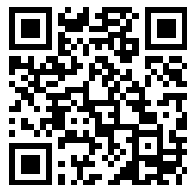

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Bow-wow and mew-mew

Mara Louise Pratt-Chadwick

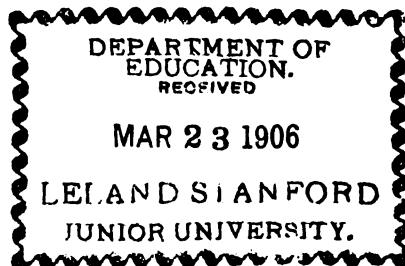


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**ACTION, IMITATION AND FUN
SERIES**

VII

ADVANCED PRIMER

**BOW-WOW AND
MEW-MEW**

BY

MARA L. PRATT-CHADWICK

ILLUSTRATED BY

REBECCA CHASE

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

BOSTON

NEW YORK

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BY MARA L. PRATT-CHADWICK

1905

INTRODUCTION.

To the Teachers:

It is the writer's wish that these primers show forth the following :

1. That a primer may be based upon the classic.
2. That a primer may be constructed with reference to
 - (a) Action,*
 - (b) Imitation,
 - (c) Fun,

which, as every sympathetic observer of children must know, are the elements that enter most largely into the stories which little children like best.

As to the classic basis, certainly a vocabulary may be evolved as well from "The Three Bears," for example, as from cats and dogs. For cannot a child as well in the beginning say, *I see a bear* as *I see a cat*? And can he not build up day by day from the bear as well as from the cat?

Then, too, these tales are pedagogical to the primer grade. Every first grade or kindergarten teacher knows the delight with which little children listen as she reads them; hence that first of all elements—interest—is fully satisfied in these tales.

Again we find in these classic tales a second pedagogical principle—that of action; for in these olden tales most rapid and vigorous activity predominate.

A third principle, too, is in evidence—that of repetition; and a child loves the rhythm of repetition.

And still a fourth pedagogical quality is found in these classic tales, *i. e.*, the dramatic—personification—dialogue—or in another term,

* See Barnes' "Studies in Education," Vol. I.

imitation. Every teacher knows how little children love to personify; to put words into the mouths of animals; to fancy conversations between the flowers and the trees, and to build dialogue from the verse and from the story.

There is, however, yet another element which should come into child's literature and which is found in perfection in these old classics; and that is the element of the serial.

Most primers are now carrying something akin to a continued story, but a true serial is one that represents different ages of one act. For example, in the famous German picture book, "Slovenly Peter," we have in perfect serial story, the tale of a heedless boy's mishaps at home and at school.

The "Slovenly Peter" of which I speak is a book of serial pictures; funny, the children call them, and no picture book has ever been so popular in all Europe. Moreover, it has been translated into other languages for the children of other lands.

The Sunday newspaper, with its Katzenjammers, its Foxy Grandpa, and its Buster Brown, is showing us a lesson in pedagogy which it would be well for us as teachers to heed. These serial pictures are the Sunday delight of millions of little children and glad would the teacher be if, on Monday morning, she could arouse one-half the eagerness and interest in the primer reading lesson. It would look then as if, while we are instructing our children through our primers, they are getting their education through the Sunday papers.

The element of the grotesque, too, which enters so largely into these Sunday serial pictures, is one very dear to the child's heart, and is found again in these old classics; and we cannot afford to ignore that element in the construction of our primary reading books.

It was once my pleasure to look over several hundreds of papers written by school children in reply to the question, What is the funniest

thing that you can remember? In the papers from the upper grades there were, of course, the elements of adult wit; but in the papers of the little children was found an almost universal testimony to the truth that the grotesque is the principal element in a child's idea of "funny." Little girls in long dresses, little boys in big hats, topsy turvy conditions; and, above all, deeds of monkeys were predominant.

It has been suggested that, possibly, in putting these classic tales into a primer form, from which the child shall perform the labor of learning to read, we may take from the child his enjoyment of the classic.

If reading were taught in the old-fashioned, laborious way, this question would indeed be worthy of grave consideration; for to rob a child of joy in these classic tales would indeed be unfortunate and unwise. The manuscript of these primers was, therefore, given over to a primary teacher who made an honest test of them upon the children. This teacher reported in favor of the experiment, it being her opinion that since there is so little labor and so much play connected with the modern reading process, the child's interest was by no means deadened; rather was it heightened and the ambition stirred by the presence of reading material with which they were already familiar. That this should have been so seems probable and consistent when we recall that children love always to do things with which they are familiar.

Such being true, then, why may we not throw off primer traditions of passivity and colorless ethics and give to the first grades as well as to the third and those above, the kind of reading that they love; and that which is in harmony with the child's real interest.

MARA L. PRATT-CHADWICK.

CONSTRUCTION WORDS.

There is a certain list of words the mastery of which is absolutely essential to the child before he can acquire any ease or comfort in reading.

This list is no less essential to the compiler of a primer if the compiler would present thoughts that are sequential and reasonable.

It should, then, be the aim of any teacher who thinks of the child as a human being rather than as a first grade pupil, to see that this list is acquired as soon as possible.

TO BE LEARNED BY SIGHT.

are	do	should	would
any	does	some	were
	don't	says	where
been		said	what
	goes		won't
could		two	
come	here	too	you
		to	yes
	might	three	yet
		their	your
	of	there	
	one	they	
	once		

TO BE LEARNED BY SOUND.

ăn	hē	ở	úp
ăt	hĩs	ởn	until
ăm	hĩm	over	
<u>a</u> ll	hēr	<u>out</u>	<u>wh</u> y
ăs	hās	<u>off</u>	<u>wh</u> en
ănd	hăve	<u>our</u>	<u>wh</u> ile
	hăd		<u>wh</u> ich
bē	<u>how</u>	<u>seen</u>	wē
būt		see	
bỹ	ĩs	<u>say</u>	was
	ĩt	<u>sh</u> e	<u>will</u>
căn	ĩf	<u>sh</u> all	went
	ĩ	sō	
dĩd	ĩn	saw	
fôr	mē	thĩs	} th in these words is marked thus: th
frôm	mỹ	thăt	
	<u>may</u>	thēm	
gō	mũst	thēse	
gết		thōse	
gốt	<u>now</u>	wĩth	
	nō	<u>thre</u> e	
	nốt		

The above list includes the construction words that make up the Ward list, placing these primers in harmony with that series of books.



I



Mew-mew sat by the fire.
Bow-wow came along.
He snarled at Mew-mew.
“Get out of my way,” said Bow-
wow.

