The Call

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AMUSEMENTS.

Alhambra—Jeffries-Sharkey Contest Pictures.
Tivoli—"The Idol's Eye."
Grand Opera-house—"Aladin Jr."
Grand Opera House—Symphony Concert Thursday afternoon.
Orpheum—Vaudeville.
California—"An Unconventional Honeymoon."
Columbia—"The Viceroy."
Alcazar—"Friends."
Chutes, Zoo and Theater—Vaudeville every afternoon and evening.
Olympia, corner Mason and Ellis streets—Specialties.
Calvary Presbyterian Church—Nashville students, to-morrow night.
Western Turf Association—Races to-morrow.

STATE SUPERVISION OF TELEPHONES.

MASSACHUSETTS aspires to lead the way in the establishment of a comprehensive and effective State supervision of telephone companies. A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of that commonwealth entitled, "An act relative to charges and service of companies engaged in the transmission of intelligence by electricity." We learn from the discussion of the bill in the Boston papers that the intent of the measure is to bring telegraph and telephone services, and particularly the latter, under official supervision, for the purpose of putting an end to extortionate charges.

The question is not a new one in Massachusetts politics. The people of that State are more homogeneous than those of most American commonwealths, and are therefore better fitted to act together for the protection and preservation of the rights of individuals from aggressions of corporate rapacity. Consequently while in most States the people have hardly done more than to denounce the telephone exactions and extortions, the citizens of Massachusetts have long since undertaken to establish justice by law.

In the past there have been three attempts made to provide for State supervision, but for one reason or another all have failed. This time there is a fair prospect of success. The Boston Herald, in commenting on the outlook, says: "The foundations of railroad supervision by the Government, laid down by the first Board of Massachusetts Railroad Commissioners, gave to their work a high reputation all over the country, from Maine to California. Massachusetts was the pioneer in this duty, and the path she hewed out has been imitated in a greater or less degree by almost every State in the Union. We hope that a similar service can be done both for the State and the country in the matter of telephone supervision."

With the movement for governmental relief from the intolerable practices of the telephone monopoly, the people of every part of the country will have sympathy, but if Massachusetts is to lead the way in providing such supervision her legislators will have to act promptly. It is certain that in many other States the issue will be dealt with as soon as the Legislatures meet, and it is safe to say the corporations will not be able to defeat the reform in every case.

From the present outlook there is every reason to believe the issue will be one of the chief questions before the California Legislature next winter. However aggressive and extortionate the telephone companies may have been in Massachusetts, they are not likely to have equaled the rapacity and the insolence of the company in this city and in the State generally. They have not met a municipal tax with the announcement that they "would take it out in the bill," and make the patrons of the company "do some lively kicking." That style of thing has been left for the Sunset Telephone Company of this city. The tax-shirking dodge, in addition to general extortion, is a distinctively California issue.

It is fortunate the telephone company has precipitated the issue upon the people on the very eve of a State election. This fall the voters of California will have an opportunity to elect men who in the Legislature will maintain the rights of the public. Massachusetts has the honor of leading the way in providing for State supervision of railways. Perhaps California may have the honor of leading in the establishment of an effective supervision of telephones. The thing must come sooner or later, and it should come next winter.

The law prohibitory of trusts has gone into effect in Texas and the Standard Oil Company is now paying thirty-three per cent dividends. There are probably no stray capitalists drifting around the Lone Star State.

The British Ministry, War Office, generals and army have all made such a mess of the South African war that even the opponents of the Government seem to be ashamed to talk about it, and Parliament is dumb.

In all their eagerness to spy out the gold mines of the Transvaal the British overlooked the important thing of spying out a way to get an army there to grab the mines when the time came

THE BRITISH PROBLEM.

GLADSTONE was not a military man. His training for and experience in public life were in statesmanship and not in military tactics. But he was a many sided man in his attainments. None knew better than he the relations of military prestige to the primacy of a nation, and perhaps few commanders knew better the risks and gains of war, or weighed possible advantage against probable defeat more accurately. After Majuba Hill he made the last treaty with the Boers, which ended the forward movement of Great Britain upon their territory. For that treaty he was bitterly denounced. The English jingo element called him a coward, and in military circles the unavenged disaster to British arms has rankled ever since. During her jubilee parade the Queen was often saluted by the cry from the millions of her onlooking subjects, "Ma'am, give us a whack at old Kruger."

