

Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Weekly Chat

Easter Eggs

Dear Kiddle:

"Happy Easter to everybody" only do not eat too many eggs. We all like to see a bright sunny day for Easter, but if the day is dull and much more do we need to let our own happiness and joyfulness shine so that all may see bright within. You probably all have remembered from former years that big and little folks try to wear some thing new on Easter day. They think carrying out the custom brings them luck and perhaps it may anyway, I hope you will all have some new adornment to wear when it is just a "happy" or a "good" day.

It always seemed to me a pity that Easter did not come at the season of the year when the outdoor flowers can show some bloom or even the trees—but then they are rather late with their pink and white dresses. However, we must not forget that, in some warmer climates there are many outdoor blooms at this time of the year, and in those places it is quite easy to plan ahead and have the Easter day, they think carrying out the custom brings them luck and perhaps it may anyway, I hope you will all have some new adornment to wear when it is just a "happy" or a "good" day.

Well, as the season of the year might be possible to you, so the adoption of a new idea is going to be possible to the Children's Corner. Starting today we are going to have the puzzles accompanied by their answers in our page on the same day. How does that strike you for a new plan? It has often occurred to me that the page gets lost or mislaid, or if you have saved your answers to our group of puzzles you may forget where they are placed and so in various ways I believe the puzzles and answers can be always compared as you would like or enjoy having them.

Of course little friends, this does not mean that you can't keep the answers until after you have solved the puzzles. Oh! no, that would spoil all the fun. Do just the same as if the answers were a week away. Work at them and think hard, get some sort of a solution worked out, then glance at the answers and see how near right you are. Tell me in your letters what you think of this new Easter suggestion and if it is not a real success we can easily revert to our old custom again.

You will find the answers to last week's puzzles, as well as those for today's.

The spring news is reaching me daily through your lovely letters and so many have seen the birds since their return to the north.

A new member sent me a puzzle-willow twig and two members wrote of seeing the robins and other birds. If you glance through the answers to letters I think you will discover for yourselves the members who had such bright eyes. After the examinations in school the past few days, I am sure most of you will greatly appreciate the few days' rest and I sincerely hope that you will have free and playful days for you all. Keep out of doors all you can, if the weather is fine and you will go back to your school work in better condition than if you sit around the house, be happy and take time to think of the real meaning of the Easter time.

With Easter wishes to each and all,
UNCLE DICK.

THE EASTER CHRIST

(By Frank Leigh.)

Who is the Easter Christ on whom is focused the thought and worship of many millions? Who is the magnet of men who, through all the ages, has attracted the sons of men?

Why are hundreds of thousands reverberating at the thought of Him, the shadow of Moscow's Kremlin, waiting with bated breath for the ringing of the great bell that tells of the Easter dawn, when they will kneel in devout worship?

Why do other thousands through the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, struggling for a place in the historic pile and near what is, to them, the sacred tomb?

Why do the peoples of most of the world's races and tongues, from king to peasant, forget today, moved by a common impulse, to bow the knee before the King of Kings?

Wherever there is a cross or spire, wherever there is a better in His name, there this Easter day will the magnetism of the Easter Master be felt.

So it has been all through the centuries since the first when Easter emblems mark the walls of the catacombs where the early century Christians met, as they mark the modern house of God.

Who is this Easter Christ? One who was co-existent with the Father, helping to frame the world and fashion the heavens, the angels, the immortals, the Christ to whom millenniums are as a day.

Who is this Easter Christ? A King, no less; but more, a King of all kings, a Lord of all lords. He hath on his vesture a name written: King of kings and Lord of lords. A King conscious of his power. All power is given unto me, in both heaven and earth. "Ye call me Master and Lord, and so I am." "All things are delivered unto me of my Father."

Who is this Easter Christ? Not one who has lived His life, but one who ever liveth; one before whom every knee must bow; and yet one who seeks the allegiance of men. Easter, personal loyalty, and one who with His all-mightiness, asks the help of men in bringing in His Kingdom.

He is the Easter Christ.

That come grown-ups find it hard to understand a healthy child's need for constant physical activity is shown by a story that comes from New England.

In the midst of the "long prayer" at Sunday service, a lad of seven or eight leaned over to his mother and whispered:

"Mother, do you think they would cure if I went through my settings-up exercises while the minister prayed?"

An awful throb of sitting still!—Starker's Magazine.

A regular school-mail service is to be established between San Francisco and New York by the United States Air Mail Service.

Nellie was visiting her grandmother in the city during the spring holiday and one day as a special treat Grandma took the little country girl down town to look at the shop windows. There were many things in the pretty Easter displays that interested Nellie, but the things which appealed to her most were the confections that decorated the candy shop windows.

