

DEAN'S
FROLIC
SERIES No 4.



**PUPPY WINS
HIS STRIPE**



PUPPY WINS HIS STRIPE.

OUR hero, Policeman Puppy, was quite clever in his way. He knew each cook that lived upon his beat, and as he called upon them, just to pass the time of day, they always found him lots to drink and eat.



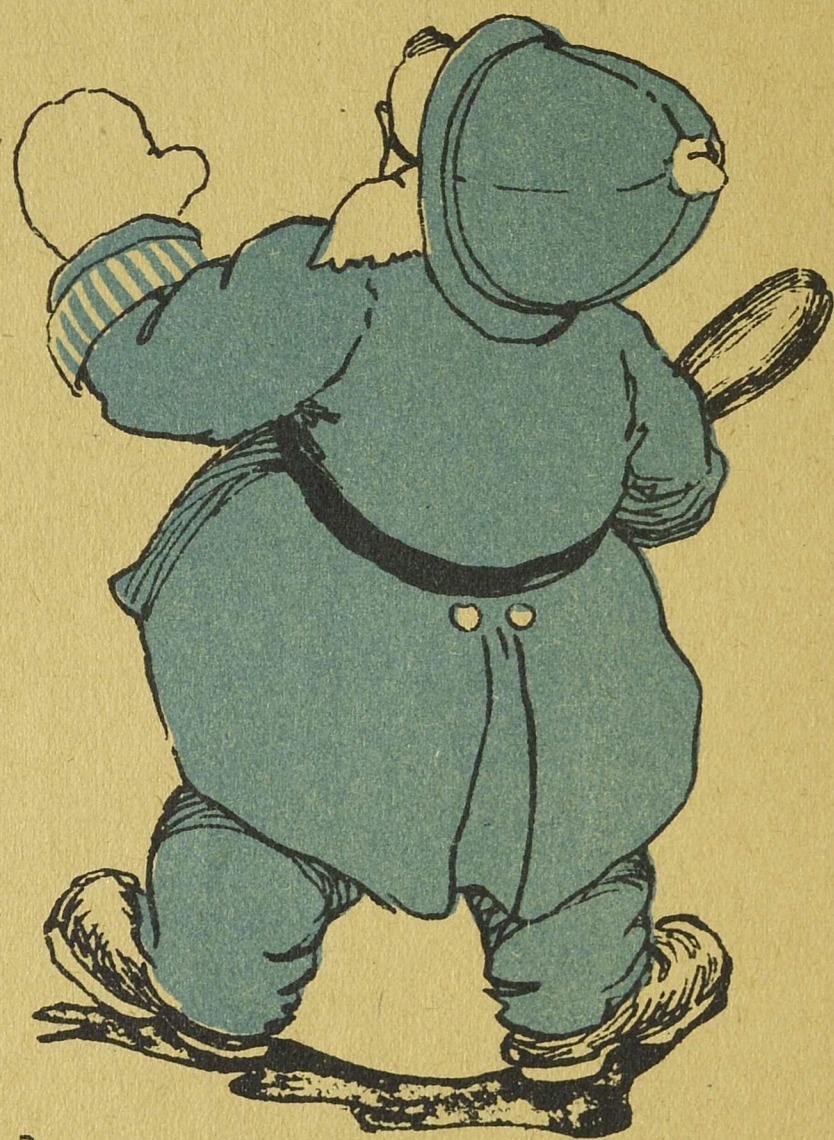
One morning
he was calling
on the cook at
24, he was
thirsty, so the

cook brought him a drink,
when suddenly he saw a sight
he'd never seen before, but from danger
P.C. Puppy did not shrink.

He had noticed that a foxy thief had
climbed the garden rail, and vanished
through a window open wide.

Said he to cook, "Run in at once, to
frighten him don't fail, then I'll catch him
when he tries to
get outside."

