

Mother Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Weekly Chat

Dearest Kiddle:—Are you enjoying these beautiful spring days? Do they not make you feel like a new bird, like the frisky lambs and like planning for the good old summer time? Not long ago we were chatting about the house-cleaning time both in our houses and in our minds. These are surely busy days for house makers, farmers and gardeners, and while these folks have their hands full of work, can you think of another group that are especially busy just now? The folks who go abroad and travel during our frosty weather and when they return there is much to be done? "The birds," you say. Yes! that is right for I am sure the feathered folk are "up to their eyes" in work. When they return there is such a host to find the proper material to build their summer home. Also the suitable place to bring up their new families in many cases, their many anxious thoughts and how perfect those plans must be.

First of all to be considered is the right shelter, for their nests will require to stand against the high winds and heavy rains.

Then the safety of the spot is so important for many a naughty pussy cat and dog would molest the birds home if they could.

With all these precautions taken into consideration they still have to arrange for the days when their young will start life and learn to fly and until properly taught they are liable to have many mishaps. So the distance for a fall must not be too great. Are these not very weighty and serious problems for such little folk to solve? Yet they manage to do all for themselves without our advice or instruction. Therefore, we believe that God has given them the instinct to plan their own homes, for seldom do we find one who has chosen unwisely. Though our help may not be absolutely necessary yet it is helpful to me we might be very glad to help to our songsters at this stage of their work—the nesting time. Try putting out some yarn, string, small pieces of cloth or cotton where the birds are gathered and apparently settling and see if they do not readily gather up your contributions. These things are so often found in the make-up of their deserted homes that it proves to us that such lumber is most essential to them in their very important and clever work. What fun it is to watch them gathering their bits from here and there and carrying such loads to their selected homestead. Watch for this very interesting sight and let us know what you see and if you were able to help with heaps of love and best wishes to all the children.

UNCLE DICK.

A Peep Into Uncle Dick's Mail

Bloomfield Stn., Kings Co., N. B.
March 25, 1921.

Dear Uncle Dick:—

It is a long time since I have written to the C. C. and I hope to write often now. I have been reading the Children's Corner every week and enjoy it very much. I see letters about spring so I will tell you what I have seen and found. I saw a swallow building a nest under the eave of our school house. I think it is quite early for swallows don't you? We have found Mayflowers, Spring Beauties and Violets. Now, I will tell you about our pets. I have a pet cat and a dog and a pet deer. The deer will come in the house and will eat bread, cake, potatoes and anything else it can get; it is awful cute and very nice. I don't see how any one can have the heart to shoot one. I saw a swan escape altogether as some people do. We live on a farm and have a big stock, we have 35 cows, 2 horses, 4 pigs, 35 hens. Well, I guess I will close for now, as your friend,
Margaret Pierce.

Father at Fault.

Freddy looked into the room, saw mother was by herself, and advanced slowly toward her.

"Mother," he asked, "what would you do to the one who broke the flower pot in the sitting room?"

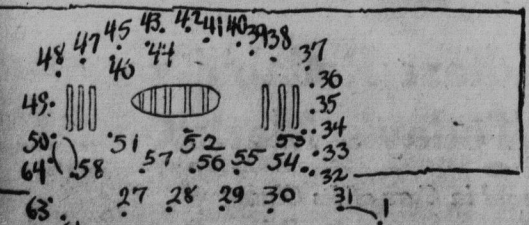
Mother looked sternly at her offspring.

"Freddy," she said, "I should give him a sound thrashing."

Freddy backed toward the door.

"You had better get your muscles up, because father's just broken it," he returned.

BEDTIME PENCIL PICTURES



COUSIN BERT just got back from a vacation spent camping with some friends, and he was very interested in things to tell. He said that one night, when they were down at the village they were caught in a storm and decided to put up at a hotel, but the hotel keeper played a practical joke on them and when they went to their rooms found that all the beds were taken apart. If you'll follow the dots you'll see what it was and you can imagine the hard time Bert and his friends had to find the places and put the things together again.

Answers To Letters

MEDNA C.—Enjoyed hearing from you again and sorry you were numbered among the missing folk. Never mind they are good things to be through with and even if the chicken-pox does come your way it won't be much to worry over. This time of the year we all begin to long for summer and of course the school folks long for it more than other people even. Hope you do well with your exams.

H. STUART L.—My young friend, if your suggestion was carried out a great many of the numbers might receive a severe shock and possibly a disappointment, so what's the use of taking chances when so much risk is involved. Imagination is the best method in this case I believe, so the surprise will not be of that nature. Guess again. The Mayflowers must be later in your district than in some others because they appeared in the city a fortnight ago. Hope the little forces appear for you next time.

