

"It—it doesn't seem *fair!*" she cried to herself. "Jack works so hard, and we get along on so little! It's dreadful to have your happiness depend on a few dollars. I don't see how I can do it—I couldn't give Marjory a party, and not have the table pretty."

She went up-stairs, and counted over the little hoard she had saved with so much self-denial. She heard a door slam down-stairs, and the sound of eager footsteps coming up.

"Mother! mother! Lottie Pritchard's come home with me, and can we have a party and a lump of sugar apiece in the water? And a piece of bread cut in little squares?"

"And two pieces of gingerbread," Mrs. Fields added.

Marjory danced happily about the room and then flung ecstatic arms about her mother's neck. "It will be lovely!" she cried. "I think parties are the *niciest* things!"

The eager steps flew down-stairs again, and presently Mrs. Fields heard voices under her window. She looked down at Marjory's little table set with two odd saucers, one cracked cup, and one cup without a handle. Marjory was stirring the sugar for Lottie's "tea," and her voice rose happily through the soft air:

"I'm giving you the cracked cup 'cause it ooks nicer, but you'll have to be careful. I can't have any more to play with till Clara breaks one the right way—usually she breaks them all to pieces, you know. She doesn't remember about me. But mother says it isn't dishes and things, it's loving that counts, and this cup is very full of loving."

Lottie took the cracked cup carefully. Her small face was full of delight. "That's why I like your house," she said. "It's so full of lovings."—The Youth's Companion

Play Time in Ceylon

Ceylon children are easily amused and have plenty of fun, but they are not so noisy and active in their play as you are, nor do they play games so much. Their own toys are few and simple and are made from hard fruit, split cane, and bamboo; they also make animals, especially birds, from clay and by

plaiting rushes and strips of palm-leaf. But nowadays the toys from this country are often to be seen. The girl has her doll, a "little image" made of rags and sewn into shape; but the doll from Europe, with wood, wax or pot face, is often seen, and those with blue eyes and flaxen hair are much prized because they look so different from their own brown and black eyes and black hair.

The boy has a number of home-made toys and they show that "boys will be boys." With bamboos of all thicknesses and seeds of all kinds ready to hand, you may be sure he knows how to make a pea-shooter and a pop-gun,—a "bamboo-gun," he calls it—and a sling,—a "stone-belt," as he says; whilst a water-squirt is quite easy to make and use and so also is a bow-and-arrow. And he can make a peg-top and a kind of humming-top out of a hard wood-apple.

The children play a good many games with shells and seeds and nuts and round stones and some of these games are very similar to our draughts and ludo and odd-and-even. There is a game, a very old one played ages ago, called "Olihda." It is played on a board with fourteen cup-like hollows in two rows. Four of the pretty red seeds of the Olinda creeper,—it is the wild liquorice—are placed in each cup and the two players sit opposite. The game consists in winning the seeds by skilful "sowing" into the cups. This game the women and girls will play for hours at holiday times.

A favorite game with small boys is played with flattened beans. Two holes are made in the ground about fifteen feet apart. The players take their places at each hole, sitting on their heels, and the game begins. The object of the game is to shoot the seeds into the opposite hole. The right thumb rests on the ground and the middle right finger is taken between the first finger and the thumb of the left hand and made into a spring. The one who shoots into the hole goes out as winner, and the rest go on playing; they shoot at each other's seeds and make the boy whose seed is hit hop on one leg between the holes seven times. A second hit leads to a fine of fourteen hops, a third to seven more, until the seeds being holed the hopping ceases.—Children of Ceylon