

GAMES AND TRICKS

WHAT AM I?
I am a bird
Of letters three,
Just add one letter
More to me,
And I am still
A bird, you'll see.
Answer: Fowl.

TRY THIS TRICK
You can perform this little trick upon your friends when there is a cloth on the table.
Place a few forks and spoons on the cloth and say to your friend: "Could you take those spoons and forks off the table without touching them?"
She is sure to say that it is impossible, and then you promise to do it.
Think how surprised she will look when you just lift the spoons and forks up in the cloth!
You have done as you promised for you are lifting them off the table but you are certainly not touching them, you see. Isn't it a good trick.

A GOOD TRICK
This simple little trick is sure to amuse your friends.
To work it you must have a glass full of water, a needle and a magnet.
Drop the needle into the water and watch it till it sinks to the bottom.
"Now," you ask, "can anyone take the needle out of the water without spilling any of the water or wetting his fingers?"
After a little consideration your audience will decide that it is quite impossible.

You now produce your magnet, tie a piece of thread to it, lower it into the glass and place it over the needle. Draw the magnet up the side of the glass and the needle will follow.

FIGURE TRICK
Ask your chum what four fifteens make, and if he is good at arithmetic, he will be sure to say sixty.
"I can prove you wrong," you say then, and you do so by placing the four fifteens as you see below. They make much more than sixty, don't they?
15
15
15
15
16,665

THE HIDDEN PROVERB
Can you find the proverb which is hidden away in the following paragraph?
"I don't know where Alice is," said Jack, as he sat down to dinner. "There is no excuse for being so late," said mother. "She is a naughty girl. Will you try and find her, John?" "There she is, mother!" cried Jack, with a hearty laugh. "She is hiding under the table!" "Come out at once, Alice," said mother, trying not to smile. "That is not the way to behave at dinner-time!"
Answer:
"Where there is a will there is a way."

"KING OF THE RING"
This jolly game is for two or more players. It will keep you warm on a cold day. If there are only two playing, draw a ring on the ground about six feet across, but make it larger for more children.
The children go into the ring, fold their arms, and then hop about on one leg. And while they do this they have to try to bustle the other players out of the ring.
Anyone who uses his hands or puts two feet on the ground is out of the game. The player who is left in the ring, of course, wins the game.

ENIGMA
My first is in evening, but not in morn.
My second is in laugh, but not in scorn.
My third is in cinder, but not in coal.
My fourth is in chime, but not in toll.
My fifth is in goat, but not in ram.
My sixth is in mutton, but not in ham.
My seventh is in live, but not in die.
My eighth is in weep, but not in cry.
My ninth is in water, but not in wine.
My whole is an island in the Pacific.

CAN YOU DO THESE?
Shut your eyes tightly. Now place Answer: Vancouver.

your feet side by side, and touching also press your knees together.
Now see how long you can stand perfectly still, without swaying at all. You will be surprised.
Sit down on a chair and then try to get up without bending your body or putting your leg back under the chair. You'll be clever if you can do that.

Lay a match across the nail of your middle finger of your right hand, and try to break it in half by pressing upon it with the first and third fingers of the same hand.
Stand with your left foot, left shoulder, and the left side of your head touching the wall, and see how far you can kick out with your right foot.

SPARROWS A BLESSING
A Minnesota elevator manager makes his premises a veritable bird sanctuary. He feeds them on quick grass seed and screenings. He even maintains, beside the office, a flower garden for them, with watering basin where they continuously drink and bathe. Sparrows, bluebirds, robins, blackbirds, bluejays, and all the bird tribe are there in great numbers. Sparrows, says this grain man, are a great blessing to a grain elevator. They rid the premises of bugs, beetles, moths, grasshoppers and all those insects that deteriorate grain and plant life. He says sparrows will not touch the grain as long as there are insects and screenings or weed seed available. Their nesting nuisance, he argues, is very small in comparison to the good they do.
—National Grain Journal.

CHALK EXPERIMENT
If you have a piece of chalk at home scrape it carefully into the shape of a boat, and then place it on a tin lid.
Now pour some vinegar into the lid so that it runs round your chalk. You will see that a lot of white foam begins to form round your boat, which will begin to move.

EASY CATCH
Go up to your chum and say: "If a man had seven sons and each son had a sister, how many would there be?"
If he is not smart, he is sure to say fourteen, but you say, "You're wrong; there are only eight. Work that out."

