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WAGS



THE PHILOSOPHY OF
THE PEACEFUL PUP
BY
MORGAN SHEPARD

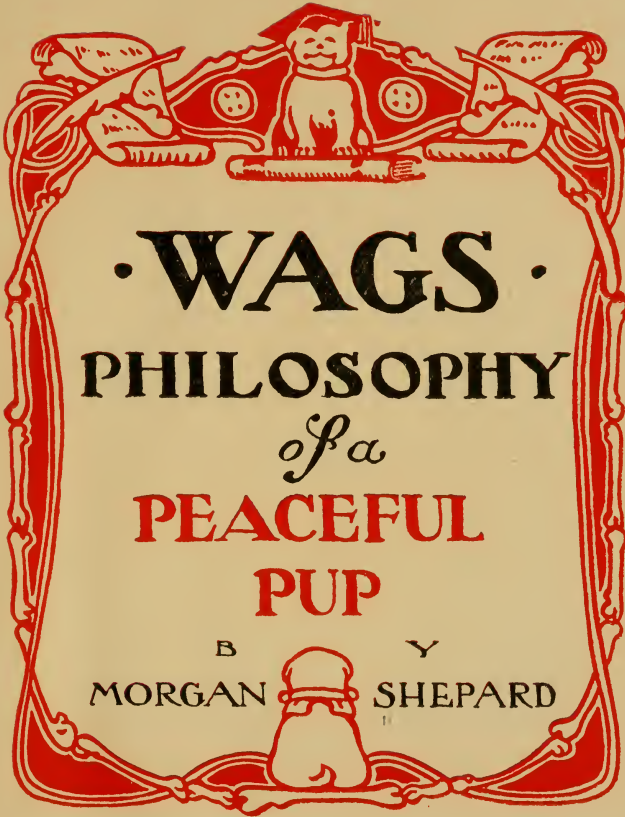


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IT'S BEST TO FACE
YOUR TROUBLES
FOR AFTER ALL
THEY'RE BUBBLES.



• **WAGS** •
PHILOSOPHY
of a
PEACEFUL
PUP

B Y
MORGAN SHEPARD

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W A G S



Introduction

I'M just a Smilin' Puppie,
My Crin is plain to see.
I sit an' GRIN like anythin'
For nothin' worries *me*.
When Trouble comes to nag me,
An' scowls fierce an' grim,
I just begin a pleasant Grin
An' that's the end of HIM.
So *try* the Game of Smilin'
Because it always wins,
You're sure to make Old Worry quake
By greetin' him with GRINS.

A Long Tale of a Short Tail

I



WHEN I was old enough to see,
And young enough to mind,
I made a great discovery—
It was my tail behind.
I gazed at it with filmy eye,
What could the object be?
I thought of it and wondered why
God gave that *Thing* to me.

II

It was not there to decorate
That latter part of me.
It was so short and came so late,
What could the poor thing be?
It did not seem to balance right
Where they had tried to stick it;
It slipped away far out of sight,
Each time I tried to lick it.



If you want a bite of it
Always keep in sight of it.



W A G S

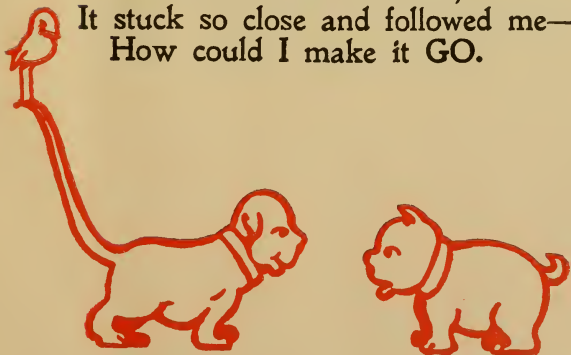


III

And when I looked quite fair and square
Into its foolish face,
It seemed ashamed of being there
As if in some disgrace.
It could not be a handle or
A rope, nor yet a string,
For if you pull you make it sore,
And hurt like anything.

