



**How Easter Is Observed in Other Lands.**

**T**ODAY is Easter Sunday. Many of our American Go-Hawks will attend church and Sunday school as usual and enjoy their Easter eggs at home. At the same time children all over the world will be keeping Easter and listening again to the beautiful story of the first Easter centuries ago and what it brought to the world.

French children love Easter almost as much as Christmas. They receive gifts and have such a good time with their Easter eggs, that are usually dyed red. Easter would not seem Easter to a French child unless he were given an egg made of chocolate or candy, hollowed out, and in this shell a tiny gift is hidden. Every child in France will wear a sweet-smelling blossom pinned to his coat today.

In Italian cities a great religious procession will pass through the streets. All Italy will be in holiday attire. The air will be filled with sounds of sweet music and the joyous shouts of the people. In Mexico a make-believe man, all stuffed with candy and gifts, will hang from a tree. The children will dance around him and the grown people will shoot at him with guns and hard stones. Then there comes a loud explosion and the Mexican is shot to pieces. To the ground fall the gifts and sweets for the eager children.

Little Russian children play with their Easter eggs for a whole week, often exchanging them with each other. Many boys and girls will trudge weary miles in Palestine today that they may bathe on Easter Sunday in the river Jordan.

In all Central and South American countries Easter is a great religious celebration. Everywhere will be long processions of richly dressed religious societies and wonderful floats. In Poland all during Holy Week the children attend church. On Easter they visit the castle of the rich land owner in their neighborhood, where they are given a feast of good things to eat. Rich and poor alike are met at the door of the great man's house and given a plate of eggs. Polish boys and girls are just as fond of their Easter eggs as the rest of you. Wherever you are, that you will try to remember this year what Easter really means is the wish of

*Happy*



**SYNOPSIS.**

Uncle Peter comes to live at the home of the Trevellyn twins, Prudence and Patience. Because he is lonely, the twins, with three of their girl friends, form a missionary society and adopt him as their "heathen." Each is to look after some part of his welfare. Prudence chooses his health; Patience, his clothes; Rachel, his morals; Jane, his education, and Ruth, his amusements. When Patience looks over Uncle Peter's clothes she finds he needs several new things, so she and Uncle Peter go shopping. The clerk who waits upon them is very indifferent and asks Patience in an amused condescending way, "Do you wish a ready-to-wear suit?"

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

"Certainly," she replied. "I do not see why you should ask me that question. If his suit is not ready to wear when I buy it all new, when would it be?"

"Very good, little girl," and his smile grew more expansive.

Patience could see no reason for amusement and she felt annoyed. She thought eagerly of something to say. "Perhaps you thought I only wanted to buy a pattern today," she said sarcastically. "What I want is a suit all ready to step right into."

"Would you like to have the old gentleman step right into it now?"

"No, I want it sent home in a box the way you fix my father's."

"In a big box?" he asked teasingly.

Something in his tone angered the child. She felt instinctively that he was making fun of what was a very serious matter to her and she did not know just how to cope with the situation. It suddenly seemed to her that she must get away, and unexpectedly to both the clerk and Uncle Peter she said: "I have changed my mind. We will not buy our things in your store. Come, come, Uncle Peter." Turning without another word she left the chagrined clerk.

"It did not take you very long," and the floorwalker smiled as they passed him. "I hope you found

everything you wished."

"Yes, we found the things all right, but we have concluded not to buy here; our clerk was not so polite to us as he should have been," explained Uncle Peter soberly as he hastened after Patience. As soon as they had left the store he said to her anxiously: "I am sorry, dearie, that he hurt your feelings."

Her face flushed. "The man laughed at me all the time. I felt as though I couldn't stay where he was another minute. But you are to have your new things just the same and we will go somewhere else to buy them."

Uncle Peter looked thoughtful. He understood what the little expedition meant to the child and how serious a matter his wardrobe had become to her. He did not want her embarrassed. "What a great little girl you are, my dear, for even if the man was rude to us you are going to look after Uncle Peter's clothes just the same. You are so plucky you would make a good soldier."

"Oh, do you really, truly think so?" her eyes brightening at his words of praise.

