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Oscar Wilde
Scrapbook

Vol. 2

Reynolds, Dec. 1900

IN MEMORIAM OSCAR WILDE, DIED
NOVEMBER 30, 1900.

(FOR "REYNOLDS'S.")

He lies in the soil of France,
Whose heart England has broken,
He sleeps from that nightmare trance
Where no more words are spoken.

And a weight of guilty shame
Spreads through the cold foggy air,
Yet it rests not on his name,
But on some who honours bear!

For better in grave to lie
Than be one who had betrayed
And joined in that coward cry
Of those who were much afraid.

Some day on history's page
Shall his mournful fate be told,
Young eyes in a better age
Shall weep at this tale of old.

John Women's University Library

Author of the "Book of Chains."

George Ives

THE WILDE TOMB: HUMAN — INHUMAN — SPHINX - LIKE.



"AN EGYPTIAN BORN IN LATE VICTORIAN DAYS," AND HIS SYMBOLIC WORK: MR. JACOB EPSTEIN
BY THE SIDE OF THE OSCAR WILDE MONUMENT OF HIS CARVING.

Jacob Epstein's great monument, which is to be set up over the grave of Oscar Wilde in the Père Lachaise Cemetery in Paris, has caused a great deal of discussion, and, particularly, speculation as to its precise meaning. Writing of the work, in the "Daily Chronicle," Mr. Lewis Hind said: "He made no preliminary model in clay; he saw the work complete in his imagination before he touched chisel; he made his drawing upon the block of stone, and began straightway to release his idea. . . . Everything Jacob Epstein does is stamped with his inflexible aim. He is an idealist. He faces only one way—his own way. . . . Epstein is an Egyptian born in late Victorian days, and to him prudery and prettiness are meaningless. . . . You do not see . . . details at first; you see only that vast, ageless, human—inhuman—sphinx-like figure, silent and solitary, grieving, yet indifferent." It will be recalled that Mr. Epstein's statues for the new building of the British Medical Association, in the Strand, led to much comment four years ago.—[Camera-Portrait by E. O. Hoppe.]

April 1907

DEFINITIVE EDITION OF OSCAR WILDE.

THE WRITINGS OF OSCAR WILDE.
Uniform edition, 15 volumes. New York:
A. R. Keller & Co., (Inc.)

NO apology for Oscar Wilde accompanies the new edition of his complete works, and none would avail. There are some who believe it would not be worth while to make such a fuss about this man if his writings were worthy to be ranked with those of Virgil and Horace. There are others, feverishly excitable persons, forever walling over "man's inhumanity to man," (which has been a trifle overworked,) who hold in common with the editors of the new edition that Wilde is "the equal of the best authors in many fields," and that art is everything. Hence the "first complete, definitive edition of Wilde's works," in fifteen volumes, including novels and short stories, plays, miscellaneous prose works, and poems. The Anglo-American Authors' Association was formed expressly to collect these writings, many of which have not hitherto been collected, including letters and pamphlets highly prized by collectors.

The type, paper, printing, and binding are all that could be asked for in a definitive edition of any author. The photographic illustrations include pictures by that other child of conspicuous and illuminated oblivion, Aubrey Beardsley, and others by Albert Henke, Clifton C. Phillips, J. R. Bacon, E. A. Moss, R. G. Vasey, C. A. Mente, N. Briganti, William Freeman, and Arthur W. Crisp. The edition appears in several forms. Each is named, and each copy numbered and registered. The autograph edition, containing genuine letters of Wilde and water color pictures and bound in French levant is lettered, and limited to twenty-six copies.

Richard Le Gallienne writes the introduction. He was a friend of Wilde, and is in literature his follower. The statements of fact and the dates can be relied on as accurate. The tone of the introduction is in keeping with the whole idea of the edition, a tone of laudation. This is right enough. If Wilde's works were to be collected and preserved it is well that the task should be performed by those who thoroughly believe in him. The uncommon literary facility of the man is not to be denied. He had imaginative power and the gift of melody. He did not understand his own era, or his place in the world, and he misrepresented both. He was sometimes the victim of self-deception, sometimes a deliberate poser and humbug. We are inclined to believe that no amount of sophistry, misdirected eloquence, mistaken enthusiasm can win for him a place among the great. But it is fair to say that some of the great in literature (such as Coleridge) failed utterly to retain the respect of their contemporaries.

MISS KITTY CHEATHAM'S CHARMING MATINEE.

It is given to very few people the possession of such varied and unique talents as those of Kitty Cheatham, who has devised a most charming mode of entertainment, and her holiday matinees are now looked forward to eagerly by young and old. Some years ago this little lady played ingenue roles with Augustin Daly's company, and, perhaps, the training received in that splendid school has helped with her own talent and industry to produce the artistic results she gets to-day. There are many clever monologue artists, but only one Kitty Cheatham, for she has a sweet voice, which she knows how to use in song and speech. She is dainty, arch, graceful, gay, playful, and turns. All the gamut of expression and emotion lie in her command, and to spend an afternoon with her is to be transported to a realm of sweet thought and delightful atmosphere. She did many new things yesterday afternoon at the Lyceum Theatre, Manhattan, notably Oscar Wilde's "Happy Prince," with a musical setting by Liza Lehmann; a lovely thing in its way. Then there was "When Malindy Sings," Paul Lawrence Dunbar's little classic; groups of quaint child lore in prose and verse, delightful "Garden Happenings," some dainty songs by Harvey Loomis, who accompanied them exquisitely; and the famous "Borey Man," written, as were so many of the programme numbers, especially for Miss Cheatham. Here is an art which is the acme of dainty, charming expression; a new world called forth by a woman's clever ideas. Miss Cheatham is an artist to her pretty finger tips, and it is not to be wondered at that she is so much sought after in London, where her vogue as a drawing-room entertainer is great. The Lyceum Theatre was crowded yesterday afternoon to hear and see her. Miss Flora McDonald was a sympathetic accompanist.

Probably by the middle of next month Brentano's will publish a new edition of Oscar Wilde's poems, a feature of which will be a life of Oscar Wilde by Temple Scott. The poems to appear in this volume have been newly collected and arranged. It is said to be not improbable that a second volume, containing the plays of Oscar Wilde, will appear some time in the Fall.

October 1907

Mr. Le Gallienne Denies Responsibility for Wilde Edition.

M R. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE has sent the following letter to the editor of The London Times Library Supplement:

Sir: I have only just read a letter printed in your columns of June 28, signed "Robert Ross."

In this letter Mr. Ross attributes to me the editorship of an American edition of Mr. Oscar Wilde's writings. He speaks of "Mr. Le Gallienne's edition."

Now, having extended to Mr. Ross the courtesy of publishing an error, you will not, of course, refuse to me the courtesy of publishing a correction of that error.

My sole connection with Messrs. A. R. Keller & Co.'s edition of Mr. Wilde's writings is the writing of an introduction of 2,000 words, and have had absolutely nothing to do with the editing, and am entirely unresponsible for the contents of the edition. At this moment I am still ignorant of what they are. Nor had I seen any prospectus of the edition till after reading Mr. Ross's letter. In that prospectus it appears that the statement was made that I was Mr. Wilde's "college chum" at Oxford—a statement which gives Mr. Ross the opportunity of some cheap satire at my expense, as if I could possibly have been responsible for it. I need hardly say that I am still ignorant of the fact which has never been made known widely enough to please me—that I was born in Liverpool.

I am proud to have been a friend of Mr. Wilde's, but, of course, I was never so near to him as Mr. Ross, or the gentleman I am told, now edits that beautiful old Academy of many distinguished memories—not least that of another of its editors, a fellow of one of the great colleges in the world, (I am not referring to Liverpool College,) a gentle scholar beloved by all who knew him, and not least by Robert Louis Stevenson.

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RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

This month Messrs. Luce & Co. will bring out "The Soul of Man Under Socialism," a lecture by the late Oscar Wilde, and of all things for which one ever expected to commend one of Bunthorne's books, it abounds in common sense. The author had never been even fairly well grounded in his catechism and the opinions of Christianity and Christ which he sets down and condemns are merely of his own creation, but his opinions on the effects of Socialism, on the proper field of art, on the true perfection of man are so unlike the sweet little sentiments uttered for publication in the advertising days of his youth that one has to revise one's old opinion of him. By way of silencing the unreasoning Socialists the little volume should do good service.

The Hon. Stephen Coleridge, who is visiting in this country, is the interest of anti-vivisection, is not only a friend of animals but he is a poet and an artist. A volume of his poems has just been published here under the title "Songs to Desideris and Other Poems." The book contains a poem "On Reading Oscar Wilde's 'De Profundis,'" which closes with the following verse:

Can any look himself within
Without a groan?
Then let him that is "without sin
Cast the first stone."

The author thus attests that his sympathy is not confined to dumb beasts alone.

It is one of the curiosities of literature that Oscar Wilde, who was regarded as fast into hopeless oblivion twelve years ago, when he was suddenly thrown from great popularity and success into the depth of unspeakable shame, should now be enjoying a resurrection of his former vogue. His plays are popular here and on the Continent, and a little book, "Recollections of Oscar Wilde," just issued by John W. Luce & Co. of Boston, shows that his influence is stronger upon German and French literary circles than any other exotic influence. Pencil-Val Pollard, an American travelling in Europe, discovered in the spring of 1905 that in the German theaters the foreign drama that was most often played was Oscar Wilde's "Salome." In that same year the book of the season was Wilde's "De Profundis." The booksellers of Berlin had their windows billed with Wilde books and literature about the famous English decadent. A year later this European vogue of Wilde was still spreading, and complete editions of his works were being issued in Berlin and Vienna, while Rome and Madrid were being introduced to the poet and dramatist by able commentators. Mr. Pollard chanced to be in Berlin a little book of personal reminiscences of Wilde by Ernest La Jeunesse, Andre Gide and Francis Blei, and this he has translated for the benefit of English readers. La Jeunesse is one of the most popular of the feuilleton artists of Paris, with a strong penchant for amusing caricatures. Blei is a German magazine writer who has also contributed to the stage. Of Gide Mr. Pollard confesses he knows nothing; yet it is Gide who gives the best picture of Oscar Wilde in the height of his success, and again after prison had put its ineffaceable stamp on him. Gide's first meeting with Wilde was in 1891, at the height of his great success, which is described in these words:

"So complete was his success that it seemed as if it had preceded him, and Wilde had nothing to do but follow it up. His books were talked about. Plays of his were on at several London theaters. He was rich; he was famous; he was beautiful. Happiness and honor were his. One likened him to an Asiatic Bacchus or to a Roman Emperor, or even to Apollo himself—what is certain is that he was radiant."

It was four years later, in January, 1895, that Wilde was met again. This time in Algiers. Of his personality Gide says:

"One felt less softness in his look and there was something coarse in his laughter, something forced in his gaiety." Wilde was feverish in his desire to be amused. When he scattered coin among those

KITTY CHEATHAM GIVES HER EASTER RECITAL.

Afternoon of Poems and Songs Dedicated Both Adults and Children at Lyceum Theatre.

There were more grown-ups than usual and a corresponding decrease in the number of children at Miss Kitty Cheatham's annual Easter recital in the Lyceum Theatre yesterday afternoon. The smaller proportion of the juvenile audience may have been due to the announcement that Miss Cheatham was to recite a recently resurrected story of Oscar Wilde's "The Happy Prince," a prose poem in terms of symbolism and to musical accompaniment.

In the street he said: "I hope that I have thoroughly demoralized this town."

Then follows this remarkable revelation of the man who has stimulated so many minds:

"All this filled me with astonishment, wonder and dread. I was aware of his shattered condition, of the attacks and amities aimed at him, and what dark disquiet he concealed under his abandonment of gaiety. One evening he appeared to have made up his mind to say absolutely nothing serious or sincere. His paradoxes irritated me, and I told him his plays, his books, were far from being as good as his talk. Why did he not write as well as he talked? 'Yes,' said Wilde, 'the plays are not great; I think nothing of them, but if you only knew how amusing they are! Incidentally, most of them are results of bets. So "Dorian Grey," I wrote that in a few days, because one of my friends asserted I would never write a novel.' He leaned toward me and added: 'Do you wish to know the great drama of my life? I have given my genius to my life; to my work only my talent.'"

"Wilde spoke of returning to London; the Marquis of Queensberry was abusing him and accusing him of flight."

"But," I asked, "if you go to London do you know what you are risking?"

"That is something one should never know. My friends are funny; they advise caution. Caution; how can I have that? That would mean my immediate return. I must go as far away as possible. And now I can go no further. Something must happen—something different."

"The next morning Wilde was on his way to London. The rest is well known. That 'something different' was hard labor in prison."

The pictures given by both Gide and La Jeunesse of Wilde in France in the days after his release are full of pathos. The man was imbued with the idea that he must bury himself in a little town of Normandy until he could write a new play; then Paris would receive him with the old acclaim. But though he talked brilliantly; though he threw off splendid thoughts, witty epigrams and amusing paradoxes, yet he could never concentrate his mind on real work. Finally his will power gave way. He weakly slunk into Paris and fell into the ways of a vagabond. Merciful death came speedily to end a career that was hopeless.

The little book is well worth reading, as it throws vivid light upon one of the finest dramatic artists of our time, who was ruined because he had not the self-control to endure great success.

AUGUST 15, 1923.]

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Cassell's Weekly

Concerning * MEN * WOMEN * and * BOOKS
No. 22 AUGUST 15, 1923. Price 2d.

LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS, which must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be addressed to The Editor, CASSELL'S WEEKLY, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4. Every care will be taken to return rejected MSS., but the Editor does not hold himself responsible for loss.

The Ghost of Oscar Wilde

LA BELLE SAUVAGE,
LONDON, E.C.4.

August 15, 1923.

THE unkindest blow yet dealt us by the spiritualists is the raising of the ghost of Oscar Wilde. The unfortunate poet and *poesur* had suffered so much during his passage through these glimpses of the moon, and his name has suffered so much since, that all reasonably disposed persons have hoped that his flamboyant spirit had at long length been decently laid at rest. But that apparently is not yet to be. His bruised and tortured memory is once again the sport of curiosity. This time he is undergoing a clairvoyant exposure. Enterprising spiritualists, listening-in on the borderland of life and death, have, so they say, succeeded in achieving contact with Oscar Wilde as he hovers dolefully in the dim astral realms. The strange thing is that for once alleged messages from the spirit world differ in quality from the mawkish sentiment which mediums are in the habit of transmitting for the delectation and wonderment of grosser mortals. True, they have not the airy and irresistible brightness of the "artist in attitudes" who shocked and delighted society in the eighteenth century, but they bear a dim, a tarnished resemblance to the reality. The sentences which have "got through" are a sort of ghostly echo of the Wilde method: the champagne of Oscar Wilde—with the sparkles out.

In the concluding passage of *De Profundis*, Oscar Wilde said: "All trials are for one's life, just as all sentences are sentences of death; and three times have I been tried. The first time I left the box to be arrested, the second time to be led back to the house of detention, the third time to pass into a prison for two years." When he wrote those words he thought his trials were ended, but he was wrong. He believed, incurable romantic as he was, that although society would have no place for him, Nature, "whose sweet rains fall on unjust and just alike," would have clefts in the rocks where he might hide, and sweet valleys in whose silence he might weep undisturbed. "She will hang," he said, "the night with stars so that I may walk abroad in the darkness without stumbling, and send the wind over my footprints so that none may track me to my hurt; she will cleanse me in great waters, and with bitter herbs make me whole." It was not to be. He forsook Nature, or perhaps Nature forsook him, and was hounded from town to town by the anguish of his own soul and the society which had no place for him until he came to a miserable end in a mean and faded Parisian hotel.

Nor was he allowed to rest even then.

Death was not the end even of all that was mortal of Oscar Wilde. His body was laid to rest in the little cemetery of Bagneux, near Paris, but not many months passed before he was exhumed and reburied within the historic precincts of Pere Lachaise, where he, or all that was mortal of him, now reposes guarded by the fantastic sphinxes which Jacob Epstein carved to his memory out of massive stone. Even this great and strange monument, so exotic, so like him, was not at first left in peace. It raised a storm of protest and for months was covered with a tarpaulin sheet, awaiting the appeasement of the wrath of the *unco' gude* of Paris. During those years and successively ever since 1898, the name and memory of Oscar Wilde have been the subjects, either directly or indirectly, of endless litigation, and not so very long ago rumours got abroad that he was not dead at all. It was said that he still lived under an assumed name, and that several of the most successful plays of the then past few years had been written by him and produced anonymously. And now again the tragic comedian is raised from the dust and his soul goes marching on.

This soul of him has talked with Mrs. Hester Travers Smith, a daughter of the late Professor Edward Dowden. It is a doleful spirit, a lugubrious Oscar Wilde, who once more astonishes a jaded world. "Pity Oscar Wilde," it murmurs, "one who in the world was a king of life." A king of life! How familiar is that epithet. In *De Profundis* he called himself a "Lord of language," applying to himself, truthfully enough, but with characteristic offrontery, a phrase which years before Tennyson had applied to Virgil. "Long ago," he is supposed to have continued, "I wrote that there was twilight in my cell and twilight in my heart, but this is the twilight of the soul. In eternal twilight I move, but I know that in the world there is day and night, seedtime and harvest, and red sunset must follow apple green dawn." It is like, yet unlike, ghostly echoes, weak attenuations of the words of a lord of language.