IV

Or if a flea meanders there
(And takes a passing chew),
It hurts me some, now that's not fair;—
I leave it, Friend, to you.
What earthly use could short tails be,
I wanted much to know,
It stuck so close and followed me—
How could I make it GO.



Humble things belong to you—
Don't condemn—that's wrong of you.



W A G S



V

I pondered long and thought it out
 (My mother told me to),
But it would stay and hang about;
 Now I leave it to you—
If any one you do not know
 Keeps hanging on behind,
Don't you just awful tired grow,
 And then relieve your mind?

VI

You're apt to get a sour fit ;
 You frown and pass along ;
You sometimes *shake* yourself, and *it*,
 And go where you belong.
Now that's exactly what I did—
 I shook it like a rag.
I wanted so to get well rid
 Of it. I SAW IT WAG!!!



Never hide the juicy bone
'Til you know that you're alone.



W A G S



VII

O, then I knew, right well I knew,
What that attachment meant;
I saw quite plainly why it grew,
And why a tail was sent.
I started in at once to try
To make my ending jiggle,
And tears of joy bedimmed my eye
Each time I saw it wiggle.

VIII

By Jinkie! Then I passed the day
At wagging part of me;
It was the nicest kind of play;
It was an ECSTACY.
When I saw Dogs, or Things, or you
Come anywhere around,
I'd wiggle waggle, "How de doo?"
And roll upon the ground.



Don't worry or mind
About troubles behind,



W A G S



IX

Now this was just to show you, sir,
How nice a tail could be,
And though it was below *you*, sir,
That tail was *part* of me.
As time went on a worthy pride
Developed as I grew,
For everybody far and wide
My happy ending knew.

X

And I would watch with beaming eyes
Each smile, or laugh, or look,
For people stared with some surprise
At kinks my ending took.
I hope you will not think me vain
In calling to your mind
The pride which is akin to pain
To have a *tail* behind.



Or go to your bed
With troubles ahead.



W A G S



XI

It is emotion passing sweet
To think, to feel, to know
You have an ending quite complete
That you can *wiggle* so.
To feel that you may move at will
A certain part of you,
When all the rest of you is still,
Just thrills one through and through.

XII

An instrument which is unique,
A PER-SON-AL-ITY ;
I sometimes find it hard to speak,
Such pleasure stifles me.
You will excuse my eloquence,
This is my happy day ;
Though but a Dog, *my* recompense
Will *every* difference pay.



A wagging tail, a happy face,
Are pleasantly contagious ;



W A G S



XIII

When friends I seek, or friends I see,
My wag tells well the tale
Of wordless faith and sympathy,
And love that will not fail.
When Sorrow clouds the eyes of one
Whose Life's Day is my Day,
A little wag is gently done—
To drive the clouds away.

XIV

When merriment (a chiming thing),
Falls ringing at my feet,
Does not my wag ring out *its* ring?
Is not my joy complete?
When Children, oft as dumb as I,
Have woes which find no word
To show the depths where yearnings lie,
My wag shows *I* have heard.



A sour jowl is a disgrace
And is a thing outrageous.