What the British public wanted it has. The whack at old Kruger has been going on for months, and so far no British soldier has set foot on Boer territory except as a prisoner of war. The best commanders and strategists in the British military establishment have gone to the front, have led their troops in person and have been defeated. The imperial force in the campaign far exceeds that of the Boers, but there seems to be, in a military sense, some equalizing influence that was not reckoned with by Rhodes and Chamberlain. It is not in any lack of courage among the British officers and men, for they have failed in nothing that should win victory. The slaughter of gallant officers has been pitiful. They have fought and fallen on every field, splendidly reckless of personal safety, and mindful only that England expects them to do their duty, and they do it like brave gentlemen. One must not hope, then, to find the cause of multiplied disaster in any lack of soldierly qualities in Tommy Atkins or his officers. The equipment of the British columns is as perfect as science, experience and money can make it. So far no external circumstances in the form of international aggression have in any way interfered. Yet disaster follows disaster. The Boers make no sally from their positions. They wait grimly for the attack and turn it with every incident of slaughter and humiliation.

It is time for England to examine Gladstone's motives and seek for their basis. He knew thoroughly the dependence of the empire upon British military prestige, and he knew that if that prestige were risked and lost in a petty war uproar would replace authority and order throughout the conquests of England. Is it not probable that he knew accurately the topography of the Boer country, the readiness with which it lends itself to defense, and that, occupied and defended by a fighting people, struggling to save their homes and independence, it offered advantages that equalized a small army with any force Great Britain could safely spare to dispossess them?

If Gladstone estimated and weighed these items of strategy and against them the advantages of conquest, and saw to the empire possible disaster greater than probable advantages, and refrained from further aggression, his place in history will be greater than ever. Already England's military prestige has been impaired. Nothing but a lack of concert, or a lack of motive, in continental Europe stands between her and a descent upon the frontiers of her wide possessions. Another four months of failure and disaster in South Africa will leave her at the mercy of any one who may have an interest in attacking her. Plague and famine, involving forty millions of her Indian victims, are perhaps responsible for the failure of an outbreak there, which may come yet, in spite of her caution to prevent among the natives any knowledge of the use of artillery. If the estimate of military men be correct, that a fully equipped force of a half-million of men, artillery, cavalry and infantry, cannot pass the natural fortresses and get into the Transvaal, though faced by a defensive force of only one to ten, England is pushing a campaign that she cannot win.

Her people may well shudder at what lies beyond final defeat. It may be read in the fate of all nations that have run a like career.

A Pennsylvania town to which Carnegie offered $25,000 for a library building refused to accept it unless he would accompany the gift with an endowment sufficient to support it; and yet that commonwealth has not been heretofore noted as a hog State.

A BYGONE BOOK TRUST.

EDWARD MARSTON, a veteran London publisher, in the course of an entertaining article under the title, "A Publisher's Memories," gives in a recent number of the London Chronicle an interesting account of an association formed by publishers and booksellers in Great Britain in 1847 for the purpose of maintaining prices. It thus appears that trusts are by no means a new thing in the world, and the story of the old enterprise is pertinent to the issue which is now the subject of so much discussion and controversy.

From the early part of the century, says Mr. Marston, there was a complaint that the book trade was "going to the dogs" by reason of the practice of undercutting and underselling by the book dealers. To put an end to the practice the "Publishers' and Booksellers' Association" was formed, and we are told the "booksellers bound themselves not to sell books at less than published prices, and publishers kept them up to the mark by requiring them to sign an agreement not to undersell in any way; then a ticket was issued to them, which was pasted into the collectors' books, and without the exhibition of the ticket at any time when called for booksellers could not get their supplies from the publishers."

It would seem that such a combination had control of the trade. A publisher who ventured to undersell his competitors could not get dealers to handle his books, and dealers who undertook to cut prices could not get publishers to furnish them with books. It looked like a cinch, and as a matter of fact it worked admirably for a time. In the end, however, the scheme broke down. A few publishers and a few booksellers saw a splendid advantage in staying out of the combination and making an appeal to the public against it. Popular sentiment was on their side, and in the end the association had to be abandoned.