Read the real words of this lordly creator, and compare. He refers to his earlier eclipse, the twilight of imprisonment. "With us, prison makes a man or a pariah. I, and such as I am, have been any right to air and sun. Our presence taints the pleasure of others. We are unwelcome when we reappear. To revisit the glimpses of the moon is not for us. Our very children are taken away. Those lovely links with humanity are broken. We are doomed to be solitary, while our souls still live. We are denied the one thing that might heal us and keep us, that might bring halm to the bruised

heart, and peace to the soul in pain." Or again, "All the spring may be hidden in the single bud, and the low ground nest of the lark may hold the joy that is to herald the feet of many rose-red dawns." Thus the corporeal lord of language, the ghostly one has given us poorer measure.

Whilst living Oscar Wilde said: "To live is the rarest thing in the world. Most people exist—that is all." Whilst dead, he is reputed to have said: "Being dead is the most boring experience in life." The ghostly Wilde is here more Oscanian than the corporeal! And there is a family likeness among others of the astral aphorisms. "Fortunately there are no facts over here. On earth we could scarcely escape them. One could not pick up a newspaper without learning something useful. Here we are in the most amusing position. We are like so many ants that creep round and round and do our silly tasks daily without any interest in our work. I feel like a very ancient *ant* nowadays. I am doing what is little better than picking oakum in a goal." Surely this is the first time a ghost has ever made a pun. Alas, poor ghost! But Oscar Wilde was always bored. Boredom is the key to his philosophy and the explanation of his fall. He was romantic about everything but what is really romantic. He romanticized the orchid and missed the daisies. He yearned for sphinxes and missed the grace of cats. He held his head among the stars and failed to realize the wonder and beauty of lamps. And now we are told he is bored with death. Perhaps that is not so strange after all; perhaps Oscar Wilde is bored with death because with all his love of life he never really lived. It has been said that we praise only that which we lack.

The tragedy of this ghostly traffic with the dead wit is, in the first place, that it has up to now yielded us a poorer crop of wit and humour than we harvested from the living man. It is better than other ghosts have given us, but less than you may find any day on any page of the grosser Wilde who one time was one of us. Not from the spirit world have we such impudent badinage as he gave us whilst wearing his mortal sheath of flesh. Mrs. Travers Smith has not yet recorded anything so good as "My own business always bores me to death. I prefer other people's." Or, "Moderation is a fatal thing. Nothing succeeds like excess." Or, again, "One can resist everything but temptation." This untimely link in the chain of Oscanian resurrections is again tragic, because it once more brings Wilde's overdone personality into prominence, which will postpone the chances of getting the work of his genius into a much needed perspective. More nonsense has been talked and written about Oscar Wilde than about any other modern writer. There is not much of his work that will live, but that little, a few stories, a handful of witticisms, a dialogue, an essay or two and one play, or two at most. But these will not be rescued from their meshes of mannerism, blague and trick until the Wilde legend is forgotten; and that will never be, for the best of it has been immortalized by Gilbert and Sullivan in *Patience*, and by Robert Hichens in *The Green Carnation*. Oscar Wilde may have been a starchy, complete genius, but to have inspired those two works was to have lived not in vain and to have earned our eternal gratitude.

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mind to say absolutely nothing serious
or sincere. His paradoxes irritated
me and I told him his plays, his books,

Cassell's Weekly

7CO

[AUGUST 15, 1923.]

THE FIRST OF ALL THE PROBLEM NOVELS

A Forgotten Best-Seller

By MARJORIE BOWEN

"CALEB WILLIAMS" is the first
"Problem Novel" in that it
raises moral and social questions
and does not, as all novels had
hitherto, intend to merely amuse or to
instruct on the lines of conventional
morality.
The author, William Godwin, was one
of that band of free-thinkers and re-
formers who were so strong in numbers
and spirit at the end of the 18th century,
and who derived a considerable impor-
tance and a sort of energy of despair from
the persecutions they suffered and the
horror in which they were held. Godwin,
a mild man in himself, who had been a
Calvinist Minister and then a Grub
Street hack, possessed what were then
considered extreme political opinions,
and in 1793 the trial of Horne Tooke for
High Treason provoked him to write a
pamphlet entitled "Political Justice,"
which at once made him famous and
brought him in what was then held a
huge sum, one thousand guineas.

Shelley's Father-in-Law

He followed this up by writing, the
next year, "Caleb Williams," which was
supposed to illustrate the social evils
he had denounced in his pamphlet.

The novel was an enormous success, ran
into several editions, and was dramatized
by Colman the younger under the title of
"The Iron Chest."

Godwin, who was the friend of Tom
Paine, Wedgwood, Mrs. Inchbald, Amelia
Opie, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Lamb,
married Mary Wollstonecraft, the pioneer
of feminism and authoress of "Rights of
Women," and their child was Mary, the
wife of Shelley and authoress of
"Frankenstein."

Godwin died in 1836, in obscurity and
poverty, relieved at the very last by the
gift of a small government sinecure.

Not Propaganda but Drama

"Caleb Williams" is much more than
social propaganda; Godwin himself ap-
pears to have always considered the book
from the dramatic point of view, and the
defects of English society, the power of
the rich over the poor, the state of the
prisons, the corruption of justice, the
folly of capital punishment, etc., became
of secondary consideration, and the popu-
larity of the book was certainly due, not
to any lesson or example which it con-
tained, but to the fearful interest of a
new and horrible theme; terror and
curiosity are the master passions of this
strange tale, the terror seems to have been
uppermost in Godwin's mind, for he
wrote his story backwards and says of it
in the third preface (1832): "I bent my-
self to the conception of a series of adven-
tures of flight and pursuit," and though
he also stated that "Caleb Williams"
set forth "a general view of the modes of
domestic and unrecorded despotism by
which man becomes the destroyer of man,"
it is what he called himself the "fearful
events," and the "dramatic and impres-
sive situations" that absorbed the atten-
tion of the author and that of the reader.
Hazlitt called "Caleb Williams" a
masterpiece, and it is nearly a great work.

The skeleton of the story is this:
Fernando Falkland, "a country squire of
considerable opulence," and a man of the
highest character, the most fastidious
honour and wide popularity, is tried for
the murder of a neighbouring gentleman,
a brutal villain (overdrawn in outline and
coarsely coloured) named Barnabas Tyr-



William Godwin.

(After J. A. R. Northcote.)

rel, long his enemy, and who has been the
death of his wretched cousin and ward,
Emily, in whose fate Falkland took a
tender interest, and from which he in vain
endeavoured to rescue her; Falkland is
triumphantly acquitted and two honest
farmers, the Hopkineses, father and son,
victims of Tyrrel's brutality, are hanged
for the murder.

Shocked by these events, Falkland be-
comes a confirmed misanthrope, and takes
into his service Caleb Williams, a youth
of humble parentage, from a farm of "the
remote county" where the action takes
place.

Bound Together by Crime

A peculiar regard at once springs up
between the proud, melancholy recluse,
and the intelligent, refined young man of
the people who acts as his secretary; but,
from the very first, Caleb Williams sus-
pects his master of having really com-
mitted the crime for which the Hopkineses
suffered.

This idea has a horrible fascination for
the youth and he becomes possessed by a
very fiery curiosity and hounds down
Falkland's secret. This wretched man
sees the youth's suspicions and dare not
dismiss him for fear he already knows too
much, and so the long duel goes on, till
Falkland's nerve breaks and he confesses
to the horrified Caleb that he is the mur-
derer who allowed two innocent men to
go to the gallows.

The tables are now turned; the des-
perate and sordid Falkland tells Caleb
Williams that now he is in possession of

the ghastly secret he must never leave his
service, hardly his sight, and that, be-
cause of mutual hate, they must hence-
forth share a loathsome intimacy.

Caleb is not long able to endure this
terrible situation and endeavours to
escape, only to be dragged back, de-
nounced as a thief and cast into jail by
his powerful master.

An Intolerable Situation

The rest of the book consists of the per-
secution of Caleb by Falkland, and shows
how hopeless was any attempt at escape
on the part of the friendless youth; how
complete the authority of the "squire of
opulent means"; Caleb is unable to even
leave the country, and driven to frenzy
by the long torture of his intolerable
position, he finally betrays the secret of
Falkland.

At first, his desperate accusation is en-
tirely disbelieved, but finally he forces
Falkland to appear before the magistrate
to answer the charge, and that miserable
man, now wrecked in mind and body, is
carried into court and makes a confession
of the crimes that pride and sense of
caste had enabled him to conceal despite
agonies of secret remorse and penitence.
Caleb, in his turn, is overwhelmed with
remorse. Falkland dies imploring his
forgiveness, and the novel ends with
Caleb's future dubious.

Novel Spoilt by "Ego"

This dark and wild story is told with
great intensity and concentration of
sombre emotion; a striking effect is ob-
tained by the exclusive treatment of two
men and two passions only; the minor
characters, though interesting as in the
episode of Brightnel or Spinel, do not
affect the plot, and the first portion of
the novel—the tale of Tyrrel, Grimes and
Emily—is spoilt by a certain sordidness
that is ugly without being realistic; it is
good material indifferently handled; the
whole value of the novel is lowered, how-
ever by the use of the first person. Caleb wo-
uld have been more interesting if he had
told his own story, and the dialogue
frequently suffers from stiffness or po-
sidity.

One Thing it Lacks

To balance these defects, the plot is
told in direct fashion; the incidents are
powerful and uncommon, and there are
many strokes of unusual beauty, truth
and force. Falkland has that touch of
the superhuman, notable in Heathcliff
and Caleb is lashed forward to his fate
with the swift lashings of the Erinnyes
beneath a character in a Greek drama.

To any but a careless reader "Caleb
Williams" is still an absorbing novel,
lucid, harsh, unpleasant yet animated by
noble emotion, and only lacking just the
touch of genius to be one of the finest
stories in the language. It is a tale
that any modern novelist would long to
steal and remodel in his own style and
fashion—but probably it could never be
done better than it has been by William
Godwin.

April 1907

DEFINITIVE EDITION OF OSCAR WILDE.

THE WRITINGS OF OSCAR WILDE.
Uniform edition. 15 volumes. New York:
A. R. Keller & Co., (Inc.)

NO apology for Oscar Wilde accompanies the new edition of his complete works, and none would avail. There are some who believe it would not be worth while to make such a fuss about this man if his writings were worthy to be ranked with those of Virgil and Horace. There are others, feverishly excitable persons, forever wailing over "man's inhumanity to man," (which has been a trifle overworked,) who hold in common with the editors of the new edition that Wilde is "the equal of the best authors in many fields," and that art is everything. Hence the "first complete, definitive edition of Wilde's works," in fifteen volumes, including novels and short stories, plays, miscellaneous prose works, and poems. The Anglo-American Authors' Association was formed expressly to collect these writings, many of which have not hitherto been collected, including letters and pamphlets highly prized by collectors.

The type, paper, printing, and binding are all that could be asked for in a definitive edition of any author. The photogravure illustrations include pictures by that other child of conspicuous and illuminated oblivion, Aubrey Beardsley, and others by Albert Henke, Clifton C. Phillips, J. R. Bacon, S. A. Moss, R. G. Vosburgh, C. A. Mente, N. Briganti, William Freeman, and Arthur W. Crisp. The edition appears in several forms. Each is named, and each copy numbered and registered. The autograph edition, containing genuine letters of Wilde and water color pictures and bound in French levant is lettered, and limited to twenty-six copies.

Richard Le Gallienne writes the introduction. He was a friend of Wilde, and is in literature his follower. The statements of fact and the dates can be relied on as accurate. The tone of the introduction is in keeping with the whole idea of the edition, a tone of laudation. This is right enough. If Wilde's works were to be collected and preserved it is well that the task should be performed by those who thoroughly believe in him. The uncommon literary facility of the man is not to be denied. He had imaginative power and the gift of melody. He did not understand his own era, or his place in the world, and he misrepresented both. He was sometimes the victim of self-deception, sometimes a deliberate poser and humbug. We are inclined to believe that no amount of sophistry, misdirected eloquence, mistaken enthusiasm can win for him a place among the great. But it is fair to say that some of the great in literature (such as Coleridge) failed utterly to retain the respect of their contemporaries.

October 1907

Mr. Le Gallienne Denies Responsibility for Wilde Edition.

MR. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE has sent the following letter to the editor of The London Times Library Supplement:

Sir: I have only just read a letter printed in your columns of June 28, signed "Robert Ross."

In this letter Mr. Ross attributes to me the editorship of an American edition of Mr. Oscar Wilde's writings. He speaks of "Mr. Le Gallienne's edition."

Now, having extended to Mr. Ross the courtesy of publishing an error, you will not, of course, refuse to me the courtesy of publishing a correction of that error.

My sole connection with Messrs. A. R. Keller & Co.'s edition of Mr. Wilde's writings is the writing of an introduction of 3,000 words. I have had absolutely nothing to do with the editing, and am entirely irresponsible for the contents of the edition. At this moment I am still ignorant of what they are. Nor had I seen any prospectus of the edition till after reading Mr. Ross's letter. In that prospectus it appears that the statement was made that I was Mr. Wilde's "college chum" at Oxford—a statement which gives Mr. Ross the opportunity of some cheap satire at my expense, as if I could possibly have been responsible for it. I need hardly say that I am still too young to have made such a misstatement. Even the editor of The Academy, in no friendly comment upon Mr. Ross's letter, refers to "the fact that Wilde was twenty years older than Mr. Le Gallienne"—a statement which, I think, is chronologically a little unfair to his friend.

Mr. Ross also seems to have discovered the fact—which has never been made known widely enough to please me—that I was born in Liverpool.

I am proud to have been a friend of Mr. Wilde's, but, of course, I was never so near to him as Mr. Ross, or the gentleman who, I am told, now edits that beautiful old Academy of many distinguished memories—not least that of another of its editors, a Fellow of one of the greatest colleges in the world, (I am not referring to Liverpool College,) a gentle scholar beloved by all who knew him, and not least by Robert Louis Stevenson.

But, to return to Mr. Ross, I hope that I may be allowed to say how much I have admired his loyalty to a wonderful, disastrous friend, and I very well understand why he should still go on fighting for him. He is not the only man who has fought for his friends—but, certainly, no one has fought better.

All the same, when a man is fighting, it is as well that he should know what he is fighting about. Mr. Ross does not seem to know.

Finally, I would say in regard to the general ethics of this so-called American "piracy," that there are laws even in America—copyright laws—and that if English writers and publishers do not take advantage of those laws—well, it is but natural that American publishers will take advantage of their carelessness. I, too, I may add, have been in Arcady.

So far as I can see, Mr. Wilde does not seem to have been protected by any English publisher—except Mr. John Lane—till after he was dead.

Personally, I find no fault with Mr. Wilde's American publishers. They have published his books in good faith, and are just as anxious as Messrs. Methuen may be to do right by Mr. Wilde's memory and his heirs.

They—Messrs. A. R. Keller & Co., Brunswick Building, Fifth Avenue, New York City—will be glad to know to whom they can pay a royalty on their edition.

Perhaps Mr. Ross will be kind enough to inform them in the interest of Mr. Wilde's children—or, shall I say, his "executor"?

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

Sunday, Jan. 20, 1907.

It is one of the curiosities of literature that Oscar Wilde, who was regarded as cast into hopeless oblivion twelve years ago, when he was suddenly thrown from great popularity and success into the depth of unspeakable shame, should now be enjoying a re-crudescence of his former vogue. His plays are popular here and on the Continent, and a little book, "Recollections of Oscar Wilde," just issued by John W. Luce & Co. of Boston, shows that his influence is stronger upon German and French literary art than any other exotic influence. Percival Pollard, an American traveling in Europe, discovered in the spring of 1905 that in the German theaters the foreign drama that was most often played was Oscar Wilde's "Salome." In that same year the book of the season was Wilde's "De Profundis." The booksellers of Berlin had their windows billed with Wilde books and literature about the famous English decadent. A year later this European vogue of Wilde was still spreading, and complete editions of his works were being issued in Berlin and Vienna, while Rome and Madrid were being introduced to the poet and dramatist by able commentators. Mr. Pollard chanced to find in Berlin a little book of personal reminiscences of Wilde by Ernest La Jeunesse, Andre Gide and Franz Blei, and this he has translated for the benefit of English readers. La Jeunesse is one of the most popular of the feuilleton artists of Paris, with a strong penchant for amusing caricatures. Blei is a German magazine writer who has also contributed to the stage. Of Gide Mr. Pollard confesses he knows nothing; yet it is Gide who gives the best pictures of Oscar Wilde in the height of his success, and again after prison had put its ineffaceable stamp on him. Gide's first meeting with Wilde was in 1891, at the height of his great success, which is described in these words:

"So complete was his success that it seemed as if it had preceded him, and Wilde had nothing to do but follow it up. His books were talked about. Plays of his were on at several London theaters. He was rich; he was famous; he was beautiful. Happiness and honor were his. One likened him to an Asiatic Bacchus or to a Roman Emperor, or even to Apollo himself—what is certain is that he was radiant."