MATCH TRICK
Give your chum a safety match and ask him to strike it on his boot. After several attempts he will give it up.
Now you take the match from him, and directly you strike the match it flares up. Your friend will think you very clever, but there's a catch in it, you have your shoe "doctored" up beforehand by rubbing the side of a new box of matches on it.
Mind you do not put your foot on the ground or the match will fall to strike and spoil your trick.

AN INDOOR GAME
Any number of players may take part in this game. They are divided into two groups, and from each group a goalkeeper is chosen.
To play the game, you will require a ping-pong ball and some books. Remove the cloth from the table and arrange two low piles of books at each end. Leave a space between the two groups of books about six inches wide. These are the "goals."
There is one important rule in the game. No one may touch the ball with the hands, and the object of the game is to blow the ball into your opponent's goal. The players arrange themselves round the table and each does his utmost to keep the ball from nearing the goal of his own side. The side to score the most goals wins the game.

PARTNERS
If you are giving a Christmas party and want to make your chums feel at home, and also make them chummy with each other, you certainly should start off the party with this game. It makes them talk to each other and causes ever so much fun.
Now, before your friends arrive cut up some plain paper into small pieces, large enough to write the name of some person or object on it. Only write one name on each paper, but remember that the names must be in pairs. For instance, if you write down "Bottle" on one piece its partner would be "Cork." "Dick Whittington" and "his Cat" would be another pair. "Santa Claus" and his "Reindeer"



'Twas The Night Before Christmas

*'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;*

*The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mama in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long Winter's nap.*

*When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.*

*The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of midday to objects below
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer.*

*With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his courses they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:*

*"Now Dasher! now Dancer; now Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"*

*As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas, too.*

*And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof,
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.*

*He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had slung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.*

*His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples—how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.*

*The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a round little belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.*

*He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.*

*He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.*

*He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight:
"HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT!"*

PROVERB TITLES
Another quiet game, suitable for the more thoughtful, is a variation of "Proverbs." Write some proverbs on strips of paper. "Better late than never," and so on, as many strips as there are players, but if memory fails, the writer may put the same proverb on more than one strip and composes, or writes down, an anecdote, or short story, to illustrate the proverb he has drawn. When all are ready the stories are read, or told, and the other players have to fit each with a proverb title.

A Hasty Promise

Bobby: "Mummy, what are you going to give me for Christmas?"
Mother: "O, anything to keep you quiet, Bobby."
Bobby: "Well, nothing will keep me quiet except a drum."

NURSERY RHYMES

Gems of Sense and Nonsense

There are two great reasons why we should wish that Scottish nursery rhymes should not forsake the mouths of children to become the pleasure of the antiquary and the joy of the student of folk-lore. There is nothing else Scotland has made so much her own as the songs her children sing. Made by a people not yet tongue-tied, they express in little space the nature of that people. Flamboyant, witty, satiric, merry and wistful by turns, they bring some gaiety out of the past to remind us that people before us lived vigorously and well. Gaiety is a gift we can ill afford to forego.

One might say, without knowledge, that there cannot be much room for superiority or inferiority amongst the simple songs of childhood. Scottish nursery rhymes remain to confound all grown-up people who, from the height of their superior wisdom, look down on and patronise children. The songs that child'en prefer are far from childish.

When we write pretty-sweet poems for children, they show their good taste by leaving them for ourselves to enjoy alone, while they return to their own old rhymes which have a great deal more sense, and say what they have to say a great deal more neatly and quickly, than most of the poetry written by grown men for their equals in wisdom and size.

There is nothing infantile about the children who enjoy that tale of gluttony, heroic in its simple statement of gargantuan feasts, charming in its manner:

George Kilmorie the Laird o' the Knap,
Supped his brose (porridge) and swallowed the cap; (cup)
He gied (went) to the byre—(cowshed) and swallowed the coo; (cow)
"Hey," says Georgie, "I'll surely dae noo." (now).

That Rabelaisian ditty is plain proof that children prefer sensical nonsense, and a plain tale told, to all the prattling trock ever written with one eye on their mothers. It is not the simple singers of childhood we dream of who find pleasure in chanting:

Pussie pussie wow,
Where'll we get banes (bones) tae (to) chow?
We'll gang tae the bog and worry a hog,
And then we'll get banes enow.