In reviewing the case Mr. Marston says: "The question as to the right of booksellers and publishers to combine in this way was submitted to the decision of eminent Judges, lawyers and literary men, who decided, not that the combination was illegal, but that it was impolitic and distinctly against public interest. The associations thereupon gave up the struggle, and from that time till now 'underselling' has become a part of the education of book-buyers, who were taught to regard seventy-two pence (being the published price of a book) as the exact equivalent of 4s 6d. To one who, like myself, has witnessed the struggle from the beginning, it has been curious to note that the complaints of to-day and the arguments used pro and con are precisely the same as those of fifty years ago."

This story of the effort of a former generation to regulate and fix prices of a particular article may foreshadow the result of some of the ambitious efforts to form trusts in our time. Whenever such combinations become an evil they work out their own remedy by arousing popular antagonism. The purchasing public sides with the competing dealers, and the combinations go to pieces. By the operation of that law many of the bad effects of trusts may be counteracted in the future as they were in the case of the British publishers' and booksellers' combination of fifty years ago.

A New Jersey man who had become afflicted with the fear that everybody except himself was dead went about sticking people with a pin to see if they were alive, and, notwithstanding that his method was not only rational but scientific, he has been sent to a lunatic asylum. That is what happens when any one tries to make the Jersey folks get a move on.

THE SPRING TERM OF HOME STUDIES

FOR the spring term of Home Circle Studies The Call has arranged a series of papers that will appeal to the tastes of all classes of cultured readers. There are to be six courses of study, one for each day of the week, with the exception of Sunday. Each course will be under the direction of a competent authority on the subject, and the list of contributors includes many of the most eminent educators in the United States.

The course which will appear on Mondays deals with American political parties. It will be under the direction of Jesse Macy, LL. D., professor of political science, Iowa College. There will be sixteen papers in the course. The first and the second will give an account of the Federalist party and its opponents; then will follow Local and State Party Organization, The Congressional Party Caucus, The National Convention, The Era of Good Feeling, The Democratic Party Under Jackson, Origin of the Whig Party, Effect of the Mexican War Upon Party Organization, Decline of the Whig Party, The American or Know Nothing Party, Origin of the Republican Party, Party Organization on Sectional Lines, The Campaign of 1860, Minor Parties Previous to the Civil War, The Fully Organized Party Machine.

The Tuesday course will give a series of twenty lessons in French conversation, prepared specially for Americans who have no knowledge of the language, by Professor Benno Kirschbaum, a distinguished French scholar and teacher. The third course will deal with recent scientific discoveries. It will be under the supervision of Professor William J. Hopkins of Drexel Institute, and will contain articles on wireless telegraphy, high speed telegraph systems, photography in colors, liquid air, dark lightning, moving pictures, process engraving, submarine boats and the new gases.

Next will come what will prove perhaps the most generally interesting series of the term, that on the Golden Ages of Literature. It will have no less than thirty-six articles—An Introductory Study, Zoroaster and the Sacred Literature of Persia, The Literature of Egypt, Egyptian Hieroglyphic Writing, The Book of the Dead, The Golden Age of Assyrian Literature, Cuneiform Writing, Sanskrit and the Ancient Literature of India, Hebrew Poetry, Hebrew Manuscripts, The Great Greek Epics, Homer's Iliad, Confucius and the Chinese Classics, Chinese Writing and Printing, Golden Age of Grecian Literature, Socrates and the Socratic Schools, Demosthenes and Greek Oratory, The Greek Drama, The Augustan Age of Roman Literature, Virgil's Aeneid, Cicero and Roman Oratory, Dante: The Greatest Name in Italian Literature, Dante's Divine Comedy; Homer, Dante and Milton; Cervantes, and the Golden Age of Spanish Literature; The Elizabethan Age of English Literature; Moliere, and the Age of Louis XIV; Addison, and the Golden Age of English Prose; Early English Periodicals; Goethe, and the Golden Age of German Literature; Schiller's Famous Dramas; The Age of Scott, Byron and Wordsworth; Hugo, and the Golden Age of French Fiction; Dickens, and the Golden Age of English Fiction; The Age of Tennyson and Browning; The Golden Age of American Literature.

The fifth series of papers will give instruction in photography for amateurs. It will be directed by George W. Gilson, who will be assisted by a number of specialists of distinction in photographic work. The studies will include papers on cameras, lenses, dry plates and films, the dark room, negatives, retouching, printing, photographic papers, flashlights, outdoor and indoor pictures, and general papers on the history and advancement of the art.

