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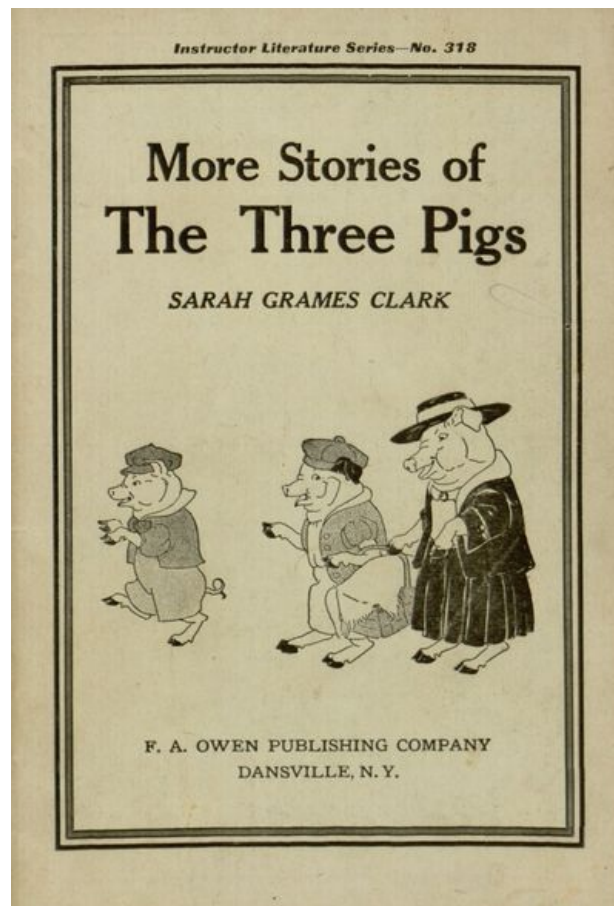
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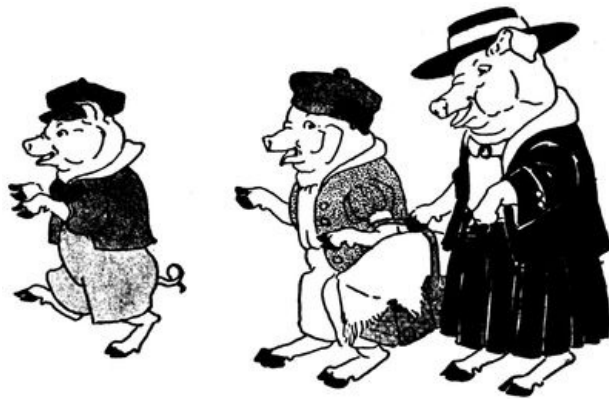
*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK MORE STORIES OF THE THREE PIGS ***



Instructor Literature Series—No. 318

More Stories of The Three Pigs

SARAH GAMES CLARK



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INSTRUCTOR LITERATURE SERIES

**More Stories of the
Three Pigs**

By
SARAH GRAMES CLARK

Illustrated by
BESS BRUCE CLEVELAND



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More Stories of the Three Pigs

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A TRIP TO STYFORD

You have all heard of the three little pigs. And you know all about how Old Mother Pig sent them forth to seek their fortunes, don't you? Of course you do!

You remember, too, how the Wandering Wolf frightened the one in the straw house and "ate up that poor little pig." And you will never forget how he afterwards scared the one in the wooden house and "ate up *that* poor little pig." And then, were you ever so glad, in all your life, as when he tried and tried and simply could not get the third little pig—that cunning, curly-tailed, squeaky-voiced little pig who lived in the little brick house!

Well, of course, this last little pig, whose name was Grunty, lived safely in her neat little red brick house for many years after the day when she ate up the Wandering Wolf for her dinner. [Pg 4]

Some years after that day of feasting, Grunty Pig had two wee piggies of her own. The older one was white all over, except for his two black ears, so Mother Grunty at once named him Blacky-ears. The younger one looked just as his mother had looked when she was little—white all over, with a curly tail and a squeaky voice so cheery that everyone smiled when he spoke. He was called Little-wee Pig.

One day in June Mother Grunty thought she must go on a journey, and she worried about leaving Blacky-ears and Little-wee Pig alone, for she had not forgotten that the Wandering Wolves were not all dead and that one of them might get after her babies.