"Just look at all the Easter eggs," she exclaimed, her eyes opening wide. "Why do they have so many different ones, Grandma?"

"An Easter egg does not have to be one size, my dear," said Grandma, as they walked on down the street. "It is the custom for friends to exchange eggs at this season, at the year and people with big pocketbooks want to send big eggs to show their big regard for their friends. Though it is by no means a match with the Easter eggs, but I thought I would show you some of the smaller ones."

"They are in shape, but as nothing else," said Grandma, "in some countries I have seen eggs made of glass, and even of soap. Once I saw a leather egg which was filled with needles and spools and other sewing equipment. Wooden and porcelain eggs used to be common abroad and have even been of egg-shaped lockers made of solid gold."

"Oh my!" said Nellie, "I should be afraid to wear anything so precious as that. But, why do we always have eggs connected with Easter time?"

"Eggs are the symbol of life everlasting. Their surface is smooth and complete, without a break, without beginning and without end. In nearly all relations there is celebrated a spring festival and in many of the observances of these festivals reference is made to the egg. Spring time is a time of reawakening, rebirth and new life over all the earth, and it is natural that the egg, which is the symbol of life, should be connected with the observance of our spring holiday—Easter. Would you like to have an Easter egg, Nellie?"

"Would she? What little girl would not? And so they went into a large candy store and Grandma told Nellie to pick out what ever she liked best. And what do you suppose the little country girl chose from that grand array? Not the big chocolate and sugar coated one! Not the crystal eggs with a hole in the middle! Not the egg shaped basket with the bunny in it! Not any of these—but a plain every day chicken's egg which she had seen in a little chicken's nest on the farm."

"Because," she said, "it is so real and it reminds me of home."

And so you see the Easter egg has a different story for us all. But its meaning is the same and as the symbol of eternity it will last forever.

AN EASTER PARTY FOR CHILDREN

No party is a real Easter affair without the time-honored egg hunt, and the eggs may be genuine ones colored or the pretty candy ones that come in all sizes. Provide little baskets or bags for the kids and let it be added by laying prizes for certain eggs, say one of gold, one of silver and one royal purple. The rewards for the eggs may be a box of Bonbons or a big fat "Benjamin Bunny" candy box. Large sized egg-shaped boxes come ready to be filled with little bonbons or any little trinkets the hostess may wish to bestow.

A jolly game is to set up Easter chickens or rabbits like ten pins and roll Easter eggs toward them. Play it just like ten-pins; keep score and have a prize.

Children always adore the blind-folding game, when something is pinned on and the child has to find it on the sheet of paper and have an egg-shaped bit of paper to be pinned on in his front paws. Have each player number his hands and let the children remember what number they had. Have a large Easter cake decorated with yellow and white frosting with a circle of white chocolate around the edges, so when the cake is cut there will be one on each slice.

If a Jack Horner pie is to be part of the attraction have it of yellow and white crepe paper, nestle a white rabbit on top holding the yellow and white ribbons in his paws. Let each child pull a ribbon and draw out a favor.

The ice cream may be served in nests of candy such as confectioners have at this season.

THE EASTER LILY.
By Edith Virginia Brandt.

Crown of snow and heart of gold—Sweeter tale was never told Than the story that I sing Of the lily's blossoming.

When the stone was rolled away At the breaking of the day, And the earth was glorified With the light of Evenside,

In the garden still and sweet, Where the Master's plumed feet Fell upon the yielding earth, There the lily had its birth.

All the garden slopes were fair With the flowers blossoming there; But the lily, white and tall, Was the sweetest flower of all.

Hearts of gold and crowns of snow, Still the lilies bud and blow, Fairer than all flowers be—Messengers of Easteride.

They were watching the baseball scoreboard in front of the News office. They might have been well up on their dates as voters, but it was evident they did not understand the workings of the board.

Finally one said: "What's the score, Nellie?"

"No, I don't care, I haven't heard anybody say," Indianapolis News.



A Peep Into Uncle Dick's Mail

5919 8th Ave., Regina, Sask. March 19th, 1920.

Dear Uncle Dick:—
It has taken me so long to write, because I have moved from Dalhousie, N. B., to Regina, Sask. I do not like it as well as the East, although it is a nice place. We are near the E. C. M. Police Barracks. We see Monkeys every day and hear the bugle call. I go to a nice school the name of it is the Benson. Mostly all the children that go to it come by special street cars. It took us seven days to get to Regina. We were delayed one day and a half in Montreal, and one day in Winnipeg. They are just starting to have one man street cars in Regina. I was very glad to know that you liked the scrap-book and hoped the children enjoyed it. I was out on a farm for Christmas and I liked it fine. Well, I think I had better close as it is bed-time.

From your friend,
WILBUR PALLEN.

