



as a rival, and a triumphant one, of our cricket, I could not but, as a patriotic Englishman, frown upon and hold in modified contempt.

It was otherwise, however, with the games played by the girls, little and big. Here I found not only novelty, but interest, and it was not long before I had solved the mystery of a majority of the games which made up the round of the day's employment of these young petticoated personages. In this self-constituted task I was aided not only by my wife, who had not left her playing days so far behind but that she was able to remember very clearly the fashions of her childhood in relation to games, but also by a junior member of the household, who was a not inactive participant in the games that went on daily under my study windows. At times even I was dragged from my honourable and professional seclusion, made to lay aside such poor shreds of dignity as I flattered myself on possessing, and forced, not much against my will, to join the romping ring of bright-eyed touzle-headed girls.

Thus it is that I speak, if not as an expert, at any rate as a somewhat earnest student of the outdoor games of American girls, such as "Tag," "Pots," "Jacks," "Huckery-buck," "Jennie O'Jones," "Chase the Fox," "Colours," and the various "Ring" games. Some of them, doubtless, are played by English girls; others are held in local esteem only; while others are variants, or, as botanists would say, "sports," from the parent game across the Atlantic. All of those to which I shall refer,

SOME years ago it fell to my lot to live in a quaint old-fashioned house—old-fashioned at least for America—in a pleasant suburb of New York.

The house faced a large open space, carpeted with green turf, and fringed with bird-haunted English elm trees, making an ideal playground for children the year round, but especially so during those summer months of sultry heat, when the sun had parched and baked the grass to one monotonous shade of dusty yellow-brown everywhere, save under the shade-giving branches of the old elms. Nor were the village children blind to its manifest advantages; and during their holidays their voices echoed from early morning until the gathering darkness—which in that latitude descends with a mere glimpse of twilight—dispersed them to home and supper.

At first, I must own, I somewhat regretted the propinquity of my study to this playing-

field, for the constant babble of shrill childish voices, rising at intervals into a piercing yell of defiance, delight, or consternation, was not the most fitting accompaniment one could desire to one's literary occupations. By degrees, however, I began to grow accustomed to it, until at length, so far from looking upon the merry chatter as an annoyance, I began to miss it, and felt as though something were wanting, when for one reason or another, such as a rainy day and so forth, the children were unable to enjoy themselves in their wonted fashion. Not only this, but I often found myself leaning out of my open window, lazily watching the circling round or little stationary groups of girls and boys, and trying to puzzle out the intricacies of the games they were playing. With the boys I had but little concern, for their games were few and simple, and consisted mainly of the one national American game of base-ball, a form of glorified rounders, which,



however, can claim at least one generation in antiquity, and are played by American children in all parts of the United States, from Maine to California, and from Illinois to Florida. It would be strange if, in a country so vast as the United States, there were not minor points of difference to be met with in various localities in regard to children's games; but so inherently conservative are youngsters of every nation and of every epoch, that I think these differences are due principally to the greater prevalence of various foreign elements here and there, and the consequent slight alterations of rules to suit the Teutonic or Gallic fancy, as the case may be.

I have referred to the conservatism of children. Nothing, I think, illustrates this more effectively than the study of the so-called "counting-out" rhymes, or as they call them in Scotland, "chopping-out" and "tilting-out" verses. It happens that in more than one outdoor game played by boys, as well as girls, one of the number has to take a part which is either one of honour, or is somewhat undesirable. Instead of drawing lots to determine who shall bear the burden on the one hand, or be exalted on the other, a method is adopted which arrives at the same result in a similar fashion, but by more interesting means.

In America, when a group of girls have decided, after much chattering argument, to play a certain game, their natural leader, who is either the oldest girl or she who has proposed the game and gathered the others together to play at it, proceeds to "count-out." Ranging the others either in a circle or a straight line, she proceeds to recite a certain set form of words, and as each word falls from her lips, she lightly touches one of the girls, including herself, with her forefinger, passing quickly down the line until the last word of the rhyme, if rhyme it be, is reached, when the girl whose

fortune it is to be touched at that point steps aside—she is "out"—and the process is begun once more until another girl is "out," and so on until only two are left, one of whom may be the girl who is "counting out," unless she happens to have counted herself out earlier in the proceedings. The same words are repeated, and the girl who is not set free by being touched in consonance with the magic last word, is "it."

It is not unworthy of notice, by-the-way, and has, indeed, been pointed out by a well-known American philologist, who has taken a scientific view of these apparently trivial "counting-out" rhymes, that the word "it" is always used by children in the sense of denoting the one subject to the disagreeable duty, or bearing the highest honour in the game; no child ever questions its meaning, nor is there, so far as can be learnt, any equivalent for the significant monosyllable, generally carrying with it the force of a military command, which it would be the rankest mutiny to disobey.

As to the "counting-out" rhymes themselves, almost a book might be written. Mr. H. Carrington Bolton has collected, so he avers, more than eight hundred examples of these from every quarter of the civilised and semi-civilised world; for it is a curious fact that the children of India and Arabia, Turkey and Armenia, Japan and Hawaii, Greece and Sweden, the Basque country and Platts-Deutschland, use similar forms of words to

attain a similar end. Whatever the language, the genius of the verse is essentially the same—a collocation of words more or less meaningless, and consisting of pure gibberish as well as words of known meaning, but employed with no real relation thereto. Rhyme is usual but not invariable, but rhythm is essential, the accent as a rule falling on the first syllable of polysyllabic words. As in the following instance—

"One-ery, two-ery, icky, Ann,  
Fillisey, fallasey, Nicholas, Jan,  
Quiver, quaver, English knave-a,  
Stringelum, strangelum, Jericho Buck,"

the last word in this, as in all other rhymes, being delivered with double emphasis. This particular piece of doggerel is peculiarly interesting for more than one reason. In the first place, it is perhaps the most widely disseminated of any "counting-out" rhyme throughout the United States; and in the second, I have it on the authority of Mr. Leland, the famous student of Romany, or gipsy, lore, that among that strange and ancient people an almost precisely similar form of words is used as an incantation with perfectly serious intent. It is not improbable that other rhymes, in daily and innocent use by children, might be traced back to some such source, and that the youngsters of to-day are playing their games with the assistance of verses that centuries ago were heard with shudders of awe; for sortilege, or choosing by

lot, was used by nations who flourished thousands of years ago, and even by the Israelites, as in the story of Achan related by Joshua.