"Yes, and, Patience, I can't help but pity that young fellow. He has so much to learn. Of course, I suppose we ought to remember that he didn't know I was a heathen and you a missionary. If he had, perhaps he would have been more respectful. After all, it is such a lovely day I am glad to have this extra walk."

"I feel glad about it, too, and if it takes all afternoon we will keep right on until we find the things you need."

By the time they reached another clothier's Uncle Peter was relieved to find that her face was sunny again. When they entered the shop, before he could stop her she approached the floorwalker saying, "I shall be glad to buy my uncle's things here if you have a polite clerk to wait on us. Please show me socks first."

(Copyright, 1923.)

(Continued Next Sunday.)

**The Guide Post To Good Books for Children.**

Choose one of these books to read each week. Perhaps you had better cut the list out each time and take it with you to your city library. It is prepared for the Happyland boys and girls by Miss Alice M. Jordan, supervisor of children's work, Boston Public Library. This week she suggests:

- Baldwin, J., "Old Greek Stories."
- Cobb, B. B., "Arlo."
- Haskell, H., "Katrinka."
- Lofting, H., "Voyage of Doctor Dolittle."
- Roosevelt, T., "Stories of the Great West."
- Smith, J. S., "Mystery Tales."

**In Easterland**

"Who at the gates of Easterland Bid us welcome, and lead us in? Children, a world of them, hand in hand, Palms and procession of lily kin, Enter! Oh, sad was the March and long— Join in the triumphs of Easter song."



*Welcomes Easter*

"Have you ever thought when you are getting your Easter clothes that the trees and shrubs and vines are all lifting up their bare and brown arms very hopefully, for they, too, are expecting bright new dresses from their lovely friend, Miss Spring."

We have all said good-by to the mad March hare and today we welcome the little yellow downy chick and his friend and companion, Mr. Bunny Rabbit. Hope they bring you lots of pretty colored eggs and some of those nice chocolate candy ones, too.

**In Field and Forest.**

No other creature in the world has a more wonderful dress than a bird, and he takes such good care of it that it looks well for a whole year. Every day he washes and carefully dries it. Each feather is pressed through his bill and the whole is carefully shaken out.

Often I have seen birds just before going to bed dressing their plumes and shaking off the dust. Some birds, especially the water birds, the ducks and geese, need to oil their feathers well to keep out the wet. You ask where do they get the oil. Each bird has what may be called an "oil jug," a small gland over the tail, out of which with his bill he is able to squeeze a drop or two of oil to help him keep his feathers in good shape.

Birds are always unhappy when their feathers are injured or soiled. How often some one says: "I am proud as a peacock." It is true a peacock is proud, and so are many other birds, of their beautiful plumage, and they have a right to be.

When a bird is angry, he fluffs out his feathers until they look twice as big as usual. When a bird is nervous or excited, one can easily tell it by the jerking of his wings and tail. If a bird fears danger and wishes to hide himself from an enemy, he knows just how to do it in his own plumage. Today is Easter and I noticed a number of strange birds that came to my window table this morning. They were with their friends who had remained north all winter. Perhaps they came to wish me a happy Easter, just as I wish you. Your

UNCLE JOHN.

Happy has sent buttons to Joey Kroye and Max Loire. They have been returned for better address. Write again, enclose a 2-cent stamp, give your proper address and buttons will be sent to you.

**Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk**

A good Go-Hawk in planning his Easter day does not forget the child who is poor or ill or the grownup friend who is lonely. He sends a little basket of eggs, some rabbits or chickens or even a pretty Easter card to brighten the day for them. By bringing joy to others he will bring it to himself. So, remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.



By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAFF and ELEANOR CAMERON

You are much interested in following the adventures of the naughty little fairy, Wilful, as she roams about the Earthland. One cannot help but feel sorry for her, that her magic wand has no power to help her do the kind things she is learning to wish she could do. In our March play she ran across a boy who had made a kite for a contest. When he went off by himself to try it out, he had an accident with it. He felt so badly about it that Wilful really wanted to help him. The name of the play is "SURPRISED PETER."

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

**MARCH WIND.**

HO! HO! But I am Mother Earth's smart boy! Of course! We will get a little breeze—a wee little breeze—a soft little breeze—a sweet little breeze—a DEAR LITTLE breeze! She will lift that kite tail off just as gently as she lifts the hair from your forehead when you have been running hard and need to be cooled off. You see, my dear, there are many kinds of work in the world—enough for us all—and little folks do some kinds better than big fellows can.

