

Club admit her as a member; she is adored by all the ragamuffins in her neighbourhood, and has many lovers in a superior and elder circle of young clerks and business men. To escape from the "awfu' woman," as the children pathetically call their mother, Mrs. Kavannah, Vara and her tiny brothers run away into the country, in the hopes of walking to Liverpool and there finding their father, who has deserted them. A large part of the book is taken up with the relation of their wanderings and adventures. Everyone was kind to the poor mites, and gave them food and shelter. I sometimes wonder if, out of the pages of a book, country folks would be always so invariably kind to wandering children. It is a remarkable fact that in books wandering and desolate orphans nearly always come to the house of someone who has lost a child, and who bestows upon them with tears the clothes of their departed offspring, which clothes are always waiting for the wandering orphans, neatly stored with lavender, in a drawer.

Cleg follows his little comrades, and the end of the story is taken up with a somewhat melodramatic account of a madman, and his gloomy fancy, for always spending the night in his own coffin, between the corpses of two people that had displeased him earlier in life, and who he had apparently murdered and embalmed. The end of the story is not equal to the beginning, which is quite charming and well worth reading. But we must not forget to recommend our readers to be careful not to skip the pathetically-told story of Muckle Alick, and how he saved the express train from destruction, at the price of his own life.

The many combats that take place between the boys—Cleg's rivals in love and valour—are related with much spirit and with very humorous appreciation of the code of honour and chivalry among street boys. Cleg was a very happy lad, and thoroughly enjoyed his Arab life, in spite of his father, and his poverty, and lack of home and mother.

Though I do not propose to write a review of Mr. Ryan's fascinating book, "With an Ambulance in the Franco-German War," I cannot conclude my short article this week without recommending all Nurses to buy it, borrow it, or steal it. It is written in an admirable narrative style, and moreover is exceedingly descriptive and full of interest. The account of the Hospitals at Orleans during the war is terrible, and no Nurse can fail to appreciate the exceedingly graphic accounts of the hasty operations, and rough-and-ready methods of nursing the wounded, that were prevalent during that most terrible war between the French and German nations.

A. M. G.

Bookland.

WE wonder if *all* our readers have read the "Red Badge of Courage," by the young American writer, Stephen Crane; if not we envy them the absorption and delight which must be theirs upon reading this wonderful book. It is the story told by a raw recruit of a desultory battle in the Confederate war, and it is the most skilled bit of mental dissection of brutal human nature, and bloody war, that has ever been written; it is also the strongest indictment that has ever been brought against legalised murder—indeed a work of genius; therefore, without more ado, read it, and all the other stories to which is affixed the signature of Crane.

When in 1891 Stephen Crane wrote a tale called "Maggie of the Streets," Mr. Howells read the story, and after seeing its author, said, "This man has sprung into life full-armed;" and that expression of Mr. Howells fully covers the case. We can imagine no condition of life that might entangle a man or woman within its meshes that Stephen Crane could not fully comprehend and appreciate. Men are only great as they possess sympathy. Crane knows the human heart through and through, and he sympathises with its every pulsation. From the beggar's child searching in ash barrels for treasure, to the statesman playing at diplomacy with a thought for the next election, Stephen Crane knows the inmost soul of each and all. Whether he is able to translate it to you or not is quite another question; but in the forty or more short stories and sketches he has written we fail to find a single false note.

The psychologists tell us that a man cannot fully comprehend a condition that he has never experienced. But theosophy explains the transcendent wisdom of genius by saying that in former incarnations the man passed through these experiences. Emerson says: "We are bathed in an ocean of intelligence, and under right conditions the soul knows all things." These things may be true, but the essence of Crane's masterly delineation is that he is able to project himself into the condition of others. He does not describe men and women—*he is that man*. He loses his identity, forgets self, abandons his own consciousness, and is for the moment the individual who speaks. And whether this individual is man, woman, or child, makes no difference. Sex, age, condition, weigh not in the scale.

We learn from an American contemporary that Mr. Crane is now in his twenty-fifth year; he is a little under the average height, and is slender and slight in build; he is a decided blonde, his eyes blue. His handsome boyish face and quiet, half-shy, modest manner make him a general favourite everywhere with women. Is it not rather curious that women should flock around and pet this sort of man, who can read their inmost thoughts—just as the new photography can peer inside a box—when they stand in awe of a big stupid man with a red face and a coarse moustache?

WHAT TO READ.

"Stray Thoughts on South Africa" (to be continued), by Oliver Schreiner, in the *Fortnightly Review*.

"International Jealousy," by Professor Mahaffy, in the *Nineteenth Century*.

"Red Men and White," by Owen Wister. (London: Osgood McIlvaine.)

"An Outcast of the Islands," by Joseph Conrad. (J. Fisher Unwin.)

"Chronicles from the Life of an Eminent Fossil," by W. Dutton Burrard.

"The Statement of Stella Maberly," by Herself.

"Paul Heinsius:" A Study from Life, by Cora Lyster.

"Shakspere and His Predecessors," by Frederick S. Boas. (John Murray.)

"Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes," by Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated by T. Hamilton Crawford. (Seeley and Co.)

"Desperate Remedies": a novel, by Thomas Hardy, with an etching by H. Macbeth-Raeburn, and a map of Wessex. Vol. XII. of the "Wessex" Novels. (Osgood, McIlvaine.)

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