"Come here, piglets," she called from her kitchen window.

"All right, Mother, I'm coming," answered Little-wee Pig as he jumped from his swing and ran to the house.

But not so Blacky-ears! And I'll tell you why. Bad Boy Mischief, you remember, is always after everyone; little children, little bears, and little pigs. Blacky-ears, I am sorry to say, had been very friendly with him. So, as soon as Bad Boy Mischief heard Mother Grunty call, he hopped right onto Blacky's shoulder and whispered in his ear.

And what do you suppose? Blacky-ears listened and answered his mother just as Bad Boy Mischief had told him to! "Aw, wait a minute, can't you?" he grumbled! [Pg 5]

When Mother Grunty called the second time, Blacky-ears managed to jerk himself into the house and stand sulkily beside her chair. Then she told the two piggies of her plan.

"Now," said Mother Grunty, "I find that I must go to Styford at once. I fear to leave you here alone, for I too well remember what happened to my two brothers. So, if you'll promise to be very, very good, you may go with me."

"Oh goody, goody!" sang Little-wee Pig, dancing around his mother's chair.

"Hurrah for some fun!" cried Blacky-ears.

"You will promise to be good, my dears?" said Mother Grunty anxiously.

"Oh yes, Mother, we'll be good," answered Little-wee Pig.

"You bet!" cried Blacky-ears.

So everything was hustle and bustle in the little brick house, for Mother Grunty was very neat. And everything must be made tidy and not one speck of dust must be left behind. But finally, on the third day, came the time to go.

Blacky-ears, dressed in his new blue suit with its shiny brass buttons, and wearing his little round cap set straight between his ears, looked as neat as a new pin. And Little-wee Pig, all in white except for his bright red sailor tie, was attractive too. But you should have seen the charming Mother Grunty in her trim black suit and sailor hat to match! Then you would have said, "Isn't she splendid!" [Pg 6]

On the train everyone was happy, for even in that short ride there were many interesting sights. And Mother Grunty was ever so patient about explaining.

"Let's play 'I Spy,'" cried Blacky-ears.

"I mean, tell what we can spy out of the window. Whoever sees a thing first can say 'I spy.' Watch sharply! Oh, I spy a tall pine tree on a hill."

"I spy a tiny brook," called Little-wee Pig.

"Styford! Styford!" called the brakeman. And what a hustle to slip into wraps and gather up bundles!

Styford was a busy city, and Mother Grunty was very nervous. Such a hurrying and so much noise! It seemed to the three country pigs that they could never cross the main street!

"Take my hands, my dears," Mother Grunty urged anxiously. At the first crossing they did so. But soon Blacky-ears became used to the noise and hurry. Before he knew it, Bad Boy Mischief was once more riding on his shoulder.

"You're too old to take anyone's hand. You're smart enough to take care of yourself," he whispered.

And Blacky-ears listened. He jerked his hand out of his mother's and ran across the street. A large red hose wagon clanged out of the side street and just missed knocking him flat! [Pg 7]

"Oh-h!" shrieked Mother Grunty as she hurried to catch him. "Why will you do such things? You promised me you would be so good. I fear you'll come to some bad end."

But that was only the beginning of the trouble. In the "Piggie and Wiggie" shop Blacky-ears bumped rudely against a case of glass dishes, jarring two of them to the floor, where they broke to slivers.

While his poor mother was helping the clerk clean up the scattered glass, Blacky-ears pried open her purse and sent the change jingling to the floor. Poor Mother Grunty! She was almost ready to give up!

At the next crossing Bad Boy Mischief merely tugged at Blacky-ears' sleeve, and Blacky turned slyly down the side street and was hidden in the crowd.

Mother Grunty realized with a start that she and Little-wee Pig were alone. "Blacky-ears!" she called piteously. "Oh-h-h, what shall I do!" But if Blacky-ears heard, he pretended not to, and at last poor, sorrowful Mother Grunty took Little-wee Pig by the hand and started for the station.

Blacky-ears did not care—not he! He was so foolish that he was glad! "Guess I'm smart enough to go it alone," he told himself. "I hate folks always fussing over me!" [Pg 8]

But when darkness settled down over the city, he felt uneasy. He began to tire of gazing at shop windows.

"Guess I'll get a drink," he thought. But where?