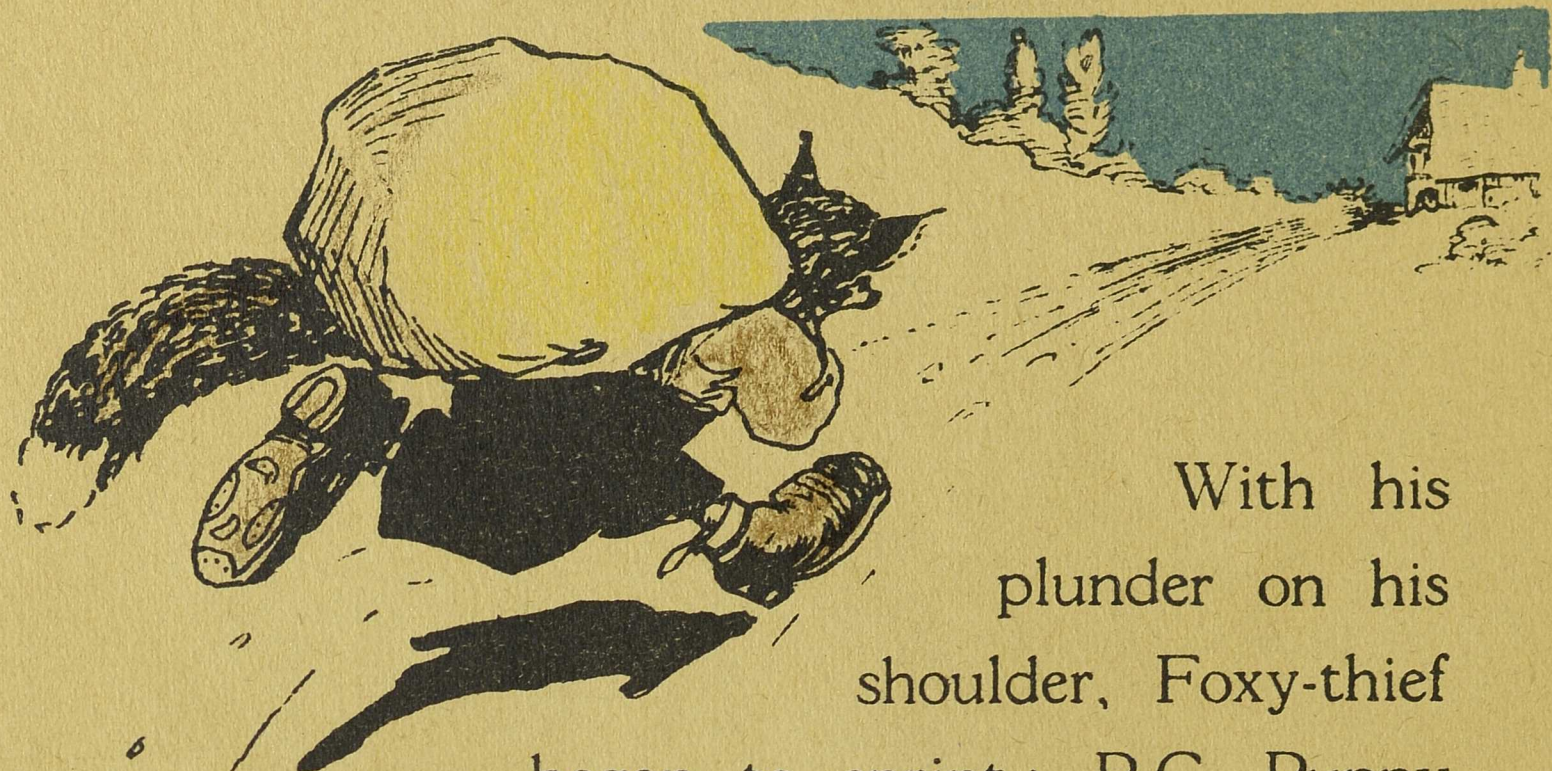
But Foxy-thief
had heard the cook,
and soon thought
of a trick, when he
saw the police-
man waiting
down below.





So he jumped out of the window,
then ran off very quick.

What a pity P.C. Puppy was too slow.

