

WISE OSCAR WILDE.

YET HE WAS EASILY BUNKOED BY "HUNGRY JOE."

Now the Ex-Apostle of Things Utter and Affected Is to Again Visit Us—He Will Study Certain Forms of Gentle Vice. The Most Brilliant English Dramatist.

(Special Correspondence.) New York, Oct. 16.—When Oscar Wilde comes to this country, there is one visit which he may pay to a person whom he will surely find in when he calls, and that is to the individual to whose picture in that celebrated gallery of pictures possessed by Superintendent Byrnes of New York is attached the name of "Hungry Joe." This individual, since Oscar Wilde's unique experience with him, has greatly interested the brilliant apostle of the illy, and since his return to England from this country Mr. Wilde has said that "Hungry



OSCAR WILDE.

Joe" is worth the most careful study, and on the whole is one of the most interesting persons, if not the most charming, that he ever met.

"You are able to make a fortune honestly," said Superintendent Byrnes to "Hungry Joe" just before he delivered this notorious man to the courts for trial on a charge of bunking an unsuspecting rural politician who paid a visit to New York. "For," continued the superintendent, "any man who has the ability to fool Oscar Wilde and to bunko him has ability not only to make a living honestly, but to make a fortune, and when you get out of your present strait I would advise you to turn your attention to something that is honest."

Mr. Wilde says that the knowledge of human nature, the art of perfect approach of men so as to inspire confidence, the capacity to play upon the weaknesses of human nature so as to make them serve a dishonest purpose, which was displayed by "Hungry Joe" in that encounter which Mr. Wilde had with him, is a capacity which a comparatively small number of men possess, and now that "Hungry Joe" has been captured, has been placed behind prison bars, Mr. Wilde is anxious to see him and have a talk with him.

Oscar Wilde comes here early in the winter with the purpose of lecturing and of studying certain forms of gentle vice, or what he calls the higher art of criminality. Whether he expects to make use of this as part of the material for a new play or whether he has in mind a novel cosmopolitan in its studies, such as he said when he was last here he hoped at some time to write, is not known.

Wilde is a much wealthier man than he was when, after skillful advertising of himself as an eccentric, he came to the United States some 10 years ago. He brought with him a reputation of being an effeminate and amusing fool, but he had not been in New York a week before the set which he met discovered that he was only playing a part; that he was as much amused at the impressions which his dress, affectation and speech caused as anybody else could be; that he was a very jolly man of the world, whole souled, good natured, anxious to see life, and when with congenial companions, who were then most lively fellows, was quite able to hold his own with them in the gentle pleasures in which they engaged.

It was only when he put on his velvet knee breeches and black silk stockings, stuck a lily into the buttonhole of his coat and walked with languid air upon the lecture platform to deliver his lecture, which was called "a too too address," that it was revealed that all of these things were only a little acting which had served to advertise him well and to fill his purse.

It was revealed here that he was a very keen business man, and no person ever came from Europe, excepting perhaps Dickens, to entertain Americans upon the platform, who was more shrewdly advertised or more ably handled. He took back to Europe quite a sum of money, and having played his part as an aesthete long enough suddenly attracted attention anew to him by going to the other extreme and becoming a pronounced man of the world, without affectations, and with all the mannerisms of a keen and hard dealing business man.

It was then understood that Oscar Wilde had learned the art of self advertisement which so well serves a person who desires to enter certain literary fields. In London, where his family is well known and where their social standing is excellent, because they belong to the aristocracy, Oscar Wilde's brother, whom everybody calls Willie, and who married Mrs. Frank Leslie only to be divorced from her soon after, was regarded as intellectually the more brilliant of the two. If this brother had the same keen business sense, the same perseverance and the same steady purpose, combined with the art of keeping himself in the public eye which characterize Oscar Wilde, he would probably have been the more successful of the two.

Oscar Wilde's purpose was to gain fame for himself and a great fortune as well as a playwright, and having written himself up to the top rung of those who make plays he looked forward to the time when in pecuniary independence he would be able to write a series of novels modeled somewhat upon the scheme of Balzac, which was to present the human comedy as it appeared to him.

It was a long struggle for Mr. Wilde, but at last with two plays he conquered and is now esteemed the most brilliant if not the most profound and true to human nature of the English dramatists. His characters are superficial, but his stories are dramatic, and his dialogue is witty, although it is a labored and supercilious wit.

Upon his visit to this country Mr. Wilde will be received by one or two of the New York clubs, one—the Lotus—having entertained him when he was here before, and he will also receive some distinguished social courtesies, for he has met some of those who esteem themselves social leaders of this country in the best drawing rooms in London. E. J. EDWARDS.

A GOOD SHOT.

Old Bill Knew What He Was About, After "It was while Stenwinder Johnson had the upper store at the Rosebud," said Colonel George Barry last night at the Lotus club, "that Mose Howard was the chief government herder for the agency. I was stationed at Fort Nohora in those days and occasionally got over to the Rosebud at other times last issue days. Old Bill Huston, a sort of retired cowboy, was hanging around the agency then, sometimes work-

HEROINES OF THE OPENING.

Women of the Cherokee Strip Rush Held Their Own Against Their Brothers. (Special Correspondence.)

ABILENE, Kan., Oct. 17.—The telegraph did not tell a fraction of the story of the opening of Uncle Sam's last great "farm," the Cherokee strip. The part taken by the women who, side by side with the men, sought homes in the promised land, and for the most part successfully, was made up of many acts of heroism and of considerable romance.