Mew-mew spit at Bow-wow.

“I shall not,” said she.

“You are a bad cat,” said Bow-wow.

“I am not as bad as you,” said Mew-mew.

“You are a good-for-nothing cat,” said Bow-wow.

“You know nothing but to mew.”

“You are a good-for-nothing dog. And you know nothing but to bark,” said Mew-mew.

O, you silly dog!

You silly cat!

Why do you fight like this?

Bow-wow, why do you bark at
Mew-mew?

Mew-mew, why do you spit at
Bow-wow?

You cross, cross cat!

You cross, cross dog!

Bow-wow did not like Mew-mew.

Mew-mew did not like Bow-wow.

Nor did they like anything that
they had.

They did not like their house.

They did not like their mistress.

They did not like their food.

“I do not like our mistress,” said
Bow-wow.

“Neither do I like her,” said Mew-mew.

“I do not like our home,” said Bow-wow.

“No, it is not a good home,” said Mew-mew.

“Our mistress does not give us good food,” said Bow-wow.

“No, she does not give us meat,” said Mew-mew.

“I wish I had a house of my own,” said Mew-mew.

“I would have it full of cats.

I would kill every dog that came near.

I would have a warm fire in every room.

I would have meat cut up in little pieces.

I would have milk in every room.”

“I wish I had a home of my own,” said Bow-wow.

“I would have it full of dogs.

I would kill every cat that came near.

I would have a warm fire in every room.

I would have big pieces of meat.

I would have nice bones to gnaw.”

“Who, pray, would wish to gnaw bones?” said Mew-mew.

“And, pray, who would want their meat cut in little pieces?” said Bow-wow.

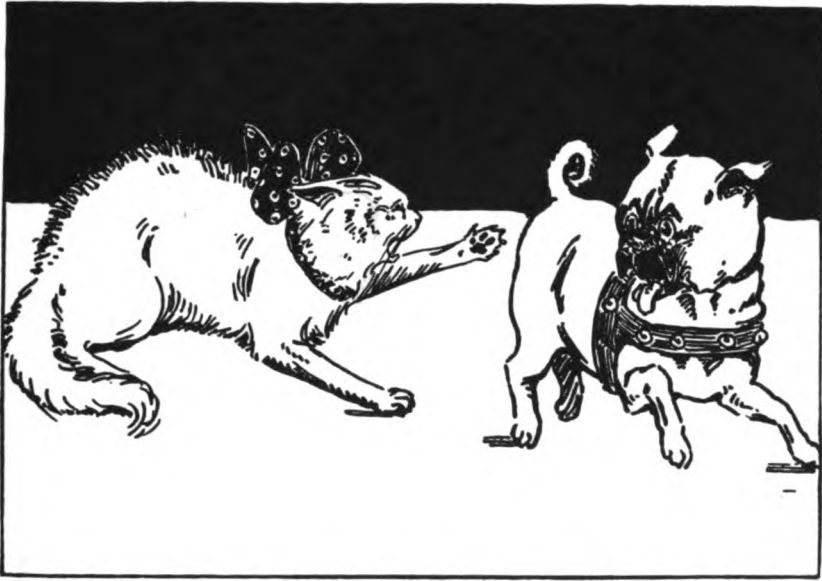
“Cats know nothing,” said Bow-wow.

“Dogs know nothing,” said Mew-mew.

“All you know is to purr,” said Bow-wow.

“All you know is to bark,” said Mew-mew.

Then Bow-wow hit Mew-mew with his paw.



“Stop that purr,” he said.

“Sp-p-it, sp-sp-spit,” said the cat.

And she gave Bow-wow a scratch.

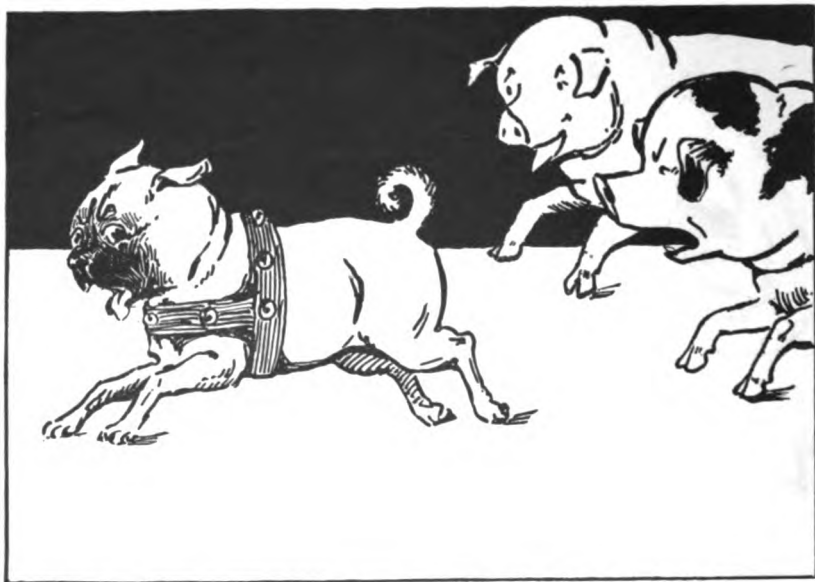
“Yip, yip!” cried Bow-wow.

And he ran away.

Silly, silly cat!

Silly, silly dog!

II



Bow-wow and Mew-mew lived on a farm.

Bow-wow did not like the farm.
He did not like the chicks.

“They eat, eat, eat, all day long,”
he said.

Then there were the pigs.

Bow-wow did not like them.

"They make a silly noise," he said.

One day he barked at them.

They did not run.

He barked again.

Then they ran at him.

Bow-wow ran away crying with fear.

He never barked at the pigs again.

Then there were the ducks.

"Silly things," said Bow-wow.

"Hear them quack.