On and on he wandered. Although he did not notice it, the stores had been left behind and the houses were growing fewer, and farther and farther apart. Suddenly he stopped and looked about him. "Why, I'm out in the country," he exclaimed. "Now I can find a well of good water. It's rather smart of me to come out where I can find a drink!"

But finding a well seemed not so easy, after all. It was dreadfully dark, now that the street lights were far behind. Somehow, the night was full of noises he had never before heard. "Maybe the moon will come up by and by," he told himself. "It wouldn't be so bad if I had a drink and—"

A long drawn-out howl made him tremble with fright! He knew that sound, though never before had he heard it. Had not Mother Grunty told him often just what noise the Wandering Wolf made when he came to eat up her two fat brothers!

Blacky-ears never looked to left or to right. He did not dare. He simply broke into a run! He had no time to remember how tired and thirsty and hungry he was. He remembered only one thing—that a dreadful wolf had howled! [Pg 9]

Down went his poor little face kersplash! in the mud. He could not breathe through his poor bruised, muddy nose. But up he jumped and on he ran. Great muddy tears rolled off his face onto the ground, but never once did he dare to think of stopping. Something hurt inside. Every few steps he stumbled. Then he fell and could not move or cry out.

He remembered not at all that someone picked him up and dragged him into shelter. He lay very still for a long time. Finally, he slowly opened his eyes, and there stood the one person in the whole world he wanted to see—his mother.

Yes, he had run for miles and had fallen exhausted near his own front gate and right at the feet of Mother Grunty, who was watching anxiously for any sign of her lost boy.

Never had the little brick house seemed so safe and cozy. "I'll be good, Mother," he promised in a very weak voice. "I'll—I'll never-r-r disobey again!" he sobbed.

And poor, patient Mother Grunty believed him and gathered him into her strong mother arms where he went quietly off to sleep.



MOTHER PORKY GOES VISITING

Monday morning! And such a busy Monday morning in the little brick house! Mother Grunty was washing clothes. The house was a bit neglected, or so Mother Grunty thought, though a stranger entering it would never have guessed it to be so.

The kitchen was steaming with hot suds as Mother Grunty hurried to rub the clothes and feed her wringer so that Blacky-ears could turn it before starting for school. And there at the table sat Little-wee, book in hand, reading, "The clock strikes 11. How many hours ago did it strike 2?" At eight-thirty off hurried Blacky-ears and Little-wee.

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"Good-by now, dearies. Do be careful of the crossings! Little-wee, your shoelace is dragging. There! that's better! You don't want to be called Johnny shoestrings, do you?" And then, though she was so very busy, Mother Grunty stood at the door smiling happily as her two trim little piglets trotted off to school.

"Well," she said to herself as she turned back toward the kitchen, "now I simply must go to work if I am ever to finish before night." Then back to her washtub she whisked.

She had just caught up her clothes basket and taken steps toward the back door when "Ringle, ringle, ring!" chimed the front doorbell. With a sigh, Mother Grunty put down her basket, tied on a fresh gingham apron, and went to open her door. And when she had thrown it wide, whom should she see but her very dear friend Mother Porky, with three of her very lovely but very lively little pigs!

"Well, well, well, this is a real surprise! Come right in," said dear, good Mother Grunty.

"I hope it is not too much of a surprise. We know Monday is wash day," smiled Mother Porky.

"No, not at all,—not at all, when such good friends as you come in!" And Mother Grunty really meant what she said, though she could not help worrying a bit about her well-nigh empty bread box and her large washing.

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When hats and coats and rubbers had been put away and the four were comfortably settled around the fireplace, Mother Grunty told them all about her washing and about her untidy house and about her "picked-up" dinner. But she told them in such a nice way, such a nice, kindly, cordial way, that good Mother Porky had not the slightest reason to feel unwelcome.

"I don't know when I have had breakfast dishes to wash at this hour," laughed Mother Grunty as she returned to the kitchen, followed by Mother Porky and the three lovely little piglets.

"Now, my dears, you run outside and play," Mother Porky urged. "Blacky-ears and Little-wee have a nice swing and so many playthings out there, just you go on out now."

"All right," the two oldest agreed, but Little-tot, the baby of the family, wanted to stay with her mother. So Mother Grunty found some pictures and crayons and a pencil, and soon Little-tot was settled at one end of the kitchen table, while Mother Grunty and Mother Porky worked away at the breakfast dishes.

