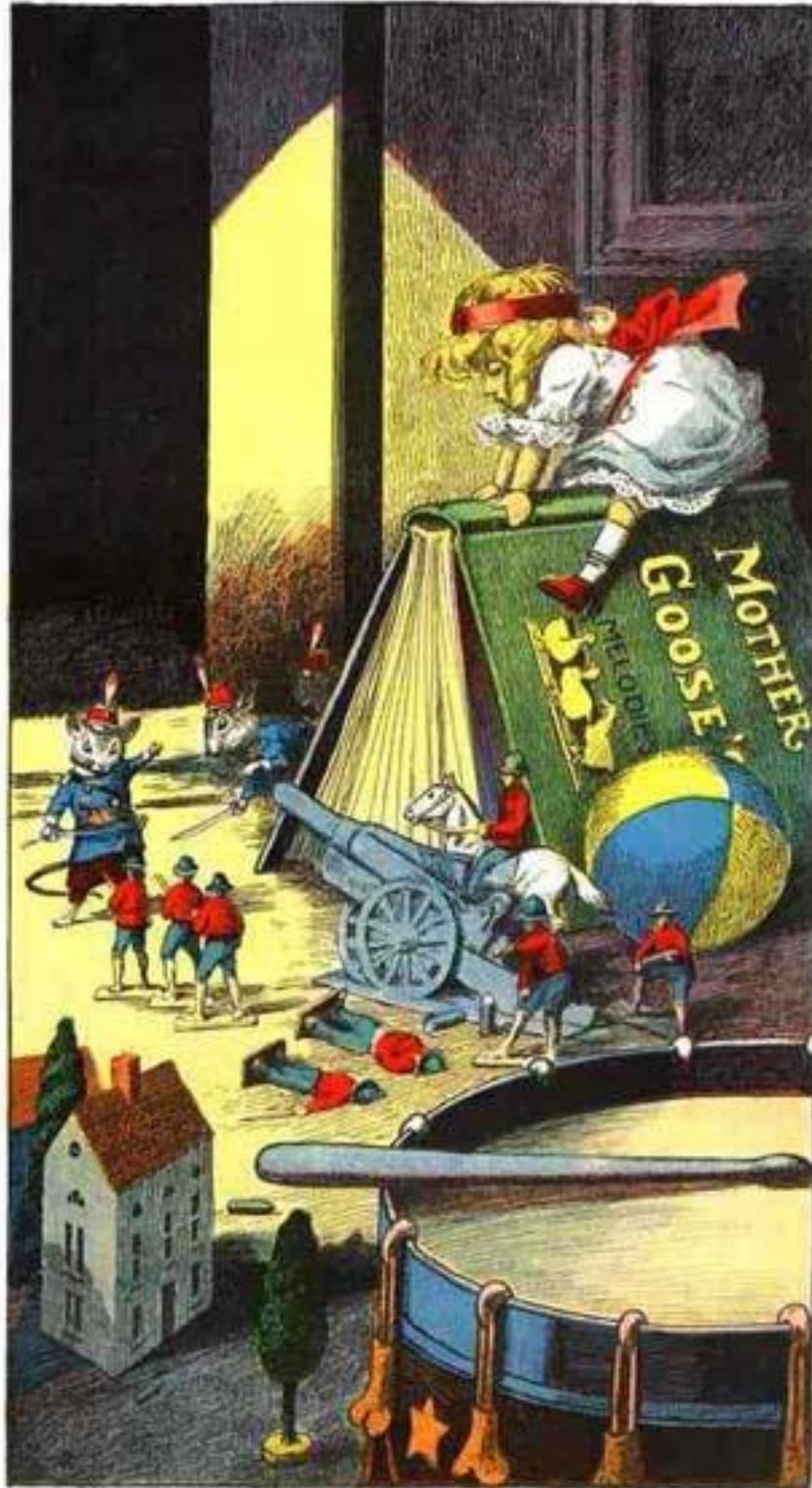
And musn't eat berries
with very rich cream.

I don't call seeing your
soldiers fight

A bad dream. I'd call
it a wonderful sight.

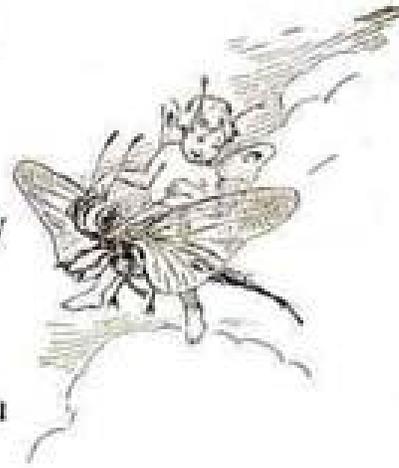


—Dorothy Whipple Fry



LEARNING LESSONS.

Geography is hard for me,
I cannot learn to spell,
I don't know how to do my
sums, --
At least, not very well.



But ask me anything you
please
About the fairy queen,
Or of the million fairy folk
That I have ever seen.

I'll tell you how they live in
glades
With arabesques and spires
And how they catch the sun-
beams there
To make wee fairy fires.

