

DR. HENRIK IBSEN A HUMAN PARADOX

Vain Dandy in Public, a Monk at His Work—Success Came to Him Too Late for Enjoyment, and He is Wrapped in Narrow Pleasures—Poes for the Benefit of Observers.

To visit Christiania and not see Dr. Henrik Ibsen would be like touring Egypt and missing a sight of the Sphinx and Pyramids. He is the most interesting personage in the Norwegian capital—and Ibsen before any one is conscious of that fact. Down the Karl Johans Gade to the Grand hotel he walks every day, rain or shine; when the weather is particularly inviting he pays two daily visits to the hotel. On such days he appears punctually at 1 o'clock in the afternoon and again at 3 in the evening. Ibsen is above all things a methodical man. His life is ruled by the clock. He has his own table in the gallery overlooking the garden, and the minute he arrives a mute but well-trained waiter places before the shaggy philosopher a bottle of brandy, and another of soda. This is the author's favorite stimulant, and two glasses of the liquor his limit at a sitting. With the care of a druggist compounding a prescription he measures and mixes his drink, which he sips, a swallow at a time, with such perfect regularity that one can tell off by his action the lapse of each five minutes with no recourse to a time-piece. These daily libations seem to be one consolation that life affords to Henrik Ibsen, whose ingrained melancholy impresses itself on all who get near enough to him to converse informally.

Recently it was borne in upon this observing old man that those who haunted the public cafe of the Grand hotel were, in the main, his own fellow-countrymen, and that if he was to be seen by traveling Englishmen, Americans, Frenchmen, Germans and Italians, it would be necessary to take up his post in the hotel proper. Accordingly he chose for himself a table in a conspicuous part of the gallery, which overlooks the big garden, where all foreigners take their dinners, and thus it was possible to be "the observed of all observers," with no fear of being approached or inveigled into conversation.

Having taken his seat the dean of modern Norse literature arranges his newspapers, his hat, his spectacles, with all the fussiness of a stage spinner. Six pairs of eyeglasses are laid out in a row on the table. For every paragraph he reads he places a fresh pair of glasses on his nose, always pausing to polish them and hold them to the light. As he reads his newspaper, apparently absorbed in its contents, a close observer will detect the old man's eyes roving from the printed page in the direction of the people who are looking his way. He is a shy old rascal, this Ibsen. If ladies are among those who are watching him the ruddy face is at once lit up with the radiance of self-satisfaction. It is an ill day for Ibsen and the Grand hotel when for-

signers are few in the garden. But Ibsen is rarely without an audience, and the more luminous becomes the old man's countenance. All this seems incredible. It is in fact, and in fact you have the real Ibsen. Few great men are admirable of their pedestals; Ibsen is less so, perhaps, than any of his contemporaries.

Dr. Ibsen's life has been unhappy since early childhood, and although success has come to him abundantly in his later days, it has come too late. He no longer has the capacity for enjoying the fame and wealth that are his. "I must needs fall back upon myself for the greatest gratification of his personal desires. His whims and fads circle wholly around himself, and the circle is a narrow one. As a lad in the unattractive town of Skeich—his native place—Ibsen's life was sunless and poverty-pinched. Till he was past middle age he gained neither countenance nor encouragement in his own land. Indeed, he was deemed a man of no ability at all. His work was derided, and over each new day hung the pall of bitterest adversity. His domestic life has not been a happy one, and he is unaccountably estranged from his only son, Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, whom he once adored. He is today, as Norwegian wealth is estimated, a very rich man. He is probably worth \$200,000. That is a princely fortune in Norway. Ibsen does not know what to do with all his money, so he hoards it, hoards it with the jealous care of a miser, and trusts no one even in the most trifling financial transactions.

In the face of his cloudy past it is not, therefore, surprising that Henrik Ibsen is misanthropic and shrouded in his own conceit. With so little that is genuinely joyous in his life, there is nothing left but the creature comforts and the superficial adulation of a few sight-seeing foreigners. Fame—even in literature—is surely not founded on the hasty scrutiny of one's person by a handful of Cook's tourists, but this sort of thing brings complacency to the mind of Henrik Ibsen.

