

HOW
PUNKY DUNK
HELPED
OLD PRINCE

Title: How Punky Dunk Helped Old Prince

Author: Charlotte B. Herr; Illustrated by Frances Beem

Language: English

Subject: Fiction, Literature, Children's literature

Publisher: World Public Library Association

(c) **worldLibrary.net**tm



World Public Library

The World Public Library, www.WorldLibrary.net is an effort to preserve and disseminate classic works of literature, serials, bibliographies, dictionaries, encyclopedias, and other reference works in a number of languages and countries around the world. Our mission is to serve the public, aid students and educators by providing public access to the world's most complete collection of electronic books on-line as well as offer a variety of services and resources that support and strengthen the instructional programs of education, elementary through post baccalaureate studies.

This file was produced as part of the "eBook Campaign" to promote literacy, accessibility, and enhanced reading. Authors, publishers, libraries and technologists unite to expand reading with eBooks.

Support online literacy by becoming a member of the World Public Library, <http://www.WorldLibrary.net/Join.htm>.

(c) **worldLibrary.net**tm



www.worldlibrary.net

This eBook has certain copyright implications you should read.

This book is copyrighted by the World Public Library. With permission copies may be distributed so long as such copies (1) are for your or others personal use only, and (2) are not distributed or used commercially. Prohibited distribution includes any service that offers this file for download or commercial distribution in any form, (See complete disclaimer <http://WorldLibrary.net/Copyrights.html>).

World Public Library Association
P.O. Box 22687
Honolulu, Hawaii 96823
info@WorldLibrary.net



(c) **worldLibrary.net**tm



HOW PUNKY DUNK
HELPED
OLD PRINCE

By
CHARLOTTE B. HERR

Designs
FRANCES BEEM

Published and Copyrighted by
P.F. VOLLAND & CO.

FOR
PUBLIC  **LEDGER**

PHILADELPHIA

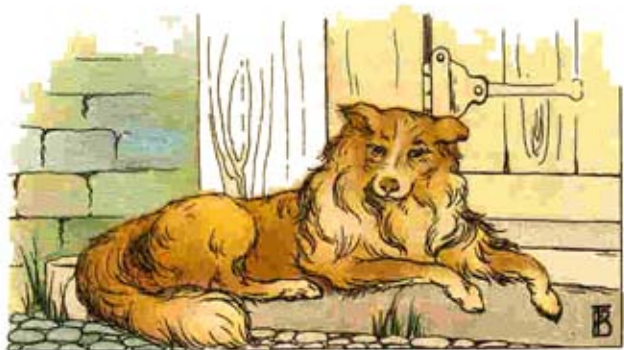


COPYRIGHT, 1912,
P. F. VOLLAND & CO.,
CHICAGO, U. S. A.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

