

**THE CONFESSIONS AND  
LETTERS OF  
TERENCE QUINN  
MCMANUS; PP. 1-187**

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The Confessions and Letters of Terence Quinn McManus; pp. 1-187 by Miles G. Hyde

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**MILES G. HYDE**

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THE  
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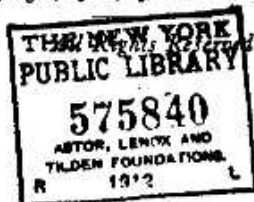
BY  
MILES G. HYDE

Author of "The One-Time Wooden Spoon at Yale,"  
"The Story of a Day in London," "The Girl  
from Mexico, and other Short Stories,"  
"Mary Markam, a Novel."



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NOTE: Those, who, like myself, were highly amused a few years ago by the humor and naiveté in "The Confession of Terence McManus," will find, I think, his letters from New York well worth perusing.

Though Terence has now put aside kiddish ways and his entertaining brogue, he still shows a plentiful naiveté in his new surroundings, and a point of view giving, even to the widest-known city "sights" described, a fresh and vivid interest; moreover, there are often interspersed incidents — usually humorous — befalling the sight-seeing "quartet." Often, too, come glimpses of Terence's genuine love romance.

To those of us Irish descent who are enthusiasts for a liberal education, it is pleasing to note Terence's development into one of those enthusiasts. Surely not a few will exultingly greet this type of the young Celt in fiction. One rarely sees it there. From Charles O'Malley to Mr. Dooley — and later — certain types have reappeared — occasionally, to some of us, bringing weariness. The big-hearted, heavy-drinking, unflinchingly loyal son of Mars, the swashbuckler, merry, adventurous, brave almost to recklessness, and — more recent figure — the saloon keeper, like Shakespeare's rotund Justice, "full of wise saws and modern (extremely modern) instances," the ward and still mightier city "boss," these, with other oft-repeated types, crowd our memories.

Why should not modern realistic fiction extend

a fair show to the young Irish-American, fast multiplied in these later years, who seeks in a college education augmented intellectual power for life's practical affairs?

To this type Terence belongs. Like many another of similar ambition, though become a little less care free through strenuous struggle with circumstance, he yet retains the valiant heart, the love of romance, and the refreshing humor that are the imperishable heritage of the Irish race.

B. J. E.



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