A DANDY IN DRESS.

Knowing that the moment he leaves his house in Christiania, he will become the center of interest along the streets, he is always careful to dress for the occasion. It would add another wrinkle to his brow to discover a button missing from his coat, or a blur on the beaver of his tall silk hat. He is the Denmark of Norse letters. His clothes are made of broadcloth of fine texture; his tailor is the best in Christiania. He always wears a "tile" of metallic smoothness. His boots are of patent leather. Toilet articles he carries about with him always and everywhere, and frequently he brings them into requisition in the most public places. While on exhibition in the hotel garden in full view of a cosmopolitan throng, it is no uncommon act for him to take from his pocket a comb or brush and carefully stroke his famous white whiskers, or lift to a greater height his equally famous white pompadour locks, standing straight up in the air like a miniature Mt. Blenc. He has a trick of brushing his hat with the sleeve of his coat. Now and then he pauses, looking long and earnestly into the opening of his headpiece. He presents at such times



MISS MADELINE EDISON



THE EDISON HOME IN LLEWELLYN PARK, N.J.



THOMAS A. EDISON FROM HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH

A composite illustration of the world-famed electrician and inventor, his wife and their daughter, Madeline, and a delineation of their Llewellyn Park, N.J., home, which latter is now being guarded against the incursions of suspected child-stealers.

the picture of a leonine sage of the Sagas deep in the maze of some vast problem of the cosmos. It is all a mistake; it is Ibsen critically viewing Ibsen. There is a mirror fastened in the bottom of his hat, and he is looking after the twist of his cravat. But when Ibsen, the author, has formulated the scheme for a new drama, and determines to weld and mould it into form, then occurs his metamorphosis from top to bottom—a world-man oblivious to the whole wide world, his peoples and its passions. The butterfly goes back to the chrysalis; the feasting crowds at the Grand hotel can no longer feast their eyes on Henrik Ibsen, nor watch him stroke his whiskers and sip brandy and soda at five-minute intervals. The vulgar, vain, foolish old man has become a venerable giant forging a masterpiece in absolute solitude. Suddenly he has shut himself up to write. He will see no one. No cluttered monk more isolated from the moving world than Henrik Ibsen when the fever of composition is upon him. He eats, sleeps, lives alone. He will permit no one to speak to him.

Asked why he followed the life of a hermit while he was working upon a new production, Ibsen replied, with characteristic terseness: "I am living with my characters. They have form and life. They talk with me; they dine with me. They are near me all the time. I write down their conversation, their thoughts. My work comes along very fast. I never have to erase a line. I have thought out the plot in my mind; I know the play from the first scene to the last, even the dialogue, and it is only necessary for me to write it out as quickly as possible. During this time I am not Henrik Ibsen. I do not live in Norway nor in the world. My existence is apart from life; in a sphere of my own creation, peopled by beings of my own creation.

Thus lives the real Henrik Ibsen, a two-sided man of letters; one all frills and popery, vain, supercilious, childish; the other the thinker, the worker, a genius. The question was put to Ibsen whether he favored a certain social institution common to Germany and France, and about to be adopted by the Norwegians. "I favor it," he cried. "I am in favor of nothing. I have no remedies to suggest. My plays are not doctrinaire. I simply describe life as it is in Norway—the most unmoral country of Europe." He is forever decrying his native land, and that is one reason why Norwegians are not so very enthusiastic about his work of late—that and his rampant pessimism. He is as inexpressible to his own countrymen as to all others. He is an enigma personally; a churl socially, and—if we overlook Bjornson—the foremost writer of his race—Undisputed.

HEROIC TELEGRAPHER.

Operator Who Sent Out Story of Jacksonville's Great Fire.

