

The Brooklyn Girl

OCCASIONALLY a child prodigy arrives on the scene who has accents of reality as a writer. Nathalia Crane's "The Janitor's Boy" (Seltzer) comes to me late, and has already been mentioned in several other parts of this magazine; but if you do not know these whimsical fancies of a little girl, you will want to do so; and if you do, you will want everyone else to do so. Nathalia Crane is a more sophisticated little girl, judging from her writings, than is Hilda Conkling. Moreover, she writes in fairly regular rhyme and rhythm. Now there is something pretty real about this:

Riches never will be ours,
We have said it o'er and o'er,
Till they make things all "One Dollar"
In the ten cent store.

And about this couplet closing verses titled "Old Maid's Reverie":

And me, a maiden mendicant may ask an
alms, forsooth,
As one who missed the rubrics in the litanies
of youth.