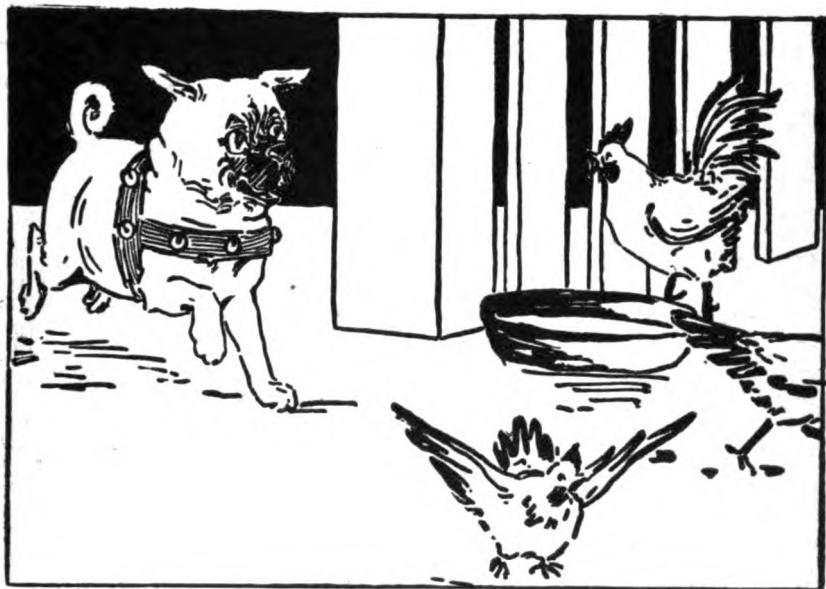


They make too much noise.

They do not know how to walk.

And they go into the water too much.”

Then there were the horses and the cows.



Bow-wow did not like them, either.

“They are so big,” said he.

“There is no need of being so big.”

One day Bow-wow went to the farmyard.

He began to chase the chicks.

How they ran!

How they flew!

It was fun for Bow-wow.

Just then, down came a log upon
Bow-wow's foot.

He could not get his foot away.

How he cried!

“Yip! Yip! Yip!”

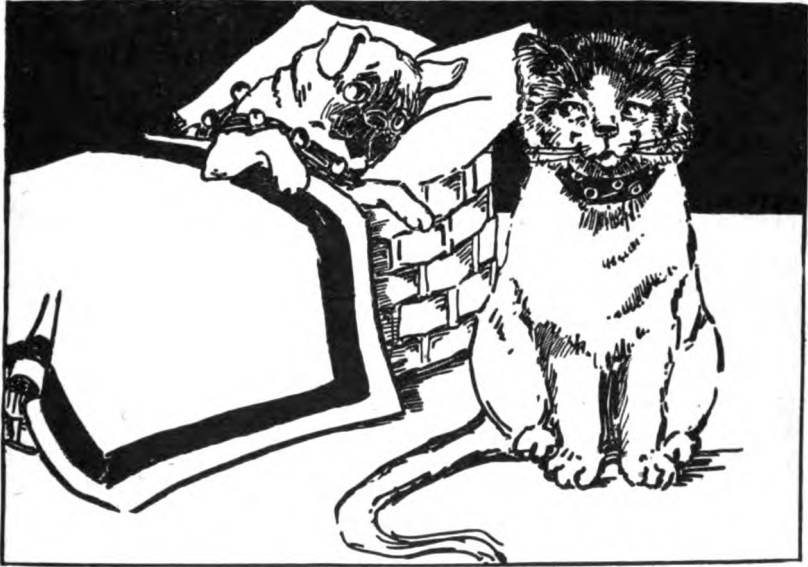
You could hear him for a mile.

The kind mistress ran to poor
Bow-wow.

She took Bow-wow to the house.

His leg was hurt and so the kind
lady put Bow-wow to bed.

III



Mew-mew sat by the fire.

“I am glad you are hurt,” said Mew-mew.

“It is good enough for you.

You should not have chased the chicks.

I wish you had hurt all four
of your legs.

Now, I shall sleep by the fire.

Now, I shall purr and purr and
purr.

I shall purr all I please."

Then Mew-mew came up to Bow-
wow's bed.

She hit Bow-wow over the head.

The kind lady saw her.

"Why, you bad cat!" she said.

And she drove Mew-mew away.

Mew-mew did not come back
until night.

Then she came up to Bow-wow's
bed again.

Bow-wow's leg hurt him very badly.

So badly that he could not sleep.

Bow-wow was afraid of Mew-mew.

So Bow-wow shut his eyes.

He made believe sleep.

Mew-mew looked at him.

"Bow-wow is asleep," she said.

So she went to the fire.

She began to wash her fur.

She forgot all about Bow-wow.

She washed and washed and washed her coat.

Bow-wow did not dare to move.

“I cannot sleep!

My leg hurts me so.

O dear! O dear! O dear!”

“Stop crying,” said Mew-mew.

“You are a silly dog.

See how well the lady has taken
care of you.

What a cry baby you are.

See the nice bed you have.

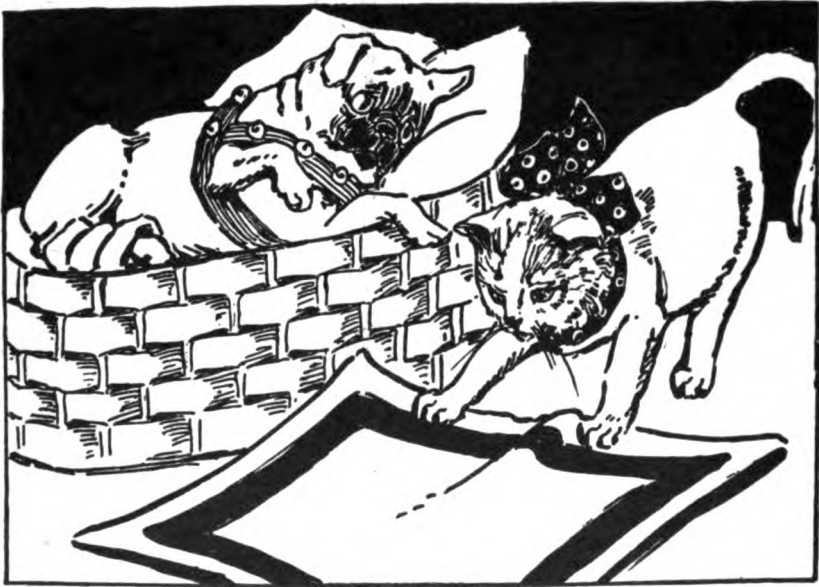
See the good milk you have.

I have no warm bed.

I have no good milk.

It is I who should say, O dear!
O dear!”

“O my poor leg!” whined Bow-
wow.



“O, if you had my poor leg.”
But Mew-mew went to sleep.
She slept for an hour.
Then Bow-wow cried out again.
“O Mew-mew, I am so warm!
Please take off this rug.”

“Why do you wake me up?”
said Mew-mew.

“You are a bad, bad dog!”

“Please take off the rug,” said
Bow-wow.

Mew-mew looked at the rug.

“Yes, I will take it off,” she said.

“It will make a nice bed for me.”

So Mew-mew pulled off the rug.

She spread it on the floor.

It was a soft, warm rug.

“I will spread it before the fire,”
said Mew-mew.

“It will make a nice bed for me.

