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Oscar Wilde  
Scrapbook

Vol. 8

Sunday Times  
Dec. 13, 1908

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"they were built like that," just as the Buddha was. People of your way of thinking are a little too apt to speak of moral and social virtue as if they were the inventions of your Church, as if they were monopolised by the members of your Church, and as if the acceptance of the dogmas of that Church was the only means by which men could arrive at them. I do not find this view borne out by such historical documents as have fallen in my way. Philip of Spain, the Royal cad who inspired and paid for the murder of William the Silent, and Balthasar Gérard, the assassin who shot him, were both devout and unquestioning believers. I don't know whether the Church has yet canonised the Duke of Alva, but I never heard of anybody, contemporary or historian, who has dared to cast a doubt upon his orthodoxy. As a matter of fact, you no more describe a man's mind or soul by saying that he is a Christian, a Buddhist, or a Moslem than by saying that he has blue eyes, black hair, or a wart on his nose.

Frankly, "Orthodoxy," judged in the only fair or even possible fashion—by the standard of excellence you have established by your previous work—is but a poor performance. If the faith at which you have arrived is indeed a living influence, it will before long inspire something vastly better. In hope whereof, believe me, etc.,

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The Brotherhood platform is succeeding whether the Brotherhood Movement in itself is emptying a definite Christian teaching that can take the place of the Church's programme; and to that question the answer must be overwhelming in the negative. Of course, everyone admires the splendid efforts being made to get in touch with the live manhood of the nation, and use for noble ends. But the Pleasant Sunday afternoon with a spirited address upon (which Mr. Horne himself states is one of the features that cannot be disguised), can never take the place of Church or Chapel worship. It may add excitement; it may represent an easy-going religion which poses the day without the substance.

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Miss Gertrude Kingston, the talented actress, who is starting the "Little Theatre" in London, an emulation of the "Grand Guignol" of Paris, proposed the toast of "Modern Drama," to which William Archer responded. To Mr. A. B. Walkley, the dramatic critic of the Times, fell the task of proposing "Literature." Mr. Walkley dwelt at some length upon the ~~simplicity~~ <sup>simplicity</sup> of Oscar Wilde's portrayal of society life as compared with that of all our present dramatists,



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Return to C.S. Millard The Bungalow 8 Abercorn Place London N.W.8

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Holladay

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THE NEW YORK TIMES.

DECEMBER 6, 1908.

MONUMENT TO OSCAR WILDE.

Anonymous Donor Gives £20,000 to Erect One in Paris.

By Marconi Transatlantic Wireless Telegraph to The New York Times.

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THE DEAD POET.

I dreamed of him last night, I saw his face All radiant and unshadowed of distress, And as of old, in music measureless, I heard his golden voice and marked him trace Under the common thing the hidden grace, And conjure wonder out of emptiness, Till mean things put on beauty like a dress, And all the world was an enchanted place, And then methought outside a fast locked gate I mourned the loss of unrecorded words, Forgotten tales and mysteries half said, Wonders that might have been articulate, And voiceless thoughts like murdered singing birds, And so I woke and knew that he was dead.

—Lord Alfred Douglas.

NEW YORK, EVE. SUN

The Resurrection of a Wit.

From all directions they come in. No less than four new editions of books by the late Oscar Wilde have appeared in a few weeks. Germany and France have been enthusiastic for some time over the work of the wittiest man of his time. The first of these countries may have been stimulated somehow by the Strauss music, fitted by the maker of the "music of the future," to the Salome play, which we are to hear this

winter. Anyhow, there are signs everywhere that the world has decided to consider the works of art as things distinct from the convict of Reading jail. Never was there a literary life so suicidally ruined. And probably never was there such a resurrection of the artist.

Of course the sober common sense of the public gets the better of it in the long run. And so it resigns itself to be amused by the philosophy of Nietzsche, though he died mad, and overlooks the theory of some that Villon ought to have swung with certain of his friends on the gallows and the fact that Verlaine passed away shunned by what is known as respectable society.