W A G S

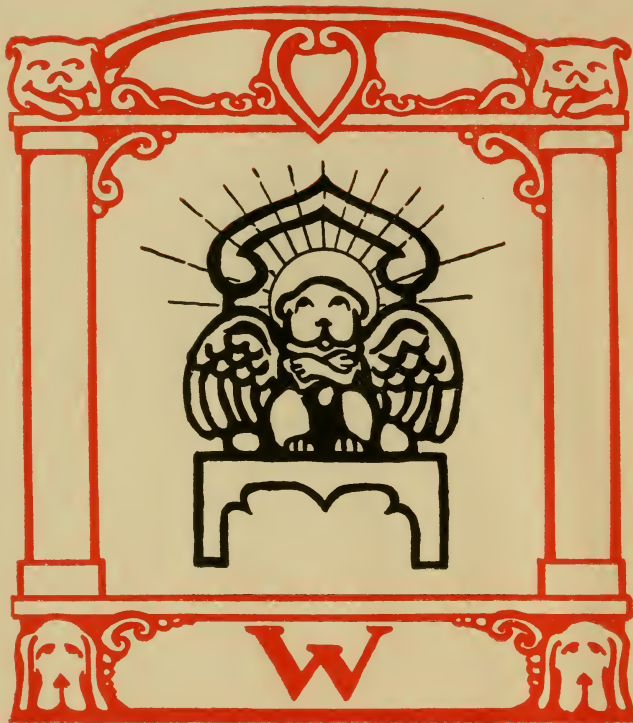


XV

So, Friend, just bless the WAG well made,
A wag that's grave or gay ;
Then joys will bloom and sorrows fade
With every mounting day.
Both Wags and Smiles have spreading ways,
O, bid them spread, my friend !
Sighs kill the hours, smiles make the days,
LET US WAG TO THE END.



Don't ever let a bark get out
Until there're things to fuss about.



Wings

(By the *Doleful Pup*)

There is no use denyin'
That Life is full of Woe,
An' Cares an' Pain an' Sighin',
An' a Stomach Ache or so.
But let us keep on *tryin'*
To do our best below,
An' get some Wings for flyin'
Where Pious Doggies go.

Don't You Wish You Had a Tail

I



H, don't you wish you had a tail
To wiggle in the wind;
A part of you that will not fail
To follow on behind?
A sort o' lumpy, bumpy, stump,
That seems attached to you,
And telegraphs with flumpy thump,
The thing it wants to do.

II

Say, don't you wish you always had
A part that was the end
Of your beginning, good or bad,
That still remained your friend;
A friend that you could shake at will,
Withal a good friend, who
Though thick or thin was faithful still,
And ever close to you?



The wind may blow from North *to-day*,
But *wait*, 'twill blow another way.



W A G S



III

Now don't you wish there was a part
Of *your* an-at-o-my
That you could stop or you could start
Both quick and easily;
A sort of finger on behind,
That you can often use
To wobble and divert your mind,
Or WAG it when you choose?

IV

I mean by this that every pup
(A decent pup, and fine),
Meets trouble while he's growing up,
A' scattered 'long the line.
Now with your tail, why, you can show
Indifference or defense,
And point the road for them to go,
And still give no offense.



Turn your back toward a woe,
Then watch it go, and go, and Go.



W A G S

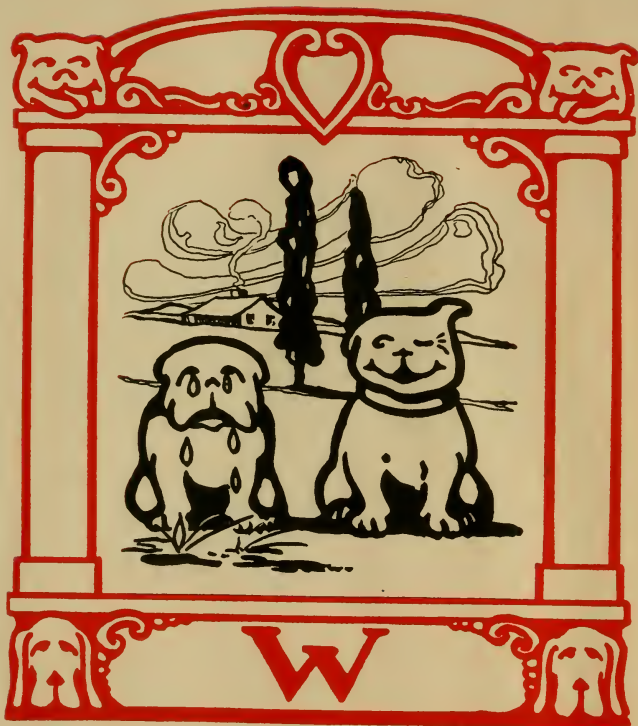


V

So grow a tail, my human friend,
It is a great diversion,
It saves your head (your other end),
And brings sincere conversion
From sour jowl to happy face
Each time you jiggle it,
From Grouchy House to Jolly Place,
Each time you wiggle it.