JUVENILE SECTION
PUBLIC  **LEDGER**

Philadelphia, Sunday, March 19th, 1916

THIS LITTLE STORY IS TOLD
AND THE LITTLE PICTURES
WERE DRAWN FOR A GOOD
LITTLE CHILD NAMED

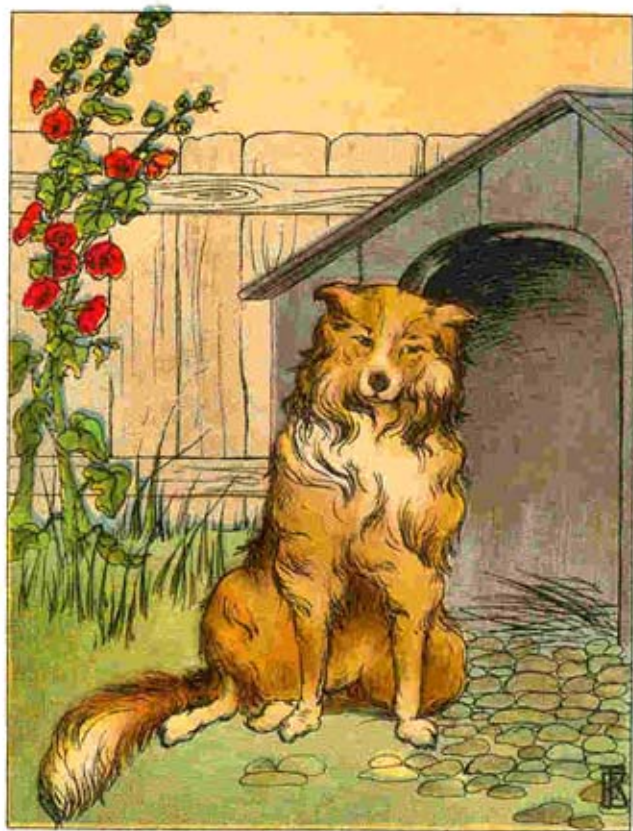


HOW PUNKY DUNK HELPED OLD PRINCE

THERE was once a big, white house, with a sunny back porch and a big back yard where the flowers bloomed and the currants reddened all summer long, and this was where old Prince lived. Now old Prince was almost the very biggest, and altogether the very nicest dog that

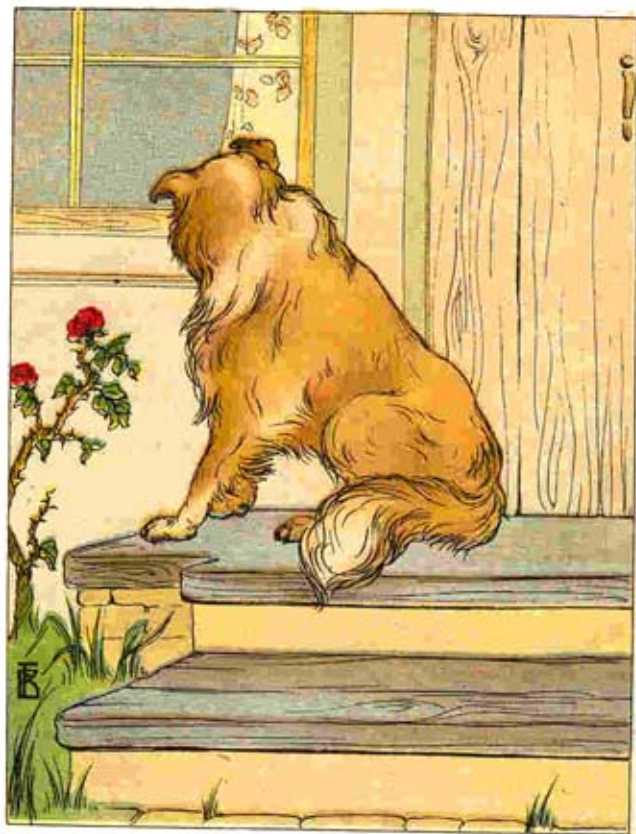
ever lived, and every one in the family loved him. Old Prince was very fond of his family, too, for there was a pretty little girl named Marian, and a dear little boy named Bruce, and the cunningest baby, just like a little pink rosebud, who had a name, too, only hardly any one ever heard it because he was always called just "the baby."

Old Prince loved them all, and was a very happy dog almost all the day long. There was only one thing that he would have changed if he could. This was that he was never allowed to go into the big white house itself. You see, he was so very big for one thing, and then cook had said that she could not have his muddy paws on her clean kitchen floor! It was all perfectly right, of course, but it was very hard always to stay outside on the porch and just watch through the window when all the rest of the family gathered at the table with its pretty flowers and



silver and such very good things to eat, or sat around the fire in the big living-room. How often on cold winter nights, when the wind howled around the house and rattled together the dead stalks of corn in the garden, or blew the snow even into the corners of the porch, old Prince had curled himself up outside and stared hard through the window at the flames that leaped and danced in the big fireplace and threw queer shadows on the walls. Sitting there in the snow he had watched Grandma knit some new mittens for Marian, and had seen little Bruce bring Papa his slippers and then, when he tried to help pull off one of the big shoes, fall over backwards with the shoe in his arms because he had pulled so hard.