It was four years later, in January, 1895, that Wilde was met again. This time in Algiers. Of his personality Gide says: "One felt less softness in his look and there was something coarse in his laughter, something forced in his smile, something feverish in his desire to be amused. When he scattered coin among those

in the street he said: 'I hope that I have thoroughly demoralized this town.'"

Then follows this remarkable revelation of the man who has stimulated so many minds:

"All this filled me with astonishment, wonder and dread. I was aware of his shattered condition, of the attacks and enmities aimed at him, and what dark disquiet he concealed under his abandonment of gayety. One evening he appeared to have made up his mind to say absolutely nothing serious or sincere. His paradoxes irritated me, and I told him his plays, his books, were far from being as good as his talk. Why did he not write as well as he talked? 'Yes,' said Wilde, 'the plays are not great; I think nothing of them, but if you only knew how amusing they are! Incidentally, most of them are results of bets. So "Dorian Grey," I wrote that in a few days, because one of my friends asserted I would never write a novel.' He leaned toward me and added: 'Do you wish to know the great drama of my life? I have given my genius to my life; to my work only my talent.'"

"Wilde spoke of returning to London; the Marquis of Queensberry was abusing him and accusing him of flight.

"'But,' I asked, 'if you go to London do you know what you are risking?'"

"That is something one should never know. My friends are funny; they advise caution. Caution; how can I have that? That would mean my immediate return. I must go as far away as possible. And now I can go no further. Something must happen—something different."

"The next morning Wilde was on his way to London. The rest is well known. That 'something different' was hard labor in prison."

The pictures given by both Gide and La Jeunesse of Wilde in France in the days after his release are full of pathos. The man was imbued with the idea that he must bury himself in a little town of Normandy until he could write a new play; then Paris would receive him with the old acclaim. But though he talked brilliantly; though he threw off splendid thoughts, witty epigrams and amusing paradoxes, yet he could never concentrate his mind on real work. Finally his will power gave way. He weakly slunk into Paris and fell into the ways of a vagabond. Merciful death came speedily to end a career that was hopeless.

This little book is well worth reading, as it throws vivid light upon one of the finest dramatic artists of our time, who was ruined because he had not the self-control to endure great success.

MISS KITTY CHEATHAM'S CHARMING MATINEE.

It is given to very few people the possession of such varied and unique talents as those of Kitty Cheatham, who has devised a most charming mode of entertainment, and her holiday matinees are now looked forward to eagerly by young and old. Some years ago this little lady played ingenue roles with Augustin Daly's company, and, perhaps, the training received in that splendid school has helped with her own talent and industry to produce the artistic results she gets to-day. There are many clever monologue artists, but only one Kitty Cheatham, for she has a sweet voice, which she knows how to use in song and speech. She is dainty, arch, grave, gay, piquant, at turns. All the gamut of expression and emotion lie in her command, and to spend an afternoon with her is to be transported to a realm of sweet thought and delightful atmosphere. She did many new things yesterday afternoon at the Lyceum Theatre, Manhattan, notably Oscar Wilde's "Happy Prince," with a musical setting by Liza Lehmann; a lovely thing in its way. Then there was "When Malindy Sings," Paul Lawrence Dunbar's little classic; groups of quaint child lore in prose and verse; delightful "Garden Happenings"; some dainty songs by Harvey Loomis, who accompanied them exquisitely; and the famous "Bogey Man," written, as were so many of the programme numbers, especially for Miss Cheatham. Here is an art which is the acme of dainty, charming expression; a new world called forth by a woman's clever ideas. Miss Cheatham is an artiste to her pretty finger tips, and it is not to be wondered at that she is so much sought after in London, where her vogue as a drawing-room entertainer is great. The Lyceum Theatre was crowded yesterday afternoon to hear and see her. Miss Flora McDonald was a sympathetic accompaniste.

Probably by the middle of next month Brentano's will publish a new edition of Oscar Wilde's poems, a feature of which will be a life of Oscar Wilde by Temple Scott. The poems to appear in this volume have been newly collected and arranged. It is said to be not improbable that a second volume, containing the plays of Oscar Wilde, will appear some time in the Fall.

Jessen Women's University Library
2019-02-07

This month Messrs. Luce & Co. will bring out "The Soul of Man Under Socialism," a lecture by the late Oscar Wilde, and of all things for which one ever expected to commend one of Bunthorne's books, it abounds in common sense. The author had never been even fairly well grounded in his catechism and the opinions of Christianity and Christ which he sets down and condemns are merely of his own creation, but his opinions on the effects of Socialism, on the proper field of art, on the true perfection of man are so unlike the sweet little sentiments uttered for publication in the advertising days of his youth that one has to revise one's old opinion of him. By way of silencing the unreasoning Socialist the little volume should do good service.

The Hon. Stephen Coleridge, who is visiting in this country in the interest of anti-vivisection, is not only a friend of animals but he is a poet and an artist. A volume of his poems has just been published here under the title "Songs to Desideris and Other Poems." The book contains a poem "On Reading Oscar Wilde's 'De Profundis,'" which closes with the following verse:

Can any look himself within
Without a groan?
Then let him that is "without sin
Cast the first stone."

The author thus attests that his sympathy is not confined to man and beasts alone.

KITTY CHEATHAM GIVES HER EASTER RECITAL.

**Afternoon of Poems and Songs De-
lights Both Adults and Chil-
dren at Lyceum Theatre.**

There were more grown-ups than usual and a corresponding decrease in the number of children at Miss Kitty Cheatham's annual Easter recital in the Lyceum Theatre yesterday afternoon. The smaller proportion of the juvenile audience may have been due to the announcement that Miss Cheatham was to recite a recently resurrected story of Oscar Wilde, "The Selfish Giant," a prose poem in terms of symbolism and to musical accompaniment.

Cassell's Weekly

Concerning * MEN * WOMEN * and * BOOKS

No. 22

AUGUST 15, 1923.

Price 2d.

LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS, which must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be addressed to The Editor, CASSELL'S WEEKLY, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4. Every care will be taken to return rejected MSS., but the Editor does not hold himself responsible for loss.

The Ghost of Oscar Wilde

LA BELLE SAUVAGE,
LONDON, E.C.4.

August 15, 1923.

THE unkindest blow yet dealt us by the spiritualists is the raising of the ghost of Oscar Wilde. The unfortunate poet and *poseur* had suffered so much during his passage through these glimpses of the moon, and his name has suffered so much since, that all reasonably disposed persons have hoped that his flamboyant spirit had at long length been decently laid at rest. But that apparently is not yet to be. His bruised and tortured memory is once again the sport of curiosity. This time he is undergoing a clairvoyant exposure. Enterprising spiritualists, listening in on the borderland of life and death, have, so they say, succeeded in achieving contact with Oscar Wilde as he hovers dolefully in the dim astral realms. The strange thing is that for once alleged messages from the spirit world differ in quality from the mawkish sentiment which mediums are in the habit of transmitting for the delectation and wonderment of grosser mortals. True, they have not the airy and irresistible brightness of the "artist in attitudes" who shocked and delighted society in the eighteen-nineties, but they bear a dim, a tarnished resemblance to the reality. The sentences which have "got through" are a sort of ghostly echo of the Wilde method: the champagne of Oscar Wilde—with the sparkles out.

In the concluding passage of *De Profundis*, Oscar Wilde said: "All trials are for one's life, just as all sentences are sentences of death; and three times have I been tried. The first time I left the box to be arrested, the second time to be led back to the house of detention, the third time to pass into a prison for two years." When he wrote those words he thought his trials were ended, but he was wrong. He believed, incurable romantic as he was, that although society would have no place for him, Nature, "whose sweet rains fall on unjust and just alike," would have clefts in the rocks where he might hide, and sweet valleys in whose silence he might weep undisturbed. "She will hang," he said, "the night with stars so that I may walk abroad in the darkness without stumbling, and send the wind over my footprints so that none may track me to my hurt; she will cleanse me in great waters, and with bitter herbs make me whole." It was not to be. He forsook Nature, or perhaps Nature forsook him, and was hounded from town to town by the anguish of his own soul and the society which had no place for him until he came to a miserable end in a mean and faded Parisian hotel.

Nor was he allowed to rest even then.

Death was not the end even of all that was mortal of Oscar Wilde. His body was laid to rest in the little cemetery of Bagneux, near Paris, but not many months passed before he was exhumed and re-buried within the historic precincts of Père Lachaise, where he, or all that was mortal of him, now reposes guarded by the fantastic sphinxes which Jacob Epstein carved to his memory out of massive stone. Even this great and strange monument, so exotic, so like him, was not at first left in peace. It raised a storm of protest and for months was covered with a tarpaulin sheet, awaiting the appeasement of the wrath of the *unco' gude* of Paris. During those years and successively ever since 1898, the name and memory of Oscar Wilde have been the subjects, either directly or indirectly, of endless litigation, and not so very long ago rumours got abroad that he was not dead at all. It was said that he still lived under an assumed name, and that several of the most successful plays of the then past few years had been written by him and produced anonymously. And now again the tragic comedian is raised from the dust and his soul goes marching on.

This soul of him has talked with Mrs. Hester Travers Smith, a daughter of the late Professor Edward Dowden. It is a doleful spirit, a lugubrious Oscar Wilde, who once more astonishes a jaded world. "Pity Oscar Wilde," it murmurs, "one who in the world was a king of life." A king of life! How familiar is that epithet. In *De Profundis* he called himself a "Lord of language," applying to himself, truthfully enough, but with characteristic effrontery, a phrase which years before Tennyson had applied to Virgil. "Long ago," he is supposed to have continued, "I wrote that there was twilight in my cell and twilight in my heart, but this is the twilight of the soul. In eternal twilight I move, but I know that in the world there is day and night, seedtime and harvest, and red sunset must follow apple green dawn." It is like, yet unlike, ghostly echoes, weak attenuations of the words of a lord of language.

Read the real words of this lordly creator, and compare. He refers to his earlier eclipse, the twilight of imprisonment. "With us, prison makes a man or a pariah. I, and such as I am, have hardly any right to air and sun. Our presence taints the pleasure of others. We are unwelcome when we reappear. To revisit the glimpses of the moon is not for us. Our very children are taken away. Those lovely links with humanity are broken. We are doomed to be solitary, while our souls still live. We are denied the one thing that might heal us and keep us, that might bring balm to the bruised

heart, and peace to the soul in pain." Or again, "All the spring may be hidden in the single bud, and the low ground nest of the lark may hold the joy that is to herald the feet of many rose-red dawns." Thus the corporeal lord of language, the ghostly one has given us poorer measure.

Whilst living Oscar Wilde said: "To live is the rarest thing in the world. Most people exist—that is all." Whilst dead, he is reputed to have said: "Being dead is the most boring experience in life." The ghostly Wilde is here more Oscanian than the corporeal! And there is a family likeness among others of the astral aphorisms. "Fortunately there are no facts over here. On earth we could scarcely escape them. One could not pick up a newspaper without learning something useful. Here we are in the most amusing position. We are like so many ants that creep round and round and do our silly tasks daily without any interest in our work. I feel like a very ancient *aunt* nowadays. I am doing what is little better than picking oakum in gaol." Surely this is the first time a ghost has ever made a pun. Alas, poor ghost! But Oscar Wilde was always bored. Boredom is the key to his philosophy and the explanation of his fall. He was romantic about everything but what is really romantic. He romanticized the orchid and missed the daisies. He yearned for sphinxes and missed the grace of cats. He held his head among the stars and failed to realize the wonder and beauty of lamps. And now we are told he is bored with death. Perhaps that is not so strange after all; perhaps Oscar Wilde is bored with death because with all his love of life he never really lived. It has been said that we praise only that which we lack.

The tragedy of this ghostly traffic with the dead wit is, in the first place, that it has up to now yielded us a poorer crop of wit and humour than we harvested from the living man. It is better than other ghosts have given us, but less than you may find any day on any page of the grosser Wilde who one time was one of us. Not from the spirit world have we such impudent badinage as he gave us whilst wearing his mortal sheath of flesh. Mrs. Travers Smith has not yet recorded anything so good as "My own business always bores me to death. I prefer other people's." Or, "Moderation is a fatal thing. Nothing succeeds like excess." Or, again, "One can resist everything but temptation." This untimely link in the chain of Oscanian resurrections is again tragic, because it once more brings Wilde's overdone personality into prominence, which will postpone the chances of getting the work of his genius into a much needed perspective. More nonsense has been talked and written about Oscar Wilde than about any other modern writer. There is not much of his work that will live, but that little, a few stories, a handful of witticisms, a dialogue, an essay or two and one play, or two at most. But these will not be rescued from their meshes of mannerism, blague and trick until the Wilde legend is forgotten; and that will never be, for the best of it has been immortalized by Gilbert and Sullivan in *Patience*, and by Robert Hichens in *The Green Carnation*. Oscar Wilde may have been an incomplete genius, but to have inspired those two works was to have lived not in vain and to have earned our eternal gratitude.

THE FIRST OF ALL THE PROBLEM NOVELS

A Forgotten Best-Seller

By MARJORIE BOWEN

"CALEB WILLIAMS" is the first "Problem Novel" in that it raises moral and social questions and does not, as all novels had hitherto, intend to merely amuse or to instruct on the lines of conventional morality.

The author, William Godwin, was one of that band of free-thinkers and reformers who were so strong in numbers and spirit at the end of the 18th century, and who derived a considerable importance and a sort of energy of despair from the persecutions they suffered and the horror in which they were held; Godwin, a mild man in himself, who had been a Calvinist Minister and then a Grub Street hack, possessed what were then considered extreme political opinions, and in 1793 the trial of Horne Tooke for High Treason provoked him to write a pamphlet entitled "Political Justice," which at once made him famous and brought him in what was then held a huge sum, one thousand guineas.

Shelley's Father-in-Law

He followed this up by writing, the next year, "Caleb Williams," which was supposed to illustrate the social evils he had denounced in his pamphlet.

The novel was an enormous success, ran into several editions, and was dramatized by Colman the younger under the title of "The Iron Chest."

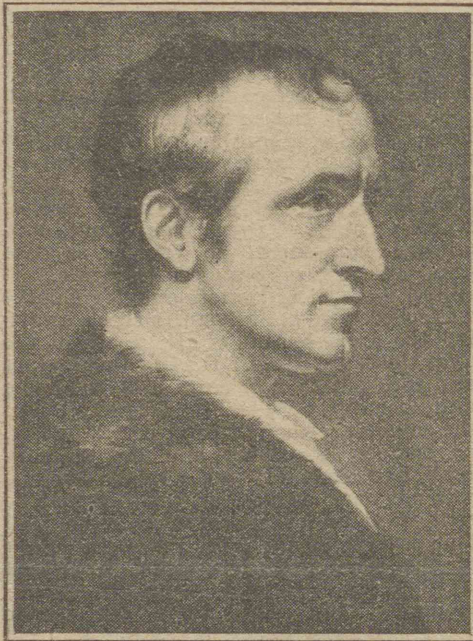
Godwin, who was the friend of Tom Paine, Wedgwood, Mrs. Inchbold, Amelia Opie, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Lamb, married Mary Wallstonecraft, the pioneer of feminism and authoress of "Rights of Women," and their child was Mary, the wife of Shelley and authoress of "Frankenstein."

Godwin died in 1836, in obscurity and poverty, relieved at the very last by the gift of a small government sinecure.

Not Propaganda but Drama

"Caleb Williams" is much more than social propaganda; Godwin himself appears to have always considered the book from the dramatic point of view, and the defects of English society, the power of the rich over the poor, the state of the prisons, the corruption of justice, the folly of capital punishment, etc., became of secondary consideration, and the popularity of the book was certainly due, not to any lesson or example which it contained, but to the fearful interest of a new and horrible theme; terror and curiosity are the master passions of this strange tale, the terror seems to have been uppermost in Godwin's mind, for he wrote his story backwards and says of it in the third preface (1832): "I bent myself to the conception of a series of adventures of flight and pursuit," and though he also stated that "Caleb Williams" set forth "a general view of the modes of domestic and unrecorded despotism by which man becomes the destroyer of man," it is what he called himself the "fearful events" and the "dramatic and impressive situations" that absorbed the attention of the author and that of the reader. Hazlitt called "Caleb Williams" a masterpiece, and it is nearly a great work.

The skeleton of the story is this: Fernando Falkland, "a country squire of considerable opulence" and a man of the highest character, the most fastidious honour and wide popularity, is tried for the murder of a neighbouring gentleman, a brutal villain (overdrawn in outline and coarsely coloured) named Barnabas Tyr-



William Godwin.

(After J. A. R. Northcote.)

rel, long his enemy, and who has been the death of his wretched cousin and ward, Emily, in whose fate Falkland took a tender interest, and from which he in vain endeavoured to rescue her; Falkland is triumphantly acquitted and two honest farmers, the Hopkineses, father and son, victims of Tyrrel's brutality, are hanged for the murder.

Shocked by these events, Falkland becomes a confirmed misanthrope, and takes into his service Caleb Williams, a youth of humble parentage, from a farm of "the remote county" where the action takes place.

Bound Together by Crime

A peculiar regard at once springs up between the proud, melancholy recluse, and the intelligent, refined young man of the people who acts as his secretary; but, from the very first, Caleb Williams suspects his master of having really committed the crime for which the Hopkineses suffered.