Along early in the afternoon of the fire there came over the telegraph wires the bald, meager message that a fire, with which the city's department was unable to cope, was raging in Jacksonville, the beautiful little city on the banks of the St. Johns.

Little else was known when the evening papers went to press. The south waited expectantly for fuller news. It was coming.

Down in Jacksonville in the Western

Union building there sat alone one man. He was Operator Steele, and through him alone was the outside world told of what was happening in the doomed city.

When the flames had swept in red horror across to the east of the city, they turned. Back to the west along Bay street and the water front tumbled and rolled the billows of fire. As the fire changed its direction and came whirling back toward the west the telegraph building that lay to the front of it was vacated. Clerks fled; operators deserted their machines.

The big building was empty and silent, and the world was waiting to know the fate of the city.

One man staid. It was Steele. He sat at his desk on the second floor. By his side was an open window. He could look out upon that scene, sublime in its awfulness. Steadily the whirlwind of flame advanced nearer and nearer.

Above the roar of the flames, the crash of falling walls and the heart-rending screams of frantic men and women there rose one sound.

It was heard the world over. Above the clamor, steady and clear, clicked Steele's telegraph key.

Out of the window he saw this building and that blaze up, totter and fall, and as he watched he sent out over the wire the story of what he saw.

The heat and the smoke were stifling. He sought a brief breathing spell in the open street. A block above, in front of The Times-Union and Citizen office, he saw a young girl stagger and drop a bundle, saved from a ruined home, under the tramping feet of the surging throng at the corner.

He stooped and drew from under the feet of the crowd this bundle and lifted the slight form of the girl into the newspaper office.

Somewhere out on the river or across on the other side were his wife and baby; he knew not where, but he hoped and believed them to be safe.

An acquaintance, haggard and smoke-stained, seized his arm as he started back to his work at the telegraph key.

"They say that your wife and baby were on the ferryboat that caught fire and was wrecked in the river!" cried the man hoarsely.

"You lie!" said Steele. "Turn me loose. I have work to do."

The man dropped his arm and stepped aside.

He saw that telegraph key, the world, and the world was expecting the best that was in him.

He would give it.

The evening gloom and shadow were beginning to settle around the edges of the fire's red glare when he sat down at his key again. Night was coming on. The flames were steadily sweeping along toward the telegraph building.

The heat was sickening.

But he staid at his key, watching the flames through the open window and telling the world what he saw.

How long the hours seemed! And now out of his window was caught but a red sea of flames. The buildings across from the office, on the other side of Laura street, were ablaze.

The message went out to the world that the Western Union building was doomed. The man who sent the message believed it. He thought the next instant to be entrapped in a merciless, all-consuming furnace.

But, wonderful to tell, the flames that had laughed at the firemen's efforts to fight them before languished! They flew away and sickened and sank into naught but a hot, red glare.

The great fire was under control. The telegraph office was saved.

He didn't seem to know that he was the hero of Jacksonville's great fire or any hero at all; but he was.

There was, of course, many and many a brave deed done on that day of days, and many a man played the part of most sublime heroism.

But the man who stands out in the boldest and clearest relief against that shadowy background of terror is this young telegraph operator.

Slowly the others came back to the building, and weary and worn and heart-sick the lone operator surrendered his place to them. He had sought to his post and had done his duty. Others could do the rest that was to be done.

"No money in all the world could hire me to do it again," he said to me last Sunday. "I would do it for nothing less than the love of a friend. That is a greater thing than dollars, you know."—R. W. Lillard in Atlanta News.

WHITE HOUSE ELEVATOR.

Senator Hanna Orders One at His Own Expense.

"I have always thought Senator Hanna was a man of sense. I agree with him. I am heartily in favor of his proposition."

This is what Senator Platt of New York said at the White House one day the past week. As he said it the New York senator took off his tall hat, mopped his face and drew a long breath.