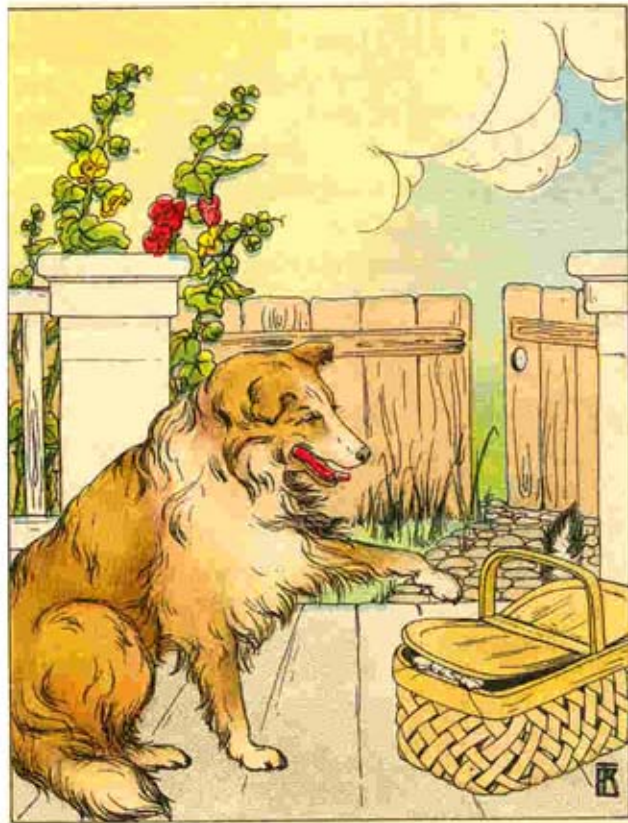
Old Prince had watched, too, when Mamma had put his little pink wrapper on the rosebud baby and made him ready for bed. What fun they did have on those cold winter nights inside the big house!



They could not really understand how hard it was to be shut out of it all, or they would surely let him come in too. Old Prince was certain of that.

But the sunny back porch was his, and all of the big back yard, and besides he had a cosy little house of his own down near the barn. So things were not so bad after all as some dogs have them.

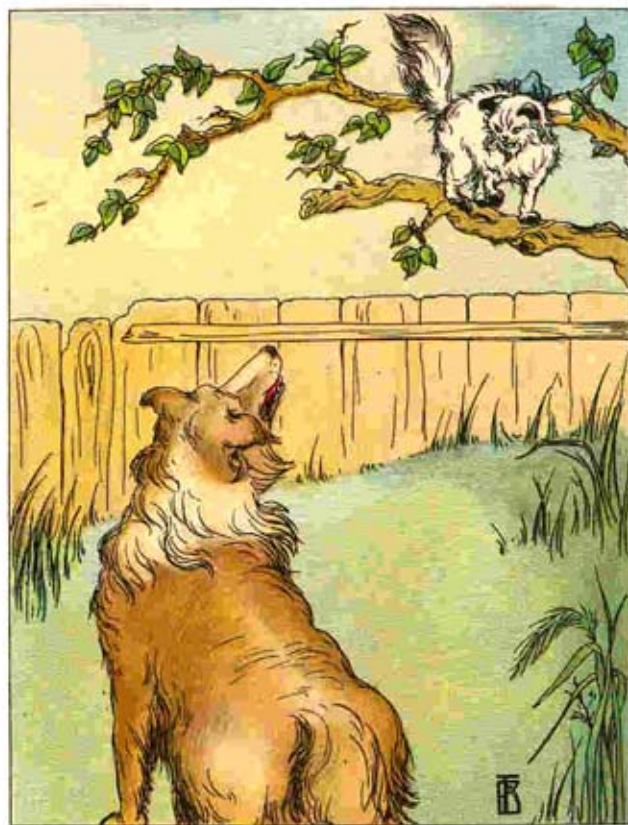
But one day something else happened that did not please old Prince at all. The whole family went out for a ride, and when they came back what should little Bruce bring around to the back porch but a big basket. That wouldn't have been anything to bother one, except that it was such a queer basket! At one end it had a tail, a soft furry tail, sticking straight out of it, and at the other end two restless white paws that kept moving in and out, and from inside the basket there came such a mournful sound,—mew! mew! and when at last the basket was opened, out stepped