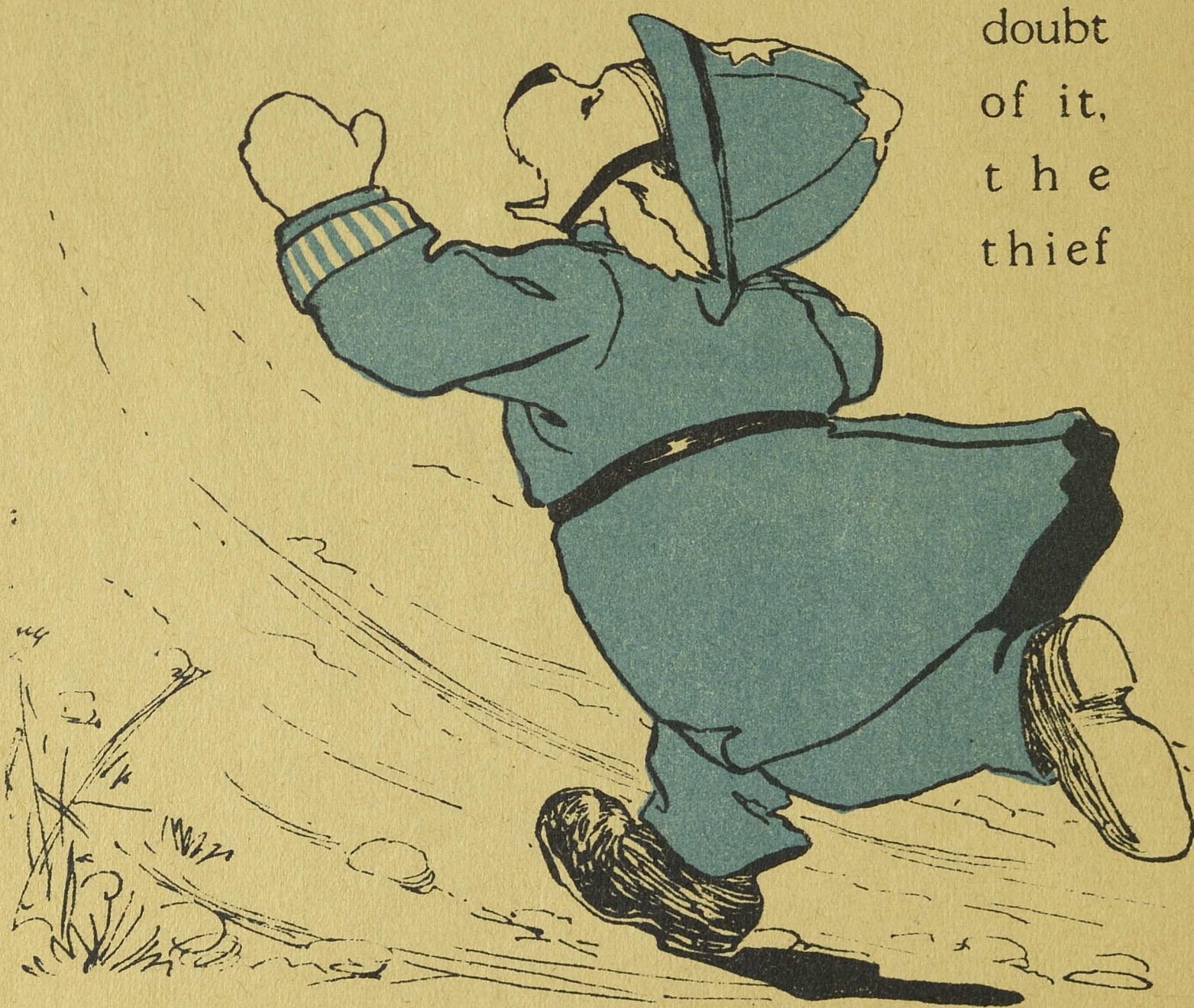


With his plunder on his shoulder, Foxy-thief began to sprint; P.C. Puppy followed after, shouting "STOP!"

But his shouting was quite useless, Foxy wouldn't take the hint; and the plunder he did not intend to drop.

Most of the neighbours round about at some time had been robbed by Foxy-thief, and they joined in the chase.

If they'd caught him there's no doubt of it, the thief



would have been mobbed; but he meant to get away and leave no trace. The bundle that he carried tired Foxy-thief in time, and the crowd with P.C. Puppy gained apace; to delay them Foxy-thief committed such a foolish crime, but he thought that it would help him win the race.