They have the softest thistle
down
Upon each little bed,
And each one has a starry
crown
To wear about her head.

I've seen them dance, I've
seen them play,
I know just how they fly,
But I can't learn my lessons
well,
No matter how I try!





LOST!

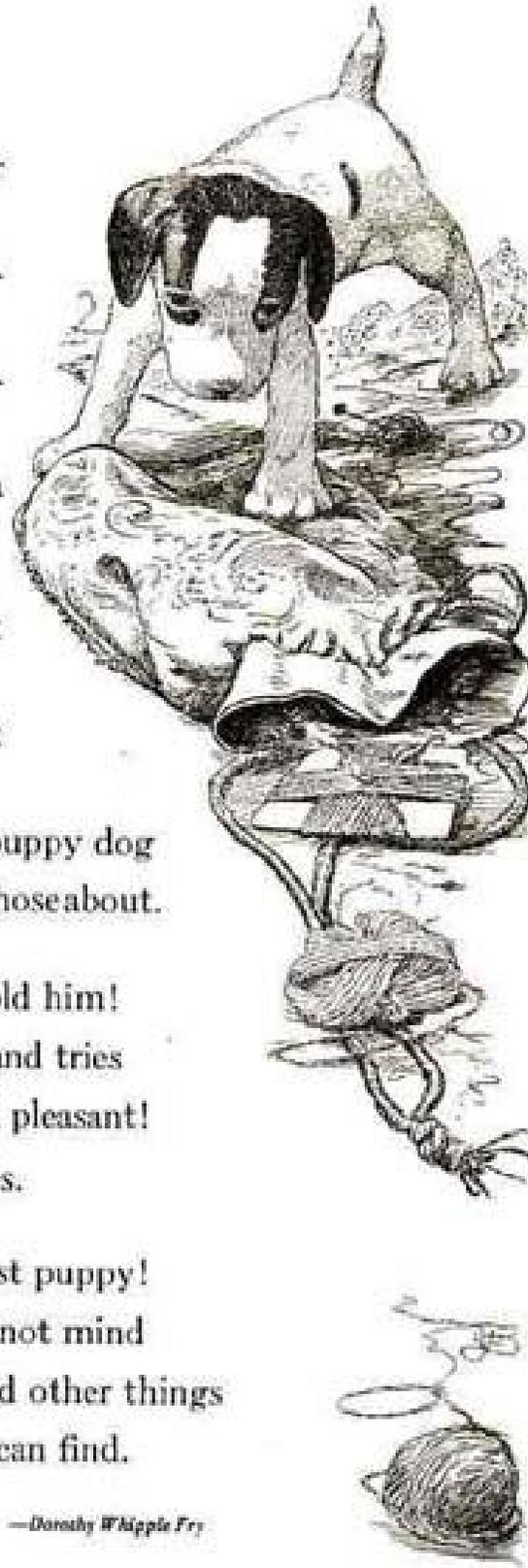
Mother has lost her
slipper,
Auntie, her knit-
ting bag,
And sister's pretti-
est party dress
Is nothing but a
rag.

Goodness! What
will daddy say
When he finds it
out?--
Because my little puppy dog
Has dragged all those about.

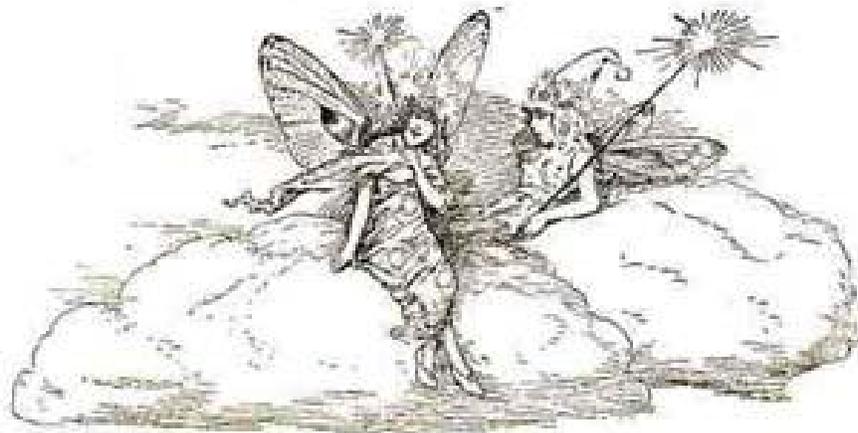
I just can never scold him!
He looks at me and tries
To be so sweet and pleasant!
I see it in his eyes.

He's just the dearest puppy!
I hope they will not mind
About the dress and other things
That none of us can find.

—Dorothy Whipple Fry







GOOD AND BAD FAIRIES.

Good fairies ride on white clouds,
Bad fairies ride on black;
Good fairies float, all day-time,
Bad fairies never come back.

Good fairies sail in petals,
Drinking honey dew;
Bad fairies sleep on thistles!
I'd hate that, wouldn't you?

Good fairies ring the night-bells,
Ushering tip-i-toe stars;
Bad fairies stay imprisoned
Back of moonlight bars.

—Dorothy Whipple Fry

