

among them with which they would in time, insist that they should be blindfolded instead of with the wads of wool pulled over the eyes of the male players.

This game must not be confounded with Blind Man's Bluff. That is another game entirely, in which people born blind try to give others the impression that nothing escapes them. This sport, if one may call it such, is as melancholy as mixed doubles at Bridge and does not deserve encouragement.

"Letter, Letter, who has the letter?" is a game primarily devised for correspondence clerks, but a whole department may be drawn into it as the play gets exciting. One of the players, under the pretence of filing or indexing a letter, hides it under his blotter or in his hat or some other obvious place. The Leader, who may be a deputy-minister or one designated by him, comes into the room and calls "Letter, letter, who has the letter?" The player hiding the letter then slips out of the room. The other players begin the search. The object is to delay the finding of the letter, as the one who discovers the hiding place is penalized as being the person responsible for the disappearance of the correspondence. Special points are given to the player who can suggest the most impossible place for the letter to be in. Complexity may be added to the sport by a cross-index system, whereby the players can be led on a great number of false scents. The letter, when found, is hidden again as it has no uses, as a rule, but as a means of playing the game. A circular letter may be used. In that case much merriment may be aroused by someone saying, "Well, we should find it, because it is always round whether you need it or not."

Lack of space forbids me going into details concerning other games that civil servants play or may play. I must content myself with naming a few,—such as Authors, or guess-

ing a minister's name from his signature; Solitaire, which consists in doing today what was done yesterday; Follow-the-Leader, or looking up precedents; Economy, a sort of gymnastic exercise in which the player tries to make both ends meet; Hitting-the-Pipe, a variation of Puss-in-the-Corner; and Who's-Who, which is, however, more a profession than an amusement.

Play the Game! The odds may be against you, the sun in your face, and the field like a mire. Buck the line! Call the other fellow's bluff! You may not be able to get a new deal, but you need not let anyone get your goat.

NOUVELLE ANNEE.

Le Temps, d'un geste familier,
A retourné son sablier,
Janvier va remplacer Décembre;
Et de l'horloge, à petit bruit,
Les douze larmes de minuit
Viennent de rouler dans la chambre.
Le front couronné de jasmin
Et de vrais rubans pomponnés,
Voici venir la jeune année:
Bonsoir, hier! Bonjour, demain!

Aux devantures des marchands
Brillent les pantins alléchants
Dardant l'émail de leurs prunelles.
Cette nuit, dans leurs draps frileux,
Les garçons font des rêves bleus
Où passent des polichinelles!
Les filles voient sur leur chemin
Quelque poupée enrubannée.
Voici venir la jeune année:
Bonsoir, hier! Bonjour, demain!

Les grands sont de la fête aussi.
Madame, qui n'a pour souci
Que de paraître toujours belle
Voit passer dans les cieux sereins
Des anges portant des écrins
Et des bijoux par ribambelle.
Oh! quel beau rêve surhumain
D'être plus belle qu'une chasse ornée!
Voici venir la jeune année:
Bonsoir, hier! Bonjour, demain!

Monsieur, lui, quarante ans passés
Ventre rond, cheveux... espacés—
L'âge des ambitions mûres—
Croit que l'on rend justice enfin
A son esprit subtil et fin
Aux combinaisons toujours sûres!
De quel joli trait de carmin