

Morning Gazette

THURSDAY, FEB. 16, 1906.

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CITY NEWS.

Oscar Wilde to-night.

where he would be safe. He was too drunk to tell his name, but had a pocket for Bluffton and considerable money on his person. The meeting of the committee who are laboring in the interest of subscriptions to purchase land for the east end site for the location of the shops, met at the courthouse last night. They planned out their operations for to-day and declare that the most strenuous efforts are to be used in raising the needed amount.

SUNFLOWERS AND LILIES.

Responsible. Well-to-do Oscar is More-The Gazette. Perhaps a Long and Pleasant Chat with Him on the Ten Minute Matter and the Too Intensely Boyed.

Oscar Wilde, the much-talked-of and lionized-on-every-breeze aesthetic young English poet, who lectures at the Academy to-night, arrived last evening on the Pittsburgh fast train from Chicago, and went at once to the Avenue house, where parlor No. 8 was assigned to him. As he did not arrive until 10.15, he complained both of hunger and weariness, and asked that he might not be disturbed. However, the young gentleman who looks after Mr. D'Oyly Carré's interest in the lecture tour acted as mediator with the great aesthetic, who, at 10.30, after Oscar had rested himself for an hour, ushered the GAZETTE apostle of the lily and the beautiful up to the room of his Gamaliel. When the reporter and his escort entered Mr. Wilde was languidly reclining upon the sofa, which was artistically draped in a bear skin robe and mauve-colored traveling shawl, reading a crimson-bound volume of Joakim Miller's poems, of which he is a great admirer and in whose writings he said he takes renewed interest since he met the wild poet of the Sierras, a short time ago. Oscar warmly grasped the hand of the GAZETTE aesthete and politely waived him to a seat, and then immediately but languidly returned to his recumbent position, dutifully helping himself meanwhile to a fresh cigarette from his silver case upon the table. The first glance sufficed to show that he is all that fancy has painted him. He is a very tall and graceful youth. The mouth talked of golden looks were parted in the middle and hung in wavy masses down upon his shoulders, framing his large, expressive features. He wore the oft-described gray traveling trousers, a mauve-colored velvet smoking jacket, a magenta neck scarf and slippers each embroidered with a golden sunflower surrounded by a spray of silver lilies, while from the side pocket of his jacket peeped a crimson pocket handkerchief, presenting a tout ensemble worthy of the gaze of gods and men.

As he puffed the fragrant cigarette the reporter asked him how he liked America and his trip so far, he said: "Like the Americans very much, when I first read what the newspapers said about me I was indignant, but now it amuses me. The audience grow more respectful and I am delighted at the hearing Chicago gave me the other evening."

"What do you think of Chicago with all its vim and push?" "Commercially it is a wonderful city, but knowin', the millions of dollars that have been poured into the city to rebuild it, I was surprised at its poor architecture; there are no artistically beautiful buildings in the city."

"How do you like American railway traveling?" "It is very tiresome, and if it was not for Howells's novels I could not endure it. He is your best novel writer."

Being told that Genevieve Ward was at the Academy, and that the reporter had just come from there, Mr. Wilde said:

"I should have been glad to attend her performance. She is a very fine actress, thoroughly artistic. I knew her very well in England, and the author of her play, 'Forget-Me-Not,' which, by the way, is an old play to us English people, is an old friend of mine, Mr. Herman Merivale."

"What do you think of American actresses?" "Clara Morris is your only artiste. She is beyond criticism."

"What do you think of Mary Anderson, our rising young American star?" "Well, she may be a rising star, etc., but it will take her a long time to rise. I saw her as Juliet and I regret it very much, for I look upon Shakespeare as something sacred, and it was torturing to see his finest play so murdered."

"How do you like American hotels as compared with English hotels?" "In England we really have no hotels worthy of the name. They are so grand and gloomy that visitors once inside of them will submit to any extortion in order to get out of them."

From this point the conversation became general, and learning the writer had lived for several months in London, that great capital and its society was fully discussed, the poet being intimately acquainted with all its scholars and nobility, making a very fascinating running commentary on them. At this moment the colored valet who accompanied him, ushered in a waiter, bearing the great aesthete's dinner. It consisted of a huge steak smothered in mushrooms, a dozen raw oysters garnished with sliced lemon, some Saratoga chipped potatoes, all flanked by a bottle of Piper Heidsieck champagne, extra dry, all making a meal much more substantial than the odor of the lily or the

bloom of the sunflower, the supposed aesthetic diet, and as the poet prepared to move on the teazing report his confere of the GAZETTE bowed himself out, mentioning as he did so an article that had been published in the morning about "aesthetics as compared with weariness," and which Mr. Wilde expressed a great desire to read, and at once sent out for a copy of the GAZETTE containing it.

On the whole Mr. Oscar Wilde, Oxford graduate and poet is no ordinary man. He impresses one as being an exceedingly clever and intelligent Englishman with a knowledge of art and literature excelled by few men of the present day and whoever misses hearing him this evening will miss the event of the season and what the site and intelligence of this country have crowded to hear. From Fort Wayne he goes to Detroit, thence to Cleveland, Cincinnati, Louisville and St. Louis. He will later in the season lecture in Dubuque, Indianapolis and several other western cities, having more engagements than he can fill. He is also busy at work on a new drama which will soon be produced in New York. It deals with Russian nihilism.