O, if you *must* have cats for friends,
Beware your nose—or other ends!



They Say

They say that "Life's a vale of Woe,"
(It *is* for those who make it so.)
They Say more Troubles come than go,
(That's right for those who take it so.)
But there *are* folks around who say
That Life is GOOD and Troubles pass
And *sunny days* make bully hay
Of CARE—when told to "Go to Grass."



W A G S



Smile!!

I



WHEN your heart is dull and sore;
 When the game of life's a bore;
 When the scrabble and the rabble
 make you "bile";
 When the friend you thought was true
 Takes to knocker-roasting you,
 Then it's time for you to open up a smile
 (OR WAG).

II

When your atmosphere is blue;
 When your laundry bill is due;
 When every thing and every one is vile;
 When you spurn your daily hash,
 And your prospects go to smash,
 Then its time for you to open up a smile
 (AND WAG).



If you make a big mistake
 Do not whine or pine.



W A G S



III

For you might as well just grin,
It is sure to filter in
Through the muddle and the fuddle of
your trials;
It will always percolate
To the problems of your pate,
So, then, open up and *try a bunch of smiles*
(THEN WAG).

IV

Try the "grin cure," for it works
Like a charm, and always lurks
In your heart and in your head,
and so beguiles
Pleasure's sweetness out of pain,
Ducats to your sack again;
So, then, *why* not make your face a
place of smiles?
(O, WAG).



If you're broke or soon will break
Don't fret or regret.



W A G S



S i t D o w n

I



HAT'S the use o' worryin',
 For the world will still go roun';
 What's the use o' scurryin'
 When it's easy to sit down?
 There ain't no sense o' frettin'
 When there's cushions, chairs and stools;
 Just spend your time forgettin';
 Leave rememberin' to Fools.



II

You might as well keep smilin',
 For there ain't a bit o' sense
 Of stirrin' and a-rilin'
 And a-longin' too intense.
 It's awful nice a-sittin'
 Watchin' troubles floatin' by,
 Smiles 'cross yer face a-fittin'
 And *Contentment* in yer eye.



If a foe or so you make,
 Guard your skin where it's thin.



W A G S



III

An' what's the use o' whinin'
When a smile will cure a frown?
An' what's the use o' pinin'
When it's easy to sit down?
What's the use o' hurryin'
When yer work will come to you—
Fer yer foolish flurryin'
Gives yer lots more work to do.

IV

Say—what's the use o' gazin'
Too far beyond yer nose?
It's much more fun a-lazin'
In the world about your toze.
The world is full an' pilin'
With a awful lot o' things;
What orter keep yer smilin'
Like a row of happy kings.



Just smile for goodness' sake,
And forget.



W A G S



V

I like to see fat bubbles
Go a-bustin' with a splash!
I like to see my troubles
Go to grass with other trash.
So, quit yer silly stewin'
For it doesn't pay a bit;
Just do what I'm a-doin'
And sit a WELL-SOT SIT.



Every Good Dog has his day,
So, at least, the Preachers say.



Life

This Life is like a Mutton Bone,
Chucked out for us to gnaw.
It's UP TO YOU and you alone,
To chew, an' chew, an' chew.
It may seem bare, it may seem dry,
An' hardly worth attackin'
But don't forget that if you try
You'll find it worth the crackin'



W A G S



Smiles



MILES at Breakfast start the day,
Easy Tasks will follow.

Smiles at Dinner pave the Way
For a luscious Swallow.

Smiles at Supper light your Home
So no sneaking Sorrow

Dares to enter there or come
Moping 'round To-morrow.



Blessings

Give me a bone to gnaw alone,
And time to sleep at ease;

A little fun out in the sun,
And not too many fleas.

O, may my jaws and my two paws
Stay useful to the End,

A saving Grace in Time or Place
To hold my Foe or Friend.



I'd rather have a little tail
Than not a tail at all,



W A G S



The Blues

THE Blues is a Disease that is
Most certainly contagious;
And those that have them suffer with
Some Symptoms just outrageous.
Good Nature is quite "catching," too,
But then it is a virtue—
So catch it good and have it long,
Its symptoms will not hurt you.