Those who knew the author of "Lady Windermere's Fan" when he was the only rival in intellectual audacity of Whistler have said that the plays, the essays, the poems and even the lectures give no idea of the man. He is reported to have remarked that he gave his genius to his conversation and his talent to his writings. And this piece of self-criticism, in spite of its characteristic insolence, is probably true. It doesn't follow, of course, because something is lacking in the books that the man's talk was brilliant. But the theory would explain certain qualities in the writings—for instance, the fact that every character in the plays is the author himself. The personages are all puppets saying brilliant things in season and out of season, in character and out of it. Such clever ghosts of human beings have never got together in a London or any other drawing room.

André Gide, Ernest La Jeunesse and the German Franz Blei in their "Recollections" (John W. Luce & Co.) give us a glimpse of Wilde as a talker. And it is fair to conclude that "The Prose Poems" (Mosher) really represent his talk at its best. His lectures like "Decorative Art in America," in the volume published by Brentano, and "The Renaissance of English Art" (Luce) were public performances, the first studiously mild and the second defiant and intended for a public that he expected to be hostile.

"The Canterville Ghost" (Luce), which has been translated into Swedish and German, is a good story—at least, the first part of it is very good. But this tale of the American diplomat and his hard-headed family, who refused to take seriously the family spectre of the English manor house that they had hired, reads like a capital anecdote that had been put down on paper because some one had said, "Why don't you write it?" Some of the plays even were said to have been made in an amazingly short time on a bet. Like Dr. Johnson, Wilde's business was talk. But, unlike Savage's friend, he had the sense to rank his conversation above his writings.

The volume "Decorative Art in America," edited by Richard Butler Glaenzer and published by Brentano, consists of one short lecture, together with letters, reviews and interviews. It has 119 pages of notes and index; in fact it is as elaborately supplied with explanations as if it were to cover in its commentaries all that the dramatist ever wrote. While admiring the editor's industry one cannot help thinking that a great deal of it has been wasted on trivialities.

TELEPHONE—CITY 4963.

For

B. Wilde

Durrant's Press Cuttings,

St. ANDREW'S HOUSE,

32 TO 34, HOLBORN VIADUCT,

AND

3, ST. ANDREW STREET, HOLBORN CIRCUS, E.C.

Sketch,

172, Strand, W.O.

Cutting from issue dated..... 2 Oct ..... 1912



MR. JACOB EPSTEIN—FOR HIS CONFIDENCE IN HIS OSCAR WILDE MONUMENT.

Photograph by Barratt.

Père La Chaise Cemetery, lately expressed confidence that it would be approved by the authorities.

An expensive fur, very rare, which wears practically for ever, is sea otter, one skin being worth sometimes as much as £200. This is greatly in demand for coat trimmings, and will always be popular because of its durability.

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TELEPHONE—CITY 4963.

For

Durrant's Press Cuttings,

St. ANDREW'S HOUSE,

32 TO 34, HOLBORN VIADUCT,

AND

3, ST. ANDREW STREET, HOLBORN CIRCUS, E.C.

Cutting from the *Sunday Times*

Dated September 22, 1912.

Address of Journal

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Lord Alfred Douglas.

NEW YORK, EVE. SUN

The Resurrection of a Wit.

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TELEPHONE CITY 4962.

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 32 TO 34, HOLBORN VIADUCT,  
 AND  
 8, ST. ANDREW STREET, HOLBORN CIRCUS,  
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**Pall Mall Gazette.**  
 NEWTON STREET, HOLBORN, E.C.

Cutting from issue dated 20 Sept 1912

FRANCE AND SPAIN.  
 MOROCCO NEGOTIATIONS TO BE RESUMED.  
 PARIS, Friday.

The newspapers express great satisfaction at the settlement of the Franco-Spanish incident. The "Matin" believes that the negotiations will be carried on in a favourable and cordial atmosphere, and would be astonished should an agreement not be reached by the end of the month. The Parisian says M. Geffroy, the French ambassador at Madrid, has been

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NEW YORK, EVE. STN

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**Pall Mall Gazette.**

NEWTON STREET, HOLBORN, E.C.

Cutting from issue dated

*20 Sept 1912*

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Jissen 2019-03-18 University Library

Saturday, Dec. 20, 1903.

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TELEPHONE - CITY 4963.

For

*B. Wilde*

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AND

3, ST. ANDREW STREET, HOLBORN CIRCUS,  
E.C.

## Sketch,

172, Strand, W.O.