The Saturday studies will be devoted to the biographies of noted women. They will be directed by Mrs. Charlotte Brewster Jordan, and will include Joan of Arc, Vittoria Colonna, Angelica Kauffman, Caroline Herschel, Sarah Kemble Siddons, Madame Le Brun, Mary Lamb, Charlotte Corday, Jane Austen, Elizabeth Fry, Harriet Martineau, Margaret Fuller, Charlotte Cushman, Jenny Lind, Rosa Bonheur, Florence Nightingale, Louisa M. Alcott.

It will be seen the studies of the term are to cover a wide variety of subjects and that most of them are pertinent to the season. Each article is to be the work of an expert, and will be valuable to students as well as interesting to casual readers.

The fight against the Hay-Pauncefote treaty is really a fight against the canal bill. With the opposition anything which postpones the great enterprise is good, and they hail the new controversy with delight.

ANOTHER PRIZE-FIGHT FAKE.

MUCH of display has been given to the reports from New York that Jeffries and Corbett are to come to San Francisco to fight for the championship. The story is false. It was concocted solely for the purpose of advertising and working up popular interest in a kinetoscope exhibition of a prize-fight. It is a trick, a fake and a fraud. It is one more of the schemes which the swindlers of the prize-ring have devised for working the public.

It is about time for the American people to learn that the prize-ring as now conducted is a hippodrome business from first to last. By patronizing it or anything connected with it there is given support to a lot of pugs, thugs, blackguards, fakers and all-round rascals.

The so-called "battle" between Corbett and Jeffries may be pulled off somewhere, but it will not occur in this city. The Call has positive information of the trick. The whole thing, so far as San Francisco is concerned, is but an advertising dodge hardly escaping the category of swindles. It is to be hoped the public will not be deceived by it, nor be led by it to contribute any money to the maintenance of the disreputable gang that makes a living out of the ring or out of the pugs that "battle" in it.

The extra session was all right. It gave us a good Senator, sawed the patronage bills off short and quit. What more could any one wish?

Perhaps Kentucky will learn the lesson she is teaching herself and be less South American in her politics hereafter.

"WHEN WE DEAD AWAKEN," HENRIK IBSEN'S NEW PLAY

It Deals With the Old Message, "Love Is Enough," and Is Said to Be the Most Powerful and Significant Drama the Great Norwegian Poet Has Given to the World.

ONCE in an interval of two years — with "solemn periodicity," as Mr. Le Gallienne terms it—the "prophet" opens his lips, and a new play comes forth which, in the minds of the Ibsenites, makes all other literary events of the year pale in comparison. The end of the year 1899 was thus blessed, for in Copenhagen, on December 19, was published the text of Ibsen's long-expected and mystery-enwrapped drama. The very title inspires a sense of mystery—it is called "When We Dead Awaken." Mr. William Archer is busily engaged in translating the play from the Danish. In the meantime, Mr. Le Gallienne, writing in the Boston Transcript (January 13) gives the earliest published resume of the drama. Referring to the title, he says:

"You will hardly guess its significance till you read the play, or are told—a significance all the more important as coming from so old a man, and a writer who is perhaps the last from we would expect the message. The 'dead' who 'awake' are those who at the end of their lives suddenly understand that they have missed the one thing in life worth living for. They have, maybe, lived lives of high idealism; they have been mighty servants of beauty or knowledge; but they have missed—LOVE. In fact the message of 'When We Dead Awaken' is the old message of 'Love is Enough'—a message one hardly expected to hear Ibsen proclaiming, and one the more significant from him, as I have said, because he has waited till old age to proclaim it."

Henrik Ibsen.

Mr. Le Gallienne gives the following outline of the plot:

"'When We Dead Awaken' is in three acts, and the following is a list of the dramatis personae:

Professor Arnold Rubek .....Sculptor
Fru: Maja Rubek .....His Wife
The Inspector at the watering place ..Ulfhejm (A rich landed proprietor, and hunter of big game, particularly bears).
A Traveling Lady .....Nurse ("Diakonisse" in Norwegian. A woman something between a Sister of Mercy and a hospital nurse. She wears religious garb, but is not in orders).
Waiters, guests at watering place and children.

"The first act takes place at a watering place along the coast of Norway; the second and third acts in the neighborhood of a mountain sanatorium.