A nice warm bed.”

IV

Then Bow-wow and Mew-mew went to sleep.

They slept for a long time.

Again Bow-wow woke with a cry.

“O, my poor leg!” he cried.

“O, that leg again,” spit Mew-mew.

“O, how it hurts!” cried Bow-wow.

“Please take the rag from it, Mew-mew.”

“O, keep still,” spit Mew-mew.

“Do you not know that I have a bad cold?”

“A cold is nothing,” said Bow-wow.

“O, if you had my leg. O dear! O dear!”

Bow-wow cried and cried.

“Will you stop crying?”

I shall never get to sleep,” said Mew-mew.

So she took off the rag from Bow-wow’s poor leg.

“There, now go to sleep,” said Mew-mew.

“O, I am so sick,” said Bow-wow.

“Yes, you do look very sick,” said Mew-mew.

“I think you will die.”

“Do I look so sick?

O, what shall I do?” cried Bow-wow.

“I don’t want to die.

Don’t go to sleep, Mew-mew, I am afraid.”

“Will you keep still?” said Mew-mew.

“You like to talk too much.

Go to sleep.”

“O, I cannot sleep,” said Bow-wow.

“Don’t let me die.

Please don’t.

You would miss me if I died.

What would you do?"

"What would I do?

I would do just as I always do,"
said Mew-mew.

"O Mew-mew, you are cruel!"

"I, cruel? I think I am kind.

Am I not taking care of you?

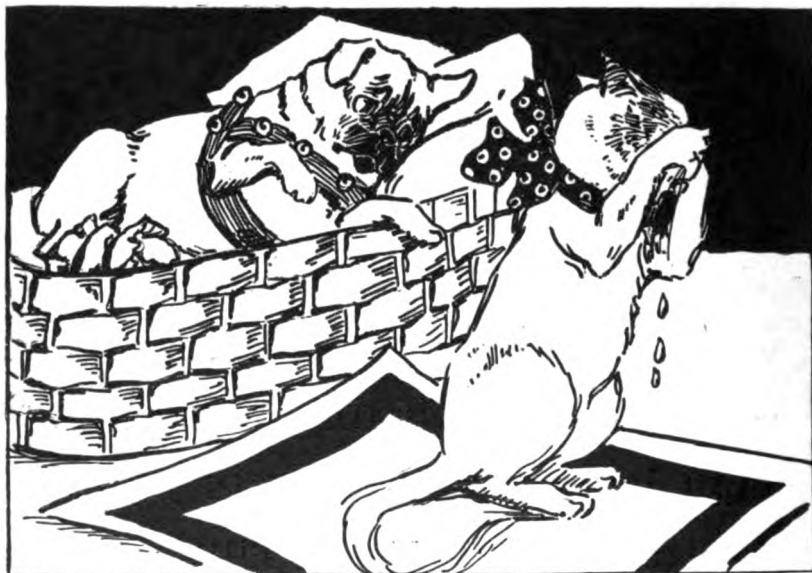
Didn't I take off the rug?

Didn't I take off the rag?"

"O yes, yes, you were kind," said
Bow-wow.

"You wouldn't take care of me
if I were sick," said Mew-mew.

Then Mew-mew put her paw
over her face.



She began to cry, too.

“O yes, I would,” said Bow-wow.

“Don’t cry, Mew-mew.”

“Let us be friends, then,” said Mew-mew.

“Yes,” said Bow-wow. “Let us be friends.”

V



By and by Mew-mew said:

“Are you better, Bow-wow?”

“How do I look?” said Bow-wow.

“Not very well,” said Mew-mew.

“Your eyes do not look well.”

Bow-wow opened his eyes wide.

“How do they look now,” he said.

“They look very bright now.

They look as bright as mine.”

“O no, Mew-mew,” said Bow-wow.

“No one has eyes as bright as your eyes.”

“Thank you, Bow-wow,” said Mew-mew.

Then they went to sleep again.

By and by they woke again.

“I should like something to eat,” said Bow-wow.

“What would you like?” said Mew-mew.

“Would you like a mouse?”

“No, I cannot eat mouse as you can.

But I think I should like some cold meat.”

“I will go and find some,” said Mew-mew.

Mew-mew went to the pantry.

She found some cold pork.

She ate a few pieces herself.

“It is good,” she said.

Then she took a piece to Bow-wow.

“What did you find, Mew-mew?” said Bow-wow.

"I found some cold pork. Here it is."

Mew-mew set it down before Bow-wow.

"O, that is good," said Bow-wow.

"Please have some, too, Mew-mew."

"Thank you, I will," said Mew-mew.

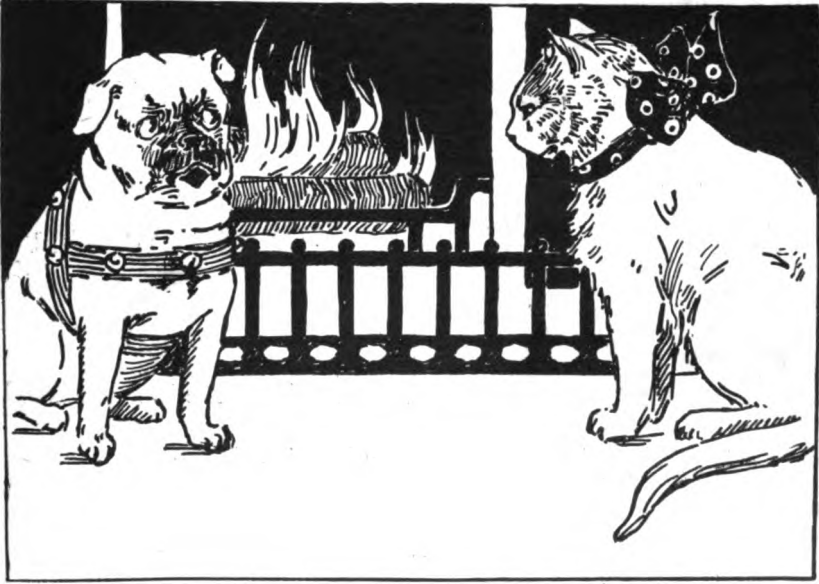
"Here are some little pieces, Mew-mew.

I know that you like little pieces of meat."

"Yes," said Mew-mew.

"I cannot gnaw bones as you can."

VI



Bow-wow was in bed for a week.
Then he was well again.

“I saved your life,” said Mew-mew.

Mew-mew said this to Bow-wow every day.

Bow-wow thought it must be true.

So Bow-wow and Mew-mew were now great friends.

They now loved each other very much.