Sunshine

I've never seen the Shadows yet
That in the Sun won't vanish;
Nor have I ever seen or met
The Care that Smiles can't banish.



So a Cat must have his night—
Well, who cares? just let him fight.



Discretion

When I was young an' frisky,
I acted orful gay ;
But now I think it risky,
An' find it doesn't pay.
The things most worth the gettin'
Are just a Friend or two,
An' sense to keep forgettin'
The Fleas that bother you.



W A G S



The Golden Spot



Smile—why not?
 Show me the Spot
 In life so dark and dreary
 That does not hide
 A gleaming side
 Where things are bright and cheery.
 I smile—I do,
 And so should you—
 Go 'round the spot—*behind* it;
 It has two sides,
 One of them hides
 The Golden Spot—*go* find it.

Disappointment

A Disappointment is a petty thing,
 With sour face and nagging ways;
 So, therefore, we should *laugh* away its sting
 To make full room for Happy Days.



For crowning Joys will sometimes grow
 From Blessings very small.



W A G S



The World

The World keeps goin' roun' an' round,
It doesn't stop, it doesn't stick.
The World keeps *livin'* safe an' sound
Because it doesn't fuss an' kick.
The World is FAT, an' full of Things,
Like Friends an' Food an' spots of Sun,
An' Trees where *Somethin'* always sings.
The World is bustin' Fat with FUN.

Knockin'

I don't believe in Knockin',
A knock's a sort o' boost,
That makes your Luck go flockin'
To another Fellow's roost.
I don't believe in "Roastin'"
Any thing or any one;
It only ends in toastin'
Things, 'till they are overdone.



Wag your Tail on a sunny day,
Wag it on a dreary;



Wisdom

Come here my Child and listen
To Wisdom of the Wise.
Look out for bones that *glisten*
An' blind your Puppy eyes.
Just grab the bone that's *nighest*,
An' never mind the rest ;
The Bone that looks the *dryest*,
Well chewed is often best.



Exercise

There's nothin' like the Air an' Sun
With lots of EXERCISIN',
To make you feel that Life is Fun,
An' make your Hopes go *risin'*.
For aches an' pains an' grouchy fits
Don't find the place attractive
That keeps a-shakin' them to *bits*
When folks get good an' ACTIVE.



W A G S



C u s s i n '

Was Yesterday a Hard Luck Day?
An' does Today look worser?
Have all your Hopelets drip'd away
An' left you just a Curser?
It is no use TO CUSS my Friend,
For "Cussin' is upsettin',
Just *whistle* for Good Luck an' spend
Tomorrow—just FORGETTIN'.

k i c k i n g

Say, what's the use o' Kickin'?
It only hurts your toes,
And leaves the pricklers stickin'
Up, in irritatin' rows.
I'd rather *smile* than grumble:
I'd rather *wait* than kick,
For Kickers always stumble,
When Smilers win the Trick.



And wag your tail the other way,
When you are worn and weary.



W A G S



Jokes



T'S best to keep a-smilin',
 For a smile's a kind o' Net
 That catches by beguilin'
 Jest the things it wants to get.
 So keep your smile a-spreadin';
 Crack a jolly joke or two—
 An' you'll find that things come headin'
 Straight for Smilin' Fokes like you.



Working

We might as well keep workin'
 For it helps us to forget
 The Duties that keep lurkin'
 And things that we regret.
 Good Work keeps us from thinkin'
 Of Trouble an' of Fleas,
 And stops the warp an' shrinkin'
 That comes with too much ease.



For Wags will change the atmosphere
 And prove a great distraction.



Friends

I like to eat and I like to drink,
And I like to snuggle at ease.
I like to blink in the sun an' think
Of the fun of Livin' an' Fleas.
All these are fine-but they pass away
For Fleas an' Foolin' *will* end
But the Things that pay an' the Things
that *stay*—
Are Love an' the Faith of a Friend.