Cutting from issue dated.....*2 Oct*.....1912



MR. JACOB EPSTEIN - FOR HIS  
CONFIDENCE IN HIS OSCAR

WILDE  
Photograph by Barratt.

monument to Oscar Wilde recently placed in Pere la Chaise

Pere L  
Wilde  
on  
the Fr  
figure, though now  
to apply to Mr. Jacob Epstein's quasi-arc  
dial sculpture he is not a true monument

TELEPHONE—CITY 4963.

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## Pall Mall Gazette.

NEWTON STREET, HOLBORN, E.C.

Cutting from issue dated

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TELEPHONE

For

Durrant's

32

3, ST. AN

Cutting from

Date

Address of Jo

THE POPULAR BIRTHDAY

"HAPPY RETURNS" TO

3, ST. AN

THE POPULAR BIRTHDAY

more's taste in anecdote and "pretness"

across. What was posted by Lord Ross

her, but she was, unfortunately, so beat that

pressed, that look to a lake, and swam right

things he ever saw was a hare, very hard

paternity; and that "one of the prettiest

is a vulgar and stupid joke about a negro girl's

that "one of the best stories" he ever heard

addresses as "too dull and proper for words"

follow; that he describes two music-hall

another gentleman in the street to tell him that

"this blank pot-house"; that he stopped

a certain General by referring to his club as

gals; that he tells as a jest how he intruded

most forbidding man," and of the wife of a

speaks of the late Archbishop Temple as "a

tastes may be indicated by the fact that he

The name of Lord Rosemore's interests and

memorandum on the public on the strength of them

editing stories of Society forsting a volume of

Edward and knows a handful of more or less

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it is time that there was an end to the fashion

gained—and probably covers no other; but

reputation," and the fact that "perhaps it was

world"—he speaks complacently of his "rapid

vulgar book. Lord Rosemore is a "man of rapid

One finds no justification for this trivial and

Nash) 10s. 6d. net. By Lord Rosemore. (Reveligh

THINGS I CAN TELL.

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Editor of the "Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette."

Sir,—I have been very much surprised to read that the keeper of the cemetery of Pere Lachaise has insulted that gifted young sculptor, Mr. Jacob Eppstein, by stating that his monument to the memory of my brother-in-law, the late Mr. Oscar Wilde, is so "indecent" as to render it necessary to be concealed beneath a tarpaulin cover.

I had no hand in the ordering of the monument nor in the selection of the artist; but my husband and I were privileged to see the work before its departure for Paris, and, so far from beholding in it the least indecency or the least suggestion of indecency, we were impressed by its essentially chaste, sober, severe, and dignified qualities.

To my mind, it needs a notorious city like Paris to produce the cast of brain that can have expressed itself in a manner so exceedingly curious as that which marked the action and utterance of the keeper of Pere Lachaise, if these have been correctly reported.

LILY TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS.

9, Cheltenham-terrace, S.W.

TELEPHONE—CITY 4963.

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E.C.

Manchester Dispatch,

Withy Grove, Manchester.

(Messrs. E. Hulton & Co., Ltd., Publishers.)

Cutting from issue dated.....21 Sept 1911

BAN ON A STATUE.

Intended for the Grave of Oscar Wilde.

The banning of the Oscar Wilde monument by the conservateur of Pere Lachaise Cemetery, Paris, has astonished the sculptor, Mr. Jacob Epstein, whom a "Daily Dispatch" representative last night found very indignant.

Mr. Epstein, by the way, was the sculptor responsible for the decorative work over the premises of the British Medical Association, which three years ago caused no little outcry on similar grounds.

"I come back to London from Paris," Mr. Epstein said "to find a communication from my contractors, stating that the monument is regarded by the conservateur as 'shocking to the public.' The monument is not my property now, though I am responsible for its erection. I will not modify it. The conservateur is purely an official acting within his rights, but it seems to me it is a question concerning the liberty of the artist.

"The president of the autumn salon told me that he thought the monument—which takes the form of a winged male figure, entirely symbolical—quite chaste. Anyhow, thousands of people who saw it on exhibition in London apparently perceived nothing immoral in it.

"The conservateur is purely an official who is taking a bourgeois view of it. He is the type of man who, if he does not approve of a work according to his conventional standard, considers it highly immoral for that reason alone."