It may be placed at the head of those rhymes which, in one way or another, are variants on simple enumeration, such as the familiar (on both sides of the Atlantic)—

"One, two, three, four,  
Mary at the cottage door;  
Five, six, seven, eight,  
Eating plums off a plate."

One American form of this is—

"One, two, three,  
Mother caught a bee;  
Bee died, mother cried,  
Oh, dear, me!"

Or,

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,  
All good children go to Heaven;"

while I have heard the children of German immigrants, playing in the New York streets, sing—

"1, 2, Polizei;  
3, 4, Officier;  
5, 6, Alte Hex;  
7, 8, Gute Nacht,  
9, 10, Auf Wiedersehen;  
11, 12, Junge Wölf;  
13, 14, Blaue Schürzen;  
15, 16, Alte Hexen;  
17, 18, Madle Wachsen;  
19, 20, Gott verdanzig."

the numerals, of course, being given in German, as "Ein," "Zwei," and so forth.

Another popular American rhyme, which I fancy is based on a Low German verse beginning—"Ene, bene, dunke, funke," is—

"Ana, mana, mona, mike,  
Passa, lona, bona, strike,  
Hare, ware, frow, frack,  
Allico, ballico, we, wo, wy, wack!"

Their gibberish verses are, despite their apparent absurdity, really curious and interesting. The number used and remembered with surprising retentiveness by children is astonishing; and hardly less so is the exactness with which they have been handed down from one generation to another. Textual variations there are, naturally and in plenty, but rhyme and rhythm are faithfully adhered to. The phonetic values are roughly preserved, though the natural corruptions are indicative of the juvenile grasping for familiar words to put in place of those with which they are not acquainted. Thus the "bob-tail vinegar" of one part of the country becomes "baptist minister" in another, while in the same rhyme—

"One is all, two is all, six is all, seven,"

becomes—

"One-er-zoll, two-er-zoll, zikerzoll, zan."

In Rhode Island they have a verse which, while closely similar to, and probably founded upon, some others in metre, has become transmogrified as follows—

"Haley, maley, tippety, fig,  
Tiney, toney, tombo, nig,  
Goat, throat, country note,  
Tiney, toney, tiz."

A more distinctly "Yankee" tinge is observable, however, in the following, which is to-day a prime favourite among the children of New York State—

"Ana, mana, mina, mo,  
Catch a nigger by the toe;  
When he hollers let him go,  
Ana, mana, mina, mo."

Curiously suggestive, too, is this—

"As I was going up the tree,  
All the apples fell on me;  
Bake a pudding, bake a pie,  
Did you ever tell a lie?  
Yes, I did, and many a time—  
O U T spells Out."

Only American children, I take it, could have evolved this rather plebeian strain—

"Acker, backer, soda, cracker,  
Acker, backer, do;  
If your father chews tobacco,  
Must you chew it too?"

Some other characteristically American strains I must reserve for another time, when also I shall describe some of the games to which "counting-out" and its requisite rhymes form merely a prelude or preliminary incantation.

(To be continued.)

## THE STUDIO MARIANO.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Aldyth's Inheritance," etc.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE INAUGURATION OF THE STUDIO.

MAUD succeeded in obtaining the studio on which she had set her heart, and for the next fortnight she was engaged in the delightful occupation of furnishing it. No considerations of expense restricted the gratification of her artistic love of beautiful things. She searched the shops and sale-rooms of Rome for quaint furniture, rare tapestries, rugs, and costly fabrics of various kinds. She bought pictures, statuettes, plaques, vases, in such numbers, that Enid, accustomed to spend money carefully, was amazed at her cousin's extravagance.

"If I have a studio at all, I must have an elegant one," Maud would say. She wanted to begin where most artists finish. She was ambitious of having a studio which would compare with those of the famous painters of Rome, whose art treasures had been slowly and lovingly accumulated during many years of work.

She went about her purchases with a happy belief that she exercised much prudence, and made excellent bargains. There was an old Jewish dealer in curios in the Borgo Vecchio who found Miss Marian a very profitable customer. "It is too little, too little," he would say, shaking his head as he clinched the

bargain; "but I do not like to refuse the Signorina." Yet as he took the money Maud gave him there was a gleam in his small, cunning eyes which convinced Enid he was congratulating himself on the transaction.

"It is well your father is rich," Enid said to Maud one day, when she laughingly showed her an empty purse as the result of her morning's shopping.

"It is indeed," said Maud. "I can't think what I should have done with a poor father, or with one less liberal than mine. He never minds what I spend."

"He is very good to you," said Enid, remembering the wistful look she had seen in Mr. Marian's eyes as he parted with his daughter.

"So he ought to be," said Maud playfully. "I am his only child."

"He must miss you very much," said Enid, thinking with pity of Mr. Marian living solitary in the great house at Streatham.

"Oh, I don't know," said Maud. "I expect Sidney Althorp will often drop in upon him of an evening; and my father likes his company."