CLARA I. G.—You write very well and your letter was quite interesting. But you use the little word "saw" in the wrong way. Never write or say "have saw," it should be "have seen." The trees should be showing signs of life or of waking up by now and should be quite interesting. Your poetry was quite pretty and will be nice for today's page, though a little early to suit the stage of the blossoms described.

SHIRLEY H.—You are just in time to be in our birthday list and we are so glad to hear from you. You are a jolly club. Shall hope for a letter telling all about yourself so that we may become better acquainted.

LOUISE M. D.—Very glad to have you among the new friends and you write a very nice letter too. This is quite a reader and show signs of becoming a story writer. If your efforts are very successful you may be able to contribute to our page as all the members, I am sure, would enjoy a story written by one of our own number. Glad you enjoy the C. C. so very much and hope you continue to be interested.

ALICE MARY C.—A very hearty welcome to you as you enter our C. C. When your letter comes along telling all about yourself and your doings, we may feel more friendly. Don't you think so?

NANCY L.—Enjoyed your nice little letter very much and admired the pretty paper too. Indeed you are quite a reader and show signs of becoming a story writer. If your efforts are very successful you may be able to contribute to our page as all the members, I am sure, would enjoy a story written by one of our own number. Glad you enjoy the C. C. so very much and hope you continue to be interested.

L. SHERMAN W.—A most cordial welcome to you on joining our C. C. Hope to hear from you very soon as in that way we become better acquainted. Write of yourself, your doings and anything which concerns your life.

IDA B.—Is the writing you send your own? It looks much like a grown-up person's. Yes, it must be lovely to pick the Mayflowers through the woods. Those are some of the privileges which the little folks living in the country places may enjoy and which the city folk miss. So your neighborhood is fashionable by having Mayflowers. Perhaps if you will escape altogether as some people do, you know. Thanks for the good wishes you send to our C. C.

MARGARITE P.—Your letter was so interesting that I hope to have it on our page. You can make a letter read well even though you are not a very good writer. Perhaps you can try to improve? I quite agree with you about the pretty graceful and gentle deer. It does seem barbarous for anyone to wish to kill such beautiful creatures. You are very lucky to have one for a pet. You are the first to write of finding violets and it does seem early for them. Hope for more nice letters.

"No wonder I'm so often referred to as 'Mark'." Write the answer? asked the one above.

"What the mercury touches me every chance it gets."—Buffalo Express.

Teacher—"What is the highest form of animal life?"
Little Peter (quickly)—"The giraffe!"—Boston Globe.



CHILDREN'S CORNER

The Turkey's Nest.

One day the old turkey hen went out to find a place to make her nest. She went a long way, and she took a long time to find it, but when at last she had suited herself, she said—

"They may go to the East and go to the West,
But they'll never be able to find my nest!"

and she felt so proud of herself that she walked all the way home with her head in the air.

When she got home to the barnyard her friends were talking about her. There was the Gray Goose and the White Duck and the Brown Hen, and when they saw her coming, they called, "Where in the world did you make your nest?"

"Guess," said the turkey hen, and then they were puzzled.

"Well," said the Gray Goose at last, "when I go to make my nest I always try to get near the water, for there's nothing so good for my health—so I'll guess the goose pond."

"Right," cried the Duck, "I'll quite agree. The pond is just the place for a family."

"The idea," said the Brown Hen, chuckling to herself, "why could he be healthier than hay, or straw? I'll guess the haystack."

But though they did their very best, they never could guess where she'd made her nest.

The turkey hen grew prouder and prouder, and she walked about the barnyard like a queen. One day the cook saw her, and said to the children, "There's a real turkey hen here, she has made herself a nest somewhere."

"Then I'll find it," said Cousin Pen, and he went to pay a visit on the farm.

"Then I'll find it," cried Brother Fred. "She can't hide a nest from me."

"Then I'll find it," said Little Ben, and all they started out to look for it.

Cousin Pen went down in the hollow and looked in the grasses, and leaves, and looked in the stumps and hollow trees.

But though he did his very best, he couldn't find the turkey's nest.

Brother Fred went up on the hill to the gin-house, and down in the cotton field, and round by the rose pond where he found the Gray Goose and the White Duck taking a swim.

But though he did his very best, he couldn't find the turkey's nest.

Little Ben began at home to look. He looked under the house and behind the wood-pile, and in the barn, and out by the haystack; and while he was looking about there he frightened the Brown Hen from her nest, and she quacked half the day about it.

But though he did his very best, he couldn't find the turkey's nest.

Then Mama said she must go and look, so she put on her bonnet and went to the wood-pile, and sat down under a tree just as quiet as she could be. By and by the turkey hen came along. She saw Mama and Mama saw her, but neither of them said a word. The turkey hen walked round and round in the wood-pile just as if she wasn't thinking about anything, but at last she went through the big gate into the road.

