

THE POET UNDER THE KNIFE.

Before  
Behold me waiting—  
waiting for the knife.  
A little while,  
and at a leap I storm  
The thick, sweet mystery  
of chloroform,  
The drunken dark,  
the little death in life.  
The gods are good to me:  
I have no wife,  
No innocent child,  
to think of as I near  
The fateful minute;  
nothing all too dear  
Unmans me for my bout  
of passive strife.  
Yet I am tremulous  
and a trifle sick,  
And, face to face with chance,  
I shrink a little;  
My hopes are strong,  
my will is something weak.  
Here comes the basket?  
Thank you. I am ready.  
But, gentlemen my porters,  
life is brittle:  
You carry Caesar  
and his fortunes—steady!

Operation.

You are carried in a basket,  
Like a carcase from the shambles,  
To the theatre, a cockpit,  
Where they stretch you on a table.

Then they bid you close your eyelids,  
And they mask you with a napkin,  
And the anaesthetic reaches  
Hot and subtle through your being.

And you gasp, and reel, and shudder  
In a rushing, swaying rapture,  
While the voices at your elbow  
Fade—receding—fainter—farther.

Lights about you shower and tumble,  
And your blood seems crystalizing—  
Edged and vibrant, yet within you  
Racked and hurried back and forward.

Then the lights grow fast and furious,  
And you hear a noise of waters,  
And you wrestle, blind and dizzy,  
In an agony of effort,

Till a sudden lull accepts you,  
And you sound an utter darkness . . .  
And awaken . . . with a struggle . . .  
On a hushed, attentive audience.

After.

Like as a flamelet  
blanketed in smoke,  
So through the anaesthetic  
shows my life;  
So flashes and so fades  
my thought, at strife  
With the strong stupor  
that I heave and choke  
And sicken at,  
it is so foully sweet.  
Faces look strange from space—  
and disappear.  
Far voices, sudden loud,  
offend my ear—  
And hush as sudden.  
Then my senses fleet:  
All were a blank,  
save for this dull, new pain  
That grinds my leg and foot;  
and brokenly  
Time and the place  
glimpse on to me again:  
And, unsurprised,  
out of uncertainty,  
I wake—relapsing—  
somewhat faint and fain,  
To an immense,  
complacent dreamery.  
—William Ernest Henley, from  
"In Hospital."

Colleges and Professors.

Much complaint is made by certain newspapers and some college professors because Stanford university in California dismissed one of its faculty, Professor Ross. It is not alleged and it can not be proved that the university exceeded its authority in dismissing him; but it is asserted that by refusing to keep him in its employ the university struck a blow at freedom of opinion and speech, because his dismissal was due to utterances of his in public speech and writing which were obnoxious to the university authorities.

The explanation of President Jordan of the Stanford university in reply is that "Professor Ross was dismissed because, in the judgment of the university authorities, he was not a proper man for

the place he held;" and it is sufficient. Whether this judgment of him was sound is a matter on which people may reasonably differ in opinion, and the proceeding may be unsatisfactory to the judgment of the committee of professors of other colleges; but that the university acted within its prerogative is indisputable. It had the sole responsibility and authority.

The university employed Professor Ross and if it did not like his teaching or for any other reason objected to his presence in its faculty its conduct in getting rid of him is open to no criticism on any such grounds as those put forth by this committee. His dismissal in no way interferes with his freedom of speech, or as this professional committee suggests, with "the legitimate freedom of thought, without which no progress in science is possible." He is still open to engagement by any other college that wants that sort of man and teaching and the world is free to him to express any thoughts on science which he desires to put forth. The Stanford university has simply decided that for itself, it will not keep him in its employment and pay.

A college professor is not a creature with a special illumination and inspiration which makes his deposition from his chair a sin against him and the branch of science he professes. Sometimes, if not often, he amounts to little more than a mere pedagogue and his intellectual equipment and acquired knowledge are not such as to make his "thought" trustworthy or valuable or to prevent its being fallacious, immature and unsound. The college or university employing him is free to decide if it is willing to be responsible for his "thought." It engages the professor and it can dismiss him. Cranky and shallow reasoners some times get into professional chairs, as has been demonstrated in the experience of our colleges.

No professor holds his chair by a divine right which excludes him from criticism by the authority that put him there or makes his deposition from it a sin against freedom of opinion. The Stanford university itself has the right to freedom of thought and judgment and, besides, it has the authority to exercise the right by preferring some other man for the place.—The Sun.

THEATRICAL.

THE OLIVER.

Lovers of the late Robert Louis Stevenson's books will find one of their old friends in Otis Skinner's new play, "Prince Otto," which he is to produce at the Oliver Theatre, Tuesday evening, March 26. The work of adapting the story was done by Mr. Skinner himself from the novel of the same name by Stevenson. Mr. Skinner has ignored what could not be dramatized. He has made of Prince Otto, a true prince of romance, manly, daring, brave and clever; while Stevenson's Prince Otto was a feather-brained hero, whose deeds were mere impulses. Mr. Skinner has made a sympathetic Seraphina acting always in the interests of her husband though at times misguided. The same players and production in "Prince Otto's" New York engagement will be brought here and the cast includes Miss Maud Durbin, Mr. George Nash, Mr. Frank Sylvester, Mr. Eugene Eberle, Mr. Alfred Edwards, and many others as equally well known.

THE FUNKE.

Few amusements are welcomed more heartily than the engagement of the Aubrey Stock company at the Funke Opera House, for the week commencing next Monday night. Miss Lillian Bayer who heads the organization has the ability to portray leading roles daintily and effectively. A wealth of scenery is carried for every play and each one will be staged quite up to the Mittenhall standard, a standard so high that popu-

lar priced attractions have not attempted to equal it. The opening bill will be "The Land of the Living." It is a play rich in opportunities for beautiful gowns and the lady patrons are sure to be interested in that portion of the program. The sale of seats is now going on. Ladies free Monday night.

A BENEVOLENT ENTERPRISE

Is the British Medical Institute in the Sheldon Block, Corner 11th and N Sts. It Gives Three Months' Services Free to All Invalids Who Call Before April 9.

A staff of eminent physicians and surgeons from the British Medical Institute, have, at the urgent solicitation of a large number of patients under their care in this country, established a permanent branch of the Institute in this city, in the Sheldon block, corner of 11th and N streets.

These eminent gentlemen have decided to give their services entirely free for three months (medicines excepted) to all invalids who call upon them for treatment between now and April 9th. These services consist not only of consultation, examination and advice, but also of all minor surgical operations.

The object of pursuing this course is to become rapidly and permanently acquainted with the sick and afflicted, and under no condition will any charge be made for any services rendered for three months to all who call before April 9th.

The doctors treat all forms of disease and deformities, and guarantee a cure in every case they undertake. At the first interview, a thorough examination is made, and, if incurable, you are frankly and kindly told so; also advised against spending your money for useless treatment.

Male and female weakness, catarrh and catarrhal deafness, also rupture, goitre, cancer, all skin diseases and all diseases of the rectum are positively cured by their new treatment.

The Chief Consulting Surgeon of the Institute is in personal charge.

Office hours from 9 A. M. till 8 P. M. No Sunday hours.

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