

Points of View

Gossip from London

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I have to report, for the benefit of the Bowling Green's customers, that the Black Dog Pub, in Shoe Lane, is an agreeable place either to start or to break a journey.

But to yourself I must bewail the fact that only the perversity of animate objects prevented this report from being of far greater interest. For by a melancholy chance your investigator missed being conducted to the Black Dog by no less a guide than the Tomlinson, himself.

It befell thus: Upon arrival in London I established contact with Mr. Frank V. Morley, the admirable brother of the conductor of the Bowling Green, to whom I was directed by a friend. I confessed to him an interest in the Black Dog. Frank not only offered to show that pub, but went on to say that if I would come to lunch on the next day (a Tuesday, I think) he would exhibit Tomlinson in person and that afterward we would shanghai Tommy, take him to the Black Dog and cause him to point out the spot where it all started, as they still say in Dayton, Tenn. And that would have made a story for your customers.

On the appointed day I showed up for lunch, as also did another Tomlinson admirer named Vignolles, a young man just returned from Singapore. You will agree that a man could not possibly have a better name in which to be just returned from Singapore than Vignolles. And so to the Rainbow. But, as one versed in the ways of men and mice might have known, that was just the day chosen by the Tomlinson to stay away.

We had, however, a pleasant company, with whom you must be familiar. The only names I remember were Harold Laski and Cobden-Sanderson. But there were many pleasant souls. My next-chair neighbor had been born in Indianapolis and had lived there until he had reached two and one-half years. So you see we got matey almost immediately. Naturally he had some standing as an authority on America. He told the chap across from us all about American salesmen—their pep, their purposefulness, and their diligence in studying Psychology, by which (he said) they were able to sell anyone anything, any time or where. "You may not believe it," he assured his friends, "but they could sell you anything, absolutely anything, whether you wanted to buy it or not. Isn't that so?" He addressed the last to me. A nice question. I am sorry to say I failed my native land in this pinch, and told the truth. Another gentleman argued for individual liberty of speech and action, on the thesis: "A man should be allowed to make a nuisance of himself as much as he pleases, provided only he doesn't make a *damned* nuisance of himself." It

was delightful. After lunch an expedition of six or so was organized to visit the Black Dog and survey the authentic scene.

Crossing Fleet street, we set and made good an easterly course of some two hundred yards, sighting no obstacles to navigation save an excavation containing a half dozen navvies. Arrived at the corner of Shoe Lane, we turned sharp left and proceeded north up that thoroughfare.

You know the London lanes. Shoe Lane is on the large side (as the pipe merchants say) and pretty straight. Its first reach, from Fleet street to its confluence with St. Bride's street, is a matter of some two hundred yards. Up this the party proceeded. At approximately the middle of the stretch the party encountered a large lorry, laden with rolls of virgin newsprint. Forced to pass in single file, the various members of the party were observed each to lay a gentle palm upon the end of a cylinder of paper. The gesture would be a furtive caress which changed its mind and decided too late to be a slap. Whether this is a rite of some sort, practiced by gentlemen of the press, I do not know. I report it for what it is worth.

The party was now arrived at the open space or square where Shoe Lane and St. Bride's Street stop to parley with their lesser neighbors, Little New Street and Stonecutter Street. Here, on the northwest corner (i. e. the corner of Shoe Lane and Little New Street) stands the Black Dog.

It is a building of some three or four stories, rather undistinguished in architecture. Upon its face it bears its name and, further, the sign of its proprietors, the amiable Messrs. Mann, Crossman, and Paulin, who are, as you know, a sort of Frank G. Shattuck Co. of the Pub business. There is some further sign intimating that the liquids to be had within are excellent, but by this time we were about to enter.

There are three doors for the convenience of the Black Dog's patrons: One diagonally on the corner and two in Little New Street. By the nearer of these two we entered, and found ourselves in a small, rectangular barroom, evidently one of several. Your correspondent, agitated lest the thirst of the party might have led it past the True Room, made anxious inquiries. "Oh," said the others, who know their pubs, "this was the room, all right, for at that time of day Tommy and the Skipper couldn't possibly have gotten into the others." Saying which a round of port was ordered and found to be unimpeachable in quantity and quality.

