

READING TIME FOR YOUNG FOLKS**A TALE OF A PUPPY**

By B. HILL CANOVA



ONCE upon a time there was a little girl named Imogene. She lived on a plantation in the large island of Negros. She had no brothers or sisters. Sometimes she wanted some

playmates very much.

Once her mother took her to see some friends who lived in the capital of that province. These friends had a nice big mother dog with three baby puppies.

Imogene was delighted with the little creatures. She picked each one up, held it gently, and gave it soft little pats. "Nice little puppy, good little puppy, dear little puppy," she said to each of them.

The pups seemed to understand. They walked about as well as they could on their wobbly little legs, and wagged their tails as if to reply, "Nice little girl, good little girl, dear little girl."

"What nice playmates they make," said Imogene. "I wish we had a mother dog with baby pups."

"Would you like to have one of these puppies, Imogene?" the owner of the pups asked.

"Very, very, very much!" exclaimed Imogene, as she jumped up and down and clapped her hands. "Would you really give me one?"

"Yes, I'd like you to have one."

Imogene was so happy she said "Thank you" a dozen times.

"You may have the black and white one."

Imogene picked up the puppy, and rubbing it said, "My own good little puppy dog! You are going to be a fine playmate. You are so cute and funny!"

When they started home, Imogene wanted to take the pup, of course.

"I am sorry," said the owner, "but he is much too young to leave his mother now. He is yours, but you must leave him with his mother until he is old enough to eat by himself. You see he is only a baby now."

Imogene was disappointed because she could not take the new pet home with her, but she knew that what the owner had said was true. She was a brave little girl, and said, "Goodbye, little puppy. I cannot take you home with me until you are old enough to leave your mother."

She hugged the puppy again. "Little puppy, be patient until you grow bigger. Drink your milk, eat your spinach, and take your bath every day as every good child should. By and by you will live at my house, and what fun we will have!"

As soon as she and her mother reached home, she ran shouting to meet her father.

"Oh! Daddy, guess what I have."

"A new doll," guessed her father.

"Nicer than that!"

"A new book" was her father's second guess.

"Much nicer than that!"

"My third and last guess is a new dress," said her father.

"Much, much nicer than that! Try

again," begged Imogene, "and this time guess the very nicest thing in the world, and you will be right."

"The very nicest thing in the world is my own little girl."

"Now, Daddy, you are teasing me, because you know I can't have myself—I belong to you and Mother."

"You tell me then. I am not very good at guessing, and I am eager to know what the nicest thing in the world is."

"A real live, wiggly, black and white puppy."

"Oh!" exclaimed Father. "A real live, wiggly, black and white puppy is, indeed, something nice. Show him to me. I like pups very much."

"Well," replied Imogene a bit sorrowfully, "I can't show him to you because he isn't here. He is still such a young puppy he cannot leave his mother. But by and by he is going to grow and then I can bring him home."

"That is fine. It is going to be fun playing with him."

Just then the supper bell rang. "Now it is supper time; suppose we wash our hands," said Father.

Imogene washed her hands as her father had suggested. She was so happy about the pup that she felt that she wanted to obey her parents and be the best girl in the world. She finished her supper with a big glass of milk.

As the family left the supper table Imogene asked, "Mother, as soon as I brush my teeth will you read me a story before I go to sleep? Could you find one about dogs? I like to hear about pet dogs."

While Mother was finding the story, Imogene brushed her teeth, giving them the back-and-forth, the up-and-down, and the circular strokes. She felt like doing everything well. She also washed

her face, put on her pajamas, and soon was all ready for bed.

"Shall I read you *The Story of Fife?*" asked her mother.

"Yes, please do. You haven't read that one for a long time. I remember Fife belonged to a little girl about my size when she first owned him. With her head on her pillow Imogene was very quiet while her mother read to her."

When the story was finished, her mother gave her a big bear-hug and tucked the mosquito net in well. The little girl soon fell into a peaceful sleep.

The next morning as soon as Imogene opened her eyes she called, "Mother, do you think my puppy is big enough so that I can bring him home today?"

"No, not today. It will be about two weeks before we can have him."

"Two weeks! Such a long time,"

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complained Imogene. "The time will pass quickly. He will soon be with us." Imogene told everyone who came to the house about the promised pet. She could hardly talk of anything else.

By and by a letter came saying the pup was now big enough to eat by himself. "Hurry! Hurry! Everybody hurry up and let's go to get my dear little puppy."

Away they went. Imogene sat in the back of the auto singing. She made up the words of her song. This is what she was singing:

"Hurry up! Hurry up!  
We're going to get a pup  
That can drink from a cup.

Hurry up! Hurry up!"

As they approached the golf course, Imogene's father said, "I'll stop here for a game while you two visit your friends and get the pup."

Imogene could not imagine how anyone could be interested in golf when there was a pup to be gotten. However, Daddy had ways of his own, so she said

nothing. She and her mother drove on.

The little dog seemed to know Imogene. He leaped about and licked her hands and ankles. The other children wanted to play hide-and-seek. If Imogene went to hide, the little dog followed her.

When it was time to go home, Imogene took the puppy in her arms, and thanked her friends many times. As she and her mother drove up to the golf course, her father heard his little daughter's voice calling to him: "Come, Daddy,

come quick! I have the puppy. Come and see him."

"That is fine," said Daddy. "A real live, wiggly, black and white pup!"

As they rode home, Imogene wanted her little pet to sit still in her lap and let her sing to him. But puppies will be puppies, and this one wiggled, squirmed, and squealed. He simply couldn't stay in one place more than a few seconds at a time.

Imogene was patient with him, for she knew that she did not like to sit still very long at a time.

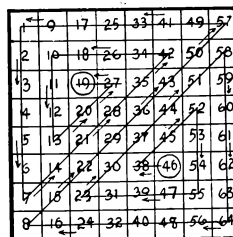
She was very, very happy. She had her own dear little puppy, and was on the way to her own home. What fun to have a puppy of your own!

Imogene was very sure that he was the finest puppy that ever lived. Of course he was, for Mother and Daddy both said so.

FIGURE MAZE

(Solution to puzzle on page 292)

Put your pencil on square number 46. Draw a line from 46 to 38. Then draw a line diagonally to 52. Then to 55, 23, 58, 64, 8, 57, 1, 7, 42, 10, 13, 27, and 19.



SOME QUESTIONS

1. Did you like this story? Why?
2. Should you always be kind to your pets? Tell why.