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Cutting from the

*Observer*

Dated September *22* 1912.

Address of Journal

**OSCAR WILDE  
MEMORIAL.**

**THE FRENCH OBJECTION TO  
THE MONUMENT.**

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Saturday.

It is a fact that the authorities have placed an embargo on the sepulchral monument erected over the grave of Oscar Wilde in the cemetery of Père Lachaise.

In conversation to-day, M. Paul Henriot, the Conservator, said he regarded the work as a profanation, on account of the realism of the half-recumbent symbolical figure which forms the upper part. Such sculpture, he remarked, would be appropriate in an exhibition of art, but was inappropriate in a burial ground frequented by bereaved persons, who came to pray. This was particularly so in Paris, where there existed a fervent cult of the dead. The ultimate decision did not rest with him, but with the Prefect of the Seine, as ex-officio Mayor of Paris. M. Delannoy being away, the general secretary of the Prefecture has upheld the objection.

Sir,—  
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Mr. Ross pointed out that the memorial was wholly and entirely intellectual and that the sculptor, in typifying Genius as "the male of the species," had merely followed the precedent set by the Greeks and Syrians.

It is intended to try to get M. Rodin to use his influence with the officials concerned.

TELEPHONE—CITY

For

**Durrant's**

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32 TO

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TELEPHONE—CITY 4963.

For

*W. S. Millard*

**Durrant's Press Cuttings,**  
St. ANDREW'S HOUSE,  
32 TO 34, HOLBORN VIADUCT,  
AND  
8, ST. ANDREW STREET, HOLBORN CIRCUS,  
E.C.

**The Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette.**

104, SHOE LANE, E.C.

(Published by Walter Edward Hobbs.)

Cutting from issue dated

*2 Oct*

1911

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(To the Editor of the "Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette.")

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I had no hand in the ordering of the monument nor in the selection of the artist; but my husband and I were privileged to see the work before its departure for Paris, and, so far from beholding in it the least indecency or the least suggestion of indecency, we were impressed by its essentially chaste, sober, severe, and dignified qualities.

To my mind, it needs a notorious city like Paris to produce the cast of brain that can have expressed itself in a manner so exceedingly curious as that which marked the action and utterance of the keeper of Père Lachaise, if these have been correctly reported.

LILY TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS.

9, Cheltenham-terrace, S.W.

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**Manchester Dispatch,**

Withy Grove, Manchester.

(Messrs. E. Hulton & Co., Ltd., Publishers.)

Cutting from issue dated

*21 Sept 1911*

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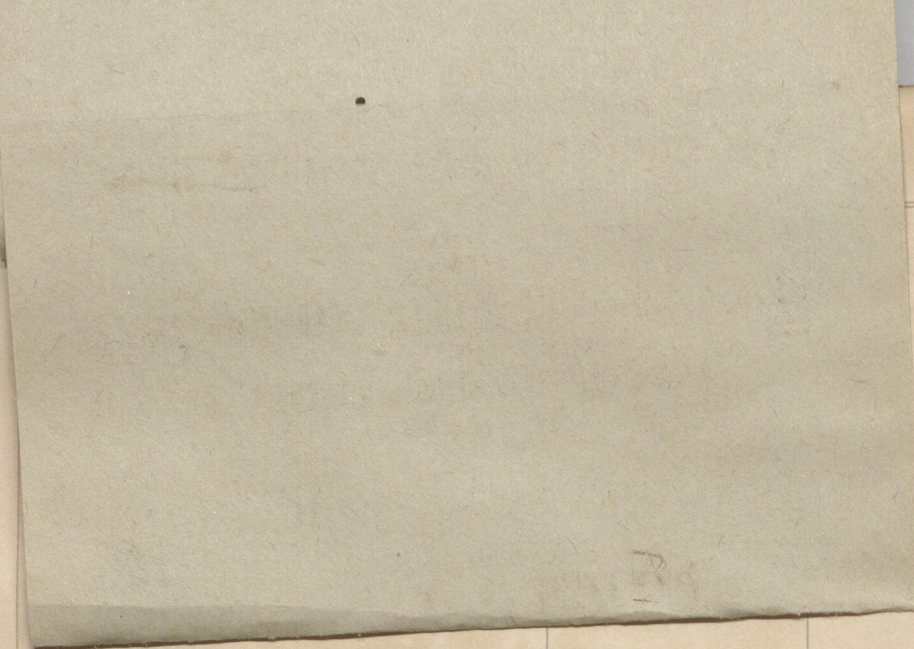
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"The president of the autumn salon told me that he thought the monument—which takes the form of a winged male figure, entirely symbolical—quite chaste. Anyhow, thousands of people who saw it on exhibition in London apparently perceived nothing immoral in it.