Your correspondent, now equipped for observation, gazed about and reports as follows:

The room, which runs along the Little New Street side of the building, is some twenty feet long by ten wide, and is rather high than low. Along the inboard side ranges the bar, a comfortable affair of some dark wood—walnut perhaps—well weath-

ered and smooth. At the moment it bore, beside the glasses of the assembled company (with encircling fists), a glass-imprisoned cake of the layer variety, at which the brass handles of the beer pumps peered in some resentment. In the narrow runway behind the bar, the cupbearer was nimble, in a leisurely fashion, in the practise of his art. On the rear wall are the usual mirrors, and in front of them shelves with appropriate furnishings of bottles, chiefly whiskey and port, ranged like the pieces on a chessboard behind pawnlike piles of cigarette packets. There were, too, the usual small signs commending beverages to the attention of the Black Dog's clients, and one which warned against gambling.

Behind us, as we faced the bar—that is to say, along the outer wall—runs a sort of bench or settee—a subway-seat affair, waiting to receive the leisurely inclined. It is upholstered in a hard, black oilcloth which may or may not have received the posteriors of Tommy and the Skipper—I am not archeologist enough to say—as they sat in that momentous discussion. Above this—high enough to be out of the way, even of a City Hat—is a shelf for discarded glasses, and behind that the windows—two large plateglass ones.

I will not detain you with a description of our Proceedings, which were of the approved type. They continued until the barman, mindful of the behests of the much-hated Dora, eased us out with gently insistent bleats of "Now, then, gentlemen."

For the rest I have to report that the other two rooms, in succession toward the Shoe Lane front are, first a small ladies' bar not more than ten by ten, and second a much plainer and dingier public bar hardly larger, at the corner.

When Tommy and the Skipper had had their liquids they emerged (I am told) and proceeded down St. Bride's Street to the Ludgate Circus end. It was there that the Skipper played his Dirty Trick on Tommy, for which he deserves the gratitude of every decent man.

ROBERT K. LEAVITT.

Life and "Lives"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I appreciate Dr. Watson's complaint, "I am sick of 'psychology'." Certainly, many contemporary novelists have been concerned too much with new psychological theories, too little with observation of life. But I am a bit suspicious of any essay on art under the title "Feed Me on Facts"; and this suspicion is verified by the article itself. It is the province of Dr. Watson, as a scientist, to feed us on facts; but he can scarcely demand the same thing of the artists. "Facts"—in the sense in which Dr. Watson sometimes uses the word—are hardly their final concern; nor scientific theories; but a vision of life, an imaginative interpretation of a myriad facts.

Dr. Watson's demand that art turn science is illustrated by his reference to biography. "I don't see how anyone except a very naive person could write up his own life." Why? First, because no one would have the will, second, because no one would have the technique, to be entirely honest. But what is one's life, and what, therefore, its story? Says Dr. Watson again: "No wife could possibly read the autobiography of her husband. No husband could read the true life on his wife." Not the "Watsonian life" certainly; not the sum total of all deeds and ideas. But is such a sum total, life? Not in art. If I tell the story of my life so as to produce the definite impression of that life on others, I do so by relating a certain number of facts, objective and subjective, all of which, severally and together, represent the meaning of my life. This autobiography lives in proportion, first, as I am alive, second, as I understand the essence of my life and the technique for making that essence apparent in the written word.

I should say that many contemporary biographies and autobiographies are weak primarily not because their authors are unacquainted with the latest theories of psychology, but because they are unacquainted with the methods of art and with life itself. Herein lies the weakness of the so-called psychological, or "stream-of-consciousness," novel and biography. These are bad because the essence of life is not in the stream of consciousness, but in actions—and in words, gestures, and grimaces, all of which are actions. It is through these means that we realize the life within our fellows; it is through these means that we *know* them to be alive. And the story that plays up ideas and images at the expense of spoken words and actions fails to produce in the

reader that tremendous sense of life that great art—and life itself at times—produces. Take, for instance, a beautifully written novel like "Mrs. Dalloway," by Virginia Woolf. There is everywhere throughout this book the stirring of life, but life itself is not proved sufficiently by words and deeds. Mrs. Dalloway does not finally live.

