

# HAPPY DAYS

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## THE MORNING KISS.

Mamma's darling does not cry  
When out of her sleep she wakes,  
But holds up her mouth for her morning  
kiss  
And then her break-  
fast takes.  
She romps and plays  
about all day;  
But I want to tell  
you this,  
That every morning  
she wakes up  
She must have her  
morning kiss.  
Her face and hands get  
very smeared,  
But she never looks  
amiss,  
And it does not hinder  
mother from giving  
Her darling a morning  
kiss.

## TEDDY.

One cold, rainy day  
I was in the steam cars,  
on my way to see a  
friend. How cross  
everybody looked! The  
rain dashed against the  
window, the wind blew  
in every time the door  
was opened, two or  
three babies were cry-  
ing, and there was no  
fire in the stove. No  
wonder everybody was  
cross. I felt cross my-  
self as I looked around,  
and was just going to  
let an ugly frown come  
between my eyes, when  
the door opened again,  
and a lady with the  
dearest, sweetest little  
boy I had ever seen  
walked in.

The little boy was  
not cross. His face  
was so smiling and bright that the frown  
that was coming between my eyes grew  
ashamed and smoothed itself away.

"What nice, soft seats there are in this  
car!" he said, in a sweet, clear voice  
that was heard all through the car.

I hadn't thought of it before, but they  
were soft and easy.

"See what pretty little marks the rain  
makes on the windows, just like glass  
leads playing tag," and he laughed.

a drink. As he came back he looked  
around and said: "What nice people there  
are in this car!"

I looked around, too, for I had thought  
when I came in, "what cross people there  
are in this car," but  
now every face was  
smiling and gentle.



THE MORNING KISS.

Suddenly the cross baby began to cry.  
The little boy called over to it, "Peek-a-  
boo!" and he smiled so brightly that the  
baby changed its mind about crying and  
"goo-goo-ed" instead.

After a while he went to the tank to get

good rules, and is rude, what do you  
suppose his mother says to him? I am  
sure you can never guess. She says:  
"Why, you act like a little white child!"  
Can it be that these little red men can  
teach us lessons in politeness?—Selected.

## LITTLE RED MEN.

An Indian baby's  
first year is spent strap-  
ped up in a tight little  
cradle, such as you have  
seen in pictures. When  
the little feet get out  
of the cradle they will  
soon learn to run about.  
Then the little red man  
will mount on a corn-  
stalk and take such  
rides as you take on a  
cane or a broom.

As soon as the little  
red woman is out of her  
cradle she begins to  
carry a doll or a puppy  
on her back, just as her  
mamma used to carry  
her.

But the little red  
boys and girls do not  
play all the time. They  
learn to help their  
mothers, and a good  
Indian mother takes  
great pains to teach  
her children to be  
polite. She teaches  
them that they must  
never ask a person his  
name; they must never  
pass between an older  
person and the fire;  
and they must never,  
never speak to older  
people while they are  
talking.

When a little red  
man forgets these very  
good rules, and is rude, what do you  
suppose his mother says to him? I am  
sure you can never guess. She says:  
"Why, you act like a little white child!"  
Can it be that these little red men can  
teach us lessons in politeness?—Selected.