

MAGGIE, A GIRL OF THE STREETS

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Maggie, a Girl of the Streets by Stephen Crane

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STEPHEN CRANE

**MAGGIE, A GIRL
OF THE STREETS**

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A GIRL OF THE STREETS

BY

STEPHEN CRANE

AUTHOR OF

THE RED
BADGE OF
COURAGE



NEW YORK

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1896

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

THE interest which has been shown in *The Red Badge of Courage* has been most gratifying, but it has also involved a few inaccuracies of statement in regard to the history of Mr. Crane's literary work. *The Red Badge of Courage* was offered to and accepted by the publishers in December, 1894, and it was published in October, 1895. As it happened, the actual publication in England came some two months later. By that time the American press had appreciated the quality of the book so cordially and unani- mously as to dispose of the lingering tradi- tion that only a well-known author, or an author with the hall mark of foreign approval, is recognised by our reviewers.

As to the book which succeeds *The Red*

Badge of Courage, it should be said that Maggie has never been published before, even in serial form. The story was put into type and copyrighted by Mr. Crane three years ago, but this real and strenuous tale of New York life is now given to the public for the first time.

MAGGIE.

CHAPTER I.

A VERY little boy stood upon a heap of gravel for the honour of Rum Alley. He was throwing stones at howling urchins from Devil's Row, who were circling madly about the heap and pelting him.

His infantile countenance was livid with the fury of battle. His small body was writhing in the delivery of oaths.

"Run, Jimmie, run! Dey'll git yehs!" screamed a retreating Rum Alley child.

"Naw," responded Jimmie with a valiant roar, "dese mugs can't make me run."

Howls of renewed wrath went up from Devil's Row throats. Tattered gamins on the right made a furious assault on the

gravel heap. On their small convulsed faces shone the grins of true assassins. As they charged, they threw stones and cursed in shrill chorus.

The little champion of Rum Alley stumbled precipitately down the other side. His coat had been torn to shreds in a scuffle and his hat was gone. He had bruises on twenty parts of his body, and blood was dripping from a cut in his head. His wan features looked like those of a tiny insane demon.

On the ground, children from Devil's Row closed in on their antagonist. He crooked his left arm defensively about his head and fought with madness. The little boys ran to and fro, dodging, hurling stones, and swearing in barbaric trebles.

From a window of an apartment house that uprose from amid squat ignorant stables there leaned a curious woman. Some labourers, unloading a scow at a dock at the river, paused for a moment and regarded the fight. The engineer of a passive tugboat

hung lazily over a railing and watched. Over on the island a worm of yellow convicts came from the shadow of a gray ominous building and crawled slowly along the river's bank.

A stone had smashed in Jimmie's mouth. Blood was bubbling over his chin and down upon his ragged shirt. Tears made furrows on his dirt-stained cheeks. His thin legs had begun to tremble and turn weak, causing his small body to reel. His roaring curses of the first part of the fight had changed to a blasphemous chatter.

In the yells of the whirling mob of Devil's Row children there were notes of joy like songs of triumphant savagery. The little boys seemed to leer gloatingly at the blood upon the other child's face.

Down the avenue came boastfully sauntering a lad of sixteen years, although the chronic sneer of an ideal manhood already sat upon his lips. His hat was tipped over his eye with an air of challenge. Between