"In a double sense the play is an epilogue, for the formative action has taken place before the play begins and the drama, so far as it is a drama at all—for it is rather a poem in dialogue—is a drama of simple conclusions. Let me first sketch the story in a few words and fill in the sketch more fully here and there later on. Years before the play opens, Professor Arnold Rubek, now a sculptor of world-wide fame, had known a great love which had inspired him to do his most inspired work, namely, 'The Day of Resurrection.' A great love—and yet not a love at all; for Rubek had been one of those men whom one might call the monks of art, and had loved beauty with so pure a flame that when Irene had given up all the world to live with him and inspire his great work, loving him humanly as women do, he, really loving her, too, had crushed down the mortal love in his heart and forbidden himself to lay human hands on the holy beauty which he was to immortalize. Into his great pure work must creep no single trait of common passion. Irene should be his divine model, and that alone. Rubek kept his vow too well, for, when the great work was finished, Irene, broken-hearted to be thus worshiped as an ideal, when she was longing to be taken into his arms as a woman, goes away. She exhibits Rubek's holy love in music halls, takes many lovers, callously marries, riots her life to ashes. Rubek pursues the path of his art, wins great fame and wealth, returns to his native Norway (which had not previously appreciated him—mark here one of several autobiographic touches) and marries a pretty little empty-headed bourgeois, of whom he is soon as thoroughly sick as she is of him. At this point the play takes up the story. At a Norwegian watering place together they are mutually bored. They never had anything really in common and now they make no pretense of it. Fru: Maja cares nothing for his art, great or little; she reproaches him with doing no great work nowadays. He only makes busts of celebrities at high prices. In the husband's answer to her reproach, the sardonic scorn of the artist toward humanity is cruelly direct.

"'There is something covert,' he says, 'something hidden behind these busts, something secret, which men cannot see.'

Maja—How?

Rubek (decisively)—Only I can't see it, and I enjoy it immensely. Outside is the striking likeness, as they call it, at which people gape in wonderment. (Lowering his voice.) But, lurking far within, I see the good honest faces of the horses, the foolish shouts of asses, the skulls of dogs, low browed and crestfallen, the loose muzzles of oxen, the fat heads of swine.

Maja—Oh, I see, all the dear farmyard creatures.

Rubek—Just so, dear Maja, all the dear farmyard creatures. All those beasts which men have distorted into their own image, but which have taken their revenge and distorted men in return.

(Empties his glass and laughs.)

"Oh, yes! All these things are hidden in those masterpieces which the rich people come and order and pay for, for in good faith, and pay well for, too—pay their weight in gold, one might say.

"Now enters Ulfhejm, the rich landed proprietor and hunter of bears, swearing coarsely at his footman, who follows with two hounds in leash. Ulfhejm is a large bully of a man, coarsely good-looking. He knows the Rubeks slightly, and a languid conversation springs up. Of course, Rubek and he have no interest for each other. With Maja, however, it is different. His brutality fascinates her and she gleefully goes off in his company to see the hounds fed.

"Rubek is left alone, and presently a pair come by, a woman all in white, followed by a nurse all in black, with a cross on her breast. They pass in silence and disappear into a pavilion at some short distance. Rubek had seen, or thought he had seen, the same vision the night before, and it aroused old memories. Presently the white lady comes out of the pavilion and sits near. Yes! it is Irene! 'The Wandering Lady' is all that Ibsen calls her in the list of persons—and this name is no doubt meant to add the impression given by occasional phrases of her talk, an impression little insisted upon, that she is mad as well as 'dead.'

"The two recognize each other and immediately fall to talking of the past and the interval between. They speak of his fame, of their 'child,' as they had always called his great work, and she tells of her life between the creepy touches of fantastic phrase. The lute-strings in her breast have been broken, all her children are dead—she has killed them—she has killed every one who came into her life and now she is dead herself. 'I am dead,' she says, 'but I am not quite ice all through. I will not make you shiver too much.' The act closes with this passage in which she explains her meaning and makes her woman's charge against the artist in Rubek:

Irene— . . . I had given you something no one should part with.

Rubek—Yes! You gave me three or four years of your youth.

Irene—More—more than that I gave you, spendthrift that I was!

Rubek—Yes! a spendthrift you were—you gave me your beauty in all its nakedness.

Irene—To look at!

Rubek—And to transfigure.

Irene—Yes—and thereby to transfigure yourself. And the child.

Rubek—And yourself also, Irene.

Irene—But you have forgotten the most precious gift of all.

Rubek—The most precious? Which was that?

Irene—I gave you my young soul, my living soul. Then I stood there with my empty body—my body without a soul.