This idea has a horrible fascination for the youth and he becomes possessed by a very fury of curiosity and hounds down Falkland's secret. This wretched man sees the youth's suspicions and dare not dismiss him for fear he already knows too much, and so the long duel goes on, till Falkland's nerve breaks and he confesses to the horrified Caleb that he is the murderer who allowed two innocent men to go to the gallows.

The tables are now turned; the desperate and soured Falkland tells Caleb Williams that now he is in possession of

the ghastly secret he must never leave his service, hardly his sight, and that, by mutual hate, they must henceforth share a loathsome intimacy.

Caleb is not long able to endure this terrible situation and endeavours to escape, only to be dragged back, denounced as a thief and cast into jail by his powerful master.

An Intolerable Situation

The rest of the book consists of the persecution of Caleb by Falkland, and shows how hopeless was any attempt at escape on the part of the friendless youth; how complete the authority of the "squire of opulent means"; Caleb is unable to even leave the country, and driven to frenzy by the long torture of his intolerable position, he finally betrays the secret of Falkland.

At first, his desperate accusation is entirely disbelieved, but finally he forces Falkland to appear before the magistrate to answer the charge, and that miserable man, now wrecked in mind and body, is carried into court and makes a confession of the crimes that pride and sense of caste had enabled him to conceal despite agonies of secret remorse and penitence. Caleb, in his turn, is overwhelmed with remorse. Falkland dies imploring his forgiveness, and the novel ends with Caleb's future dubious.

Novel Spoilt by "Ego"

This dark and wild story is told with great intensity and concentration of sombre emotion; a striking effect is obtained by the exclusive treatment of two men and two passions only; the minor characters, though interesting as in the episode of Brightnel or Spinel, do not affect the plot, and the first portion of the novel—the tale of Tyrrel, Grimes and Emily—is spoilt by a certain sordidness that is ugly without being realistic; it is good material indifferently handled; the whole value of the novel is lowered, by the use of the first person. Caleb would have been more interesting if he had told his own story, and the dialogue frequently suffers from stiffness or positivity.

One Thing it Lacks

To balance these defects, the plot is told in direct fashion; the incidents are powerful and uncommon, and there are many strokes of unusual beauty, truth and force. Falkland has that touch of the superhuman, notable in Heathcliff and Caleb is lashed forward to his fate with the swift lashings of the Erinnyes beneath a character in a Greek drama.

To any but a careless reader "Caleb Williams" is still an absorbing novel, lurid, harsh, unpleasant yet animated by noble emotion, and only lacking just the touch of genius to be one of the finest stories in the language. It is a tale that any modern novelist would long to steal and remodel in his own style and fashion—but probably it could never be done better than it has been by William Godwin.

Königliches Opernhaus.

274. Vorstellung.

Sonnabend, den 9. Dezember 1905.
Zum ersten Male:

Salome.

Drama in einem Aufzuge nach Oscar Wildes gleichnamiger Dichtung
in deutscher Uebersetzung von Hedwig Nachmann.
Musik von Richard Strauss.

Regie: Herr Wink.

Personen:

Herodes.	—	—	—	Herr Durrian.
Herodias.	—	—	—	Fräul. v. Chavanne.
Salome.	—	—	—	Frau Wittich.
Jochanaan.	—	—	—	Herr Perron.
Narraboth.	—	—	—	Herr Jäger.
Ein Page der Herodias.	—	—	—	Fräul. Eibenschütz.
				Herr Rüdiger.
				Herr Saville.
Fünf Juden.	—	—	—	Herr Grofch.
				Herr Erl.
				Herr Rains.
Zwei Nazarener.	—	—	—	Herr Blafche.
				Herr Krus.
Zwei Soldaten.	—	—	—	Herr Nebuscha.
Ein Kappadozier.	—	—	—	Herr Erwin.
Ein Page des Herodes.	—	—	—	Herr Wachter.
				Fräul. Keldorfer.

Schauplatz: Eine große Terrasse im Palast des Herodes.

Die neuen Dekorationen sind von Herrn Hoftheatermaler Riedt gemalt, die Kostüme nach Entwürfen
des Herrn Kostümmalers Fanto vom Garderobeinspektor Herrn Mehger angefertigt.

Technische Einrichtung: Herr Hajait.

Legebücher sind an der Kasse das Exemplar für 60 Pfennige zu haben.

Der freie Eintritt ist ohne jede Ausnahme aufgehoben.

Eintritts-Preise.

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„ Seitenlogen des II. Ranges . . 7 „ 50	„ Sitz- und Stehgalerie, Proszenium-
„ Proszeniumlogen des III. Ranges . 6 „ —	logen des V. Ranges . . 1 „ 50
„ Mittellogen des III. Ranges . . 6 „ —	„ Parterrelogen . . . 10 „ —
„ Seitenlogen des III. Ranges . . 5 „ —	„ das Parterre 1. bis 14. Reihe . . 10 „ —
„ den Balken des IV. Ranges . . 5 „ —	„ Parterre 15. bis 19. Reihe . . 8 „ —
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Sonn- und Festtagen . . 11—12 „
Ferner von 10 bez. 11 Uhr bis nachm. 1 Uhr für den Vorverkauf zu der nächsten Vorstellung.
Schriftliche und telefonische Anmeldungen finden an der Tageskasse keine Berücksichtigung.
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Spielplan.

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Ende gegen 1/2 10 Uhr.

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Schriftliche und telefonische Bestellungen auf Fillets werden im Invalidendank, Seest.

1 Fernsprecher 117, angenommen.

New York World; February 28, 1910

37

GIBSON AS AUTHOR IS ANOTHER WILDE.

(Continued from First Page.)

should never give a woman anything she can't wear in the evening.—An Ideal Husband, Act III, page 51.

GIBSON: Ferguson—(Makes a remark about good advice.)

Pansy Parr—Never give a woman anything she can't wear in the evening.—Act I.

WILDE: Mrs. Cheveley—I have a distinct recollection of Lady Chiltern always getting the good conduct prize.

Sir Robert Chiltern—And what prizes did you get, Mrs. C.?

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GIBSON: Pansy Parr—When I was at school I always got the prize for good conduct. I have gotten other prizes since, but none of them were for good conduct.—Act I.

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GIBSON: Pansy Parr—Women have only two occupations—hunting for husbands and hiding from them.—Act III.

WILDE: Mabel Chiltern—Oh, I love London society! * * * It is entirely composed of beautiful idiots and brilliant lunatics.—Act I, page 4.

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"Nothing Ages Like Happiness."

WILDE: Lord Goring—Nothing ages like happiness.—Act I, page 14.

GIBSON: Pansy Parr (speaking to Alms Anderson of happy marriages)—Nothing ages one like happiness.—Act III.

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WILDE: Lord Illingworth—All women become like their mothers; that is their tragedy.

Mrs. Altonby—No man does; that is his.—A Woman of No Importance, Act II, page 42.

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WILDE: Sir Robert Chiltern—Spies are of no use nowadays. Their profession is over. The newspapers do their work instead.

Lord Goring—And thunderingly well they do it.—An Ideal Husband, Act IV, page 86.

GIBSON: Ferguson—You've been spying on me!

Breckenridge—Spies are of no use nowadays. Their work is done by the newspapers, and a great deal better.—Act II, page 42.

Who Preston Gibson is.

Preston Gibson, who is about thirty-one years old, is the son of the late Senator Gibson of Louisiana. He inherited nearly \$1,000,000 from his father.

Before he was sixteen years old he had written a play and produced it in a large auditorium especially built for the occasion on his father's estate. The play was called "Her Choice." It was bought later by the manager of a small western company for \$100—the first money Gibson ever earned. He attended Yale and was one of the best football players there ten years ago.

After leaving college Gibson went to Chicago and became a newspaper reporter at the salary of \$7 a week. He found time to write another play, "Mrs. Erskine's Divorce," which ran successfully for a week in Milwaukee, but which he took off the stage, saying he wished to revise it. This was followed by another play, "Fate," which was tried out in the Illinois Theatre in



PRESTON GIBSON

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In order that his New York society friends might see the first production of "The Turning Point" at the Haymarket Theatre, New Haven, Gibson chartered a special train and took a large number of them to the Connecticut city. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, Paul J. Rainey, Harry Oelrichs, Mr. and Mrs. Lars Anderson, Justice and Mrs. Douglas Edward White and Mr. and Mrs. James B. Haggis.

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"Here is a list of Gibson's lines and the original epigrams from Wilde's plays, 'An Ideal Husband' and 'A Woman of No Importance.' I am quoting from the J. W. Luce edition of the plays of Oscar Wilde, 1905."

WILDE and Gibson.

WILDE: Lord Goring—I am glad you have called. I am going to give you some good advice.

Mrs. Cheveley—Oh! pray don't. One

(Continued on Second Page.)

Königliches Opernhaus.

274. Vorstellung.

Sonnabend, den 9. Dezember 1905.

Zum ersten Male:

Salome.

Drama in einem Aufzuge nach Oscar Wildes gleichnamiger Dichtung
in deutscher Uebersetzung von Hedwig Nachmann.

Musik von Richard Strauß.

Regie: Herr Wirk.

Personen:

Herodes.	—	—	—	—	Herr Burrian.
Herodias.	—	—	—	—	Fräul. v. Chavanne.
Salome.	—	—	—	—	Frau Wittich.
Jochanaan.	—	—	—	—	Herr Perron.
Narraboth.	—	—	—	—	Herr Jäger.
Ein Page der Herodias.	—	—	—	—	Fräul. Eibenschütz.
Fünf Juden.	—	—	—	—	Herr Rüdiger.
					Herr Saville.
					Herr Grosch.
					Herr Erl.
					Herr Rains.
Zwei Nazarener.	—	—	—	—	Herr Blaschke.
					Herr Arnis.
Zwei Soldaten.	—	—	—	—	Herr Nebuschka.
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Ein Kappadozier.	—	—	—	—	Herr Wachter.
Ein Page des Herodes.	—	—	—	—	Fräul. Keldorfer.

Schauplatz: Eine große Terrasse im Palast des Herodes.

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des Herrn Kostümmalers Fanto vom Garderobeinspektor Herrn Mehger angefertigt.

Technische Einrichtung: Herr Sasait.

Leztbücher sind an der Kasse das Exemplar für 60 Pfennige zu haben.

Der freie Eintritt ist ohne jede Ausnahme aufgehoben.

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7 Uhr.

Königliches Schauspielhaus.

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1 (Fernsprecher 1117), angenommen.

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(Continued from First Page.)

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PRESTON
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"Here is Wilde the second! I could have shouted. But my suspicions grew as I examined them.

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Wilde and Gibson.

WILDE: Lord Goring—I am glad you have called. I am going to give you some good advice.
Mrs. Cheveley—Oh! pray don't. One

(Continued on Second Page.)

NODS AND WINKS WELCOME WILDE AT THE HACKETT.

Sparkling Epigrams in "The
Turning Point" Are Greeted
as Old Acquaintances by
a Friendly Audience.

GIBSON, ITS AUTHOR, READS
STATEMENT FROM STAGE.

Tells His Audience Shakespeare
and Rostand Have Been
Accused of Pilfering.

Those epigrams suggesting the work of Oscar Wilde, discovered in New Haven and quoted in The World of yesterday, still adorned Preston Gibson's play "The Turning Point" as it was introduced to New York last evening at the Hackett Theatre. In their stage environment they presented themselves much more pointedly than in cold print. And they have fallen all to the lines of one character, a frivolous, flirtatious, most up to date and slangy society widow who might herself well be a Wilde creation.

The epigrams as they had been printed were recognized readily by many persons in the audience. Their utterance was greeted by exchanges of nods and smiles, accompanied in two or three instances by light applause. Concerning them, Mr. Gibson read from a type-written statement as follows, after the second act:

Mr. Gibson's Statement.

"My attention has been called to an article published in the morning papers containing a statement said to have been made by a student at New Haven, which is to the effect that I have used about fifty words of the late Oscar Wilde in my play 'The Turning Point,' which contains about twenty thousand words.

"I would like to state some facts. I have no especial knowledge of Wilde, nor have I had any opportunity to search out any passages alleged to have been copied. I can say, however, positively and absolutely, that if there is any similarity in expression or sentiment anywhere in my play to the production of any other playwright it is the result of uniform human experiences and nothing more.

"If there has been any unconscious absorption I hope and believe you will agree that it is a creditable mental process.

Just Like Shakespeare.

"The great soliloquy beginning 'To be or not to be' is a verbatim report from North's English translation of Plutarch's Lives. Romeo and Juliet, in plot and dialogue is from the Italian—of course. William is not here to give us his side of the story—but that's another matter.

"Rostand was accused in court by Edmund Gross of stealing nearly in full 'Cyrano' and his latest play, 'The Chantecler.'

"My friend in New Haven, if reports be true, treated me more kindly than the enemies of Shakespeare and Rostand, for he has only accused me of using a few words. Shakespeare absorbed from all sources; Rostand became inoculated with Gross; Gibson is charged with enlarging his vocabulary from Wilde. This company is too fast for me.

"I have worked for a great number of years to become a playwright, and have had some failures and some measure of success, especially with 'The Vacuum,' with Miss Charlotte Walker in the title role. I have been earnest and sincere in my work and I want to be regarded as so, but in my wildest dreams I never anticipated such a compliment as has been paid me by my schoolboy friend in New Haven.

"The lines that are spoken by Miss Grace Wilkins as Mrs. Parr, belong to me and to Mrs. Parr—to her environment, to her character and to herself. I personally know several women who are just like her, who live right here in New York. So do you!

"If my lines amuse, delight and please, it is a great satisfaction to me—the satisfaction of a man who has worked seven years to obtain recognition in the field of American drama."

Every One Pleased.

Mr. Gibson smiled frequently as he read. The audience smiled with him and applauded very heartily as he finished. It was a friendly gathering, in many instances personally and professionally so.

If Mr. Wilde could have come back he could not but have been pleased at the reception of the moieties of wit which once he esteemed as little things of his own.

Besides the ten epigrams—not merely so many "words," as Mr. Gibson explained—quoted in The World yesterday bearing striking similarity to those of Oscar Wilde, two more were apparent last night, as follows:

GIBSON: Pansy Parr.—If men married the women they deserved they would have a very rotten time of it.—Act. I.

WILDE: Lord Goring.—My dear father, if we men married the women we deserved we should have a very bad time of it.—An Ideal Husband, Act IV., page 108.

GIBSON: Pansy Parr.—In marriage three is company, two is none. The happy home proves that.—Act. II.

WILDE: Algernon.—You don't seem to realize that in married life three is company two is none.

Jack.—That, my dear young friend, is the theory that the corrupt French drama has been propounding for the last fifty years.

Algernon.—Yes, and that the happy English home has proved in half the time.

The importance of being earnest.—Act. I., Page 10.

As to the dramatic structure in which the epigrams sparkled, Wilde might have suggested a re-christening. Why not call it, for instance, "A Drama of No Importance?" Such, in rather plain terms, it was and is.

"The Turning Point" opens in Virginia. There are coal lands in sight in the hills. There is a group of people from the busy North, including a mother and the daughter whom she must marry for money. There is a rascally promoter from Wall street who is after the coal and who steals away a sweet Virginia girl as a side issue. There is the widow who delivers the Wildesque epigrams. There are the betrayed girl's lover and the manly owner of a right of way to the coal lands, without which the promoter and the

mercenary mother and the marriageable daughter will be ruined.

In Acts II. and III. nearly all these people meet in New York—it is one of those plays in which everybody is always loitering near to walk on when needed—and conclude their business in one of the very handsomest stage drawing rooms ever seen. A note on the programme assures the audience that the tapestries were made in 1622 and that the King of Sweden and the Metropolitan Museum have some of them. Likewise the candelabra are Sheffield silver of the eighteenth century. But these things do not save villany, as indeed they ought not to. And the fine young owner of the right of way wins the marriageable daughter.

It is Mr. Gibson's fortune to have his play as finely acted as it badly constructed. Grace Filkins is the widow, and she fits the role like life, though the playwright has given to her in the first act a vulgar passage at words with the rascally promoter that is degrading to her fine art.

An Epigram Not Wildesque.

As to the kind of epigram she utters when she is not Wildesque, here is a sample. Speaking to the marriageable daughter of a possible match with the promoter, she says: "If you marry him, the best you'll get will be sewing for the children while he's calling on me."

Charles Gotthold is the manly man of the right of way, Cuyler Hastings is the promoter, James Kirkwood is the lover of the betrayed girl, and these three have a really moving curtain in the second act, when to save himself before the lover seeking vengeance, the rascal accuses the other man.

New York Herald ; March 1st. 1910

DIDN'T FILCH FROM WILDE, SAYS MR. PRESTON GIBSON



MR. JAMES KIRKWOOD AND MR. CHARLES GOTTHOLD.
IN "THE TURNING POINT"

"The Turning Point," Which Brought Criticism on Head of Young Society Author, Promises Well.