Scottish nursery rhymes have humor of a startling sort. The uproarious tale of the Auld Wife is far from gentle or sweet:

Auld wife, auld wife,
Will ye go a shearing?
Speak a little louder, sir,
I'm unco (somewhat) dull o' hearing.

Auld wife, auld wife,
Wad ye tak' a kiss?
'es indeed I will sir,
It wadna oome amiss.

The cream of the joke lies in the telling of this tale in dialogue, and whoever has seen a boy shout the first question, but whisper the second—which is so easily heard—must conclude that children do not have eyes and ears and live amongst grown-up folk for nothing. There is the same comic seriousness, in the lament of the married man.

Oh that I had ne'er been married,
I wad never had nae care.
Now I has gotten wive and bairns,
And they cry Crowdie! (gruel) eve'mair.

Geordie Kilmorie shows off children's sense of the ludicrous, and the taunting rhyme that children fling at each other testifies more plainly to their keen eye for overgrown pretension.

Jimmy Mimmy, paper hat,
Rode a mile upon a cat,
When the cat begood (began) to fling,
Hey, says Jimmy, haud (hold) her in! (tight)

We cannot avoid a feeling of disgust when we remember that we too have strutted and aired our feathers before the naive eyes of children. But there are more tones than the humorous or the satiric amongst our Scottish nursery rhymes. Indeed their range is wide, and includes the terrible as well as the pretty. Young voices summarize theology very neatly with their
God made Satan, Satan made sin,
God made a muckle hole to put Satan in.

Of far deeper note is the old ballad whose popularity (if we can use popularity to signify its terrifying appeal to children) justifies its inclusion amongst nursery rhymes.

Where hae ye been a' the day,
My bonny wee croodien (sleepy) doo? (pet name for child)
Oh I hae been at my stepmother's,
Mak my bed, mammie nww,
Mak my bed, mammie.

It was a consummate artist who made that ballad, with its liquid, solemn vowels, and its strange atmosphere of evil. But lest children should be overwhelmed in terror, they have the pretty verse to comfort them

Feetken, feetken, (pet name) where will ye gang? (go)
When the days turn short, and the nights turn lang,
I'll toddle and gang, toddle and gang.

And lastly we come upon a song, a pleasant pastoral picture, whose melody delights us, as it must have delighted many generations of barefooted bairns on long summer evenings.

There was an old man stood on a stane, (stone)
Awa' in a croft (farm) his leafy lane (all alone)
An' cried on his bonny sleek kye (cattle) to come hame.
Kitty my mally and Kitty her mither, (mother)
Kitty my doo, and Kitty Bills-wither.
Rangley, Spanglely, Crook and Cowd'ry,
And these were the names of the auld man's kye.

Scotland has good cause to be proud of her nursery rhymes, and to defend them against the standardising tendency of our time, for they are often poetry, and always alive.—The Scots Observer.

Christmas Fairies

Did you know that all the year round the fairies save up for Christmas, just as you do? Well, they do, but not pennies, because they have no need for money! You'll never guess what it is that they save, so I'll tell you.

Just inside the gates of fairyland is the fairies' savings bank, and every time a fairy returns to fairyland from doing her day's work in our world she goes to Gobbilin Goodfellow, who looks after the bank, and tells him all she has done during the day. Then the gobbilin opens his books and writes down just how many kind things which the goblin has written in his books.

Now, there was one little fairy named Fernella, who was really lazy, for she would much rather swing in her cobweb hammock than work. When Christmas came, along went Fernella with all the rest to see Gobbilin Goodfellow.

"What name?" he asked.
"Fernella, please, sir," she Fernella timidly.

The goblin hunted through book after book, and at last he shook his head.
"I'm very sorry," he said sadly, "your name isn't written in any of my books!"

Poor Fernella! "She was sorry that she had been so lazy, for, of course, there was no Christmas present for her!"

Just then along came Fairy Mell-sande, and, seeing Fernella crying, she asked what was the matter.

"Dear, dear, that's bad!" she said. "Never mind, I've got quite a nice, large present this year. You shall have some of it."

And so Fernella had a present after all! And the fairy queen got all the little goblins to make a special Christmas tree for Mell-sande—just as an extra present, because she had been so kind!

But Fernella made up her mind that she would stop being lazy, so that the next year she would be able to have a present that was really and truly her own.



I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men.
—Longfellow.