Probably the most venturesome were the young women who boarded the trains that ran into the strip immediately after the order was given. These trains ran to the new towns, Perry, Enid, Pond Creek, etc. They were crowded to the last foothold—sides, roof and tracks being black with humanity. There are two Enids, two miles apart, one laid out by the government, the other by the railroad. Through the former the first train of 35 cars covered with people ran at a rate of 30 miles an hour. Did it hinder people from alighting? No, much. Men and women leaped to the ground by the hundred, rolling over and over in the dust and rising unhurt to race on to get lots.

One young lady, a pretty typewriter from St. Louis, made a flying leap from the top of one of the cars. She had a large umbrella which she spread and which acted as a sort of parachute. She was not hurt, and without stopping to brush the dirt from her clothing leaped the rush and secured a lot close to the center of town, worth at least \$500.

Others were less fortunate and were either so stunned as to be unable to go on or received their limbs as a reward for their foolhardiness. One woman let herself from the car window holding to her husband's hands. When she fell, it was to be dashed against the ties and meet with instant death.

At Perry a pretty romance occurred which resulted in one of the first weddings in the territory. Frankie Malvern, a young lady from somewhere in Kansas, entered on the first train. As she ran with the crowd across the town site she saw a lot which had no occupant. In a moment she was on her knees driving a stake to proclaim her ownership. In security she remained for several hours, when a voice came to her from a young man who was along and told the young man that his "lot" was situated in the middle of the highway his new acquaintance majestically suggested that he might share hers—and he is doing so "for life or worse."

More tragical were the scenes pursued by a widow with three little ones around her, who drove in from Arkansas City in search of a home. When she had gone a half dozen miles and the rushing, roaring horde had left her far behind with her emaciated horses and rickety wagon, she saw a claim upon which there appeared to be no claim-

ant. Unloading the wagon, she prepared as best she could a frugal meal. But over a rise came a man's form, and a well dressed boomer proceeded to demand that she depart. Finally, when he saw her condition, he gracefully divided with her, and each agreed to take 80 acres of land. By and by came his servant, bringing a tent and luncheon. The widow, desiring to ask some question regarding their location, crossed to the man's side and saw him digging away at a moist spot in the earth, whence soon flowed a bounteous water supply. Instantly she inquired:

"When did you discover this spring?" "Yesterday," replied the other, laughing. In a moment she drew a revolver from her dress and pointed it at him. "Get off my claim!" she ordered. "You are a sooner and were on here yesterday in violation of the law. I can prove it by your man. Go or I'll shoot!" She was so forcible in her remarks that the man went, and she is holding down her valuable claim with its spring of pure water.

The capability of the American girl to take care of herself, especially when she is not alone, was well shown by the fate meted out to a too venturesome boomer by a party of young women who had formed a sort of syndicate for mutual protection. A dozen healthy and self reliant girls had gone to the strip together. They had two wagons and traveled in comfort. For several days they camped on the edge of the promised land, and when the signal was given made a direct run for three sections of rich farming land lying side by side. That meant 12 claims, and they aimed to so cover them that there could be no dispute about their ownership. They were well ahead of the crowd, so that no previous claimant could disturb them. One untried boomer, however, thought he could frighten them, and with a threat to shoot her if she did not vacate drove one of the girls from her claim and proceeded to make himself at home, picketing his horse near by. His security was short lived. When night came, he stretched out beside his campfire and slept soundly. He awoke to find himself in the power of 12 sturdy young women, whose strong arms made all his efforts at resistance useless.

With ropes they bound him to his saddle and, after a long and bitter struggle, with a whip sent it galloping off into the night, bearing a modern Mazepa. There were deeds of gallantry that showed the innate manliness of American character. One man, a gambler and desperate character along the border, made the race and found a fine lot. Later in the day he saw a sad faced woman weeping because, with her slender strength and slow team, she had only arrived to find all the best claims taken.

"Here, mother," he called, "are you a widow?" "Yes," she sobbed, "and there's nothing left for me."

"Take my claim," he generously replied, "I can stand it better than you."

When another man stepped up and demanded the lot because he was there ahead of the woman, the gambler drew his revolver and drove him away, leaving the widow happy in undisputed possession of a home. C. M. HARGER.

No Sacrifice For Him. Mamma—Now, Teddy, you must all try to give up something while times are so hard. Teddy—I'm willing. Mamma—What will it be, dear? Teddy—Soap.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Popular Artist. Mr. Birdwhistle—You ought to patronize my photographer. He is an artist. Teddy Vanderchump—Is that so? Mr. Birdwhistle—Yes. He can throw expression in the most commonplace face.—Texas Siftings.

Medicus—I wish I knew how to get even with that undertaker. Sho—Why not retire from practice?—Life.

To Say Nothing of Office Students. This country has 52 law schools, with 345 teachers and 5,000 students.

Young Widow (who has put her daughter Fanny to bed for impudence)—You are a naughty girl, but when you grow older you will realize that a good, kind mother I have been to you. Fanny—A good, kind mother! Not much. If you had any regard for me, you would long ago have married a man who keeps a candy store.—Texas Siftings.

The Way Clear. Fweddle—What would you say if I should ask you for \$10. Cholly—I'd say you must be broke, old fellow. Fweddle—Then I'll ask you for a ten. I was afraid you'd say you didn't have it.—Truth.

A Terrible Revenge. Medicus—I wish I knew how to get even with that undertaker. Sho—Why not retire from practice?—Life.

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