Punky Dunk, and what do you think? He was taken right into the big white house and allowed to lie on the rug by the fire the very first thing! It was too much. From the very first, old Prince hated Punky Dunk. The idea of having a cat around anyway—a soft, fluffy, useless thing, and a regular “fraid cat” besides! Punky Dunk couldn't watch the house, or bark at strangers, or serve the family in any way, and yet he had been given the best of everything all at once.

Then old Prince made up his mind just what he would do. Punky Dunk might have the house; Prince had nothing to say about that. But he should never have the sunny back porch, or the big yard, and never should he so much as set foot in Prince's own little house.

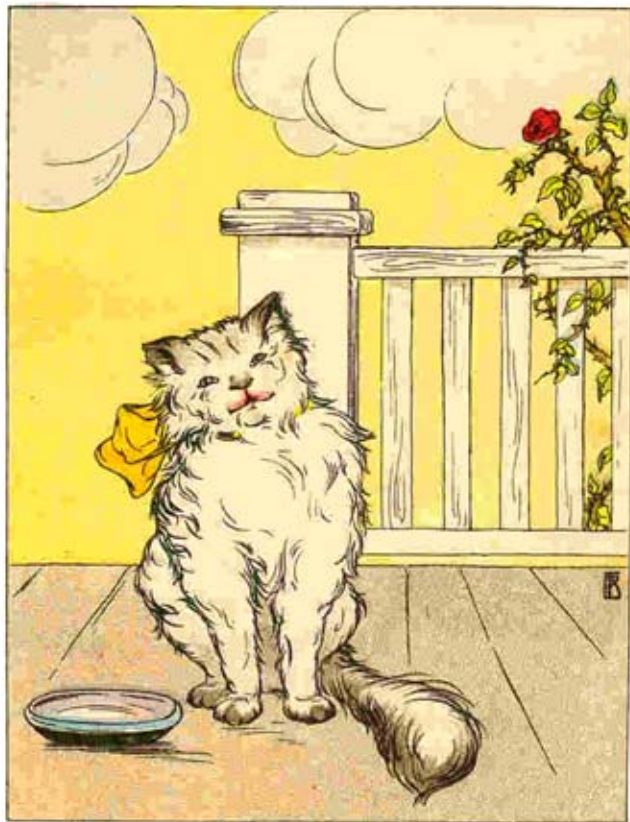
So it happened that when every morning Punky Dunk came out to take the air, and tried, in his timid little way, to make friends, old Prince chased him, every time,



