

LOST OSCAR WILDE MANUSCRIPT FOUND

"The Portrait of Mr. W. H." Refers to Dedication of Shakespeare's Sonnets

ELABORATES OLD THEORY

New York, June 17.—The "lost manuscript" of Oscar Wilde was found a year ago and will be issued in book form in three weeks, according to an announcement by Mitchell Kennerley, the publisher. The manuscript contains 28,000 words. It is entitled "The Portrait of Mr. W. H." and sets forth elaborately the theories of Wilde as to the identity of the man to whom Shakespeare dedicated 126 of his sonnets.

Wilde treated the subject in semi-fictional form in Blackwood's Magazine in July, 1889. The forthcoming book is an elaboration of that magazine article, which was written as early as 1885, because in that year Messrs. Elkin Matthews and John Lane, publishers, announced "in rapid preparation" the following volume:

"Wilde (Oscar). The incomparable and ingenious history of Mr. W. H., being the true secret of Shakespeare's Sonnets, now for the first time fully set forth, with initial letters and cover design by Charles Dickens."

This was two years before Wilde was arrested. For some reason the volume was not printed in the time probably because it might have added considerably to the notoriety of the author.

After Wilde's imprisonment the manuscript disappeared. When his effects were sold, the 125th item was a painting of Shakespeare's "W. H." This was faked, according to Stuart Mason, author of a volume on Wilde, to provide a frontispiece for the intended volume. This painting was sold for one guinea and disappeared.

Concerning the manuscript, Mr. Kennerley's announcement says:

"On the day of Oscar Wilde's arrest, April 5, 1895, his books were withdrawn from the publisher's shelves and the catalogues, and the manuscript of 'The Portrait of Mr. W. H.' is said to have been returned to Wilde's house, Tip-street, Chelsea, since which date no trace of it has been discovered."

"It can now be said that since Oscar Wilde completed this manuscript for the printer it had not been seen by a living person until it was found in 1920, and sent to Mitchell Kennerley, who recognized it as indisputably 'the lost manuscript' in Wilde's own handwriting."

The theory of the Blackwood article is that the "W. H." described in the dedication to the sonnets as "the only begueter of these insatiable sonnets" is young Arthur in Shakespeare's company, for whom the dramatist created the roles of Viola, Imogen, Juliet, Rosalind, Portia and Desdemona. Women did not appear on the stage in Shakespeare's day.

The sonnets in most of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were thought to have been all addressed to a woman in spite of the dedication to "Mr. W. H." and other internal evidence.

Nearly all of the late critics have agreed that "the only begueter" of the sonnets was a man. The initials by different commentators have been fitted to William Hathaway, a brother-in-law of Shakespeare; a nephew of Shakespeare, named William Hart, later discovered not to have been born until after the sonnets were written; Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton; and William Herbert, later Earl of Pembroke. Barnstorf, a German critic, formed the hypothesis that Shakespeare wrote the sonnets out of mere self-admiration and that "Mr. W. H." is most orthodox at the present day to consider Pembroke the object of the sonnets.

Mme. Curie Forced to Rest
Buffalo, N. Y., June 17.—(By A. P.)—Illness of Mrs. Marie Curie forced abandonment of a program which had been arranged for her reception here when Mrs. Curie came to Buffalo from Niagara Falls.

BASEBALL GLOVES
Professional model, full leather, well padded and well made. Value \$2.
Boys' Base Ball Gloves
Baseball Bat free with each glove purchased.
Broadway Cycle Co., Inc.
"The Sport Centre"
527 MARKET ST., PHILA.

'HOOVER' HELD AS BIGAMIST

Not Secretary, However, but Man Who Claims Kinship
Chicago, June 17.—(By A. P.)—A man giving the name of Raymond Lee Hoover, of Louisville, Ky., who was said to have claimed to be a first cousin of Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, was held in jail yesterday in default of \$2000 bonds on a charge of bigamy. While it was claimed he had a wife in Louisville, it was said that he married two Chicago women.

Washington, June 17.—Secretary Hoover waxed facetious when told of Raymond Lee Hoover, the secretary said:

"No, I can't join with Caruso in singing 'He's a Cousin of Mine.' If he is, I've never heard of him."

Mr. Hoover also suggested that if the charge against a man who has two wives is bigamy, the charge against "Cousin Raymond" ought to be bigamy.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

Salvation by Matrimony
By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

"Coming? There's the last bell," Zillah called to her cousin Frances from the doorway. Still Sunday sunlight made her glow like a rose newly open.

Frances, noting it, sighed faintly—she craved beauty of all things—fragrances of light or shadow could give her other than hopelessly plain. At least to her own eyes—her mirror did not picture her best moments.