But they still hated their mistress.

They still hated their home.

They still hated the farm.

They still hated the chicks.

They still hated the ducks.

They still hated the pigs.

One night they sat down by the fire.

“I hate pigs,” said Bow-wow.

“Why?” said Mew-mew.

“Because I do,” said Bow-wow.

“And I hate chicks,” said Mew-mew.

“Chicks are bad.”

“Pigs are worse,” said Bow-wow.

“But ducks are worst of all.”

“Yes, that is true,” said Mew-mew.

“I cannot bear this farm any longer,” said Bow-wow.

“You will have to bear it,” said Mew-mew.

“I will not,” said Bow-wow.

“What shall you do?” said Mew-mew.

"I shall go away."

"Where shall you go?"

"Anywhere to get away from here."

"O Bow-wow, don't leave me," said Mew-mew.

"You may come with me," said Bow-wow.

"O, let us go at once," said Mew-mew.

"We cannot get out," said Bow-wow.

"We must wait until morning."

Mew-mew did not wish to run away.

But she did not dare to say so.

Bow-wow wished he had not talked about running away.

But he did not dare to say so.

"We will go to-day," he said.

"Yes," said Mew-mew.

Then Mew-mew stole a chick to eat on the way.

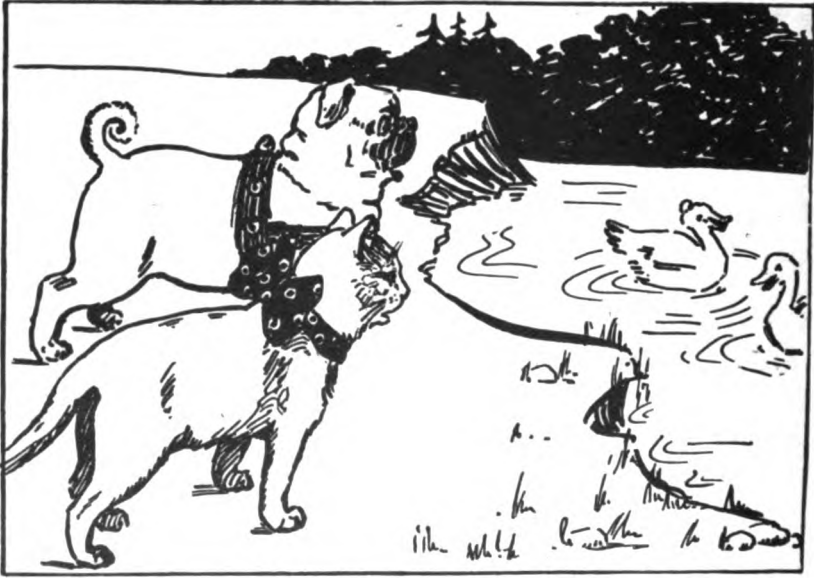
Bow-wow stole a bone.

"We will take them with us," they said.

"Let us go and say our good-byes," said Bow-wow.

So first they went to the pig-pen.

"Good-bye, you bad pigs," said Bow-wow.



“Go away, you silly dog,” said the pigs.

“Good-bye, chicks,” said Bow-wow.

The chicks ran away.

Bow-wow barked.

“Good-bye, ducks,” said Bow-wow.

“Good-bye, ducks,” said Mew-mew.

“Do come out of the water, you silly ducks.

You will get cold.

No one should stay in the water.

Do you not know that?”

“Go away, silly cat,” said the ducks.

“Cats know nothing about ducks.

Go away, cat.

Go away, dog.”

VII



“Now let us go away,” said Bow-wow.

“Let me get my chick first,” said Mew-mew.

“Yes, and I must get my bone,” said Bow-wow.

So Mew-mew got her chick.

And Bow-wow got his bone.

“How shall we carry them?”
asked Bow-wow.

“I don’t know,” said Mew-mew.

“I can’t carry a bone,” said Bow-wow.

“I can’t carry a chick,” said Mew-mew.

“Then let us eat them now,”
said Bow-wow.

“Yes,” said Mew-mew.

So they ate the chick and the bone.

“Now we are ready to go,” they
said.

They went out at the gate.

They went down the road.

“Good-bye, old farm,” said Bow-wow.

“Good-bye, old farm,” said Mew-mew.

Soon they were out of sight.

“Now let us run,” said Bow-wow.

“Our mistress will not see us.”

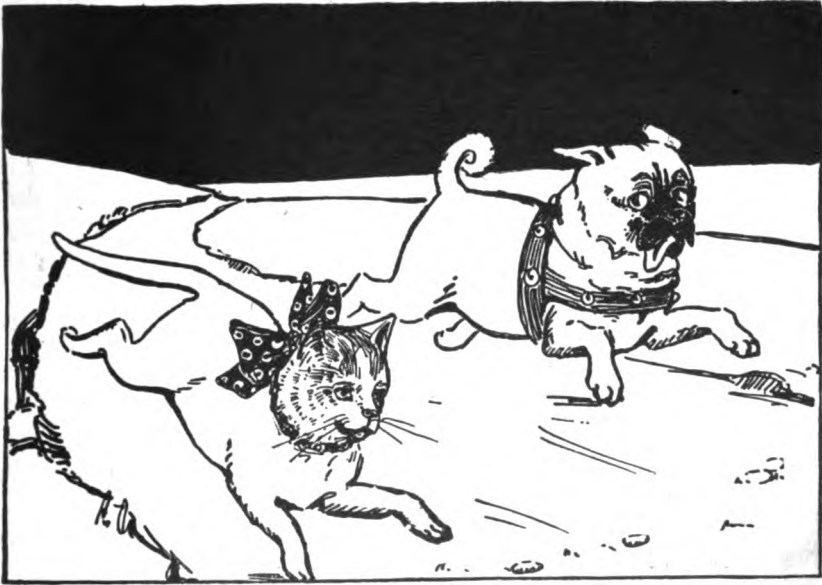
So away they ran.

They ran and ran and ran.

Bow-wow loved to run.

But Mew-mew could not run very far.

“O dear, I am so tired!” said Mew-mew.



“Let us rest.”

“What a silly cat,” said Bow-wow.

“You must learn to run.”

“Shall we have to run all the time?” asked Mew-mew.

“O no; not all the time.”

“Cats are not made to run,” said Mew-mew.

Then they rested a long time.

Bow-wow grew tired of the rest.

“Let us go now,” said Bow-wow.

“I will try,” said Mew-mew.

Bow-wow began to run again.

“We will run across this field,” he said.

“O dear!” cried Mew-mew.