(She stares at him.)

It was then I died.

"The act closes with the dark nurse coming in and beckoning her away—and Rubek's sighed 'Irene!'

"In their talk Irene had asked Rubek to take her now at last to the mountains. The bear hunter, too, had invited Fru: Maja to the mountains to see a bear hunt. So all meet again in a mountain sanatorium, and the action resolves itself into situations and a denouement so simple as to be almost naked symbolism. Some of the dialogue is very beautiful, with a beauty to which my translator tells me her necessarily hasty translations do but little justice; which is true, of course, of every great poet, particularly of poets like Ibsen, who so carefully chisel down their expression to the last possible word. Here is a fragment of talk between Rubek and his wife:

Rubek (speaking of his soul)—In here I have a tiny casket which no thief can steal. In that lie all the dreams of my art. When she left me the lock snapped to. She alone had the key—she took it with her. You, little Maja, you had no key—you. Therefore, all is lying unused in here. The years are going by—and it is impossible for me to reach the treasure.

Maja—Well, get her to unlock it.

Rubek—Maja!

Maja—Why not? She is here, and I suppose it is for the casket she has come.

Rubek—Oh, no! she knows nothing of all this.

"Now this between Rubek and Irene:

Irene— . . . You, the artist who carelessly and without a thought took my body warm with its young life, took my young womanly lips and tore the soul out of it—just to create a masterpiece!

Rubek—And you can say that! You that lived in my work with such passionate, such holy devotion—that work in which we met every morning as at prayer!

Irene—I had never loved your art before I met you, and I have never loved it since.

Rubek—But the artist, Irene.

Irene—The artist I hate.

Rubek—The artist in me, also?

Irene—Most of all in you. . . . .

Irene— . . . . But I was a woman also at that time, and I had a woman's life to live, a fate, too, to fulfill. And that I left to itself, threw it away, to be your slave. It was suicide, a crime unto death I had committed against myself. (Half whispering.) And for that crime I have to pay dearly. . . .

Irene—I should have borne children into the world. Many children. Real children. Not the kind one hides away in art galleries. The other should never have been my fate. I should never have served you—Poet.

"I have only space now to indicate the denouement and quote the speech in which the play closes as with a strain of spirit music. The bear hunter is taking Maja, now frankly decided to throw her life in with him, up the hills to see the sunrise. Irene and Rubek decide that they, too, will go and see the sunrise. Midway up the mountain-side they meet the bear hunter and Maja returning. A storm is rising, and already it is sweeping mists before it down the valleys. Ulfhejm is taking Maja for safety down again into the valley, but he can help no more than one at a time. Irene and Rubek must stay where they are and he will send help. This concluding passage tells how they never waited for such help as Ulfhejm could send them:

Irene—We see the irreparable first when——

Rubek—When?

Irene—When we dead awake.

Rubek—But what do we really see then?

Irene—We see that we have never lived.

Rubek—Then let us two dead live life to the last drop just for once before we again go down into our tombs.

Irene—Arnold.

Rubek—But not here in this half-darkness. Not here, where the ugly winding sheet of the mist flutters about us in the wind.

Irene—No. Up in the light; up in all the radiant splendor—high up on the peak of oblivion.

Rubek—There we will hold our marriage feast, Irene, my beloved.

Irene (proudly)—The sun may look at us.

Rubek—And all the powers of light may look at us, and all the powers of darkness, too. Will you then follow me? You, angel of grace.

Irene (transfigured)—I follow willingly, and with you—my lord and master.

Rubek (dragging her with him)—Through the mists we must go, Irene, and then.

Irene—Yes! through the mists. And then—up to the shining peak glittering in the sunrise.

Then a great avalanche comes and sweeps them down into gulfs of snow. The dark nurse appears, and makes the sign of the cross, and mutters "Pax vobiscum," and while from far down in the valley comes the voice of Maja singing "Free, free, free!" we see on solid brutal earth with her bear-hunter, while the others have gone back to their dreams. Pax vobiscum!

Dr. Edward Brandes, a brother of Georg Brandes, and himself a dramatic critic, has this to say about the play:

"Unquestionably, there will be many objections made against this magnificent drama because the high-sounding prose at times may seem vulnerable to the attack of logical analysis. And it is quite certain that the objections will gather themselves into the pertinent question: Why did Henrik Ibsen show Irene as insane, and why does he let Rubek, who is not insane, prefer the abnormal woman to the beautiful and sensible Maja?