And such a good visit as they were having when shrieks and cries made them hurry to the kitchen door and out onto the porch.

"Where are they!" exclaimed Mother Porky, but even as she asked, one of her piglets came running toward her.

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"Mamma! Oh, Mamma! Oh, Mamma! Do you know—?" Her breath gave out completely and she had to stop. "Oh, Mamma!" she began once more.

"Tell us what's wrong," urged Mother Grunty rather sharply.

"Oh, Mamma! Pinky is hung up! She's hung up in the oak tree!" she finally managed to say.

"What do you mean?" the two asked in one breath, as they hurried in the direction of the old oak. But when they came nearer the tree, they both gasped in surprise. The question had answered itself.

"What do you mean, Pinky! What *do* you mean! Haven't I always told you not to climb trees! Now,

how ever are you expecting to get down!" scolded Mother Porky.

But Mother Grunty could do nothing but laugh and laugh and laugh. "Guess you won't need to scold her. She is taking her punishment right now," she said.

And if you could have seen Pinky, you would have laughed with Mother Grunty and you would have agreed with her too. Swinging from an old stub of a dead limb was Pinky Porky. Her pretty new skirt of stout tan kindergarten cloth was holding firm in spite of the fact that the old limb had poked a large hole through it, just above the deep hem. And there she swung, several feet high in the air!

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"Get me down! Oh, please do get me down," she begged, and the tears dropped right into the grasses below. "I was only trying to jump to the ground, and my skirt caught on this horrid old limb. Get me down!"

"Well, I don't see how it's to be done," sighed Mother Porky, who was growing very much worried for fear the skirt would tear enough more to let her piglet crash to the ground.

But practical Mother Grunty had hurried back toward the house. In the shed she found a stepladder and a pair of grass shears. These she tugged back to the oak from which still hung Pinky, swinging and swaying and begging and crying.

When Pinky saw Mother Grunty coming along with the ladder and shears, she cried harder than ever, for she knew she could not get onto the ladder, and she didn't know what Mother Grunty meant to do with those large sharp-looking shears.

"Just suppose you climb this ladder and do your best to reach up and cut off the skirt while I stand below and catch her as she drops," puffed Mother Grunty as she came up to them.

"Your new kindergarten dress!" sighed Mother Porky as she climbed the ladder and waited for Mother Grunty to hand her the shears. But it was not very easy to reach so high and to cut that stout cloth with its heavy burden dragging at it. "Clip—snip—snap—snip—clip!" went the shears.

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"Getting it?" asked Mother Grunty. "Clip—snip—snap—clip!" again went the shears, and down plumped Pinky into her arms with such a force that both of them fell heavily to the ground.

"Do you know, I had forgotten all about Little-tot!" spoke up Mother Porky as she climbed down the ladder.

"Oh, she's all right. She's still coloring away, I guess," soothed Mother Grunty as the little procession walked gravely up the path to the shed where the ladder and shears were put away. Then into the house filed the same silent four, Pinky in her ragged skirt bringing up the rear.

It was very quiet indeed in Mother Grunty's kitchen. "Where is she!" This time Mother Porky's voice was full of anxious tears. "Little-tot, where are you?" she groaned.

"Wite here, Mudder," came a happy, chirping voice from behind the pantry door. Then, as the door swung open, Mother Porky sank right down onto the wash bench and covered her face with her hands!

"Stand still, Little-tot," begged good, patient Mother Grunty. "Stand still like a good little girl until Aunty can help you."

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If ever a youngster needed help Little-tot was the one. For you will scarcely believe what I have to tell you. There stood Little-tot, her face and hands and dress and shoes just painted with dripping molasses, while her feet were stuck fast in the pool of molasses that was slowly widening on Mother Grunty's pantry floor.

"What were you trying to do?" Mother Grunty asked as she put on her oilcloth apron and armed herself with sponges and washbasin and towels.

"Nuffin—only eatin' 'lasses," came the chirping reply. "Me just loves 'lasses. Me picked it up by han'fuls! Yep! right in bofe my han's!" How Mother Grunty did laugh, and it was only the stickiness that kept her from hugging the cunning piglet who liked to "eat 'lasses by han'fuls"!

But Mother Porky could not laugh, even when Mother Grunty said not one bit of harm had been done. Indeed, she spoke of going home at once. But, of course, Mother Grunty would not let her do that.

