

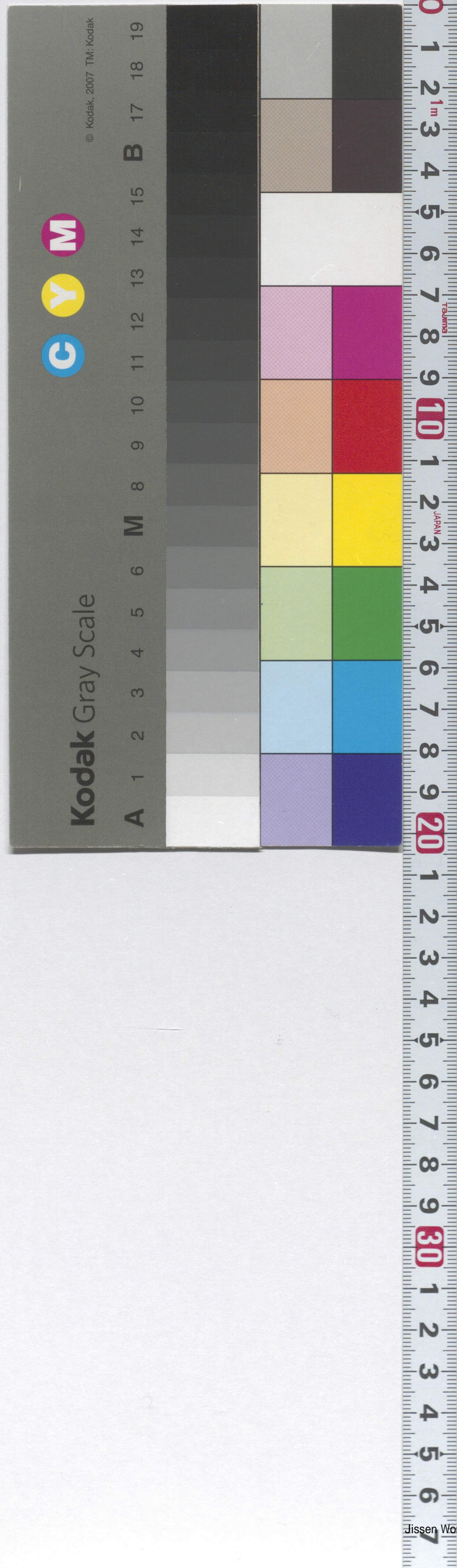


Jissen Women's University Rare Books
Honma Hisao Collection

Digital Archives of Mason Library

Oscar Wilde
Scrapbook

Vol. **17**



LIFE AND LETTERS

E. Haldeman-Julius, Editor

Published Monthly
Vol. I, No. 11

GIRARD, KANSAS, JULY, 1923

Single Copy, 10 Cents
One Year, 50 Cents

The Tragic Story of Oscar Wilde's Life

By Charles J. Finger

Copyright, 1923
Haldeman-Julius Co.

I.

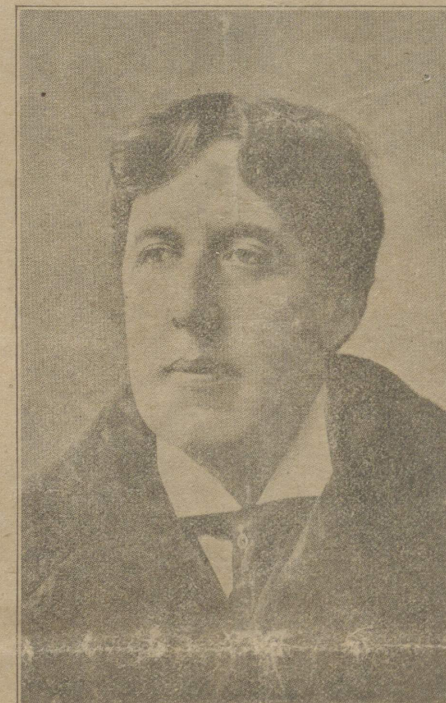
CALIBAN OR ARIEL?

And even the light of the sun will fade at the last,
And the leaves will fall, and the birds will hasten away,
And I will be left in the snow of a flowerless day
To think on the glories of Spring, and the joys of a youth long past.

—Magdalen Walks.

Investigation is laborious and unexciting, and it requires no great stretch of imagination to picture a group of painstaking and solemn men some hundreds of years hence, vainly trying to reconstruct the Wilde figure. Indeed, it is not an altogether fanciful notion that there may, in far time to come, be those who, seeing the strangeness of the story, will set down the whole Wilde legend as a myth, a kind of sun myth perhaps, with the man in his glory and surrounded by his admiring satellites, conceived to be the sun at its zenith; the swift darkness that engulfed him in later life may appear as an eclipse; his brilliant conversation may be taken to typify the solar activity on sullen soil. Certainly, theories have been based on far less attractive foundations.

At any rate, looking through the bulky literature that has grown up about Oscar Wilde, reading and noting him here deified, there denounced and blackened, his writings praised by this one as the *ne plus ultra* and treated as quite negligible by that; the widely differing estimates placed upon his art by Robert Ross on the one hand and by James Gibbons Huneker on the other, to take but two examples; the variance in the word pictures of him and the biographies that are poles apart—Ransome, Sherard, Douglas, Harris, Ingledy, Andre Gide; more than all, the startling differences in the pictorial representations of the man, for that item must certainly be considered—taking into consideration all these things, the students of some hundreds of years hence may well be imagined as standing



OSCAR WILDE.

puzzled and finding their work of investigation as I have said, both laborious and unexciting. Nor are the various estimates and images mutually exclusive and all may be to some extent true. None of them is complete. They are all aspects partly true and partly false, yet, as conceived by any individual, true as far as they go.

Take the pictorial representations, the photographs and engravings first. They are numerous, especially in the ten years of his heyday, for Wilde was a persistent self-advertiser. There is the well-known picture of Wilde the exquisite and dandy, the man in silk-lined frock coat and waved hair, with face of great beauty; the etching made by J. E. Kelley during Wilde's American tour, showing him with long, curling hair, shoulder length, and a profile like a Greek god; the Sphinx face as on the tomb with heavy lidded eyes and sensual mouth; the comparatively rare picture of Wilde as a child of striking feminine aspect; Wilde as a youth, rather goggle eyed and certainly asymmetrical about the upper part of the face, the eyes especially; Wilde glorious in the Ellis and Wallery picture, a man beautiful as Apollo and full of spirituality; Wilde at the age of twenty-seven all becloaked like a brigand in an Italian opera; Wilde with Lord Alfred Douglas taken when the moral fibre of the man had grown weak, Wilde fat, and posing with foot on chair, cigarette in hand and hand on hip, bowler hat well displayed, with Douglas in white trousers, a youth with a most decidedly effeminate cast of countenance. But most startling in its truth, it seems to me, is the sketch of Oscar Wilde as made by Aubrey Beardsley. It is very like the recorded impression as given by that outspoken diarist, Wilfred Scaven Blunt: "physically he (Wilde) was repellant, though with a certain sort of fat good looks. There was a kind of freckled coarseness in his coloring."

In the Beardsley sketch there is both cruelty and truth, and of all the pictures it best brings to mind the man as I saw him. It was at the opening of an Arts and Crafts exhibition in 1889, a notable gathering where

were many of brilliant wit, and many of national fame. There was William Morris in his plain blue serge suit looking like some grand sea captain in fine spirit; George Bernard Shaw swift and direct, his companion on the occasion being E. Belfort Bax; Walter Crane active and slim as a harrier; John Burns black-bearded and swarthy, swaggering a little, his speech harsh and nasal; Prince Kropotkin quietly observant; Arthur Balfour, all amiability. That king of men was there too, R. B. Cunninghame Graham, tall and athletic, and Hyndman and Frederic Harrison. As I remember, the subject of conversation most in men's mouths at the time was Wilfred Scaven Blunt's new book of poems, *In Vinculis*. Mr. Blunt had suffered imprisonment for his activities on behalf of Irish independence and the book was a result. Oscar Wilde reviewed it for *W. T. Stead* in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and, looking back, it seems a little curious that he somewhat dwelt upon the effect of imprisonment upon the high spirited Englishman, quoting this: "Imprisonment is a reality of discipline most useful to the modern soul, lapped as it is in physical sloth and self-indulgence. Like a sickness or a spiritual retreat it purifies and ennobles; and the soul emerges from it stronger and more self-contained." The words were Blunt's, but in the quotation of them by Wilde, there seems a certain foreshadowing of something to be found later in *De Profundis*.

My companion, Henry Somerfield, artist and student, pointed out Oscar Wilde to me, and, catching sight of him as he came through a low doorway, he loomed almost gigantic. He was with two men, one of them Halliday Sparling, but stopped suddenly when he noticed, hanging on the wall to his right, a piece of embroidered silk. To that he turned and fell to stroking it as a woman might a child's hair. There may have been a prejudice in me, for my *beau ideal* was a man of the physical type of Morris, rugged and strong, but it struck me that the pictures I had seen of



OSCAR WILDE AS A CHILD.



MONUMENT ERECTED OVER OSCAR WILDE'S GRAVE, PERE LA CHAISE, PARIS.

Wilde grossly flattered him. His mouth seemed large and loose and his teeth too prominent, and there was indubitably an air of self-assertion about him. His cheeks were flabby and his eyes heavy lidded and tired looking, too bagged for health. And, certainly there was a marked suspicion of a double chin.

So, it seems to me, that so far as my recollection goes, a composite picture made from the caricatures of Aubrey Beardsley and of Max Beerbohm would give a portrait more accurate by far than any to be gathered from the touched up photographs. He was neither Caliban nor Ariel. That he, in some sort, created a kind of ideal Wilde, for public consumption, is not to be wondered at. He was a public character connected with the theatre and in that capacity the public, the American and English public at any rate, looks for a something not as it is, but as the public imagines it should be. "Nature must follow Art," Wilde once said.

But the appearance of Oscar Wilde did not strike me as forcibly as did that woman-like caress of the silken fabric. It was decidedly a fondling touch, that careful down stroking of the silk with extreme finger tips, and, because of that, I have been convinced that Sherard was right when he wrote that Wilde possessed the feminine soul. And it is, I should think, quite indisputable that being possessed of the feminine soul, his whole character was influenced. That would account for much—for his neurotic restiveness and all that hung thereon. But read the Sherard passage carefully. It is worth the reading, Sherard being not only a careful observer but, in addition, a close friend of Wilde's:

"Oscar Wilde possessed the feminine soul. This was the ghost that haunted his house of life, that sat beside him at the feast and sustained him in the day of famine; the secret influence that weighed down his manhood and enervated his hopes; the knowledge that he possessed the feminine soul; that he was a slave to the capricious, critical, feminine temperament, the feminine vanity and feminine weakness to temptation; the feminine instinct of adaptability; the feminine impulse of the wanton's soul, gave him the lust for strange, forbidden pleasures, and imparted to his final repentance the sublime abnegation of the Magdalene. And yet that feminine soul endowed him with the supreme love and appreciation of beauty in every form, the music of words, the subtle harmonies of color, imagery in language, the coquetry of thought that veiled itself in paradoxes and the fine and delicate vision that created in him the instinct of the poet; the keen sense of feminine intuition in the analysis of character that made him the wit and dramatist of his day, and the feminine quality of vanity and appetite for flattery and praise that made him the first dandy of his day." And, seeking an example of that "feminine . . . repentance," read what follows, marking the closing lines:

TEDIUM VITÆ.

To stab my youth with desperate knives, to wear This pair's age's gaudy livery,
To let each base hand filch my treasury,
To mesh my soul within a woman's hair,
And by mere Fortune's luckless groom—I swear
I love it not! these things are less to me
Than the thin foam that frets upon the sea,
Less than the thistledown of summer air
Which hath no seed; better to stand aloof
Far from these slanderous fools who mock my
life
Knowing me not, better the lowliest roof
Fit for the meanest kind to sojourn in,
Than to go back to that hoarse cave of strife
Where my white soul first kissed the mouth of
sin.

Again, leaving for the present *Dorian Gray*, which I will write of later, consider the femininity of this, a speech he puts into the mouth of Vivian, in *Intentions*: "Nature is so uncomfortable. Grass is hard and lumpy and damp, and full of dreadful black insects." Obviously that is the language of what you and I would call a "sissy," and of a sort not to be used by the man masculine.

Another similar instance follows which I take from *The Critic as Artist*:

Ernest. No; I don't want music just at present. No; Gilbert don't play any more. Turn round and talk to me. Talk to me till the white horned day comes into the room. There is something in your voice that is wonderful. Gilbert (rising from the piano). I am not in a mood for talking tonight. How horrid of you to smile! I really am not. Where are the cigarettes? Thanks. How exquisite these single daffodils are! They seem to be made of amber and cool ivory. . . . After playing Chopin, I feel as if I had been weeping over sins I had never committed.

It is a legitimate deduction that the writer



OSCAR WILDE AS A LAD.

who puts that kind of language into his puppets' mouths delighted in the feminization of character, had, indeed, himself a feminine streak in his composition. If you change the names of the characters supposed to be talking to read Alice and Louise, instead of Ernest and Gilbert, the passage reads convincingly. For men talking, it does not ring true. I could not imagine William Morris telling Wilfred Scawen Blunt that it was horrid of him to smile, nor can I imagine Cunningham Graham complaining that the grass was hard and lumpy and damp and full of dreadful black insects. But Wilde's fictional men are, all of them, tame house animals; none are as men should be, fond of adventures, thrilling experiences, striving for mastery over themselves and over circumstances.

That feminine soul of Wilde's was a something for which he was not responsible, a something that became part of him when he was yet in his mother's womb, doubtless. Nature had set a mark upon him. So, thinking of Wilde, I remember the words of old Burton, the anatomist of melancholy: "So many several ways are we plagued and punished for our father's defaults."

II.

GOLDEN DAYS.

His full name was Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde, and, like a wise man, finding that his parents had christened him unsatisfactorily, he retained but the head and tail of



OSCAR WILDE WHEN IN AMERICA, 1883.

the name. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, on October 14th, 1854, and, later, objecting to the ruthless march of the years, shifted his age a little with a kind of feminine capriciousness. His mother had desired a daughter, her first child having been a boy, and kept the young Oscar in girl's clothes as long as was decently possible. At the age of nine he entered the Portora Royal School at Enniskillen where he stayed until the year 1871, when he went to Trinity College, Dublin. As a school boy he was ordinary, taking no interests in sports and showing no particular brilliancy. That means nothing, for, like many others, he had not found the path of his genius. It was so with Goldsmith, Balzac, Dumas pere, Humboldt, Walter Scott. In his arithmetic he was positively backward, a trait not uncommon among literary men.

At Dublin he won the Berkeley Gold Medal for Greek, went to Oxford, taking a scholarship and matriculating at Magdalen. He had found his path happily, took a First Class in Classical Moderations in 1876, and, two years later, a First Class in Literae Humaniores. There was a year's travel in Italy and Greece with Professor Mahaffy and returning to England he read the Newdigate Prize Poem in the Sheldonian Theatre in 1878. That completes the tale of his scholastic education. The remainder of his public life up to the time of his cloud of trouble may be succinctly summed up in his own words spoken in answer to a question put by Sir Edward Clarke, when Wilde was in the witness box as prosecutor against Queensberry: "From 1878 I have devoted myself to literature and art. In 1881 I published a volume of poems and afterwards lectured in England and America. In 1884 I married Miss Lloyd. I have two sons, the elder of whom will be ten in June and the second nine in November."

Wilde's training then for the battle of life was in some respects a bad, and in some an excellent one. Bad because he grew up pampered, treated like a flower in a hot house, learning neither to obey nor to command, viewing life not as a serious adventure but rather as an aesthetic spectacle, excellent in that he had all bookish culture that the world could give, but had again because it was that culture which lures to a world in which one has but to dream, or listen to dreams. Bad again was his training because it enabled him to shirk the responsibilities of life and left him ignorant of duty and discipline.

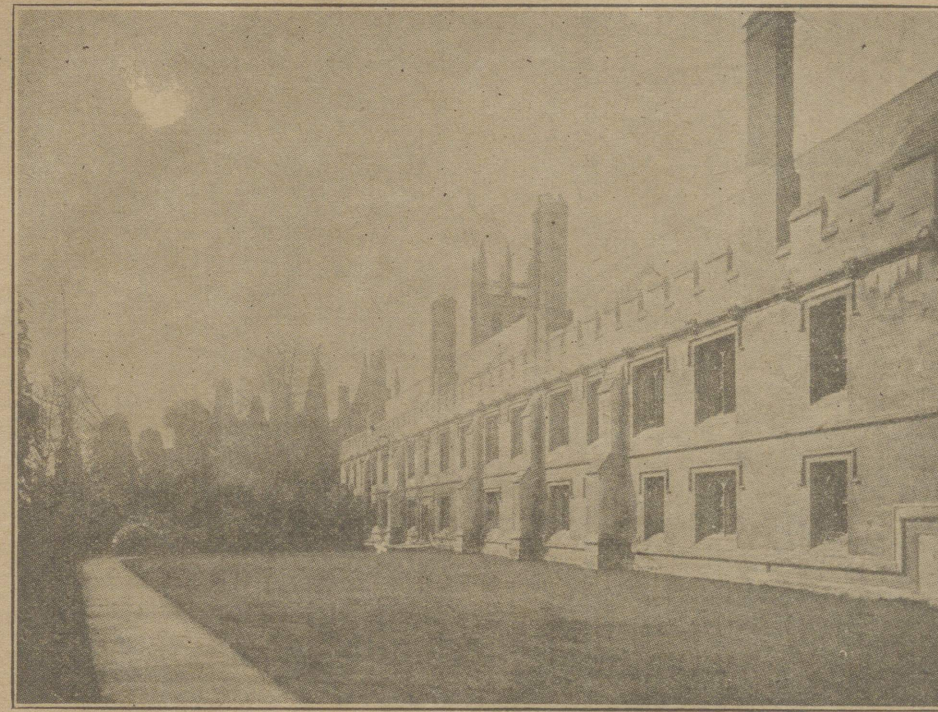
If little things about his ordinary life are set down, there is nothing to distinguish him from any one of a million. He lived jocosely and drank too much on occasion, he joined the order of Freemasons and he had an affair or two of gallantry. As a boy he was what Roosevelt would have called a mollycoddle, though Roosevelt's boyhood life reveals no especial tendency to strenuousness. But the boy Wilde never played games, never climbed a tree, never had any boyish adventure. The truth of it is that his unfortunate physical characteristics were against that. He was too big, too unwieldy, too bulky, and "used to flop about ponderously."