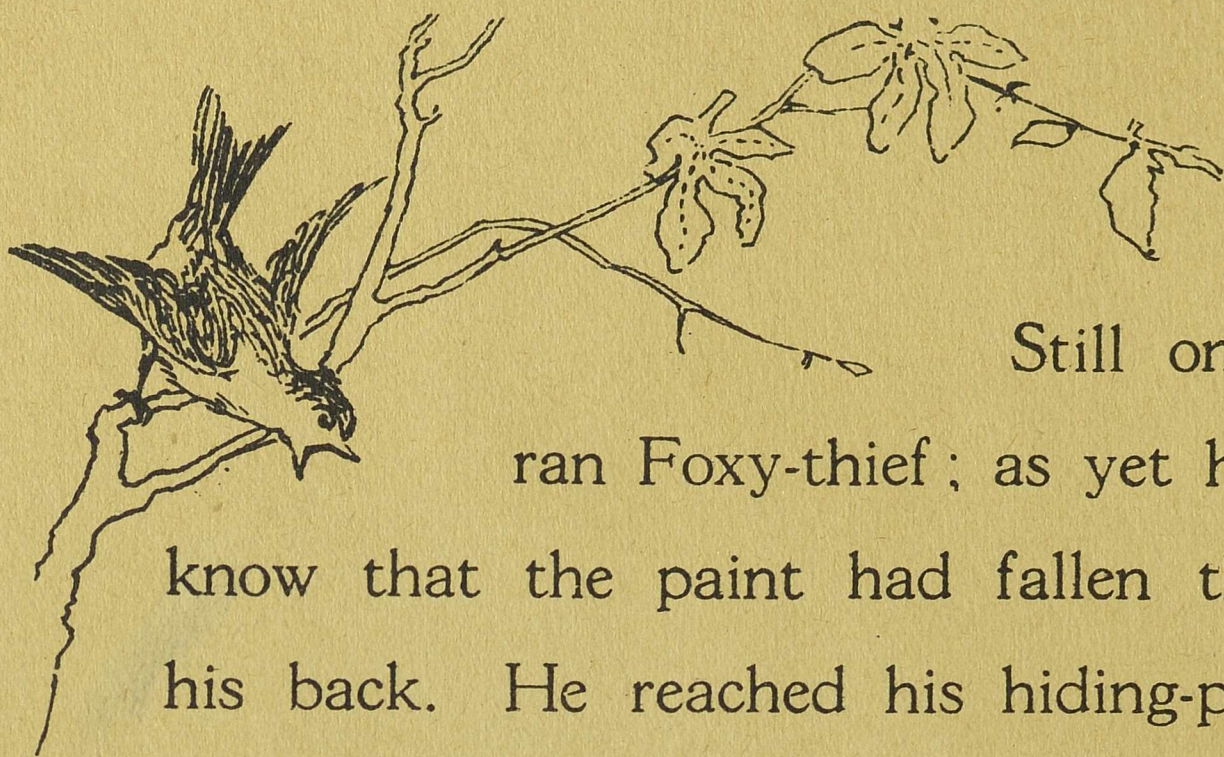




Slyly peeping round the corner, on a ladder there he saw Mr. Porker, who was busily employed. "I'll upset him now," thought Foxy-thief, "and thus evade the law." You can guess that Mr. Porker was annoyed.