"The conservateur is purely an official who is taking a bourgeois view of it. He is the type of man who, if he does not approve of a work according to his conventional standard, considers it highly immoral for that reason alone."

*W. S. Millard*





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3, ST. ANDREW'S STREET,  
HOLBORN CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.

(Late 57, Holborn Viaduct.)

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TELEPHONE—CITY 4963.

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E.C.

Cutting from the Observer

Dated September 22 1912.

Address of Journal \_\_\_\_\_

## OSCAR WILDE MEMORIAL.

### THE FRENCH OBJECTION TO THE MONUMENT.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Saturday.

It is a fact that the authorities have placed an embargo on the sepulchral monument erected over the grave of Oscar Wilde in the cemetery of Père Lachaise.

In conversation to-day, M. Paul Henriot, the Conservator, said he regarded the work as a profanation, on account of the realism of the half-recumbent symbolical figure which forms the upper part. Such sculpture, he remarked, would be appropriate in an exhibition of art, but was inappropriate in a burial ground frequented by bereaved persons, who came to pray. This was particularly so in Paris, where there existed a fervent cult of the dead. The ultimate decision did not rest with him, but with the Prefect of the Seine, as ex-officio Mayor of Paris. M. Delamney being away, the general secretary of the Prefecture has upheld the objection.

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TELEPHONE—CITY 4963.

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...barbaric hue as when they  
...ed this prodigal and wayward  
genius—a companion for the gods at his  
best, and at his worst a subject fit only  
for pathologists or alienists—to herd with  
common criminals and to spend two years  
on the treadmill. Yet at least those two  
years gave us two masterpieces which re-  
veal Oscar Wilde's intellect in its noblest  
guise—the "Ballad of Reading Gaol" and  
the "De Profundis."

Years have passed and England has not  
yet forgiven, though she strives hard to  
forget, the wild wag who made sport of her  
pet hypocrisies, and she still fools her-  
self with the fiction that it is outraged vir-  
tue and not hurt vanity which makes her  
wince at the memory of his name.

In Continental Europe Wilde has soared  
back again from bog to sky. Back of his  
authorship lies the man, back of his sin  
the broken outcast and repentant sinner,  
who appeals powerfully to the Latin and  
Teutonic imagination. As with the Eng-  
lish Byron and the American Poe, it is  
the sorrow and shame of this Irishman's  
life—sorrow, the tax he paid for excess,  
and shame, the confiscation exacted by so-  
ciety from the too public publican—that  
has placed him among the great sufferers  
of history.

Like Byron and Poe, Wilde has been  
translated into French, into German, into  
Italian—into one knows not how many  
languages. He is read and appreciated by  
people to whom Wordsworth and Milton  
and Browning are unknown and unknow-  
able.

It has been reserved for this country,  
however, to prepare and publish the first  
definitive edition of Oscar Wilde's writ-  
ings in prose and verse. This work has  
been undertaken by Messrs. A. R. Keller  
& Co., acting as the publication depart-  
ment of the Anglo-American Authors' As-  
sociation. They have secured the general  
editorial supervision of Mr. Richard Le  
Gallienne, who had the advantage of per-  
sonal acquaintance with Wilde. In this  
capacity Mr. Le Gallienne prefixes an in-  
troduction to these volumes, which is  
written with tact and good taste and shows  
a nice critical understanding of qualities  
that the Anglo-Saxon mind is usually in-  
capable of grasping.

A preliminary life of Oscar Wilde, com-  
piled from various sources, is put forward  
less as a biographical study than as a  
collation of documents and memoranda—  
some of them invaluable, all of them in-  
teresting—which might otherwise have  
perished in the dust heap of time.