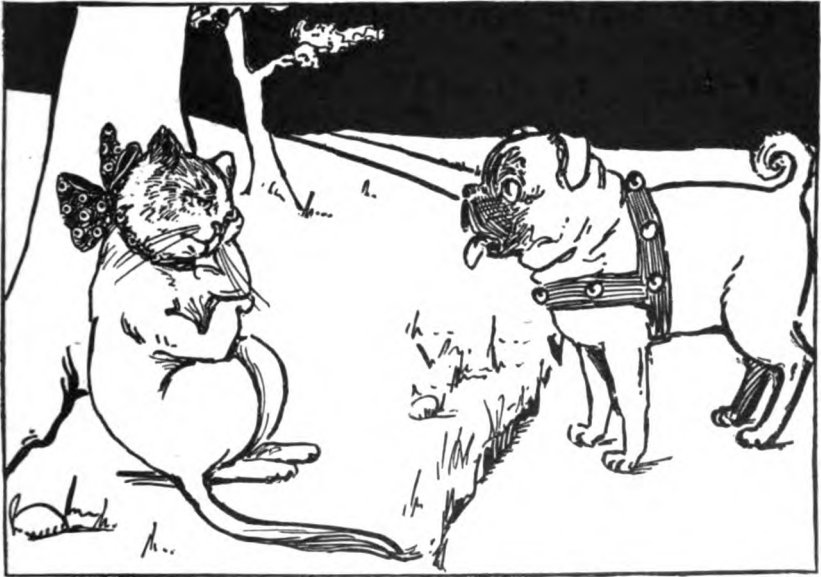
“See my poor feet!

How they hurt!

The grass cuts them.

I must rest again.”

“Must you rest all the time?” said Bow-wow.



“O dear, my poor paws!” cried Mew-mew.

“Do your feet not hurt you?”

“No,” said Bow-wow.

“See, see my poor paws!” cried Mew-mew.

“They are so lame.

They hurt me very badly.

O dear! O dear!”

“Perhaps you have a thorn in them,” said Bow-wow.

“I do not know.”

“Put them in the water,” said Bow-wow.

“That is what I do when my feet are lame.”

“Put my feet in water!” cried Mew-mew.

“Never, never, never!

All cats hate water.

O, I cannot put my feet in water.”



“What shall you do, then?” said Bow-wow.

“I shall lick them,” said Mew-mew.

“I shall lick them well again.”

“It will take you all night,” said Bow-wow.

“So I may as well go to sleep.

Good-night, Mew-mew.”

Bow-wow was soon fast asleep.

Mew-mew began to cure her
lame feet.

She licked them for two hours.

She was very tired.

But the paws grew better.

Then she went to sleep.

She slept all night long.

“I never was so tired,” she said.

Morning came.

Bow-wow awoke.

“Wake up, Mew-mew,” said he.

“Wake up!”

Mew-mew opened her eyes.

The eyes closed again.

“O, I am so sleepy,” she said.

“But I am hungry,” said Bow-wow.

“We must have food.

We must have some birds.

Wake up and catch some!”

“O, I am so sleepy,” said Mew-mew.

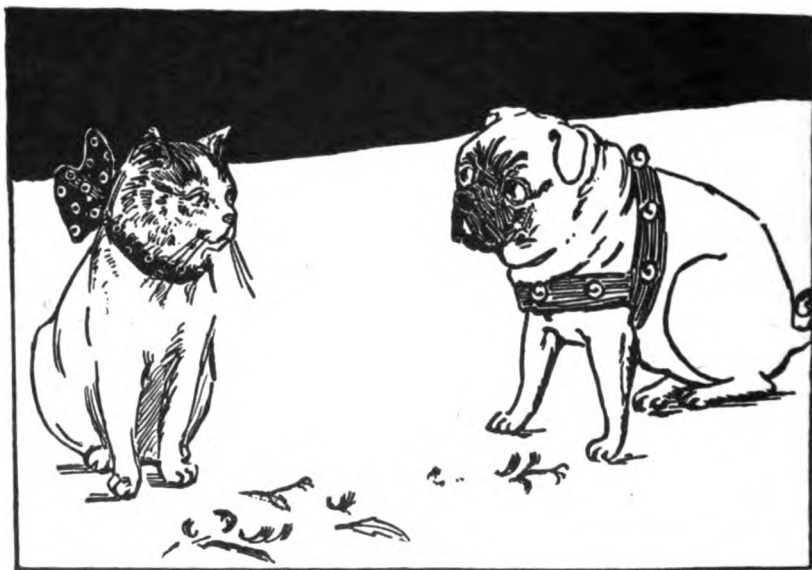
Down went poor Mew-mew’s head.

And she was fast asleep.

“The sleepy cat!” said Bow-wow.

“Why does she not wake up?”

VIII



At last Mew-mew began to wake.

She heard the birds.

Such a noise as they made.

“Hear them!” said Mew-mew.

“O, hear them!

I never heard so many."

"Why don't you catch them?"
said Bow-wow.

"You know that I cannot catch
them.

Cats are made to catch birds.

Dogs are not."

"I will catch some," said Mew-
mew.

Poor little birds!

They lived in the woods.

They had never seen a cat before.

They were not afraid.

So Mew-mew caught two birds.

Bow-wow ate one of them.

Mew-mew ate one.

“They are very small,” said Bow-wow.

“Would you like one more?” said Mew-mew.

“If you please,” said Bow-wow.

So Mew-mew caught two more.

She ate one of them.

Bow-wow ate one.

“Now if I had some milk,” said Mew-mew.

“There is no milk here,” said Bow-wow.

“No milk?”

“No.”

“What shall I do?” cried Mew-mew.

“Can you not drink water?”

“Water? O no, no, no!

All cats hate water.

O, if I had some milk!”

“Don’t be silly,” said Bow-wow.

“Drink water as I do.

I don’t have to have milk.

Water is just as good.

Why must you have milk?

Cats are so strange.

They won’t put their feet in water.

They won’t drink water.

The silly things!”

IX



By and by they came to a farm.
They saw a big sheep dog.
The big sheep dog saw them.
“Bow-wow!
Bow-wow!” barked the dog.

The sheep dog ran at Bow-wow
and Mew-mew.

“Sp-p-pit!” cried Mew-mew.

And she ran up a tree.

“Come up here! Quick, Bow-wow!” she cried.

But Bow-wow could not climb.

The big dog fell upon Bow-wow.

He bit him.

He growled at him.

He shook him.

Just then the farm boy came.

He called off the big dog.

“O! O! O!” cried Bow-wow.

“I am hurt! I am hurt!”