Naturally, such a youth would be thrown in on himself. He would, if intellectually alert, become an observer and a critic of life. With-out a sense of cosmic humor such a one would be apt to become a pessimist like Schopenhauer. But Wilde had the saving sense of humor and the habit of framing his observations in words. Hence the "Oscariana." You can imagine him as a youth, or a young man in society, the lion-worshipping women flocking about him because he had written his first book of poems. There would be silly requests for this and for that, for autographs and verses for albums and all the rest of the nonsense. Out comes Wilde then with a truth straight from the shoulder. Carlyle could not have bettered it. "Being adored is a nuisance. Women treat us just as Humanity treats its gods. They worship us, and are always bothering us to do something for them."

Here is another, a something most men have thought, but few had the wit to say: "A woman will flirt with anybody in the world as long as other people are looking on."

Or this: "Pleasure is nature's test, her sign of approval. When we are happy we are always good; but when we are good we are not always happy."

Nor was Oscar Wilde blind to the follies of Main Street. Indeed, those who mistakenly believe that there is something new and strange in the latter day novel with its portrayal of American life, might go with advantage to the pages of Wilde. You will search far before you get a cameo like this: "The subjects discussed were mainly such as form the ordinary conversation of cultured Ameri-



MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD: THE CLOISTERS.

Showing the windows (X) of the rooms occupied by Oscar Wilde from Oct., 1875 to Dec., 1876.

cans of the better class, such as the immense superiority of Miss Fanny Davenport over Sarah Bernhardt as an actress; the difficulty of obtaining green corn, buckwheat cakes and hominy, even in the best English houses; the importance of Boston in the development of the world soul; the advantages of the baggage check system in railway traveling; and the sweetness of the New York accent as compared to the London drawl."

A few more rapier thrusts of the same kind each of which pricks sorely:

"There are three kinds of despots. There is the despot who tyrannizes over the body. There is the despot who tyrannizes over the soul. There is the despot who tyrannizes over the soul and body alike. The first is called the Prince. The second is called the Pope. The third is called the People."

"In America the President reigns for four years, and Journalism governs forever and ever. Fortunately, in America, Journalism has carried its authority to the grossest and most brutal extreme. It is no longer seriously treated."

"Only the shallow know themselves." "We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars."

"A sentimentalist is a man who sees an absurd value in everything and doesn't know the market price of a single thing."

There is more than verbal cleverness in each of those, and the man who said, or penned them, was one who walked the world with open eyes. In every case, packed in a few words is a world of thought. Consider, for instance, the four lines given to a criticism of American Journalism and how Wilde has packed in three dozen words material for an essay. There is the thought for you and if you fail to find infinite merit in it, the loss is yours. In the final half dozen words is the observation that the once considerable influence of the press has so waned that its boasts of power excite only the derision of the well informed, and no one any longer places reliance in the editorial's pretended statements of fact.

We have, then, a young man of education and some travel, a keen observer not to be deceived with outward glitter and show, who, partly because of a certain isolation in youth, has a trick of words. Brought up in comfort, if not in moderate luxury, he finds himself thrown on his own resources, compelled to make his own living, his father having died. So to London he went, where his brother was already engaged in journalistic work.

Frank Harris holds that Oscar Wilde had well assimilated Bacon's advice that a man, to be successful, must sound his own trumpet. At any rate, there was a great deal of vast self advertising. To a bored society he was a godsend with his gift of conversation, his impudence and subtle flattery. He was a latter day Beau Brummel, his mother was the well known "Speranza" and his brother was a writer for

a fashionable journal. "A thaumaturg," Ernest La Jeunesse calls him, who deliberately set himself to fool the public, choosing his material where he found it, making his way so that he might not fall into a pit of poverty, by a thousand inventions, tricks, words, and touches of heaven and of hell. He invented a fad and his name was on every lip. Some derided him and he marched the swifter to victory because of the derision. He became the leader of the Aesthetes and foolish dowagers and giddy girls were at his feet. He walked the streets carrying a sunflower, and thousands followed his example. Soon there were Wilde collars and Wilde ties, and Wilde hats in the shop windows, and photographs of Wilde elbowed photographs of such notabilities as Lillie Langtry, Ellen Terry, Lord Salisbury and W. E. Gladstone. Greatly daring, he played the clown, essayed the part of a public fool indeed, and, strangely enough, made the public his dupe. In cap and bells and motley he was accepted as serious. In a way, he became a very liar of liars, and as a liar, charmed and delighted, thus running true to form. "Lying," said he, "the telling of beautiful untrue things, is the proper aim of Art." And, "The aim of the liar is simply to charm, to delight, to give pleasure. He is the very basis of civilized pleasure."

All was grist that came to his mill. Satirists, critics, solemn and pompous editors, caricaturists—the pages of Punch, Gilbert and Sullivan, makers of common street songs, all helped to furnish the wind to speed his bark to harbor. The doors of society were open to him and the charm of his conversation did the rest. When he talked, others were silent and if he could not shine alone, Gide tells us, he withdrew into the shadow. He was, too, a true dandy, that is, an artist whose material was his own body.

Looking at him across the gulf of time, we see him as a young man assuming a vast air of superiority, of infallibility, one most decidedly insolent. His doctrine that art is independent of morality seemed at the time to have meant one thing, and, in the view of later developments in his own life, to have meant something altogether different. If, by it, he meant that art should go its way independent of moral purpose, then, of course, he was saying something by no means new or strange, but yet something that it is well should be said with frequency. To put it plainly, a work of art need carry no lesson—a picture may have no ethical tag to it—it is not necessary, nor is it desirable that a book or a story should have a moral. But to say that art must be independent of morality may also have another and occult meaning, in which case the doctrine is a monstrosity. For art must bear a relation to ethical values if it is not to become a refined cult for those of specialized sensitiveness.

There was another side to Oscar Wilde; he had another string to his bow. He made of himself a kind of John the Baptist for Baudelaire.

In England Charles Baudelaire then was almost unknown, his poetry neglected, Swinburne alone having recognized him. The Miltonic, the Biblical sonority of his music had never delighted the English ear. Wilde proclaimed himself the herald of the French poet, then, and there was a new and fascinating toy for the public. Such a role was delightful for a young man of Wilde's temperament. The Baudelairean teaching that "*Le Dandy doit aspirer a etre sublime sans interruption. Il doit vivre et dormir devant un miroir*" was meat and drink for the nineteenth century Brummel. None was more eager to be a hero to himself than Wilde; none more willing to live before a mirror. As for impassiveness before a society he despised, that pose certainly suited Wilde to a T.

Then there was the strange Baudelairean gesture, the "*On n'est jamais cocusable d'etre mechant, mais il y a quelque merite de savior qu'on l'est; et le plus irreparable des vices est de faire le mal par bêtise*." For Wilde was quite ready to play with the dangerous idea that a man should be thoroughly sincere in his wickedness—sincere and deliberate, and that knowingly. What strange use Wilde made of that idea may be seen in his essay on Thomas Griffith Wainwright the poisoner. There are odd passages in that literary gem. "He sought to find expression by pen and poison." "His crimes seem to have had an important effect upon his art." "There is no sin except stupidity." There are other similar passages, similar because dangerous, or at least capable of bearing a dangerous construction, in *Dorian Gray*. I say dangerous, but I might as well say delightful, for they are delightful in their truth. Consider this: "Young men want to be faithful and are not, old men want to be faithless and cannot." Here again: "One should never make one's debut with a scandal, one should reserve that to give interest to one's old age." And this: "People who love once in their lives are really shallow people. What they call their loyalty and their fidelity is either the lethargy of custom or lack of imagination. Faithfulness is to the emotional life what constancy is to the intellectual life, simply a confession of failure." "Anybody can be good in the country. There are no temptations there. That is the reason why people who live out of town are so uncivilized. There are only two ways of becoming civilized. One is by being cultured, the other is by being corrupt. Country people have no opportunity of being either, so they stagnate." "The one charm of marriage is that it makes a life of deception necessary for both parties." "Nothing makes one so vain as being told that one is a sinner." "Good resolutions are a useless attempt to interfere with scientific laws; their origin pure vanity, their results absolutely nil." "The costume of the nineteenth century is detestable. Sin is the only real color-element left in modern life." "One can never pay too high a price for one's sensations." "The only difference between a caprice and a lifelong passion is that caprice lasts a little longer."

Much of that which I have quoted, and more, returned to plague him, as we shall see later. All and sundry went as evidence against him, much of it being little more than poetic gesture; some, fantastic naughtiness. Baudelaire, like many another romantic intellectual, held himself to be one of the greatest of sinners, and, therefore, marked out for special and extraordinary forgiveness. That kind of thing is a childish trait, I think, for every thoughtful man can remember when, under the influence of religious emotion, he believed himself to be too black of soul for salvation. But, in spite of all sensationalism, most men and women lead comparatively spotless lives.

However, just as your sudden convert at a revivalist meeting will be moved to confess to wild sins of which he is guiltless, hiding those that are mean and despicable, so with poetic exaggeration did Baudelaire ecstatically sing of his *ame damnée*—sing of himself as one who had sold his soul to a pissant though affable kind of devil. That kind of thing is poetic ecstasy, a kind of game of intellectual entanglement, and names spring to mind of other players—Sainte-Beuve with his novel *Volupté* and his altar to sexual pleasure, Catulle Mendes, Verlaine, Theophile Gautier. And it would be hypocritical to deny that there is, in most of us, a marked disposition to be vastly interested in crime and evil and the underworld.

Wilde, then, became the forerunner of Baudelaire in England and, quite naturally, mirrored his master. What wonder then that there was a flourish and a Baudelairean-Verlaine gesture? an aspect of fantastic naughtiness? That would seem to account for the

poem Helas which introduced his book of poetry to the English public. Any discerning reader may crudely analyze it for himself.

HELAS!

To drift with every passion till my soul Is a stringed lute on which all winds can play. Is it for this that I have given away Mine ancient wisdom, and austere control? Methinks my life is a twice-written scroll Scrawled over on some boyish holiday With idle songs for pipe and vielay, Which do but mar the secret of the whole. Surely there was a time I might have trod The sunlit heights, and from life's dissonance Struck one clear chord to reach the ears of God: Is that time dead? Lo! with a little rod I did but touch the honey of romance— And must I lose a soul's inheritance?

It was his first book and appeared in June, 1881, 250 copies being used for the first edition and 500 equally divided between the third and second editions. Now mark the business man in Wilde, the man with an eye to the main chance. Not by any means would he let the book fall flat from the press. There were reviews, to be sure, in the leading society journals, in the Athenaeum, the Academy and in the Saturday Review, with a highly laudatory one in the World by his brother, but that was not enough. Wilde ever marched with banners and music and the greatest must be called upon to herald him. So there was a letter to Robert Browning, poet whose songs were never echoes of other songs, man of subtle and nimble intellect.

Keats House, Tite Street, Chelsea.

My Dear Browning:

If you get the opportunity, and would care for it, I wish you would review my first volume of poems just about to appear; books so often fall into stupid and illiterate hands that I am anxious to be really criticised; ignorant praise or ignorant blame is so insulting.

Truly yours, OSCAR WILDE.

We know according to the agreement between publisher and poet, that all charges in relation to the work were paid by Wilde, in three installments. He had ventured, and would not let his venture die. Punch's Almanack for 1882 helped to make it a success with a clever parody of the poem Les Silhouettes called

MORE IMPRESSIONS

(By Oscar Wildegoose.)

"Des Sonnettes."

My little fancy's clogged with gush, My little lyre is false in tone, And when I lyrically moan, I hear the impatient critic's "Tush!" But I've "Impressions!" These are grand! Mere dabs of words, mere blobs of tint. Displayed on canvas or in print, Men laud and think they understand. A smudge of brown, a smear of yellow, No tale, no subject—there you are! Impressions!—and the strangest far Is that the bard's a clever fellow.

I quote that by way of showing that at the time of the appearance of the book there was no apparent suspicion of shameful conduct—of amusing eccentricity, yes, but the other, no. Those were the days when Wilde was a busy pilot heading his craft into the wind, and the gesture of confession of fantastic sins is but a gesture and nothing more. Like all of us, in his time Wilde had to play many parts, and his role just then was business man, performer, and impresario, and very well he played his triple part. As an instance, we see him as his own advertiser, inspiring a society note in his brother's paper to the effect that the success of his book of poems had resulted in an invitation to visit the United States. So he sailed for New York and here, his first bon mot, a statement to the custom house men that he had "nothing to declare but his genius," tickled the public fancy.

His subject was, in the main, an advocacy of beautiful furniture but the tour was only a moderate success. What is of real value lies in his witty observations and salutary criticism of American ways and manners. Many a rap over the knuckles he gave to those over zealous advocates of a "new" literature, of an art literally emancipated from old world tyrannies, and all that kind of nonsense. Nor would he be backward in saying what he thought to be true anent the sham aristocracies of wealth and social position won by smartness, nor the spirit of sensationalism that leads to the exploitation of every sort of mental vagary that covers itself with the lamb's skin of "science," nor to the incredible inanities of puritanical editors, nor the pinch-beck orators whose flamboyant boastings of national superiority were heard in every corner of the land. So there came of the tour brilliant flashes of criticism. I choose one or two examples.

"The youth of America is their oldest tradition. It has been going on now for three hun-



CONSTANCE WILDE, OSCAR WILDE'S WIFE.

dred years. To hear them talk one would imagine they were in their first childhood. As far as civilization goes they are in their second."

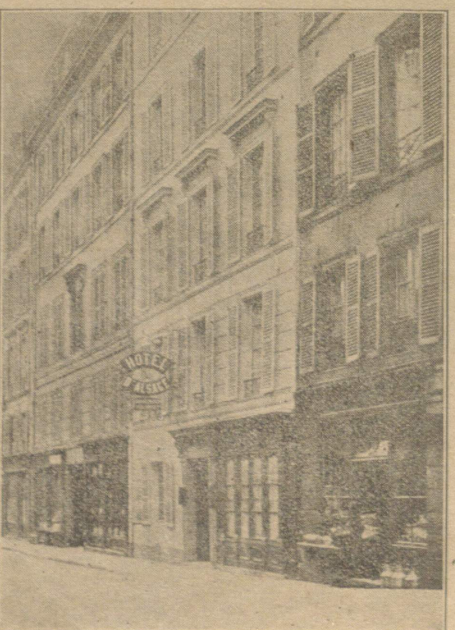
"America is a paradise for women—that is why, like Eve, the American women are extremely anxious to get out of it."

"All Americans dress well—they get their clothes in Paris."

"It is absurd to say that there are neither ruins nor curiosities in America when they have their mothers and their manners."

Of course Wilde did not say those things while on tour. So quick an observer as he could not fail to see that the American public is an ass that loves to be tickled, that delights in flattery; expects to be told that America stands on star crowned heights, that it is the hope of the world and heir of the ages. Wilde knew, quite as well as Victor Hugo knew, that the mob is an old Narcissus. He knew that to win an American audience there had to be the appearance of a stout hearted conviction that democracy is the only rational form of government and that art could flourish under no "effete monarchy." Every man knows how the Chautauquan lecturer gets away with his ineptitudes. Hear Oscar Wilde then, when he talked to American audiences. I copy an extract:

"It is rather, perhaps, to you that we would



WHERE OSCAR WILDE SPENT HIS LAST MONTHS. Hotel D'Alsace, Paris.

turn to complete and perfect this great movement of ours, for there is something Hellenic in your air and world, something that has a quicker breath of the joy and power of Elizabeth's England about it than our ancient civilization can give us. For you, at least, are young; no hungry generations tread you down, and the past does not mock you with the ruins of a beauty the secret of whose creation you have lost. That very absence of tradition which Ruskin thought would rob your rivers of their laughter and your flowers of their light may be rather the source of your freedom and strength. To speak in literature with the perfect rectitude of the movement of animals, and the unimpeachableness of the sentiment of trees and the grass by the wayside, has been defined by one of your poets as the flawless triumph of art; it is a triumph which you above all other nations may be destined to achieve. For the voices that have their dwelling in sea and mountain are not the chosen music of liberty only. Other messages are there, if you will but listen to them—may yield you the splendor of some new imagination, the marvel of some new liberty."

Wilde, as I have said, was a good business man and knew his market. The passage as given will pay the re-reading, and, by way of seeing the man with his tongue in his cheek, remember that he also wrote this: "Good Americans when they die go to Paris; bad Americans when they die go to America."

America disposed of, Oscar Wilde flung aside his shirts with laced sleeves, his velvet knickerbockers with buckles, his black silk stockings and his biretta. Both lily and sunflower went to the scrap heap and he had his hair cut. His name was world known, he had the public ear and he could afford to change his manner of advertisement. He was back in England in April, 1883. There was a lively passage of arms between Whistler and Wilde which makes mighty good reading in Whistler's Gentle Art of Making Enemies, and Wilde was accused of building a reputation on borrowed *bons mots*. An idea may be gained of the liveliness of the argument from a passage or two, quoting salencies on both sides.

Whistler: "Costume is not dress. And the wearers of wardrobes may not be doctors of taste." And further: "What has Oscar in common with Art except that he dines at our tables and picks from our platters the plums for the pudding that he peddles in the provinces? Oscar—the amiable, irresponsible, ascetic Oscar—with no more sense of a picture than he has of the fit of a coat—has the courage of the opinions—of others."

Wilde: "Which our James vulgarly begins at home and should be allowed to stay there."

Both men, be it observed, were persistent and clever advertisers, and both men had the gift of instant repartee. The quarrel was highly enjoyed by, and profitable to, both men. Indeed, it was more of a game of conversational entanglements than a disagreement, a kind of "joshing" on a high plane. Moreover, it was good advertising, and Wilde was lecturing in English towns on "Personal Impressions of America." Reports of the Wilde-Whistler affair reached New York too where they were seized upon as publicity, for his play Vera was billed for production at the Union Square Theatre. Wilde crossed the Atlantic to be on hand at the first performance but it was a failure and he returned to England, September, 1883, and resumed lecturing. That, indeed, seemed to be the shortest cut to gain ready money which he needed, to give him time in which to write. The rose dawn of his literary activity tinged his work.

III.

FAME, AND GOLD, AND PLEASURE.

There were ten years in which Oscar Wilde was Lord of Life, to use his own phrase. On his return from New York, he went to Paris, worked hard, wrote his *The Duchess of Padua* and commenced *The Sphinx*. Discussion of his literary work must be reserved for another place. Andre Gide, his French friend, tells us that the name of Wilde traveled from lip to lip and the most absurd anecdotes were told about him. "Wilde was pictured as everlastingly smoking gold-tipped cigarettes and strolling about with a sunflower in his hand. For Wilde had always the gift of playing up to those who nowadays fashion fame, and he made for himself an amusing mask that covered his actual countenance."

His immediate task ended, he returned to England and in 1884 married Constance Lloyd and they made their home at 16 Tite Street, Chelsea. For two years he edited the *Woman's World*, and, also, did much work for periodicals, reviewing for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Queen*, the *Speaker* and other leading journals. There is some excellent stuff buried in those reviews. His literary output was great and accounts for the golden stream that poured in upon him, unhappily, to overcome him. The man was full of vitality and the

Two of Oscar Wilde's Best Friends—Proprietors of the Hotel D'Alsace, in Paris, where Wilde's Last Days Were Made Pleasant Because of the Kindness This Couple Showed Towards the Tragic Figure of Wilde.