"Which you do not," said Enid.

"Not particularly. He is very tiresome sometimes. He is so fond of telling me of my faults, and preaching to me."

"A tiresome peculiarity certainly," said Enid. "He is surely the only one of your friends who transgresses in that way."

"You are right," said Maud laughing; "most of them seem to like me as I am—faults and all. And it is well they do, for I know I am not a model of propriety, and I don't intend to set up as one. But I can read your thoughts, Enid—you think it well I should have one friend who is kind enough to remind me that I am not perfection. Well, I will give you leave to take that duty on yourself, as Sidney is not here to act as my mentor."

Enid laughed. She did not think her cousin perfection; but neither was she inclined to judge her. Maud's faults were tolerably patent, but they were accompanied by a personal charm which disarmed criticism. Had her form been less graceful, her smile less sweet, and the quick changes of her expressive countenance less fascinating, her calm assumption of superiority, and the egotism which marked her conversation, would have annoyed and even disgusted her acquaintance: but in Maud Marian they excited only the pleasurable amusement with which we regard the affectations of a pretty child. In truth, with all her self-possession and apparent knowledge of the world Maud was very child-like.

Enid did not always accompany her cousin on her shopping expeditions. Sometimes Maud preferred to be accompanied by an artist friend, in whose judgment she placed more confidence than in Enid's, whom she did not credit





## II.

CURIOUS and interesting as the "counting-out" rhymes, to which I referred last month, may be, they are not in themselves games in the strict sense of the word; and fond as the American girls are of these oftentimes meaningless jingles, they merely use them as a means to an end. The girl who is counted out is "it," and then the game really begins. At the same time it always seemed to me as though the youngsters enjoyed the preliminary process rather more than the real business of the game itself. Nor was the affair always peaceably conducted, and many complaints of unfairness or mistake had to be investigated and settled with the summary justice so dear to children. Whether the rhyme was the following, which is a great New York favourite—

"Ana, mana, dickery, dick,  
Delia, dolia, dominick,  
Haitcha, paitcha, dominaitcha,  
Ah, pah, nee";

or this, which is more prevalent in Virginia, and is self-evidently of home manufacture—

"As I was looking at the  
steeple  
I saw a lot of coloured  
people,  
Some were white and some  
were black,  
And some were the colour  
of a ginger-snap";

or whether the verse were one of those I noted down in my first article, certain it was that some slip would be made by the "counter-out," or a claim set up that it had been made, and the process have to be "begun all over again."

Perhaps the afternoon's merry-making would begin with a game of "Tag," which in its essentials differs not greatly from the English game of "Touch," or "Tick." In its simplest form it consists in the girl who is "it" chasing her companions here and there, and endeavouring to touch one of them with her outstretched hand. As soon as she succeeds in her attempt the girl who is so touched becomes "it" in her turn, and has to chase the others, so with its hair-breadth escapes

and varying fortunes the game is kept up until the players are too exhausted to race about any further, and a general halt is called.

This is "Tag" in its primeval simplicity, as it has, I suppose, been played for countless centuries by children of all climes; but American ingenuity has added variations which complicate it, and vary its monotony. There is, for instance, "Hop-tag." In this, as its name indicates, both pursuer and pursued hop about on one foot, and in order to prove beyond peradventure that they are hopping in a *bonâ-fide* fashion, the foot which is off the ground (generally the left one) is held up by the hand nearest to it. Should one of the



players, through weariness or misadventure, put this foot to the ground, she immediately becomes "it," whether she is "tagged" or not. Most of the amusement of this form of the game is extracted from the extraordinary antics through which the players go in their endeavours to preserve their balance while they do their best either to escape the "tagger," or with outstretched hand try to "tag" the others.

"Touch-tag" is an ingenious whimsicality which is generally resorted to when the players are growing tired, and wish, therefore, to decrease their labours by rendering the task of "it" somewhat more difficult. When a girl is "tagged" and becomes "it" she has to keep one hand on the place whereon she was touched, and in that position (which, as may be imagined, is often a comical one), she has to chase her companions. Thus, we will suppose she has been touched on the left shoulder: she will then have to hold her right arm across her breast and clasp the left shoulder with the right hand, and in this rather uncomfortable posture chase her companions until with her disengaged left hand she is able to touch one of them."

The not very euphonious title of "Squat-tag" is applied to a third variation of the original and unadorned game. It takes its name from the peculiar attitude taken by the players when they wish to assume a position of safety and render the touch of "it," even if she should overtake them, of no avail. They drop down into a crouching posture, a "squatting" one, in fact, as they call it, with traditional use of a very old-fashioned English word, from which is derived the common expression of "squatter," or one who settles

or sits down on unoccupied land. It seems at first telling a very simple expedient, and one so easily put into operation that the unfortunate "it" would appear likely to find herself condemned to her unenviable position during the whole of the game. This view of the matter, however, is in practice proved to be erroneous, for when one is careering across a grassy lawn at full speed it is extremely difficult to suddenly check oneself and come to the sudden standstill which alone allows one to "squat" fairly and squarely. Then too the natural love of daring and risk which is inherent in nine girls out of ten causes them to put off till the very last moment the assuming of the position of safety. Thus the changes are quite as frequent as in the ordinary game, and there is an added element of fun and surprise which is to the advantage of the players.