“O Bow-wow!” said Mew-mew.

“I am so sorry.

Is it safe for me to come down?”

“O! O! O!” cried Bow-wow.

Mew-mew looked all around.

The big dog was gone.

So she crept down from the tree.

She went up to Bow-wow.

“Go away,” snarled Bow-wow.

“You left me to the big dog.

Now go away.”

“But the big dog would have killed me,” said Mew-mew.

“And who would then get birds for you to eat?”

“That is true,” said Bow-wow.

“I will go and catch a bird for you now,” said Mew-mew.

But Mew-mew could catch no birds.

There were none anywhere.

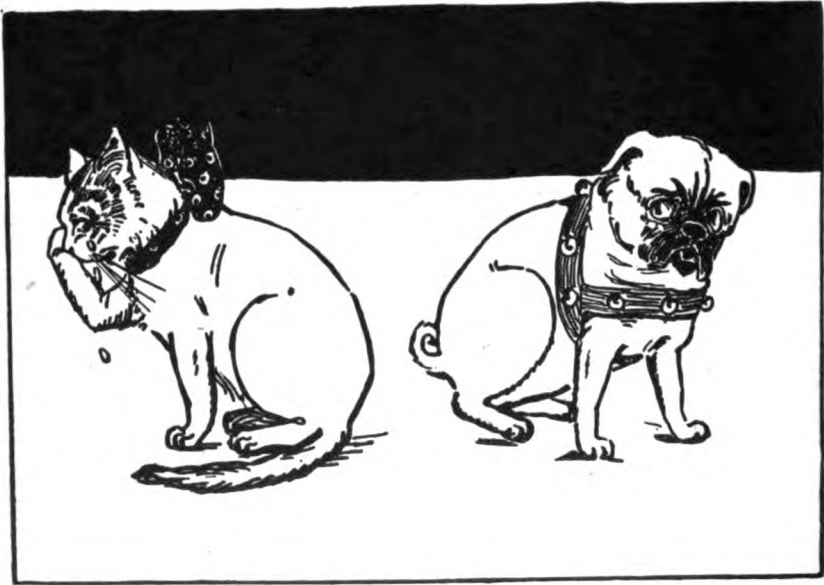
“There are no trees here,” said Mew-mew.

“That is why there are no birds.”

So at last she went back to Bow-wow.

“So you have come, have you?” snarled Bow-wow.

“I hope that you have brought a bird for me to eat.”



“I have no birds,” said Mew-mew.

“I cannot catch one.”

“Cannot catch one?” said Bow-wow. “Why not?”

Then Mew-mew began to cry.

“Stop crying!” snarled Bow-wow.

“You ought to have found a bird. You said that you would catch a bird for me.”

“You said that you would take care of me,” cried Mew-mew.

“And you have not.”

Bow-wow snarled.

Mew-mew cried.

Then they went to sleep.

They slept all day long.

By and by the rain fell.

The rain woke them.

“O dear! O dear!” cried Bow-wow.

“O dear! O dear!” cried Mew-mew.

“It is raining.”

“O dear! O dear!” growled Bow-wow.

“It is raining.”

Mew-mew looked very sad.

Bow-wow looked very sad.

“I am cold,” said Mew-mew.

“I am cold,” said Bow-wow.

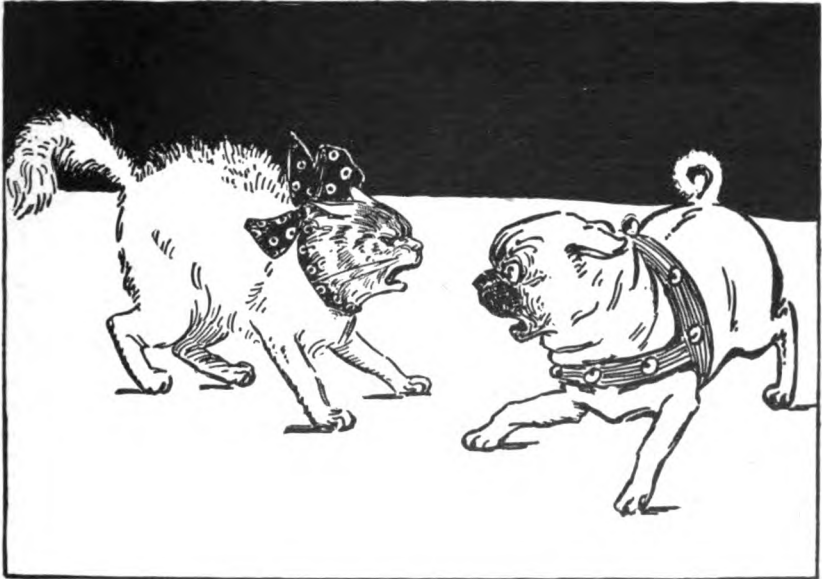
What a silly dog!

What a silly cat!

Why did they run away?

Why did they run away from a good home?

X



Bow-wow would have been glad to go home.

Mew-mew would have been glad to go home, too.

But neither dared to say so.

So on and on they went.

Sometimes they had food.

Sometimes they had no food.

Often they were hungry.*

Bow-wow's coat was dirty.

Mew-mew's coat was dirty.

Bow-wow's feet were lame.

Mew-mew's feet were lame.

"I wish I had not come," said
Mew-mew at last.

"It was your fault," snarled
Bow-wow.

"No, it was your fault," said
Mew-mew.

"It was not!"

"It was!"

"It was not!"

How they did fight!

Mew-mew flew at Bow-wow.

She scratched him.

Bow-wow flew at Mew-mew.

He bit her.

"O dear, dear!" said Mew-mew.

"I wish I were dead!"

"We soon shall be," said Bow-wow.

"O, why did we run away?"
cried Mew-mew.

"We had a good home."

"Yes, we had," said Bow-wow.

“And we had food,” said Mew-mew.

“Yes, we had,” said Bow-wow.

“And we had a warm fire,” said Mew-mew.

“Yes, we had,” said Bow-wow.

“Let us go home,” said Bow-wow.