MADAM DUPOIRIER.



MONSIEUR DUPOIRIER.

rising sap overflowed. The list of his works follows.

- 1885. Shakespeare and Stage Costume, (XIX Century Magazine).
- 1887. Lord Arthur Saville's Crime. The Canterville Ghost. The Sphinx without a Secret. The Model Millionaire.
- 1888. The Happy Prince and Other Tales.
- 1889. The Portrait of Mr. W. H. Pen, Pencil and Poison. Decay of the Art of Lying. The Critic as Artist.
- 1890. A House of Pomegranates. Intentions. The Soul of Man under Socialism. The Picture of Dorian Gray. Salome.
- 1892. Lady Windermere's Fan.
- 1893. A Woman of No Importance.
- 1895. An Ideal Husband. The Importance of Being Earnest. (Then came the crash, and in prison he wrote or planned the following.)
- De Profundis. The Ballad of Reading Gaol. Two letters on Prison abuses which were published in the Daily Chronicle of May 28th, 1897, and March, 24th, 1898.

He fell into the hands of Circe the enchantress in 1886. That seems to have been established at the trial, for, certainly there were no loose gestures or foul talk about the man in society, nor is there evidence in his literary work of anything untoward. If there was defilement in the inward parts, to use a Miltonism, the world did not know it. Somehow, he got into a wrong environment, something went wrong within him and the sorcery of habit completed the work. Even affection drew him down, down to a secret hell vast and vague as the hell of Milton, a hall of torture darker than Dante's. It sickens one to read the record of the trial and to think of the effect of the hereditary curse upon the scholar; to read of the lads with whom he consorted; of secret voluptuous rooms; of shameless kissing of waiters and stable boys; of expensive gifts flying about—gold cigarette cases, cameo rings, purses of gold, gorgons walking canes. And, on the other side of the scene, Wilde entertained by the proud and dignified, friend of fine and simple ladies and maidens, welcomed in heroic company. It is all a maddening mystery. One thinks of the fatal potency of demonic powers—of men changed to stone by the glance of Medusa, of the tress of Lilith, the cup of Circe. It ill serves to dwell on it all.

There is a fine picture of another side of the man—Sherard's picture, where he tells of the home in Tite Street. "It was a very temple of lettered ease, exquisitely decorated and appointed with solid comfort. A study had been fitted up for him at the top of the house, but I do not believe that he ever wrote a line there and what writing he did do in Tite Street was done on Carlyle's writing table, in the little room on the right of the entrance passage. It was in reference to his idleness, in spite of all the inducements that his abode held out to industry, that he said to me, 'I am not doing what I ought to do; I ought to be putting black on white—black on white.'"

His income, just before the storm broke was more than \$40,000 a year and he had lived up to the money. What that means may be guessed. There came a time when he feasted

too liberally and drank too much. "I would have backed him to eat the head of a brewer's drayman three times a day, and his capacity for whiskey and soda knew no bounds," records Lord Alfred Douglas in his *Oscar Wilde and Myself*. Robert Ross too had something to say about his tremendous appetite. "He lived *en prince*," writes Sherard, "and was so reckoned by the hotel servants and restaurant waiters. Imagine all that kind of thing then and the coming of the day when whispering tongues began to wag, when there were polite intimations at this hotel and at that to the effect that the presence of Oscar Wilde as a guest was not welcomed, when tales were told behind raised hands of strange circumstances, when Wilde entering this semi-public place, and that, found backs turned on him. Then came *The Green Carnation*, in which Wilde was sketchily portrayed and strange forbidden indulgences hinted at. And so the storm broke and then darkness, deep and profound.

IV.

WILDE'S STRENGTH.

In that period of ten golden years, Wilde and Nietzsche came very close together in spirit. Both teachers were given to the worship of Dionysus and Aphrodite, were opponents of asceticism, were standing with faces turned towards worldly power, worldly success. Both men were self-assertive and both violently attacked established morality. At heart, Wilde was an anarchist as was Nietzsche. In some ways, Wilde lived the life that Nietzsche advocated, living full and abundantly, feeling every thrill and ecstasy, aiming at fullness and intensity of life. It is none of our business to stand with an eye at a peep hole looking into his inner self, and I am not writing now of his psychological life. Doubtless when he reflected, he was very sorry for parts of his life and wished that things had been better, just as you do, and as I do, and as all of us do, or should, if there is any health in us.

You see, one can imagine Oscar Wilde being taken to pieces as it were, dismantled as workmen in a railroad shop dismantling a locomotive to find this part in excellent order, that doubtful, another overworked, another unsafe to the point of rejection, and yet another part fit for nothing but the scrap heap. And yet, with all the imperfections, the locomotive gave excellent service and with certain repairs and renewals would, for years, give more and better service still. But a man cannot be dismantled and repaired as a machine can—perhaps it would be most excellent if such were possible. Still, we are not fools to condemn or to overlook the performances of a locomotive simply because the flues were caked with sediment or the firebox found with leaky staybolts. It is only in regard to me that we act thus idiotically.

As far as the world is concerned, Wilde functioned, not normally, but splendidly, during those ten years. It is not possible in this essay to say the interesting and exciting things that could, and should, be said about his writ-

ings, that must be left for another place. And, be it said, there remains much to say and to discover, for Wilde has been written of by many men who were articulate, shown to be much better than he was by this one, much blacker than he was by that. But this is certain. He was a keen observer and wrote of English society with great accuracy; he was a satirist of the petty side of human nature; he wrote in an admirably lucid, unpretentious style and was always interesting; he cultivated notoriety with assiduity; his humor was always subtle and delicate and odd—though some have declared it unoriginal. As a critic his rank is high.

But what is possible to show in limited compass, I think, is that like Thoreau, he spoke truths with bullet-like directness, embodying much wisdom in few words. He took time to pick and choose, arrange and rearrange—took time to eliminate the unnecessary. Obviously, it is far easier to write a two column editorial than it is to write an epigram of the length of a couple of dozen words. I have picked out a few specimen gems—a book or two could be filled with others equally witty—and the reader will be hard set to it to show that Wilde's theoretical morality was other than excellent. Indeed, nine out of ten will find themselves saying: "That is very true; I, myself, have felt it to be so, but could not express it." Here then:

"There is always a certain amount of danger in any attempt to cultivate impossible virtues." (In other words, don't try to wind yourself too high for mortal man beneath the sky, as the poet put it. Or Thoreau, you may recall, spoke of those men who gathered their material to build a bridge to the moon, and wound up by making a wood shed of the material.) "Lounging in the open air is not a bad school for poets, but it largely depends on the lounge."

"There seems to be some curious connection between piety and poor rhymes."

"It is always a pleasure to come across an American poet who is not national, and who tries to give expression to the literature that he loves rather than to the land in which he lives. The Muses care so little for geography!"

"Most modern novels are more remarkable for their crime than for their culture."

"In art, as in life, the law of heredity holds good. On est toujours fils de quelqu'un." (One is always the son of someone.)

"No one survives being over-estimated."

"With an evening coat and a white tie, even a stock broker can gain a reputation for being civilized."

"The fatality of good resolution is that they are always too late."

"In modern life nothing produces such an effect as a good platitude. It makes the whole world kin."

"Society is entirely composed of beautiful idiots and brilliant lunatics."

"No man is rich enough to buy back his past."

"Fashion is what one wears oneself. It is unfashionable is what other people wear."

"Modern women understand everything except their husbands."

"Fathers should be neither seen nor heard. That is the only proper basis for family life."

"We are all of us so hard up nowadays that the only pleasant things to pay are compliments. They're the only things we can pay."

"Women only call each other sister after they have called each other a lot of other things first."

"To get into the best society nowadays, one has either to feed people, amuse people, or shock people."

"Discontent is the first step in the progress of a man or a nation."

A smiling Swift was Oscar Wilde, a smiling Swift and a gentle Hogarth, very authentic, very precise. There is delicacy, as you see, in the way in which he tells us about ourselves, shows us our own deceits, foibles, vulgarities. It is easy to imagine him in society keeping up the conversation with a wealth of stories and sparkling brilliancies drawn from memory and imagination, the fascination of the freedom of his opinions. No abstract verbiage, no pitiless sarcasm, nothing coarse or vicious—in the years of his strength he might have walked with the charming Sir Philip Sidney, most gracious of scholars and gentlemen.

V.

WILDE'S WEAKNESS.

Without pandering to idle, or prurient curiosity, it is, I think, eminently desirable that something very plain should be said regarding the misdemeanor of which Wilde was found guilty and sentenced to imprisonment. Frank Harris, in his *Oscar Wilde; His Life and Confessions*, (New York, 1918), has a stirring passage in which he says that Wilde was "punished for his popularity and pre-eminence, for the superiority of his mind and wit; he was punished by the envy of journalists, and by

the malignant pedantry of half civilized judges." That, of course, cannot be taken seriously. England and the English had, on the contrary, accepted Wilde, had loaded him with honors, had placed him on a pedestal, and all this while Wilde was young. In fact, many greater artists than Wilde had found their path to recognition far more thorny than he. The Frank Harris flourish does but obfuscate the issue in part.

In a word, Wilde's crime was that of the homo-sexualist and he was punished according to the laws of England as a sexual pervert, and not persecuted because he was an artist. His chief partner in his land of purple pleasure was his friend, Lord Alfred Douglas, also a poet.

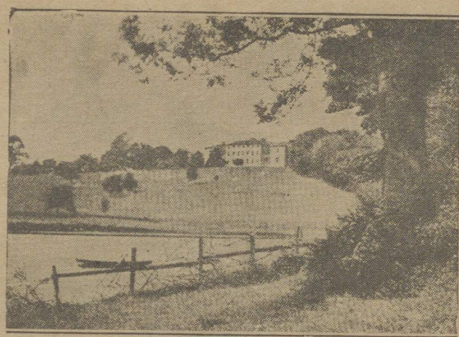
The blunt speaking Mencken sweeps Wilde into the gutter with a single sweep of the arm. "Wilde was a bounder and a swine," he writes, somewhere, and many are equally condemnatory with him. So, on one end of the scale there is the Harris viewpoint, on the other, the Mencken, and truth and fairness is in neither. Wilde suffers as much from the one as from the other. I will show you why I think so.

While to me, homo-sexuality is a something to be regarded with a shudder, I being of the lucky ones with a normal constitution, so also do I shudder at other unpleasant things—tuberculosis, for instance, or insanity, or gross ignorance, or sordid poverty. But while shuddering, I realize that there are underlying causes for each and every one of these ills, and feel that those who suffer from any one of them are subjects for pity and not for condemnation. Mumble as I will words about being a master of my fate and captain of my soul, I cannot dismiss from my mind the remembrance of the Jukes family for instance, and that drunkard Max Jukes from whom descended in seventy-five years 200 thieves and murderers, 280 who were idiots, or blind, or tubercular, 90 who were prostitutes and 300 children who, fortunately we must think, died prematurely. I cannot set aside what I know to be true, that even habitually sober parents who, at the moment of conception, are in a temporary state of drunkenness, may beget children who are epileptic, or paralytic, or idiotic, or insane, or microcephalic.

Now in the case of Oscar Wilde there is cause to believe that he sprang from a defective line of ancestors. That he was a man of intellect, a poet and a critic of high achievement by no means prevents him from being also a moral degenerate, and that I hold him to have been. As Dr. Talbot has shown in his study of Degeneracy, a degenerate may be a scientist, an able lawyer, a great artist, a poet, a mathematician and for all that present from a moral standpoint, profound defects, strange peculiarities and surprising lapses of conduct. Remember Paul Verlaine, ignoring all received codes of morality, a social outcast, yet writer of verses of a penetrating beauty. Or there is Francois Villon, accomplice of thieves and rogues and prostitutes whose poetry was of the highest order. There is Baudelaire, too, certainly one who takes his place, without effort, among the lesser of the world's great poets, yet experiencing morbid passions in love, craving ugly and horrible women, negresses, dwarfs.

When the fathers have eaten sour grapes, says the old proverb, the teeth of the children are set on edge, which is only another way of stating the fact that the sins of the parents are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. The writers of the old Mosaic books seem to have known a great deal of what we call latter day results of scientific research. The difference between us and them comes in that while we say much with our lips, we are too stupid or bull headed to confess in our hearts. Certainly in the veins of Oscar Wilde flowed a tainted stream. His mother suffered from a modified form of giantism and Bernard Shaw has told us of her great hands and the half darkness in which she lived. Her son Oscar was a great bodied fellow who gave no impression of muscularity or of strength. "A great, flabby fellow," said my friend to me when first we saw him at the Arts and Crafts exhibition. And flabby he was, with heavy, flabby cheeks, which looked as if they belonged to a much bigger man.

Wilde's father, Dr. Sir William Wilde, had a reputation for gallantries and was defendant in a charge of rape, later changed to one of the seduction of a patient in his charge. A certain ape-like characteristic about him was noted by one who knew him well. "A pitecheoid person of extreme sensuality," said Professor R. T. Tyrrell. So, Oscar Wilde had a bad start. Hereditary influence must have very strongly disposed him. There was a taint in



PORTORA ROYAL SCHOOL, IRELAND, WHERE OSCAR WILDE WAS EDUCATED.

him just as there were taints in the case of Beethoven with his drunken father; Byron with his half-mad mother; Schopenhauer with his morbid father; Renan with his insane grandfather. And the taints had their evidences so that Beethoven had his melancholia and his syphilitic disease, Byron his half mad passionate rage, Schopenhauer his deep despondencies, and Renan his neurosis. It all helps to throw light on the ugly part of the Wilde life, that part which yahoos delight to mull over.

Worse, as like seeks like, Wilde came into close contact with one in whose veins ran streams equally tainted. For his friend, Lord Alfred Douglas, came from no clean stock. His father, the Marquis of Queensberry, was a fellow who, in theaters and public places, on occasion acted more like a hysterical virago in liquor than as a rational civilized being. There were scenes in which he knocked down and sometimes was knocked down by men in alterations, in which he stood up in theater boxes and pitched carrots at the actors, or hissed plays when he did not like the sentiment, and all that kind of thing. His sister, Lady Florence Dixie, was no less erratic. In Ireland, at the time of the Fenian trouble when Parnell was wrongly accused of complicity in murder, she came out with a wonderful tale of having been attacked by masked men. Investigation showed the whole to be without foundation. I remember the time when she touched Patagonia, her companion being Prince somebody of Battenburg, and the tales that she afterwards told of her adventures bespoke a lively imagination very averse to letting a story die for the sake of local coloring. So the family had its skeleton and the scion of the house was no safe friend for Wilde.

It must not be supposed that Wilde leaped into the whirlpool of wilfulness with Lord Alfred Douglas and his friends as a man leaps into business or matrimony. There was a time when Wilde and Douglas were as David and Jonathan, as Orestes and Pylades—a pair between whom there existed a peerless friendship. But along the downward path the black poison in their veins urged them, slowly at first but ever increasing in speed, and as they went, weaker grew their wills, coarser their moral fiber until both became the slaves of the geni they had unbottled.

Oscar Wilde, like Walter Pater and many others, had thoroughly assimilated the Platonic idea of Love as the safeguard of states, meaning by the word love, not by any means the love between the sexes, but what we might call romantic friendship, for the love of women, in the Platonic viewpoint, is mere sensuality. In our occidental civilization where the dollar and the dollar only counts, romantic friendship between men is almost unknown, and, indeed, it would be no untruth to say that man no longer has friends, but merely chance acquaintances. So true is that that in England,



WHERE WILDE WAS IMPRISONED—READING GAOL.

when Tennyson's *In Memoriam* appeared, a poem giving superb expression to the poet's love for his lost friend, Arthur Hallam, the Times newspaper solemnly rebuked the poet's language as unfitted for any but amatory tenderness. Tennyson himself made mention of the number of shameful letters of abuse he had received about it (see Memoir by his son, page 800). Walt Whitman, too, has been accused of morbidity because of a passage or two from his *Leaves of Grass* which extolled "threads of manly friendship, fond and loving, pure and sweet, strong and lifelong." I quote from the edition of 1890, on page 102:

Whose happiest days were far away through fields, in woods, on hills, he and another wandering hand in hand, they twain apart from other men

Who oft as he saunter'd the streets, curv'd with his arm the shoulder of his friend, while the arm of his friend rested upon him also.

And another passage:

That night while all was still I heard the waters roll slowly continuously up the shores, I heard the hissing rustle of the liquid and sands as directed to me whispering to congratulate me,

For the one I love most lay sleeping by me under the same cover in the cool night,

In the stillness in the autumn moonbeams his face was inclined toward me,

And his arm lay lightly around by breast—and that night I was happy.

Clearly there is something of great beauty in both passages and certainly nothing to offend. But there are people who would have lascivious notions if they saw a six-months-old baby in its bath, people who see filth because it hangs forever like a film before their eyes. To such, friendship as is here pictured, or as it is extolled by Tennyson in his *In Memoriam*, is quite inconceivable. They hunt for indecencies, for debaucheries, for lewdness and they clothe cleanness in filthy rags. And yet there are indubitable evidences of such friendships. One remembers Sir Philip Sidney and Hubert Languey, Queen Anne and the Duchess of Churchill, Richard Wagner and the king of Bavaria, Sir Thomas Browne of the *Religio Medici* whose devotion to his man friend altogether replaced the love of the opposite sex.

Still, these are exceptional cases, and it is a fact that men who form romantic attachments are not to be considered altogether normal. Such as do so may almost be considered as a race apart, and as a race apart we must consider them. An Austrian writer, K. H. Ulrichs, has given to them the name of Urmings, the word being taken from Uranus, heaven; the contention of such people being that their love and affection was of a higher order than the ordinary attachment. Neuropathic physicians have made estimates that are startling as to the frequency with which such subnormal people are to be found, Dr. Grabowsky quoting as high as one man in every twenty-two, and Dr. Moll (*Die Conträre Sexual-empfindung*, chap. 3), estimating from one in fifty to as low as one in every five hundred men, the ratio varying in different countries and in different classes in the same country. At any rate, there are, apparently, enough affected to make it clear that to draw a veil of silence over the subject is crassly stupid, while to pretend that it is an undiscoverable thing is sturdier still.