Then Mama got up and followed her, just as still as a mouse, and the turkey hen

Went up the hill and down the hill. And through the fields and by the mill, and down across the meadow brook. By many a turn and many a rock, she went to the East and she went to the West.

"I'll give up," said Mama, and the old turkey hen was prouder than ever.

Then Papa said that he must try, and early one morning before the children were awake he got up and started out to find the turkey's nest.

"He'll find it if anybody can," said Brother Fred, when he was told, and the children could scarcely wait for him to come home again.

He stayed so long that they went down the lane to meet him, and when he saw them coming he called out—

"I declare I've done my very best, but I can't find that turkey's nest."

And the turkey hen grew prouder and prouder. She stayed at her nest, wherever it was, nearly all the time then, and only came to the barnyard when she wanted something to eat.

The Gray Goose and the White Duck and the Brown Hen said they wouldn't be surprised at anything she did.

But they were surprised, and so were the children, when one morning she walked into the yard with twelve little turkeys, as fine as you please, walking behind her.

"Just look here," she said, "at my children. I hatched them all out in my nest in the corner of the old rail fence." And she added, as they gathered round to see—

"I tell you what, I did my best. When I found that place to make my nest!"

Out of The Nest.

Once upon a time a mother-bird and father-bird built a nest in a tree.

It was made of straw and leaves and all sorts of wonderful things, and even had lace trimmings on it.

Soon after the nest was finished, the mother-bird put two eggs in it, and then she and father-bird thought of nothing but keeping those eggs safe and warm.

Mother-bird sat upon them day and night; and even when father-bird would say, "You really must fly about a little and let me take care of the eggs," she did not like to leave them.

After a while two little birds came out of the shells—which was just what she had been hoping for all the long time. The baby-birds were both so weak and small that they could do nothing at all for themselves but open their mouths very wide and call "Peep, peep, mother dear, peep!"

Mother-bird and father-bird were busy all day getting them something to eat.

By and by, they began to grow; and then they had soft feather clothes to wear, which are the best clothes in the world for baby-birds.

Mother-bird said to them one day: "Peep, peep, mother dear, peep!"

That same day, mother-bird and father-bird flew away together to get something for dinner; and while they were gone the little birds heard a very queer noise which seemed to come from a pond near their tree. This is the way it sounded: "Kerchuk! Kerchuk!"

"Oh! what can it be?" said the sister-bird.

"Peep over the side of the nest and see," said her brother.

But when he put his head out he could see nothing, although he heard the sound very clearly. "Kerchuk! Kerchuk!"

Then he leaned out a little farther, till his head was dizzy. "Peep, peep!"

"Peep over the side of the nest, and see," said the sister-bird, and sure enough, she had scarcely said it before he tumbled out of the nest, down, down to the ground!

He was not hurt, but oh, how frightened he was! "Peep, peep!" mother-bird called.

"Peep!" cried the sister-bird up to the nest, but the mother and father were too far away to hear their calls.

The brother-bird hopped about on the ground and looked all round him. He was near the pond now, and the sound was very loud: "Kerchuk! Kerchuk! Kerchuk!"

"You'll fall!" cried the sister-bird, and in a moment up he hopped a big frog.

This was an old school-teacher frog, who had been teaching all the little frogs to sing.

He hopped right up to the brother-bird, "Kerchuk! Kerchuk!" said he, "I can teach my frogs to sing when you are making such a noise!"

"Peep, peep!" I want my mama, said the baby-bird.

Then the big frog saw how young the birdie was, and he was sorry for him. "Come with me," he said, "and I will teach you to sing like me."

But the baby-bird only cried louder than ever at this, and a mother-dove, who was singing her babies to sleep in a neighboring tree, flew down to see what could be the matter.

"I can't begin to get my children to sleep in all this fuss," she said to the frog; but when she saw the little birdie, she was so moved that she said—

"Caw! caw! caw! caw!"

Not long ago The Companion published a little list of the words that some ingenious listeners have fitted to the songs of birds. It did not include any of the words known to us in which poets have attempted to render or approximate bird notes. But not all such attempts occur in poems especially devoted to birds; they may be incidental. In the intimate diary of a bird, which is printed in the Metropolitan Magazine, that lively lady relates a characteristic anecdote of Tennyson's, which, however amusing, scarcely adds to our knowledge of the harmonious sweetness of either the poet's mood or metre.

Her friend, Lionel Tennyson, had asked her—she was then very young—what she should like him to give her for a birthday present.

"If you want to give me pleasure," she replied without hesitation, "take me down to your father's country house for a Saturday to Monday."

So he arranged a visit to Ardworth, Haslemere, for her, and it proved immensely successful. After dinner the first evening she asked the poet to read aloud to the company, and he consented. When he asked her what she should prefer to hear, she chose Mand.

