



THE
UNSELFISH
PIG

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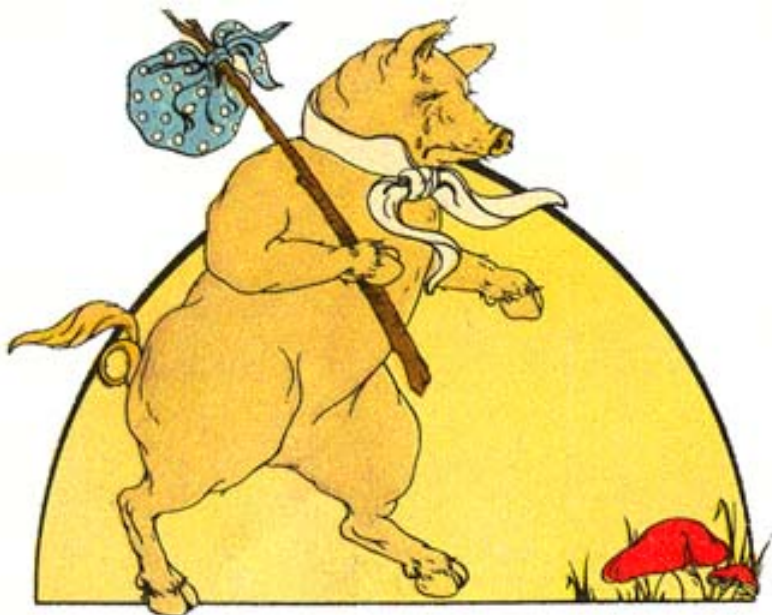
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THE UNSELFISH PIG

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P.F. VOLLAND & CO.

FOR
PUBLIC  **LEDGER**

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JUVENILE SECTION
PUBLIC  **LEDGER**

Philadelphia, Sunday, February 6th, 1916

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



THE UNSELFISH PIG

ONCE upon a time there were four pigs who were very rich, and their names were Gruntle and Snuffle and Snuggle and Curly Tail.

Gruntle was the biggest and the oldest of all the pigs. Snuffle was the next to the biggest and the next to the oldest. Snuggle was the baby and the tiniest of all. And then there was Curly Tail who used to be the baby, but things had been different after Snuggle came.

Now, Gruntle and Snuffle and Snuggle were all of them very selfish, and always took for themselves everything they could lay their hands on, so that the really nice, respectable animals had very little use for them. But Curly Tail was not selfish at all, and everybody loved him.

So it happened on one cold, snowy night in winter, when the wind was blowing hard outside, and everything was very cosy and warm inside, that these four pigs sat at dinner with old Diggery, the groundhog, who was their servant, to wait upon them. In front of each was a great steaming bowl of hot soup, for, as you know, these pigs were very rich and could have whatever they chose, so they always had hot soup when the weather was cold, and it tasted very good indeed.

But on this particular night, Snuggle, who always began to eat first because he was the baby and couldn't wait, had scarcely lifted his spoon to his mouth when



there came a knock at the door. Old Diggery went out to see who it could be, but in a moment or two he came back again, looking quite sad.

"What is the matter?" asked Gruntle, who, because he was the oldest, always spoke first. "Who is there?"

"Please, Master Gruntle," answered Diggery, "it is only Bushy Tail Squirrel, asking for something to eat. He says that while he was running very fast in the top of the oak tree last summer he tripped over a robin's nest and stubbed his toe, so that he has been quite lame ever since and could not gather many nuts for the winter time. They are all gone now and he is very hungry and too lame to hunt any longer. It is a very sad story indeed, Sir! Shall I ask him to come in?"

"No!" answered Gruntle sternly, "We feed no beggars at our house. Tell him to go somewhere else. We need all our soup for ourselves."



"He shan't have *my* soup!" declared Snuffle, holding tight to his bowl.

"Is he going to take my soup away from me?" asked Snuggle, "I won't let him have it!" and at that he began to cry.

But Curly Tail held out his bowl of soup.

"Take it to the poor little squirrel," he said, "He needs it more than I, and he shall sleep to-night in my soft bed, too."

