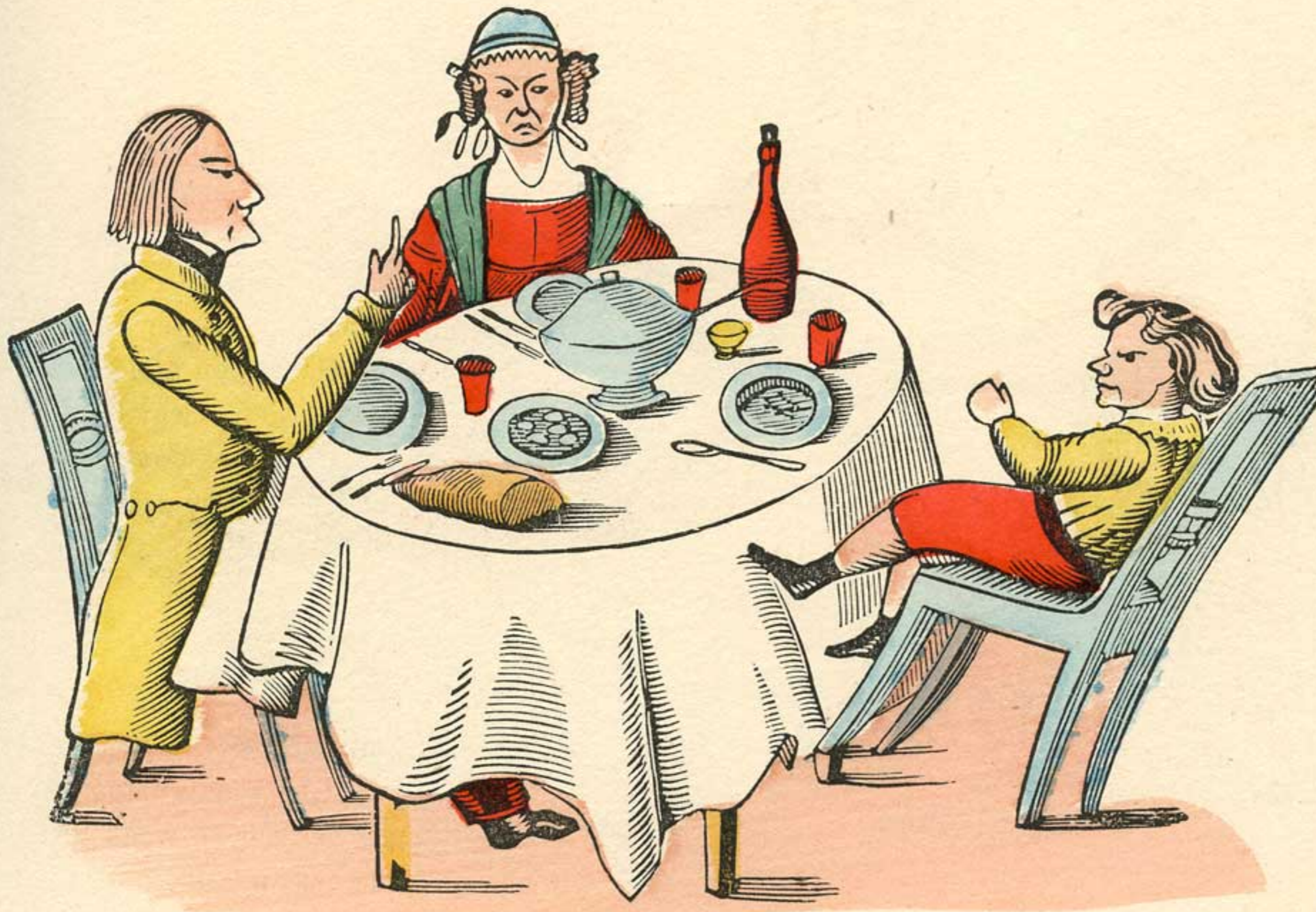


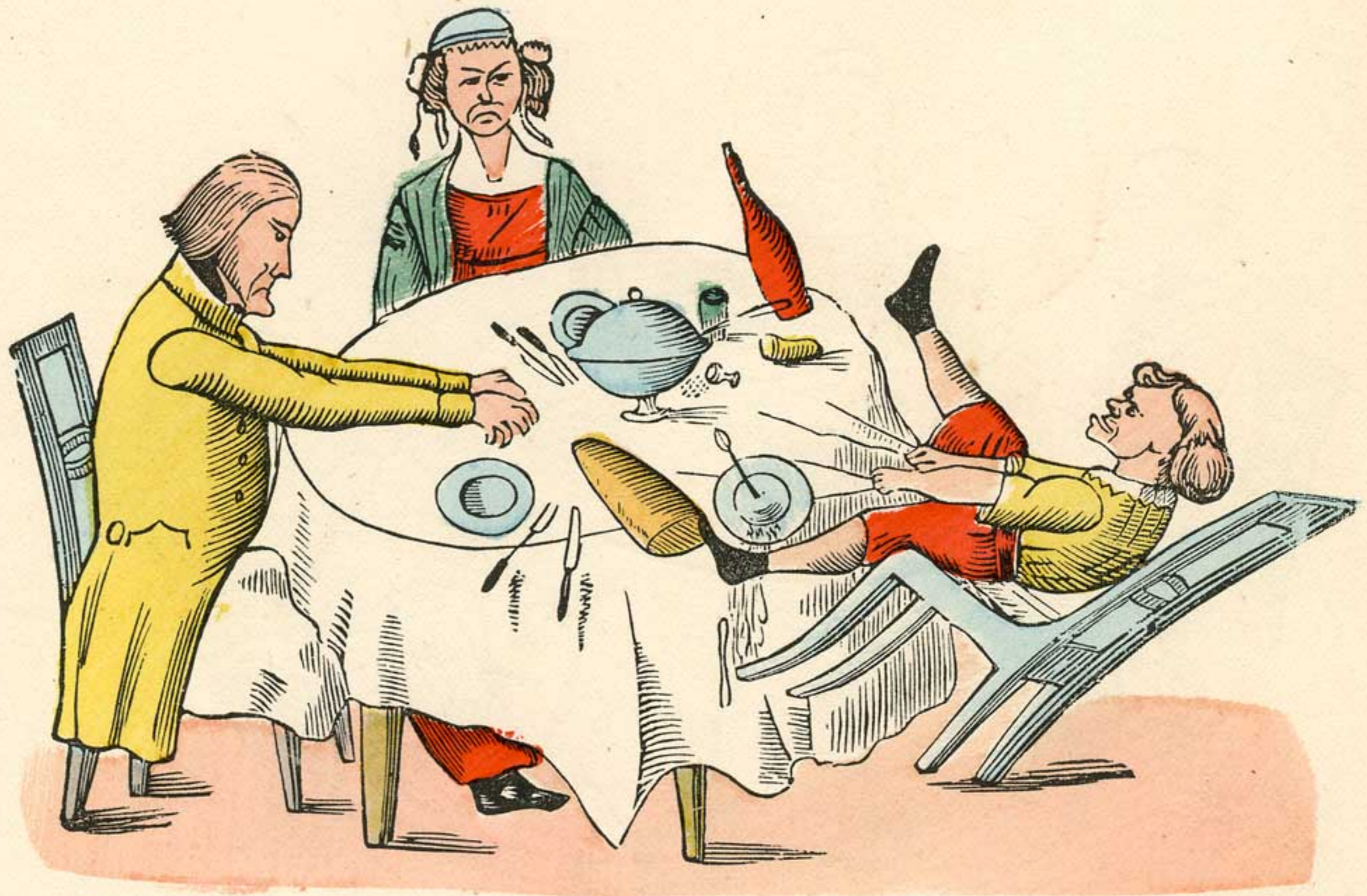
## THE STORY OF FIDGETY PHILIP.



“Let me see if Philip can  
Be a little gentleman ;  
Let me see if he is able  
To sit still for once at table.”  
Thus spoke, in earnest tone,  
The father to his son ;  
And the mother looked very grave  
To see Philip so misbehave.  
But Philip he did not mind  
His father who was so kind.  
He wriggled  
And giggled,  
And then, I declare,  
Swung backward and forward  
And tilted his chair,  
Just like any rocking horse ;—  
“ Philip ! I am getting cross !”



THE STORY OF FIDGETY PHILIP.



See the naughty, restless child,  
Growing still more rude and wild,  
Till his chair falls over quite.  
Philip screams with all his might,  
Catches at the cloth, but then  
That makes matters worse again.  
Down upon the ground they fall,  
Glasses, bread, knives, forks and all.  
How Mamma did fret and frown,  
When she saw them tumbling down :  
And Papa made such a face !  
Philip is in sad disgrace.



## THE STORY OF FIDGETY PHILIP



Where is Philip? Where is he?  
Fairly cover'd up, you see!  
Cloth and all are lying on him;  
He has pull'd down all upon him.  
What a terrible to-do!  
Dishes, glasses, snapt in two!  
Here a knife, and there a fork!  
Philip, this is naughty work.  
Table all so bare, and ah!  
Poor Papa, and poor Mamma  
Look quite cross, and wonder how  
They shall make their dinner now.