Edward Carpenter, with no reference to the sexual aspect of the phenomenon, has held that the presence of so strangely disposed a people in human society is a necessity from a psychological point of view, in that it brings about a kind of *rapprochement* between the sexes. "The sexes do not, or should not normally form two groups hopelessly isolated in habit and feeling from each other, but rather represent the two poles of one group—which is the human race; so while certainly the extreme specimens at either pole are vastly divergent, there are great numbers in the middle region who (though differing corporeally as men and women) are by emotion and temperament very near to each other. . . . Nature, it might appear, in mixing the elements which go to compose each individual, does not always keep her two groups of ingredients—which represent the two sexes—properly apart, but often throws them crosswise in a somewhat baffling manner, now this way and now that; yet wisely, we must think—for if the normal distinction of elements were obdurately maintained, the two sexes would drift into far latitudes and absolutely cease to understand each other. As it is, there are some remarkable and (we think) indispensable types of character, in whom there is such a union or balance of the feminine and masculine qualities that these people become to a great extent the interpreters of men and women to each other."

Examining the salient characteristics of men of the Wilde type, referring of course to their abnormal side, Otto de Joux sketches them as an ornithologist would sketch a bird. The passage follows, and, while he certainly did not have Wilde in mind, it will be seen that the description fits as a glove fits the hand. "They are enthusiastic for poetry and music, and are overcome with emotion and sympathy at the least sad occurrence. Their sensitiveness, their endless tenderness for children, their love of flowers, their great pity for beggars and crippled folk are truly womanly." That fits, not only Wilde, but equally well others with a strong suspicion of a similar temperament; Shakespeare for instance, and Paul Verlaine, and Kit Marlowe, and Michelangelo.

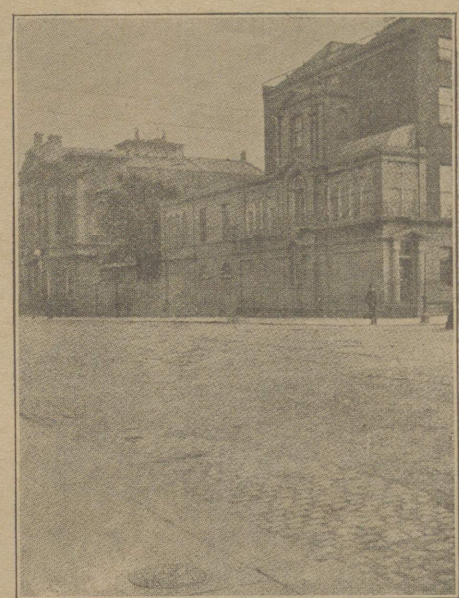
In similar connection he also what Edward Carpenter has said (An Unknown People, The Reformer, Lond., 1897.):

"Emotionally they are, extremely complex, tender, sensitive, pitiful and loving, full of storm and stress, of ferment and fluctuation of the heart; the logical faculty may or may not, in their case, be well developed, but intuition is always strong. . . . Such an one is often a dreamer, of brooding, reserved habits, often a musician, or a man of culture, courted in society, which nevertheless does not understand him—though sometimes a child of the people, without any culture, but almost always with a peculiar inborn refinement."

But enough. Putting the two together, the man physical and the man psychical and temperamental, taking into account his ancestry, my position is that Oscar Wilde could no more help being what he was than I can help being what I am, a quarrelsome, obstinate, muscular fellow obsessed with a love for things literary, irritable under restraint, passionately fond of horses and of birds, a yearner for the open air and the sea, and an instinctive hater of all men in authority. That he held the Greek view of friendship and love was well, but it was by no means well that he did not adopt other Greek virtues. Had he done so, had he been a true Greek pagan as he wished to be thought, there would have been more of sturdy self-discipline and less of gluttony and of sloth and self-indulgence. There would have been a rigid insistence upon the Greek virtues of moderation and of temperance and of reverence. But the springs of his own self-control were impotent and that which might have been a man, turned instead into a pale ghost.

VI. THE STORM AND NIGHT.

I repeat, the springs of his own self control were impotent. To put the matter in simple language, something went wrong in his brain just as something may go wrong in my brain or in your. A tiny bubble of air no larger than a pin head blocks the way in some capillary, we will say, and the gentle mother becomes on an instant a murderer. Sanity hangs on a hair. We style ourselves civilized Christians, but are we more than pagans under a veneer? We pride ourselves on our self possession, our philosophic calm, and, as by the touch of a magician's wand, something happens, and we become vandals, barbarians, worse than swine rooting among skulls. Nor is this a mere figure of speech. Medical records abound with such cases. Read Trelat, (*Recherches historiques sur la folie*, page 81) and ponder on the case of a woman who after an accident sang Latin hymns and poems utterly unknown to her. There were, in her case, unsuspected childish memories and with a jolt, the flood gates were opened. In the same book there is recorded another case, that of a child who, wounded in the head, constructed syllogisms in German though, when again in health, she was no longer able to utter a single sentence in that language. Forbes Winslow the alienist tells of a gentleman of his acquaintance who, incapable of doing an ordinary multiplication sum, yet became an excellent mathematician during an attack of mania. Something went suddenly wrong and the gifted Casanova stained his life and became a swindler; Muret the humanist was condemned by a French court for sodomy; Bulwer Lytton beat and bit his wife on their honeymoon and his brutishness grew so marked that the courier who accompanied them refused to continue the journey; Benvenuto Cellini passed from the highest idealism to apeish range, beating his models, slashing to pieces the bed linen of an inn keeper because pay was asked in advance, leaving his work to stab a man who had annoyed him; fits of insanity came upon Swift, Southey, Cowper, Gounod, Poe, Collins, MacDowell, Verdi, and many are those who have forced open the gates of death for themselves. The catalogue is both wearisome

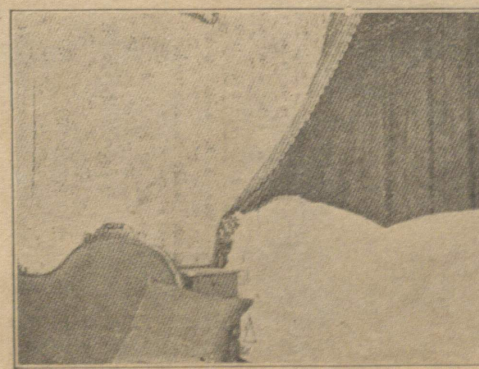


HOUSE IN MERRION SQUARE, DUBLIN, WHERE OSCAR WILDE LIVED AS A BOY.

and saddening. But mark this, nor deem it exaggeration. Just as the merest fraction of a change in the plane of a cone changes an ellipse to a path that cannot be charted because it sweeps into infinity, so in the mind of man an imperceptible change in a tissue causes a veering from sanity to insanity. We see how dread the outlook when applied to ourselves, but we are prone to condemn others. We forget that tranquil moderation and chastened calm may not always be ours, and well it is that we should forget, for else we would be as frightened children gazing at an unfathomable abyss.

So there came a day when, for Oscar Wilde, the sky was blotted out and the light became darkness. Constance Wilde, his beautiful wife, realized that for some years before the storm broke he had been far from normal. Others knew it too. His very indifference to the comfort of others told a tale. There was the strange incident when he arrived very late at a luncheon party and the gentle hostess mildly bade him look at the clock. "Oh madam," he answered, "what can that little clock know of what the great golden sun is doing?" Some have suggested that his tardiness was due to the fact that he wished to make his *bon mot*. If so, that alone would be suspicious. Then there were eccentricities of dress, the modeling and dressing of his hair after the fashion of Nero, and certain imitations of Heliogabalus. You must imagine the pain that all that kind of thing undoubtedly caused his wife and his two young sons, and his friends, and you must picture his unnatural callousness if he realized that pain and his singular inhuman detachment if he did not. In either case there is subnormality. I think that it is not necessary to be an alienist to suspect his partial insanity, result, doubtless, of that black drop of blood coursing his veins inherited from a failing stock. But you get the pain to others, I think, as the salient feature. That is the real tragedy. The letter from his wife when the crash came carries a note of real terror. Judge for yourself:

My Dear Mr. Sherard: It was indeed awful, more so than I had any conception it could be. I could not see him, and I could not touch him, and I scarcely spoke. Come and see me before you go to him on Monday. At any time after two I can see you. When I go again, I am to get at the Home Sec-



OSCAR WILDE'S BED IN THE HOTEL D'ALSACE, PARIS.

retary through Mr. ——— and try and get a room to see him in and touch him again. He has been mad the last three years, and he says that if he saw ——— he would kill him. So he had better keep away, and be satisfied with having marred a fine life. Few people can boast of so much.

I thank you for your kindness to a fallen friend; you are so kind and gentle to him, and you are, I think, the only person he can bear to see.

Yours most truly,
CONSTANCE WILDE.

The bare record of the trials runs as follows, as set down for posterity in the Dictionary of Dates:

The Marquis of Queensberry charged with publishing a libel against Mr. Oscar Wilde, author; acquitted, the case being withdrawn, 3-5 April, 1895. Mr. Oscar Wilde and Alfred Taylor tried for misdemeanors, 19 April; partial acquittal; jury disagree; new trial ordered, 1 May; Mr. Wilde bailed, 7 May; Alfred Taylor convicted, 21 May, and Oscar Wilde, 25 May; both sentenced to 2 years imprisonment with hard labour, 25 May, 1895.

The full report of the trial (Three Times Tried, Famous Old Bailey Trials of the XIX Century) is painful reading with its misinterpretation of high idealism and its dragging into prominence suggestions of bestiality. One imagines a mighty net swept across the city of London, catching all kinds of things clean and unclean. Blackmailers, panderers, poets, detectives, fast sporting characters were there as interested persons. There were grooms, valets, servants male and female, and morons and degenerates who had figured in court in a vice raid the year before. A most unsavory business indeed and a festival of libidinosity. But, assuming that Wilde was actually guilty of the bestiality charged to him, and that justice made no mistake, the daring of the man astounds. Astounds, for it was not the daring of the world-wise man. Reading of that act of folly in instituting proceedings against the Marquis of Queensberry, of that other folly in making a superb gesture when the blackmailer was at his door with the incriminating letter; the intense egotism of the man in his extravagant attitude is more like the bravado of a highwayman on the scaffold than anything else.

Consider the matter a moment assuming that Wilde was quite cognizant that at the first flash of publicity dangerous and damaging incidents would point at him like sharp swords. There was Queensberry, a man about town well enough known for his disregard of conventionalities and his habit of brawling, a fellow with none of the finer instincts, who wrote on a visiting card an accusation against Wilde and handed it to the doorkeeper of a well known club, the Albermarle, with instructions that it be given to Wilde. Now mark what follows. Wilde's actions have all the appearance of outraged virtue and none of discovered vice. As soon as the law could move, the Marquis of Queensberry was arrested on a warrant charging him with publishing a libel concerning Wilde. Wilde drove to the court of justice in a carriage with a couple of dashing horses, his companion being Lord Alfred Douglas, son of the Marquis of Queensberry, suspected partner in guilt with Wilde, according to the general supposition. Indeed, the documents in the first trial were letters which Wilde had written to Douglas, of which more later. So the first trial went on, and took a strange turn, the writings of Wilde being introduced in the endeavor to show that they were immoral and obscene.

It is a picture to visualize, that court of law with its eminent articulate men, the solicitors Carson and Sir Edward Clarke, brilliant men both; Wilde in the witness box leaning over the rail in confident manner, toying with his gloves as he answers the questions, dressed like a dandy in tight fitting frock coat, white collar and black flowing tie; Queensberry, short of stature, rugged, defiant, wearing his blue hunting stock instead of collar and tie, frowning, muttering, sometimes threatening. For a time things went very well, but letters were introduced, letters for which Wilde had been blackmailed, and, later, names were mentioned, names of doubtful characters not at all in the Wilde social world and presently Wilde's calm fell from him at a question and "raising his voice, and bringing down his hand on the rail of the witness box, Wilde declared that what had been said was an infamous lie." A little later the seriousness of the situation seems to have suddenly dawned on the man and to another question "with livid face and glaring eyes, he shouted 'No!'" Other letters were read and hideous things were dragged from the slime, Wilde's frequent association with characters whose reputations were unsav-

Continued on page 10.

To Withdraw 5c Price June 30, 1923

At Midnight of June 30, 1923, the Price of the Pocket Series Goes Back to 10 Cents Per Copy! Until Then You Can Take Your Pick At the Amazing Price of Only 5c Per Book! Price Must Be Raised to 10c Due to the Great Increases in the Cost of Material---Order Before Price is Raised

Take Your Pick of These Books at Only 5c Per Copy

UNTIL JUNE 30

UNTIL JUNE 30

Drama

- 295 The Master Builder. Ibsen.
- 90 The Mikado. W. S. Gilbert.
- 216 Prometheus Bound. Aeschylus.
- 308 She Stoops to Conquer. Oliver Goldsmith.
- 134 The Misanthrope. Moliere.
- 99 Tartuffe. Moliere.
- 31 Pellias and Melisande. Maeterlinck.
- 6 Ghosts. Henrik Ibsen.
- 80 Pillars of Society. Ibsen.
- 46 Salome. Oscar Wilde.
- 54 Importance of Being Earnest. O. Wilde.
- 8 Lady Windermere's Fan. O. Wilde.
- 181 Redemption. Tolstol.
- 326 Prof. Bernhardt. Schnitzler.

Shakespeare's Plays

- 340 The Tempest.
- 241 Merry Wives of Windsor.
- 242 As You Like It.
- 243 Twelfth Night.
- 244 Much Ado About Nothing.
- 245 Measure for Measure.
- 246 Hamlet.
- 247 Macbeth.
- 248 King Henry V.
- 251 Midsummer Night's Dream.
- 252 Othello, The Moor of Venice.
- 253 King Henry VIII.
- 254 Taming of the Shrew.
- 255 King Lear.
- 256 Venus and Adonis.
- 257 King Henry IV, Part I.
- 258 King Henry IV, Part II.
- 249 Julius Caesar.
- 250 Romeo and Juliet.
- 259 King Henry VI, Part I.
- 260 King Henry VI, Part II.
- 261 King Henry VI, Part III.
- 262 Comedy of Errors.
- 263 King John.
- 264 King Richard III.
- 265 King Richard II.
- 267 Pericles.
- 368 Merchant of Venice.

Fiction

- 307 A Tillyon Scandal. J. M. Barrie.
- 357 City of the Dreadful Night. Kipling.
- 336 The Mark of the Beast. Kipling.
- 333 Mulvaney Stories. Kipling.
- 188 Adventures of Baron Munchausen.
- 352 Short Stories. William Morris.
- 332 The Man Who Was and Other Stories. Kipling.

History and Biography

- 280 The Happy Prince and Other Tales. Wilde.
- 143 In the Time of the Terror. Balzac.
- 182 Daisy Miller. Henry James.
- 162 The Murders in the Rue Morgue and Other Tales. E. A. Poe.
- 345 Clarimonde. Gautier.
- 292 Mademoiselle Fifi. De Maupassant.
- 199 The Tallow Ball. De Maupassant.
- 8 De Maupassant's Stories.
- 15 Balzac's Stories.
- 344 Don Juan and Other Stories. Balzac.
- 318 Christ in Flanders and Other Stories. Balzac.
- 230 The Fleece of Gold. Theophile Gautier.
- 178 One of Cleopatra's Nights. Gautier.
- 314 Short Stories. Daudet.
- 58 Boccaccio's Stories.
- 45 Tolstol's Short Stories.
- 12 Poe's Tales of Mystery.
- 290 The Gold Bug. Edgar Allan Poe.
- 145 Great Ghost Stories.
- 21 Carmen. Merimee.
- 23 Great Stories of the Sea.
- 319 Comtesse de Saint-Gerane. Dumas.
- 38 Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Stevenson.
- 279 Will of the Mill; Markheim. Stevens.
- 311 A Lodging for the Night. Stevenson.
- 27 Last Days of a Condemned Man. Hugo.
- 151 Man Who Would Be King. Kipling.
- 148 Strength of the Strong. London.
- 41 Christmas Carol. Dickens.
- 57 Rip Van Winkle. Irving.
- 100 Red Laugh. Andreyev.
- 105 Seven That Were Hanged. Andreyev.
- 102 Sherlock Holmes Tales. C. Doyle.
- 161 Country of the Blind. H. G. Wells.
- 85 Attack on the Mill. Zola.
- 156 Andersen's Fairy Tales.
- 158 Alice in Wonderland.
- 37 Dream of John Ball. Wm. Morris.
- 40 House and the Brain. Bulwer Lytton.
- 72 Color of Life. E. Haldeman-Julius.
- 198 Majesty of Justice. Anatole France.
- 215 The Miraculous Revenge. Shaw.
- 24 The Kiss and Other Stories. Chekhov.
- 285 Euphorian in Texas. Geo. Moore.
- 219 The Human Tragedy. Anatole France.
- 196 The Marquise. George Sand.
- 239 Twenty-Six Men and a Girl. Gorki.
- 29 Dreams. Oliver Schreiner.
- 232 The Three Strangers. Thos. Hardy.
- 277 The Man Without a Country. E. E. Hale.

Humor

- 291 Jumping Frog and Other Humorous Tales. Mark Twain.
- 18 Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. Jerome.
- 166 English as He Is Spoke. Mark Twain.
- 231 Eight Humorous Sketches. Mark Twain.
- 295 Artemus Ward. His Book.
- 187 Whistler's Humor.
- 216 Wit of Heinrich Heine. Geo. Eliot.
- 20 Let's Laugh. Nasby.

Literature

- 358 Virginius Puerisque. Stevenson.
- 305 Machiavelli. Lord Macaulay.
- 109 Dante and Other Waning Classics. Vol. I. Mordell.
- 110 Dante and Other Waning Classics. Vol. 2. Mordell.
- 349 An Apology for Idlers. Stevenson.
- 355 Aucassin and Nicolette. Lang.
- 195 Thoughts on Nature. Thoreau.

