

be frightened, he first rushes madly to the rear in a crazy panic, and afterward plunges forward to the rescue of the colors under exactly the same influences. In neither case has reason or any intelligent motive any influence on his action. He is throughout an idiot or a maniac, and betrays no trace of the reasoning being. No thrill of patriotic devotion to cause or country ever moves his breast, and not even an emotion of manly courage. On the field all is chaos and confusion. "The young lieutenant," "the mounted officer," even "the general," all are utterly demented beings, raving and talking alike in an unintelligible and hitherto unheard-of jargon, rushing about in a very delirium of madness. No intelligent orders are given; no intelligent movements are made. There is no evidence of drill, none of discipline. There is a constant, senseless, and profane babbling going on, such as one could hear nowhere but in a madhouse. Nowhere are seen the quiet, manly, self-respecting, and patriotic men, influenced by the highest sense of duty, who in reality fought our battles.

There may have been a moderate number of men in our service who felt and acted in battle like those in this book; but of such deserters were made. They did not stay when they could get away; why should they? The army was no healthy place for them, and they had no reason to stay; there was no moral motive. After they had deserted, however, they remained "loud soldiers" energetic, and blatant—and they are possibly now enjoying good pensions. It must have been some of these fellows who got the ear of Mr. Crane and told him how they felt and acted in battle. A. C. McC.

Chicago, April 11, 1896.
The adulation that Mr. Crane has received from the English would disgust anything but Americans—they can stand more gush than William the Teuton. Rudyard Kipling slams the door in the face of the lion hunters who come to beg his company and tells them to "go hang" he is busy. Stephen Crane is too young and flattered to refuse the dinner invitations that are ruining his digestion and imagination.

"The Princess Sonia" by Julia Magruder is a story that does not justify, as printers say. We are told the Princess is a lovely, clever woman. She leaves her husband whom she loves and who loves her. She leaves him to study painting and no questions asked. She is silly and hysterical and the discarded husband is patient, submissive and loving, under most discouraging circumstances. What the Princess needed was a good beating instead of a legal separation—the primitive instinct is not always wrong—both of them would have been happier after the beating. But "Harold" is a woman's man; much more apt to have hysterics or faint than to beat his wife. If women ever get the upper hand of men I shall be most sorry for the women. They are just as clever as men and so far as rights is concerned they are going to have all that men have—but they can not run the ship. They have not the inertia, the steady, selfishness of men that after all keeps the ship on its course. Hysterics are interesting in literature and posters and on the stage but their absence from the masculine character is the negative virtue that has made man supreme in Central Africa as well as in the rest of the world.

The modern feminine novelist does not seem to be able to portray a man. What patient, wabby, saints Mrs. Burnett and Miss Magruder make! What monsters Mrs. Sarah Grand frightens girls with, George Eliot drew men as she saw them! They appear to us, as they did to her, with the masculine mystery unrevealed. All her men are as dense to suggestion, as men in real life are and excite the same feminine wonder. They are real

men—brawny, selfish, stupid, masterful, comprehending nothing but logic. Miss Magruder's "Harold" is a school-girl's hero, impossible and essentially feminine. The nineteen illustrations by Gibson are charming but even they will not keep it alive. It was published in "The Century" last year, why I do not know.

"The Chronicles of Count Antonio" by Anthony Hope. Eight tales of the adventures of an outlawed noble. Outlawed but chivalrous. Loyal to the true prince of the country, generous to the poor, the true friend of all ladies in distress. The stories are prose ballads of Robin Hood, the amusement of an hour—the hour after, they are as if they had never been.

The connection between the newspapers and society is more direct than many will admit. It is much more apparent in the east than in the west. Boston, for instance, contains at the present time a very striking instance of the social effects of newspaper appreciation. A young lady lived in that self-conscious city. She was beautiful, chic, wealthy, but her father had made his money by the prudent and prophetic manipulation of dry goods. Boston society can not abear dry goods in the wrong place and that place is the counter. Well, the young lady had a long head or her father, her mother or brothers had a long head, for the Boston newspapers were worked without knowing it. They began by mentioning her correct, indifferent pose and gowns at the opera—as that was the only place where she and society were together. She got acquainted with a few of the people who touch the outside rim of the circle. They had her to dinner—the papers contained discreet references to the grace, manner, beauty, and gowns of the new belle. By these means she advanced steadily from the rim to the centre of the circle and was finally entertained by the people who write books or whose grandfather wrote books. And in Boston it is much better for you socially if your grandfather wrote your books for you. A new author's books smell of paste and the print shop. His father may have eaten with his knife. He is more than likely to have impossible, and eventually embarrassing relatives. At the present time the young girl referred to, goes everywhere. Her box at the opera and the horse show is crowded by darlings whose fathers wrote history and made botany. And still there are people who think the mission of the newspaper is not beneficent.

Speaking of Boston here is an extract from Town Topics which shows that a Boston pedagogue has the judgment, power and knowledge of a Nebraska university professor:

"A Rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but Mr. T. B. Aldrich doesn't believe it. That distinguished poet has received a lesson of 'what's in a name' through the mediumship of one of the twin scions of his house. Young Talbot had a subject given him by that most unfeeling monster, his composition teacher, with which he professed himself utterly unable to cope. In vain Mr Aldrich pointed out its possibilities; Talbot could not and would not be convinced, and said he did not think even his father could write on such an impossible subject. At this the poet waxed superior, said the subject did not matter, quoted, 'It's not so much the lover who woos as the lover's way of wooing,' and offered to write the composition himself

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