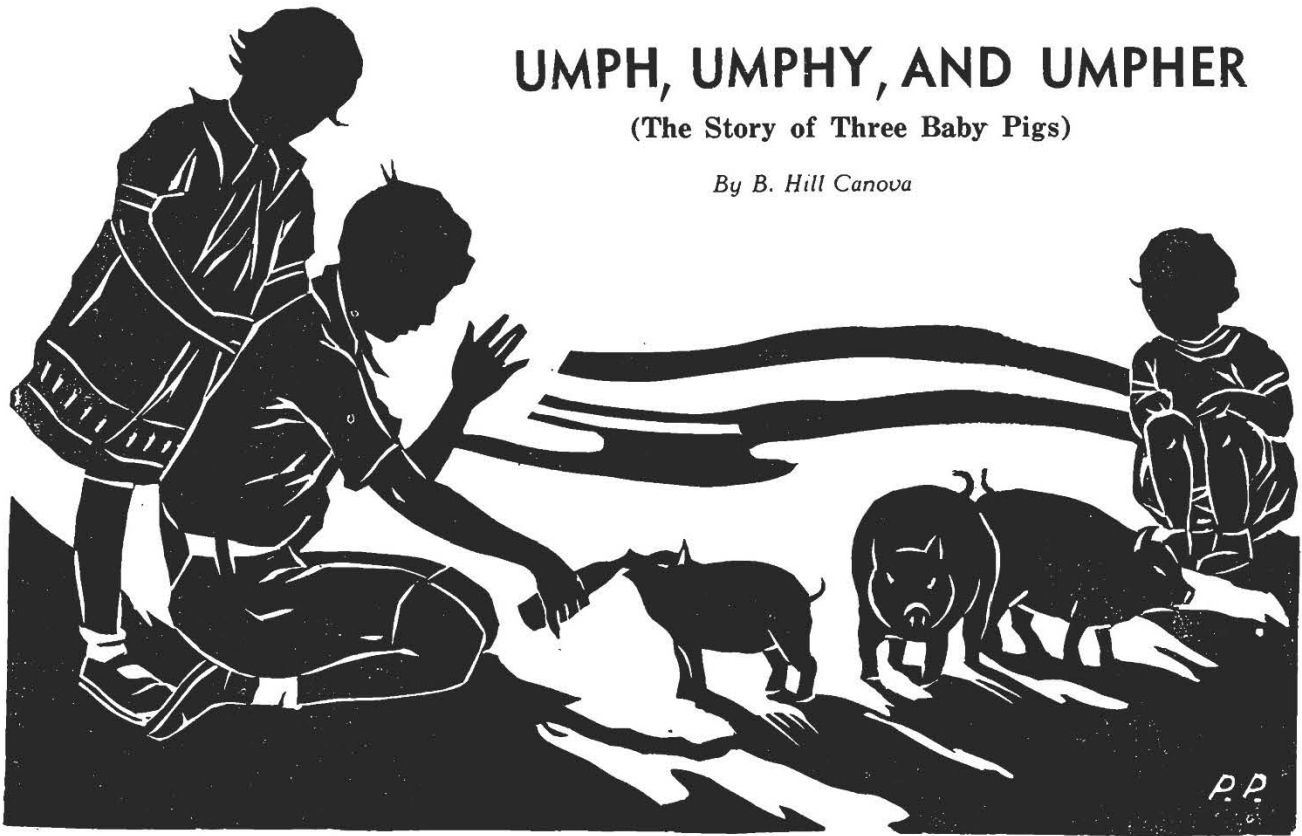


# UMPH, UMPHY, AND UMPHER

(The Story of Three Baby Pigs)

By B. Hill Canova



"Well, I don't know what to do. The mother of the three baby pigs is dead. The poor little things are nudging around and crying over their loss. I shall probably lose them."

"Couldn't we feed and nurse them through their infancy?" asked his wife.

"I could feed them," said Billy.

"So could I," added Bidly.

"I would give them some of my goody milk," offered Baby Nell.

"That is a bargain. I will give them to you, Billy and Bidly," said the father of the children.

"I want the biggest one," said Billy.

"I want the middle-sized one," put in Bidly.

"And the smallest one may belong to both of you," suggested their mother.

"Take your charges over, they need feeding now," advised the father.

"Let's go get some bottles and nipples so they will not know their mother is gone," was Bidly's idea.

They ran to the drug store for the bottles and mother put the milk on to warm.

With their bottles filled Billy and Bidly sat on the back steps, each trying to get a very small pig

to take the milk. At first the pigs only wiggled and squirmed to get away. Bidly was getting rather discouraged when suddenly Billy shouted, "Look! mine is eating." This out-burst caused the pig to let go his bottle and renew his squirming. However, he soon took the bottle the second time. Billy kept very still, giving Bidly a silent punch with his elbow.

She whispered, "How did you do it?"

"Like this, squeeze a little milk out and rub it on his pink nose."

The demonstration was successful, and Bidly's pig took his supper.

"This is just like real babies," said the little girl. "We should sit in chairs and rock and sing."

"I'll trot mine on my knee and pat it to sleep," said Billy.

"What are you going to name your pets?" asked their mother.

"At that moment one of the pigs said "Umph."

"I'll call mine Umph," said Billy.

"And mine Umphy," giggled Bidly.