HACKETT THEATRE.—THE TURNING POINT, a play by Mr. Preston Gibson. Brent Breckenridge..Mr. Charles Gotthold Frederick Ferguson..Mr. Cuyler Hastings Rev. Dr. Snicker.....Mr. Edward See Dave Denny.....Mr. James Kirkwood Mrs. Anderson.....Miss Amelia Mayborn Pansy Parr.....Miss Grace Filkins Barbara Byrd.....Miss Charlotte Ives Aline Anderson,
Miss Edna Archer Crawford Hoffman.....Mr. Charles N. Greene

To the Theatrical Profession:—The HERALD's accounts of "first nights" are invariably cabled to Paris for publication on the following day in the European edition.

When a young man in Washington society works hard to write a play, gets it produced in New Haven, and is then accused of having filched a bundle of epigrams from the writings of one Oscar Wilde, it would seem to be downright hard luck. But that is what happened to Mr. Preston Gibson, son of the late Senator Gibson, of Louisiana, whose play, "The Turning Point," was produced in the Hackett Theatre last night.

It was first played at New Haven last Saturday night. And there the trouble began. A dramatic reviewer thought some of the lines sounded familiar. Then he compared them with some of Oscar Wilde's, and on the strength of that the "deadly parallel" was called into use. With those facts in mind there was gen-

eral interest in last night's premiere, particularly as Mr. Gibson had refrained from saying a word on the subject.

After the second act there were calls for "Author!" and he appeared and read a speech. He introduced it with this story, credited to his friend the Secretary of War, Mr. Dickinson:—At Chickamauga, when the firing was heaviest, a soldier saw a little rabbit dart by, and he said:—"Run, you little cottontail, run, and I wish to God I could run, too."

But Mr. Gibson did not run. He went on to say:—

"I have no special knowledge of Wilde," said he, "nor have I had any opportunity to search out any passages alleged to have been copied. I can say, however, positively and absolutely, that if there is any similarity in expression or sentiment anywhere in my play to the production of any other writer or playwright, it is the result of uniform human experiences—and nothing more. If there has been any unconscious absorption, I hope and believe you will agree that it is a creditable mental process."

Then Mr. Gibson reminded the audience that Shakespeare borrowed from various sources, that Mons. Rostand was accused by Mr. Edmund Gross of taking his ideas, and using them in "Cyrano" and "Chantecler."

"So," continued Mr. Gibson, "Shakespeare absorbed from all sources, Rostand became inoculated with Gross, and Gibson is charged with enlarging his vocabulary from Wilde. This company is too fast for me."

That drew applause. Then he grew earnest and assured his listeners that the lines referred to as being borrowed really

Chicago Examiner, 15 February 1910

Lord Assails Foes of Oscar Wilde in Court

Douglas Thrills Old Bailey When He
Terms the Poet's Defamers
Blackguards.

Special Cable to the Examiner.

LONDON, Feb. 14.—"I knew Oscar Wilde was not innocent, but I did not care. He had been a good friend for years. I helped him and I am not ashamed I did so. And the man who rakes it up now after eighteen years is a blackguard."

These words came from Lord Alfred Douglas, who thrilled the Old Bailey this afternoon with his fierce defense of himself and his friendship for the poet and playwright, Wilde. He also gave some new details of Oscar Wilde's life after his term in prison and of his death.

The suit is brought by the Hon. Frederick Walpole Manners-Sutton, head of a religious publishing house and son and heir of Viscount Cantonbury, against T. W. H. Crosland, co-editor with Douglas of the Academy.

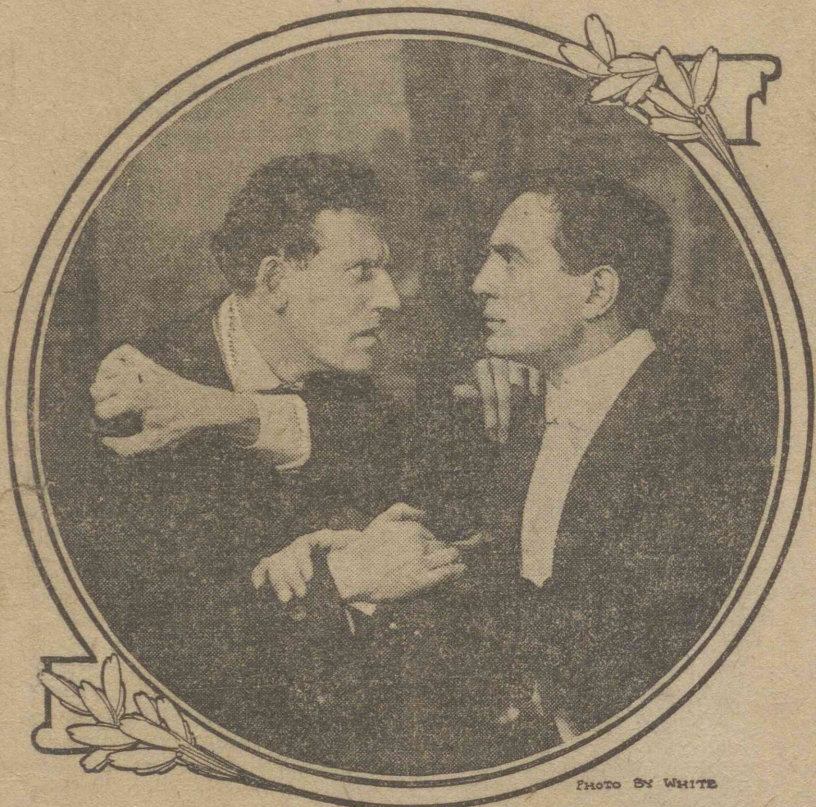
Manners-Sutton alleges that because he refused to lend Douglas \$2,500 Crosland published a series of articles declaring that the plaintiff in this case, though a religious publisher, issued extremely naughty books.

Lord Alfred Douglas is the brother of the present Marquis of Queensberry and son of the late Marquis, who hounded Oscar Wilde out of society and into prison, disgrace and death on account of his association with Lord Alfred.

Counsel asked Lord Alfred if he did not write to his father threatening to shoot him because he demanded that he end his friendship with Oscar Wilde.

Lord Alfred Douglas replied with heat that his father wrote him in a manner that was unjustifiable and that the ordinary relations of father and son had ceased between them when he was very young.

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PHOTO BY WHITE

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belong to himself, to Miss Grace Filkins and to the character she represents.

"I know several women who are just like her, and who live right here in New York. So do you!" he went on. "If my lines amuse, delight, please, it is a great satisfaction to me—the satisfaction of a man who has worked seven years to obtain recognition in the field of American drama." More applause.

The play itself is the first one from Mr. Gibson's pen to reach Broadway. He has written several others which have met with more or less success, having started playwriting when he was in his teens. His father left him a fortune, but he still continued writing plays.

"The Turning Point" is not without promise. In fact, the story as revealed in the first act promises rather well. But then the author begins to lean on sentiment, melodrama and wholesale doses of epigrams that smother his original plan completely, so that the ending is unconvincing.

But it was not all Mr. Gibson's fault, for the actors had either not memorized their lines or had stage fright, for they stuck repeatedly in their speeches. And the voice of the prompter was loud in the land.

Miss Filkins was a society butterfly widow, who never referred to the departed without a fling of an epigram, and she never thought of the next but in the same manner. Miss Edna Archer Crawford struck a truer, more sincere note, while Miss Charlotte Ives was charming as a simple Virginia girl who discovered that roses had thorns and that New York stock brokers did not always tell the truth.

Mr. Cuyler Hastings played that broker who really was a villain. It was a pity the author could not have kept him sober in the last act. Mr. Charles Gotthold was excellent as a young Virginian and Mr. James Kirkwood earned praise.

There is a strong scene at the close of the second act that stirred the audience. More of that and less "flings" at society and the play would be improved.

Among those in the audience were Mr. and Mrs. James B. Haggin, who are cousins of Mr. Gibson; the Countess Festetics, Mr. and Mrs. Henry P. Perry, Mrs. Richard P. Lounsbury, Mr. Franklin A. Plummer, Mr. Lawrence L. Gillespie, Mrs. James B. Amsden, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. James Deering, Mr. and Mrs. Willard P. Little, Mr. and Mrs. Albert L. Wittenberg, Mr. Harry Content, Miss Marjorie Content, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert M. Harriman, Mr. and Mrs. George Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Rogers and Mr. and Mrs. John H. McCullough.

OSCAR WILDE IS ALIVE, GIANT NEPHEW'S STORY

Fabian Lloyd Says Seriously
Coffin of Poet Contains
Only Rocks and Jar.

REVEALS CALL LAST MARCH

Young Man Reports Uncle Was
Angry When He Recalled
Death and Burial.

C.R.H. Nov. 2 - '13

[SPECIAL CABLE DISPATCH.]

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New York World.]

PARIS, Nov. 1.—Oscar Wilde is alive to-day, according to his nephew, Fabian Lloyd, a gigantic athlete, who is practicing the professions of poet and prize fighter in Paris. In a review called "Maintenant," young Lloyd declares seriously that Oscar visited him March 23 last.

Lloyd is 23 years old, and a son of Otho Lloyd, whose sister was the wife of Wilde.

Insisting Wilde is alive young Lloyd says that the coffin in the Wilde grave at Bagneux Cemetery, weighing 240 pounds, contains only paving stones, cotton wool and a large glass jar, and that the jar holds a manuscript work in French by Wilde called "Amen," with subtitle, "A Comedy? A Tragedy?"

OFFERS TO PROVE TALE.

In answer to literary critics who take the statement as a joke, Lloyd offers to wager any reasonable sum up to 10,000 francs that the coffin's contents are as told; also that he can prove Wilde is alive in India.

Describing the visit to his apartments March 23, Lloyd says Wilde arrived a little after 10 on a rainy evening. Lloyd was in bed. He did not recognize his uncle, who insisted on his nephew not turning on the lights.

Wilde seated himself comfortably and announced himself as Sebastian Melmoth. Then Lloyd recognized him, turned up the lights and saw Oscar looking old, wearing a beard, his hair almost white. Wilde embraced his nephew, murmured exclamations of pain and suffering, such as "God has been terrible," and wept.

SAYS WILDE APPEARS AGED.

Lloyd said his uncle was much heavier than formerly and while seated appeared of elephantine breadth. Wilde calmed and smiled later, laughed, smoked incessantly, drank cherry brandy, and informed Lloyd he was on his return from India and Sumatra.

In talking about his alleged death and burial Wilde appeared a bit angry. He showed a little gold key on his watch chain, said it was the key of a secret door at the Petit Trianon Palace, Versailles, built by Marie Antoinette.

Drinking more, Wilde said he was still writing, had finished his memoirs and was finishing a volume of verse and had written four plays, adding with a laugh: "For Sarah Bernhardt."

Wilde then said he was going to go to Montmartre on a spree.

Lord Alfred's Adventures.

Some weeks ago one of our literary editors announced that Lord Alfred Douglas was fighting with the French, thereby it was hoped purging the offenses which resulted in his enforced expatriation. A few days afterward he surrendered to the English police. Now he is on trial at the Central Criminal Court for uttering defamatory libels upon Robert Ross, friend of Oscar Wilde, helper of his family, and general editor of his literary remains. I need not go into the counts of the libel: generally they are the same charged against Crosland some months ago and disproved by him: but it may be said that the whole unsavory business sprang from the long letter written by Wilde to Ross from prison and afterward published as *De Profundis*—in part, that is, for all the portion containing abuse of Douglas and others was excised by Ross and held by him in tactical reserve. Yesterday Wells and Gosse gave evidence in favor of Ross, and incidentally Wells was questioned as to certain attacks made by the Academy, under the editorship of Douglas, upon "Ann Veronica." He said it was a very stupid criticism to describe the book as a glorification of platonic marriage, that such criticism was insulting but beneath notice, and that he had never advocated the view that ordinary ideas of marriage are nonsensical.

OSCAR WILDE IS DEAD

Vance Thompson Tells of the
Poet's Last Dark, Poisoned
Days in Paris.

WAS PHANTOM FOR A YEAR

At the End His Thoughts Went
Back to Son and Home and Love
That Had Been His.

We were as men who through a fen
Of filthy darkness grope;
We did not dare to breathe a prayer,
Or to give our anguish scope;
Something was dead in each of us,
And what was dead was Hope.

For Man's grim Justice goes its way,
And will not swerve aside;
It slays the weak. It slays the strong,
It has a deadly stride;
With iron heel it slays the strong,
The monstrous pariahs!

—From "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," by Oscar Wilde.

You read the other day this cablegram: "London, Jan. 8.—Vyvyan Holland, the younger son of Oscar Wilde, was married at St. Mary's church, Cadogan square, to Violet Craigie, daughter of an officer of the Royal Dragoons, now dead."

A few nights before he died Oscar Wilde was weeping over his children and he recounted the conversion to catholicism of his son Vyvyan, who had announced simply to his tutor: "I am a catholic." Then with parental pride Oscar Wilde went on:

"One day when Vyvyan was 11 I found him lying on a sofa and asked him what he was doing. He waved me away and said: 'Leave me—I am thinking.'"

Again and again he told the little anecdote, miming the gesture, imitating the childish voice—in the last dark, drink sodden and poisoned hour of his life his thoughts went back to the home and the love that had been his before he was a "king" in London and a "beggar" in Paris.

There is no special reason why a newspaper correspondent in Paris should be a ghoul. Vance Thompson writes in the New York Sun. He might write about fashion or politics or the sad and tipsy dancing girls of Montmartre. There are so many things to write about and violating graves is so singularly unpleasant. But every now and then there comes from Paris a story that Oscar Wilde is alive. Some casual correspondent—avid of sensation—has dug him up again. Just the other day his poor old body was disinterred and paraded in the press as an advertisement for "Arthur Craven, a professional heavy weight pugilist," who claims to be Wilde's nephew. Wilde has called on him—Wilde has talked to him—and this and that and the other.

Dead Long Before He Was Buried.

It is all very sad and very silly. The real fact is not only that Oscar Wilde is dead, but that he was dead a year before we buried him that winter day. He walked the boulevard, to be sure, promenading his huge, feeble carcass up and down, but the soul in him was dead. What was left was a shell into which he poured whisky—with unwearying resignation. It was all he could do.

When he came out of prison France, with generous pity, received him. The writers and dramatists welcomed him, the newspapers and magazines asked for copy. The theaters demanded new plays. And Wilde lifted his heavy lidded eyes and promised—and could not write. This was his real tragedy.

His brain was dead. He tried to waken it with alcohol. I remember his coming into Henry's bar one evening—a slow moving, bloated phantom, an enormous caricature—where I was sitting with Rowland Strong. The barmen drove him away. We followed and saw him go into the Chatham bar, only to be chased out with ignominy. Tears were running out of his pale eyes and his thick mouth was quivering as he drifted away into the night.

Where Wilde Found Refuge.

Then in a little cafe, opposite the Palais Royal, he found a refuge. He squeezed his huge, soft body into a corner behind a marble topped table and sat there, hour after hour, drinking whiskey and soda, talking if any one would listen. Marcel Schwob and I were working together in rooms in the Palais Royal, and at 5 in the afternoon we used to go over and sit at his table. Thadée Nathansen, the proprietor of the White Review, would be there, urging him to write. Pathetically the phantom would try to write, putting down a few French phrases. Then he would lay down the pen and talk. He could still talk. And he talked, I believe, in order to try and convince himself that he was still alive. He knew everything—the commentators of Dante and their commentators, battles and histories and philosophies, and he told all he knew; suddenly he would stop and smile—it was a smile of purgatory—and for no reason at all begin to laugh. This was prodigious and horrible. The meaningless laughter would shake his monstrous abdomen and his great hairy cheeks and his gold and his poor teeth.

Wanted to Be a Beggar.

Another day he would be filled with projects for work. He would recite fabulous stories, poems, plays, but he never wrote them. Henri Becque, the dramatist, used to come and talk with him; Jean Moreas, the poet—both dead now. He had occasional visits from Stuart Merrill, from Paul Fort, from Frank Harris. Once, when he was at Nogent, an American painter, now celebrated, went to visit him and picked his silver cuff buttons.

"Perhaps he took them as a souvenir," I suggested.

"And the 100 francs in gold he stole out of my writing desk?" said Wilde, "no—but what does it matter? I do not care for money. I have been a king and now I want to be a beggar."

He sketched one of his fantastic pictures of himself as a beggar—going the long road, knocking at doors or sitting in a

church porch with outstretched palm. He was to wear, I remember, a cloak of velvet and a drooping hat.

Friends Fell Off One by One.

Paris had nothing for him save the few dingy places where—unknown—he could find warmth and alcohol. His friends dropped off. The visits of Robert Ross, of Sibleigh, of Smithers, became less frequent. He fell into black neurasthenia. Poverty was another trouble. The 10 francs a day given him by his family paid for the narrow room in the tenth rate hotel in the Banlieu and what he had to eat and drink. But he ate little—taking a bad and furtive meal now and then, always drinking. He could not get up before 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Then he came to the cafe. One evening he told us—Schwob and myself—that he had been poisoned by eating bad mussels. His thick, loose body was full of pain and he poured into it glass after glass of whisky, and talked. It was as if he were trying to tell everything at once—and he hiccupped out fantasies and dreams, plays, stories, shining paradoxes and memories. He was going to write them all—some day.

And then he damned the mussels.

He said they were killing him and at the thought of death he got frightfully pale and heaved himself up on his feet and went away, slow and bulbous and shaking. Perhaps what he died of was fear of death. He got back to the shabby hotel where he lived under the name of Sebastian Melmoth—that wanderer of a half forgotten novel, written, I believe, by one of his forebears.