"Home," or "Hunk-tag," is yet another and a very favourite form of the game. A definite place of safety is in this variant of the sport decided upon, to which the players can run when "it" is chasing them too closely, and it is, of course, the latter's endeavour to so head her companions off as to prevent their reaching this desired haven of rest. I am inclined to think that this form is possibly the original "Tag" or "Touch," for the simple game to which I gave the first position in my list is as a rule referred to as "No-Home" or "No-Hunk-tag," as though to distinguish it from the original game, which is played with a "home," or coign of vantage. Sometimes, indeed, there are half a dozen of these "homes" scattered about in various parts of the playing field, and then of course the unfortunate girl who is "it" has a hard time of it, for she has to bear in mind the position of all these trees or posts or whatever they may be, and so run as to keep her companions out of the dangerous neighbourhoods. As I have hinted, the "home" can be of various descriptions: sometimes it is a circle marked out with small stones, sometimes a natural enclosure formed of trees, while in the last-mentioned case detached stones, trees, or posts are utilised.

"Silent-tag" conveys its meaning in its title. The players are not allowed to speak or make any audible sound under penalty of at once thereby becoming "it." Warning cannot, therefore, be given as to which girl is to be shunned as being the dreaded "it"; and countless are the misadventures arising out of this, and many the ruses resorted to by the "tagged" girl to delude her prey into fancied security. When it is not convenient to have any permanent Cities of Refuge in the form of "homes" or "hunks," there is a very commonly-employed device whereby those chased can obtain immunity from their pursuer. This consists in crossing the first and second fingers of the right hand one over the other, and holding them in the air with the warning declaration of "Fingers crossed!" which done, the player so acting is secure from any danger of being "tagged." It would appear, as in "Squat-tag," that the expedient were so simple and so easily put into execution that no chance were afforded to the "tagger"; but it will be found that in practice the confusion of mind into which a girl is thrown when hard pressed by her companion, and exerting all her mental as well as physical powers to dodge or otherwise get out of the way, prevents her in nine cases out of ten from being alert enough to resort to this means of obtaining safety with the degree of celerity requisite to make it availing.

I may mention here that from this last variation has grown a game which, though it is called a "Tag," is really hardly properly so termed. This is "Last-tag," which is much more akin to some of those sleepy eastern games which we are told continue for a lifetime between two players, than the bustling, rushing game of "Tag." When a group of girls is separating for the day one of them will, as they are just on the point of leaving, touch one of her companions and exclaim "Last-tag." She in her turn makes a dart for one of the others, but is generally unsuccessful, as on the first cry of "Last-tag" every girl present has crossed her fingers, and is thus in security. The wise girl then affects to have forgotten the incident, and continues the conversation in the hope of catching one of the others unawares without the saving grace of crossed fingers. Should she fail she will treasure up





III.

THE games I have lately been describing are, to a certain extent, played by boys as well as by girls, though the latter are more inclined to them than the former. There is, however, one set of games which the American girl monopolises for her own, and which the rougher sex rarely dares to meddle with. The chief requisites for the playing thereof are a tenacious memory and a good ear, as well as a certain modicum of voice. These games I have christened as a class "ring games," for in all of them the first essential is a ring of girls, who clasp each other's hands and circle round, making the still summer air musical with their soaring treble voices, and vying with the cheery blue-bird and the comical cat-bird as they flutter in and out of the shady recesses of the elm trees.

As soon as an American girl can walk, it appears to me she begins to sing, and though she does not despise a solo, she appreciates much more highly a chorus, and seems to enjoy the sound of her own voice all the more

when she hears those of her companions chiming in therewith.

Thus, before they are even old enough to join in with the "ring games," one may see and hear them toddling along in a tiny procession, each pair of wee dots holding each other's hands and piping out—

MARCH! MARCH! TWO BY TWO!

March! march! two by two! My lit-tle sis-ter  
lost her shoe! I love cof-fee, I love tea,  
I love the boys, and the boys love me!

I'll tell ma, when I go home,  
The boys won't let my curls alone;  
They pull my curls and break my comb,  
I'll tell ma when I go home."

Probably the most widely-known and universally popular of these "ring games" is that called "Little Sally Waters," which, in the most complete form in which I have been able to obtain it, is probably only a portion of some vastly more elaborate and comprehensive entertainment. So popular indeed is "Little Sally Waters," with a popularity which is largely dependent upon the catchy air to which its quaint words have been set, that it has been woven into a characteristic New York melody by Mr. Dave Braham, who is probably known best to English readers as the composer of that unpleasantly familiar strain, "The Bogie Man." When girls want to play "Sally Waters," they either "count-out" or choose one of their number to enact the part of the bereaved "Sally." She sits down in the centre of a ring formed by her companions, and holding the hem of her dress to her eyes, pretends to sob violently as she rocks herself to and fro; the others then walk slowly round in time to the following air, which they sing in chorus:—

THE JOLLY SAILOR BOYS



SALLY WATERS.

Little Sal - ly Wa - ters, Sit ting in the sun,

Cry - ing and weep - ing for her young man!

Rise, Sal - ly, rise! Wipe off your eyes!

(here "Sally" gets up, and as the old stage directions used to say, "suits the action to the word.")

Fly to the East, Fly to the West!

Fly to the ve - ry one that you love best.

and "Sally" makes a rush for one of the girls in the ring. The two exchange places, and the new "Sally" is then sung to, and goes through the same pantomimic display of grief and consequent recovery, and the game continues *ad infinitum*, which in this case means until the girls grow tired of playing it.

More elaborate and more like a real game, perhaps, is "The Farmer in the Dell," which is also a great favourite in all the Eastern States of America. One girl is chosen either by acclamation or by the "counting-out" process, which may in this case be conducted with the aid of the following versicle, which I have not yet set down. It is most evidently of modern origin, and as far as I can learn has not travelled outside New York city. It runs as follows:—

"I had a little nigger,  
And he would grow no bigger,  
So I set him in the window for a show;  
He fell out of the window,\*  
And broke his little finger,  
And couldn't play the old banjo."

