

a little, and leave it! They have already had two servings; but, somehow, as long as there is a slice of pie left on the dish, these children think they must ask for it. They are not strong, healthy boys, by any manner of means. On the contrary, they are too fat and lazy. When their appetites are already satisfied, they still "ask for more," though they cannot plead the same excuse of poor Oliver, who was thin and underfed.

I know another family where there are two little girls, aged six and seven. Never since the war began have I seen these children leave messy, dirty, half-filled plates. I am a frequent visitor there, and one day I asked the mother how she managed so well.

"You'd laugh at me if you knew," she said, and then she told me this:—Remembering how children love to "make-believe," she told her two little ones, Doris and May, that she wanted them to pretend they were very poor. (In reality, they are well-to-do). She said they must consider they were given a certain amount to eat at each meal, and as they were so poor they had to finish every bit which was put on their plates; because they never knew where the next meal was coming from! She said they were to forget that the granary was full of grain, the cellar of vegetables and jam, and the cupboard of other good things! Sometimes she told

them to pretend that they were Belgians, driven from their country, and very, very poor. Then they must imagine that some kind person came at each meal (a sort of fairy godmother), and she gave enough at a time for that meal only; and, if they did not eat what they were given, they might get nothing next time.

The children entered into the spirit of the game, and the mother, to encourage them, put aside a coin at the end of the meal and placed it in a box marked: "For the Belgians." This money she sent regularly to head-quarters every month, and the children were excited when it was counted up. When food was left on their plates (as was often the case when they began to play this game), no money was put in the little box. So the children learnt, by this means, to be self-denying, and to love giving to others.

Incidentally, I must say that these children are strong and healthy.

This is just one instance. Mothers are ever inventive, and, I am sure, when they think of the good they may do, and how they can help the Red Cross, they will devise many other games which will interest the children and, at the same time, help each to do his or her duty in "saving the food."

Children love games so much that every unpleasant task has only to be turned into a game, and it is at once enjoyed. Knowing this, we teach reading with blocks and games, and we teach

geography with puzzle maps and often with the help of a stamp collection. (This last may not be generally known; but it is an excellent means of making geography interesting to elder children.)

And the great and important lesson of saving can be easily taught by games also. We do not want all the horrors of war to be ever present to our little ones. We do not want to dull their play and fill their imaginations with gruesome tales; though, alas! these are often true. What we want to do is to teach and encourage kindness in children. It is not often that one sees a really kind child. Kindness is the offspring of maturer years. It requires unselfishness, and children are, more or less, naturally selfish. There are exceptions, but I speak as a general rule.

By playing what I call these "Patriotic games," children are led, unconsciously, to do and think for others. So much has been given to them at birthdays, Christmas, and other times. Is it not right, then, that they themselves should learn, even early in life, that there is another pleasure—that of giving?

Let us teach our little ones this wonderful lesson whilst they are young; and when they are older they will thank us as their hearts burn within them at the joy they experience in being the Givers of life's pleasures. Let us teach them this wonderful lesson, which we have

learnt ourselves long ago, and which was taught so beautifully by One of old, who said:—"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE CHILDREN

How Bobby Made His Own Fun

By Patten Beard

When Bobbie woke in the morning it was dark and wet outdoors. While he was yet quite sleepy, he could hear the patter! patter! of rain on the cottage roof, and the wind shook the window casings. When he was wide-awake the first thing he said was, "Now it's going to be a whole long rainy day!"

It looked so, and a long, wet summer rainstorm, too!

"You will have to make your own fun to-day," mother said. "Can't you and sister think of some new game to play?"

Bobbie shook his head. "I wanted to go out to play croquet, and sister wanted to, too," he replied dolefully. "It would have been fun to play croquet!"

"But I know how you can play croquet indoors," mother suggested, "and the best part of this croquet is the good time you will have making it, I think. You can make a whole little croquet set yourself, and you can play with it on the floor afterwards."

Bobbie brightened up. "How?" he demanded, and his eyes were big with interest. But mother said, "Wait. You'll see." And he and sister ran down to breakfast, wondering how mother could make the toy croquet set.

After breakfast mother said all was ready to start the fun. She put two newspapers down on the floor to catch the scissors snippings, and then she gave Bobbie the scissors. "We will make the wickets for the croquet game first," she explained.

In mother's hand was a small, narrow box with a cover that fitted down over all the inner box rim. It was a box that had once held chocolate peppermints and that was covered on the outside with glossy paper. It was about six inches long. She took off the upper part of the box and told Bobbie to take all the glossy paper covering off.

Next, mother cut the upper part of the box in half, across its narrow part. She cut the lower half of the box in the same way. Then she cut out the cardboard so as to leave the box rims with only a very small strip of the cardboard that belonged to the top or the bottom of the box. When she stood the box rims on end upon the floor, there were the wickets. And one box made four wickets.

"We'll make one more wicket," mother said. "This will be the middle one, and we'll make it from a different shaped box cover, for I have no other box like the first one."

"But the posts, mother!" Bobbie exclaimed. "How can we make the posts?"

"I know!" said sister. "I know!" And she took the four big spools that mother had brought and stood them one on another. The spools made posts of just the right size. Bobbie glued two spools together. "The balls can be spools, too," sister suggested. "Can't they, mother?"

He Could Do Both

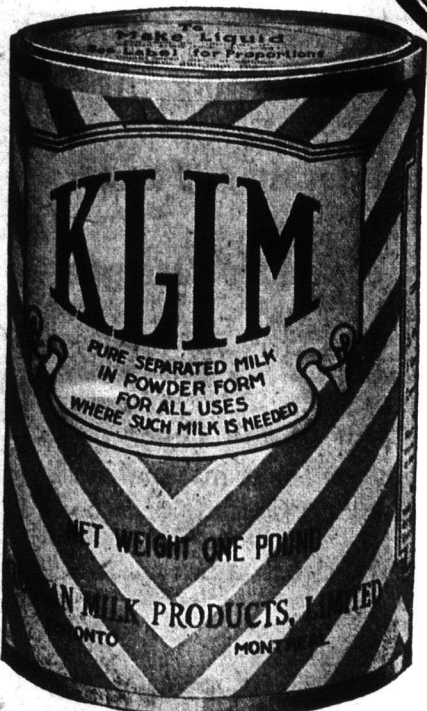
A well-known Scottish clergyman got into conversation in a railway carriage with a working man, who informed him that he had been a coupler on a railway for several years.

"Oh," said the minister, "I can beat that. I have been a coupler for over twenty years."

"Ay," replied the workman, "but I can uncouple, and you canna!"

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