Last Rites for the Dead.

Wilde, on the edge of the grave, turned catholic. It was in his destiny to receive only two sacraments—the first one he did not hear nor the last. When the priest they had sent for came he was already in a coma. The priest who gave him baptism and extreme unction was a bearded Englishman—himself a recent convert. He stayed with the awful corpse, fast slipping back into decay, as though it should have been buried months before—until dawn came and the croquemorts confined it.

Then, in a cheap coffin—marked: heaven knows why! with the number thirteen—what was left of the tragic comedian was

carried out into the narrow hall of the hotel. Exactly thirteen people stood there to watch it pass. Outside a rickety hearse waited, the lank horses covered with dirty black cloths, decorated with stars of tarnished silver. Two old landaus, commonly used for duels, trailed after the hearse. Then the church. It was St. Germain des Pres. No mortuary hangings had been put in the place. There was a wreath of laurels. There were a few haggard flowers. Only an obscure side door of the church was opened to admit the funeral cortege. No bells were tolled. There was a low mass, without music. It was said by the bearded English priest in harsh mispronounced Latin.

Thirteen people were present. I do not count the three reporters who looked on, bored but benevolent.

Cause of Wilde's Death.

And there was one woman. Mysterious, draped from head to foot in black, she stood leaning against a pillar, silent. She stirred the languid attention of the reporters, but they did not learn her name and so they made her the chief figure in their articles—forgetting the dead in their interest in "The Veiled Woman." Her name has never been printed. She was the wife of the American poet who prefers to write his beautiful verses in French. And shall I name the thirteen? Some of them were Davray, Ross, Turner, Sibleigh, Tavera, Brunot, Jean de Mitty, La Tailhede and Charles Lucas—if memory serves. And they made up the party that rode in the dueling carriages and two cabs to the dreary cemetery at Bagneux, where for a few years Wilde's body lay before it was transferred to Montmartre—to be a public show, sprawled over by a nude marble figure of imprecise significance.

(Perhaps the real purpose of the Wilde monument is to prevent any one from praying at his grave.)

And that, soberly recited, was the end of Oscar Fingall O'Flahertie Wills Wilde, the son of Sir Robert Wills Wilde and Lady Jane Francesca Speranza Wilde and godson of a king of Sweden. He died of lassitude, disgust, despair, drink, shellfish and the fear of death, and was twice buried.

Colner Theater-Zeitung

15. Jahrgang.
Nr. 4717.

Verantwortlicher Redakteur:
H. Reyer in Köln.

Preis pro Nummer 10 Pfg.

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Import v. japanischen Kunst-, Dekorations- und praktischen Gebrauchsgegenständen, fremdländischen Sing- und Ziervögeln, sprechenden Papageien, — Aquarienfische jeder Art.
Spez.: Voss'sches Vogelfutter m. d. Schwalbe.

Seinrich Klein

Weidenbach 9. Fernspr. 1529.
Kohlen, Koks und Brikets
in jedem gewünschten Quantum.
Spezialität: la. Bruch- u. Sieb-Koks
in allen Korngrößen für Zentralheizungen.
Anthr.-Nüsse: Langenbrunn.
Lieferant der beiden Theater.

Perser Teppiche

Persönlicher direkter Einkauf im Orient
S. Zöllner, Köln a. Rh., Kaiser Wilhelmring
und Konstantinopel, Stambul Rassim Pascha Han.
Grösstes Spezial-Geschäft
Westdeutschlands für den direkten Import aller Gattungen echt orientalischer Teppiche.
Engros. Telephone 8170. Detail.

MISSING PAGE BOY.

Vanished On Way From Bank:
Uniform In River.

Police are endeavouring to trace a page-boy, who has been missing since he was sent from the Coburg private hotel, Bayswater-road, to fetch £100 from the bank for the wages of the staff.
The money, it is stated, was handed to him, but he did not return to the hotel.
In the course of the search for the boy the police have found, in the river at East Molesey a parcel containing a page-boy's uniform.

MIDNIGHT FIRE SCENE.

Herts Blaze Attracts People
In Motor Cars.

The Institute attached to the United Baptist Church at Boreham Wood, near Elstree, Herts, was burned to the ground last night. The building, composed of one of the largest size Army huts, has been used as an institute for seven years.
The fire was discovered shortly after 11.30 p.m., and brigades were summoned from Hatfield and Barnet. By midnight, however, the building was completely in flames, and the heat was so intense that the firemen had difficulty in approaching. The rain at the time had no effect on the fire. The flames lighted up the countryside with a lurid glow for miles, and many people visited the scene in motor cars from places far distant.

FAIRY-TALE MISTERS.
While standing on a pair of steps trimming a tree in his garden at Burma-road, Stoke Newington, Henry Lutter, aged 72, fell and broke his ribs. He died in Charing Cross Hospital, and at the inquest, at Westminster to-day, a verdict of accidental death was returned.

ORDER FOR VICKERS.
Vickers, Ltd., have received an order from Bibby Bros. and Co., to equip the motor vessels Dorsetshire and Somersetshire for service as Government transports.

PRINCESSES AS MANNEQUINS.

London Woman Who Trains Pupils.

EAUTY NOT NECESSARY.

Faultless beauty of face and a statuesque figure are no longer necessary qualifications for a successful mannequin. Neither is youth demanded, for the good mannequin of 35 or 40 years of age will have no difficulty in getting a satisfactory position.
There is still a craze among all types of girls to become mannequins, a fact which accounts for the appearance of so many schools for their training.
At one of the more recently opened salons the art of the mannequin may be learned from a woman of distinction who advertises for pupils under the name of the Hon. Mrs. Colson.

A Little Disguise.
Mrs. Colson explained to a "Star" woman that her family were opposed to her going into business, but she enjoys the work, and has disguised her name a little for business purposes.

Mrs. Colson has trained two Russian princesses, both of whom are now doing well in Vienna. "Good looks are an excellent asset," said Mrs. Colson, "but they are not absolutely necessary."
"I believe that the mannequin boom will continue. There is still great demand for them, and in Paris it is the English type of girl who is given preference."

Women of Title.
"I have trained many girls in the French capital, and can count several women of title."
"A first-class mannequin earns a guinea a show, or, if she has a permanent post, her salary is a very good one. I have trained kennel-keepers as mannequins and many shop-assistants."
"I think the day will come when every shop will show to clients their gowns worn by a living model."

ELECTION

Aldermen Lose
Twickenham

Twickenham Town first meeting to-day the municipal office borough.
The council elected J.P., F.L.S., as its Mr. E. C. Dyer as Deputy Mayor. The council drew lots to the members of the should serve for on years on the council.
The Town Clerk held up the envelope Mayor took one by of Councillors Rogers a serve for three years Osborne and Farthing and Councillors Clarr one year.
The last two had Aldermen, and it was necessary for them to vacate for six years Alderman Owen and the case of Councillors

ATTACKED BY

Man Gored: An
Embedded I

The promptitude of Thomas Willingdale, butcher, saved his arm from being severed by a very severe injury. He was attacked by a bull in a van in which it had to the yard and ran Summer in a corner goring him.
Willingdale prevented the bull's horns in the wall of the yard. Summer was taken to the hospital.

"THE TENNIS

Mystery Of A La
Solved

The mystery which month has enveloped the picture of Sir John Tennant, "The Tennis" don again, after an years at the New P Munich State Gallery, up, says the Central In 1890 the picture the Bavarian Government ago Sir John heard it was in the French 6 Mail, and was informed by the authorities that the picture had been known Munich art dealer. In reply to a prepaid week to Munich, Sir John's picture for America resolved the mystery of your picture for another by the Gallery.
"They give no information on this picture is to-day," not when effected. Further delay to wait until I return States."

20FT. FALL FROM
As Thomas York, 21, ford-road, Greenwich, upon assembling an at Messrs. Redpath, Bropany's works. East to-day, he fell to the p lance of 20 feet, and unconscious to the Deptford Hospital, where he has been recovering from internal injuries.

WIDOW OF 80
A milner named E. Hancock and his wife committed to Hampshire charge of breaking into at Fareham and stealing note and other articles, from a widow of 80. Both were arrested on Portsmouth and the wanted on a charge of King George's Sanato shot.

EMPIRE GO-DOWN
Mr. Amery, the Secretary of the Empire Exhibition, conducted Mr. Monroe (Prime Minister of Australia and the M foundland), and the M Burdwan (the Indian at the Empire Conference exhibition of Empire Harrod's to-day.
Later the exhibition open to the public.

Mr. F. G. Bristow, general of the Commercial Association, appeals to stop their engines during Armistice Day.

If Teeth Lack Gleam Just Do This

Gives sparkling whiteness quickly

Please accept full 10-day tube free of this remarkable new method that leading dental authorities urge... note the difference in teeth and gums as dingy film coat goes.



The prettiest smile becomes ugly when teeth look clouded. Now modern science restores "off-colour" teeth to dazzling whiteness.

It's been found that dingy teeth come simply from a film that forms on teeth. A stubborn film old-type dentifrices did not successfully remove. That's why brushing failed you.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you can feel that film now—a sort of slippery coating. Beneath it are the white teeth you envy.

It absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. It is the potential cause of most tooth troubles and prevents proper tooth protection.

Now, in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent, a scientific combatant has been found. Leading dentists widely urge it. All chemists and druggists have it. 10-day test sent free.

FREE Mail coupon for 10-Day Tube to THE PEPSODENT COMPANY, (Dept. 169), 42, Southwark Bridge Rd., London S.E.1.

Name _____
Address _____
Give full address. Write plainly. Only one tube to a family.

Pepsodent
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

Remembrance Day Nov. 11th: Buy a Flanders Poppy.

C. Praneuf's echtes Klettenwurzelöl.
Anerkannte Vorzüge. Mit besonderer Sorgfalt bereitet, durch 50jährige praktische Erfahrung bewährt, befördert den Haarwuchs, verhindert die frühe Schuppenbildung, sowie das frühzeitige Ergrauen.
Preis per Fl. 1,50 und 2 Mark.
Niederlage: sämtlicher deutscher, englischer, französischer Parfümerien und Kosmetiken. Anfertigung sämtlicher moderner Haararbeiten und Tätowierungen. Stets neuester Haarschmuck für Damen in Schuiputz, Metall und Pariser Brillantenimitation.
Übernahme historischer Festschele und Theateraufführungen.
Carl Praneuf
Fernspr. 2920. Colleur u. Lieferant der städt. Theater. Langgasse 24.

Kunstgewerbliches Atelier

VON
**Gebrüder
Laurenzi,**



**Kunstformerei u. Giesserei,
Thon, Plastelline u. Wachs.**
(Alleiniges Vervielfältigungsrecht der Professor
Cauer'schen Werke).

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Figuren und Bildwerken
in Marmor, Bronze, Terracotta, feineren
Porzellanen, Elfenbeinmasse und Gips.
Arbeiten auswärts werden unter persönlicher
Leitung des Inhabers ausgeführt. • Langjährige
fachmännische Erfahrungen. • Feinste Referenzen.
Niederlage
echt ital. Maccaroni und Lucca-Olivenöl.

Die Kölner Theaterwoche.

Oper:

— Frau Frida Felser, die von nächster Spielzeit
ab wieder für das Opernhaus verpflichtet ist, wird
am Freitag, den 8. ds., als Carmen gastieren.
— Neu einstudiert geht am Samstag, den 9. ds.,
im Opernhause Planquettes Operette „Die Gloden
von Corneville“ in Szene. In den Hauptrollen be-
schäftigt sind die Damen Gardini (Heiderose), Dur
(Germaine) und die Herren Odemar (Gaspard) und
Liszewsky (Henri). Die Regie führt Hr. Nowack.
Dirigent ist Hr. Weissleder.
— Neu einstudiert werden: „Templer und
Jüdin“, „Der Liebestrank“, „Der Zigeunerbaron“.
— An Novitäten sind bis jetzt erworben:
„Benesius“, in 3 Aufzügen, Dichtung mit Be-
nutzung der Operndichtung „Geminianus“ von
H. Herrig und Musik in 3 Akten von Felix
Weingartner.
Cherubin, musikalisches Lustspiel in 3 Akten
von Massenet.
Die schlafende Prinzessin oder Die
Zauberflöte. Ein Spiel in einem Akt.
Dichtung nach einem Märchen von Hans Hoff-
mann von Georg Kiesau. Musik von August
von Othegraven. (Uraufführung.)
Tosca, Oper in 3 Akten von Puccini.

Schauspiel:

— Der zwölfte Novitäten-Abend findet am Frei-
tag, den 8. ds., statt. Zur Aufführung gelangt
Max Dreyers Lustspiel „Die Hochzeitsschmelze“. Das
Werk hat am Neuen Schauspielhaus in Berlin seine
Uraufführung erlebt und beherrscht nun dort seit
einigen Monaten den Spielplan. In den Hauptrollen
beschäftigt sind die Damen Teller-Habelmann, Hens-
en, Geth, Harnischfeger, und die Herren Odemar,
Lismann, Lindner. Die Regie führt Hr. Odemar.

Färberei u. chem. Wasch-Anstalt
für Damen- u. Herren-Garderobe.
Ed. Bülle, Köln
Inh.: E. Walraff.
Ehrnfeld, Gutenbergstr. 12.
Fernsprecher 2639.
Filialen: Aachen, Düsseldorf, Neuss, Greifeld, M.-Gladbach, Rheydt, Bonn u. Koblenz.

Patent-Solafsack
mit wasserdichtem Überzug.
Tropen-Bekleidung.
Ferd. Jacob, Köln N.

Julius Fröbus
Molkerei 127
Fernspr. 2033
Coln
Autotypen, Strichätzungen,
Photo-Lithographien,
Galvano, Stereotypen, Holzschnitte,
Illustration ganzer Cataloge,
Zeitschriften etc.
Photo-Chemigraphische Kunst-Anstalt.
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Coln 1905

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Separate Salons
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VOGEL
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Restaurant
Hohenzollernring 10
la. Weine
Biere in Karaffen.
Vorzügliche Küche.

Spielplan des Opernhauses.

Freitag, 8. 145. Ab.-Vorst. Serie C. Carmen (Gast-
spiel Felser).
Samstag, 9. 144. Ab.-Vorst. Serie D. Neu einstudiert:
Die Gloden von Corneville.
Sonntag, 10. 145. Ab.-Vorst. Serie A. Die Zaubertüte.
Montag, 11. 14. Vorst. ausser Abonnement. Weifalinn.

Spielplan des Schauspielhauses.

Freitag, 8. 161. Vorst. 12. Vorst. im Novitäten-
Abonnement. Zum 1. Male. Die Hochzeitsschmelze.
Samstag, 9. 168. Vorst. Schauspiel Cecilia Wolfen-
burg.
Sonntag, 10. 169. Vorst. 21. volkstüml. Vorst. zu
ermässigten Preisen. Der Bräutigam.
Montag, 11. 170. Vorst. Die Hochzeitsschmelze.

Restaurant Alemannia
44 Hohenzollernring 44.
Gegr. 1882. **Haus I. Ranges.** gegr. 1882.
Besitzer: Ernst Gleeson, vormals Raus.
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Franziskaner Leisbräu. • Dortmunder Union.
Küche und Keller vorzüglich.
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D. R. P. angem. M. S. 268 639.
Sensationelle Neuheit!
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Rücken geteilt,
schnürt Leib und
Hüften separat und
gibt hochelegante
Figur.
Gerade Front. Kein
Druck auf d. Magen.
Aussersert
bequemer Sitz.
Preis: 6, 8, 10, 12,
16 Mk. bis zu den
feinsten
— Alleinverkauf für Köln: —
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Hohenzollernring 4. Tel. 9304.

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Geöffnet v. 9—Abend. Eintritt 50 Pf.
Jahreskarten 3 Mk.

Kölner Verlags-Anstalt und Druckerei, A.-G.

Kölner Theater-Zeitung

15. Jahrgang. Nr. 4717. Verantwortlicher Redakteur: A. Reiter in Köln. Preis pro Nummer 10 Pfg. Druck der Kölner Verlagsanstalt und Druckerei. Mittwoch, den 6. Februar 1907.

Sehenswert! (2 Minuten vom Theater entfernt.)
Café BORUSSIA
66 HOHENZOLLERNRING 66 gegenüber dem Friesenplatz.
Vornehmstes Haus an der Ringstrasse. Vorzüglich ventilirtes Lokal.
Vor u. nach den Vorstellungen Soupers à 2 u. 3 Mk. von 6—12½ Uhr. Relohh. Plattenauswahl. Weinrestaurant 1. Etage mit separ. Eingang. WIENER CAFÉ.
Original: Bier. Original: Bier. Original: Bier.
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Hohenstaufenring 18 Telephone 4961.
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Koks Brikets
Bureau: Pfälzerstr. 30. Fernspr. Nr. 1439, 3381.

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Jeder Grösse empfehlen wir uns unter kostenfreier Aus-
arbeitung v. Projekten u. Kostenvorschlägen und dienen
auf Wunsch mit Ingenieurbesuch. (Feinste Referenzen.)
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barkeit. Plombieren, Zahnopera-
tionen, schmerz-
los, vorzügliche
und preisw. Be-
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Städt. Theaters
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Brüderstr. 2B, Part. Atelier.