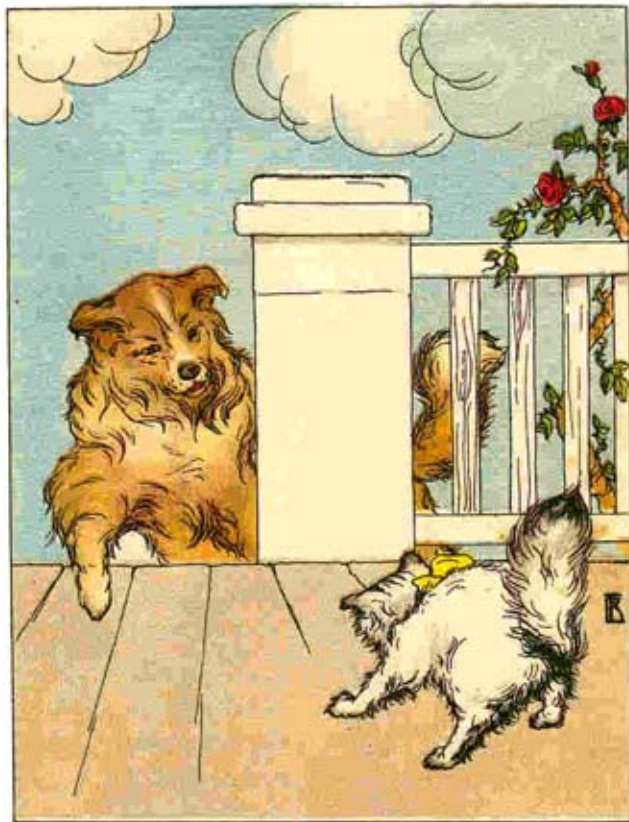
into the big apple tree. There he had to stay, too, until Bruce climbed up and brought him down, and whenever little Bruce did not come for a long time things went quite hard for poor Punky Dunk. Once, to be sure, with the family to help him, he had got the best of old Prince, and this was the way it happened.

It was on a bright spring morning when Punky Dunk had run up on to the back porch to drink his saucer of milk which cook had brought outside because it was so fine a day. And after he had finished his cream he sat down to wash his face, and then because the sun was so warm, and the rug beside the back door was so soft, he lay down to enjoy himself for a little longer time.

Now Punky Dunk knew perfectly well that the porch belonged to old Prince; at least, he always had said that it did. And Punky Dunk knew, too, that old Prince would never allow him to stay there. But early that morning he had seen little Bruce



climb into his pony cart and drive away into the country to get the fresh eggs for Mamma, and old Prince had trotted along behind. That meant that he would not come back for a long time because, in the first place, it was a long way to the farm in the country, and then, besides, the pony would never run fast for Bruce. So Punky Dunk was sure he could get safely away before old Prince came, and have a very good time besides. And so he lay on the rug in the warm sunshine pretending to watch the robin who was building a house in the top of the cherry tree, but really almost ready to go to sleep, when suddenly, and long before it was time for him to be back again, old Prince came running up the porch steps in a great hurry and almost jumped over Punky Dunk before he saw him. There was no time at all for Punky Dunk to run away. That was really a dreadful moment, almost the worst in his whole little life.

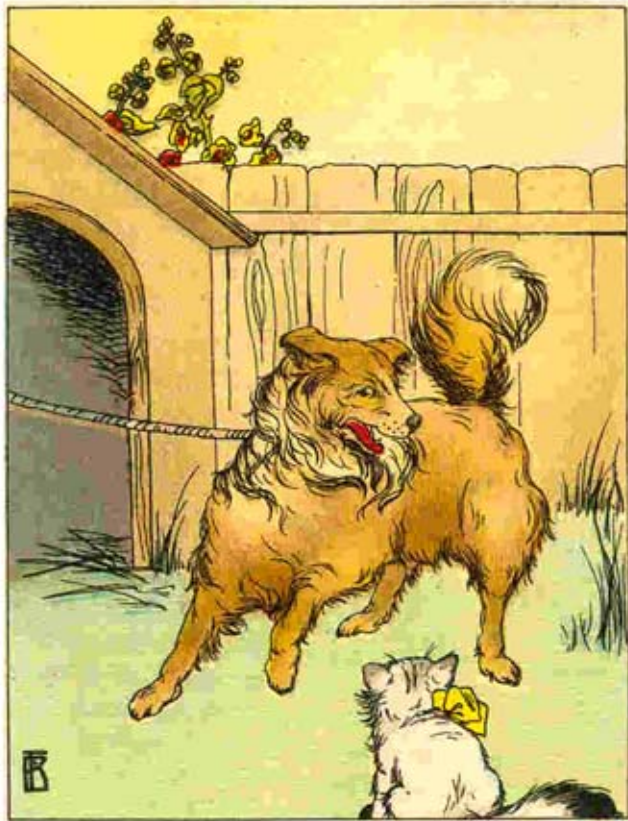


And Old Prince was just about to chase poor Punky Dunk when little Bruce came around the house with his basket of eggs and saw exactly how things stood.

