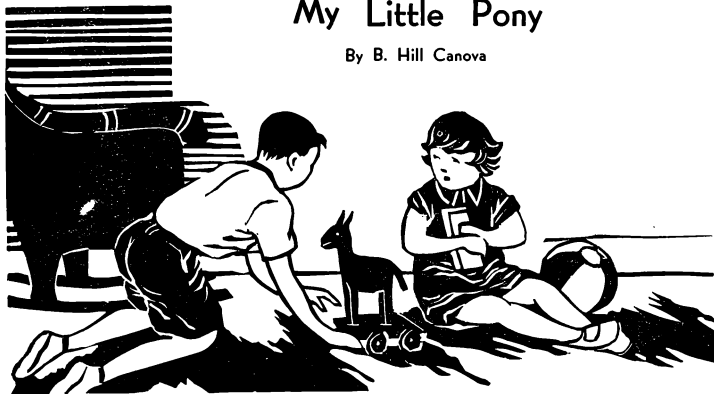


My Little Pony

By B. Hill Canova



LORENZO wanted a pony. He wanted it so badly that he talked about it all day. Even in his sleep one night he was heard to say, "My little pony, good little pony." He was only eight years old and his parents thought he was a bit too young to manage a pony. So they tried to interest him in something else.

One day a dog and pony show came to town. The father took the children to see it. Lorenzo's brother, Pepe, and his sister, Anita, enjoyed the clowns, dogs, ponies, and all parts of the program. Lorenzo saw only the ponies. He wanted one so badly that he simply sighed and groaned as he leaned against his father. "Daddy," he whispered, "couldn't I have one like those?"

By and by a black and white pony trotted in the circle. Lorenzo jumped straight up in his seat and shouted out loud, "That one, Daddy, that one! Oh,

he is so wonderful."

"Sh-s-s," scolded Pepe and pulled his little brother down to his seat.

"The show people would not sell their trained ponies, but when you are a little older I'll look for a real nice one for you."

That was not much comfort to Lorenzo. He wanted that particular black and white pony, and he wanted it now. When they reached home that evening all three of the children started at the same time to tell their mother what they had seen. Pepe had enjoyed the clowns most. Anita insisted, "The dogs were the nicest."

"No, no," corrected Lorenzo, "the ponies. The one black and white one was so pretty. Oh! mother, if only I could have it. Don't you think the show man would sell it if Daddy offered him plenty of money?"

"I doubt it."

"You ask daddy to go tomorrow and ask the show man."

"They will probably be gone by morning."

"If only I could have that one," moaned Lorenzo, "I would . . ."

"Just what would you do if you had it?" asked his mother.

"Oh, anything, mother, anything, if only I had it."

"Would you stop teasing Anita?"

"Yes, I'd never, never call her 'Pug Nose,' or hide her doll or thump her on the ear, or anything. I'd be such a good boy all my life."

"It would be worth a half dozen ponies if something could be found to stop him of that naughty teasing," thought the mother to herself.

That put Lorenzo to thinking. The next morning he told his father, "Daddy if you will buy a pony for me I'll be such a good boy and never tease Anita again, ever, ever," he emphasized.

"Very well, that is a bargain. I can't buy the show pony, but when you

stop teasing Anita for three weeks then I'll start looking for a really nice pony."

Lorenzo left the room and his father heard him call, "Anita do you want to play with my ball?"

"The boy has a very firm resolution in his head right now to be nice to Anita," said the father to the mother.

"Yes, but I am afraid it will not last very long. This teasing has become such a habit with him."

"He might fool us. He is in dead earnest about wanting a pony. He nearly lost his wits over them at the show yesterday."

"Peace between Lorenzo and Anita would certainly add harmony to the household," continued the mother.

The days that followed Lorenzo was very kind to his little sister. He gave her first choice in everything and helped her to do her chores. When he felt tempted to tease her he would pinch himself and do something nice for her.

The parents watched this change in their little boy but thought it best to say nothing. Lorenzo said nothing more to them about the pony, until one day he asked, "Daddy, how many weeks has it been since we saw the dog and pony show?"

"Two weeks," was the reply.

Lorenzo went out and joined his little sister, who was playing under the window. The father heard him say to the little girl, "You know, Anita, next week when Daddy gets me a pony I am going to let you have the first ride."

"When Daddy gets you a pony?" asked Anita in surprise.

"Yes, next week Daddy is going to find a pony for me."

(Please turn to page 65)



Interesting Places

MT. MAKILING

By

FORTUNATO ASUNCION *

Have you ever stood on the top of a towering mountain with nothing to see but dense clouds above, dark blue sea on one side, mountain ranges dimly silhouetted against the distant sky on the other, and tops of tall trees on all sides?



Climb Mt. Makiling and you will be struck with awe at the sight of the beauty of nature all around you.

From the School of Forestry in Los Baños, you can make an easy ascent to this famous mountain—that is, if three or four hours' climb with all the difficulties to be encountered is easy.

Trails will direct you to the summit. However, one must not be surprised to find one's self at the starting place after hours of bending, dodging twigs and thorns in following

MY LITTLE PONY

(Continued from page 48)

"How do you know he is?"

"When Mother and Daddy promise us something we get it, don't we?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, in one more week he will look for a pony, a very nice one."

"But if he didn't promise how do you know?"

"Because when I promise to do something I do it."

"You know, Lorenzo, you are getting to be a better playmate than you used to be."

"You aren't so bad either. Maybe you were too little before."

"I am getting big now," remarked six-year-old Anita. "And you, Lorenzo, are getting very big," she said with large round eyes full of admiration and affection for her brother just two years older than herself.

Toward the end of the third

the trails, for most of them really lead back to the school of forestry.

One ought to beware of leeches should one attempt to climb, for near the summit they are on the ground, on the leaves, in the water, in fact, they are everywhere—and how they stick on your skin!

At the top is a dilapidated but full of all sorts of inscriptions either carved or written with charcoal. This serves as a rest house.

From the top, you may look up, down, and all about you and your gaze will be met with beauty and grandeur.

week the father said to the mother, "It looks as if we are going to have to buy the lad a pony. He has kept his promise to the letter."

"Yes, and the change has certainly been for the better."

That evening as Lorenzo's father read his newspaper he saw an advertisement which said: "For sale, a trained show pony at the veterinary hospital." Early the next morning he went to see about it. It seemed that the very pony Lorenzo had admired so in the show had fallen very sick just as the show people were about to leave town. They felt sure the pony could not get well so they told the doctor in charge of the hospital to let anyone have it who would pay for its hospital care. Lorenzo's father bought it at once.

The first Lorenzo knew of this was one morning just at dawn the pony put its head into the window and pulled the cover off of his new master. The little boy was so happy that he threw his arms around the pony's neck and kissed its nose and ears. He called, "Anita, get up quick and come ride the pony."

The parents were looking through the door and were pleased to see their little son so happy as he stroked the pony's neck, saying: "My little pony, good little pony, you wonderful little pony."

The animal had found a good home and Lorenzo and his little sister spent many happy days taking turns in riding and caring for the pony.

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