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Import v. japanischen Kunst-, Dekorations-
und praktischen Gebrauchsgegenständen, fremd-
ländischen Sing- und Ziervögeln, sprechenden
Papagelen. — Aquarienfische jeder Art.
Spez.: Voss'sches Vogelfutter m. d. Schwalbe.

Heinrich Klein
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Kohlen, Koks und Brikets
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Spezialität: la. Bruch- u. Sieb-Koks
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Engros. Telephone 8170. Detail.

S. Zöllner
Kaiser-Wilhelm-Ring 38
Stambul Rassim Pascha Han



Perser Teppiche
Persönlicher direkter Einkauf im Orient

P. J. TONGER.

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Am Hof 34. 36. Fernsprecher 395.

Max
Franzky

Haus- und
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la. Küchenmöbel.
Moderne
Musterküchen.
Sämtl. Hilfsmaschinen
für den Haushalt.

42 Breite-
strasse 42

Kupfer- und Nickel-
waren,
Festgeschenke.

la. Wasch-, Wring-
und Mangelmaschinen.

Max
Franzky

NEU ERÖFFNET.



Gartenerhaus Rosenberg
Schildergasse 24.
Gartener, Decorationen, Decken

Erne Sprachen! Berlitz School Kreuzgasse 17a. Hohe Zollernring 29.

Opernhaus

Direktion: Max Marterfeig

Mittwoch, den 6. Februar 1907 — 141. Abonnements-Vorstellung Serie A.

Gastspiel von Franz Costa

vom Stadttheater in Nürnberg

Anfang 7 1/2 Uhr

Salome

Drama in einem Aufzuge nach Oscar Wilde's gleichnamiger Dichtung in deutscher Uebersetzung von Hedwig Bachmann — Musik von Richard Strauß
Dirigent: Otto Lohje — Inszeniert von Wilhelm von Wymetal

Personen:

Herodes	Juana Hef
Herodias	Alice Guszalewicz
Salome	Clarence Whitehill
Jochanaan	Franz Better
Narraboth	Katharina Mohr
Ein Page der Herodias	Reinhold Bog
Erster Jude	Otto Rowad
Zweiter Jude	Heinrich Albed
Dritter Jude	Eduwig Banoni
Vierter Jude	Paul v. Bongardt
Fünfter Jude	Rudolf Gerhart
Erster Nazarener	Anton Medber
Zweiter Nazarener	Paul Gerboth
Erster Soldat	Julius vom Scheidt
Zweiter Soldat	Benno Dabab
Ein Cappadocier	Emmy Hühner
Ein Page des Herodes	

Herodes — **Franz Costa als Gast**
Schauplatz der Handlung: Eine große Terrasse im Palast des Herodes
Einlaß 7 Uhr — Anfang 7 1/2 Uhr — Ende ungefähr 9 Uhr
Regisseur der Woche: Otto Rowad — Krank: Hans Forst, Margarethe Fren

Donnerstag, den 7. Februar 1907 — 142. Abonnements-Vorstellung Serie B.

Das goldene Kreuz

Oper in 2 Akten von Ignaz Brüll

Darauf

Das Versprechen hinterm Herd

Ländliches Charakterbild mit Gesang in 1 Akt von Alexander Baumann

Kölner Hof, Wein-Restaurant
ersten Ranges.
Köln, gegenüber dem Hauptbahnhof. KONZERT d. ungarisch Hauskapelle.

Albert Loosen Kreuzgasse 20
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Trauer-Magazin
Telefon 4767
Kostüme, Blusen, Jupons, Hüte, Schleier
Auswahlsendungen nach Auswärts per Passagiergut.



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K. K. priv. Fabriken für Möbel aus gebogenem Holze
Fernsprecher 3430. Köln, Hohenstaufenring 27.
Möbel für Salons, Wohn-, Schlafzimmer, Schreib-
sessel, Schaukelstühle, Klaviersessel, Teetische,
Schreibtische, Notentische etc.
Künstlerische Neuheiten. Kataloge gratis und franko.

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Installation
elektrischer Anlagen jeder Art.
Lager
in elektr. Apparatur u. Materialien
Elektrische Koch- u. Heiz-Apparate.
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Mechanik. Elektromotoren, Modell-
Dampfmaschinen etc.



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PRALINES.

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Kgl. Preuss. Staatsmedaille.

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Restauration zu jeder Tageszeit.

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Vertreter gesucht.

Schauspielhaus

Direktion: Max Marterfeig

Mittwoch, den 6. Februar 1907

Keine Vorstellung

Donnerstag, den 7. Februar 1907 — 166. Vorstellung

Gastspiel der Cäcilia Wolkenburg

G. Turner 30 Rölle

oder: Ritter an Schieber

Vaterstädtische Operette in 3 Akten von Rud. Poltz, musikalisches Arrangement von Jos. Schmeiser

Kölner Hof, Wein-Restaurant
ersten Ranges.
Köln, gegenüber dem Hauptbahnhof. KONZERT d. ungarisch Hauskapelle.

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Die Elefantenhaut

Halbwolle — Byssus flanel.

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Originalfabrikate Westphal & Reinhold.

G. m. b. H.

Schildergasse 55.

Beste aller Springfeder-Matratzen:

„Primissima“.

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Uniform In River.

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Government transports.

If Teeth La-
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Remembrance Day Nov. 11th: Bu-

WHO WROTE "FOR LOVE OF THE KING"?

IX

The Bungalow, 8 Abercorn Place, N.W.8.
July 17, 1925.

To the Editor of *The Daily Graphic*.

Sir,

On page 5 of the *Daily Graphic* to-day is printed some doggerel verse called "Opportunity" which on the authority of Mrs. Chan Toon you attribute to Oscar Wilde. If the poem were genuine it would be a breach of the Copyright Act to publish it without the consent of Wilde's literary executor. Wilde may have written some indifferent verse in his youth, but even at the age of 18 he never wrote anything as bad as this poem, and I challenge Mrs. Chan Toon to produce the original manuscript in Wilde's handwriting.

In your issue of July 11 it was stated that some of Oscar Wilde's letters are in the possession of Mrs. Chan Toon. About three weeks ago Mrs. Wodehouse Pearce (formerly Mrs. Chan Toon) offered to sell me six of these letters, all of which I have no hesitation in saying were forgeries.

I suggest that you make some inquiries about this lady before giving her further free advertisement in your columns.

Yours faithfully,

C. S. Millard.

X

The Bungalow, 8 Abercorn Place, N.W.8.
July 17, 1925.

Mrs. Wodehouse Pearce,
The Gordon Hotel,
27 Craven Street, W.C.2.

Madam,

I enclose herewith (1) a copy of a letter that I have this day sent to the editor of *The Times Literary Supplement* and (2) a copy of a letter that I have this day sent to the editor of the *Daily Graphic*.

Yours faithfully,

C. S. Millard.

XI

The Bungalow, 8 Abercorn Place, N.W.8.
July 20, 1925.

Walter Hutchinson, Esq.,
Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.,
34 Paternoster Row, E.C.4.

Dear Sir,

I enclose herewith (1) a copy of a letter that I have sent to the editor of *The Times* and (2) a copy of a letter that I have sent to the editor of the *Daily Graphic*. On Friday last I forwarded copies of these two letters to Mrs. Wodehouse Pearce at the Gordon Hotel, 27 Craven Street, Strand, W.C.2; but beyond informing me on the telephone that she had received them, she has taken no further action.

I accuse Mrs. Wodehouse Pearce of faking the document known as "For Love of the King" and passing it off as the work of Oscar Wilde, well knowing it to be a forgery, and thereby obtaining money by false pretences from yourself and other publishers.

If Mrs. Wodehouse Pearce takes action against me for libel (as I hope she will) I shall probably have to ask you to be good enough to produce any correspondence that you had with her or with her agent before publishing "For Love of the King" under Oscar Wilde's name in your Magazine in October, 1921.

If Mrs. Wodehouse Pearce refrains from taking any action against me I trust that you will institute criminal proceedings against her for obtaining money under false pretences. The evidence against her is overwhelming.

Yours faithfully,

C. S. Millard ("Stuart Mason").

XII

The Bungalow, 8 Abercorn Place, N.W.8.
July 21, 1925.

Mrs. Wodehouse Pearce,
Gordon Hotel, 27 Craven Street, W.C.2.
Madam,

Enclosed is a copy of a letter that I have sent to Mr. Walter Hutchinson, the publisher.

Yours faithfully,

C. S. Millard.

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— Neu einstudiert geht am Samstag, den 9. ds.,
im Opernhause Planquelles Operette „Die Gloden
von Cornville“ in Szene. In den Hauptrollen be-
schäftigt sind die Damen Gardini (Heiderose), Dur
(Germaine) und die Herren Odemar (Gaspard) und
Liszewsky (Henri). Die Regie führt Hr. Nowack.
Dirigent ist Hr. Weissleder.

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Schauspiel:

— Der zwölfte Novitäten-Abend findet am Frei-
tag, den 8. ds., statt. Zur Aufführung gelangt
Max Dreyers Lustspiel „Die Hochzeitstafel“. Das
Verk hat am Neuen Schauspielhaus in Berlin seine
Uraufführung erlebt und beherrscht nun dort seit
einigen Monaten den Spielplan. In den Hauptrollen
beschäftigt sind die Damen Feller-Habermann, Hens-
smann, Both, Harnischfeger, und die Herren Odemar,
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Die Gloden von Cornville.

Sonntag, 10. 145. Ab.-Vorst. Serie A. Die Zaubermuschel.

Montag, 11. 146. Vorst. ausser Abonnement. Meffalina.

Spielplan des Schauspielhauses.

Freitag, 8. 161. Vorst. 12. Vorst. im No-italen.

Abonnement. Zum 1. Male. Die Hochzeitstafel.

Samstag, 9. 162. Vorst. Gastspiel Cecilia Wolfen-
burg.

Sonntag, 10. 163. Vorst. 21. volkstüm. Vorst. zu

ermässigten Preisen. Der Bräutigam.

Montag, 11. 170. Vorst. Die Hochzeitstafel.

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WHO WROTE "FOR LOVE OF THE KING"?

I The Gordon Hotel,
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June 26th.

Dear Sir,

I have six very interesting Oscar Wilde letters which for an immediate deal you can have a bargain. Will you telephone me at above early to-morrow?
I was the original owner of Oscar's play For Love of the King.

J. Millard, Esq.,
The Bungalow, Abbey Rd.,
St. John's Wood, N.W.

Yours very truly,
M. Wodehouse Pearse.

Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd.
36 Essex Street, W.C.2.

The Bungalow, 8 Abercorn Place, N.W.8.
June 28, 1925.

Oscar Wilde's "For Love of the King."

Gentlemen,

I shall be very much obliged if you will allow me to examine the original type-written copy from which you published the above play.

I understand from Mrs. Wodehouse Pearse that she never had the original manuscript but that the typed copy contains corrections and alterations in Wilde's handwriting and that this type-written document is in your possession. I understand also that no one has ever seen the letter which Mrs. Wodehouse Pearse states that she received from the late Mr. Robert Ross asking permission to include "For Love of the King" in the collected edition of Wilde's works.

Within the last few years I have had the opportunity of examining a very large number of Wilde's works in manuscript or typed with manuscript corrections, all of which have now been definitely proved to be forgeries. I am convinced that an examination of the document in your possession will enable me to come to a definite conclusion as to its genuineness or otherwise.

The immediate occasion of my writing to you is that yesterday Mrs. Wodehouse Pearse offered to sell me half-a-dozen letters supposed to have been written to her by Wilde, all of which I have no hesitation in asserting are forgeries.

Yours faithfully,
C. S. Millard.

C. S. Millard, Esq.,
The Bungalow, 8 Abercorn Place, N.W.8.

36 Essex Street, W.C.2.
29th June, 1925.

Dear Sir,

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of June 28th with regard to Oscar Wilde's play "For Love of the King." We hope to reply to it more fully in a day or two.

We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
Methuen & Co.

Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd.
36 Essex Street, W.C.2.

The Bungalow, 8 Abercorn Place, N.W.8.
July 4, 1925.

"For Love of the King."

Gentlemen,

I enclose a copy of a letter that I propose sending to *The Times Literary Supplement* as soon as possible, but I will not send it until you have had further time for considering my letter to you dated June 28.

I still hope that you will allow me to examine the type-written document which you received from Mrs. Wodehouse Pearse.

nigen Monaten den Spielplan. In den Hauptrollen
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WEATHER FORECAST.

South-westerly to westerly winds, mainly moderate; variable skies, occasional local showers; local morning mist or fog; moderate day temperature, ground frost at night. Further outlook: Continuing rather cold and unsettled, but with considerable fair intervals. Barometer, 29.39. Lighting-up time, 5.21.

OSCAR WILDE LIBEL SUIT.

Author Declares "For Love Of A King" To Be Spurious.

PUBLISHERS' ACTION.

"I am bathing my brow in the perfume of water lilies."

THIS is a phrase from a letter said to have been written by Oscar Wilde which was read to-day in an action before Mr. Justice McCardie and a special jury, brought by Messrs. Methuen and Co., Limited, the well-known publishers, of Essex-street, Strand.

They claimed damages for alleged libel against Mr. Christopher Slater Millard, an author and second-hand bookseller, of Abercorn-place, Hampstead.

Messrs. Methuen complained that Mr. Millard had charged them with being a party to forging upon the public a genuine spurious work supposed to be by the late Oscar Wilde, a play called "For Love of the King."

Friend of Wilde.
Defendant admitted publication of the words complained of, but pleaded privilege. He also said the words did not bear any defamatory meaning, and that in their ordinary meaning they were true in substance and fact. Mr. Merriman, K.C., for Messrs. Methuen, said Mr. Millard was at one time apparently well acquainted with Oscar Wilde, and since his death had been regarded as an authority upon his works.

He was also a writer, in which capacity he used the name of Stuart Mason.

The issue before the jury, said counsel, was not the authenticity of the book, but whether Messrs. Methuen published it genuinely without knowing or suspecting that it was a forgery.

A Literary Discovery.
In 1921 Messrs. Hutchinson published in their magazine for October what they described as a remarkable literary discovery, called "For Love of the King," which was, or purported to be, a small play by Oscar Wilde. It was prefaced by a letter written to a lady named Mrs. Chan Toon, dated from Tite-street, Chelsea, on November 27, 1894, and purported to be signed by Oscar Wilde.

It appeared that Mrs. Chan Toon was at that time the wife of a barrister of the Middle Temple, who was a nephew of the King of Burma, and in her maiden days, as a Miss Cosgrove, had been well acquainted with the Wilde family and there was a friendship between her and Oscar Wilde dating from childhood days.

Letter from Wilde.
Later Mrs. Chan Toon became Mrs. Wodehouse Pearce. The letter which made a gift to her of the MS. of the play was as follows:—

My dear Mrs. Chan Toon,—I am greatly repentant being so long in acknowledging receipt of "Told on the Pagoda." I enjoyed reading the stories and much admired their quaint and delicate charm. Burma calls to me. Under another cover I am sending you a fairy play, entitled "For Love of the King," just for your own amusement. It is the outcome of long and luminous talks with your distinguished husband in the Temple and on the river in the days when I was meditating writing a novel as beautiful and as intricate as a Persian prayer rug.

I hope that I have caught the atmosphere. I should like to see it acted in your garden house on some night when the sky is a sheet of violet and the stars like women's eyes. Alas, it is not likely. I am in the throes of a new comedy. I met a perfectly wonderful person the other day who unconsciously has irradiated my presence with sinuous suggestion—a Swedish baron, French in manner, Albanian in mind, and Oriental in morals. His society is a series of revelations.

I was in Oakley-street on Thursday. My mother tells me she sends you a letter nearly every week. Constance desires to be warmly remembered, while I, who am bathing my brow in the perfume of water lilies, lay myself at the feet of you and yours.—Oscar Wilde.

It was from Mrs. Chan Toon that Messrs. Hutchinson and Messrs. Methuen, in the second instance, obtained the right and published the play in serial form, and it was afterwards published by Messrs. Methuen in book form.

Forgery Allegation.
In the summer of 1925 defendant suddenly became obsessed with the idea that the publication was not genuine, and that the original must have been a forgery. Thereupon he started a campaign which culminated in the alleged libel.

Mr. Millard issued a pamphlet containing letters that had passed between himself and Messrs. Methuen, and also letters to the press, and stated that the correspondence disclosed "one of the most remarkable literary forgeries of recent years."

Letter to Booksellers.
Messrs. Methuen would not resent reasonable discussion in the public press of the authenticity of the work, but they resented the defendant's attempt to booklets a letter as follows:—

With the assistance of Mrs. Chan Toon (Mrs. Wodehouse Pearce), this eminently respectable firm of publishers has succeeded in foisting on an unsuspecting public one thousand copies of a book at 8s. 6d. net, for which, but for Oscar Wilde's name and the imprint of Methuen and Co., Ltd., no one would have paid 8d.

Counsel, continuing, said that Mrs. Wodehouse Pearce was not a very reputable person. She was charged and convicted at Bow-street of the theft of £20 from a woman with whom she was lodging.