Philosophy and Religion

- 183 Life of Jack London.
- 269 Contemporary Portraits. Vol. 1. Frank Harris.
- 270 Contemporary Portraits. Vol. 2. Frank Harris.
- 271 Contemporary Portraits. Vol. 3. Frank Harris.
- 272 Contemporary Portraits. Vol. 4. Frank Harris.
- 328 Joseph Addison and His Times. Finger.
- 312 Life and Works of Laurence Sterne. Gunn.
- 324 Life of Lincoln. Bowers.
- 325 The Life of Joan of Arc.
- 339 Thoreau--the Man Who Escaped From the Herd. Finger.
- 126 History of Rome. A. F. Giles.
- 125 Julius Caesar: Who He Was.
- 149 Historic Crimes and Criminals. Finger.
- 175 Science of History. Froude.
- 104 Battle of Waterloo. Victor Hugo.
- 52 Voltaire. Victor Hugo.
- 125 War Speeches of Woodrow Wilson.
- 122 Tolstoy: His Life and Works.
- 142 Bismarck and the German Empire.
- 286 When the Puritans Were in Power.
- 343 Life of Columbus.
- 66 Crimes of the Borgias. Dumas.
- 287 Whistler: The Man and His Work.
- 51 Bruno: His Life and Martyrdom.
- 147 Cromwell and His Times.
- 236 State and Heart Affairs of Henry VIII.
- 50 Paine's Common Sense.
- 88 Vindication of Paine. Ingersoll.
- 33 Brann: Smasher of Shams.
- 163 Sex Life in Greece and Rome.
- 214 Speeches of Lincoln.
- 276 Speeches and Letters of Geo. Washington.
- 144 Was Poe Immoral? Whitman.
- 223 Essay on Swinburne.
- 227 Keats. The Man and His Work.
- 150 Lost Civilizations. Finger.
- 170 Constantine and the Beginnings of Christianity.
- 201 Satan and the Saints.
- 67 Church History. H. M. Tichenor.
- 169 Voices From the Past.
- 266 Life of Shakespeare and Analysis of His Plays.
- 123 Life of Madame Du Barry.
- 139 Life of Dante.
- 69 Life of Mary, Queen of Scots. Dumas.
- 5 Life of Samuel Johnson. Macaulay.
- 174 Trial of William Penn.
- 179 Gems From Emerson.
- 310 The Wisdom of Thackeray.
- 193 Wit and Wisdom of Charles Lamb.
- 56 Wisdom of Ingersoll.
- 106 Aphorisms. George Sand.
- 168 Epigrams. Oscar Wilde.
- 35 Maxims. Rochefoucauld.
- 154 Epigrams of Ibsen.
- 197 Witicisms and Reflections. De Sevigne.
- 180 Epigrams of Geo. Bernard Shaw.
- 155 Maxims. Napoleon.
- 181 Epigrams. Thoreau.
- 228 Aphorisms. Huxley.
- 113 Proverbs of England.
- 348 Proverbs of Scotland.
- 114 Proverbs of France.
- 115 Proverbs of Japan.
- 116 Proverbs of China.
- 117 Proverbs of Italy.
- 118 Proverbs of Russia.
- 119 Proverbs of Ireland.
- 120 Proverbs of Spain.
- 121 Proverbs of Arabia.
- 120 Proverbs of Yugoslavia.

Science

- 278 Friendship and Other Essays. Thoreau.
- 220 England in Shakespeare's Time. Finger.
- 194 Lord Chesterfield's Letters.
- 63 A Defense of Poetry. Shelley.
- 97 Love Letters of King Henry VIII.
- 3 Eighteen Essays. Voltaire.
- 28 Toleration. Voltaire.
- 89 Love Letters of Men and Women of Genius.
- 186 How I Wrote "The Raven." Poe.
- 87 Love, an Essay. Montaigne.
- 48 Bacon's Essays.
- 60 Emerson's Essays.
- 84 Love Letters of a Portuguese Nun.
- 26 On Going to Church. G. B. Shaw.
- 135 Socialism for Millionaires. G. B. Shaw.
- 61 Tolstol's Essays.
- 176 Four Essays. Havelock Ellis.
- 160 Lecture on Shakespeare. Ingersoll.
- 75 Choice of Books. Carlyle.
- 258 Essays on Chesterfield and Babelais. Sainte-Beuve.
- 76 The Prince of Peace. W. J. Bryan.
- 86 On Reading. Brandes.
- 95 Confessions of an Opium Eater.
- 213 Lecture on Lincoln. Ingersoll.
- 177 Subjection of Women. J. S. Mill.
- 17 On Walking. Thoreau.
- 70 Charles Lamb's Essays.
- 235 Essays. Gilbert K. Chesterton.
- 7 A Liberal Education. Thos. Huxley.
- 233 Thoughts on Literature and Art. Goethe.
- 225 Condensation in Foreigners. Lowell.
- 221 Women, and Other Essays. Maeterlinck.
- 10 Shelley. Francis Thompson.
- 289 Peyp's Diary.
- 290 Prose Nature Notes. Whitman.
- 315 Pen, Pencil and Poison. Wilde.
- 313 The Decay of Lying. Oscar Wilde.
- 36 Soul of Man Under Socialism. Wilde.
- 293 Francois Villon: Student, Poet and Housebreaker. Stevenson.

Series of Debates

- 49 Three Lectures on Evolution. Haeckel.
- 42 The Origin of the Human Race. Huxley.
- 238 Reflections on Modern Science. Huxley.
- 202 Survival of the Fittest. Tichenor.
- 191 Evolution vs. Religion. Baimforth.
- 133 Electricity Explained.
- 92 Hypnotism Made Plain.
- 53 Insects and Men; Instinct and Reason.
- 189 Eugenics. Havelock Ellis.
- 4 Age of Reason. Thomas Paine.
- 55 Herbert Spencer: His Life and Works.
- 44 Aesop's Fables.
- 165 Discovery of the Future. H. G. Wells.
- 96 Dialogues of Plato.
- 325 Essence of Buddhism.
- 103 Pocket Theology. Voltaire.
- 132 Foundations of Religion.
- 138 Studies in Pessimism. Schopenhauer.
- 211 Idea of God in Nature. John Stuart Mill.
- 212 Life and Character. Goethe.
- 200 Ignorant Philosopher. Voltaire.
- 101 Thoughts of Pascal.
- 210 The Stoic Philosophy. Prof. G. Murray.
- 224 God: Known and Unknown. Butler.
- 19 Nietzsche: Who He Was and What He Stood For.
- 204 Sun Worship and Later Beliefs. Tichenor.
- 207 Olympian Gods. H. M. Tichenor.
- 184 Primitive Beliefs.
- 153 Chinese Philosophy of Life.
- 30 What Life Means to Me. London.

Poetry

- 346 Old English Ballads.
- 296 Lyric Love. Robert Browning.
- 301 Sailor Chanties and Cowboy Songs. Finger.
- 351 Memories of Lincoln. Whitman.
- 298 Today's Poetry. Anthology.
- 365 Odes of Horace. Vol. I.
- 366 Odes of Horace. Vol. II.
- 152 The Kasidah. Sir Richard F. Burton.
- 283 Courtship of Miles Standish. Longfellow.
- 282 The Rime of the Ancient Mariner. Coleridge.
- 317 L'Allegro and Other Poems. Milton.
- 297 Poems. Robert Southey.
- 329 Dante's Inferno. Vol. I.
- 330 Dante's Inferno. Vol. II.
- 306 A Shropshire Lad. Housman.
- 284 Poems of Robert Burns.
- 1 Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.
- 73 Walt Whitman's Poems.
- 2 Wilde's Ballad of Reading Jail.
- 32 Poe's Poems.
- 164 Michael Angelo's Sonnets.
- 71 Poems of Evolution.
- 146 Snow-Bound. Pied Piper.
- 9 Great English Poems.
- 79 Enoch Arden. Tennyson.
- 68 Shakespeare's Sonnets.
- 281 Lays of Ancient Rome. Macaulay.
- 173 Visions of Sir Launfal. Lowell.
- 222 The Vampire and Other Poems. Kipling.
- 217 Prose Poems. Baudelaire.

Science

- 408 Introduction to Einstein. Hudgings.
- 409 Great Men of Science.
- 47 Animals of Ancient Seas. Fenton.
- 274 Animals of Ancient Lands. Fenton.
- 327 The Ice Age. Chas. J. Finger.
- 321 A History of Evolution. Fenton.
- 217 The Puzzle of Personality: a Study in Psycho-Analysis. Fielding.
- 190 Psycho-Analysis--The Key to Human Behavior. Fielding.
- 140 Biology and Spiritual Philosophy.
- 275 The Building of the Earth. Fenton.

Miscellaneous

- 129 Rome or Reason. Ingersoll and Manning.
- 122 Spiritualism. Conan Doyle and McCabe.
- 171 Has Life Any Meaning? Frank Harris and Percy Ward.
- 206 Capitalism vs. Socialism. Seligman and Nearing.
- 234 McNeal-Sinclair Debate on Socialism.
- 342 Hints on News Reporting.
- 326 Hints on Writing Short Stories. Finger.
- 192 Book of Synonyms.
- 25 Rhyming Dictionary.
- 75 How to Be an Orator.
- 82 Common Faults in Writing English.

Miscellaneous

- 81 Care of the Baby.
- 127 What Expectant Mothers Should Know.
- 136 Child Training.
- 137 Home Nursing.
- 14 What Every Girl Should Know. Mrs. Sanger.
- 91 Manhood: Facts of Life Presented to Men.
- 83 Marriage: Past, Present and Future. Besant.
- 74 On Threshold of Sex.
- 98 How to Love.
- 172 Evolution of Love. Ellen Key.
- 203 Rights of Women. Havelock Ellis.
- 209 Aspects of Birth Control. Medical, Moral, Sociological.
- 93 How to Live 100 Years.
- 167 Plutarch's Rules of Health.
- 320 The Prince. Machiavelli.

Do Not Order Less Than 20 Books

HOW TO ORDER--Each book is preceded by a number, and readers will please order by number instead of titles. For instance, if you want "Carmen" simply put a ring around "21" on the order blank printed below. The order blank is very easy to use. Write your name and address plainly. If you want books shipped prepaid, enclose 10 per cent of the amount of your order in addition. Otherwise books will be sent express collect. Remember the minimum quantity is 20 books--as many more as you like. The complete set of 350 books worth \$35 is offered for only \$16.90, less than 5 cents per copy, or \$18.57, carriage charges prepaid by us.

SEND YOUR ORDER TODAY---DON'T DELAY

CUT HERE Use This Simple Order Form CUT HERE

HALDEMAN-JULIUS COMPANY, DEPT. X-45, GIRARD, KANSAS

I am enclosing \$..... (minimum \$1.00) for Pocket Series of books.

I am putting a ring around the number of each book that I want you to send to me. The numbers below correspond with the numbers before each title in your list.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44
45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66
67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88
89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110
111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120	121	122	123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130	131	132
133	134	135	136	137	138	139	140	141	142	143	144	145	146	147	148	149	150	151	152	153	154
155	156	157	158	159	160	161	162	163	164	165	166	167	168	169	170	171	172	173	174	175	176
177	178	179	180	181	182	183	184	185	186	187	188	189	190	191	192	193	194	195	196	197	198
199	200	201	202	203	204	205	206	207	208	209	210	211	212	213	214	215	216	217	218	219	220
221	222	223	224	225	226	227	228	229	230	231	232	233	234	235	236	237	238	239	240	241	242
243	244	245	246	247	248	249	250	251	252	253	254	255	256	257	258	259	260	261	262	263	264
265	266	267	268	269	270	271	272	273	274	275	276	277	278	279	280	281	282	283	284	285	286
287	288	289	290	291	292	293	294	295	296	297	298	299	300	301	302	303	304	305	306	307	308
309	310	311	312	313	314	315	316	317	318	319	320	321	322	323	324	325	326	327	328	329	330
331	332	333	334	335	336	337	338	339	340	341	342	343	344	345	346	347	348	349	350	351	352
353	354	355	356	357	358	359	360	361	362	363	364	365	366	367	368	369	370	371	372	373	374

If you want a full set of 350 volumes worth \$35 for \$16.90 (postpaid \$18.57) mark an X here

If you want one leather holder add 50c to remittance and mark an X here

NAME ADDRESS

CITY STATE

PLEASE WRITE PLAINLY.

Note: If you want to order less than a dollar's worth remit at the rate of 10 cents per book

SPECIAL BARGAIN

FULL SET--350 VOLUMES--WORTH \$35--ONLY \$16.90
 We have an amazing bargain for those who order full sets of 350 volumes. At 10c per copy this set it worth \$35--our special price only \$16.90, which is less than 5c per volume. To have this entire set is to have a University in Print. Entire Library--every book listed in this advertisement--350 volumes--worth \$35, at bargain price of only \$16.90. Act today. Full sets are carefully gathered and packed in substantial cases. If you want less than a full set take your pick of the titles at 5c per volume, ordering by number. If you want full set shipped prepaid, add \$1.69 or total of \$18.59 for books and carriage charges.

Haldeman-Julius Company, Dept. X45, Girard, Kansas

Continued from page 7.

ory, certain ugly entertainments, odd presents given here and there, letters from the old Marquis to his son that were strange tangles of pathos and passion, and the upshot of it was that the Marquis was released and Oscar Wilde retired from the case, his mass attack a failure. But the sequel came swiftly. At the Cadogan Hotel, where Wilde was staying, the arrest was made, and Oscar Wilde was taken a prisoner to Bow Street charged with acts of gross indecency and on Saturday, April 6th, 1895, the poet, the playwright, the critic, the friend of the most fashionable and learned stood in the criminal dock. A youth named Alfred Taylor was charged with him and the magistrate committed both for trial, the Grand Jury finding true bills against both.

Like a flower wilting under the desert wind, Wilde had drooped. The court record speaks of his dejected air, his pallor, his dishevelled hair, and his continual sighing. But there was one flash of the better Wilde, the Wilde whose faith was once pure and high. A poem, "Two Loves" was read, a poem by Lord Alfred Douglas.

"SWEET YOUTH.

Tell me why, sad and sighing, dost thou rove These pleasant realms? I pray thee tell me, sooth, What is thy name?" He said, "My name is Love." Thus straight the first did turn himself to me, And cried, "He lieth, for his name is Shame. But I am Love, and I was wont to be Alone in this fair garden, till he came Unasked by night; I am true Love. I fill The hearts of boy and girl with mutual flame." Then sighing said the other, "Have thy will, I am the Love that dare not speak its name." And the question was put by Mr. Gill, the Counsel to Wilde, "What is the Love that dare not speak its name?"

Then the better Wilde arose and said: "The Love that dare not speak its name" in this century is such a great affection of an elder for a younger man as there was between David and Jonathan, such as Plato made the very basis of his philosophy, and such as you find in the sonnets of Michelangelo and Shakespeare. It is that deep, spiritual affection that is as pure as it is perfect. It dictates and pervades great works of art like those of Shakespeare and Michelangelo, and those two letters of mine such as they are. It is in this century misunderstood, so much misunderstood that it may be described as the Love that dares not speak its name, and on account of it I am placed where I am now. It is beautiful, it is fine, it is the noblest form of affection. There is nothing unnatural about it, and it repeatedly exists between an elder and a younger man, when the elder man has intellect, and the younger man has all the joy, hope and glamor of life before him. That it should be so the world does not understand. The world mocks at it and sometimes puts one in the pillory for it."

That was the high note of the trial, I think. I see at that moment the man in the withering atmosphere, the man with his vital powers depressed and enfeebled, gazing up to the heights where he once knew pure air and golden sunshine. I see the man thrust from paradise looking back through the open gates, fixing his eye for a last look on the delectable land knowing that henceforth he was to know naught of happiness, his sunset years to be spent with dark demonic powers. Henceforth for him the sky was blotted out and the light had become darkness.

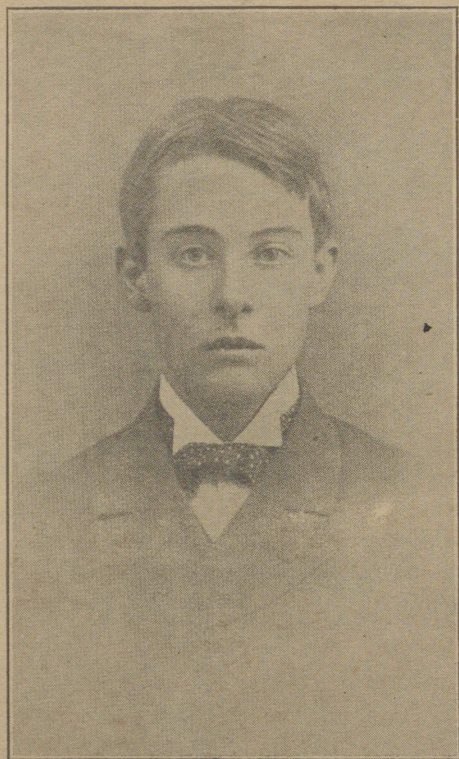
But hear the cry of the man himself. You may find the passage in De Profundis, the book he wrote when in prison:

"We are the zombies of sorrow. We are clowns whose hearts are broken. We are specially designed to appeal to the sense of humour. On November thirteenth, 1895, I was brought down here from London. From two o'clock till half past two on that day I had to stand on the center platform of Clapham Junction in convict dress, and handcuffed for the world to look at. I had been taken out of the hospital ward without a moment's notice being given me. Of all possible objects I was the most grotesque. When people saw me they laughed. Each train as it came up swelled the audience. Nothing could exceed their amusement. That was of course before they knew who I was. As soon as they had been informed they laughed still more. For half an hour I stood there in the grey November rain surrounded by a jeering mob."

"For a year after that was done to me, weep every day at the same hour and for the same space of time. That is not such a cruel time as possibly it sounds to you. To those who are in prison tears are a part of every day's experience. A day in prison on which one does not weep is a day on which one's heart is hard, not a day on which one's heart is happy."

And again, the closing words in the same book run:

"All trials are trials for one's life, just as all sentences are sentences of death; and three



LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS, AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-ONE, AT OXFORD.

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 prison for two years. Society, as we have constituted it, will have no place for me, has none to offer; but Nature, whose sweet rains fall on unjust and just alike, will have clefts in the rocks where I may hide, and secret valleys in whose silence I may weep undisturbed. She will hang 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."

That last was the hope of the man, a hope to be soon cruelly torn from him. For the springs of his own self were impotent and his was a strange incongruity between faith and conduct. Vainly he struggled with the spell coiling fatally around him for the fatal potency and weight of that inherited black drop of blood cruelly debased both heart and mind. For him there was to be no liberation, but the liberation of death, and until that liberation came, between him and his fellows were set stone walls of separation, mountain barriers, chasms. Nor was there one to defy these and come near enough to deliver his soul from the depths of its own loneliness.

VII.

"SEBASTIAN MELMOTH."

The real Oscar Wilde died, I think, in the storm. It was but a pale ghost that was in prison and the ghost became Sebastian Melmoth, an exile in France. For that was the name he took to himself when he left England



THE LATE MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY, WHOSE ACTIONS CAUSED WILDE'S DOWNFALL.

after his imprisonment. All that Nietzschean self-assertion of which he spoke vanished into thin air. The life he had once known seemed quite without solidity—a thing that suddenly vanished. It was as if he had been a creature living on a thin surface over a hollow void. He who had been King of Life, surrounded by applauding crowds, had become but as a dreaming beggar. I do not think that he wished to dream again.

In France, Ernest La Jeunesse met him and has left a picture of the changed man with his face furrowed by tears, his eyes hollow caverns, his heavy lips all compact of sobs and sometimes oozing blood. "An unwieldy ghost," he says, "an enormous caricature, he cowered over a cocktail, always improvising for the curious, for the known, and for the unknown—for anyone—his tired and tainted paradoxes. But mostly it was for himself he improvised: he must assure himself that he still could, still would, still knew." "He could talk as a strippling talks, smiling sometimes his smile that was of purgatory, and laughing—laughing at nothing, shaking his paunch, his jowls, and the gold in his poor teeth. . . . Slowly, word for word, he would invent in his feverish, stumbling agony of art, curious, fleeting, parables. Words fail to paint properly the chaos of hope, of words and laughter, the mad sequence of half concluded sentences, into which this poet plunged, proving to himself his still inextinguished fancy, his battling against surrender, his smiling at fate, or to suggest the grim dark into which he always must turn, daily fearing death, in the narrow chamber of a sordid inn."

