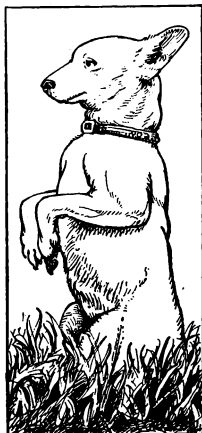


## READING TIME FOR YOUNG FOLKS

## When Short-Tail Went to the Fiesta

By VICENTA A. LACSAMANA



“RITTA!  
Carlos! Wake up. Have you forgotten where we are going today? Baby is all ready.”

“We are going to the fiesta!” Rita shouted at Carlos, as he got up and quickly made himself ready. He was all prepared be-

fore Rita, for Carlos was the fast one and Rita the more careful one.

While the family was getting ready, Mother packed some marmalade in a pretty basket which she was going to take to Aunt Juana. They were going to eat at Aunt Juana’s house. Rita and Carlos hoped there would be a roasted pig, large, brown, and crackly.

When Carlos was dressed, he picked up the basket of marmalade. He walked ahead of the others to the road, where he could watch for the bus and could stop it. He was certain the

buses would be full. The people from the different barrios were attending the fiesta.

Short-tail, their dog, ran after him, and evidently wanted to be taken along. But of course Short-tail could not go. No one would be left to guard the house, if he went. Then, too, he might be lost in the crowd of merry-makers on this holiday. No, Short-tail had to stay, so Carlos had to run back with him.

He pushed the dog into the house as Father was locking the front door. “Sorry, Short-tail, but you don’t go to the fiesta today,” said Carlos to his dog as he patted the nose that was sticking out between the window rails.

By the time Carlos got back to the road the bus was there and his Father was getting all the family in and finding seats for them. No one, not even the bus conductor, noticed that a dog had jumped into the baggage rack at the back of the bus.

The crowded bus rolled into town in time for the services at the church in honor of the patron saint. When the family got off near the church Short-tail jumped in front of them. How they all laughed at him for his having tricked them into taking him along!

The children kept close to their parents because the plaza was very crowded. People in gay holiday attire jostled each other. The stalls with their fortune-wheels, sparkling glassware, and painted toys were along the sides of the plaza. Two brass bands tried to outdo each other in making both noise and music.

As the church was very full the ones who came late had to stay outside near the door. Of course the children could not keep standing still very long. There was so much to see in the plaza beyond. Rita and Carlos wandered away.

When the services were over and the people were passing out, Mother had an opportunity to get inside the church to admire the beautifully decorated altar and to say a prayer. When she came out she found her family seated on a bench delightedly listening to the musicians playing in the plaza. Rita and Carlos were enjoying large ice-cream cones. "Where is Baby?" Mother asked them.

"Is she not with you?" said Rita.

"We thought she was with you inside," Father said anxiously.

"I thought she was with you," said

Mother, as fear gripped her heart.

"Oh, Baby is lost!"

Mother started to cry but Father stopped her.

"We shall look for her and ask the policeman to help us. Stop crying, Mother, and do not act like that. You won't find her by crying that way."

"I told you to look after the children," she scolded.

"Listen," said Father. "This is what we shall do. We will all look for

her, but we must take care not to lose each other in the search. Mother, you go back to the church door and stay there. That is where she left us and she may look for us there."

"I will look for her, too," volunteered Carlos, proud of his eleven years and of his being older than Rita.

"Yes, you may look for her," Father answered. "You and Rita walk around but do not leave the plaza. I am sure she is here somewhere enjoying the sights. Children, do you see that clock up in the steeple? If at eleven you still have not found her, go to the church door and stay with Mother."



### WHEN SHORT-TAIL WENT TO THE FIESTA

(Continued from page 93)  
er until I come."

Father drew his hat firmer on his head. Turning to Mother and Rita, he asked, "What color is the dress Baby is wearing today?"

"Pink!" they both said at the same time. "She also has a pink ribbon on her head," Rita added.

"Let's start the search," urged Carlos, after which they all went on their different ways.

Soon Father was talking with a husky and very dependable looking policeman.

"How large is she?"

"This high," Father showed him with his hand. "She is wearing a pink dress and she answers to the name 'Baby.'"

"We'll find her," assured the policeman. "I shall telephone the chief and every policeman will be on the lookout for her. Stop worrying."

Mother, at her post by the church door, was thinking. "Why did I ever let go her hand?" she said as she blamed herself.

Meanwhile Rita had begun a thorough search of the stands selling toys and dolls. Carlos soon had a Boy Scout helping him. They all searched for some time, but did not find the lost Baby.

Carlos returned to Mother first, so when Father arrived he found them both there. When Mother saw Father without Baby she was very frightened.

Suddenly they heard a fa-

miliar bark. Looking up, they saw Short-tail jumping up and down excitedly. A little way behind him was Rita carrying Baby. Carlos ran to relieve her of her burden. Mother ran to her too.

"Where did you find her?" asked Mother when at last she could talk.

"In that empty stall there—  
—asleep on a pile of grass."

"Asleep?" Carlos asked.

"Asleep. And Short-tail was guarding her. There were some people standing by, and they told me Short-tail would not let them get near her. He saw me first."

"The best dog in the whole world!" cried Carlos hugging him. "And to think we tried to leave you behind," he whispered to Short-tail. "How glad I am that you got out of the house and came to the fiesta!"

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### THE FOOLISH FARMER AND HIS CARABAO

(Continued from page 94)  
carabao ate and drank that in no time, and looked and looked for more. But the man said, "Enough, my friend, for I am going to train you not to eat or drink."

On the third day the farmer gave his work-animal only a very little grass and just a small coconut-shell filled with water. The carabao did not look at his master this time after drinking and eating, and the farmer thought, "See that now? My good carabao is about to learn the trick. I must be a very wise man,

for I can teach something that no other man has ever taught before. I think I am a wonderful teacher."

On the fourth day the man went to visit his carabao. The animal would not look at him to ask for food and drink. The simple farmer said to himself, "Surely he no longer cares for grass and water. He has learned the wonderful trick."

So he gave the animal only a handful of grass and just a mouthful of water. The carabao took a long time to eat the grass and drink the water. The man promised himself that he would not give anything to his carabao next day.

But when he came to see his carabao the following morning, the poor animal lay dead under a tree. "What a foolish carabao!" the man exclaimed. "What a foolish animal to die just as he was about to learn not to eat or drink! Now I shall have no carabao."

Was the carabao or the farmer foolish?

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### SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

(Continued from page 101)  
Another difference between a band and an orchestra is that certain instruments are used in a band which are not found in an orchestra, such as a baritone horn, a euphonium, various sizes of the saxophone, etc.

Unless a band is a very good one, it generally sounds better out of doors than in a concert hall.