

Brown Hen His Partner In Easter Eggs

ALL the children had a hoard of eggs hidden away for Easter—all but Billy. Billy was so small and fat that he could not climb on the haymows to find the nests. Sue, Mary and Teddy were bigger, and the contest with them went on. Easter morning their hoards would be brought forth from their hiding places, and the one who had the most eggs would be the best fellow. Mother would give them some bits of bright calico and pieces of onion peel. The eggs would be wrapped in these and boiled, and when taken out of the water the onion ones would have beautiful yellow shells and the ones wrapped in calico would have dainty flowers and patterns traced on them. Perhaps they might have some of those gorgeous purple and crimson eyes for certain high class eggs. Any way, there would be a brave showing. Billy would probably have some given to him, but they would not be his own hoard, and the heart of Billy was heavy within him.

He stood on the barn floor, dejectedly shelling the kernels off an ear of corn that had been dropped, and he could hear the shouts of the other children away off on the long mow wings. Easter was very near—only a few days—and then—

"Cluck, cluck!"

Billy looked around and saw a brown hen sneezing out through a hole in the flooring. She walked straight up to Billy and began pecking at the kernels he had dropped.

"What you been doin' under ve floor, o' Brown Hen?"

"Cluck, cluck!" said the brown hen, which meant, "Look for yourself."

Billy looked. Away under the dark floor he could see a nest, and he counted—"two—five—free—eleventy." Billy could not tell just how many for his mathematical education was shaky.

"Is they yours?" whispered Billy.

"Cluck, cluck!" said the brown hen. "Don't tell the rest, and we'll go hoards on this hoard, and I'll take care of them for us."

Then, she crawled back under the boards, and Billy ran in the house feeling that he also had a secret.

Not a word did Billy say. On Easter morning he, too, would bring forth his hoard, but he would leave some for the brown hen—oh, of course—because they were partners.

Easter came, and the older children went after their hidden eggs. Billy

followed in glee. How he would surprise them! His fat legs twinkled through the barnyard fence and up to the great door. He heard the brown hen clucking. She must be waiting to divide. He went in, but she was not in sight. He ducked his head down to the hole and peeped. She was not on the nest, and only a few broken shells lay about.



BILLY GAVE ONE BAPTUSOUS LOOK.

Tears welled up into Billy's blue eyes. The brown hen had not dealt fairly. Sobbing and stumbling, he went out the stable door and ran plump into her.

She was not alone. Chirping and peeping all around her was a troop of yellow fuzzy balls. Billy took one rapturous look and then fled to Sister Mary, who was crawling from under a straw stack with her treasure.

"Look, Mary, look what mo an' the brown hen done!" he called. "She's been takin' care of our eggs, an' they've all come chickens!"

Fun With Easter Eggs. Here are four Easter eggs. Would you like to make some like them? It is very, very easy. Get four eggs and "blow" them. All you have to do is to make a small hole at each end of the egg with a large pin, and then by putting one end to your mouth and holding the egg lightly

you can easily blow out the inside. To make the Chinaman a brownish colored egg is the best. His hat is made simply by taking a piece of stiff paper and cutting out a circle, with an inner circle fitting the top of his head. His mustache and pig-tail are made of darning cotton and glued on. The face may be done with black paint or ink.

The "old lady's" face may be painted or done with ink and her bonnet made of white tissue paper glued to the back of her head, leaving the ruffle to stand out around her face.

The "dude" is simply outlined with ink, painting his cheeks pink. By taking a slip of cardboard and gluing the ends together the end of the egg may be slipped into this and glued, thus making his collar. A narrow bit of ribbon will do for the necktie.

The "clown's" face is done in ink with the spots in red paint, used thickly. His cap can be made of white paper and also his ruffled collar. The eggs if glued on to stiff cards will stand, or a ribbon may be tied through the two holes at each end of the egg and the eggs hung up.

If one prefers it is very pretty to paint little flowers on the eggs. It is easy to make these Easter eggs, and children will find it great fun if they try it.