Any more, I think, than I live even to myself except in words and deeds. We like to flatter ourselves that *our* story can never be told; that we have an inner life—vague desires, floating images—that the objective biography could never catch. Therefore, we welcome the psychological biography and autobiography. But I wonder: when we think over our lives, what are the memorable, the impressive, moments? For me, at least, the moments that found expression in word or deed. The rest? Very beautiful, sometimes, in a vague, appealing way; but never certain, definite, stamped with meaning—never memorable. The beginnings of life were there—faint, beautiful stirrings. I may regret that these beginnings never found complete sanction in word or deed. I do not know why they missed it, but they did; and when I think of my life they are but a faint and intangible background for remembered words and actions.

In other words, persons who live, in the actual world or in art, express themselves. Life, like Croce's poetry, is expression. And I doubt if it makes much difference about psychology, subconscious or otherwise, except as this eventuates in recognizably characteristic words and deeds. In this sense, I too am weary of psychology. But this isn't what Dr. Watson meant.

JAMES MCB. DABBS.

Coker College
Hartsville, S. C.

A Reviewer Replies

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In your issue of June 23, Mr. Dan F. Waugh of Tokyo, with a courtesy of phrase not always used by correspondents, severely dispraises a review of "Lotus and Chrysanthemum" which I wrote for your issue of March 3.

In reply to the questions he asks, I think it sufficient to say that a reviewer has open to him many different ways of handling a book, each way perfectly valid for its particular purpose. He may analyze the technical faults of the book, or point out the errors of judgment it displays, or lament that it is not some totally different kind of book, or damn it in general with good old Johnsonian gusto. Had I done any one of these things, Mr. Waugh would doubtless have been better pleased. But a reviewer does not always say all that he thinks about a given book; he has not space for that. In a given case, it may seem to him wiser to pass over even very serious faults, in the interest of trying to give his readers a clear and imaginative account of certain real pleasures which the book holds in store. The reviewer is not necessarily limited to the rôle of a schoolmaster assigning grades to class papers; often it is his privilege and his duty to enact the part of a returned traveler, pointing out to his stay-at-home friends the beauties that are to be found in a distant country.

It will interest Mr. Waugh to know that I agree with all his objections to the book, and that I could point out several more which he does not raise. But I deliberately omitted these matters from my review, for the reason that I was primarily concerned in calling to my readers' attention the kind of literary refreshment which the best portions of the book offered. I must admit that I have no patience with a review that displays merely the reviewer's clever awareness that the book could have been done better.

I am highly complimented by Mr. Waugh's final accusation against me. He says—"We ask him for a stone, and he gives us bread." No more gratifying words have ever been addressed to me; no finer tribute was ever paid to a reviewer; and surely no stranger confession was ever made by a disapproving reader.

ARTHUR DAVIDSON FICKE
Austerlitz, N. Y.

Two noted French writers have recently brought out new books. Paul Bourget in "Le Tapin" (Paris: Plon) has included what he terms "two studies," the one entitled "L'Enfant de la Mort" and the other "Une Fille-Mère." Roland Dorgelès's volume, "Montmartre Mon Pays" (Paris: Lesage), presents the reminiscences of a sojourner in Montmartre.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

LECTURES ON EGYPTIAN ART. By *Jean Capart*. University of North Carolina Press. \$5.

Belles Lettres

HOMER'S ITHACA: A Vindication of Tradition. By *SIR RENNELL RODD*. Longmans, Green. 1927. \$2.40.

