

Lady C . . . has said kind things about your new book. Meanwhile, do write.

Cordially,

D. G. R.

P.S. Has D . . . really approached Longmans? Poor D . . . ; I wish there were something we could do.

How brief, how heartening the note. Yet how much light it throws upon a vanished day. Rossetti could do that.

Nevertheless, it was during this very year of 1896 (ah!) that I was to meet Arnold. We had just finished our plovers' eggs (they were delicious, I recollect), and were discussing *Thyrsis*. Arnold turned that grave, yet sweetly smiling countenance full upon us. "I," he said, "can't give you anything but Clough."

He was like that. . . .

JOHN S. NAYLOR

## STEPHEN CRANE: WAR CORRESPONDENT

Two years after *The Red Badge of Courage* had entered upon its astonishing success, the United States declared war against Spain in the interest of *Cuba Libre*. Cuba had long been in revolt, and horrifying tales of the severities of General Weyler's detention camps had roused this country. William Randolph Hearst had just invaded New York, and was rattling the dry bones of journalism. He dug up a following for himself by advertising the *Journal* as "a paper for those who think", but though this flattery was successful, the revenue was not large enough. A popular cause was needed if circulation was to reach the proper heights, and the advocating of American intervention in Cuba was perfect for the purpose. The *World* was inevitably drawn into

the game; as the paper's newly fledged business manager, I had to bear the brunt of the enterprise. But I confess, too, that I was still young enough to remember my boyish indignation at the massacre of Captain J. B. Fry and of the crew of the *Virginia* in the earlier Cuban war.

So between the *World* and the *Journal* we barked President McKinley into a war that was none of our business. The blowing up of the *Maine* in the harbour at Havana made matters easy. So war was declared, in the middle of summer; climatic conditions and Yellow Jack were disregarded with customary American heedlessness, and our soldiers were sent off equipped with hyperborean flannel shirts and pickled beef to wage a war in the tropics.

A generation had passed since we had fought a war. The newspapers were green at the task of war-reporting and the government turned its back upon them, in the usual military manner. With innocent hardihood the papers of New York engaged flotillas of light craft to ferry copy to the cable offices in Jamaica, and loaded them with correspondents. Some old Civil War men could easily have been found, but none was engaged. The *World* had used a volunteer, the reckless and enterprising Sylvester Scovel, to report the doings of the insurgents, whom he had ardently defended. He hired himself. Then the best minds "up-stairs" thought of Stephen Crane. If a man who had never seen a battle could do such a superb piece of battle-description as *The Red Badge of Courage*, what might not be expected of him when he saw a real scrap! So he was engaged, given a three thousand dollar fee, and shipped to the scene of trouble.

When the Federal Fleet sailed from Key West for Santiago de Cuba, which the strategists thought a softer spot than Havana,

the newspaper flotilla tagged after it. Every possible sort of tub was represented, but I had picked the stout *Triton*, owned by Charles W. Morse, which until we turned her into a newspaper ship had been engaged in towing ice from the Kennebec under command of a captain appropriately named Blizard. She came through the war with nothing worse than a broken shutter.

The first word we got from Stephen Crane was on July 1. He had taken a leisurely stroll with a scouting party of Marines, which resulted in the death of two recruits and of Dr. Gibbs, the Army surgeon. The dispatch was a dull one, undoubtedly true to facts. Stephen was evidently dead tired when he wrote it. The story ended:—

As we neared the camp we saw somebody in the darkness—a watchful figure, eager and anxious, perhaps uncertain of the serpent-like thing swishing softly through the bushes.

"Hello", said a Marine. "Who are you?"

A low voice came in reply: "Sergeant of the Guard."

Sergeant of the Guard! Saintly man! Protector of the weary! Coffee! Hardtack! Beans! Rest! Sleep! Peace!

This was printed on the day Major-General William R. Shafter moved against the Spanish commander, Toral. The *World's* account was mostly Associated Press with sundry illicit gleanings from other sources. F. H. Nichols, a lazy but able reporter who was to shed much light on China in *Hidden Shensi* and to die there on a return trip with Thibet in view, had been in Mole St. Nicholas where the cable from Jamaica touched, and by arrangement with the cable operator he helped himself to the best news that came along. There was no trace of Crane in it.

El Caney had been stormed and victory, with a considerable casualty list, perched on Shafter's banners. Then on the Fourth of

July Admiral Cervera's Spanish fleet stole out of Santiago Harbour, past the collier *Merrimac* (sunk in the wrong spot by Lieut. Richmond Pearson Hobson), and was duly smashed by Commodore Winfield Scott Schley with Admiral Sampson's fleet—to the great annoyance of the Admiral, who was absent inspecting something. This filled all news space, and we forgot about the Army. The Army was not heard from for nearly a fortnight, and then in came a dispatch from Crane—not signed, for obvious reasons. We planted it in the middle of the front page on July 16th.

The report several days ago in regard to the officers of the Seventy-first New York Regiment has been partially investigated by the *World* correspondent.

I am authorized by Lieutenant Jackson and Major Reade to make the following statement:—

When reinforcements were necessary to support the charge up San Juan heights, Reade encountered the Seventy-first Regiment among the bushes to the left of San Juan Roads. He called: 'If there is a man among you wearing shoulder-straps who is not a coward, come out and show yourself!' On being further urged by Captain Ayres, in command of cavalry, Captain Malcolm Rafferty stepped forward saying: 'I'll obey any order coming from General Kent!' He led four companies up the hill, but after its capture by others.