"I'm glad he's coming—need somebody to speak for me in the worst way," Billy Brent broke in, flushing a little. "I'm a stranger, nobody's son nor grandson in this neck of the woods. Happy Jack knows me from my beginning—he'll give me a character only twice as bad as I deserve."

"Isn't this rather sudden?" the rector asked with twinkling eyes that seemed to burn Frances' cheeks—they flushed so beautifully.

"I suppose hunger makes even a minister impolite," his wife chided gently. "You should certainly know better than to ask such leading questions after all you said this morning of the gospel of perfect love."

"Were you there invisibly?" young Whitsett asked amid the general laughter. A head shake answered him, but after a minute she said: "It's this way, you see—I got out this sermon for him the same as his clean hands. If I didn't he'd forget and read the same things so often the vestry would have the trouble of calling a new man."

"I don't know how you can know," she said, a perplexed line breaking between her brows.

"Honest Injun—don't you resent my being sent along?" from Billy.

"How?" Frances asked.

"By turning away friends, even when they do not make enemies," was the reply.

"I don't know how you can know," she said, a perplexed line breaking between her brows.

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sitting alone in our big pew," Zillah entreated.

Frances rose slowly. "If you can wait two minutes," she said, speaking almost hoarsely. Yet in less time she was beside Frances, trig, trim, severe, a perfect foil for the other figure, a concrete of roses, ribbons and girlish charm.

Two men were already seated in their pew—tall, young, well set up, well looking in every way. They stood diffidently outside for the two girls to seat themselves, and later went through the ritual with a reverent ease that bespoke habit. Also they listened alertly, catching every point of the rector's discourse. Frances was unaccountably glad it was one of his best, briefest but neatly thought-out, and breathing the vital witness of the spirit. The church was full. After the benediction the singers halted uncertainly. Then one turned to Frances with: "Please, do you think we may speak with the rector?"

"And I've grown up on traditions of the triumvirate," he added. "To think of finding part of it in just this way."

"My middle name begins with W," Zillah said laughing. "I'd surely be a John Whitsett if I were the man I ought to be."

"Don't say that! Nature knew best," young Whitsett said, looking down at her. Then Frances and the other stranger being duly known, the four of them sought the vestry, where the rector rejoiced over them almost as if they had been brands from the burning. After a bit Zillah declared: "Everbody goes home with me to dinner. Yes—you, too!" shaking her finger at her brother. "Frances won't mind going for my Aunt Zillah, your good angel—and mine. I daren't trust you out of my sight. Daddy will be home from that tiresome contention—"

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"I doubt if we are worth telling," Frances said dispassionately. At least I'm not. I'm just what I look—somebody born to help fill up the census. All I really know is I was born and I shall die. I mean nothing to anybody, good or bad. Sometimes I feel as though I'd rather be hated, real hard, than have the whole world tepid."

"Bravo! Now we're getting down to cases," Billy said, taking her hand as she went. "I've been looking this long time for a properly educated woman—one who knows how 'To pray to God, to love man, to knit and to sew.' And now that I have found her I shall never let her go."

Here the big Whitsett car overtook them, bore them on to the rectory, acquired the mistress of the manse more or less forcibly, then whirled the aggregation away to the Truham home. A stout and ruddy gentleman at ease on the piazza got actually solo as he shook his namesake's hand. After a machine-gun fire of greetings and inquiries, he was roaring through long distance: "Frank Whitsett, you scoundrel, come right on to the love feast. Not a word from you this dozen years—now that boy of yours is doing his best to steal my only girl. Asked for her. What you talking about, man? That's old stuff—clean out of fashion. Never mind the hundred miles and more—here you've got a car that knocks off eighty to the hour without half trying. We won't wait dinner for you—but there'll be supper later. Come, I say! Your country calls you. Answer here, in person."

A gurgling laugh came over the wire. Hearing it, young Whitsett smiled: "He'll be here." Then to the rector:

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"The pater is strong for 'pure religion and undefiled—don't you dare pull any progressive stuff at the reading desk tonight, if you care to keep his friendship."

"I'm glad he's coming—need somebody to speak for me in the worst way," Billy Brent broke in, flushing a little. "I'm a stranger, nobody's son nor grandson in this neck of the woods. Happy Jack knows me from my beginning—he'll give me a character only twice as bad as I deserve."

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"We're happy converts, sir," Whitsett said audaciously. "Since you keep the best in stock, tell us the price."

"Price? Oh, a real man," came the answer. "Now let's see, other things can wait."

Next complete novelette—Selling Lane, Incorporated.

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