The girl chosen in one way or another stands in the centre of the ring, and while the others circle round her, they sing:—

THE FARMER IN THE DELL.

The far - mer in the dell, . . . The

\* Generally, I am sorry to say, pronounced "winder."

GO IN AND OUT OF THE WINDOW

far - mer in the dell! . . . Heigh! Ho! ~

Cher - ry! oh! The far - mer in the dell. . .

Then there is a pause, and then the second verse is taken up:—

"The farmer takes his wife,  
The farmer takes his wife;  
Heigh! ho! cherry! oh!  
The farmer takes his wife."

The girl in the middle who represents the farmer then runs up to one of the ring and escorts her out of it and into the middle, while the others, closing up the breach thus made in their ranks, go on singing:—

"The wife takes the child,  
The wife takes the child;  
Heigh! ho! cherry! oh!  
The wife takes the child."

Then the "wife" runs up to another girl and takes her into the middle in her turn, and "the ring" sings:—

"The child takes the nurse,  
The child takes the nurse;  
Heigh! ho! cherry! oh!  
The child takes the nurse."

and the "child" in her turn chooses out one of the ring to act as "nurse." The song then is taken up again with this change:—

"The nurse takes the dog," etc.

The "nurse" chooses the "dog," and the chorus goes on:—

"The dog takes the cat," etc.

and the "dog" chooses out the "cat," the song continuing:—

"The cat takes the rat," etc.

Then when the "cat" has picked out her "rat," the few remaining in the ring sing:—

"The rat takes the cheese," etc.

and the "rat" picks out the most athletic girl she can espy from among those left to act as the "cheese," and then the last verse of the song is sung as follows:—

"The cheese stands still,  
The cheese stands still;  
Heigh! ho! cherry! oh!  
The cheese stands still!"

And as with vigorous emphasis the last word is pronounced the ring breaks up, and with one accord all the girls, including the "farmer," his "wife," "child," "nurse," "dog," and "cat," fall upon the "rat" and the "cheese;" and endeavour to part them from each other, while they in their turn vigorously resist the attempt. The game thus breaks up in a general romp, accompanied by shrieking and laughter *ad libitum*.

A pretty game, but one hardly so elaborate as the foregoing, is "Water, Water, Wild-flower," which, as are the majority of these girls' "ring games," is concerned, if not with marriage and the giving in marriage, at any rate with the pretence thereof, a fact which may, as an old writer observes about something entirely different, "cause the judicious to grieve." In playing this the girls simply form themselves into a ring and circle round singing:—

**WATER, WATER, WILD-FLOWER!**

Wa-ter, wa-ter, wild-flower; Growing up so high!  
We are all young maidens, And we have got to die.  
Ex-cept-ing Ma-ry Wat-kins,\* She is the  
fair est flow-er! Fie! Fie! Fie for shame,  
Turn your back and tell your beau's name!

\* One of the players' names is here inserted, and in the next verse the name of some boy the other girls wish to tease her about.

And still holding the others' hands, the girl so singled out turns around and continues marching in the ring in this attitude with her back instead of her face towards the centre of the ring. Then the second verse is thus taken up with a noticeable change of air:—

**JOHNNY BROWN.**

John - ny Brown is a nice young man, He  
comes to the door with his hat in his hand.  
Down comes she, all dressed in silk, A  
rose in her bo-som as white as milk.  
He pulls off his glove, and shows her the ring; To-  
mor-row, to - mor-row the wedding shall be - gin.

And then it all begins over again with some other girl named as "the fairest flower." An ingeniously pretty game is "The Jolly Sailor Boys," with two extremely catching airs cleverly blended therein. The girls form as usual in a ring, one of them, who is chosen either by "counting-out" or in some other way, standing in the middle. These preliminaries arranged, the ring begins its slow circling round, singing:—

**HERE COMES A CROWD OF JOLLY SAILOR-BOYS.**

Here comes a crowd of jol-ly sail-or-boys, Who  
late-ly came a-shore; They spent their time in  
drink-ing lager-wine,\* As they have done be-fore.

\* There is no such beverage as this known, but it suits the metre, and is perhaps all the better for being meaningless.

As we go a-round, and a - round, and a-round, As  
we go round once more! And this is a girl, and a  
ve-ry pret-ty girl, A kiss for kneel-ing down!

Then the girl in the middle takes up the strain, and with her forefinger points at one after another of the ring as they circle round:—

"And this is a girl, and a very pretty girl!  
A kiss for kneeling down!"

The girl at whom her finger is pointed, as the last word is emphasised, leaves the ring and kneels down in front of the leader. The ring then repeat with a slight change:—

"Here comes a girl, and a very pretty girl!  
A kiss for kneeling down!"

On which the kneeling girl rises to her feet, and is kissed by the leader. Now comes one of the prettiest parts of the game. The girls in the ring separate somewhat, and, holding their clasped hands high up in the air, sing:—

**GO IN AND OUT OF THE WINDOW!**

Go in and out of the win-dow, Go  
in and out of the win-dow, Go in and out of the  
win-dow, As we have done be-fore.

And the leader threads her way in and out between the girls in the ring, passing under their up-held arms. She finds herself at the end of the verse standing outside the ring, and the girls circle round, letting their arms drop, and sing:—

"Go back and face your lover!  
Go back and face your lover!  
Go back and face your lover!  
As we have done before!"

Then once more they raise their arms high up, and as they sing the following verse, the leader threads her way backwards and forwards between them:—

"Go in and out of the window!  
Go in and out of the window!  
Go in and out of the window!  
As we have done before!"