He raises his horn, blows a long blast and stands waiting. Soon soft music is heard from behind the scenes, and the Breeze dances in, to beat all about the stage with graceful movements of her arms and body. At last she comes to drop on one knee before March Wind, who takes her hand and draws her to her feet.

**MARCH WIND.**  
(Tenderly.)

Little sprite, With gentle might, I'm glad you're here. My dear!

**BREEZE.**

I am a Breeze from my home on high. I was born in the dusk of a twilight sky. And over the world I take my flight When the day gives way to night. I seek the birds in their cozy nest. And croon the weary bees to rest— And kiss the flowers I love the best, As I softly flutter by.

**MARCH WIND.**

(March Wind, the Breeze and Wilful go off together until they reach the extreme right stage, where Wilful is seen pointing to a spot seemingly off in the forest. The Breeze curtsies prettily, and Wilful waves her hand at both of them, watching until they are gone from sight. Then she wanders about the clearing, evidently waiting for Peter to return, and becoming more and more impatient every minute. As she goes restlessly to and fro she talks to herself.)

**WILFUL.**

Well, dear, here is some work for your loving heart and tiny fingers. Come with us and we will show you. Ah, Mr. Peter, we shall see what we shall see! And you thought your kite was lost!—Oh, when WILL he get back! Hurry, Peter, hurry! I want to see how glad you are. That DEAR old March Wind and that SWEET little Breeze! Dear me! I wish YOU had brought them!

(She looks at the wand she carries.)

It's really lovely to be a fairy—a real fairy who can work all kinds of wonders to make things come right for sad folk! I wish—OH, THERE HE IS NOW!

(She breaks off at the sound of footsteps, and skips over toward Peter, who is running to her, hugging a huge kite, whose tail trail is on the ground behind him.)

**PETER.**

Here it is! Here it is! I have it! I HAVE IT! And it was so queer—as queer as could be! I was standing looking up at my kite, stuck up there among the branches and wishing it would just be good and trot down that tree-trunk, and if you'll just believe it—the tail began to move back and forth for all the world as if somebody had hold of it and was starting in to unwind it! I couldn't believe my eyes! But it kept floating over and over and over, and then—Hous! Pocus!—down tumbles Mr. Kite as big as you please! Kind of scary—but—

(Wilful interrupting joyfully.) But we've the kite back and that's all we care about!

**PETER.**

Yes, sree, you told the truth that time.

(He stops a moment, eyeing Wilful in an embarrassed way.)

You—you said something about trying the kite in a better place. Now I must see how she sails before I enter her. She's sure a good one, and I know she can go higher than any kite ever made. Let's—let's go off and hunt a spot to try her. Won't you?

**WILFUL.**

(Happily.) Won't it? Well, I just will.

**PETER.**

(With sudden change of tone he regains his usual boy manner.)

All right, come along; but no jumping around, mind! I'll take the string and run ahead. You carry the kite. Watch out there! Look out for that tail! (He places the kite in her hands, showing her how to manage it.)

There now! That's right—just right! Hold it straight while I run on. Then, the first minute we get out of the woods, up she goes! I'm a lucky boy all right to have her back! All ready! Go!

(Peter lets go the string and starts off. Wilful follows him, and both run rapidly off stage to left. As soon as their backs are turned Wilful slips out from behind the hedge and stands watching them. As they pass off the scene, she

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**THE SINGING DELL**



**Easter**

By HAPPY

A HAPPY EASTER, little friends! Wherever you may chance to be You'll hear dear April laugh and call To earth and sky and sleeping tree That Spring is here—they must awake— For Easter brings a growing sound. Each one should have a brand new dress. When flowers peep above the ground.

**Coupon for Happy Tribe.**

Every boy and girl reader of this paper who wishes to join the Go-Hawks Happy Tribe, of which James Whitcomb Riley was the first Big Chief, can secure his official button by sending a 2-cent stamp with your name, age and address with this coupon. Address your letter to "Happy," care this paper. Over 90,000 members!

**Motto**  
"To Make the World a Happier Place."

**Pledge**  
"I promise to help some one every day. I will try to protect the birds and all dumb animals."