And so Diggery carried Curly Tail's soup out to poor Bushy Tail, and asked him in to stay the night, but Gruntle and Snuffle and Snuggle were all of them angry about it.

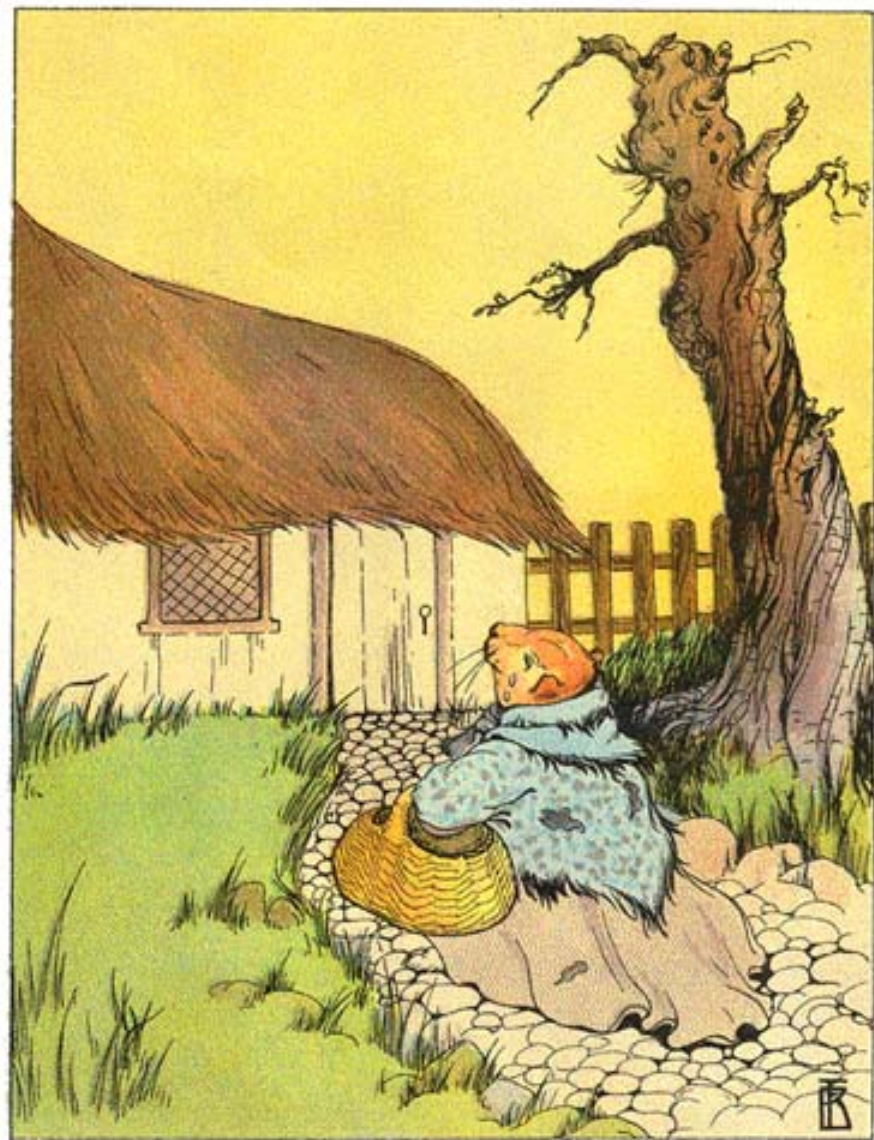
Now it happened that just about this time the four pigs had bought them some beautiful new coats, for they were so rich that they could have as many beautiful clothes as they wanted. So each of them had a little red coat trimmed with fine gold lace, and when they put them on they all looked very handsome indeed.



But they had not worn them many days when one morning there came a knock at the door, and when old Diggery went out to see who it was, there on the door-step stood little mamma Guinea-pig. She was a distant cousin of theirs, and the four pigs should have been very good to her, but little Guinea-pig was very poor. People said it was because she really had more children than any one person could take care of, but, be that as it may, Gruntle and Snuffle and Snuggle did not like her because she wore shabby clothes, and were never good to her at all. Only Curly Tail felt sorry for her and was always kind.