"Very soon now we'll have a bite to eat, and Blacky-ears and Little-wee will be coming home to amuse the children. Then you and I can have our good visit," she coaxed. And sure enough! Just as the Porky piglets had been excused from the table, in bounded Blacky-ears and Little-wee, followed by Kinky-tail and Curly-tail.

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"Mumsie, we fellows want to play pirate, and first may we have some bread and molasses?" called Blacky-ears.

"Oh! don't mention molasses in this house," said Mother Porky as she came through the doorway. When the "pirates" spied their new playmates, they shouted for joy, "Oh, goody! Here's somebody to rob! Come on, will you play too?"

Now "pirate" sounded rather dangerous, but it proved a real blessing to the two mothers who wanted a quiet chat, for not until they were called in for supper did the piglets come in with even so much as a question.

After a supper of corn muffins and strawberry preserves, fresh creamy milk and a fruit cake, the Porky family hurried into their wraps, for they had a rather long ride out to Swineton.

"Now don't you ever again think of Little-tot's molasses. And you come whenever you can," were Mother Grunty's parting words.

As she returned to her kitchen and saw her half-finished washing and her table full of dishes, she chuckled to herself, "I always thought Bad Boy Mischief was more friendly with my two than with any other piglets in the world. But to-day he rode on the shoulders of two very lovely but very lively little girls."



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CHRISTMAS IN PIGLAND

Snow covered the ground, and big fleecy flakes fluttered against the window panes of the little brick house where lived Mother Grunty and her two little pigs.

Blacky-ears, the older of Mother Grunty's children, was filling the wood box, singing at the top of his voice—

"Merry, merry Christmas now is here,—
Merry, merry Christmas, oh what cheer!"

Little-wee Pig, the younger one, was helping Mother Grunty beat eggs for frosting and had hummed "Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way" until his mother *did* wish he would change the tune.

So, you can easily guess that the month was December and that the exact time was the day before Christmas.

"Wish I'd get a bicycle," puffed Blacky-ears excitedly, as he carefully placed the last large chunk in the wood box. [Pg 19]

"You have done well these last six months," answered Mother Grunty with a happy smile, "Perhaps Santa Pig will bring it."

A knock at the door! The postman handed Mother Grunty a large parcel, very mysterious in its red seals and "not-to-be-opened-until-Christmas" marker.

"Put it in the old green trunk in the attic, Blacky-ears," said Mother Grunty with a broad smile. "And then hurry down, for we must get ready to go over to the schoolhouse."

Every Christmas eve Miss Pinky Pig, all gaily dressed in frills and ribbons, held a Christmas entertainment at the schoolhouse. For five years she had taught the little piggies the "rule of three," and on each of the five Christmas eves every one of those same piggies had been too happy for words!

When Mother Grunty and her two excited piglets entered the schoolhouse, they were received by Miss Pinky Pig, who was very glad to see them.

"That's the very grandest Christmas tree I ever saw!" breathed Blacky-ears, as Mother Grunty smoothed a stray lock and straightened his tie.

"Oh, Miss Pinky, do you suppose Santa will really, truly come here to see us?" asked Little-wee Pig. [Pg 20]

"Yes, he has promised to come," answered Miss Pinky Pig.

Then when she gave the signal, Little-spotty Pig seated herself at the piano and half shyly waited to be joined by Kinky-tail Pig, who carried his violin with great dignity.

As the music sounded, the audience became very quiet. At the close of the duet Miss Pinky Pig arose. "The primary class will sing 'Welcome, Kind Pigs, One and All'," she announced.

And how they did sing! The parents and friends smiled to see the real joy that shone in the face of each little singer. Miss Pinky Pig seated them quietly before she said, "Now Brown-bacon Pig will recite 'Christmas in Pigland'."

And after songs and drills and recitations, a jingle of bells brought all the little folks to their feet.

"O-h-h!" they cried, scarce knowing how to believe their eyes. For there, peeping around the big, sparkling Christmas tree, stood Santa Pig!

And you should have seen his pack! It was simply spilling out candy boxes and oranges, blocks for the boys and paper dolls for the girls!

"Well, little ones," said Santa Pig, as he shook hands with each one. "Now I must leave you. Be good another year. You have the very best teacher in all Pigland. Merry Christmas! And good-night to one and all!" [Pg 21]

With that, Santa Pig, his bells jingling a merry farewell, left the room and—I suppose—jumped into his magic sleigh and flew away over the housetops!