In the days when Homer was regarded as simply a romancer, and the war of Troy as a myth, it was a matter of very little moment whether the places named in the Iliad and the Odyssey could be located or not. But latterly, since the results of archaeological investigation have begun to confirm Homer in so striking a fashion, his admirers have become very anxious to prove him trustworthy at all points. This is not always easy to do. The question here dealt with is whether the Ithaca where Odysseus lived is one with the classical Ithaca, the modern Thiaki. The dispute is no longer between those who believe in Homer's accuracy and those who do not, but between those who believe that his description of Ithaca cannot be satisfied by the island later so called and those who believe it can. Of the latter party is Sir Rennell Rodd; his most formidable opponent is Dr. Dörpfeld, to whose acuteness and industry the study of prehistoric Greece owes so much. Both have studied not only the text, but the ground, both are equally respectful of their source. Neither avoids all the difficulties, but most readers will feel that the thesis of the present book strains the evidence less than does Dr. Dörpfeld's ingenious hypothesis that the original Ithaca was the semi-island of Leucas from which the inhabitants were expelled, carrying the name with them to their new home.

Whatever one's personal convictions, the new book is welcome, for it contains much of the best available firsthand description of the territory, together with a pair of sketch maps, the lack of which has made many discussions of the problem very difficult to follow. The book is pleasantly written, though too brief to exhaust all aspects of the question. The author's conclusion is that Homer must have been personally acquainted with Ithaca to describe it so vividly. An alternative suggestion (originally Berard's) that he followed the data in an ancient sea tale, is elaborated by Frank Brewster in an article on "Ithaca, Dulichium, Samos, and wooded Zacynthus" in the Harvard Studies in Classical Philology, 1925. He there discusses some points left untouched by Sir Rennell, and refers more fully to the literature of the subject. But the American argues from charts; the Englishman has sailed up the Ithaca channel and carefully explored the island, and he is the more convincing.

A HISTORY OF MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE. By *Sir Edmund Gosse*. Appleton. \$1.
LIVING ENGLISH STUDIES. By *Ettie Lee*. Macmillan.

Biography

WHO'S HOOVER? By *WILLIAM HARD*. Dodd, Mead. 1928.

Readers who are accustomed to skip prefaces will be doubly fortunate in omitting the pretentious and commonplace "View-point" which Mr. Hard has prefixed to his well-told story of one of the most interesting of American careers. His opening chapter, "Quaker Youth," is particularly illuminating in its tracing of some of Mr. Hoover's outstanding characteristics to the ingrained principles and the temperament of the religious sect of which his mother was an officer. Even his Republicanism, insincerely questioned by politicians who were at a loss for objections to his candidacy which they could avow, goes back to his boyhood in an Iowa village where everybody with one solitary exception naturally joined the party which opposed the extension of slavery and by so much took the Quaker position. While Mr. Hard's book suffers from an apparently uncontrollable tendency to drag in his own ideas, it is a careful and comprehensive account and one which shows, as any such account must, that Mr. Hoover is not so devoid of political skill as some folks think.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By *W. H. Herndon* and *Jesse W. Weik*. Appleton. 2 vols. \$1 each.
LETTERS FROM BROOK FARM. By *Marianne Dwight*. Edited by *Amy L. Reed*. Vassar College.

FROM COLONEL TO SUBALTERN. By *Lt. Col. M. F. McTaggart*. Scribner's. \$5.

THE BALLOON BUSTER. By *Frank Norman Hall*. Doubleday, Doran. \$2 net.
THE PAPERS OF SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON. Edited by *Alexander C. Flick*. Vol. VI. Albany: University of the State of New York.

Economics

INDUSTRIAL EFFICIENCY AND SOCIAL ECONOMY. By *Nassau W. Senior*. Edited by *S. Leon Levy*. Holt. 2 vols.
A WAY OF ORDER FOR BITUMINOUS COAL. By *Walton H. Hamilton* and *Helen R. Wright*. Macmillan. \$2.50.
A THEORY OF THE LABOR MOVEMENT. By *Selig Perlman*. Macmillan.