"What is the matter now?" demanded Gruntle very gruffly when Diggery came back from the door. "Who is there?"

"Please, master," answered Diggery, "it is only your poor cousin, little Guinea-pig. She says that there are quite a large number of new children this winter and she cannot find clothes enough to go round.



She wishes to know whether you have any coats you don't care for any more. She has a hole in her shawl and her dress is torn. She really needs things, and there are the old blue coats, sir, that might do. Shall I give them to her?"

"No, indeed," answered Gruntle. "We need all our clothes for ourselves. Tell her to go home and stop bothering us!"

"My new red coat is much too nice for any of her babies," said Snuffle, "and as for my old blue one, I want that, too."

"Is she going to take away my pretty new coat?" asked Snuggle, "I won't let her!" and he began to cry.

But Curly Tail took off his red coat with the gold lace.

"Here, Diggery," he said, "take this to Guinea-pig, and give her my blue one, too. She needs them much more than I."

So Diggery took both of Curly Tail's coats and gave them to little mamma



Guinea-pig, and she went home very happy. But Gruntle and Snuffle and Snuggle were all of them so angry with Curly Tail that they couldn't stand it any longer.

"Why do you do such foolish things?" they cried, "You have given away your bowl and your bed and your pretty coats. You have nothing at all of your own now. You are not fit to live with us any more!" and they drove him out of the house.

So Curly Tail went out into the world to live by himself. He had no house and no money and no clothes. But he had plenty of friends, for everybody loved him because he was not selfish like his brothers. So when his friends heard that Curly Tail was in trouble, they every one of them tried to help him.

The beavers built him a beautiful house not very far from their own, and Fumble Bee brought him honey to eat, and the big white cock sent him some corn every



day, and all the animals helped him so much that soon Curly Tail was richer than any of his brothers.

So now he could do just as he pleased, and the first thing he did was to give a tea-party to all of his friends who had been good to him. It was a very large party, for Curly Tail invited everybody, no matter whether they were rich or poor. Everybody came, too, and they had a splendid time.

But Gruntle and Snuffle and Snuggle heard about it, and they did not like it. So they gave a party of their own, and they made it a very grand party indeed, so that it might be better than the one Curly Tail had given. But it cost a great deal of money, so that Gruntle and Snuffle and Snuggle were not so rich after it was over. Besides, every one who came had to wear such very fine clothes and be so careful of them that nobody had a good time at all!



But Curly Tail was always doing something nice for everybody, and the nicest thing of all was the kindergarten he made so that all the little baby animals might have a good time. It had a ring in it where they could dance and play games, and pretty paper, blue and green and red, to cut, and sand to build with. In fact, it had everything that really, truly kindergartens have, and was quite wonderful, and all the little animals loved to come.

Big Brown Bear was very glad to send Cotton Tail, and Bunny, and all the other little rabbits. Mamma Goose let the goslings come too, and even little Guinea-pig mended all her children's clothes so that they need not stay at home.

And besides this, Curly Tail gave good things to eat to all who were hungry, and pretty things to wear to all who were poor, and any body at all who was tired might sleep all night at Curly Tail's house, and



the funniest thing of all was that the more he did and the more he gave away, the richer Curly Tail became.

But whatever it was that Curly Tail did, Gruntle and Snuffle and Snuggle always tried to do something bigger. But they gave so many parties, and had so many good things to eat, and bought so many fine things to wear, that at last they had spent all of their money and there was none of it left.