She is now "facing her lover," and the game is so far finished. The leader now takes her place in the ring, leaving the other girl in the middle, and the song is begun again from the





## IV.

THOUGH I gave, in my last article, several of the more important "ring-games," I by no means exhausted the list of those which I have jotted down as they have been actually in progress. Some of them, as I have already mentioned, consist of but little beyond the song which is sung as the players circle round; but so quaint and catching are some of these melodies, and so odd the words, that I think one or two well worthy of record. Others, though true "ring-games," approach very closely in form to the little "acted stories," or "dramatic games," as I have christened them, which I shall hereafter describe.

One of the best of these acting "ring-games" is "Lazy Mary." One of the girls kneels down in the middle of the ring, and the others, circling round, sing—

"Lazy Mary! will you get up?  
Will you, will you, will you get up?"

Lazy Mary! will you get up?  
Will you get up to-day?"

On which she answers, while the others dance round her—and it may be noted that she puts as much dramatic expression into her answer as she is mistress of—

"No, mother! I won't get up!  
I won't, I won't, I won't get up!  
No, mother! I won't get up!  
I won't get up to-day!"

Then with a change to a wheedling tone, she goes on—

"But what'll you give me if I get up,  
If I, if I, if I get up?"

What will you give me if I get up,  
If I get up to-day?"

On this the girls in the ring answer—

"A brand new hat and a lace cravat,  
A lace, a lace, a lace cravat;  
A brand new hat and a lace cravat,  
If you get up to-day."

The girl in the middle replies scornfully—

"Then, mother, I won't get up!  
I won't, I won't, I won't get up!  
Then, mother, I won't get up!  
I won't get up to-day!"



MISS JENNIE O' JONES.

the air is almost a haunting one. The preliminaries are the same as those just described — one girl kneeling in the middle of the ring, while the others circle round her, singing—

RISE! DAUGHTER, RISE!

Musical notation for the song "RISE! DAUGHTER, RISE!". It consists of two staves of music. The first staff is the vocal line, and the second is the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Rise, daughter, rise, and stand on your feet, To see your dear mother Lie dead at your feet!"

And again she goes on—

“But what'll you give me if I get up,  
If I, if I, if I get up?  
What will you give me if I get up,  
If you get up to-day?”

The girls in the ring answer—

“A nice young man with rosy cheeks,  
With rosy, rosy, rosy cheeks;  
A nice young man with rosy cheeks,  
If you get up to-day.”

And “Lazy Mary” rises to her feet at once, and sings—

“Yes, mother! I will get up,  
I will, I will, I will get up;  
Yes, mother! I will get up,  
I will get up to-day!”

And as the ring breaks up, all the girls clap their hands derisively and sing—

“Lazy Mary! you had to get up,  
You had, you had, you had to get up!  
Lazy Mary! you had to get up,  
You had to get up to-day!”

Almost identical in idea with the foregoing is “Rise! daughter, rise!” but it is much more poetical in thought and expression, while

Then they sing—

“Rise! sister, rise! and stand on your feet,  
To see your dear sister lie dead at your feet!”

Again she sings her refusal with a negative, shaking her tiny head, and they ask her again—

“Rise! sister, rise! and stand on your feet,  
To see your dear brother lie dead at your feet!”

And once again she refuses. Finally they sing—

“Rise! sweetheart, rise! and stand on your feet,  
To see your dear lover lie dead at your feet!”

And she jumps to her feet and sings—

“Oh, yes! I will rise and stand on my feet,  
To see my dear lover lie dead at my feet!”

and the game is over.

“Waiting for a Partner” is one of the most popular of the games among New York girls, though for what reason I hardly know, as there is not much real game in it as far as I can see. Probably, as in so many of them, it is the tune that attracts. It begins with one girl standing in the middle of the ring while the others sing—

WAITING FOR A PARTNER.

Musical notation for the song "WAITING FOR A PARTNER.". It consists of two staves of music. The first staff is the vocal line, and the second is the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "We're wait - ing for a part ner, We're"

To which she makes answer, with a slow shaking of her head, in sign of negation—

“Oh, no! I won't rise or stand on my feet,  
To see my dear mother lie dead at my feet!”

Then they try a second time—

“Rise! daughter, rise! and stand on your feet,  
To see your dear father lie dead at your feet!”

And she answers—

“Oh, no! I won't rise or stand on my feet,  
To see my dear father lie dead at my feet!”





V.

"PIES" is a homely enough name for a game, but as played by American girls a fair amount of fun and frolic arises from it. First, by a process of "counting-out," a "mother," a "nurse," and a "baker" are chosen from among the crowd of girls who decide that they are going to play this somewhat elaborate game, which, with all its dialogue, is yet played in exactly the same fashion by girls living in towns hundreds of miles apart. The balance of the girls represents the children, and when the game begins they are placed in charge of the nurse by the mother, who withdraws to a convenient distance. The children immediately begin to keep up such a chattering, and otherwise so misbehave themselves, that the nurse threatens that she will sell them to the baker to be made into pies. This is the cue for the appearance of the baker, who comes up to the nurse and says, "Please, miss, give me a match to light my fire with." The nurse innocently turns round to find the match, and the baker, seizing the child nearest to her, runs off with her. Leaving her safe in the "shop," the baker returns and again asks for a match. Again the foolish nurse turns to get it, and again the wicked baker steals one of the children. When, however, she approaches her for the third time with the same request, the nurse is too wide awake, and refuses her. But the

baker is not to be outwitted. She calls out suddenly—

"Please, ma'am, your kettle's boiling over!"

The unsuspecting nurse turns her head away, and another child is carried off to the baker's shop.