Reade also highly complimented Major Frank Keck, commanding the Third Battalion of the Seventy-first, for promptness in obeying the order to advance on the left road below Balloon Forks. This battalion was also urged by Reade, assisted by Lieutenant Teyman, of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, and McArthur, of the Second. Eight companies finally arrived at the top of the hill.

After the action, while regiments were formed along the road at right, Reade passed, seeking the commanding officer.

"Where is the Colonel?"

"Don't know."

"Where's the Lieutenant-Colonel?"

"Don't know."

"Where's the Major commanding the First Battalion?"

Major Keck responded, saying he didn't know he was in command of the regiment, owing to the ranking officers not responding.

The men of the Seventy-first are considered excellent raw material. Many cases of individual courage are cited.

During this action out of a total of sixty-two missing, forty-three were from the Seventy-first.

Reade especially commended Private Edwards, of Company I, for voluntary, efficacious, and unremitting care of the wounded and sick under fire.

The following facts are scrupulously gathered: Colonel Downs's orders on reaching the road near the hill were to take the regiment as far as possible. This was passed along the line from the Second Cavalry. Downs sent the answer along that line: "I have taken my regiment as far as I can go."

The Seventy-first at the time had the Second, Ninth, Tenth, and Twenty-fourth regiments directly behind. The Regulars cursed the men of the Seventy-first and called them cowards. They shouted:—

"Let us go ahead then!"

All this while the Spaniards were pouring in a fire of shell and Mausers.

The Seventy-first opened its ranks and the regiments above named passed through in double-swing, jeering the Seventy-first, whose men showed good discipline but were without orders. They were stung by the jeers and boiling to go ahead. The Major of the Second Infantry, name unattainable at present, shouted in passing: "For God's sake boys, don't let it go back to New York that the Seventy-first didn't do its duty! They need you, need you badly. If officers won't take you, either go as companies or yourselves!"

It required no great discernment to read charges of considerable cowardice between the lines against an important local regiment. Hearst lost no time in making the discovery and in vigorously denouncing the *World* for "slandering" heroes. This he blew into a storm that mightily disturbed Joseph Pulitzer,

who was summering at Narragansett Pier. I was summoned to the Pier and consulted about the best course to follow. I advised standing by our guns. Mr. Pulitzer seemed to agree, but on the next Sunday called Nelson Hersh, City Editor, to Narragansett Pier, and sent him back with a plan for raising a monument to the fallen men of the aspersed regiment. The *World* subscribed \$1,000 in an announcement made Monday morning, July 25. The only result was a redoubling of the Hearst fire. The public response was languid—about \$900—and this stopped when an official report proved Crane's story true—in fact too lenient.

When the fund, such as it was, came to be tendered the regiment, it was hotly refused. It lay in the bank for years, until Major Lewis L. Clarke asked that it be given to improve the regimental lot in Ken-sico Cemetery.

No more was heard from Crane until he made his way back to New York and turned in a column describing the killing of a Marine from ambush, as he wig-wagged a message to the ships on the redoubt at Guantanamo. Crane brought out the fact that he had a sister who was a chambermaid in Omaha. The story got into a spare spot on the editorial page and was very striking. Delighted, I went to William H. Merrill, Chief Editor, and complimented him on getting in so good a thing. He did not know it was there! It was agreed that he would give space to more. On my way downstairs I met John Norris, the Financial Manager, coming out of his office, rubbing his hands gleefully.

"I have just kissed your little friend Stephen Crane good-bye," he said with a full-face grin. "He came here asking for another advance. 'Don't you think you have had enough of Mr. Pulitzer's money without earning it?' I asked. 'Oh, very well,' he said,

'if that is the way you look at it, by-by.' So we're rid of him."

This was the last of Stephen Crane as our War Correspondent.

DON C. SEITZ

## MEN WITHOUT SALES

### *The Trailers of Mr. Hemingway*

I HAD bought the papers and was reading the book ads when Joe came over to the table and sat down. He sat down opposite me. Joe was a fine boy.

"Hello, Frank," he said.

"How were the fights in Madrid?" I asked.

"All right," he said.

We finished our wine and went out. It was hot and there was no wind. Perhaps I was smoking too much.

"I knew a man who was smoking too much," Joe said.

"You're a fine boy but you smoke too much," I said.

We were walking through center-field looking for a place to sit. Joe threw a stick at a bird that had perched on Hack Wilson. We sat down in the shade and opened the bottles of beer.

"It's fine beer," Joe said.

"Sure. Beer's good," I said.

"I don't know about him. I like Fitzgerald. He's got the touch," he said.

"Faulkner's up in the fast money, too," I said.

"They all get soft, though," he said.

"Yes, they get soft," I said.

"Don't you get soft," he said.

"Not while I'm leaning on Ernest," I said.

"Hemingway's a fine boy," he said.

"I watch his workouts every day. He's got something," I said.

"But he'll never be champ," he said.

"He looks like a champ and he's never been known to waltz or go into the tank for a book-club," I said.

"It's something else," he said.

"It's always something else," I said.

"It's his seconds. He's a fine boy but his seconds are killing him," he said.

"Yes, too many Hemingway seconds. They kill the sport," I said.

"They get under foot," he said.

"They get in the publishers' hair," I said.

"They're killing the publishers," he said.

"They end up in drugstores," I said.

"Sure. Three for a dollar in drugstores," he said.

"But they can't hurt the drugstores," I said.

We were walking into the town. Joe threw his book at a publisher who had perched on a drugstore. Joe was a fine boy.

"Perhaps I'd better go watch Faulkner work out today," I said.

"That's right," he said.

"I said," I said.

TERENCE FORD