

Another big horn blast, and our attention was directed to the library portières whereon hung the heterogeneous conglomeration of articles. Each one represented some musical expression, we were told, which we were to discover and write in our tallies in proper order. In a pair of scissors and a paper of needles, we recognized the "sharps," and in two flat-irons, the "flats." In a sweet-smelling rose we found the "natural," while a huge ink-blot on a prettily bound book bespoke the "accidental." A cane for the "staff," fish "lines," bank "notes," head "rests," the door "key," quart and tape "measures," our president's "signature," "ledger-lines" (a sheet of ledger-ruled paper), spectacles with which to "C-sharp," the picture of a cow peacefully reclining in a meadow, in which might be recognized with vivid imagining the "Beef flat"—these and many more clever "quizzes" kept our wits on the brisk trot for the next half hour.

At the next horn blast the contest was declared over and we had to stop. Just too late I recognized in the diagrams of the Big and Little Dipper the "major" and "minor" terms. There was a great hubbub of voices as we began to compare notes on our guesses, but still another horn blast called us back to order. Mr. D. explained that we were to pass our tallies to our right-hand neighbor, he would then read the correct list of answers in the three contests, by which we were to mark the tallies in hand, drawing a line through incorrect answers and marking at the bottom of each page the sum total of correct guesses thereon. Shouts of laughter arose in different quarters of the room as mistakes became evident.

The two winners in each contest (lady and gentleman) were easily ascertained in this way, and simple prizes were distributed, each representing a song. A bunch of English violets was awarded to Mrs. C. as the old familiar strains of "Sweet Violets" floated dreamily from the piano, modulating into the "Last Cigar" as a pretty ash-receiver was presented to our President. The "Rainy Day" brought a silver umbrella-tag to Mr. S. while "Auld Lang Syne" escorted the "Cup" (and

saucer) of Kindness" to Mrs. S. "Maid of Athens" gave back her heart to Mr. F., and the "Warrior Bold" came to the Judge's wife in the shape of a pretty silver pen ("mightier than the sword"). Three booby prizes there were, one for each contest. A good-sized drum was bestowed upon our funny man as Mrs. D. played the poor old hackneyed strains of "Comrades"—comrades, indeed, man and drum, both "beaten." For "points" on the subject, Miss R. was presented with a "Paper of Pins," as the old song was played. "You came out of the little end of the horn," said Mr. D., presenting me with a tremendous green horn while the sweet strains of the "Alpine Horn" echoed and re-echoed from the piano. Much laughter and applause greeted the winners and losers at the close of this musical ceremony.

"Music hath charms to soothe," etc., and our agitated brains were delightfully tranquilized by a number of solos from our musical members, and as a glorious climax a trio on violin, piano and harp was given. As the last notes died away the bugle horn announced supper. To the nursery tune of "What Do You Think They Had for Supper?" we marched around the room and across the hall to the pretty dining-room, where a dainty collation was served. The ice-cream forms were those of musical instruments, while a snowy cake was spanned by the (chocolate) bars of "Little Tommy Tucker, Singing for His Supper"—truly a work of art, and one much appreciated, though how Mrs. D.'s deft fingers ever managed such minute lines and spaces, notes and rests it was quite beyond us to imagine.

Supper over, there came the grand climax of the evening, a "Kinder Symphony," in which everybody took part, even I, who cannot play on anything more complex than a comb. Combs there were in plenty for those who could not perform upon the violins, guitars or other instruments decorating the room. And there was a symphony, indeed, a perfect frolic of tunes, from "Mother Goose" down to the latest popular song of the day, ending with a rousing "Yankee Doodle" and three good cheers for the "Yankee Musicals."

MARIE GLODEN

## AMONG THE NEWEST BOOKS.

From Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

*Margaret Ogilvy*, by J. M. Barrie.

*Nancy Noon*, by "Benjamin Swift."

Margaret Ogilvy—how lovely and womanly and motherly she was, and how beautiful it is that her son should thus publicly pay tribute to her! Mr. Barrie has honored all understanding and tender-souled sons. Another man might have built a monument, a chapel or a stained-window in some out-of-the-way church to prove the loveliness and goodness of his mother's character, but this one allows the world a share in her sweetness and tenderness in her charming originality, her comeliness and fine humor. Perhaps the noblest lesson of Margaret Ogilvy's life—and the one most needed in these days of complex cravings and ignoble standards of living—is the beauty and charm with which she invested simplicity and the dignity she lent to every-day homely duties. She has made easy the folding of linen, the baking of scones. Captious critics claim to be shocked at the indelicacy of an author's making name and fortune out of his mother's homely virtues. But how could we have learned her sweet, brave story if the son had not told it to us in a book, and ought he to have distributed it gratuitously as if it were an advertisement? Mr. Barrie's tender sincerity, his reverence for his mother, his generosity in allowing the world to share the treasures of his recollections of her and, above all, the gratitude and happiness he feels because a perfect woman was his mother—is it not all a poem that will sing itself into our thoughts almost as sweetly as if we had personal acquaintance with this admirable woman, so vivid is her portrait and so quaintly sincere was her life?

One of the world's great electricians tells us that words are dynamic. If the author of *Nancy Noon* had believed that this is a scientific truth, he might have selected less offensive language by which to convey certain of his meanings. He uses words that smite and sting like a whip whenever he writes of human passions. His most beautiful character is a pathetic moral failure. All but one of the many sharply-outlined persons of *Nancy Noon* lessen in moral value as the story hurries on, as if the firm hold that youth takes upon high ideals loses its grip

under the frets of life. Pessimism is the keynote of this story, one of the strongest any very young man has written. Its author "Benjamin Swift" (William R. Patterson) is a Scotchman, and the remorse he depicts is truly Gaelic, racial, Puritanic. *Nancy Noon* is his first book and it augurs well for his work when years and conscientious study of life have toned down his Byronic exuberance in the use of black paint.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston:

*The Letters of Victor Hugo to His Family, to Sainte-Beuve and others*, edited by Paul Meurice.

The period of Victor Hugo's life during which these letters were written is that between 1815 and 1843—long before the days of his banishment. They show him as an affectionate son, a devoted but ultra-sensitive friend, a loyal royalist and an ardent champion of the new romantic school in literature, throwing inside light upon the bitter intrigues attending the production of *Marion Delorme*, *Le roi s'amuse* and *Hernani*. The peculiar cause of Hugo's strange quarrel with Sainte-Beuve can be readily guessed from the touching letters in regard to it here given. The volume includes an 1820 portrait and a fac-simile letter containing a pen-and-ink sketch by the poet. The translation is excellent.

From The Century Co., New York:

*Quotations for Occasions*, by Katharine B. Wood.

Miss Wood classifies some twenty-five hundred brief quotations, largely unhackneyed, according to a great variety of occasions upon which they may be used, giving especial attention to the needs of those preparing menus for dinners, wedding breakfasts, and other hospitable repasts, texts for toasts and for the programmes of concerts, dances, card parties, bicycle, golf and tennis meets, etc. It is claimed that no such compilation has ever before been made.

From D. Appleton and Company, New York:

*McLeod of the Camerons*, by H. Hamilton.

*The Career of Candida*, by George Paston.

*Rodney Stone*, by A. Conan Doyle.

A realistic story of army and navy life at Malta is *McLeod of the Camerons*, one of the Town and Country Library. The hero