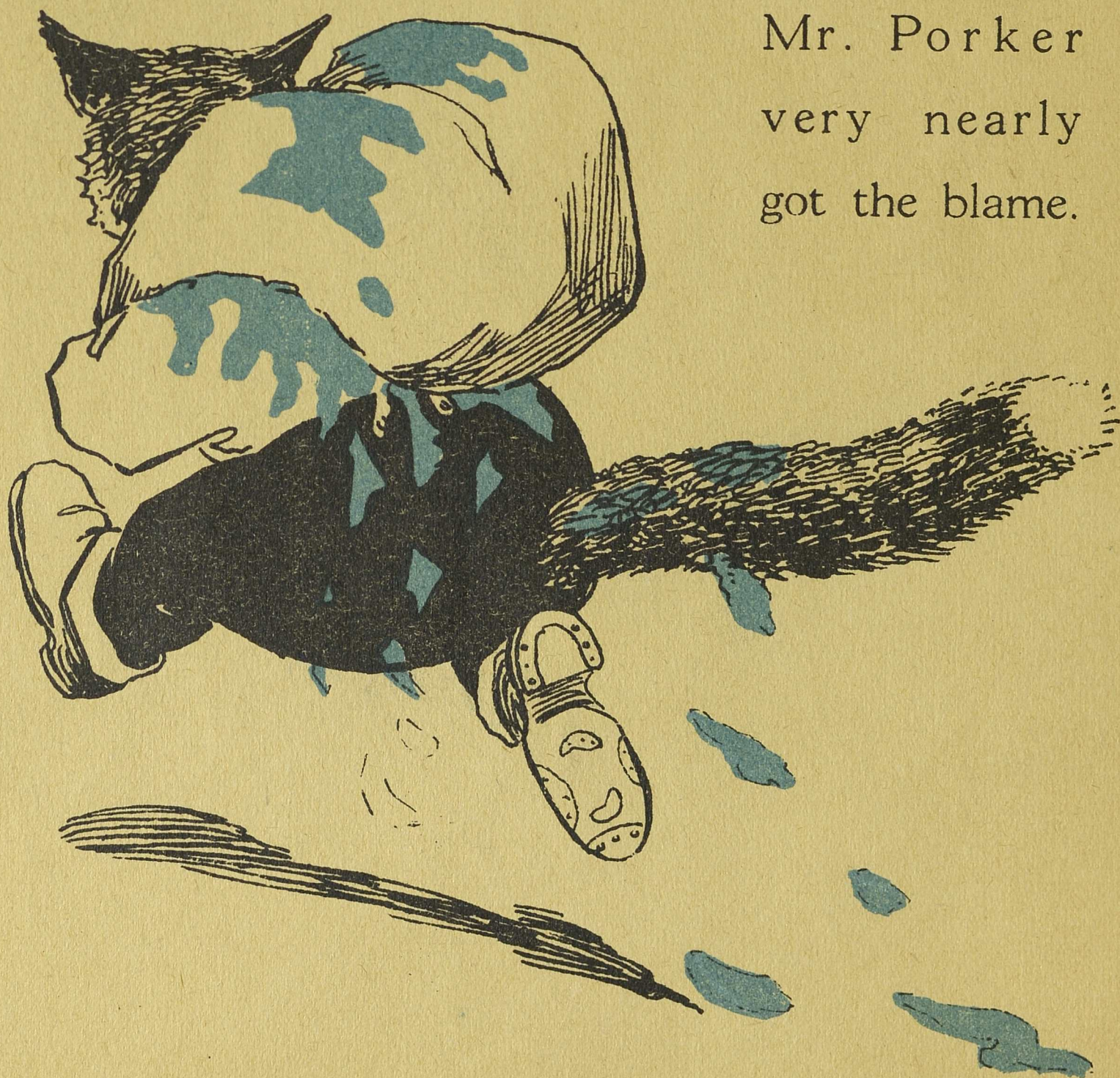
Quickly underneath the ladder darted naughty Foxy-thief. Mr. Porker, very startled, gave a yell; for the ladder started slipping, and the paint-pot came to grief. It was very hard where Mr. Porker fell.



Still on his way
ran Foxy-thief; as yet he did not
know that the paint had fallen thickly on
his back. He reached his hiding-place quite
safe in half-an-hour or so; but he did not
know that he had left a track.

When Mr. Porker was upset, and from
the ladder fell; P.C. Puppy round the
corner quickly came. He tripped over
Mr. Porker, all the others did as well.