Note—Will some member about twelve years old write to Wilbur since he is among strangers in the far West. Give him a nice cheery letter and I promise he will return a dandy reply.—U. D.

DICKY'S COMFORT,
By Ethel Bowen White

When Easter Day came for the second time in Fluff's life he seemed so much excited about it as a fuzzy yellow toy chicken can be. He remembered last Easter Day, when he had been at Dick's place on the breakfast table. Would there be another chicken this time, he wondered. He dreaded the coming of a new pet—a fluffy little chick with a pink and white looking all neat and spick and span. If Fluff had known what was coming, he would have stopped right off the nursery mantelpiece to the floor. But he did not know, and so he stood in his place and waited for Dicky to take him down for their morning game together.

Presently, while Fluff waited on the mantelpiece and Dicky sat on the floor and gazed at his Easter cards, Uncle Richard came striding in with a box under his arm.

Uncle Richard had not been long home from overseas, and he still wore his uniform. Yet in spite of his butler and his straps he sat down, "click-click," on the floor beside Dicky.

He held out a box. "There, old man," he said. "That's your Easter gift, all the way from Switzerland!" Dicky grasped the box and tore off the wrappings while Fluff stared on his perch on the mantelpiece. The box opened and out came a peacock! "It's a peacock!" he cried.

They set the toy peacock on his feet. He was a gorgeous bird, with a long neck and a beautiful tail. Uncle Richard turned something in the side of the top, and then—step—step—step—away the peacock marched straight across the floor! Presently he stood still and spread his splendid tail wide and wider, until it looked like a beautiful fan.

"Oh! Oh!" Dicky gasped. "Make him walk again!" Uncle Richard made him walk again!

And again the peacock walked. Fluff's little black eyes almost popped out of his head. He saw that his day was over, but he was not in the least jealous. Was not this glorious peacock more worthy of Dicky's love than a shabby yellow chicken? Still, he could not hold feeling sad and a little lonely.

Just then Uncle Richard glanced at the clock. "Who's going to walk to church with me?" he asked.

Dicky jumped up and put his new pet carefully on one end of the mantelpiece. "I'll look at you again when I come home from Aunt Mary's this afternoon," he said.

At last long day the toy peacock stared proudly at Fluff, and Fluff blinked timidly at the peacock.

At last when evening came a third little boy dragged himself into the nursery.

"I did want to look at you some more," Dicky said. "But I'm so sleepy!" The words ended in a long yawn.

Five minutes later Dicky was in bed, and he was fast asleep. Fluff and Fluff looked meekly and admiringly at the peacock.

Then they heard the dreamy voice again. "All right," he said. "I'll play with the peacock tomorrow, but please hand me my Fluff chicken now!"

Then Fluff smiled proudly at the peacock; he could not help it. And the next minute he was in his bed beside his master.

The girl walked briskly into the store and dropped her bag on the counter. "Give me a chicken," she said.

"No," the girl replied. "I want a carry!"

"But," protested the boy who had lost the fight, "I have admitted that I was wrong. Isn't that enough?"

"No," replied the victor; "you must also admit that I was right."

Only is important American-made goods.

Only is important American-made goods.

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A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

Puzzles

1—A Cipher Code Puzzle.
"Tusjon trust it tiffa gawpist upob.
Nissidolst pe dilla.
Ubb xlojla hain lbt qbtile bxb.
Himbe blimbe opx it list."
Try using the letter following the one printed, or may be the one preceding it and perhaps you can make out a pretty Easter verse.

2—A Word Square.
1. What we eat Easter morning?
2. Manner of walking?
3. To donate?
4. What every Easter flower has?

3—Enigma.
My first is in eat but not in drink.
My second is in skate but not in risk.
My third is in fast, but not in quick.
My fourth is in Edith though not in Dick.
My fifth is fifth in more than one place.

4—Riddle in Rhyme.
I am a little thing that goes,
From dawn to dark, from dark to dawn;
I always go, I never stop, yet never am I gone.

The flower and birds are glad of me;
I laugh and sing along my way;
I always go, I never come back,
yet I always stay.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.
1—Numerical Enigma.
Good Friday.

2—Four Letter Squares.
GAIN TALE
ABBA ARD
EBS LIM
NASH EDEN

3—Enigma.
Pussy Willow.

ANSWERS TO TODAY'S PUZZLES.
Cipher Code Puzzle.
KEY—Use the letter preceding the one printed.
"Spring sends us sweet flowers today
Messengers of cheer,
That winter grim has passed away,
Glad Easter now is here."

2—Word Square.
EGGS
GAIT
JOHN
STEM

3—Enigma.
Riddle in Rhyme.
Brook.

4—Riddle in Rhyme.
Brook.

5—Enigma.
Riddle in Rhyme.
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6—Enigma.
Riddle in Rhyme.
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