From this point onward the baker's devices for causing the nurse to turn her head away are impromptu ones, and the baker's imaginative and inventive powers are called into full play. At length she finds herself in possession of all the children, and proceeds to make them into "pies," which means that all the girls cover their faces with their hands and stand in a row.

Now comes the mother's turn. She is on her way home when she calls in at the baker's to buy a pie for her children, and the following set dialogue ensues—

"Good morning, baker!"

"Good morning, ma'am!"

"Have you any pies to-day?"

"Yes, ma'am. Five, or six, or seven" (as the case may be).

"What kind are they?"

"Apple, mince, gooseberry, cherry" (and so forth).

"Then give me a nice apple pie, and let me taste it."

"Certainly, ma'am!"—and the first "pie" is handed to the mother. She touches the girl on the head with the tip of her finger, pretends to taste it, and then says—

"Why, this tastes like my Mary" (or whatever the girl's name may be). "Mary!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What brought you here?"

"My big toe!"

"Then run away home with you!"—and she chases her home. Then she proceeds to

taste the mince pie, and the same dialogue ensues, with another girl's name in place of "Mary," and so on, till all the "pies" have been chased home, and the rapacious baker is outwitted.

"Colours" is really a method of choosing sides, though it is sometimes played as a game in itself. The leader of the girls chooses two of them who are to act as the "bogie" and the "angel." They stand apart while the leader whispers in each girl's ear the name of some colour by which that particular girl is to be designated. Then they stand in a row while the bogie comes forward and sings—

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling,  
The door-bell rings."

The leader answers—

"My friend, your friend,  
Please to walk in!"

Then she asks "Who are you?" And the bogie replies, "The bogie with his pitchfork."

"What do you want?"

"A colour."

"What colour?"

"Red or black or green" (as the case may be)—and the girl who answers to the colour mentioned goes off with the bogie.

Then comes the other girl—

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling,  
The door-bell rings,"

she says in her turn, and the leader answers her—

"My friend, your friend,  
Please to walk in!"

"Who are you?"

"The angel with golden hair."

"What do you want?"

"A colour."  
 "What colour?"  
 "Blue or yellow" (or some colour not mentioned by the bogie).

So she gets her victim, and the process continues until the girls are evenly divided, and they set to at playing "Pots," or some other game of the sort; or sometimes some cakes or sweets are divided among the angel's "colours," while the bogie's are playfully beaten with a stick.

There are many other rhymes and what I may call fragmentary games, of which, though I have made every enquiry, I have never been able to find the exact meaning or complete scheme of playing. For instance, four girls will play what they call "Mulberry Bush." Two by two they clasp hands and stand on the arms of an imaginary cross, the clasped hands crossing each other at the juncture of the supposed arms of the cross. Then, as they sing the following lines, they see-saw backwards and forwards in time to the air—

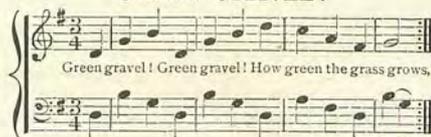
"Draw a bucket of water!  
 A lady and her daughter!  
 One in a rush, two in a rush!  
 Please to walk under my mulberry bush."

That in the original form of the game something or other was done by other girls at this juncture seems to me self-evident; but the American girls are satisfied with carrying it only to the point I have indicated.

Then there is an old rhyme which I have been told is of Old English origin. The American girls simply walk round in a circle, and as each girl's name is mentioned, she turns round so as to face away from the ring, but still goes round with the others. The verse is sung

over and over again till all the girls are facing outwards. The song runs as follows—

GREEN GRAVEL!



And all pretty maidens grow red as a rose.  
 Oh, (Mary)! oh, (Mary)! your true love is dead;\*  
 He sends you a letter to turn back your head."

There are other fragmentary games, too, which have no vocal accompaniment. For instance, "Good and Bad Eggs," which is somewhat akin to "Colours," and which gives lots of fun apparently to those playing it, though the amusement is oftentimes gained at the expense of frocks and pinafores. The two eldest and strongest girls are selected to act as judges of the "eggs," one of them being called the "good angel," and the other the "bad angel." They stand opposite each other, and

\* This, I am told, is the version sung by Boston children—  
 "Green gravel, green gravel, the grass is so green;  
 The fairest young maiden that ever was seen.  
 Oh, Mary! oh, Mary! your true love is dead;  
 He sent you a letter to turn round your head.  
 Oh, Mary! oh, Mary! do you think it is true?  
 Oh, yes! and oh, yes! and what shall I do?  
 We'll wash you in milk, and dress you in silk,  
 And write down your names with a gold pen and ink."

But as to the method of playing it, I have not been informed. A version somewhat similar was sung in Staffordshire (England) half a century ago.

the first "egg" steps forward to be judged. She clasps her hands tightly under her knees, which brings her in a crouching attitude. Then the two judges clasp their own hands under her arms below the shoulders, one on either side, and lifting her in this manner clear from the ground, begin to slowly swing her backwards and forwards like a living pendulum of a clock. As they swing her they keep tally, counting "one, two, three," and so on with each swing till they reach "twenty." If the "egg" can keep her hand clasped without letting go while she is swung the requisite number of times, she is a "good egg," and takes her place behind the "good angel." If, however, she cannot support the strain, which is considerable, she not only falls to the ground with an unpleasantly hard bump, but is sent, as a "bad egg," to join the "bad angel." The ending of the game, when all the "eggs" have been judged, is the same as that of "Colours," which I have already described.