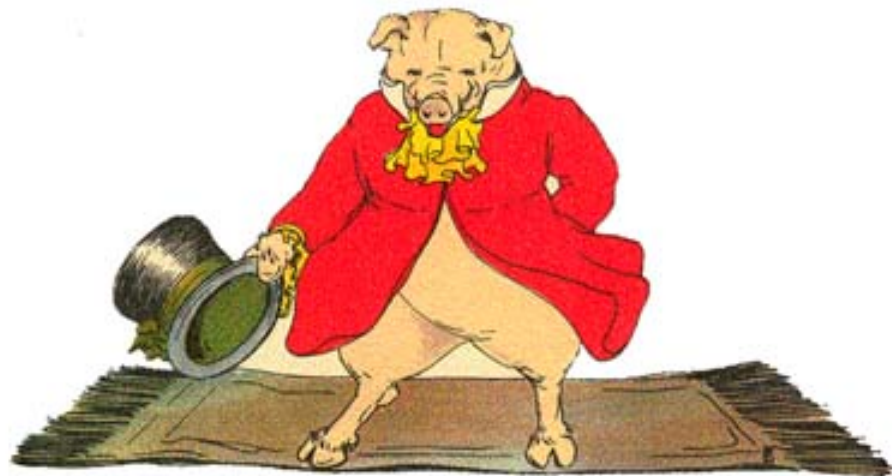
Then Gruntle and Snuffle and Snuggle did not know what to do, for they had no friends, because they had been so selfish and nobody liked them. So at last, when there was nothing else to be done, they went to Curly Tail's house and knocked at the door.

"Please, Curly Tail," they said, "we are sorry for what we have done. But if you will let us come and live with you again we will let you do whatever you please, for

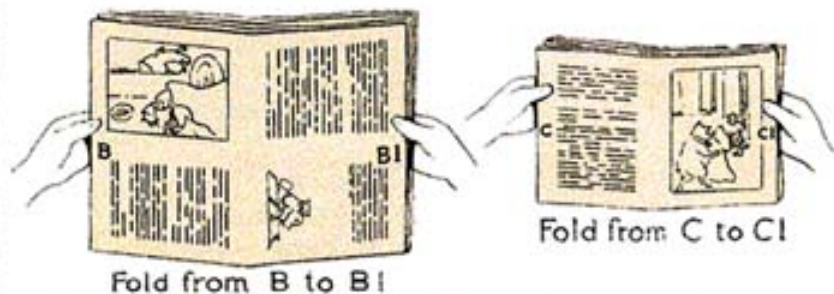
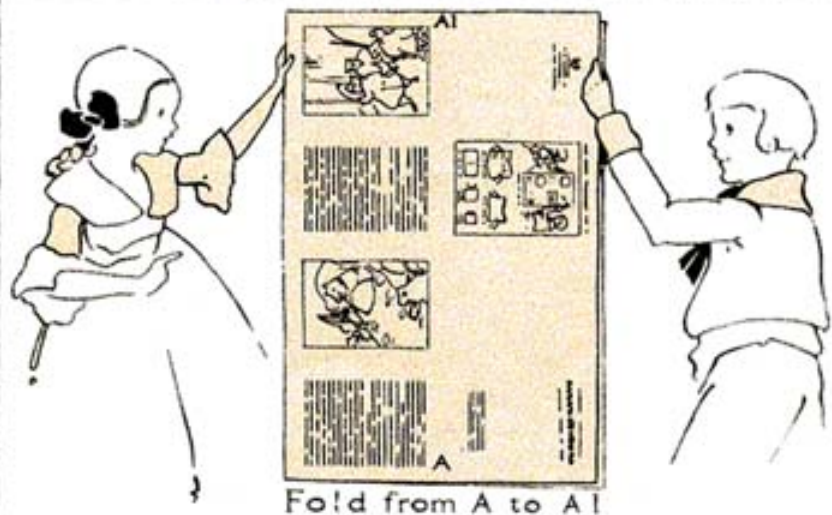
we think your ways are better than ours, and now we wish to learn to be just like you!"

"Very well, then, you may come in," answered Curly Tail.

So Gruntle and Snuffle and Snuggle came to live with Curly Tail, so that they might learn to be unselfish like him. And they tried so hard and learned so fast that at last they grew to be very good pigs, and everybody liked them.



How to Make Up This Book



Fold from C to C1



Punch Three Holes



Tie With Cord.
Heavy Silk
or Baby Ribbon



Cut Leaves
Apart With
Sharp Knife

The End.