"To this may be answered: If Ibsen with such violence desired to emphasize that life in its entirety, even the most artistic, is to be counted as death, and that but the life of love is real love, to both Irene and Maja, then he was forced to employ the most drastic pictures of the kind of death that life without love assuredly is. Insanity, without a doubt, is both mental and physical death; though the insane may exist, yet humanity does not consider such existence life.

"Had not Irene stood there, so heart-broken, so ill in mind and evil, so desirous and yet so afraid, with the black shadaw of cell and restraint in her wake, the lesson of the play would not be too plain. Without love—no life. It is Irene, of course, who is the star character in the play. It is far from being the undecisive Rubek who not until the hour of his death understood the love which Irene offered him, which in Maja's case was confined to the customs of conventional marriage.

"That Henrik Ibsen stands untouched by his weight of years, this drama will are long announce to the entire world. It is quite true that the structure of the play cannot be analyzed on the spur of the moment. The construction embodies a stage setting which will enhance the worth of the drama. Almost with the identical progress which Irene and Rubek make toward the mountain-top the acts unfold themselves lucidly and entirely comprehensible. The more the psychological problem is studied the better will it be understood why Ibsen is called great.

"'When We Dead Awaken' is a master's work and a masterpiece. Like none others is Ibsen, so grand, so mystical, and yet so entirely in agreement with the organic make-up of humanity. From the peak of the mountain he speaks to us, aged as to years, youthful in deed and daring. There is but one ruler, says Henrik Ibsen—the great Eros, and the poet is his prophet!"

THEY DANCED TILL MIDNIGHT

Miss Elizabeth Huntington Is Hostess at an Informal Gathering.

Miss Elizabeth Huntington gave a dance at her home, 2840 Jackson street, last evening, at which about fifty young people made merry. It was an informal affair and was as jolly and delightful as are all functions where ceremony holds no sway.

The guests arrived at about 9 o'clock and dancing was immediately inaugurated and continued until midnight, when an elaborate supper was served.

The elegant Huntington home was tastefully decorated for the occasion with cut flowers and growing palms and ferns.

Valentine Social.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, corner of Webster and Page streets, will give a novel valentine social Tuesday evening, February 13, to which the public are invited.

More Money for the Firemen.

The members of the Fire Department will have the sum of $287 47 distributed among them as the result of rectifying a clerical error in the Auditor's office. The firemen received two demands for their January salaries, the first being for eight thirty-firsts of a month, being for the last eight days of the old regime. When their demands for the rest of the month were made up the salary was calculated at twenty-two thirtieths, instead of twenty-three thirty-firsts, and as the Auditor decided the men were entitled to the difference in the fraction a demand was drawn in favor of Chief Sullivan for the aggregate amount, which he will distribute to the men.

Cal. glace fruit 50c per lb at Townsend's.*

Guillet's Ice Cream and Cakes, 905 Larkin st.*

March styles Standard Patterns. Domestic office, 1021 Market street. *

Special information supplied daily to business houses and public men by the Press Clipping Bureau (Allen's), 510 Montgomery street. Telephone Main 1042. *

First Civil Service Examination.

The first examination for positions under the municipal civil service will be held on March 1 in the Lowell High School instead of the Girls' High School auditorium, as originally intended. The Board of Education was afraid that ink spots might damage the floor, and insisted that it be covered with canvas. As this would entail a large expense it was decided to change the place of examination.

Personally Conducted Excursions

In improved wide-vestibuled Pullman tourist sleeping cars via Santa Fe Route. Experienced excursion conductors accompany these excursions to look after the welfare of passengers. To Chicago and Kansas City every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday. To Boston, Montreal and Toronto every Wednesday. To St. Louis every Sunday. To St. Paul every Sunday and Friday. Ticket office, 628 Market street.

Laborers' Demands Held Up.

The demands of the laborers in the Bureau of Streets for January are being held up by Auditor Wells until the Board of Supervisors has finally passed on the recommendation of the Committee on Salaries to make the wages of laborers $2 50 per day. This will be done at the meeting of the board to-morrow. The men will then receive their money.

The Fastest Train Across the Continent.

The California Limited, Santa Fe Route. Connecting trains leave at 5 p. m. Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. Finest equipped train and best track of any line to the East. Ticket office 628 Market street.