"The little one, I suppose, will have to be Umpher," remarked the father.

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# Oh, the New Year

Lyric by Lulu de la Paz

Music by I. Alfonso

*Tempo de Marcha*

The New Year comes to us with joy New hopes, new longings a-board, a-hoy! Let the New Year come with all it brings. To all the pauper, and the kings — the New Year Year come with all it brings To all the pau-per and the kings Hap-py hap-py New Year. Fare-well to the old Hap-py, hap-py New Year Bles-sed a hun-dred fold.

*Fine.*

*pp*

## UMPH, UMPHY AND

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This tickled the children, and from then on the pigs were referred to as Umph, Umphy, and Umpher. "Now let's feed Umpher," urged Bidly.

She held him and Billy held the bottle, but Umpher wiggled, squirmed and squealed until the children were nearly ready to give up.

"The babies of our babies seems to be the hardest to manage," complained Bidly.

"He is simply not hungry," declared Billy.

"But I could never put him to bed without his supper unless he did something very, very naughty," Bidly explained.

"Oh, no, let's never put our pig children to bed without supper. When they are naughty let's make

them sit still in a chair for an hour, but never make them go without supper," protested Billy.

"Very well," said Bidly, "you take Umpher now and make him sit in a chair for an hour. Then, perhaps he will take his supper more politely."

"You do it. The mother always does the punishing, unless you are very, very, awful, awful bad."

"Maybe little Umpher would rather have his supper in a pan," suggested their mother, "let's try."

Umpher only blew bubbles in the milk when Billy held his mouth to it, then laid down on the ground and looked abused.

"Bring a spoon," Billy commanded, "this pig must eat if he is ever going to amount to much."

Although Umpher protested loudly, Billy held his mouth open while Bidly poured the milk down

his throat spoonful by spoonful.

"Let's make a bed. Such little things must get to bed early."

"You may have the big box in the wood shed until they are bigger," offered the father. "Get some of that new hay from the loft for them to sleep on."

"Hay? But, daddy, they should have a blanket and a pillow," objected Bidly. "My dolls will not mind dividing with such sweet little pigs. Mother, couldn't they have an old pillow?"

The little girl looked so much in earnest her mother could not refuse, and the father started whistling a little tune.

The children placed the blanket in the box, leaving one end to cover their pets. They arranged the pillow carefully. First they placed Umph all comfortable with his head

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## UMPH, UMPHY

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on the pillow. Next was Umphy, then Umpher, but by that time Umph was up poking his nose in the corner of the box, talking in pig language.

"Umph," scolded Billy, "you must lie down and keep still. Being the biggest, you will have to teach the little ones manners." He put Umph back in place, but Umphy and Umpher were up exploring the box.

Each pig was placed on the pillow many times, but pigs will be pigs.

"You hold Umphy and Umpher down, Biddy, while I get Umph settled, then we will sing them to sleep."

The louder the children sang the louder their pets squealed.

"Try your sitting-in-the-chair plan, Billy, maybe they will behave."

"I think they are just not sleepy now. Baby Nell likes to play in her coop a while before going to sleep, why shouldn't pigs?"

Before Billy and Biddy went to bed that night they slipped out to take a peep at the three babies. The blanket and pillow were rooted to one corner of the box. The pigs were in another corner, sleeping in good pig fashion, each with his head pillowed on the other.

Early the next morning the children were out to feed their young charges. Again little Umpher was obstinate. Biddy's patience endured until finally the little pig took his breakfast from his bottle. From then on he ate more readily but did not grow as his brothers did.

A week or so later the children's mother suggested that they try giving the milk to the pigs in a pan. The novelty of the bottles had worn off so they were ready to try her plan. Umpher would have nothing to do with it at first. Umphy and Umph blew bubbles in the milk, put their feet into it, and finally settled the matter by turning the pan over. Then all three looked unhappy until they got a second serving.

Put your finger into the pigs' mouth, slowly lower it into the milk and the pig will be drinking before he knows it," informed the father.

Biddy did not like the idea. It gave her shivers down her back when she felt the pig sucking on her finger, but she must do anything to bring the family up in a healthy condition.

Umph and Umphy, being precocious pigs soon learned to enjoy a meal from a pan. They grew so fast they had to have a larger vessel before long. Umpher claimed his bottle for some time. When he finally learned to eat from the pan,

the other two had outgrown him so much they could easily root him away and get his share of the food.

One day Billy and Biddy decided to hold Umph and Umphy until the little one could get a good start. It was all the children could do to hold them when they saw their food. Umpher was enjoying himself so much, Biddy suggested they let him get a real feast for once. Soon they noticed his sides swelling out. After a bit he stopped eating and seemed to have trouble in getting his breath, but back into the pan his head went and his sides continued to widen. By and by he tried to walk away, but he toppled over instead. With his feet in the air and his tail lashing the ground he began to squeal as loud as a small pig can squeal.

Billy and Biddy were frightened and ran with Umpher to their mother. "Look!" cried Biddy, "our poor, little, sweet baby pig is dead!"

"No, not dead, my dears, but he has had too much to eat. Let him lie down a while."

They put him on his pillow, and for once he remained on it, although he looked ever so uncomfortable and said, "Umph, Umph."

From that time he started to grow. It was not long before he could get his share of the food without help from Billy and Biddy, even if he was the babiest of the babi-