So he tied old Prince up to the ring in his house, and left him there all morning to punish him for not being kind to Punky Dunk, and that made old Prince very angry indeed. He jumped about and barked, but it was all of no use. And when Punky Dunk saw that he could not get away, I am sorry to say that he did not behave himself very well either, for he curled up again on the back porch, and said he should stay there as long as he pleased.

So after that day matters were worse than they had been before, and at last Punky Dunk hardly dared to poke his little nose outdoors for a breath of fresh air for fear old Prince would chase him.

But Punky was almost as smart a cat as he was pretty, and it was not long before he found out how to get away from old



Prince. For around the corner of the porch was a hole that led through the queerest little passage—much too small for Prince to squeeze through—right straight back into the house! In summer the ice man used it, but now it was always open, and at the farther end one could jump down behind some drawers and then come walking right out into the pantry itself—the pantry, where cook kept all the good things, almost all of them things a cat likes best to eat! Of course there were often pies, and jellies, and useless affairs of that sort, but almost always there was cream, and sometimes there was meat, and, besides, by jumping through the hole he could always get away from Prince without first mewing for hours in a tree.

Now it happened one day that the family went away, every one of them, so that there was nobody at all left in the big white house. Punky Dunk had sat on the front door mat and hoped until the

last minute that they would take him, and old Prince had run out to the carriage step, and barked, and wagged his tail, which was his way of asking to go, but he was left behind, too, and that made him so dreadfully out of sorts that the first thing he did was to chase Punky Dunk.

It all happened so suddenly that there wasn't time enough even to think of the hole, so up the first tree poor Punky Dunk had to go as fast as his four little furry legs would take him, and there he stayed for a long, long time.

But at last old Prince began to get hungry, and not one bone had the family left in the plate near his little brown house. And at first Punky Dunk was glad of it, for if old Prince wouldn't let him come down to have any supper, it served him right not to have any himself!

But by and by poor little Punky Dunk got very hungry, too. He thought of all the nice things in the pantry, and then

suddenly he remembered something, and a bright idea came into his little head.

"Oh, look here, Prince," he called down in his most friendly voice, "I know where your meat is. Cook forgot and left it on the pantry shelf. I saw her put it there. And if you like, I will go through my hole and get it for you."

"Very well," growled Prince, who was so hungry that he couldn't refuse, "but if you try to run away, I'll chase you right up that other tree!"

Then he let Punky Dunk come down, and watched him while he climbed up through his hole and into the pantry. And when old Prince saw him coming out with the meat all safe in his mouth, he was so pleased that he wouldn't even taste it until he had made it all up right there. Then he invited Punky Dunk to take dinner with him in his own little house, and, best of all, he never chased Punky Dunk up a tree again!

