

ciples, the idea of the game being to dramatize the thought brought before the child for the day or the week. In games representing Nature the children should be encouraged to interpret what they feel to be the characteristic life of the thing represented. For all to be constrained to make the same gesture, at the same time and in the same direction, is to render the play stiff and unnatural. In trade games a more strict imitation is necessary. But in all cases the child should first be prepared through talks and pictures until he has a vivid conception of the subject, and can make definite his reproduction. One Kindergartner explains her own methods thus: "We let children try to play out their crude and unformed ideas, and then suggest to them each time additions or changes until these ideas become educational, and at the same time are in a certain sense free, spontaneous play directed." Sometimes the children themselves make the suggestions and thus help each other to get clear and definite ideas. In all cases keep within the experiences of the children, what they have seen, felt and thought! Another important rule is to keep the child simple and unconscious by making the thing he does and not the child prominent.

In *The Kindergarten* for April, 1902, Mrs. Walter Ward, a prominent London worker, gives the following valuable suggestions for insuring a good Kindergarten game:

"I.—Take care to select for each season of the year an appropriate series of games.

"II.—Reflect carefully on the respective duties of the head teacher, the pianist, the assistant teachers.

"III.—Classify the peculiarities of individual children, physical, mental, musical, linguistic.

"IV.—Make up your mind what to do about tired children, and who should look after them.

"V.—Consider the various physical exercises that may be introduced in connection with the games; it will be a useful exercise to classify the games by their physical aspect alone.

"VI.—The musical side must not be neglected.

"VII.—The intellectual teaching is important, as it is the necessary factor in securing the interest of the children and thus maintaining order in the games.

"Finally, a true Kindergarten game affords opportunity for: (a) intellectual training, (b) ethical teaching, (c) physical exercise, (d) dramatic action, (e) musical and rhythmical training, (f) concise, simple and accurate language."

We give the "Blacksmith"\* as a representative trade game and one much in favor with the children:

### THE BLACKSMITH.

Old Song. Arranged by Miss E. M. Parker.

1. The blacksmith hammers the whole day long, His hammer is heavy but his arm is strong.

Chorus.

Strike, boys! strike, . . . boys! . . . While the iron is red hot! Strike, boys! strike, boys! While the iron is hot!

2. He beats the iron in the fire,  
Then hammers out a large, round tire.  
Chorus.

3. Here comes a horse,—what will he do?  
He'll hammer out a nice new shoe.  
Chorus.

4. Here comes a man with a broken chain;  
He'll hammer the links together again.  
Chorus.

\* From *Songs and Games for Little Ones*, by Gertrude Walker and Harriet S. Jenks, published by the Oliver Ditson Co., New York.

## AMONG THE NEWEST BOOKS.

In these days, when it is considered not only kind but fitting, because fashionable, to be both interested in the ignorant poor and personally familiar with them, *The Story of Bessie Costrell*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward, will be read with special interest. But, despite its literary and dramatic merits, it is a dreary production. Its characters are all illiterate and mostly sordid, and their envyings, vanities, misdirected religious emotions and their pride in the results of self-denying miserliness make up the sum of this unhappy narrative. One turns with relief from its human figures to their background of sun and sky, mist and moor, grain fields and chalk cliffs. The moral of it—if it has a moral—is that to be thrifty and sparing, to take no holiday, enjoy no feasts, in order to provide for the rainy day, is to risk having the savings of a self-sacrificing life-time squandered by some trusted person—in this case a wife whom it destroys utterly. [London and New York: Macmillan & Co.]

Gertrude Dix's novel, *The Girl from the Farm*, reaffirms by example the words of a writer who says: "Of all forms of self-indulgence unintelligent self-sacrifice is the most degrading to those who receive it, also to those who make it." It gives a vivid picture of a religious but selfish father who uses the quickened brain, youthful eyes and enduring physique of his highly educated daughter to help him win distinction as a polemic writer. The book is a distinct argument against the mischievous idea that the young should sacrifice their life, hopes and chances of usefulness and happiness to please the old and useless, instead of seeking to do the greatest good to the greatest number. [Boston: Roberts Brothers.]

A vivid quality of realism characterizes George Gissing's *In the Year of Jubilee*. While reading it one can hardly escape from the impression that it is a faithful narrative of actual

events. As its title indicates, its scenes are laid in London during the Queen's Jubilee year and its characters belong to the English middle classes. [New York: D. Appleton & Co.]

*An Imaginative Man*, by Robert S. Hichens, author of *The Green Carnation*, is a study of poetic phases in lunacy that will entertain both the alienist and the non-professional observer of mental obliquities. The "Man" who is its central figure is interested only in persons and things he does not comprehend. The woman he marries has brilliantly dark, mysterious eyes and just as long as he does not understand what thoughts lurk within their depths she enchants and holds him. But they go to Egypt, and what chance has a merely human wife when weighed as a curiosity against the Sphinx, a stone woman who reveals nothing? The basic idea of the story is as peculiar as its finale is grewsome and bizarre. [New York: D. Appleton & Co.]

*Chiffon's Marriage*, by "Gyp" (the Countess of Martel), as translated for the Frederick A. Stokes Company by Mrs. Patchett Martin, is a French story with a deal of American character and American slang in it. To its translator may, perhaps, be attributed the cis-Atlantic quality of much of the dialogue, but the speech and manners of the heroine must have been inspired by other than French experiences. Chiffon is, in fact, a sort of Gallic Daisy Miller.

In *A Modern Man*, Ella MacMahon has given us an original, clever and not too unreal story of a self-made man, and two good and beautiful girls with both of whom he thought himself in love at the same time. The worries and miseries, temptations and writhings of spirit in the tale are those of a man and not of a woman, confirming the assertion of specialists in nervous diseases that men are as hysterical as the members of the sex