Then Miss Pinky Pig came to the platform and invited them all to stay for cakes and sweet milk. What a buzzing as all the little pigs wished each other a Merry Christmas! And such jolly laughter pealed forth as they showed each other the gifts Santa had brought!

"Come, Little-wee and Blacky," smiled Mother Grunty a half-hour later, as she started for the cloak room. "If we do not get home and to bed, Santa Pig will not have time to fill our stockings."

So cheerfully home and happily to bed went Blacky-ears and Little-wee. And before you could wink twice, off to dreamland they slipped—a dreamland full of sparkling evergreen trees and music and gifts.

There was only one little fellow disappointed that night. And *his* name was Bad Boy Mischief! He had not had one minute's chance to sit on anyone's shoulder or to whisper in anyone's ear. Somehow, he never *is* wanted when everyone is happy and busy doing something to make others glad.



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THE PIGLETS GO PICNICKING

On the first day of July Little-wee Pig slipped quietly up behind Mother Grunty and gave the strings of her starched gingham apron a vigorous tug. "Know what day it is, Mumsie?" he asked as he peeked around to see his mother's face.

"Yes—why it's—Wednesday, isn't it?" answered Mother Grunty, who was too busy measuring baking soda for corn cakes to give much thought to questions.

"Yes, 'course it's Wednesday. But I don't mean that. I mean it's the first day of July."

"Yes, yes, I guess it is. And we haven't yet torn June from the calendar," chuckled Mother Grunty as she went to the pantry to get the sour cream jug.

"Well, but Mother! Don't you know that in three days it will be the Fourth of July! And we haven't a single firecracker or anything!" [Pg 23]

"Oh-h!" It seemed to Little-wee as though his mother was dreadfully slow in replying, "Well, let's see. I suppose we had better have a picnic."

"Oh! a picnic! Who said picnic!" interrupted Blacky-ears as he bounded in through the open door.

"You do startle me so when you jump at me that way, Blacky-ears," said Mother Grunty a trifle crossly.

"Never mind, Mumsie. I'm sorry—honest I am,—but where's the picnic?"

"Wait a minute, Blacky. We don't know yet. Mother was just saying we *might* have one on the Fourth of July," broke in Little-wee.

The arrival of the grocery cart cut short all plans, but they must have been discussed later, for at nine o'clock on the morning of the Fourth a well-packed lunch basket stood on Mother Grunty's kitchen table. And upstairs, with many giggings and much wriggling, the Grunty family put on their picnic togs and prepared for a wonderful day.

When, at ten o'clock, the car that was to take them to the lake stopped at their corner, the three were hailed with many welcome shouts. For Mother Grunty and Mother Rooty, who were very good friends, had planned a real picnic party and had promised to care for thirty excited piglets. [Pg 24]

Do you wonder that they laughingly told each other that they would have no idle minutes that day?

The ride in the open car was wonderfully cool and very pretty. At the first sight of the lake such a shout arose that the motorman turned quickly to see what the trouble could be. But when he saw the thirty happy, excited faces his shoulders shook with laughter as he said to himself, "Carried folks over this hill for twenty years now and never heard such a fuss over the sight of a little water!"

When the car was empty of the last little pig, and every basket, box and bundle had been carefully placed on a picnic table that stood near by, Mother Rooty took charge of all the hats while Mother Grunty arranged for some amusement.

"Now Curly-tail and Spotty may be leaders and choose sides. When you are all equally divided, we can play any games you like."

"I'll choose Little-wee," piped up Spotty, and before many minutes fifteen excited little piggies faced fifteen other equally excited little pigs.

"Now, Spotty, what does your side choose to play? How many want to play hide and seek?"

Only two little heads nodded; so, of course, hide and seek was forgotten.

"How about Farmer in the Dell?"

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This time every head bobbed up and down vigorously, and a merry circle, with Blacky-ears in the center,—for someone had to be the farmer, you know—sang lustily,

"Farmer in the dell,
Farmer in the dell,
Heigh oh, the derry oh,
The farmer in the dell."

And Curly-tail's chosen ones were not far behind, for even before the farmer could "choose his wife," a cheery, "Here we go round the mulberry bush" vied with the farmer-song.

