



Mr. Stewart sat on the floor with little Scottie in his lap while he carefully allowed the pets to sniff one another out. Scottie felt safe in Mr. Stewart's arms, and so the first meeting went off peacefully, much to the Stewarts' delight.

"A wonderful beginning!" Mrs. Stewart exclaimed. She patted Samson and Boots with her congratulations. "You will like Scottie," she assured the older pets. "You two were getting lazy, and now you have something important to do. Your job is to turn this little waif into a Stewart!"

That night Scottie slept in a big cardboard box with a blanket in it. Mrs. Stewart put many newspapers on the floor, and shut him in the kitchen. He was lonely and howled a lot, but nobody came to comfort him. Finally, he got too tired to cry any more, and went to sleep.