An advance notice of this new edition,  
made from proofs and unbound sheets, ap-  
peared in the HERALD on March 31, of last  
year. It was explained that the set would  
be completed in sixteen volumes and that  
it would include much matter which was  
merely lying perdu in more or less ob-  
scure periodicals and newspapers. Oscar  
Wilde, it was explained, valued himself  
chiefly on his talents as a wit and racon-  
teur, and was curiously careless about the  
future of these bantlings of his brain.  
Consequently, many of them had escaped  
printed record in any permanent literary  
form. Not only in London and in Paris,  
but in New York and in other American  
cities where Wilde lectured on his tour in  
1881, the compilers of this edition un-  
earthed a considerable amount of fugitive  
verse, critical comment, parables, person-  
alia and so on.

OSCAR WILDE came into his heritage  
of genius by right of birth. His  
father, Sir William Wilde, was one  
of the greatest surgeons of the early  
ineteenth century and a man of the  
roadest culture. His mother, under the  
seudonym of Speranza, was the most  
opular and the most effective of the  
oets who espoused the Young Ireland  
ause in the pages of the Dublin Nation.  
fer mournful appeal to Daniel O'Connell  
n his alliance with the whigs is said to  
ave more the great agitator as no other  
tack elite in prose or poetry ever  
oved high. As we read it now in cold  
lood veins we still see how good it is,  
ough we must fain own it would have

Oscar-Wilde was never looked upon as a  
formidable competitor by the boys who  
went in for examinations in Porters  
school." Nevertheless, he was known as a  
great reader and one who assimilated what  
he read in a remarkable manner. At Ox-  
ford he began to attract attention by prose  
and poetical contributions to periodicals.  
Here also he developed the first symptoms  
of his so-called "aesthetic craze;" he cov-  
ered the walls of his room with blue china,  
and then and there he uttered the famous  
phrase which Du Maurier later caught up  
for Punch:—"Ah, let us try to live up to  
our blue china."

WHEN Punch began to exploit him  
and his associate aesthetes, the rank  
and file of the Oxford undergradu-  
ates, with boylike fickleness, turned  
against the apostle and his disciples. They  
put some of the latter under the pump,  
they "ragged" the rooms of others and  
pitched their blue china out of window.  
Next day all the aesthetes in Oxford had  
cut their hair and resumed their stand-up  
collars. They could not so easily feaze  
the leader. They waylaid the "blue china  
cove" when he was out for a walk, bound  
him with cords and dragged him to the top  
of a hill. Though hurt and bruised, the  
victim did not protest, and when he was at  
length released he flicked the dust from  
his coat, gazed out complacently at the  
prospect, and remarked, "Yes, the view  
from this hill is very charming."

He crossed the Atlantic and was received  
with the same derision that he had serenely  
confronted at Oxford and afterward in  
London. He laughed back at us and re-  
turned to England with \$50,000 of our money  
in the pockets of his velvet knickerbockers.

HE soon vindicated himself. He baffled  
the scoffers. People began to realize  
that this young man with the queer  
clothes and the queer affectations  
was no fool. He succeeded alike in poetry,  
in drama, in essay, in fairy tale and in  
novel. With Whistler he divided the reputa-  
tion of being the greatest wit of his day.  
His caustic paradoxes, combining shrewd-  
ness with wit, were in everybody's mouth.  
But the scoffers, though baffled, were not  
all silenced. It was urged that his wit was  
simply the mechanical reversal of a pro-  
verb or a platitude. It is true that Wilde  
rejoiced in turning a proverb turtlewise on  
its back and exposing the rich and juicy  
meat of paradox that lay on its nether  
side.

Did British Philistines repeat by rote  
such hackneyed quotations as "Charity  
covers a multitude of sins," Wilde would  
smartly remind them that charity creates  
a multitude of sins. If the same ponderous  
personalities solemnly asserted that cul-  
ture depended upon judicious reading,  
Wilde would mischievously suggest that  
"more than half of modern culture depends  
upon what one shouldn't read."

Nevertheless it is also true that no mere  
trick of verbal mechanism supplied the wit  
to these Wildean reversals of current plat-  
itudes. It was the corrective half truth  
whimsically hidden in his perversions of  
hackneyed half truths that supplied them  
with their real vitality and point. They  
were welcomed by the jaded taste as a  
complementary color might be welcomed  
by the eye wearied of a too self assertive  
and therefore a misleading hue.