Education

ETHICS. By *Frank Chapman Sharp*. Century. \$3.50.
SOCIAL PROBLEMS. By *John Lewis Gillin*, *Clarence G. Dittmer*, and *Roy J. Colbert*. Century. \$3.75.
FRENCH LITERATURE IN OUTLINE. By *Philip H. Churchman* and *Charles E. Young*. Century. \$1.60.
LATIN AMERICA AND THE UNITED STATES. By *Graham H. Stuart*. Century. \$3.75.
ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By *James Westfall Thompson*. Century. \$5.
HUNTING UNDER THE MICROSCOPE. By *Sir Arthur E. Shipley*. Edited by *C. F. A. Pantin*. Macmillan.
ECONOMIC PROBLEMS. By *Fred Rogers Fairchild* and *Ralph Theodore Compton*. Macmillan.
ADULT LEARNING. By *Edward L. Thorndike*, *Elsie O. Bregman*, *J. Warren Tilton*, and *Ella Woodyard*. Macmillan.
CHILDREN IN THE NURSERY SCHOOL. By *Harriet M. Johnson*. Day. \$3 net.
INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION. By *Stephen DeWitt Stephens*. Harvard University Press.
MILTON ON EDUCATION. Edited by *Oliver Morley Ainsworth*. Yale University Press. \$2.75.
THE ADMINISTRATION OF AN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL. By *Arthur S. Gist*. Scribner's. \$1.80.
TECHNIC OF CHILD ANALYSIS. By *Anna Freud*. New York: Nervous and Mental Disease Publishing Co.
INSPIRATIONAL TEACHING. By *George Mackness*. Dutton. \$2.70.

Fiction

WHEN WEST WAS WEST. By *OWEN WISTER*. Macmillan. 1928. \$2.50.

With one's reading habits altered to meet the incisive brevity, the subjectivity, and the dramatic intensity of the contemporary story, it is not easy to read stories written so wholly in the manner of nineteen-hundred as are these of Owen Wister. They are long and leisurely, burdened with detail, and such drama as they disclose—and some of them are fantastically melodramatic—is given a quality of drugged, liquid distance such as one sees in a cinema fight shown in slow motion.

West was West in the days which Wister describes. Where girls in khaki breeches and sweaters now hitch-hike, Indians walked in beaded buckskins; where the cars now line up for gasoline, ponies were hobbled in drowsy rows before an ominous saloon; where tourists wash their handkerchiefs in geyser water and throw their cigarette butts into purple mud, intrepid men explored and studied; and Custer and the Seventh Cavalry fought over the country which now clicks in tedious miles past the windows of Pullman cars.

And Wister was Wister when he wrote "The Virginian." How many middle-aged Americans who read it in their gay days keep green the memory of that story by recommending it to their boys and girls and by rereading it themselves, off and on! Perhaps they may still hope, in spite of years, to find the Wister that they knew in these stories of the West that he knew once so well. If so, they will be disappointed. But perhaps it is not Wister who has changed. Perhaps it is themselves—or the times.

FOLLY'S HANDBOOK. By *MARY AGNES HAMILTON*. Harcourt, Brace. 1927. \$2.50.

We have so many novels out of England which are no worse than we can do ourselves gravely heralded as comparable with Hardy's, Woolf's, or Whosever, that it is surprising to find a volume with as much merit as "Folly's Handbook" coming quite unannounced and unrecommended. There is an austerity about Miss Hamilton's book that makes it poor material for the blurb writer, which perhaps accounts for the

silence regarding it. It makes little compromise with the casual reader, being reminiscent of the Henry James technique in not letting anything be settled until the end. The chapters as they appear pile detail upon detail and elucidate stroke by stroke the characters in the dragnet of the plot, but never hand out gratuitously any master-key that will unlock either the complete situation or a complete personality.

It might be called a mystery story of characters in the dragnet of the plot, but from clue to clue after the identity of a criminal, one pursues almost equally labyrinthine ways to the summation of individualities. The flaw in this portrait of the woman as an artist lies in Miss Hamilton's failure to stamp it definitely enough with her intention. There is room for suspicion that some of the reader's puzzlement concerning the motives that lie behind the actions is shared by the author herself. But if "Folly's Handbook" falls a little short of its aim, what it does achieve is far more worth while than anything attained by many finished novels that accomplish their ends because their ends are so easily accomplished.

THE INVADERS. By *Hilda Vaughan*. Harper. \$2.50.

THE RED SCAR. By *Anthony Wynne*. Lippincott. \$2.