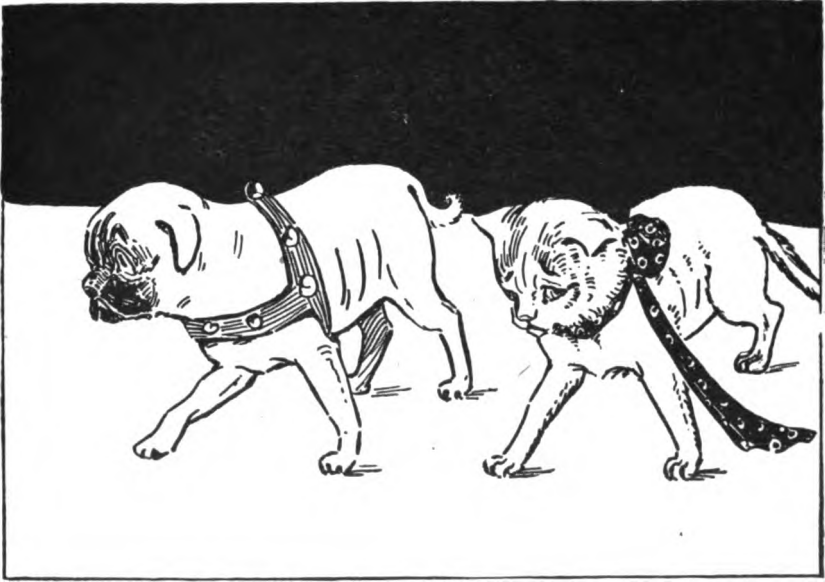
“Yes, let us go home,” said Mew-mew.

“But where is our home?” said Mew-mew.

“I don’t know,” said Bow-wow.

“Well, we can try to find it,” said Mew-mew.

“Yes,” said Bow-wow.



Day after day they tried to find their home.

They grew sick and tired.

Mew-mew's paws were very lame.

One night she sank upon the ground.

“O, I am so sick,” she said.

“I can go on no more.

Good-bye, Bow-wow!

You must go on alone.

I shall have to die here.”

“O no, no!” said Bow-wow.

“Do not die, Mew-mew.

If you die, I shall die, too.”

It was a cold, dark night.

The rain was falling.

Mew-mew and Bow-wow were
very sad.

They crept up to an old tree.

There they lay down and went
to sleep.

XI

Morning came.

Mew-mew was still alive.

And Bow-wow felt rested.

He stood up to look around.

What do you think he saw?

His own home! His own home!

“O Mew-mew!” he cried.

“Wake up! Wake up!”

But Mew-mew could not rise.

She was too ill.

“What shall I do?” said Bow-wow.

“Go and find our good mistress,” said Mew-mew.

Then Bow-wow ran away.

He ran to the farm.

He found his good mistress.

“Why, here is Bow-wow!” the good lady cried.

“O Bow-wow, where have you been?

You poor little dog!

Did some one steal you?

Or were you lost?

And where is poor Mew-mew?”

Then Bow-wow began to bark.

He took hold of the good lady's gown.

He pulled her towards the gate.

“Come, come, come!” he barked.

“Come to Mew-mew!”

The lady understood.

So she followed Bow-wow.

Bow-wow led her to Mew-mew.

Poor tired Mew-mew!

She was too tired to rise.

She opened her tired eyes.

She gave one little mew.

Then she closed them again.

“Poor Mew-mew!” said the lady.

She took Mew-mew in her arms.

“O, you poor, lost Mew-mew,”
said the kind lady.

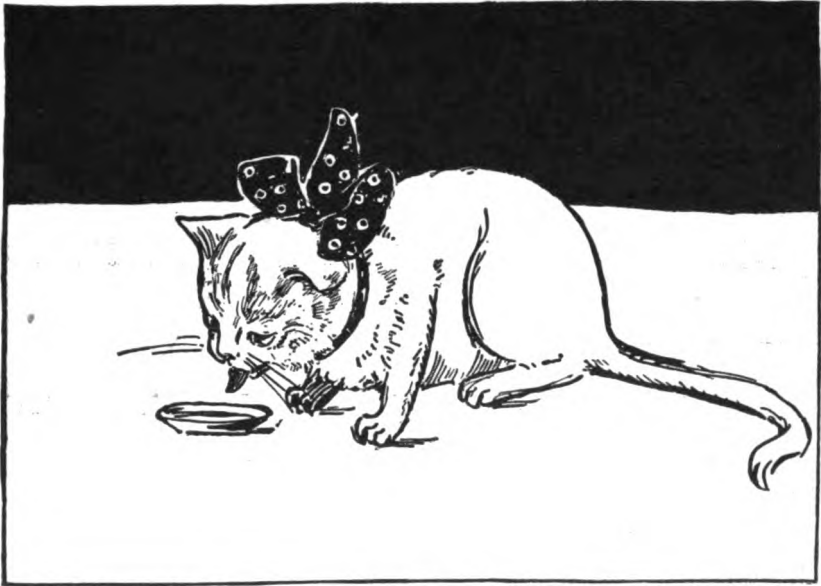
“Where have you been?”



Poor Bow-wow and poor Mew-mew!”

Then the lady made a nice bed for Mew-mew and Bow-wow.

She gave Mew-mew some warm milk.



She gave Bow-wow a big piece of meat.

O, how good the milk tasted!

O, how good the meat tasted!

Soon Bow-wow and Mew-mew went to sleep.

They slept all day and all night.

O, how tired they were!

By and by they were rested.

They began to grow fat again.

Mew-mew's coat grew black and shining.

Bow-wow's coat grew soft and clean.

"We will never run away again," said Mew-mew.

"Never," said Bow-wow.

And they never did.

VOCABULARY.

Mew-mew	dog	own
fire	fight	wish
Bow-wow	like	would
came	cross	full
along	anything	kill
snarled	their	near
way	house	warm
said	mistress	every
spit	food	room
good	neither	little
nothing	home	pieces
know	does	cut
bark	give	milk
silly	meat	nice
bones	noise	began
gnaw	again	chase

pray	ducks	flew
want	hear	down
all	quack	log
purr	make	foot
paw	walk	cried
scratch	water	mile
lived	much	kind
farm	horses	poor
chicks	cows	took
eat	either	hurt
day	need	lady
long	being	glad
pigs	farmyard	should
enough	move	keep
four	dear	still
sleep	awake	cold
please	taken	miss

drove	care	cruel
until	baby	over
night	whined	face
badly	slept	friends
afraid	hour	better
believe	rug	eyes
wash	pulled	wide
forgot	off	bright
about	spread	thank
coat	before	mouse
dare	woke	pantry
pork	morning	perhaps
ate	stole	thorn
few	first	never
thought	carry	cure
true	ready	hungry
loved	gate	birds

each	road	catch
other	sight	heard
hated	tired	caught
because	rest	small
worse	learn	strange
bear	across	sheep
leave	field	climb
once	grass	safe
wait	lame	around
crept	dirty	rise
killed	fault	been
none	dead	grow
brought	sank	grew
ought	die	shining
rain	alive	clean

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