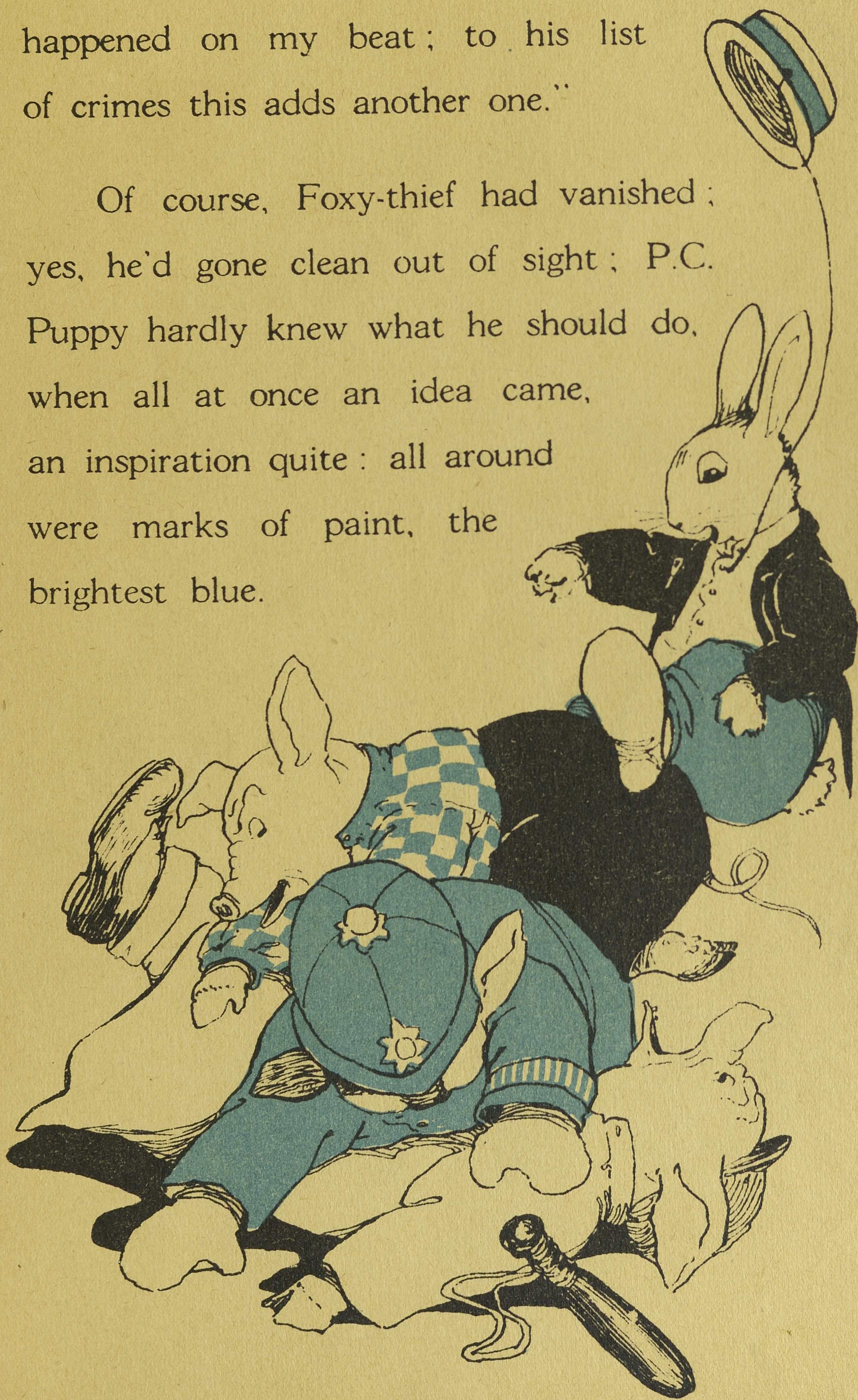
Mr. Porker
very nearly
got the blame.



When they'd sorted out the tangle, and had got upon their feet, Mr. Porker told what Foxy-thief had done.

P.C. Puppy said, "That's serious, it happened on my beat; to his list of crimes this adds another one."

Of course, Foxy-thief had vanished; yes, he'd gone clean out of sight; P.C. Puppy hardly knew what he should do, when all at once an idea came, an inspiration quite: all around were marks of paint, the brightest blue.





And Foxy-thief has changed his clothes, he's had some food as well. By the fire now he has a quiet smoke, and he chuckles at his thoughts, though the truth be sad to tell, to give the police the slip, he thinks a joke.

But as he sat there chuckling, he heard a noise outside.

It scared him very much, and what is more, he hadn't any chance at all to run away and hide.

Then he heard somebody fumbling at the door.

And then the door was opened ; P.C. Puppy marched right in. Foxy-thief was taken prisoner then and there ; and as to gaol he took him, said the Policeman with a grin, " The paint you spilt led me straight to your lair."





And now, for all his misdeeds, Foxy-thief must stay in prison.

His regrets are all in vain ; his tears he wipes : whilst our hero is promoted, yes, to higher rank he's risen: P.C. Puppy now has won his sergeant's stripes.

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