BEAU IDEAL. By *Percival Christopher Wren*. Stokes. \$2.

WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE. By *Honoré Willson Morrow*. Morrow. \$2.50.

KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN FANTASIES. By *Percy Mackaye*. Longman's. \$2.50.

APRON STRINGS. By *May Freud Dickenson*. Macaulay. \$2.

THE DOUBTFUL YEAR. By *John Lebar*. Appleton. \$2.

HURRYING FEET. By *Frederic F. Van de Water*. Appleton. \$2.

THEY RETURN AT EVENING. By *H. R. Wakefield*. Appleton. \$2.

LADY IN MARBLE. By *Robert E. McClure*. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.

DIVIDED ALLEGIANCE. By *Stephen McKenna*. Dodd, Mead. \$2.50.

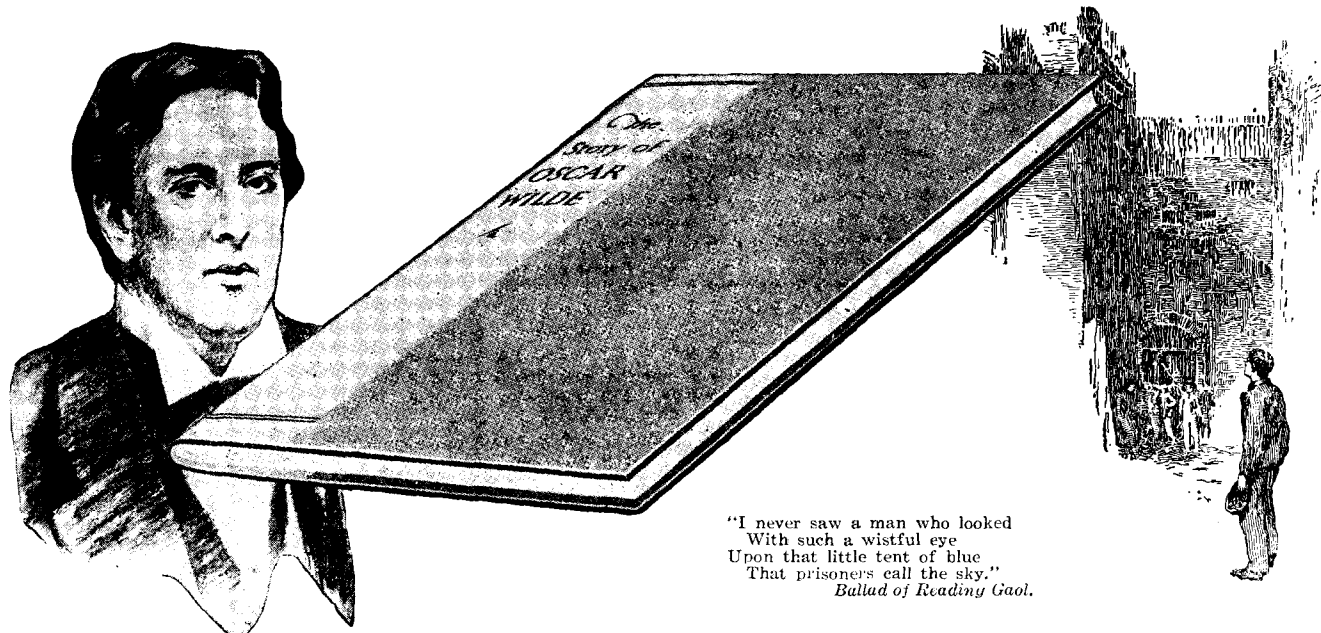
THE PURE IN HEART. By *J. Kessel*. Dodd, Mead. \$2.50.

THE DEVIL'S JEST. By *Elizabeth Carfrae*. Harpers. \$2.

THE STRANGE CASE OF "WILLIAM" COOK. By *Richard Keverne*. Harpers. \$2.

MR. STANDEAST. By *John Buchan*. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50.

(Continued on next page)



"I never saw a man who looked
With such a wistful eye
Upon that little tent of blue
That prisoners call the sky."
Ballad of Reading Gaol.

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