Like Napoleon, like Cola di Rienzi, like a hundred others with whom the Gods played, Wilde had drunk a deep draft from the cup of glory, had known the intoxication of world admiration and, the debauch ended, had fallen into a mood of gloomy despair. Whoso warms himself at a conflagration must weep alone amid the ashes in the cold of night.

Andre Gide met him first in France, the friend to whom Wilde had once said that his error was that he had given his genius to his life, to his work only his talent. The place of meeting was a village near Dieppe. When Gide arrived, Wilde was absent, was not expected to arrive until midnight.

"Night came, and I went to the hotel, the only one in the place, where Melmoth, too, it was eleven, and I had begun to despair of my waiting, when I heard wheels. Sebastian Melmoth had returned.

"He was numb with cold. On the way he had lost his overcoat. A peacock's feather that his servant had brought him the day before may have given him a foreboding of ill-luck; he expresses himself as fortunate to have got off with only the loss of his overcoat. He shakes with the cold and the whole hotel is astir to make him a hot grog. He scarcely has a greeting for me. He does not wish to show his emotion before the others. And my own excited expectation quiets down as I find in Sebastian Melmoth so completely the Oscar Wilde—not the hard, strained, formal Wilde of Algiers, but the soft pliable Wilde of before the crisis. . . . We sat at table by lamplight, and Wilde sipped his grog. Now, in the better light, I note how the skin on his face has roughened and coarsened, and his hands still more, those hands with their fingers still covered with the same rings, even the lapis lazuli in its pendant setting, to which he was so much attached. His teeth are horribly decayed."

Of course, Melmoth drifted to Paris and to what Blunt called his "dog's vomit." He had the intention to finish a play commenced, a play of Pharaoh, but there was no longer will in him. His laughter had become funeral, his wit mere painful grotesqueness. He was a blasted thing much as Swift became a blasted thing, a tree not only dead at the top, but rotted throughout. He lived alone, gloomy, often drunk, with occasional flashes of the old Wilde that made his situation the more terrible. Gide tells how he met him in Paris:

"I heard myself called by name. It was Wilde. How changed he was! If I should reappear before I have written my play, the world will see in me only the convict," he had said. He had returned without his play, and when some doors closed against him he sought entry nowhere else; he turned vagabond. Friends often tried to save him; one tried to think what was to be done for him; one took him to Italy. Wilde soon escaped, slipped back. Of those who had remained longest faithful to him, some had several times told me that Wilde had disappeared. Hence I was I admit, a trifle embarrassed to see him again like that, in that place. Wilde was sitting on the terrace of a cafe. He ordered cocktails. I sat down facing him, so that my back was to those passing. Wilde noticed that and ascribed it to an absurd shame on my part, and not altogether, I regret to say, with justice. "Oh!" said he, "sit down here, next to me," and pointed to a chair by his side. "I am utterly alone now."

A few days later I saw him again for the last time. Let me mention but one thing of those we talked of; he bewailed his inability to undertake his art, once more, I reminded him of his promise, that he had

made to himself, not to return to Paris without a completed play.

"He interrupted me, laid his hand on mine, and looked at me quite sadly: 'One must ask nothing of one who has failed.'"

And there the salient part of the Gide tale ends except for a few words about the funeral and the only floral piece laid on the coffin which bore an inscription, one from his landlord which read: "A mon locataire." It is not pleasant to think of the Lord of Life in that mad menagerie of the Paris underworld where are gross debaucheries, brutalities, hatreds, diseases and deformities. At the last, Sebastian Melmoth moved where the vile poison of the vilest human passions distilled and it is not well to think of it.

VIII.

THE SPIRE OF THE GODS.

There was nothing at all silver gray and placid about Oscar Wilde's end although sentimentalists have tried to make it appear otherwise, talking about his submission to the yoke and his acceptance of the consolations of religion. Such talk is but chaff. There would be more truth in the saying that Wilde, in the days of sunshine, like Tantalus shared in the banquets of Olympus and wasted the ambrosia and nectar; could not endure his great prosperity and was swept by the gods to the everlasting shadow of the overhanging rock of sorrow; from the day of his release from prison he was wrapped in darkness and sat among the husks. True, his intentions were otherwise, his hopes doubtless were, for there is a ring of truth in that passage quoted from De Profundis voicing a yearning for some cleft in a rock in which he might hide, some secret valley in which to weep undisturbed. Free again, for him there was no windy, out-of-door life where brotherhood might be natural. He was the victim of the wrath of gods. "If he had then begun a decent life," writes Wilfred Seaven Blunt in his diary, "people would have forgiven him, but he returned to Paris and to his dog's vomit." Harsh words, but truth is always harsh and Wilfred Blunt always truthful.

Sherard has a picture of the last days as told by the landlord of the house in which Wilde lived. The man who had known the sunshine and honey of life, who had spent his days as a pampered pet of brilliant London society lived alone in his leaden sunset, his room a mean one, giving on a damp court-

yard, his horizon a dank and dripping wall. A rickety table and a shabby couch and furniture faded and thread-bare were his all. "There he lay," said the landlord, "with ice on his head, and in his delirium he swore at the pain. He kept raising his hands to his head to try and ease the torture. The doctors said that they ought to cut into the head but there was no sign to guide them where to cut, and so no operation could be tried. He must have suffered greatly for he swore and swore. And there he died—in my arms. It was two o'clock in the afternoon."

There were other things that the landlord told, as how Wilde, towards the end, used to work all night, beginning at one o'clock in the morning. "I have earned a hundred francs," he quoted Wilde as having said, but much of the money went for cognac and little for food. As for exercise, he took none, sleeping until noon, then breakfasting, to throw himself on the bed and sleep again until five or six in the evening. As I have said, the man had become a pale ghost.

So came the end and that final scene when he was received into the Catholic Church. In spite of the sentimentalists, there is no evidence that there was, for Oscar Wilde, any moment of that blessedness which is the supreme degree of happiness, any chimerical something better than happiness, any of that "perfect gladness" which Francis of Assisi calls the quietness of happiness. Robert Ross, Oscar Wilde's most faithful friend, knew most of that last scene, so let him speak. The tale has been recorded by Blunt in his diary, an entry made on November 16th, 1905. Here it is:

"Yesterday I saw Ross, Oscar Wilde's friend, who was with him in his last hours. I was curious to know about these, and he told me everything. Ross is a good, honest fellow as far as I can judge, and stood by Oscar when all had abandoned him. He used to go to him in prison, being admitted on an excuse of legal business, for Ross managed some of Mrs. Wilde's affairs while her husband was shut up. He told me Oscar was very hardly treated during his first year, as he was a man of prodigious appetite, and required more food than the prison allowance gave him, also he suffered from an outbreak of old symptoms and was treated as a malingerer when he complained of it. Ross's representation got attention paid to these things, and in the last eight months of his imprisonment Wilde had books and writing materials in abundance and so was able to write his De Profundis. I asked him how much of this was sincere. He said, 'As much as possible in a man of Oscar's artificial

temperament. While he was writing, he was probably sincere, but his 'style' was always in his mind. It was difficult to be sure about him. Sometimes when I called he was hysterical, at other times laughing. When Oscar came out of prison he had the idea of becoming a Catholic, and he consulted me about it, for you know I am a Catholic. I did not believe in his sincerity and told him if he really meant it, to go to a priest, and I discouraged him from anything hasty in the matter. As a fact, he had forgotten all about it in a week, only from time to time he used to chaff me as one standing in the way of his salvation. I would willingly have helped him if I had thought him in earnest, but I did not fancy religion being made ridiculous by him. I used to say that if it came to his dying, I would bring a priest to him, not before. I am not at all a moral man, but I had my feeling on this point and so the matter remained between us. After he had been nearly a year out of prison he took altogether to drink, and the last two years of his life were sad to witness. I was at Rome when I heard that he was dying and returned at once to Paris and found him in the last stages of meningitis. It is a terrible disease for the bystanders, though they say the sufferer himself is unconscious. He had only a short time to live, and I remembered my promise and got a priest to come to him. I asked him if he would consent to see him, and he held up his hand, for he could not speak. When the priest, an Englishman, Cuthbert Dunn, came to him, he asked him whether he wished to be received and put the usual questions, and again Oscar held up his hand, but he was in no condition to make a confession nor could he say a word. On this sign, however, Dunn, allowing him the benefit of the doubt, gave him conditional baptism, and afterwards extreme unction but not communion. He was never able to speak and we do not know whether he was altogether conscious. I did this for the sake of my own conscience and the promise I had made."

I think you see in this last scene something like the paroxysms and wild gaspings of a man who, in dim moments of consciousness sees the billows that go over him; you see in that upraised hand a reaching from the depths for a grasp to rescue him from his distress, from the quick closing darkness that filled his heaven and his earth. Seeing that, you will realize the strange haunting cry in that stanza of poem to L. L.:

But strange that I was not told That the brain can hold In a tiny ivory cell God's heaven and hell.

The sale of this book is limited to members of the medical and legal professions, the priesthood, the clergy, students of sociology and scientists.

The Sexual Life

BY C. W. MALCHOW, M. D.

Sex is the central fact of life, and owing to the urgent necessity for enlightenment upon a subject that greatly affects every member of society, prudery and mawkish modesty should be disregarded. The individual owes it to himself to know the facts. The Sexual Life is one of the frankest and most interesting books yet written on the Sex Impulse, Normal Sexual Habits, and propagation. It contains also interesting chapters on Sexual physiology and Hygiene.

Here are the chapter headings: Sexual Sense—Sexual Passion—Female Sexual Sense—Male Sexual Sense—The Copulative Function—The Act of Copulation—Sexual Habits in the Married—Hygienic Sexual Relations—Sexual Inequality—Copulation and Propagation—Nervous Women.

The Sexual Life is bound in cloth and contains 306 pages. Our price \$3.15, Postpaid.

Modern Treatment of Gonorrhoea in the Male

BY DR. P. ASCH.

One of the most masterly presentations of the subject yet written. Cloth. 104 pages. Our Price \$2, Postpaid.

The Sexual Life of Woman

BY E. HEINRICH KISCH, M. D.

The sexual life of woman has always aroused the keenest interest among the leaders of medical thought, not only to the anatomy of the genital organs and to the diseases of the reproductive system, but also to the individual manifestations of sexual activity. "The Sexual Life of Woman" is considered the most thorough work on the subject. Cloth. 471 pages. Our Price \$3.15, Postpaid.

AND LETTERS

E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS, EDITOR

Published Monthly by HALDEMAN-JULIUS COMPANY, GIRARD, KANSAS

Subscription Rates: In U. S., 50 cents per year. Canada and other foreign countries, \$1 per year.

Advertising Manager: E. C. Howe, 155 East Superior St., Chicago, Ill.

Entered as second-class matter August 21, 1922, at the postoffice at Girard, Kans., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

100 BEST BOOKS

With Concise Commentaries and a Brilliant Essay on Books and Reading

By

JOHN COWPER POWYS

Noted Critic, Novelist, Poet and Lecturer.

This book tells WHAT and HOW to read. It is a guide to the world's best literature. The reader who wants to be benefited, as well as entertained, will appreciate the value of having the keen judgment of Mr. Powys as a guide.

Bound in Cloth. Postpaid \$1.25

HALDEMAN-JULIUS COMPANY, GIRARD, KANSAS

Sex Morality

By William J. Robinson. A discussion of sex morals in the past, present and future. Cloth. 192 pages. Our price, postpaid \$2

Twelve Essays on Sex and Psychoanalysis

By Dr. Stekel. The clearest, most readable book written on sex and psychoanalysis. Cloth. 320 pages. Our price, postpaid \$3

Population and Birth Control

Edited by E. and C. Paul. A Symposium. Cloth. 297 pages. Our price, postpaid \$3

Sexual Problems of Today

By William J. Robinson. This book will give most of its readers information they never possessed before. Cloth. 340 pages. Our price, postpaid \$3

Small or Large Families

By Drysdale, Robinson, Ellis and Grotjohn. Birth Control from the moral, racial and eugenic standpoint. Cloth. 208 pages. Our price, postpaid \$1.50

Sex Knowledge for Men and Boys

By William J. Robinson. An honest, unbiased, truthful, strictly scientific and up-to-date book, dealing with the anatomy and physiology of the male sex organs, with venereal diseases and their prevention, and the manifestation of the sex instinct in men and boys. Cloth. 274 pages. Our price, postpaid \$2

Sex Knowledge for Women

By William J. Robinson. Tells what every girl and woman should know. Illustrated. Cloth. 170 pages. Our price, postpaid \$2

Sexual Truths

By William J. Robinson. This book gives the real truths about sex. Cloth. 400 pages. Our price postpaid \$4

USE THIS ORDER BLANK

Haldeman-Julius Company, Girard, Kansas.

Enclosed find \$ Send me the books checked with X.

Name

Address

City State

Remainders---Clothbound Book Bargains

Here are choice clothbound book bargains for the buyer who acts at once. We have a limited stock and when our present supply is gone no more can be obtained.

Addresses

By Henry Drummond. A classic. Contains: The Greatest Thing in the World—Pax Vobiscum—Effects Require Cause—What Yokes Are For—The Changed Life—What Is a Christian—Dealing with Doubt—Etc. Cloth, 348 pages. Was \$1.26c

Austria-Hungary

By Wolf Von Schjervebrand. This is not a war volume, but a conscientious interpretation, historical, social and political, of the polyglot empire. The author spent four years (from 1912 to 1916) in Austria-Hungary gathering his material. Clothbound. Gold stamped. 349 pages. Map in colors. Was \$3.50.89c

As the Wind Blew

By Amelie Rives. The collected poems of a gifted literary artist. Clothbound. 229 pages. Was \$1.75.29c

Book of Life

Upton Sinclair. Parts one and two of the Complete Book of Life covering Mind and Body. Paper binding. 201 pages. Was 60c.29c

Curtiss Aviation Book

By Glenn H. Curtiss. Tells just how he planned and worked out the details of his machines. Gives a complete account of aviation. A thoroughly human book by a great authority. Fully illustrated. Clothbound. 310 pages. Was \$1.50.46c

Complete Primer of Humor

By Eugene Field. Contains 75 original drawings by Oppen. The funniest work of this great humorist. A book that will never grow old. Clothbound. 142 pp. 43c

Evangeline

By Longfellow. Read this immortal tale of Arcadie. A deathless classic. Clothbound. 200 pages. Was 75c 26c

Edgar Allan Poe's Complete Works

Eight beautiful volumes. Bound in handsome blue limp leather. Size of each book 4x6 1/4. Printed from large type on fine paper. Was \$20.\$7.98

Easy Shorthand

By McEwan. The best vestpocket manual ever written. Prepared for the busy man. Gives diary and memoranda exercises. Clothbound. Was 75c.21c

English Navigators

The lives and voyages of Sir Francis Drake, Thomas Cavendish and William Dampier. Read the stirring stories of these famous naval heroes. Cloth. 414 pages. Was \$3.99c

General Jubal A. Early

An autobiographical sketch and narrative of the war between the states. New sidelights on the Civil War. Illustrated. 496 pages. Was \$3.50.\$1.14

Menace of Spiritualism

Elliott O'Donnell. Is spiritualism a fake? Is it a hoax? Thinking people who wish to be informed on both sides of the question of spiritualism should find food for thought in this able and illuminating discussion. Cloth. 206 pages. Was \$1.50.44c

Military Manual

By V. D. Collins. For young and old. Tells in simple English the basic principles of military art. The information in this work is invaluable. Many illustrations. Clothbound. 211 pages. Was \$1.26c

Modern Industrial Progress

Charles H. Cochrane. An interesting history of important inventions of recent years. Over 400 illustrations. 647 pages. Cloth. Was \$5.\$1.45

Jack London's Works

Take your pick of the following clothbound editions of Jack London's famous novels: Children of the Frost, The Game, White Fang. Was 87c per copy. Each. 37c If you will purchase the entire set of 8 volumes of Jack London's works we will make you a special price of\$1

The Lightning Conductor Discovers America

By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Rediscover America through this excellent work. Here is a rare combination to delight the hearts of those who love a tale of mystery, adventure, romance and travel. Clothbound. 390 pages. Fine example of printer's art. Was \$1.50 44c

Life of Oliver Hazard Perry

By A. S. Mackenzie. The life story of the famous American naval hero, who, at the age of 27, established the supremacy of America over Great Britain on the Great Lakes. Cloth. 436 pages.99c

USE THIS ORDER BLANK

Haldeman-Julius Company, Girard, Kansas.

Enclosed find \$..... Send me the books checked with X.

Name

Address

City State.....