Now Mother Grunty and Mother Rooty were not idle. Baskets had to be emptied of their goodies, fresh water had to be carried from the spring, and lemons had to be squeezed. It seemed to the two mothers that never before had such a feast been spread.

"We'll have to carry home half of these good things," exclaimed Mother Rooty, as she stood by, looking down at the table full of dainties.

"Call them all and see what they can do," smiled Mother Grunty who, being the mother of two husky piglets, could guess what an amount *thirty* hungry piggies could eat.

And what do you think! Just what do you think that table looked like a half-hour later? If you have been to picnics perhaps you know, but I had better tell you that except for a few crumbs and a very little lemonade in one glass, that table was bare.

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As Mother Rooty gathered up dishes and silverware she laughed to herself. "I never would have brought half enough if I had had the planning of the lunch," she told Mother Grunty.

"We're going in bathing now," called several little pigs, as they came up to the tables once more. "You said we might, you know," urged Little-wee, as he saw his mother's look of disapproval.

"Yes, I promised, and you may do so later," explained Mother Grunty. "It is never safe to bathe for at least an hour after eating. You just play about until it is time for your swim."

"Oh, listen! listen! listen! There's the band playing! Oh! may we go over where the music is?" All this in such a jumble of voices!

"That is not a band. It sounds more like a merry-go-round, I should say," answered Mother Grunty, with a twinkle in her eye.

"Oh goody, goody! Oh goody, goody!" sang Little-wee. For Little-wee never could be very much delighted without breaking into his favorite jingle.

So, gathering up all the baggage, off they went. And Mother Grunty was right; the very merriest kind of merry-go-round was just ready to start on another "trip."

I just know you can guess what happened next. Yes, they all jumped on. And, luckily, that merry-go-round could carry just thirty piglets! After the first ride another was demanded, and then another and still another, though they were warned that there would be no time for the play in the lake. But, do you know, it seemed as though that music just bewitched them!

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If long, heavy, distant rumbles of thunder had not warned these merrymakers, no telling how long they would have kept whirling. But with the storm sending down large, splashy raindrops the picnickers hurried for the trolley station.

The ride home was lots of fun, for the car was closed to keep out the rain. "Let's sing 'Merrily We Roll Along,'" someone suggested. And sing they did! Not even could the thunder be heard!

Fathers and big brothers, carrying raincoats and umbrellas enough for all, waited at the station as the trolley rolled into town.

"Haven't we had just the loveliest time!" exclaimed Little-wee, as the three Gruntys turned in at the doorway of the little brick house.

"Mother," asked Blacky-ears as they waited for the door to be unlocked—"Mother,—was Bad Boy Mischief there at the picnic?"

"I didn't see anything of him—not a glimpse all day. And that is a pretty good record when thirty little pigs go off for an all-day picnic!"



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MISS PINKY PIG VISITS MOTHER GRUNTY

For ever and ever so long Mother Grunty had been wondering what should be done about Blacky-ears once he had finished his schooling at the little old stone schoolhouse. So one day in early spring she decided to talk things over with Miss Pinky Pig, who still taught the "rule of three" to all the lively piglets in the district.

Mother Grunty wrote a very cordial little note, asking her to come for supper on the following Thursday. Blacky-ears and Little-wee could scarcely wait for Thursday to come. They did love Miss Pinky Pig! Even to be allowed to carry her books or sharpen her pencil made them very happy. But to have her promise to walk home with them and stay to supper was the very nicest thing that could happen!

Mother Grunty had fruit cakes tucked away and sugared doughnuts sealed in stone jars and fresh molasses cookies in the cooky box. And when Thursday finally came, and good Mother Grunty had finished her work and gone upstairs to put on her most becoming dress and dainty white apron, whiffs of apple pie and chocolate frosting and other mysterious goodies floated everywhere.

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"I don't wonder they all love her," Mother Grunty murmured as she peeped out of the front window to see dainty Miss Pinky Pig and Blacky-ears and Little-wee coming up the gravel path toward the little brick house. "She is so pretty and sweet and so very, very good," breathed Mother Grunty thankfully as she opened the door to greet the three.

"I have enjoyed this walk so much, Mother Grunty," smiled Miss Pinky Pig as she seated herself before the fireplace where a cheery fire of logs crackled merrily and quite drove away the sharpness of the early spring air. "What a wonderful fireplace! You must enjoy it so much. Have you lived in this house always, Mother Grunty?"