The reception room at the White House is on the second floor. Statesmen reach it by climbing the longest staircase in Washington. Generations of them have wondered why there was no elevator. Congress has never deemed it best to facilitate the means of reaching the presence of the chief executive. To the older senators this climb is no small effort. They complain mightily, stop half way and gumble at the absence of a lift in this day of

Twice 30 Years

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for thirty years and I do not think there is anything equal to it for a hair dressing."—J. A. GRUENFELDER, Grant-ford, Ill., June 8, 1899.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for over thirty years and can testify to its wonderful merits. It has kept my scalp free from dandruff and my hair soft and glossy. And it has prevented my hair from turning gray."—Mrs. F. A. SOULE, Billings, Mont., Aug. 30, 1899.

One dollar a bottle.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send \$1.00 and we will express a bottle to you, all charges prepaid. Be sure and give us your nearest express office.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Send for our handsome book on The Hair.

all modern improvements. Senator Hanna has a same leg. Senator Platt of New York is one to whom the grasshopper is a burden. These two find climbing up a presidential stair particularly disagreeable. Quite recently Senator Hanna stopped midway of the flight and called to the chief clerk below:

"Have an elevator put in this building this summer and send the bill to me."

A few days after Senator Platt stopped at the half-way place and rested. The usher told him what Senator Hanna had said, and Senator Platt replied:

"I always thought Senator Hanna was a man of sense. I agree with him. I am heartily in favor of his proposition."

If Senator Hanna and Senator Platt of New York were ever of one mind before there is no record of it in Washington.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How to Avoid Trouble.

Now is the time to provide yourself and family with a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over, and if procured now may save you a trip to town in the night or in your busiest season. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful medicine in use for bowel complaints, both for children and adults. No family can afford to be without it.

You feel better at once after using HERBINE. You enjoy your food more, and you get more nourishment and invigorating force out of what you eat. Hence HERBINE makes you strong, vigorous and cheerful. Price, 50 cents. Z. C. M. I.

LIFE OF A PIONEER. Autobiography of Capt. James S. Brown, 520 pages, bound in cloth. Price \$2.00; for sale at the Desert News. Special terms to agents.

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MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

THE PARIS MILLINERY CO.

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REMOVAL SALE! Ladies', Misses' and Children's Trimmed Hats.

Children's Leghorn or fancy braid Hats, nicely trimmed—Removal Price..... 48c
Children's Leghorn or fancy Braid Hats, elaborately trimmed, large variety to select from—Removal Price..... 97c
Misses' Leghorn or fancy Straw Hats, elaborately trimmed, large variety to select from—Removal Price..... \$1.23
Misses' Leghorn or fancy Straw Hats, very elaborately trimmed, large variety to select from—Removal Price..... \$1.78
Ladies' Trimmed Hats, considered good values at \$1.50—Removal Price..... \$2.98
All our \$5.00, \$7.00 and \$8.00 Ladies' Trimmed Hats will be sold during this Removal Sale..... \$4.37

REMOVAL SALE! Hosiery! Hosiery!

Ladies' Black Cotton Hose, per pair..... 4c
Ladies' Black Cotton Hose, per pair..... 8 1/2c
Ladies' fast black, seamless Cotton Hose, per pair..... 12 1/2c
Ladies' fine Lisle Thread Hose, "Hermesdorf Dye," value 75c, to go for..... 49c
Ladies' black Cotton Hose, "Hermesdorf Dye," seamless plain black or "Maco" foot, per pair..... 23c
Children's seamless fast black 1 1/2 ribbed Cotton Hose, sizes 5 1/2 to 9 1/2, per pair..... 8 1/2c
Children's seamless fast black, extra heavy ribbed Bicycle Hose, double heel and knees, seamless, per pair..... 17 1/2c

REMOVAL SALE! Ladies' and Children's Summer Underwear.