Life of Paul Jones

By R. A. Davenport. Admiral John Paul Jones was the first and most fascinating American Naval hero. A complete history of his life. Tells of his remarkable deeds during the Revolutionary war. Gives excerpts from his original journal and from U. S. Naval war records. Cloth. 401 pages. Was \$3.99c

Letters From Kaiser to Czar

By Levine. Copied from government archives in Petrograd. Private and interesting correspondence. Published by cooperation with Soviet authorities. An important work. Should be read by all who would understand the characters of the leaders of the great war. Was \$3.89c

Lady of the Lake

Walter Scott. Fine edition of this immortal work. Brilliant introduction. Portrait of the author. A classic that should be read by all. Cloth. Fine paper. 344 pages. Was 75c.26c

In His Image

By William Jennings Bryan. A challenge to Darwinism. You should read this stimulating book although you may not agree with Bryan. Cloth. 266 pages. \$1.49

The Island of Stone Money

William Henry Furness, 3rd. A most interesting travel book about a strange, voluptuous race. Profusely illustrated. 278 pages. Cloth. Was \$5.\$1.65

Hawaiian Islands

A beautiful picture book of the paradise of the Pacific. Reproductions from photographs. A great work of art. Size is 14x10 inches. Printed on the finest grade of paper. Was \$2.50.79c

How I Filmed the War

Lieut. G. Mallins. The extraordinary experiences of the man who filmed the great battle of the Somme. Clothbound. 304 pages. Numerous illustrations. Was \$2.25.69c

A History of English Balladry

By Prof. Frank E. Bryant. A scholarly volume. A complete history of balladry. Copiously illustrated with notes. Cloth. 443 pages. Was \$2.25.99c

History of the Belgian People

Three beautiful volumes. Over 1,200 pages of text. Many full-page illustrations. A limited edition. Each set numbered. A history from a first authentic annals to the present time. Handsomely bound. Price for set was \$10. Our price for entire set only.....\$2.98

New Lives for Old

By William Carleton. A study of one who wanted to escape from city life and who wanted to get close to nature. The author gives an accurate and convincing report of his experiences. Stiff cardboard covers. Excellent printing. 220 pages. Was \$1.25.39c

The New Children

By S. Radice. A new book on the Montessori method of educating children. By a zealous disciple of the great Italian. A wonderful treat in store for those who wish to give intelligent assistance to the development of their children. Clothbound. 163 pages Was \$1.50.37c

The Panama Canal

By Willis J. Abbot. Learn the facts about Panama and the great canal. This magnificent volume is the one standard work on the subject. Bears the endorsement of leading public officials and engineers. Contains beautiful water color illustrations. More than 600 photographic illustrations. A large book—size 9x12 inches. Weight 6 pounds. Here is a wonderful book for your library or as a Christmas present for a friend. Cloth. Gold stamped. 560 pages. Was \$10. Now.....\$1.75

Perilous Adventures of Prince Charles Edward, J. J. Casanova, Charles II, Earl of Nithsdale, Stanislaus Leczinski

By R. A. Davenport. Shows the power of the human mind to triumph over difficulties of the most appalling and perilous kind. That truth is more marvelous than fiction is borne out by monumental work. Cloth. 248 pages. Now.....89c

Some Personal Impressions

By Take Jonesen. He was Rumania's foremost statesman during the World War. He tells the inside story of war and diplomacy. Gives amazingly frank pen impressions of the Kaiser, Poincare, Lloyd George, and other world leaders. Introduction by Lord Bryce. Clothbound. Gold stamped. 290 pages. Was \$3.25. Now.....89c

Shakespeare Identified

By J. T. Louney. The greatest work ever written on the controversy over the real identity of Shakespeare. Every lover of Shakespeare should read this masterpiece. Clothbound. 460 pages. Beautifully printed. Fine paper. Many full-page illustrations. Was \$5. Now.....89c

The Outline of History

By H. G. Wells. Over 250,000 people have paid \$10.50 for this great book. This is the latest edition, completely revised by the author. The most interesting history ever written. 1922 edition. Cloth. 1,171 pages.\$4.65

USE THIS ORDER BLANK

Haldeman-Julius Company, Girard, Kansas.

Enclosed find \$..... Send me the books checked with X.

Name

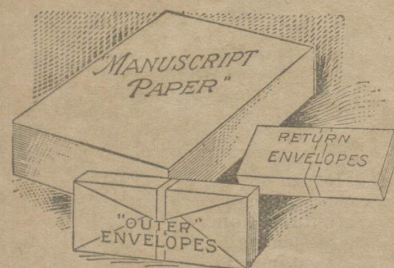
Address

City State.....

BIRTH CONTROL

Remarkable Treatise containing Information of Greatest Value to all Married People sent postpaid for \$1 (Bill or Stamps. No Coin). Worth Hundreds of Dollars. You will thank us for this. Publishers, Apartado 73, Tampico, Mexico.

Manuscript Paper and Envelopes



For the convenience of writers who wish to present their manuscripts in proper form we can furnish a complete set of good quality manuscript paper consisting of:

- 75 Sheets of Manuscript Paper, 8 1/2 x 11 inches.
- 75 Second Sheets for carbon copies.
- 25 Envelopes, 4 1/4 x 9 1/2 inches in which manuscripts are to be mailed.
- 25 Envelopes, 4 1/2 x 9, which you are to self address and enclose with your manuscript for the editor's reply.
- 2 Sheets of Carbon Paper.

Price of Complete Set—Only \$1.00 Orders for less than full sets are not accepted.

Ask for "Writer's Outfit."

HALDEMAN-JULIUS COMPANY, GIRARD, KANSAS

Imprinted Stationery

100 Sheets and 100 Envelopes Imprinted With Your Own Name and Address

Only \$1

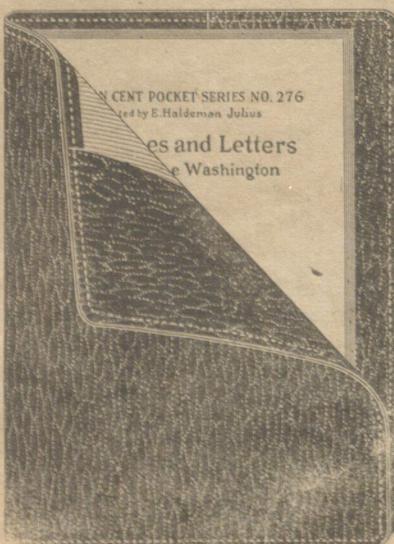
It is a mark of distinction to use stationery bearing the imprint of the letter writer. Imprinted stationery insures accuracy in addressing correspondence. Imprinted stationery expresses the height of elegance and maximum of utility.

For only \$1 you can have 100 fine quality hard note sheets and 100 envelopes made of the same paper, neatly printed with any three line address you designate. No extra charge for postage.

You have always wanted to use imprinted stationery. Here is an opportunity to gratify your wish in this respect at the cost of only \$1.

Send your order today. Write your name and address plainly.

Haldeman-Julius Co., Dept. X19, Girard, Kans.



Leather Covers for Pocket Series at 50c

HALDEMAN-JULIUS COMPANY, GIRARD, KANSAS



The new building of the Standard Oil Company, No. 1, Broadway, New York

The New Architecture in New York —The Modern Babylon

BY PROFESSOR C. H. REILLY.

New York is developing a new kind of architecture—perhaps even a world style—before our eyes. Like all true styles, it has grown out of the necessities of the case. The need for greater accommodation in a limited area has meant high buildings, and the elementary need that human beings, even in New York, still have for light and air has meant that these buildings have had to be restricted. Hence the New York Zoning Law, already copied in other great cities, and hence the new architecture.

Briefly, this law amounts to dividing the city up into certain zones and districts, and restricting the height of buildings on the street face within each zone to some multiple of the width of the street. In the downtown district, for instance, the permissible height is two and a half times the

width of the street; in the uptown—the west-end district, one and a half times. This by itself, however, would not make new architecture. It is what follows after the prescribed height has been built on the street face. Then the building may go up again, but it must be set back one foot horizontally for each five feet of vertical height. This means that stories of, say, ten feet in height could set back in steps of two feet till the whole lot was used up. In practice, however, it is more economical to set back stories in twos or threes. In any case, however, an effect of stepped pyramids is reached, and a very striking effect it is. The first buildings that have conformed to the new law have a Babylonian-like grandeur and romance which no simple rectangular piles could achieve.

As economic pressure increases, too, all buildings will grow to their full limit of height in the street plane. New York will, therefore, gradually lose its most unpleasant character-

istic, the serrated line of its streets against the sky. At present, even Fifth Avenue is like a set of badly-grown teeth, with buildings of all heights jostling one another. The level horizontal lines which should determine the perspective of a street, at its base and against the sky, as they did in old Regent street and still do where any consistent design holds, as at Bath, will be regained. In addition, however—and this is the exciting thing—on the top of the street blocks, and with them as pedestals, will appear in all directions, to be seen from the upper stories or across open spaces, a vast series of rich pyramidal buildings, almost cathedral-like in shape, for the blocks are generally much longer than they are wide. Already one or two such are in being, and they are the most striking things in the town. The Fisk building, and that now being erected for the Standard Oil Company, No. 1, Broadway, by Mr. Thomas Hastings and his as-

sociates, are the most notable. The latter is enhanced by a great rectangular tower, for the Zoning Law allows one-quarter of the area to be given to a tower of unlimited height. The restriction to a quarter means that towers will only be erected on large sites, and will not in future choke one another as they have done in the past. Allowing for New York's crystal atmosphere, there will be ample space between them.

The skyline then of the new New York which is forming now will be unlike that of any other city in the world. It will be more romantic than that of any other city, if it is not so already. The combination possible of stepped building and tower is proving, as in the Standard Oil structure, that an outline more interesting even than that of the Woolworth building can be obtained on any city site that is large enough. This particular building, standing as it does at the end of the island and with the possibility of no other building blocking it from the river, will in future be the landmark all arriving in the bay will see when this marvelous city of the clouds first rises for them from the waters and mist. It is highly appropriate, therefore, that the first great example of the new Assyrian type of stepped building—Tower of Babel if you will—which will shortly (for no building here lasts more than thirty years) conquer the whole town and should be placed where it is. Its serene statuesque beauty will in a few months become almost as great a symbol of America as the Statue of Liberty itself.

Not only is New York considering how it can go up into the air with decency, but also how it can go down into the earth. Under the Russell-Sage foundation—that liberal endowment which provides money for research of all kinds—architects are considering all the problems connected with the irrepressible and alarming growth of the town. Among the most urgent of these problems is the traffic one in the central districts. To Mr. Corbett, the architect of the beautiful Bush building in London, has been given the section of the town where this is most urgent, and he has evolved a scheme of raising the footways and so in appearance sinking the wheeled traffic into canals, with docks for unloading under the buildings, which, if it ever comes about, will turn New York into a colossal Venice, the water being represented by the black, glossy tops of the endless motor cars. In a city of such unceasing change nothing is impossible, and it is certain that something very radical will soon have to be done to reconcile the conflicting streams and interests of pedestrians and machine traffic.

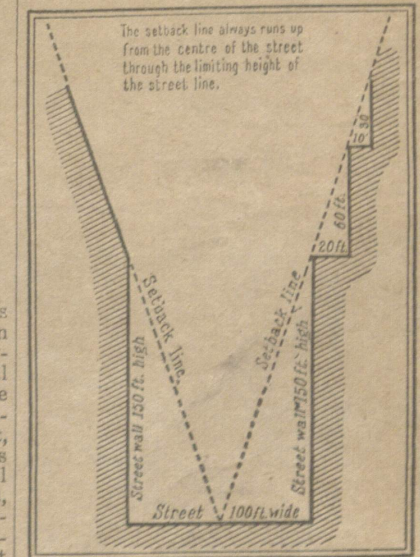
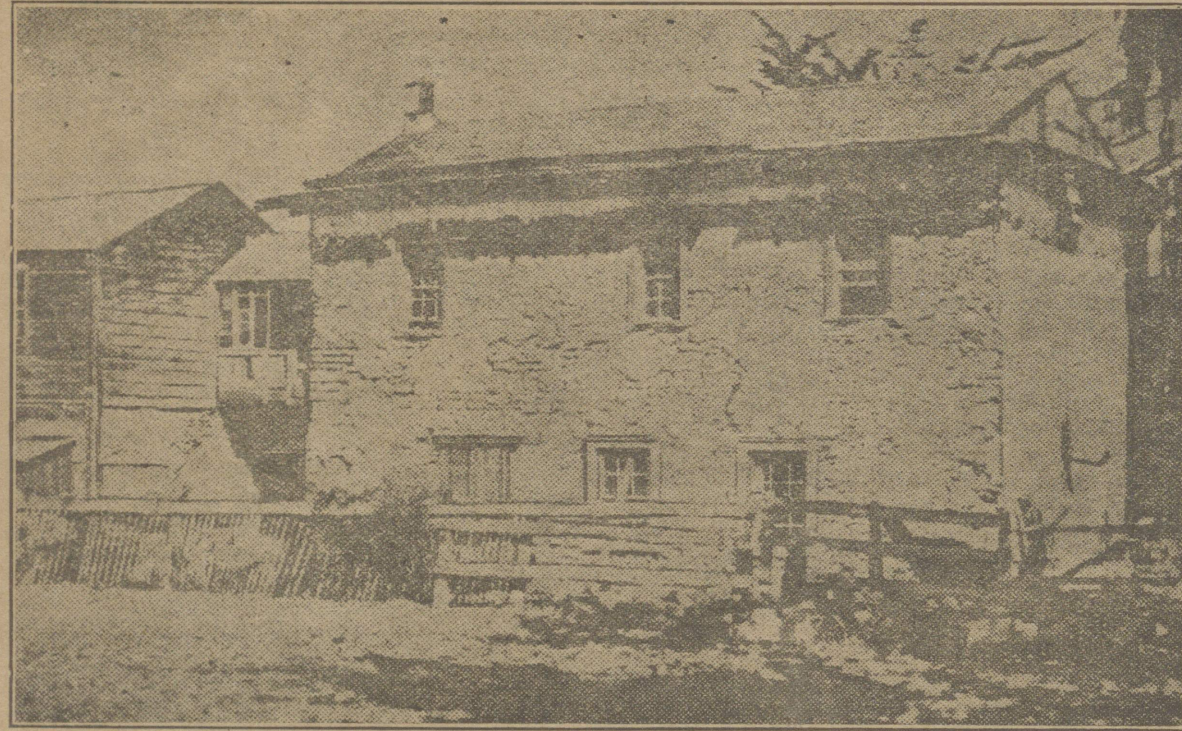


Diagram to illustrate the principles of the new Zoning Law.

Ambition and enjoyment of high offices do not constitute happiness and satisfaction of a great man; he seeks the good opinion of the world and the esteem of posterity.

When the authority of the master is despised, all is lost.

Judgment, in extreme cases, should be guided by precedent.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S HOME AT MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA. LOVERS OF STEVENSON ARE FAVORING THE PURCHASE OF THIS OLD HOUSE AS A MEMORIAL TO THE GREAT WRITER

Captain Cook—Farmer's Boy Who Became a Famous Explorer



Recently some unpublished journals of Captain James Cook, the explorer, were sold by auction, and this event serves to remind the present generation of the really great Englishman the story of whose achievements can hardly be rivalled in the long annals of English exploration.

Humbly Born.

James Cook, the son of an agricultural laborer, was born at the Yorkshire village of Marton on October 27, 1728. The cottage in which he was ushered into the world has long since disappeared, but the field in which it stood is still known as "Cook's Garth," and a monument to his memory may be found in the parish church.

His early education would appear to have been of the simplest. While still a mere child he was set to work on the farm of a certain William Walker, a wealthy yeoman of the district, whose wife taught him to read. At the age of eight he was removed with his family to the village of Great Ayton, where for five years he studied in a day-school. He then became apprenticed to a shopkeeper at Staithes, near Whitby. But even in those early days he seems to have heard the call of the sea. At any rate, his master awoke somewhat later than usual one morning in the July of 1742 to find that the young apprentice had flown. Rumor says that he robbed the till of a shilling, but the story lacks corroboration.

Kept Out of Reach.

Finding his way to Whitby, Cook secured a position as a ship's boy on board the *Freelove*, a craft of 450 tons employed in the coal trade and owned by two Quaker brothers. He appears to have been a ready learner. As Sir Walter Besant has written, "the rope's end was seldom required

to start him, and the mate, though a choleric person, found it unnecessary to cuff the boy unless he was actually within reach."

After cruising for some years in the Baltic and Norway he joined the Navy in 1755 as an A. B., four years later becoming master of the *Mercury*. His great ability soon recommended him to the Admiralty for promotion, and in 1763 he was appointed surveyor of the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts. For the next four years he was engaged upon this work, in the course of which he explored a great portion of Newfoundland and drew a number of charts which are still in use.

In 1768 he was given command of the *Endeavor*, which was fitted out for a cruise in the Pacific with the object of observing the transit of Venus. The observation took place from Tahiti on June 3, 1769. It was on the returning voyage that New Zealand was circumnavigated, Australia being also visited, a portion of the east coast receiving the name of New South Wales. After a voyage of close upon three years the ship returned on June 2, 1771.

The following year Cook was given command of an expedition "to complete the discovery of the Southern Hemisphere." His ship, the *Resolution*, accompanied by the *Adventure*, left Plymouth Sound on July 13, 1772. Service to Sanitation.

It was the best-equipped expedition that had at that date ever quitted the shores of England. Cook's services to sanitation deserves special mention. In the previous voyage his crew had suffered terribly from scurvy, and Cook set himself to grapple with this disease. His precautions have been concisely summarized by Sir Walter Besant:

"He put on board wheat instead of oatmeal, sugar instead of so much oil, and a quantity of malt, sauerkraut, salted cabbage, potatoe broth, saloop, rob of lemons, mustard, marmalade of carrots, and inspissated juice of wort and bees. Some of these things were experimental, and failed to produce any good effect. Others were well known for their antiscorbutic properties. In fact, for the first time in the history of navigation a carefully prepared attempt was to be made in the prevention of this disease."

During the voyage Cook, after cruising in the then unknown Antarctic water, explored the New Hebrides and discovered New Caledonia. On the morning of Sunday, July 30, 1775, the two ships arrived safely at Spithead.

Elected F. R. S.

Early in the following year Cook's services were recognized by his election as a Fellow of the Royal Society. He was not, however, to enjoy a period of rest for long. He had now

been at sea for thirty-four years and might reasonably have contemplated the prospect of retirement, but on May 29, 1776—less than a year from the return of the *Resolution*—he set out in the same vessel on his third, and last, voyage. The object was to explore the North Pacific.

On March 7, 1778, the Sandwich Islands were discovered, and, after a cruise farther north, a return visit was paid to the islands in the following January. There appears to have been some trouble about a stolen cutter, and the natives, who had begun by welcoming the visitors, suddenly became hostile. On the morning of Sunday, February 14, 1779, Cook went on shore to enter a formal protest to the king, Kalaniopun, and on his way back to the boats he was murdered by one of the islanders.

Gems From Joseph Conrad

Nothing easier than to say, Have no fear. Nothing more difficult. How does one kill fear, I wonder? How do you shoot a spectre through the heart, slash off its spectral head, take it by its spectral throat? It is an enterprise you rush into while you dream, and are glad to make your escape with wet hair and every limb shaking. The bullet is not run, the blade not forged, the man not born; even the winged words of truth drop at your feet like jumps of lead. You require for such a desperate encounter an enchanted and poisoned shaft dipped in a lie too subtle to be found on earth. An enterprise for a dream, my masters!—Joseph Conrad's *Lord Jim*.

We all seem a little mad to each other; an excellent arrangement for the bulk of humanity which finds in it an easy motive of forgiveness.—Conrad's *Chance*.

The attainment of proficiency, the pushing of your skill with attention to the most delicate shades of excellence, is a matter of vital concern. Efficiency of a practically flawless kind may be reached naturally in the struggle for bread. But there is something beyond—a higher point, a storable and unmistakable touch of love and pride beyond mere skill; almost an inspiration which gives to all work that finish which is almost art—which is art.—Conrad's *The Mirror of the Sea*.

A woman may be a fool, a sleepy fool, an agitated fool, a too awfully noxious fool, and she may even be simply stupid. But she is never dense. She's never made of wood through and through as some men are. There is a spring in woman always, somewhere, a spring. Whatever men don't know about women (and it may be a lot, it may be very little), men andin

even fathers do know that much. And that is why so many men are afraid of them.—Conrad's *Chance*.

Women find their inspiration in the stress of moments that for us are merely awful, absurd, or futile.—Conrad's *Lord Jim*.