I put it into his hands, she said, and pulling the lamp nearer him, he began to read. I sat very close, Tennyson's reading had the tilt, the tenderness and the rhythm that make music for the soul. It was neither singing, nor chanting, nor speaking, but a subtle mixture of the three; the effect was one of harmonious sweetness that left me profoundly moved.

When he had finished he pulled me on to his knee and said, "Many may have written as well as that, but nothing has ever sounded so well."

He then said that he had had an unfortunate experience with a young lady to whom he had read Mand. "She was sitting on my knee as you are doing now, and after reading in keeping with the moving beauty of the exquisite garden song. But Tennyson was not a gentle genius."

Answers To Puzzles.

1.—Bird Puzzle.
Each answer is a bird (though all cannot fly):
1. What bird is an Arabian harp?
2. What do we do when we drink?
3. A heavy cloth?
4. What bird is foolish?
5. What does a rooster do?
6. What bird is a ruler and a workman?
7. What bird is a country in Europe?
8. What Mrs. William D. said to her husband when little Mary misbehaved?
9. Picnic held in a meadow?
10. Group of islands?

2.—Riddles.
1. What do we all put off till tomorrow?
2. Why should one who sells perfume always have money?
3. Have you heard of the terrible laundry accident?
4. Why should photographers be good climbers?
5. What kind of lights did Noah use?

3.—A Proverb.
10.—ED ON MARY LAST NIGHT. SHE'S A ——— GIRL. BU ——— SHE ——— YOU A ——— YOUR BROTHER.

Fill in the missing letters to form the sentence correctly and the missing letters in order will form a well-known proverb. What is it?

4.—Hidden Cities.
— O —
— N —
— O —
— E —
— R —
— A —

In the first and third columns of the above you can fill in the names of two large cities, and at the same time form seven words of four letters each meaning as follows: A broad smile; at the top of; toward and in; a grain; part of an apple; to take notice of; a system of signals. The order of the definition does not correspond with the order in the puzzle. What are the two cities?

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2.—Riddles.
1. Our clothes when we retire.
2. He is never without a scent.
3. A shirt was badly mangled.
4. They have many mountains in their business.
5. Are lights.

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I CALLED ON MARY LAST NIGHT, SHE'S A SWELL, girl, but she HATES you AND YOUR SWELL, brother, ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

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Code, Heed, Iron, Cote, Atop, Grin, Oats—Chicago and Detroit.

THE FROGGIES' DANCE.
"A dance before one's food is fine," said Phil and Freddy Frog. "So come on, Kinko, get in line, and let us gaily jog!"

"But," Kinko said, "your hands are cold. And make me feel quite chilled; I cannot longer keep my head. With shivers I am filled!"

"Poor Kinko!" said the kindly Fred. "You do not understand. My heart is warm," he further said, "though cold may be my hand!"

Kinko returned, "That may be so. But still you must agree That I am cold, for don't you know That shivers run down me!"

SOME APRIL DAY
Some day when April sun shines bright
And spring's reborn again,
And flowers lift their drooping heads
Still wet with frosty rain.

Some April day let's run afar
And leave all cares behind;
Forget all troubles, worries, glooms—
And to dark skies be blind.

Let's look for naught but April's joy
And beauty where it grows,
And we will find the magic wood
That only M-H-and knows.

The wood where streamlets sing their song,
Where willows play their tunes,
Where feathered lovers bid and coo
Beneath warm April moons.

The woods that hold but peace and joy,
Where beauty holds full sway
In April's nature's picnic time—
Let's go, some April day!

HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE CHILDREN'S CORNER
Any boy or girl under sixteen years of age may join by sending in his or her name, address, birthday and age. For convenience the coupon printed below will be found occasionally on our page and may be filled out and mailed along with your letter to Uncle Dick, care of The Standard. I wish to become a member of the Children's Corner.

My Name is _____
Address _____
Birthday _____
I was born in the year 19__

A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

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My Name is _____
Address _____
Birthday _____
I was born in the year 19__

Birthday Greetings

"Many happy returns of the day" is the wish of the C. C. to all the little friends having a birthday during the coming week. If your name is not here when you expect to find it, please write and say so; giving the correct date, as mistakes are apt to occur with such a large family to account for.

For today's list are the following:
Barley Haines, Digby, N. S.
Greta Holmes, Doaktown.
Fred Manser, Ashmore, N. B.
Clara Schofield, Avonmore.
Marguerite Carleton, Sussex.
Linda Keith, Lower Ridge.
Winifred Harper, Jacksonville.
Alice Hall, City.
Fanny Anderson, Deerfield.
Nancy Cynthia Sherrill, Capid.
Elma Marks, Annapolis.
Mary D. Hoyt, Hampton.<