Ladies' Ribbed Summer Vests, low neck, sleeveless, at..... 5c
Children's crew or white ribbed Vests, ages 1 to 4 for..... 5c
Ladies' Egyptian Cotton Summer Vests, low neck, sleeveless, at..... 10c
Ladies' Egyptian Cotton Summer Vests, trimmed with lace around neck and sleeves, at..... 12 1/2c
Ladies' Egyptian Cotton Vests, V-shaped, lace trimming, at..... 25c
Ladies' American Silk Ribbed Vests, silk tape finish, low neck, sleeveless, at..... 43c
Misses' Gauze Union Suits, at..... 15c

REMOVAL SALE OF MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

20 doz. Muslin Night Gowns, tucked and embroidered trimmed, 3 styles to select from, regular \$1.00 values at—
59c.
20 doz. Muslin Night Gowns, elaborately trimmed, 3 styles to select from, regular \$1.50 values for—
83c.
DRAWERS made of good quality cambric, trimmed with deep embroidery or with tucks and lace. Value \$1.25 for—
82c.
DRAWERS, made of fine cambric, embroidery and insertion, or with Tucks and Lace. Value \$1.50 for—
98c.

REMOVAL SALE! SUMMER CORSETS.

The Medium Length Summer Corset, our best 75c value, at..... 49c
The Q. D. Summer Corset, in medium and short lengths, regular \$1.25 value, at..... 98c
"The Petrol" Summer Corset, best 40c value for..... 29c
"The Merrimac" Summer Corset, French style, best 60c value, only..... 43c

REMOVAL SALE! Shirt Waists.

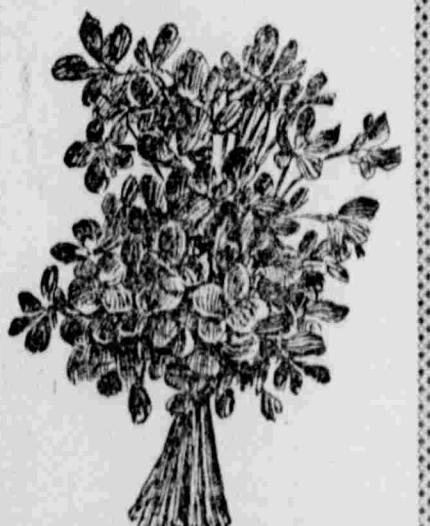
Assort. Color Shirt Waists, value 75c and 90c for..... 37c
Ladies' Percale Shirt Waists, in light and dark colors, some very exceptional values, worth \$1.00 to \$1.25 for..... 50c
Splendid variety of colored Percale Shirt Waists, large assort. of patterns, value \$1.25 for..... 79c
La White Waists in ex. fine white dotted Pique, insertion trim, value \$2.00 for..... 89c
La. ex. nice quality White Waists, were \$2.00 and \$3.50. To be closed for..... \$1.50
Black Lawn Shirt Waist, latest style, value \$1.00 for only..... 60c

REMOVAL SALE! RIBBONS!

10,000 yards Taffeta, Satin, and Fancy Ribbons—all shades—4, 5 and 6 inches wide, worth from 35c to 60c per yard, your choice (per yard)..... 23 cts.

REMOVAL SALE! BELT BUCKLES.

In steel, gilt, bronze, with stone settings; removal price..... 15 cts.



REMOVAL SALE! Millinery Materials.

Violets, extra large, per bunch..... 5c
One lot Flowers, consisting of Roses, Poppies, Forget-Me-Nots, etc., bunch..... 10c
One lot Flowers, 25c to 50c values—Removal Sale price, per bunch..... 19c
One lot Flowers, 60 to 75c value—Removal Sale price, per bunch..... 23c
One lot Flowers, 75c to \$1 values—Removal Sale price, per bunch..... 39c
One lot Gilt, Steel and Rhinestone Ornaments and Buckles—your choice, each..... 9c
One lot Gilt, Steel and Rhinestone Buckles and Ornaments—your choice, each..... 17c
One lot Gilt, Steel and Rhinestone Buckles and Ornaments, regular 50c to 75c value, your choice, each..... 29c
Chiffon and Muslin de Soie, 42 inches wide, in all the leading colors—Removal Sale price per yard..... 48c