

female in the most natural manner, while Miss Gertrude Kingston and Miss Fanny Coleman act their parts with cleverness and spirit. The dresses are very handsome and artistic. The furniture is in excellent taste, and the whole play is one for which we foretell a long "run," and which our readers will find well worthy of a visit.

A Book of the Week.

"THE EBB-TIDE."

A NEW book by Stevenson must necessarily be a subject of interest to any appreciator of style. It is nearly a year since "Catriona" was reviewed in these columns, and it was pleasant then to be able to state that "Catriona" far surpassed its predecessor, and was a genuine literary treat, a fit meal for the most fastidious of literary epicures. But "Ebb-Tide," though no doubt abounding in delightful phrases that perhaps nobody but Stevenson could have written, is not in advance of "Catriona." The men persons of the tale, though full of vitality, are none of them so interesting as David Balfour; and, strange to say, there is not a woman character in the whole book. The heroes of "Ebb-Tide" are, it must be confessed, most odious and disagreeable people, and it would be difficult to decide which is the most to be disliked—the weak-kneed Herrick, the drunken Davis, the murderer Huish, or that strange compound—the praying "pearl-acquiring" Altwater. It is scarcely possible to write an interesting story in which all the people are either villains or half-hearted cowards; and Mr. Stevenson, in spite of his great genius for descriptive writing, has not succeeded in achieving the apparently impossible, which genius has a queer knack of doing sometimes, to the surprise, admiration and delight, of readers and reviewers. Nevertheless, the story is exciting—in parts, especially in the really dramatic scene towards the end, where the plots of Davis and Huish are frustrated—but the actual end of the book is, I think, very disagreeable, and jars against our imagination; we resent it, and close the book with an honest desire to expostulate with its authors. But, in spite of these and other "not-space-to-mention" drawbacks, Robert Louis Stevenson cannot help being enticing reading, for he has the cunning art of using unexpected and yet most suggestive and delightful adjectives to qualify and explain his nouns; and then his descriptions of scenery and occurrences are so full of colour and of life, that almost against our will he forces and hurries us along, for he paints for us in gorgeous tints the island world of the Pacific, where "scattered men of many European races, and from almost every grade of society, carry activity and disseminate disease," and the voyage of the schooner "Farallone," that bounded like a stag from her repose and... slipt like a racer through the pass, and met the long sea of the open ocean with a souse of spray."

A great many pages are devoted to recording the drunken revels of Davis and Huish when they discover the cargo of Champagne, and no doubt they are most

* "The Ebb-Tide. A Trio and Quartette." By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. 6s. Heinemann.

graphically and realistically described; but they are not interesting. There is a pathetic scene when for once the craving for drink rolls away from Davis, and he tells how his little daughter Ada died at the age of five years old; and he continues—

"I had a doll for her on board. I never took the paper off'n that doll, Herrick; it went down the way with the 'Sea Ranger,' that day, I was damned.... Don't think I'm crazy, neither. I had all the cold sense that I know what to do with. But I guess that a man that's unhappy's like a child; and this is a kind of child's game of mine. I never could act up to the plain-cut truth, you see; so I pretend. And I warn you square, as soon as we're 'through with this talk, I'll start in again with the pretending."

One word must be said about the outside of this book. It is bound in gold, and on the back is a large design, which at first appears to be a well curled ostrich feather, but on nearer examination it becomes apparent that it is intended to be a wave; at the back of this wave there are drawn a great many straight lines radiating from a black spot, which is intended to represent a mountain with the sun behind it. But the design is not felicitous, and is ugly enough to have been the work of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley himself.

A. M. G.

Reviews.

"Notes on Nursing" is the title of a little book by Nurse Evelyn Herbert, who was trained at the Royal Southern Hospital, Liverpool. The notes have been collected during the course of long practical experience, and as there is no waste of words, much has been compressed into little space, for it only covers 93 pages. The matter, however, dips into antiseptic operations, dressings, a glossary, private nursing, etc.

"Home Nursing," by E. Margery Homersham, is a similar kind of book. Its contents, however, need no comment, for the fact that a fifth edition has been called for proves the value of its practical remarks. The book can either be obtained of the publishers, Messrs. Allman & Son, Ltd., 67, New Oxford Street, W.C., or from the National Health Society, 53, Berners Street, W.

A very valuable and interesting handbook has just been published (Messrs. J. Pentland, London and Edinburgh) on the subject of "First Aid to the Injured, and Management of the Sick." It is described as an ambulance handbook and elementary manual of Nursing for volunteer bearers and others. The author, E. J. Lawless, D.D., D.P.H., Surgeon-Captain, 4th V.B. East Surrey Regiment, shows himself well able to give adequate instruction in a lucid and compact manner. It is well illustrated.

"Deaf Mutism" is the name of a book lately published (F. J. Rebman, 11, Adam Street, London). It is written by Holger Mygind, M.D., of Copenhagen; the materials made use of being furnished from existing literature, and the author's own investigations, and refer almost entirely to deaf-mutes in Denmark. The subject is carefully treated, and the Appendix contains 139 cases of post-mortem examination of deaf-mutes reported in literature.

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