W A G S

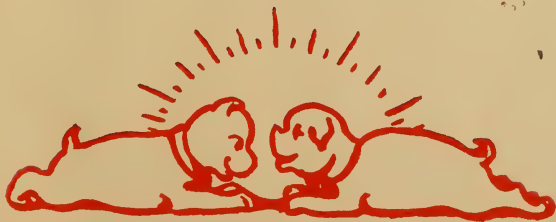


A Day

What is a DAY? A Day is FUN,
An' food an' Work an' Waggin';
A pleasant Run—a Spot of Sun,
With no one 'round a-naggin'.
An' what is CARE—a Care is TRASH,
An' so are Fleas an' Troubles;
They're made to smash an' made to splash
Like Mutton Bones an' Bubbles.

Hurrying

What's the use o' hurryin'
An' driving through the day?
Wastin' wit by scurryin'
Doesn't ever pay.
Just take it good an' easy,
Your Head should save your feet,
An' make your "cogs" go greasy
To grind the Rocks you meet.



As well as bringing Things more near
That wait for some attraction.

Decalogue of a Good Dog

SOT DOWN IN RIME

BE kindly to all ; give love to but few ;
Give the best of your heart to a Friend ;
Love seldom, because much loving will brew
A mess of distrust in the end.



II. Greet Friends with a smile or wag if you can,
For a smile or a wag makes the day
Sunny warm in the start for beastie or man,
And lightens our cares by the way.

III. Don't stick up your tail too stiff in the air
In suspicion or scorn. Don't scratch dust.
For bristling backs and tousled hair
Will breed in all hearts quick distrust.

IV. Make Friends, for through them the greater
will grow
Your power, and happiness, too.
Don't slobber or fawn in winning them though.
Stand pat on your legs when you do.



Laws there are and Laws must be
For Dogs and Human Folks ;



W A G S



- V. When visiting people or kingdoms that are
Unknown to you then or before,
Look well where you go, and don't go too far
For your tail may get pinched in a door.
- VI. When doing your work, let a plain dignity
And modesty balance your tail.
Take a smell, do it well, with a wag as you see
That *purpose* in work *cannot* fail.
- VII. Keep your nose from the track of any old scrap,
Never sniff for a row—let it go;
For the hunted-up fight is often a trap
To bring even you mighty low.
- VIII. Fight seldom, but when a fight's up to you,
Make justice or honor the cause.
Defending the weak, put it thoroughly through;
Guarding well your collar and paws.



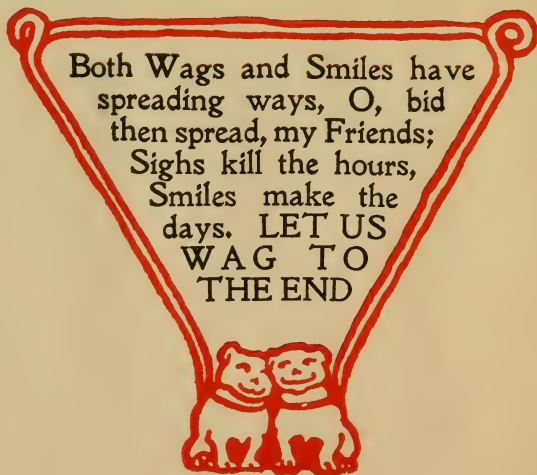
So keep these Laws religiously
But take them all as Jokes.



W A G S



- IX. Eat enough to keep well, and get if you can
Some extras to make your mouth gay;
But don't ever gorge (leave that to a man),
Stuffed bellies drive reason away.
- X. Seize joy that is yours; play well when you play;
Wag your tail with a zest to the end.
Sleep in peace, breathe good air, and count
good the day
That you spend by the side of a Friend.

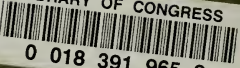


Portraits, Decorations
and TAIL pieces by
Harold Sichel and
Stacy H. Wood from
poses, and by advice
of THE PUP &





I SHOW A BACK -
I LET PLEASANT
WHEN CARE AND
WOE ARE PRESENT

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