

FOR THE CHILDREN

A NEW GAME

By Emma C. Dowd.

"I NOTED down a new game for you last night," said Aunt Ruth. "Do you want to try it?" "Don't we!" chorused the four. "Aren't we always more than ready for one of your games?" cried Carl. "I have called it hungry beggars," Aunt Ruth began. "That sounds interesting," put in Bertha, "if people are only generous." "I will begin," her aunt went on, "by begging a letter from my right-hand neighbour, and you will soon see how it goes. We will take an easy word first. Carl, I have a bead that I want to change into something to eat. If you will give me the right letter I can do it." "Oh, an r will make it into bread!" "Thank you. That is the letter I need, and giving me one entitles you to beg a letter of your right-hand neighbour. Think of some article of food that with the omission of a letter will make a different word. You will soon catch on, and the words will come flying to you." "Why can't we use the anagram letters?" asked Alice. "We could make them easily with them." "You can, if you like, though it is better practise this way." Norton ran for the letters, while Carl, who was always over eager to begin, said to Bertha: "O lady, I'm awful hungry! Will you please give me a letter that will change my mare into something to eat?"

"Dear me, Mr. Beggar, I'd like to," said Bertha, laughing, "but I'm afraid I can't. What can it be?" Norton came back with the box of letters, and began picking out m-a-r-e.

Before Bertha had gained anything from her mental shifting, he cried out, gleefully, "Oh, I know!" clapping a hand over his letters that the rest might not see.

"All right," returned his sister, good-naturedly, "let's have it."

"No, no. I'll wait," he answered. But Bertha declared that she could never guess it, and begged him to tell.

"Don't you want a c?" Norton asked Carl.

"Sure!" "Then you can make cream," said Norton. "Oh, this is fun!"

Bertha's turn passed to Norton, because she had not given the letter.

"Why, I don't know what to beg for!" he exclaimed. "I haven't anything thought up!"

Everybody laughed, and finally, as he could not avail himself of the turn he had won, it passed to Alice, who sat on Bertha's right hand.

She addressed her mother: "Please will you give me a letter that will turn my rags into something nice to eat?"

Even Aunt Ruth scowled for a minute over this word. Then her face brightened. But Mrs. Chapin shook her head.

"I shall have to get used to this," she said.

She could not guess it, and turned to Norton, who was busy with his letters.

"Oh, I can't!" he cried. "I'm trying to get a word for myself, so I won't lose another turn."

So Aunt Ruth had to give it. "Will a u do, to make sugar?" she said, smiling.

"Of course it will," said Alice. "It was Aunt Ruth's turn again."

"I have some prints," she said, "that I can turn into some vegetables, if you will only give me a letter to put with them."

"Prints into vegetables," mused

Carl. "Potatoes, carrots, pumpkins, radishes, parsnips, turnips—oh, you want a u to make some turnips?"

"That is just what I want," Aunt Ruth replied.

"Well, kind lady," and Carl turned to Bertha, "will you please give me a letter that will change some warts and briers that I have no use for into delicious fruit?"

"Warts and briers!" echoed Bertha, looking puzzled. "Is the fruit just one word?"

"Only one—and it's what you especially like," he added.

She thought a minute. "Oh, I know!" she cried. "I'll give you an e, and you can make strawberries!"

As Norton had missed again, his turn passed to Aunt Ruth. She begged a letter that should convert her groans into fine fruit.

"It's the first time you ever had any groans, I guess," said Carl, laughing, "and I don't wonder you want to get rid of them. But I'm afraid I can't help you."

"There's papa!" cried Alice, running to open the door. She took a big paper bag from his hands. "What have you got?" she queried, and peeped in. "Oh, oranges!"

Carl's scowl vanished. "I think," he said to Aunt Ruth, "that what you need is an e."

She gave him a smiling nod.

"But what's the word?"

"Oranges!" shouted Norton joyfully. —*Youths' Companion.*

* * *

GLAD YEN

"I'M so glad! so glad!" shouted little Yen.

"Why," asked Wou; "has any one given you a gold box with jewels, or a peacock-feather fan, or a coat of many colours, or a purse of gold? Has your father become rich or been made a High Mandarin?"

Wou sighed as he put these questions. He had voiced his own longings.

"No," answered Yen, giving a hop, skip and jump.

"Then, why are you glad?" repeated Wou.

"Why?" Yen's bright face grew brighter. "Oh, because I have such a beautiful blue sky, such a rippling river, waterfalls that look like lace and pearls and diamonds, and sunbeams brighter and more radiant than the finest jewels. Because I have chirping insects and flying beetles and dear wiggly worms—and birds, oh, such lovely birds, all colours. And some of them can sing. I have a sun and a moon and stars. And flowers. Wouldn't any one be glad at the sight of flowers?"

Wou's sad and melancholy face suddenly lightened and overflowed with smiles.

"Why," said he, "I have all these bright and beautiful things. I have the beautiful sky, and water, and birds, and flowers, too! I have the sun, and the moon, and the stars, just as you have! I never thought of that before!"

"Of course you have," replied Yen. "You have all that is mine, and I all that is yours, yet neither can take from the other!" —*Woman's Home Companion.*

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POOR LITTLE TOES!

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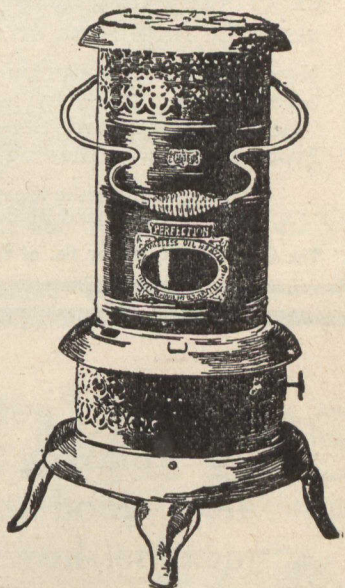
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