It is lucky that small things please women. And it is not silly of them to be thus pleased. It is in small things that the deepest loyalty, that which they need most, the loyalty of the passing moment, is best expressed.—Conrad's *Chance*.

A woman with a masculine mind is not a being of superior efficiency; she is simply a phenomenon of imperfect differentiation—interestingly barren and without importance.—Conrad's *Nostramo*.

There are on earth no actors too humble and obscure not to have a gallery; that gallery which envenoms the play by stealthy jeers, counsels of anger, amused comments or words of perfidious compassion. . . . At sea, you know, there is no gallery. You hear no tormenting echoes of your own littleness there, where either a great elemental voice roars defiantly under the sky, or else an elemental silence seems to be part of the infinite stillness of the universe.—Conrad's *Chance*.

One aspect of conventions which people who declaim against them lose sight of is that conventions make both joy and suffering easier to bear in a becoming manner.—Conrad's *Chance*.

It's extraordinary how we go through life with eyes half shut, with dull ears, with dormant thoughts. Perhaps it's just as well; and it may be that it is this very dullness that makes life to the incalculable majority so supportable and so welcome. Nevertheless, there can be but few of us who had never known one of these rare moments of awakening, when we see, hear, understand ever so much—everything—in a flash, before we fall back again in our agreeable somnolence.—Conrad's *Lord Jim*.

Napoleon's Estimates of Character

From "Maxims of Napoleon." Great men are like meteors which shine and consume themselves to enlighten the earth.

It is in times of difficulty that great men and great nations exhibit all the energy of their character and become objects of admiration to posterity. There are men who have sufficient strength of mind to change their character or to bend to imperative circumstances.

To judge men correctly, we must take them where events have thrown them; we must penetrate deeply into their actions, whether good or bad, and assure ourselves if it were not possible for them to do otherwise than they did.

Man's true character ever displays itself in great events. Great men are those who can control both good luck and fortune.

The greater the man, the less is he opinionative; he depends upon events and circumstances.

Many a one commits a reprehensible action who is perfectly honorable, because a man seldom acts upon natural impulse but from some secret passion of the moment which lies hidden and concealed within the narrowest folds of his heart.

It is incredible what effect the good treatment of prisoners in France had upon other nations, especially the Russians and Germans. I often experienced it to my advantage, as thousands of them threw down their arms who otherwise would have fought desperately, saying, "We will go into Bourgogne to drink good wine."

Every person, however *imbécile*, has some kind of talent: one for music, another for drawing, another for some mechanical art; this imbecile has a talent for writing.

Many characters have been modified by age, habits of business, and experience.

Great ambition is the passion of a great character. He who is endowed with it may perform very great or very bad things; all depends upon the principles which direct him.

There is glory and true greatness raising oneself by the heart.

"Know Thyself" Will Bring Our Hidden Secrets Into the Open! Haldeman-Julius to Begin Early Publication of a New Monthly Magazine to be Called "Know Thyself", Which Will be Devoted to Investigations of Sex, Health, Psycho-Analysis, Psychology and Science—Edited by William J. Fielding and E. Haldeman-Julius

Editor William J. Fielding is noted as an authority on subjects dealing with the human heart and mind. He is a world-famous authority, having written such famous works as "Sanity in Sex," "The Caveman Within Us," "Health and Self-Mastery Through Psycho-Analysis and Autosuggestion," "Psycho-Analysis, the Key to Human Behavior," "Auto-Suggestion—How It Works," and "The Puzzle of Personality, a Study in Psycho-Analysis." Mr. Fielding is a scientist of the very first order. He will serve "Know Thyself" as Editor, while E. Haldeman-Julius will serve as Managing Editor. The two editors will co-operate in bringing out a monthly magazine that will command very attention and respect. Editors William J. Fielding and E. Haldeman-Julius present the guiding principles of the editorial policy of "Know Thyself," as follows:

- 1. Keep in the forefront of modern thought, science and philosophy; propagate the art of living a fuller life, physically, intellectually and spiritually; encourage the development of personality and individuality in all that this implies. These values will be reflected to the benefit of the social order.
2. Be everlastingly progressive; be radical in its true sense (i. e., going to the root of problems, and not merely skimming the surface), but avoid being dogmatic or doctrinaire. People need enlightenment, illuminating ideas, easily assimilated knowledge, and occasionally an intellectual shock as a tonic—not preachments, dogma or moralizing. Even the truth should not be dogmatized.
3. Be broad in outlook, and tolerant in spirit—of everything except intolerance. This policy, backed by a stimulating and instructive program, will win friends from unexpected quarters. The few magazines that we now find inspiring and mentally stimulating in a general way are marred by too frequent outbursts of intolerance and the evidence of narrowness.
4. Give variety of information, within the scope of Know Thyself, thereby assuring something of interest to every reader, and to every intelligent person as a prospective reader.
5. Two pages of editorials on some live topics pertinent to the nature of Know Thyself. The typographical effect must be pleasing and attractive to the eye.
6. A page or two of assorted viewpoints and opinions, of special interest, from other important and progressive publications. This will give Know Thyself a broader appeal.
7. Use illustrations extensively—half-tones and line cuts. Illustrations are an essential feature for a magazine that aspires to wide circulation.
8. Use various miscellaneous articles and items dealing with interesting or unusual incidents and ideas within the general scope of the Magazine.
9. A department of well-written book reviews covering some of the subjects specialized in by the Magazine. Mr. Fielding will give this his particular attention and make a real feature of it, and win for the Magazine recognition and authoritativeness in the literary and publishing world.
10. The suggestion to encourage communications from readers, print interesting letters—in other words, to conduct an open forum—is splendid. Even though only fragments of the communications are sometimes used, it will make the contributor feel that he has added something to the store of human knowledge.

Both editors agree that once the magazine, "Know Thyself," were under way, it would be highly important to contribute regularly something of distinctive literary value, as well as to give illuminating presentations of the popular sciences and miscellaneous articles of wide appeal, especially along lines not at present discussed in the popular magazines. The work and energy and effort necessary to put into the editing of "Know Thyself," to do it as it should and must be done, will be tremendous. We feel confident that the reading public has confidence enough in William J. Fielding and E. Haldeman-Julius to know that they would not put their names to inferior material. They will strive, consistently and energetically, only for the very finest material. "Know Thyself" will take an important place in current literature with the appearance of its first issue. Mr. Fielding promises faithfully to drop all other literary activities and devote his energies to the development, and assuring the success, of "Know Thyself." Mr. Fielding is already at work preparing departmental plans and making other preliminary arrangements, so as to start off the first issue with a winner.

"Know Thyself" will be a tremendous success because its editors will it to be effective. It will succeed because it will be worthwhile in every respect.

The American people are waiting for a magazine like "Know Thyself." There is great need for a periodical that will deal with intensely personal problems from the viewpoint of the scientist. There is no medium covering that field today. "Know Thyself" will bring to

the world the facts that science has brought to light in the last few years. The people are waiting for "Know Thyself," devoted, as it is, to the truth about our own natures.

"Know Thyself" will be a monthly. It will be 7 by 10 inches in size. "Know Thyself" will contain 32 pages, printed on a good grade of paper. In addition, "Know Thyself" will have a cover of strong cardboard material, blue in color. "Know Thyself" will be worth at least \$5 per year, but its subscription price is going to be low—only \$1.50 per year of 12 issues. 15 cents per copy—\$1.50 per year. We shall not accept subscriptions for less than a year. We shall not overprint the first issue. It is poor policy to overprint a magazine in the hope of selling it afterwards. We shall print only a few hundred copies over our actual subscription list. If we begin with 25,000 paid yearly subscriptions, as we feel we shall, we will not turn out more than a few hundred copies above that figure. So we seriously warn you that if you want to read "Know Thyself" from its very beginning that you had better subscribe NOW—in advance—or the possibility is that you will be disappointed. Subscribe at once—get your name on the subscription list today—and you will begin reading "Know Thyself" with the very first number. You will find the first number crammed with good material. You will agree that that number alone will be worth the price of an entire year's subscription.

We make this solemn guarantee: If you subscribe in advance NOW and find after you get the first issue that you are disappointed we shall be willing, without question or quibble, to return your subscription money to you and cancel your subscription at no expense to you. We are positive that you will be delighted with "Know Thyself" and that there will not be a single demand for refunds. But we stand by that promise.

When we started "Life and Letters" about a year ago we warned the public against failure to subscribe in advance. We did not overprint heavily and the result was that we received thousands of requests for back numbers, but we had to disappoint the public because we did not overprint. The result was that many readers even advertised in trade papers and newspapers for early numbers of "Life and Letters," paying as much as a dollar for a single copy. The same will happen with "Know Thyself" if our advice is not taken. Subscribe right away—NOW, while you are thinking about it—and you won't have to worry that you may be left out of the first few issues. They will be in great demand, rest assured of that.

"Know Thyself" will begin publication in a short while. We expect to have the first number ready for distribution within about 60 days, possibly less. We shall not delay publication a single day if we are all in readiness. We shall get into swing just as soon as possible. Meanwhile we invite subscriptions, which we trust will come in quickly and in volume. We want a large audience for the first number of "Know Thyself" because the material in it will be worthy of wide reading.

Get your name on the mailing list of "Know Thyself" at once, by the very next mail. Use the blank below, sending it in with your remittance, and we will see to it that your name goes on the subscription roll in good time for the first number of "Know Thyself" and the eleven numbers that follow.

Use This Sub Blank for "Know Thyself"
Know Thyself, Girard, Kansas.
Enclosed find \$1.50, which is payment in full for one year's subscription to the new magazine being started by the Haldeman-Julius Company, which is called "Know Thyself." Please see to it that I get twelve numbers of this magazine, beginning with the first issue that comes off the press.
Name Address
City State

Goethe's "Faust"

BY LORD HALDANE.

Goethe took fifty years over "Faust"; he was a young man when he began it; he cast and recast it, and he finished the second part only just before his death. The story of Faust in some respects reflects the life of Goethe himself, and it is a self-revelation. Thoughts are attributed to Faust which came into his (Goethe's) mind, and which he had sternly rejected and triumphed over; but still they had been temptations, and Goethe tells us of them.

Faust is a great scholar, a great man of science, a man of letters who had devoted himself to the pursuit of learning, and had found himself old, failing in his physical faculties, weak and poor, and uncertain in his mind, with no sense that he had got ultimate truth. He had the idea that the truth was something which was fixed and final and firm, and which you would come to if you went on long enough; whereas for Goethe there was no such thing as final truth, only an ever-deepening insight into life and reality, quality in the struggle after which was the source of any sense of satisfaction which was legitimate. It was the struggle after truth and the struggle to attain it that made the truth, and not the reaching for something which you can no more reach than you can reach the foundations of a rainbow.

Goethe makes Faust start off with this sense of failure to attain final truth. In that state of things Mephistopheles (the Devil) goes to the Deity, and in the prologue of the poem says to the Deity, "There is much too much an exaggerated idea of the good qualities of man. There is Faust; he is in a very bad way; he is even talking of suicide just now, and he is discontented and dissatisfied, and yearning for things he has not got, and altogether he is an example of what an inferior person man really is." The Deity says to the Devil: "What, then, do you want?" and the Devil says: "I want permission to tempt Faust." The Deity says: "You may tempt him, but you will make nothing of it, because man is greater than the Devil; he has in him a spark of the Divine which will live, and you will find that you will fail to tempt him because you will have nothing to offer him which will satisfy."

So Mephistopheles appears as a black poodle and then in the garb of a cavalier. He says: "You are very unhappy and discontented and miserable." Faust talks to him, and finally Mephistopheles says: "If you will enter into a covenant with me that I am to serve you as long as you live, but that if I satiate and satisfy you so that you say for the moment, 'Stay, for thou art so fair,' then, satisfied with what I have given you, you shall become my servant." Faust says: "I am not afraid of that if you can give me what I want." "I can give you everything," says the Devil, and then the Devil says: "There is only one little formality; here is the parchment on which I have written out the covenant." They take a drop of blood from Faust's arm and he signs his name.

Then the Devil suddenly makes Faust young again, and says: "Everything is before us, and I will take you where you like." And they begin with a riotous time of real student life. They travel in all sorts of places. They are two very rich young men disguised, and they do not give a good impression to the people who have a fine sense, but still they are having everything that the world can offer.

At last Faust seduces a beautiful girl, and in the agony of remorse over her death, which ensues, Faust is to be snatched away by the Devil for fear he will be arrested, for he has killed her brother in a duel over it. Faust was snatched away, and the Devil takes him far off, and places him, when the second part of the poem begins, asleep on a bank of roses, sprinkled with the waters of forgetfulness. He is looking older.

The Devil sees he has so far never succeeded in making him say to any moment: "Stay, stay, thou art fair." What was offered has only been sen-

sual enjoyment. "He is a middle-aged man," said the Devil, "and wants power and wealth." He tempts him in another way, and they begin to get political power. The Devil takes him to the Court of the German Emperor of those days, and the German Emperor, being an extravagant person, has squandered the revenues of the state in his own enjoyment, and everyone is badly off; there is no money in the exchequer, and the Ministers are in despair. They arrive at the Court.

On their arrival at the Court the Emperor is depressed because he had a Court fool—a jester—a fat little man, who died suddenly, and he is missing him. On the instigation of Mephistopheles, Faust says: "I am a stranger, but I have brought a famous jester with me. This man is just what you want." Mephistopheles is engaged as the Court jester, and presently the Chancellor of the Exchequer comes in and says, "We are bankrupt." Mephistopheles intervenes, "Although only a jester, I am also a man of large experience, and I can make you rich at once. You have only got to print plenty of paper money—Treasury notes in abundance." "That seems a fine idea," the Emperor said, "but what is the security?" "The buried treasures under the earth," says Mephistopheles. "How are they to be got out?" asked the Emperor. "No need to get them out. They are the security, and won't be asked for unless the notes get short, and when they do we will print more."

Accordingly they issue Treasury notes galore, and everyone is delighted. There is plenty of money going, and the only person uncomfortable is the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who comes to the Emperor and says: "The unfortunate thing is that prices are rising, because these notes are going to a discount." "Why?" the Emperor asked. "People do not like them because they are not the same as gold, although they bear your Majesty's signature," and the result is that there is a great drop, and a great anxiety on the part of the Chancellor of the Exchequer for deflation, which cannot be brought about.

Then a neighboring sovereign confronts the Emperor, saying: "Such an extravagant person, issuing bad money, must be got out of the way," and the Emperor is about to be defeated when the Court jester again says: "With your Majesty's permission I have the means of bringing up an army which will soon put them to rout." In his extremity the Emperor says "Yes." The Devil brings from hell several brigades of warriors who, whatever else they may have been, are magnificent men on the field of battle, and put the enemy to rout.

Faust does not quite like this, and he says: "I am not satisfied: I must have something nobler, the art of ancient Greece, brought before me." Accordingly the Devil, after making protest, for the thing is difficult even for him, has to give in, and the next expedition is made to the nether regions, and Helen of Troy is brought to the earth, and there are great scenes, and Faust falls in love with her, and is angry because Paris appears to snatch her from Paris, and is stricken down.

However, he recovers, and he thinks: "I have studied the art of ancient Greece only for my own amusement, and not really for the good of humanity; I have been justly punished for what has happened to me. I won't again call up things in this way." Then the Devil says: "I have something else to propose. Here you are enormously rich, with an enormous reputation for power. It is true the Church thinks you are in league with infernal regions. But let me build you a magnificent castle in this district, and the people will come and worship you, and paint your portrait and serenade you, and you will be a very great man, and you will be happy." The only answer he gets from Faust is, "Devils do not understand what men desire."

The Devil is rather sulky, and says: "What do you want, then?" and Faust says: "The only thing I want is to use my power in a less selfish way. Now look at those poor people who

live on the edge of my territory. They have little holdings, but the sea breaks in and floods the holdings so that the work they have done in cultivating them is obliterated by the sea waters. My command is that you build walls with your myrmidons which will shelter them." The Devil very reluctantly does this, and the walls are built, but the people have to work steadily in keeping them in repair, and Faust suddenly sees that therein lies their happiness. They have a sense of possession in the walls, which they have themselves to maintain in repair, and work every day. Their crops are protected and they are prosperous, but only on condition that they too are constantly striving. And the walls, like the truth, are nothing final.

Faust looks at this and says: "At last I see the meaning of it all. There is no final happiness, no final good; it is only by constant striving that we can attain to the quality of the truth or that we can attain to what is better than any sense of finality, and it is only by using what gifts we possess for the benefit of others, and not merely for ourselves, that we can have this." And with that he breaks out with what prove to be his last words: "This is the final end of wisdom: he only gains and keeps his life and freedom who daily has to conquer them anew." And with that, realizing truth at last attained, and feeling happiness in the sense that he has now not only worked for others but attained the truth for them too, he drops dead, and the Devil, with his myrmidons, rushes out from hell to seize his soul. But a legion of angels comes from Heaven and pelts back the fiends with red-hot roses, and carries off the soul of Faust to Heaven. The Devil says: "Cheated again. These Heavenly Powers are regular swindlers." But the answer comes back from Heaven: "No; you only did not understand the meaning of the word 'fair.'"

That is the poem of Faust, and it is a profound confession of faith on the part of Goethe. You will notice the redemption of Faust comes from two things. First, from his own purpose always to seek what is higher, and, secondly, from the spark of the Divine which was always within him, and of which the Deity spoke at the beginning when he warned the Devil that the Devil would fail to satisfy anyone who had that spark.

And Goethe's theory of redemption is therefore, in part, a theory of self-redemption.

Book Worth Its Weight in Gold

A book small enough to about cover the thumb nail of a man would be a curiosity in any circumstances, but when it is the smallest volume in the world it is easy to understand why it is very valuable. This mite of a book is five-eighths of an inch long, seven-sixteenths of an inch wide and three-eighths of an inch thick. It has 205 pages of closely printed matter. The letters are so small that a pin point would obscure one of them, and a magnifying glass is necessary to enable one to read them. The type of the title page is about the size of this that you are now reading. The book weighs about a quarter of an ounce and is valued at \$750, which makes it worth more than its weight in gold. It was printed in Italy, in the town of Padua, and on the Salmin press.

Books

Dreams, books, are each a world; and books we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

—Wordsworth.

In diplomacy the letter kills the spirit. Tact and good management are more successful than trickery. The wheels common to diplomats of old are worn out, all their finesses is stale, and, in fact, when a man can speak openly, why should he practice deception?

Posterity learns the history of great reigns elsewhere than from pictures and statues, of which these are only the mythological portion. The indestructible pages and the colossal works of great reigns are the battles. Here the historians must find their material.

When the sentiments of a people are against the government, every society has a tendency to do mischief to it.

A nation recruits men more easily than it can retrieve its honor.



Guest (a victim of hospitality)—"Strordinary! I've been here the whole evening, an' only jush notished you've a circulating library!"—The Humorist (London).