"Oh yes, ever since I can remember,—or almost as long. It was to this house I came at the dreadful time when my two brothers were eaten by the Wandering Wolf," Mother Grunty answered with a far-away light in her eyes.

"Why, Mother Grunty, I never knew *you* were the heroine of that oft-repeated tale of years ago. I do wish you would tell me the real story just word for word as it happened."

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"Well, of course you know my two brothers and I were alone. Finally we decided to go out into the world and each follow his own wishes.

"Everyone wonders how it happened that one of the three built a house of straw and one a house of wood, while I had this strong house of bricks. Now very few know the real reason which is this:

"From the time we were tiny, wee pigs our mother had given each of us an equal amount of money each week. Well, my brothers used to make fun of me because I never spent my share. They called me stingy and were sometimes very unkind. But when the day came for us to seek our fortunes, I had more money than the other two together.

"My older brother had only enough left to buy straw for a house, but he meant to work hard and save and buy a better and stronger home as soon as ever he could. My other brother could almost pay for a wooden house, and finding an old friend who would trust him, he settled himself very comfortably, we all thought. But I, with all my saved-up pennies, settled on this land and built this same strong little brick house.

"We were scarcely settled when, without any warning, along came the Wandering Wolf and killed my older brother, and ate him up.

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"Now, most unfortunately, my younger brother was at town, making arrangements for a good housekeeper when this happened, or he would have been warned at least. But, do you know, he had scarcely gone into his house and closed the door when the dreadful huffing and puffing started just outside his house! I heard some noise over that way, but before I could find out what

had caused it, the wolf had finished his dreadful work and was coming this way.

"My doors and windows were barred because, living here alone in those days one had to be very, very careful, so I just kept as still as I could.

"I shook with fear and could scarcely keep from crying out when he started jumping at the door and huffing and puffing!

"Of course, he could not get in. So he changed his plans. Why, Miss Pinky Pig, I can see his wicked grin to this day! He tried time and time again to catch me. And once when I was up in an apple tree I nearly fell with fright when I saw him below, glaring up at me. But I escaped, as you see," Mother Grunty smiled.

"Didn't you once roll down the hill in a churn?" asked Miss Pinky Pig.

"You bet she did," answered Blacky-ears, who never could hear the tale often enough.

"Well, finally,—and if you'll excuse me, I'll take you out to the kitchen and prepare a bit of supper while I finish my tale—finally, one day the wicked Wandering Wolf grew beside himself with rage and scrambled up onto this roof. The old roof was of shingles, and it makes me shiver even yet to remember how his heavy feet scratched and clawed on the thin wood!

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"Well, I was ready for him. I hung this same old iron kettle over my roaring fireplace and—well, do you know, I can never bear to tell anybody what happened next. But until this day I have never seen another wolf," she ended as they seated themselves at the dainty table.

"I heard a wolf once," ventured Blacky-ears.

"Tell her about the time Blacky-ears was lost, Mumsie," urged Little-wee Pig.

And so on and on they talked until Miss Pinky Pig simply had to leave for home.

"And here I intended to talk school all the time," said Mother Grunty as she helped Miss Pinky Pig into her coat. "Won't you come back again next Thursday?" And Miss Pinky Pig said she certainly would.

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Inconsistent hyphenation in advertised titles has been retained.

Some inconsistencies (such as missing punctuation) in formatting of series lists have been normalized.

Moved first page of "Instructor Literature Series" list from inside cover to end of book in order to join up listing; moved "September—1920" date from end of first page of listing to very end of listing for more consistent presentation.

Page 5, added missing quote after "be good, my dears?"

Page 6, added missing quote after "Let's play 'I Spy.'"

Page 8, changed "long- drawn-out" to "long drawn-out." Added missing quotes after "find a drink!" and before "It wouldn't be so bad."

Page 11, added missing quote after "good friends as you come in!"

Page 21, added missing quote after "good-night to one and all!"

Page 27, corrected mismatched double quote to matched single quotes around "Merrily We Roll Along."

Page 30, changed "scarecly" to "scarcely" ("scarcely settled").

Page 31, added missing open quote before "My doors and windows were barred."

Advertising, changed "Familiar Legends" to "Familiar Legends."

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