Wilde's fellow countryman, George Ber-  
nard Shaw, put the case admirably. "The  
critics," he said, "laugh angrily at his epi-  
grams, like a child who is coaxed into  
being amused in the very act of setting up  
a yell of rage and agony. They protest  
that the trick is obvious and that such epi-  
grams can be turned out by the score by  
any one light minded enough to conde-  
scend to such frivolity. As far as I can  
ascertain, I am the only person in London  
who cannot sit down and write an Oscar  
Wilde play at will. The fact that his plays,  
though apparently lucrative, remain unique  
under these circumstances says much for  
the self-denial of our scribes."

MR. LE GALLIENNE utters some  
sound sense on the same side of the  
subject. Though he grants that Wilde  
could be and often was deliberately

all in reads. I believe that will  
genuinely disappointed with the A  
as many another of us, crossing it  
onously in those vulgar sea going  
we call liners, have surely been;  
said so quite simply to the interview  
he landed."

In a spirit of real insight Mr. Le Gallienne continues:—"I know that to anything like sincerity to the great the  
of pose may seem farfetched, but for-  
who knew him were quite aware of sort  
quality in him alongside of his elum-  
affectations; for he was a poet, as num-  
poet's soul, however overlaid it and  
with surface insincerities, there is his  
something left of the child. It is, his  
essential sincerity of Wilde's nature few  
gave force even to his insincerities; is to  
the vagaries of his fantastic career had  
tellectual sincerity was certainly dealing  
the power in his best epigrams lies at  
strong brain work behind them." it of a

THE news of this coming edition, that  
cabled over to England. There he un-  
with public protest. It was success-  
the "pirated" American edition. tion."

Wilde's heirs. Mr. Le Gallienne idea of  
sured for allowing his name to stupid  
lected with the enterprise. es has  
To obtain the answer of the pub- the sense,  
and the editor of the American e- the best  
called the other day at the pub- office. I was fortunate in finding If they  
Gallienne and Mr. Keller closeted to form of  
Both were quite willing to talk. w half  
"The Messrs. Methuen, who are  
thorized publishers of Wilde's w: Hum-  
England," said Mr. Le Gallienne  
that they are preparing to bring  
complete edition of Wilde's work mightily  
their edition, as announced on is which  
leaves out many important items, ling and  
others "The Portrait of Dorian Gra  
Now, Dorian Gray is the Hamlet  
Wilde's books. It is his spiritual  
ography. Wilde without Dorian  
Wilde without Wilde. It is Hamlet  
Hamlet left out.

"More than that," said Mr. Keller  
edition is still in an inchoate form  
the Methuen firm thought that they  
dispose of three hundred copies of tes-  
tion in America. They offered it d  
where, and everywhere their offer d  
fused. Then we undertook to ac-  
We thought there might be three h  
Englishmen in this country who  
prefer the English edition. We w  
ing to take them on a gamble.  
couldn't tie the English publisher  
to any definite arrangement about  
livery of the copies. We wanted s  
volumes to be ready at such and  
date, the three hundred copies of t  
four volumes, and then the other v  
at regular intervals. We could get n  
factory assurance that the respect  
umes would be out on time. So  
rangement fell through."

"UNDERSTAND," put in Mr.  
lienne, "that the American pu  
are also quite willing to resp  
legitimate claims of Oscar  
heirs."

"Yes, provided we can find them,  
Mr. Keller. "We do not care to  
directly with them through Wilde's  
executor, a Mr. Ross. I have mad  
inquiries and only learn that one of  
sons is a Catholic priest and the ot  
changed his name. Neither is an  
digent circumstances that have b  
a considerable estate. The priest  
looked after, moreover, by his C  
As to the other, a son who is ash  
his father's name has no great c  
consideration on his father's account  
the less we are willing to set aside  
share of the profits arising from t  
tion for the benefit of both son-  
vided we can learn their whereabouts  
deal directly with them. So far the  
prise has been all expense and on  
the sales begin to recoup us will the  
begin. The expenses have been enon  
"Of late," Mr. Keller went on to et  
"there has been a great interest in s  
ana among bibliophiles, and autho  
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