Later the defendant called Messrs. Methuen's attention to that conviction, and subsequently published another libel on plaintiff in which he said:

The work is now known to be a forgery, foisted on an unsuspecting public by an unscrupulous woman now serving sentence of imprisonment for theft.

Woman with a Parrot.
Mr. Justice Lucas Webster, of Highgate, giving evidence, said he was managing director of the plaintiff's firm in 1921, and Mrs. Wodehouse Pearce told him that she had the copyright of "For Love of the King," and she came to sell the book rights to the plaintiff.

She had a parrot on her shoulder, and was rather an eccentric-looking person.

He was told by her that Oscar Wilde had presented her with the MS. of the play. An agreement was signed when the book was published. None of the reviews suggested that this was not an authentic play by Oscar Wilde.

Women: Judge's Warning.
Cross-examined by Mr. Lever, witness agreed that defendant was recognised as an authority on Oscar Wilde's works.

It never occurred to him that there was any question as to the authenticity of the play or of the letter.

"Women," Mr. Webster added, "do curious things. They don't always keep documents which we think are important."

The Judge: Don't stress that too strongly. There are three women on the jury. (Laughter.)

Mr. Webster observed that he thought both the letter and the play were characteristic of Wilde.

Mr. Lever pointed out that apparently Messrs. Methuen's staff were divided in their opinion of the merits of the play, and that Mr. E. V. Lucas, who read it, described it as "awful tosh."

Judge as Critic.
After the luncheon adjournment Mr. Justice McCardie said he had

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS.



The evolution of the motor-car as shown in the parade through the City streets.

KING AND QUEEN AT OLD DRURY.

Shakespeare Matinee In Aid The Memorial Fund.

All fashionable and theatrical London were present at the gala matinee in aid of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Fund, honoured by the King and Queen at Drury Lane Theatre this afternoon.

The Queen, who was dressed in a silver-grey coat and grey tulle, with a blue toque, was given a beautiful bouquet of pink carnations by Miss Anne Wellesley.

The King and Queen were received at the private entrance to the theatre by Lady Curzon of Kedleston, Sir Alfred Butt and Lord Burnham. After talking for some time in the private reception-room, the Royal party went into their box, and immediately the curtain rose and Miss Edith Day, wearing an afternoon gown of wine crepe-de-chine, led the singing of the National Anthem.

All the chorists in this number were dressed in ordinary frocks with monks' hoods over them.

Every seat in the theatre was occupied, and even the Duke of Bedford, who rarely occupies his private box, was present. Other well-known people who brought parties were Lady Louis Mountbatten, Susan, Duchess of Sutherland, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and Mr. and Mrs. Felix Brunner. Boxes were also taken by the Harrow School, the Queen Mary Hospital at Rossington, and the St. Dunstan's School for the Blind.

There were many famous and charming actresses selling programs. Among the busiest were Miss Isobel Jeans in black velvet coat and skirt, and Miss Edna Best and Miss Ivy Tresmand.

taken the opportunity of reading this little play in the interval.

"The colour is of dramatic intensity," he said. "The colour is profuse in its richness, and some phrases are most striking."

The judge referred to some of the phrases in the letter said to have been written to Mrs. Chan Toon by Wilde, and said the letter was essentially Oscar Wilde's in intensity and colour.

To those who are familiar with his letters there was something curiously reminiscent in those passages when compared with another letter which was discussed in some other litigation.

Counsel's Declaration.
Mr. Lever: Of course, Oscar Wilde's letters had already been published. I say definitely that Mrs. Chan Toon forged it.

Mr. E. V. Lucas, the well-known writer, said he was the present chairman of Methuen and Company.

He read "For Love of the King," before Messrs. Methuen published it and he had never doubted and did not now doubt that it was written by Oscar Wilde.

Counsel as Parodist.
Mr. Lever suggested that some of the phrases in the alleged Wilde letter to Mrs. Chan Toon were capable of imitation by almost anybody.

The judge remarked that perhaps Mr. Lever would be willing, and he thereupon pronounced his own effort, which ran: "I should like to meet you on the Lido, where the stars are like diamonds on the sapphire sea."

The Judge (to Mr. Lucas): You hear the learned counsel's rivalry. What do you think of it?

Mr. Lucas (promptly): I don't think it's good.

"That's better than you said of the book," retorted counsel amid laughter, "for you called that tosh."

PRINCESS ASTRID'S WEDDING.

Gathering Of Royalties At Brussels.

PRINCE HENRY ARRIVES.

Prince Henry arrived in Brussels to-day (says an Exchange telegram) for to-morrow's wedding of Princess Astrid of Sweden and the Belgian Crown Prince Leopold.

He was met at the station by Prince Charles of Belgium, and proceeded to the Royal Palace, where he will stay during the visit.

Scandinavian Princes.
The other guests include the King and Queen of Denmark, the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg and her husband, Princess Astrid's parents, Princess Ingrid and Prince Eugene of Sweden, Prince and Princess Axel of Denmark, and the Crown Prince of Norway.

Comtes de Merode de Grunne d'Oultremont and De Lannoy will be Princess Astrid's pages at the marriage ceremony.

Magnificent Gifts.
Among the presents is a beautiful bronze statuette from the International Rotary Clubs, an illuminated address contained in a gold casket from the town of Havre, a piece of old Swedish porcelain from the Swedish and Danish colonies in Brussels, an embossed silver tea service from the Maharajah of Kapurthala, an old Delft china tea tray from the Dutch colony in Brussels, and a piece of gold plate from the City of Brussels.

Prince Leopold and his bride are receiving to-day the delegations which have arrived to offer their gifts.

Court Martial Story Of Cash Box.

BREEZE AT INQUIRY.

Civilian Witness Questions Commander's Powers.

EVIDENCE against Flight-Lieut. Randall, D.F.C., formerly adjutant at the Duxford Air Station (Cambridgeshire) was heard to-day at the resumed court martial investigating alleged irregularities in the administration of R.A.F. mess funds at the station.

He was charged with having applied £19 10s., which he received from the sergeants' mess, to his own use.

There was an alternative charge that he so negligently performed his duty of receiving money from the sergeants' mess for banking as to cause a loss to the mess of £38 10s. 7½d.

Cash Box Discovery.
Flight-Lieut. G. S. Marshall, prosecuting, said that it was Randall's duty to receive and bank moneys of the sergeants' mess, and when he went on leave he said he had none of the mess money.

Subsequent to his return, £19 10s. was found in his cash-box.

The discovery was made when the acting adjutant threw a book into the safe. It fell against the cash box and the rattle of cash was heard.

Randall stated that the money had been paid to him prior to his going on leave, but the prosecution suggested that it had been put there since his return.

A Breeze in Court.
There was a slight breeze in court when evidence was being given by Mr. C. J. G. Heal, an insurance branch manager, of Cambridge, who spoke to making Randall a loan of £50 in September.

Mr. Heal said that he did not wish to be "mixed up in this affair." He stopped the cheque because he heard "wild rumours" from the station. As a civilian he did not acknowledge the power of the Wing Commander or anybody else to summon him to a court-martial.

Flight-Lieut. Randall, who pleaded not guilty, said that he had a bad crash in 1922, having his skull fractured and losing the sight of his left eye. He had not been able to fly since.

He did not consider himself a careful accountant. When he had a lot of work in hand he became flurried and could not sleep at night. He borrowed £100 to pay his mess bill because he was given less than a day in which to raise the money.

Question of Signature.
Questioned with regard to a receipt for £30 in one of the books, he said that he could not say whether he signed the book or not.

Is it your signature, or is it not? I won't say.

Are you prepared to say on oath that that is not your signature?—I am not prepared to deny it.

He agreed that he had never questioned this signature before.

CHANGE IN WEST-END TRAFFIC SYSTEM.

"One-Way" Rule To Be Tried In Lower Regent-st.

Complaints have been made by certain West-end clubs of the danger and disturbance caused to their members by the present traffic system along Pall Mall to Piccadilly, and the Ministry of Transport have agreed to make an experiment by which Lower Regent-street will be made a one-way street for traffic proceeding northwards.

This will mean that the southbound traffic now using that thoroughfare will be diverted to the Haymarket.

The Squeaker—Nov. 15.
and thus relieve some of the congestion complained of at Pall Mall.

Apart from the clubmen's grievance, tradesmen in the Haymarket have also protested against the present system of one-way traffic in that thoroughfare which, they contend, is affecting their trade.

The Minister of Transport stated in the Commons this afternoon that he was hopeful that a satisfactory arrangement in regard to the Haymarket could be reached.

ASTERISKS.

"Fine Under Botting Act." But the bookies don't think so.

"Epidemic of influenza in London banks." Are they due to overdrafts?

Mr. Baldwin's portrait has been issued on a Toby jug. To prove, perhaps, that he is no mere mug.

A film actress has "eyes that change colour in sympathy with the frocks she wears." She should remember the chameleon and the tartan.

A Yorkshire boy has set fire to a building, stolen four cows, wrecked the village pump, and locked the vicar in the vestry. But the most astounding thing is that he didn't blame it on the films.

Though at Christmas we are blidden to "love one another," the attitude of the women at Christmas bazaars and sales seems to be "shove one another."

C. Praneuf's echtes Klettenwurzelöl.
Anerkannte Vorzüge. Mit besonderer Sorgfalt bereitet, durch 50jährige praktische Erfahrung bewährt, befördert den Haarwuchs, verhindert die blasse Schuppenbildung, sowie das frühzeitige Ergrauen.
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— Frau Frida Felsner, die von nächster Spielzeit
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am Freitag, den 8. ds., als Carmen gastieren.

— Neu einstudiert geht am Samstag, den 9. ds.,
im Opernhause Planquettes Operette „Die Glocken
von Corneville“ in Szene. In den Hauptrollen be-
schäftigt sind die Damen Gardini (Heiderose), Dur
(Germaine) und die Herren Odemar (Gaspard) und
Lisewsky (Henri). Die Regie führt Hr. Nowack.
Dirigent ist Hr. Weissleder.

— Neu einstudiert werden: „Templer und
Jüdin“, „Der Liebestrank“, „Der Zigeunerbaron“.

— An Novitäten sind bis jetzt erworben:
Genesis, in 3 Aufzügen, Dichtung (mit Be-
nutzung der Operndichtung „Geminianus“ von
H. Herrig) und Musik in 3 Akten von Felix
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Dichtung nach einem Märchen von Hans Hoff-
mann von Georg Kiesau. Musik von August
von Othegraven. (Uraufführung.)
Tosca, Oper in 3 Akten von Puccini.

Schauspiel:

— Der zwölfte Novitäten-Abend findet am Frei-
tag, den 8. ds., statt. Zur Aufführung gelangt
Max Dreyers Lustspiel „Die Hochzeitstafel“. Das
Werk hat am Neuen Schauspielhaus in Berlin seine
Uraufführung erlebt und beherrscht nun dort seit
einigen Monaten den Spielplan. In den Hauptrollen
beschäftigt sind die Damen Teller-Habermann, Hen-
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Spielplan des Opernhauses.

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spiel Felsner).
Samstag, 9. 144. Ab.-Vorst. Serie T. Neu einstudiert:
Die Glocken von Corneville.
Sonntag, 10. 145. Ab.-Vorst. Serie A. Die Zauberkiste.
Montag, 11. 14. Vorst. ausser Abonnement. Weffallin.

Spielplan des Schauspielhauses.

Freitag, 8. 167. Vorst. 12. Vorst. im No-iräten-
Abonnement. Zum 1. Male. Die Hochzeitstafel.
Samstag, 9. 168. Vorst. Gastspiel Göttila Wollen-
burg.
Sonntag, 10. 169. Vorst. 21. volkstümliche Vorst. zu
ermäßigten Preisen. Der Prinzgemahl.
Montag, 11. 170. Vorst. Die Hochzeitstafel.



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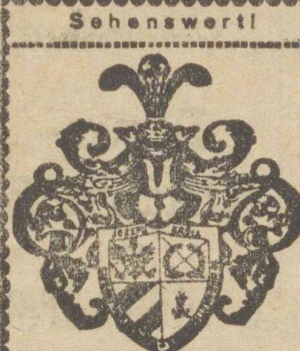
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Gastspiel von Franz Costa

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Anfang 7 1/2 Uhr

Salome

Drama in einem Aufzuge nach Oscar Wilde's gleichnamiger Dichtung in deutscher Uebersetzung von Hedwig Lachmann — Musik von Richard Strauß
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Juana Heß	Alice Guszalewicz	Clarence Whitehill	Franz Petter	Katharina Mohr	Reinhold Bay	Otto Nowack	Heinrich Albed	Ludwig Banoni	Paul v. Bongardt	Rudolf Gerhart	Anton Meeder	Paul Gerboth	Julius vom Scheidt	Benno Dlabal	Emmy Röhmer	

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Donnerstag, den 7. Februar 1907 — 142. Abonnements-Vorstellung Serie B.

Das goldene Kreuz

Oper in 2 Akten von Ignaz Brüll

Das Versprechen hinterm Herd

Ländliches Charakterbild mit Gefang in 1 Akt von Alexander Baumann

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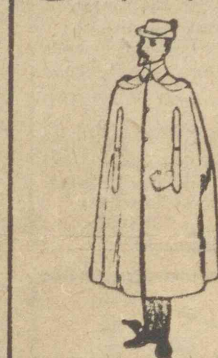
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Donnerstag, den 7. Februar 1907 — 166. Vorstellung

Gastspiel der Cäcilia Wolkenburg

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Uhrständer

Taschen-

lampen.

Reise-

lampen

etc. etc.



= Möbelfabrik =

Christian Meyer

CÖLN

Hohenzollernring 62

Ausstellung v. 80 Musterzimmern

Lagerbesuch lohnend. Kataloge franko. Kein Kaufzwang

Poröse Unterkleidung u. Wäsche
Originalfabrikate Schönherr & Co.

Spezial-Marken für den Winter:

Die Elefantenhaut

Halbwolle — Byssus flanel.

Porosität Reform-Betten, -Matratzen etc.
Originalfabrikate Westphal & Reinhold.

a. m. b. H.

Schildergasse 55. „Primissima“.

Beste aller Springfeder-Matratzen:

WHO WROTE "FOR LOVE OF THE KING"?

IX

The Bungalow, 8 Abercorn Place, N.W.8.
July 17, 1925.

To the Editor of *The Daily Graphic*.

Sir,

On page 5 of the *Daily Graphic* to-day is printed some doggerel verse called "Opportunity" which on the authority of Mrs. Chan Toon you attribute to Oscar Wilde. If the poem were genuine it would be a breach of the Copyright Act to publish it without the consent of Wilde's literary executor. Wilde may have written some indifferent verse in his youth, but even at the age of 18 he never wrote anything as bad as this poem, and I challenge Mrs. Chan Toon to produce the original manuscript in Wilde's handwriting.

In your issue of July 11 it was stated that some of Oscar Wilde's letters are in the possession of Mrs. Chan Toon. About three weeks ago Mrs. Wodehouse Pearse (formerly Mrs. Chan Toon) offered to sell me six of these letters, all of which I have no hesitation in saying were forgeries.

I suggest that you make some inquiries about this lady before giving her further free advertisement in your columns.

Yours faithfully,
C. S. Millard.

X

The Bungalow, 8 Abercorn Place, N.W.8.
July 17, 1925.

Mrs. Wodehouse Pearse,
The Gordon Hotel,
27 Craven Street, W.C.2.

Madam,

I enclose herewith (1) a copy of a letter that I have this day sent to the editor of *The Times Literary Supplement* and (2) a copy of a letter that I have this day sent to the editor of the *Daily Graphic*.

Yours faithfully,
C. S. Millard.

XI

The Bungalow, 8 Abercorn Place, N.W.8.
July 20, 1925.

Walter Hutchinson, Esq.,
Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.,
34 Paternoster Row, E.C.4.

Dear Sir,

I enclose herewith (1) a copy of a letter that I have sent to the editor of *The Times* and (2) a copy of a letter that I have sent to the editor of the *Daily Graphic*. On Friday last I forwarded copies of these two letters to Mrs. Wodehouse Pearse at the Gordon Hotel, 27 Craven Street, Strand, W.C.2; but beyond informing me on the telephone that she had received them, she has taken no further action.

I accuse Mrs. Wodehouse Pearse of faking the document known as "For Love of the King" and passing it off as the work of Oscar Wilde, well knowing it to be a forgery, and thereby obtaining money by false pretences from yourself and other publishers.

If Mrs. Wodehouse Pearse takes action against me for libel (as I hope she will) I shall probably have to ask you to be good enough to produce any correspondence that you had with her or with her agent before publishing "For Love of the King" under Oscar Wilde's name in your Magazine in October, 1921.

If Mrs. Wodehouse Pearse refrains from taking any action against me I trust that you will institute criminal proceedings against her for obtaining money under false pretences. The evidence against her is overwhelming.

Yours faithfully,
C. S. Millard ("Stuart Mason").

XII

The Bungalow, 8 Abercorn Place, N.W.8.
July 21, 1925.

Mrs. Wodehouse Pearse,
Gordon Hotel, 27 Craven Street, W.C.2.
Madam,

Enclosed is a copy of a letter that I have sent to Mr. Walter Hutchinson, the publisher.

Yours faithfully,
C. S. Millard.