When the girls rush out of school for the usual ten minutes' "break" in the morning, and have not time to play any regular or lengthy game, they occupy themselves with "Sail-a-Boat" or "Weighing Butter." In "Sail-a-Boat" two girls face each other, and, clasping hands tightly, try how quickly they can whirl each other around until one or another is forced to let go, and shoots off at a tangent. In "Weighing Butter" two girls stand back to back, and, locking arms, alternately lift each other off their feet, the girl so lifted being supported on the back of the other. The girl who first "gives out," and can "weigh" no longer, is of course the loser.

(To be continued.)



# OUT-DOOR GAMES From over the SEA.



minious grief. I need not say that really nice girls are not addicted to these reprehensible practices, though I suppose no girl, if put on her honour, could affirm that she had never, on any occasion, put them into execution. As a rule the first girl who turns the rope is chosen to that post by the "counting-out" process; and then the first girl who trips has to take her place. Naturally, a girl who has not the sweetest of dispositions and the most rigid of principles is apt to demur when she is accused of tripping, for it is only the quickest of eyes on the part of the onlooker which can discern the lapse in nine cases out of ten. But a girl who

makes a practice of thus perverting the truth is sure to be found out sooner or later, and gain a most undesirable reputation—so undesirable indeed, that the other girls will refuse to play with her. Thus it will be seen that even in "Skipping the Rope" honesty is the best policy, and that the game may become an instrument for the moral regeneration of girls whose ideas of truth-telling are somewhat of the vaguest.

Curiously enough there are no "skipping-rope" songs, though the nature of the game would seem conducive to some sort of rhythmic accompaniment. The following indeed is the only verse I have heard sung by American girls while they are skipping, and the time of this is so quick that only a skilful skipper can keep up to it—

"Skip, skip, to the barber's shop,  
To buy a stick of candy;  
One for you, and one for me,  
And one for brother Andy."

GOING  
TO  
SCHOOL

## VI.

LIKE all other girls in all parts of the world, the American girls are inordinately fond of "Skipping the Rope;" and simple though the art seems to be, it is susceptible of a vast amount of elaboration, which implies the possession of a considerable modicum of skill on the part of the skipper. Even turning the rope is not a task to be rashly undertaken by a novice, as I have more than once found out to my cost.

Turning the rope is a somewhat thankless

task in the estimation of most girls, but I have known some who were always ready to take this despised post, for with true Yankee ingenuity they had made themselves adepts in the art of vexing the souls of the skippers by all sorts of devious ways. Thus, they will suddenly tighten the rope so as to trip up the feet of the skipper, or they will lift it by almost imperceptible degrees higher and higher in the air as it turns, so that the skipper has to jump so high in the air that she misses her "turn," and comes to igno-



## JACKS

"Pepper, salt, mustard, cider, vinegar," is the favourite game. Two girls turn the rope, slowly at first, repeating the above mysterious phrase; as soon as they have pronounced "vinegar" they begin to turn the rope as quickly as possible, until the skipper is either tired out or trips; in any case she is usually ready for a rest, and thankfully takes the place of one of the turners. Thus all are satisfied.

In "Rock the Cradle" the rope is not turned completely over, but is given a motion like to the pendulum of a clock. The long sweeps it takes makes it difficult for the skipper to avoid tripping.

In "Huckery-buck," or "Huck-a-buck," the rope is turned *from* instead of *towards* the skipper, and exceedingly difficult is it for some girls to skip the rope in this manner. Thus, it is difficult for them to "Chase the Fox," as the

and they trip, they have to take the place of the girls who are turning. So it goes on till all are tired out.

"Going to School" is a pretty form of "Skipping the Rope." Two girls lock arms, or each passes one arm around the waist of the other, and with the disengaged hand holds one end of the rope. They then turn it over themselves, varying their step in unison as the fancy seizes them.

In "Going a-Begging" two girls turn, and two others jump in and skip together side by side. Then while still skipping they change places with each other, one of them saying as they pass, "A piece of bread and butter," and the other replying, "Try my next door neighbour." This is kept up till one of them trips, or until they are tired out.

In "Going a-Visiting" one girl turns the rope over herself, and another jumps in and

next game is called. In this, one girl is chosen as a leader, or "fox;" she first runs through the rope as it is turned towards her without skipping; the

others all follow her; then she runs through from the other side as the rope is turned from her, and the others follow. Now she jumps in and skips once, and the others follow suit; then she skips twice, then thrice, and so on, the others all the time following her example if they can; if not,

faces her while skipping in time with the girl she is "visiting." She then jumps out again without stopping the rope, and another girl follows her example.

In "Winding the Clock" the girl who is skipping turns completely round with each skip, calling out, "One, two, three," and so on up to twelve as she does so.

In "Skip the Garret" the rope is swung very high up in the air with each revolution, and it takes a very agile skipper to avoid being tripped.

"Baking Bread" is played by a girl taking a stone in her hand, and as she skips laying it down on the ground without a check in her skipping, and then picking it up again. She repeats the operation as often as she can without tripping.

In "Chicago" the two girls who turn have a rope in either hand, and turn them alternately, the skipper having to jump in and out with marvellous rapidity to avoid being caught.

In another game with two ropes the skipper has a short one herself, and while the two girls turn the long rope over her head, she skips and turns her own rope, the double movement being one of not a little difficulty.

"Skipping the Ladder" is skipping first on one foot and then on the other with a sort of stepping motion, which is implied in the term applied to it.

A common but dangerous habit of girls is to turn for themselves, and see how many times they can skip. Some of them skip into the hundreds, and stop only from sheer exhaustion. When it is considered that the strongest organisation is affected by skipping for only a dozen skips, it can be judged what danger is run by this practice, common alike to English as to American girls. Cases of lifelong misery arising from it are not so rare as might be imagined.