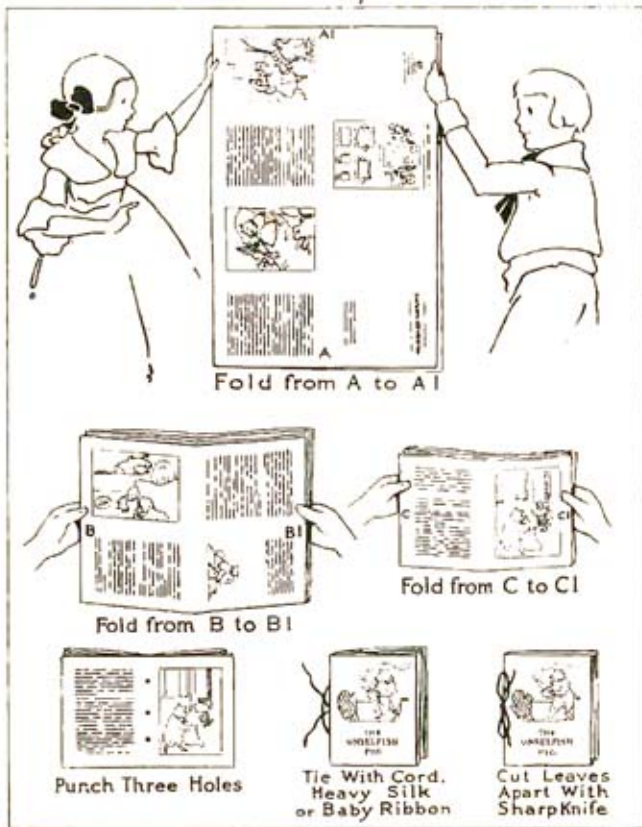


How to Make Up This Book

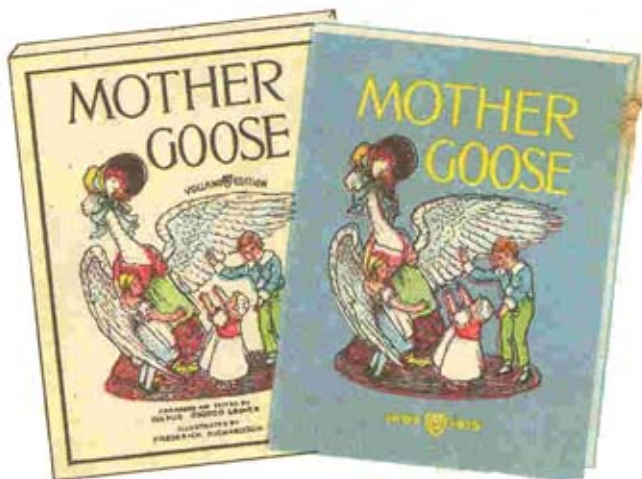
EVERY child should have a complete set of the following books, beautifully illustrated in colors. They will come to you with the Sunday edition of the

PUBLIC **LEDGER**

- December 12th
Punky Dunk and the Spotted Pup
- December 26th
Punky Dunk and the Gold Fish
- January 9th
Punky Dunk and the Mouse
- January 23d
The Wise Mama Goose
- February 6th
The Unselfish Pig
- February 20th
How Freckle Frog Made Herself Pretty
- March 5th
The Bee Who Would Not Work
- March 19th
How Punky Dunk Helped Old Prince
- April 2d
The Bear Who Never Was Cross
- April 16th
Snip and Snap and the Poll Parrot
- April 30th
Snip and Snap and the Billy Goat
- May 14th
Snip and Snap and the Lost Baby



FACTS ABOUT THE VOLLAND EDITION OF
MOTHER GOOSE.



"No, no, my melodies will never die,
While nurses sing, or babies cry."

The most authentic edition of Mother Goose since Mother Goose Melodies were published in Paris in the year 1697.

One Hundred and Eight full page illustrations, remarkably faithful reproductions of the famous original paintings by Frederick Richardson. In design the illustrations are correct and wholesome; and in color, simplicity, humor and imagination they are a most unusual delight.

In an authoritative foreword Eulalie Osgood Grover tells the true story of Mother Goose and her rhymes. These rhymes have power to arouse children to eagerness and attention; and they train the ear and stir the imagination as no other verses do. Many poets and writers trace their first inspiration and love of literary things to Mother Goose.

Every child, every parent, every teacher and every artist will find value and charm in the Volland edition of Mother Goose. In addition, the book is made practical for hard everyday use; it is strongly bound in blue denim. This substantial cover is made attractive with colored inlay and gold-leaf letters. Price, \$2.00.

FOR SALE WHEREVER BOOKS ARE SOLD.

The End.