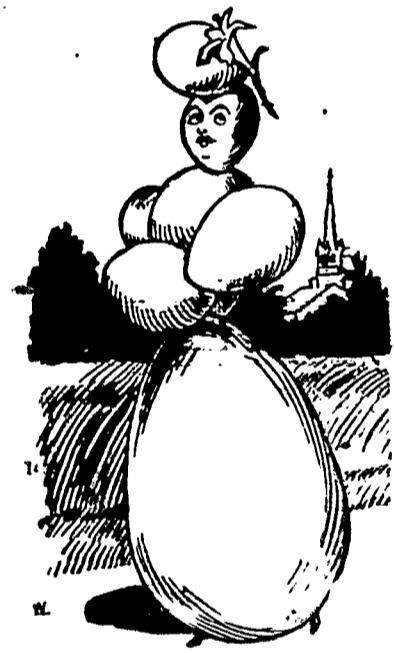
Two of a Kind. There was an author who wrote an Easter story. The story was accepted, for publication by a magazine. Easter was approaching, but not the checks in payment for the story. Finally the author wrote to the editor:

"Can't you hurry that check along in time for my wife's Easter hat?"

"I can't," replied the editor. "I also am a married man."

Initials on Easter Eggs. It is very easy to apply initials and monograms on Easter eggs by using a hard pen dropped in aqua fortis just before they are treated to their color bath. There are any number of preparations to be bought at the drug stores which make very pretty effects.

An Easter Girl.



Of the Egglinger family

To Color White Eggs. The best preparations for staining the white shells of the eggs are logwood and Pernambuco wood steeped in boiling water. These give very pretty shades separately and mixed together give a very pretty shade of violet.

Eggs For the Invalid. Toast a piece of bread nice and brown, beat up an egg very lightly in a bowl, then boil one and a half cups of milk, sweeten and while hot pour on the egg and add the toast cut into small pieces.

How Flying Fish Fly. The popular notion that flying fish beat their "wings" is a mistake. It was to rely upon the results of studies of these fish made by no less an authority than Captain Barrett Hamilton. It appears that the wings are not true organs of flight, but rather play the part of a parachute or an aeroplane. The whole motive power is supplied by the tail which acts as a propeller, and the vibration or quivering of the wings in the air currents and their occasional shift of inclination are not phenomena connected with the propulsion of the fish in its aerial flight.

Deer in Scotland. The deer are probably the safest crop in Scotland. Oats may perish and never ripen by reason of too early frosts and long continued wet. Grouse may have disease and cease to count on any moor for several years. Sheep are generally voted of less value than grouse. But deer are very rarely affected by the seasons in such a way as to touch the sport and the setting value of forests.—Illustrated Sporting News.

Where Now! The Family Friend—My dear, I dare say you find comfort in the thought that you made your husband happy while he lived. The Widow (not real) being the double meaning of her words—Yes, indeed. Poor Jack was in heaven until he died.—London Sketch.

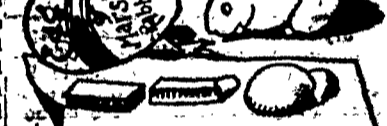
MY EASTER RABBIT



AN EASTER NOVELTY. EASTER SUPERSTITIONS.

How a Very Quaint Marshmallow Rabbit May Be Made. Did you ever hear of a marshmallow rabbit? Look at the picture and you will see one. It is very easy to make out of the ordinary marshmallows you buy at the candy store.

Place a few of the candies in the oven for a little while to make them soft, and then you can mold them into



the head, ears and body of the Easter rabbit. The egg in the picture is a large dock egg. Boil it until it is hard and then with a penknife, cut it into eight halves, taking the contents carefully out. Place the marshmallow rabbit inside on a bed of blue cotton and tie the outside of the egg together with a band of pretty ribbon. It is a gift appropriate for any good friend.

Especially to a Centenarian. The custom in vogue among young people and some also not so young of eating on Easter Sunday an egg for each year of their age is often burdensome to the stomach and would be costly to the pocket this year.

Christ is Risen. The Lord is risen! And heaven and earth in lowly condemnation bend. The Lord is risen! In his new birth The weary world to heaven ascends. The Lord is risen! Blot from your heart Old memories of sin and wrong. The Lord is risen! Take now your part In his eternal Easter song. —Charles T. Burke.

The Easter Rabbit Caught by the Camera



SEE the funny little bunny, fur as white as snow. Rabbits lay the Easter eggs, as all the children know. WITH eggs so high I wish that it were Easter every day. I'd buy a flock of bunabies now and start them on the lay. EGGS I'd have at breakfast time, and lunch and dinner then. And laugh with glee, for that would be a joke on our old hen. —BUBBLE LEE.

The Man Who Made an Easter Bonnet

THOMPKINS was not an especially good-looking man. He was a little over thirty years old, with a high forehead and a serious expression. He was a milliner by profession, and he was a very good one. He had a shop in the city, and he was a very successful one. He had a large number of customers, and he was a very popular one. He was a very kind and generous man, and he was a very good friend to all who knew him.



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