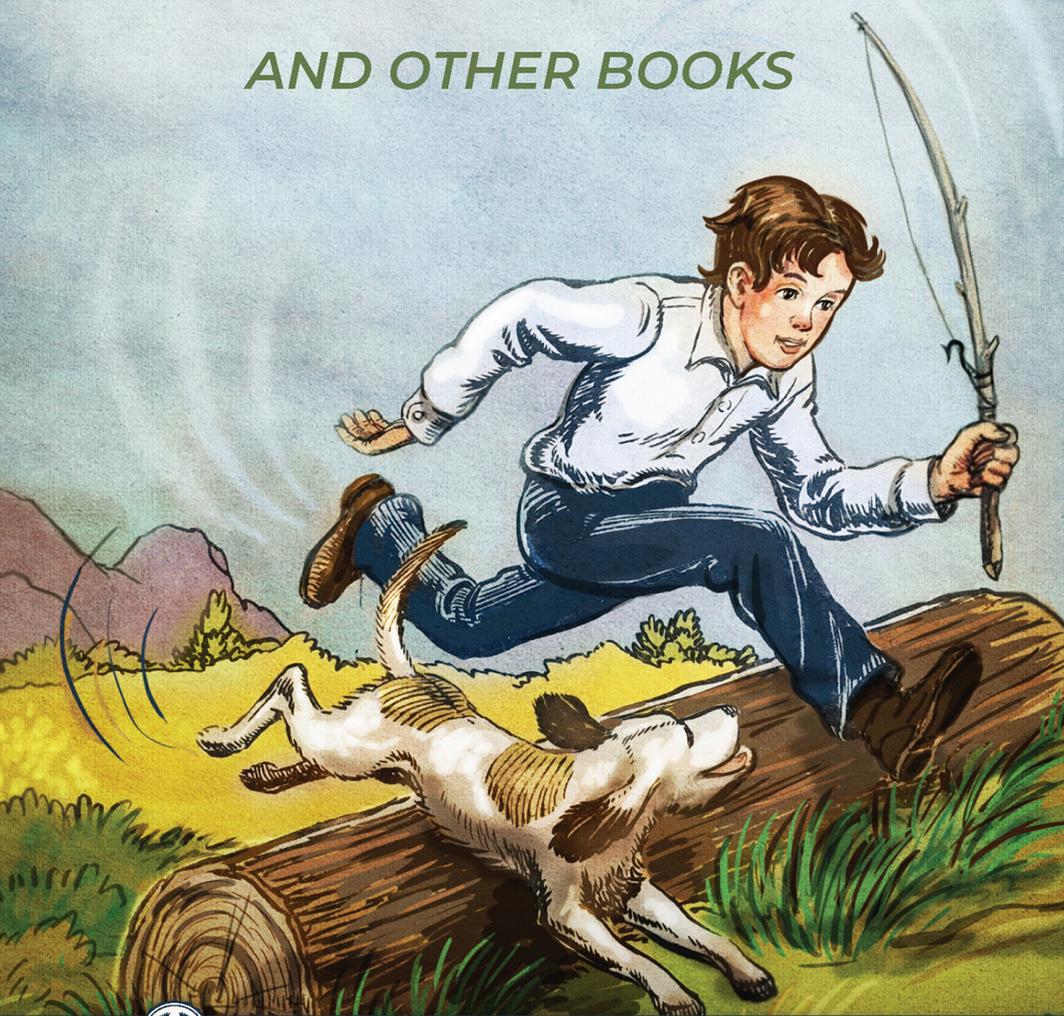


TOBY HAS A DOG

AND OTHER BOOKS



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May Justus

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Toby Has a Dog



by May Justus

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Toby Has a Dog

The Tollivers lived in a little log house in the middle of No-End Hollow.

There were three of the Tollivers. First, there was Father, who was tall and lean. Mother came next. She was short and fat. Then there was Toby who was about the right size for his age and going on nine.

There was also Molasses, a mule which belonged to Father. He had not been named for his nature, but for his coloring.

Missy, the cow, was a great pet of Mother's. "A gentle cow if there ever was one," Mother often said.

Toby had a hound pup, but the hound pup had no name.

“A boy should name his own dog.” This was the opinion of Uncle Tobe on Yon-Side. Uncle Tobe had given the pup to Toby. “Name that dog yourself,” he had said, and then he had added: “And be sure that you give him a suitable name!”

A suitable name! A name to suit a mirthful puppy, full of mischief.

One day Mother had caught him eating from a pot of beans which were cooling on the hearthstone. She had chased him out of the cabin.

“Greedy Good-for-Nothing,” she took to calling him.

As for Father, he called the pup Rowdy Rascal.

For the pup was always chasing Molasses around the barn lot, frightening a neighbor’s team, or scaring the chickens off the roost.

But the hound pup paid no attention. He knew as well as anyone that he had no proper name.

“We ought to give him a suitable name before he is any older,” said Toby.



“We might call him Worthless,” Father said. “That would suit him to a T. All the other animals do their best to earn their board and keep. Molasses pulls the plow in the field—”

“Missy gives milk,” added Mother.

“The hens lay eggs,” Father went on. “The pigs grow fat for meat. But the hound pup? He’s no good at all, no good whatsoever. He does nothing but make mischief. We might as well get rid of him.”

“Oh!” cried Toby, and he drew a long breath. “We can’t do that. We would hurt his feelings if he thought we didn’t want him. And what could we do with him?”

“Take him back to Yon-Side where he came from,” said Father. “If he doesn’t mend his ways in a hip-and-hurry, that’s what we’ll do with him!”

This made Toby feel very sad. He hunted up the hound pup and took him off all by himself to have a little talk with him.

“Listen, hound pup,” he said. “You’ve got to learn some manners. And we’ve got to think of things you can do to earn your board and keep.”

“Woof, woof!” agreed the hound pup. He was always perfectly willing to follow Toby’s wishes as far as he understood them.

Toby thought of several ways the hound pup could be helpful. He taught him to watch the garden

*“While Mother
washed the clothes,
Toby kept the wash
pot fire burning.”*

